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Round One of a Three Round Darkmoore Player of the Year Tournament  
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## THIEF OF DREAMS: THE DEAL

This three part AD&D® adventure is set on Oerth, and beginning in the City of Greyhawk®. DMs are encouraged to use the Greyhawk® Adventures reference since the deities, creatures and some of the magical spells herein are outlined in that volume better than anywhere else.

(This adventure has been originally designated to run at DarkCon 4 and has been designed for initial play as the 1997 Darkmoore Player of the Year competition scenario. Therefore, depending on the circumstances, there are two methods for character selection, pregeneration and player generation. These two character selection methods should not be mixed. DarkCon 4 will use player generated characters while all subsequent uses of this module will include pregenerated characters selected from the original tournament play.)

Six pregenerated Greyhawk® Characters are provided for normal RPGA® tournament play. When these Characters are used they should be distributed to the players by the DM. Initial character choice should be made by character class and race alone. Players in subsequent rounds will be more familiar with these characters, and distribution may be less formal. The DM decides all disputes over characters by a random die roll, and no player should play the same pregenerated character more than once in all three rounds.

The second method of character selection is actually a specific character generation guideline. The Darkmoore gaming group of Moore Oklahoma has a tradition in their own annual Player of the Year tournament of using player generated characters. The guidelines used for generating such a character for this module are listed on a separate character sheet included with this module. Players using these guidelines have the option of designing characters with distinctive Greyhawk faiths, magical spells, items, and skills. The character generation instructions mention this, and it should not pose a problem as long as the proper reference is available. Either way, the PCs will need the "Portentous Runes" reference that is included with their character sheets. Without drawing undue attention to it, make sure that they have this reference.

Also consider the game of tableau. Within the confines of the scenarios, a basic knowledge of

the game will prove helpful. Please ask the players to read over the rules before play begins. Note that gaming skill can greatly help with the play of the game within the context of the adventure. As a prop, the DM should have a tableau set available. This can be simply made from heavy stock board and markers and chess pieces, or elaborately decorated with miniatures for the tokens. A tile page with directions for use has been included for playing purposes.

Each of the three scenarios has been designed to be playable by four to six players within a four hour time allotment. Stop play one half of an hour before the end of a four hour time block for scoring purposes. Also, the DM should pass out certificates to players who obtain magical treasure for their own generated characters. This treasure may or may not have an effect on play during later scenarios. Those using the pregenerated characters will have the treasure distributed on the new character sheets in subsequent rounds.

The characters continue from one scenario to the next, but the group of players may vary. There is no need for the same group to stay together throughout the adventure, a common theme allows for the intermixing of player groups even if using the player generation rules.

At the beginning of the first scenario, have the players make place cards with their name and their character's name on it. This place card idea is useful for all three rounds.

## DM Background

The roots of this adventure reach back long ago to a time when the greatest continent on Oerth stood trailable from one end to the other. Then the Great Suloise Empire of legend predominated.

Today it exists only in a few ancient songs and stories buried in obscurity. This adventure began with the war that obliterated these high seats of power, and toppled great and horrible Suloise mages from their godlike thrones. Now none know what history lies buried under the powdery sands, since none dare venture far into the great expanse known today as the Sea of Dust.

Yet, more destruction pervades to this day than mere physical devastation. Enough of the invading Bakluni wizards remained along the edge of the devastation to bare witness, and as a single unit they each swore an oath that never again

would such genocidal destruction be wieldable by a single force.

There at Tovag Baragu, the Stone Circles, they performed a great ritual of summoning and brought forth a bestial servant from an outer plane. According to the Bakluni's instructions, the beast fashioned five swords in the heart of the Hellfurnace Mountains, and returned with them in its great forge gloves to be doused in the waters of Lake Udrunkar. The wizards stood ready with their talismans of binding to imbue the five blades with the incredible magical power that they had siphoned from the dying Suloise. The ritual worked as they had planned, and on these swords they laid a *geas* that would bind the wielder. Never would these five blades come together again and unite the Suloise power. Finished, they dismissed their smith, and bestowed the swords on five brave warriors who had distinguished themselves in the war.

The *geas* worked well, and soon the warriors had taken followers and embarked for far away places, each well away from the other. The weapons had been fashioned for the hand of the common soldier, and never would a wizard be able to gather the five together.

Now, well over a thousand years later, a glitch has developed in the original plan. The bestial smith has returned, and brought with it something that the wizards had not planned, the pair of forge gloves used to create the binding blades. With them, the creature can unmake each of the blades in turn, and gain much of the original power once wielded by the Suloise mages. The only stumbling block in its way is that few know the actual whereabouts of the blades in question. The Bakluni wizards, deceased these many years, planned for the swords to wander to places unknown. Even if they were alive to question, they would not know where to find them.

The creature, however, did come up with a plan which has allowed it to locate and unmake one of the blades already. Deceitfully, it has enlisted a minor deity, the Mistress of Dreams, to aid in its quest. By searching through the dreamers of Oerth the first sword was located. With the destruction of that blade, the creature grew stronger and now imbues the Mistress of Dreams with even more power. This power she uses to both pick up the pace of the search and expand her realm. This increase in power has alerted the greater deity of magic, Boccob.

Boccob usually stays out of matters which do not concern him, and indeed very little seems to concern him. However, the realms of the Mistress of Dreams now impinge upon his own. With the promise of more expansion to come, he is concerned. Fortunately he has managed to forge an alliance with two other deities who share his concern, and is able to act as an arbitrator and messenger between them rather than becoming directly involved. To Boccob, becoming directly involved in the affairs of humanity is a loathsome thought.

The second deity of Boccob's alliance is Istus, the Weaver of Fate. She forever weaves the fabric of reality, and does not wish to begin pulling her web back to reweave events. The last time such power was loosed, she had so much work in thread pulling alone that she is still somewhat reeling from the effort. It left a great ugly patch in her tapestry, the Sea of Dust, and she does not wish a repeat offense.

The third involved in the triangle is Ralishaz, the Unlooked For, lesser deity of randomness, ill luck, and madness. He flipped a coin and decided to join Boccob as far as he might just to see what he would. Istus would never trust one such as Ralishaz, and it brings him pleasure to know that he makes her uneasy.

Thus the sides have been drawn before the players become involved. Divine ministrations are in play that are beyond the scope of the PC's reality, and they may never truly know why they do what they must. But, Ralishaz likes it that way.

## Scenario Outline

The round opens with the PCs having each selected the same tavern for an early evening meal. The introduction details a conversation between two priests who also arrive at the tavern, priests of Boccob and Ralishaz.

Before they have much of a clue of what is going on, the PCs are whisked off to another plane to speak in council with Istus. She explains a very small portion of the predicament, and bestows on them the ability to weave their own fate. This is a cryptic plot device that they will not understand in this round. Before returning them to the prime material plane, Istus gives the party instructions, to retrieve a sword found in a dragon's hoard to the east.

Once returned home, they find that no time has passed since they left. In the tavern, the priest of Ralishaz bids them to follow their instructions

and go to a manor house some two hours travel outside the city gates. He may also give the players a coin which will identify them to the lord of the estate.

The lord of the manor is Gorwindle, the dragon mentioned by Istus. Once they meet him and identify themselves as agents of the priest of Ralishaz, the dragon agrees to give them the sword. Unfortunately, he lent that sword to someone years ago and she never returned it, but he does give them directions on how to get to her tomb in the Cairn Hills. The map that he gives them shows directions from a standing stone in the those hills.

The trip to the tomb takes two days. During the early morning hours, the PCs camp is beset by camprats who manage to eat some of the party's food and rupture all their water bags. The players will desperately need more water in these hilly wastelands.

On the way to the standing stone the players find a water pump with instructions on how to work it. If the instructions are followed, then they will have water. If not, they will not have enough.

The standing stone itself is engraved with ancient runes that the players may be able to read. The story etched there could later help the players learn more about what they do.

At the tomb, the players will have to gain entrance and defeat the swordwraiths within. Defeating the swordwraiths is possible in two distinct ways at the players' option; the characters may either melee with the swordwraiths, or defeat the leader in a game of tableau.

After either gaining possession of the sword or failing in their endeavor, the players are whisked back to the realm of Istus where two other swords are prominently displayed. The sword's *geas* is still in place, and this may pose a final problem for the player in possession of the blade.

## Players' Introduction

Ask the players to make a short list of the items that they would carry if they were spending a leisurely mid afternoon or evening out on the town. Let them know that the weather will most likely remain hot and humid. Their selections make no difference in play, but they should not know that. When they are done, read the following:

**The days of Goodmonth are usually hot and unbearable, and this year has only served to prove that truth. Many days have passed**

**here in the Free City of Greyhawk since you had a comfortable nights sleep, and have not awoke in a pool of perspiration.**

**You have also noticed that most of the general populace has similar problems. Normally jovial merchants have been quite terse lately, and public officials have been downright unbearable. You can see their mood also springs from their lack of refreshing sleep. That is the problem with weather, everyone talks about it, but the University of Magical Arts never lets anyone do anything about it.**

**Deciding that even the worst times can be tolerated if one only learns to live right, you decide that what you require is a terrific meal. Bypassing the more obvious fine dining of the *Gold Dragon* and the *Golden Phoenix*, you head for the Artisans' Quarter to eat at the *Fat of the Hog*. Inside you hear the proprietor, "Wide Waldo," berating one of the patrons who did not finish all of his food. "Yes," you think as you enter the inn, "this is one of the few truly Greyhawkian culinary experiences."**

**Inside, your eyes take a moment to adjust. It is early evening outside, but the sun is still fairly bright in the sky. For reasons of relative comfort Waldo has no lights lit in the dining room. Once your vision restores, you decide to take a seat and wait for good old Waldo to greet you and take your order.**

**Looking around the inn, you see several individuals have had the same idea. This place is doing quite well even during this heat wave. Then an odd sight presents itself.**

**Entering through the main door come two unlikely companions. One wears the customary purple and gold of a priest of Boccob, Lord of Magic. The other is dressed in fine robes covered with worn patches of mismatched colors, and carries a jester's staff. This could only be a priest of Ralishaz, the Gambler. This is a combination that you had never thought you might see, and you know of a few individuals who would pay good coin to see it also.**

**The two of them seem to be having a rather heated discussion as they enter. No one with ears can help but overhear:**

"...but, I said they would be equipped well," says the purple robed one. "We can select anyone worthy."

"Pah, worthiness is circumstantial," jeers the jester. "We must select with conviction or not at all. Fate is nothing, and we should not tempt the harlot by picking from the list of Champions of the Moment. We seek those carefully chosen, yet unexpected."

The priest of Boccob's face flushes to match the purple of his robes as he sputters, "Well then, why not here and now, you coin bender. This is as unlikely a place as any you will find."

A look of calm passes over the jester's face as he nods and intones, "very well, then...." He looks about the room and says with full conviction, "I choose that one, and that one, and that one..."

As he points to you, you suddenly see him no more. The *Fat of the Hog* has been replaced by a great hallway in which you now stand. Looking up you see eerie illumination streaming in through high skylights. The walls appear to be of marble, and are covered with the most interesting tapestries that depict nothing whatsoever. The floor is checked in large black and white stone tiles, and the hall goes on forever, before you and behind you. There is a door to either side of you from which you can hear constant clattering and whooshing sounds.

You also realize that you are not alone here. Some of Waldo's other patrons seem to have been transported here with you.

This is a good place for the PCs to introduce themselves to each other. Allow them a few minutes to describe their appearances and make introductions if they wish.

## **Encounter One: Mavericks of Fate**

When the players have made introductions all around, ask them what they wish to do in their present circumstances. Examining their surroundings reveals very little about their true situation. The PCs seem to stand in a long hallway that goes on forever in two directions.

Actually, they are in no such place. Their physical beings still sit back at the *Fat of the Hog* suspended between fates. Their spirits have been brought here to another plane by Istus herself, and any semblance of a physical existence has been supplied by her for the benefit of the characters' sanity. They will appear to each other just as they believe that they should, and physical acts will transpire within that same belief system. However, since their physical selves truly remain back in Greyhawk, magical effects from items or spells will have no effect here. Istus does not normally provide that for her guests.

PCs deciding to look closer at the tapestries will see that they are woven from a myriad of multi colored threads of different sizes, lengths, and textures. No discernible picture adorns any of them, but they do have a sort of warming effect on the otherwise empty hall.

Those wishing to take a walk eventually find these same doors as they travel in a giant circle back to this point. Doors appear on either side of the hall, but both lead to the same place. Wherever they go throughout this hallway, the PCs hear the same sounds of the textile industry coming from somewhere beyond the walls. The sounds are just loudest at the two doors.

If a player opens a door, then read the following:

**You all experience a brief moment of disorientation as your surroundings change. Gone is the endless hallway, and before you appears a great workplace where myriad workers weave on looms spread across an endless floor. The noise increases, but not as great as you would expect for so many workers. Behind you stands the door through which you entered, and you can see the hallway from which you came through it.**

**Presently, two women dressed in finely fitting work clothes approach you. One bears a ceremonial stole around her shoulders with numbers and measurements embroidered upon it, and a clutch of**

**spindles at her side. The other walks behind her as if awaiting instructions.**

**"I am Fatima," says the first as she nods in greeting. "Please join my council as we walk together."**

The two entities who meet the PCs are actually Istus (Fatima) and her servant M'rira, a time elemental. Since Istus is omnipotent in this plane of existence their statistics are irrelevant to this encounter, and are not presented here.

Although they may not know it yet, this is an opportunity for the PCs to speak with a major deity. If they behave themselves they will be treated fairly. If they make a nuisance of themselves, Istus will flick a spindle and encase any nuisances in an unbreakable bubble of her own design until she has had her say with the rest of them. In the end all of them return to Greyhawk, and nothing will have appeared to change.

Allow the players to walk with her for a brief time as she oversees the work force of time elementals. She nods and acknowledges any questions that they may ask, but defers their inquiry for later. At the moment she searches for several distinct threads in the current weaving, one for each of the players present. When she has found these strands, she motions the PCs to her office, which happens to be close by on the main work floor. Inside it is much quieter.

**You are ushered inside a rather large office like room, and are pleasantly surprised to find refreshments set out as well as a seat for each of you. Taking her place behind her desk, Fatima address you all:**

**"I know that you have many questions, and be assured that all may be answered in time. Please first hear my words and then form your questions, for I offer much food for thought." So saying, she lays out several strands of thread on her desk. Each appears multi colored and of a different size, length, and texture than each of the others.**

**"You may consider me a patron if you wish, since I speak for others beyond your ken. You have been sent here by one of those others for the express purpose of hearing what I may say to you; therefore, listen closely.**

**"Beware assumptions made by mortals. I sense that you have had little**

**rest in recent nights, and you blame it on the heat. I tell you now that there is a deeper reason for this blight, and only a few are fated to possess the knowledge of how to set things right. Much more I shall not yet say, except that if you value your lives as you know them now you will follow my instructions quickly.**

**"There is a sword that we require which bears runes in the name of Redblade. Its threads of fate lead to a dragon named Gorwindle a short distance to the east of your city. Others seek it, and I fear that if one of us were to try and take it now that our enemies would know of us before we succeeded. You, however, are too small to concern them at the moment, and should draw no attention."**

**Immediately she stands and hands each of you a thread from her desk. "Keep these close to you always, and they will protect you from prying eyes in the night. Remember to guard your dreams with them lest you be discovered even in your insignificance."**

**"... a mockery, and I will not stand here and take your insults!" shouts the priest of Boccob as he storms from the *Fat of the Hog*.**

**You find that you sit in the same place where you last remember being before you were so unceremoniously whisked from this place. No time seems to have passed since you left, but you now hold an odd piece of multi colored thread in your hand.**

**The priest of Ralishaz stands in the doorway, nodding to each of you in turn, beckoning for you to join him at a corner table. Then he crosses the room and sits there himself.**

Make sure that you know what each player does with their piece of string. It represents the fact that each of them is master or mistress of their own fate, and it will shield their dreams from the Scrying of the Mistress of Dreams as long as they keep it with them somewhere.

### **Treasure**

Each player should receive their own *Thread of Fate*.

## Encounter Two: Any Questions?

The characters should now join the priest of Ralishaz at the corner table. If they do not wish to join, allow them to leave. If they do not rejoin the group before the party leaves the city, then inform them that they have missed the adventure, and thank them for their time. But, they should be given every opportunity to join until that time.

To everyone who joins the priest read the following:

**As you walk over to join the priest at his table, you can hear Waldo in the back barking orders at his staff. You have never seen the proprietor so pallid and nervous as he now appears. Evidently, this individual with which you now sit commands a great deal of respect in this portion of the city.**

**He introduces himself as you adjust your seats. "I am Onesimus, High Priest of the One Unlooked For," he states. "Now you know of me, and I would not now know of you. Your selection has fallen upon me, but even my dreams are shakily guarded at best.**

**"By the threads that you bear I can see that you have already come equipped for your venture, and I would prepare you in whatever fashion that I can."**

**At this point Waldo and staff enter the dining hall, and place a huge meal before all of you on the table. The meal comes free to friends of Onesimus, of course.**

Onesimus has much information that the players do not, but he does not know how much they may have been told. He always wishes to appear in control of the situation, and will allow the characters to plumb him for information without volunteering anything. If the players do not ask about the dragon, Gorwindle, Onesimus may ask them some leading questions. This information is integral to the plot and should be imparted at this point.

- **(It is imperative that the players receive this information.)** Onesimus knows of a Gorwindle to the East, but no dragon. The Gorwindle that he knows is a rich merchant some two hours journey along the Low Hill Road beyond the Druid's Gate. He will give simple directions to

anyone who asks. If the PCs make overtures about visiting Gorwindle, Onesimus will offer them a token to take with them identifying them as his agents. If the players agree, Onesimus gives them a bent tin coin bearing an emblem of three crossed bones on either side.

- Onesimus also knows that there are other individuals that have been selected throughout the realms for fates similar to those of the PCs'. He has no knowledge of who they are, and prefers to keep it that way.
- If they ask him questions about the threads which they hold, he merely states that they are a symbol of favor from the goddess of fate. He himself would not touch such a thing, but the PCs will have need of them.
- If the players wish to make a list of mundane traveling gear such as food, water, and pack animals, Onesimus will see that they receive them free of charge by morning. For other items the players must seek them out in the market at normal Player's Handbook prices.
- If the players ask Onesimus for any special magical favors, such as items, spells, or scrolls, he will admonish them in their weakness. "Put not your faith in the unreliability of the mystical, but plan ahead for adversity and avoid it where you can." The motto of a priest of Ralishaz reads "tempt not chance." The players will receive no magic from him.

After speaking with the PCs, Onesimus will leave the *Fat of the Hog* in order to first arrange for provisions (if the players requested any) and then to return to the Temple of Ralishaz in the Slum Quarter near Assassins End. No other nonplayer priests of the order can be found within the walls of the City of Greyhawk during this scenario. They have all presumably been called out of town for seemingly coincidental reasons.

**Onesimus, High Priest of Ralishaz (P11):** AL CN; AC 8 (leather padding under robes); MV 12; hp 45; THAC0 N/A; #AT 1; Dmg 1D6+1, (footman's mace); SA Spells and Sleep Gaze; SD Ralishaz's Favor (see below); S12, D10, Cn13, W 17, I 15, Ch 14; ML 15

Priest Spells: (1st) *bless, cure light wounds, detect magic, detect poison, endure heat/cold, protection from evil, sanctuary*; (2nd) *chant, resist fire/resist cold, spiritual hammer, withdraw, silence 15' radius, vicissitude* (See Greyhawk Adventures); (3rd) *create food and water, dispel magic, prayer, protection from fire, speak with dead*; (4th) *cure serious wounds, neutralize poison, spell immunity*; (5th) *atonement, flame strike*; (6th) *heal*.

Ralishaz's Favor: This is not necessarily a good thing to seek, but in this case it makes Onesimus a very blessed individual. While he is acting as the messenger of Ralishaz he will miss no saves, his attacks will always hit, and anyone who might attack him will suffer great misfortune (-6 to hit).

### **Treasure**

The PCs may receive a coin from Onesimus identifying them as his agent.

### **Encounter Three: Beyond the Gates of Greyhawk**

The players may leave for Gorwindle's estate right away if they did not request provisions from Onesimus. Otherwise, their requested provisions will be waiting for them at dawn outside the Druid's Gate. Read the following to the group as they leave the city:

**Exiting the City via the Druid's Gate, you begin to follow the Low Hill Road to the estate of the Merchant Gorwindle. Before you travel far, you notice a strange pyrotechnic display emanating from up a nearby path and over a gently sloping hill to the north.**

If the players go to investigate the flashing lights, read the following to them as they crest the hill.

**At the top of the hill you find yourself entering a huge circle of standing stones. Each of the twelve stones stands erect, higher than the tallest person you could ever**

**imagine, and is larger in circumference than any three people could join hands around.**

**In the center of the stones you see a group of people holding hands just before a blinding flash of light seems to consume all of them except one who remains standing for a moment.**

**Oblivious to your presence the final individual begins walking the perimeter of the ring and inscribes something into the dusty ground all around. With interest you recognize that individual as Onesimus of Ralishaz, but his clothing has changed from the jesterly outfit that you last saw him wearing. He now appears to be adorned like a common beggar except for the fur cloak that he wears. It appears to be fashioned from some sort of rat hides sewn together with the feet and legs still attached.**

This encounter is actually a foreshadowing of the second round, and the players should recognize it as such only when they get to that round. This vision is actually caused by a mystical interference between the ancient Stone Ring and the strands of fate granted the characters by Istus, but the players are not likely to know this.

For now they may watch Onesimus inscribe a pattern in the dirt, but they cannot touch him or interact with him. He is not actually in this place yet.

If any player wishes to inspect Onesimus' scrawling, then give them Player Handout #5 to peruse. Once finished with his markings, both Onesimus and his pattern in the dirt will disappear.

### **Potential Treasure**

Onesimus' tracings in the dirt.

### **Encounter Four: Dragon's Lair?**

Once back on the road to Gorwindle's estate, read the following to the players:

**Collecting yourselves, you follow the directions given you by Onesimus. And, sure enough, within a couple of hours you find the manor estate which he described.**

**You approach through the freshly painted gates, and pass well manicured lawns and gardens on your way to the main building. Presently, you arrive at the main house, and no one other than yourselves**



**can be seen outside anywhere. Perhaps the staff is on hiatus elsewhere.**

The manor is indeed occupied, but only by one individual, Erglund, the butler. Gorwindle is home, but in the cellar. Any attempt that the players make to be noticed will be effective, and Erglund will come to greet them. Horses can be watered around back if necessary, but Erglund does not care for such creatures. His job is to keep the household neat for visitors, and to announce them if any arrive at the door. Both his and Gorwindle's statistics appear at the end of this section, but nothing good will come to players with too militant an attitude. This is not the time to fight.

**Standing before you is a tall thin man in well tailored servant garb. He looks you up and down and wipes metal polish from his hands before asking, "may I help you?"**

Anyone asking to speak with Gorwindle will receive a nod of recognition and be asked to state their name and business. If they show him Onesimus' coin, he will look rather nervous and identification procedures will be expedited.

**Apparently satisfied with your credentials, the stately servant beckons you within and shows you to a well dusted parlor where you are to wait while being announced. He leaves for a brief time and returns with the same dour expression that he has worn all along.**

**"Please follow me," he states and leads you through the kitchen to the top of the basement stairs. "Master Gorwindle awaits you below. He says that you should walk like a wizard, rather than a warrior, and meet him in his den." So saying, the butler leaves you here and returns to his polishing in another room.**

Their presence has been announced to Gorwindle through a tube communication system located in a small room off of the kitchen area. All Gorwindle told his butler was to send them down. If the players wish to go down then they may, but Gorwindle will not come up.

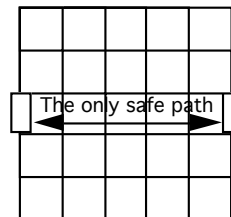
The statement made by Erglund about walking like a wizard is the first reference to the game of tableau that the players have been given. If they have read the rules, they may circumvent

the next danger simply. If they do not get the clue, they may take some damage to their egos in the room at the bottom of the stairs. First find out who intends to descend, and then read them the following:

**You can see from here that there is a lit chamber at the bottom of the stairs, and when you get there you see that it is larger than you anticipated. The floor is broken into large stone square tiles of about five feet square each. The arrangement is five tiles wide by five tiles long, and you have emerged onto the center tile along one wall. The ceiling is quite low at about six and a half feet, glowing with a sort of phosphorescent moss that also covers the walls. The light is definitely enough by which to see, and you can easily make out a door on the opposite side of the room from where you are.**

**You are pleasantly surprised by the coolness of this place. Here in the cellar the air is moist, but chilled.**

The other door is located above the center tile on the far side of the room. The picture is relatively simple, the floor represents a Tableau field with doors over the generals' starting placks. The reference to walking like a wizard means that one should walk straight across without deviating from the center tiles.



Gorwindle installed this chamber years ago to capture skulking thieves who might try to pilfer from his treasure trove when he was absent during feeding raids or mating season. Fancying himself an expert in human behavior, he reasoned that such unwanted individuals would take a circuitous rout through this area.

If the players take a detour or muck about with examining the walls then spring the following trap:

**The tile that you have stepped upon is loose, and tilts around in a circular spinning fashion. Desperately you reach**

**for something to grasp but find yourself plummeting down into the darkness.**

The character has fallen into a 30' pit, and the tile swings closed above him or her, blocking out all light. Allow characters with appropriate nonweapon proficiency skills such as acrobatics and tumbling to roll them in order to receive only half damage from the fall. Normal damage will be 3D6. Beneath this room is a large pit that is also twenty-five feet square. The walls are smooth and trapped characters cannot use the thief climb walls skill to extricate themselves. A friend above with a long rope is most helpful under these circumstances.

The door on the opposite end of the room stands unlocked and well oiled. When the characters enter read the following:

**Beyond the door you see a well lit room with books and ledgers stacked everywhere. You can see inside very well since the ceiling is covered with the same moss as the previous room. The walls, however, are lined with book cases with no shelf remaining uncluttered.**

From behind a large unruly pile of papers heaped upon a centrally placed desk you can see the slight figure of an elderly man pouring over some rather arcane looking account ledgers. As you enter the chamber, he looks up at you and raises an ear trumpet with which to better hear you.

"Eh, who did you say that you were?" he asks in a high rumbling voice. "Erglund is so bad at telling me these things, but I don't know what I would do without him."

The old man, of course, is Gorwindle, a venerable Greyhawk Dragon, in his polymorphed human form. The ear trumpet is more of an affectation than a necessity. He finds that people pay more attention to him when he seems infirm, and he relishes the attention.

This room represents Gorwindle's vast amassment of dragon wealth. He is a collector of antiquities above all else, and a patron of the arts in the City of Greyhawk as well. Thus, most of his better pieces are on loan to one gallery or another, and only a few actual coins of treasure lie within his lair. Unfortunately, they are mostly located under piles of paper detailing the whereabouts of

everything else that is not here. PCs rummaging through papers here will be unappreciated and asked politely to stop at first. If they persist in messing up Gorwindle's "system" of paperwork, then he may find it necessary to teach them a few manners in a dragonly fashion.

He will make every effort to be hospitable to the players. The dealings of humanity fascinate him, and he views this parlay as one might a favorite hobby. He will ask all sorts of questions of the PCs concerning their backgrounds. If other names are mentioned, he may question further thinking that he knows a friend of a friend, and the like. But of the sword called Redblade, he knows nothing.

Now, if the players mention Onesimus or show him the bent coin that they received from the high priest of Ralishaz, Gorwindle will have an immediate recollection of the sword in question. He owes Onesimus a favor, and truly admires the man as one of the few human beings that has fully come to terms with his own insanity.

**Old Gorwindle takes on a thoughtful appearance for a moment. Then he begins to rummage through a tall, dusty stack of papers propped in a corner.**

"Now I know that it's here somewhere," he mutters, and then he produces an old worn parchment from somewhere near the bottom of the pile. With a "eureka" expression on his face he turns to you and grins from ear to ear, exposing a large mouth full of surprisingly well kept teeth.

"I thought that I remembered that 'Redblade' name from somewhere," he intones. "I acquired it from a rather testy fellow some years back in the forest now known as the Welkwood. Strange gentleman, he said that he had to do something or another... Anyway, I don't have it here. It's on loan you see."

If the characters ask where they might find the blade or who borrowed it, Gorwindle will consult his papers and appear shocked.

**"Well, this will never do," he exclaims.**

**"This obviously rare blade has been gone far too long from my collection. I knew that I should never have trusted that slip of a warrior, Runalyn Forester, with such a fine artifact."**

**Looking up at you he mutters, “she was human, you know. I just couldn’t resist her offer. I suspect that she’d be dead and gone these past few hundred or so years, and I do seem to have a record of where she lies buried.**

**“Wouldn’t it be just like a human to want to be buried with a fine piece of steel like that one?” he grins. “There is hope for you and old Onesimus yet, I think.”**

**With a sweep of his hand he clears most of the huge piles of paper and debris from his desk. “Stand clear,” he shouts as the tallest of the stacks falls and you hear the clattering of various pieces of carved stone clatter to the floor.**

**On his now clear table, he spreads out a map that seems to have long ago been penned by some sort of engineer. “Yes, here she is,” he says. and points to the scrap of paper. “You’ll have to find the Standing Stone, but that shouldn’t be so difficult. Just follow the Low Hill Road until it splits. Take the northern path and you can’t miss it.”**

**Apparently as an afterthought he hands you the map and says, “now, if you don’t mind... I think that I have a bit of house cleaning to do.” He dismisses you with a gesture.**

Hand the players the map that is labeled as Player Handout #1.

If the players stay, Gorwindle will politely ask them to leave. After a brief while the players should realize that there is nothing more to be gained from talking with old Gorwindle, and walk out under their own power. If they persist in staying, he may try to use force.

If the players are still unaware of the nature of the trap in the previous room, you may wish to ask for a careful account of how they exit. The trap is easier to avoid than disarm.

In the manor above, Erglund is still polishing the silver.

**Erglund, The Butler:** AL LN; AC 10; MV 9; HD 1-1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 or as weapon; SA none; SD none; MR nil; SZ M; S 11, D 8, Cn 10, I 12, W 13, Ch 12; ML 12.

**Gorwindle, Greyhawk Dragon (1):** AL LN(G); AC -6; MV 9, Fl 30 (D), Sw 6; HD 17; hp 120; THAC0

-1; #AT 2 claws, 1 bite; Dmg 1D10 (per claw), 3D10 (bite); SA Poison Gas breath weapon, Magic Use at 18th level; SD Spell immunity to levels 4 and below; MR 70%; Size H (When unpolymorphed); ML 17.

*Wizard Spells: (1st) charm person, erase, Nystul’s Flash, Read Magic x2; (2nd) Nystul’s Blazing Beam, Nystul’s Blackmote, Scare, Web; (3rd) hold person, illusionary script, Nystul’s expeditious fire extinguisher, secret page; (4th) Nystul’s lightburst, phantasmal killer, polymorph other x2; (5th) cloudkill, Nystul’s enveloping darkness x 2, wall of force; (6th) legend lore x2, mass suggestion, repulsion.*

*Priest Spells: (1st) Detect Evil, Faerie Fire.*

*Innate Abilities: cantrip 2x/day, charm person 3x/day, enthrall 1x/day, friends 1x/day, polymorph self 5x/day, suggestion 1x/day. Immune to wizard spells of 1st through 4th level..*

**Dragon Breath:** Three times per day Gorwindle may exhale a cloud of poisonous gas capable of filling a cubic area up to 30 feet on a side.

Creatures caught within the cloud must make a save vs. poison at -4 or die. The poison can be absorbed through the skin as effectively as if it were inhaled.

### **Potential Treasure**

The players should receive a map showing directions to a burial cairn from the Standing Stone.

Players making an issue of fighting the dragon may be disappointed. Within his lair he has various odd coins amounting to 347 gold pieces. The manor is vast, but only the silver and china are truly exceptional in quality at 100 gold piece value for each of the two sets.

## **Encounter Five: Here There Be Rodents (or Verminus Terminus)**

After the PCs have left Gorwindle's estate and again started continuing along the Low Hill Road, read the following:

**You travel the rest of the day and discover that old Gorwindle was indeed right. In the early afternoon hours you approach a fork in the road. The southeastern path seems to be the main thoroughfare, but following Gorwindle's instructions you take the northern branch.**

As you travel farther, you note that the trail maintains a gradual incline as you enter a hilly region. The grass and trees slowly give way to scrubs and bushes, and you notice that even the hearty yarpick bush has difficulty maintaining a tenuous grasp in the sandy soil,

Night is falling, and it threatens to be a dark one. The greater moon, Luna, is in her waxing cycle, and provides no light while the smaller Celene is barely showing a crescent these nights.

Not wishing to stumble over one of the few surviving yarpick bushes, you decide to make camp while you can still see. Conveniently, a rocky outcropping presents itself, and you spread camp near it for protection.

Have the players make a camp. Do they set a watch? If so, who and when? Will they build a fire? These and other questions should be asked and answered while they get ready to rest for the night.

Scouting players will find little of interest except various yarpick bushes struggling to survive. The yarpick, also known as the dagger thorn, is actually a stunted tree. Its second name derives from the long sharp thorns that cover its low growing branches. These thorns often grow as long and as sharp as a freshly edged dagger. Those braving the plant's outer defenses can collect several nuts from the center of the tree. These nuts are both edible and quite tasty.

Players with appropriate survival, herbalism, or agriculture nonweapon proficiencies who also brave the thorns of the yarpick will notice why the normally hearty scrubs are having such a tough time surviving. Something has been

gnawing at the bark of these trees. Many of them have had their bark nearly "banded" at the base, and only barely manage to survive in spite of it. Closer inspection will reveal that the marks have been made by very small, sharp teeth.

The culprits are camprats that nest in the rocky outcropping. The players may wish to heed these clues, and move their camp. Let them think that this is a good idea, but spring the following encounter on them in the middle of the night no matter where they stop:

**You settle down in your campsite and bed down for the night. All is peaceful in this part of the world, and you are pleasantly surprised as the air becomes quite chilly. Anything is better than the sweltering nights of the past month.**

Your dreams are still fitful and disjointed at best, but each of you senses a guarding presence in your nocturnal endeavors.

**Suddenly, you awake to the cry of the guard and are startled to have company so late at night. From out of your worst nightmare, you awake to the vision of little beady eyes staring at you from out of the darkness, mere inches from your nose.**

While they slept, the player's camp has been overrun with camprats. If they did not post a guard, the camprats will have spilled all of the party's water and eaten or carried away most of their food. If a guard was posted, then the food will be fine, but any water that the party was carrying will still have spilled out onto the ground. Water is scarce in these environs and that is what attracted the camprats here in the first place. The creatures possess a wonderful sense of smell, and can find food and water just about anywhere. They can also gnaw through leather and wood at incredible rates.

Once the PCs are up and chasing the camprats, the vermin will flee for cover. Camprats are not brave, and will run rather than attack. If cornered, however, they will defend themselves and they are capable of delivering very painful bites. Vengeful characters may easily track one or more of the camprats back to its nest in the rocky outcropping mentioned above. In the creatures' nests, characters may discover two pieces of silver, a small ruby (worth 50 gp), and an Amulet of the Cairn Hills (see Greyhawk Adventures). Have

characters make a wisdom roll to find each of the above treasures in order. Multiple treasures cannot be found by single players.

Now the players are without water. If they make plans to scrap their journey, or return to Greyhawk, remind them that there is an oasis mentioned on the map that Gorwindle gave them.

**Camprats (30):** AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 1-2 hp; hp 1 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1 point; SA Leaping and gnaw at +3; SD none; MR nil; SZ T; INT 1; ML 5.

#### Potential Treasure

Two pieces of silver, a small ruby (worth 50 gp), and an *Amulet of the Cairn Hills* (see Greyhawk Adventures) with eight charges.

#### Encounter Six: Cedric's Oasis

The characters will reach the Oasis early in the morning if they hurry. If they take a lot of time then the sun will be higher in the sky, and they may already begin to feel the effects of the heat when they arrive.

**You arrive at the oasis expecting to find more. Whatever your thoughts, you had not anticipated something labeled as an oasis to be a mere pump in the ground some seven to ten feet off the path. Still, there is a stone next to it proclaiming this as the spot.**

For purposes of dehydration in this climate, subtract one from each character's constitution for each six hour period that passes without consumption of at least one pint of water. Hit points should be adjusted accordingly. When a character's constitution reaches zero, that character dies. Lost constitution points may be gained back at a rate of one per six hour period of rest with proper hydration.

The oasis is little more than an old hand pump set in the ground a few feet off of the stony path. Experimentation will reveal that the pump does not work as expected.

A few feet from the pump is a stone slab half covered by wind blown dirt. Chiseled into this slab is the message found on Player Handout #2. Hand this to any player capable of reading the common tongue.

This is an exercise in trust. Buried beneath this stone is an earthen crock containing about one

quart of water. It is stale, but drinkable. Unless one of the players has some other source of water, they should be feeling rather thirsty by now. They have been asked by the message to pour that water away in a manner that they have no assurance will now work, even if it did once upon a time. Divinatory magic notwithstanding, give them no indication whether the process will work, or is working as they may proceed.

If they follow the instructions as written, the pump will work.

#### Potential Treasure

Water

#### Encounter Seven - The Standing Stone

The characters should reach the Standing Stone around early afternoon. This place is little more than a marker for most, being set on one of the highest hills for miles around. The runes which cover the stone's surface are cryptic and usually ignored by ignorant travelers. Characters with the nonweapon proficiency of languages, Ancient Baklunish should be given Player Handout #3. Other characters will not understand the runes, and even thieves will have a -40% to read languages if they care to try.

**Continuing your journey, you have arrived at a place that must be the Standing Stone that you seek. It sits proudly on top of the highest hill for miles in any direction.**

**Across the three faces of the prism shaped stone are engraved runes of an archaic and possibly arcane nature. The markings have been worn by time, but most are still clearly legible.**

The players will wish to use this place as a navigation beacon. If one or more of the characters has the navigation nonweapon proficiency this will help. Although it is not necessarily a land based skill, this is an occasion where it can be applied to that environment. Otherwise, ask if one of the characters has brought a compass and a sextant or protractor device. If no one has the proper skill or tools, then they will not find the cairn in question for over a full day, arriving at nightfall of the day following. If they do have the equipment or make the proper skill check, then they can reach the cairn by nightfall tonight. The

possibility of delay will become more important if the characters have as yet no water.

If the players have brought the proper tools and make the proper skill check to find the cairn in one day then proceed directly to encounter number nine. Otherwise, go to encounter number eight now.

### **Potential Treasure**

Ancient Writings

### **Encounter Eight: Beckoned**

This encounter will only occur if the party is unable to locate the proper cairn on the first day of searching.

**Once again the night is intimidatingly impenetrable and you find it difficult to make any progress as darkness draws around you. There seems to be no place among these hills any better than another for making a camp.**

Again go through the motions of setting up a camp. Ask questions of the players like, "do you build a fire?" If they post a watch, ask for a schedule. This will be important. This night one of the characters may fall victim to a Soul Beckoning Wraith.

Once camp is set, look over the watch schedule, if they made one. Find whoever is on the middle most shift. If there is a conflict then dice off between multiple candidates. If no one is on watch then randomly dice for one of the party member to begin this encounter. Once a party member is selected, have that player make a save vs. spell for their character.

If they successfully save then tell them that they hear an eerie wailing sound, and have them make a second save vs. spell or run away in unexplained terror for 1d4+1 rounds.

If they are unsuccessful with their first save tell them that they hear someone eerily whisper their name. They will be inexplicably drawn to the whisper, and will alert no one to what they hear until combat occurs.

Since the call of the Soul Beckoner appeals directly to an individual's inner self, no one else will hear the initial call. Sounds of battle or characters running in terror, however, will alert everyone in camp.

Note that characters who miss their initial saving throw vs. spell are charmed by this creature,

and it will attack them at +4 on the first round of combat.

Soul Beckoners have several specific abilities that will make combating one difficult. Each successful hit by this creature will drain one life energy level from the party member in question, and transfer that level to the hit dice and THAC0 of the Wraith. In addition, each level drained by a Soul Beckoner makes the creature appear more like its intended victim. By the time a party locates the battle, both combatants may look identical.

For the purpose of identifying a character from the wraith, divide the character's level in half, rounding down. The result is the number of successful hits the Soul Beckoner Wraith must make on its intended victim before they are virtually indistinguishable from one another. Until that time, careful observation by other PCs may reveal that the wraith appears more pallid than its target, and smells vaguely of the grave. PCs not specifically looking for such differences between the combatants must make a successful intelligence roll on a d20 in order to notice the difference. Even after the wraith becomes physically indistinguishable from its victim, most magical means of identification should work.

**Soul Beckoner Wraith (1):** AL NE; AC 2; MV 6; HD 4 (+ levels drained); hp 22 (+5 hp per level drained); THAC0 15 (base); #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/1d6; SA Eerie whisper and vampiric level drain; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; MR nil; SZ M; INT 14; ML 16; Turned as an undead creature of current hit dice.

### **Potential Treasure**

None

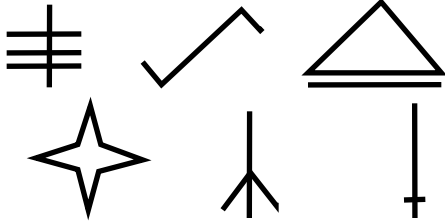
### **Encounter Nine: The Cairn of Runalyn Forester**

No matter how they get here the players will arrive at this cairn at nightfall. Literate characters can be sure that this is the correct cairn because of the name inscribed in the lintel over the sealed stone door, Runalyn Forester. Both of the posts bear runes warning of the dangers of disturbing the dead.

**Searching the hills proves long and hot work. For quite some time you search and discover no burial cairns for which this region, the Cairn Hills, derives its name.**

**Then, just before nightfall, one of your party spots an old stone door set in the side of a low rising mound. There is something engraved over the door, as well as runes engraved on stone posts to either side of the otherwise featureless portal.**

Runes Found on posts: (see Player Handout #6)



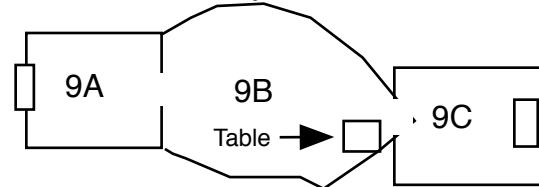
Within the cairn are the swordwraiths of Runalyn Forester and those of her trusted guard warriors who all died together in a single battle centuries ago. The players will be dealing with very powerful undead on what amounts to unholy ground. Priestly turnings within the cairn may look valiant, but they will prove ineffective.

The stone door is sealed from within, and may be unsealed by the swordwraiths from inside. About an hour after nightfall the swordwraiths will open the door and leave the cairn for several hours, hunting the hills for signs of life to destroy. Turning by a priests outside the cairn merely chases them back to their tomb. The swordwraiths will disincorporate until they return, passing through all obstacles in their path. Otherwise, they return about one hour before sunrise, sealing the door behind them.

Characters wishing to enter the tomb before the door opens must make a successful lift gates roll or find another method that the DM feels is sufficient given the circumstances. Inside the tomb, the characters have a chance to settle with the swordwraiths in a peaceful manner. Outside, the swordwraiths are too intent on the destruction of life to deal with them on any non combat level. Keep in mind that characters entering the tomb will cause the swordwraiths to be drawn back to defend their territory, no matter what they may be engaged with otherwise (see 9B below).

The DM should refer to this map for reference of the following areas:

### Detail map of the Cairn



#### 9A: The Tomb Entrance

Within the tomb all is dark and still. A feeling of death permeates the air as well as the scent of decay and corruption. This antechamber of the crypt is a single frescoed room. The climate in this region is rather dry and the paintings have lasted well these many years.

From the more easily discernible parts of the murals you can make out a depiction of a great battle. The enemy seems to be a hoard of humanoid creatures, probably orcs. These are shown being slain.

The central figure of the battle is a red haired woman wielding a wildly flashing sword of crimson bearing all sorts of archaic runes upon the blade. Around her stand a stalwart guard of seasoned war veterans in various poses. A portal on the far end of the chamber seems to lead further inside.

The mural depicts an artist's rendition of a scene from the final battle of Runalyn Forester. The warriors around her are the guards that died with her, and the sword in her hand is Redblade. The runes on the sword in the picture name the weapon "Redblade" in Ancient Baklunish.

#### 9B: The Minor Tomb

This chamber contains five shattered sarcophagi. The once solid wooden caskets are now in a state of dry rot, apparently smashed from within many years ago. There are no ornamentations to be seen on the earthen walls in this portion of the cairn.

In one corner, near a dark cave, stands an old table with a familiar pattern of twenty-five squares etched in its surface. You cannot be sure, but you might assume that the small worn pouch on the table contains a tableau set.

This portion of the tomb constitutes the normal dwelling area for Runalyn Forester's swordwraith guards. The only way that the characters will not encounter the swordwraiths in this chamber is if they have dispatched the entities outside the cairn. If the characters enter the tomb while the swordwraiths are away, the undead creatures will immediately be drawn back here to protect their place of burial, and if the players enter the cairn when the swordwraiths are within, they will already be here:

**Before you stand six suits of armor styled like those of the heroes depicted in the murals of the previous antechamber. The temperature abruptly drops to an uncomfortably chilly level when they move toward you as if magically animated. From deep within the ancient helms you can see eerie points of light emanating in place of eyes.**

**One of the six suits of armor stands forward from the rest, obviously the leader of this band. A whispering wind seems to emanate from all around saying, "who disturbs forgotten heroes? The living are rarely so brave." The voice is soft and faint, yet obviously feminine.**

By entering the cairn, the PCs will have impressed Runalyn enough to pique her curiosity. She will treat the characters as equals for now, due to her perception of their bravery. If they give her reason to doubt their military prowess, the swordwraiths will attack the PCs as a well-seasoned military unit. She will brook no foolishness, and only stays the swords of her guard because she does not yet know the military potential of these intruders.

The PCs can engage her in parlay as long as they seem fully serious about the matter. If the DM believes that the characters act sufficiently impressive, their apparent leader may convince Runalyn to single combat in a game of tableau rather than a physical confrontation. Runalyn herself may suggest this or agree to it, but only under the following conditions:

- They must remind Runalyn that the sword was merely loaned to her, and truly belongs to Gorwindle. (It is lawful to return it).

- They must mention Gorwindle by name, and identify him as a dragon. She will ask them, "what sort of man is this Gorwindle?" if they do not identify him correctly the first time.
- The PCs may only ask for the sword, Redblade. She will refuse all other conditions.
- And, they must promise to return the blade to Gorwindle. She will make them swear an oath to this effect if they seem hesitant.

If the characters convince Runalyn to play tableau instead of engaging in physical combat, then the characters may use the gaming nonweapon proficiency to their benefit. The DM should pull out a tableau set at this time and play out the game with the apparent party leader.

Runalyn has no gaming skill, and neither does her guard. The swordwraiths will kibitz and offer advice to Runalyn. This is acceptable. Since the swordwraiths can be seen kibitzing, the players should feel comfortable doing the same. For this reason, the party leader may use the gaming skill of anyone in the party who offers advice. Before making a skill roll, the leader must decide who's advice he or she will take. Only one roll is permitted for the group, they should make it count. Optionally, the leader may ignore the advice of the party, and play without benefit of council.

If the characters win, Runalyn will honor her word and give them the sword. If they lose, she will tell them to return in a year for a rematch. Either way, she will insist that they leave now. If the players hesitate then the swordwraiths will still attack.

If the players gain the sword from Runalyn, and manage to get a good look at it in the light then describe it in this manner.

**The longsword appears to be expertly crafted with a jewel encrusted hilt and scabbard. Archaic runes are incised into the polished surface of the blade. It shows no signs of age or rust, although the blade does have dark red striations running its length.**

As mentioned in 9A, the runes on the sword name the weapon "Redblade" in Ancient Baklunish.

## 9C: The Major Tomb



**The inner chamber of this tomb is decorated lavishly. Runalyn's people provided for her afterlife very well.**

**On the walls are complexly woven tapestries depicting scenes of hunting and war. On the floor is a chest filled with gold and silver. On shelves around the chamber are preserved food stuff. Centrally located in the chamber is a gold and ruby encrusted sarcophagus which once housed Runalyn's remains.**

The coffin is empty, but worth a fortune for the gems alone. The players will not find Redblade here since Runalyn herself carries the enchanted weapon.

**Swordwraiths (5):** AL LE; AC 3; MV9; HD 7; hp 50 each; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2 (as F7); Dmg 1D10; SA Strength Drain; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR nil; SZ M; INT 9; ML 20

**Runalyn Forester, Swordwraith (1):** AL LE; AC 2; HD 9; hp 70; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2 (as F9); Dmg 1D10 (+3 vorpal weapon); SA Strength Drain; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR nil; SZ M; INT 10; ML 20

Note: Swordwraiths can only be harmed by +2 or better weapons and they are totally immune to *sleep*, *charm* and other mind-affecting magic. Although these swordwraiths cannot be turned while in their cairn, they are normally turned as vampires.

### **Potential Treasure**

From the Swordwraiths: Four sets of Plate Mail (guard), one set of *banded mail*+1 (guard), one set of *bronze plate mail* +2 and *Redblade*, a +3 *vorpal longsword* (Runalyn)

In chamber 9B: One antique tableau set

In chamber 9C: Four complexly woven tapestries depicting scenes of hunting and war (50 gold each), a chest filled with gold and silver (578 gold, 780 silver) each bearing an archaic stamp of Baklunish origin, preserved food stuff (yuk!), a gold and jewel encrusted sarcophagus (700 in gold, 5,000 in gold worth of various sized rubies)

### **Encounter Ten: Back Again**

Once the players leave the cairn, they must decide on a destination. Back the way they came is the only way that they know. They may attempt to return the sword to Gorwindle if they told Runalyn that they would. Whatever they attempt to

do, allow them to travel for a brief time, and then spring the final encounter of this scenario.

If the players have Redblade in their possession then read the following:

**You clear the top of one of the many hills in this region and experience a momentary feeling of disorientation.**

**You seem to be back in the textile mill in Fatima's office. "Well done," she says. "You may place Redblade on the rack behind you on the way out. We appreciate all that you have done for us, and our favor will be with you."**

**You turn and see a wooden sword rack that was not present the last time that you were here. Of the five places to hang swords, two are already filled with other blades that appear similar to the one which you have brought. The runes on these, however, are definitely different.**

The runes on the other two blades read "Anarchy" and "Law Wrought" in the Ancient Baklunish language. These blades are otherwise identical to Redblade in powers and purpose, most of which will be dealt with in the next scenario.

At this point you will wish to note the personality score of the character holding Redblade (Intelligence+Charisma+Experience Level adjusted for lost hit points). If the score is lower than 25, hand Player Handout #4 to the player with the sword to quietly read.

The environment here is the same as encounter one, and Istus is in full control. Still, you should allow the player of the character with the blade to role play the situation for a few minutes before Istus takes the blade away herself and places it on the rack. The effects of the sword will dissipate when the character is relieved of the weapon.

If the players do not have Redblade when they leave the cairn to continue home, then read the following:

**You clear the top of one of the many hills in this region and experience a momentary feeling of disorientation.**

**You seem to be back in the textile mill in Fatima's office. "A pity," she says. "You had such potential, and squandered it on poor fate. We are not unappreciative of all that you have done for us, but we are disappointed in your lack of success." She gestures for you to look behind where you now stand.**

**You turn and see a wooden sword rack that was not present the last time that you were here. Of the five places to hang swords, three are already filled with other blades that appear similar to the one which you did not bring. The runes on these, however, are definitely different.**

The runes on these other three blades read "Anarchy", "Law Wrought", and "Balancer" in the Ancient Baklunish language. Again, these swords carry the same compelling geas as described in player handout number four.

Note: If any of the players have died, Istus will bring them back from the dead. "You will wish to rejoin your comrades now," she will be heard to say as they leave. Beyond the confines of her office, the players will find themselves back on top of the hill that they just climbed. Any deceased party members will be there with them also, their fates having been rewoven by Istus herself.

**End the scenario here and begin scoring procedures.**

## **Treasure Summary**

### **Encounter One**

Each player should receive their own Thread of Fate.

### **Encounter Two**

The PCs may receive a coin from Onesimus identifying them as his agent.

### **Encounter Three**

Onesimus' tracings in the dirt.

### **Encounter Four**

The players should receive a map showing directions to a burial cairn from a standing stone.

In the dragon's lair he has various odd coins amounting to 347 gold pieces. The manor is vast, but only the silver and china are truly exceptional in quality at 100 gold piece value for each of the two sets.

### **Encounter Five**

Two pieces of silver, a small ruby (worth 50 gold pieces), and an *Amulet of the Cairn Hills* (see Greyhawk Adventures) with eight charges.

### **Encounter Six**

Water

### **Encounter Seven**

Ancient Writings

### **Encounter Eight**

From the Swordwraiths: Four sets of Plate Mail (guard), one set of *banded mail*+1 (guard), one set of *bronze plate mail* +2 and *Redblade*, a +3 *vorpall longsword* (Runalyn)

In chamber 9B: One antique tableau set

In chamber 9C: Four complexly woven tapestries depicting scenes of hunting and war (50 gold each), a chest filled with gold and silver (578 gold, 780 silver) each bearing an archaic stamp of Baklunish origin, preserved food stuff (yuk!), a gold and jewel encrusted sarcophagus (700 in gold, 5,000 in gold worth of various sized rubies)

## Player Handout #2 - Oasis

Chiseled in a slab of stone next to the pump:

### Cedric's Oasis

Weary Travelers, although it may not seem worthy, my pump may still work. The washer shrinks with the dry weather, and it needs to be primed as well.

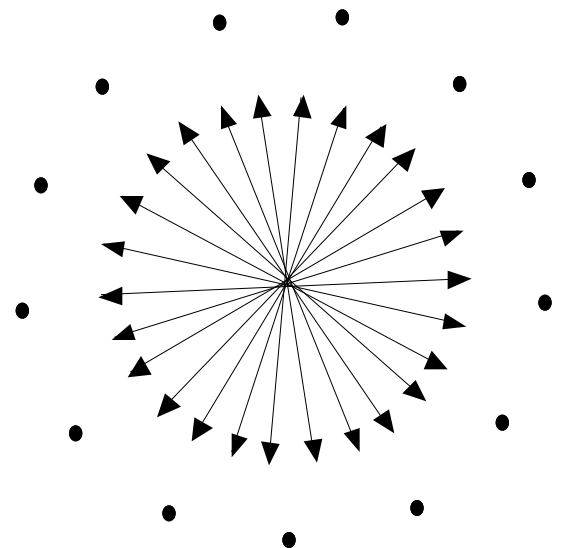
Beneath this stone is buried a jar of water, but don't drink it. Instead pour half of it down the pump to make the washer swell. Then wait to the count of one hundred and pour the rest down to prime it. You'll be drinking as much water as you like after that.

Pray, don't forget to refill the jar and bury it again for the next poor soul that wanders by.

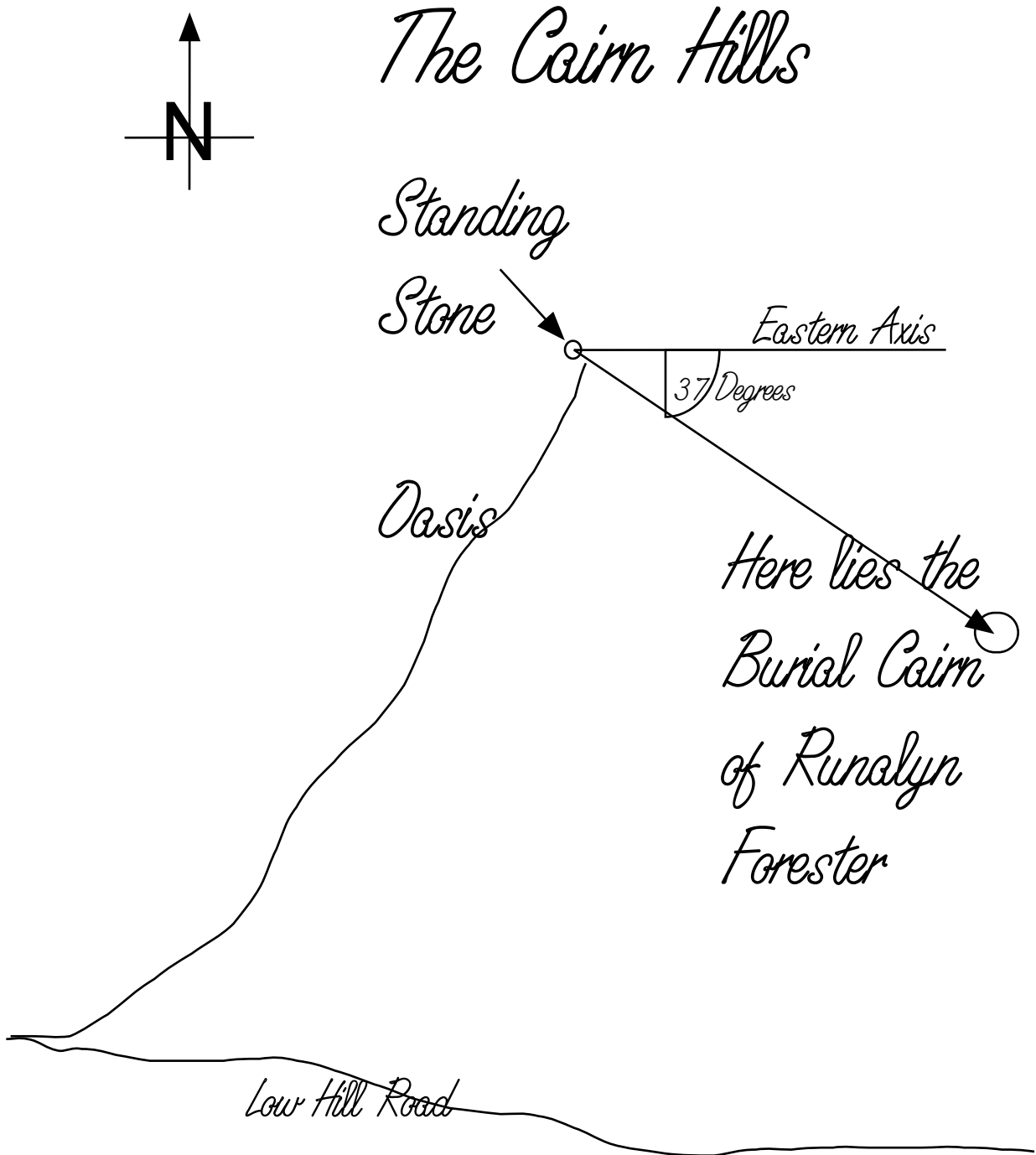
C

### Player Handout #5 The Pattern

This is the pattern that Onesimus is seen inscribing on the ground of the ancient Stone Ring. It looks pretty orderly for the writings of a Priest of Ralishaz, but then again sometimes order can be perceived in randomness.



## Player Handout #1 - Gorwindle's Map (map not to scale)



## Player Handout #3 - Standing Stone

Carved in Ancient Baklunish into the three sides of the great stone marker is the following account..  
Due to the idiomatic structure, some of the words are difficult to translate:

### Side One (faces roughly North)

May posterity remember that here was fought the battle of Torris Dane (great redemption?). Know that following the great invoked devastation upon the dogs of Suloise descent did the forces of Wshir den Bes (unspoken man?) happen to cross the lake of unknown depths and fight off the creatures in these parts.

### Side Two (faces roughly Southeast)

May posterity inherit these lands. The ground upon which this stone shall sit is the inheritance of those who spring from the root of the warriors who gave their lives here under the banner of Wshir den Bes (?) bearer of the Redblade. (A rather long list of unfamiliar names follows.)

### Side Three (faces roughly Southwest)

Within the hearts of mortals,  
the whimsical, the wise,  
Lays the metal of a miser's hoard,  
a store of strength and lies.

Without the walls of the wizard's world,  
no one calls or cares  
The stagnant fog of plague and war,  
is truth of all despair.

One of red for all who died,  
One of gold for men and pride,  
One of green for nature's leaf,  
One of silver for sword and sheath.

The one of blue for fair of heart,  
Though prophets call him fear,  
All listen when the war is done.  
All need the knowing ear.

This magic remains forever even  
Lock and key, five swords make seven.

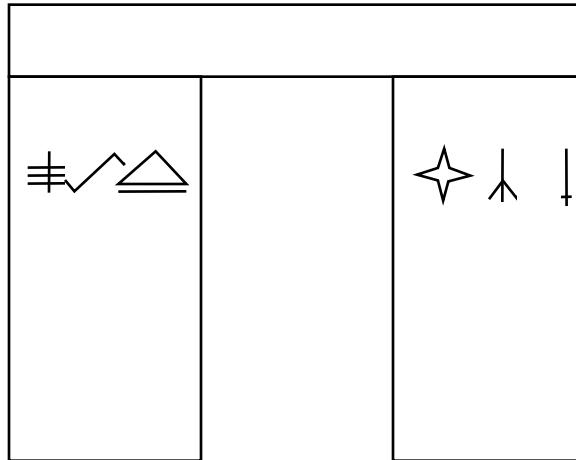
## Player Handout #4 - It All Becomes Clear

Suddenly, you begin to understand what this is all about. The sword which you hold is a great source of power capable of awesome destruction in its own right. In conjunction with just one of the blades on the rack in Fatima's office its power increases to such proportions that no one could truly conceive of it. This must never happen.

Fatima means to use the power of these blades to reshape her realm, and consequently your home as well. The blade which you hold must never be given to her willingly, and it is of the utmost importance that it be removed from the presence of the other two blades like it.

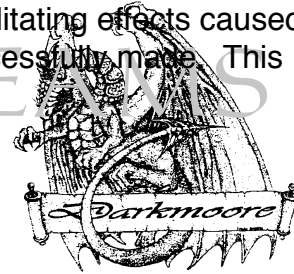
Unfortunately for you, your companions do not seem to be as rational as you at the moment and cannot be trusted to help you escape with the sword.

## Player Handout #6 - The runes engraved on the stone posts



Magic treasure Items from "Thief of Dreams" round one. These should be cut apart and distributed to players after they have completed the scenario..

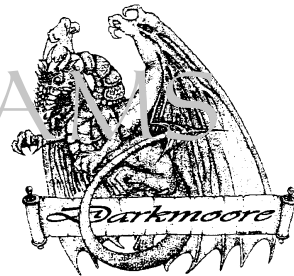
- One **Amulet of the Cairn Hills** (see Greyhawk Adventures): This device is capable of protecting a character from some normally debilitating effects caused by undead creatures when a saving throw vs spells is successfully made. This amulet has eight charges remaining when it is found.



Player Name  
Character Name

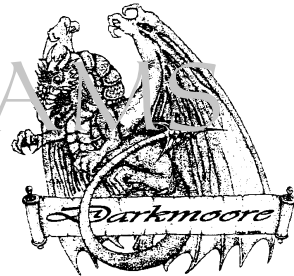
- One set of **Banded Mail +1**

Player Name  
Character Name



- One set of **Bronze Plate Mail +2**

Player Name  
Character Name



# A Listing of Portentous Runes of Oerth

	Abjure renounce	Aid	Air	Anger.Quarr	Answer.	Betrayal,	Bras	Copper
	Danger, Dangerous, Deadly	Darkness	Dav.	Deat	Demonic,	Evil,	Dragon,	Eart
	Electru m	Elemental	Elemental	Evil Power,	Evil Serving,	Fear	Femal	Friendl
	Giant, Huge	G	Go	Gol	Good	Hail. Storm	Halt.	Holv.
	Honor, Pride	House	Ice	Infinity. Endless	Insanity,	Iron	Irresistible,	Kev
	Life	Lifespan	Light	Long. Far	Magic Power (Evil)	Magic Power (Good)	Male	Middle, Center,
	Movement, Travel	Name	Opposition,	Person	Planes (of	Poison,	Poison Antidote	Pursuit
	Possession	Precious Gem	Private	Reeneration	Roval. Rovaltv	Scroll. Writing	Secret	Senses. Sense
	Short, Near	Silver	Sulfur. Infernal	Strength	Suspicious	Thrall. Prisoner	Time	Torch
	Treasure	Truth. Sword	Uncertain,	Warnina. Dancer	Watcher, Viewer	Water	Win. Victory	

Most of these Runes can be found in the Guide to the World of Greyhawk Fantasy Setting book as part of the Official World of Greyhawk Fantasy Setting. There were some changes in these runes between



## TABLEAU

The game of tableau can be found played throughout Oerth in many places. The names of the playing pieces often change, but not their basic playing patterns and values.

A good tableau player can often eke out a meager living by traveling from place to place and offering a good game either in taverns for money stakes or in private homes for shelter and food. Superior players occasionally have been retained in the courts of various cities and given great wealth for the continued study of the game. The winners of the yearly tournaments in the free cities of Greyhawk and Riel Astra acquire great notoriety, and wealth, as well as being the embodiment of great national pride. The winners of these tournaments, which are held in winter months, then play each other in the summer at a place agreed upon by both players.

The city sponsoring this showdown game acquires great wealth from tourists, and state run gambling pools; therefore, the competition for sponsorship is fierce. This competition between cities can be dangerous, as there is no authority involved other than the players themselves.

Traditionally, games are played for a coin per token captured, with a pot of ten like coins awarded to the winner by the loser. The denomination of the coin is always decided before play begins.

### THE PLAY OF THE GAME

The common tableau set consists of a box or bag containing the following pieces:

- 1 deck of 32 tiles or placks, 16 of them with red faces and 16 with black faces. The backs of these cards are identical, and marked placks are illegal in all cities. Anyone caught with a marked deck of tableau placks, cards, or tiles will have their ears notched for a first offense, their left hand removed for the second, and will be impaled for the third.
- 2 sets of tokens, 1 set is red and the other is black. Each set of tokens includes 5 soldiers, 4 mages, and one general. Opponents may each supply their own tokens, or one player may supply both sets.

One of the two opposing players is designated the challenger, while the other is the challenged. During tournaments a coin toss determines this. During other games, the challenger is more obviously the player who suggests the game, or the player who owns the pieces, and placks.

It is the challenged player who selects which color of token he or she will play. The black player plays the first plack, while the red player moves the first token. There is much debate as to which is a more advantageous position.

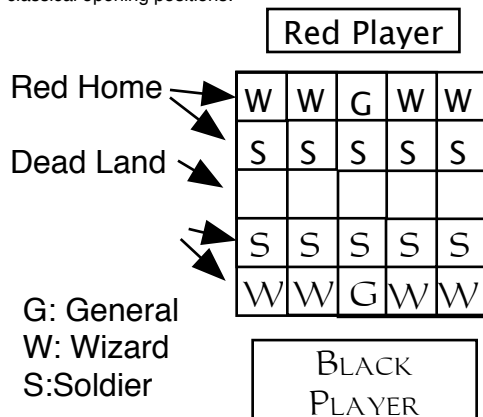
The placks are shuffled, and dealt face down, each player receiving twelve. Then one final card is drawn from the top of the deck and placed face down between them. This plack is known as the *key tile*, and defines the center of the playing field. The remaining 7 placks are placed aside, and are not to be looked at. They form the *deadwood pile* which is not used in playing the game.

The black player begins by placing one of his or her placks, face up, next to the key tile. The red player follows by placing one of his or her placks, face up, next to any other plack already lying on the board, including the key tile. Both players continue to play their placks taking turns in a like manner until all placks not in the *deadwood pile* have been played. No plack may cover another, and no plack may be placed more than two places distant from the *key tile* either horizontally or diagonally; this rule will make the playing field a square of 5 tiles by 5 tiles.

Once all of the placks have been played, the *key tile* is turned face up to expose its color. The playing field is now a board of 25 squares made of black and red placks, the pattern of which will have a great bearing on the outcome of the game.

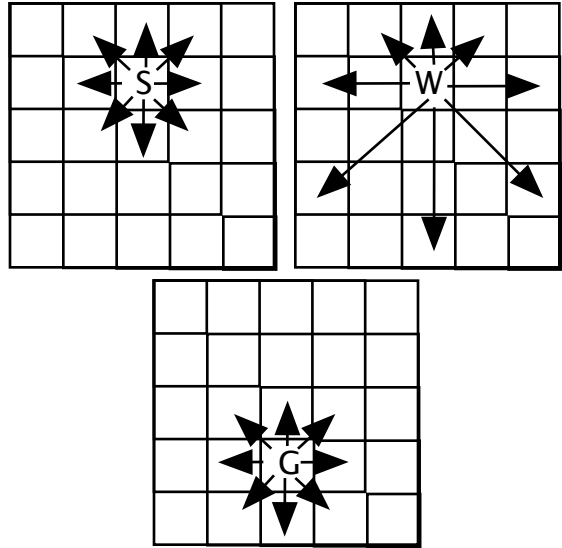
At this point, the players often have a drink, or eat a meal while discussing the board. In less than friendly games, this nicety is skipped, and the game continues with the setting up of the pieces.

Both players set up their own pieces at their ends of the playing board which is known as the *field*. The unfilled strip of tiles in the center of the board is termed the *dead land*, while the two rows at either end are termed *red home* and *black home* respectively. The players always set up their pieces in their home areas following the classical opening positions:



After both players have finished placing their tokens, the red player begins play by moving one of his or her tokens according to the rules of movement. The black player follows in turn, and play alternates until one player wins the game by either capturing the opponent's general or creating a situation where their opponent cannot move.

Each piece may move in any direction either horizontally or diagonally. The general and soldiers may only move the distance of one plack at a time, while the wizards may move any distance in a straight line stopping only if they encounter a token of the opposing color. A wizard may thus jump over tokens of the same color as itself, and attack an opposing token from behind the soldier ranks.



In the above examples, the arrows represent all possible moves which each of the tokens can make from their present plack location.

No two tokens may occupy the same plack, and a player may not move a token to a plack occupied by another friendly token. If a player moves a token to a plack occupied by an opposing token, then the rules of token combat will apply, as this move constitutes an attack. All lost black tokens are awarded to the red player, as all lost red tokens are awarded to the black player.

The general token need not take into account the color of the placks when attacking an opposing token. If the general moves to occupy an opposing token's plack, the opposing token is forfeit, captured. The general token will be left to occupy the vacated plack.

Soldiers are strongest when moving to or from placks which are their own color. A red soldier is strongest on a red plack, while a black soldier is strongest on a black one. If a soldier token attacks an opposing token which is on a plack of the soldier token's color, then the attack is successful, and the opposing token is removed from play. Likewise if the soldier token is moving from a plack of its own color to attack an opposing token, then the opposing token is also forfeit. Once the attack is made and the opposing token is removed from play, the soldier token is left standing on the plack which bares its color. If both placks match the soldier token's color, then the controlling player is given the choice of which of the two placks on which the soldier token will rest. A soldier token may never attack from a plack of the opponent's color to another plack of the opponent's color.

Wizards are strongest when moving from placks of their own color to other placks of their own color, but can also attack much as soldiers do. If the wizard token attacks from a plack that matches its color to an occupied plack of the same color, the opposing token is forfeit. If it attacks from one colored plack to a different colored plack, both pieces are forfeit. No wizard may attack from a plack of the opponent's color to a plack of the opponent's color. Once moved a wizard token cannot return to its original plack, but must remain where placed.

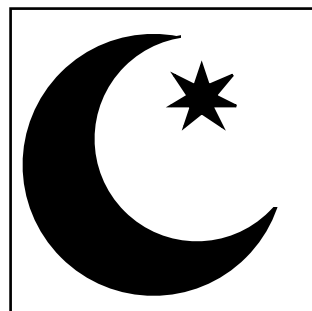
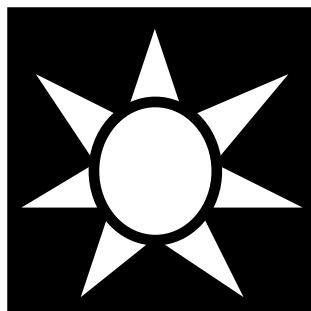
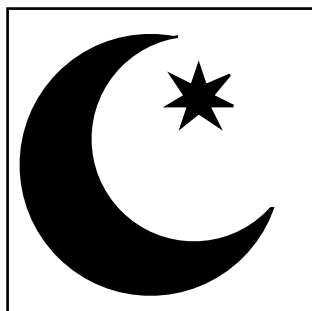
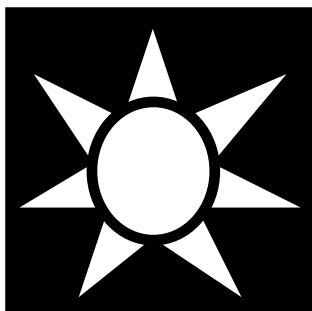
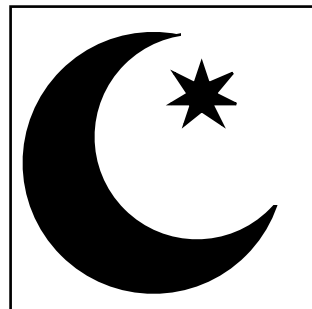
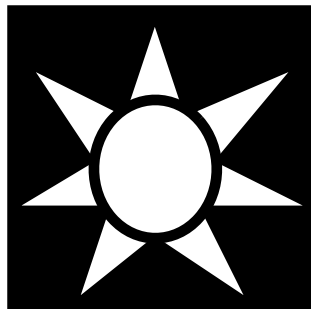
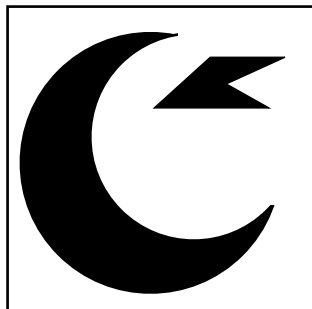
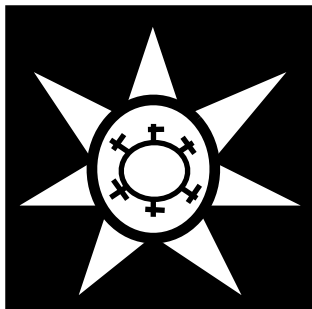
The winner is the player who captures his or her opponent's General token first. Normal stakes are 1 coin per token, plus ten coins per game.

AD&D® Player Characters with gaming nonweapon proficiency can use their skill to give them a better field. After the placks are played and the field is set, a gaming proficiency roll may be made. If successful, the player may select one pair of placks to transpose on the field for each one point that he or she rolled under their proficiency check. If both players have gaming proficiency, and both successfully make their skill roll, then neither benefits from the skill.

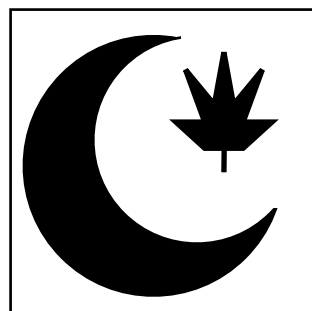
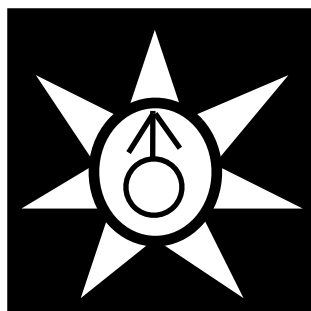
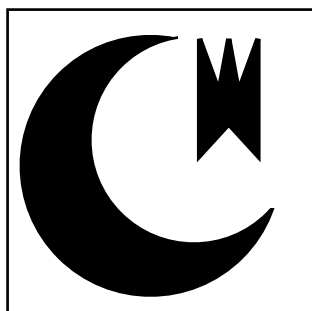
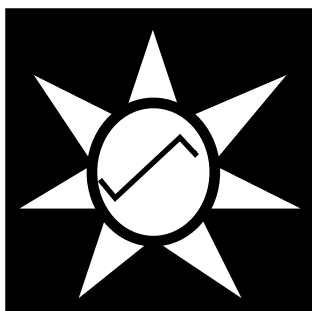
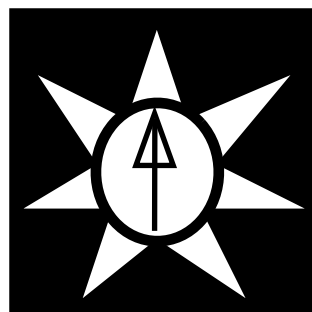
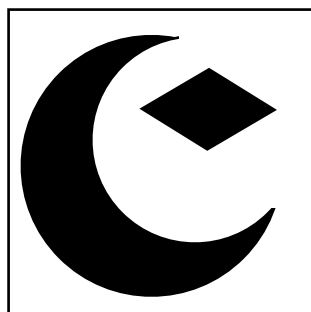
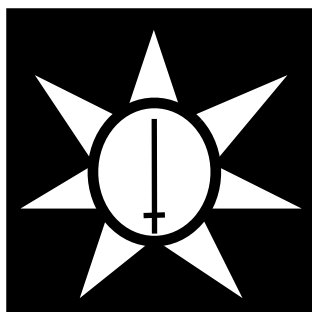
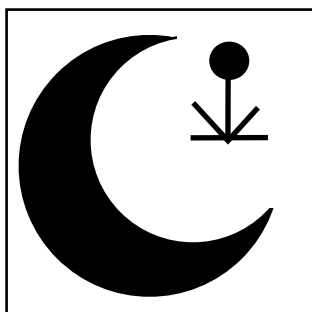
**Tableau Tiles:** This card contains the pattern for a set of common tableau tiles. Copy this page on two separate sheets of heavy card stock, preferably red in color. The top four rows represent one half of the tiles, and the bottom four rows comprise the other half. The two remaining rows are not used. There will be forty tiles in all and a deck is comprised of the indicated thirty-two. Cut out the proper tiles and discard the extras. Stars are considered red while moons are considered black. Although not necessary, lamination may help.

Use coins or miniature figures as tokens when playing. Consult the rules for details.

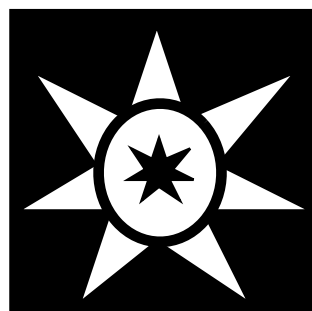
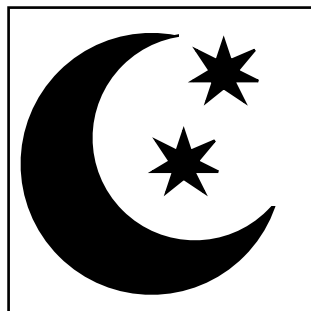
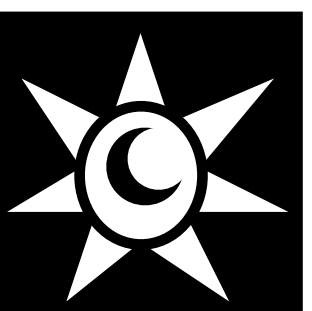
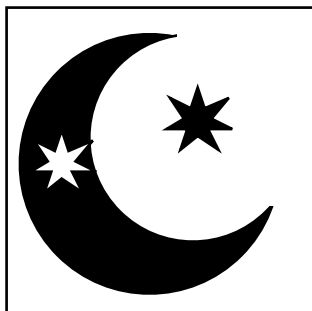
Use  
this row  
only  
once.



Use  
these  
three  
rows  
twice.



Use  
this row  
only  
once.



## Dudley Justice Constable of the County of Urnst

(Originally played by Jeff Whitecotton)

Lawful Good Human Male Paladin 6 / Wizard 7  
Age: 30 Height: 6 feet Weight: 285 lbs  
Facial features: bald with a handlebar moustache

STR 15(19)	Hits +0(+3)	Dmg +0(+7)
DEX 8 React/Mis +0	Def -0	
CON 12 HP +0	SS 80%	RS 85%
INT 17 #Lang 6	SpellLvl 8	LrnSpell 75%
WIS 13 Magical Def +0		
CHR 17 Loyalty Base +6	Reaction Adj +6	

HP 38 THAC0 15 AC 10 (No armor)

**Wizard Spells:** 4-1st, 3-2nd, 2-3rd, 1-4th

**Paladin Abilities:** detect evil intent 60', +2 to all saving throws, immune to disease, heal 12 hp by laying on hands once per day, cure disease 2x per week, protection from evil creatures 10' radius, turns undead as a 4th level cleric

**Nonweapon proficiencies:** disguise (16), jumping (15), juggling (8), spellcraft (15), ancient languages (Flan), ancient languages (Suloise), ancient languages (Old Oerdian), read/write (Common), engineering (14), herbalism (15), tumbling (8)

**Weapon proficiencies:** two Handed Sword, longsword, lt. crossbow, bolos, spear, dart, staff

**Weapons:** two handed sword (1d10/3d6), chain bolos (1d3/1d2), brass knuckles (1d3/1d3)

**Magic Items:** girdle of hill giant strength (19), scroll (*prismatic spray*, *haste*), brown turban of Tusmit

**Brown Turban of Tusmit** (from Greyhawk Adventures): This garment has been used for many purposes in Tusmit. Some of these turbans have led their owners to great wealth and fame, while others have caused their owners horrible suffering. Each brown turban can summon a Jann once each week. This Jann's reaction and the course of the action is decided in play. The summoned Jann must obey the first order of the turban wearer. From then on, there is a 5% cumulative chance per additional order (over the life of the turban) that the summoned Jann ignores the order and instead attacks the summoner. This one has been used seven times in the past. If the Jann associated with the turban is killed, the turban is useless.

**Ya'yah** (Jann): AL N(G); AC 5; MV 12, FI 30(A); HD 6+2; hp 30; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4+2 (scimitar + STR Bonus); SA limited spell ability; SD limited spell ability; MR 20%; SZ M; ML 15; Ya'yah may use the following powers at will once per round, most at 12th level of ability: *growth/reduction* twice each day, *invisibility* three times each day, *create food and water* once per day as a 7th level priest, and *etherealness* once per day for a maximum of one hour.

**Spell Book:** (1st) *affect normal fires*, *armor*, *burning hands*, *change self*, *enlarge*, *shocking grasp*, (2nd) *flaming sphere*, *pyrotechnics*, *strength*, (3rd) *fireball*, *flame arrow*, *Tensor's deadly strike*, (4th) *fire shield*, *stone skin*, *wall of fire*

**Clothing and other equipment:** pipe, tobacco (in pouch), monocle, shackles w/key, moustache wax, smoked sausage,

cheese, flask of brandy, vial of holy water, official writ of arrest and extradition for "the Cat", 100 gp, 20 sp

**Concorde** (Medium Warhorse): AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 15; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6; SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ L; ML 14

### Background:

Appointed Constable of the County of Urnst by her Noble Brilliancy, the Countess Belissica, you take your appointed duties of dispensing justice very seriously. With a reputation for "always getting your man," you find it difficult to admit defeat. So difficult that you have personally traveled a great distance to the Free City of Greyhawk in search of the only criminal to ever elude you, a murderous scourge only known as "the Cat." Here you have heard rumors of this villain, but have found no verifiable signs of his actions. Perhaps he will not practice in the territory of the Greyhawk Guild of Thieves, or perhaps his operations have become so covert that he no longer leaves his trademark claw like scratch marks.

Either way, you await a sign of his presence in this foreign place. Your only comfort so far from home is your long discussions with a local tobacconist named Horst. The days are hot and humid, as are the nights, and you long to return to the more civilized Urnst as soon as you may. Always ready to perform your duty, you customarily wear the burgundy uniform of your appointed office even in this intolerable heat, an official writ of arrest and extradition in your breast pocket.

**Torbin Oberdare**

(Originally played by Dennis Williamson)

Lawful Good Male

Dwarven Fighter 6 / Cleric of St. Cuthbert (Billet) 6

Age: 40 Height: 4 feet Weight: 240 lbs

Facial features: red hair with a twin braided beard, tanned and rugged

STR 18	Hits +1	Dmg +2
DEX 11	React/Mis +0	Def -0
CON 16	HP +2	SS 95% RS 96%
INT 8	#Lang 1	
WIS 17	Magical Def +3	Bonus Spells 2-1st, 2-2nd, 1-3rd
CHR 12	Loyalty Base +0	Reaction Adj +0

HP 48 THAC0 15 AC 1 (platemail +2)

**Priest Spells:** 5-1st, 5-2nd, 3-3rd May cast one additional *friends* spell per day.

**Priest Spheres:** Charm, Combat (minor), Divination, Protection (minor), Healing, Necromantic

**Dwarven Abilities:** +1 Attack vs. orcs, goblins, hobgoblins, ogres, trolls, ogre magi, and giants; -4 to AC vs. giants, trolls, titans, ogres, and ogre magi; Infravision 60'; +4 to saving throws vs. rod, staff, wands, spells, and poison; Detect slope 5 in 6; Detect construction 5 in 6; Detect shifting walls 4 in 6; Detect pits 3 in 6; Detect approximate depth underground 3 in 6.

**Nonweapon proficiencies:** religion (17), healing (15), blind fighting, armorer (6), weaponsmithing (3), mountaineering, modern language (Common), endurance (16)

**Weapon proficiencies:** battle axe, warhammer, two handed mace (specialized), mace

**Weapons:** dwarven two handed mace+2 (1d8+2/1d8+2), warhammer (1d4+1/1d4)

**Magic Items:** plate mail +2, dwarven two handed mace+2

**Clothing and other equipment:** silk rope (50') w/ grappling hook, small pouch of talc, small pouch of salt, Backpack, 2 wine/water skins, 2 bags of sand, flask of oil, Flint and steel, 660 gp.

**Background:**

Long since removed from your Oberdare family roots in the Lortmil Mountains, you have sold your services to just causes across leagues of this land. It was while you were on a journey to the Pomarj down the Wild Coast that you chanced upon a priest of St. Cuthbert of the Cudgel that changed your outlook on life, and converted you to the priesthood as well.

Recently you have traveled to the Free City of Greyhawk on a pilgrimage to visit the local temple, and soon you had hoped to continue on your way. Since entering the city, you have encountered several old comrades. All of them are out of work. Times are hard for local adventurers that are not part of the Adventurer's Guild, but you are loath to join that institution because of the indiscriminate nature in which they accept clients.

You have placed your name on the temple list for adventurous employment, but it could be well over a month before your name reaches the top. Until then you are biding your time and winning converts in this bustling metropolis of decadent living.

## Monty Burns

(Originally played by Robert Hobart)

Chaotic Neutral Male Human Wizard 8

Age: 80 Height: 6 feet Weight: 93 lbs

Facial features: long, thin, drooping nose, pock marked

STR 6	Hits -1	Dmg -0
DEX 18	React/Mis +2	Def -4
CON 8	HP +0	SS 60% RS 65%
INT 18	#Lang 7	SpellLvl 9 LrnSpell 85%
WIS 18	Magical Def +4	
CHR 14	Loyalty Base +1	Reaction Adj +2

HP 24 THAC0 18

AC 5 (ring of protection +1, and DEX bonus)

**Wizard Spells:** 4-1st, 3-2nd, 3-3rd, 2-4th

**Nonweapon proficiencies:** read/write (19), spellcraft (16), dancing+1 (19), ancient history (17), ancient languages (Baklunish), forgery (18), weather sense (17), astrology (18), herbalism (16)

**Weapon proficiencies:** dagger, staff

**Weapons:** dagger (1d4/1d3), staff (1d6/1d6)

**Magic Items:** dust of illusion, slippers of spider climbing, ring of protection +1

**Spell Book:** (1st) *chill touch, detect magic, feather fall, magic missile find familiar, read magic, spider climb*, (2nd) *alter self, detect invisibility, esp, shatter, stinking cloud, spectral hand, web*, (3rd) *feign death, hold undead, item, lightning bolt, protection from normal missiles, vampiric touch* (4th) *contagion, enervation, Evard's black tentacles, ice storm*

**Clothing and other equipment:** embroidered robe, soft boots, belt, 2 belt pouches, small backpack, flint and steel, 10 candles, quill pen, ink well, 330 gp.

**Smithers** (Weasel Familiar): AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1/2+8; hp 11; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3; SA Nil; SD superior hearing, superior smell; MR Nil; SZ S; ML 13

## Background:

At an early age you remember that your mentor purchased you from the Rhennee boat people, but by then you had already forgotten your true parents. Life became ever more difficult after that point as you were forced to perform menial tasks for your new master, Twisted Robert. For your service, you were allowed to subsist on the table scraps that he fed you after the sun went down.

For many years you were locked in the basement of his tower, and sometimes, through the bars in the stone, you would be able to watch the local children playing or begging in the streets. Their apparent freedom puzzled and frightened you, but you longed to be out under the sun and stars as well, although not necessarily with them. The children frightened you as much as the prospect of freedom.

After many years, the old man had you performing tasks of a much higher order, and you discovered that you were learning the ways of his mystical arts. You noticed similarities and differences in his rituals, but kept your knowledge secret for many more years. When you finally voiced your knowledge to him, he punished you by doubling your work load, and saw to it that your new work involved a great deal of reading. