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Adventure

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

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DragonLance

Official Game
Adventure

Tree Lords

BY JOHN TERRA



TSR, Inc.

SILVANESTI LANDS PHENOMENA

d20 Die Roll/Resulting Effect

1) A fog rolls in, blocking the PCs' path. Elven faces appear in the fog, and begin wailing, warning the PCs to go no further. Everyone makes a saving throw vs. spell or affected by fear for 1d6 turns.

2) Any large rocks that the PCs come upon are unstable. If pushed or sat upon, one of the following happens (roll 1d4).

1) Rock explodes in a 10' radius. Every PC in affected area save vs. breath weapon or take 1d8 points of damage.

2) Rock bursts into a pool of grey liquid. Much like sitting on a water balloon.

3) Rock is under the effect of a stone shape spell when touched, remains in that way for four hours.

4) Rock spouts a magic mouth and begins berating the PCs, keeping its tirade for 1d4 hours.

3) A massive rainstorm of mud, duration of 4d6 turns. Movement modified by $\times \frac{1}{2}$ (see Table 75, DMG). All combatants penalized -2 on attack, damage, and surprise rolls.

4) PCs find healthy looking, non-poisonous fruit-bearing trees. If any fruit is picked, red blood flows from fruit stem as well as from branch. Tree screams in pain.

5) PCs find a bed of red roses, with several dead animals around the plants. Any who stop and smell the roses must save at -1 vs. poison or die. Making the save makes the victim helpless from nausea for one round.

6) A fierce wind blows up from out of nowhere for 1d6 turns. The wind is gale force. Missile combat is at -4 for point blank and -6 for short ranges. No missile combat allowed at medium and long ranges. Melee combat is at -4 to hit and damage rolls. Movement is halved. Each PC attempting to stand and/or move in the gale must make an ability check vs. Strength. Failure knocks the PC off his feet, doing 1d3 points of damage.

7) The plate of ground which the PCs are standing on suddenly drops, intact, to a point 40'

below sea level in a matter of seconds. All PCs must make a Dexterity check, or lose their footing.

8) A tree spontaneously combusts, then screams in pain.

9) The ground under 1-4 PCs turns into quicksand, trapping them. PCs with the swimming proficiency may escape if they make their check. Nonswimmers can tread water for half their Strength's worth of rounds. After this, they must make Strength checks each round to stay afloat. Failure means the PC has gone under. See PH pg 122 for rules on holding breath.

10) A fissure opens up in the earth, and spews out a tasteless, odorless gas. All must make a save vs. poison (DM secretly rolls this). Those who fail see that which they fear the most, about to attack.

11) A horrendous gurgling noise comes from every direction, continues for two rounds, then ceases abruptly.

12) Particularly disgusting liquid oozes from the ground, pooling in the depressions made by the PCs' feet (DM's choice of liquid, could even be an ooze, slime, or jelly).

13) PCs find rocks made of wood and trees made of rock.

14) A grove of trees grow upside down, their roots facing the sun.

15) A huge bush in the shape of a dragon attacks the party (AC 10; MV 6; HD 2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; ML 20; AL N)

16) A massive oak tree features a herring growing out of its trunk.

17) A pretty flower bed which smells like sewerage, or a patch of stinkweed and crabgrass which smells like roses.

18) A patch of elathas, used in making firebane. It appears normal. However, if used to make a salve, the wearer suffers a -4 penalty on saves vs. fire, with failure causing the victim to burst into flame doing 364 points of damage for 1d6 rounds.

19) It rains dead squirrels and chipmunks for 2d6 turns.

20) PCs find a rose—60' long and 20' high.

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Dragon Lance[®]

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Adventure

TREE LORDS



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TREE LORDS: THE SILVANESTI SCOUTS

Using This Product: The *Tree Lords* adventure supplement is designed for a predominantly elven campaign set on the continent of Ansalon after the War of the Lance has been won.

The work is divided into three sections. The first section features the Warrior Kit for the scout, as well as several Silvanesti scout NPCs who will act as the PCs' commanders, connections, resources, and even foes. Section two lists unique equipment found among the scouts, things which theoretically make the PCs' task of scouting the forest that much easier. The final section of the book features several complete adventures that, if played sequentially, can take a party of six to eight PCs from novice status (first and second level), to seasoned veteran status (seventh through ninth level). In addition, the final section includes many ideas for further adventures.

It is strongly recommended that all PCs be Silvanesti, as the whole reason for this series of adventures is the reclamation of the Silvanesti homeland in the wake of the War of the Lance. As a rule, Silvanesti are loathe to be indebted to non-Silvanesti, and probably would not want such folk helping them, preferring to keep the problem "in the family."

INTRODUCTION:

In the year 349 AC, the woods of the Silvanesti were warped into a grotesque nightmare landscape. The ruler at that time, the now dead King Lorac, used an *orb of dragonkind* in an effort to drive Queen Takhisis' Dragonarmies from the land. Instead of bringing salvation, the *orb* took control of the King, and corrupted the land. The remnants of the elven armies holding out against the invaders were scattered.

The War of the Lance is now over, and the year is 353 AC. The Silvanesti elves are now in the process of reclaiming their land, assessing the damage and trying to bring about healing. Before going in full-scale, common sense and prudence call for a series of reconnaissance journeys by elven warriors specially trained in woodcraft and scouting. It is only through such journeys that the rulers of the Silvanesti can get the information needed to determine where the armies and the healers of the land are to be sent to do the most good. And it takes a very special breed of elf to confront the unknown without the backing of vast armies or mighty Wizards of High Sorcery, and give an accurate account of what he has seen.

These elves are known as the Vanguard of Hope, the *kirath' algos*, or the kirath for short. The PCs are kirath who are exploring something which

in an earlier, happier time was intimately familiar to all Silvanesti elves. A land which once nurtured a friendly wood, the Silvanesti homeland, which is now a hideous mass of death and corruption.

Once the land has been scouted out to the satisfaction of the Silvanesti leadership, armies will be sent to take care of the places too powerful for small parties of heroes, and healers will be sent to the areas with the most damage to be healed.

Until then, the future of the Silvanesti lies on the shoulders of the kirath. No attempts at settlements are to be made until the land is clear, for the Silvanesti do not want to waste their most precious resource, their own people, in hasty and ill-conceived settlements. The time of foolishness and bad judgement died with King Lorac, the elves insist. Let wisdom prevail in the rebirth of the blessed homeland.

If the nation of Silvanesti is in the process of being reborn, then the kirath are the midwives, helping the delivery by watching out for the well being of both the mother and child, in this case the Silvanesti people and the land to be reclaimed. So much like rangers are the kirath, but with far more responsibility. The nation of Silvanesti awaits their words before proceeding.

Enough talk: let the Time of Reclamation and Healing begin!



PART ONE: SILVANESTI KIRATH (SCOUT)

The Scout Kit Description: The kirath are warriors who are specially trained in the art of woodcraft, stealth, and reconnaissance. Their mission is to explore the ravaged lands of the Silvanesti in order to facilitate the reclamation of the terrain from the twisted nightmare perversions of the late King Lorc.

Kirath are similar in many respects to rangers, but whereas the rangers are protectors of good who wander their land, defending it from all threats, the kirath are explorers whose purpose is to find the danger, subdue it if possible, and report back to their superiors. The kirath are the guides for the waves of Silvanesti troops and wizards who are to come to the land and cleanse it.

Scouts must have at least the following minimum ability scores: 12 Strength, 15 Constitution, 15 Dexterity, and 14 Wisdom. The prime requisites of the scout are Constitution, Dexterity, and Wisdom. There are no alignment restrictions for the scout class.

Silvanesti kirath have unlimited advancement in the scout class. Multi-class scouts are possible, with the following combinations: Scout/Wizard of High Sorcery, or Scout/Holy Order of the Stars. In either case, advancement in the non-scout class is limited to fifth level.

Most kirath are from the House Protector (the Wildrunners), though it is not unknown for scouts to hail from the House Gardener and House Mystic.

The importance of the kirath's mission, to scout out the land in order to determine where the armies are to be deployed, is not lost on them. Every kirath realizes the importance of his job, and how Silvanesti society as a whole depends on him. This, coupled with the knowledge that they are the first to re-enter the homeland and the always present threats of great danger, causes the average scout to feel a bit arrogant about his role, fostering a "without us, our society cannot advance" attitude.

Fortunately, the vast majority of competent scouts do not carry that attitude into the field with them, but rather save it for the infrequent trips back to the cream of Silvanesti society.

The kirath attitude towards the Qualinesti and the latter's aid to the Silvanesti is best described as "who needs them?". Most kirath cannot fathom what possible use an inferior strain of elf could be in reclaiming the homeland. The only use for the Qualinesti that the kirath acknowledge is the former's ownership of much of the land where elathas, which is used to create heatbane extract, grows in abundance.

Two personality types seem best suited for the scout way of life. The first is the type of elf who is

wary of the close-minded, insular exclusiveness of Silvanesti society. This individual is just that: an individual—someone who refuses to conform by blindly embracing the concept of racial superiority and rigorous tradition.

This type of elf wants to go places and see things, and relishes meeting new folks of all races provided that such folk have peaceful intentions. This elf enjoys getting away from the comfortable atmosphere of so-called civilized society in favor of the serenity and beauty of untamed nature.

Indeed, untamed nature aptly describes this elf, who will not hesitate to laugh at something funny, express joy at seeing an old friend, or lose his temper if something annoys him. Elf scouts of this bent actively seek new experiences and savor the thrill of discovery, wonderment and fear. These scouts are usually chaotic good or neutral good in alignment.

The other type of elf that usually aspires to be a kirath is almost the opposite of the first. This elf has a strong sense of responsibility to the Silvanesti people and its way of life. Grim, aloof, taciturn, this elf sees all of life as a struggle to survive, his senses always alert, looking for danger everywhere, even when in the heart of civilized elven cities.

This elf definitely subscribes to the notion of Silvanesti superiority over all other elves and other races. This personality type comes closer to the behavior expected from the typical Silvanesti. These scouts are usually of lawful neutral or lawful good alignment. It should be noted that in this case, lawful good applies to what is good from the perspective of the Silvanesti.

Regardless of the type of elf, most kirath have many of the following characteristics in common. The majority of kirath are loners, usually by choice. They feel that they perform better under pressure, especially the pressure of being on one's own. The second type of scout has the "if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself" mentality, the feeling that they and only they can do the job correctly.

Both types are motivated by a concern for the Silvanesti, but the first type of scouts' concern stems more from compassion not only for their own people, but for other elves, non-elven races and nature itself.

Whatever the personality, it is clear that the Silvanesti do not look for muscle-bound, hack and slash, overly combative types for kirath. Scouts need to be intelligent, observant, quick-thinking and quick-moving. Combat prowess is important, but the primary mission of a scout is scouting: see what there is to see, and come back and tell the leaders. Scouts must be ready to fight anything

that they cannot outrun, and run from anything they cannot outfight.

Role: In the stratified, class-oriented society of the Silvanesti, the kirath occupy a special place. Though their social position corresponds with the House Protector, the main purpose of the scouts, which is assuming the lead role in reclaiming the blessed homeland of Silvanesti, has thrust these elite elves onto center stage of Silvanesti society and politics. As a result, tensions exist between the Wildrunners and the kirath.

The kirath's self-perceptions are oddly contradictory. On one hand, since they operate on the literal fringe of Silvanesti society, they eschew the social stratification between the many Houses. The average scout could care less about the inter-House politicking.

On the other hand, the kirath see themselves as the top units of a highly-placed House, the best of the best, as it were. The exclusiveness of the scout class, coupled with their series of secret hand signals and whistle codes, creates an impression of a tight-lipped, close-knit fraternity.

Secondary Skills: If these skills are used, the kirath should choose among: Armorer, Bowyer/Fletcher, Farmer, Forester, Hunter, Trapper/Furrier, Weaponsmith, or Woodworker/Carpenter.

Weapon Proficiencies: Required: long sword, short bow, quarterstaff. Recommended: soris (new weapon; see **Part Two: Scout Equipment** for description), dagger, hand axe, footman's flail.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Bonus Proficiencies: Tracking, Direction Sense, Observation (Intelligence with 0 modifier noticing things subtly askew—see pg 19 of the *Complete Thief's Handbook*), Kirath Nonverbal Code. Recommended: Land-Based Riding, Healing, Herbalism, Weather Sense, Animal Lore, Blindfighting.

New Proficiency, Kirath Nonverbal Code: One slot, Intelligence, +2 modifier. This proficiency allows the scout to send, receive, and interpret messages using kirath hand signals or atrakha whistles. (See **Part Two: Scout Equipment** for description of an atrakha.) A proficiency check must be rolled if the scout wishes to determine if the birdcalls that he hears are in fact a kirath conversation or merely normal birds chirping.

This skill also allows the scout to interpret other non-verbal communications and body language, though this is done with a -2 penalty instead of the normal +2 bonus. The scout must turn his attention to the person using the code, and watch the code in action before making the check. DMs should roll the check, with a failure meaning a false interpretation. A "20" should yield a translation that is the exact opposite of what the "speaker" intended ("Yup, those drow have no intention of attacking us. They fear our strength and consider us worthy opponents").

Equipment: Beginning scouts get one free weapon (they may choose a soris) and an atrakha.

If the PC is starting off a campaign in an area known to be infested with green dragons, he is assigned a greenmask and two jars of heatbane. (See **Part Two: Scout Equipment** for descriptions of greenmasks and heatbane.)

Special Benefits: All scouts gain a -1 reaction bonus on surprise rolls.

Like rangers, kirath have the ability to hide in shadows and move silently (see Table 18 in the *Player's Handbook*). These values are modified by +5% and +10% respectively, due to race. The scores may be further modified due to high Dexterity. Kirath may choose nonweapon proficiencies from the Warrior, Wizard, Priest, and General groups.

Special Hindrances: Despite their similarities to rangers, scouts cannot cast priest spells (unless they happen to be multi-classed), build a stronghold, or attract followers, nor do they select a monster to be a specific enemy.

Wealth Option: Kirath get the standard 5d4 x 10 gp in starting gold.

Races: Only Silvanesti elves can be kirath. Any non-Silvanesti who dare assume the title will be harshly dealt with.

The Kirath Credo

- 1) *I am the eyes and ears of the Silvanesti. My presence declares the return of the Silvanesti to their rightful homes.*
- 2) *I will keep my senses ever alert, taking in all and committing it to memory so that the Silvanesti may be well served, and their return made easier.*
- 3) *I am first and foremost an observer. I serve to report the obstacles, not engage them. Dead kirath give no information.*
- 4) *I travel light. If my skills are sharp, my senses are keen, and my courage unflinching, then I have all the equipment I need.*
- 5) *Never solve a problem by violence when stealth and strategy can yield a better solution.*
- 6) *I pledge my energy to the reclamation, restoration, and preservation of nature. Animals, plants, water, or any other aspect of nature, is to be used wisely, not wasted.*
- 7) *Adjust, adapt, and improvise.*

KIRATH ORGANIZATION

There are two basic types of scout patrols. The first is the *solo patrol*. In these expeditions, the scout is sent off by himself to cover an assigned patrol area. These missions are extremely difficult, as there is no immediate backup—it is just the scout against nature, and whatever surprises nature is concealing. Every scout must undertake and survive a solo mission before advancing to second level.

Among the advantages of solo missions are the large amounts of territory that can be covered at one time by a small handful of kirath, and the swiftness and stealth of such patrol sweeps. It is easy to move quickly and quietly when one goes



solo. Large groups tend to create noise and draw attention. These missions place a special emphasis on information gathering over confrontation.

The second type of patrol is called a *manyrun mission*. As the name implies, this patrol features more than one kirath, usually between three and eight. These missions pose less danger to the individual scout, though manyruns are usually assigned especially tricky or lethal patrol areas.

The disadvantages of manyruns include the limited amount of terrain covered, the enormous drain on active scouts in order to create a manyrun, and the sacrifice of stealth and speed due to the size of the group.

Training missions (a group of first level kirath) are always manyrun missions. Either the veteran scout accompanies the party, or he trails them, about ten minutes behind the group, usually without the novices' knowledge.

Experienced veteran kirath (seventh level and up) prefer solo missions. They know their way around, and resent having to slow down for less experienced teammates. Very few veterans enjoy training missions.

Regardless of type, most missions last from 12 hours to four days, depending on the area covered and the degree of detailed information needed. The average mission lasts 36 hours and covers an area of at least 16 square miles. As a rule, kirath leaders take a section of frontier 80 miles long and break it up into 20 square patrol areas, assigning one solo veteran scout or a pack of novice or competent kirath. To each area. The Silvanesti term for a scout's patrol area is a *loi* (pronounced "lay").

NPC SCOUTS

Aleaha Takmarin 10th Level Female Kirath

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17	17	16	14	17	15

THAC0: 11

AL: Neutral good

HP: 80

AC: 4

Hide in Shadows: 78%, Move Silently: 88%

Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, shortbow, dagger, soris, club, bola.

Non-weapon Proficiencies: Tracking (W/+4); Direction sense (W/+1); Observation (I/+2); Land riding (W/+3); Herbalism (I/0); Kirath nonverbal code (I/+3); Animal lore (I/+1); Carpentry (S/0); Local History (Ch/0); Musical Instrument, atrakha (D/0).

Equipment: *leather armor +2, long sword +3, soris +1, dagger +2, eyes of the eagle, ring of regeneration, firebane cloak, atrakha, treksack, four jars of heatbane.*

Description: 5'3", blonde-white hair, cobalt blue

eyes. Aleaha's age is unknown, but she looks very young. She is not muscular, but rather wiry and nimble-looking, with fair skin and very delicate features. She moves with a quiet, fluid grace.

In order to misdirect would-be opponents or critics, Aleaha has mastered the frightened doe eyed look, appearing as if she is about to take flight at the first sign of danger. Ignorant observers tend to dismiss her as a green recruit, apprehensive about going on missions, jumpy as a rabbit. This pleases Aleaha, who, as will be seen, is anything but timid or inexperienced.

Aleaha is recognized primarily by her personalized soris. The staff has a three foot long, one inch wide blue-dyed leather thong wrapped around the staff just above the leather wrist handle. Each end has a fist-sized chunk of pale green quartz. Aleaha uses this as an emergency weapon, a bola.

Her magic dagger is balanced for throwing, and the handle is located behind her left shoulder, in a sheath attached to the treksack (the kirath term for a backpack).

Aleaha does not like greenmasks and refuses to wear one. To her, the masks inhibit the senses, a fate almost worse than death. She does not rely on items to get her out of trouble, but rather relies on her skills to keep her away from needless trouble in the first place.

History: Having been a scout for the past 63 years, Aleaha has seen her share of action. She participated in the defense of Silvanesti against Takhisis and her armies, and reluctantly left when the landscape twisted into the shape of King Lorac's nightmares. Even in retreat, she bravely fought numerous rear-guard actions, giving less capable Silvanesti refugees the chance they needed to escape the onslaught of the Dragonarmies.

Aleaha took part in the War of the Lance, using her considerable talents to aid the Silvanesti armies. Though she served creditably, she is the first to dismiss her role, claiming that it is now "ancient history", and only the future matters now, a future taken up with the task of reclaiming the homeland.

Aleaha's parents are from House Gardener, and she is an only child. Her parents are still alive, and they are constantly plotting and scheming to marry her off to some high-placed House Gardener elf. Aleaha views their attempts with alternating feelings of amusement and irritation.

Aleaha does not care a whit for social conventions. She has been smitten with the desire to explore and to fight, and has no intentions of settling down quite yet. In fact, in what must be the supreme display of bravado, she has wondered where she will go and what she will do next after the Silvanesti move back to their forest homeland. Note that she sees the reclamation as a cast in stone accomplishment, with no doubt of its inevitable success. If she ever does marry, it will most

likely be to another kirath of a level approximating hers.

Aleaha's true age is in the early 200's, somewhere around 210. While she does not go out of her way to conceal her age, she also does not make it easy to find out. She enjoys her privacy, and sees age as yet another thing which people unfortunately tend to use as a way of pre-judging others.

Personality: Aleaha loves to overthrow people's perceptions of reality. She enjoys seeing people misjudge her on the basis of appearance, for then she promptly shows them just how wrong they were. Aleaha has a great sense of humor and a love for life that some Silvanesti (especially her parents) find embarrassing.

When not on the field, Aleaha enjoys meeting new people, talking to young inexperienced scouts, and sabotaging her parents' well-meaning attempts at match-making, the latter which she considers to be "my favorite sport".

To Aleaha, the funniest thing to see are the faces of novice kirath who are told that they are to meet an experienced, veteran scout of many years. The novices are expecting some grizzled old elf scout with strong muscles, many scars, a few leaves in his hair, and mud-spattered clothing. Instead they are pointed to Aleaha, who draws upon every iota of strength not to laugh aloud when she sees their expressions, all of which telegraph the words "surely there has been some mistake?"

On missions, however, a new Aleaha is seen. Away from civilization, battle-hardened reflexes snap on, her sharp senses taking in everything and missing nothing. She becomes deadly serious, and her vocation's responsibilities take full control of her thought processes. The change is eerie, almost as if she were two different people in the same body.

There can be no mistake about it, Aleaha is a veteran scout. It is important to her that everyone who departs on a mission under her command returns alive and well. She has been even known to take foolish risks to save less experienced scouts from danger, long after other veteran kirath would have given up.

She must be doing something right: she has never lost a kirath on a training mission. She strives to keep her record, a source of much pride, intact.

Of the many veteran kirath, Aleaha is the one most likely to tutor and guide novice scouts. She has an enormous amount of patience, and loves to dispense information. She rightly believes that giving a scout a complete education will enhance the scout's chances of survival beyond the first mission. Aleaha has no tolerance of senior scouts using their own secret signs and such. She feels that the young scouts must be taught everything, and that "all this blasted mysticism and tradition must be looked at as excess baggage....and scouts never

carry excess baggage."

One of the first lessons Aleaha tries to teach her charges is humility. Are they ready to concede that they can learn much from herself, a "thin, wispy little thing"? She will not work with or teach anyone who cannot accept that simple fact.

Of course, being a Silvanesti, Aleaha is in full support of all the Silvanesti causes such as reclamation of the homeland and a return to a place of prominence in Ansalon's future. While she for the most part subscribes to the idea of Silvanesti superiority, she does so quietly and without malice. She is not a snob, nor does she look down on other races.

Still, Aleaha does follow some Silvanesti traditions. She has decorated her soris and given it a "title." Days of Silvanesti historical significance are observed quietly, usually in meditation and reflection. Aleaha worships Habbakuk, and is quite devoted, though she does not speak of her faith unless asked politely. Aleaha also acknowledges the rulership of Alhana Starbreeze, daughter of King Lorac, and understands the implications of Alhana's marriage to Porthios, the Qualinesti Speaker of Suns.

Aleaha is a good candidate for a group of novice PCs' first exposure to the dangerous world of scouting the elven lands. Her patience and desire to see all of her charges return safely may provide a good "safety net" for amateur scouts. She may have even been the PCs' final teacher, who now is about to send them on their first mission.

Sometimes, Aleaha will send a party of rookie kirath out on their own, give them about ten minutes' head start, then follow them from a distance to make sure that nothing too terrible happens to them. Aleaha usually resorts to this tactic when she suspects that the party may put too much confidence in her abilities to get them out of trouble rather than their own skills.

Torian Harrunner

Third level Male Kirath

STR	CON	DEX	INT	WIS	CHA
15	15	18	11	14	14

THAC0: 17

AL: Neutral good

HP: 24

AC: 3


Hide in Shadows: 40%, Move Silently: 42%

Weapon Proficiencies: Soris, long sword, shortbow

Non-weapon Proficiencies: Tracking (W/0); Direction sense (W/+1); Observation (I/0); Land riding (W/+3); Animal Lore (I/0); Kirath nonverbal code (I/+3).

Equipment: *leather armor +1, long sword +1, soris, shortbow and 12 flight arrows, atrakha, firebane cloak, greenmask, treksack, three jars of heatbane.*





Description: 5'7", sandy brown hair in a ponytail, hazel eyes. Torian is a young elf, equivalent to a 19-year-old human. His skin is slightly tanned from his outdoor roving. His build is slightly muscular.

Torian subscribes heavily to Silvanesti traditions and the customs and ways of the kirath. He strives hard to look the part of the veteran scout, especially by doing everything that the archetypical scout is supposed to do.

The soris which Torian carries is decorated with a series of four diagonal slashes on the upper piece, just above the connecting joint. Torian has also attached a small circular wreath of holly leaves and berries just above the slashes. This soris is considered "titled".

Unlike Aleaha, Torian is a scout who looks like a veteran, but is far from such a level of competence. Though he has performed his missions adequately, he still has a lot to learn and has much room for improvement.

Torian has the potential of leading novice scouts into truly bad messes, since most newcomers are intimidated by his experienced appearance and will not question his "obviously" seasoned judgement.

To cover up his inadequacies, Torian has gone out of his way to acquire as much specialized kirath equipment as possible. When the going gets too tough, he will almost always fall back on the items to solve the problems.

Torian is 111 years old.

History: As evidenced by his hazel eyes, Torian is descended from the line of Silvanos, the founder of the nation of Silvanesti. It is due to his lineage that Torian gets a bit more latitude from the kirath leaders.

Torian's family is part of House Protector, with both parents having served in the Silvanesti army, and fought with distinction during the invasion of Silvanesti by the Dragonarmies. Both parents have retired from the front lines, and expect their eldest son to carry on the family's military tradition. Torian has an older sister, killed during the flight from Silvanesti, and a younger brother.

Torian began his career as a kirath in the year 351 AC. He has gone on approximately a dozen solo missions and a couple of manyrun missions. Torian prefers manyrun missions, for these mask his lack of experience, yet still give him an audience to show how great he is.

Personality: Torian is extremely aware of his heritage, which is an enormous source of pride to him. He realizes that being from the line of Silvanos carries certain fringe benefits, and he is not above taking them. To him, that is how Silvanesti society works, and he subscribes to the idea of rigid clans and Houses wholeheartedly.

The problem is, Torian is an amateur and he knows it. He simply will not admit it. Torian goes

out of his way to create an impression of complete competence and skill. As mentioned earlier, one way he does this is by dressing the part. He knows that many people judge by appearance.

Torian suffers from lack of confidence, impatience about advancing to a higher level of experience, and an enormous amount of pride. In some ways, his heritage is a curse. Torian feels that he cannot show weakness, for he is "descended from Silvanos himself!", which is a bit of an exaggeration. Silvanos, if alive now, would be Torian's great-great-granduncle once removed . . . hardly what one would call a direct blood relative.

Still, the "hazel-eyed heritage" compels Torian not to show weakness, and to succeed at everything he does, or at least appear to. Unfortunately for Torian (and sometimes for the people in his pack), it usually winds up being the latter.

This is not to say that Torian is a bungling incompetent. Torian's heart is in the right place. He does want to see the Silvanesti return to their homeland, and he does want to actively aid in this endeavor. He possesses a measure of bravery and skill, otherwise he never would have passed kirath rites of training. No kirath teacher would overlook such errors even if the applicant was Silvanos' own grandsons!

The problem is, Torian is mediocre. He is just an average scout who has survived his training by the skin of his teeth. The glaring fault is the misrepresentation which Torian practices: a charade of expertise which is bound to backfire, inevitably endangering himself, fellow kirath, and/or innocent non-combatants.

When part of a manyrun, Torian is inevitably the one who speaks longest and loudest. He couches his words in terms of absolutism supposedly derived from experience (e.g. "Well, everyone knows that green dragons can only breathe gas three times a day," or "In all of my travels, I have never met a bozak who could put up a fight against elven swordsmanship"). He even ascribes skills to himself that he simply does not have ("Aye, my instincts tell me that fair weather lies ahead. Don't let those black clouds fool you!").

When danger rears its ugly head, he leads the charge, heedless of the odds, with a mighty war cry. In reality, he is wildly screaming in terror, while silently praying to every deity above the earth that his manyrun mates are following him into battle. Unfortunately, novice kirath notice his brave charge rather than his sword technique, which is little more than frantic slashing at whatever the enemy is, until it no longer moves.

Torian exhibits a strong guardian instinct towards female kirath. This is his subconscious wishing that he could have somehow saved his sister.

Torian's main goal in a manyrun is to convey his competence, nay excellence, to everyone. He will make every attempt to be the center of attention short of yelling "Hey, look at me!"

In an effort to mask his mediocrity, Torian is the highest level kirath in the manyrun. Therefore, his inadequacies are not evident. Novice scouts are usually too preoccupied with trying to stay alive to notice his flaws, anyway. A seasoned veteran would notice very quickly. Thus, Torian is happy to be "a big fish in a small pond."

Thus far, Torian has been phenomenally lucky. He worships Mishakal, goddess of healing, for he feels that when his inevitable big mistake comes, he and his manyrun will need her powers desperately.

In non-mission situations, Torian is aloof, arrogant, acting the part of the cool professional and subtly calling attention to his background. He enjoys telling war stories, always being careful to phrase them in such a way so that they are taken as useful advice rather than empty bragging.

Torian is the perfect vehicle for DMs to use to get the party into some low-level predicaments, especially if the PCs need to be taught a lesson in not depending too much on NPCs to do their work for them. Devices that the DM can use in order to get the PCs into trouble without making them openly question Torian's competence include:

Have Torian wander in the opposite direction from where the monsters are appearing, in effect unintentionally separating himself from the danger.

Torian leads the charge, gets smacked by the monster, and falls to the ground, knocked out. The wound is on his head, and it looks awful. This

should come as no surprise. Head wounds always look worse than they are, and the beast managed to knock Torian unconscious.

If Torian makes a wrong analysis of the nature around him, have him declare, "So great is the extent of the corruption of the Silvanesti forest, that even woodcraft skills are of no avail! There is great sorcery and danger here; let us be extra alert!"

All things considered, Torian is not a bad person for the PCs to associate with. He enjoys the company of fellow Silvanesti, and when he loosens up a bit he can be fun to be around. Surely the stories of his exploits have some entertainment value!

Hopefully, as time goes on, Torian will gain enough experience and confidence so that he will be himself. When he finally does so, the Silvanesti will have a fine kirath indeed!

Lareth Thlorendil

Ninth Level Male Kirath/Fifth level Wizard

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17	16	15	17	15	12

THACO: 12

AL: Lawful neutral


HP: 65

AC: -2

Hide in Shadows: 66%, Move Silently: 75%

Weapon Proficiencies: Soris, long sword, short-bow, dagger, staff, spear, footman's flail.





Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Musical instrument, atrakha (D/0); Tracking (W/+2); Direction Sense (W/+1); Observation (I/+2); Animal Lore (I/+2); Blindfighting; Riding, land-based (W/+3); Kirath Nonverbal Code (I/+3); Ancient History, Silvanesti (I/-1); Local History, Silvanesti (Ch/0); Etiquette (Ch/+1).

Spells: Four first level, two second level, and one third level spell. First level: *Cantrip, color spray, feather fall, gaze reflection, wall of fog*. Second level: *Alter self, levitate, rope trick, whispering wind, invisibility*. Third level: *Blink, haste, tongues, wraithform, hold person, dispel magic*.

Equipment: *frostbrand long sword, short bow +3 and 24 arrows +1, soris +2, firebane cloak, bracers of AC 2, ring of protection +2, amulet of non-detection, greenmask, atrakha, five doses of heatbane, treksack, spellbooks and components.*

Description: 5'10", long blond-white hair, sky blue eyes. Lareth has very pale, almost alabaster skin. He is tall and imposing, with very sharp, angular, severe features, and a mouth that never seems to smile.

Lareth's sharp blue eyes seem to burn through people's souls. Lareth has presence, and he walks with a strong stride, radiating confidence and superiority with every step. He does not wear armor, favoring jet black clothing, boots, and gloves. Even his scabbards and treksack are dyed black. His heatbane cloak is slate grey.

Lareth's soris is decorated and "titled." A silver amulet with a blue stone mounted on it is attached to the lower portion of his soris, just below the joint. A group of six eagle feathers stick out from behind the amulet.

Lareth has also decorated his greenmask, placing a small blue stone of the same type as his soris' amulet on the forehead one inch above the eyebrows. The greenmask's features are just as sharp and angular as his own, leaving no room for doubt—an elf lies under the mask.

When on dangerous missions, Lareth puts his hair in a ponytail, holding it in place with a silver ring decorated with a blue stone (total value 500 gp). More often than not, he keeps its loose, his favored style.

History: Lareth Thlorendil comes from a very old and noble Silvanesti family of House Mystic. A House richly steeped in tradition and honor, the family has been active in Silvanesti society and politics since pre-Cataclysm days.

Kiras and Malin Thlorendil, Lareth's parents, survived the evacuation of Silvanesti during the Dragonarmies' attacks. Stubborn traditionalists that they are, they were one of the last families to leave. It took the metamorphosis of the woods into King Lorac's nightmare visions to finally uproot the family.

Lareth has been a scout for 40 years, something

which has puffed up his already considerable ego. He fought numerous rear-guard actions, covering the retreat of his people. He took an active part in the Silvanesti armies during the actual War of the Lance.

During these campaigns, he met the kirath known as Aleaha Takmarin, and took an immediate dislike to her. To Lareth, Aleaha's easygoing manner speaks of a Silvanesti who has spent so much time in the field that she has forgotten how to act in the proper manner. He has long since dismissed her as something on the level of a Kagonesti.

Lareth is an only child, and the source of much pride to his family. He was raised in a strict environment, and had the history and traditions of Silvanesti meticulously and repeatedly taught to him.

Lareth is in his 150's, but does not look a day over 100.

Personality: There is no doubt that Lareth is a fine kirath. Though he is considered a battle scarred veteran, he does not show any scars. He has seen much death and horror, and keeps it all hidden deep in his subconscious. His is a cold handsomeness, with his sharply chiseled features and impassive expression, similar to a white marble statue.

Lareth does not speak much. He values silence in himself and even more so in others. His occupation demands silence and stealth, but Lareth is quiet regardless of the setting, be it the nightmarish landscape of Silvanesti, the common room of a busy inn, or the court of the Speaker of Suns.

Perhaps it is for the better that Lareth is so tight-lipped. The scout is an absolute racist. He fully believes in the superiority of the Silvanesti and the consequent inferiority of all other races. His contempt for the Qualinesti and Kagonesti is well-known. As far as Lareth is concerned, the other races are responsible for all of Ansalon's woes since the beginning of time.

Unlike other racists, Lareth does not underestimate the might of his enemies. He is more than aware that the Dragonarmies are powerful and a force to be reckoned with. He justifies his feelings of superiority over other races while at the same time acknowledging that his enemies are good at what they do by reasoning that it is not unusual to find a race that is good, perhaps even great, at one thing. However, while they are good at this one thing, that is all they can handle. They are never good at more than one vocation. Furthermore, any idiot can learn to be ferocious in battle or to fight well. Non-Silvanesti do not have the brains to excel in anything else besides hacking away at something until it stops moving.

Lareth approves of the tight social stratification of the Houses, and considers marriages outside of one's House to be one of the worst breaches of etiquette. He exhibits open hatred towards half-elves, viewing the results of such a union to be so wretched, that it boggles his mind that even the

lesser form of elves (e.g. non-Silvanesti) could even consider sinking so low. Still, his disgust is kept in check by his mask of impassiveness, as well as his self-imposed chivalric code, which forbids him from just slaying someone he dislikes.

Despite his hatred of half-elves and his contempt for all non-Silvanesti, Lareth is a pragmatist. He realizes that sometimes, one must work with such people. Lareth secretly looks forward to the day when the nation is restored, and the Silvanesti can turn their backs forever on everyone else.

On the field, Lareth is clever, brave, tricky, conscientious, and competent. He is extremely observant and has very keen senses, even relative to elves, as well as a sharp memory. He exudes an aura of quiet confidence that encourages those in his manyrun. Lareth prefers solo missions, however.

In non-combat situations, when Lareth does speak, it is in a chivalric, courtly manner, using flawless Silvanesti language with no accent out of place. Lareth comes as close to a cavalier as the Silvanesti can get.

When dealing with novice kirath, Lareth is a relentless drill sergeant. His demands are always great, and he never seems satisfied. Lareth dislikes training missions, but concedes their importance. In order to compensate, he drives his charges mercilessly, though in truth he does this for their own good. However, Lareth will sometimes focus on the trivial, berating novices who have a loose thread on their cloaks, correcting their pronunciation, or citing them for a breach of etiquette.

Lareth's goals include promoting the Silvanesti cause and their superiority at every opportunity, and drilling novices into a strictly regimented, efficient, fighting team.

It is hard to make friends with Lareth. Anyone with the desire to do so better have the patience as well. Lareth is a closed book, and it may take more than a year of knowing somebody before he even thinks of opening up to them.

Still, when Lareth makes a friend, the veteran kirath is loyal to the end. Lareth will do anything he can for his friends, provided it does not conflict with the greater needs of the Silvanesti as a people.

Lareth is not romantically involved, as no elven woman has met his rigorous criteria. In the very least, she must be from his House, and be able to keep up with him in the field. Lareth may be many things, but he is not sexist. To him, all Silvanesti are capable of accomplishing anything.

Chislev the nature god is the object of Lareth's worship. Lareth is very devoted to Chislev, and strives to be one of the worthy elves to inhabit Zhan the grand forest in the afterlife. Chislev's neutrality appeals greatly to Lareth.

Dara Silvatreth Sixth level Female Kirath

Values in parentheses are in effect while she is under the direct control of the Unnamable, during

Nuitari's High Sanction.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16(19)	17	16(18)	15(9)	16(9)	15

THAC0: 15

AL: Chaotic Good (Chaotic Evil)

HP: 40 (80)

AC: 2

Hide in Shadows: 52%, Move Silently: 57%

Weapon Proficiencies: Soris, short sword, shortbow, staff, hand axe, spear.

Non-weapon Proficiencies: Tracking (W/+1); Direction Sense (W/+1); Observation (I/+1); Musical Instrument, atrakha (D/-1); Land-based riding (W/+3); Animal Lore (I/0); Set Snares (I/-1).

Special Abilities: The following are inherent spell-like abilities bestowed on Dara when she is overtaken by the evil entity in the ruins. When this happens, she continuously radiates *protection from good*. Three times a day, she can use *ESP know alignment*, and *detect good*, and *darkness* and *cause serious wounds* each once per day.

Equipment: *leather armor +3*, *green dragon slayer short sword*, *hand axe +2* (balanced for throwing), shortbow, 24 flight arrows, soris, *firebane cloak*, atrakha, four doses of heatbane, treksack.

Description: 5'2", light brown hair reaching no lower than the nape of the neck, brown eyes. Slightly tanned skin, cute upturned nose, slight freckles on cheeks. Average build.

Dara dislikes greenmasks, and does not wear one unless specifically told to. Her firebane cloak is a deep forest green. The soris she wields is not decorated, though her atrakha is decorated with silver wire.


Dara is barely past 100 years. She carries herself with youthful exuberance, brimming with enthusiasm, though she tones this down slightly when in the midst of polite Silvanesti society. She tried for a while to be the model of a proper elfin lady when in the presence of civilized Silvanesti, but since she rarely succeeded, she has given up trying to be something she is not.

History: Dara's parents were slain during the siege of Silvanost. The young scout had just started her career as a kirath, and the loss was a severe blow. Still, she continued her duties. In fact, she has not had time to truly mourn, something which will eventually catch up with her.

The Silvatreth family hails from House Protector with strong middle-class roots. Dara's father was a Wildrunner, and he expressed his disappointment that his only child went off to become a kirath, since the kirath and Wildrunners have a rivalry. The Silvatreth have a family secret: there is a strong line of Qualinesti blood on Dara's father's side.

In the four years that Dara has been a kirath, she has advanced quickly up the ranks, carried there by her enthusiasm and love for her work and her people. Dara enjoys company, hence she dislikes





solo missions. Manyrun missions are her specialty, and she is an able teacher and companion.

Dara has made many solo missions, and on one such mission 30 days ago, her life was changed. While patrolling a loi newly assigned to her, she came upon a series of elven ruins of a bygone era. The most prominent feature of the ruins was a large pit, which unknown to Dara housed an evil entity known only as the Unnamable.

The entity had been guarded for centuries by a small band of Silvanesti who made it their duty to keep vigil over this abomination, since all attempts to destroy it were futile.

When the forests of Silvanesti were warped by King Lorac's nightmares under the influence of the *orb of dragonkind*, the guardian elves were slain. For three years, the entity sulked in its pit, awaiting someone to help it, amuse it, or feed it. Enter the kirath Dara.

The entity reached out and seized control of Dara's mind, becoming privy to all her knowledge. Rather than consuming Dara, the entity decided to use her as a catspaw in order to bring it food. Furthermore, the entity does not want the elves to re-settle, and it plans to use Dara as a saboteur.

Since the Unnamable's takeover of Dara has happened only recently, she has not had much of an opportunity to commit many acts of evil. One pack of eight kirath under Dara's command has been devoured by the Unnamable, and she has committed some minor acts of sabotage and supplied misinformation to the kirath. For more on Dara's fate, see the adventure in Part Three.

Personality: Under the command of the Unnamable, Dara's enthusiasm and vigor have a shadow cast across them. Dara's free spirit is being molded into a more conventional Silvanesti so as not to attract much attention.

Though she still smiles and laughs, she now does so only when not around proper Silvanesti society, and it seems a bit empty and feigned. To the attentive observer, it appears that she is being superficial, with forced humor.

The thing's influence on Dara is greatest when Nuitari is in High Sanction. During this time, her eyes glow an odd silver, causing her pupils and irises to fade away, and only the goals of the evil entity matter to her. Her attributes listed above in parentheses are in effect during this phase of the moon. She is under the firm, direct control of the evil entity, and is perfectly capable of carrying out acts of pure evil.

During all other times, Dara is mostly in control of her actions, though she is unable to do or say anything that would threaten the Unnamable's grip on her, such as quitting the kirath, telling others what is wrong with her, or showing the kirath where the great evil lies.

The only possible clue manifests itself when Solinari is in High Sanction. For the first four days of

that moon's nine-day phase, Dara gets increasingly irritable. On the fifth day, she is weak, exhausted, barely able to walk and talk at the same time. She is wracked with headaches, explosions of anger, and cannot walk outside at night if Solinari is visible. Beginning on the sixth day and going until the end of the phase, Dara's strength returns and her temper gets better. Dara works her patrols so that she is not out on the field during her time of weakness.

While under the influence of the Unnamable, be it direct or indirect, Dara will try to bring parties of novice scouts to the ruins to be used as food by the creature. She also gives false reports of the Silvanesti forest disposition, though she puts in enough truth so that her words are not completely discounted. Her superiors attribute the discrepancies to the chaotic shifting of the landscape.

In order to free Dara of the Unnamable's influence, the guards and wards which sealed off the Unnamable must first be set back in place. Second, she must have bless, remove curse, and dispel evil cast upon her. Once in her right mind, she must voluntarily agree to have an atonement cast upon her. Only then will she be free. This must be done when Nuitari is in any portion of its Low Sanction phase.

If she is ever freed from the Unnamable's evil influence, the PCs will be face to face with a warm, fun-loving, mischievous kirath. Like Aleaha, Dara is another free spirit, though she does not compartmentalize her behavior, separating it between being on the field and being in the courts of the Silvanesti. She acts the same no matter where she is.

Dara could be a useful teacher, contact, or pack leader for a group of lower level PCs. She loves all manifestations of nature, and has wept openly at the sight of the beautiful forests' warped condition.

Her curiosity is insatiable, which suits her well as a kirath. Her fondness of practical jokes is well-known, and not well-liked, her superiors believe that such behavior is undignified. If the Silvanesti ever feel that they need a liaison with either the gully dwarves or the kender, Dara will be the logical choice.

Dara has a strong sense of right and wrong, good and evil, but does not limit that to the elven perspective. Rather, she is committed to the triumph of good everywhere, to everyone.

Though she is a team player, she is headstrong, cherishing her individuality and right to a free will. Dara wishes to have the freedom to make her own mistakes and learn from them.

Up till the time she was taken over by the Unnamable, Dara worshipped Habbakuk, embracing the deity's oneness with nature.

PART TWO: SCOUT EQUIPMENT

The Kirath require special tools in order to make their jobs easier. The following are but a few items unique to the scouts.

The Atrakha: The atrakha consists of a pair of telescoping wooden tubes, with a mouthpiece at one end, and holes along the length of both tubes. Stretched to its full length, the atrakha measures six inches long. Telescoped, it is two inches long. The widest point is one inch in diameter. The pipe is often attached to a leather thong, and worn around the neck.

Kirath use the atrakha to imitate a wide range of bird calls and even some small animal noises. By sliding the tubes, a scout can vary the pitch and volume, getting a sound that ranges from a shrill, piercing shriek, to a raucous caw, to a mournful warbling.

Besides birds, the atrakha can be used to create noises common to small, rodent-like animals such as a squirrel's chattering to a rabbit's scream of terror.

Atrakha are used primarily as a means of communication between scouts. The Kirath have a series of elaborate codes, utilizing different bird calls. To the uninitiated, what may sound like a flock of birds in the trees could actually be a detailed conversation between scouts, telling the exact number and strength of the intruders.

If using a shrill bird call, a scout's atrakha may be heard as far away as three miles. A listener trying to pinpoint the direction must pass a listening check (see DMG Chapter 15, "Listening") to get the general compass direction. A successful direction sense proficiency check gets the same results.

The universal signal of distress is created by rapidly spinning the atrakha over one's head using the leather thong. The rush of air creates an oscillating howl that can be heard six miles away. This noise is made only to inform fellow kirath of a threat so large that it endangers not only the scout in question, but also the other scouts in the field, and the Silvanesti in the settled areas adjacent to the territory currently being scouted. It is not used lightly, and is the one sound that every scout dreads hearing.

A PC with the animal lore non-weapon proficiency gains a +3 bonus to their ability score when using the atrakha to imitate a bird or small animal as detailed above.

Among some of the kirath, the atrakha is played as a musical instrument, producing wind instrument melodies. It is possible to choose the atrakha as a musical instrument non-weapon proficiency.

Creation of an atrakha is a slow, painstaking process involving 30 days of wood carving followed by a proficiency check.

The atrakha saves as wood, thin. Its weight is

negligible. Its cost ranges from five gold pieces for a simple atrakha, to five steel pieces for an atrakha made from rare woods. Anyone can buy an atrakha, but non scouts are never taught the secret form of communication.

The Soris: The soris is a weapon consisting of two pieces of the strongest yet lightest wood, connected end to end by a cleverly crafted universal joint.

The lower portion of the soris is five feet long, its lower end sheathed with a sharp metal point. A leather wrist thong is affixed four feet up the pole.

The upper portion of the soris is eighteen inches long. It is tipped with a strong rope loop, and four collapsible hooks. The upper section can be either fully deployed, giving the soris an overall length of six and half feet, or folded back against the lower portion of the soris. When the soris is in the latter configuration, it is treated as a club for the purposes of combat, doing 1d6/1d3 points of damage.

The metal hinge enables the upper portion of the soris to rotate a full 360 degrees and to assume any position from full extension to parallel to the lower part. A small locking tab keeps the upper half in the desired position.

The soris is used by the scouts as an all purpose weapon and tool. The sharp point is ideal for breaking through ice, securing one's footing while climbing rough terrain, or, as a last resort, even as a weapon doing 1d4/1d3 points of damage.

When the soris is used to secure a scout's footing, the PC gets a +2 bonus to any required Dexterity check.


The upper portion of the soris is used mostly as a way to quickly climb trees or rocky surfaces. The hooks and the noose are useful for catching low hanging tree branches or rocky outcroppings. Once secured, the kirath then pulls himself or swings in acrobatic fashion up to the branch or next highest point on a rock face. Note that the soris is practically useless in thieves' climbing walls attempts, the only possible exception being if the walls are heavily decorated with water spouts, statuary, or Gothic style ornamentation.

When using a soris, the PC gains a +25% bonus to his Climbing checks. Due to the increased support of the soris, a climber has a bit more freedom when trying to act while in the midst of a climb. Instead of a -2 penalty, climbers suffer a -1 penalty to attack, damage and saving throw rolls.

if a PC using a soris has the tumbling proficiency, he can swing up onto a low-lying tree branch or wall and still conduct an action.

When the soris is fully extended and locked in place, it may be used as a normal quarterstaff. Deploying one or more hooks gives the wielder a polearm which can be used to pull riders off of their





mounts, as well as doing 1d4/1d4 points of damage from the hook. Extending the soris but allowing the upper piece to swing freely gives the wielder a footman's flail.

The strong rope loop may also be used as a noose to snag unwary victims as they pass underneath a tree occupied by a kirath.

The loop may also be used to disarm an opponent, requiring a successful attack roll at a -4 penalty. A natural 20 on an attack roll means that not only is the opponent disarmed, but the weapon has also been snared in the rope.

The soris can bear up to 250 pounds in any form. The staff weighs six pounds, and requires a weapon smith to work for 15 days to make one.

Proper use of a soris, as a weapon as well as a tool, requires spending a weapon proficiency slot. PCs proficient with a soris can, with a series of quick, graceful wrist movements, deploy the soris in any configuration in a matter of seconds, giving ample time to still engage in other actions such as movement, combat, or spellcasting.

Regardless of what sort of weapon the soris is emulating, it always functions with a weapon speed factor of five.

Some kirath are known to decorate their soris with small feathers, semi-precious stones, and even pigments of dye. The resulting configuration may actually tell a story, such as the lineage of the owner, or perhaps the battles where the soris was wielded. Each design is as unique as the kirath who wields the soris, and many veteran scouts identify their fellows merely by their soris designs.

A soris which has been personalized by a kirath is considered "titled", and becomes an important part of the kirath who owns it and his place in society. Once a kirath decorates his soris, it is bonded to him for as long as the wood remains whole. A kirath would never voluntarily part with a titled soris. Theft of such a soris by another scout is unheard of. A non-scout Silvanesti who stole a soris would be forced to pay a great amount of restitution. A non-elf thief would pay with his life.

While it is not common to find a soris that has been enchanted, it is possible. The majority of magical soris are of +1 enchantment. Finding a soris enchanted beyond +3 would be the same as stumbling across an artifact.

The soris saves as wood, thick. The average soris weighs about five pounds. The soris costs ten gold pieces. "Titled" soris are never found for sale. Soris are never sold to non elves.

There are some so-called experts who speculate that the soris is adapted from the hoopak, the favored tool of the kender. Though no Silvanesti has graced the observation with a reply one way or the other, there has been some quiet speculation that perhaps it is the hoopak that is derived from the soris. Those who care about such things feel that the latter is probably closer to the truth, if either statement is.

Heatbane: This is the common name given to the extract of an uncommon plant known to the Silvanesti as "elathas." Elathas grows wild at the foot of the mountains in the southern half of Southern Ergoth, the foothills around Qualinost, and in Silvanesti, at the mouth of the river which winds its way north to the city of Silvanost.

The plant is a four-pronged leaf, growing in shrubs. It requires lots of sun, moisture and can exist only in a transitional climate. It blooms in the early spring and withers away in the late fall.

Elathas leaves, when properly crushed and prepared, produce an extract which absorbs heat very effectively. The kirath use the heatbane extract to make themselves undetectable by heat dependent infravision.

The extract is a greenish color, and used in the form of a balm or ointment. It gives off the faint odor of cooked mushrooms.

Heatbane is usually carried in small round ceramic jars, each jar holding enough applications for three full-grown elves. Due to its potent, concentrated nature, only a slight glaze is required over the area to be concealed. It takes five rounds for a scout to apply a head-to-toe covering to himself, three rounds if someone else helps.

Heatbane loses its effectiveness 4d4 turns after application, regardless of the kirath's level of physical activity. The salve dissolves easily in water, hence scouts with heatbane are easily found if hit with more than a quart of water or other liquid. Heavy exposure to drizzle or dew cuts heatbane duration in half.

Leaving a container of heatbane exposed to the air dries it out in two hours, leaving nothing but a mass of flat green, dried-out flakes. Attempting to restore the salve by adding water makes it look, feel, and smell normal, but the potency has been lost.

The heat absorbing properties of heatbane makes it a better-than-nothing protection against fire. The salve wearer gains a +2 on saving throws vs. normal fires or fiery dragon's breath. Magical fire is not affected by heatbane.

Heatbane stings eyes and open wounds. Applying the salve to a wounded PC (less than full hit points) results in a -1 Dexterity penalty due to the discomfort. This lasts until the heatbane loses its potency, or the wounds are healed. Heatbane may be placed on eyelids.

One eerie side-effect of heatbane comes from the inability to place the salve directly on the eyes. Anyone with infravision looking in the direction of a heatbane-covered kirath sees nothing but a pair of red eyes (assuming that the scout has his own eyes open, showing the only part of himself not covered in heatbane). Since one does not normally associate disembodied red eyes with a Silvanesti, imaginations may run wild, with the viewer thinking that what lurks in the bushes is worse than it really is.

Heatbane is not a magical potion; it is a prepared salve. Creating heatbane requires 100 elathas leaves (the average bush has 10d10 leaves), fresh spring water, and some common fungi in powdered form. Brewing takes a total of 20 days, followed by an herbalism proficiency check.

Currently, the only easily accessible supplies of elathas lie in Southern Ergoth and Qualinost, the Silvanesti plants at the mouth of the river are in areas overrun by green dragons and woodland abominations. This fact serves as a source of no little irritation to the Silvanesti, who desire their own exclusive supplies of elathas.

If a PC wishes to buy heatbane, it costs 25 steel pieces, and can only be purchased in elven communities with a population of over 1,000. It is never sold to non-elves.

Firebane Cloak: This garment is a normal *cloak of elvenkind* with several significant differences. The cloak confers the invisibility benefits of a regular elven cloak as follows:

Outdoors, natural surroundings	
heavy growth	100%
light growth	99%
open fields	95%
rocky terrain	98%
Outdoors, other buildings	90%
brightly lit room	50%
Underground torch/lantern light	95%
infravision	special
light/continual light	50%

Besides the benefits derived from the cloak's chameleon powers, the scout is also protected from infravision, since the material is saturated with heatbane.

The cloak has a hood, which must be drawn up around the head in order to take full advantage of its invisibility/infravision protection. The cloak is voluminous enough for the wearer to wrap himself up, exposing nothing but the legs down below the knees.

The saturation of the firebane cloak in heatbane is so great that, if drawn fully around the wearer, it grants a +3 bonus to saving throws against all forms of fire, both magical and mundane, and reduces each die of fire damage by -1.

The cloak's saturation in heatbane also acts as insulation, keeping the kirath warm without bulky furs. Additionally, the cloaks are waterproofed against the elements.

Unlike *cloaks of elvenkind*, firebane cloaks are found in not only neutral grey, but also light tan, dark brown, forest green, and even flat black.

The cloaks have four interior pouches, two on the wearer's left, and two on the right. These pouches are easily sealable, and waterproof.

Creating a firebane cloak is a difficult, 60 day process. For this reason, they are not distributed

offhandedly to any scout who desires one. Only kirath who have demonstrated that they can function as scouts without the benefit of marvelous concealment clothing can get a cloak.

In game terms, this earning of a cloak occurs when the PC survives through the first level of experience, and has gone on at least four scouting missions without causing a mishap. Note that fulfilling the above conditions does not automatically bestow a cloak upon a supplicant. The DM must judge if the PC has followed his alignment and the ways of the Silvanesti with a bare minimum of deviation.

Since a firebane's primary function is concealment, decorations such as personal coats of arms, jewelled broaches, or symbols of rank, are not applied. The cloaks themselves are badges of rank and a sign of competence.

Normally, the cloaks are held in place by means of a simple leather thong sewn in the lining around the throat. The knot used to secure the cloak is configured so that tugging the drawstring in a certain manner will cause the cloak to fall off in seconds, when there is an urgent need to remove it quickly.

It must be pointed out that the cloaks are not actually magical, and do not register a magic reading if a *detect magic* spell is cast upon them.

Firebane cloaks save as cloth, though they gain the +3 bonus against all fire-based attacks. The cloak weighs an average of two pounds.

An elf purchasing a firebane cloak pays 1,000 gold pieces. A non-elf desiring to purchase a firebane cloak must first of all convince the seller to sell it. Once this is done, the buyer pays at least 2,000 steel pieces.

Greenmasks: Since the lands of the Silvanesti have been warped and befouled as well as overrun by noxious green dragons, the kirath are required to take extra precautions in securing an untainted air supply. Greenmasks are one tool which, while not solving the entire problem, at least gives the scouts a fighting chance.

Greenmasks are made of wood cut from living trees, hence their name—the trees are still alive and bearing green leaves. The masks cover the entire face, and are secured with a strong cord. The eyeholes are covered with fine crystal lenses. Greenmasks are treated with the elathas extract, heatbane. This renders the face (including the eyes) invisible to infravision. The mask is often worn in conjunction with a firebane cloak and applications of heatbane.

The exterior features on the greenmask resemble normal elven facial characteristics. Even the ears have little points on their tips, mimicking elven ears.

The eyepieces are bifocal in nature, with the upper halves of the lenses increasing vision distance by fifty percent. The lower halves give normal vi-





sion. The lenses are ground in such a way that the eyes of the scout cannot be seen unless the viewer is practically eye-to-eye with the elf.

The masks have no nose or mouth holes, and the ears are partially covered. As a result, masked scouts conduct listening checks at a -10% penalty. In addition, the field of vision is restricted as if the scout wore an open-faced helmet (-1 penalty on vision checks—see pg. 108 of the *Complete Fighter's Handbook*).

The most important feature of the greenmasks is the small batch of exotic herbs placed in the mask's interior, under the wearer's nose and at both sides of the mouth. These herbs offer protection against the chlorine gas weapon of green dragons, "ordinary" poison gasses, nausea inducing gasses, and odors such as swamp gas or putrescent stench.

When wearing a greenmask, a PC gains a +4 to saving throws against the above mentioned attacks. Additionally, gasses that cause physical harm do so at -1 hit point per die of damage.

It must be stressed that this defense does not confer a fresh air supply to the wearer. The herbs merely cleanse the tainted air somewhat. A scout in a vacuum or underwater would suffocate or drown in the same way as an unmasked victim. The herbs last for a total of ten hours.

The herbs are relatively common, but the combination required is a closely guarded secret among the Silvanesti kirath herbalists. It is not unusual for kirath in the field to carry up to four "refills" in their pouches, each individually wrapped. Only a kirath with the herbalism proficiency may attempt to collect and prepare the mixture, a process which takes a total of four hours followed by a successful proficiency check. Truly nasty DMs may elect to secretly roll the check and not announce the results, forcing the PCs to find out the results by testing the mask in actual conditions! Failing the proficiency check means that mixture was either not made properly, or the plants were not fresh enough.

Carving a greenmask takes 15 days, and no proficiency is needed, since there is no "right" way to make one.

Greenmasks are not assigned indiscriminately. The masks are always given to patrols that will be operating in areas known for having corrupted air or harboring large amounts of green dragons.

Experienced kirath (above third level) who have the herbalism proficiency and woodcraft skill often make their own masks. Though such masks are often decorated to reflect the unique tastes of the owner, the scout is not as attached to his greenmask as he is to his soris. Masks are not used to identify a kirath as much as a soris is.

Nevertheless, ownership of someone else's personalized greenmask is a good way of attracting the wrong sort of attention ("Why are you wearing Tulah the Brave's personal mask, stranger, and

how did you manage to get it from her?”).

Still, elaborate adornments are not uncommon greenmask features. Some scouts choose a mask expression that reflects their most common mood. A short-tempered Silvanesti may have a mask face pinched in a deep frown, while a very jovial scout may have a laughing-face mask.

Other adornments include small gemstones, precious metal filigree, and dabs of paint. A few very high-level and very dangerous kirath are reputed to have placed a solid steel sheath on their mask's face.

Placing or removing a mask takes but a few seconds, and gives the scout ample time to do another action. The mask saves as wood, thick.

Though the masks are not magical, some rare individuals have been known to customize their greenmasks by adding certain enchantments. The most common are: *+1 or +2 protection/AC bonus*, *gaze reflection* on the eye lenses, or fitting *eyes of the eagle* or *eyes of charming* in place of the normal lenses.

Some kirath have observed that the masks give them a psychological edge when facing intelligent opponents. It is unnerving to some folk not to see the face of the one who confronts them. To reflect this in game terms, DMs should feel free to assign a +2 reaction bonus when a masked PC or NPC confronts someone and adopts either Threatening or Hostile behavior.

This masking of emotions suits the Silvanesti fine, who dislike being open with other races, and value their privacy. Even so, the masks are not worn in normal social settings—they are a scouting tool, nothing more.

It is also considered improper behavior to use someone's greenmask to pass oneself off as the mask's owner. Furthermore, the mask makers never use any other features other than elven ones for their masks. The masks are not meant for deception.

Since greenmasks have no mouth holes, verbal communication is hard. Speech is considered unintelligible farther than 20 feet from the masked speaker.

Kirath have overcome the speech disadvantage by adopting a sign language. This is further covered in the NPC section. The loss of speech is not a big concern to the scouts, who value silence as a tool just as necessary as any of the weapons or equipment they carry.

Greenmasks cost 250 gold pieces, but are never sold to non-Silvanesti.



PART THREE: ADVENTURES

In this section, the DM will find a series of five adventures that enable a group of kirath PCs to participate in the scouting of the elven lands evacuated several years ago during the War of the Lance. These are not normal woodlands, but rather a nightmarish perversion of nature wrought by the dreams of the late Silvanesti King Lorac, who fell under the influence of an *orb of dragonkind*.

The PCs' primary goal in these adventures is to see what there is to see in their loi (patrol area) and report it to their superiors, who will eventually send in armies, healers of the lands, and settlers. PCs are encouraged to outrun what they cannot fight, and fight what they cannot outrun.

Traveling in the nightmare lands of the Silvanesti should be just that: a nightmare. For the purposes of overland movement, consult Table 74 in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*, and add a one point penalty to all Movement Costs when traveling in the twisted lands. This reflects the difficulty in moving through corrupted areas.

Furthermore, though wandering monster encounters should certainly be rolled, DMs should sprinkle a few of the obstacles and features listed on the *Silvanesti Phenomena Table* (on the inside front cover of this module) in order to give the PCs the feel of walking in a living nightmare. Frequency should vary (after all it's a chaotic, disorganized land, now, isn't it?) but with no less than one manifestation per four hour period. Vary the phenomena in order to keep the PCs on their toes, bringing the incidents up when the PCs least expect it. Do not hesitate to have some of these things occur during a wandering monster encounter. Ambitious DMs should think up some of their own phenomena and play them to the hilt. Have fun with them.

KIRATH CAMPS AND THE CITY OF MORNING DEW

There is a series of five main kirath camps situated on the border of the Silvanesti nation. Each camp has 2d20 + 10 kirath of various levels. The Kirath live in tents, and have enough food, weapons, and supplies for a month.

The City of Morning Dew is a temporary city that has sprung up on the frontier. It is in essence a military fort, with 1,000 Silvanesti troops. Besides the fort, the City boasts several taverns and inns, a House of Healing, armorers, livery, weapon-smiths, a shrine to Chislev (led by a ninth level cleric), and two guildhouses, one for White Robe and one for Red Robe wizards.

The city is the kiraths' nerve center, with the

high commanders of the scouts quartered here. They are the equivalent of an army's generals, and they decide where the camps are to be set up, where the patrols are to go, and how long the patrols should be out.

The city is also the crossroads for all traffic going from Qualinesti to the frontier. In effect, the city is the "gateway" to the homeland.

Kirath who are given a few days worth of rest wind up in the city in order to relax. Eventually, the PCs will meet all of the abovementioned NPCs if they go to the city.

When the armies move into Silvanesti someday, they will use the city as their launch off point. Every report that the PCs give eventually winds up here.

SCENARIO ONE: FIELD

TEST

This adventure is intended for four to eight scouts of levels one through three, and is intended to be an introductory manyrun mission overseen by a higher level kirath. It is very simple and straightforward, and should be used to give novice players a feel for the woods.

You and your comrades have reason to be proud, for this day the vast majority of your training is behind you, and you have done well. Though technically you are kirath, only one thing stands between you and your full claim to the title: going on an actual scouting mission, and returning!

Your manyrun is at the kirath camp. The camp, which coordinates kirath patrols into Silvanesti, is located immediately south of the mountains which end on the northwesternmost border of Silvanesti. You are right on the border of your beloved homeland.

All around you, kirath slip in and out of the camp, coming from or going to their respective loi. Some returning scouts are wounded from encounters with beasts, but seem not to have been affected by running through the twisted lands. Your last instructor, a tall, stern taskmaster of an elf named Lareth, stands before you and prepares to speak. Everyone gets a sense that your orders are about to come in.

"I shall not mince words. You are novices; most of you have not drawn a blade in anger. Throwing you into an extremely dangerous loi would be foolish, so listen well. You will pro-

ceed due east of the camp for eight miles, then south for four miles, then northwest back to this camp. Survive the route, and you are full-fledged kirath. You must make do with whatever equipment you carry at present; you will not be assigned anything. The magic that transformed the forest will not harm you directly, as nothing wholesome which enters the forest now is changed. You need only fear that which was in Silvanesti during King Lorac's nightmares. Bear in mind, you are to gather information; you are scouts, not empty-headed soldiers who simply kill everything in sight. Now go".

Lareth Thlorendil (see Part Two) will tail the PCs, giving them a 10-minute head start. He knows that there is nothing of any major consequence in their assigned loi, but he also knows that they are amateurs and need watching, much as he is loath to do so. There are no random encounters in this scenario, but build up the tension, hinting that something lurks behind every twisted frond. Feel free to use many of the phenomena from the cover table.

EASTWARD HO!

Travelling eastward into the transformed land of the Silvanesti, you cannot help but feel sad at the ruination around you. Still, besides the odd contortions of nature, you find nothing worth reporting.

This leg goes by without incident. Bear in mind that the limit of their east patrol is not marked. The PCs better have had someone actively keeping track of where they went.

EVERYONE GOES SOUTH EVERY NOW AND THEN

The trip south proves no greater source of adventure than the eastbound leg. After several hours' march, however, you see a group of about half a dozen figures in voluminous cloaks and hoods. They see you too, and with croaking cries of joy, stagger towards you, babbling in halting Common.

"Hail, fellow elven brethren! We need aid! The forest! It is working its foul magic on us! Help!"

The figures are a half dozen baaz, wearing green cloaks and cheap elf masks. They are here for the same reason as the PCs: scouting. This patrol is working for a pair of green dragons who fled the War of the Lance and have ingratiated themselves into a lost community of elves still in Silvanesti. The PCs will only find this out if they manage to

interrogate prisoners, if any.

Baaz (6): AC 4; MV 6, Run 15, Glide 18; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 2; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or weapon; MR 20%; AL LE; ML 12. The baaz are armed with scimitars. They carry no money. For each baaz captured there is a cumulative 15% chance that one knows the exact location of the green dragons. It is seven days' march due east.

The baaz will pretend to be elves until the PCs get within arm's reach, then attack. The baaz will try to take at least two kirath alive for questioning, back to the dragons.

If melee goes on longer than three rounds, Lareth, his sharp ears picking up sounds of battle, will rush in to help if the PCs are outnumbered or dying. Otherwise, he'll watch from a concealed place.

If the PCs defeat this bunch too easily, throw another half dozen baaz right after this group. This new group being the baazs' replacements.

CONCLUSION AND DEBRIEFING

The rest of the trip is without major incident, and Lareth will want to personally debrief the PCs. If the PCs wiped out the draconians without finding out why the creatures were there, he will roundly criticize the scouts. The PCs, after all, are supposed to be gathering information!

If the PCs gained information, Lareth will give them some grudging compliments. If they did not need Lareth's help in dispatching the baaz, Lareth will actually show his pleasure.

As far as tackling the green dragons, that is one mission which the PCs can tackle once they get some experience, and Lareth will tell them as much!

SCENARIO TWO: WE'RE THE CAVALRY?!

This adventure introduces the PCs to Torian Harrunner, and is meant for four to eight kirath of third to fifth level.

Your group and a few other novice kirath have been left in charge of the camp while all the veterans, including Lareth, get to have all the fun of exploring! Oh, the joys of rear-guard duty!

Suddenly, the vegetation growing at the camp perimeter parts, and out staggers a veteran kirath, his clothes torn and bloodied. He looks half dead, but by some supreme act of will, he staggers in your direction and points at your group. "You...you...you... (however many PCs)...follow me! The rest of you, stay here and stay on guard!" Without seeing if you obey, he staggers back the way he came.





This is Torian, who has just lost his kirath patrol of eight. While patrolling their loi, they came upon some elven ruins, overgrown by hideous, twisting vegetation, and overlooked by past patrols. The site is actually very close to the camp. Torian's sheer luck held up again, though it ran out just as quickly. The ruins are under the control of some daergar dwarves.

The outnumbered kirath were jumped as they were checking the ruins. Only Torian managed to escape, giving in to a momentary urge to flee, but not before he gave and received a few hits. Angered and shamed, he now is obsessed with going back with reinforcements (the PCs), and wiping out the killers.

FORCED MARCH

The scout, whom you recognize as Torian Harrunner, a veteran, walks at a painful but brisk pace into the brush, muttering to himself. He answers no questions, but gazes straight ahead, as if he could burn a path through the woods with his eyes.

If the PCs try to pick up what he is muttering, allow anyone within ten feet of Torian to roll a Hearing check. Any who pass hear "...probably all wiped out by now...my own fault...should've known better...foul creatures...we'll avenge...typical dwarven behavior."

If PCs wish to make a serious attempt at getting the story from Torian, they must make appeals to his sense of duty as a kirath. Only such a reference will get him to answer. A reaction roll for must be made, and if the result is not Hostile, Torian tells the PCs what happened, though he does not mention that he ran away, but rather he was in the best position to seek help.

The trip takes an hour, the group heading due northeast. If anyone checks for tracks, they find Torian's tracks that he made heading back to camp, plus two sets of short human tracks made soon after. The latter are found after a half hour's march. The tracks indicate that whatever they were, they apparently followed Torian for about half of the kirath's flight, then returned to the ruins. Torian, who is enraged and irrational at this point, will do no tracking.

Should the PCs attempt to signal for help from any kirath who may happen to be in hearing range, there is a 75% chance of successful contact, with 2-8 kirath of fifth level meeting the PCs in 2d6 turns regardless of the PCs' movements.

A SHORT RECEPTION

After about an hour of frantic travel, your group, still led by the obsessed Torian, comes upon a 60' wide cluster of trees, twisted in the shape of tortured elves.

If the PCs followed the tracks they will notice the tracks continue into the thick group of trees, followed by four sets of tracks re-emerging into the path and going off into the brush flanking both sides of the trail.

If anyone deduces that there is an imminent ambush, good for them! The ensuing combat will be made without the PCs needing to roll for surprise, providing the trackers warn everyone within one round of arrival at the tree area.

If no one is warned, no tracks are found, or the party just blunder on ahead, the four daergar sentries let fly with crossbows. The PCs roll for surprise.

Should anyone investigate the trees, allow an Intelligence check. If the check is passed, they realize that despite the trees being warped by nightmarish magic, they were further "enhanced" by expert woodcarvers, who made the images look even more grotesque. This is a disgrace to any respectable elf! It was the daergar who did this, passing away idle time and showing their contempt for life and elves.

If the melee lasts more than one round, the sentries scream for help. Initial range between the sides is 50 feet.

Daergar Sentries (4): AC 4; MV 6; HD 2; hp 8; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (lt.crossbow), or 1d8 (battle axes); AL LE; ML 13; XP 200.

THE RUINS

Beyond the grotesque trees lies an even more grotesque sight. The bodies of six kirath lay sprawled throughout the clearing, their corpses practically unrecognizable due to the sheer number of wounds, many apparently made even after the elves fell.

Over two dozen small bearded humanoids, most wearing chainmail and still clutching battleaxes in their cold, stiff, fingers, lay in groups of about four, surrounding each dead elf.

The clearing itself contains a series of six ruined stone buildings, definitely of Silvanesti design. The crumbling buildings surround a huge depression in the earth. Nothing moves in this clearing.

Give the PCs one round to check the bodies. Torian definitely identifies the elves as his pack. He keeps mumbling (hearing check in order to get the gist of it), "...finally happened, knew it couldn't

last forever...should have been me...they counted on me..."

Alert PCs will remember that Torian had said there were eight in his pack, besides himself. Two bodies are unaccounted for. A tracking roll shows about a dozen dwarf tracks and two sets of elf tracks, going into the depression.

At this point, an unmistakably elven voice bellows a warcry, followed by an inhuman growling response. A Hearing check or a direction sense proficiency check reveals the source: the depression.

LIFE WAS TOUGH IN THE DEPRESSION

Rushing up to the lip of the depression, you see that the entire formation resembles a huge bowl, with walls sloping downward in a 100' drop. The arrangement is reminiscent of a crude amphitheater or stadium. Heaps of rubble lie jumbled around the pit's rim, most of the rocks appear to be decorated with dwarven runes.

At the bottom of this primitive arena, you see two staggering kirath, both bleeding profusely as they try to remain standing and defend themselves against their opponent, a whisper spider.

Whether or not the scouts tipped off the daergar, the dwarves knew that the kirath (Torian) would probably get help and return, so the foul creatures decided to put together an appropriate welcome.

The two captured kirath are fighting for their lives against the spider, the latter having also been captured by the daergar.

The daergar are watching the battle from their hiding places in the debris. They have actually halted combat at different points when it looked like one side or another was about to win. The daergar want this fight to last as long as possible.

The two surviving kirath are so exhausted that they are unable to speak coherently. If the PCs announce their presence, the two elves will try to wave them off, trying to make the PCs leave.

If the PCs charge down the bowl to the rescue, raucous laughter echoes through the depression as a rain of rocks hits the PCs. The daergar attack! There are twelve daergar (the novice kirath fought well!), who will spend one round hurling rocks, one round firing crossbows, then attempt to engage in melee.

Daergar (12): AC 4; MV 6; HD 2; hp 8; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (crossbow), 1d8 (battleaxe), 1d4 (rock); AL LE; ML 13; XP 200. The dwarves have no treasure on them. They fight dirty, giving and expecting no quarter.

Whisper Spider (1): AC 4; MV 9, Wb 12; HD 8 + 8; hp 40 (12); THACO 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2-12; SA

Webs, poison; SD Jumps; AL CE; ML 14; XP 1400. The spider has already been badly injured by the kirath, hence the creature is down to 12 points. It is maddened with pain, and frustrated by the daergar, who have starved and tortured the beast.

The two kirath are second level fighters, each with six points remaining out of their 15 points. If they can get one round to rest, they will rejoin the battle, helping the PCs. During this encounter Torian will fight fearlessly and relentlessly.

THE RUINS:

A. This building has had all of its interior walls knocked out, and was used as a barracks for the daergar. Forty eight bedrolls are set up. A loose rock in the south wall (marked "X" on map) blocks a recess which holds the community treasure of 2,245 stl, 4,561 gp, a *potion of extra healing*, two jars of *Keoghtom's ointment*, an elven sized suit of *chain +2* (not elfin chain!), and a *bag of tricks*.

B-D. Plain ruined buildings. Many have beautiful frescoes on the walls, all defaced with the same runes found at the depression. The runes are merely disgusting daergar graffiti. Fragments of beautiful elven statues, shattered by senseless binges of dwarven vandalism, crunch under the PCs' boots.

E. This building is larger than the rest. An Intelligence check shows that this building was the headquarters to what was a Silvanesti military outpost complex. Though the floor is covered in litter, each PC has a 5% chance of finding old elven documents detailing the fight against the Dragonarmies and the elven eastward retreat.

The final feature is the large trapdoor concealed under the rubble. This is a new portal, put in by the daergar. Opening it reveals a shaft eight feet wide, plunging downward for several hundred feet. This is an entrance to the Underdark, and was the route used by the daergar to come here.

If any daergar are taken alive and questioned, and the PCs manage a non-Hostile reaction, they may find out that the daergar, having only recently learned of the Silvanesti's misfortune, decided to send patrols to the surface in order to see what they could exploit and take.

CONCLUSION AND DEBRIEFING

If the PCs managed to rescue the elves, each PC gets 100 xp per elf rescued. If help did not have to be called in, double the award.

Torian is going to disappear for a while. He has much thinking to do. He will murmur his thanks to the PCs, then take off into the wilds of the ruined land. DMs may design an adventure in which the PCs must search for him.

If the PCs found the trapdoor, award each PC an



additional 100 xp. This may be the launching point for a subterranean campaign.

SCENARIO THREE: THE UNNAMEABLE

This scenario introduces the party to Dara Silvatreth, the kirath taken over by the Unnameable. It is the night before the first night of Nuitari's High Sanction phase. Dara acts without permission and puts together a manyrun using the PCs.

This mission is for four to eight kirath of levels three through five.

Your group is stationed once again at the kirath camp on the northwest corner of Silvanesti. It is night, with the sky only partially lit by the waning moon Solinari in Low Sanction. You have spent all day doing various boring chores around the camp instead of going on patrol.

A female kirath emerges from one tent as she buckles on her sword belt. She smiles and walks over to your group, the dim light of Solinari giving her eyes an eerie silver glow.

"Good evening to you, fellow kirath. You have been selected for an extended night patrol. We are to investigate some recently discovered ruins in the forests. My name is Dara Silvatreth, and I shall be your manyrun leader. Outfit yourself for a four day journey, but be quick!"

The time of Nuitari's High Sanction is fast approaching, and the evil call of the Unnameable is becoming irresistible to Dara. She must tend it, bring it food. Of course, the scout mission is a sham, and the PCs are the intended meals. Still, any PCs who ask may be told that Dara's reputation is excellent, and that she is truly a competent veteran scout.

The patrol takes the PCs in a southeasterly direction. Due to Dara's skill at trailblazing, the PCs move at the normal movement rates, with no penalty for moving through the warped, nightmare land. The projected course is 120 miles east-south east of the camp. This places the party well into the forests in the fourth day. The discrepancy of the amount of food required versus the length of time on the field may eventually be discovered, but hopefully by that time it will be too late.

If the PCs attempt to ply Dara with numerous questions about where they are going, why, etc., she will remind them that they are scouts, not idle gossips. This is her way of saying "Shut up".

DAY ONE: CAMPING UNDER THE STARS

The first day of the journey passes without incident. At nightfall, Dara orders the PCs to make camp, and see to its running. The PCs should set watches. At midnight, everyone who is awake (most likely on watch) must make a hearing check. Those who pass hear Dara occasionally giggle to herself. If anyone dares ask her why, she says that she is not a normal, stuffy Silvanesti, and that she enjoys letting out her emotions, especially when away from so-called proper Silvanesti society.

DAY TWO: A KENDER, GENTLER ENCOUNTER

The noonday sun feels good on your faces as you briskly walk behind Dara, who confidently and expertly leads the way. It is almost a mystical experience watching this veteran as she effortlessly avoids deadfalls, sinkholes, and unusually large amounts of corrupt, potentially deadly plant life. It almost seems like second nature to her.

As your pack rounds a bend, you come face to face with a group of ten...oh, no! Kender!

You never can tell where a group of kender will turn up, and even the warped lands of the Silvanesti are not immune.

This particular group is out on a long, long walk. They have been walking in the elven woods, for they were curious about what kind of changes the plant life suffered as a result of King Lorac's nightmares, a reason they will explain in a rather blunt but non-malicious way.

The kender will rush up to the PCs, and ply them with questions and comments. "Where are you going?" "Why are you going?" "Are you going to finish the contents of that lunch sack?" "Nice staffs...did you copy them from our hoopaks?" "I like those masks...can I have this one? You seemed to have dropped it." "Are you sure you're going to finish that lunch?" "Where do you elves get such wonderful toys?" "Can I have that lunch?"

Each PC will be affected by such clumsiness that he will lose some valuables, the kender will find them, and give them back to the PCs, providing the small folk remember to do so, and it is so hard to remember such things when one's mind is in such a tizzy, no doubt due to the joy of meeting such a neat band of elves. Each PC has a 65% chance of "dropping" 1d4 things.

A very important point: the kender do not bother Dara. They unconsciously shy away from her, but not in an overt manner. They do not even speak to her. Dara's own reaction is one of irrita-

tion, impatience, and a strong desire to leave these fools quickly.

If anyone asks the kender where they have gone and what they have seen, the PCs better be ready to first answer some kender questions with a "yes." The questions all boil down to one: "This item was obviously dropped and left here. Do you mind if I keep it until I can find its true owner?"

The kender have been in the forest to the east, and they have seen "great big green dragons, and upright-walking dragon-men, though not all at once." If pressed for sighting locations, the kender shrug and say "the woods." They have no maps, but instead have followed the sun.

If more than 20 minutes are wasted with the kender, Dara will snap at the PCs, telling them to get a move on and leave the kender be. As soon as she speaks, there is a 10% chance that each PC sees a kender shudder, ever so slightly. With a chorus of farewells (none directed at Dara), the kender take their leave.

Nothing else happens that day. That night, Solinari is at its lowest point in Low Sanction, equivalent to a New Moon. The moon cannot be seen. Once again, there is a possibility of catching Dara giggling.

If any PC points out to her that they have been gone for two days and that they should be heading back to the home base since they have only two days' worth of food left, she will refuse, saying that the party can certainly hunt for food when the need arises. Sharp PCs may wonder where one can find edible food in a warped, poisonous forest.

Kender (10): AC 8; MV 6; HD 1; hp 7; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 (hoopak); AL CN: ML 20; XP 200.

DAY THREE: FINALLY, AN ENEMY TO STRIKE DOWN

The day goes well, with no encounters. When night falls, Dara asks the party to set up camp, but to count her out of the guard rotation tonight. She is tired, she will say, and leading the party through such dangerous terrain is draining.

One hour after midnight, six ogres, frustrated at the lack of palatable food in this region, descend upon the party with loud howls and growling stomachs. Elven flesh is a delicacy, and the ogre leader realizes that if his charges do not get some food soon, they may "accidentally" lose him. When the hunting party came upon the elven camp, the order to charge was given, with no mercy given or expected.

Dara will awaken and help the PCs in the melee. Any PCs who are watching her must make a vision check. Those who pass notice her eyes seem to glow silver. They seem to catch the starlight and reflect it. Furthermore, she has a wide grin on her

face as she cuts down ogre after ogre, as if she savors the death of each monster.

Ogres (5): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4 + 1; HP 25; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA +2 to damage; AL CE: ML 14; XP 175. The ogres have increased morale due to the presence of elf, this band's favorite food, as well as their feelings of intense hunger and frustration. Consider the ogre leader to have the same stats as outlined above, but with 33 hit points. Each ogre carries 25 gp.

DAY FOUR: THE FOREST

The morning after the ogre battle comes, and Dara compliments you on a job well done. You break camp and continue on your way.

A few hours later, you arrive at the beginning of the great forest of the Silvanesti. Though all of the nation of Silvanesti was corrupted by the mad dreams of King Lorac, the forest got the worst of it. It is a sad thing to witness first-hand the misshapen trees, leaking what looks like blood, their leaves coated with some nameless, sickening blight.

Even Dara hesitates for a few heartbeats, but she takes a deep breath, steels herself, leading the way into that pathetic tangle of vegetation.

At this point, DMs should check for random encounters once every half hour (three turns). Make use of the list of phenomena outlined at the beginning of Part Three, or make up others.

From this point on, Dara will be very quiet, seemingly very intent on her work. In truth, she is delighted that the completion of this goal is near. She giggles a lot.

THE UNNAMEABLE

Night falls as Dara leads the pack into a large clearing. Despite the manner in which the forest has been twisted, there are still very definable borders which delineate the beginning and end of the woods.

In the center of this clearing lies a large pit some 50' in diameter. The rim of the pit is lined with worked stone. Eight marble columns, still showing a hint of their graceful shapes despite the warped land around them, surround the pit. Many small blocks of stone are strewn on the grass around the pit. A half dozen elven corpses, twisted and misshapen, lay scattered throughout the clearing, their chainmail armor rusting.

To the south stands a small pyramid. This is a Silvanesti tomb, its sloping walls of white marble choked with rancid yellow ivy vines.

This is the pit of the evil entity known as the Unna-



meable. Imprisoned here by the Silvanesti in 2645 PC, at the end of the Second Dragon War, the entity was summoned to this plane by the forces of evil in order to aid in the War. After Huma used the Dragonlance to drive the evil dragons to the Negative Plane, it was discovered that this entity, the Unnameable, required an evil dragon to command it. Thus, the entity could not return to its plane.

Silvanos, in his great wisdom, ordered a well to be constructed and magically warded. The Unnameable was placed in the pit, with members of House Protector charged with guarding it forever. Magical wards, in the form of runes and symbols, were set up around the top of the pit. The guards' chief task was to make sure the wards remained in place, for if the stones were removed, the wards would break and the Unnameable could exercise its powers.

And so it was for centuries. Even the Cataclysm did not cause the vigilance of this family to waver. As time went on, the families within House Protector that had devoted their lives to guarding the pit gradually distanced themselves from the mainstream Silvanesti society. The reverse also happened, resulting in the Unnameable becoming but a distant memory to the elves, almost a fairy tale.

It took the ruination of the forests by King Lorac to finally free the Unnameable. The elves who guarded the pit suffered painful warping of their bodies, and died quickly. The Unnameable, weak-

ened over the millennia, nevertheless sensed the changes on the surface and the lifting of the wards, since the stones were scattered in the chaos.

Though it was no longer warded or guarded, the Unnameable was still very weak. It sensed the War of the Lance raging above it, and wished in vain to participate.

When the War ended, the Silvanesti began sending scouts back into the forests in order to begin the process of reclamation. Dara found the ruins, their significance long forgotten. The entity sapped just enough of Dara's life energy to enable it to use its minor powers again. It took over Dara, probed her mind, and decided to use her to gain more food, strengthening it so that it may go forth and take its revenge on the race that imprisoned it here so long ago.

The pit is 60' wide, 180' deep, and lined with well-crafted bricks. The small rocks strewn on the ground around the lip of the pit are the ward stones. They must be put back in place.

Once the PCs get within 30' of the pit, the six elven corpses rise as zombies and attack. The other two corpses move a bit, then slump back down, dead. The Unnameable, wanting to wear the PCs down before confronting them, controls the zombies. These corpses were former elves who were the last guards of the pit before the War of the Lance. Due to the magical properties of the area, the rate of decomposition was vastly slowed down.



When the zombies attack, Dara's eyes glow silver and she falls to her knees, clutching her head and wailing. The Unnameable finds it difficult to control her and the zombies simultaneously, so Dara is in pain. The zombies cannot be turned.

If the Unnameable is given more than 20 levels worth of victims to devour, it becomes fully functional and able to climb out of the pit.

The pyramid contains the body of the first elven guard to die. She is dressed in a suit of *chain +5* and has a *shield +4* and a *long sword +3*. She wears jewelry worth 10,000gp. At her feet is an open scroll showing an aerial view of the pit's lip, with a diagram showing where the rune stones go.

If anything but the scroll is touched, a spectral minion, the spirit of the swordswoman, Shandara Moonstone, appears. When she was dying, she vowed that if the Unnameable ever got free, she would return if anyone came into her crypt, and roused her. Shandara will be quite irritated if the PCs tried taking her things, and they will have a lot of explaining to do.

Shandara knows how to free someone of the Unnameable's influence. She also knows the way to send the creature back to its home plane. The former she knew when she was alive; the latter she discovered during her wanderings in the afterlife. Shandara only volunteers the information if asked.

If the stones are replaced on the lip of the pit, the zombies will drop dead, and Dara will fall unconscious for 2d4 hours.

There is only a 10% chance per hour that a kirath patrol is in the area if help is called for. Any patrol will have 1-10 kirath of sixth level, led by Lareth, who is wondering what has happened to his pack.

Zombies (6): AC 5; MV 6; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 3; Dmg 1-8+1; AL N; ML 14; XP 150. The zombies' low armor class comes from the chainmail they still wear. Consider the zombies to have effective Strengths of 16. The undead will try to throw PCs into the pit and keep the PCs from entering the pyramid. Due to the Unnameable's evil influence in this area, the zombies cannot be turned.

Spectral Minion (1): AC 2; MV 30; HD 12; hp 96; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 1-8+3; AL CG; ML 13; XP 1,400.

The Unnameable (1): AC -5; FI 12 (D); HD 20; hp 120; THAC0 2; #AT 1; Dmg 4d5; SA see below; SD +3 or better weapon to hit; MR 65%; AL CE; ML 18; XP 18,000. The Unnameable resembles a large black cloud 40' in diameter, with a very solid set of sharp teeth. It hovers several feet off the ground and flies in order to get around. The creature radiates fear in a 20' radius. It can cast the following spells: *domination* once per month, *animate dead*, *globe of invulnerability*, *teleport*, *phantasmal killer*, and *death fog* all three times a day. The only way it can return to its home plane is to be dismissed verbally by an evil dragon.

Note that in its weakened condition, it can only cast *domination* and *animate dead*. All other spells as well as the creature's statistics are not in effect until it is fed at least 20 levels worth of energy. "Donors" of this energy must be living when they are tossed into the pit. Until it gets that energy, it sits in its pit. It cannot even cast *domination* unless the victim is at the edge of the pit.

If the Unnameable winds up actually coming out of the pit, DMs may wish to have high-level kirath reinforcements join the battle at the last dramatic moment.

CONCLUSION AND DEBRIEFING

When Dara wakes up after going unconscious due to the restoration of the wards, she is still evil and wants to go back to the pit and break the wards. She will struggle all the way back to kirath base camp. When Nuitari moves out of its High Sanction phase, she ceases being actively violent, and sinks into a sullen quietness.

If the wards are restored and Dara is brought back alive to the kirath camp, each PC gets 2,000 xp for each act. If Dara was slain, the PCs will have much explaining to do to Lareth when they get back!

Discovering the means to restore Dara and/or get rid of the Unnameable gives each PC 500 xp for each solution.

If the PCs managed to do everything right, they will earn glowing praise from Lareth. Any special kirath equipment that the PCs wish, they will get. Reduce XP awards by 25% if NPC kirath were needed to haul the PCs' fat out of the fire.


SCENARIO FOUR: THE LOST

In this scenario, the PCs will meet the two green dragons who employed the baaz from Scenario One. The two dragons are shapechanged into normal elves, and have ingratiated themselves into a Silvanesti community which was miraculously untouched by the nightmares of King Lorac. This mission is designed for six to eight PCs of at least sixth level. The PCs should have run through Scenario One first.

As your manyrun has gained experience, you have got the sense that the veteran kirath accept you as equals. Even Lareth, your hard to please superior, seems satisfied with your performance. Speaking of Lareth, the tall, lanky scout approaches your group with that "Have I got a task for you!" look in his eyes.

"I am sure you recall the experience with the baaz, way back when you all were just pups. We have learned that the baaz came from a





community located about seven days' march due east of our position.

"Prepare yourselves, for you are going to that place. Spy on the place, and report your findings back to us. Leave within the hour, and may the gods look down on you with favor!"

If these particular PCs interrogated the baaz and got the full story from them, then tailor the players' information to fit this, in essence reminding the PCs what they did and what they know. Check for wandering monsters throughout this scenario.

VERY QUICK SAND

This encounter takes place on the fourth day of travel. As the PCs are walking through the woods, there is a cumulative 15% chance that each PC will step in a large pool of quicksand created by a wyndlass. Roll for each PC in the party; do not stop once one PC steps into the stuff. There are many tree branches which unaffected PCs may use to try to get their comrades out. The wyndlass may have other plans. It is quite hungry.

If the PCs defeat the beast, they find several dozen skeletons of large animals and elven warriors. The wyndlass' treasure consists of 125 stl, 500 gp, 200 pp, elven sized *studded leather +2*, elven sized *leather +2*, *bracers of defense AC4*, *soris +3*, *green dragonslayer long sword*, *potion of heroism*, *ring of shooting stars*.

Wyndlass: AC 3; MV 3; HD 12; hp 60; THAC0 11; #AT 11; Dmg 1-10 (x10)/1-4; SA Surprise; AL N; ML 15; XP 5,000.

ARE WE INTERRUPTING SOMETHING?

DM Note: Half an hour before this encounter is run, have each kirath PC make a Vision check using halved Intelligence or Wisdom (whichever is higher). Any who make it see a flash of bronze 80 feet ahead. A successful tracking proficiency check reveals one set of three-toed lizard tracks (bozak). It was indeed a bozak sentry, which saw the party and flew off to alert its comrades.

On the sixth day of your travels, a small footpath appears, offering a relatively clear passage through the gruesome, twisting trees and odorous shrubberies. The path makes travel easier during the ensuing hours.

There are many noises in these sad woods, most sound vaguely like birds and animals, but the calls seem to be distorted, as if the very throats of the creatures have been transformed. What were once sweet bird noises are now gur-

gling parodies. The chattering of squirrels sound like rapidfire croaking, as if the little animals' mouths are splintering as they call out.

In the late afternoon, a new noise comes from your right: rhythmic hissing chants which rise and fall in perfect time. There are no discernable words.

The PCs have blundered into an area occupied by bozak draconians under the employ of the green dragons. These bozak have built a shrine to Takhisis, and pray daily for her return.

The altar clearing lies 75 yards south of the path. The clearing is 100 feet in diameter, with all vegetation cleared away or scorched black.

The altar consists of a dragon statue made of rocks and trees tied together. A circle of bones surrounds the altar. Fifty gems worth 50gp each decorate the grotesque draconian image.

Four bozak kneel in supplication to the image of Takhisis, while another eight bozak lurk in the brush. This is scene is a trap for the PCs. The four worshippers know that intruders are about, and they are willing to be the bait to draw the PCs out, which is why these draconians chanted extra loud.

The only way the PCs may avoid the ambush is to make another tracking proficiency check in the immediate area around the clearing. A successful tracking attempt shows a dozen sets of bozak tracks. This should be a very blatant hint that something is horribly wrong.

The bozak will try to capture two PCs. Everyone else is to be slaughtered without mercy. Captives are taken to the community.

Successful attempts at interrogation reveal this: "One day's march to the east lies an elven city that has not been touched by the madness that has stricken the rest of these accursed elven lands. We work for two mighty spellcasters who have been accepted by the foolish elven folk. The spellcasters have lowly baaz and treacherous sivak in their employ. The townsfolk do not mind, nor are they aware that they in fact live in captivity to the two spellcasters."

The bozak will not reveal that the spellcasters are in fact green dragons. They do not know why the area was untouched by the corruption that changed the rest of Silvanesti.

A NICE PLACE TO VISIT?

On the seventh day, the trail winds up at a sight that is most amazing and welcome. Healthy trees, shrubs and flowers stand before you, as beautiful birds flit from lush leafy branch to another. Squirrels chase each other up and down tree trunks free of blood and corruption.

Beyond the trees, the tops of elven spires can

be seen. Elven buildings, and intact no less! It seems too good to be true.

From an archway of roses, two robed Silvanesti, a male and a female, smile at you and beckon with outstretched arms. "Greetings, brethren," they say in perfect Silvanesti. "Welcome to Tarith-Nesti. Come and refresh yourselves."

The PCs will probably be doubting their senses right about now. However, everything is exactly as it seems. The land here is healthy, the buildings are real, and the two attractive greeters are Silvanesti elves. They are not evil, charmed, illusions, nor enchanted in any way.

Their intentions, however, are not so good. The shapechanged green dragons have told everyone in the town that a great wave of evil has crossed the land, and that any strangers met are agents of evil, even if those strangers act, look, and talk like Silvanesti. Since the elves of Tarith have seen for themselves that the lands beyond their borders have in fact been horribly changed, they are more than willing to believe this.

The PCs are led into the town, where they see several hundred Silvanesti at work and play. Everyone is happy, and waves to the PCs. Their destination is a one-story stone building called the House of Hospitality. Here, the kirath are offered baths, food, and treatment for their wounds. Any queries about green dragons, draconians, or any other malevolent entities are met with uncomprehending stares, and statements to the effect that dragons have not been seen in ages. If informed otherwise, the Silvanesti will listen politely, and reply in a condescending manner that if that's what the visitors wish to believe, then they as hosts will not disagree.

The Silvanesti will wait until the PCs are relaxed (if ever) before taking action. The hosts will lock the PCs in the Hospitality House, their spellcasters using wizard lock to secure the doors and windows. Before doing so, the Silvanesti will try to take as much of the kiraths' equipment as they can get away with. This includes spell components.

Once the PCs are secured, the elves will post two seventh level fighters as guards at the only exit, the front door. An additional figure, in fact a sivak draconian shapechanged into a Silvanesti warrior, will join them in one turn.

The two real sentries will disregard anything the PCs have to say, but the sivak will listen intently, in order to give a full report to the green dragons. The PCs will have to cool their heels overnight in the Hospitality House. At least the beds are warm and soft.

TWO GREEN FRAUDS

Morning breaks, and the front door opens. Standing in the open doorway are a half-dozen elven soldiers, two robed elves, and a strikingly handsome couple of regal bearing. The couple, a male and female of great beauty, are clad in suits of fine elven chain armor, and emerald green tunics. Each has a great emerald set in a silver medallion and hung from a silver chain.

"Behold, my brothers," the male says, gesturing at your group. "See your enemies. These outsiders are not even true elves, but rather are a race responsible for the devastation beyond our borders. See how much they resemble Silvanesti! They even have learned our language, and now use its beautiful words to tell dangerous lies about such nonsense as evil dragons actually returning to Krynn, and some sort of war. They would have you believe that the Silvanesti elves still live, when we know that whatever ruined the forests also destroyed all of the Silvanesti except for those in this community! Place them back in their cell, and let us take counsel on how to best dispose of these monsters!"

Gently, but firmly, you are relieved of any weapons and spell components, and pushed back into the House.

The half-dozen guards are seventh level fighters. The two robed elves are in fact sivaks who slew two elven mages and took their places. The elven couple, who give their names as Lord and Lady Jadestone, are two adult green dragons who can shapechange thanks to the amulets they wear. If the amulets are pulled off, they revert to their true forms.

Lord and Lady Jadestone fled when the Dragon-armies were routed and scattered during the War of the Lance. They stumbled upon the community of Tarith-Nesti, and saw, to their surprise, that it was unaffected by the corruption. After doing some covert skulking, they realized that the magical source of this protection came from a tall wizard's tower.

Gaining entrance under the cover of darkness, they found an ancient elven mage lying in a comatose state. Eventually, they found his journal, where the dragons discovered that this mage knew that disaster was about to befall the nation of Silvanesti. His words of warning went unheeded, yet he decided to still take action and try at least to save the town of Tarith-Nesti.

The mage developed a spell which would allow him to alter reality, but he had to be asleep and dreaming in order for the spell to work. This he did, and the community survived.

Unfortunately, he has remained in a coma instead of awakening once the danger was past. Fur-





thermore his dream has caused the elves to become quiescent as well as very susceptible to suggestions. The elves live their lives in blissful ignorance. Lord and Lady Jadestone discovered that if they whispered in the sleeping mage's ear, they could make the wizard change the community further by changing the dream slightly.

The dragons found the emerald amulets in the mage's workroom, and used them to take elven form. The amulets were not designed to work on dragons, however, so the changes are not very good.

Before the dragons left town, they made the mage dream of two elves entering the town, and having them hailed as leaders. The two strangers would bring other elves which escaped the twisting forests, and they would all be accepted by the people.

The dragons left town, rounded up a large group of disorganized draconians, and returned to the community. The elves, controlled by the dream, saw an elf Lord and Lady, plus three dozen followers. The newcomers gave the news of the destruction of the lands and all elves, and the community began depending on the two more and more for advice and protection.

The sivaks hunted down and slew the six elf mages in the community and took their forms. For now, the dragons are content. Once in a while, an elf disappears, used as a meal for the dragons. The

dragons are biding their time, wondering where to go from here.

If a PC wishes to look for anything unusual about the two elves, allow him a vision check, with a +2 bonus. Those who pass notice that the two elves have sharp triangular teeth, and their eyes have cat-like slit pupils. A faint scent of chlorine follows the pair.

Trying to convince the Tarith-Nesti elves that something is terribly wrong requires a reaction roll with a -6 penalty. The elves do not notice the sharp teeth, strange eyes, or chlorine odor.

THE CONFRONTATION

After several hours, the group that confronted the PCs in encounter five return, and escort them to a beautiful stone structure, the dwelling place of the Lord and Lady. Along the way, the PCs will see a stone tower guarded by four robed elves. This is the only building with sentries.

Inside the Lord and Lady's dwelling, mention to two PCs that they see the party's weapons and items being carried into a side room by a guard.

Once alone with the PCs, the two "elves" will interrogate the kirath scouts at length in order to find out who sent them, from where did they come, and what are the plans of the Silvanesti as far as this land is concerned?

The last thing that the dragons want to hear is

that the elves are making a comeback. It becomes obvious that the PCs cannot be allowed to leave. The two elves sigh, close their eyes, and begin changing into green dragons, intent on killing the PCs. Give the PCs one free round to react.

There are eight baaz and two sivaks, the latter shapechanged into elven mages, in the building, but they will not come unless called for, and they take three rounds to answer the summons.

THE MAGE'S TOWER

Four sivak *shapechanged* into elven wizards guard the locked door which leads into the five story tower. Once inside, the PCs only need ascend to the highest level and physically awaken the mage.

Once the mage is awake, the entire community also seems to awaken. They no longer see what the dragons want them to see. In fact, the elves remember everything, and they are not happy in the least.

Green Dragons (2): AC -2; MV 9, FI 30(C), Sw 9; HD 15; hp 65; THAC0 11; #AT 3+special; Dmg 1-8+6/ 1-8+6/ 2-20+6; SA Breath weapon 12d6+6; MR 20%; AL LE; ML 16; XP 9,000.

Sivaks (6): AC 1; MV 6, Run 15, Glide 18, FI 24 (C); HD 6; hp 24; THAC0 15; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1-6/ 1-6/2-12 or 1d10 (sword); SD +2 on saves, MR 20%; AL NE; ML 14; XP 2,000.

Baaz (8): AC 4; MV 6, Run 15, Glide 18; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1-4/1-4 or 1-6 (sword); MR 20%; AL LE; ML 13; XP 175.

CONCLUSION AND DEBRIEFING

The community of Tarith-Nesti will be very interested in what truly happened to their race. In gratitude, the elves will allow their community to be used as a forward base for further scouting missions. The PCs' superiors will be overjoyed at the discovery of a still-existent community. This will definitely make the PCs' reputations.

SCENARIO FIVE: THE TEST

In this scenario, the PCs are being tested by Chislev, the nature god, to see if they and the rest of their race are worthy to return to the land and reclaim it. Combat is not emphasized in this adventure, thus any number of PCs of any level may participate. Hearts are being tested, not sword arms.

You and your manyrun have been patrolling your assigned loi for several days now. You are presently 20 miles west of Silvanost, the ancient capital of Silvanesti. Thick forest surrounds you,

and the going would not be so bad if nature wasn't so horribly transformed. Your people have a big task in store, trying to restore everything.

As you make your way around blighted trees and pools of bile, a soft, mournful sound of a flute fills the air. It is coming from ahead.

The adventure does not start at any base camp. DMs may wish to play through that part before beginning this scenario, making sure to throw in a monster encounter at some point.

The flutist is Chislev, goddess of nature. She is expecting the PCs.

CROSSROADS

When you arrive at the music's source, you see an old elven woman, her tanned face quite wrinkled and her hair snow white with age, Painted designs grace her arms and face, and she is clad in a long, fringed robe with animal and weather designs woven in as decorations. She is sitting crosslegged on a large flat rock, and playing a wooden flute.

She senses your approach, for she stops playing and turns to face you. "Greetings," she croaks. "Do the mighty Silvanesti...(cough)..come to her my (cough) music? You must pardon my voice, for my throat is dry. Even us Kagonesti elves need something to slake our thirsts every now and then."

As you see her face to face, you notice that the painted designs are actually sores and scabs. She is diseased!

This is Chislev, and the tests have begun. First, she wishes to see if the PCs will look down upon her because: 1) she is old and frail, and 2) she is a Kagonesti, a wild elf. Second, she wishes to see if they are generous by hinting that she could use a drink. Finally, she wants to see if they prize true beauty such as that made by her flute, over the transient beauty of the flesh.

The ideal responses are: PCs to compliment her music (it is very good), refrain from insulting or talking down to her, and give her a drink. Two out of three is not bad, one out of three is not good, and none out of three is abysmal.

If the PCs offer to do more than what is expected, for instance offering to cure her disease, giving her food, clothing, or money, or offer to escort her to her home, she will be very pleased, though politely declines all such offers.

The old woman gives her name as Kadee Mourning dove. She claims to be a visitor in this area, and that she has "some small magic" to keep her safe from harm. Kadee claims to be a Kagonesti. As for her sores, she tells the PCs that she has a



disease, a blight upon her body. In a sense, this is true. As the personification of nature, she wears the scars that the land of the elves wears.

She will politely inquire as to the PCs' reasons for being in this neck of the woods. If the PCs say that they are scouts, she will give them another test. She points to two paths, one going northeast, one southeast. "The first path leads to great fortune and power," she says, "the second shows the way to restore the forests. I am too old to walk on either, so choose one!"

The first path runs for six hours and terminates in the ruins of an elven fortress. Lurking in the ruins is a huge green dragon, which the DM may design the specifics of, including a nice big treasure. Big deal. If the PCs choose the first path, she shrugs her shoulders and plays a dirge.

The second path is the true path, the whole reason that scouts are needed in the first place: to help reclaim the land. If the PCs choose this path, she smiles widely (she's missing a few teeth), and says "You have chosen well. Take these pouches of magic powder. They can heal wounds, cure diseases, re-grow limbs, restore life energy, and raise the dead. It works on any living thing. There is enough powder in each sack for three doses. Use it well, and may the gods be with you." Kadee resumes playing her flute.

Each PC gets one pouch. It works exactly as she said. One application of powder imitates one and only one of the following spells: heal, cure disease, regeneration, restoration, resurrection.

No matter which path is chosen, Chislev and the other path disappear five rounds after the PCs leave.

SEEDS OF MADNESS

The path that Kadee pointed out to your pack winds its way eastward. Plants grow thick on either side of the trail, plants which used to be healthy, but now are of such horrid appearance that it is difficult to tell what they were before the transformation.

Blocking the path 100 feet ahead of you are 12 half-men, half-horse creatures. Their bodies are lean and graceful. Their human halves have blonde hair, while their equine portions are chestnut. Scattered on the path are a dozen pieces of fruit which resemble warped eggplants. Each piece has several bites taken from it. Many more of the same fruit grow from a sick-looking tree on the left side of the path.

The lead creature turns to you, his eyes burning with unbridled hate. "By my mane!" he screams, "Tis the enemy! Gird thyselfes for battle, my comrades!" The other creatures, looks of fury on their faces too, snarl and charge.

This sorry group of not very bright Crystalmir cen-

taurs let their stomachs do the thinking for them and ate some poison fruit. This particular fruit inspires a paranoid fury in the eater.

This breed of centaur dislikes combat the most. Hopefully, a PC will make the connection between the centaurs and the fruit. The effects wear off in 2d4 hours. A neutralize poison spell cures the madness immediately.

This encounter is a test of the PCs' powers of observation as well as their ability to think on their feet. The only thing the centaurs are guilty of is bad judgement in their choice of food, and they certainly do not deserve death for that!

If the centaurs are subdued and eventually cured, they will be very grateful, though they insist on going their own way. They dislike combat and will not offer to join the party.

Crystalmir Centaurs (12): AC 5; MV 18; HD 4; hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1-6 (front hooves) and 1-8 (longsword), or 1-6 (hind hooves); AL CG; ML 12; XP 120. These centaurs carry 100 stl each.

FAITH RESTORED

As nightfall comes, your attentions are attracted to a hill off to your left. There appears to be some elven ruins on the hilltop, with several flickering lights in their midst. The hill is a two mile hike through the brush.

(DM Note: Do not continue the description unless they go to the hilltop)

At the top of the grassy hill, remains of marble and crystal columns dot the land, with many black unhealthy vines entwined around them. A dozen low-slung marble benches face an elevated area. Atop the elevated area lies an ornate altar, tipped over on its side and caked with mud and other unsavory things. The air is filled with the sounds of crickets croaking (yes, croaking), but the sound abruptly halts.

The next sound you hear is the scraping of one heavy stone over another.

This place used to be a shrine to Chislev. It has been defiled, however, since a stahnk has taken up residence inside the mound.

While the stahnk certainly must be destroyed, that is not really what Chislev is interested in. The altar must be righted and cleaned off. If any PC is a split-class cleric/kirath, a bless spell cast upon the cleaned up shrine would be ideal.

If the PCs take the time to check out the altar and the rest of the ruins, the elven runes carved on the stones will explain quite clearly what this area was used for, and who it was dedicated to.

Chislev is testing two things: the willingness of the Silvanesti elves to fight when they must, and their reverence to the gods.

Stahnk (1): AC 6; MV 9, Sw 9; HD 12+12; hp 40; THAC0 7; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4 + 1/2d4 + 1/3-24; SA En-

snare and fling; SD Not affected by flame, sharp weapons do 1 point plus applicable bonuses; MR 20%; AL N; ML 14; XP 8,000. The stahnk's lair contains 6,435 stl, 6,999 gp, 20 gems worth 100 gp each, a scroll with bless, prayer, and dispel evil, boots of elvenkind, amulet of non-detection, and a dagger +3.

TEST OF PATIENCE

The rest of the night is uneventful, though everyone has the same dream. In this dream, the pack is following an eastward trail, which ends in a beautiful garden filled with healthy animals and fresh fruit. Everyone instinctively knows that this is Silvanesti, but a Silvanesti that has been restored. As everyone frolics in the garden, the point of view shifts, pulling back to show the dreamer more of the picture. Slowly; you realize that the garden is nestled in a bowl on one side of a set of balancing scales. The point of view keeps pulling back, and you see that the scales are suspended in a starry sky. The other bowl of the scale is empty, causing the garden's bowl to tip, which sends the party hurtling earthward. You awaken just as you are about to impact.

Shaking off the dream is easy to do when the sun is up. You continue on the path. When the sun is at its zenith, you come upon more beautiful ruins of the Silvanesti, though it looks like someone else found them too.

A pack of 20 gully dwarves, covered in mud and blood, are rummaging through the ruins. Many look dazed. Occasionally, one finds a trinket such as a broken comb or half a chamber pot, and puts it greedily in a burlap sack. One gully dwarf wipes his nose on a tapestry depicting King Silvanos.

In the midst of the ruins lies the front half of a deer, complete with head and forelegs.

The gully dwarves see you, and with great cries of despair, clutch their bags and look ashamed. Some fall to their knees and whimper. One particularly brave (or stupid) gully dwarf fumbles with what is obviously an elven sword, in a feeble attempt at defense.

Chislev, being a neutral deity, is not above tinkering in the lives of the ignorant. She teleported the gully dwarves to these ruins, knowing that the PCs would arrive here eventually. Chislev wishes to test the PCs' compassion.

Unfortunately for the gully dwarves, a horribly mutated and angry deer stumbled upon them. It took the combined might of all the dwarves to bring it down. After defeating it, they chopped away the parts that did not resemble a deer.

The gully dwarves have no idea how they got here. One minute they were home, the next they

were in the ruins. As they tried to puzzle that one out, the deer attacked two hours later. With that epic battle over with, they are trying to salvage the experience by, well, salvaging the ruins.

They will blubber and beg for mercy, putting on a show of pitifulness that is nothing short of spectacular.

If asked what they are doing here, they will give an incoherent, incomplete version of the above story.

The gully dwarves are all wounded, each one having suffered four points of damage. The total value of their salvage is a whopping 50 gp.

Any PCs with more intelligence than a gully dwarf should realize that slaughtering these poor wretches is cruelty. Ideally, the PCs should try to at least ease the dwarves' pain and suffering a bit, and not bully them. Whatever the PCs do or don't do for them, the gully dwarves will want to join the PCs, with the expectation of finding loot.

When the PCs manage to take their leave, Chislev sends the dwarves back to their homes.

Gully dwarves (20): AC 7; MV 6; HD 1; hp 8 (4); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; AL N; ML 7; XP 50.

THE FINAL TEST

It has been an interesting day, what with that odd dream during the night and the gully dwarves at noontime. Now, the sun is setting and the path goes up a gentle incline. At the crest, the ground falls away to a sharp cliff side. Stretched out before you lies the city of Silvanost, overgrown with warped plants, but still standing proud and beautiful, just waiting for her people to return and make it whole again.

As you gaze at the beloved city, a voice sounds out from behind you. "Beautiful, is it not?" When you turn around, you see a figure of elven height, covered in a cowed robe. The voice sounds somewhat familiar. "It is such a pity that it has a terrible price. What would you say if I told you that before mad King Lorac died, he cursed Silvanost, saying that if the Silvanesti ever returned to Silvanost, innocent blood must be shed high above the city before it could be occupied again, else it will crumble into dust?"

"Here we stand, above the city. And I must tell you that though I mean you nor any elf any harm, I forbid you from entering the city. Furthermore, I have never acted in any way against the elves of any type. If you truly wish to occupy Silvanost, you must see to it that I do not test you again. What say you?"

This is Chislev in her old woman form. If any PC tries to figure out where he heard the voice before, allow him an Intelligence roll at a -5 penalty, with



success indicating that he knows the voice as Kad-
dee.

The solution is relatively simple. Kad-
dee said "what would you say if I told you..." She did not
say that King Lorac did curse the city. Besides, it
can be argued that the king was not in his right
mind. Someone may simply cut himself with a
dagger, and therefore fulfilling in a very literal
sense the conditions. What Kad-
dee is looking for is the PCs realizing that no collection of empty build-
ings is worth a single precious life. If the PCs reach
that conclusion, and say so, read the following to
the PCs:

The figure lifts off her cowl, to reveal Kad-
dee, the old Kagonesti elf. She smiles from ear to ear, show-
ing off a full set of teeth. "Well spoken!" she says
in a young voice, full of life. "You have passed the
test! You are worthy to come back to Silvanesti and
reclaim the land. You have seen to it that I shall
never test you again!"

With a wave of her arms, a beautiful rainbow ap-
pears in the sky, ending at her feet. Her features
undergo a miraculous transformation from an old
elven woman to a beautiful young elven woman
clad pure white linen, with a garland of fresh
flowers in her long, blonde hair. The grass and
trees around her change also, becoming hale and
healthy before your astounded eyes, until a circle
of lush, wholesome greenery 100 feet in diameter
is created.

The young woman takes a step onto the rain-
bow, and turns to you. "Though much good has
happened in the history of the Silvanesti, many
tragic errors have also been made. You had to be
tested to see if your people were worthy to return,
and if they were equal to the task before them. Re-
member the lessons from your tests. Seek healing
for the land, not glory in battle. Do not count your-
selves better than other elves. Do not judge on the
basis of appearances. Think before acting, do not
just act rashly. Remember your gods, especially
Chislev," she smiles. "Fight when you have to.
Have compassion on those who don't know any
better." She begins ascending the rainbow.

Before she gets too far from you, she turns
around and speaks again. "And one more thing.
Remember, no city, no building, no piece of prop-
erty is worth the sacrifice of an innocent life. Build-
ings can be rebuilt, cities can be recreated, but
once you lose a single life, you have lost an indi-
vidual unlike any in all the multiverse, and that
soul, my friends, cannot be replaced. Remember
these lessons, my children, and the Silvanesti will
be strong again. Farewell!" Saying this, she walks
up to the apex of the rainbow and vanishes from
sight.

If the PCs tried to kill her, they all fall to the
ground unconscious just as their weapons are
about to hit. They awaken several hours later, with
a profound sense of loss. They gain no experience
for this adventure.

DMs should judge for themselves how well the
party did in the tests, and reward them accord-
ingly. Allow them to have botched two tests with-
out penalty (though failing the last test constitutes
a complete failure). For each test that they passed,
award each PC a 1,000 xp bonus. If they acted
above and beyond the call of good, award each
PC an extra 1,000 xp bonus.

MINI-ADVENTURE IDEAS

What follows is a series of ideas which DMs can
flesh out into full adventures.

The King Is Dead-Long Live The King— The spirit
of King Lorac has been sighted wandering the city
of Silvanost. A small fragment of the *orb of dragon-
kind* is located within the city, and has drawn nu-
merous guardians to keep it safe. The shard
attempts to control Lorac's ghost.

The Zone of Madness— An area of the forest
causes all who tread there to go murderously in-
sane when the sun goes down. Four manyruns
have been lost in that general area. Now, it's the
PCs' turn. A high level witchlin is behind this.

The Escorts— The PCs must escort a group of
Silvanesti merchants and engineers to Tarith-Nesti.
The NPCs are there to set up a trade rout to the
"lost" colony.

The Escorts II— Several mages and herbalists
have been ordered to go into the Silvanesti forests
in order to secure supplies of elathas, used in the
making of Heatbane. The PCs must act as security.
The mages and herbalists are insufferable, snobby
know-it-alls, who belittle the PCs, and manage to
get themselves into much trouble.

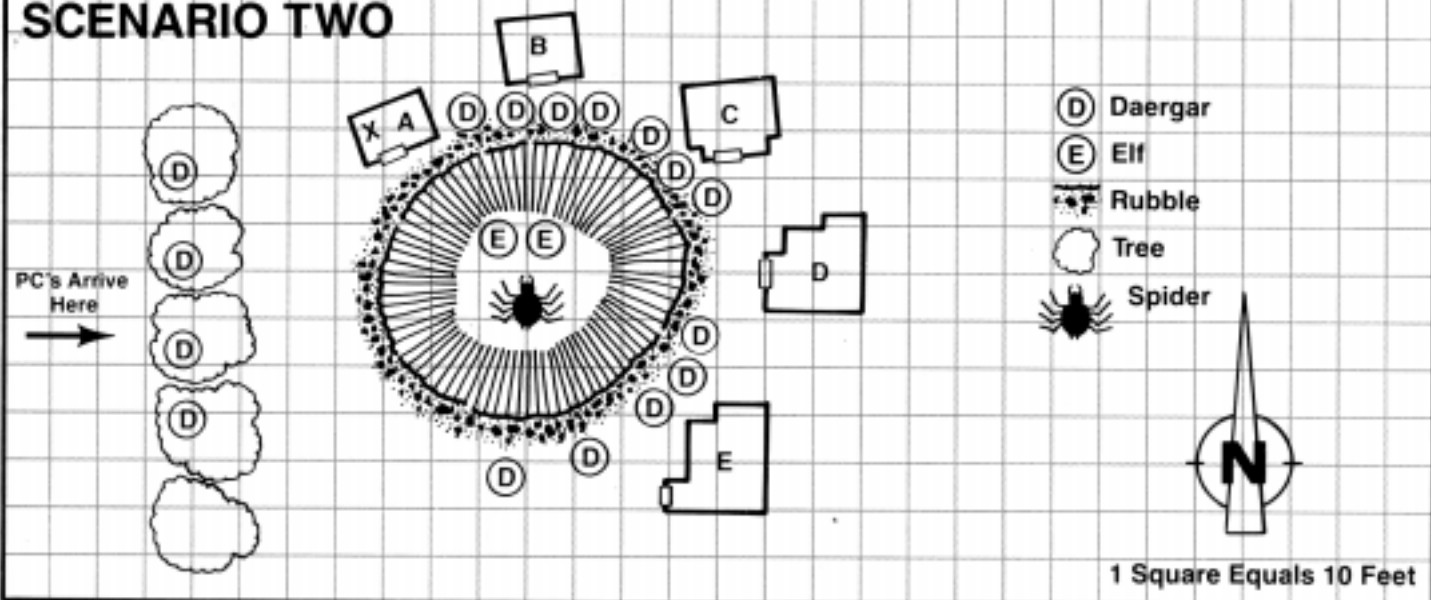
Search and Rescue— Torian, the kirath who suf-
fered much guilt in his role in Scenario Two, has
gone missing, and the PCs, being the last ones to
be with him, are sent out to search for him. The
kirath, in an effort to restore his honor, is trying to
overcome a large adversary, perhaps a dragon, a
death knight, or a regiment of marauding dracon-
ians.

