

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition

GREYHAWK[®]

ADVENTURES

Official Game Adventure

Patriots of Ulek

by Anthony Pryor



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Table of Contents

Introduction	2
Chapter 1. The Prince	3
Chapter 2. The Journey North	5
Chapter 3. Prinzfeld	9
Chapter 4. The Graf's Mansion	13
Chapter 5. The Defense of Prinzfeld	26
Appendix: BATTLESYSTEM[™] Rules Statistics	31

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Introduction

Darkness has descended upon the world of Greyhawk. All across the Flanaess, the forces of evil are on the march. In the north, the evil of Iuz rages unchecked, ensnaring the northern barbarians in a web of deceit and violence. In the east, the Great Kingdom, long a bastion of corruption and wickedness, begins to stir as its awesome legions prepare to once more travel down the road of conquest.

Even in the relatively peaceful land of Ulek, war and chaos threaten. The humanoid tribes of the Pomarj, united under the banner of the despot Turrosh Mak, now prepare to reclaim what they consider their birthright—the lands in and around the Lortmils, “stolen” from them during the Hateful Wars. The first nation in their path is the Principality of Ulek.

The armies of all surrounding lands—Keoland, Furyondy, Celene, as well as the Duchy and County of Ulek—are occupied, either battling invaders farther north or preparing to defend their own borders. Prince Olinstaad Corond’s army, though small, is professional and well-disciplined. But against the assembled hordes of the Pomarj it seems tiny indeed.

Only with every able-bodied warrior in the land can the prince hope to stem the tide of evil. And only with the assistance of brave adventurers can he hope to rally all the land’s warriors to his banner. These few—young, uncertain and inexperienced—may well make the difference between victory and defeat. Truly, they are Patriots of Ulek.

Patriots of Ulek is an adventure set in the world of Greyhawk, designed for a party of six to eight characters of first to third level who must help defend the Principality of Ulek against the despot’s horde and uncover a conspiracy which could lead to Ulek’s defeat. Fighters and clerics with healing spells are best suited to this adventure, as it involves a substantial amount of combat. Mages are helpful, but not required. Thieves will find minimal opportunities to practice their trade, although their skills as spies and scouts may come in handy.

This adventure was designed specifically for inexperienced players and beginning dungeon

masters. Boxed text may be read to the players to give them important information or describe the things they see. DMs are not required to read this text as written if they wish to change the encounter. If they think that they can convey the situation better in their own words, they are encouraged to do so.

The Adventure

The characters are summoned before the Prince of Ulek, and given grave news—the Pomarj horde is on the march, and the future of the principality hangs in the balance. The prince goes on to say that despite the invasion, some of his best troops from the northern province of Prinzfeld have not arrived. He asks the characters to investigate for he cannot spare any of his own followers to the task.

In Prinzfeld, the characters are surprised to learn that the province is largely unaware of the threat in the south and that Graf Twemby, the halfling leader of Prinzfeld, is ill and unable to issue orders to militia commanders. Investigation reveals that Twemby and his family are actually held prisoner by agents of the Pomarj. This keeps the province from mustering to the prince’s call and allows a flanking force of humanoids to march south. At the same time an army of orcs gathers in the Suss Forest. Rescuing Twemby, the adventurers are confronted with the humanoid army from the forest and must help Prinzfeld defend itself. Their actions in this battle will determine the fate of the province and the outcome of the greater battle in the south.

Abbreviations

All creatures and characters that are presented in this adventure use the following abbreviations for their game statistics:

Int: Intelligence; AL: Alignment; AC: Armor Class; MV: Move; HD: Hit Dice; hp: Hit Points; THACO: To Hit Armor Class “0”; #AT: Number of Attacks; Dmg: Damage per attack; SA: Special Attacks; SD: Special Defenses; SZ: Size; ML: Morale Level; XP: Experience Points



Chapter 1: The Prince

To begin the adventure, read the following paragraphs to the players:

You stand nervously in the great echoing hall. You are not sure what is happening—all you know is that a dignified person, bearing the prince's seal, approached you and summoned you to an important meeting. The city of Havenhill is in ferment, bustling with activity as the prince's army musters and the humanoids of the Pomarj approach inexorably. The purpose of this meeting is a mystery to you—it could be virtually anything.

The room is cold, with a high, vaulted ceiling. Several empty chairs sit at a long, wooden table. Two dwarven warriors stand watch in the room, halberds held steady, their faces impassive. You know better than to ask them any questions; the reply would be stony silence.

A herald enters the room, and when he speaks, you feel your heart lurch. "His Serene Highness, Prince Olinstaad Corond of Ulek, Lord of the Peaks of Haven!" Despite your best efforts, your jaw drops. The prince himself!

With no further fanfare, the prince enters, accompanied by two more guards. He is an old dwarf, his beard long, white, and fancifully braided. His eyes are weary, sunken in his seamed face. He sits slumped, tired. Here is a dwarf who has lived perhaps too long and seen too much pain.

Yet, when he speaks, the prince's voice is strong.

"My agents have told me that you are in the city," he says. "I know that you are all promising young adventurers, and I need your help. As you know, the so-called despot, Turrosh Mak, has claimed our principality for his foul humanoid nation. I have sent my heralds throughout the land, calling on all of my provinces to muster their warriors and send them here. Only with every capable warrior in the land can we hope to turn back the approaching horde."

The prince bids you sit. A servant appears, bearing wine and cold meats. As you

accept the offered refreshments, the prince produces a map of the principality which he unrolls on the table. He points to a small province at the northern corner of the nation.

"This is the province of Prinzfeld. My finest halfling archers and human woodsmen come from here. Without them, my army is virtually crippled. Two weeks ago, I dispatched a herald to deliver my call for muster to the Graf Twembly, ruler of the province. That herald never returned, and no troops have yet arrived from Prinzfeld."

The prince clenches a fist and, for a moment, you feel the depth of his frustration. "All of my officers are engaged in the muster—I can spare none of them. I must ask you to journey north to Prinzfeld and see that the muster proceeds, with or without Graf Twembly."

Suddenly, the doors at the far end of the room burst open. The prince's warriors come on guard, leveling their halberds, but he waves them back as a human in a muddy cloak enters.

"Gustav!" the Prince exclaims. "What news?"

"Grave indeed, your highness," the man replies, shedding his cloak and handing it to a servant. He is clearly exhausted, and his tunic is stained with blood. "Turrosh Mak has crossed the Jewel River and even now engages your march wardens."

The prince's expression grows even grimmer, and he lowers his face into his hands.

"Then the worst has come to pass," he says, softly. "My wardens are brave, resourceful commanders, but even they cannot hold the enemy for long." He fixes you with an unwavering gaze. "We have, at most, two weeks before Turrosh Mak is upon us here in Havenhill. You must find out what happened in Prinzfeld. I will give you orders under my personal seal calling for the immediate mobilization of the Prinzfeld militia. You are to take this to the town council of Rittersmarche, and see that mobilization begins.

"You have the use of my finest horses and my letter of commission, which will enable you to change mounts in any settlement

under my protection. If you ride from dawn to dusk, stopping only to sleep, you will reach Prinzfeld in three days. I charge you with this mission, for our nation may well depend upon it. Ride now, ride fast, and may Blessed Ulaa ride with you. Remember—two weeks, no more.”

The prince will give each character 500 gold pieces for expenses. If any party members are so tactless as to ask for more, the prince will sigh, roll his eyes, and double the amount. Any further demands will be met with stony

silence. Characters who refuse the mission will find themselves arrested, clapped in irons, and out of the adventure.

Those who accept the mission will be conducted to the royal stables nearby, where each will be issued a fine riding horse (of appropriate stature to the characters; halflings and dwarves will be issued ponies). They are told, in no uncertain terms, that the beasts are a loan for the duration of the mission.

The prince will then bid the characters farewell and send them on their way.





Chapter 2: The Journey North

The road to Prinzfeld, normally safe and easy, now lies through lawless countryside where the advance scouts of the Pomarj horde are already present. While these roving bands of humanoids are no threat to an army such as the prince's, they could prove deadly to the characters' small group. Read the following entry to the players as they set off on their journey.

The way north lies through gently rolling green hills, broken here and there by dark stands of trees, and narrow, rushing brooks. The sun shines brightly, and off in the distance you see lazy smoke trails from farmhouses and tiny hamlets. It seems inconceivable that evil could intrude on such tranquility, that the horror of war could shatter this peaceful land. With mounting fear and apprehension, you realize that the fate of the Principality of Ulek may well rest in your hands.

The journey takes three days and nights. The main artery of travel through the Principality is known as the Prince's Road, an unpaved, sometimes rough and narrow highway which traverses the region from north to south.

The characters can change horses every few hours, when they enter villages. Their letter of commission allows them to travel all through daylight hours without stopping to rest. It also allows them to stay without cost at inns along the way. Innkeepers may grumble at this, since they will have to wait for payment, but will grudgingly provide the party with food, lodging, and fodder.

Settlements in this region are primarily human or halfling, with gnomes and dwarves keeping to their homes in the Lortmils. When encountered, locals will be eager for news and will behave in a friendly manner toward halflings, humans, and dwarves. Elvish characters may detect a distinctly frosty attitude from villagers. This is due to widespread resentment toward Queen Yolande of Celene, who is reluctant to aid surrounding lands during the

present crisis.

The last night on the road, no villages will be nearby, and the party must make camp in the open. During this time, the characters will encounter some of the humanoid advance scouts of Turrosh Mak's army.

Day Encounters

The party will have two types of encounter as they travel north. During the day, check for normal encounters as described in the *Greyhawk® Adventures Glossography*. Patrols and other armed groups will be military units hurrying south to join the prince's army. They will have little information beyond the fact that the war has indeed started and that time is short. The DM should emphasize this aspect of the information to help convince the players of their mission's urgency.

Turrosh Mak's forces travel only at night and will not be encountered during daylight hours.

Night Encounters

While traveling after sundown, or while camped out, the party may encounter Turrosh Mak's humanoids, who prefer raiding and pillaging by moonlight. There is a 1 in 6 chance of an encounter, but the DM may deem it appropriate to provide the party with one or more automatic encounters to make things more interesting.

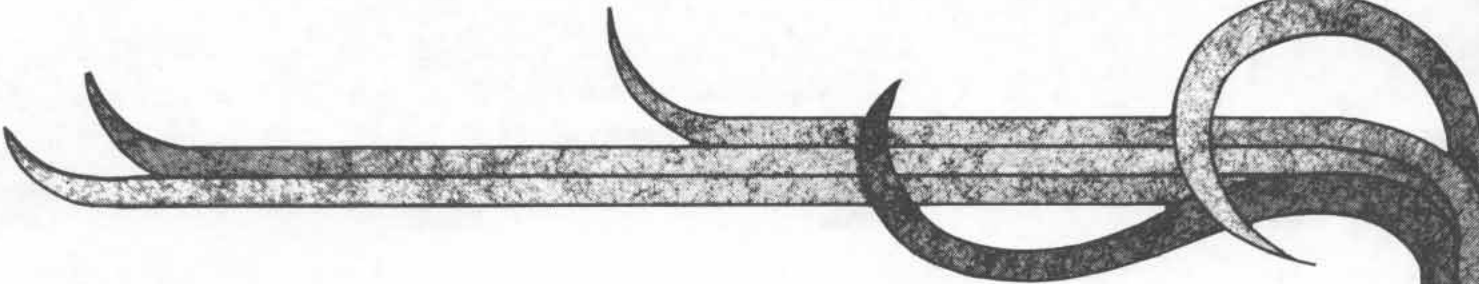
Humanoid encounters (d6)

- 1 Orc Infantry
- 2 Orc Cavalry
- 3-4 Goblins
- 5-6 Other group

Orc Infantry: The party will encounter 3-12 of Turrosh Mak's elite orcs. They are bigger and tougher than most orcs and will only check morale if half their number is slain.

Orcs: Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 6; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 11; XP 15

Orc Cavalry: The party encounters 1-6 orcs (same statistics as above), mounted on savage worgs.



Worgs: Int Low; AL N; AC 6; MV 18; HD 3+3; hp 20; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SZ M; ML 11; XP 120

Goblins: More mobs than proper units, many fanatic goblins raced into Ulek ahead of the main army's advance, raiding and destroying without orders. The characters encounter 4-16 of these hateful, quarrelsome humanoids.

Goblins: Int Low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; ML 10; XP 15

Other group: Numerous other humanoid groups are raiding Ulek. Roll 1d6 to determine the nature of the group encountered.

D6 Roll Group encountered

- 1-2 1-6 hobgoblins
- 3-4 1-4 gnolls
- 5-6 1-3 ogres

Hobgoblin: Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 1+1; hp 7; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 12; XP 35

Gnolls: Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 2; hp 12; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ L; ML 11; XP 35

Ogres: Int low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 20; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ L; ML 11; XP 175

Planned Encounters

The following encounters are pre-planned and provide the characters with additional information and assistance if required. The encounters take place when listed in the text or whenever the DM feels it is appropriate.

Encounter #1: Desperate Battle

From ahead of you come the sounds of battle—the clang of metal, the shouts of men in agony. Hurrying forward, you see a dreadful sight.

A small group of dwarven warriors, clad in chainmail, armed with hammers and

axes, stand back to back, beset on all sides by orcs and goblins on wolves, who ride in a circle, raining arrows down from their shortbows. Bodies of the slain—orcs, goblins and dwarves—lie scattered about, their blood staining the bright green sward. As you watch, a dwarf falls, an arrow in his neck.

If the characters ignore the incident, the humanoids will swiftly finish off the dwarves, then attack the party.

Orcs (6): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 6; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 11; XP 15

Goblins (8): Int Low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; ML 10; XP 15

Wolves (8): Int Semi; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 14; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; ML 10; XP 65

If the party decides to help the dwarves, each character may attack one orc or wolf-mounted goblin. At the end of each round thereafter, check the humanoids' morale. Failure indicates that the humanoids immediately break and flee.

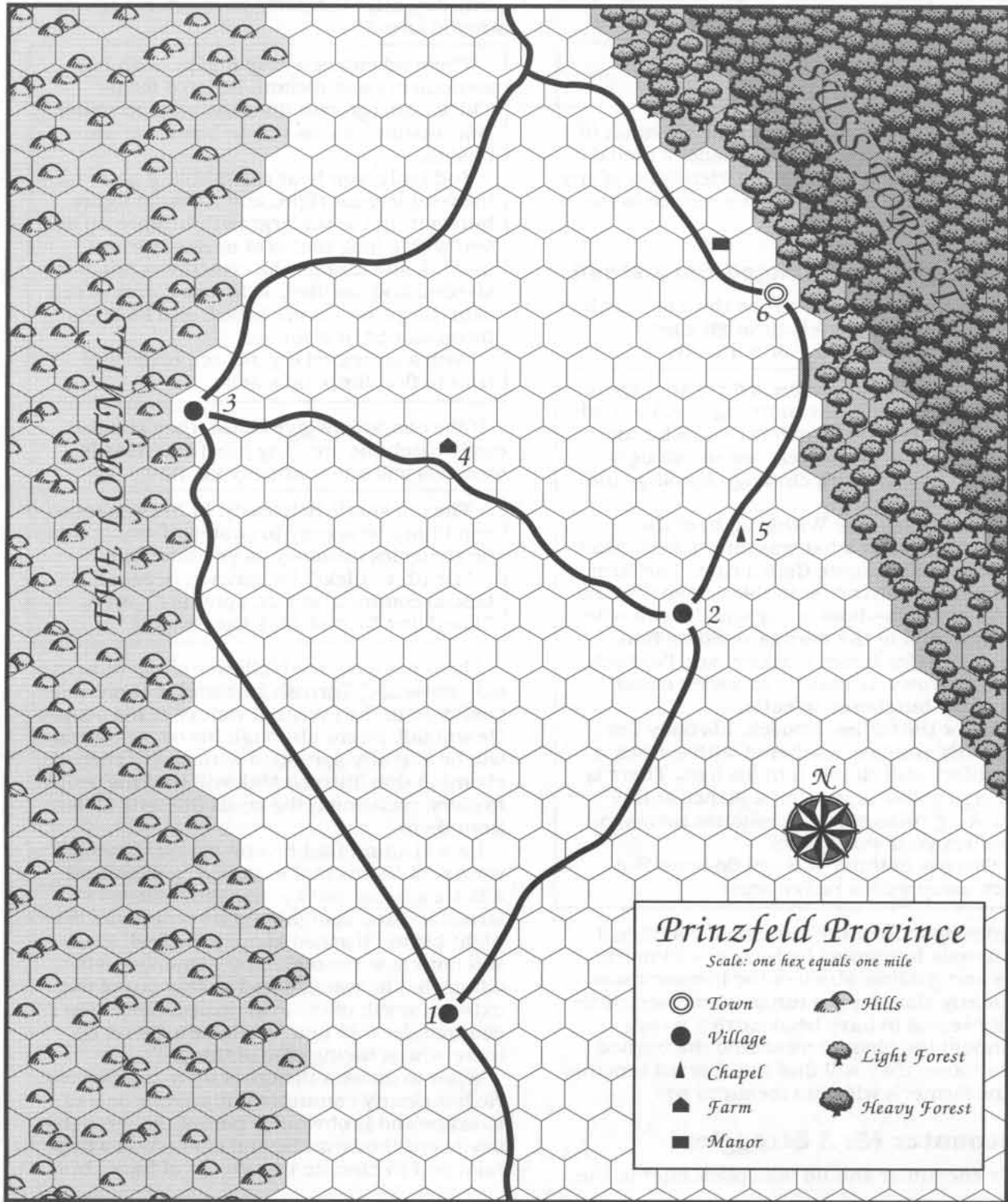
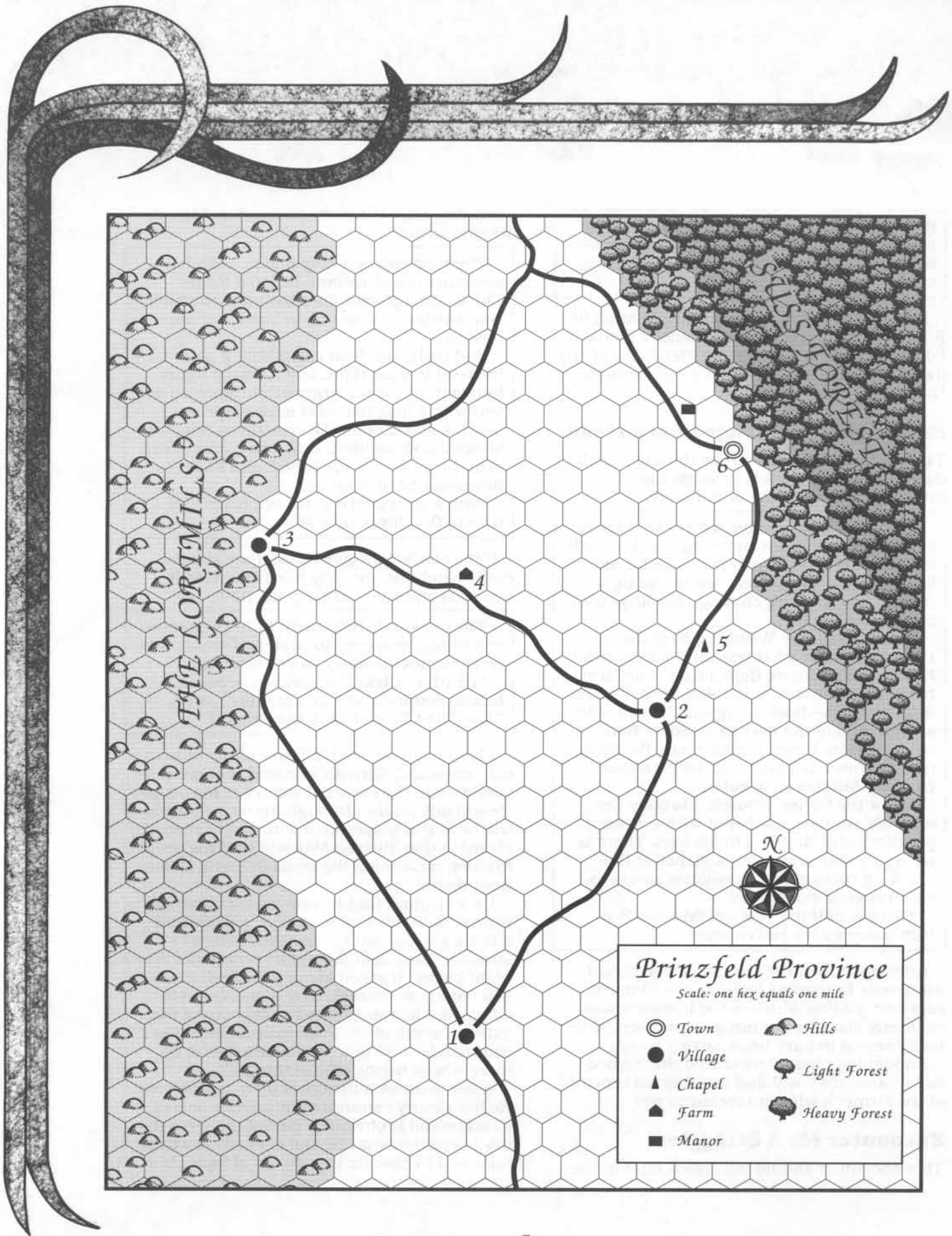
There are eight dwarves left alive. Each round, until the humanoids flee, another will be slain. If any dwarves are left alive after the battle, read the following.

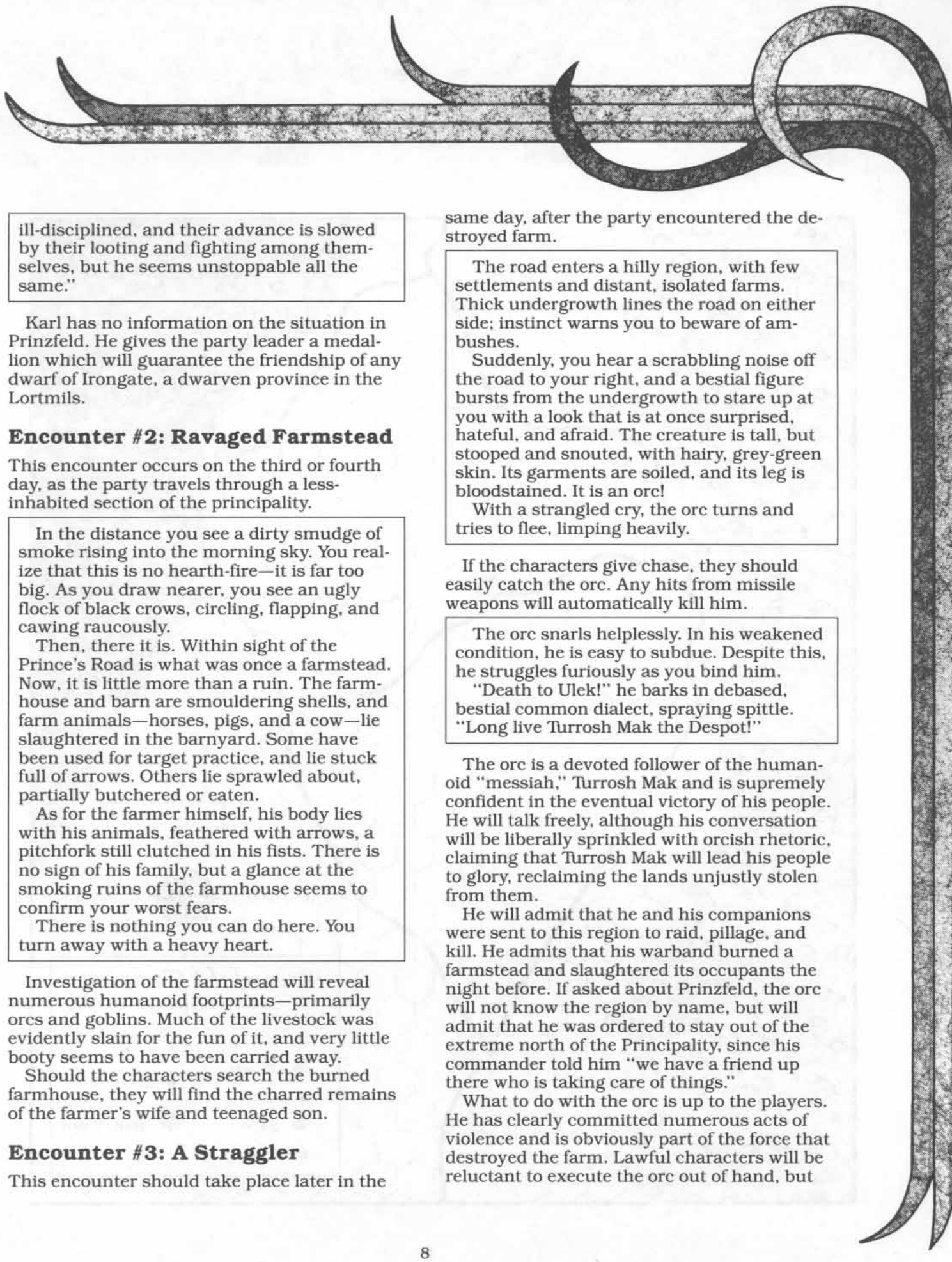
The dwarf sits down heavily, blood streaming down his seamed, rocky face.

"I am Karl Stonecutter of Irongate," he says. "We are in your debt. We were hurrying south to heed our prince's call to arms when these attacked us. I fear that my band is not what it was when we left our domain."

You ask the dwarf if he has news of the war. He nods grimly.

"Our high priest received a message yesterday. Turrosh Mak has defeated the border garrisons and is now on the march toward Havenhill. Prince Olinstaad has put his army under the command of Marshal Augustos Clinkerfire, who is marching east to meet the enemy. Turrosh Mak's troops are





ill-disciplined, and their advance is slowed by their looting and fighting among themselves, but he seems unstoppable all the same."

Karl has no information on the situation in Prinzfeld. He gives the party leader a medallion which will guarantee the friendship of any dwarf of Irongate, a dwarven province in the Lortmils.

Encounter #2: Ravaged Farmstead

This encounter occurs on the third or fourth day, as the party travels through a less-inhabited section of the principality.

In the distance you see a dirty smudge of smoke rising into the morning sky. You realize that this is no hearth-fire—it is far too big. As you draw nearer, you see an ugly flock of black crows, circling, flapping, and cawing raucously.

Then, there it is. Within sight of the Prince's Road is what was once a farmstead. Now, it is little more than a ruin. The farmhouse and barn are smouldering shells, and farm animals—horses, pigs, and a cow—lie slaughtered in the barnyard. Some have been used for target practice, and lie stuck full of arrows. Others lie sprawled about, partially butchered or eaten.

As for the farmer himself, his body lies with his animals, feathered with arrows, a pitchfork still clutched in his fists. There is no sign of his family, but a glance at the smoking ruins of the farmhouse seems to confirm your worst fears.

There is nothing you can do here. You turn away with a heavy heart.

Investigation of the farmstead will reveal numerous humanoid footprints—primarily orcs and goblins. Much of the livestock was evidently slain for the fun of it, and very little booty seems to have been carried away.

Should the characters search the burned farmhouse, they will find the charred remains of the farmer's wife and teenaged son.

Encounter #3: A Straggler

This encounter should take place later in the

same day, after the party encountered the destroyed farm.

The road enters a hilly region, with few settlements and distant, isolated farms. Thick undergrowth lines the road on either side; instinct warns you to beware of ambushes.

Suddenly, you hear a scrabbling noise off the road to your right, and a bestial figure bursts from the undergrowth to stare up at you with a look that is at once surprised, hateful, and afraid. The creature is tall, but stooped and snouted, with hairy, grey-green skin. Its garments are soiled, and its leg is bloodstained. It is an orc!

With a strangled cry, the orc turns and tries to flee, limping heavily.

If the characters give chase, they should easily catch the orc. Any hits from missile weapons will automatically kill him.

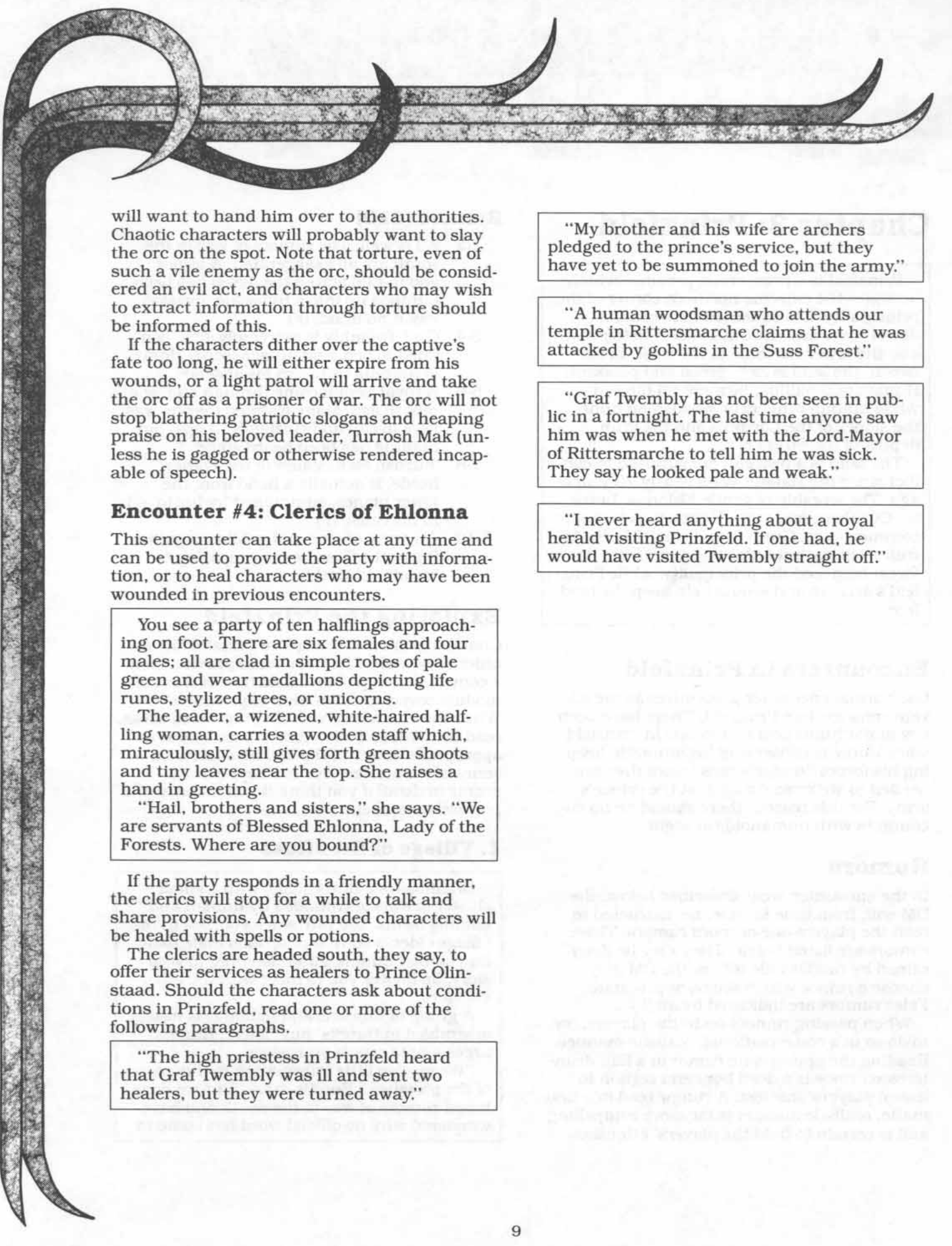
The orc snarls helplessly. In his weakened condition, he is easy to subdue. Despite this, he struggles furiously as you bind him.

"Death to Ulek!" he barks in debased, bestial common dialect, spraying spittle. "Long live Turrosh Mak the Despot!"

The orc is a devoted follower of the humanoid "messiah," Turrosh Mak and is supremely confident in the eventual victory of his people. He will talk freely, although his conversation will be liberally sprinkled with orcish rhetoric, claiming that Turrosh Mak will lead his people to glory, reclaiming the lands unjustly stolen from them.

He will admit that he and his companions were sent to this region to raid, pillage, and kill. He admits that his warband burned a farmstead and slaughtered its occupants the night before. If asked about Prinzfeld, the orc will not know the region by name, but will admit that he was ordered to stay out of the extreme north of the Principality, since his commander told him "we have a friend up there who is taking care of things."

What to do with the orc is up to the players. He has clearly committed numerous acts of violence and is obviously part of the force that destroyed the farm. Lawful characters will be reluctant to execute the orc out of hand, but



will want to hand him over to the authorities. Chaotic characters will probably want to slay the orc on the spot. Note that torture, even of such a vile enemy as the orc, should be considered an evil act, and characters who may wish to extract information through torture should be informed of this.

If the characters dither over the captive's fate too long, he will either expire from his wounds, or a light patrol will arrive and take the orc off as a prisoner of war. The orc will not stop blathering patriotic slogans and heaping praise on his beloved leader, Turrosh Mak (unless he is gagged or otherwise rendered incapable of speech).

Encounter #4: Clerics of Ehlonna

This encounter can take place at any time and can be used to provide the party with information, or to heal characters who may have been wounded in previous encounters.

You see a party of ten halflings approaching on foot. There are six females and four males; all are clad in simple robes of pale green and wear medallions depicting life runes, stylized trees, or unicorns.

The leader, a wizened, white-haired halfling woman, carries a wooden staff which, miraculously, still gives forth green shoots and tiny leaves near the top. She raises a hand in greeting.

"Hail, brothers and sisters," she says. "We are servants of Blessed Ehlonna, Lady of the Forests. Where are you bound?"

If the party responds in a friendly manner, the clerics will stop for a while to talk and share provisions. Any wounded characters will be healed with spells or potions.

The clerics are headed south, they say, to offer their services as healers to Prince Olinstaad. Should the characters ask about conditions in Prinzfled, read one or more of the following paragraphs.

"The high priestess in Prinzfled heard that Graf Twembly was ill and sent two healers, but they were turned away."

"My brother and his wife are archers pledged to the prince's service, but they have yet to be summoned to join the army."

"A human woodsman who attends our temple in Rittersmarche claims that he was attacked by goblins in the Suss Forest."

"Graf Twembly has not been seen in public in a fortnight. The last time anyone saw him was when he met with the Lord-Mayor of Rittersmarche to tell him he was sick. They say he looked pale and weak."

"I never heard anything about a royal herald visiting Prinzfled. If one had, he would have visited Twembly straight off."



Chapter 3: Prinzfeld

Prinzfeld is a prosperous province which occupies the extreme northern corner of the principality. It is squeezed between the Jewel River and the Suss Forest to the east and the lower Lortmils to the west. In between, the land is rich, green and pleasant. Human and halfling farmers till the soil, while human rangers or woodsmen hunt the slopes of the Lortmils and the grim depths of the Suss Forest.

The land is a peaceful one, unused to conflict since the Hateful Wars nearly 70 years ago. The worship of gentle Ehlonna, brave St. Cuthbert, and stern Heironeous is most common here. Grain from Prinzfeld's fields, fruit from its orchards, and game from its forest help feed the principality, while Prinzfeld's archers and scouts help keep the land free.

Encounters in Prinzfeld

Use normal encounter procedures as the adventurers explore Prinzfeld. There have been few major humanoid incursions in Prinzfeld since Horaz is conserving his strength, keeping his forces "under wraps" until they are needed to strike south against the prince's army. For this reason, there should be no encounters with humanoids at night.

Rumors

In the encounter areas described below, the DM will, from time to time, be instructed to read the players one or more rumors. These rumors are listed below. They may be determined by random die roll, or the DM may choose a rumor which seems appropriate. False rumors are indicated by an (F).

When passing rumors on to the players, try to do so in a conversational, realistic manner. Reading the appropriate rumor in a flat, disinterested voice is a dead bore and certain to lessen players' interest. A rumor read in a dramatic, realistic manner is far more compelling and is certain to hold the players' attention.

Rumors (d10)

- 1-2 All is well. The rumors of war in the south are all exaggerated. A minor goblin raid across the Jewel has been pumped up into a full-scale invasion. Pay it no mind. (F)
- 3-4 Graf Twemby is extremely sick, confined to bed, and his seneschal Horaz is running things in his absence.
- 5-6 A royal herald came through almost a month ago. Many claimed that he was here to call up Prinzfeld's troops, but nothing has been heard since.
- 7-8 Turrosh Mak, leader of the Pomarj horde, is actually a fiend from the lower planes, summoned by Iuz to aid in his cause. (F)
- 9-10 An army of orcs and goblins is gathering in the Suss forest, preparing to invade Prinzfeld.

Exploring the Prinzfeld

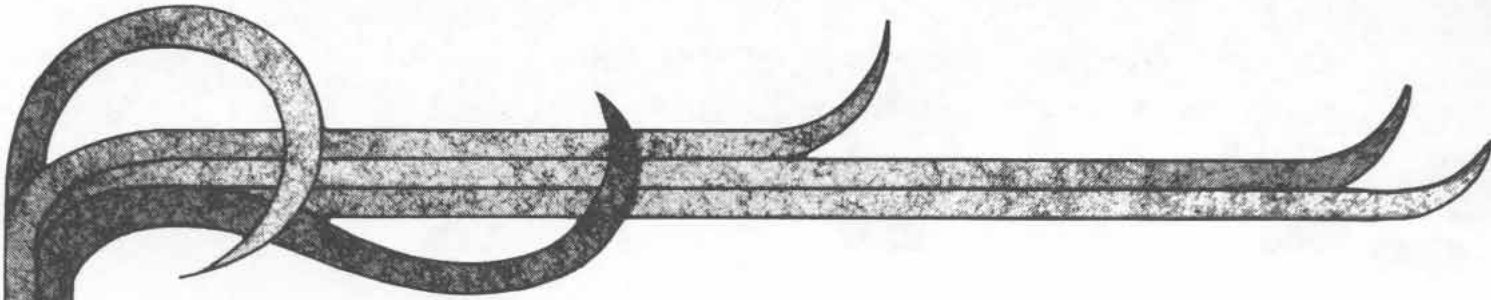
Characters are free to explore Prinzfeld in any order they wish. The DM should provide them a copy of the map of Prinzfeld (inside front of module cover) to aid in their exploration. When the characters visit the numbered areas, read the various boxed text entries below, as appropriate. Many of the entries describe a series of events; feel free to roleplay these events in detail if you think it will increase the players' enjoyment.

1. Village of Brenfluss

Brenfluss is a tiny village, with a small cluster of huts surrounded by human and halfling farms. You introduce yourself to the village elder, a stern and serious male halfling named Bundis. After listening to your story, he invites you to meet with the other villagers.

A group of humans and halflings is hastily assembled in Bundis' hut. There, Bundis urges you to repeat your story.

"We receive little information in this part of the province," Bundis says. "But we have heard rumors of war to the south and have wondered why no official word has come to



us. Gralo, you were in Rittersmarche last week. Did you hear anything?"

Gralo is a bearish human with a rough voice. He doesn't seem like the sort to waste words. "I spent most of my time selling turnips," he grumbles. "Some of my customers told me that the graf is ill, but I didn't pay much heed."

If the characters continue to talk with the villagers, they will hear at least one more rumor.

"I'm sorry we can't be of more assistance," says Bundis. "You are welcome to spend the night, but we can't offer you very luxurious accommodations. If you must be on your way, we bid you goodbye and good luck."

2. Village of Oakenburgh

Oakenburgh lies in a picturesque hollow beside a quiet stream surrounded by a mixed grove of oak and bronzewood. The settlement seems quite well off with a half-timbered town hall, a bustling tavern, and several manor houses of wealthy nobles or merchants located nearby. The Oakenburgh region is known for its cattle and produce, all of which are sold throughout the principality, as well as in the County and Barony of Ulek.

The lord-mayor is a good-natured human male of substantial girth and ready wit. His name is Shevlis; he greets you in a rather overly-friendly manner and invites you to his luxurious manor, an expansive house located near the town hall, next to a cluster of broad-spanning oaks.

"Please, stay and eat with me. Matters of such a serious nature are best discussed over rich food and fine wine."

Not surprisingly, Shevlis' table provides an excess of food and drink of every description. Halfling servants bustle here and there, serving courses of fish cooked in a flavorful wine sauce, wild rabbit sauted with mushrooms and onions, and slices of roast beef with a garlic marinade. An exten-

sive selection of wine is also provided.

You feel somewhat guilty eating so well as the nation totters on the brink of catastrophe, but you partake nonetheless. Shevlis is a friendly man, but you find it difficult to keep him on the subject. You politely but firmly ask him how the provincial muster is proceeding.

"The mustard?" he asks. "It's in the pot over there... Oh, the muster! Excuse me. Of course. Very important. Word of muster hasn't come yet, but I'm certain it will arrive any day now."

You speak of the importance of Prinzfeld's troops, and the strength of Turrosh Mak's army.

"Turrosh Mak?" Shevlis laughs. "I sincerely doubt whether he exists at all. Think of it—a ragged, half-orc adventurer uniting the subhuman scum of the Pomarj? You must be joking. If they do venture across the Jewel, the prince will sweep them into the sea, just see if he doesn't. Have you tried the sherry? It's marvelous!"

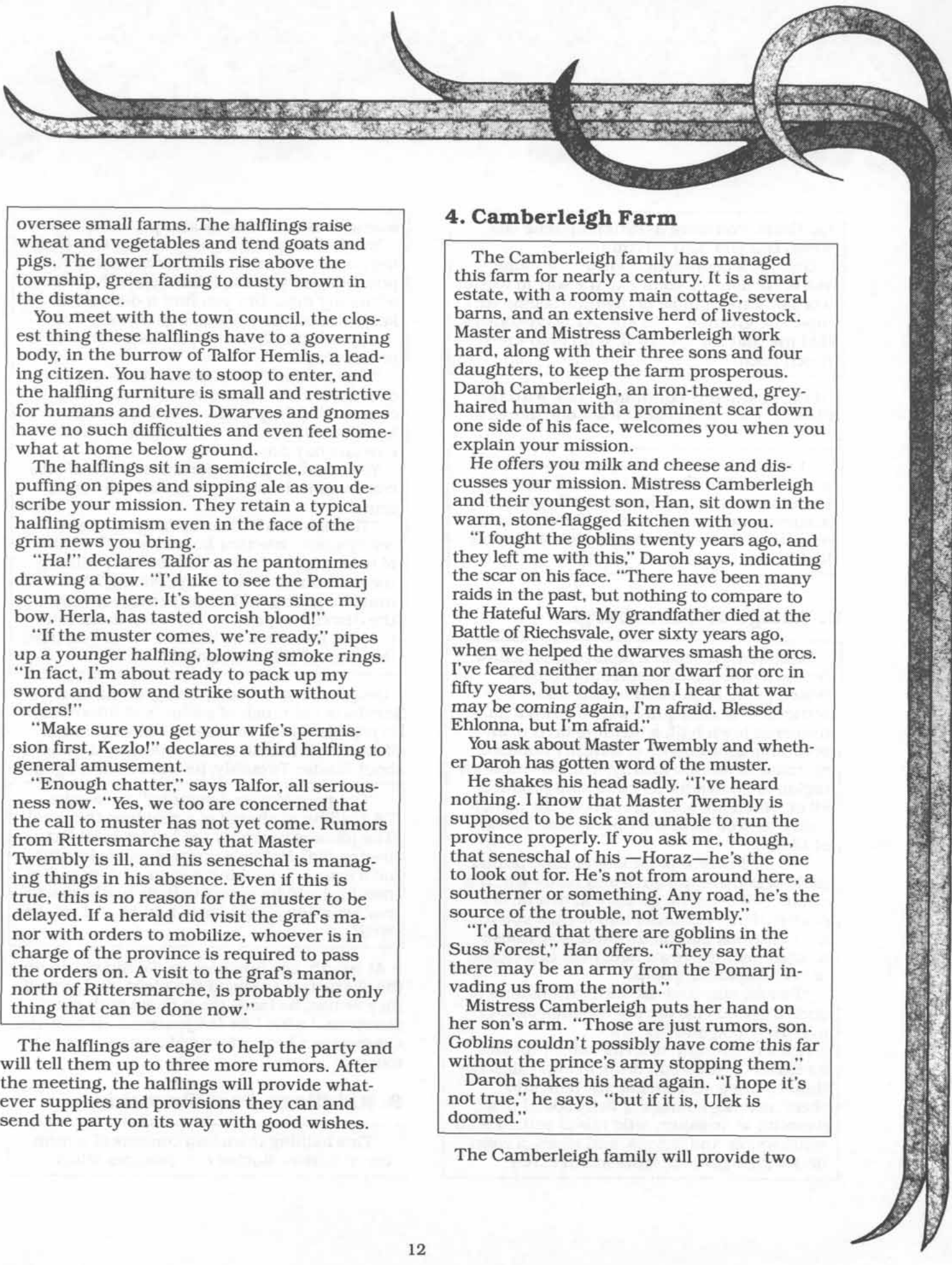
Despite his generosity and good-nature, Shevlis is not much of a source of information. He repeats one or two minor rumors, to the effect that Prinzfeld is in no danger. If asked about Master Twembly, he will chuckle again.

"Oh, poor Master Twembly!" he laughs. "A halfling in charge of a province this size! The job was probably too big for him! Get it—too big? Ha! He's probably just sleeping off a drunk. I wouldn't bother with him. I've met him and he seems to have neither taste nor sensibility. Just leave him be. All will be well."

At length, the luncheon ends. Shevlis invites the characters to spend the night, and even if they refuse, he loads them down with meat, cheese and wine "for the journey." He bids the characters a hearty farewell and returns to his manor.

3. Riddling's Pass Township

This halfling township consists of a number of burrow homes and cottages which



oversee small farms. The halflings raise wheat and vegetables and tend goats and pigs. The lower Lortmils rise above the township, green fading to dusty brown in the distance.

You meet with the town council, the closest thing these halflings have to a governing body, in the burrow of Talfor Hemlis, a leading citizen. You have to stoop to enter, and the halfling furniture is small and restrictive for humans and elves. Dwarves and gnomes have no such difficulties and even feel somewhat at home below ground.

The halflings sit in a semicircle, calmly puffing on pipes and sipping ale as you describe your mission. They retain a typical halfling optimism even in the face of the grim news you bring.

"Ha!" declares Talfor as he pantomimes drawing a bow. "I'd like to see the Pomarj scum come here. It's been years since my bow, Herla, has tasted orcish blood!"

"If the muster comes, we're ready," pipes up a younger halfling, blowing smoke rings. "In fact, I'm about ready to pack up my sword and bow and strike south without orders!"

"Make sure you get your wife's permission first, Kezlo!" declares a third halfling to general amusement.

"Enough chatter," says Talfor, all seriousness now. "Yes, we too are concerned that the call to muster has not yet come. Rumors from Rittersmarche say that Master Twembly is ill, and his seneschal is managing things in his absence. Even if this is true, this is no reason for the muster to be delayed. If a herald did visit the graf's manor with orders to mobilize, whoever is in charge of the province is required to pass the orders on. A visit to the graf's manor, north of Rittersmarche, is probably the only thing that can be done now."

The halflings are eager to help the party and will tell them up to three more rumors. After the meeting, the halflings will provide whatever supplies and provisions they can and send the party on its way with good wishes.

4. Camberleigh Farm

The Camberleigh family has managed this farm for nearly a century. It is a smart estate, with a roomy main cottage, several barns, and an extensive herd of livestock. Master and Mistress Camberleigh work hard, along with their three sons and four daughters, to keep the farm prosperous. Daroh Camberleigh, an iron-thewed, grey-haired human with a prominent scar down one side of his face, welcomes you when you explain your mission.

He offers you milk and cheese and discusses your mission. Mistress Camberleigh and their youngest son, Han, sit down in the warm, stone-flagged kitchen with you.

"I fought the goblins twenty years ago, and they left me with this," Daroh says, indicating the scar on his face. "There have been many raids in the past, but nothing to compare to the Hateful Wars. My grandfather died at the Battle of Riechsvale, over sixty years ago, when we helped the dwarves smash the orcs. I've feared neither man nor dwarf nor orc in fifty years, but today, when I hear that war may be coming again, I'm afraid. Blessed Ehlonna, but I'm afraid."

You ask about Master Twembly and whether Daroh has gotten word of the muster.

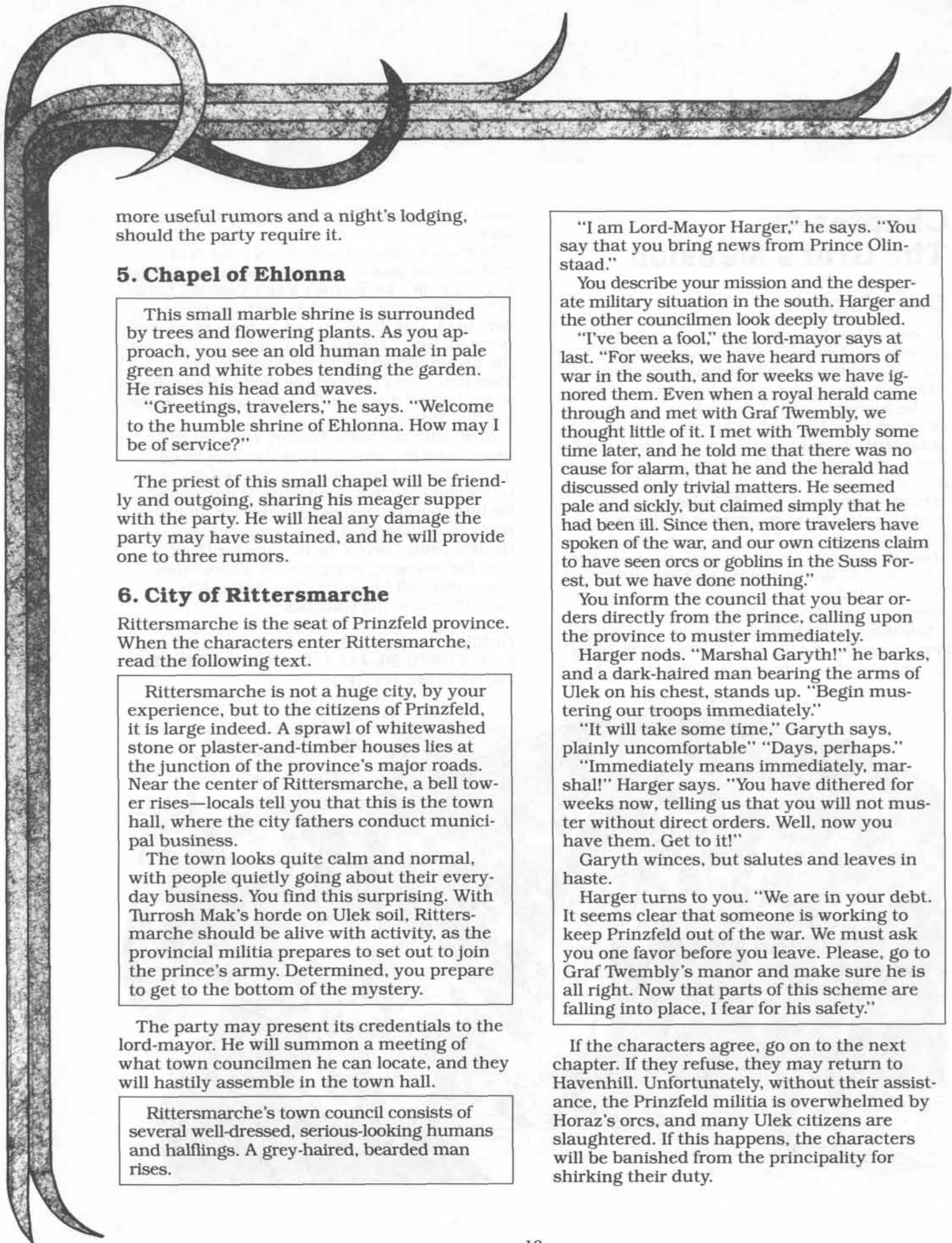
He shakes his head sadly. "I've heard nothing. I know that Master Twembly is supposed to be sick and unable to run the province properly. If you ask me, though, that seneschal of his —Horaz—he's the one to look out for. He's not from around here, a southerner or something. Any road, he's the source of the trouble, not Twembly."

"I'd heard that there are goblins in the Suss Forest," Han offers. "They say that there may be an army from the Pomarj invading us from the north."

Mistress Camberleigh puts her hand on her son's arm. "Those are just rumors, son. Goblins couldn't possibly have come this far without the prince's army stopping them."

Daroh shakes his head again. "I hope it's not true," he says, "but if it is, Ulek is doomed."

The Camberleigh family will provide two



more useful rumors and a night's lodging, should the party require it.

5. Chapel of Ehlonna

This small marble shrine is surrounded by trees and flowering plants. As you approach, you see an old human male in pale green and white robes tending the garden. He raises his head and waves.

"Greetings, travelers," he says. "Welcome to the humble shrine of Ehlonna. How may I be of service?"

The priest of this small chapel will be friendly and outgoing, sharing his meager supper with the party. He will heal any damage the party may have sustained, and he will provide one to three rumors.

6. City of Rittersmarche

Rittersmarche is the seat of Prinzfeld province. When the characters enter Rittersmarche, read the following text.

Rittersmarche is not a huge city, by your experience, but to the citizens of Prinzfeld, it is large indeed. A sprawl of whitewashed stone or plaster-and-timber houses lies at the junction of the province's major roads. Near the center of Rittersmarche, a bell tower rises—locals tell you that this is the town hall, where the city fathers conduct municipal business.

The town looks quite calm and normal, with people quietly going about their everyday business. You find this surprising. With Turrosh Mak's horde on Ulek soil, Rittersmarche should be alive with activity, as the provincial militia prepares to set out to join the prince's army. Determined, you prepare to get to the bottom of the mystery.

The party may present its credentials to the lord-mayor. He will summon a meeting of what town councilmen he can locate, and they will hastily assemble in the town hall.

Rittersmarche's town council consists of several well-dressed, serious-looking humans and halflings. A grey-haired, bearded man rises.

"I am Lord-Mayor Harger," he says. "You say that you bring news from Prince Olinstaad."

You describe your mission and the desperate military situation in the south. Harger and the other councilmen look deeply troubled.

"I've been a fool," the lord-mayor says at last. "For weeks, we have heard rumors of war in the south, and for weeks we have ignored them. Even when a royal herald came through and met with Graf Twembly, we thought little of it. I met with Twembly some time later, and he told me that there was no cause for alarm, that he and the herald had discussed only trivial matters. He seemed pale and sickly, but claimed simply that he had been ill. Since then, more travelers have spoken of the war, and our own citizens claim to have seen orcs or goblins in the Suss Forest, but we have done nothing."

You inform the council that you bear orders directly from the prince, calling upon the province to muster immediately.

Harger nods. "Marshal Garyth!" he barks, and a dark-haired man bearing the arms of Ulek on his chest, stands up. "Begin mustering our troops immediately."

"It will take some time," Garyth says, plainly uncomfortable. "Days, perhaps."

"Immediately means immediately, marshal!" Harger says. "You have dithered for weeks now, telling us that you will not muster without direct orders. Well, now you have them. Get to it!"

Garyth winces, but salutes and leaves in haste.

Harger turns to you. "We are in your debt. It seems clear that someone is working to keep Prinzfeld out of the war. We must ask you one favor before you leave. Please, go to Graf Twembly's manor and make sure he is all right. Now that parts of this scheme are falling into place, I fear for his safety."

If the characters agree, go on to the next chapter. If they refuse, they may return to Havenhill. Unfortunately, without their assistance, the Prinzfeld militia is overwhelmed by Horaz's orcs, and many Ulek citizens are slaughtered. If this happens, the characters will be banished from the principality for shirking their duty.

Chapter 4: The Graf's Mansion

Horaz's plan

By now it has become manifestly clear that something is seriously wrong in Prinzfeld. The party's goal is now Graf Twembly's manor, where the final solution to the mystery lies.

The rumors about Horaz taking over the shire are true. He applied for the position of seneschal several months ago, and was hired due to his considerable experience and ability. In reality, he was one of Turrosh Mak's most capable human agents. His mission: to prevent Prinzfeld from mustering, and to prepare the way for Turrosh Mak's master stroke—an army of orcs sent north through the Suss Forest, to enter Ulek through Prinzfeld and fall on Marshal Clinkerfire's flank as he advances to meet the main Pomarj force.

Sneaking in his half-orc minions, Horaz took Graf Twembly and his family prisoner, keeping the halfling alive only as a figurehead, and to

meet with locals if it became absolutely necessary.

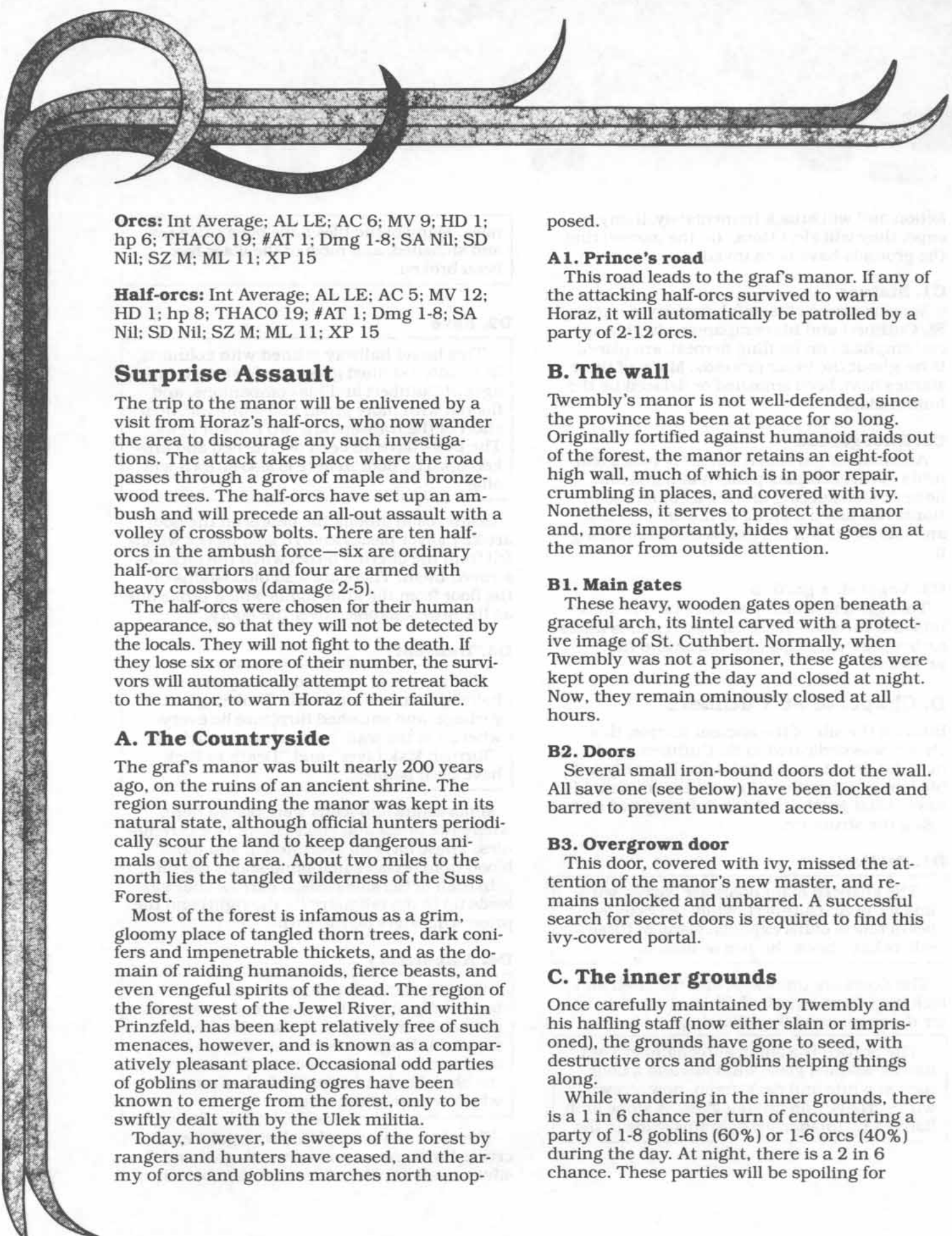
Horaz then moved in a mixed force of orc, half-orc, and goblin warriors, and began assembling supplies for Turrosh Mak's flanking force. When the prince's envoy arrived, bearing orders to muster, the situation became more complicated. Horaz reacted quickly, imprisoning the herald. When the lord-mayor visited Twembly, Horaz ordered the distraught halfling to tell him all was well. Twembly obeyed, knowing that Horaz still held his family.

Now, with the main Pomarj army on the march and the arrival of the flanking force imminent, all Horaz must do is keep the province quiet for a few more days. Unfortunately for him, the characters have thrown all his plans into disarray, forcing the provincial militia to mobilize before he is ready for them.

In the following entries, save where otherwise noted, all half-orcs, orcs, and goblins have the following statistics:

Goblins: Int Low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg1-6; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; ML 10; XP 15





Orcs: Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 6; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 11; XP 15

Half-orcs: Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 12; HD 1; hp 8; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 11; XP 15

Surprise Assault

The trip to the manor will be enlivened by a visit from Horaz's half-orcs, who now wander the area to discourage any such investigations. The attack takes place where the road passes through a grove of maple and bronze-wood trees. The half-orcs have set up an ambush and will precede an all-out assault with a volley of crossbow bolts. There are ten half-orcs in the ambush force—six are ordinary half-orc warriors and four are armed with heavy crossbows (damage 2-5).

The half-orcs were chosen for their human appearance, so that they will not be detected by the locals. They will not fight to the death. If they lose six or more of their number, the survivors will automatically attempt to retreat back to the manor, to warn Horaz of their failure.

A. The Countryside

The graf's manor was built nearly 200 years ago, on the ruins of an ancient shrine. The region surrounding the manor was kept in its natural state, although official hunters periodically scour the land to keep dangerous animals out of the area. About two miles to the north lies the tangled wilderness of the Suss Forest.

Most of the forest is infamous as a grim, gloomy place of tangled thorn trees, dark conifers and impenetrable thickets, and as the domain of raiding humanoids, fierce beasts, and even vengeful spirits of the dead. The region of the forest west of the Jewel River, and within Prinzfled, has been kept relatively free of such menaces, however, and is known as a comparatively pleasant place. Occasional odd parties of goblins or marauding ogres have been known to emerge from the forest, only to be swiftly dealt with by the Ulek militia.

Today, however, the sweeps of the forest by rangers and hunters have ceased, and the army of orcs and goblins marches north unop-

posed.

A1. Prince's road

This road leads to the graf's manor. If any of the attacking half-orcs survived to warn Horaz, it will automatically be patrolled by a party of 2-12 orcs.

B. The wall

Twembly's manor is not well-defended, since the province has been at peace for so long. Originally fortified against humanoid raids out of the forest, the manor retains an eight-foot high wall, much of which is in poor repair, crumbling in places, and covered with ivy. Nonetheless, it serves to protect the manor and, more importantly, hides what goes on at the manor from outside attention.

B1. Main gates

These heavy, wooden gates open beneath a graceful arch, its lintel carved with a protective image of St. Cuthbert. Normally, when Twembly was not a prisoner, these gates were kept open during the day and closed at night. Now, they remain ominously closed at all hours.

B2. Doors

Several small iron-bound doors dot the wall. All save one (see below) have been locked and barred to prevent unwanted access.

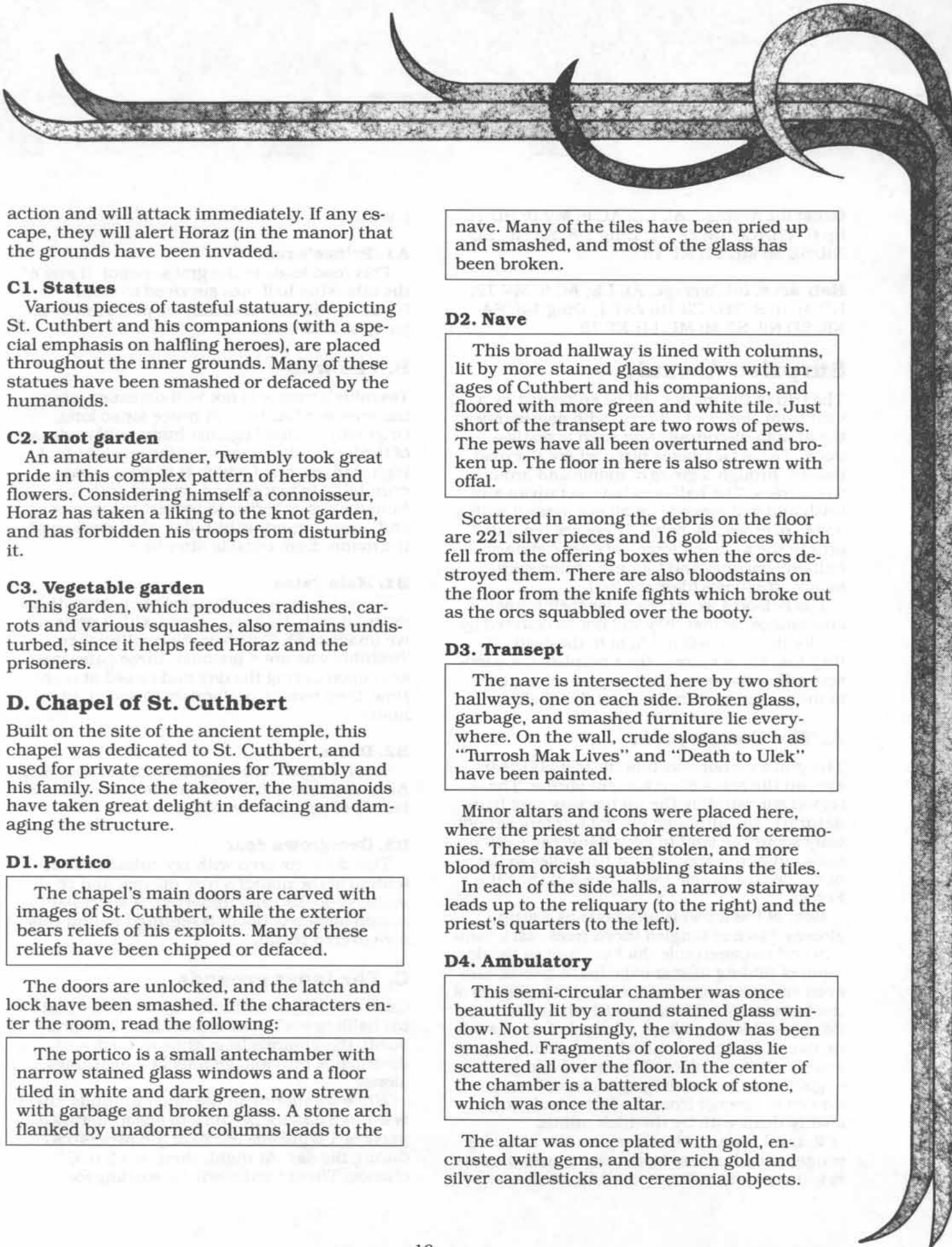
B3. Overgrown door

This door, covered with ivy, missed the attention of the manor's new master, and remains unlocked and unbarred. A successful search for secret doors is required to find this ivy-covered portal.

C. The inner grounds

Once carefully maintained by Twembly and his halfling staff (now either slain or imprisoned), the grounds have gone to seed, with destructive orcs and goblins helping things along.

While wandering in the inner grounds, there is a 1 in 6 chance per turn of encountering a party of 1-8 goblins (60%) or 1-6 orcs (40%) during the day. At night, there is a 2 in 6 chance. These parties will be spoiling for



action and will attack immediately. If any escape, they will alert Horaz (in the manor) that the grounds have been invaded.

C1. Statues

Various pieces of tasteful statuary, depicting St. Cuthbert and his companions (with a special emphasis on halfling heroes), are placed throughout the inner grounds. Many of these statues have been smashed or defaced by the humanoids.

C2. Knot garden

An amateur gardener, Twembly took great pride in this complex pattern of herbs and flowers. Considering himself a connoisseur, Horaz has taken a liking to the knot garden, and has forbidden his troops from disturbing it.

C3. Vegetable garden

This garden, which produces radishes, carrots and various squashes, also remains undisturbed, since it helps feed Horaz and the prisoners.

D. Chapel of St. Cuthbert

Built on the site of the ancient temple, this chapel was dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and used for private ceremonies for Twembly and his family. Since the takeover, the humanoids have taken great delight in defacing and damaging the structure.

D1. Portico

The chapel's main doors are carved with images of St. Cuthbert, while the exterior bears reliefs of his exploits. Many of these reliefs have been chipped or defaced.

The doors are unlocked, and the latch and lock have been smashed. If the characters enter the room, read the following:

The portico is a small antechamber with narrow stained glass windows and a floor tiled in white and dark green, now strewn with garbage and broken glass. A stone arch flanked by unadorned columns leads to the

nave. Many of the tiles have been pried up and smashed, and most of the glass has been broken.

D2. Nave

This broad hallway is lined with columns, lit by more stained glass windows with images of Cuthbert and his companions, and floored with more green and white tile. Just short of the transept are two rows of pews. The pews have all been overturned and broken up. The floor in here is also strewn with offal.

Scattered in among the debris on the floor are 221 silver pieces and 16 gold pieces which fell from the offering boxes when the orcs destroyed them. There are also bloodstains on the floor from the knife fights which broke out as the orcs squabbled over the booty.

D3. Transept

The nave is intersected here by two short hallways, one on each side. Broken glass, garbage, and smashed furniture lie everywhere. On the wall, crude slogans such as "Turrosh Mak Lives" and "Death to Ulek" have been painted.

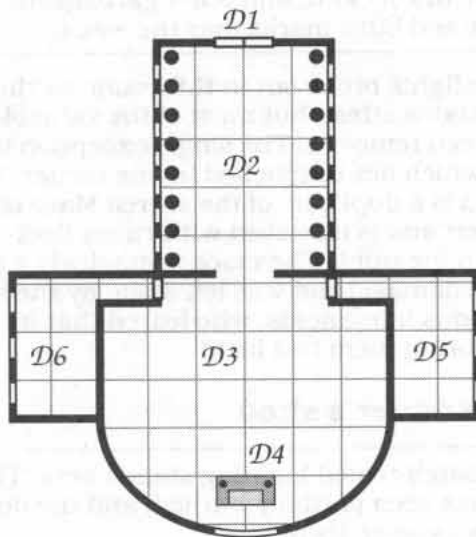
Minor altars and icons were placed here, where the priest and choir entered for ceremonies. These have all been stolen, and more blood from orcish squabbling stains the tiles.

In each of the side halls, a narrow stairway leads up to the reliquary (to the right) and the priest's quarters (to the left).

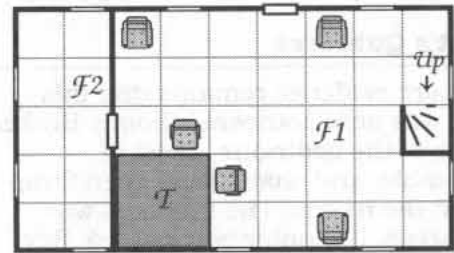
D4. Ambulatory

This semi-circular chamber was once beautifully lit by a round stained glass window. Not surprisingly, the window has been smashed. Fragments of colored glass lie scattered all over the floor. In the center of the chamber is a battered block of stone, which was once the altar.

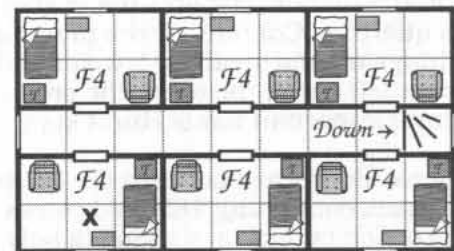
The altar was once plated with gold, encrusted with gems, and bore rich gold and silver candlesticks and ceremonial objects.



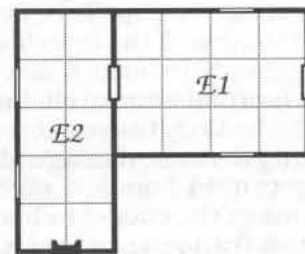
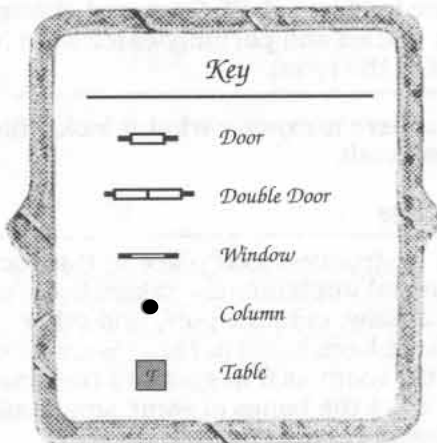
Chapel of St. Cuthbert
one square equals five feet



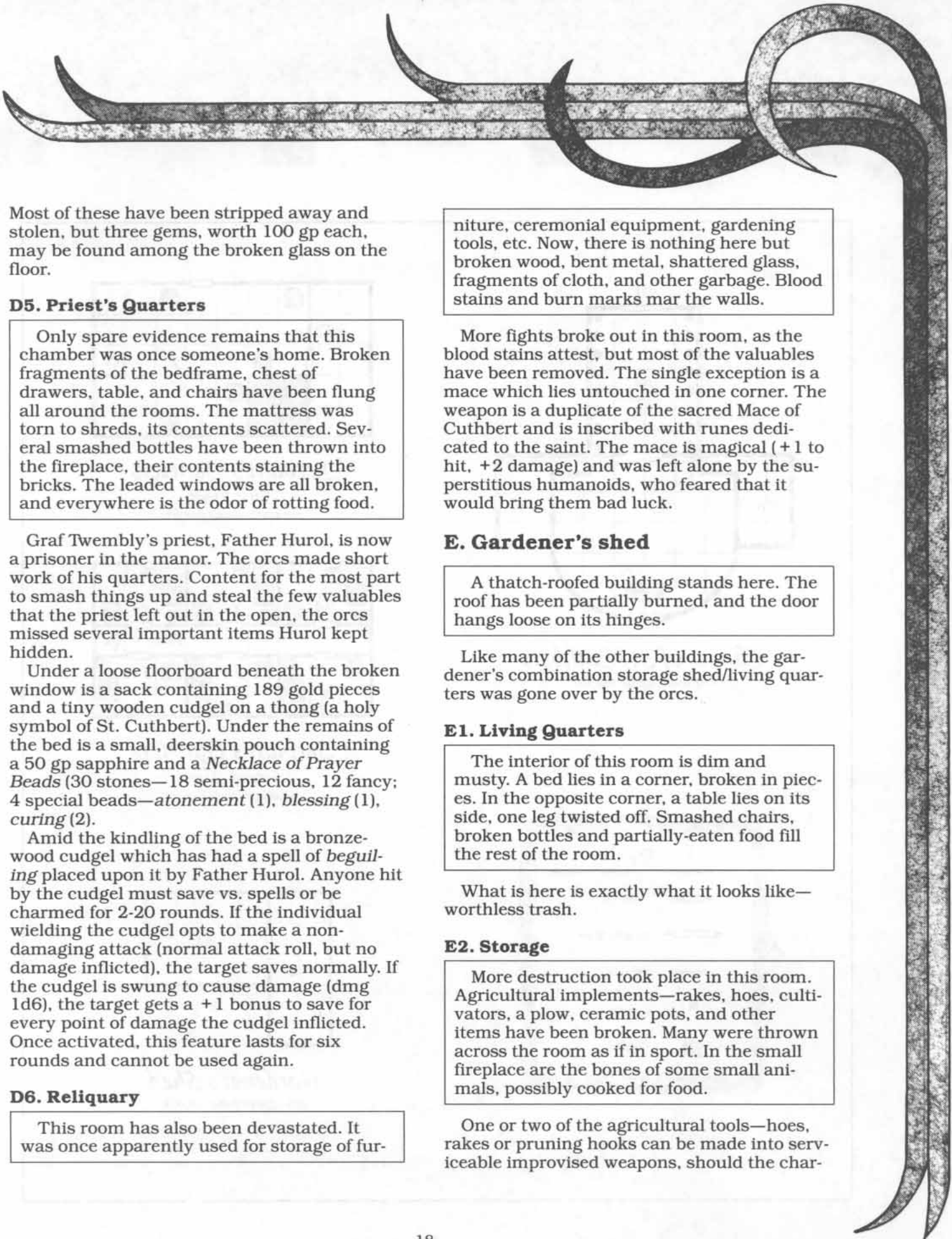
Servant's Quarters
First Floor
one square equals five feet



Servant's Quarters
Second Floor
one square equals five feet



Gardener's Shed
one square equals five feet



Most of these have been stripped away and stolen, but three gems, worth 100 gp each, may be found among the broken glass on the floor.

D5. Priest's Quarters

Only sparse evidence remains that this chamber was once someone's home. Broken fragments of the bedframe, chest of drawers, table, and chairs have been flung all around the rooms. The mattress was torn to shreds, its contents scattered. Several smashed bottles have been thrown into the fireplace, their contents staining the bricks. The leaded windows are all broken, and everywhere is the odor of rotting food.

Graf Twembly's priest, Father Hurol, is now a prisoner in the manor. The orcs made short work of his quarters. Content for the most part to smash things up and steal the few valuables that the priest left out in the open, the orcs missed several important items Hurol kept hidden.

Under a loose floorboard beneath the broken window is a sack containing 189 gold pieces and a tiny wooden cudgel on a thong (a holy symbol of St. Cuthbert). Under the remains of the bed is a small, deerskin pouch containing a 50 gp sapphire and a *Necklace of Prayer Beads* (30 stones—18 semi-precious, 12 fancy; 4 special beads—*atonement* (1), *blessing* (1), *curing* (2)).

Amid the kindling of the bed is a bronze-wood cudgel which has had a spell of *beguiling* placed upon it by Father Hurol. Anyone hit by the cudgel must save vs. spells or be charmed for 2-20 rounds. If the individual wielding the cudgel opts to make a non-damaging attack (normal attack roll, but no damage inflicted), the target saves normally. If the cudgel is swung to cause damage (dmg 1d6), the target gets a +1 bonus to save for every point of damage the cudgel inflicted. Once activated, this feature lasts for six rounds and cannot be used again.

D6. Reliquary

This room has also been devastated. It was once apparently used for storage of fur-

niture, ceremonial equipment, gardening tools, etc. Now, there is nothing here but broken wood, bent metal, shattered glass, fragments of cloth, and other garbage. Blood stains and burn marks mar the walls.

More fights broke out in this room, as the blood stains attest, but most of the valuables have been removed. The single exception is a mace which lies untouched in one corner. The weapon is a duplicate of the sacred Mace of Cuthbert and is inscribed with runes dedicated to the saint. The mace is magical (+1 to hit, +2 damage) and was left alone by the superstitious humanoids, who feared that it would bring them bad luck.

E. Gardener's shed

A thatch-roofed building stands here. The roof has been partially burned, and the door hangs loose on its hinges.

Like many of the other buildings, the gardener's combination storage shed/living quarters was gone over by the orcs.

E1. Living Quarters

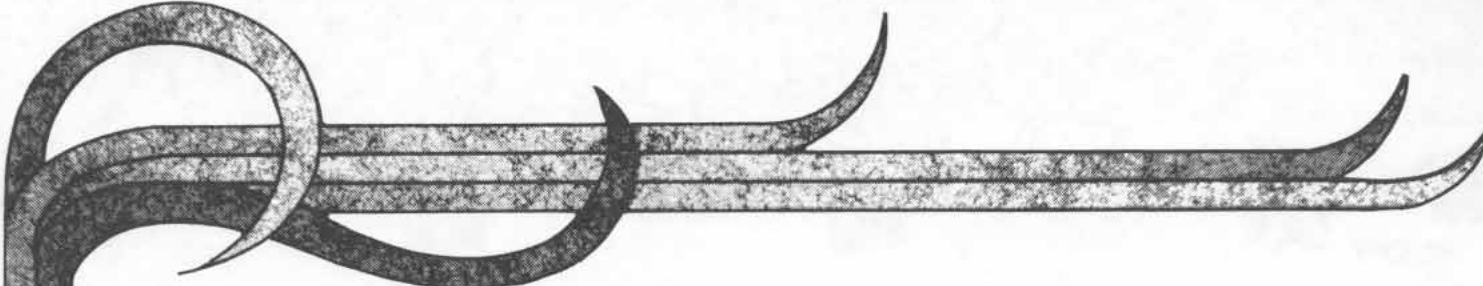
The interior of this room is dim and musty. A bed lies in a corner, broken in pieces. In the opposite corner, a table lies on its side, one leg twisted off. Smashed chairs, broken bottles and partially-eaten food fill the rest of the room.

What is here is exactly what it looks like—worthless trash.

E2. Storage

More destruction took place in this room. Agricultural implements—rakes, hoes, cultivators, a plow, ceramic pots, and other items have been broken. Many were thrown across the room as if in sport. In the small fireplace are the bones of some small animals, possibly cooked for food.

One or two of the agricultural tools—hoes, rakes or pruning hooks can be made into serviceable improvised weapons, should the char-



acters be inclined to do so. On the floor, lying face-down but otherwise undamaged, is a book titled "Otiluke's Practical Gardening," a treatise on cultivating flowers and herbs by the celebrated mage of the Circle of Eight. Anyone reading the book will automatically gain the Agriculture proficiency (with a check modifier of +1 when dealing with raising flowers and herbs in a small garden, -2 on matters of greater scope such as crop rotation and large-scale farming).

F. Servant's quarters

This is obviously a residence, smaller and less luxurious than the manor, but larger than the gardener's humble cottage. Two stories, it is constructed partly of stone, partly of timber and plaster, with a freshly thatched roof and leaded windows. Unlike the other structures, this one seems to have largely escaped despoilment.

The servants quarters have been pretty much left alone, which is a good thing, since a young halfling named Lily has managed to survive the past month, hiding in her parents' bedroom and stealing food from the kitchen. The orcs have so far only visited the building a couple of times to pilfer supplies. Their busy schedule, preparing for the coming military campaign, has kept them from having too much fun here.

F1. Common room

This airy, whitewashed room has been left relatively untouched. A large, butcher-block table in the corner has been knocked over, and two or three chairs have been smashed. Otherwise, it is comfortable, with a large, leaded window looking out over the grounds. Beneath the window is a large cabinet, which currently stands empty, its doors ajar.

If the characters search the room, they will find nothing. Thieves making a successful Detect Noise roll will hear quiet footsteps in the room directly overhead.

F2. Kitchen

Also stripped, but otherwise untouched, the center of this room contains a wood-burning oven with a massive vent, more shelves and cabinets, and a small pantry, empty save for some scraps of cheese and bread crumbs on the floor and shelves.

F3. Stairs

These narrow stairs lead up to the second floor bedrooms.

F4. Bedrooms

Narrow doors line the cramped hallway, leading to the bedrooms where the servants slept. The bedrooms are all the same, each containing a single bed, small table, chair, nightstand, chamber pot, and ceramic water jug. The orcs have not bothered to ransack these rooms.

All the rooms are the same, except the room marked with an X, where characters will find a young, female halfling hiding under the bed. If the characters find the child, read the following paragraph:

You see a small, halfling child, a girl, in tattered clothing, her face filthy and streaked with tears.

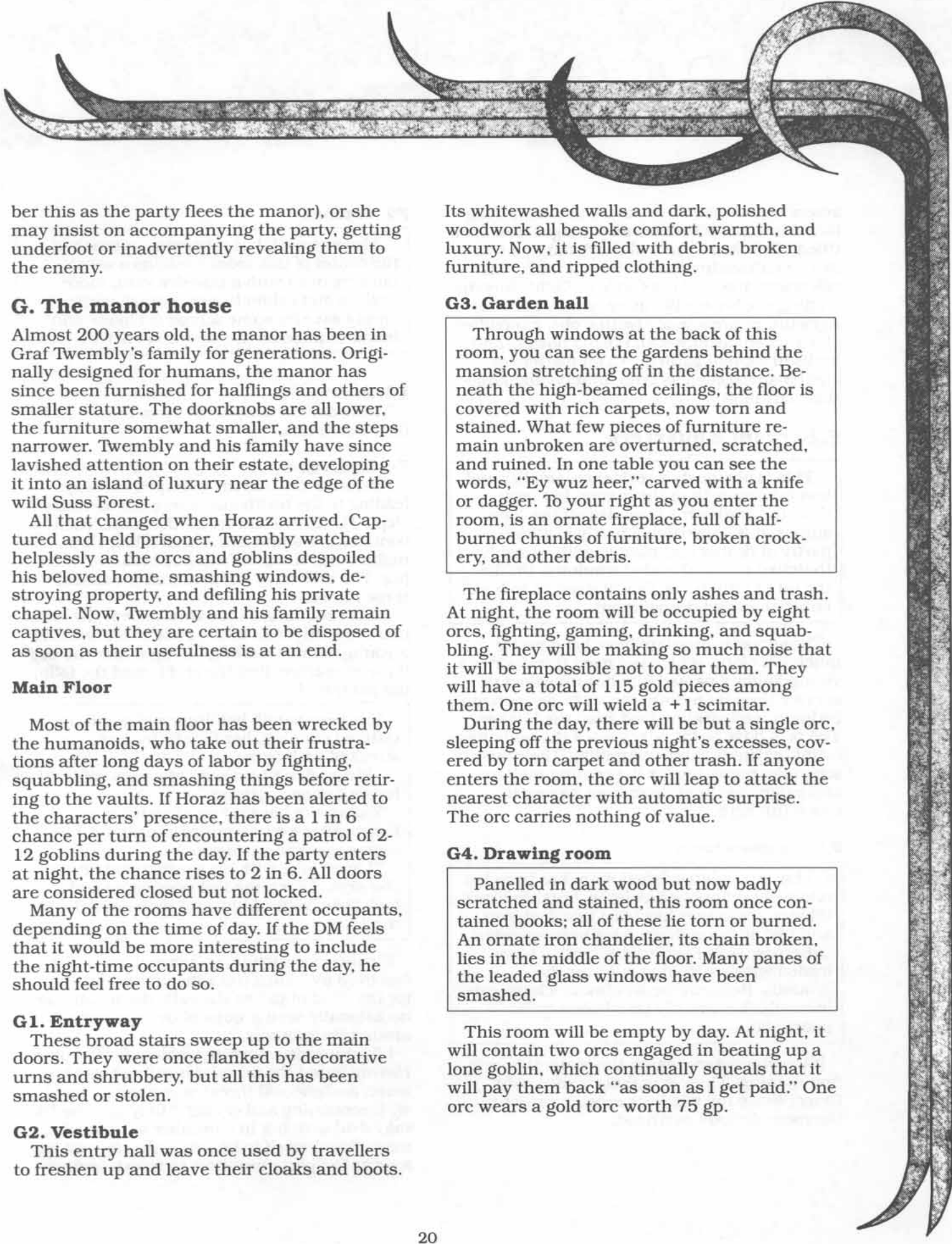
"Please don't hurt me," she says softly. "I haven't done anything."

You assure her that you mean her no harm. After a few minutes of coaxing, she seems to warm up to you.

"I lived here with my mother and father," she says. "Then the bad ones came and took them away. I hid, and they never found me."

Further questioning will reveal little. She has lived by hiding from the orcs and goblins (or the "bad ones" as she calls them), and has occasionally seen groups of them rummaging around the grounds.

Lily presents a special problem for the party. Having found the party, she will not want to leave, and she will threaten to raise a racket with screaming and crying if they go. The DM may deal with her in a number of ways. She may allow herself to be persuaded to stay, as long as the party promises to return (remem-



ber this as the party flees the manor), or she may insist on accompanying the party, getting underfoot or inadvertently revealing them to the enemy.

G. The manor house

Almost 200 years old, the manor has been in Graf Twembly's family for generations. Originally designed for humans, the manor has since been furnished for halflings and others of smaller stature. The doorknobs are all lower, the furniture somewhat smaller, and the steps narrower. Twembly and his family have since lavished attention on their estate, developing it into an island of luxury near the edge of the wild Suss Forest.

All that changed when Horaz arrived. Captured and held prisoner, Twembly watched helplessly as the orcs and goblins despoiled his beloved home, smashing windows, destroying property, and defiling his private chapel. Now, Twembly and his family remain captives, but they are certain to be disposed of as soon as their usefulness is at an end.

Main Floor

Most of the main floor has been wrecked by the humanoids, who take out their frustrations after long days of labor by fighting, squabbling, and smashing things before retiring to the vaults. If Horaz has been alerted to the characters' presence, there is a 1 in 6 chance per turn of encountering a patrol of 2-12 goblins during the day. If the party enters at night, the chance rises to 2 in 6. All doors are considered closed but not locked.

Many of the rooms have different occupants, depending on the time of day. If the DM feels that it would be more interesting to include the night-time occupants during the day, he should feel free to do so.

G1. Entryway

These broad stairs sweep up to the main doors. They were once flanked by decorative urns and shrubbery, but all this has been smashed or stolen.

G2. Vestibule

This entry hall was once used by travellers to freshen up and leave their cloaks and boots.

Its whitewashed walls and dark, polished woodwork all bespoke comfort, warmth, and luxury. Now, it is filled with debris, broken furniture, and ripped clothing.

G3. Garden hall

Through windows at the back of this room, you can see the gardens behind the mansion stretching off in the distance. Beneath the high-beamed ceilings, the floor is covered with rich carpets, now torn and stained. What few pieces of furniture remain unbroken are overturned, scratched, and ruined. In one table you can see the words, "Ey wuz heer," carved with a knife or dagger. To your right as you enter the room, is an ornate fireplace, full of half-burned chunks of furniture, broken crockery, and other debris.

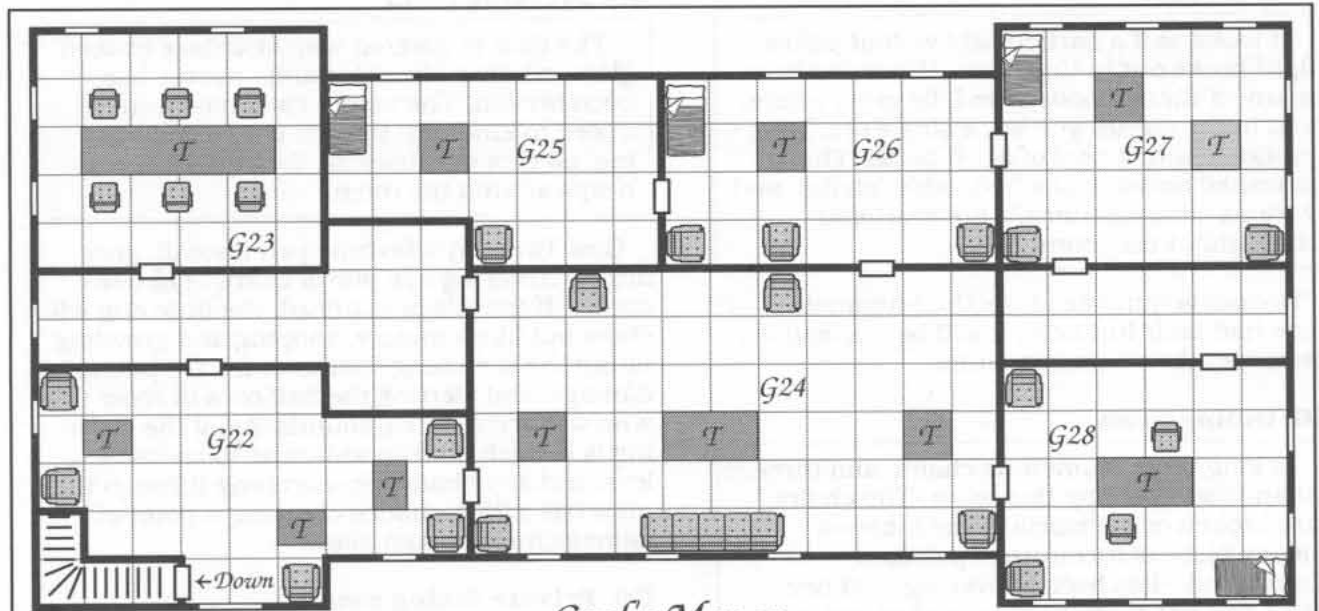
The fireplace contains only ashes and trash. At night, the room will be occupied by eight orcs, fighting, gaming, drinking, and squabbling. They will be making so much noise that it will be impossible not to hear them. They will have a total of 115 gold pieces among them. One orc will wield a +1 scimitar.

During the day, there will be but a single orc, sleeping off the previous night's excesses, covered by torn carpet and other trash. If anyone enters the room, the orc will leap to attack the nearest character with automatic surprise. The orc carries nothing of value.

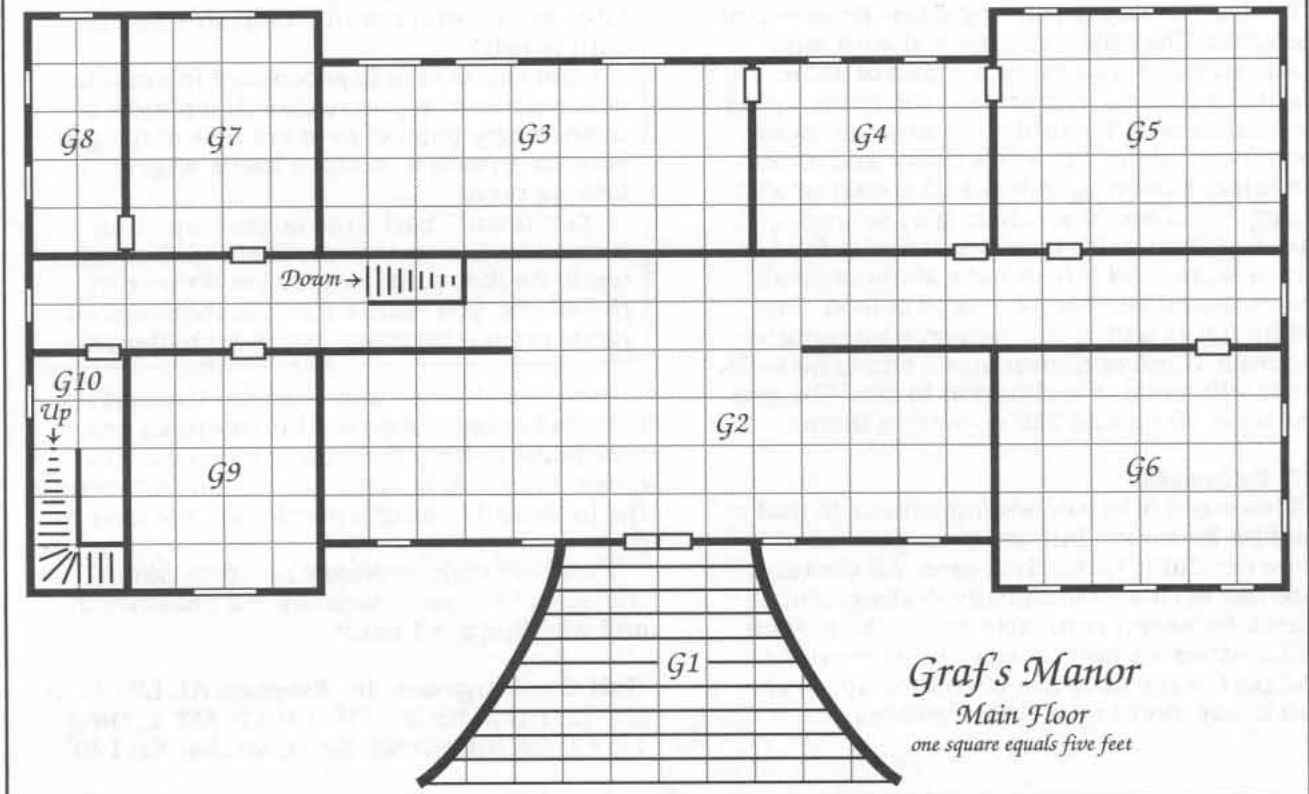
G4. Drawing room

Panelled in dark wood but now badly scratched and stained, this room once contained books; all of these lie torn or burned. An ornate iron chandelier, its chain broken, lies in the middle of the floor. Many panes of the leaded glass windows have been smashed.

This room will be empty by day. At night, it will contain two orcs engaged in beating up a lone goblin, which continually squeals that it will pay them back "as soon as I get paid." One orc wears a gold torc worth 75 gp.



Graf's Manor
 Second Floor
 one square equals five feet



Graf's Manor
 Main Floor
 one square equals five feet



G5. Bedroom

It looks as if a particularly violent pillow fight broke out in this room. White feathers, many of them bloodstained, lie everywhere, and in the corner you see a single orc, lying motionless in a pool of dried blood. The smashed remains of a bed, table, chairs, and various ceramic utensils are scattered throughout the room.

The orc is quite dead. As the humanoid have had their fun here, it will be unoccupied whenever the characters enter.

G6. Dining room

A long table, numerous chairs, and three chandeliers occupy this room. The chairs are broken or overturned, the table—a heavy piece of furniture of polished hardwood—has been shoved against one wall and has numerous scratches and initials carved in it. One of the chandeliers has been pulled down and lies amid the wreckage.

During the day, a pair of goblins lie asleep on the table. They may be attacked with automatic surprise, but carry nothing of value. At night, 12 goblins leap around the room, aping the manners of Twembly and his staff. Some wear Twembly or his wife's finery and sit at the table, jabbering orders and speaking with exaggerated accents; others play servants, running about with trays loaded with food or jars of wine. Still others have abandoned all pretense and wrestle for scraps of food. One goblin fights with a +2 dagger, while another carries a *Wand of Illumination*, which he lacks the intelligence or inclination to use. The goblins have 76 gp and 220 sp among them.

G7. Bedroom

This room is in a condition similar to that of the first bedroom, but has been gone over more carefully, by the half-orcs. All the furniture has been systematically destroyed in a search for secret compartments. The pillows and mattresses have been cut into sections and part of the floor has been torn up. Needless to say, nothing of value remains.

G8. Dressing room

The floor is covered with shards of broken glass, where a sizeable vanity mirror has been broken. The vanity itself has been reduced to kindling. Various pieces of clothing, all torn or otherwise damaged, lie in heaps around the room.

Graf Twembly's favorite pet, a small, grey dog, is cowering in a pile of clothing in one corner. If the pile is searched, the little dog will shoot out like a meteor, yapping and growling, biting the searching character for 1-2 points of damage, and alerting the half-orcs in room G9, who will arrive in 1-6 rounds. All of the clothing is in such poor condition as to be valueless, and any character searching through the piles has a 25% chance of taking a point of damage from broken glass.

G9. Private dining room

This room seems to have escaped the destruction so common elsewhere. The walls are bright and whitewashed, the woodwork still dark and undamaged, and an ornate table in the center of the room still gleams with polish.

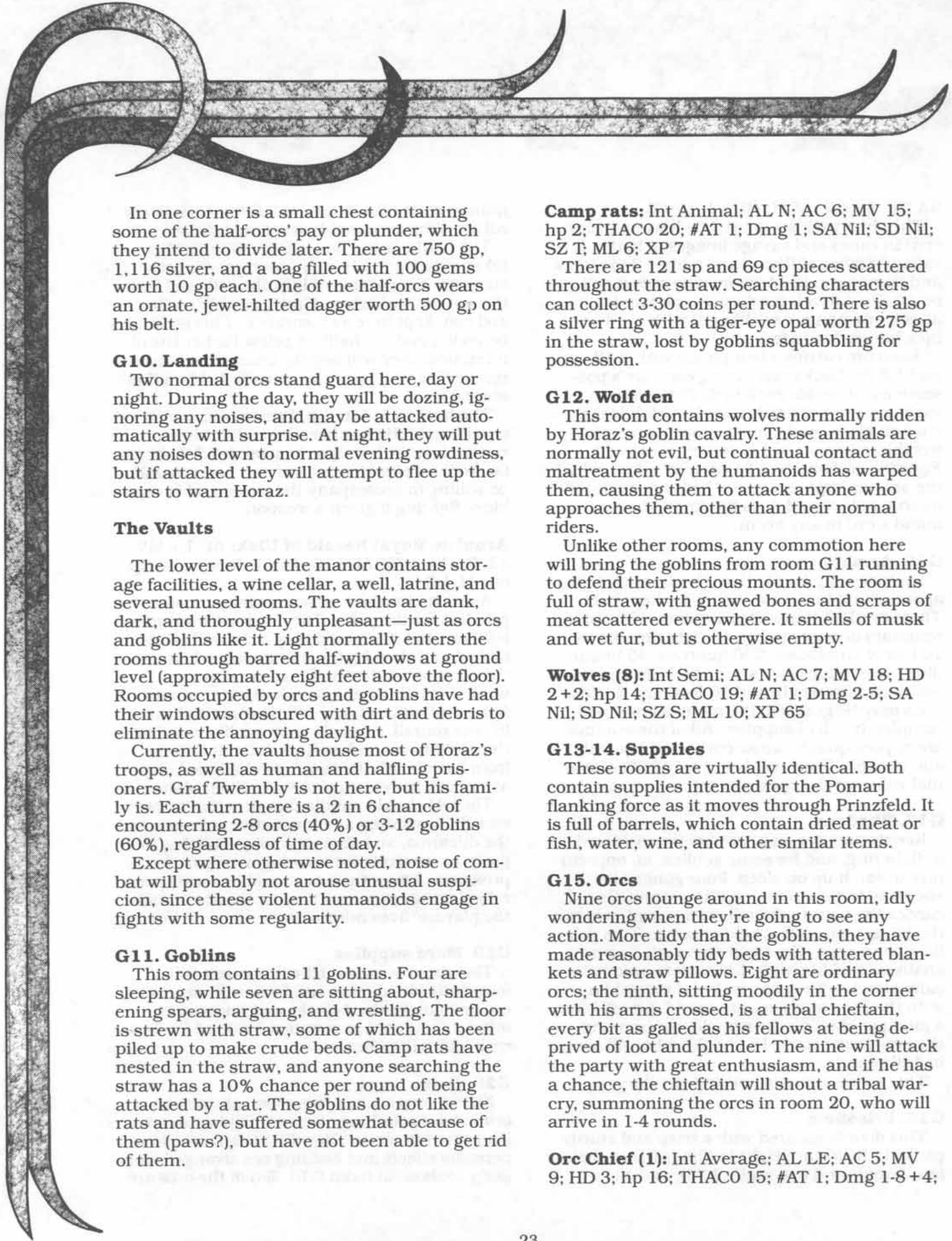
All of this is of only secondary interest to you, however, as you realize that almost a dozen angry pairs of eyes are now staring at you, the eyes of a group of hairy, angry-looking men.

"Get them!" barks the largest, opening his mouth to reveal a row of sharp, bestial teeth. As they grab weapons and move to the attack, you realize that the room's occupants are not humans, but more half-orcs.

Horaz's half-orcs, who consider themselves to be in charge of keeping his troops in line, take pains to keep their areas clean and in order. They will be in this room, sitting around the table and talking regardless of the time of day.

There are eight ordinary half-orcs plus a third-level sergeant, wearing +2 chain mail and wielding a +1 mace.

Half-Orc Sergeant: Int Average; AL LE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 3; hp 20; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+1; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 14; XP 120



In one corner is a small chest containing some of the half-orcs' pay or plunder, which they intend to divide later. There are 750 gp, 1,116 silver, and a bag filled with 100 gems worth 10 gp each. One of the half-orcs wears an ornate, jewel-hilted dagger worth 500 gp on his belt.

G10. Landing

Two normal orcs stand guard here, day or night. During the day, they will be dozing, ignoring any noises, and may be attacked automatically with surprise. At night, they will put any noises down to normal evening rowdiness, but if attacked they will attempt to flee up the stairs to warn Horaz.

The Vaults

The lower level of the manor contains storage facilities, a wine cellar, a well, latrine, and several unused rooms. The vaults are dank, dark, and thoroughly unpleasant—just as orcs and goblins like it. Light normally enters the rooms through barred half-windows at ground level (approximately eight feet above the floor). Rooms occupied by orcs and goblins have had their windows obscured with dirt and debris to eliminate the annoying daylight.

Currently, the vaults house most of Horaz's troops, as well as human and halfling prisoners. Graf Twembly is not here, but his family is. Each turn there is a 2 in 6 chance of encountering 2-8 orcs (40%) or 3-12 goblins (60%), regardless of time of day.

Except where otherwise noted, noise of combat will probably not arouse unusual suspicion, since these violent humanoids engage in fights with some regularity.

G11. Goblins

This room contains 11 goblins. Four are sleeping, while seven are sitting about, sharpening spears, arguing, and wrestling. The floor is strewn with straw, some of which has been piled up to make crude beds. Camp rats have nested in the straw, and anyone searching the straw has a 10% chance per round of being attacked by a rat. The goblins do not like the rats and have suffered somewhat because of them (paws?), but have not been able to get rid of them.

Camp rats: Int Animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 15; hp 2; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ T; ML 6; XP 7

There are 121 sp and 69 cp pieces scattered throughout the straw. Searching characters can collect 3-30 coins per round. There is also a silver ring with a tiger-eye opal worth 275 gp in the straw, lost by goblins squabbling for possession.

G12. Wolf den

This room contains wolves normally ridden by Horaz's goblin cavalry. These animals are normally not evil, but continual contact and maltreatment by the humanoids has warped them, causing them to attack anyone who approaches them, other than their normal riders.

Unlike other rooms, any commotion here will bring the goblins from room G11 running to defend their precious mounts. The room is full of straw, with gnawed bones and scraps of meat scattered everywhere. It smells of musk and wet fur, but is otherwise empty.

Wolves (8): Int Semi; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 14; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; ML 10; XP 65

G13-14. Supplies

These rooms are virtually identical. Both contain supplies intended for the Pomarj flanking force as it moves through Prinzfeld. It is full of barrels, which contain dried meat or fish, water, wine, and other similar items.

G15. Orcs

Nine orcs lounge around in this room, idly wondering when they're going to see any action. More tidy than the goblins, they have made reasonably tidy beds with tattered blankets and straw pillows. Eight are ordinary orcs; the ninth, sitting moodily in the corner with his arms crossed, is a tribal chieftain, every bit as galled as his fellows at being deprived of loot and plunder. The nine will attack the party with great enthusiasm, and if he has a chance, the chieftain will shout a tribal warcry, summoning the orcs in room 20, who will arrive in 1-4 rounds.

Orc Chief (1): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 3; hp 16; THACO 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8+4;



SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 12; XP 65

The chief wields a great, black war axe covered in runes and savage images of battle. It is called "Father of Woes" and adds +2 to attack and damages rolls. Any orc who sees it will recognize it as a legendary weapon and will attack any non-orc wielding it with a +1 attack bonus due to ferocity.

Each orc carries a belt pouch with 2-12 sp and 1-8 gp. Sacks containing each orc's possessions sit beside each bed. They contain various personal fetishes and knick-knacks such as glass beads, lucky stones, and other worthless items. One, however, contains a *Figurine of Wondrous Power* (onyx dog), which the orc has kept as a curio; he is not aware of its true nature and does not know the command word in any event.

G16. Armory

Military supplies for Horaz's troops and the approaching humanoid army are kept here. There are 100 stone-tipped spears, 100 crude scimitars of poor quality, 15 light crossbows, 10 heavy crossbows, 250 quarrels, 45 brigandine breastplates (orc-sized), 30 hide breastplates (goblin-sized), and 30 medium shields.

As may be guessed, the room is crammed completely full of supplies. All of these items are of poor quality, apparently made quickly and cheaply. They will bring only 25% of normal value on the open market.

G17. Warders

Keeping an eye on prisoners is considered dull, boring, and for some goblins, an opportunity to catch up on sleep. Four goblins lie snoozing in this room, on filthy straw. One carries the keys to the adjoining room, where the household staff is held prisoner. This goblin also wears a silver whistle worth 5 sp on a chain around his neck. Characters automatically attack with surprise, but if the goblin with the keys survives one round, he will blow a piercing blast on the whistle, summoning the orcs from rooms 15 and 20, who will arrive in 1d6 rounds.

This room contains nothing of value.

G18. Prisoners

This door is secured with a hasp and sturdy padlock. Inside are eight halflings (three male, four female and one male child), and a lone

human male clad in tattered, filthy Ulek livery. All are skinny, scared-looking, and dirty.

The halflings are household staff members taken prisoner by Horaz. Among these prisoners are the parents of Lily, the little girl from the servant's quarters, Graf Twembly's wife and son, kept here as insurance of his good behavior, and the halfling priest Father Hurool. If rescued, they will beg the characters to also rescue Twembly, who is currently held on the second floor.

The human is Arnulth, Prince Olinstaad's royal herald. He has been kept alive since Horaz thought he might be useful. While he is far from an experienced warrior, Arnulth will be willing to accompany the party, and is capable of fighting if given a weapon.

Arnulth, Royal Herald of Ulek: AC 10; MV 12; F1; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL LG

As with Lily, these prisoners may present a problem for the party. They will not want to be left here, but if released they may well be attacked and slain by the humanoids who roam the compound. The halflings are slow and weak due to hunger and exhaustion, cannot fight, and move at only 2/3 their normal rate (6" per round). As such, they are likely to bog the party down and make it difficult to hide from patrols. All the same, good-aligned characters will be reluctant to leave them alone.

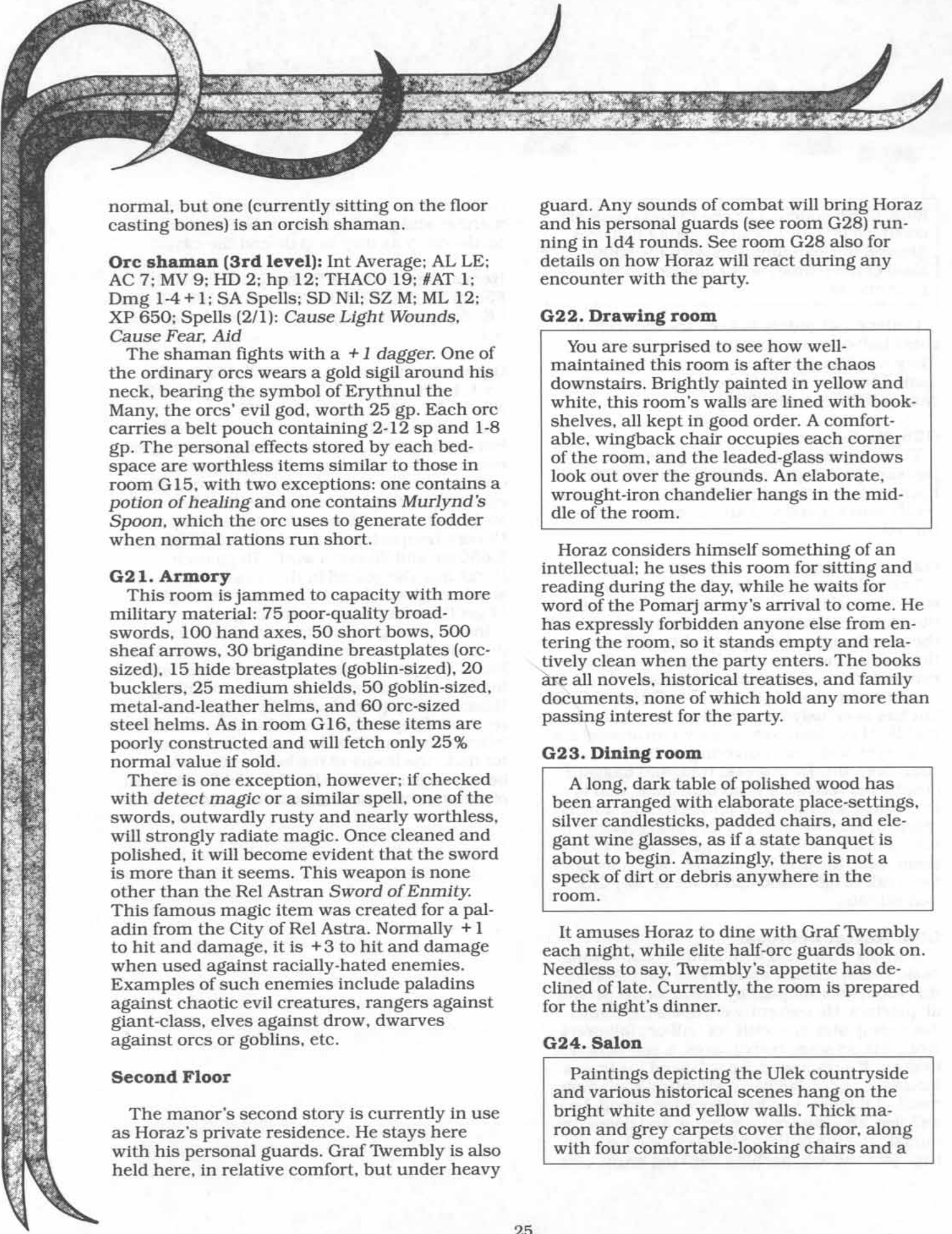
The DM should handle this situation as he sees fit, rewarding any innovative solutions to the dilemma, and above all not penalizing the party too severely for showing mercy to the prisoners. This situation should be used as a role-playing opportunity, not a chance to make the players' lives miserable.

G19. More supplies

This room is crammed with barrels full of foodstuffs (dried meat and fruit, salt and flour), orc- and goblin-sized cloaks and boots, and other miscellaneous supplies destined for Turrosh Mak's flanking force.

G20. Orcs

Eleven orcs occupy this room, sitting at a crude table, pitching dice and playing an orcish game known as "Now I'll Stab You." Their personal effects and bedding are arranged similarly to those in room G15. Ten of the orcs are



normal, but one (currently sitting on the floor casting bones) is an orcish shaman.

Orc shaman (3rd level): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 9; HD 2; hp 12; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 + 1; SA Spells; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 12; XP 650; Spells (2/1): *Cause Light Wounds*, *Cause Fear*, *Aid*

The shaman fights with a +1 dagger. One of the ordinary orcs wears a gold sigil around his neck, bearing the symbol of Erythnul the Many, the orcs' evil god, worth 25 gp. Each orc carries a belt pouch containing 2-12 sp and 1-8 gp. The personal effects stored by each bed-space are worthless items similar to those in room G15, with two exceptions: one contains a *potion of healing* and one contains *Murlynd's Spoon*, which the orc uses to generate fodder when normal rations run short.

G21. Armory

This room is jammed to capacity with more military material: 75 poor-quality broadswords, 100 hand axes, 50 short bows, 500 sheaf arrows, 30 brigandine breastplates (orc-sized), 15 hide breastplates (goblin-sized), 20 bucklers, 25 medium shields, 50 goblin-sized, metal-and-leather helms, and 60 orc-sized steel helms. As in room G16, these items are poorly constructed and will fetch only 25% normal value if sold.

There is one exception, however; if checked with *detect magic* or a similar spell, one of the swords, outwardly rusty and nearly worthless, will strongly radiate magic. Once cleaned and polished, it will become evident that the sword is more than it seems. This weapon is none other than the *Rel Astran Sword of Enmity*. This famous magic item was created for a paladin from the City of Rel Astra. Normally +1 to hit and damage, it is +3 to hit and damage when used against racially-hated enemies. Examples of such enemies include paladins against chaotic evil creatures, rangers against giant-class, elves against drow, dwarves against orcs or goblins, etc.

Second Floor

The manor's second story is currently in use as Horaz's private residence. He stays here with his personal guards. Graf Twembly is also held here, in relative comfort, but under heavy

guard. Any sounds of combat will bring Horaz and his personal guards (see room G28) running in 1d4 rounds. See room G28 also for details on how Horaz will react during any encounter with the party.

G22. Drawing room

You are surprised to see how well-maintained this room is after the chaos downstairs. Brightly painted in yellow and white, this room's walls are lined with bookshelves, all kept in good order. A comfortable, wingback chair occupies each corner of the room, and the leaded-glass windows look out over the grounds. An elaborate, wrought-iron chandelier hangs in the middle of the room.

Horaz considers himself something of an intellectual; he uses this room for sitting and reading during the day, while he waits for word of the Pomarj army's arrival to come. He has expressly forbidden anyone else from entering the room, so it stands empty and relatively clean when the party enters. The books are all novels, historical treatises, and family documents, none of which hold any more than passing interest for the party.

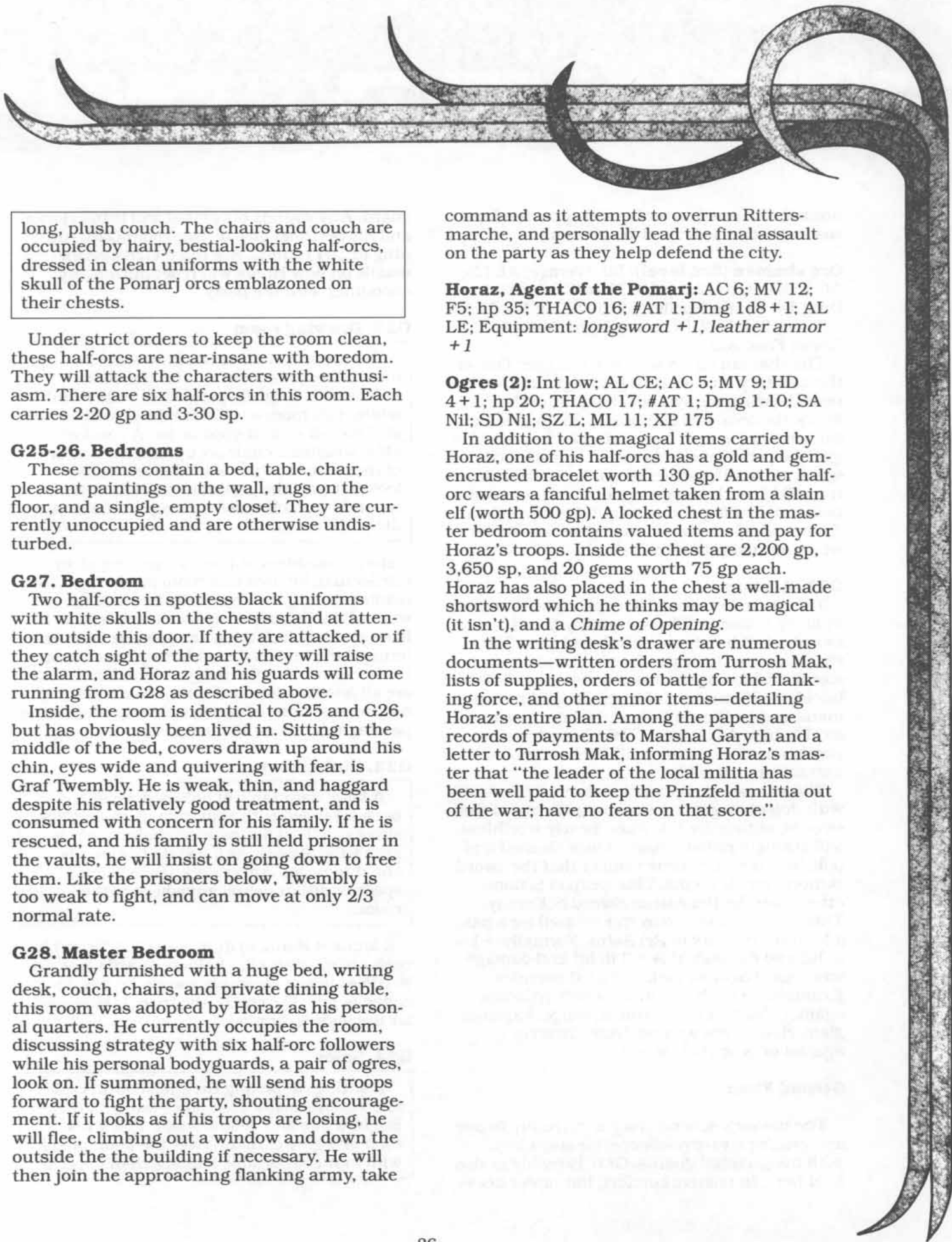
G23. Dining room

A long, dark table of polished wood has been arranged with elaborate place-settings, silver candlesticks, padded chairs, and elegant wine glasses, as if a state banquet is about to begin. Amazingly, there is not a speck of dirt or debris anywhere in the room.

It amuses Horaz to dine with Graf Twembly each night, while elite half-orc guards look on. Needless to say, Twembly's appetite has declined of late. Currently, the room is prepared for the night's dinner.

G24. Salon

Paintings depicting the Ulek countryside and various historical scenes hang on the bright white and yellow walls. Thick maroon and grey carpets cover the floor, along with four comfortable-looking chairs and a



long, plush couch. The chairs and couch are occupied by hairy, bestial-looking half-orcs, dressed in clean uniforms with the white skull of the Pomarj orcs emblazoned on their chests.

Under strict orders to keep the room clean, these half-orcs are near-insane with boredom. They will attack the characters with enthusiasm. There are six half-orcs in this room. Each carries 2-20 gp and 3-30 sp.

G25-26. Bedrooms

These rooms contain a bed, table, chair, pleasant paintings on the wall, rugs on the floor, and a single, empty closet. They are currently unoccupied and are otherwise undisturbed.

G27. Bedroom

Two half-orcs in spotless black uniforms with white skulls on the chests stand at attention outside this door. If they are attacked, or if they catch sight of the party, they will raise the alarm, and Horaz and his guards will come running from G28 as described above.

Inside, the room is identical to G25 and G26, but has obviously been lived in. Sitting in the middle of the bed, covers drawn up around his chin, eyes wide and quivering with fear, is Graf Twembly. He is weak, thin, and haggard despite his relatively good treatment, and is consumed with concern for his family. If he is rescued, and his family is still held prisoner in the vaults, he will insist on going down to free them. Like the prisoners below, Twembly is too weak to fight, and can move at only 2/3 normal rate.

G28. Master Bedroom

Grandly furnished with a huge bed, writing desk, couch, chairs, and private dining table, this room was adopted by Horaz as his personal quarters. He currently occupies the room, discussing strategy with six half-orc followers while his personal bodyguards, a pair of ogres, look on. If summoned, he will send his troops forward to fight the party, shouting encouragement. If it looks as if his troops are losing, he will flee, climbing out a window and down the outside the the building if necessary. He will then join the approaching flanking army, take

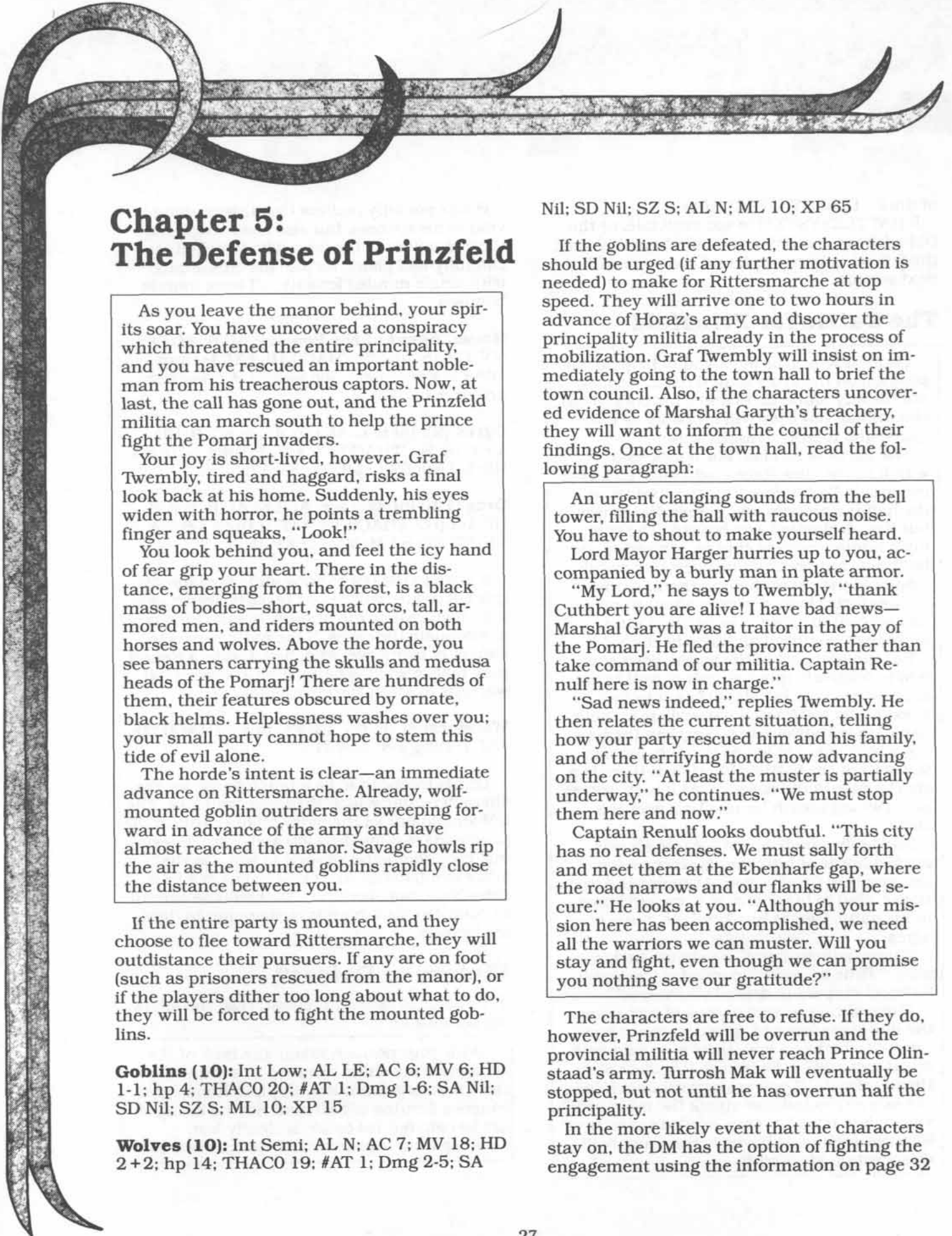
command as it attempts to overrun Rittersmarche, and personally lead the final assault on the party as they help defend the city.

Horaz, Agent of the Pomarj: AC 6; MV 12; F5; hp 35; THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1; AL LE; Equipment: *longsword +1*, *leather armor +1*

Ogres (2): Int low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 20; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ L; ML 11; XP 175

In addition to the magical items carried by Horaz, one of his half-orcs has a gold and gem-encrusted bracelet worth 130 gp. Another half-orc wears a fanciful helmet taken from a slain elf (worth 500 gp). A locked chest in the master bedroom contains valued items and pay for Horaz's troops. Inside the chest are 2,200 gp, 3,650 sp, and 20 gems worth 75 gp each. Horaz has also placed in the chest a well-made shortsword which he thinks may be magical (it isn't), and a *Chime of Opening*.

In the writing desk's drawer are numerous documents—written orders from Turrosh Mak, lists of supplies, orders of battle for the flanking force, and other minor items—detailing Horaz's entire plan. Among the papers are records of payments to Marshal Garyth and a letter to Turrosh Mak, informing Horaz's master that "the leader of the local militia has been well paid to keep the Prinzfeld militia out of the war; have no fears on that score."



Chapter 5: The Defense of Prinzfeld

As you leave the manor behind, your spirits soar. You have uncovered a conspiracy which threatened the entire principality, and you have rescued an important nobleman from his treacherous captors. Now, at last, the call has gone out, and the Prinzfeld militia can march south to help the prince fight the Pomarj invaders.

Your joy is short-lived, however. Graf Twembly, tired and haggard, risks a final look back at his home. Suddenly, his eyes widen with horror, he points a trembling finger and squeaks, "Look!"

You look behind you, and feel the icy hand of fear grip your heart. There in the distance, emerging from the forest, is a black mass of bodies—short, squat orcs, tall, armored men, and riders mounted on both horses and wolves. Above the horde, you see banners carrying the skulls and medusa heads of the Pomarj! There are hundreds of them, their features obscured by ornate, black helms. Helplessness washes over you; your small party cannot hope to stem this tide of evil alone.

The horde's intent is clear—an immediate advance on Rittersmarche. Already, wolf-mounted goblin outriders are sweeping forward in advance of the army and have almost reached the manor. Savage howls rip the air as the mounted goblins rapidly close the distance between you.

If the entire party is mounted, and they choose to flee toward Rittersmarche, they will outdistance their pursuers. If any are on foot (such as prisoners rescued from the manor), or if the players dither too long about what to do, they will be forced to fight the mounted goblins.

Goblins (10): Int Low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; ML 10; XP 15

Wolves (10): Int Semi; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 14; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SA

Nil; SD Nil; SZ S; AL N; ML 10; XP 65

If the goblins are defeated, the characters should be urged (if any further motivation is needed) to make for Rittersmarche at top speed. They will arrive one to two hours in advance of Horaz's army and discover the principality militia already in the process of mobilization. Graf Twembly will insist on immediately going to the town hall to brief the town council. Also, if the characters uncovered evidence of Marshal Garyth's treachery, they will want to inform the council of their findings. Once at the town hall, read the following paragraph:

An urgent clanging sounds from the bell tower, filling the hall with raucous noise. You have to shout to make yourself heard.

Lord Mayor Harger hurries up to you, accompanied by a burly man in plate armor.

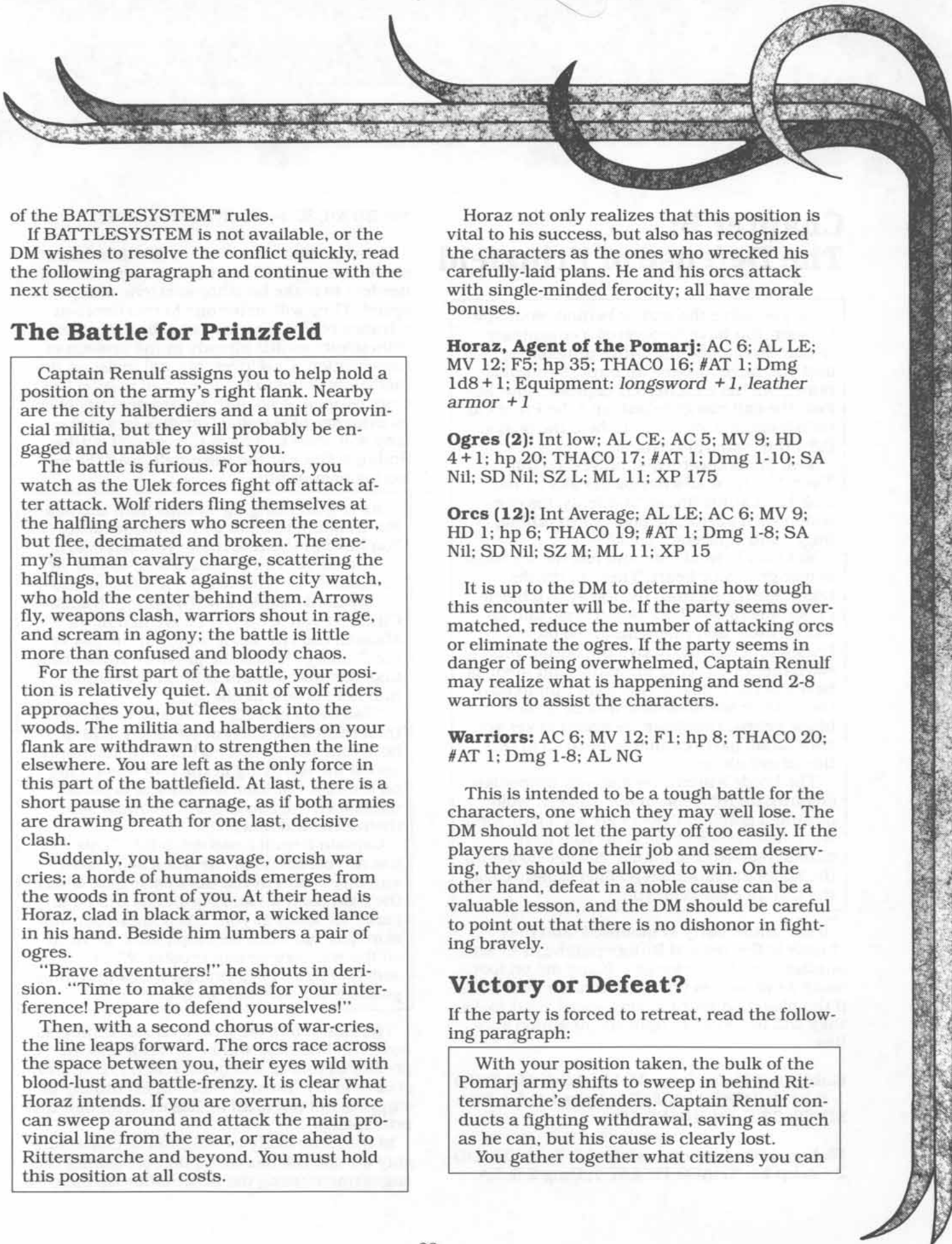
"My Lord," he says to Twembly, "thank Cuthbert you are alive! I have bad news—Marshal Garyth was a traitor in the pay of the Pomarj. He fled the province rather than take command of our militia. Captain Renulf here is now in charge."

"Sad news indeed," replies Twembly. He then relates the current situation, telling how your party rescued him and his family, and of the terrifying horde now advancing on the city. "At least the muster is partially underway," he continues. "We must stop them here and now."

Captain Renulf looks doubtful. "This city has no real defenses. We must sally forth and meet them at the Ebenharfe gap, where the road narrows and our flanks will be secure." He looks at you. "Although your mission here has been accomplished, we need all the warriors we can muster. Will you stay and fight, even though we can promise you nothing save our gratitude?"

The characters are free to refuse. If they do, however, Prinzfeld will be overrun and the provincial militia will never reach Prince Olinstaad's army. Turrosh Mak will eventually be stopped, but not until he has overrun half the principality.

In the more likely event that the characters stay on, the DM has the option of fighting the engagement using the information on page 32



of the BATTLESYSTEM™ rules.

If BATTLESYSTEM is not available, or the DM wishes to resolve the conflict quickly, read the following paragraph and continue with the next section.

The Battle for Prinzfeld

Captain Renulf assigns you to help hold a position on the army's right flank. Nearby are the city halberdiers and a unit of provincial militia, but they will probably be engaged and unable to assist you.

The battle is furious. For hours, you watch as the Ulek forces fight off attack after attack. Wolf riders fling themselves at the halfling archers who screen the center, but flee, decimated and broken. The enemy's human cavalry charge, scattering the halflings, but break against the city watch, who hold the center behind them. Arrows fly, weapons clash, warriors shout in rage, and scream in agony; the battle is little more than confused and bloody chaos.

For the first part of the battle, your position is relatively quiet. A unit of wolf riders approaches you, but flees back into the woods. The militia and halberdiers on your flank are withdrawn to strengthen the line elsewhere. You are left as the only force in this part of the battlefield. At last, there is a short pause in the carnage, as if both armies are drawing breath for one last, decisive clash.

Suddenly, you hear savage, orcish war cries; a horde of humanoids emerges from the woods in front of you. At their head is Horaz, clad in black armor, a wicked lance in his hand. Beside him lumbers a pair of ogres.

"Brave adventurers!" he shouts in derision. "Time to make amends for your interference! Prepare to defend yourselves!"

Then, with a second chorus of war-cries, the line leaps forward. The orcs race across the space between you, their eyes wild with blood-lust and battle-frenzy. It is clear what Horaz intends. If you are overrun, his force can sweep around and attack the main provincial line from the rear, or race ahead to Rittersmarche and beyond. You must hold this position at all costs.

Horaz not only realizes that this position is vital to his success, but also has recognized the characters as the ones who wrecked his carefully-laid plans. He and his orcs attack with single-minded ferocity; all have morale bonuses.

Horaz, Agent of the Pomarj: AC 6; AL LE; MV 12; F5; hp 35; THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 1; Equipment: *longsword +1, leather armor +1*

Ogres (2): Int low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4 + 1; hp 20; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ L; ML 11; XP 175

Orcs (12): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 6; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; SZ M; ML 11; XP 15

It is up to the DM to determine how tough this encounter will be. If the party seems over-matched, reduce the number of attacking orcs or eliminate the ogres. If the party seems in danger of being overwhelmed, Captain Renulf may realize what is happening and send 2-8 warriors to assist the characters.

Warriors: AC 6; MV 12; F1; hp 8; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; AL NG

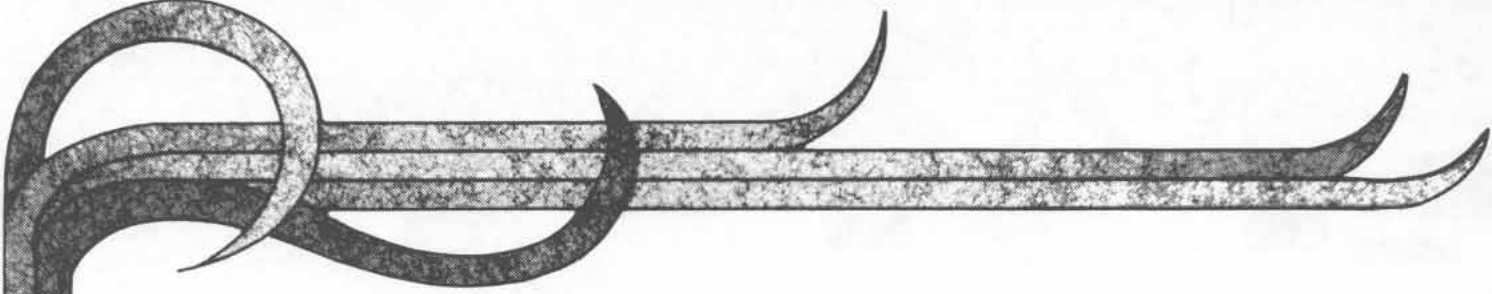
This is intended to be a tough battle for the characters, one which they may well lose. The DM should not let the party off too easily. If the players have done their job and seem deserving, they should be allowed to win. On the other hand, defeat in a noble cause can be a valuable lesson, and the DM should be careful to point out that there is no dishonor in fighting bravely.

Victory or Defeat?

If the party is forced to retreat, read the following paragraph:

With your position taken, the bulk of the Pomarj army shifts to sweep in behind Rittersmarche's defenders. Captain Renulf conducts a fighting withdrawal, saving as much as he can, but his cause is clearly lost.

You gather together what citizens you can



and join the stream of refugees fleeing south. Behind you, the sky grows bright from the light of a hundred fires. Rittersmarche is burning.

If the characters succeed in slaying or driving off all the attackers, read the following paragraph:

A great shout of triumph echoes from the battlefield. In the distance, you see Captain Renulf's forces advancing, the banners of Ulek waving proudly. Panic seizes the Pomarj forces as their center collapses, and Horaz's army dissolves into chaos.

A cavalryman gallops into the clearing, brandishing a fallen Pomarj banner. "We conquer!" he shouts. "The enemy is routed!"

You join him in a ragged cheer, then let the weariness of the past few days wash over you. The next day, you accompany the victorious militia south to join Prince Olinstaad's army, now under the command of Marshal Augustos Clinkerfire.

Rewards and Conclusion.

If the characters were defeated in the final battle with Horaz, read the following section:

You flee south, shepherding the refugees as best you can. You join the prince's army under Marshal Augustos Clinkerfire and aid in his skillful fighting withdrawal in the face of overwhelming odds. You fall back on the Lortmils, leaving half the principality conquered.

As you prepare for the final conflict with Turrosh Mak, you and the principality are given an unexpected reprieve. Preferring to plunder the riches of Celene, the Pomarj horde has turned north, leaving what is left of Ulek in peace. Warily, you realize that despite the fact that Prinzfled was conquered, you (and at least part of the principality) have survived.

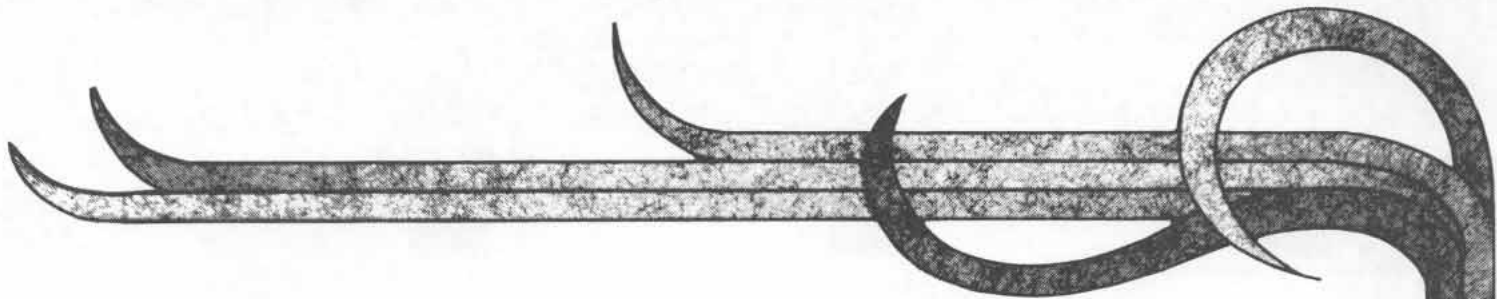
If the characters defeated Horaz, read them the following entry:

By the time you arrive, the initial battles have already taken place, and Marshal Clinkerfire has been forced back into the lower Lortmils. Turrosh Mak's army is closing in for the final kill. The arrival of your troops heartens the demoralized Ulek army. Realizing that he cannot easily win in the hills, Turrosh Mak breaks off the campaign and marches north. Half the principality has fallen, but at least Prinzfled remains free. Ulek will survive, to someday fight again.

The overall outcome of the war—half of the principality in enemy hands—is the same whether the characters defeated Horaz or not. The main difference between the outcomes is the status of the principality of Prinzfled. If the characters were defeated, Prinzfled is conquered and becomes a part of Turrosh Mak's "Kingdom Where None Has Stood." If the party was victorious, Prinzfled remains free, but its days of peace are over. The tiny province now exists on the border of the evil Pomarj empire.

Regardless of their success or failure, if the characters played well and fought bravely in his service, Prince Olinstaad will award each of them with a knighthood (an essentially meaningless title which nonetheless signifies his gratitude). Future missions against Turrosh Mak's new kingdom are a distinct possibility, as is a campaign to free Prinzfled if the province was conquered.

Additionally, characters will be given 500 gp each above any rewards previously agreed-upon, and will, of course, be allowed to keep any plunder which they obtained during the adventure.



Appendix: BATTLESYSTEM™ rules statistics

Use this section if you wish to fight out the Battle for Prinzfeld with the AD&D® BATTLESYSTEM™ rules. The following forces are involved in the battle:

The Pomarj

Deploy within six inches of the north edge of the mapboard. Pomarj forces automatically gain initiative on turn one.

24 Orcs

AD 6 AR 8 Hits 1 ML 11 MV 9
Vulnerable in daylight (-1 Morale, -1 to opponents' AR)

20 Orc Shortbow

AD 6*6 AR 8 Hits 1 ML 11 MV 9
Range: 5/10/15
Vulnerable in daylight

6 Goblin Cavalry

AD 10 AR 8 Hits 2 ML 10 MV 24
Vulnerable in daylight

12 Human Infantry

AD 6 AR 7 Hits 1 ML 11 MV 9

6 Human Light Cavalry

AD 8 AR 7 Hits 2 ML 12 MV 24

This battle is fought in daylight. The -1 penalty to the humanoids' ML has been subtracted from the ML of the troops listed above. The orcs are well-trained and receive a +1 bonus to their ML.

Ulek

Deploy within six inches of the south edge of the mapboard.

20 Prinzfeld Peasants

AD 4 AR 9 Hits 1 ML 7 MV 12
Irregular

12 Rittersmarche Militia

AD 6 AR 9 Hits 1 ML 11 MV 12
Irregular

8 Rittersmarche Halberdiers

AD 8 AR 7 Hits 2 ML 11 MV 9
Second rank can attack in melee

18 Halfling Skirmishers

AD 6*6 AR 8 Hits 1 ML 12 MV 9
Range: 5/10/15
Favored Terrain: Woods, brush/scrub
Considered invisible in favored terrain; +3 to opponents AR vs. missile attack

8 Ulek Light Cavalry

AD 8 AR 8 Hits 2 ML 12 MV 24

Optional Leaders

If the DM wishes to fight the battle using leaders, add the following forces:

Ulek

2 Knight Heroes

AD 10 AR 5 Hits 4 CD 8 MV 9

1 Captain

AD 8*8 AR 5 Hits 5 CD 16 MV 12
Range: 10/20/30
+1 Charisma bonus when used as leader

1 Lord Hero

AD 10 AR 3 Hits 7 CD 16 MV 9

(This represents Captain Renulf, leader of the Prinzfeld forces. His designation of "Captain" is a military rank unrelated to his BATTLESYSTEM rating.)

Pomarj

2 Knight Heroes

AD 10 AR 5 Hits 4 CD 8 MV 9

2 Captains

AD 8*8 AR 5 Hits 5 CD 16 MV 12
Range: 10/20/30
+1 Charisma bonus when used as leader
(One of these captains represents Horaz)

Characters in the battle

If the DM wishes to include the adventurers' party in the battle, convert the characters using the system described on page 106 of the BATTLESYSTEM rules.

Note that the characters' presence will severely weight the odds in favor of Ulek forces. This is not necessarily a bad thing, for it will more or less assure a victory for the good guys. If the DM wishes to make things a little more even, add several individuals or units of similar capabilities to the Pomarj forces.

Victory

The Pomarj player wins if he eliminates at least half of the Ulek force, OR exits half his troops off the south edge of the mapboard. The Ulek player wins if he avoids both of these victory conditions.

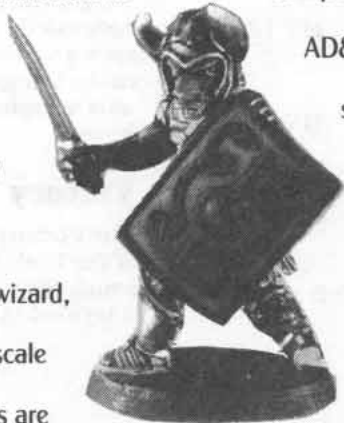


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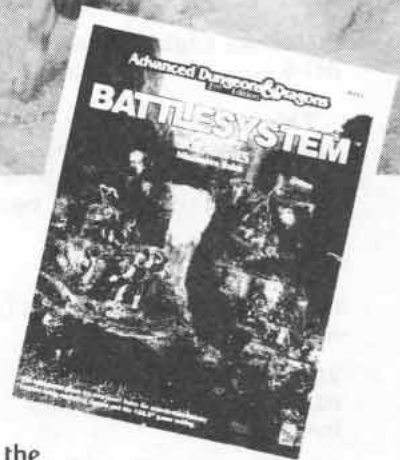
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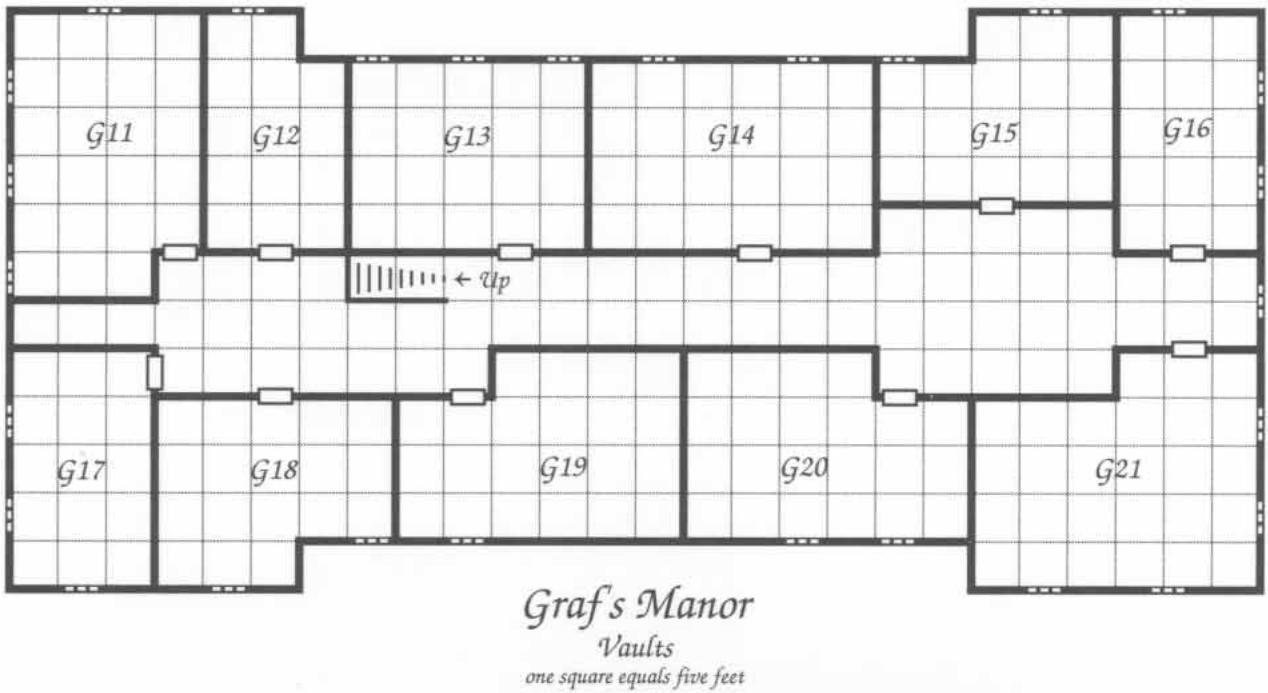
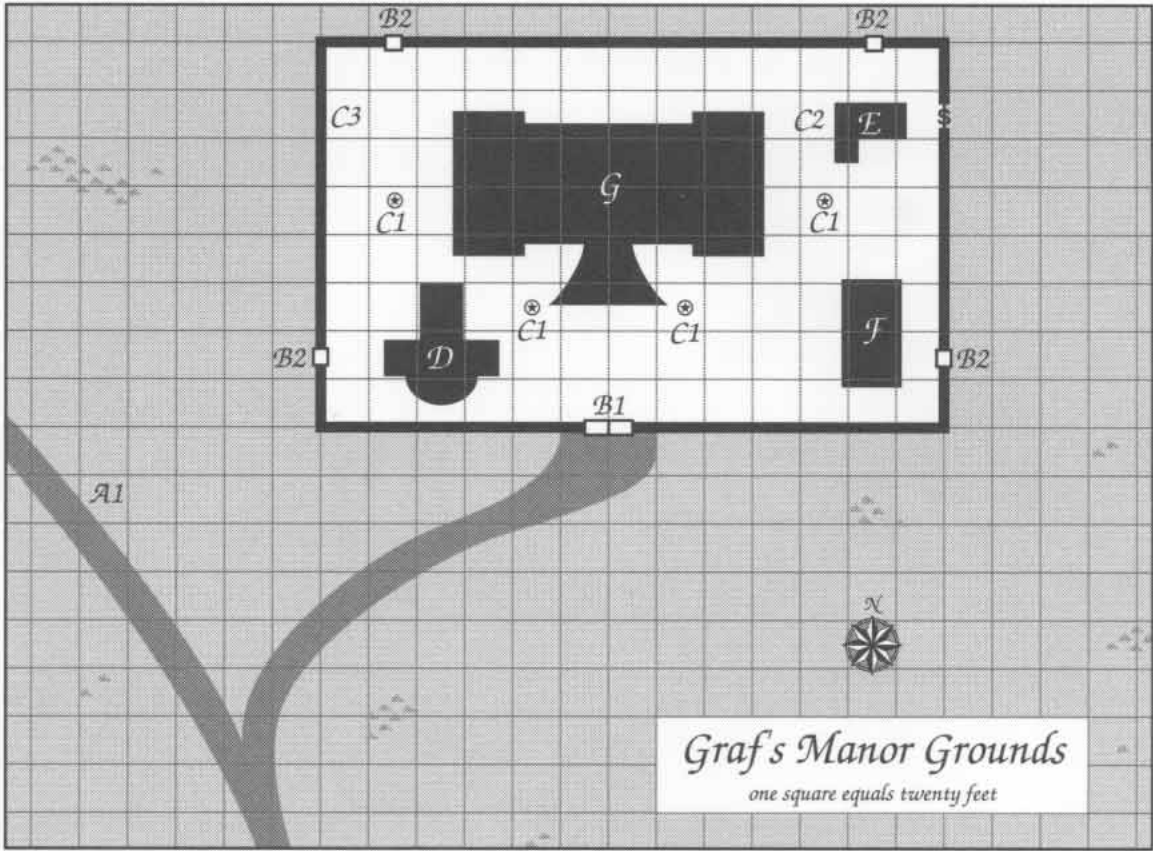
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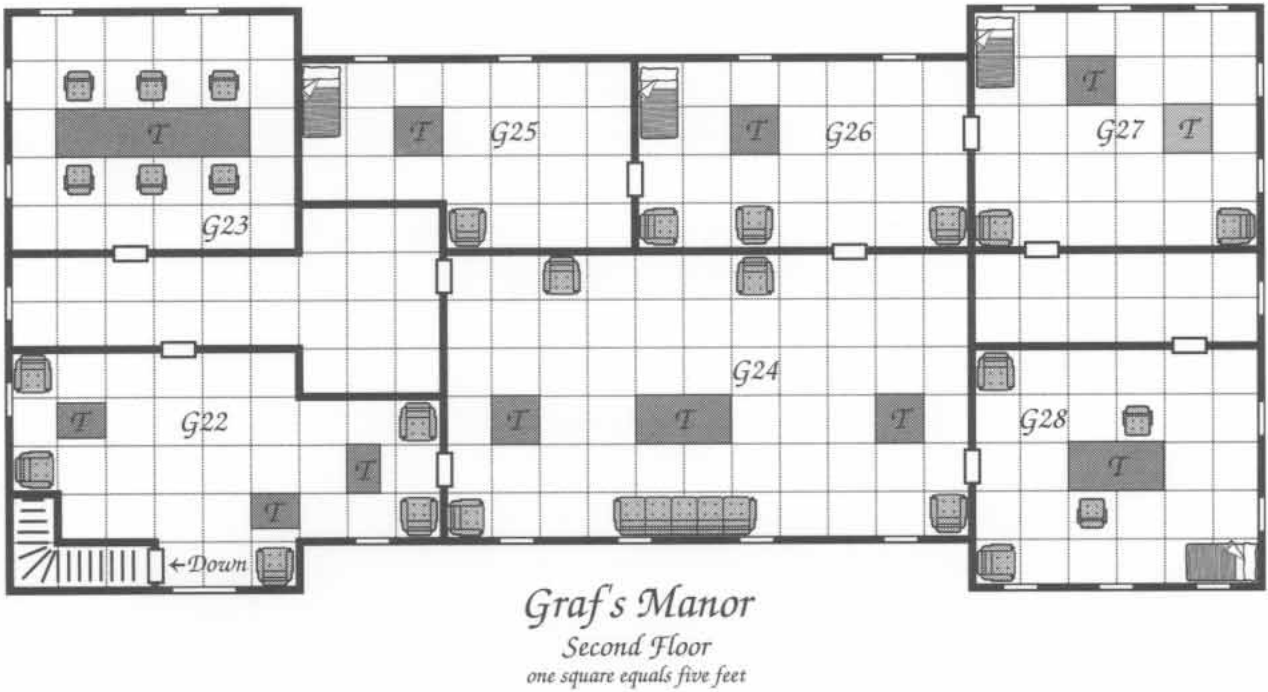
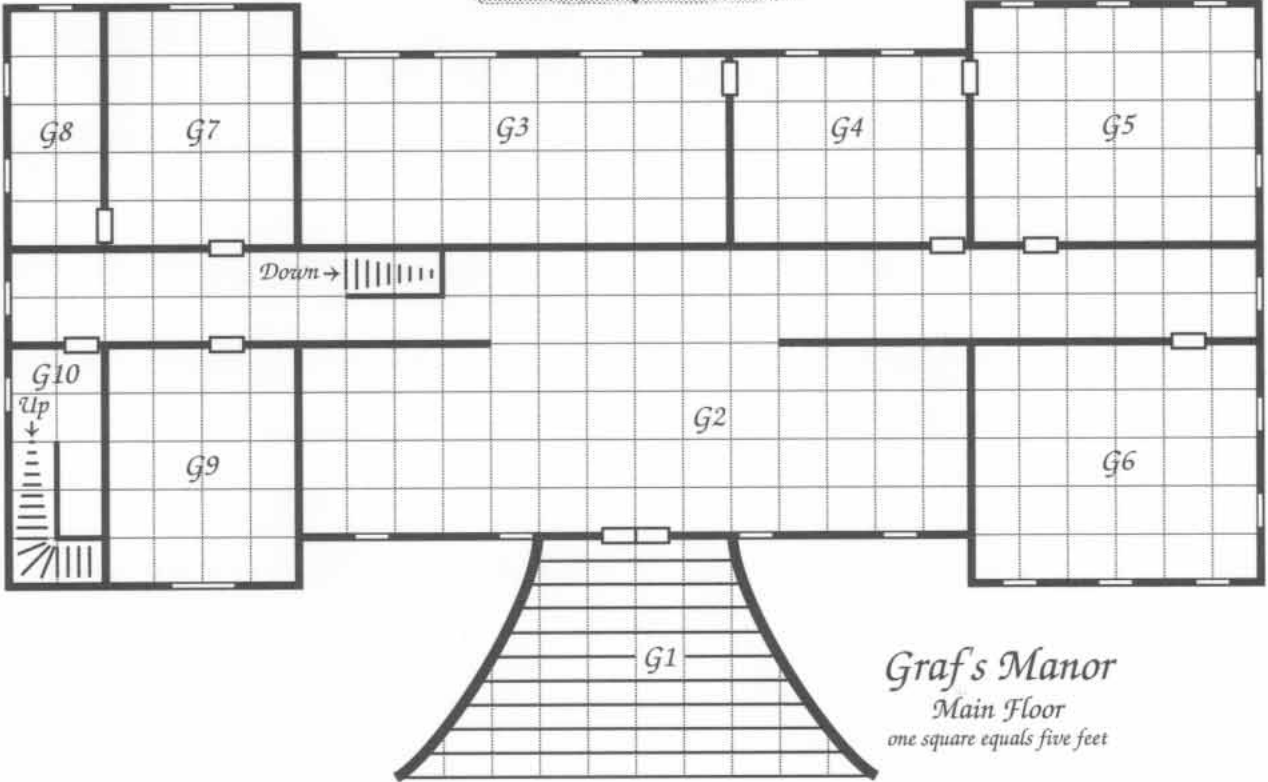


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Patriots of Ulek by Anthony Pryor

The Great War may be over, but the battles continue. Rumors and facts are often confused in the aftermath. Depending on who you listen to, Prinzfeld is either under attack or perfectly safe. Turrosh Mak is on his way, with hordes of orcs at his command—ridiculous, he would never attempt an invasion at this time. Graf Twembly is being held hostage, and near death—no, he's just under the weather and hasn't felt like coming out of the castle lately. A dwarven prince has requested your party's aid in quelling the coming invasion (if there

is one, of course). Do you take him at his honorable word, and gird yourselves for battle? Or do you listen to the street talk, and take the side of those who disbelieve the warmongering? Most importantly of all: what if you make the wrong choice?

Patriots of Ulek is the first module following the release of *GREYHAWK® Adventures Wars*, last year's landmark boxed wargame.

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ISBN 1-56076-449-X



\$6.95 U.S.
CAN \$8.50
£4.50 U.K.