

DLF1
Adventure

for players of all levels

9395

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
2nd Edition

Dragon Lance

Official Game
Adventure

NEW TALES

THE LAND REBORN

BY JOHN TERRA



ELMORE '80



Newports

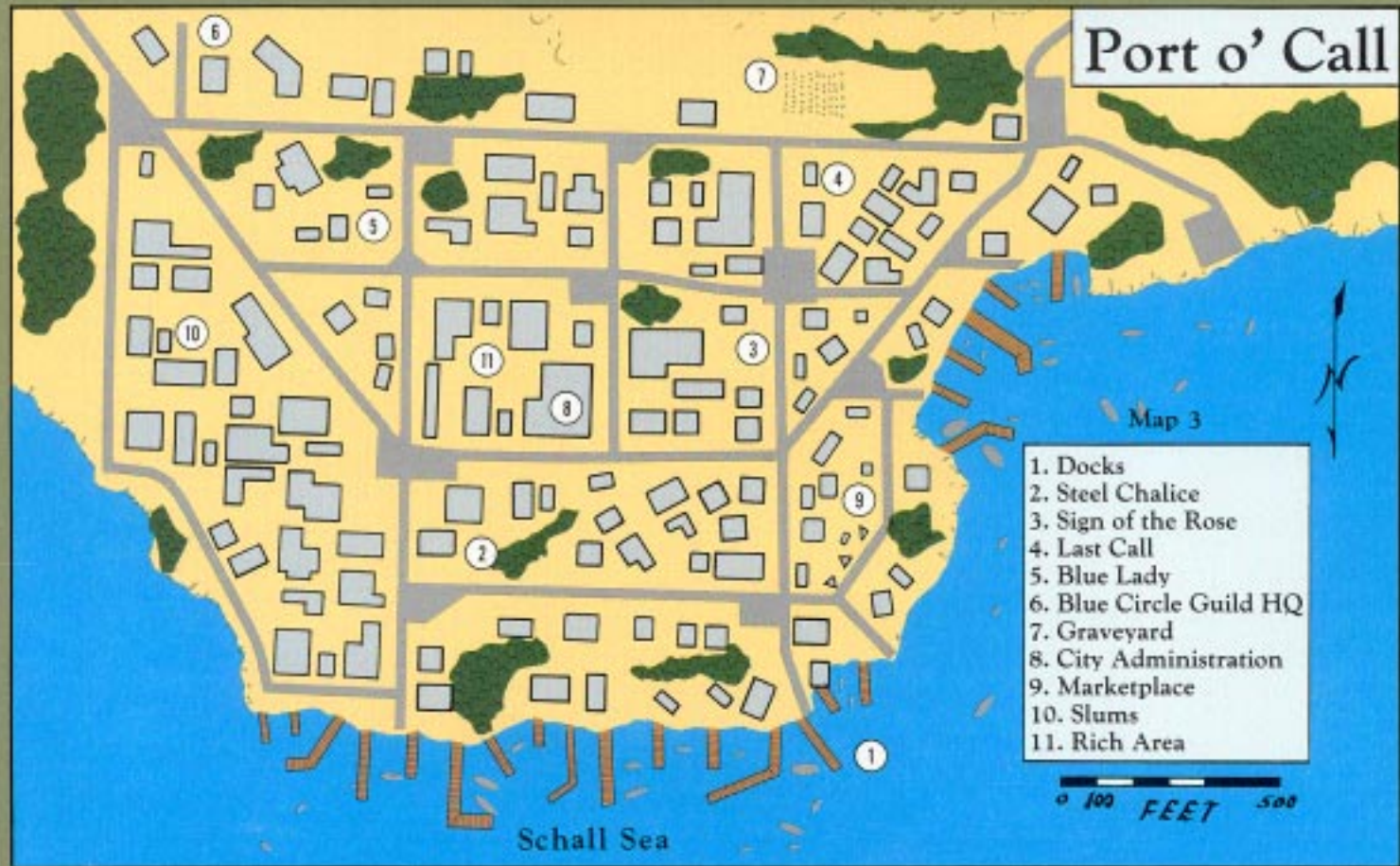


Map 2

1. Docks
2. Sign of the Whirlpool
3. Sea Gem
4. "Market"
5. Town Seat
6. Armor and Weapons
7. General Marketplace

0 50 100
FEET

Port o' Call



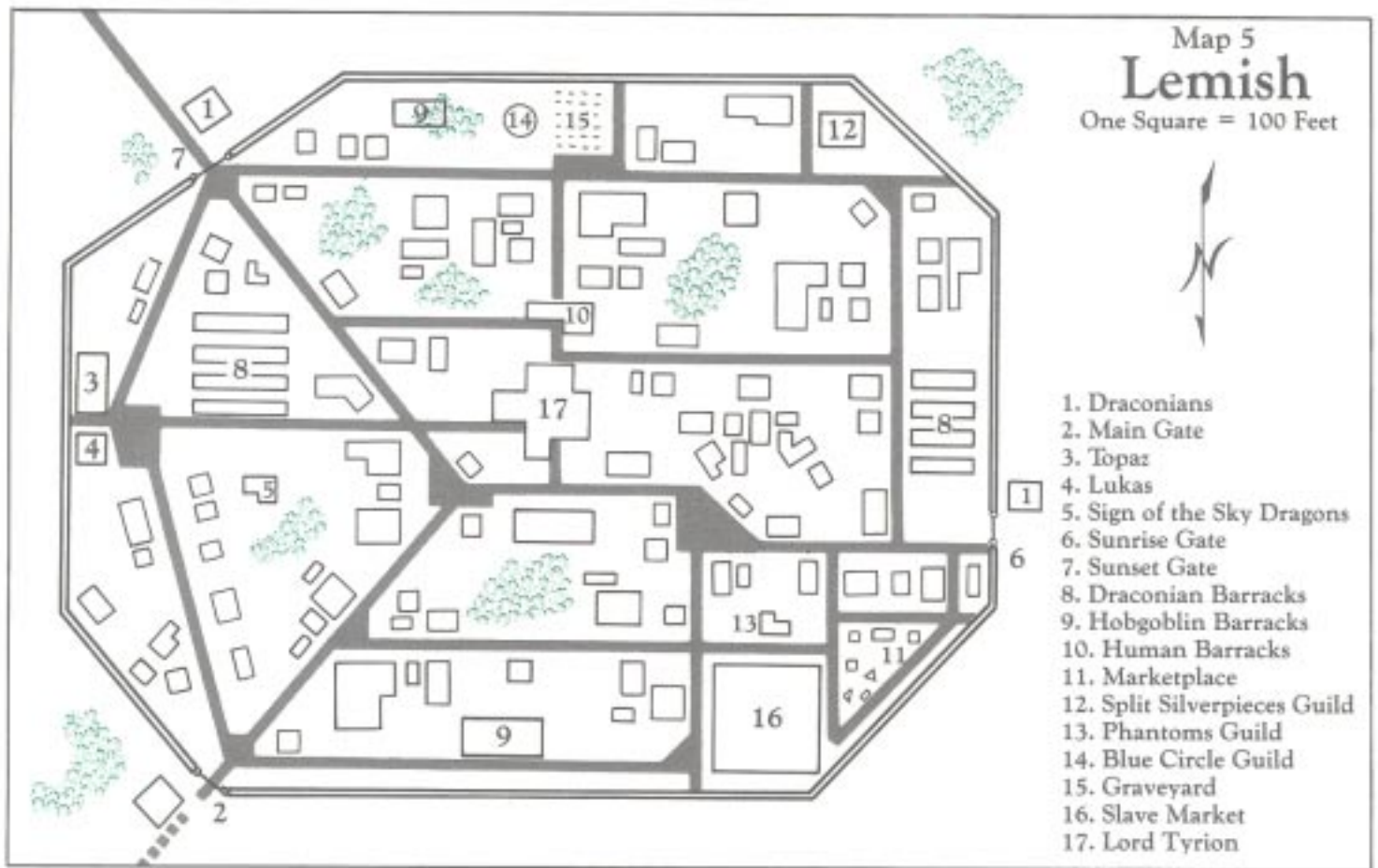
Map 3

1. Docks
2. Steel Chalice
3. Sign of the Rose
4. Last Call
5. Blue Lady
6. Blue Circle Guild HQ
7. Graveyard
8. City Administration
9. Marketplace
10. Slums
11. Rich Area

0 100 500
FEET

Schall Sea

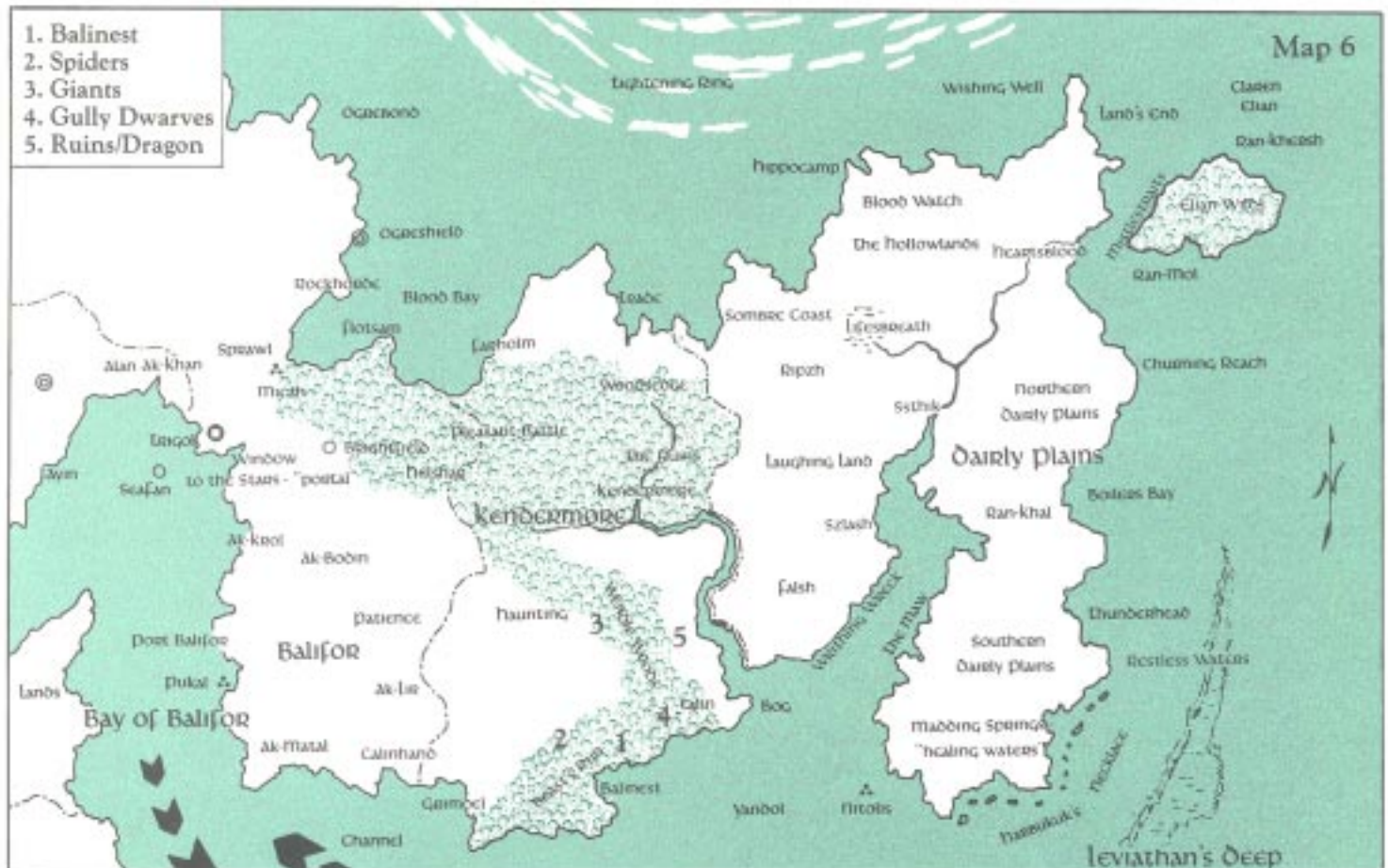
Map 5
Lemish
 One Square = 100 Feet

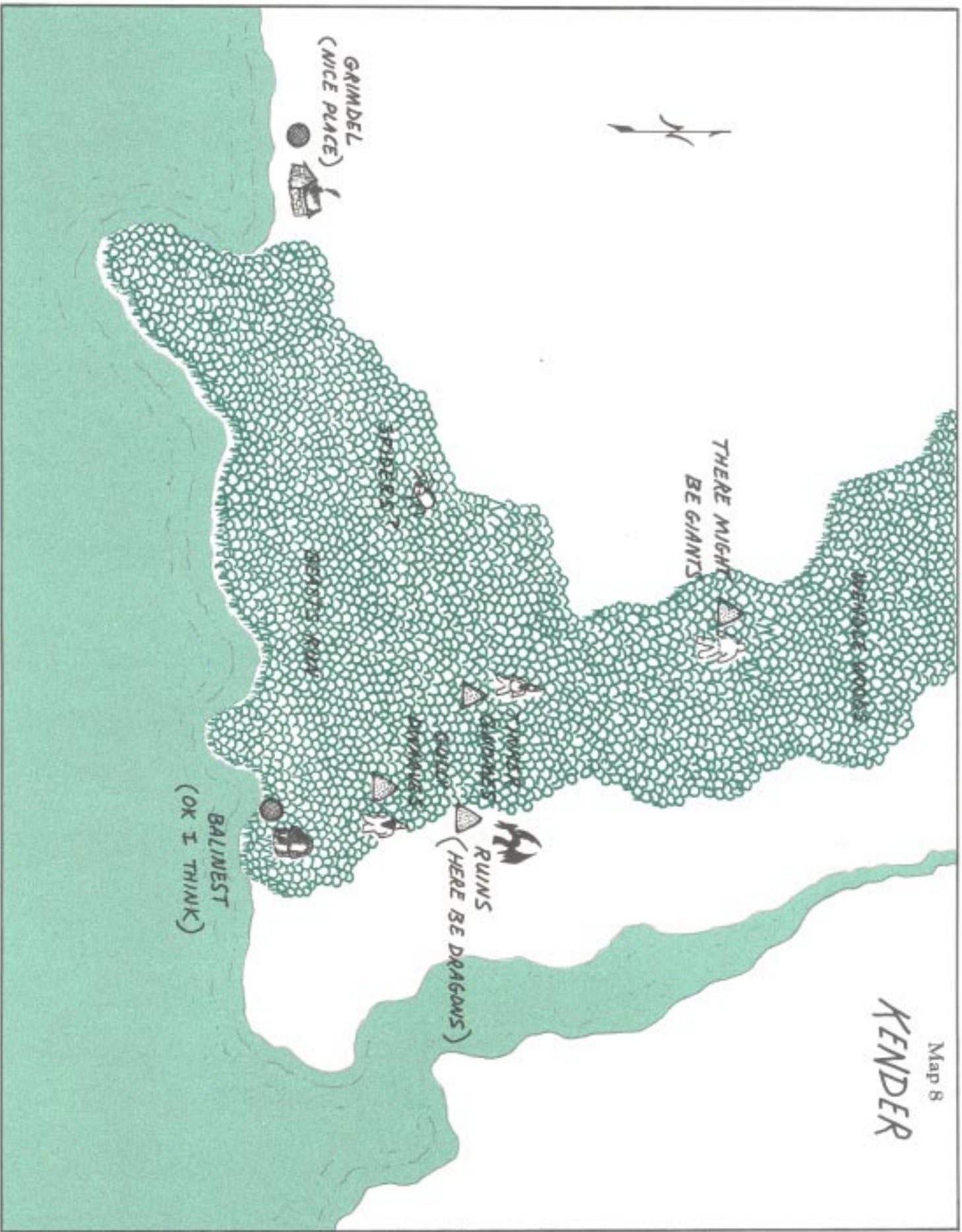


1. Draconians
2. Main Gate
3. Topaz
4. Lukas
5. Sign of the Sky Dragons
6. Sunrise Gate
7. Sunset Gate
8. Draconian Barracks
9. Hobgoblin Barracks
10. Human Barracks
11. Marketplace
12. Split Silverpieces Guild
13. Phantoms Guild
14. Blue Circle Guild
15. Graveyard
16. Slave Market
17. Lord Tyrion

1. Balinest
2. Spiders
3. Giants
4. Gully Dwarves
5. Ruins/Dragon

Map 6





GRIMDEL
(NICE PLACE)



SPIDERS

DEATHS RAIN

THERE MIGHT
BE GIANTS



BALINEST
(OK I THINK)



RUIINS
(HERE BE DRAGONS)



KENDER

Map 8



Official Game Accessory

NEW TALES: THE LAND REBORN

BY JOHN TERRA

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INTRODUCTION

Once more the land of Krynn beckons to the Heroes of the Lance. For though Takhisis has been defeated, still her minions roam the lands, oppressing good folk everywhere.

The call has gone up for heroes to help clean up the dregs of Takhisis's Dragonarmies. In this booklet you will find adventures in the post-war world of Krynn. Players will once again play the familiar roles of Tasslehoff, Caramon, Raistlin, Goldmoon, Riverwind, Tika, Tanis, and Laurana. Many dangers await these bold heroes, for draconians and other evil monsters still rule large parts of Ansalon.

In the adventures contained herein, the Heroes of the Lance will be called to Kendermore, Abanasinia, Ergoth, and many other locales throughout Ansalon. In these places and more, evil still holds sway and must be routed before the wounds of the War can be healed.

Some of the adventures call for certain heroes to be present, but for the most part players are free to choose from the eight pregenerated (and very familiar to fans of the DRAGONLANCE® saga) player characters detailed on pages 92 to 95.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DRAGONLANCE® ADVENTURES

A proper DRAGONLANCE campaign bases itself around the struggle of good versus evil and around the characters' relationships in and with the world. Not every adventure is an earth-shaking event, destined to alter the history of Krynn. However, every one of them should embody the struggle that characterizes the epic quality of the DRAGONLANCE game world. While most campaigns are simply a collection of adventurers' stories, the DRAGONLANCE saga draws these stories together into a coherent whole of epic proportions.

DRAGONLANCE adventures promote the power of truth over falsehood, justice over injustice, and good over evil. Good actions will generally be rewarded with blessings, while evil actions entail grave consequences. Though evil may gain a temporary foothold in a story, good should eventually win out.

DRAGONLANCE adventures tend to focus less on the combative aspects of the AD&D® game, and more on thinking and role-playing. Interpersonal relationships are a key facet of DRAGONLANCE game play.

The world of Krynn is markedly different from others. Any DM who runs adventures within Krynn should be aware of these differences. A good place to gather this information is in the *DRAGONLANCE Adventures* hardbound book, or the *New Tales* boxed set. The features that are most distinct include new races, the moons of Krynn and their influences on magic, and the Knights of Solamnia. The races unique to Krynn include the kender, draconians, and Krynn minotaurs. Each of these lends a unique flavor to the game.

The effectiveness of magic on Krynn depends on the three moons. When one's "patron moon" wanes, so does the efficacy of one's magic. The DM must pay careful attention to the phases of the moons when magic is in play.

The Knighthood of Solamnia is the enforcing arm of good. Its goals are not so much to win more land and glory for good, but to stem the tide of evil on Ansalon. The knights are the main force for chivalry, law, and goodness on this continent, and they constantly seek to keep the people aware of the knightly ideals.

And now, the people of Ansalon cry out for the return of the Heroes of the Lance, for much evil is afoot in the lands. On to adventure!

SCENARIO ONE: WAYWARD WAYLAN

In which Tika Waylan finds a clue to the whereabouts of her wandering rogue of a father, Alleran Waylan.

Start Up: This adventure requires the characters of Tika Waylan and Caramon Majere. It takes place after the War of the Lance, but before Tika and Caramon get married.

Caramon's brother Raistlin could also be included, as he was a protege of Alleran Waylan. Tasslehoff is another good candidate.

The party should consist of four to six PCs. The action begins in the ruined village of Solace, in the midst of rebuilding after the War.

This adventure, besides allowing the players to role-play Tika's search for her father, provides them with a whirlwind tour of certain portions of postwar Ansalon. This is an adventure of travel, complete with overland journeys, a sea trip, inn-hopping, and other such niceties.

DMs should play up the feel of Ansalon as a place that is rebuilding after the War of the Lance. Remember, the restoration of the Knights of Solamnia and the return of the gods are big news. Though the people may still be a bit dazed in the wake of the recent war, there is also careful hope and enthusiasm.

TRACKING ALLERAN

There may be a temptation for PCs with the Tracking proficiency to try to use it to follow Alleran's tracks. This will not work for several reasons: first, no one knows what Alleran's footprints look like. Second, Alleran has been missing for over a month, and his tracks are sure to have been obliterated by the elements, animals, and other travelers. (The DM, however, has the advantage of Map 1: Waylan's Route.)

A DISGRUNTLED LEAD

Read the following to the PCs:

The War of the Lance has been over for ten months now. The citizens of Solace are busy rebuilding their devastated town. As Heroes of the Lance, your skills at warfare are not what is needed, but rather your strong shoulders are required for the task of reconstruction.

The War of the Lance has been over for ten months now. The citizens of Solace are busy rebuilding their devastated town. As Heroes of the Lance, your skills at warfare are not what is needed, but rather your strong shoulders are required for the task of reconstruction.

On one sunny morning, three riders gallop into town. You watch as they talk briefly with some of the other townsfolk. Eventually, one of the townspeople points in your direction.

With renewed purpose, the trio rides toward you. At about a hundred paces, the men dismount and walk toward your group. The middle man wears a noticeable scowl. The other two men walk one pace behind him on either side, their hands close to the hilts of their sheathed swords.

The three men come right up to your group. The first man, the scowler, looks you over. Though he wears a sword, he seems to be less of a warrior than the two other men, who bear the scars of many campaigns.

The first man clears his throat. "I seek Tika Waylan, daughter of Alleran Waylan. Are you she?" His tone is harsh.

Wait for the group to respond. Providing the response is not hostile, and one of the PCs is identified as Tika, continue reading.

The man nods his head with satisfaction and a bit of relief, though anger is still foremost on his mind. "Very well, then. I want my money. I want all of it." He folds his arms and waits. The two men take a step forward, their hands now resting casually on their sword hilts.

Again, allow the PCs to react. It should be stressed to them that the men have not made any overtly hostile moves. The first man, Ansun, seems genuinely upset about something. When pressed for information, the man's cheeks turn crimson and he barks his explanation.

"Not two months ago, while visiting Newports, I purchased a warding charm from a so-called wizard. Oh, he seemed friendly enough, and his words spoke much of his level of com-





petence. These are uncertain times we live in, and a little extra magical protection may be all that stands between safety and an attack by wayward draconians.

"Several days after this purchase, my three bodyguards and I did indeed run afoul of some draconians, and we received the bad end of it. As you can tell, that is, if you can count, I now have two bodyguards. The charm failed.

"It became obvious that the wizard was a fraud. I paid good steel for that worthless charm! Well, I was determined to hunt down the miscreant and teach him a good lesson, as well as to get my money back, but the charlatan had already left town! There was talk that he had taken a boat to Port o' Call.

"During our business negotiations for the charm, the charlatan identified himself as Alleran Waylan. He assured me that the charm was genuine, and told me that he had a living relative in Solace who would be able to speak on his behalf. That relative, I guess, is you.

"I decided that traveling from Newports to Solace was far easier than traveling across

Newsea to Lemish. So this is what brings me here, anxious to be recompensed for my troubles. Well? What have you to say?"

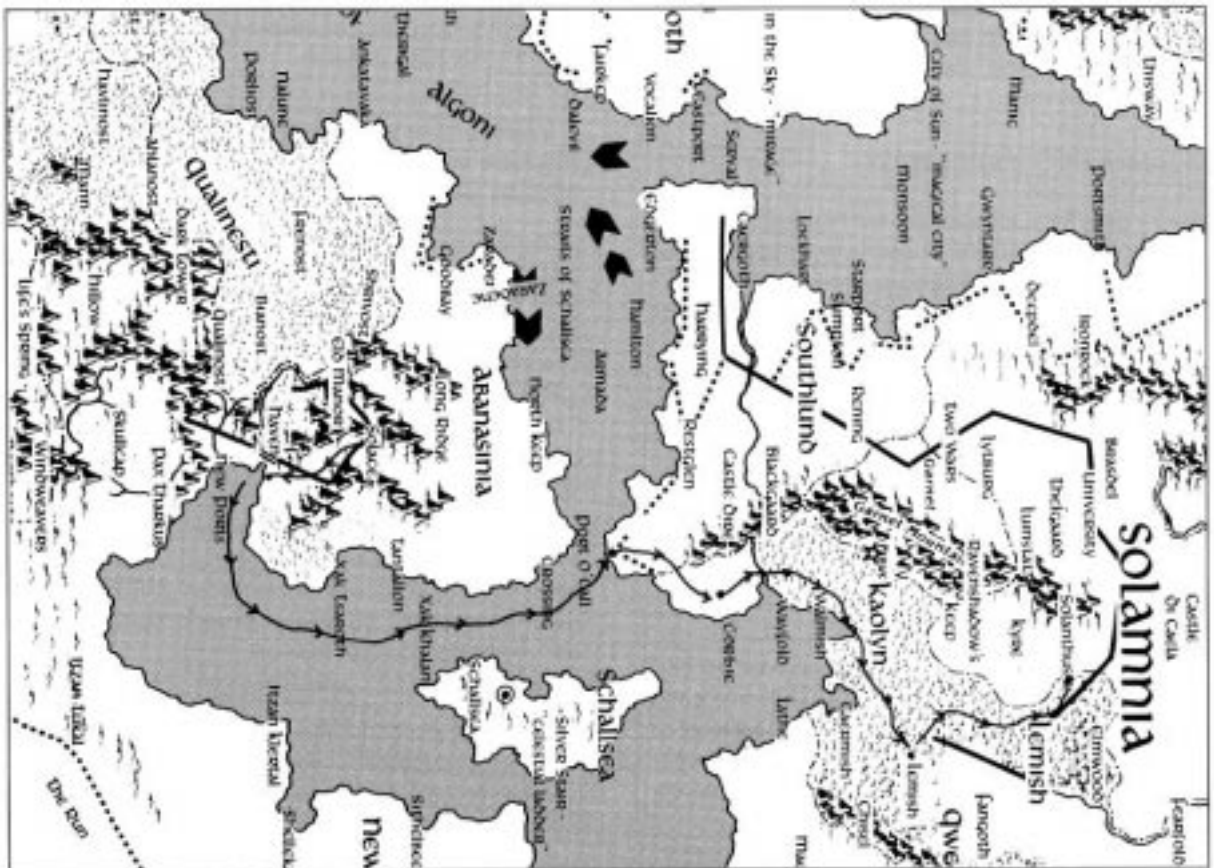
Getting through this encounter is going to take some diplomacy. The man has clearly been wronged. He wants some sort of compensation, and he will not leave until he has been satisfied.

Since Ansun paid a thousand steel pieces for the charm, and Tika does not have that kind of money, there is only one civilized course: Tika must find Alleran. Ansun will agree to this if Tika suggests it. If none of the PCs suggests it, then have Ansun offer the idea.

The terms are simple: Ansun will meet Tika and her friends at the Inn of the Last Home two months from now. During that time, Tika should either retrieve her father and bring him to Solace, or at least get Ansun's money back.

Tika and her friends already have a solid lead—while in Newports, Alleran caught a boat across Newsea.

Once the agreement has been reached, Ansun is somewhat mollified and is even apologetic for his earlier outbursts.



Just in case things between the PCs and Ansun's group get testy, the NPC stats follow:

Ansun Surehand: AC 5; MV 9; F6; hp 48; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); AL LN; ML 12; XP 300.

Ansun wears chain armor and wields a *long sword +1*. He has a purse with 1,000 stl. In a pouch in his cloak he has some hastily scribbled notes, useful especially if the PCs kill him before he can explain the situation. The notes tell everything that Ansun would have said if he had the chance.

Ansun is a former warrior, now a merchant from Palanthus. Though he is abrupt and easily angered, he is a fair man.

Mercenaries (2): AC 5; MV 9; F8; hp 60; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (short bows and flight arrows); AL N; ML 13; XP 700

Each man has a purse with 25 stl. The mercenaries are loyal to Ansun and defend him to the death.

The trio does not accompany the PCs, but rather conducts some business in Solace, and stays at the Inn of the Last Home.

The DM should run the journey from Solace to Newports as a typical overland trip, possibly with a random encounter or two, but no great threats. The trip is 30 miles long, provided the PCs stick to the roads.

MAP 2: NEWPORTS

This small town located on the shore of Newsea is the only decent place to get a boat. Unfortunately, Alleran Waylan has already been here and has made quite an impression.

The little town of Newports lies quietly on the shore of Newsea. As you reach the town limits, you can easily make out the docks, two inns, a marketplace, and an official-looking building, perhaps serving as a town hall or similar function.

At the docks, a number of boats bob gently at their moorings. All in all, Newports appears to be a quiet seaside town, apparently prospering in the postwar times.

TOWN KEY

1. The Docks: This area is a series of wooden piers and warehouses. No one but the minotaurs knows anything about Alleran.

There are currently eight boats moored at the piers. Of these, five are fishing boats and are not for hire. The remaining three are:

The *Rockhull*, a gnomish steam-powered paddle-wheel vessel. The vessel is not going to Port o' Call, but the 48 tinker gnomes manning the ship are more than glad to give the PCs a free sail to San- crist. Half the time the ship is at sea, the steam engine does not work and the crew uses the backup sails. There is a cumulative 1% chance per day that the ship simply turns turtle and sinks. The chance is reduced to zero whenever the ship makes port.

The *Sealance*, a human-owned vessel from Sanction. It plans to cast off at dawn and head to Port o' Call. The fare is 5 stl/person. The crew consists of 24 able-bodied seamen and their captain, a fat, old, slovenly salt named Captain Lump.

Sailors (24): AC 8; MV 12; F2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (cutlass), 1d4 (dagger); AL CG; ML 13; XP 35

Each sailor has a suit of leather armor, a cutlass, and a dagger balanced for throwing.

The *Sea's Horns*, a minotaur vessel from Mithas. This was the vessel that Waylan took. He paid for his boat fare with magically altered coins, and also managed to swindle the crew out of some of their valuables in some loaded games of chance.

If the crew finds out that a friend or relative of Waylan's is around, that person is challenged to an honor duel, a one-on-one non-lethal combat.

If the PC loses, he must forfeit all cash to the minotaurs, or serve for four weeks aboard the ship. Should the PC win, the crew takes the PC and all companions wherever they wish to go.

Minotaurs (18): AC 7; MV 12; F6 (Mariners); hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10+1 (lajang polearm); AL LN; ML 14; XP 650

The lajang is a polearm with a crescent blade. The shaft can be used to bludgeon opponents. This is the favored weapon for the honor duel. Each minotaur also has a pouch of 10 gp.

The minotaur captain is called Naytaugh. If asked, he explains that Alleran hired the minotaurs to take him to Port o' Call a month ago. Naytaugh remembers hearing Alleran say "A blue lady waits for me!"





2. The Sign of the Whirlpool: This inn is a dive, a place where the dregs and lowlifes gather. It is also the place where the minotaurs enjoy drinking and brawling. There is a 40% chance per hour that 1d4 minotaurs are present.

None here (except the minotaurs) know about Alleran Waylan. There is a 65% chance that each PC gets involved in a fight, and a 30% chance that each PC has his pockets picked.

Rooms are 3 sp and are poor quality.

3. The Sea Gem: This is a place that middle class and better folk frequent. It is also where Alleran stayed, and his tab remains unpaid (current debt: 25 stl). If the innkeeper or barmaids learn that Tika is here, they demand that she pay her father's bill. Refusal results in a summoning of town guards equal to twice the number of PCs.

Rooms here are 3 gp, and well worth it.

4. The Market: Between sunrise and sunset, this is the place to purchase general supplies, food, drink, and anything else that the PCs need.

There is a 30% chance per hour that each PC has his or her pocket picked.

5. The Town Seat: This building functions as the city hall, constabulary, and general meeting hall. The basement contains ten cells for rowdies and other miscreants (such as those who do not pay their father's inn tabs!).

The constabulary has a notice of a bounty on the head of one Alleran Waylan, wanted for fraud and cheating. As long as Tika and her friends act in an honest manner while in town, they are not given a rough time.

The town seat always has six guards on duty.

Town Guards: AC 5; MV 9; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword), 1d6 (club); AL LG; ML 12; XP 35

Each guard has a suit of chain mail with the town's coat of arms, plus a short sword, club, badge of office, and whistle. When patrolling the town, the guards are encountered in pairs.

THE VOYAGE ACROSS

Regardless of which vessel the PCs use to cross the Newsea to Port o' Call, the ship is attacked twice, once at dusk, and once at mid-day.

1. Sea Monsters at Sundown: As the sun goes down, the PCs and crew of the vessel feel a thumping below. This happens several times, then stops.

Several minutes later, the thumping resumes. It is a juvenile amphi dragon having some sport with the boat before it attacks. The DM should feel free to have the beast thump as many times as necessary to unnerve the PCs. Once the PCs are truly shaken (or very annoyed), the amphi dragon's head surfaces starboard (right) of the ship and attacks anyone on deck.

Amphi Dragon: AC 3; MV 6, Sw 24; HD 9; hp 63; THACO 11; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d8/1d8/1d20; SA acid breath (4d6+4), tongue; AL NE; ML 16; XP 4,000

The dragon's tongue is eight feet long. If it is used to attack a victim and succeeds in a roll against AC 10, the victim is held fast and dragged into the dragon's mouth by the end of the round. In this condition, the victim is automatically hit by the dragon's bite each round. When the victim reaches 0 hit points, the dragon swallows the victim in the next round.

Each time anyone hits the dragon in melee, he must roll a successful dexterity check or suffer 1d6 points of damage from squirting acid.

The dragon has a treasure of 2,000 stl concealed in a shipwreck on the ocean floor directly below the PCs' ship.

2. Pirates: During midday watch, the lookouts (perhaps a PC on guard duty) spot a sail on the horizon. The ship is heading toward the PCs' ship, but does not give any clue as to its intention until it just passes them. Suddenly, the other vessel veers sharply toward the PCs' ship and lets fly a barrage of arrows from the crew. After two such salvos, the ship closes and the crew attempts to board.

Pirates (32): AC 8; MV 12; F2; hp 12; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (cutlass), 1d6 (short bow); AL NE; ML 12; XP 35

Each pirate has leather armor, cutlass, short bow, 24 flight arrows, and at least one piece of

gold jewelry worth 10 stl.

The pirate captain is Jekett Neverwant, a half-sea-elf who feels unwanted by both the air-breathing human society and the Dimernesti (shoal elves).

Jekett Neverwant: AC 2; MV 12; F6/T8; THACO 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+2 (*cut/ass +2*), 1d6 (short bow); SA thieving abilities, triple damage surprise backstab; AL NE; ML 14; XP 700

Jekett wears *leather armor +3* and has Dexterity 17. He wields a *cutlass +2*. Jekett can breathe water, but he cannot shapechange. He has bluish-white skin, long silver hair, and piercing, dark green eyes. Jekett's sour attitude on life gives his mouth a perpetual sneer. He is cruel and unmerciful.

If the pirates defeat the PCs and their allies, the losing NPCs are put to death. The PCs are stripped of their gear, thrown into the brig, and sold as slaves in the city of Sanction.

The pirate ship, the *Reaver*, has a hold filled with 5,000 stl.

If at all possible, Jekett should escape if his side is losing, perhaps falling into the sea from a presumed hit, only to come back again to pursue the PCs in the future.

MAP 3: PORT O' CALL

Once the PCs arrive, read the following.

At last, you reach the seaside city of Port o' Call! One look at the harbor reveals how the city got its name. At the docks, scores of vessels are moored, loading and unloading cargo. Ansalon is a continent in the midst of rebuilding, and nothing helps commerce as much as a victorious war.

A small pilot boat escorts your ship into an empty berth. Once the boat is secured, your captain bids you farewell and suggests that you debark, for he has other matters to attend to.

On the dock itself, the pace is frantic. Burly longshoremen load and unload vessels, while fishermen display their catches. Criers march up and down the docks advertising some of the city's best inns.

But by far, the biggest commotion involves a rather flustered man surrounded by at least a half-dozen kender. The man is clutching the hair on the sides of his head, and seems to be running out of patience.





The kender are all speaking at once. Some are pulling things from the man's pockets and holding them up to the man (who of course is so confused that he does not see them doing this and thus takes no notice). Seeing that the man shows no interest in the objects, the kender put them in their own pouches for safe-keeping.

Despite the din, you can clearly hear the man's exasperated shouts. "For the last time, I have nary an idea on the whereabouts of Waylan! Please, by the gods, leave me in peace and let me tend to the docks!"

The kender, however, appear unconvinced, and continue pressing the issue. Judging by the tone of their voices, the kender seem to be in awe of Waylan and are desperately seeking him out.

It is possible that the PCs will want to steer clear of the kender. There is nothing wrong with this. Merely allow the kender to end their questioning and move on, leaving the befuddled (and poorer) dock master alone. This gives the PCs a chance to

talk to the dock master and ask for recommendations for lodging and the like.

The dock master can recommend three fine inns—the Sign of the Rose, the Last Call, and the Sign of the Steel Chalice.

If asked about a "blue lady," the dock master will scowl and mutter something about it being "the worst bar in the city."

1. Finding Information: If the PCs attempt to talk to the kender, the small folks' focus shifts from the befuddled dock master to the party. If the kender are queried about Alleran, read the following:

The spokesman of the group, one Buzzbin Quickfingers, approaches you and clears his throat.

"Hi there! You want to know about Alleran Waylan? Such a nice guy! The seven of us come from Hilo, and we arrived here in this nice city, oh, about a month ago.

"There we were, without knowing a soul. In fact, lots of people seemed to be rather rude to us, failing to thank us for our finding the things



that they had so carelessly mislaid. I tell you, these city people are so absent-minded!

"Anyway, we were staying at the Last Call, when this really nice big fellow in green robes wanders over to our table and shows us some things that we had dropped from *our* pouches!

"What a nice man! Anyway, we shared some drinks, and he taught us how to search more efficiently for objects that others leave behind. He also played some funny card tricks on some of the inn's customers, but they were a bunch of sore losers and threw him out of the inn. I guess they really hated losing, huh?

"We followed him out and went with him to that Steel Chalice inn. He told us that his name was Alleran Waylan and that he was a traveler. Poor man has no family except for one daughter, and he said that he wished that he could see her again!

"Waylan said that he was going cross country to teach the Knights of Solamnia how to fight dragons. Isn't that such a nice thing to do? He said he was going overland through Lemish, and exploring the Darkwoods, then something about a High Road.

"He promised to take us with him, but he never showed up again! Oh, we've looked for him all around town, but found no sign of him! We really don't think he'd leave Port o' Call without us, would he? Say, do you know where he is?"

Incidentally, during this speech, many of the PCs are so absorbed in the account that they inadvertently drop 1d3 interesting possessions.

Of course, Alleran has left town. He left a while back, going northeast up the coast until arriving at the capital city of Lemish. If the kender find out that Tika is Alleran's daughter, they insist on following her everywhere.

Even if the PCs demand that the kender remain behind, the little group follows the PCs out of town, revealing themselves once the PCs are approaching the Darkwoods.

The kender would have left to follow Alleran weeks ago, but they "wanted to be absolutely sure,, that he was not in Port o' Call. They have spent the ensuing days turning the city upside down. Though they have found a lot of interesting stuff that people have carelessly dropped, they have not found Alleran.

Kender (7): AC 6; MV 9; Handler 5; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (hoopak); AL NG; ML 20; XP 270; Thief Abilities: PP 75%, OL 42%, F/RT 30%, MS 40%, HS 41%, HN 20%, CW 90%

The kender all have dexterities of 18. Each has a hoopak and a pouch with 1d4 gp, 1d4 stl, and 1d3 small curiosities that look very nice but have no major worth.

If the PCs do not confront the kender and instead wander about trying to find Alleran, kind DMs can have a few bystanders point them to the Steel Chalice, which was the last place Alleran was seen frequenting.

2. Going to the Inns: The Steel Chalice is an expensive place, with a well-heeled clientele. Bed and meals are 5 stl/day. Thanks to the cleanliness and comfort of the place, as well as the high quality of its food and spirits, it is well worth the price.

Fortunately for the PCs, Alleran did not swindle this place. A few regular customers recall his visit and his references to exploring the woods to the northeast, up in the land of Lemish. Optionally, a patron recalls that Alleran stayed at the Last Call before coming to the Steel Chalice. Of course, uncovering all of this information costs the PCs the price of a few rounds of drinks (minimum of 6 gp).

At the Last Call, things are different. The innkeeper and his customers have a bad last impression of Alleran Waylan, who ran some fixed games of chance in the common room.

Queries about Alleran are met with sullen looks and abusive language, but that is not all.

A guild of thieves known as the Blue Circle, working in Port o' Call, was also swindled by Alleran. The guild has not forgotten this, and is keeping its eyes and ears open for any sign of Alleran or anyone associated with him. Thus far, the kender haven't run into the Blue Circle and are unaware that the guild is looking for them.

There is a 75% chance per hour that 2d4 Blue Circle guild members are in the common room when the PCs are present. If the kender are with the PCs, the guild automatically considers the PCs to be allies of Waylan and begins to plot action against them. This also occurs if the thieves are present when the PCs question anyone in the common room about Alleran.

When alerted to the PCs' connection to Alleran, the Blue Circle summons enough members so that there are two guild members for each PC. The guild thieves shadow the PCs all around town, then break into their rooms while the PCs are asleep, with the





intention of interrogating them about Waylan. For good measure, the thieves try to take some of the PCs' possessions, as partial compensation for the loot that Alleran swindled from the guild.

Blue Circle Thieves' Guild Members: AC 6; MV 12; T6; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (club), 1d4 (dagger); SA triple backstab; AL NE; ML 13; XP 300; Thief Abilities: PP 65%, OL 57%, F/RT 45%, MS 50%, HS 40%, HN 25%, CW 92%, RL 30%

The thieves all have dexterities of 16. Each thief is equipped with a suit of leather armor, thieves' picks and tools, club, dagger, cloak, and a purse with 1d6 sp, 1d8 cp.

Each guild member has a tattoo of a blue circle somewhere on his person. The more cocky thieves have theirs in an easily noticeable location (exposed forearm, cheek, forehead).

Rooms and meals at the Last Call run 5 gp/day. The Last Call also encourages games of chance. If the PCs have not revealed themselves as people interested in seeing Alleran, they are invited to participate in the games.

The Sign of the Rose is a moderate inn, with rooms and meals priced at 1 stl/day. It is a favored hangout of knights and warriors of all types. They have never heard of Alleran Waylan.

3. The Blue Lady: This is a true dive of a tavern. The signboard over the door has a broken chain, causing the sign to tilt precariously over patrons entering and leaving. The board shows a human female of exaggerated proportions, with strips of blue cloth draped all over her. The strips leave little to the imagination.

The windows of the tavern are dirty—those that still have glass, that is. Half the windows have boards slapped in place, no doubt hasty repairs in the wake of brawls.

The interior is no better. The main area reeks of stale beer. The lighting is very dim, best in which to carry out skullduggery.

The tavern keeper is a ragged old human woman named Filthy Aggie. Aggie was a thief in her prime years, until old age and a few failed missions persuaded her to retire to this alternate source of income.

Aggie is a good source of town gossip. The DM should feel free to insert any rumors specific to his campaign and have Aggie be the teller. Aggie is also a good source for the city's black market. Things such as rare spell components, poisons, and other questionable items can be bought

through her. Normal items are also available, though at a 25% markup.

For security, Aggie pays the Blue Circle for protection. There are always 1d8 Blue Circle members in the tavern.

The rest of the clientele consists of non-guild thieves, con-men, pirates, sailors, and any other human flotsam that wanders by. Mischievous kender enjoy wandering in and picking up things that drunk or unconscious clients drop.

Sweet-talking or bribing (minimum 5 gp) Aggie gets her to reveal what she knows about Alleran Waylan. It seems that Alleran did in fact stop here, had some drinks, talked with Aggie, and ran a few fixed games of chance. Aggie, who happens to like Alleran, does not begrudge him his livelihood.

According to Aggie, Alleran inquired as to the whereabouts of a half-elven female assassin named Sirilla the Darktreader. Aggie has no idea why Alleran would want to hire an assassin. As it happens, Sirilla is not in town. She went to the city of Lemish. Alleran apparently needed to deal with her in the most urgent way, because that is where he set off for, going via the Darkwoods.

OVERLAND AGAIN

Once the PCs have exhausted their options in Port o' Call, the only solid clue is Alleran's supposed trek to the northeast.

As seen on Map 1, Alleran took the trail to the small village northeast of Port o' Call. This seaside village, named Corbie, was too small to matter to Alleran.

Alleran proceeded due north from Corbie until he ran into another small village known as Woodsedge. Once again, this village was too small to hold anything interesting for Alleran. He plunged into the woods of Lemish.

THE LEMISH DARKWOODS

The path winds through the Lemish Darkwoods. Because of the huge trees with their great, leafy branches, very little sunlight filters to the ground. It would seem the woods are aptly named.

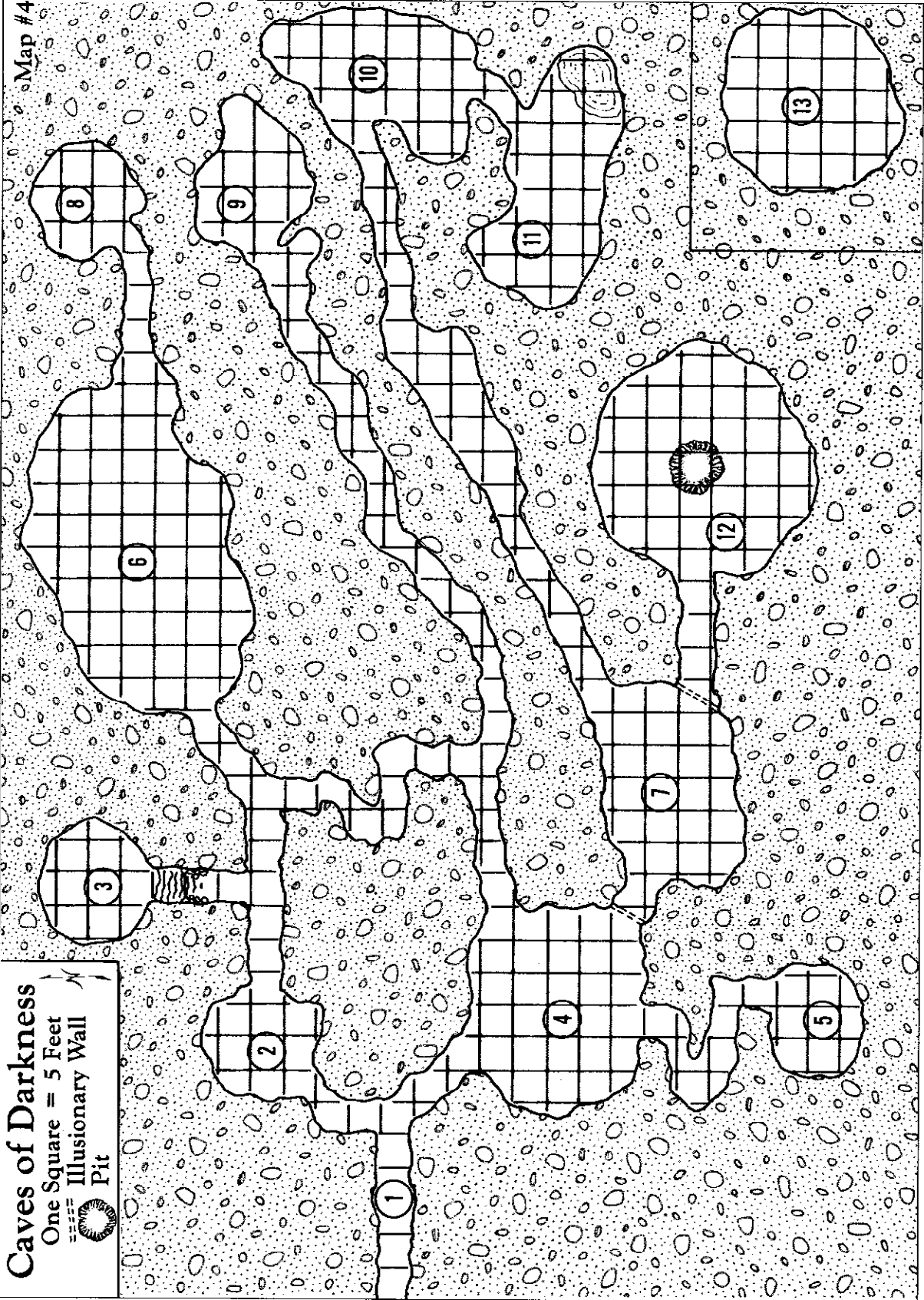
Still, the air is fragrant with the scents of fresh, moist earth and lush greenery. Animal, bird, and insect noises coming from everywhere convince you that the woods are nor-

Caves of Darkness

One Square = 5 Feet

Illusionary Wall

Pit





mal, teeming with life, and healthy.

Despite the reduction in light, the walk is a pleasant one. The trail is not easily marked, but it is simple for an experienced group such as yourselves to find. Unfortunately, the trail is rather narrow, forcing your group to march in single file.

A successful Tracking Proficiency Check reveals the faded trail that winds its way through these woods. The trail branches off to the coastal cities of Walmish and Wayfold, but Alleran kept going through the Darkwoods.

Unfortunately, the trail does pass through the hunting range of a rather gruesome denizen of darkness. Alleran, traveling alone, was able to avoid the threat. The PCs may not be so lucky.

For the rest of the woods, DMs should roll for the chance of a random encounter for each four-hour period that the PCs are in the Darkwoods.

THE DARKNESS IN THE DARKWOODS

After the PCs pass the turnoff to Walmish, a voice begins to slowly manifest in everyone's head. It happens first to Tika, then Caramon, then Raistlin (if the latter two are in the party). The voice says the following:

"The one you seek lies within the caverns east of the path. His life is threatened. If you wish to see him alive, come with all due haste and be ready for battle! Hurry, heroes, if heroes you be!"

This of course is a lie. Alleran is not in the caves. But there is a horrendous entity, a foul offspring of Takhisis herself, which since the Dark Queen's defeat has taken to these caves. For the last six months, it has set up quite a nice arrangement for itself, luring any passersby to their destruction.

MAP 4: THE CAVES OF DARKNESS

1. The Entrance

The terrain in this part of the Darkwoods is hilly. The voice in your head gets stronger as you walk toward one particular rise. You see no evidence of an entrance.

The five-foot-high cave mouth is obscured by vegetation. A tracking proficiency check reveals numerous footprints, including many human and non-human tracks. If a PC's tracking proficiency is more than 6 greater than the roll, the PC notices that the non-human tracks go in and out, but the human tracks only go in. The human tracks are of various sizes, indicating different humanoid races, such as elves, dwarves, kender, and humans.

2. Illusion Chamber

This cavern is lit by numerous phosphorescent lichens on the rugged walls. Within the chamber, a group of six skeletal figures dressed in dragon armor turn to face you. You can hear the squeals of their rusted armor as the figures move. The skeletons pull out fiery swords and charge, saying:

"So, the Heroes of the Lance are come! We have waited long for you, to take our revenge! Prepare to die!"

The figures are illusions, spectral forces to be exact. They do not cast shadows in the chamber, a dead giveaway of their false nature. If the PCs wish to disbelieve the illusion (DMs should not prompt them to do so, let them figure it out on their own), the disbelievers get to roll a saving throw vs. spell. Success indicates that the illusion is dispelled (but only for those who successfully save).

If the PC who saves successfully informs the others of the illusion's presence, the others gain a +4 bonus to their attempts at disbelief. Note that each attempt takes one round.

The illusions have Armor Class 0 and THAC0 10. Their fiery swords appear to cause 2d4+1 points of damage. When a victim reaches 0 hit points, he collapses into unconsciousness and makes a system shock roll. Failure means that the PC dies. Success brings the PC to consciousness in 1d3 turns with all damage "healed," but with an enormous headache and mocking laughter echoing in his ears.

If all of the PCs are rendered unconscious, the hobgoblins from area 5 retrieve the bodies, strip them of all gear, then toss them into the prison pit in chamber nine.



3. Side Chamber

The tunnel turns into a series of descending steps, littered with stone fragments and shavings. At the foot of the stairs, a chamber opens up, its floor apparently covered with numerous bones.

The stairs leading down to this chamber appear to have been carved in the last few months. The chamber is filled with the discarded skeletal remains of kender, elves, dwarves, and humans. There is nothing of value here.

4. Chamber of the Balances

This large chamber is dominated by its sole contents: a ten-foot-high set of balance scales made of wood. The balances' central support shaft is bent askew, rendering the balances useless for honest measuring.

Malfesus had its slaves create this thing as a tribute to its father, Hiddukel.

A successful religion proficiency check identifies the broken scales as the preferred symbol of Hiddukel.

Any valuable item placed in either balance dish vanishes forever, an offering to Hiddukel. The balances have Armor Class -5 and require 50 points of damage to destroy. Attempts at destroying the scales cause a terrible racket, bringing the occupants of area 5 into the fray.

The southeastern passage is obscured by an illusory wall.

5. Hobgoblin Lair

A troop of 24 extra large hobgoblins, willing followers of Hiddukel, are here as guards of the broken scales.

These hobgoblins are also the chief errand runners/working staff of the creature that dwells here.

Their lair contains little more than their bedrolls and a single lantern with two flasks of oil and a tinderbox.





Hobgoblins (24): AC 5; MV 9; HD 2+2; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); 1d8 (spear); AL LE; ML 20; XP 65

Each hobgoblin is armed with a long sword and a spear and carries a purse with 1d4 sp. They fight with a religious mania and keep screaming "Usk-Do!" (the hobgoblin name for Hiddukel). Because of their mission to protect the scales, the hobgoblins' morale is fanatic.

6. Trophy Room

This room appears to be a waste disposal area, as its sandy floor is dotted with broken items.

This is where the inhabitants of the cave keep mementos of past victims. Rather than displaying them neatly, however, the relics are simply cast about like so much refuse on the sandy cavern floor. The PCs must enter the room and get closer to the objects in order to ascertain what they once were.

Among the relics are two hoopaks snapped in half, a battle-scarred suit of plate mail decorated with a crown (it is a suit of armor belonging to a Knight of Solamnia), a broken elven longbow, a *medallion of faith* formerly owned by a cleric of Habbakuk, a shattered long sword, and the remains of a spell book, with the spells *remove curse*, *item*, *phantom steed*, *fumble*, *clairvoyance*, and *cloudkill* still readable on its pages.

7. Kapak Draconian Chamber

This chamber is a guard station for a group of draconians that are under the thrall of Malfesus. Their orders are to fight to the death to defend Malfesus's chamber.

The southeastern passage is hidden by an illusory wall.

Kapaks (8): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d4 (bite); SA bite requires saving throw vs. poison or victim is paralyzed for 2d6 turns; SD when slain, the body dissolves into a pool of acid ten feet in diameter, causing 1d8 points of damage per round to all within it; MR 20%; AL LE; ML 20 (they are being controlled); XP 650

8. Chamber of Deceit

This small cave is currently empty, but another passageway lies on the other side.

The far wall's passageway is an illusion, intended to lure intruders into the chamber. Once inside, the room begins to swirl around and a haze descends over the PCs' eyes. Each PC must roll a saving throw vs. spell with a -4 penalty.

Anyone who fails his saving throw sees the mist fade away. Instead of his comrades, the PC sees Kapak draconians, in numbers equal to those of the PC's comrades. The draconians appear to be making menacing gestures, as if they intend to attack. There is no sign of the PC's comrades.

Anyone who fails the saving throw can try to disbelieve this illusion (once again, only if he declares that he intends to do so—the DM should not prompt him). Disbelief attempts are with a -4 penalty to the saving throw vs. spell.

PCs who pass their initial saving throw are merely dazed and unable to act for 1d3 rounds.

9. The Prison Pit

The stench of rotting plants greets you as you walk into this area. The cave floor is sandy. The only other remarkable feature of this chamber is a large pit located in the center of the floor.

This chamber consists only of a pit 6 feet wide and 60 feet deep. The bottom is covered in rotting plant matter, meant to break the fall of any unfortunate who winds up inside here.

This is where all unconscious victims, minus their possessions, are deposited. As a rule of thumb, one hobgoblin guard is stationed here for every prisoner in the pit.

The walls are slimy; thus climbing attempts receive a -40% penalty. Climbing movement rate is $\frac{1}{4}$ the normal rate.

There are no prisoners in the pit.

10. Kapak lair

This large chamber, lit by several old lanterns, is where the Kapak draconians sleep and eat. The air stinks of draconian waste as well as rotting food.

A dozen Kapaks are always present here. These are in addition to the guards in chamber 7.

There is nothing of value in this room.

Kapaks (12): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d4 (bite); SA bite requires saving throw vs. poison or victim is paralyzed for 2d6 turns; SD when slain, the body dissolves into a pool of acid ten feet in diameter, causing 1d8 points of damage per round to all within it; MR 20%; AL LE; ML 20 (they are being controlled); XP 650

11. Kapak Storage and Water Supply

This is a well-lit room, courtesy of torches stuck in the walls (the torches were obtained from the booty of past victims). The floor is sandy. The entire southeastern area of the chamber is dominated by a large pool.

The liquid in the pool is cool, clear water. This is the water supply for the entire complex. The fact that the water supply rests in the draconians' area is a source of irritation to the hobgoblins. The Kapaks, though they eventually do give the hobgoblins the water they need, enjoy tormenting the hobgoblins with needless delays. It is a testament to the inborn cruelty of the Kapaks that they can still play these games despite being mentally enslaved by Malfesus.

In the western corner of the room lie two locked wooden chests bound with iron bands. One contains the entire Kapak cash supply, which consists of 56 sp, 34 gp, and 12 stl.

The second chest contains some trinkets lifted from victims. These include a *potion of healing*, a small brass statue of a unicorn (2 gp value), a partially torn treasure map, an emerald worth 500 stl, and a knife sheath decorated with cheap fancy stones.

12. Antechamber

Unlike the other chambers, this one is lined with dressed stone blocks on the floor and walls. Four skulls mounted on iron rods and with *continual light* cast upon them give the room full illumination.

The walls are decorated with crude murals showing renditions of Takhisis, a broken scale, and a black egg with a single crack in it. The black egg is shown dripping some reddish-green substance.

In the center of the room is a hole ten feet in diameter.

Spiraling down along the sides of the shaft is a stone stairway two feet wide.

In each PC's mind, a voice sounds. The voice is a combination of a seductive whisper and a mocking sneer. Malfesus, a bit alarmed that the Heroes of the Lance are within striking range of its physical form, has decided that it would be better off by making them go away. The voice says something different to each PC, depending on the individual.

Tika: "You have come here searching for your father. But ask yourself, why do you search for him? Why did he never look for you? If he knew where you were, then why did he never come to see you?"

"And what of Caramon? Is he not what you truly desire? To be wed to him and have his children and settle down to a life of peace? Do you not deserve it?"

"It is not too late. Turn around and leave whence you came. Put behind you thoughts of the sword and take your rest. You have earned it."

Caramon: "Why have you come on this fool's errand? Because you love Tika, that is why! Well, there are better ways to show her that you love her. Turn around and take her from this place, marry her, and settle down.

"Or perhaps you come because it fills your need to be needed. Raistlin has always needed you, but that is rapidly coming to an end. All of the Heroes of the Lance are either dead or have returned to their normal lives. Do likewise, before you miss this chance. If Tika dies, then there will be no one who truly needs you anymore!"

Raistlin: "You came on this errand because Alleran was an old teacher of yours. But what does that matter to you now? You are far, far mightier than Alleran Waylan could ever have been! You could crush him without effort!"

"Or maybe you have come in order to help Tika and Caramon. Bah! They do not need you, and you certainly do not need them! The only thing you need is more knowledge, more magic, more power! And you certainly will not find these things by mucking around in damp caves, looking for a second-rate con man!"

"Turn around and go back to the Towers of Sorcery, wizard! All of you have been deceived! Alleran is not here!"

Tanis: "Neither fully elven nor fully human, you strive to gain acceptance in both worlds. Then why are you here, looking for some con man, whose existence neither adds nor takes away from the moral balance of Ansalon?"

"Should you not be concerned with the elves?"





And what of Laurana? Is this how you earn her love?

"Then, there is always your past love, Kitiara. Where is she now? Are you really doing her any good by wandering about in dark caves looking for someone who cheats at cards? Wake up and grow up, Tanis! Leave here and set your mind on things that matter! This is a fool's errand!"

Tasslehoff: "Why are you here? There is nothing interesting here, and it is clear that Alleran Waylan is not here either! There are far more interesting places to go, with lots of interesting things to see and touch and handle. These caves are not frightening, just very dull."

For player-created PCs, the DM should improvise something consistent with the above. A good start is to play on any reservations that the PCs have voiced about coming into these caves or on the trip in general. Continue the speech by touching upon something that the particular PC desires in life.

If there are any Knights of Solamnia in the party, the voice preys upon the PC's desire to see the Knighthood regain its stature, which cannot be accomplished by wandering around looking for washed-out con men.

The speeches are intended to provoke the PCs into leaving the caves. Since it is doubtful that most parties will be swayed, the secondary intent is to merely fire up the PCs with the knowledge that someone or something knows their innermost feelings, and whatever it is, it is close by! DMs should build up the horror and suspense of this fact.

13. Malfesus's Chamber

Anyone who peeks down into the pit sees that the hole extends down at least 60 feet, then trails off into darkness. If someone has *continual light* or any other light source that goes beyond the conventional 60-foot range, the PCs can see that the pit extends a total of 150 feet. Nothing can be seen at the bottom of the pit. It simply ends in a floor of scattered rocks.

The stair winds into the pit, spiraling alongside the pit wall. A rancid smell of rotting organic matter rises and assails the PCs' noses.

If the group decides to go down, read the following aloud to the PCs:

Your footsteps echo on the narrow stone stairs as you descend into the pit. The stench worsens and the humidity rises. A cold clamminess sticks to your skin, worming its way around your clothes and armor. Your torches sputter in the oppressive air.

An evil presence creeps into your hearts. It starts as a vague feeling of uncertainty, then worsens into full-fledged dread the farther down you go. It feels almost as if you are descending into the lair of the Dark Queen herself, but that is ridiculous . . . isn't it?

When the group at last touches bottom, read the following:

Your feet touch bottom, though the uneven surface of the rocks makes your footing rather tenuous. The stink of carrion is even worse down here. The feeling of oppressive evil has reached such an intensity that every fibre of common sense within you screams that you should not be here, that you should run back up the stairs, leave the caves, and never return.

Unfortunately, you also sense that it is too late. From the shadows deep in the chamber, something stirs, knocking aside the occasional rock or bit of debris.

Three sets of twin glowing points of sickly green light shine from the darkness, until at last the creature shifts itself enough so that your light sources catch it.

Standing before you is a scaly creature with three serpent heads. The faces have some vague human features to them, particularly the mouths. The rest of the body is snake-like, except for the pair of powerful forelimbs, each tipped with a four-taloned claw.

"Welcome, fools, to the pit of Malfesus!" the thing hisses. "Welcome to the lair of the spawn of Takhisis and Hiddukel!"

"The one you seek is not here, though I sensed his presence as he walked by, and reached out to his mind. Unfortunately, it is hard to lie to a born liar, and he spurned my invitation and continued on his way.

"Fortunately, you are made of softer stuff, following the paths of Good and therefore succumbing to the pitfalls of morality! Your compassion and heroism are now your undoing!"

"She who bore me will be well pleased when I dispose of the likes of you! She who bore me is much aggrieved by your recent actions against her and her armies! When I feast on your entrails, she will grant me a place in the sky, with a constellation of my own! Come to me now, heroes! Come take your reward!"

Malfesus lunges with all three heads. This hideous union of Takhisis and Hiddukel has some very special abilities.

The first head can breathe fire in a 40-foot cone that is 20 feet wide at the base every round. The flame breath causes 6d6 points of damage. The second head can cast *suggestion* once every other round. The third head delivers a vicious bite for 4d8 points of damage.

The other two heads can also bite for 1d6 points of damage if not using their special powers.

Malfesus: AC -3; MV 6; HD 12; hp 90; THAC0 9; #AT 3; Dmg special; SD regenerates 2 hp/round; MR 45%; AL CE; ML 18; XP 8,000

In addition to the heads' abilities, Malfesus can cast *darkness 15' radius*, *detect invisibility*, *cause disease*, *cause serious wounds*, *confusion*, and *spectra/force*, each three times a day.

Malfesus also has the ability to use *ESP* at will. Once it reads someone's mind, it can communicate by *telepathy*. These abilities have a range of two miles. Usually, Malfesus uses *ESP* on passersby, picks up their surface thoughts, and communicates with them via *telepathy*, telling them that the thing they seek lies in the caves.

The nature of Malfesus's *ESP* is such that it can find out more about the subject the closer the subject gets to its lair. By the time the subject is in the chamber above (area 12), Malfesus knows the invader's identity, powers, goals, and desires.

Malfesus's pit contains the remains of past victims. Also scattered about are 2,134 stl, 4,987 gp, a *long sword +2*, three *potions of extra healing*, and a platinum charm bracelet worth 2,000 stl.

OBSTACLE TO LEMISH

Resuming travel on the footpath, the PCs eventually reach the walled city of Lemish, capital of the small nation of the same name. (See Map 5: Lemish.) This section of the nation is under the control of the blue Dragonarmies.

On the outskirts of the capital city of Lemish,

which is firmly occupied by the blue Dragonarmies, a major guard post of draconians oversees entry into the walled city. The PCs see the guard post before any guards see them.

Read them the following:

As the path turns, you are treated to the sight of the city of Lemish off in the distance. Barring the path between you and the city is a squat tower of gray stone blocks. Several figures patrol the parapets.

Several travelers, also apparently going into the city, are lined up at the tower. Several cloaked figures accept a coin from each traveler and give him some sort of token. The traveler then continues on his way toward the city gates.

The terrain is still woodlands, affording the PCs good cover and concealment. The guard post itself is a simple stone tower three stories (30 feet) high with a single door. The tower is crowned with parapets.

A total of 18 Sivak draconians man the tower. There are always ten of them on active duty. Each Sivak has a blue crystal whistle hanging around its neck on a leather thong. If the whistle is sounded, the city's resident blue dragon, ridden by the resident champion, rises from the city and enters the fray in 2d4 rounds.

Bear in mind that the PCs need not necessarily attack the draconians. The guard tower is here to regulate who comes into the city and why. It is a city under occupation, but it still has to keep up its commerce. As long as the PCs do not cause any trouble, they are merely harassed a bit and rudely questioned, but otherwise let into the city once they pay the one steel piece visitor's tax.

Obvious signs of troublemaking include PCs in Solamnic armor, White Robe wizards, good clerics with their *medallions of faith* prominently displayed, and full-blooded elves of any sort.

Each tax-paying PC is given a brilliant blue lozenge on a leather thong. This is the PC's city pass; it must be displayed at all times. Loss of this pass results in imprisonment, exile, or death, depending on the temperament of the arresting guards.

Though it may seem odd, these Sivaks actually know of Alleran Waylan. According to the draconians, the con man entered Lemish three weeks ago. He went to the largest inn that accommo-



dates travelers exclusively, the Sign of the Sky Dragons.

Inside the tower is a visitor register and a locked iron strongbox with 203 stl. If they thumb through the register, the PCs find the name of Alleran Waylan, who entered the city three weeks ago and departed two weeks ago.

Sivaks (18): AC 6; MV 6, FI 24 (C); HD 6; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6 or 1d10 (two-handed sword); SD +2 bonus to saving throws; AL NE; ML 14 (15 in presence of dragon); XP 2000

All of these Sivaks have blue adornments on them, symbolizing that they belong to the blue Dragonarmies.

Adult Blue Dragon (Topaz): AC -2; MV 9, FI 30 (C), Br 4; HD 15; hp 85; THAC0 5; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d8+6/1d8+6/3d8+6; SA breath weapon (lightning, 12d8+6); SD immune to electricity; MR 25%; AL LE; ML 16; XP 10,000

Topaz can *create/destroy water* three times per day, *sound imitation* at will, and *dust devil* once per day. She has memorized the following spells:

magic missile, *charm person*, and *light*. All spells and spell-like abilities function at 7th-level wizard ability.

Topaz is a very arrogant dragon, rather bitter at the loss of the Queen of Darkness. Worst of all, the forest climate does not agree with her. She makes known her displeasure by cruelly playing with prisoners, much as a cat plays with a captured mouse.

While in Lemish, Topaz stays inside a large stone building that used to be a warehouse. The building is designed in such a way that it traps heat, a concession to Topaz's favored environment. Thus far, the dragon continues to despise the setup.

The only thing Topaz does not hate is her rider, Lukas Daerleth. Topaz and Lukas have a strong bond of friendship and trust.

Lukas Daerleth: AC 0; MV 6; F10; hp 80; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8+1 (heavy lance), 2d4 (bastard sword); AL LE; ML 15; XP 2,000. Lukas has a Dexterity of 17.

Lukas's possessions include a suit of plate armor and a great helm, a bastard sword, a heavy



lance, a ring of feather falling, and a scarab of protection.

Lukas is the trusted champion and lieutenant of the lord of the city of Lemish. A young man in his mid-20's, Lukas has risen quickly through the ranks of the Dragonarmy. He is bitter at the losses of Takhisis's armies, and longs for revenge, or at least a renewing of hostilities. He would dearly love to attack Solamnia. For now, he contents himself with torturing any good clerics or Knights of Solamnia he can get his hands on.

Topaz is Lukas's best friend. Lukas dwells in a richly appointed apartment adjacent to the converted warehouse where Topaz stays.

Though Lukas and Topaz are located in Lemish proper, their stats are given here just in case a confrontation between the draconians and the PCs escalates into something ugly.

There are a total of three gates that grant access to Lemish. The Southern gate leads to the trail into the Darkwoods, the path that the PCs used to arrive in Lemish. The Gate of the Sunrise leads to another path, which goes to points east such as Qwermish and Estwilde. The Gate of the Sunset opens onto the High Road, which leads to the city of Fangoth and on to Solanthus. Note that the same guard setup exists at all three gates.

The gates of the city are open from sunrise to sunset. Any who are unfortunate enough to be stuck outside must fend for themselves until daylight.

THE CITY OF LEMISH

Once the PCs get around the draconian guards, they arrive at the city gate. The gate is manned by 12 human guards, who check to see whether the PCs went through the proper procedures with the draconians. If everything is in order, the PCs are waved through. One guard mentions offhandedly that the inn most favored by foreigners is the Sign of the Sky Dragons.

After the PCs have cleared the gate, they have the entire city of Lemish to explore. The city is under the control of the blue Dragonarmies, yet a semblance of normalcy prevails.

There are three Aurak, 60 Sivak, 100 Kapak, and 200 Baaz draconians in Lemish. These forces are supplemented by 2,000 hobgoblin troops and 2,500 human troops. All of these forces are under the command of Lord Tyrion Shattersword, a human warrior. Tyrion is the ultimate power in the city.

A curfew of 8:00 PM is in force throughout the city, unless a special permit is obtained. Guard patrols encountered are made up of either eight human troops, six hobgoblins, or four draconians.

Lemish is not a city overflowing with innocents who are begging for release from their cruel tormentors. Rather, it is a city of evil, opportunistic people who are sullen because someone more evil and stronger has managed to conquer them. Oh, there are certainly some good people in the city; it is simply that they must be sought out.

For the most part, the corrupt folk of Lemish accept the rule of the blue Dragonarmies, mainly because Lord Tyrion speaks the language that the Lemishites understand: brute force. The city folk know that they are outmaneuvered and outpowered, and they accept their lot. There is no noble underground fighting off the oppressors, though the Lemishites, being who they are, have come up with numerous ways to circumvent the martial law they have been inflicted with.

Even the folk who trade with Lemish are not of the most sterling character. People would be hard-pressed to find an honest Solamnian merchant or a hard-working dwarven metalsmith doing business in this city.

There are three thieves' guilds in Lemish. One, the Split Silverpieces, is an "official" guild, having received Dragonarmy sanction for their continued existence. They do the dirty work that Lord Tyrion feels would sully the reputation of his armies.

The other two guilds are the Phantoms and the Blue Circle. These guilds operate covertly. Being exposed as a member of either of these guilds is punishable by death.

During the day, Lemish appears to be a normal city, with bustling crowds, open shops, active industry, foreign visitors, and normal trade. At night, the streets are empty, save for the patrols of iron-shod troops that keep the curfew.

It must be stressed again that finding NPCs of obvious good alignment is practically impossible. Though there is no doubt that Solamnia has spies in Lemish, there are no Knights of Solamnia walking around in full regalia, or clerics of Paladine preaching on street corners.

Elves of all types are also scarce. The Dragonarmies do not trust any elf, period. The only elves to be found are those who have managed to keep their identities secret, usually by means of magic. Fortunately, there is little in Lemish that concerns the elves.

The city of Lemish also deals in slaves. Though this is not a loudly proclaimed "industry," it is





done with the full knowledge and cooperation of the occupying army.

DM's Note: Obviously, the entire city is not featured in this product. The only places that truly matter are those detailed below. The DM should feel free to flesh out Lemish any way he wants to, staying within the descriptions set for the city. Several random street encounters are certainly justifiable.

Human Guards: AC 5; MV 9; F4; hp 30; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword), 1d10 (halberd), 1d6 (club); AL NE; ML 11; XP 175

Each guard has chain mail armor, a badge of office, short sword, club, halberd, and a tunic showing the city's colors. One guard in four carries a distress whistle.

1. The Sign of the Sky Dragons: This building is the most popular place of business for visitors. It is a huge, three-storey inn with two common rooms and two side wings filled with guest rooms. The place was renamed in order to curry favor with the conquerors.

The innkeeper goes by the name of Derek. He gives no other name. Derek, a huge, bald man in his late 30s, tolerates no magic or swordplay in his establishment.

The clientele includes tinker gnomes, kender, minotaurs, gully dwarves, blue Dragonarmy draconians (usually disguised, spying on everyone), and people from Tarsis, Sanction, Northern Ergoth, Southern Ergoth, Taman Busuk, and Blode. Most of the clientele are merchants, mercenaries, tradesmen, caravan workers, and the occasional wandering bard.

Besides having a very high percentage of foreigners, the Sign of the Sky Dragons is a favored hangout of the Blue Circle thieves' guild. The Blue Circle is the guild most often used by foreigners.

Alleran Waylan stayed at this inn, leaving Derek in a cordial fashion. Derek confirms that Alleran arrived here two weeks ago and left just last week. If Derek is given the equivalent of at least 3 stl, he mentions that Alleran was looking for an assassin for some mission. Derek knows that Alleran failed to find the desired assassin.

If the PCs give Derek double the above amount, the innkeeper mentions that the Blue Circle has been looking for Alleran too. For an extra fee (a flat fee of 5 stl), Derek points out the four patrons he knows are Blue Circles. Derek also knows that the Blue Circles' main meeting area is an abandoned temple close by.

At this juncture, if any Blue Circle member finds out that the PCs are looking for Alleran, they assume that the PCs are Alleran's friends and begin to shadow them. When the PCs leave the city, two Blue Circles follow for each PC in the party.

Accommodations at the Sign of the Sky Dragons cost 3 stl/night, which includes dinner.

Some incidents that can occur in the common rooms are as follows:

* A wandering bard, Tilas Silvertongue, in a colossal example of misjudging his audience, begins singing a song about the Heroes of the Lance. Unfortunately, the song includes rather accurate physical descriptions. The song is 20 minutes long. There is a 5% chance per Hero of the Lance in the PC group that a customer recognizes the PCs. This check is made four times during the song.

The chance is cumulative. Thus, if Tika, Caramon, Raistlin, and Tasslehoff are in the party, there is a 20% chance in the first five minutes of the song that someone in the inn recognizes them as the Heroes of the Lance. After ten minutes, the chance is 40%, and after fifteen minutes the chance is 60%.

If the PCs are recognized, a Baaz draconian, disguised as a human customer, sneaks out and alerts Lord Tyrion, Daerleth, and the draconians in general. Their intent is to capture or kill the party.

The ways for the PCs to avoid detection are to either stop the bard from singing the entire song or just leave the common room.

If the party does leave the common room, cruel DMs can give the bard a 50% chance of noticing that people are leaving during his performance. Not only this, but he realizes that they are the ones of whom he is singing. If he recognizes them, he does not say anything, but he later visits the PCs in their rooms. He makes a nuisance of himself, trying to get first hand accounts of the War of the Lance for his new songs.

* A group of gully dwarves starts a food fight in the place, which promptly involves the kender and a few of the more drunk clientele.

* Four Baaz draconians, six hobgoblins, and six human guards burst into the inn, loudly accuse a man of being a Solamnic spy, and take him away under arrest. The man is indeed a spy, and his name is Alorthe Spendryf, a 7th-level thief. He will be executed at dawn.

* A 9th-level female cleric of Takhisis offers a toast to the Dark Queen. She then launches into a diatribe about how the Dark Queen will one day

return to crush those who temporarily defeated her. Many, but not all, of the clientele nod in agreement.

* A brawny mercenary grabs a female kender, the latter having "found" a jeweled dagger belonging to the man. The innkeeper tells the mercenary to "take your business out into the alley." The soldier, with a cruel smile, signals for three of his friends to join him, and the four men drag the kender out the door. All four men are 7th-level human fighters of neutral evil alignment. They all have chain mail armor and long swords. The men intend to drag the kender into the alley and kill her.

2. The Blue Circle Guild Meeting Place: An abandoned temple to Kiri-Jolith, now a desecrated ruin, is the lair of the Blue Circle thieves' guild. The temple has a graveyard on part of its grounds.

The guild membership in Lemish is rather small. There are currently only 18 thieves in Lemish's Blue Circle.

The temple has been ruined by numerous weapon blows, all from long ago. Many of the exterior walls are brown with offal and old blood. All detailed stonework and temple accessories have been either destroyed or looted.

A successful religion proficiency check shows that the temple was built in Pre-Cataclysm days, before there was even a city called Lemish.

All that remains of the place that still identifies it as a temple of Kiri-Jolith is the shattered marble statue of the deity himself.

The graveyard harkens back to the early years after the Cataclysm, but no one has been buried here for the last 100 years.

There is nothing wrong with this graveyard. People just avoid it, and the temple, more out of superstitious fear than anything else.

Blue Circle Thieves' Guild Members (17): AC 6; MV 12; T6; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword), 1d4 (dagger); SA triple backstab; AL NE; ML 13; XP 300; Thief Abilities: PP 65%, OL 57%, F/RT 45%, MS 50%, HS 40%, HN 25%, CW 92%, RL 30%. The thieves all have dexterities of 16.

Each thief is equipped with a suit of leather armor, thieves' picks and tools, short sword, dagger, cloak, and purse with 1d8 gp and 1d4 stl.

Lareen Olres, Guild Leader: AC 0; MV 12; T8; hp 40; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword), 1d4 (dagger); SA quadruple backstab; AL LE; ML

14; XP 450; Thief Abilities: PP 75%, OL 67%, F/RT 55%, MS 50%, HS 50%, HN 30%, CW 96%, RL 40%

Lareen has an 18 dexterity. She wears a suit of *leather armor +4*, and a *cloak of elvenkind*. For weapons, Lareen uses a *short sword +2*, and a *dagger +1*. Her purse contains 2d6 gp, 1d10 stl, and a *potion of healing*.

Lareen is a rather plain-looking half-elven woman in her mid-20's. She is quite aware that the Lemish branch of the Blue Circle guild is not as large as some of the other cities' branches. She is very defensive about this.

In terms of the War of the Lance, Lareen finds herself sympathetic to the blue Dragonarmies, but not enough to seek official sanctioning. Such a deal costs a guild much of its freedom and anonymity, not to mention 20% of its monthly take.

Lareen hates elves, and she especially hates the Heroes of the Lance. She would dearly love to kill or turn any hero in to Lord Tyrion.

The guild's current stash is 2,198 gp and 1,004 stl. Business has been good. Not outstanding, but good.

TRYING TO LEAVE THE CITY

DMs should not give the PCs any hint that anything is amiss. However, as the PCs are leaving the city, they must, of course, pass the guards at the gates as well as another encampment of draconians.

This time, there is a snag in the PCs' plans. They manage to clear the gates, but when they go to the draconians' tower in order to sign out and return their city passes, the draconians indicate that the PCs must wait for a few minutes.

Unbeknownst to the PCs, the clerics of the Dark Queen sensed the arrival of the Heroes of the Lance, but they were unsure as to which Heroes arrived. By consulting the books (even if the PCs used assumed traveling names), the clerics were able to divine who the transgressors were. It was decided that the best time to apprehend the offenders would be as they tried to leave the city. It would certainly be more efficient than mounting a city-wide manhunt.

The draconians begin muttering to each other, looking over the names in the ledger. In true lawful fashion, Dragonarmy-appointed human clerks read over the books and update them so that all of the gates have the same names of those who have entered town.





A total of five rounds go by. DMs should announce to the PCs the passage of each individual round. All 18 Sivaks in the tower have been awakened and put on alert. After five rounds, an Aurak draconian, employing *change self* to resemble a human clerk, comes up to the party and says the following:

"I beg your pardon, but your little band must come with me to the Lord of the City's hall of audience for questioning. If you have never opposed the armies of the Queen of Darkness, you have nothing to fear."

If that is not a cue for the PCs to make a run for it, nothing is. If the PCs do decide to run, allow them a one-round head start. So confident are the draconians, none of them could imagine that anyone would not do what they say.

Ten of the Sivak draconians, as well as the Aurak, give pursuit. Daerleth and Topaz are also called onto the chase, though it takes them 1d8 rounds to arrive.