Operation Overlord— While patrolling the coast
of Silvanesti, the PCs stumble upon an encamp-
ment of minotaurs, who have launched an am-
phibious invasion of the area and have set up a
beachhead.

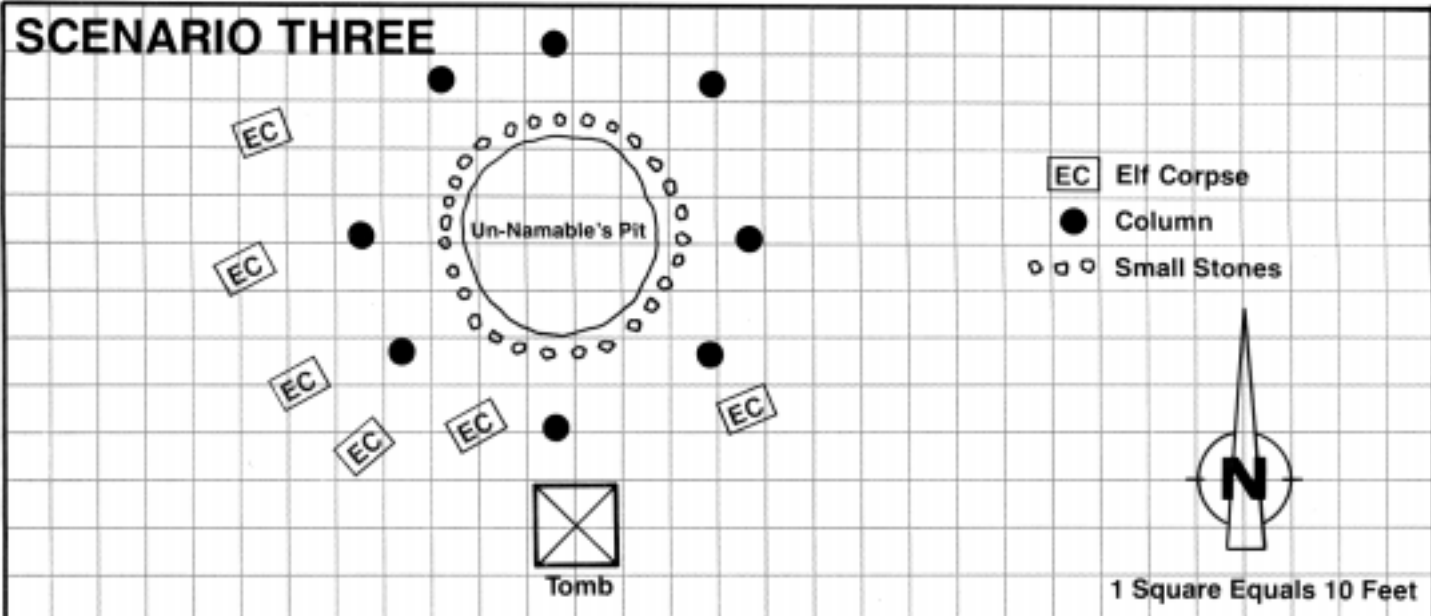
Dammed If You Don't— An area (DM's choice)
along one of Silvanesti's rivers has become a huge
swamp and filled with swamp denizens (Will o'
wisps, black dragons, etc.). This is not as a result of
the land getting twisted, but rather due to a large
dam built downriver by a colony of sligs, who
have dammed the river out of mischief, and have
taken over an abandoned Silvanesti village on the
river bank.



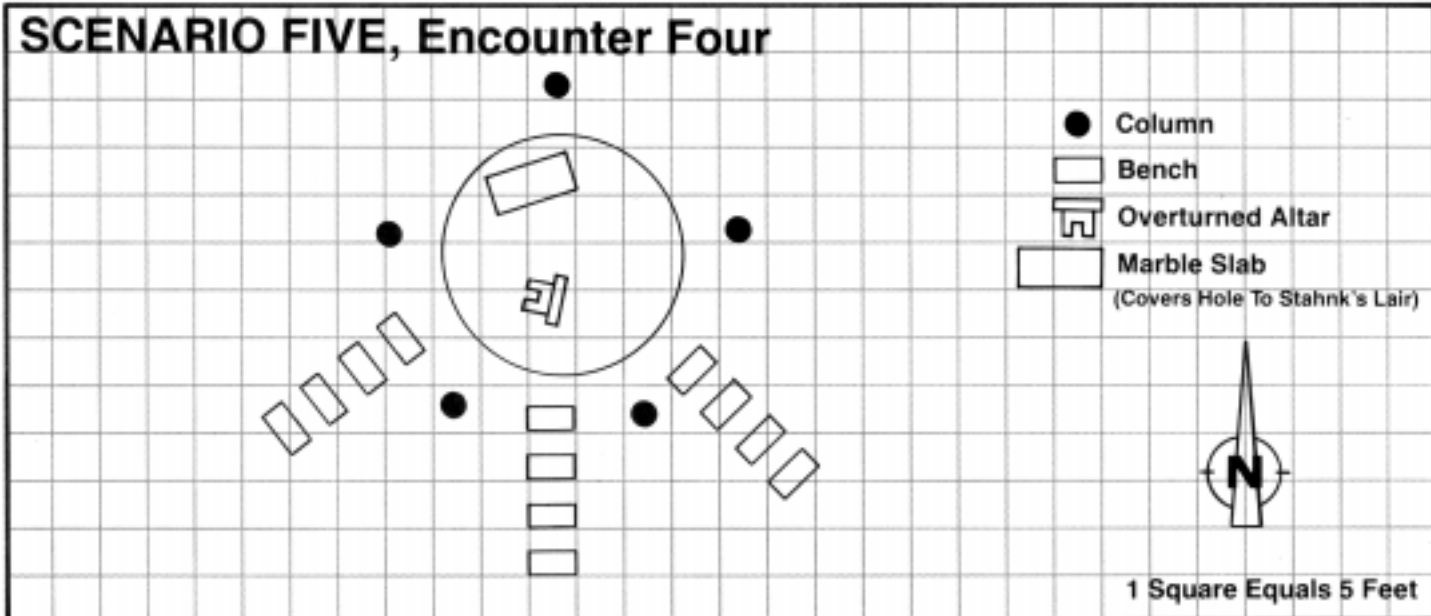
SCENARIO TWO



SCENARIO THREE

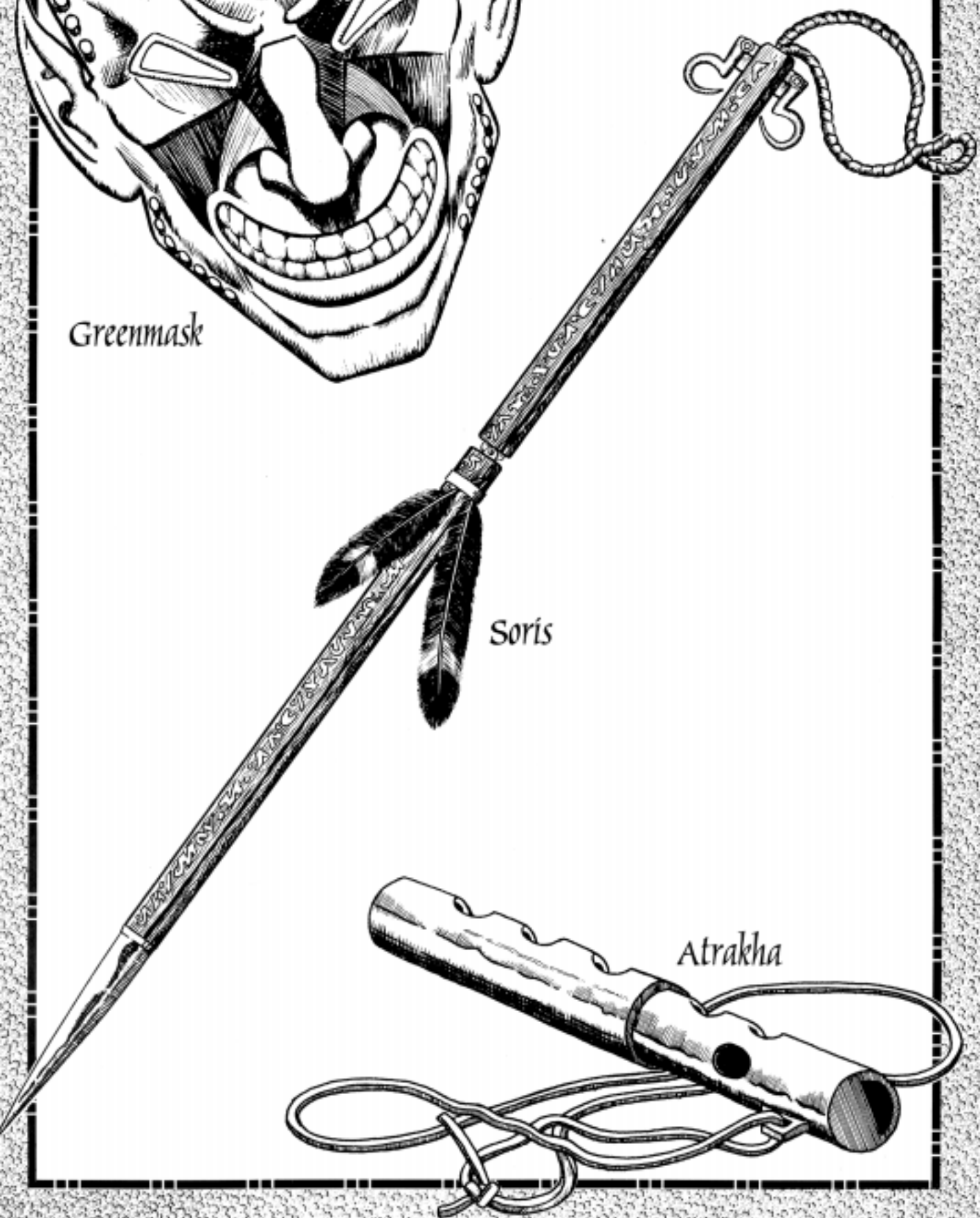


SCENARIO FIVE, Encounter Four

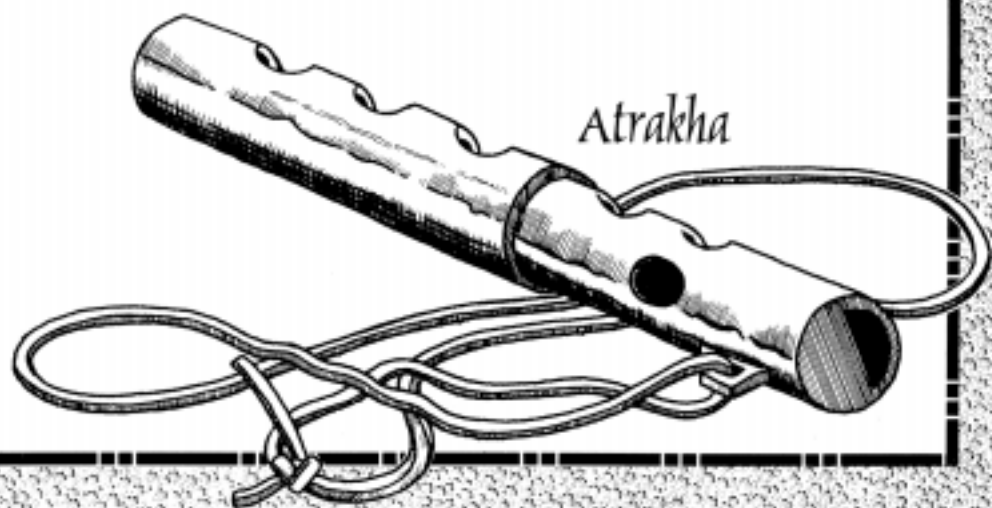




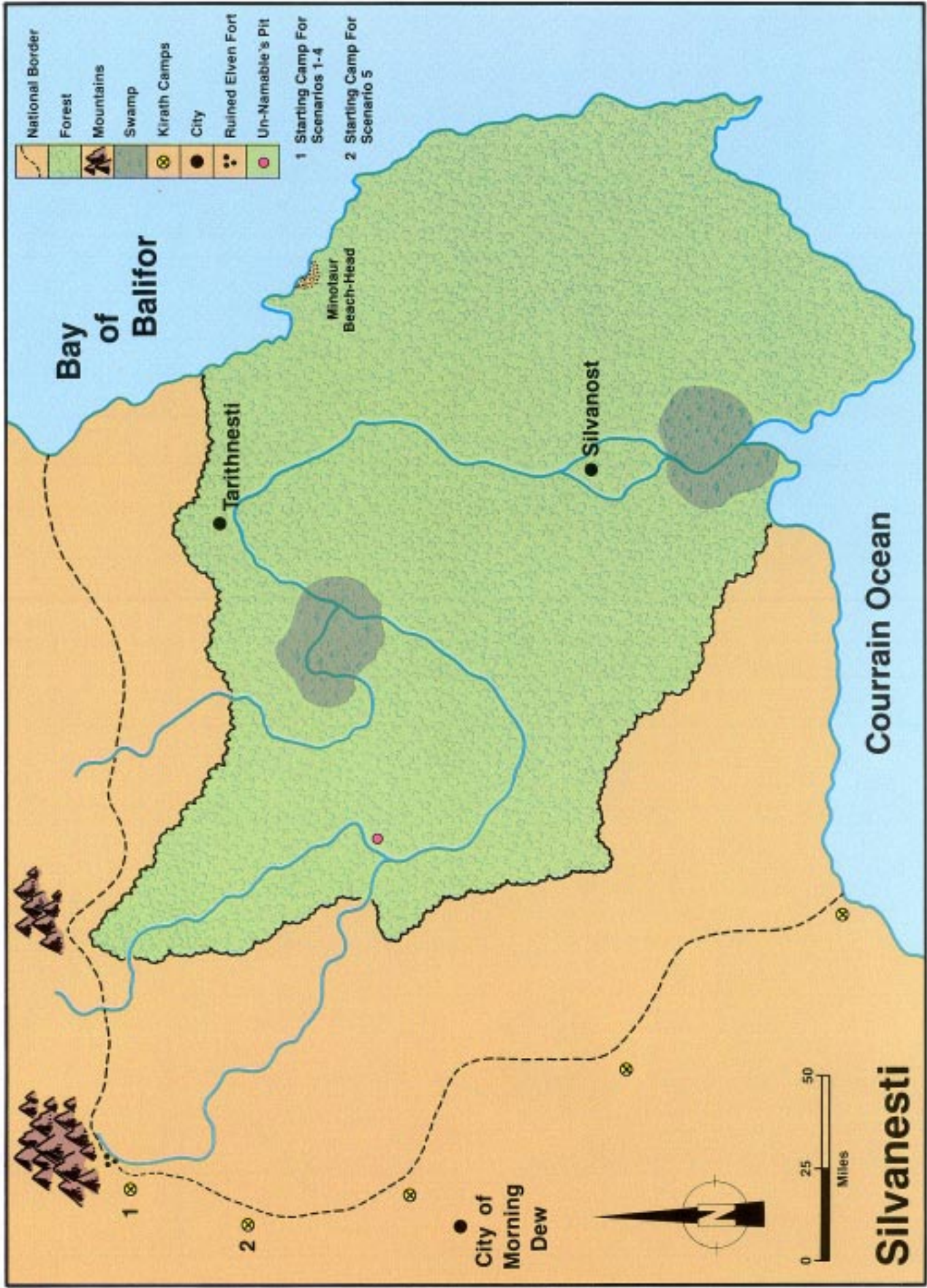
Greenmask



Soris



Atrakha



Bay of Balifor

Minotaur Beach-Head

Tarithnesti

Silvanost

Courrain Ocean

Silvanesti

City of Morning Dew



1

2

Tree Lords

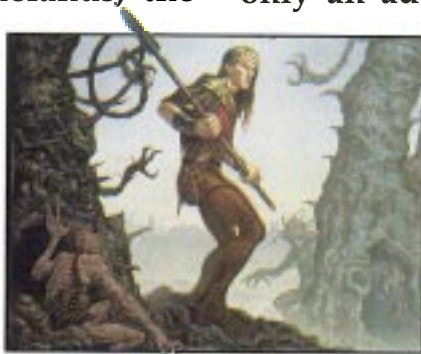
BY JOHN TERRA

If the Silvanesti are experiencing rebirth, the Kirath are the midwives.

The time has come for the elves to reclaim their homelands, the lands warped and ruined by Lorac and the *Orb of Dragonkind*. The Kirath, the elite scouts of the Silvanesti, are in the vanguard of the returning tribes. What they find is familiar, yet unfamiliar—landscapes twisted by magic, once-verdant lands now gray and barren. It is the duty of the Kirath to assess the damages done, and report their findings to the rest of the

Silvanesti. Only then can the tribes return to their woods and fields.

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