The pursuers are fanatically persistent in their chase. They do not stop looking for the PCs until either the PCs are caught or all of the pursuers are slain.

If any PCs are unfortunate enough to be caught, they are taken to Lord Tyrion, who is attended by at least four clerics of Takhisis. After torture and questioning, the Heroes are sacrificed to the Dark Queen.

The only advantage that the PCs have is that the High Road runs through the northern Darkwoods, which offers plenty of cover. Once in there, Topaz would have a very hard time trying to find the PCs.

ON THE HIGH ROAD TO SOLANTHUS

Once the PCs shake off their pursuers, the trip settles down. Traveling on the paved, well-maintained High Road is actually rather pleasant.

As the PCs are about to cross the border into Solamnia, however, they are ambushed. Note that this happens even if the PCs are not using the road at this point.

A band of robbers, adept at woodcraft, awaits likely victims. Read the following:

A man steps forward, clad in greens, browns, and leather. He looks as if he has been wandering in the woods for quite some time. The odor that wafts from him removes all doubt.

The man brandishes a broadsword and gives you an evil grin. "Hold, travelers! Stand and deliver!" he orders. "Your valuables, your food, your wine, and your weapons, on the ground in front of you! Now!" He waves his sword idly in front of him. "Rest assured, I am not alone. My comrades have shafts nocked at you even as I speak. Act quickly, travelers, since I am in a bad mood. Not too long ago, one man snuck by us, and I have no intention of seeing all of you pull the same sort of trickery and also evade our toll!"

Yes, these robbers ran afoul of Alleran, who passed by here three days ago. By using his clever tongue, some magic, and a few thieving abilities, Alleran managed to slip by the bandits. This has done little to improve the temperament of the leader of this group.

In the brush on either side of the path, 60 feet away from the PCs, lie four men with long bows, arrows aimed at the group. The demands are simple—the thieves want all money, jewels, food, drink, and weapons. Once these things have been given up, the leader moves aside and allows the PCs to pass by. Then the leader tosses back one weapon to each PC and lets them go on their way. Once the PCs are out of sight, the rest of the bandits emerge from hiding and help collect the loot.

Lemish Bandits (8): AC 6; MV 12; F5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (sheaf arrows), 1d8 long sword); SA longbow specialization; AL NE; ML 13; XP 270

Each man has a 16 dexterity. The bandits are equipped with leather armor, long swords, long bows, and 24 sheaf arrows. Each bandit also has a purse with 1d10 gp and 1d6 stl.

Jarg, Bandit Leader: AC 4; MV 12; F7; hp 45; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 (broadsword), 1d8 (sheaf arrows); SA longbow specialization; AL NE; ML 15; XP 650. Jarg has a 16 Dexterity.

Jarg has a suit of *leather armor +2*, a *broadsword +2*, and a *potion of invisibility*. As the leader of the bandits, Jarg also carries the main swag bag, with 1,205 gp and 554 stl.

Since each Lemish bandit has an arrow nocked and specializes in longbow, they can get off one

arrow before combat goes to rounds.

Each man also has the Tracking proficiency. Assume it to be a base score of 13.

The Lemish bandits are more than willing to let the PCs pass, provided the robbers can have the lion's share of the PCs' loot. If combat is initiated, the bandits do their best to try to keep at least half the party alive for sale as slaves back in the capital city of Lemish.

If somehow interrogated, Jarg admits that a man fitting Alleran's description passed by three days before. Through trickery and sorcery, the man managed to evade the bandits. The bandits do not know of anyone named Sirilla.

AT LAST, SOLANTHUS!

When the party reaches the city limits of Solanthus, read the following:

Your long journey is at last at an end. The spires of Solanthus, under repair from the War of the Lance, tower in front of you like arms raised in welcome. Your shoulders sag just a little in relief.

Even though the city is still under reconstruction, it looks beautiful to you. After all you have endured, your goal is finally in sight.

As you approach the city gates, you see that many of the people are in quite a state of excitement. From the look of things, someone of importance is visiting the city.

URGENT CORRESPONDENCE

When the PCs reach the gates, read the following:

As the guards wave you through, one man looks at your group in an odd fashion. "Is one of you named Tika Waylan?" He is clutching a note or a letter of some sort.

An affirmative gets the PC the letter, which reads:

"Proceed to the Solanthus Market Area around the midday hour. Look hard for a young woman with a white cloak and black

and silver leather armor. Her name is Sirilla. You will know what to do. The rest will be explained afterward at the Sign of the Rose. Love, A.W."

If the PCs decline to accept the letter (or refuse to admit that one of their number is surnamed Waylan), have a street urchin run up to them and give Tika the note.

ATTEMPTED MURDER MOST FOUL

Pushing your way through the masses, you are amazed at the vast number of people in the city. Everywhere you look, reconstruction is underway.

The marketplace, the center of commerce, was one of the first things to recover and rebuild.

A portion of the crowd ahead of you begins to talk in animated tones. A few cheers go up, and a few hands are waved enthusiastically.

If the PCs attempt to see who or what the people are cheering about, continue reading:

After slipping past a few people, you manage to see the object of their passions. It is Lord Dreyson Belarod, Lord of the City of Solanthus. Clearly, the man's success in expediting the repairs of the city have made him well loved by the populace. He acknowledges the crowd with a modest, almost embarrassed wave as his four bodyguards usher him to his next stop. Unfortunately, people press him from all sides, eager to shake his hand or touch his cloak.

By now, the situation should be obvious, if the PCs have been putting the clues together. Apparently, this Sirilla person, a known assassin, is out to kill the Lord of Solanthus. It is easily guessed that if the Lord was killed, rebuilding would be delayed, which would be a great boon to Lemish and the Blue Dragonarmies.

In order to find Sirilla in this crowd, each PC must roll an ability check against half his or her intelligence. A successful check gains them the following information:



As your eyes scan the crowd, looking for the assassin, you suddenly see a young woman in a white cloak, leaning up against the wall of a building. She looks right and left, making certain that no one is watching her, then produces a small pouch from her belt.

Reaching into her pouch, she pulls out something with one hand. Raising her hand over her head, she lets sparkling grains of dust cascade on her. As the twinkling motes light upon her, she vanishes. Before she completely fades, her mouth twists into an evil, predatory smirk.

Sirilla has just used some *dust of disappearance* and is now heading toward Lord Belarod. Her initial distance from her target is 180 feet. The PCs begin 40 feet from Belarod, and 140 feet from Sirilla's last known position.

If the PCs try to run up to the Lord and warn him of an assassination plot, what they will be doing in effect is drawing the guards away from Belarod. The guards will think that the PCs are the intended assassins.

Sirilla: AC -3; MV 12; T9; hp 48; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA quadruple damage backstab; AL LE; ML 16; XP 3,000; Thieving abilities: PP 80%, OL 72%, F/RT 70%, MS 80%, HS 66%, HN 35%, CW 98%, RL 50%. Sirilla has an 18 Dexterity.

Sirilla wears leather armor, a *cloak of protection +4*, *necklace of protection +3*, *dagger of venom +3*, and *dust of disappearance*. Her purse contains 1d20 gp, 1d12 stl.

Sirilla intends to sneak up on Lord Belarod's back and backstab him with the *dagger of venom*. If her plans are foiled, she breaks off the attack and tries to make good her escape, vowing vengeance on those who ruined her attack. Sirilla is not one to sacrifice herself in order to fulfill her mission.

ALL'S WELL....

Of course, if the PCs foil the plot, the Lord of Solanthus is in their debt. They are hailed as heroes of the city, and are always welcome to any



civic function that Belarod holds. As a further reward, each PC is given 200 stl.

But the true reward still lies at the Sign of the Rose. That is where the note from Alleran indicated for the party to meet him.

Once they arrive at the inn, read them the following:

The innkeeper welcomes you to his establishment, then halts in mid-sentence and, breaking into a grin, looks at Tika. "You must be Waylan's girl," he chuckles. "Gods, but you have his eyes! He asked me to give you this, along with his regrets." The man hands you a note.

"My Dearest Daughter:

"You cannot imagine how proud I am of the accomplishments of you and your circle of friends in the past unpleasantness with the dragons.

"Of course, I offered to help, but my talents are far too humble for the sort of work that was needed.

"I am terribly sorry for not being there in person, but many people desire my company, and most of them seem to want either my money, my hide, or both.

"I am also sorry for dragging you and your friends across Ansalon. I had heard rumors of

the plot on Lord Belarod's life, but I also knew that those stuck-up Knights of Solamnia and those overly solemn, fun-hating priests would not believe a man of my—talents.

"Therefore, it became necessary to lure you and your friends, who have so ably proven themselves in the Wars, to come to Solanthus just in case the rumors were true.

"No doubt by now, Tika, you and your friends are now a bit richer. Could I ask you, daughter, to give your share to the fellow I sold the draconian repellent amulet to? I neglected to tell him that the amulet keeps him safe only from dead draconians, not live ones.

"Some day, my daughter, when the time is right, we will meet again face to face. For now, fate has us going in two different directions.

"Give my greetings to Raistlin. Give him my congratulations on his sorcerous advancements. Give warmest greetings to that big ox Caramon. Heed me, daughter: marry that fellow quickly!

"May the gods watch over you, daughter! I love you, and long to one day give you a fatherly embrace. Until then, carry on with your splendid work.

"Your loving, honest father
"Alleran Waylan"



SCENARIO TWO: MY MOTHER THE DRAGON

In which a group of kender find a treasure map and wind up getting in way over their heads, which is not so hard considering their height.

Start Up: This scenario is meant for a fun-loving party made up of kender, tinker gnomes, gully dwarves, and other fun, preferably short folks.

Ideally, the party should be made up of four to eight PCs. Tasslehoff Burrfoot must go on this adventure. Other suggested personalities include Bupu, Magpie, Agate the Gnome, Kronn Thistleknot, and Trapspringer. All of these personalities can be found on cards in the *Tales of the Lance AD&D® 2nd Edition* boxed set.

The adventure takes place in the land of Kendermore, nine months after the War of the Lance. Much of the land is overrun by the Black Dragonarmies. (DMs should refer to Map 6.)

The overall tone of this adventure should be one of lighthearted action, smack in the middle of some very perilous terrain. Whimsy and suspense should walk hand in hand for DMs running this adventure. Some parts of this adventure are intended to be hilarious. Even the way this adventure is written, especially the parts read to the PCs, presents a kender-like attitude of nonchalance and extraneous conversation.

Having humor and danger side by side in the adventure enhances the impact of both extremes. A good DM should know when to emphasize one over the other.

The kender immunity to normal fear should help in achieving this balance. Yes, the stakes are high and danger abounds, but it is a chance to do some exploring, satiate some curiosity, have some laughs, and perhaps find some neat things to handle!

If someone really wants to play a human or an elf, this can be rationalized by making that PC someone that the kender have hired to help rid the land of the Black Dragonarmies. In the postwar years, it was common practice for the kender to hire/cajole/trick/plead adventurers to go into the dragon-occupied areas with the intent of driving out the scattered forces of the Black Dragonarmies.

The action opens in the tiny coastal village of Grimdel, resting beside the Bay of Balifor. Grimdel

is located in the nation of Kendermore, also called Goodlund. The village is situated near the border of the nation of Balifor, from whence come many scruffy mercenaries and would-be adventurers, looking for work. Unfortunately, as the PCs are about to find out, there is never any decent help for hire when you need it.

DMs should remind groups composed of all kender or with a majority of kender that kender do not have the same sense of caution that many PCs do. Normal PCs may recoil at the idea of visiting an area of giant spiders. Kender would rationalize that these spiders sound terribly interesting, and they probably have snagged all sorts of interesting things in their webs.

Remember, kender are not suicidal, stupid, or oblivious to their surroundings. They are just overly curious, which tends to make them downplay the danger inherent in any area or undertaking.

This adventure is actually rather open-ended. Once they finally leave the inn, the kender can explore any region that is listed on the map. Things are not linear or time dependent. As long as the PCs eventually deal with the dragon and its cohorts, the adventure's objective will have been dealt with, if not achieved.

Even if the PCs bypass certain encounters, the DM should feel free to simply relocate any situations or personalities that are not in a fixed location and make sure the PCs deal with them.

For instance, the PCs may miss the rumors about the tinker gnomes and the Silvanesti scout, and then compound this omission by bypassing the gully dwarf community. The DM could still have the party run into the tinker gnomes on the way to the dragon's lair in the ruins, then meet the Silvanesti scout as the PCs are reconnoitering the ruins.

THE SITUATION

After the War of the Lance, the various Dragonarmies began experiencing breakdowns in order and cohesion. It was not unusual for groups of draconians to break away from the main body of their respective armies in order to seek their own personal fortunes.



One such mixed group of draconians, part of the Black Dragonarmy, did just that. They broke off from their leaders and wandered on their own, looking for profit and a comfortable life.

Eventually, the wandering draconian deserters found an old black dragon named Spit. Spit, a huge female, is a Great Wyrms who was hatched when the ogres returned to Thoradin and made war against the dwarves in the Age of Might, the year 930 Pre-Cataclysm.

Unfortunately, Spit has grown senile. She spends her time lying in her underground lair, tended to by the draconians, who see her as the beginnings of their own personal power base.

Spit is looking for her children. She has long forgotten that her children left her. The draconians lead her on by telling the Great Wyrms that they are searching for the children. Sometimes, they claim that one of the children has a message for her, and they give some made-up message about how Spit should trust the draconians and always take their advice.

The draconians are sitting pretty with this arrangement. They will fight to the death to keep what they have.

MAP 7: THE VILLAGE OF GRIMDEL

The action opens at the Sign of the Happy Hoopak, a modest inn located in Grimdel. After the PCs have been given their starting comments, they can explore other places in town.

If the PCs used are to be part of an ongoing campaign, Grimdel would make a fine PC base of operations.

1. At the Sign of the Happy Hoopak

Nine months have passed since the successful end of the War of the Lance. That nasty lady Takhisis was foiled, and now everyone in Ansalon is busy trying to put everything back together.

Oh, there is still much to do regarding the armies of the Dark Queen. After all, the Black Dragonarmies have control of much of the peninsula, including a chunk of Kendermore





The Black Dragonarmies include those terrible draconians, some evil humans, cruel hobgoblins, and huge but terribly interesting black dragons.

It is bad enough that the Dragonarmies are bad neighbors, but recently they decided that they should take even more land than they already have. All right-thinking kender know that this is unfair. After all, it is one thing to hold onto something that someone carelessly dropped. But the kender are still using Goodlund! No kender has let go of the land, or dropped it, waiting for someone else to come along and pick it up and hold onto it for safe-keeping!

No, clearly the Dragonarmies are horrid neighbors and should be evicted as soon as possible.

And that is why you are all here at the Happy Hoopak, the finest inn in the village of Grimdel. Actually, it's the only inn in the village of Grimdel (not counting the flophouse accommodations of "the Market.")

You have been spending the last two days trying to get some of those six-foot-tall sword swingers (their swords aren't six feet tall, the swingers are!) to march into Goodlund and hunt down those draconians and let them know that they are not welcome here.

For some strange reason, everyone that you have talked to for the past few days seems to be surprisingly reluctant to help. Most of them, when they see your little band, back away and start clutching their purses and belts.

You can certainly understand why they are clutching their possessions, since these people have a tendency to drop things. And, of course, they walk away so fast that you never get the chance to return the things to the rightful owners, so of course you have to hold onto the stuff until the men come back.

Well, one nice man dropped a parchment, then ran out of the inn saying really bad things about kender. Certainly he didn't mean your group. It must be some other group of kender.

Actually, the man was in such a hurry that he not only dropped a parchment, he also dropped a gold locket with a tiny painting of a pretty lady inside, a small pouch with four pearls, a tinderbox, and a small crystal bottle with liquid in it.

So, there in the common room of the Happy Hoopak Inn, you and your comrades are sit-

ting contentedly at your booth, looking over this nice parchment that the man carelessly dropped. The place is filled with people, but none of them seem competent enough to raise their eyebrows, let alone a sword.

It is sundown, and the people are here to escape the encroaching chilly darkness and enjoy the warmth and good fellowship of the inn's common room.

A copy of the map (Map 8) is on the inside of the module's front cover. This can be given to the players to refer to at any time. What the DM knows, and the PCs do not necessarily know, is that the map has its share of inaccuracies.

The main point of the map that must be emphasized is the dragon. If necessary, remind the PCs that the removal of a dragon is an important task, a necessary one for the survival of Kendermore.

If the PCs look around the inn, they see that there are no mercenaries or adventurers for hire. It is up to the PCs to act upon the information.

While sitting around in the common room of the Happy Hoopak, a wandering minstrel happens in and, after consulting with the innkeeper, plays for the customers.

This is the content of the bard's song:

Gather round, travelers, and hear my tale;
Should you like it, then buy me some ale.
I have just returned from travels east;
Where I met dragon-men and other beasts.
And though the War's been over for nine
moons;
The threat of the Dark Queen still looms.
The wooded Beast Run is well named for sure;
For it lairs spiders, giants, ettins and
more.
But the worst beast of all, and pay close
mind;
Is a specimen of black dragonkind.
Spit's her name, and her spit is foul;
Burns your skin and melts your bowels.
Her lair lies east of the woods;
And if she catches ye, she'll melt you
good!
To beat her, takes people with no fear;
But that's not me, I'll stay and drink beer.

Well, one can tell that this is not a very proficient bard. His rhyiming is terrible.

The crowd applauds politely and tosses him a few silver pieces. The innkeeper shakes his head slightly and grudgingly hands the fellow a mug of ale and a plate of food. Delighted, the bard scoops up the coins and goes and sits by himself at a table.

The bard is named Dolan Goldentroat (his professional name). He is not very good at making rhymes. But one thing is certain: the bard has been east, to places indicated on the map. The PCs may attempt to talk to Dolan, who will prove a very able conversationalist, provided a few coins are sent his way.

Dolan Goldentroat: AC 5; MV 12; B5; hp 20; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); AL NG; ML 11; XP 350; Spells: 1st level —*charm person*, friends, taunt, 2nd level—*pyrotechnics*; Thief abilities: CW 60%, DN 40%, PP 45%, RL 25%. Dolan has a 17 Dexterity.

Dolan wears leather armor and carries a dagger. A lute is strapped to his back. His clothing looks rich, unless one examines it very closely, in which case it is actually a bit threadbare. His purse contains 1d12 sp, 1d8 gp, 1d4 stl.

In the category of “interesting objects that he may carelessly drop,” Dolan carries a beautiful quill, several sheets of parchment, a few tortoise shell picks for his lute, a bag of 23 marbles, a charcoal sketch of a pretty woman he wooed in Palanthus, and a pair of ivory dice.

Like most bards, Dolan enjoys telling tales, especially ones that he has heavily embellished. Any action, no matter how humble or mundane, can be inflated by his exaggerating accounts. Unfortunately, Dolan is also a bit of a coward, and runs away from overwhelming danger, composing a funeral dirge for the companions he has left behind.

Dolan knows that a huge, black dragon lives in the woods, and he can pinpoint its exact location on the PCs’ map. He also knows that a troop of draconians have set up their headquarters near the dragon’s lair.

Dolan may be the only exception to the lack of hirelings for the PCs. Though no self-respecting mercenary or professional adventurer would be caught dead being hired by a pack of troublesome kender, a down-on-his-luck bard may be just the thing.

In fact, if Dolan is hired, he serves as the group’s chronicler. As mentioned before, he is utterly useless in combat, attacking only when he is attacked

and even then only if all escape routes have been cut off.

Until such time as his cowardice is exposed, Dolan tells tall tales of bravery, war, and heroism, supposedly first-hand accounts. This should lead the PCs to infer that Dolan was in the thick of the action, and was not bothered by the death all around him.

2. Torgak’s Goods: This modest establishment is run by Torgak Byr, a cranky human (Human Cm4, AC 10, hp 12, AL LN). This is the perfect place to equip the party. Common items (no weapons or armor) from the *Player’s Handbook* are for sale here.

If Torgak sees a group of kender walk in, he turns very sour and suspicious. The PCs are watched like hawks until they leave.

3. Fleetal’s Stuff: Imagine a junkyard set up in a store. That is Fleetal’s establishment. The proprietor is Fleetal Busyfingers (Kender H8, AC 2, hp 36, AL N). His cluttered shop is filled with odds and ends, useless items, knick-knacks, cheap goods, and other things that seem to get the PCs’ attention.

Fleetal knows what his folk are like, so he does not care if they handle his merchandise and forget to put it back. The main reason for this is that Fleetal himself always manages to find a few items that his kender customers have managed to drop. All things considered, Fleetal usually gets the better part of the deal.

4. Shrine of Reorx: This is the only building in the village of Grimdel that is made entirely of solid stone. It is a very simple affair, most of the interior taken up by a vast assembly hall with an anvil-shaped altar at the front.

There is no permanent clergy assigned to this place. Wandering clerics use the hall to conduct impromptu services. Since the doors are always open, anyone can enter at any time of the day or night. Visitors are supposed to leave a sacrifice of at least 5 gp on the altar.

The shrine has a permanent *protection from evil* cast upon it.

5. The Market: This is the place where only non-kender (primarily human) visitors tend to congregate. A makeshift bar is set up, open from noon to midnight. The rest of the place has tables, chairs, a flop room (1 sp/night), and a large board.

The place is called “the Market” because it is





where most kender go to hire some strong folk for dangerous work. The large board has the names or symbols of mercenaries and professional adventurers who have come to town looking for work.

“The Market” is also a good place to find rumors and gossip, especially about the cities of Port Balifor and Kendermore.

If any player is running a nonkender or a non-short person, that PC can be hired here.

There are no NPCs willing to be hired. If, however, the DM has an NPC that he wishes to have the PCs meet and do business with, this is the place to do it.

The current rumors floating around “the Market” are as follows:

- The Solamnians will pay well for any intelligence information having to do with Port Balifor.
- A group of tinker gnomes from Mount Nevermind is heading east toward the Wendle Woods. They say that they are trying to test their anti-dragon device. Have you ever heard of anything so ridiculous?
- Large numbers of draconians have been seen taking leave in Port Balifor. This could be the prelude to an invasion.
- The City of Kendermore is looking for quick-thinking kender interested in escorting caravans from Kendermore to Port Balifor.
- Spiders sure are becoming a problem in the Beast’s Run area of the Wendle Woods.
- A Silvanesti kirath (wood scout) passed through here. She seemed to want to find black dragons to kill. Funny, those Silvanesti are supposed to keep to themselves a lot. Wonder why she’s really here?

SPIDERS, SPIDERS, EVERYWHERE!

A major infestation of whisper spiders is overrunning the Beast’s Run section of the Wendle Woods. It is no coincidence that the creatures have set up their lair so close to the footpath that runs between Grimdel and Balinest. The spiders get to prey upon the travelers who take the well-frequented path. Not too many, so as not to scare off travelers in general and cause the path to fall into disuse, but enough to keep the spiders fat.

The spiders are spread out enough so that even if travelers avoid the path and enter the forest from somewhere else, they still run the risk of being caught.

When the PCs reach the designated spider area, read the following:

During the last ten minutes of travel, the plant life around you has grown increasingly thicker and taller. You have reached the border of the Wendle Woods, specifically, Beast’s Run.

The trees loom high above you, their top branches shading the ground below. Bushes grow in abundance all around you. Fortunately, the path, though slightly overgrown in places, provides you with a decent passage through the quiet forest.

The last sentence of the above description is important. There are no sounds of birds, insects, or other wildlife in the area. This is a result of the spiders’ presence. Most things in this neck of the woods have either fled or been eaten.

The whisper spiders have set up their webs in the underbrush in such a way that when people walk through it, they get caught. This happens at the places where the trail is overgrown.

The trees themselves are laced with webs, unseen unless a PC climbs into the trees and examines them closely. By that time, it is too late.

As a final hurdle, there are spiders at the borders of the territory, lurking in the underbrush or flattened on the ground, waiting for the chance to pounce. Normally, there are six spiders scattered around each major web trap area.

The PCs run into four web areas in Wendle Woods. Each time, the DM must secretly roll a saving throw vs. paralyzation for each PC. Failure indicates that the PC is caught in a web. The spiders come to finish off their victims 1d4 rounds after the first PC is caught.

If a PC passes the roll, have him roll an ability check using either Intelligence or Wisdom (whichever is higher). The PC notices the web if the check is successful.

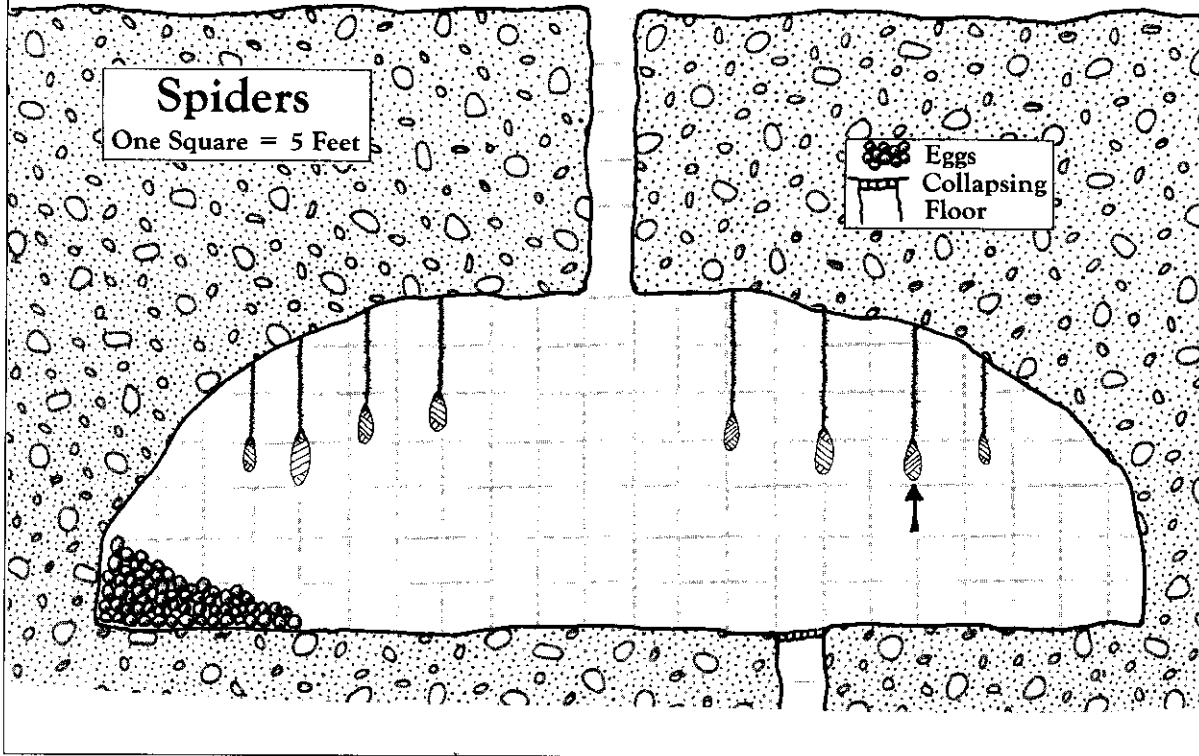
Once the spiders reach their victims, they attack the helpless PCs, wrap them up in cocoon-like masses of webs, and take them back to the lair.

It is impossible to track a spider’s progress. However, sharp-eyed PCs rolling a successful ability check using either Intelligence or Wisdom (whichever is higher) can see where the spiders are heading. Each PC only gets one such check per spider.

A successful check leads the PCs to the underground lair of the whisper spiders, deep in the woods and about two miles off the beaten path.

Whisper Spiders (6): AC 4; MV 9, Wb 12; HD 8+8; hp 50; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA

Map #9



webs, poison; SD jumps; AL CE; ML 14; XP 1,400

A whisper spider's bite makes the victim roll a saving throw vs. poison with a -2 penalty. Victims who fail fall into a stupor for 2d4 turns.

The spiders can flatten themselves on the ground and become 80% undetectable. These spiders move so quietly that their opponents suffer a -5 penalty to surprise rolls.

The spiders' webs acts as *web* spells. Victims can be freed if an unstuck PC can get some of the secretions that the spiders have on their feet. The secretions enable the spiders to walk on their own webs without getting caught. If the PCs can cut open a whisper spider's legs and get to the secretions, one spider has enough for one PC to coat his own hands and feet for 1d6 turns (roll secretly and record the results).

THE LAIR

The whisper spiders' lair is a hole in the ground that opens into a cavern (see Map 9 on page 31). The four-foot diameter hole is concealed by grass, twigs, and leaves scattered over a spider web.

Two web strands hang from the hole to the bottom of the cavern, 65 feet down. If the PCs go into the lair, read the following:

From the hole, a four-foot-wide shaft extends down into the earth for about 30 feet, after which the walls of the shaft abruptly open out into a deep chamber. Descending down the length of the shaft, you see that the chamber is hemispherical in shape, about 100 feet in diameter. The shaft that you just came through is located in the center of the hemisphere.

As your eyes adjust to the darkness, and your noses grow accustomed to the bitter stench, you are amazed at what you see.

The floor of the circular cavern is crawling with dozens of spiders. Not only are there the feared whisper spiders, but also spiders of the smaller species. It seems eerie, but it appears that the smaller spiders are acting as attendants to the whisper spiders.

The floor is also littered with whisper spider eggs—hundreds of them. Much of the floor is also covered in sticky webs. If you fell to the bottom of the cavern, you would not get hurt. You would, however, get stuck fast.

The walls are clean of webs, but the ceiling is another matter entirely. Great strands of webs hang from the ceiling, each one ending





with a cocoon that ranges from four to six feet in length. A skeletal limb protrudes from one or two cocoons.

From one cocoon, however, there comes frantic movement. The cocoon is about four feet in length. It hangs from a section of the ceiling that is 30 feet from the shaft.

Obviously, the spiders do not tolerate strangers invading the sanctity of their lair. They rise up to attack any intruders.

The whisper spiders attack first, since by their strides they reach the PCs before their smaller cousins do.

This reaction assumes that the PCs are attempting a frontal assault. Considering the fact that kender are supposed to make up the majority of the party, such a maneuver would be unlikely.

If the PCs instead decide to sneak and skulk, the spiders do not see them, provided the PCs successfully use their move silently and hide in shadows abilities, or if the PCs have some magical means of concealment.

Whisper Spiders (18): AC 4; MV 9, Wb 12; HD 8+8; hp 50; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA webs, poison; SD jumps; AL CE; ML 14; XP 1,400

A whisper spider's bite makes the victim roll a saving throw vs. poison with a -2 penalty. Victims who fail fall into a stupor for 2d4 turns.

Large Spiders (20): AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1 +1; hp 5; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison (weak, +4 bonus to victim's saving throw vs. poison); AL N; ML 8; XP 175

The large spiders' venom is Type A, causing 15 hit points of damage if the saving throw is failed, and no damage if the saving throw succeeds.

If the PCs manage to get to the struggling bundle (marked with an arrow on the map) and somehow open it, read the following:

As the strands of the cocoon fall away by your efforts, a male kender emerges. An ugly purple welt on the side of his neck gives testimony to the spider bite that paralyzed him.

Once he sees that his cocoon prison has been opened by fellow kender and not by a hungry spider looking for some dinner, his eyes go wide with joy and he bursts out with enthusiasm:

"Wow, am I ever glad to see you! It was getting stuffy in there! I thought you were a big spider, coming to open up my cocoon and eat me. But you sure aren't spiders, are you? It is so wonderful to see my kin again! The webs were interesting to look at, but I got tired of them quickly. So, are we getting out of here?"

The only problem with this is that the kender speaks in a very loud voice. If the PCs have been skulking in order to avoid combat with the spiders, it is all over.

Give the PCs a one-round head start. During this time, the spiders are trying to figure out just what has happened and who is in their lair.

If the PCs somehow guess that the cocoon prisoner is going to be loud as soon as he is freed, and they decide to take measures to make sure the victim does not blurt out his thanks, then give the PCs a two-round head start. After the time goes by, the spiders notice that one of the cocoons has been opened in a most unspiderlike fashion. They decide to give chase.

The cavern floor is littered with interesting items, including an empty brass locket (2 gp), a silver mirror, a whistle made of wood, a silver hairpin (5 gp), a small obsidian statue of a black dragon (5 stl), gold spectacle frames with no lenses (3 gp), a pair of green shoes with bells on the toes, a set of wooden false teeth, 312 cp, 304 sp, 42 gp, 23 stl, a dagger encrusted with rhinestones (3 gp), a human-size suit of chain mail, and a long sword with a gold-plated handle.

The trapped kender is named Tagalyn Wildhair, and he is a very talkative young handler. He was wandering by himself when he was waylaid by the spiders. This happened at least a week ago. Apparently, the spiders were saving him as a snack.

Tagalyn Wildhair: AC 6; MV 9; H5; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (fist); AL CG; ML 20; XP 270; Thief Abilities: PP 75%, OL 42%, F/RT 30%, MS 40%, HS 41%, HN 20%, CW 90%. Tagalyn has an 18 Dexterity.

Tagalyn has no stuff anymore. He dropped it all when he was overcome by the spiders. Tagalyn gets his name from the fact that his hair is arranged in two topknots.

If asked, Tagalyn certainly joins the PCs. He is familiar with the place where giants supposedly dwell, north of the spiders' lair. Tagalyn speaks of seeing giant men with big clubs wandering around

the area, attended by ogres (not Irda). The kender knows that the ogres act as a line of defense for the giants, patrolling the woods and eliminating any who would dare annoy them.

WHOOPS! THERE GOES THE FLOOR!

If the party manages to walk around on the floor of the spiders' lair, there is a cumulative 10% chance per round that a portion of the floor collapses, sending the PCs on a 20-foot fall.

The collapse deposits the PCs into a dark chamber. Read the following:

Well, *that* was certainly unexpected! Obviously, the stone floor was very old, and all that excitement must have made it collapse. You look up, and, thanks to the dim light filtering from above, you can see that much of the floor above is still intact, though it looks like more pieces could go at any minute.

The air is cool down here, but something about it is not right. If air could spoil, you would swear that this air has done so. There is also a feeling of great evil, or more specifically, unholiness. It feels as thick as the webs above you.

So here you are, covered in dusty strands of webs, egg cases, and lots of loose gravel and such. After the last echo of the collapse dies down, your ears pick up a new sound—very large spider feet cautiously making their way across the floor.

The small bit of light enables you to make out some features in this newly discovered chamber. You can see a huge stone statue of a beautiful elven woman, but her lower half is that of a bloated spider. There's a pretty gold necklace around the statue's neck, and her eyes are made of two sparkly red stones, possibly rubies.

There is a really ugly picture on one wall; fortunately it looks faded. That, and the dim light lessens its dramatic impact. The picture





shows a huge, five-headed dragon, each head the color of a different evil dragon. The huge dragon is giving birth to a giant spider woman. The final thing in the dusty chamber is a huge spider body with the chest, arms and head of an elf, except that it looks like no elf you've ever seen. The elf body is shrivelled up, as if it's been dead for a while, but the eyes seem to glow a sickly green.

Of course, the dried-up elf-spider thing would be a lot less scary if it wasn't moving toward you, which it is. As it cautiously closes in, it speaks in a dry hiss.

"So! Takhisis has sent her servants to find the shrine of my mistress Jaithuli! Hail Jaithuli, handmaiden of Takhisis, daughter of Takhisis, she who is trapped in a spider body! Hail Jaithuli, who selected this humble servant all those centuries ago to guard her shrine until her triumphant return! Death! Death to the sycophantic short servants of the Dark Queen! This shrine shall not fall! Death! Death!"

This creature is a form of drider, a creature not normally found on Krynn. The drider is a half-drow (evil dark elf), half-giant spider.

Jaithuli is both an offspring and a Handmaiden of Takhisis, a demigoddess of evil and spiders. She manifests herself as either a beautiful drow female, or a giant spider.

Centuries before the War of the Lance, Jaithuli coveted Takhisis's spot in the sky. Anxious to build her own power base, Jaithuli created the demiplane of Deathdark, and bred spider dragons in mockery of Takhisis.

This usurper so enraged Takhisis that the Dark Queen exiled Jaithuli to the Deathdark, trapping her in the form of a giant spider. Jaithuli was still able to commune with her worshippers, and she made plans to keep her shrines active while she plotted to remove herself from this predicament. This chamber is one of those shrines, long forgotten by wholesome, right-thinking folk.

Any PC who rolls a successful Religion Proficiency Check (with a -2 penalty, due to the obscure nature of the story), knows the story of Jaithuli.

With Takhisis weakened in the aftermath of the War of the Lance, Jaithuli is almost out of her prison.

In the meantime, servants such as the one in this chamber continue their unholy vigil, waiting for the time when Jaithuli returns.

Undead Drider: AC 3; MV 12; HD 7; hp 56; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (bite) or 1d8 (stone club); SA bite is poisonous, saving throw vs. poison with a -2 penalty or be paralyzed for 1-2 turns); SD immune to hold spells, unaffected by normal or magical webs; MR 15%; ML 20; XP 3,000

The undead drider can be turned away by a cleric or high-level paladin by using the "Special" category on the Turning Undead table. Its spell abilities are these: *web* spell six times a day, *fear* three times a day, and *darkness 15' radius* once per day.

The drider is convinced that the PCs are servants of Takhisis. No amount of cajoling or persuading will change its mind.

A quick way to take care of the undead drider is to collapse the ceiling over its head. Only gnomes, dwarves, or someone with the Mining proficiency can determine the proper weak point in the ceiling. It can easily be brought down on the drider if struck with a blunt object (such as a mace or hammer) with the force of at least 15 Strength. The ceiling is Armor Class 10 for purposes of hit determination. The cave-in kills the creature, burying it under a ton of rock.

The entire chamber is cursed, so that all non-evil individuals suffer a -2 penalty to all saving throws and attack rolls.

The two "eyes" of Jaithuli's statue are rubies worth 200 stl each. The gold necklace is worth 100 stl, but it is cursed. Any non-worshiper of Jaithuli who wears the necklace is plagued with nightmares of talking evil spiders and writhing spider constellations in the night sky. Each night, the wearer loses 1 hit point permanently. No healing spells, *restoration*, or *wish* can restore the lost hit points (see below).

If the wearer is good aligned, he further suffers a -2 penalty to saving throws and attack rolls.

Once the wearer reaches 0 hit points, he is dead and cannot be *wished* back, *resurrected*, *reincarnated*, or *raised*. If the wearer was neutral or evil, he becomes an undead drider.

The only way to reverse the necklace's curse and restore the lost hit points is to have a cleric of Paladine cast *remove curse* on the victim. The necklace crumbles into ash, and the victim regains 1 hit point per day until he is at his initial hit point total.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

GETTING THROUGH THE WOODS

A group of hill giants, seeking to be left alone by both the Whitestone armies and the Black Dragonarmies, have settled in this region (shown on the map on this module's inside cover).

As a warning sign, as well as an indication that they favor neither faction, the giants have propped the heads of draconians, elves, humans, dwarves, hobgoblins, and kender on poles and set them in a ten-mile radius from their camp. Anyone traveling within the giants' land encounters 1d10 such trophies. The heads also act as grotesque boundary markers, showing the self-imposed limits of the giants' territory.

The second manifestation of the giants' presence are the patrols of ogres that wander within the same ten-mile radius as marked by the heads on poles. For every mile of travel in the giants' land, there is a 1 in 6 chance of encountering a patrol of ogres.

Ogres (4): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 25; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (clubs); SA +2 to damage; AL CE; ML 13; XP 175

The ogres' orders are to patrol the lands, eliminating any ordinary trespassers, but knocking unconscious and capturing anyone who seems remotely interesting. Unfortunately, these ogres are so stupid that each patrol encountered has only a 10% chance of remembering the specific orders. Otherwise, the ogres just bludgeon to death anything that moves.

Quick-witted PCs who decide to follow the ogres' tracks to their origin discover the giants' lair. A successful Tracking Proficiency Check (with a +2 bonus to the proficiency) is needed every mile. If the PCs lose the trail, they get only one chance to rediscover the trail of that particular patrol.

Since many of the patrols do not overlap each other, as long as the PCs keep following the tracks back to the giants' lair, the chance of encountering further patrols drops to 5% per mile.

MAP IO: GIANTS' LAIR

Once the party arrives at the lair, read the following (presuming of course, that the PCs are conscious).

The woods abruptly end in a circular clearing. It is apparent that some very strong folk pushed away or uprooted trees in order to make a clear living space.

But the fact that there lies something here strong enough to casually uproot trees pales before the sight of the actual lair.

What stands before you is a large building, with the bones of dragons as its frame. Something or someone has actually slain dragons and used the bones as wall supports!

The walls of the building are large, flat slabs of rock and some of the uprooted trees. The entire building, despite its odd materials, seems quite sturdy.

Draped over most of the clearing like a huge canopy are the sewn-together skins of green and black dragons. If a Knight of Solamnia were flying overhead on a gold dragon and chanced to look down, you would guess that he would not notice the giants' lair due to the canopy. The giants seem well hidden here.

In front of the huge lodge, two whole moose roast on a spit, being attended to by a pair of the biggest men you have ever seen.

Well, not men, actually. Though they are humanoid in appearance, their height is tremendous. Huge muscles ripple under their dirty brown skin. The creatures are each clad in several bear skins crudely sewn together. The giants' foreheads are slightly sloped, and their eyes appear rather vacant. The aroma of roast moose fills the air.

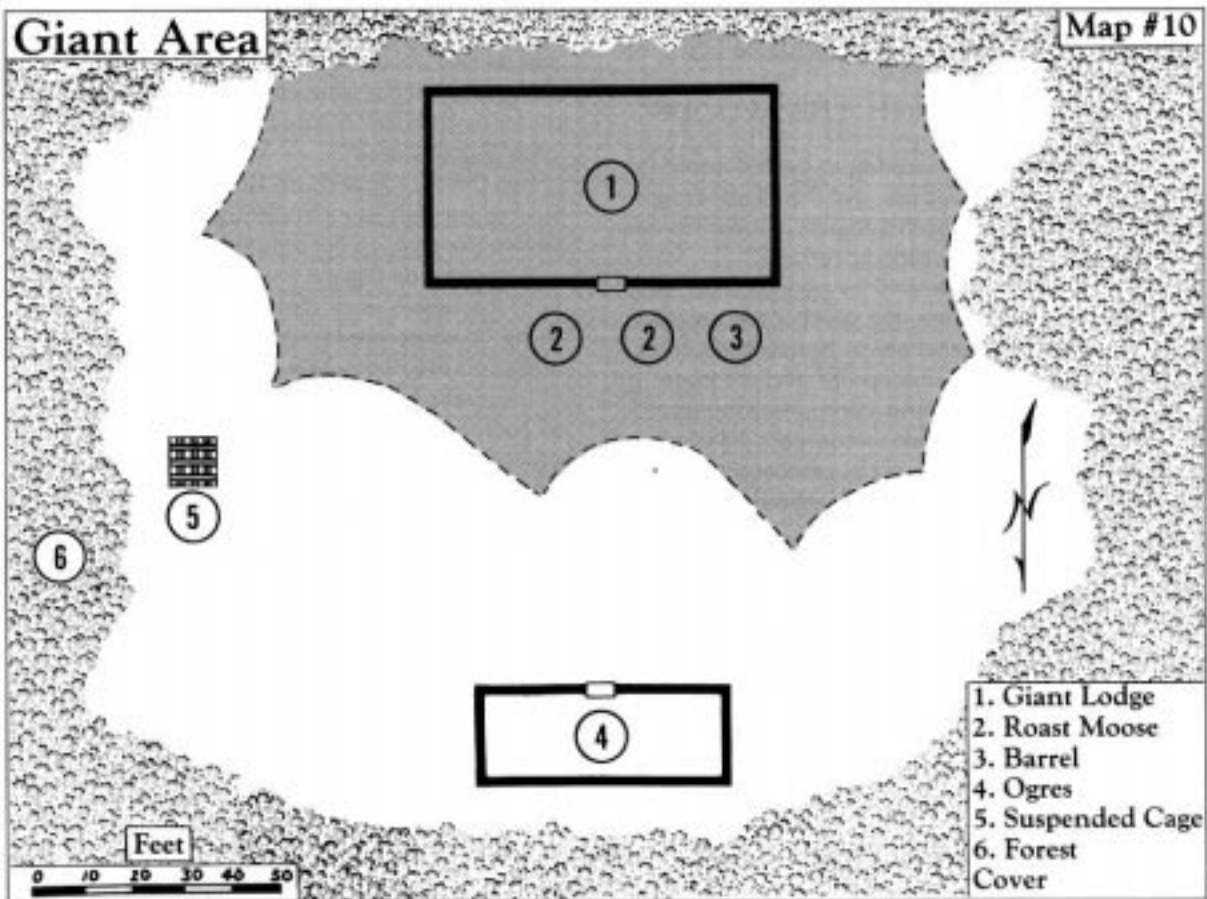
A wooden barrel eight feet tall stands upright beside the spit.

A smaller building lies at the edge of the woods opposite the huge lodge. This building has been assembled using the trunks of the trees that were knocked away to form the clearing.

Just when it seems that you have had more than enough of looking at these brutes and have decided that perhaps you should leave them to their cooking, your sharp eyes catch a flash of something shiny from the entryway of the large lodge. Now, what could that be? Your curiosity begins to gnaw at you. . . .

Obviously, this is the camp of giants, hill giants to be precise. If the PCs were brought here as captives, the giants place their prisoners in a cage made of dragon bones and hang it from a tree branch 20 feet off the ground. The cage is 10 feet





by 10 feet. Two ogres are posted as guards if any PCs are confined in the cage.

The two hill giants are indeed doing the cooking for the camp. The huge barrel at their side is filled three-fourths full of strong giant spirits. Any non-giant who drinks more than four ounces of the stuff must roll a successful Constitution Check with a -6 penalty.

Failing the check puts the PC in a state of loud intoxication. This lasts for 1d3 hours, after which the poor fool has a splitting headache (-2 penalty to all attack rolls, saving throws, ability checks, surprise and initiative rolls) plus extreme nausea (even water is questionable). These two effects last for 1d4 hours after the 1d3 hours of intoxication.

If the PC passes the check, he feels a little lightheaded, but is otherwise fine. Any further four-ounce doses require additional checks, with an additional cumulative penalty of -2 to Constitution.

The smaller building is the lair of the ogres. There are always at least six ogres present, with a 20% chance of there being a further 4d4 ogres returned from patrols.

Ogres (6): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (clubs); SA +2 to damage; AL CE; ML 13; XP 175

The ogres have no treasure. The interior of the building has nothing of interest, unless the kender enjoy smelly, moldy sleeping furs.

The lodge is the sole lair for the hill giants. Just inside the entrance, a piece of crystal hangs on a fine chain from the ceiling. It is purely for decorative purposes. Total value of the crystal and chain is 2 stl.

Besides the two hill giants outside the lair cooking, there are two more, sleeping in the lodge. Also in the lodge are several wolves, kept as pets.

Once the PCs are close enough to examine the shiny object and ascertain what it is, read them the following:

The inside of the lodge is roomy and dark. It is all one large room, and reminds you of a huge tent.

Your eyes make out two huge forms lying in

one corner. In another corner, several smaller forms begin moving toward you, uttering low growls.

Hill Giants (4): AC 5; MV 12; HD 12; hp 60; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6+7 (clubs); SA hurl rocks for 2d8 points of damage; AL CE; ML 14; XP 3000

The giants are rather stupid, though they demonstrated enough cleverness to build their lair the way they did. In essence, when it comes to matters of construction and concealment, they are quite clever. In all other matters, however, they are as stupid as rocks.

Dire Wolves (4): AC 6; MV 18; HD 4+4; hp 20; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; AL N; ML 10; XP 175

The wolves are the personal pets of the giants. Each giant has one pet wolf. The wolves are fanatically loyal to their masters.

The giants keep their treasure under the wolves' sleeping area. The treasure consists of a brass crown (worth 5 sp), a tapestry showing a Knight of Solamnia fighting a red dragon (worth 25 stl), a silver charm bracelet with eight different charms (worth 9 gp), a pewter mug (worth 2 gp), four silver rings with cheap glittering stones (worth 1 sp each), a silver brass buckle shaped like a hawk's head (worth 2 gp), an iron pot filled with 500 stl, plus a *potion of polymorph self*.

THE VILLAGE OF BALINEST

This is a tiny hamlet of 250 kender. The village is run by an elder kender of the Lightfoot clan.

Unfortunately, since this village is firmly in Black Dragonarmy territory, the kender here are a bit more somber (read dull) than the average kender. Oh, they certainly have some fun, and they still have their insatiable curiosity, but their routine has been tainted by frequent draconian raids.

Thus, Balinest is boring to kender such as the PCs. The only inn in town is the Shadywood, and there the PCs can get all the above information about the village.

No one in Balinest is willing or able to be hired as guide or henchman. The village can little afford to let go of a single able-bodied kender.

If the PCs stay in Balinest for more than a day (or if, in the DM's opinion, the PCs have had an

easy time of it thus far), they experience first hand a draconian attack at midnight.

The attack is conducted by 30 Baaz draconians. Two attack each PC, and the rest engage the village's defenders.

Thus far, the draconians have suffered only a few deaths or serious injuries in their attacks. They are unaccustomed to having adventurers the likes of the PCs attacking them. If the draconians suffer casualties of 50% or greater, they beat a hasty retreat.

Following the Baaz's trail leads the PCs right to the draconians' hideout (and also the dragon's lair)—the ruins of Talin.

Baaz Draconians (30): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 2; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short swords); MR 20%; SA when a Baaz is slain, the person who struck the death blow must roll a Dexterity Check with a -3 penalty. Failure means the weapon is stuck in the Baaz's body, which turns to stone when slain. The statue crumbles to dust in 1d4 rounds, and the weapon is freed; AL LE; ML 14; XP 175

These monsters carry short swords, shields, and something out of place for these lowest of all draconians—each has a small obsidian dragon figurine, hanging on a fine silver chain. These necklaces are worth 20 stl each.

If a Baaz is captured alive, it resists any attempts at questioning. If somehow made to talk it tells the PCs that it and its fellow draconians are the caretakers of Spit, an elderly female black dragon who resides in the ruins of Talin.

FIRM GULLIES

This section details the gully dwarf community called Owr Plays (Our Place).

TRAPPED LIKE RODENTIA

As the PCs draw near to this location, read the following:

The woods in this area are less than healthy. It almost appears as if someone decided to try his hand at gardening and forestry, despite an inability to do it right.

Some fruit trees have been pruned so much that there is little left to show the world that they were once fruit trees. Poison ivy grows





everywhere in healthy patches. Some shade trees have been completely stripped of leaves. Other trees have great gashes in their trunks. The gashes are filled with dirt and dead leaves.

Indeed, rather than reflecting any degree of care, this wood appears to have been visited by the cursed elven king Lorac and suffered the same twisted, corrupt fate as the woods of the Silvanesti. You half expect to see a two-headed squirrel or a limbless gopher lying on the path.

A sign made of wood bark and written with berry juice says "No traps heer. Dont look for them. Keep wokin. Awl is safe. We promiss."

A bad stench, like that of wet burlap mixed with offal, wafts toward you from up ahead.

This is the border of a gully dwarf community. The sign is a clever (?) trick set up by the gully dwarves to hide their traps. These traps are set up along the path, one every 20 feet in the same order as they are described below.

The traps are as follows:

* A tripwire stretched across the path. The first two ranks of travelers must roll successful saving throws vs. breath weapon or trip into a badly camouflaged pit five feet deep.

The bottom of the pit is lined with sharp bones. Fortunately, the gully dwarves did not anchor them firmly into the ground. Thus, anyone falling into the pit suffers only 1d4 points of damage.

* Another string, which, when stepped on, releases a sack of rocks set overhead. The rocks are supposed to spill out of the bag. What in fact happens is that the sack plummets in a swinging arc, aimed right at the middle PC (or middle rank if traveling two or three abreast) in the marching order.

The victim(s) must roll a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon or be struck full force with the bag. This causes 2d6 points of damage, and the victim must roll a successful Strength check or the force of the blow carries him 1d12 feet away.

* A third tripwire sends a log swinging at the first PC in the marching order. The PC must roll a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon with a +4 bonus. If the PC fails, he suffers 4d6 of damage and is sent flying 15 feet away. If the PC succeeds, the log whizzes inches by his face and smashes into the bushes to his right. A loud thud, followed by a groan is heard, and a pot-bellied gully dwarf, his bulbous face red and dented, collapses unconscious at the PCs' feet.

After one or more traps are triggered, two gully

dwarves swing from oppositely located tree branches in an attempt to ambush the party. Neither gully dwarf hits a PC, and they crash into each other and slide to the forest floor with pathetic moans.

Finding the traps is simple; any PC's find and remove traps ability is given a 40% bonus.

The two swinging gully dwarves attack if the PCs begin deactivating their nice traps that took them two days to make (actually four, but they can't count that high).

Also, if the traps are deactivated, the third gully dwarf, the one lurking in the bushes to the right of the party, does not attack but instead bravely runs away, screaming to warn the rest of the community. This gives the community enough time to come up with some really great grovelling routines.

Gully Dwarves (3): AC 7; MV 6; HD 1; hp 4; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 (fist/bite) or 1d4 (pointed stick); AL CN; ML 5; XP 25

Each gully dwarf has a pointed stick, scraps of leather armor, and a small bag with a dead animal in it (either a bird, a rat, or a squirrel).

If the two swinging gully dwarves actually get into combat with the PCs, roll a morale check for them for each round. At the first failure, the gully dwarves drop their pointed sticks and run screaming back to the community.

If the gully dwarves are questioned, they gladly lead the PCs to the community, though the directions are interspersed with continual pleas for the PCs to have mercy on them. This happens regardless of how often the PCs assure the gully dwarves that no harm will come to them.

OWR PLAYS

As the PCs enter the community, read aloud the following:

The stench first noticed in the trap area becomes much stronger the closer you get to the community.

When at last you see the gully dwarf community, all is made clear. A jumble of hollowed out old logs or deadfalls serves as the gully dwarves' living quarters. In the center of the community, a huge iron pot of some thick glop that is best described as "green" bubbles and splurts. The worst smells in the community come from this pot.



Occasionally, a gully dwarf head pops out from a hole in a log and regards you with fear-filled eyes.

If the third gully dwarf from the ambush was able to make his escape and warn the community, keep reading.

Suddenly, a loud cry fills the air as over a dozen gully dwarves come at you from all sides. Before you can react, they get the drop on you. They exploit this advantage by dropping to their knees, clutching your legs, and wailing at the tops of their little lungs:

"We surrenda! No kill us! We nice!"

Out of one particularly nice-looking dead-fall (nice in that it looks less ramshackle than the rest of the lodgings, but not by much), three gully dwarves emerge, looking much more dignified than the surrendering dozen.

Actually, they look only slightly more dignified the more you study them. All three are clearly trembling, their knees knocking. One gully dwarf is biting his nails. Another is pick-

ing his nose. The third is picking his friend's nose (violating one of the basic tenets of civilized society).

Finally, the biggest gully dwarf (the one picking his own nose) clears his throat. After half a minute of this exercise, he addresses you.


"Greetings, mighty warriors! I am King Gorp the First! Welcome to Owr Plays!"

Before the King can continue, a wet squirrel, chattering deliriously, breaks the bubbling surface of the cooking pot and tries to clamber out. An old gully dwarf woman, grovelling at your feet and wailing with the rest of the community, notices the squirrel.

Frowning, the old gully dwarf woman stops grovelling and mutters a barrage of curse words that would turn the ears of a minotaur mariner bright red with embarrassment. She then marches over to the pot. The female produces a club, and with one swing brains the squirrel, which at this point is almost out of the pot.

The little creature's eyes roll up into its head, and, with a series of chattering noises followed by a gurgle, sinks back under the glop. With a





satisfied smile, the female gully dwarf places her stick back in the waistband of her dress, flings herself at your feet and wails with renewed vigor.

King Gorp frowns at this display, clears his throat for another half minute, then resumes his surrender speech.

"Ahem! As me was saying, welcome to Owr Plays! Gully dwarf next me is Zorf, Wizard of the. . . uh . . ." King Gorp stops and looks closely at the tattered robes Zorf wears. ". . . Wizard of the Gray Robes! He our shaman! Other dwarf is Mighty Quag, hero of Owr Plays!

"We surrender to you, mighty warriors! Even Mighty Quag surrenders! What can we do for you, oh mighty conquerors of Owr Plays?"

The gully dwarf community of Owr Plays consists of seven male fighters (this includes the three at the traps and the shaman), the King, his Champion, six females, and six children.

The gully dwarves grovel and try to be nice to the PCs. They offer to give the PCs a feast (featuring the squirrel in the pot), repair and maintain the PCs' armor and weapons (allowing them to render this service all but guarantees that the stuff fails at some critical juncture), and even entertain the PCs.

Entertainment includes female gully dwarf belly dancers (a truly revolting sight), a gully dwarf who juggles the heads of small woodland creatures (most wind up falling into the pot), and a gully dwarf jester who keeps mixing up or forgetting the punchlines of his jokes.

At long last, when the sun goes down, the gully dwarves offer the PCs lodging for the night. The finest hollow logs and deadfalls are made ready for them.

The gully dwarves offer no information unless asked. Here is what they have to say about the following subjects:

Draconians: "Oh, we see two dragon mens every day! They come from the same place the sun comes up." (They point to the north.)

Silvanesti Kirath: "Pretty elf lady not very nice. Call us dirty, ugly, short, and cowards! We not ugly! She look at grass a lot, then leave us. She wants to beat up dragons and dragon men! She visited us two days ago!"

Tinker Gnomes: "Real smart and our size! They have big, noisy thing made of wood, kills dragons! They visited us two days ago, after pretty elf lady

leave us! They say they want to help pretty elf lady."

Anything Else: "We need more squirrels!"

When the PCs leave the community, the gully dwarves count this as a great military victory. King Gorp, The Mighty Quag, and Zorf are given a parade by the gully dwarves.

Gully Dwarves (6): AC 7; MV 6; F1; hp 4; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 (fist/bite) or 1d4 (pointed stick); AL CN; ML 5; XP 25

King Gorp: AC 7; MV 6; F4; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 (fist/bite) or 1d6 (rusty short sword); AL CN; ML 7; XP 175

Gorp has scraps of leather armor, a helmet made of the skull of a moose (including the antlers), and a rusty short sword.

The deadfall house of King Gorp has the community's treasure: a bird nest, a cracked egg, the tail of a rat, two iron pieces, and a rolled up parchment showing an illustration of a female gully dwarf in a supposedly provocative pose. It is signed "Wit luv to King Gorp, luv, Bupu."

The Mighty Quag: AC 7; MV 6; F4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 (fist/bite) or 1d4 (club); AL CN; ML 7; XP 175

Quag has scraps of leather armor, a termite-infested wooden helmet, and a club.

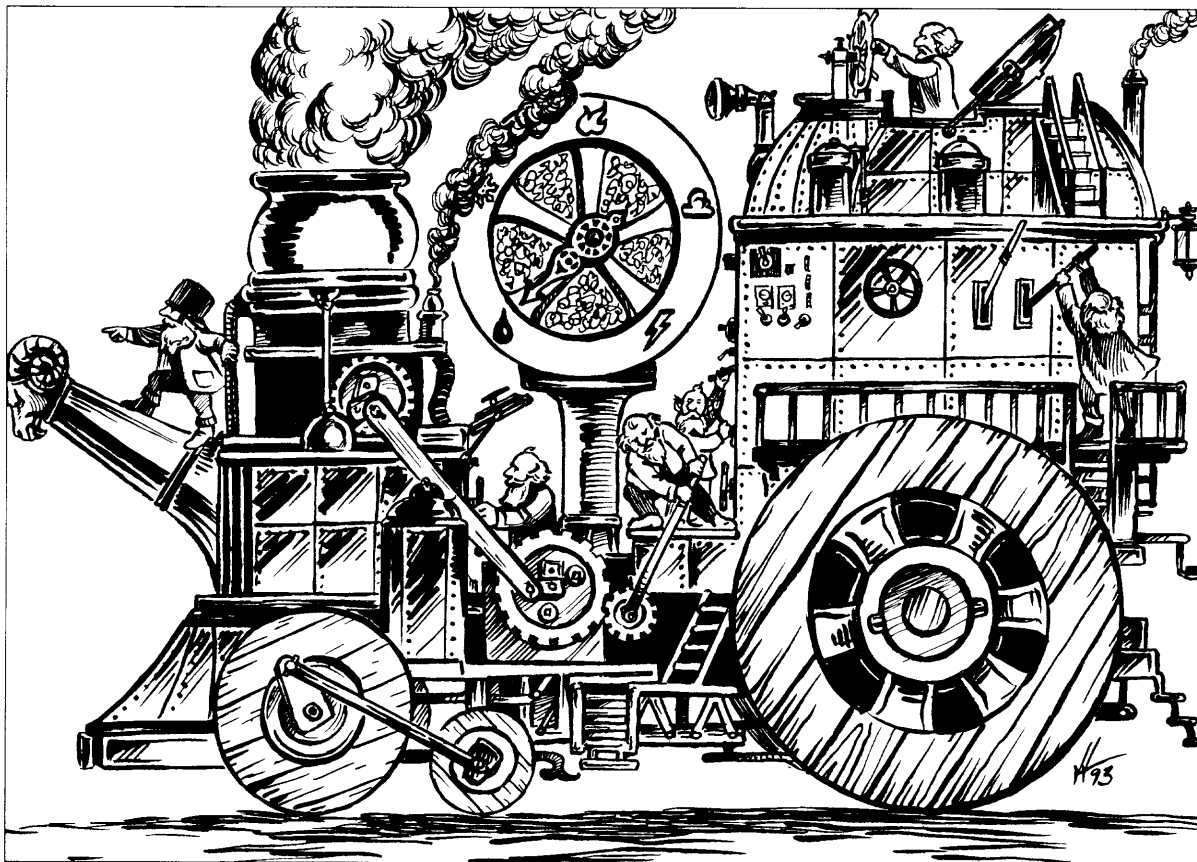
Zorf the Shaman is a standard gully dwarf fighter, but he wears no armor. He has a pointed sharp stick, and a "magic pouch" filled with moose manure, which he claims is actually the source of his great magical powers. Zorf is clad in a torn gray robe.

TINKERS Ex MACHINA

As the PCs near the gnomes, read the following:

You notice that the plant life in this area has been flattened by something very heavy. It looks as if a set of massive wagon wheels ran over the vegetation, leaving a large swath.

A sound reaches your ears. It begins softly, but as you draw closer, the noise gets worse. It sounds as if some great creature clad in clanking armor is snorting and puffing as it rumbles across the land.



When it at last comes into view, you can scarcely believe your eyes. Facing you is the rear end of a huge, armor-plated wagon, huffing and puffing steam and black smoke. Various small, gnome-like figures are atop it, running around, steering, tossing logs into what must be a furnace, and performing other busy activities.

Once the PCs try to get a closer look, continue reading the description.

The wagon is easily a dozen feet long. It is not pulled by any animals at all. Rather, it seems to move under its own power. The front of the wagon has what looks like a large pole sticking up at a slight angle, like a mast at the bow of a sailing ship, except that this pole is very thick.

Sheets of steel are hammered all over the wagon. One gnome stands at a large wooden wheel, which has a dial and five symbols. The symbols are a red flame, a green cloud, a blue lightning bolt, a white snowflake, and a black drop of liquid.

The gnomes see you and wave. Their cheerfulness comes to an abrupt end, however, when the wagon lurches to a halt. A gout of steam erupts from the middle of the wagon, and, with a loud rumble, the front wheels fall off and roll into the underbrush.


As teams of gnomes begin swarming over the wagon, doing repairs, an important-looking one dismounts and walks over to you.

"And a good day to you, strangers!" he says, bowing with a polite sweeping gesture. "You are seeing the future, friends! You are seeing the very thing that will make the Knights of Solamnia and their Dragonlances obsolete!

"This," he says, pointing proudly at the machine, oblivious to the fact that a fire has erupted at the rear of the wagon, "this is an automatic dragon slayer. Not that it slays automatic dragons, mind you, but in fact it slays dragons automatically."

A faraway look comes to his eyes as he begins writing feverishly in a small notebook. "An automatic dragon, automatic dragon," he murmurs half to himself. "Not a bad idea, not a bad idea at all. Have some springs and





gears...perhaps a bellows hooked up to a fire source for a fiery breath weapon, and...OH!" he stops his scheming as he realizes that you are all still here.

"So sorry! Where are my manners? I am Punt. Punt Crankgear. Tinker extraordinaire. Late of Mount Nevermind, now here doing a field test of my automatic dragon slayer, and at the same time ridding our kender friends of the scourge of dragons! Thank you, thank you very much!"

If there are any tinker gnome PCs in the party, the device probably holds much fascination for them. Otherwise, there are lots of nice things to handle, such as copper wire, various hand tools, extra long nails, spare iron gears, springs, and small pots of lubricating grease.

The tinker gnomes welcome help in repairing the dragon slayer only if the PC offering is a fellow tinker gnome. The tinker gnomes spend four hours trying to fix the device. Though they manage to get the wheels back on, the steam drive is out of commission. Reluctantly, the gnomes switch to the ESDAE, or Emergency Squirrel-Driven Auxiliary Engine.

The ESDAE is composed of a large wheel cage with two dozen squirrels in it. The wheel cage is hooked to the front wheels. There are two gears, or speeds, of the ESDAE. A cluster of nuts dangled in front of the squirrels is first gear. A drawing of a gully dwarf, dangled in back of them, is second gear.

The tinker gnomes know little of the dragon in question. They suspect that it is a black dragon and that it is huge. The gnomes had encountered two draconians, but somehow managed to run them over with the machine before the two could be questioned.

Thus far, the gnomes have not found any sign of the female Silvanesti scout.

ONE GOOD SCOUT, MANY BAD FOES

This brings the PCs into the ruins of Talin, and face to face with the draconians. This also enables the PCs to meet the Silvanesti kirath. When the PCs approach the ruins, read the following:

You are out of the woods now. The trees faded to shrub and brush, which in turn yielded to

smooth grasslands. However, your group has managed to find a large stand of tall grass to hide in.

Sprawled out as far as your eyes can see from this vantage point are the extensive ruins of Talin. Who knows what this place looked like before the Cataclysm? What you do know is that it definitely looks unfriendly now.

Another thing that is obvious is the traces of other creatures that dwell here. There are many footprints, visible even to those not gifted in tracking. The prints are human-sized but clawed like a dragon's feet.

A low wind whistles through the jagged stone ruins. The air carries a bitter tang to it, an acidic quality. Though the air is not cold, it chills you just the same.

Suddenly, a pair of draconians come into sight. It is apparent that they are on sentry duty. They exchange a few words, the discussion gets heated, then one cuffs the other on the head. Before the argument can escalate any further, a third draconian joins the fray, hits both of them with a rod, and makes gestures to indicate that they should get back to their duties. Grumbling but subdued, the two draconians wander off, and the third returns to his vantage point.

The DM should select a PC in the group, preferably either one in the rear or one in the front, and continue reading, but addressing only him.

From out of nowhere, a gloved green hand grabs your shoulder. A second hand covers your mouth before you cry out. A green-hooded head wearing a horrid looking wooden mask pops out of the tall grass. "Where in the Abyss did you fools come from, and why are you here?" a voice from within the mask hisses. It is a female voice, with an unmistakable elven accent. You can see strands of honey blonde hair peeking out from either side of the mask. "Who are you?"

Give the PCs a chance to react, introduce themselves, whatever. Once the elf finds out who they are and what they are doing here, the DM should read the following:

The intruder removes her mask with a resigned sigh. Blonde hair tumbles into her face. Now that you get a better look at her, you can see that this thin, wiry elf is wearing leather armor and green cloak. A long bow is tied to her back. The intruder removes her mask with a resigned sigh. Blonde hair tumbles into her face. Now that you get a better look at her, you can see that this thin, wiry elf is wearing leather armor and green cloak. A long bow is tied to her back, a long sword sits in a belt scabbard, and a jointed staff that is vaguely reminiscent of a hoopak lies at her feet.

She brushes the strands back behind her delicately pointed ears and locks her steel blue eyes on your group. "If I were you, I would turn around and head back the way you came," she says in a quiet voice. "This place is crawling with all manner of draconians, not to mention a huge black dragon!"

This is Larena Talurien, a female Silvanesti scout. Since Silvanesti scouts do not subscribe as much to the Silvanesti feelings of racial superiority, it is no surprise that a few of the more ambitious scouts would eventually begin wandering the surface of Ansalon, looking for further challenges and helping the other races out in their time of need.

These altruistic tendencies also help out the Silvanesti as a people. With their scouts wandering all over Ansalon, the elves can get a good idea on the state of the continent. This information helps the leaders determine policies and strategies in dealing with the other races and nations of Ansalon.

Larena is very aware of the Silvanesti rulers' desire to benefit from the wandering kiraths' accumulated knowledge. She couldn't care less. She is here, specifically in Goodlund, in order to help the kender remove the presence of the Black Dragonarmies. Her being here is purely her own idea, and she has no hidden agenda.

However, a portion of the traditional Silvanesti superiority does show through on occasion. Though she acknowledges the kenders' expertise at "handling," she is convinced that they are experts at little else. Thus, the kender are almost like children, needing protection from the big, bad Dragonarmies. Her attitude is condescending, which is inflated by her knowledge that she is an elite scout, an expert in her field.

If asked about her own story, she says the following:

"Though this is not the time to socialize, I know kender well enough that if I don't answer
"Though this is not the time to socialize, I know kender well enough that if I don't answer your questions, I will never get anything accomplished!

"My name is Larena Talurien, and I am a kirath, or scout, of the Silvanesti race. I am here out of a sense of duty to the other races of Ansalon, to help them remove the blight of the dragons and the Dragonarmies from their lands.

"We Silvanesti have stayed aloof for far too long. Perhaps, if we had been more involved with the affairs of Ansalon, the war would never have happened. Thus, I am here of my own volition to help rid Goodlund of evil dragons.

"And speaking of my quest, it does me little good having the likes of you underfoot, though I intend no offense by my words. If you can't help me, please let me tend to the matters at hand!"

The key phrase, of course, is "if you can't help me." This is the closest that Larena comes to asking for help.

If asked about meeting the gully dwarves, Larena verifies that she did indeed pass through the community. She reflexively wrinkles her nose when she talks about it. Larena knows nothing about tinker gnomes and has not met them. The look on her face conveys her desire not to change that.

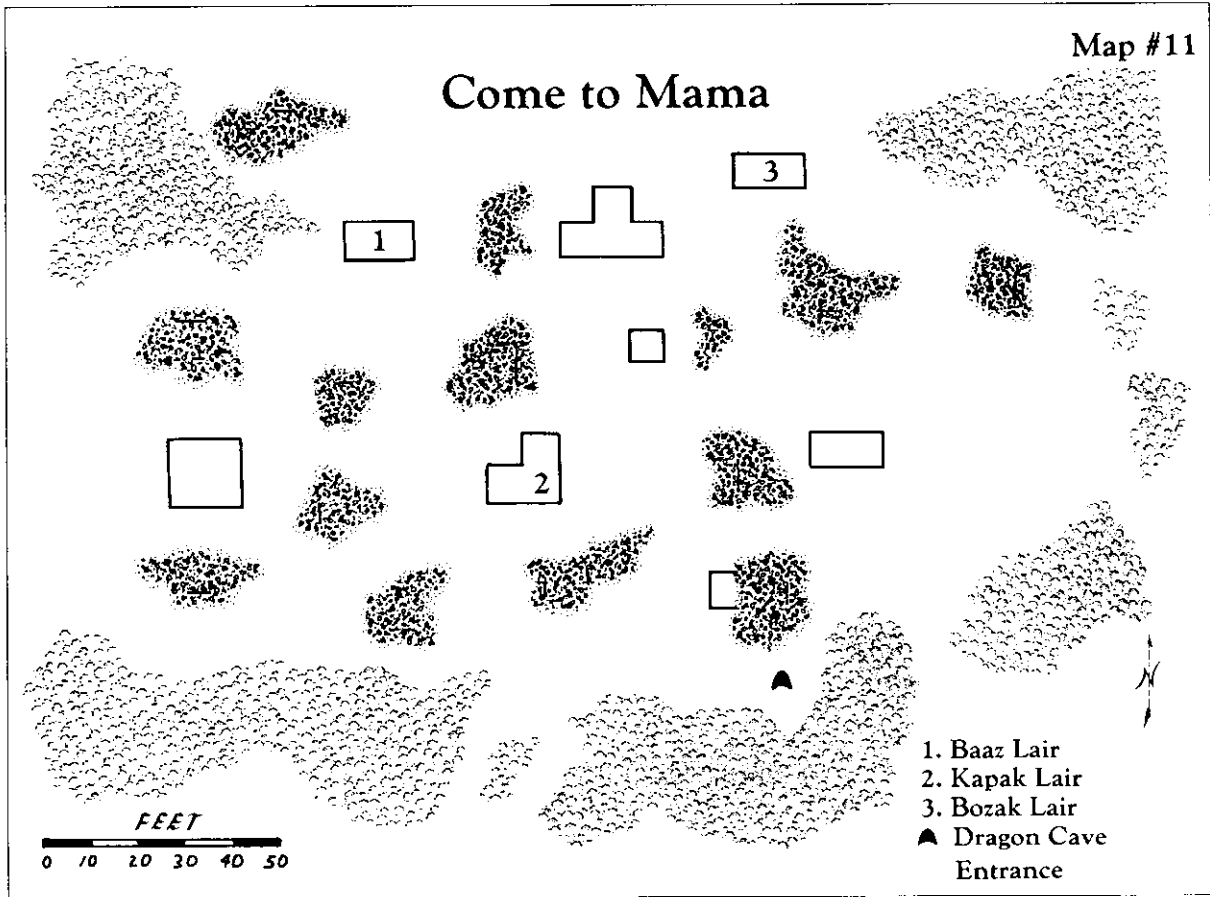
Larena is willing to listen to any decent plan. She is not here to be used as a major force to be manipulated by the PCs. She is willing to do some reconnaissance, create a diversion, whatever it takes to assure the destruction of the draconians. She will not engage in any suicidal charges or the like.

Larena Talurien: AC 4; MV 12; K8; hp 64; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (flight arrows), 1d6 (soris); AL CG; ML 15. Larena has an 18 Dexterity.

Larena has leather armor, long sword, long bow, 24 flight arrows, a soris (jointed staff), greenmask, firebane cloak (treat as a fireproof *cloak of elvenkind*), an atrakha (a wooden whistle that can imitate bird calls and small animal noises), two potions of *extra healing*, and a purse with 5 stl.

Among her mundane items, Larena has a back-





pack that contains food and elven wine, 50 feet of rope, and flint and steel. She also carries a second purse with a woodcarving tool, a partially finished carving of a kender, a pretty piece of quartz that she found during her travels (3 sp value), and a sky blue robin's egg.

ASSAULTING THE RUINS

The terrain within the ruins is strewn with rubble. There are many concealing places in the area, and lots of shadows perfect for hiding clever intruders.

The ruins are home to the draconians. This mixed group patrols the area in pairs. Each draconian type congregates and works by itself, coming together only when the need arises or some decision about Spit needs be made.

When the PCs are wandering the ruins, there is a 1 in 6 chance per round of encountering a patrol of two draconians. If an encounter is rolled, the DM should roll 1d4 and consult the following table to determine which draconian type is encountered.

Roll	Draconian
1-2	Baaz
3	Kapak
4	Bozak

Each draconian type has its own lair. The majority of the treasure the draconians have is what they found in the Great Wyrms' lair. The draconians have wisely kept it there. Furthermore, the draconians have also placed in Spit's lair any incidental treasure accumulated by waylaying innocent folk. The Bozak draconians came up with the idea, and they see it as a wise investment for the future.

The best way to get to the dragon's lair is to sneak around until it is found, possibly capturing a draconian in order to interrogate it about the lair's precise location. If the idea is suggested, Larena volunteers to sneak out and do this. She returns in five minutes with a Baaz.

Baaz Draconians (40): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 2; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short swords); MR 20%; SA when a Baaz is slain, the person who struck the death blow must roll a Dexterity Check with a -3 penalty. Failure

means the weapon is stuck in the Baaz's body, which turns to stone when slain. The statue crumbles to dust in 1d4 rounds, and the weapon is freed; AL LE; ML 14; XP 175

These draconians carry short swords, shields, and something rather out of place for these lowest of all draconians—each has a small black dragon carving made of obsidian, hanging on a fine silver chain. These necklaces are worth 20 stl each.

Note that the 40 figure includes the 30 draconians that raided the village of Balinest. Adjust the number accordingly to reflect casualties.

Kapak Draconians (12): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d4 (bite); SA bite requires successful saving throw vs. poison or victim is paralyzed for 2d6 turns; SD when slain, the body dissolves into a pool of acid ten feet in diameter, causing 1d8 points of damage per round to all within; MR 20%; AL LE; ML 15; XP 650

Bozak Draconians (6): AC 2; MV 6, GI 15, FI 6 (E); HD 4; hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short sword); SA spells; SD +2 bonus to saving throws; AL LE; ML 14; XP 1,400; Spells: 1st level—burning *hands*, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd level—stinking *cloud*, *web*

When a Bozak is killed, its flesh shrivels to dust on its bones. This takes one round. In the following round, the bones explode, causing 1d6 points of damage to all in a ten-foot radius (no saving throws).

The Bozaks are the “leaders” of the group. This title is as much due to their strength as to their invention of the best ideas for the group. The idea to mislead Spit was the Bozaks’.

MAP 11: COME TO MAMA

Spit's lair consists of an arena that collapsed 40 feet straight into the ground during the Cataclysm. It was subsequently buried by the earth in the intervening years.

Seeking shelter during the upheaval of the Cataclysm, Spit found the arena and made her home in it. She has been there ever since.

Access to her lair is via a sloping tunnel into the earth. The tunnel is 140 feet long. The mouth of the tunnel is always guarded by two Baaz and two Kapak draconians.

When the PCs are ready to descend into the dragon's lair, Larena addresses them:

“I shall stay here, and defend the tunnel from any further draconian interference,” Larena offers, her eyes staring coldly at the ruins. You get a sense that her true hatred lies with the draconians.

If the PCs managed to kill every single draconian, then the DM should rule that Larena was injured in the battle, possibly affected by some paralytic poison courtesy of a sneaky draconian, and must stay behind while the PCs check out Spit's lair. Larena must not enter the lair. The dragon encounter is for the PCs only.

Once the PCs manage to gain entrance to the lair, read the following:

The tunnel ends in a vast cavern. This is not a natural cavern, but rather an ancient arena that must have collapsed from the surface. The floor is strewn with a king's ransom in coins and jewels, plus countless pieces of assorted bric-a-brac.

By far the most fascinating feature of this room is the humongous black dragon that is eyeing you in a squint-eyed fashion.

This is definitely the biggest dragon you have ever seen, but something is not quite right. The dragon, presumably the one known as Spit, has many scales missing from her flanks. Many spots on her body are encrusted with jewels that have been driven into her flesh after centuries of the pressure from her enormous weight.

Some of her claws and teeth seem to be missing. A low wheezing noise emanates from her throat. You swear that you can hear her bones creak as she moves.

Slowly, painfully, she cranes her neck until she gets a good look at you. Her mouth opens, and you are overwhelmed by the acidic stench that wafts out. A few of Spit's teeth have rotted through.

The Great Wyrn takes a deep breath, and says in a voice that is a cross between a hiss and a croaking cackle, “Is that you, my children? Have you come to me at last? I have been so lonely here!”

Allow the PCs to react. If they answer in the negative, then Spit wants to know who they are. As long as they do not use words like “Knight of Solamnia,” “handler,” “paladin,” “ranger,” “dwarf,”



“elf,” or “kender,” she is liable to believe anything.

If the PCs respond in the affirmative, Spit gives an acidic burp, then croaks for joy. She uses her great tail to sweep the party to her side in a crushing embrace. Of course, the sheer weight of the tail pins the PCs to her side. She also says:

“Oh, joy of joys! At long last, after centuries of waiting, my children are back! Such wonderful little hatchlings! I shall never, ever let you go. We shall spend the centuries together, as a family!

“I was so worried about you when those fiery mountains plunged to earth! Nice dragon children should never play outside when it’s raining fire and blood! Your father must be so worried about you too!”

If the PCs are stuck in this situation, they are going to have to think of a way out. Once Spit considers them to be her children, she is not easily persuaded otherwise. The key to fooling her is to say that the draconians are in fact her children, and that they were playing a game with her all this

time. Spit wants so desperately to find her children that she will believe even that.

The PCs can ask Spit questions, especially about her background. She is delighted to tell them her story.

Back when Huma drove out Takhisis and her evil dragon cohorts, many evil dragon eggs were left behind, though it is not known if this was intentional or not.

The eggs lay for many years, until at last they hatched, though the catalyst is not known. Spit’s egg was the only one in her mother’s clutch that hatched.

Uncertain as to what to do, Spit wandered Ansalon, always keeping a low profile, especially since she never met anyone else like herself.

Eventually, Spit met a male black dragon who was in the same situation that she was. The male dragon was called Caust. They mated and set up a lair far from the prying eyes of the good races.

When the Cataclysm struck, Caust and three of the six offspring were killed. Her lair ruined, Spit looked for a better place, and eventually found the crumbling city of Talin.

Spit is actually a great source of old stories. Parties of kender and gnomes would be acting cor-



rectly if they were reluctant to kill Spit. It is clear that this dragon is declining, and she no longer poses a threat to anyone. She is barely even aware that there was a War of the Lance.

However, if the PCs attack Spit, she fights to the death. She may look feeble, but she is far from being anything of the sort.

Spit, Black Dragon Great Wyrm: AC -7; MV 3; HD 20; hp 150; THACO 5; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6+12/1d6+12/3d6+12; SA breath weapon acid 24d4+12, fear radius 50 yards, -4 fear saving throw penalty; SD immune to acid; MR 45%; AL CE; ML 16; XP 16,000

Spit has the following spell abilities: *water breathing* (innate), *darkness 120' radius* (three times a day), *plant growth* (once per day), *summon insects* (once per day), and *charm reptiles* (three times a day).

Her treasure includes 52,342 sp, 36,991 gp, 12,403 stl, 4,997 pp, 90 black diamonds and opals each worth 200 stl, *staff of striking/curing*, *ring of projection*, *dagger +2*, *long sword +3*, *shield +3*, *ring of protection +3*, *bracers of defense AC 2*, and *gauntlets of dexterity*.

The lair is also littered with numerous knick-knacks, such as cheap statuettes covered in a thin layer of gold or bronze, marbles, gold and silver eating utensils, gold plates, gold serving dishes, cheap costume jewelry earrings and bracelets, several nicely carved pipes, two dozen bottles of assorted old wines (the oldest one has a 400-year vintage), a set of *medallions of faith* from each of the good and neutral gods, a pair of ruby dice with gold pips (50 stl value), and a dozen suits of chain mail and plate armor (nonmagical, but heavily adorned with gold trim, cheap gems, etc.).

The DM should feel free to customize the hoard using his own ideas of cheap but interesting objects.

Should the PCs fight Spit and begin to lose, read the following:

Who would have thought a senile old dragon would be so tough? It looks like your group is doomed for sure.

Suddenly, the cavern wall explodes open, to reveal a huge, armor-plated, smoke-belching wagon, manned by some very determined gnomes.

The gnomes blow a charge on a small, reedy instrument and scramble to attack positions.

"Target sighted!" one gnome exclaims. "Black dragon!"

"Black dragon! Confirmed!" another gnome, the weaponer no doubt, echoes while turning a pointer on a wooden wheel. The pointer is set onto a stylized drawing of a black drop of liquid. "Attack set!" the weaponer announces.

"Fire anti-dragon measures!" the lead gnome orders.

"Firing anti-dragon measures!" the weaponer echoes, and pulls a lever. A huge glob of white material is catapulted straight at the huge black dragon, the latter looking quite perturbed at having its nice lair wall torn down. The Great Wyrm inhales dramatically, and begins breathing her acid.

SPLAT! The white glob covers with her mouth. When the acid breath strikes the glob, a stream of pure water trickles out of Spit's mouth.

"Alkali missile effective!" the gunner announced triumphantly.

"Excellent!" the leader declares. "Ramming speed!"

The wagon belches more smoke and, with a burst of speed, crashes into the very surprised dragon's flank.

Then comes the explosion.

Your group is struck by a hail of gnomes thrown clear from the blast. The force of the explosion rolls the gnomes and your group straight up the tunnel and spews you out onto the surface of the land once again. A rain of coins and shiny junk pelts you, as the amazed Larena looks on.

From below, you hear a low rumble, as the cavern collapses, killing the dragon and burying her treasure forever.

AFTERMATH

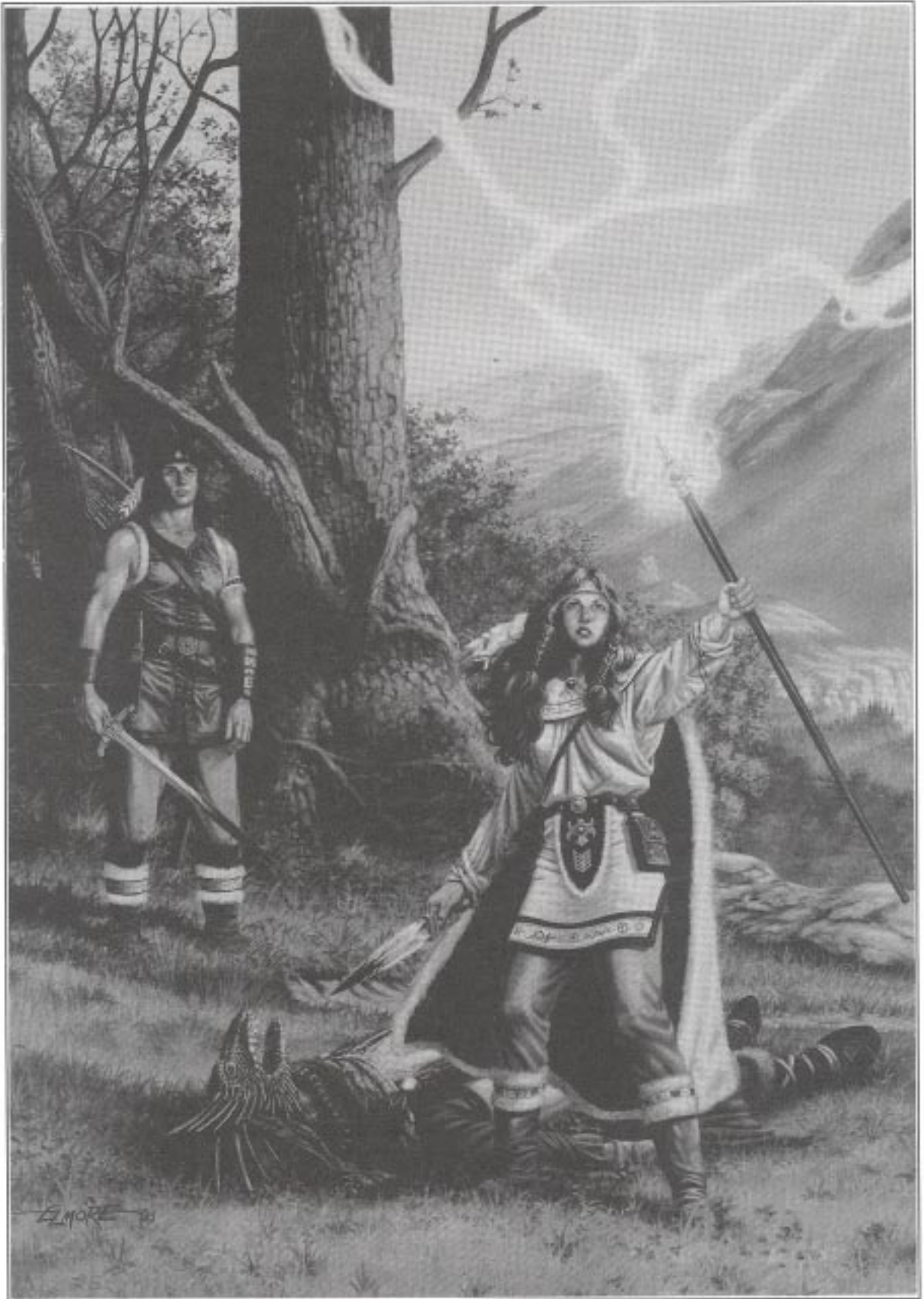
If Spit is not killed, the old dragon lives for another three years then dies quietly in her sleep. If all the draconians were not taken care of, they continue to be a threat to this area.

If Spit was killed and there are draconians still alive, they scatter and abandon this lair for good.

Larena takes her leave, but she promises to be around if she is ever needed.

If the tinker gnomes got a chance to use their dragon slayer, they are rather busy congratulating each other on the device's smashing success.





SCENARIO THREE: REBIRTH

In which Goldmoon and Riverwind return to Que-Shu in order to restore the tribe, and witness first-hand the devastation wrought by the Dragonarmies. Also, they learn that the word "rebirth" holds significance for more than just the Plains barbarians.

Start Up: This scenario details the exploration of the ruined area of Que-Shu, with the goal of restoring the tribe.

The party should be made up of between six and ten PCs. Goldmoon and Riverwind must be part of this adventure. Other suggested personalities include Tika, Caramon, Raistlin, and Tanis. Tasslehoff may be included, but his presence may take away from the overall serious tone of the adventure.

Custom designed PCs can be run in this adventure, with the explanation that they are friends or associates of Goldmoon and Riverwind.

The entire adventure takes place in the eastern region of Abanasinia, with special emphasis on the Plainsmen's lands, such as Que-Shu. DMs should refer to Map 12 for an overview.

The overall tone of the adventure should be one of somber exploration, coupled with the hope that the Que-Shu tribe can be reborn.

This adventure is not event-dependent or linear. The PCs have the option of exploring Que-Shu first or heading into the foothills to look for signs of fleeing survivors. However, the adventure runs easier for the PCs if they go first to Que-Shu. The DM may need to tinker if the PCs mix up the order in which they experience the adventure, but by no means should they be forced to go through the adventure in the same sequence as presented here.

THE SITUATION

At the conclusion of the War of the Lance, a group of Red Dragonarmy draconians stayed behind near the village of Que-Shu, apparently on orders from one of the Dragonlords. The force's orders were to remain "on station," as part of a mysterious ritualistic vigil that had something to do with a message from Takhisis. It was only this order, backed by the word of Takhisis, that kept such a diverse group of dra-

conians from falling upon and killing each other. Exactly one year after the war's end, the draconians' purpose was revealed when a red dragon came to their camp and spoke words dictated by Takhisis:

"No longer are we able to perpetuate the draconian race by taking the eggs of the weak dragons who shackle themselves in the moral bonds of Good. Their vigilance makes the theft of their eggs too difficult.

"In my divine wisdom, I have decreed that the draconian race needs to have its own queens, in honor of my royal personage.

"Thus, each species of loyal draconian will select six worthy individuals who shall be vested as queens of the species.

"The queens shall be able to mate with draconians of the same species and bring forth a clutch of eggs that shall hatch in one cycle of Nuitari.

"Those who mate with the queens must be strong, the finest of their species. The weak shall not be allowed to mate, nor shall weak hatchlings be allowed to take a second glance at the sun.

"The matings will be allowed to happen only once every three cycles of Nuitari. Therefore, there shall be three mating seasons of four months, covering the time from mating to hatching.

"Each mating season, including the one to begin it all, must start with the sacrifice of a hatched good dragon—color and age matter not.


"In order to mate successfully, the queen must cut her forearm, creating an open wound. Her mate does likewise, causing their blood to mingle together. This ritual, which passes on the characteristics of both parents, will enable the queen to lay eggs.

"For you, my faithful who brought the village of Que-Shu to ruin, select one queen, from any of the five draconian species.

"So begin the mating seasons, my faithful, a time of rebirth for the draconian race! Follow my commands or suffer my wrath!"

The Bozak draconians, which serve as the force's spiritual guides, sensed that all was in





proper order, and the message was rightly accepted as truth. Thus, the draconians in the vicinity of Que-Shu have taken the Dark Queen's words to heart and have initiated the ritual. An Aurak was selected as queen.

The PCs enter the situation as the queen for this group of draconians has already laid a clutch of eggs. A copper dragon was sacrificed to initiate the mating season. The copper dragon's young offspring are being saved for use in the next mating season.

The red dragon messenger, who goes by the common name of Flamm, has remained behind with these draconians. Flamm is interested in seeing how closely the draconians keep the word of the Queen.

ON THE ROAD TO REBIRTH

This is read to Riverwind and Goldmoon:

The past year has been an eventful one. After the War of the Lance, you stayed in the city of Kalamam until Goldmoon gave birth in the autumn.

Once the child was born and Goldmoon was able to travel, you made your way southwest toward Abanasinia and the lands of the Plainsmen.

At long last, you reached the Newsea port of Newports. There you stayed until spring.

It has now been one year since the end of the War of the Lance. Your child is strong, and all is as well as can be expected. However, deep in Riverwind's breast burns the desire to see his homelands, to discover the fate of his people, perhaps even to rebuild his people's lands.

With the decision made, your child is to be kept in the care of a trusted friend in Newports. Whatever lies now in Que-Shu is not for a child to experience.

Friends have been contacted, and an expedition has been assembled. It is time to begin to reclaim Que-Shu, and to face once and for all whatever foulness was left behind by the retreating Dragonarmies.

You remember well the last time you saw Que-Shu. It was when you were with your companions, the Heroes of the Lance, in the earlier days of your quest.

The village had been attacked by draconians, hobgoblins, and presumably, dragons, fire breathers by the look of the melted stones of the village's structures.

The Heroes found no trace of the people of Que-Shu. Perhaps, confronted by superior numbers, they had fled to the mountains of the Eastwall. That, at least, is your hope.

And so, you have two sites that bear investigating. First of all, the village of Que-Shu itself. Dare you hope against hope that the people have survived and returned to rebuild?

Second, you have the foothills of the Eastwall. Could the remnants of Que-Shu have taken refuge up in the mountains and simply stayed up there?

The gods only know what you will find. In any event, enough of this speculation! It is not getting you any closer to Que-Shu! Onward! The open expanses of Eastern Abanasinia await.

A WORD ABOUT THE OTHER PLAINS TRIBES

If the PCs wish to stop off and talk to the Plainsmen of the villages of Que-Kiri and Que-Teh, they find the barbarians cool to the idea of anyone going to Que-Shu. In their superstitious minds, going to a place of death and stirring things up is a sure way to awaken a great evil, possibly affecting the remaining Plains villages.

The Plainsmen, if told of the PCs' plans, are polite and respectful to Riverwind and Goldmoon, but they ignore the other PCs. The PCs, even Heroes of the Lance, receive no help whatsoever for any enterprise that involves going to Que-Shu. No goods are bartered, no hirelings or henchmen are available for hire, nothing is offered.

TRAVELING TO QUE-SHU

The total distance from Newports to Que-Shu, via the Sageway Broken road, is 40 miles. The DM can hold off on rolling random monster encounters until the PCs begin traveling in hostile terrain. The PCs are not considered to be "in hostile terrain" until after they use the Oldroad Bridge to cross the White-Rage River and head north.

However, the bridge poses its own problems. When the PCs arrive there, read the following:

The Oldroad Bridge comes into view, a sturdy stone bridge spanning the swiftly flowing White-Rage River. Beyond it lies a road that splits off and heads northwest to Que-Kiri, Que-Teh, and Solace, and northeast across the plains to Que-Shu.

However, there seems to be a disturbance at the bridge. A group of a dozen elves on horseback, Qualinesti by the looks of them, are engaged in a heated argument with ten Plainsmen, also on horseback. Each faction also has a dozen pack horses, laden with goods.

The argument is getting worse. Several of the muscular Plainsmen are actually yelling, and even from where you stand you can see their faces turning beet red.

It is clear that you will not be able to cross the bridge without getting into the middle of this war of words.

Both groups are trade delegations for their respective races. When they met at the bridge, they decided to do some trading on the road.

Unfortunately, the Plainsmen are less than happy with some of the elven wares, specifi-

cally some wine of Qualinesti vintage. The Plainsmen wanted strong liquor "that burns as it goes down," and instead got some fruity, sweet elven wine.


The Plainsmen thought the Qualinesti were being insulting, that the elves were giving them "a woman's drink." The fact that they spat out the wine and began cursing a blue streak did not sit well with the Qualinesti, either.

The Qualinesti want the Plainsmen to pay for the wine that they drank, about 25 stl worth. The Plainsmen refuse to pay for "fruit-faced swill."

However, this is not just a simple squabble. One of the Plainsmen is actually an Aurak draconian spy from the Que-Shu draconian troop. It has infiltrated the Plainsmen and enjoys making forays into Qualinesti and Newports in order to stir up dissent and stoke the fires of racial suspicion between the Qualinesti and the Plainsmen.

It was easy for the Aurak to use the Plainsmen's natural suspicions toward the Qualinesti as leverage. The aurak used *suggestion* on the





head of the Que-Teh trading delegation in order to make the man escalate the incident. The barbarian's fellows eagerly followed their leader's example. The Aurak stands next to the leader at all times.

The Qualinesti are honestly amazed at the severe reaction from the Que-Teh. All they want is to be paid for the spilt wine and leave.

Goldmoon and Riverwind know instantly that the Plainsmen are Que-Teh. A successful Wisdom Check by either of them reveals that something else is bothering the Plainsmen, something deeper than just spilt wine. The Wisdom Check should not be rolled unless the PCs ask whether or not they can tell that something is wrong.

If the PCs look as if they are going to push their way past and ignore the conflict, the DM should mention that it appears that the Que-Teh are about to pull out weapons and start swinging at the elves.

The best course of action for the PCs to take is to play the role of peacemakers. Offering to pay for the wine is the simplest, most direct action. This will please the elves and mollify all of the Que-Teh except for the entranced leader. Even the Aurak will play the part of a satisfied barbarian. The leader will continue to bluster, and demand that the Qualinesti pay for their offense "in blood."

If the PCs do not offer to pay for the wine, but instead try to ease negotiations, the Que-Teh refuse to listen to an elven (any type) PC, nor do the Qualinesti listen to a Plainsmen PC.

Producing a Friendly result for both sides on the Encounter Reactions Table (page 103 of the *DMG*) pacifies everyone except the ensorcelled Que-Teh leader.

When the bewitched leader attempts to initiate hostilities, the Aurak, in his disguise, backs the leader and echoes his words, trying to rally the Que-Teh to fight. DMs should make another roll on the Encounter Reactions Table under the Friendly column for the Aurak. If it can get a Friendly result from the Que-Teh, they attack the elves. The Aurak can attempt this once per round.

The situation degenerates into a bloodbath unless the PCs can intervene somehow.

Aurak ("Rushlight of Que-Teh"): AC 0; MV 15; HD 8; hp 41; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+2

(energy blast) x 2; SA sulfur breath weapon for 2d10 points of damage and blinded for 1d4 rounds, a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon halves the damage and results in no blindness; SD +4 bonus to all saves; MR 30%; AL LE; ML 15; XP 6,000

The Aurak's innate abilities include invisibility at will (which ends when it attacks); *polymorph* into any animal its size, three times a day; *change self* three times a day to perfectly imitate any human or humanoid he has seen, lasting 2d6+6 rounds; detect hidden and invisible creatures within 40 feet at will; can see through all illusions; *dimension door* three times a day, 60 yard range; can *mind control* one creature of equal or fewer Hit Dice for 2d6 rounds; cast *suggestion* if concentrates for a full turn.

Spells (cast at 8th-level ability): 1st level— *enlarge*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd level— *ESP*, *stinking cloud*; 3rd level— *blink*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level— *fire shield*, *wall of fire*.

"Rushlight" also carries a medallion that enables him to remain in his *change self* form until he dispels it.

When "Rushlight" reaches 0 hit points, he does not die. Instead, he covers himself in green flames and goes into a fighting frenzy (+2 bonus to attack and damage rolls). Anyone coming within three feet of the flames suffers 1d6 points of damage unless a successful saving throw vs. petrification is rolled.

During this stage, "Rushlight" repeatedly screams "Green fire devours, but red fire will devour all! Rebirth has come, long live the six queens!"

Six rounds later, or when the Aurak reaches -20 hit points, it stops screaming and changes into a spinning ball of lightning, striking once per round as a 13-HD monster, causing 2d6 damage. Three rounds later, it explodes, stunning all within 10 feet for 1d4 rounds and inflicting 3d6 points of damage (no saving throw) on those stunned. Items within range of the explosion must roll successful saves vs. crushing blow or be destroyed. Items on a PC who rolls a successful saving throw do not have to save individually.

Que-Teh Barbarians (9): AC 8; MV 12; F2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (hand axe); AL NG; ML 10; 175

Each Que-Teh wears leather armor and is armed with a long sword and a hand axe. The leader of this trade group is named Firestream.

Qualinesti (12): AC 5; MV 12; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (flight arrows); AL NG; ML 13; XP 175

Each Qualinesti wears chain mail armor and carries a long sword, long bow, and 18 flight arrows. The leader is a female elf named Tiana Sharpeye.

The Qualinesti know nothing about the Que-Shu region. The Que-Teh barbarians know that the Que-Shu ruins and the Que-Shu Plains have become taboo places, where no sensible Plainsman goes.

RUINS OF QUE-SHU

The PCs can consult their players' map of Que-Shu (Map 13, inside this booklet's cover) in order to determine where they wish to explore first. When the party first reaches the ruins, read aloud the following to the PCs:

Before you stands the damaged yet still standing walls of the village of Que-Shu. Beyond the walls lies the village proper, a sad casualty of the War of the Lance. People cheer the success of the Heroes of the Lance, minstrels and storytellers recount the deeds of heroism and the military victories, but often the victims are a forgotten part of those stories.

No one sings their song now except for the mourning wind, which whistles through the ruins.

Ah, but there is another sound as well, drifting from the other side of the village walls. The sound of raucous laughter and coarse shouts. It is a sinister noise.

As you digest this bit of information, it suddenly occurs to you that something is odd about the village wall; it has been repaired. Not neatly, not securely, but it has been repaired.

Any PC can figure out that the noises are made by sligs if the PC speaks the slig language.

A large group of these monsters have moved into the remains of the village, after gaining permission from the draconians. DMs should see map 14 for a layout of the village.

UNWELCOME MAT

This is a pit trap located at the front gate. The opening is ten feet in diameter, dropping the PCs into a 30-foot-deep pit. The pit widens on its way down, until the bottom is 20 feet in diameter.

DMs should not prompt the PCs into checking for pits and traps. If they do not do so on their own volition, they are caught. All detection attempts are halved due to the sligs' expertise in concealing the pit.

The trap catches the first two PCs who cross it. The next two must roll successful dexterity checks, or also fall in. The following two PCs must also roll the checks, but with a +4 bonus to their dexterity scores.

PCs who fall in suffer no damage, thanks to landing on a soft covering. . . of poisonous snakes. Also, in the course of their fall, they strike a series of brass noisemakers that alerts the nearby group of sligs that intruders are about.

The walls of the pit are slippery with animal fat. The surface is smooth and cracked.

Poisonous Snakes (36): AC 6; MV 15; HD 2+1; hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison, onset 1d6 rounds, 3d4 points of damage if failed saving throw vs. poison; AL N; ML 8; XP 175

The noisy group of sligs are torturing a pair of wild goats that they caught. The hideous creatures are having some fun with the animals before tossing them into the animal pit.

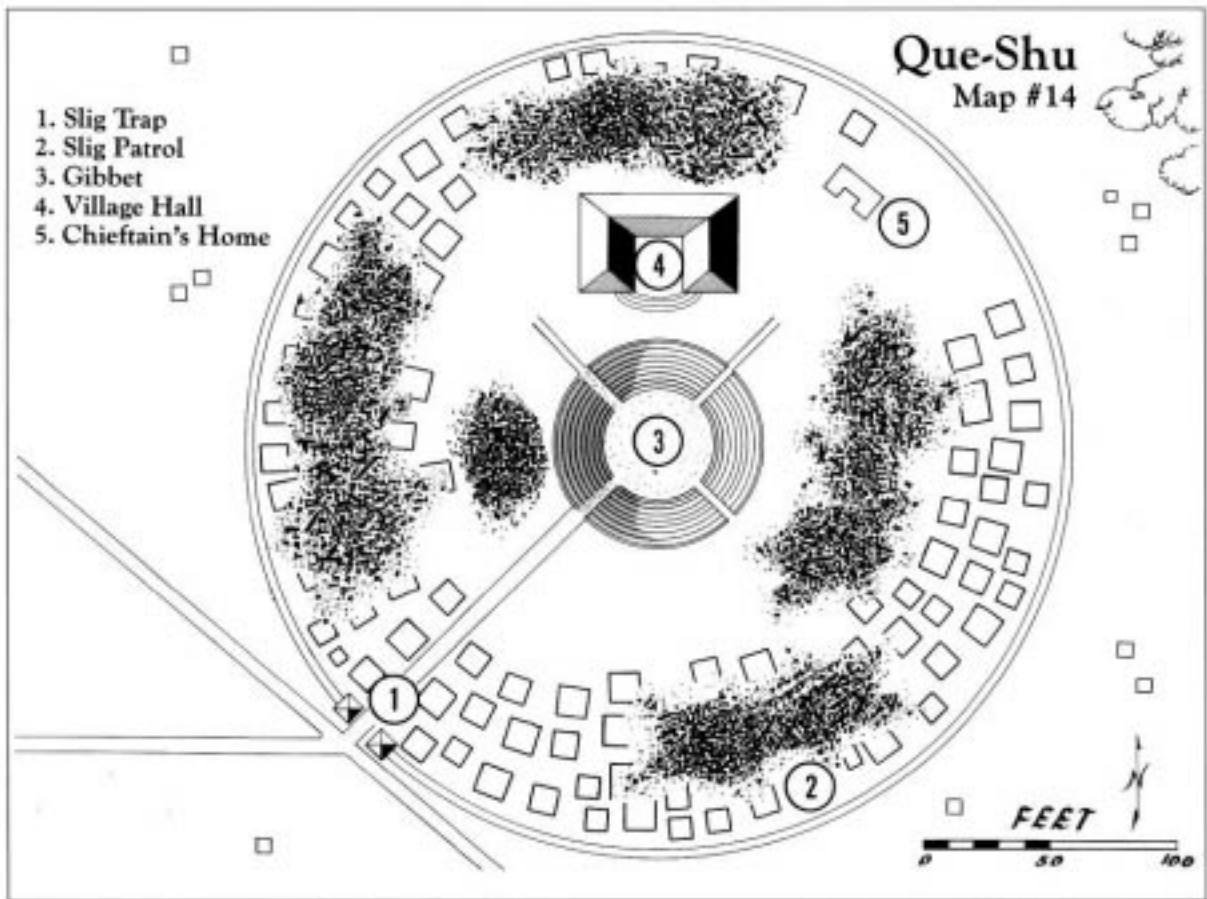
If the PCs manage to avoid the trap, the sligs do not notice their intrusion.

Sligs (8): AC 3; MV 9; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d8 (spear), 1d4 (bite); SA venomous spittle, 1d6 points of damage three times/day, ten-foot range, also an attack against AC 10 is rolled to see if spittle struck victim's eyes; if so, victim must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or be blinded for 1d4+1 rounds; sligs also get a +2 bonus to damage rolls when using weapons; SD impervious to normal fires, suffer -1 from each die of magical fire damage; AL LE; ML 12; XP 270

The sligs try to get help from their comrades. The monsters tend to shy away from open combat against unfavorable odds.

Interrogating these wretches reveals only that they have been here for the past eight months, and that their leader and the rest of the group have





moved into the Que-Shu leader's former house.

The animal pit is close by. It contains three wild goats, a deer, and four giant rats.

Any noisy spells, such as *fireball* or *lightning bolt*, attract the attention of the rest of the sligs in the village. In addition, there is a cumulative 1-in-20 chance per round that the commotion of battle is heard by the rest of the sligs. If the rest discover the PCs, they do not attack, preferring instead to wait in ambush. In this case, the remainder of the sligs cannot be surprised.

INSIDE IMPRESSIONS

Once the PCs get a chance to take in the village inside the walls, read the following:

You now have the chance to clearly see the village unobstructed by the walls. You cannot help but feel sadness for what you see.

The stones of the ruined buildings are melted and blasted black. There are very few buildings still standing. All of the tents are gone, and most of the stone huts have been reduced

to heaps of charred stone. The village hall has been demolished and some sort of wooden barrier has been placed around it, reminiscent of a fence. The Ancestors' Temple has been completely razed to the ground. The Chieftain's Home is still intact.

Rubble, most of it the smashed remains of personal possessions, lies strewn on the ground everywhere.

The sunken arena in the center of the village still holds the hated gibbet. Several hobgoblin skeletons still dangle, creaking, on the nooses.

The rest of the place looks deserted, with the exception of the occasional raven that swoops down and takes a few pecks at the hobgoblin skeletons, hoping to find a morsel previously overlooked.

This is the sort of thing that you will never hear sung in a bard's tale. Perhaps that is for the best.

THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE HALL

The reason the village hall ruins are fenced in is that the sligs have discovered that they are haunted. The wooden fence has odd marking painted on it in blood. Any PC who knows the slig language can tell that these are slig warding symbols against evil spirits.

The spirit of a Que-Shu Plainsman, in the form of a spectral minion, wanders the former building's perimeters each night. The Plainsman was a sentry who was charged with defending the village hall and seeking out reinforcements to help defend Que-Shu. He failed at both, so he now wanders the ruins of the building, waiting for aid to send ahead to the Que-Shu who managed to escape.

Any slig unfortunate enough to get close to the village hall has met a grisly death at the hands of the minion. The nearby draconians refuse to believe the sligs' stories about the haunting.

When the Heroes of the Lance visited devastated Que-Shu early in the War of the Lance, they did not encounter the minion because the destruction of the village was still fresh, and the minion needed time to coalesce into a viable spiritual entity. By the time the minion accomplished this, the Heroes had long since departed Que-Shu.

If the PCs cross the wooden boundary, the spectral minion appears to the PCs. Read the following aloud:

As you cross the wooden boundary, a chilly breeze blows from under the rubble of the village hall and cuts through your armor and clothes with its bone-aching cold.

From under the rubble, following the wind, comes a Que-Shu warrior, his expression a mixture of sadness, despair, and anger. You blink several times as you realize that you can see clear through the man!

As soon as his dead eyes catch sight of who you are, his expression melts into one of relief tinged with grief.

"You have come back at last," he whispers, though you can hear his voice clearly echoing in your head. A shiver runs up your spine. "You did not wait until I formed myself. You left in such a hurry." He shakes his head.

"I cannot fault you for that. When you came here, Que-Shu had just died. I perished in the defense of the hall. The Chief had charged me

to find help. Now, a year later, help has arrived, in the form of yourselves." His eyes light up with something unexpected—hope. "But you are not necessarily too late!"

"When our scouts told us of the advancing Dragonarmies, an evacuation was ordered. Though any Plainsman warrior would gladly die for his people, even our own pride was insufficient to blind us to the obvious: those armies would slaughter us.

"That is when the most difficult decision had to be reached. Who would stay behind and try to stem the tide? Who would accompany the women, the young, the aged, to a place of shelter?"

"The Chief made those decisions, and he seemed to age a little more with the pronouncing of each name of a warrior who would stay behind. There was much anguish as many families saw a father, a brother, sometimes even a sister, get chosen to remain behind. Yet not one of the chosen hesitated. Not one complained. Every one of them accepted his lot, proud to be of service to the Que-Shu tribe.

"The loudest exclamations came when the Chief uttered the name of the final warrior who would remain behind...himself. The pride in the hearts of those of us who would remain behind doubled in size.


"So, with many tears, farewells, and wishes for luck, those chosen to leave walked eastward into the mountains, just before the Dragonarmies roared down upon us.

"Gods, the heat! The fires were everywhere, exhaled upon us by the flying red dragons! The air was filled with the sounds of clashing steel, the crackling of burning thatch, and the screams of the dying. Black soot hung in the air and burned our throats, already raw from our battlecries.

"The battle was over so swiftly. All of us who defended the village perished. At the first rising of Nuitari after my death, my spirit came to rest here, my sense of honor preventing me from going to my rest until my duty is fulfilled."

The minion turns to Goldmoon. "Our people still live, Daughter of Mishakal! Or at least they survived the trials and tribulations of the assault on the village! They sought shelter in the foothills to the east. Whether they have survived up there, even I do not know.





"But there is one thing I do know: draconians, many of them the ones that destroyed Que-Shu, also lie to the east of here. Whereas our people sought shelter by taking the road called Sageway East until it reached the mountains, then turned to the northeast, the draconians set up camp to the southeast, never taking the Sageway into the mountains.

"I must now ask you a question, and I say that you must carefully consider your answer: Will you remove the draconians? And will you seek out my people and help them?"

If the PCs answer "yes" (and if Goldmoon and Riverwind are in the party, they'd better!), continue reading.

At the sound of your affirmative answer, a new expression comes to the minion's face: Joy. The chill in the air abruptly leaves, to be replaced by a warmth, a warmth that gives you hope and strength.

What appear to be tears form on the face of the minion. His image begins to fade. "Free at last! My quest has been completed! I am going home!"

His voice and his image disappear from your senses at the same time. You are standing in the rubble. Perhaps due to some trick of the light, or perhaps because other powers are aiding you, it seems that no one beyond yourselves heard anything or saw the blinding light.

A final echo whispers in your heads. It is the voice of the spectral minion. "Mark this time well, heroes! It is a time for rebirth. But be on guard, for that word holds significance for more than one people!"

If the PCs refuse the minion, he frowns, insults their honor, questions their courage, and then attacks them, with the intent of driving them away from the ruined hall.

Any good clerics or paladins are cut off from their deities (no spells, turning, laying on of hands, *protection from evil*, *cure disease*, or *detect evil*) until the PCs in question either repent their decision and go after the draconians, or an *atonement* is cast on each offender by a higher level cleric of each of the respective offenders' deities.

Spectral Minion: AC 2; MV 30; HD 6; hp 48; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (spectral long sword); SD +1 or better weapon to hit, minion cannot be turned, minion gets -1 bonus to all initiative rolls; MR 20%; AL CG; ML 15; XP 1,400

If the PCs defeat the minion, they split the 1,400 experience point award. If they accept the minion's request, each PC gets 1,400 experience points.

MAP 15: THE CHIEF'S HOUSE

GROUND FLOOR

This place has been taken over by sligs as their main lair. All interior walls have been knocked out, turning the structure into one large building.

All of the windows in the building have been boarded up. The front door remains the only way to enter the slig lair.

There is a trap door in the northeastern corner of the floor, hidden under some bedding. It leads to a dirt cellar, plus a 150-foot-long escape tunnel that deposits the user outside the village walls.

If the PCs have been expected (due to excessive noise, etc.), a trap is set up at the door and an ambush prepared. Opening the door releases an overhead net that traps the first four PCs who walk into the lair. The PCs' chances of detecting the trap are halved due to the sligs' cunning in concealing the obstacle.

The net automatically hits. It prevents trapped PCs from engaging in any sort of melee or spell-casting, and nullifies the victims' dexterity bonuses and shield effects on Armor Class.

In order to free oneself from the net, a strength check must be made once per round until successful.

Once the net attack has been resolved, the sligs attack, sounding a loud alarm in the process. If the eight sligs near the village gate were bypassed, they hear the noise and arrive in five rounds.

Normal Sligs (18): AC 3; MV 9; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d8 (spear), 1d4 (bite); SA venomous spittle, 1d6 points of damage three times/day, ten-foot range, also an attack against AC 10 is rolled to see if spittle struck victim's eyes; if so, victim must roll successful saving throw vs. poison or be blinded for 1d4+1 rounds;

sligs also get +2 bonus to damage roll when using weapons; SD impervious to normal fires, take -1 from each die of magical fire damage; AL LE; ML 12; XP 270

Warrior Sligs (8): AC 3; MV 9; HD 6; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d8 (battle axe), 1d8 (spear), 1d4 (bite); SA venomous spittle, 1d6 points of damage six times/day, ten-foot range, also an attack against AC 10 is rolled to see if spittle struck victim's eyes; if so, victim must roll successful saving throw vs. poison or be blinded for 1d4+1 rounds; sligs also get +3 bonus to damage roll when using weapons; SD impervious to normal fires, take -1 from each die of magical fire damage; AL LE; ML 14; XP 1,400

Champion Slig: AC 3; MV 9; HD 9; hp 72; THAC0 11; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 2d4 (bardiche), 1d8 (battle axe), 1d8 (spear), 1d4 (bite); SA venomous spittle, 1d6 points of damage six times/day, 20-foot range, also an attack against AC 10 is rolled to see if spittle struck victim's eyes; if so, victim must roll successful saving throw vs. poison or be blinded for 1d4+1 rounds; slig also gets +4 bonus to damage roll when using weapons; SD impervious to normal fires, take -1 from each die of magical fire damage; AL LE; ML 16; XP 4,000

The champion slig is the leader of the tribe. He will be the last slig to enter melee, preferring to have his warriors do the fighting. If it appears that the sligs are losing, the leader retreats through the trap door and goes out the escape tunnel. He proceeds to the draconian camp in order to alert them. See the Draconian Camp for details on how this affects the PCs.

The sligs have no treasure. People and other travelers known to carry treasure are not a common sight in these parts. What little the sligs had was given to the draconians as tribute.

If the leader or a warrior slig is somehow caught and interrogated, it relays the following, if asked specifically about any of these topics:

The sligs moved into the ruins of Que-Shu eight months ago, after getting permission from the nearby draconians. When the sligs went to the draconians to get permission to move into the devastated village, they seemed to be in the middle of what they described as a holy vigil, awaiting a special word from the Dark Queen.

If the interrogation is successful, the slig also tells the PCs the location of the draconians' camp, only if, of course, it is asked. The sligs do not

know the exact number and types of draconians. They know that there are at least a dozen, but the sligs are not well versed in draconian races, though they did observe that there were at least two strikingly different draconian types.

The sligs' last visit to the draconians was a week ago. There was a small red dragon with the group.

Giant Boars (4): AC 6; MV 12; HD 7; hp 35; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d6; AL N; ML 10: XP 650

The boars are the favored pets of the slig leader.

The rest of the upper floor's interior consists of a stone floor covered with filthy sleeping rags, battered old cook pots, and other simple utensils salvaged from the Que-Shu wreckage.

THE CELLAR

The cellar acts as a nursery and storage area. The sligs keep haunches of meat hanging from the ceiling, as well as sacks of vegetables and other provisions.

There are six baby sligs sleeping here in crude cribs.

The entry into the escape tunnel is sealed with a secret door. The slig leader has a trap set for anyone but him who opens the secret door and proceeds into the tunnel.

The trap consists of a pressure plate on the floor that, when three people have stepped on it, causes the ceiling to collapse in the first 20 feet of the tunnel. Chances of PCs detecting the trap are halved due to the typical slig cunning in setting and concealing such dangers.

PCs caught in the debris suffer 4d10 points of damage and are pinned under the rocks. A successful saving throw vs. petrification results in half damage and not being pinned. However, the debris still blocks the tunnel and takes one turn to remove.

The tunnel is 3 feet wide, 6 feet high, and 150 feet long.

GETTING TO THE DRACONIANS

If the slig chief managed to escape, a successful Tracking proficiency check reveals its footprints (it is not making an effort to conceal its tracks, considering that it fled for its life). A successful Tracking check that results in a 1-4 also picks up a second type of footprints: claw-marked humanoid prints, telltale signs of draconians.



If the slig chief did not manage to escape, a successful Tracking proficiency check with a -4 penalty to the skill reveals the faint outlines of draconian tracks. If the check resulted in a roll of 1-2, the tracking PC also finds a single red scale, from a red dragon.

The correct way to get to the draconians is to travel seven miles due southeast of the village of Que-Shu.

GETTING TO THE QUE-SHU

The Que-Shu exodus traveled on the Sageway East road for about eight miles, then turned northeast into the Eastwall mountains and traveled an additional four miles. All tracks have been obliterated long since.

The journey to find the Que-Shu is without incident. Once the Plainsmen are encountered, however, things change. See encounter 7, "Finding the Que-Shu," for further details.

THE DRACONIAN CAMP

The draconians have managed to set up a fortified position in a small canyon. The floor of the canyon is level. It features a statue of Takhisis.

The walls of the canyon are dotted with cave entrances; these are where the draconians and Flamm the dragon dwell.

With representatives from each draconian species forced to work and live together, relations are strained. Each species lives in its own caves, away from the rest.

When the PCs reach the cavern complex, read the following aloud:

You do not travel far off the Sageway when you come upon a small canyon nestled in the mountains. There is only one passage that leads into the small area, and you can make out two winged creatures standing watch.

The walls of the canyon are dotted with caves. Crude stairs have been carved here and there into the granite walls.

On the canyon floor stands a pile of rocks and stones that seem to bear a vague resemblance to the five-headed Dark Queen, Takhisis.

At the feet of the rock pile lie the bones and skin of a dragon. Judging by the way the sun reflects off the skin with a ruddy brown metallic shine, the corpse is that of a copper dragon.

For a supposed draconian camp, things seem awfully sedate. The two sentries are the only evidence of draconians in the area.

If the slig leader managed to escape and warn the draconians, the two Baaz sentries are nowhere to be seen. The draconians are preparing an ambush (see "The Ambush Variant" section).

Baaz Draconians (2): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 2; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short swords); MR 20%; SA when a Baaz is slain, the person who struck the death blow must roll a dexterity check with a -3 penalty, failure means the weapon is stuck in the Baaz's body, which turns to stone when slain; the statue crumbles to dust in 1d4 rounds, and the weapon is freed; AL CE; ML 14; XP 175

These Baaz sentries have short swords and odd whistles carved from copper dragon bones. These are used to alert the rest of the encampment.

The rock formation is a rough rendition of Takhisis. It has a small indentation in which are placed sacrifices of gems and precious metals. In addition, the eyes of the dragon statue (ten eyes in all) are gems of the appropriate dragon color. The steel values are for each pair of gems.

Red dragon = Rubies (1,000 stl)
Green dragon = Emeralds (2,000 stl)
White dragon = Diamonds (2,500 stl)
Black dragon = Black Opals (1,500 stl)
Blue dragon = Sapphires (1,000 stl)

The entire idol radiates evil for any PC who can detect it.

The dragon bones belonged to a female adult copper dragon. The head is missing. Some of its blood was used to draw a circle around it. The circle's perimeters are decorated with runes.

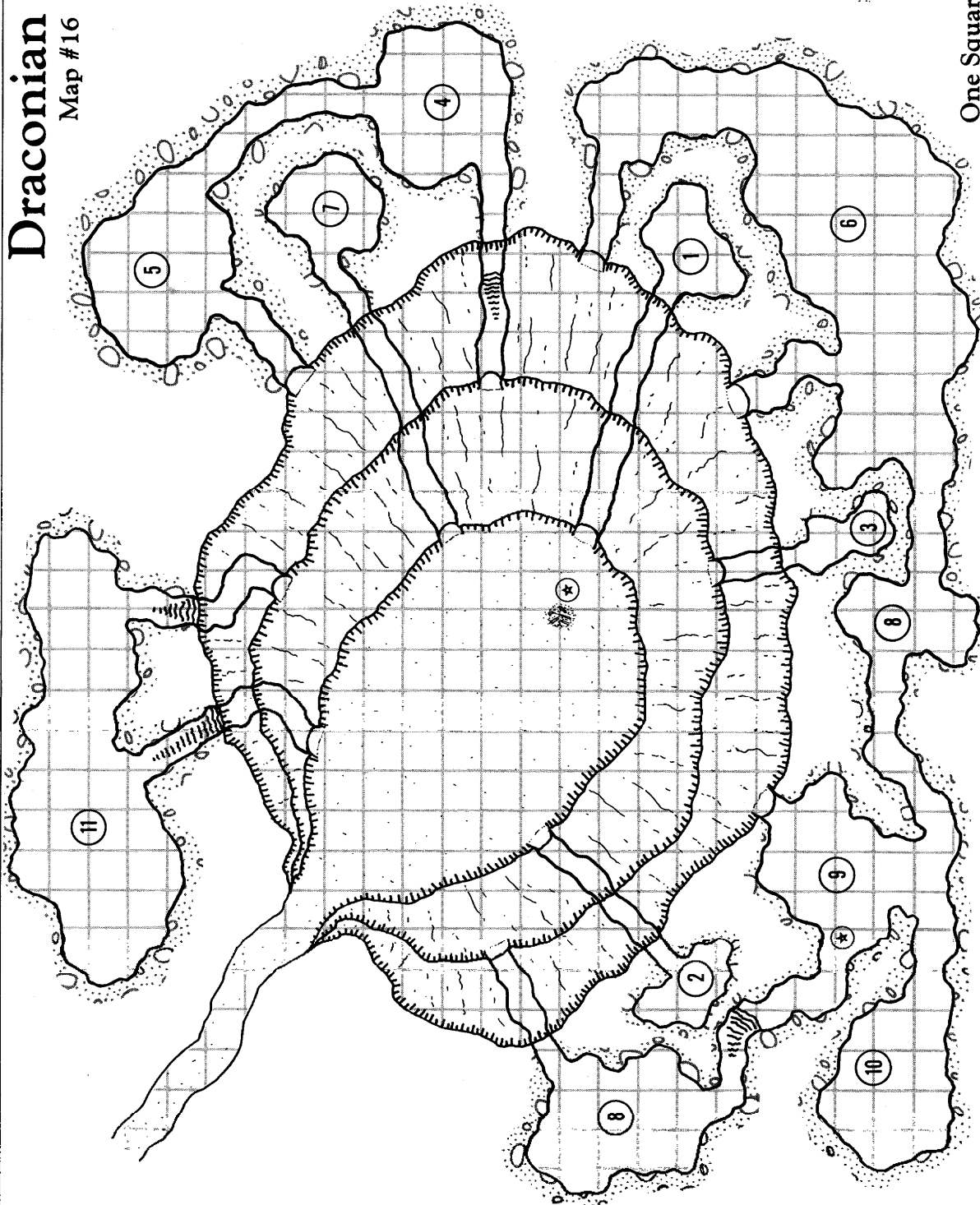
Any PC who makes a successful Religion proficiency check realizes that the runes are symbols used to denote a sacrifice to Takhisis.

A pair of Bozak draconians always tends the shrine. They defend it to the death.

Bozaks (2): AC 2; MV 6, GI 15, FI 6 (E); HD 4; hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short sword); SA spells; SD +2 bonus to saves; AL LE; ML 14; XP 1,400; Spells: 1st level—*burning hands, magic missile, shocking grasp*; 2nd level—*stinking cloud, web*

Draconian Caves

Map #16



- ⊛ Statue
- Bones

One Square = 10 Feet





When a Bozak is killed, its flesh shrivels into dust on its bones. This takes one round. In the following round, the bones explode, causing 1d6 points of damage to all within a ten-foot radius (no saving throw).

MAP 16: THE DRACONIAN CAVES

1. Baaz Chamber

The metallic tang of tarnishing brass hangs heavy in the air. The chamber, a natural cave with walls that were smoothed out by manual labor, is a messy disarray of bones, rags, and other garbage. Approximately a dozen large heaps of dirty cloth are scattered about the chamber.

Resting in the midst of this squalor are at least a half dozen humanoid forms dressed in what once was beautiful armor. The figures pull out swords and hiss menacingly.

This is the Baaz sleeping chamber. Six Baaz are always on guard duty (they do not trust their fellow draconians) and 15 are asleep.

Unless the PCs are disguised as Baaz draconians, they are challenged half-heartedly and attacked enthusiastically.

The six guards attempt to awaken their comrades (the heaps of dirty cloth). The sleepers join the battle on the round after they wake.

Baaz Draconians (21): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 2; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short swords); MR 20%; SA When a baaz is slain, the person who struck the death blow must roll a Dexterity check at -3 penalty, failure means the weapon is stuck in the baaz's body, which turns to stone when slain, the statue crumbles to dust in 1d4 rounds, and the weapon is freed; AL CE; ML 14; XP 175

These Baaz have no treasure, a fact that does little to help their attitude. Still, in choosing between the PCs and their fellow draconians, the Baaz always throw in their lot with the latter, considering their brethren the lesser of the two evils.

2. Kapak Chamber

The air in this dark cave has a bitter, acidic tang. The walls gleam, slick with moisture. A series of

hammocks hang from the ceiling. Most of them seem occupied by big, bulky things.

Some sort of large head is suspended from the ceiling.

The Kapaks in this room have four of their number on guard duty, but they are using their abilities to hide in shadows (see the map to find out exact starting locations). This is their natural guard state, since they do not trust any of their fellow draconians.

There are 16 hammocks, and 12 of them are occupied by sleeping Kapaks.

The guards try to catch the party by surprise, attacking them from behind, then giving the alarm to alert the rest of Kapaks.

Kapaks (16): AC 4; MV 6, GI 18; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d4 (bite); SA bite requires saving throw vs. poison or victim is paralyzed for 2d6 turns; SD when slain, the body dissolves into a pool of acid ten feet in diameter, causing 1d8 points of damage per round to all within; MR 20%; AL LE; ML 20 (they are being controlled); XP 650; Thief abilities: MS 35%, HS 30%, FRT 40%.

Each Kapak has a long sword and a purse with 1d4 stl.

The walls are slick with kapak venom, as the disgusting creatures enjoy having spitting contests. Any PC who touches the walls with unprotected skin absorbs some of the venom and must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison (with a +4 bonus due to absorption through the skin rather than received through an open wound) or become paralyzed for 2d6 turns.

The head suspended from the ceiling belongs to the sacrificed copper dragon on the canyon floor. The Kapaks consider it a fine jest to have it hanging in their chambers.

3. Bozak Chamber

The entrance to the Bozak cave actually has a wooden door blocking casual access. The devout Bozaks desire a higher degree of privacy in which to conduct their worship of the Dark Queen.

The floor of this cave is lined with a crude carpet of weeds and twigs. A cloying scent hangs in the smoky air, but you cannot easily discern its origin.

At the far end of the chamber, a portion of the wall has been carved into a relief of Takhisis. A small heap of stones stands on the floor underneath the carving. Wisps of smoke come from the top of the stone pile. Charred bones are set up in a semicircular pattern around the stones.

The chamber is home to 18 Bozaks. Two are always on guard in the chamber, and an additional two are posted at the canyon floor's idol. Two squads of four are posted near the captured copper dragon and the queen. Six are asleep in the crude beds.

Bozaks (18): AC 2; MV 6, GI 15, FI 6 (E); HD 4; hp 19; THACO 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short sword); SA spells; SD +2 bonus to saving throws; AL LE; ML 14; XP 1,400; Spells: 1st level— *burning hands, magic missile, shocking grasp*; 2nd level— *stinking cloud, web*

When a Bozak is killed, its flesh shrivels to dust on its bones in one round. In the following round,

the bones explode, causing 1d6 points of damage to all in a ten-foot radius (no saving throw).

The pile of rocks is an altar to Takhisis. The smell is a bitter incense burned in her honor.

4. Sivak Chamber

This cave entrance is blocked by a stout wooden door, built by the Bozaks.

The cave has an odor of hot metal mixed with smoke. There is something else that is rather unusual about this cave: it has a light source.

A beautiful brass lantern hangs on a stout cord, providing light to a group of four draconian figures clad in flowing capes. The hilts of huge two-handed swords poke out from under the tops of their capes. The draconians are playing cards. Each has a large wooden mug, and close by stand two casks.

Farther into the cave lies a group of eight beds. Four of them are occupied.

The only other remarkable features of the room are the racks filled with implements of torture, such as whips, scourges, and tongs.





Four Sivaks are playing cards while on guard duty. The other four are sleeping. Though the Sivaks are absorbed in their game, they are not so absorbed that they fail to notice the PCs.

Although the PCs obviously don't belong here (unless they have taken some measures to disguise themselves), the Sivaks do not attack immediately. They awaken their allies, then, with swords drawn, demand to know what the PCs are doing here. No answer will satisfy the Sivaks.

The Sivaks know that humans are not allowed here, period. However, they play games with the PCs, pretending to listen to their story (if the PCs give one) and appearing to believe it.

Once the PCs finish their story, the Sivaks seem satisfied and offer the PCs something to drink from the second cask (they claim that the first cask is empty).

The second cask contains poisoned dwarf spirits, which the Sivaks were saving to use on the Baaz at a later time. Ingestion causes death unless a successful saving throw vs. poison is rolled. A successful saving throw results in 2d12 points of damage to the imbiber. Onset time of the poison is 2d4 rounds.

Should the PCs refuse to drink, the Sivaks shrug and appear to go about their business, then attack within 1d4 rounds, hoping to catch the PCs off guard.

Sivaks (8): AC 6; MV 6, FI 24 (C); HD 6; hp 30; THACO 15; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6 or 1d10 (two handed sword); SD +2 bonus to save; AL NE; ML 14; XP 2000

If a Sivak slays a human or humanoid less than nine feet tall, it takes the form of the victim and remains in that form for as long as it wishes, though if it changes back to Sivak form it cannot shapechange again until it kills another victim.

When a Sivak reaches 0 hit points, it shapechanges into the form of its slayer.

The Sivaks' serrated two-handed swords have a +2 enchantment.

The non-poisoned cask is also filled with dwarf spirits, and is the Sivaks' preferred drink.

The card table has a deck of cards, 124 gp, 64 stl, and a set of ivory dice. Each of the sleeping Sivaks has a money pouch with 31 gp and 16 stl.

5. Aurak Chamber

This cave is sealed off with a stout wooden door at the entrance and another in the hall leading to the Sivaks' quarters (cave #4).

The noxious odor of sulphur irritates your noses as you enter this cave. Golden light spills from inside. The sound of a pair of creatures making gobbling noises puts you on alert.

If the PCs investigate the sounds, continue reading the following:

Two long-tailed, scaly, wingless draconians sit cross-legged on the floor, which is covered by an old tapestry.

Between the draconians is a large golden bowl filled with pearls. The two draconians scoop out handfuls of pearls and devour them as a kender would eat grapes.

Occasionally, one of the draconians pauses long enough to pick up a gold chalice and take a long drink. Wine dribbles down its chin.

Paying no heed to the spill, the draconian slams down the chalice and resumes gobbling pearls.

The room is lit by two gilded lanterns that hang from hooks in the walls. There are four beds, obviously stolen from a village judging by their make, but no other creatures are present in this cave. A barrel stands between the feasting Auraks and the beds.

Abruptly, the Auraks halt their feasting and sniff the air, then look straight at you. A gleam comes to their bulging red eyes. It is the mad gleam of anticipated violence. They knock aside their dining implements and leap to the attack.

The first thing the Auraks do is extinguish the two lanterns, putting the PCs at a disadvantage. Bear in mind that extinguishing the lights is a simple action, and the draconians can still attack that same round.

Auraks (2): AC 0; MV 15; HD 8; hp 41; THACO 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+2 (energy blast) x2; SA sulfur breath weapon, 2d10 points of damage and blinded for 1d4 rounds, a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon halves the damage and results in no blindness; SD +4 to all saves; MR 30%; AL LE; ML 15; XP 6,000

The Aurak's innate abilities include becoming invisible at will (which ends when it attacks); polymorph into any animal its size, three times a day; change self three times a day to perfectly imi-

tate any human or humanoid it has seen, usually lasts 2d6+6 rounds; detect hidden and invisible creatures within 40 feet at will; can see through all illusions; cast *dimension door* three times a day, 60-yard range; can mind control one creature of equal or fewer Hit Dice for 2d6 rounds; cast *suggestion* if concentrates for a full turn.

Spells (cast at 8th-level ability): 1st level—*enlarge*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd level —ESP: *stinking cloud*; 3rd level— *blink*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level—*fire shield*, *wall of fire*

When an Aurak reaches 0 hit points, it does not die. Instead, it covers itself with green flames and goes into a fighting frenzy (+2 bonus to attack and damage rolls). Anyone coming within three feet of the flames suffers 1d6 points of damage unless a successful saving throw versus petrification is rolled.

Six rounds later, or when the Aurak reaches -20 hit points, it changes itself into a spinning ball of lightning striking once per round as a 13-HD monster, causing 2d6 points of damage. Three rounds later, it explodes, stunning all within ten feet for 1d4 rounds and inflicting 3d6 points of damage (no saving throw). Items within range of the explosion must roll successful saving throws vs. crushing blow or be destroyed. Items on a PC who rolls a successful saving throw do not have to roll saving throws.

The silver bowl is worth 150 gp. There are 22 pearls left, each worth 50 stl. The golden chalices are worth 20 stl each.

The remaining two beds belonged to "Rushlight" and the Aurak who became Queen of this force.

6. Meeting Hall

This large cave is in complete disarray. Bloodstains and scorch marks cover the walls, while the floor is covered in garbage and the splintered remains of bad furniture.

This room is supposed to serve as the meeting hall for the draconians. It turns out that the very idea is laughable. Each species can barely tolerate the others, and each time the queen has attempted to bring them all together to engage in planning or the like, a violent brawl breaks out.

The queen, bowing to common sense, has suspended any further meetings. The room has not been used in a week.

7. Liquor Storage

This small cave has barrels of all sizes stacked to the ceiling.

This is the draconians' liquor supply. There are 40 barrels of dwarven spirits, 30 barrels of beer, 30 barrels of Qualinesti vintage wines, and ten barrels of (highly flammable) brandy.

The queen has decided to keep the liquor supply unlocked and unguarded so as to boost morale. It has worked thus far.

8. Guard Posts

Each of these chambers has four Bozak draconians, which is the one species the queen completely trusts. Anything that looks remotely like a good dragon, a human, or one of humanity's allied races, is to be immediately slain.

Bozaks (4): AC 2; MV 6, GI 15, FI 6 (E); HD 4; hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d6 (short sword); SA spells; SD +2 bonus to saves; AL LE: ML 14; XP 1,400; Spells: 1st level —*burning hands*, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *web*

When a Bozak is killed, its flesh shrivels into dust on its bones. This takes one round. In the following round, the bones explode, causing 1d6 points of damage to all in a ten-foot radius (no saving throw).

9. Copper Dragon Child

The cave entrance is blocked by an iron portcullis. It requires a lift gates roll to open. The lever used to raise the gate is located at the X notation on the map.

Besides housing the dragon child, this cave is also used as a brig for holding unruly draconians and as a prison for housing captives. Thus far, there have been none of the latter.

This barren cave has numerous shackles lining its rough walls. A large pit lies in the western corner.

However, the cave's most glaring feature is easily the beautifully colored copper dragon that lies sleeping on the floor. Massive manacles attached to thick iron chains hold the





poor creature's neck, all four legs, and its tail. Judging by its size, it can be no older than 50 years, a juvenile dragon.

This is Peni, a juvenile copper dragon, daughter of the female copper dragon whose corpse lies on the canyon floor. Peni is slated to be the next sacrifice several months from now.

In order to keep Peni manageable, the draconians have drugged her with some of their liquor. Even if freed, the dragon child is of little use in a fight. Peni is disconsolate about losing her parent, and she is quite incoherent, thanks to the liquor.

The only words that the PCs can coax out of Peni are:

"Nasty thing...gold dragon egg...gone bad...thinks it's queen now...big red bully...if I was just a bit older...lies straight across the way...acid can't burn anyway...mother?..."

Quick-thinking PCs who cast *neutralize poison* or any other sort of restorative spell on Peni are rewarded with a very coherent dragon child in 4d6 rounds. If this happens, she has this to say:

"A month ago, Mother and I had just found some nice people called the Kwe-Chew who were living up in the mountains, east of the melted village, near a mountain that looks like a human's face. They were happy when we told them that the war was over, but they were sad that they could not return to their village because of the bad dragon men that came from good dragon eggs.

"Mother and I flew to this place to see if we could help the Kwe-Chew by killing the dragon men, but we did not know that there were so many, and they had a red dragon named Flamm helping them!

"Mother could have easily beaten Flamm if there weren't so many of those awful dragon men around. They attacked her, and. . . and. . . they tied her up with chains and killed her!"

Peni, Juvenile Copper Dragon: AC -1; MV 9, FI 30 (C), Jp 3; HD 13; hp 39; THAC0 7; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d6+4/1d6+4/5d4+4; SA slow gas breath weapon, successful saving throw vs. breath weapon or be slowed for 12 rounds, acid breath 8d6+4; SD immune to acid; AL CG; ML 15; XP 6,000

Special abilities: *spider climb* (stone surfaces only), *neutralize poison* three times a day, *stone*

shape twice a day. Peni has been unable to use any of her special abilities because of her weakened condition.

Spells: 1st level —*light*

Though copper dragons are usually witty pranksters and joke tellers, Peni is in no emotional condition to make merry. In fact, she clings to any PC who acts compassionately and tries to comfort the dragon, especially if the PC is female.

If Peni is not restored to health by magical means, she simply sleeps in her prison until the PCs come to get her. In her current condition, she needs to sleep for 12 hours before she is back to normal.

The pit is five feet in diameter, and leads into a shaft with a 60-foot drop. Halfway down the shaft, the walls curve away sharply, creating a chamber 20 feet wide. There are no prisoners down there.

Kind-hearted DMs, rather than killing the PCs in battle, may have the draconians capture them instead, strip them of their items, and toss them into the pit.

10. The Queen's Chamber

This cave shines with a golden glow. The ceiling, walls, and floor are colored with gold. Sitting on a throne of skulls is an Aurak, but unlike any you have ever seen.

The seated Aurak wears a golden crown that has five spikes, each spike tipped with a gold head representing a different species of evil dragon.

The Aurak wears a robe of spun gold and a belt of pearls. A pair of gold and ruby earrings dangles on the folds of the Aurak's ears.

You would swear that this Aurak, and quite a huge specimen it is, is dressing as a woman of royalty.

Behind her lie six perfect spheres, each one measuring one foot in diameter. Their smooth surfaces are pitch black, with faint veins of gold running across their surfaces.

The queen stares at your group with green eyes blazing and says:

"You dare invade my sanctum? You dare interrupt a holy ritual sent from the Dark Queen herself? Have you no idea who you are facing?"

"Look well at this throne. It is made of the skulls and bones of those we found in the pathetic village of Que-Shu. Not everyone in



the Dragonarmy remained behind, only those of us suited to disposing of those fools who defended the village.

"We are not fools. We know that there are more of the Plainsmen about. There were far too few bodies in Que-Shu. Only the orders from our Queen have stayed our hand and prevented us from searching for the pitiful remains of the Que-Shu tribe. Still, we keep ourselves amused by dealing with any strangers or merchants who were foolish enough to use the roads on the plains.

"But the eggs shall hatch soon enough, and when they do, we will find the Que-Shu. And when we find those pathetic barbarians, we shall slay the fathers, dine upon the mothers, and dash the children on the rocks!

"As for you, let your foolhardy little group be the first to fall!"

The queen loudly raises the general alarm, which brings any surviving guards from cave #8. The alarm spreads, bringing any other surviving draconians to the fray in 3d4 rounds.

Aurak Queen (2): AC -1; MV 18; HD 10; hp 80; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d12+2 (energy blast) x 2; SA sulfur breath weapon 3d10 points of damage and blinded for 2d4 rounds, a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon halves the damage and results in no blindness; SD +4 to all saves; MR 40%; AL LE; ML 15; XP 8,000

The Aurak's innate abilities include *invisibility* at will (which ends when it attacks); *polymorph* into any animal its size, three times a day; *change self* three times a day to perfectly imitate any human or humanoid it has seen for 2d6+6 turns; *detect hidden* and *invisible* creatures within 40 feet at will; can see through all illusions; *dimension door* three times a day, 60-yard range; can mind control one creature of equal or fewer Hit Dice for 4d6 rounds; cast *suggestion* if concentrates for a full turn.

Spells (cast at 10th level ability): 1st level—*enlarge*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd level—*ESP*, *stinking cloud*; 3rd level—*blink*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level—*fire shield*, *wall of fire*

When the queen Aurak reaches 0 hit points, it does not die. Instead, it covers itself in green flames and goes into a fighting frenzy (+4 bonus to attack and damage rolls). Anyone coming within three feet of the flames suffers 3d6 points of





damage unless a successful saving throw vs. petrification is rolled.

Six rounds later, or when the queen reaches -20 hit points, it finally slumps to the ground. Read the following to the PCs:

At last the queen slumps to the ground, completely spent, her life energies draining away. Only a few flickers of green flame still dance across her twitching form.

Suddenly, the queen's eyes widen in horror. She begins screaming, though there is no one in the chamber but yourselves.

"No!" she screams. "I tried my best! I would have made a fine queen. Nooooooooooooo!" The Aurak queen howls as her body begins to lose its solidity. On the golden wall, an eerie shadow manifests itself, hovering over the fading queen. It is a five-headed dragon shadow.

The temperature in the room drops precipitously, and a feeling of suffocating evil permeates your innermost thoughts.

With a final pitiful wail of defeat and impending damnation, the body of the queen fades into nothingness, and the shadow on the wall disappears as well. The chill leaves, as does the feeling of evil.

Of course, the PCs should smash the six eggs, or these will hatch into Aurak draconians in three weeks.

When the eggs are smashed open, a strong smell of sulfur causes each PC to roll a constitution check or become violently ill for 1d6 rounds (-2 on all attack and damage rolls).

The half-formed creatures in the eggs resemble small Auraks. Since no one has ever seen a baby draconian before, this should be quite a disconcerting sight for the PCs.

11. Flamm's Chamber

This cave has two entrances, and there is a reason for it. Each cave entrance has a *phantasmal force* illusion of a wall sealing it off, though this illusion is only visible from the perspective of someone inside the dragon's den. Intruders coming into the room via either corridor see no such wall. When they enter the chamber, however, the den's entrance that they did not use is disguised with the *phantasmal force* spell.

The reason behind this trickery is to give Flamm

an emergency exit. If he is losing badly, the dragon dashes for the exit. To the PCs, it looks like Flamm is about to butt the cave wall.

Regardless of which entrance they use, the following description is read to the PCs.

The air in this cave circulates very well, though there are no apparent passageways besides the one you used to gain access here.

Despite the circulation, the air still stinks of charcoal, burnt wood, and scorched flesh.

The source of the odor is the red dragon that lies atop a heap of treasure. It studies you with a keen eye, then says:

"It was inevitable that intruders would find their way to this encampment. Have you met the queen yet? She is nearby, you know, and is rather anxious to meet you.

"Have you come to liberate that simpering fool of a copper dragon? That scaled runt is insignificant, and hardly a worthy sacrifice to the Dark Queen. Her mother, on the other hand, was accepted eagerly, I can assure you.

"We have not been properly introduced. The name you may use in dealing with me is Flamm. Rather simplistic, I grant you, but it does describe me well, no?

"I am a messenger of the Almighty and Terrible Dark Queen, and you would do well to remember that when you consider your next action. I came to bring news of the rebirth to the faithful draconians who kept their holy vigil."

If the PCs have dealt with the queen already and say so, add this to the speech.

"The likes of you were her demise? Regrettable. Ah well. I suppose it means that particular Aurak was a poor choice for such an elevated position.

"No matter. Temper your satisfaction in having killed her with the knowledge that you have killed but one queen of just one of the draconian races. Each race has a series of queens. Yes, the Dark Queen, in her infinite wisdom, has provided the means for the draconians to reproduce that does not require the tedious act of egg stealing."

Whether or not the draconian queen has died, Flamm ends his speech:

"Enough talk. You have come to my lair uninvited. Leave now, and I vow that you will be given safe passage at least to the Broken section of the Sageway. Otherwise, I shall do to you what I helped my brethren do to that quaint barbarian village a little over a year ago." Flamm leers at you, giving an especially smug look to any in your number who are Plainsmen.

Due to the nature of the encounter, no surprise roll is needed. Of course, Flamm expects the party to attack, so he is ready, thus a standard initiative roll is necessary.

Though Flamm fights for his life, he is interested in keeping a third of the party alive if possible. Flamm loves gloating and talking.

Flamm, Young Adult Red Dragon: AC -4; MV 9, FI 30 (C), Jp 3; HD 14; hp 70; THAC0 7; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d10+5/1d10+5/3d10+5; SA fire breath weapon 10d10+5; SD immune to fire; MR 30%; AL CE; ML 18; XP 10,000

Flamm's special abilities: *affect normal fires* three times a day, *pyrotechnics* three times a day.

Spells: 1st level— *charm person*, *improved phantasmal force*

Flamm, this troop's mouthpiece of Takhisis, is an arrogant, ambitious male dragon who is too clever for his own good. Though he disdains the draconians, he aids and defends them.

If Flamm realizes that there are Heroes of the Lance in his abode, he concentrates on capturing them. The cruel dragon hopes to gloat at them for a while, then offer them as a sacrifice to his Dark Queen.

Flamm's treasure is composed of 4,206 gp and 1,410 stl. He has been frustrated in his attempt to get magical items for his hoard. He may ransom captured PCs for magical items.

THE AMBUSH VARIANT

If the slig leader from the ruins of Que-Shu managed to make it to the draconian encampment and warn them, the draconians have a different welcome in store for the PCs.

First of all, every draconian is awake. Next, the two Baaz guarding the entrance to the canyon are doubled to four, with instructions to act surprised when the PCs attack. The four Baaz are to gradually "retreat" east to the idol.

The two Bozaks are now four Bozaks. They are

hiding behind the idol and under the copper dragon's remains. Once the PCs are in range, they attack.

On the second round of the Bozak attack, eight Kapaks, four stationed at each side of the entryway into the canyon, start a rock slide that partially seals off the canyon. Once the rocks have settled (this takes one round), the Kapaks pour stone jars of their slick venom all over the debris (takes another round).

Anyone trying to get by the debris must climb over it. The surface is considered rough with ledges and slightly slippery. Non-thieves with no Mountaineering proficiency have a base 15% chance (40% minus 25% due to slightly slippery conditions) of climbing over the debris. Non-thieves with the Mountaineering proficiency add 10% per Mountaineering proficiency slot. Thieves use their Climb Walls skill. DMs should include the other modifiers as seems appropriate.

Any PC who touches the stones with unprotected skin absorbs some of the venom and must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison (with a +4 bonus due to absorption through the skin rather than received through an open wound) or become paralyzed for 2d6 turns.

Once the stone pile is in place and envenomed, the remainder of the draconians in the encampment launch from their cave lairs and conduct an all-out attack on the PCs.

Finally Flamm, who has already left his lair and is hiding in the nearby craggy hills, flies in from the northwest, further cutting off the only way out of the canyon.

The draconians spare between one-third and one-fourth of the PCs, subduing them, interrogating them, and finally sacrificing them to the Dark Queen.

THE QUE-SHU

The Que-Shu fled to the northeastern hills. They left the village of Que-Shu and traveled eight miles on the Sageway East road. Then they turned northeast into the hills for four miles.

The rough terrain of the hills more than made up for the lack of distance from the road. Besides, the short distance gave the Que-Shu a good vantage point from which to observe the activities of the draconians and ascertain when it would be prudent to return to their lands, if ever.

The area the Plainsmen chose for a new home was a series of caves set in the mountains. The site



was close enough to the moors to give the Que-Shu some modest grazing land for herd animals and places to fish. This, supplemented by hunting, gave the Que-Shu all they needed for food. Hunting parties ventured only to the north, staying a healthy distance from the west (where Que-Shu lay in ruins), east (the cursed lands and Xak Tsaroth), and south (draconian armies were rumored to be in control of the Sageway).

In this fashion, the Que-Shu remnant survived the year. One hundred and eighty of the 300 villagers took part in the evacuation of Que-Shu. There have been 14 births since then, bringing the total population to 194.

The spot chosen by the Que-Shu has an unusual rock formation high on its peak. The eastern portion of the mountain vaguely resembles a human face. At dawn, the face appears to be waiting for the rising sun. Thus, the Que-Shu have named their home Dawnwatch.

FINDING THE QUE-SHU

Having Goldmoon or Riverwind in the party becomes a great necessity at this point. By using their Tracking proficiencies and making their pro-

ficiency checks by half or less of their proficiency, they (or any other Plainsmen PCs) can discern subtle signs that the Que-Shu have been in the area.

The tracking takes eight hours, with one proficiency check made per two hours. If a check is failed by one Plainsman PC in the party, another may attempt to find the trail if he has the Tracking proficiency. However, once all Plainsmen PCs have tried once and failed, no more checks can be made. The trail is cold and can never be recovered.

CALMING THE QUE-SHU

Once the PCs find the face on the mountain, read the following:

During your wanderings, you come upon an odd stone formation high up the eastern slope of the nearest mountain. In fact, you are at the base of the mountain. There are plenty of huge rocks, rubble and loose stones all around you.

A loud, coarse voice barks out "Identify yourselves, but make no move toward your weapons! Arrows are already aimed at you!"



The PCs, it seems, have found the Que-Shu. There are a total of eight warriors behind rocks to the PCs' left and right, as well as straight ahead. Two Plainsmen warriors are concealed behind the rocks ahead of the party. The remaining six are divided into two groups and have flanked the PCs. Distance to all three groups is 70 feet.

The Que-Shu warriors have arrows nocked and ready. They release one shaft each if the PCs go for their weapons or begin pulling out spell components. This is done even before initiative is rolled.

The voice comes from straight ahead.

Que-Shu Barbarians (8): AC 8; MV 12; F3; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (flight arrows); AL NG; ML 11; XP 175

Each Que-Shu wears leather armor and is armed with a long sword, a long bow, and 24 flight arrows. The leader of this patrol is a male warrior named Hawktalon.

Unless Riverwind or Goldmoon is clad in the trappings of their tribe, they are not immediately recognizable as fellow Plainsmen.

If Riverwind or Goldmoon identify themselves, things grow quiet for one round, then one of the warriors concealed ahead of the PCs run toward the concealed caves. The voice says:

"If you truly are who you say, then why do you return? When last our tribe saw you, it was to stone you for your blasphemy against our ancestors! Should we take up where we left off?"

Hawktalon is stalling for time. He has sent one of his warriors to the caves to seek out the new tribal chief and bring him here in order to verify the identities of the PCs. The warrior runs all the way to the caves, which takes him five minutes. While Hawktalon waits, he continues conversing from his concealed spot.

"You and your mate defied the spirits of our ancestors. We know not what foul sorcery removed you from the fate you deserved, but our ancestors punished us for not administering your punishment swiftly. The dragon-men that destroyed our village were the judgment sent by our ancestors."

Five rounds later, a group of figures emerges from the concealed cave entrance 500 yards

ahead of the PCs and 200 feet up the mountain-side.

There are nine figures. One is the warrior sent to fetch the chief. The others are the chief, his six bodyguards, and a tribal wise woman. They begin walking down the mountain and toward the party. It takes them ten minutes to arrive at the scene of the confrontation.

When the retinue arrives, read the following:

At last, seven warriors emerge from behind their rocky hiding places. Each one, a Plainsmen barbarian, has a long bow with one arrow nocked. The arrows are aimed at your group.

The nine figures who emerged from the mountain stand in front of you. One is an old woman leaning on a staff, her weathered face betraying the great number of winters she has lived. Six of the figures are Que-Shu warriors, spears at the ready, long swords at their belts. Another is the warrior sent to fetch the chief.

The final figure wears the mantle of tribal chief. The man is tall, over six feet in height. His hair has begun to grow gray at the temples. Piercing dark eyes, flanking his hawk-like nose, stare at you intently. At last, he speaks.

"So, Riverwind the hunter and Goldmoon, daughter of our late chief, return. Why do you come here?"

Give the PCs a chance to explain themselves. Any evidence they can give that Que-Shu has been cleaned out or the draconians taken care of is accepted without question.

Once the PCs have finished their initial explanations (each PC having said his piece), the chief raises his hand for silence.

"Much has changed since our departure from Que-Shu. Our village lies in ruins. I, Thunder-son, am now chief of the Que-Shu. The wise-woman is Spiritdancer, and she gives me good counsel. Our tribe now lives in these mountains, existing as best we can.

Read the next portion only if appropriate:

"If you have destroyed the dragon men, you have done us a good deed. Obviously, the gods you venerate have kept you alive through





all the troubles. We no longer seek your blood, as we have no desire to anger these gods of yours. Thus, all debts have been paid.

“Goldmoon no longer has any true claim to the leadership of the Que-Shu, and Riverwind never was a chief’s son. If you wish to stay with our tribe, I suppose that is your right, though truth be known, we would much prefer it if you left us.

“As for what the future holds, we are not certain. We could return to Que-Shu and rebuild, but some in our tribe, perhaps many, would not want to go back to that place of death. Perhaps we shall build a new village, call ourselves a different name, and start anew.

“We are grateful for the chance you have given us to be reborn. Whether we choose to accept it or not is for us to decide.

If the PCs have nothing more to say, the Plainsmen quietly file back to the caves. The PCs are welcome to stay the night to rest and eat. Most of the Plains talk is laced with hints that the PCs should be on their way by the next day.

If the PCs have not yet faced the draconians in their camp to the south, the Plainsmen have nothing to say to the PCs. They listen to accounts of the War, nod their heads, then ask the PCs to move on. If the PCs offer to go after the draconians, the Plainsmen are more receptive. They can show the PCs the area where the draconian presence seems strongest.

CONCLUSION

And so ends the saga of the Que-Shu’s exile. You have managed to remove the last small vestiges of the Dragonarmies from the area, and you have found the remaining Que-Shu.

Though the Que-Shu seemed less than enthusiastic to see you or hear about your deeds, you take comfort in the fact that the Que-Shu are a proud people who do not impress easily. Nor are they given over to grand displays of emotion.

More unsettling is the revelation that the draconians have found a way to reproduce without using good dragon eggs. While this is good news to the dragons, it implies that rampant reproduction among draconians is now possible. This whole affair, which has brought rebirth to the Que-Shu, has also brought rebirth to the draconians. Something tells you that the draconian threat is far, far from over.

Still, you can be satisfied in knowing that good has prevailed. Rest now and replenish your energy, for tomorrow has troubles of its own. And gods willing, you will be there to triumph over whatever challenges await.

SCENARIO FOUR: OF LOVE AND DIPLOMACY

in which Tanis Halfelven once again encounters Laurana and is drawn into elven politics and dangers.

Start Up: This scenario requires Tanis Halfelven. Gilthanas, Laurana's brother, is recommended, but not crucial. His presence will enhance the role-playing aspect of the adventure. If no one uses Gilthanas, have him in the party as an NPC.

Any of the other Heroes of the Lance who survived the War are eligible to be included in the adventure. Laurana is an NPC in this scenario, and *cannot* be played as a PC under any circumstances. If anyone plays a Knight of Solamnia PC, they know Laurana well.

The party should ideally contain between four and six PCs. The adventure is not well suited for anything larger than that, though it may be possible to get away with using eight PCs.

The adventure takes place a year after the War of the Lance, before Tanis and Laurana are married.

The action begins in Haven, then spans the breadth of Qualinesti, across the Straits of Algoni, and winding up in the city of Qualimori in Southern Ergoth. DMs should refer to Map 17.

Emphasis in this adventure is on role-playing over hack-and-slash combat. DMs should play up the aspects of Tanis and Laurana's romance in the adventure.

THE SITUATION AFTER THE WAR OF THE LANCE

When the War of the Lance ended, Tanis and Laurana professed their love for each other, but they did not follow up with any romantic involvement.

Laurana's family—in particular her father Solostaran, the Qualinesti Speaker of the Suns, her older brother Porthios, heir to the Speaker of the Suns title, and her brother Gilthanas—is displeased with Laurana's involvement with Tanis. The Silvanesti elf Alhana Starbreeze, Speaker of the Stars, wife to Porthios and daughter of King Lorac, is growing more supportive of the Tanis-Laurana romance.

The Silvanesti elves are based in Qualinesti and are engaged in attempts to reclaim their homeland. The Qualinesti elves are pursuing alliances with the other peoples of Abanasinia as well as with the Knights of Solamnia. The elves on Southern Ergoth (which includes the Kagonesti wild elves) are in the midst of two sets of negotiations: one with each other in order to co-exist, and the other with the nation of Qualinesti in order to achieve equality with (and autonomy from) the Qualinesti.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Qualinesti, Silvanesti, and Kagonesti on Southern Ergoth are assembling in Qualimori for talks on creating a new elven nation.

The Green Dragonarmy has learned of the plan, thanks to some leaks among the Silvanesti who dwell in the area close to the Green-occupied territory.

A plan was put into motion to disrupt the talks. A Sivak spy was placed in the Silvanesti delegation, while two Auraks were sent to Qualimori to prepare for the planned attack. The Green Dragonarmy Highlord sent a representative to the ogres in Daltigoth and arranged to give them money and weapons if they launched a raid on Qualimori.

The Highlord also made arrangements with a renegade Silvanesti elf, a mage of the Black Robes, to be the coordinator of the whole operation.

Now, all that is left is for all the principle players to be in position.

ROLE-PLAYING LAURANA

When Laurana first loved Tanis, it was by her own admission an undisciplined, petty love. By the time the War of the Lance ended, she recognized that fact, which was the first step in her maturation.

Now, a year later, Laurana has indeed matured. She still is being pulled in many directions. She loves Tanis, yet she is under pressure from her family not to pursue the relationship. Add to this the fact that she is still young and has a way to go





before being completely mature, and you get a walking mass of contradictions.

DMs should play Laurana as very serious when dealing with the ambassadors, then restrained when dealing with Tanis in a public capacity, and then mostly nervous and hesitant when with Tanis in private.

Sometimes, she smiles openly at Tanis and gives him that lovestruck look.

On occasion, she becomes mischievous and tries to make Tanis jealous by paying significant attention to Marek Windsong.

Laurana will not get physical in any way with Tanis.

In battle, Laurana does her share and then some. She does not depend on Tanis to bail her out. In fact, she tries to prove to him that she can take care of herself.

Laurana is prone to occasional fits of impetuosity, doing things at the spur of the moment.

All in all, Laurana is a young lady going through some major emotional changes. While deep down, in her heart of hearts, she knows that she will soon be emotionally ready to handle a serious relationship with Tanis, her head is not yet privy to this information.

MESSAGE FROM THE KING

The scene is Haven, at an inn called the Drunken Barbarian. The only PC present should be Tanis.

Read the following to the PC:

It has been a year since the end of the War of the Lance. Despite the removal of Takhisis as an immediate threat, there is still much evil to put down, and much good to do. It has been an eventful year indeed.

You are breaking your fast in the common room of a Haven inn, the Drunken Barbarian. The name seems rather insulting to you, considering some of the company you keep. You find your mind drifting back to Goldmoon and Riverwind, wondering how they are, as you stare out the window at the morning sun.

"Ahem." Your reverie is disturbed by a young elf male, clad in the colors of the House of Solostaran, the Qualinesti elf who is Speaker of the Suns. The elf looks you over. "You are Tanis Halfelven? I bring a dispatch from

Solostaran's household." He hands you a scroll of fine parchment, gives a short bow, and walks out.

The parchment says the following:

"Greetings, Tanis Halfelven;

"I, Porthios, son and heir to the Speaker of the Suns, write this under the authority and by the command of Solostaran himself.

"A delegation of Silvanesti elves is currently in Haven. They are meeting a group of our people, then journeying to Qualimori in Southern Ergoth.

"Surely you must know of the delicate negotiations going on between the various elven races on Southern Ergoth, as well as the meetings with Solostaran in Qualinost.

"Through a series of unfortunate circumstances, the escorts prepared for the Silvanesti delegation are not immediately available. Since general knowledge places your whereabouts in the vicinity of Haven, I prevail upon you to meet the diplomatic party and escort them safely to Qualimori.

"If you cannot find it in your heart to involve yourself in politics, I should tell you that Laurana and Gilthanas are part of the delegation.

"Since the mere mention of Laurana should be enough to insure your presence, enclosed you will find the details of the assignment.

"We have recruited some other notable personalities and adventurers to aid you. Some of them you may know. You and your group are to take the delegation across Qualinesti to the port city of Porliost. At Porliost, an elven ship, the *Brightblade*, awaits you.

"The *Brightblade* will take you across the Straits of Algoni to Qualimori. Once you escort the party to the palace, your obligations are complete.

"You will find the diplomatic party and your allies at the Sign of the Five Emeralds, the only place in Haven remotely worthy of your charges. Proceed with all haste.

"Porthios"

Paran Silverwand, Qualinesti Elf: AC 6; MV 12; F2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff); AL CG; ML 13

Equipment: silver badge of office (worth 20 stl), staff

Paran is the lead ambassador of the Qualinesti in this group. He is known among the Qualinesti for his somewhat liberal views, which many feel will help in the Ergoth negotiations.

Paran is a wise elf who tries not to allow prejudices to hamper co-operation.

Laurana, Qualinesti Elf: AC -4; MV 12; F5; hp 30 THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword), 1d4 (dagger); Str 13, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 16; AL CG; ML 14

Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Read/write Qualinesti and Silvanesti 18, blindfighting, etiquette 16

Equipment: *plate mail +2, short sword +3, dagger +1, purse with 20 stl*

Laurana is in love with Tanis. Currently, she is restraining herself from appearing too eager in Tanis's presence. She does this so as not to offend the elven delegation traveling with her. She is also trying to "act mature."

Laurana is representing the Qualinesti people, the ruling family in particular.

Marek Windsong, Qualinesti Elf: AC 1; MV 12; F4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d8 (sheaf arrows), 1d6 (flight arrows); Str 15, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 17; AL LG; ML 15

Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, long bow

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Read/write Qualinesti and Silvanesti 15, religion 10, blindfighting

Equipment: chain mail, *long sword +1, long bow, 18 sheaf arrows, 12 flight arrows, holy symbol of Paladine, 12 stl*

This handsome elf has been an assistant of Laurana during her dealings with the Knights of Solamnia. He is the closest that a Qualinesti elf will come to being a Knight of Solamnia.

Insufferably good and heroic, descended from a noble house, he is filled with youthful idealism and enthusiasm. He seems too good to be true.

Marek is also madly in love with Laurana. She knows this, and she gently keeps him at arm's length. Gilthanas, however, would very much like to see his sister marry Marek, and often makes not so subtle hints about his feelings.

If Tanis seems to be ignoring Laurana, some of



THE DIPLOMATIC PARTY

The following are the stats for the diplomatic party that requires escort.



her impetuous nature will creep out and she will fawn over Marek, praising him and almost swooning in his presence.

Alor Lightleaf, Silvanesti Elf: AC 4; MV 12; F1; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); AL CG; ML 14

Equipment: *ring of protection +2*, long sword, chain and badge of office (all gold, worth 150 stl), purse with 50 stl

Alor is the handsome, courageous leader of the Silvanesti delegation. He is naturally suspicious, aloof and rather racist, openly frowning at things like half-elves, mixed marriages, or any other race of elf besides Silvanesti.

Alor's goal is to see that the Silvanesti in Southern Ergoth are being dealt with in a fair manner. He also wants to see relations between Silvanesti and Qualinesti stay smooth. Alor is an elf of few words.

Ladine Daralathas, Silvanesti Elf: AC 8; MV 12; F1; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); AL CG; ML 14

Equipment: long sword, silver badge of office (worth 40 stl), purse with 50 stl

Ladine is like a statue carved of ice: beautiful,

quiet, and cold. Having pale grey eyes and silver hair only adds to the metaphor. She is skilled in the ways of negotiation, and she is here in order to back up Alor. Ladine is just as intolerant of other races (including other elves) as Alor is.

However, Ladine is also very logical and pragmatic. She is fully capable of dealing with other races in such a way that she does not alienate them. In a way, Ladine is here to make sure that Alor does not insult the other negotiators.

Qualinesti Warriors (4): AC 5; MV 12; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (flight arrows); AL NG; ML 13

These troops (two males—Juskan and Noro—and two females—Rosamund and Myrtle) are all that could be spared as bodyguards. Each Qualinesti wears chain mail armor and carries a long sword, long bow, and 18 flight arrows.

Silvanesti Warriors (3): AC 5; MV 12; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (two-handed sword), 1d6 (flight arrows); AL CG; ML 13

These Silvanesti (two males—Goliam and Turass—and one female—Alyla) are the bodyguards for the two Silvanesti delegates. The two delegates were fully aware that the Qualinesti

would send some troops to guard them, but it mattered little to the Silvanesti what the Qualinesti would do. They feel safer with their own guards.

However, there were supposed to be four guards. One, Aeryn, was waylaid and slain, his place (and form) taken by a Sivak spy.

Sivak Spy (resembles a Silvanesti Warrior named Aeryn): AC 6; MV 6, FI 24 (C); HD 6; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6 or 1d10 (two-handed sword); SD +2 bonus to saving throw; AL NE; ML 14; XP 2000

Equipment: two-handed sword, *amulet of non-detection*

If a Sivak slays a human or humanoid less than nine feet tall, it takes the form of the victim and remains in that form for as long as it wishes. If it changes back to Sivak form, it cannot shapechange again until it kills another victim.

When a Sivak reaches 0 hit points, it shapechanges into the form of its slayer.

This Sivak killed the fourth Silvanesti soldier and took his place. Sent by the Green Dragonarmy, its mission is to disrupt the talks in Qualimori. During the journey it keeps its harassment and attacks on the party to a minimum, doing things only when it is absolutely sure that it will not get caught.

Its real mission is in Qualimori, and it will not jeopardize its cover by doing something overtly violent during the trip. The Sivak plays the part of a loyal Silvanesti warrior, even to the point of helping the PCs in combat and such—anything to draw away suspicion.

The Sivak has a secondary role. A Silvanesti mage of the Order of the Black Robes has made a pact with the Green Dragonarmy. The Silvanesti will monitor the progress of the diplomatic party, courtesy of a magical talisman that the Sivak carries. The talisman enables the elf mage to use his crystal ball to see through the eyes of the Sivak.

The party has light warhorses for travel. Each horse has a pair of saddlebags, 50 feet of rope, a week's worth of rations, two water skins, two blankets, and a bedroll.

Light Warhorses: AC 7, MV 24; HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4/1d4; AL N; ML 7; XP 35

The city of Porliost is 80 miles due west of Haven, with forest as the predominant terrain. The villages of Bianost and Frenost are situated 25 and 45 miles respectively from Haven. Each village is

about a three-mile detour off the PCs' route.

Because of a lack of roads and even of trails in this thick wood, the journey takes two days. Each day of travel equals ten hours of actual riding, covering 40 miles a day.

DMs should check for random encounters once every hour.

THE VILLAGE OF BIANOST

Bianost is the first opportunity the PCs have to deviate from the path and seek decent accommodations.

The only inn is the Silver Bough, a sleepy establishment where little happens.

There is nothing of any major significance happening in Bianost.

THE VILLAGE OF FRENOST

Frenost is close to the halfway point in the Haven-Porliost journey. Frenost's only inn is called the Sign of the Trees. This inn is always more active than Bianost's Silver Bough.

The Trees is a good place to pick up rumors and stories about recent goings on in Qualinesti. The inn is frequented mostly by Qualinesti elves, half-elves, and human traders, the latter coming from or going to Haven.

Laurana suggests that the party stop here for the night. The Silvanesti agree, and that ends any further discussion, unless the PCs can come up with some compelling reason to move on. Saying something like "Time is of the essence, we could be attacked at any moment" will not convince the elves to keep going.

During dinner in the inn's common room, a wandering bard talks about the strange events in the area ten miles north of the village. Something supposedly haunts the area, and several Qualinesti have disappeared there in the last few months.

If any player mentions that his PC is specifically looking at Laurana, he sees that she listens to the bard's story very closely, her brow furrowed in deep thought.

After the bard performs, Laurana goes up to him and speaks to him for a while, then turns in. Laurana's conversation with the bard was about the mysterious area.

THERE SHE GOES





In the middle of the night, there is a frantic pounding at the door of Tanis's room. When Tanis answers it, read the following:

Marek the warrior stands at your doorway in his white linen nightshirt, a look of alarm on his elven features. He is clutching a piece of parchment.

"She's gone, sir! Gone, I say! Beautiful she may be, but she's a headstrong one, and that's the gods' truth! We must rescue her!"

If the PCs ask Marek to explain, he says:

"I was going to the Lady Laurana's room to uh . . . discuss the political ramifications of the elven talks, especially as to how it will affect relations with Solamnia. The Lady was not in her room, but this note was."

The note says: "As a member of the ruling family, I cannot sit idly by in a warm inn while our people are disappearing. Something must be done. Therefore, I have set off to the north in an attempt to ascertain the nature of the threat and deal with it. Continue on the way to Porliost, and I shall catch up with you once the threat is dealt with. -L."

A pained, worried look crosses Marek's young face. "We must find her!" he pleads.

Checking the stables reveals that Laurana's horse is gone.

If the Silvanesti are told about the situation, they do not go with the PCs. They wait at the inn. If the PCs are not back in one day, they continue on to Porliost, and the PCs will have earned a very bad account of their actions.

Tracking Laurana is easy. A successful Tracking proficiency check (with a +2 bonus to the proficiency) reveals her horse's shoe prints. The tracks head due north.

A VERY CONFUSED LADY

Laurana has had the misfortune of wandering into a patch of shimmerweeds. She is confused and is convinced that she is a forest-dwelling fairy. Laurana has removed her armor and dropped her weapons, and she is now dancing around in the moonlight.

When the PCs get close enough to see her, read

the following:

he moon provides you with enough illumination to help you make your way through the woods. Eventually, you hear the neigh of a horse. Up ahead, contentedly nibbling at some grass, is Laurana's horse.

The unmistakable sound of a woman's singing drifts through the night forest air. Farther ahead, beyond the horse, you see a ring of trees and a lithe figure dancing around.

As you draw closer, you realize that it is Laurana, clad in a wispy linen wrapping, dancing on the grass. Her armor and her weapons lie at your feet.

While under normal circumstances this may not be a bad scene, a sense of horror creeps over you when you notice that several skeletons, half-buried in the grassy earth, also lie within the ring of trees.

Once the PCs cross into the ring of trees, they are "attacked" by the shimmerweed. Laurana does not come out of the small glade, regardless of who asks her. She is at first convinced that she must be a wood-dwelling sprite, perhaps a dryad, then changes her mind and believes that she is really a wild elf.

If any PCs manage to avoid being affected by the shimmerweed and reach Laurana, then DMs should make the roll called for in the *confusion* spell description. The result is Laurana's next action.

During all of this, however, the true threat in these woods makes itself known. The shimmerweed serves as a splendid means of disabling victims for the predator, which in this case is a wichtlin.

Shimmerweed (36): AC 8; MV Nil; HD 1 hit point; THAC0 NA; Dmg NA; SA confusion; AL N; ML 20; XP 35

The shimmerweed puts on a dazzling display of light that causes confusion in all who gaze upon it. This patch can confuse 36 levels worth of adventurers. To destroy the patch permanently, a *continual light* spell must be cast upon it. Otherwise, it grows back in one month.

Wichtlin: AC 2; MV 9; HD 4+4; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg special; SA see below; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; AL CE; ML 12; XP 1,400

The wichtlin was a Qualinesti traitor who spied

for the Dragonarmies and tried to sabotage the Qualinesti evacuation to Southern Ergoth. He was discovered and executed for his treason.

The wichtlin is unaffected by poison, paralyzation, sleep, charm, hold, and cold-based spells.

Holy water causes 2d4 points of damage, and the wichtlin is turned as a specter. Those who cannot detect invisibility suffer a -2 penalty to attack rolls against the wichtlin.

The wichtlin's left hand causes 2d4 rounds of paralysis, unless the victim rolls a successful saving throw vs. paralyzation. The right hand inflicts 2d6 points of damage from poison, unless a successful saving throw vs. poison is rolled.

If the wichtlin paralyzes an elven PC or NPC, the victim must pass a saving throw vs. spell or fall victim to a *suggestion* (as the spell).

Once Laurana regains her senses, she is in a bad mood. She insists that she was right—that as someone in leadership, she was obliged to help. If asked why she did not seek help, she explains that she did not want to take away from the diplomatic mission. She did not want to cause a fuss; just go to the site in question, deal with the problem, and be back by dawn.

THE CITY OF PORLIOST

The Qualinesti city of Porliost is a bustling port. Many Qualinesti come streaming out of boats, returning from the evacuation that was necessary during the War of the Lance.

Porliost is a bustling city, filled with people of all races. Dozens of boats are moored at the docks.

The *Brightblade* is at dock, waiting for the PCs. It is a large ship, with plenty of room for everyone. The ship is scheduled to leave at dawn after the PCs and the delegation check in.

The Qualinesti in Porliost take the party's horses and see that they are returned to the Speaker of the Sun's household.

If the name of the ship sounds familiar, that is no coincidence. The ship is owned by the household of Lady Alhana Starbreeze. She has put the ship at the disposal of the PCs.

The Silvanesti elf who captains the ship is named Rythas Starbreeze, a cousin of the Lady Alhana. He is not pleased with this assignment, and accepts it only as a favor to his kinsman. His attitude toward the PCs is one of "stay out of my way and let me do my job, which in this case is sailing this ship."

THE BRIGHTBLADE'S VOYAGE

The entire trip is a 200-mile sea voyage. The voyage normally takes four days.

On the night of the first day at sea, a violent storm hits. The only potential major consequence is that each PC on deck (probably doing a shift of night watch) must roll a successful Dexterity check or be swept overboard. Add a bonus of 6 to the Dexterity if the PC is secured somehow.

In the middle of the third day, when the ship passes between Enstar and the southwestern coast of Southern Ergoth, the ship comes to a scraping halt; it has hit a wreck.

This, however, is not just any wreck. A group of vodyanoi have boosted the wreck off the reef and lifted it to such a position that it would cause a passing ship to collide with and become stuck to it.

Four rounds after the collision, the vodyanoi begin attacking the vessel from two directions. First, three of the monsters come swarming up out of the ocean and onto the deck. Second, the three vodyanoi remaining underwater begin smashing their way through the hull, gaining access to belowdecks, though unfortunately their efforts cause the bow to spring a huge leak.

Vodyanoi (6): AC 2; MV 3, Sw 6; HD 8; hp 48; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 3d4/3d4/1d10; AL CE; ML 13; XP 2000

The vodyanoi lair is a second shipwreck 50 yards away from the battle site. The wreck is on a reef, but it is barely visible as only a small part of the hull juts onto the surface of the water.

Inside the wreck lie 18 pearls worth 500 gp each.

Silvanesti Sailors (33): AC 8; MV 12; F2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (spear); AL CG; ML 14

The sailors fight to the death, out of loyalty to their captain.

Rythas Starbreeze: AC 6; MV 12; F6; hp 37; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (spear); AL CG; ML 15; Dexterity 18

Equipment: *spear +3, ring of water walking*

PCs who aid in fighting the vodyanoi earn the grudging respect of the crew, especially that of Rythas.





DMs should fudge events so that Rythas Starbreeze survives the battle. If the party of NPCs seems too big, one or two of the Silvanesti or Qualinesti troops can die in battle, just as long as the disguised Sivak remains alive. Optionally, when four of the vodyanoi are killed, the other two retreat back to their lair.

The sea water rushing into the boat sinks it in ten combat rounds. Anyone with the Seamanship proficiency can tell that the ship is doomed. No amount of pumping will make it right. The *Brightblade* is no more. For such occasions, there are four small life boats, each of which can hold up to ten people.

The *Brightblade* has its collision four miles off the shore of the Plains of Kri in Southern Ergoth. Swimming to the shore is the best option if there are not enough lifeboats.

If some PCs cannot swim or other some other disaster befalls them, have the affected PCs lose consciousness as the waves toss them about.

The Sivak takes advantage of the confusion to ensure that the elven guards of the diplomatic party are reduced to one Qualinesti warrior and two Silvanesti warriors (one being the Sivak itself).

COMING ASHORE

Once the PCs make it to shore, read the following:

At last, your feet touch hard ground again! The sandy beach is very short, and the lush greenery of Ergoth greets you just a brief distance away from the edge of the beach.

Captain Starbreeze, hands on hips, looks around, an expression of disgust on his face. "I thought as much! Name a ship after a dead human and things come to no good! This comes as no surprise to me!"

Rythas assembles his waterlogged surviving crew. "Enough of this. Our obligations are fulfilled. Go on to Qualinost if you will. If you go due northwest you will reach the city soon enough. By my reckoning, it is 70 miles away as the dragon flies. If you hug the coast, the journey is 90 miles long, but it will be impossible for you to get lost. My crew and I are going to strike out to the east to the ruins of Shrengal. It is the closest point to the coast of Qualinesti, and often times a signal fire will catch the attention of passing Qualinesti vessels."

The crew begins filing behind their leader. "I wish you a safe journey," he says as he turns eastward and begins walking. Silently, his crew follows.

You are on your own.

If the PCs were washed ashore unconscious, they have lost some items and all of their money. DMs should determine what things are lost. The most likely items are shields, swords, and spears or other pole arms.

TRAVELING OVERLAND

The party has two options. They can follow the coast all the way to Qualimori, or they can take the straight, direct route. Each option has its own set of encounters. DMs can also roll for wandering encounters as well.

HUGGING THE COAST

This takes longer than the straight route, since the coast is irregular. However, with the sea always at the PCs' side, it is impossible to get lost.

TRAP DOOR TERRORS

Read the following aloud to the PCs:

The journey is pleasant enough that everyone's spirits, while perhaps not jubilant, are at least cordial. The grassy plain of Kri has no discernable trails, but the directions are easy enough. The beach is always to your left.

The only ones in the diplomatic party who can be described as irritated are the two Silvanesti ambassadors.

"This enterprise gets more difficult with each passing moment," Alor murmurs as Ladine stochically marches beside him. "What is to be next, in this untamed land of the Kagonesti? Perhaps the very earth itself will open up and swallow. . . ."

And Alor and Ladine are gone. Swallowed up by the earth.

The two Silvanesti elves have just walked over the trap door of a trap door spider lair. Now that someone has triggered it, the trap door is easily located.

Ordinarily, the spiders wait until someone passes close to the trap door, then pop out, grab a victim, and drag it back to the lair. In this case, the spiders are actually waiting for victims to walk across the trap door and fall in.

The lair is a ten-foot-diameter shaft, 130 feet deep. There is a net of webs 70 feet down from the trap door, and it is here that the two elves have landed and are now stuck fast. The spiders, lurking 60 feet farther down at the bottom of the lair, immediately scramble up to the net and attack, trying to drag the elves down the shaft.

Giant Trap Door Spiders (6): AC 4; MV 3, Wb 12; HD 4+4; hp 28; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA webs can be shot up to three feet away, acts as a *web* spell; poison in bite requires a successful saving throw vs. poison or suffer an additional 1d6 points of damage; AL N; ML 9; XP 420

The spiders have no treasure.

A WHALE OF A PROBLEM

Read the following aloud to the PCs:

Your journey continues, with the pounding rhythm of the nearby surf in your ears. The air carries the tang of salt.

A few minutes pass, and something is amiss. The tang of salt has gotten stronger, as if the smell of fish has been added to it. The smell is compounded by the odor of sweat. Cries and the clash of metal echoes from up ahead, beyond a sand dune.

Once the PCs get over the dune, continue the description.

A huge whale lies beached on the surf. It is still alive, but it appears to be in its death throes. Eight dark-blue-skinned elves labor with nets to drag the unfortunate creature back into the sea.

Ordinarily, this would not be a problem, except for the fact that a dozen ogres, obviously fancying some seafood for their diets, are trying to eliminate the elves. A second group of a half dozen dark blue elves wields tridents and is trying to run interference for their laboring comrades.

One of the sea elves hazards a glance your





way. The look on her face indicates that she is not sure if you are friends or foes. Distrust, and a growing feeling of desperation, is reflected in her large violet eyes.

There are three elves and four ogres lying on the sand.

The situation is fairly straightforward. The Dargonesti (sea elves) are trying to rescue a beached whale companion, while the ogres are intent on killing the elves and eating the whale.

The PCs can either ignore the situation, help get the whale out to sea, or fight the ogres. The whale dies in ten rounds if it is not put out to sea.

If a group of PCs with a combined strength of at least 50 help, the whale is pushed out to sea in two rounds.

The Dargonesti pulling the whale are openly distrustful unless a PC says something to try to win them over. Just walking over to the whale and helping push achieves little. The sea elves will try to drive them off. The Dargonesti's suspicions must be removed first.

Ogres (12): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (clubs); SA +2 to damage; AL CE; ML 13; XP 175

Each ogre has a large club and a sack with a few rocks, 1d12 gp, 1d4 stl, and some dead game animals. These ogres are a wandering band associated with the ogres living in Daltigoth. This band is on a campaign of raids in this area of Ergoth. They were sent by an ogre chief, who is rumored among the ogres to have close ties with some human from the Ansalonian mainland, far to the west near Silvanesti.

If the ogres lose eight of their number, the rest retreat to the northeast.

Dargonesti (14): AC 8; MV 9, Sw 15 (30 as dolphin); HD 1+1; hp 5; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 (trident, two hands); AL CG; ML 13; XP 175

The Dargonesti are here to help the whale, and that is all.

If the party helps get the whale back to sea, the Dargonesti leader, an elf named Quool Akwom, gives the PCs three silver sea shells and says the following:

"By your actions, you show that perhaps not all surface dwellers are as horrible as we thought. If someday you are sailing on the Sirion Sea and find yourselves in peril, drop one of these shells into the ocean and say: 'Wind, waves, storms, and gales, come and aid the friends of whales!' Aid will come to you. I give you three of these shells; know that each time you use one, you lose it forever. Once again, our thanks."

The Dargonesti do not offer to escort the PCs anywhere, nor do the sea elves provide the party with sea transportation to Qualimori. The shells are payment enough.

Even mentioning to the Dargonesti that the group is heading to some negotiations involving fellow elves fails to sway them.

"We care not for the land-dwelling elves as a race, and even less for their politics. Let them all talk until they run out of air. So long as they do not meddle with the affairs of the sea, their doings matter little to us."

THE DIRECT ROUTE

This route is faster, since it travels in a straight line direct to Qualimori. Unfortunately, there is no path and no landmarks. Getting lost here is far easier to do than if the PCs follow the coast.

A Direction Sense nonweapon proficiency check must be rolled every four hours of travel.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

As the party crosses the grassy plain of Kri, they encounter a Kagonesti temporary settlement. Unfortunately, the animosity between the Kagonesti and the Silvanesti and Qualinesti causes problems.

As you continue your march across the rolling plain of Kri, you develop an appreciation for your surroundings. The plain is a verdant carpet, broken up by the occasional small stream or copse. The terrain is somewhat flat, with only the occasional gently sloping hill to give the landscape some variety. All in all, it makes

for an extremely pleasant journey, one that elves of all types can appreciate.

A group of figures comes bounding out of a nearby copse. They look like elves, except that their skin is a dark brown color, decorated with painted designs. Clad in leather armor and waving war hammers over their heads, the wild elves, which you now recognize as such, ride bareback on stags. The nine Kagonesti ride in circles around your party, whooping and shouting.

Let the PCs have one round to react. The Kagonesti are not making any signs of attacking, but they do seem to be rather aggravated by your presence. The Kagonesti especially go out of their way to make rude gestures at the Silvanesti ambassadors (and any Silvanesti PCs as well).

If the PCs decide to attack, a volley of 20 sling stones comes from the copse where the Kagonesti emerged. The whooping Kagonesti then close in for the attack.

If the PCs are trying to make out what the Kagonesti are shouting about, a hearing check (or a hear noises percentile roll) reveals the following:

“Silvanesti worms! Not satisfied with taking our homelands, now you come here to drive us out of this land? Turn back! Turn back! We will move no more!”

If the PCs attempt to parley, they must roll a successful reaction roll to get the Kagonesti to stand down. If the Kagonesti are convinced, then they take the PCs to their temporary village in the copse. However, they must surrender their weapons before entering.

The Silvanesti ambassadors are irritated at this. They have no patience for the Kagonesti and their quirks. The DM should warn the players that Alor looks ready to lose his temper and let loose with a verbal barrage guaranteed to alienate the Kagonesti and possibly bring harm to the party. The Qualinesti are taking it all in with grace, and with some private amusement at seeing the Silvanesti so irritated.

The Kagonesti village is a temporary affair made of tents camouflaged atop and underneath the trees.. A large wooden platform rests in the branches of the largest tree, and this is where the Kagonesti hold their councils.

The chief of this tribe is Kylak Quickbranch. He

explains that his people initiated the encounter because he ordered them to make sure that their settlement was kept safe. The Kagonesti, on seeing Silvanesti, immediately chose to interpret Kylak's instructions in their own way.

If Kylak is told about the party's purpose, he mentions that he has heard about the Ergoth negotiations. In fact, many have heard, and many know that the diplomatic party is coming.

Kylak feels that the negotiations will do little for the Kagonesti. He knows that the Kagonesti have sent a delegate or two, but he has little hope of seeing a fair agreement reached.

If the PCs wish to spend the night, one tree's worth of shelter is provided. The Silvanesti delegates are not too happy about this and prefer the journey to resume.

The tribe has 80 members; 60 of them are combatants.

Kagonesti: AC 8; MV 12 (15 if sprinting); F2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 (war hammer), 1d4 (sling stones); AL NG; ML 12; XP 175

Each Kagonesti tribesman has a war hammer, a sling with 20 stones, leather armor, and a pouch that holds their vials of body paint.

Chief Kylak Quickbranch: AC 6; MV 12 (15 if sprinting); F7; hp 49; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d4+1 (war hammer), 1d4 (sling stones); AL NG; ML 14; XP 975

The chief has a war hammer, a sling with 20 stones, *leather armor +2*, a *cloak of elvenkind*, and a bronze medallion on a leather thong (his sign of authority).

Kylak is a reasonable Kagonesti, but his mind still dwells on the injustices perpetrated on his race by the other elves. He is very cautious and hard to fool.

The Kagonesti have no intention of escorting or joining the party. They have their own affairs to attend to.

If the PCs ask for news of the area, the Kagonesti warn them that the Rocklin Plains have “a series of woods that move from one place to another” as well as a green dragon. Kylak also makes an oblique comment to the Silvanesti that “you will encounter something to show you how misguided you are.”



MAP 18: TROUBLE ON THE ROCKLIN PLAINS

As the party continues on its straight northwest course, they leave the Plains of Kri and enter the Rocklin Plains.

In the late afternoon, as the party is crossing the plains, a rainstorm starts up. Fortunately, up ahead, there is a grove of trees and a light from an open window streaming from inside the grove.

Read aloud to the PCs:

As the sun begins to set in the west, dark storm clouds move in from the east. Lightning flashes across the sky, followed by the rumble of thunder. You feel a raindrop, then two, then three—then a whole downpour erupts.

Up ahead, you can make out a small forest. From inside the trees, a golden light streams out. Smoke rises from an unseen but apparent chimney. Someone is burning pine logs.

“There! We go there!” Alor orders. “We shall not travel in this downpour!”

Alor’s words, backed by a strong, quiet nod of assent from Ladine, leave no room for argument, and so off to the woods you go.

As you approach the woods, you begin to make out what lies beyond the trees. A stone house, two storeys high, stands alone. Smoke puffs from a chimney. Golden, warm light spills from the windows.

Suddenly, the trees bow toward you and reach for you with their gnarly hands.

The trees are in fact evil treants. The plant creatures do not injure the party, but instead try to restrain them. They strike back, however, if anyone chops at them.

The treants ring the house. However, only one treant attacks any one PC or NPC. In addition, the treants animate one normal tree per PC and NPC. Thus, each member of the party has one treant and one animate tree to deal with. There are a total of 48 normal trees growing around here.

Any remaining treants simply stay put and continue to impersonate trees, not letting on that they too are treants.

Treants (25): AC 0; MV 12; HD 7; hp 35; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2d8; SD Never surprised; AL LE; ML 16; XP 2,000

The treants (and the trees they animate) have a weakness about fire. All fire-based attacks against them gain a +1 bonus to the attack roll and a +4 bonus to damage. In addition, saving throws vs. fire are rolled with a -4 penalty.

The treants are allies of the occupant of the house. The tree men try to use their strength to restrain the PCs until the occupant comes out. The treants each have an effective Strength of 20.

Normal Animated Trees (40): AC 6; MV 3; HD 12; hp 60; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 4d6; AL N; ML 20; XP 2,000

The trees have an effective Strength of 18.

Though there are 48 trees here, only 40 can be animated. The other eight stay together and form the supports for a huge mass of intertwined branches that serves as a lair for a green dragon ally of the mage. The dragon is not home.

ENTER THE MAGE

After four rounds of combat, read the following aloud to the PCs:

The front door of the house opens, throwing more warm light into the gloom of the rain-soaked forest. A single hooded figure in robes stands silhouetted in the doorway for a moment, then picks up a staff and begins to walk toward you.

The hooded figure’s robes are dark, a feature you can tell as the stranger continues walking toward you with casual grace despite the rain. Lifting up an arm, it shouts “Sylveh elah!”

Anyone who speaks Silvanesti knows that the figure just said “Trees, stop!” Continue reading (or paraphrasing):

Immediately, the trees halt their attacks, releasing any of your number that were caught. The figure walks up to your group, and plants its staff in the ground.

He removes his hood. A lightning flash shows you a Silvanesti elf, his silver hair tied in a ponytail.

“My apologies for the behavior of the trees,” the elf says in a calm voice. “Allow me to make it up to you, by giving you the hospitality of my house. I am Alathere, mage, late of Silvanesti.”

Alathere begins walking back toward his house. If the PCs do not accept his offer and continue on their way, they are attacked later. If they refuse his offer and start attacking the trees anew, Alathere says "Sylveh marek!" (Trees, kill!)

GUESTS OF THE DARK ROBE

If the PCs enter Alathere's house, read the following:

The first feeling you have is relief at having obtained shelter from the cold rain. The large living room is warm and dry. Several lanterns shed light of the magical variety. A blaze burns in the fireplace.

All around you, there are signs that Alathere is indeed a mage. Bookcases filled with books, shelves of odd knickknacks such as animal skulls and dragon scales, star maps and drawings of various dragons, all are decorations that reflect the taste of the occupant.

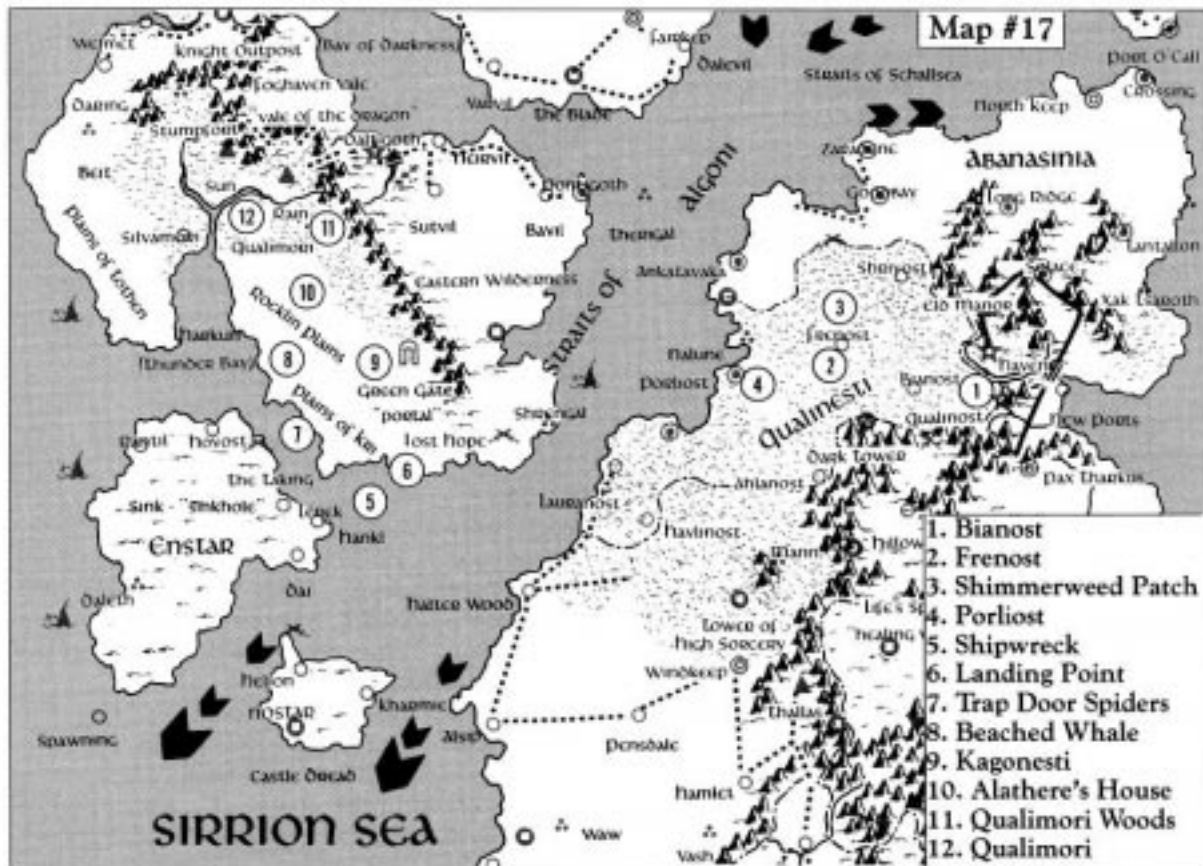
Alathere sits in a very comfortable chair. With a clap of his hands, some invisible force

takes your soggy cloaks and whatnot and carries them into the kitchen to dry off. A tray, carried by another invisible force, is set upon the room's table. The tray is laden with goblets and a huge decanter of wine.

You watch in amazement as the decanter pours wine into each of the goblets, and the goblets float toward you. One goblet floats toward Alathere.

Alathere looks at the Silvanesti with great interest. His gaze passes over the Qualinesti, except for Laurana, whose form he appraises for a few heartbeats. "If you are hungry, dinner will be served later. If you need a place to sleep, the upstairs has some beds. But for now, sit and tell me who you are and how you come to be here on such a gods-forsaken night," the black-robed elven mage says. "What could possibly possess Silvanesti, Qualinesti, and half-breeds to travel together?"

Of course, seeing a wizard in black robes may cause the PCs some alarm. They would not be reassured to know that Alathere already knows who they are and why they are traveling through





here. If they ask Alathere to say more about him self, he gives them a brief half-smile and nods.

"I am Alathere, a Silvanesti and a mage of the Black Robes, as you can plainly see. This is my house.

"I came here from Silvanesti after that idiot Lorac ruined the land. Word was that Southern Ergoth was a fine place for an elf to start over. I would have gone to Qualinesti, but the territory was already choked with my fellow countrymen seeking refuge, and I desired some privacy."

If the PCs do not tell Alathere their mission, Ladine speaks up and loftily announces that the group is a diplomatic entourage heading to Qualimori.

Upon hearing the party's purpose, Alathere furrows his brow in slight disapproval and shakes his head.

"Ah, I had heard that some sort of meeting was taking place. A waste of time if you ask me. Just another bad decision by those who rule the Silvanesti.

"First, the land gets ruined by our so-called good King Lorac, then his progeny engages in pursuing similar short-sighted policies. What will it avail the Silvanesti to enter into negotiations to make Southern Ergoth a nation where all elves submerge their racial identity? Why should a superior culture lower itself to the level of inferiors?

"And what will all of this do to the cause of magic and pursuing its secrets? No good, I would say.

"No, I am afraid that I cannot sit idly by and watch my race fade in this manner," Alathere declares, his chin set in firm resolve. "I simply cannot allow you people to go on with this travesty." Finally, a smile breaks out and he relaxes. "Ah, but it would be bad form for a host to try to kill those who have accepted his hospitality, would it not? Pity." He smiles again.

Alathere does not attack the party while they are in his house. In fact, he feeds them dinner (and breakfast, should they decide to stay) and sends them on their way.

The rainstorm ends an hour after midnight. If the

PCs choose to leave Alathere, they are certainly free to go.

ALATHERE'S HOUSE

This two-story stone building has an unusual feature; the house is mobile. Alathere acquired the necessary enchantment courtesy of a spell scroll. The scroll was obtained from a Black Robe archmage who was also working for the Green Dragonmories.

The house moves by rising two feet off the ground and gliding at Alathere's command. Alathere must be inside the house and have no distractions. The house moves at a rate of 30 feet per round.

The only room in this house that has any significance is Alathere's room. The door is wizard locked at 12th-level ability.

Inside lie Alathere's spell books, his *crystal ball*, and a locked chest.

The chest contains 1,221 stl, four *potions of extra healing*, one *potion of gaseous form*, and a *wand of lightning*.

Alathere, Silvanesti Mage of the Black Robes, Specialist Mage (Enchantment/Charm): AC 1; MV 12; MI 2; hp 36; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff), 1d4 (dagger); MR 05%; Str 9, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 13; AL LE; ML 18; XP 12,000

Alathere's spell book includes the following. Asterisked spells are from his specialist school, and he must memorize at least one for each level.

Spells: 1st level— *grease*, *unseen servant*, *charm person**, *friends**, *taunt**, *detect magic*, *identify*, *read magic*, *change self*; 2nd level— *bind**, *forget**, *ray of enfeeblement**, *detect invisibility invisibility*, *mirror image*, *magic mouth*, *wizard lock*; 3rd level— *ho/d person**, *suggestion**, *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *phantom steed*, *spectral force*, *dispel magic*, *non-detection*; 4th level— *charm monster**, *confusion**, *emotion**, *fire charm**, *magic mirror**, *detect scrying*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *polymorph other*, *polymorph self*, *wizard eye*; 5th level— *chaos**, *domination**, *feeblemind**, *passwall*, *teleport*; 6th level— *mass suggestion**, *true seeing*, *death fog*, *control weather*, *mislead*

Equipment: *robe of the archmagi*, *staff of striking*, *dagger +3*, *ring of shooting stars*, *potion of polymorph self*. Alathere also wears a belt buckle that is carved in the shape of a green dragon head. If he touches the buckle and says "Wythre,"



a green dragon (see below) comes to his aid in 3d4 rounds.

Alathere is an evil elf, but he has a degree of honor and sophistication. He is not in favor of the Ergoth negotiations.

When the War of the Lance raged, Alathere, disgusted with Lorac's incompetence, allied himself with the Dragonlords, particularly with the Green Dragonarmy. The alliance was rather passive in nature, as Alathere did not wish to raise a hand against the Silvanesti people, except for Lorac and his brood, whom he would gladly crush.

One result of his alliance with the Green Dragonarmy was acquiring a green dragon as a friend. The adult green dragon female is named Wythre, and she lives in the trees that surround Alathere's house. When the PCs began approaching Alathere's area, he ordered Wythre to fly off and return either at midnight or when he commanded her to do so.

Alathere's connection to the Sivak spy is actually very slight. He agreed to monitor the Sivak's progress for the Green Dragonarmy, though the Sivak does not know that Alathere is an ally. All the Sivak knows is that it must wear at all times the amulet given to it.

Regardless of the circumstances of the PCs' departure, four hours after they depart Alathere's house, the mage comes for them, riding on the back of his green dragon ally, complete with a fancy saddle and other riding accessories. When he attacks, he says:

"A thousand apologies, friends, but I must put a stop to your plans. Nothing personal, but the Green Dragonarmy is depending on me, and I would so hate to disappoint them."

Wythre, Adult Green Dragon: AC -1; MV 9, FI 30 (C), Sw 9; HD 14; hp 98; THAC0 7; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d8+5/1d8+5/2d10+5; SA breath weapon chlorine gas 10d6+5; SD immune to gasses; MR 15%; AL LE; ML 16; XP 8,000

Wythre's special abilities include *water breathing*, *suggestion* three times a day

Spells: *charm person*, *friends*

Wythre's lair consists of a huge bunch of branches intertwined atop eight large trees, 45 feet off the ground. There are 545 stl in the lair, but little else. Wythre is interested in learning more magic, and it is magic that excites her.





Optionally, the DM can still have the PCs run into Alathere's house even if the group takes the coastal route. The house and the wood tend to move around a lot.

NOTE: If the Sivak spy has already been found out, Alathere gives no indication that he is interested in the elves' affairs. He holds back from giving his opinions, and comes across as "merely" a Black Robes mage.

Once the PCs have left, he summons Wythre, and they shadow the PCs all the way to Qualimori and participate in the final attack.

THE QUALIMORI WOODS

No matter which route the PCs take, they eventually wind up in the woods that surround the city of Qualimori. Once the PCs reach the woods, they must travel north for about six miles.

The Qualimori woods exemplify the elven philosophy of harmony with nature. These woods are well cared for. Any elf taking even a cursory glance around can appreciate what the elves are doing here. The woods are teeming with life: birds, small animals, insects. The underbrush is well controlled, allowing wild flowers to grow unhindered.

OBNOXIOUS GUESTS

Unfortunately, the tranquility does not last long. At a point several miles from Qualimori, the woods and undergrowth are so thick that travel is only possible via a well-marked, well-maintained path.

As the PCs near the path, read the following:

The woods here have gotten thicker, but everything still looks as if careful, knowledgeable hands are guiding the growth. However, so thick is the plant life here that travel is only possible by a very obvious foot path.

However, before you can approach it, a second group comes from the east, emerging from the forest, on a course perpendicular to yours.

"One side, one side for the ambassador of Emperor Mercador Redic the Fifth, of the Ergoth Empire!" a loud voice booms.

You turn to see a squad of six armored knights on barded horses. They are surrounding a bald, overweight man, overdressed in

finery and jewelry that looks out of place in the woods. The man is riding a horse that is just as over-decorated as he.

The lead knight looks down at your group. "One side, rabble, for someone of importance deigns to use the path to go to yon city! Your business can wait!"

Things are about to go downhill rather quickly. Marek Windsong, the Qualinesti warrior, flushes with anger and deliberately walks onto the path and sets his hands on his hips. Laurana begs him to be careful.

The Silvanesti glares at the lead knight and says:

"Your impudence perhaps can be excused by your immense ignorance. We are here on a diplomatic mission. It matters not who goes first, but you must show respect for our ambassadorial status."

The Sivak, still in the guise of Aeryn the Silvanesti warrior, adds:

"Right! So stay your tongues, you pathetic, tin-wrapped fools! We care not for that bloated sack of flesh you call an ambassador!"

The comment, deliberately planned by the Sivak to be antagonistic, is met with shock by the Northern Ergothians, surprise by the other Silvanesti, and quiet amusement by the Qualinesti. Laurana flushes a deep crimson.

The Imperial ambassador speaks.

"It would appear that these wild, uncivilized elves and their lackey sell-swords need a lesson in etiquette, Ergoth style! Have at them, men, but only bruise them up a bit. No bloodshed. We are, after all, on a diplomatic mission!"

Ergoth Imperial Knights (6): AC 1; MV 9; Cv7; hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8+1 (heavy lance), 1d8 (long sword), 1d6 (horseman's mace); SA +2 to attack roll with lance, +1 to attack roll with mace and sword; SD immune to fear, +4 on saving throws vs. spell that affects the mind; AL LN; ML 15; XP 1,400

Each knight has field plate armor and shield, helmet, a heavy lance, long sword, and horse-man's mace. Their horses wear plate barding.

The knights use their maces to strike the elves and PCs senseless. If they accomplish this, the Ergoth party takes the path and forgets about the elves. If the PCs win, the Ergothians vow vengeance.

MAP 19: QUALIMORI

Two of the Qualinesti warriors who guard the house of Solostaran are Aurak draconians, who ambushed and slew the two actual guards and took their places. The two Auraks attempt to recruit the Ergoth knights, by means of magic, in an attempt on the PCs and their charges.

This attack is timed to occur at the same time that a group of ogres is supposed to make a raid on the Speaker's house.

The ogres managed to sneak into the town courtesy of information supplied by the Auraks during the latter's reconnaissance of the town's outlay and guard patterns.

Read aloud to the PCs:

The city of Qualimori lies in front of you, nestled between the woods to the north and east, and the sea to the south and west.

Unfortunately, Qualimori is less like a magnificent elven city and more like a large colony of wooden structures built up in the broadleaf and spruce trees.

There are a few buildings of wood and stone, valiant attempts to capture the glory of the Qualinost, the city the elves left behind. These buildings are located on the ground, and include three inns and some mercantile establishments.

In the exact center of town sits the house of Solostaran, a huge wooden structure that stands on the ground. Numerous Qualinesti guards mill about the entrance. Obviously, the appearance of your group has been expected.

As Laurana and Paran exchange pleasant words with the guards, the Ergothian ambassadorial party arrives. Two of the Qualinesti guards, who chose not to make small talk, go over and talk to the Ergoth knights, the latter of whom stare daggers at your party. The Ergoth

ambassador pays no attention to the Qualinesti guards, instead keeps busy by reading some of his documents.

Whatever the two Qualinesti guards said to the knights must have worked, because ten minutes after they began talking to the knights, the latter appear to have calmed them down dramatically. The knights look at you blandly, then lower their heads in apparent deep thought or perhaps embarrassment, it is hard to tell.

Any further speculation is ended as you are escorted to the audience hall by the two Qualinesti warriors.

Laurana does not follow you. "I am going to my room," she whispers to Tanis. "I shall be along later. Thank you for your service to my father." And with that, she is gone.

In the hall, you are amazed at the company assembled. Solostaran, Speaker of the Suns, sits on his throne. At his feet, sitting to his right, is his son Porthios, next in line for the position of Speaker. The Lady Alhana Starbreeze, the Silvanesti Speaker of the Stars, sits beside Porthios. And lastly, a female Kagonesti, adorned in a forest green shift bordered with silver ivy, sits to Solostaran's left, at his feet. There are two warrior escorts of each elf type—Kagonesti, Silvanesti, and Qualinesti, standing at attention and decked out in their respective races' full ceremonial regalia. Each type of elf warrior stands at a discreet distance from their leaders.

The old Speaker beckons you into the room. "Welcome, distinguished ambassadors, friends, and of course, my offspring. I see that the gods gave you a safe journey."

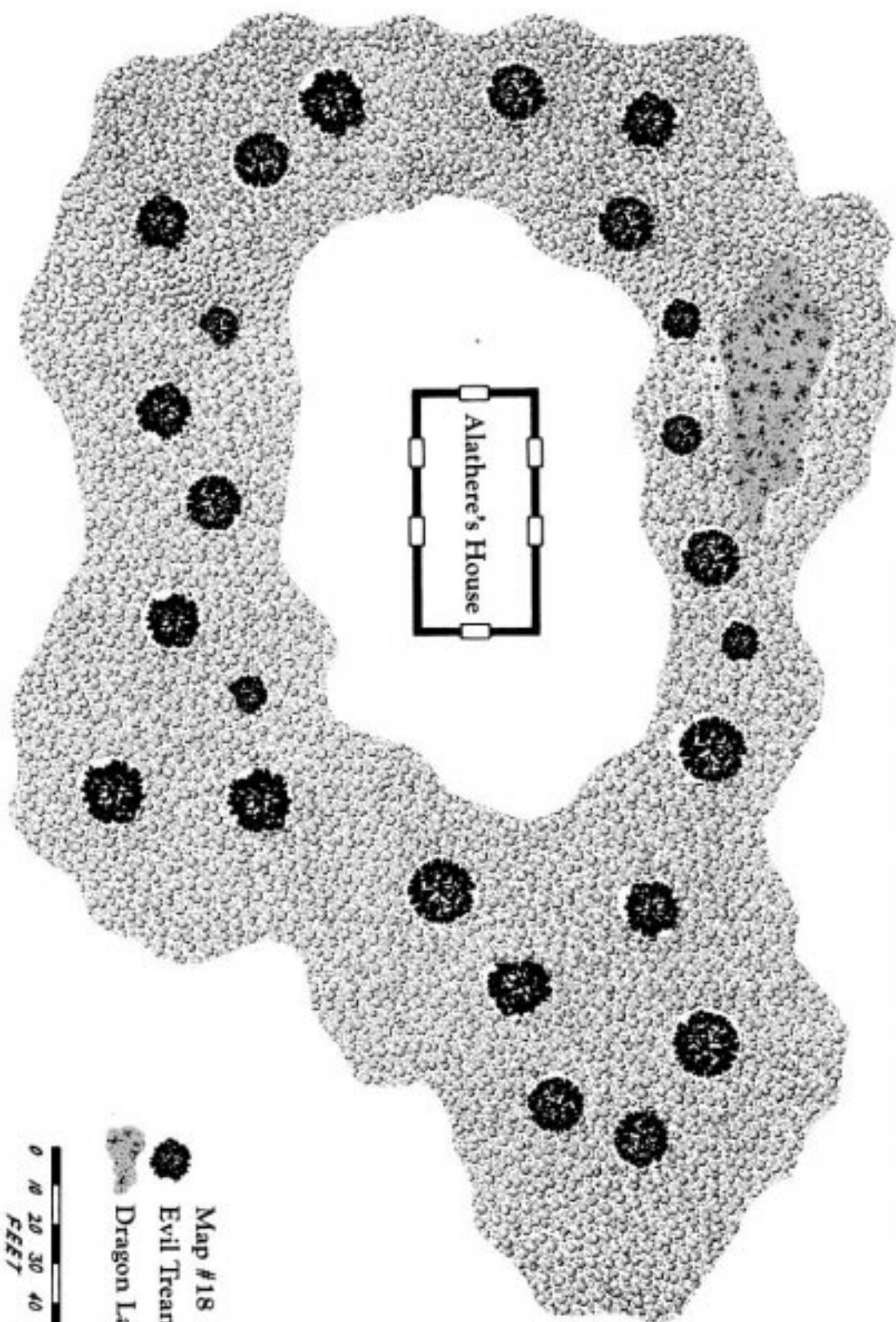
Solostaran gestures at the female Kagonesti. "This is leyl Summersdew, the Kagonesti's chosen representative for our talks. You are no doubt familiar with Lady Alhana Starbreeze of the Silvanesti, as well as my son Porthios, who will succeed me someday, someday soon.

"In any event, it is good that you all have made it safely. We have much to discuss, a nation of elves to assemble. And no sooner is the nation established, than we have to deal with the Emperor of Northern Ergoth. His representatives have been in our city for some time now, and I grow weary of making excuses to not see them.

"Ah well, enough of such talk! Before we get



Trouble on the Rocklin Plains



Map #18
Evil Treant
Dragon Lair

0 10 20 30 40 50
FEET



involved in the negotiations, we must take time...."

"Take time to die!" shouts the Silvanesti Aeryn. You are amazed as his skin bursts open to reveal a Sivak draconian. "Theeeese negotiationsssss aaaare terrrrminated!" it hisses.

The two Qualinesti guards who escorted you into the audience hall transform into a pair of Auraks.

A shout comes from outside, and the doors burst open, admitting four of the Ergothian knights. "Die, elven scum!" they scream, brandishing their swords.

If Alathere is still alive, it is very possible that he follows the PCs to Qualimori and attacks. In this case, Alathere has his *crystal ball* with him in order to monitor the Sivak's progress.

Auraks (2): AC 0; MV 15; HD 8; hp 41; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+2 (energy blast) x2; SA sulfur breath weapon 2d10 points of damage and blinded for 1d4 rounds, a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon halves the damage and results in no blindness; SD +4 bonus to all saving throws; MR 30%; AL LE; ML 15; XP 6,000

The Aurak's innate abilities include becoming invisible at will (which ends when it attacks); polymorph into any animal its size, three times a day; change self three times a day to perfectly imitate any human or humanoid it has seen, usually lasting 2d6+6 rounds; detect hidden and invisible creatures within 40 feet at will; can see through all illusions; cast *dimension door* three times a day, 60 yard range; can mind control one creature of equal or fewer Hit Dice for 2d6 rounds; cast *suggestion* if concentrates for a full turn.

Spells (cast at 8th-level ability): 1st level—*enlarge*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd level—*ESP*, *stinking cloud*; 3rd level—*blink*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level—*fire shield*, *wall of fire*

When Auraks reach 0 hit points, they do not die. Instead, they cover themselves in green flames and goes into a fighting frenzy (+2 bonus to attack and damage rolls). Anyone coming within three feet of the flames suffers 1d6 points of damage unless a successful saving throw vs. petrification is rolled.

Qualinesti Warriors (2): AC 5; MV 12; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6

(flight arrows); AL NG; ML 13

Silvanesti Warriors (2): AC 5; MV 12; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (two-handed sword), 1d6 (flight arrows); AL CC; ML 13

Kagonesti (2): AC 8; MV 12 (or 15 if sprinting); F2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 (war hammer), 1d4 (sling stones); AL NG; ML 12; XP 175

Ironically, the remainder of the Ergothian knights were unaffected by the Aurak's mind control, but the Qualinesti guards do not allow them into the audience hall for fear that the knights will reinforce their fellows.

RUNNING THE BATTLE

The Sivak leaps for Solostaran, one Aurak goes for leyl, and the other attacks Alhana Starbreeze, after both have discharged their *lightning bolt* spells at the PCs and the warrior guards.

The draconians are hoping for a swift strike to take out the heads of state and ambassadors, thereby utterly ruining the negotiations.

The knights engage the party and run interference for the draconians.

The two warriors of each elf type immediately interpose themselves between their charges and the draconians. They are cut down rather quickly.

FURTHER COMPLICATIONS

Once it seems that the PCs are getting the upper hand in the battle, read the following:

A loud scream comes from the southwest, discernable even over the din of battle. A single voice, that of an elven female, screams "Tanis!"

The ogres smashed through the wooden walls of the Speaker's house, in the vicinity of Laurana's room. She is being threatened by the entire group. Though she is giving a good account of herself, she is vastly outnumbered.

Laurana is down to half her hit points. If she is not relieved, she is rendered unconscious and carried away by the ogres to Daltigoth, where she needs to be rescued if the PCs ever want to see her again.

When any PCs (ideally including Tanis) race to her side, read the following:





The westernmost hallway leading south is covered with wood debris, as well as two dead ogres. Ten more ogres are engaged in battle against a desperate Laurana. She hazards a glance at you, her eyes wide with fear.

Ogres (10): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (clubs); SA +2 to damage; AL CE; ML 13; XP 175

Once the battle ends, there is still a large mess to clean up with the Ergothians. If the PCs wish to help in calming ruffled feathers, all reactions suffer a +4 penalty on the Encounter Reactions Table.

POSSIBLE VARIANT

Even if the Sivak spy has been caught, the Auraks and the ogres still attack. In this case, Alathere should definitely participate in the attack if he is still alive.

CONCLUSION

Read the following to the PCs:

When the dust of the battle clears, all that is left is to attend the wounded and mourn the dead. Eventually, the Qualinesti guards find the hidden bodies of two of their comrades, killed by the Auraks, who then took their shape.

Solostaran looks more weary than ever. "The violence never stops," he sighs, as he addresses the assembly. "Spies are everywhere. So many beings wish to see us fail in our endeavors. This is why we must band together, and build an elven nation that preserves our individual heritages and freedoms.

"We have seen all three elf races, plus even half br...half-elves and humans, all working together to overcome a common foe. Let us not forget this lesson, as well as the larger lesson of the recent war. I know not how these negotiations will turn out, since the gods have not given me foresight. I only wish to see peace and unity reign at last."

Laurana pulls Tanis aside, out of sight of the others. Read the following to Tanis.

Laurana holds your hands in hers. "I can think of one union whose time is nearly at hand," she murmurs with a half smile. "We both have grown, Tanis, and it has helped us to become better people. Let us hope that such maturity will make our love even stronger.

"We have done a good work here. Not only have we shown that the different elf races can and must work together, but I think we also showed my family that you and I belong together. Still, until the day when we may marry without hinder, let this be a token of things to come." Laurana leans over and gives you a single chaste but warm kiss on the cheek.

With a smile, she turns and heads into the audience hall, ready to begin work as a diplomat.



CARAMON MAJERE

Male Human
12th-Level Fighter
Lawful Good

STR 18/63 Hit Points: 95
DEX 11 AC: -1
CON 17 THACO: 9
INT 12
WIS 10
CHA 15

Appearance: Sturdy, big, handsome man, feelings easily shown across face

Languages: Common, Plainsman

Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword (specializes), bastard sword, dagger, hand axe, spear, staff

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Blacksmithing (STR), Carpentry (STR), Fire Building (WIS/-1), Reading/Writing Common (INT/+1), Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Survival (INT), Swimming (STR), Blind-fighting, Hunting (WIS/-1)

Equipment: *plate mail +1, shield +2, long sword +1, helmet, dagger, backpack*

Background: Caramon Majere is the twin brother of Raistlin Majere. He is an open, trusting individual, cheerful and personable.

Caramon and Raistlin were raised by their half-sister Kitiara. The twins feel loyalty and affection toward her,

though things have gotten a little rough with Kitiara's taking up with the armies of Takhisis.

Before and during the War of the Lance, Caramon took care of his frail brother Raistlin. Caramon feels great responsibility for his brother, but he cannot understand his cynicism.

Caramon loves adventure and a good challenge. He is someone who needs to have something to occupy his time. Caramon has grown so accustomed to being needed by Raistlin that he now needs to be needed. It helps his self-esteem.

Tanis is a good friend of Caramon's; he finds Riverwind to be a bit standoffish.

The object of Caramon's affections is Tika Waylan. Tika tends to be reckless and needs someone like Caramon to watch over her. The two get married about a year after the War of the Lance.

RAISTLIN MAJERE

Male Human
11th-Level Mage
Neutral (Evil)

STR 10 Hit Points: 35
DEX 16 AC: 5
CON 10 THACO: 17
INT 17
WIS 14
CHA 10

Appearance: Sickly man with gold skin, silver hair, and hourglass shaped pupils

Languages: Common, Magius, Qualinesti, Plainsman, Solamnic, Hill Dwarf

Weapon Proficiencies: Staff, dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Reading/Writing Common, Qualinesti, Magius (INT/+1), Herbalism (INT/-2), Spellcraft (INT/-2), Ancient History (INT/-1)

Equipment: Black robes, backpack, spell books, *Staff of Magius*: acts as a *ring of protection +3*, the staff has a +2 attack roll bonus and inflicts 1d8 points of damage. It can save its owner by casting *feather fall*. Once per day, the staff *creates continual light, 60' radius*. When used by a mage of 6th level or higher, the staff doubles spell durations, adds +2 points of damage per die rolled, and maintains spells for one round after concentration is broken.

The staff recharges one charge per hour in the light of Solinari (up to eight points per evening). The staff can carry 20 charges.

Spells: Raistlin can memorize spells in the following schools:

Abjuration, Alteration, Conjunction/Summoning, Enchantment/Charm, Greater Divination, Invocation/Evocation, Necromancy

Spell Progression: Four 1st level, four 2nd level, four 3rd level, three 4th level, and three 5th level

Background: Raistlin is the twin of Caramon Majere. Both boys were raised by Kitiara, their half-sister. Born sickly and frail, Raistlin was constantly being tended to by Caramon. Though Raistlin loves his brother, he is angered by his protectiveness. Lacking his brother's strength, Raistlin resolved to be strong of mind, and took up the study of magic.

Raistlin has a strong sense of justice and cannot tolerate bullies. He is cynical and not overly fond of people.

Alleran Waylan taught the young Raistlin some rudimentary magic. Raistlin admires Tika for her spunk and her efforts to prove herself.

RIVERWIND

Male Human
11th-Level Ranger
Lawful Good

STR 18/35 Hit Points: 62
DEX 16 AC: 3
CON 13 THAC0: 10
INT 13
WIS 14
CHA 13

Appearance: Tall, stern-looking, long black hair
languages: Common, Plainsman, Qualinesti, Hill Dwarf

Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword (specializes), short bow (specializes), dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Direction Sense (WIS/+1), Tracking (WIS), Survival (INT), Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Running (CON/-6), Swimming (STR)

Equipment: *leather armor +1, shield +1, long sword +2, dagger +1, short bow, 12 flight arrows, 12 sheaf arrows, backpack*

Special Abilities: Hide in Shadows 70%, Move Silently 86%. Can fight two-handed if wearing leather or lighter armor. Chosen enemy: draconians (+4 bonus to attack rolls). Riverwind can easily discern quality of domestic or non-hostile animals.

Spells: Riverwind can learn clerical spells from the Animal and Plant Spheres. He casts them at 4th-level

ability.

Spell Progression: two 1st level, two 2nd level

Background: A former member of the Que-Shu tribe, Riverwind and Goldmoon were teleported away as they were about to be stoned by their own people for blasphemy.

Riverwind is called "far hunter." He is a man of few words, preferring quick action instead. He distrusts strangers, but is a loyal friend and quickly helps a comrade in need. Riverwind harbors a long-standing distrust of magic.

Goldmoon is his wife. He is extremely protective of Goldmoon and loves her deeply, though he sometimes has doubts about his own worthiness.

GOLDMOON

Female Human
11th-Level Cleric
Lawful Good

STR 12 Hit Points: 46
DEX 14 AC: 5
CON 12 THAC0: 14
INT 12
WIS 16
CHA 17

Appearance: Beautiful woman with ruddy skin and golden hair

languages: Common, Qualinesti, Plainsman, Hill Dwarf

Weapon Proficiencies: Staff, sling (specializes)

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Healing (WIS/-2), Animal Handling (WIS/-1), Animal Lore (INT), Musical Instrument (Lyre) (DEX/-1).

Equipment: Golden circlet, lyre, backpack, leather armor, *cloak of protection +3, sling +1, Medallion of Faith (Mishakal):* the medallion allows Goldmoon to detect evil, though Goldmoon must touch an evil thing with it in order to detect, and once per day, the medallion can do the following:

Bless (60-yard range for 6 rounds)

Protection from Evil, 10-foot radius

Slow Poison (as long as the poison victim wears the medallion, he suffers no ill effects from the poison for

one day). *Staff of Mishakal:* The staff is sentient (Intelligence 13, Ego 10) and of Lawful Good alignment. The staff strikes as a +3 weapon; for each attack the user can choose to spend one, two, or three charges to inflict +3, +6, or +9 (respectively) to damage. The staff can cast any of the following, costing two charges per spell level.

1st: *Command, cure light wounds, remove fear*

3rd: *Continual light, cure blindness, cure disease, remove curse*

5th: *Cure critical wound, raise dead, teleport* (15 charges)

7th: *Restoration, resurrection, deflect dragon breath* (10 charges)

The staff can hold up to 20 charges, recharging in the light of Solinari at the rate of one charge per day.

Spells: Goldmoon can cast clerical spells from the following Spheres: All, Astral, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Sun

Spell Progression (includes Wisdom bonus): Seven 1st level, six 2nd level, four 3rd level, three 4th level, two 5th level

Background: Goldmoon was the daughter of the chief of the Que-Shu tribe. Though betrothed to another, she fell in love with Riverwind. When Riverwind completed a quest to determine his worthiness, the tribe tried to stone him for blasphemy. Goldmoon intervened and would have been stoned, but the staff teleported them to safety.

Goldmoon is married to Riverwind, and they have one child. Goldmoon is pure of heart, gentle, and deeply religious.

TANTHALAS "TANIS" HALF-ELVEN

Male Half-Elf
11th-Level Fighter
Neutral Good

STR 16 Hit Points: 71
DEX 16 AC: 1
CON 12 THACO: 10
INT 12
WIS 13
CHA 15

Appearance: Tanis has rust red hair and a beard. He is of average height and build. Despite being a half-elf, he looks human.

Languages: Common, Qualinesti, Hill Dwarf, Plainsman, Gnome, Kender, Goblin, Hobgoblin

Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, long bow (specializes), dagger, staff

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Read/Write Common, Qualinesti (INT/+1), Bowyer (DEX/-1), Hunting (WIS/-1), Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Swimming (STR).

Equipment: *leather armor +2, shield +2, long sword +2, long bow, 10 flight arrows, 10 sheaf arrows, dagger, backpack*

Background: Tanis was raised as a ward of Solostaran, the Speaker of the Suns of Qualinost, and he grew up with Gilthanas and Laurana. Gilthanas became a good friend, and Laurana became his passion. After a falling

out with his adopted family, he left Qualinesti in order to learn about his human heritage.

In his travels, he encountered and fell in love with Kitiara, half-sister of Caramon and Riverwind.

Tanis stood out as one of the great heroes of the War of the Lance.

Tanis is a kind man and a natural leader, though he often regrets the burden of leadership. Heroic and self-sacrificing, he is embarrassed at any lavish attention paid to him.

Neither elven nor human, Tanis struggles with his identity. He feels at home in neither world, and has self-doubts about his worth as a result.

Tanis is one of the few people to get close to Riverwind. He tries to understand Raistlin, and sympathizes with the mage's hard life. Tanis is a friendly, trusting man, and none of his friends are aware of his inner turmoil.

KALIN "TASLEHOFF" BURRFOOT

Male Kender
12th-Level Handler
Neutral

STR 13 Hit Points: 44
DEX 16 AC: 1
CON 14 THACO: 15
INT 9
WIS 12
CHA 11

Appearance: Measuring in at 3'9", Tasslehoff resembles a pointy-eared boy with a top knot on his head. This is by no means a common kender hairstyle.

Languages: Common, Kender, Hill Dwarf, Qualinesti, Gnome, Goblin

Weapon Proficiencies: Hoopak, dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Read/Write Common, Kender, and Hill Dwarf (INT/+1), Juggling (DEX/-1), Jumping (STR), Tumbling (DEX)

Equipment: *hoopak +2, leather armor +2, ring of protection +3, thieves' picks and tools, leather map case (stuffed), pen, ink, paper, backpack, pouches, dozens of odds and ends*

Thieving Abilities: Pick Pockets 95%, Open Locks 82%, Find/Remove Traps 80%, Move Silently 95%, Hide in Shadows 87%, Hear Noise 45%, Climb Walls 99%, Read Languages 65%

Background: Tasslehoff was born in northern Kendermore (Goodlund), a member of the Stoat clan. He was stricken with wanderlust at age 16 and left home to complete the "great map" of Krynn. He met Flint and Tanis when he was examining a bracelet from their market stall and "forgot" to put it back.

The things Tas went through during the War of the Lance were enough to make a normal adventurer quail with fright. Still, Tas is not obsessed with his accomplishments during the War. . . the shiny bracelet on that lady's wrist, now that's another matter completely!

Tas is insatiably curious and almost completely fearless, two attributes common to most kender. He is often as amazed as anyone at the objects he finds in his pockets. Tas has a 5% chance to have some knowledge on any given subject, something he picked up from his scholarly parents.

Tas is loyal to his companions, though he can sometimes be annoying to them. If anyone loses patience and yells at him, however, his feelings get hurt.

TIKA WAYLAN MAJERE

Female Human
10th-Level Fighter/3rd-Level Thief
Neutral Good

STR 14 Hit Points: 60
DEX 16 AC: -2
CON 13 THACO: 11
INT 9
WIS 12
CHA 14

Appearance: A wiry, freckled girl with curly auburn hair and an air of innocence, despite her attempts to look worldly

languages: Common, Plainsman

Weapon Proficiencies: Short sword, dagger, club, short bow, spear

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Cooking (I NT), Read/Write Common (INT/+1), Swimming (STR), Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Fire Building (WIS/-1)

Equipment: plate armor, *shield +2*, *short sword +2*, dagger, heavy frying pan (1d6/1d4), backpack, father's ring on chain around neck

Thieving Abilities: Pick Pockets 40%, Open Locks 38%, Find/Remove Traps 30%, Move Silently 27%, Hide in Shadows 20%, Detect Noise 15%, Climb Walls 87%, Surprise Backstab +4 to hit, double damage

Background: Tika was trained to be a cat burglar by

her con-man father, Alleran. Unfortunately, due to her fear of heights, she was a failure. She stole a ring belonging to a nobleman, who sought it back. Alleran interceded on her behalf, and neither man was seen again. Tika was left to live off her skills as a thief, and it was in that capacity that she met Otik Sandath, who offered her a job as a barmaid. Otik became her family, and it was at Otik's inn, the Inn of the Last Home, that she met her future companions.

Tika served well in the War of the Lance, and fell in love with Caramon.

Tika tries to project a tough exterior, but this rarely works. She is a lot more vulnerable and naive than she would like to admit. She is fascinated by magic, and has learned a little sleight of hand.

Inexperienced at romance, she is confused about love, though she already knows that she dislikes boastful men, preferring instead the thoughtful, quiet ones.

GILTHANAS

Male Qualinesti Elf
5th-Level Fighter/9th-Level Mage
Chaotic Good

STR 12 Hit Points: 30
DEX 16 AC: -6
CON 12 THACO: 16
INT 14
WIS 10
CHA 13

Appearance: A slender, handsome Qualinesti with blonde hair and hazel eyes, has a ready smile and a glib tongue

languages: Qualinesti, Common, Silvanesti, Gnome, Kender, Goblin, Hobgoblin

Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword (sp), long bow, staff, dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Hunting (WIS/-1), Spellcraft (INT/-2), Read/Write Common, Qualinesti (INT/+1), Riding Land-Based (WIS/+3), Swimming (STR)

Equipment: *plate mail +4*, *shield +2*, *long sword +3*, long bow, 20 flight arrows, spell books, backpack

Spells: Gilthanas can memorize spells from the following schools:

Abjuration, Alteration, Conjunction/Summoning, Enchantment/Charm, Greater Divination, Invocation/Evocation

Spell Progression: four 1st level, three 2nd level, three 3rd level, two 4th level, one 5th level

Background: Gilthanas is the second son of Solostaran, Speaker of the Suns in Qualinost. His elder brother is Porthios, and his younger sister is Laurana.

When Tanis lived with Solostaran, Gilthanas became fast friends with the half-elf. However, he has opposed Tanis and Laurana's love and still does so, though it pains him to do so. Gilthanas still prizes Tanis's friendship, but the fact that Tanis is a half-elf with no royal heritage makes the Qualinesti elf uneasy.

Gilthanas is brave, charming, and has a great love of adventure. He is always concerned about protocol, which sometimes annoys others around him. Although he tends to be short-sighted and narrow-minded, he is basically honest, just, sensitive and well-meaning.

Porthios has no patience for his younger brother's love of adventure.



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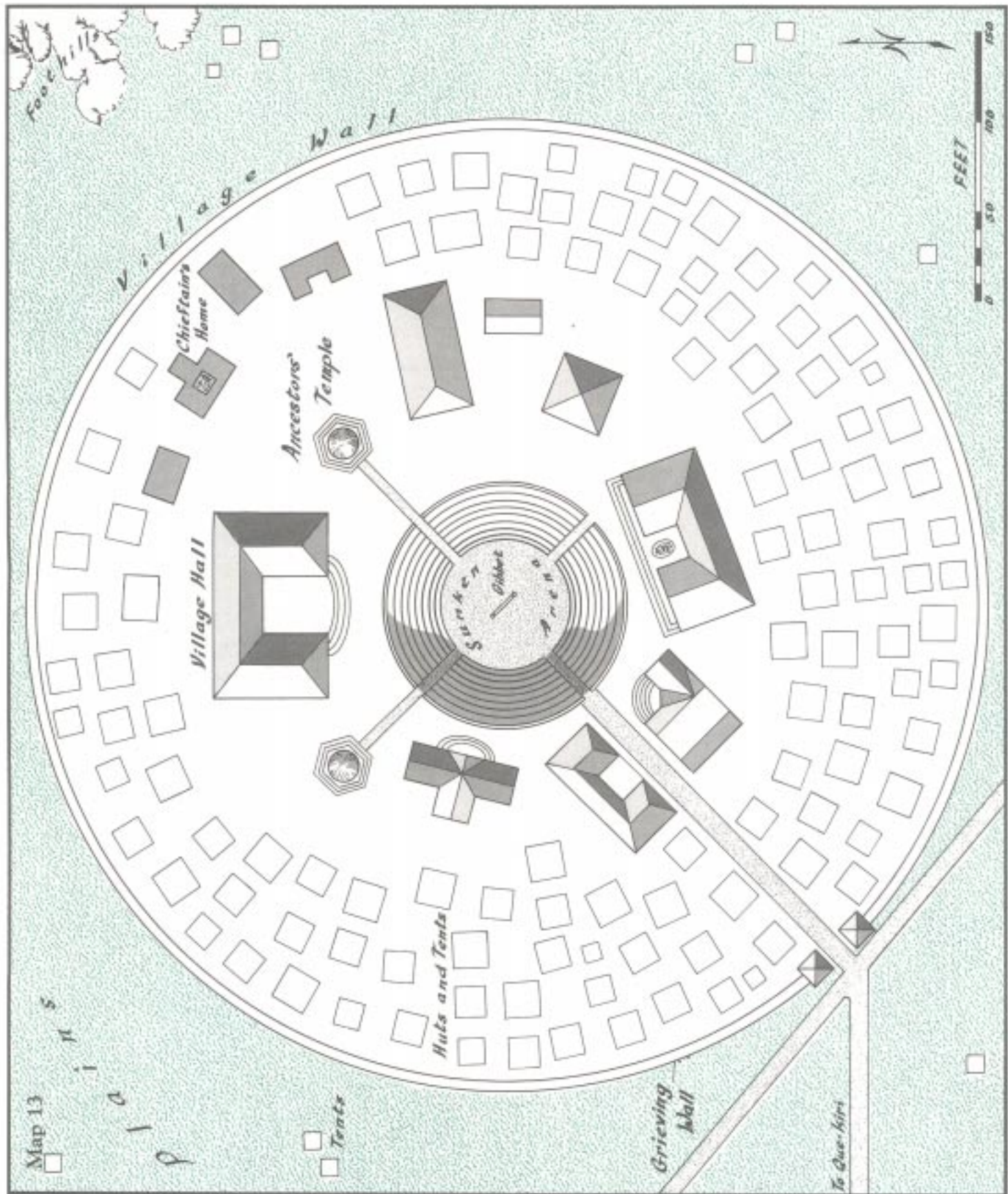
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Map 7
Grimdel

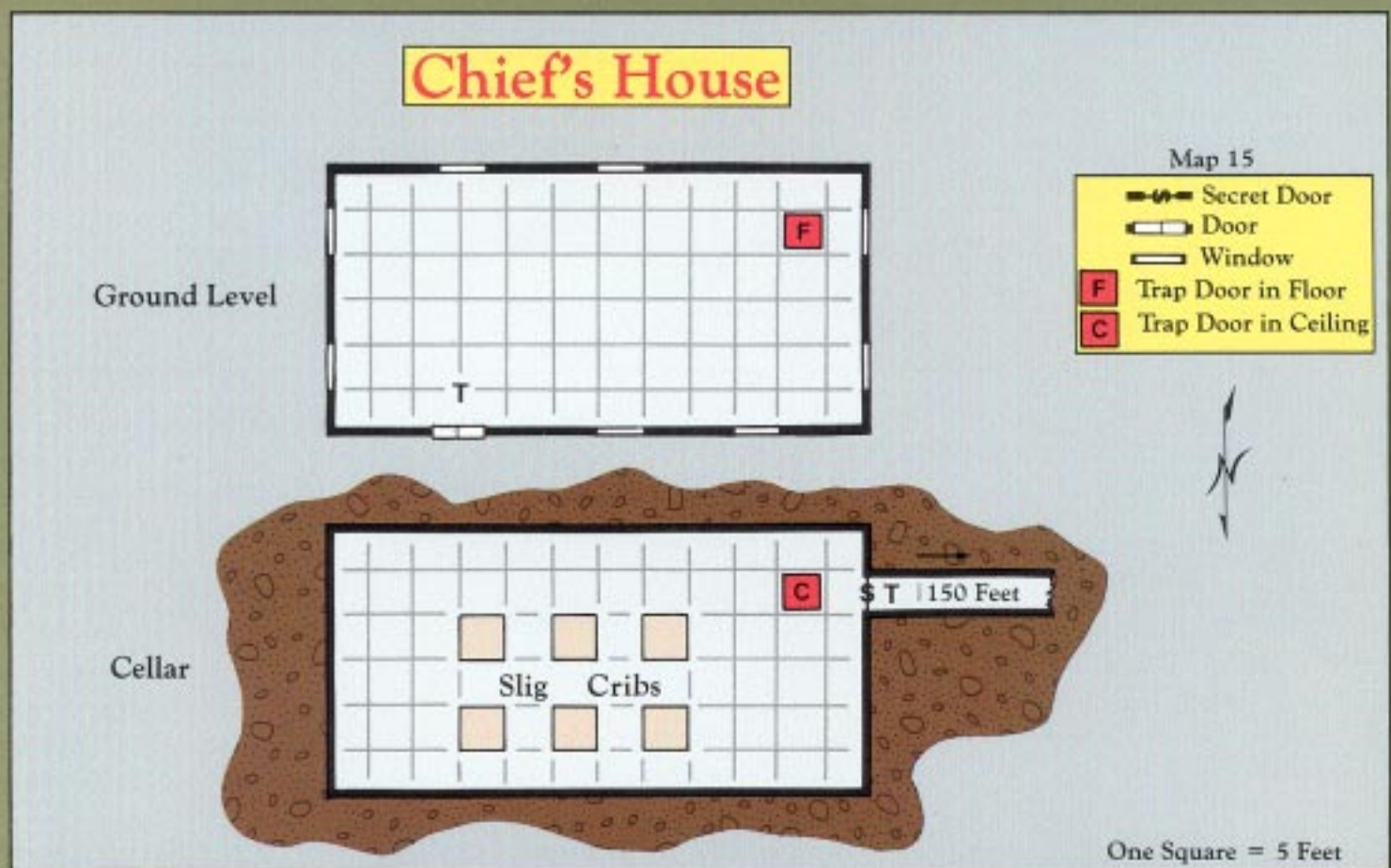
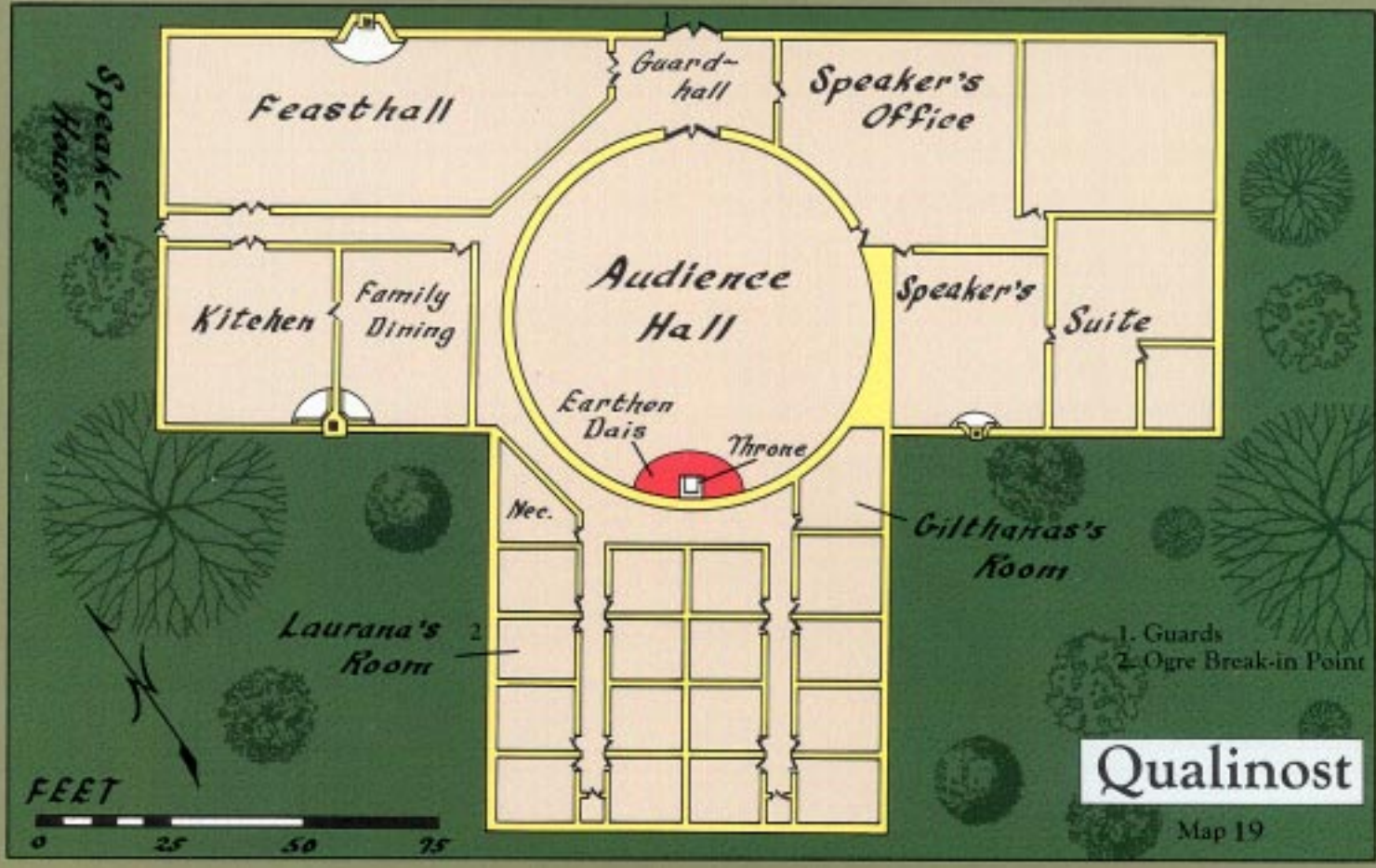
1. Happy Hoopak
2. Torgak's Goods
3. Fleetal's Stuff
4. Reorx Shrine
5. "The Market"



Map 12

Yak Tsaroth

1. Ruins of Que-Shu
2. Draconian Camp
3. Que-Shu New Location



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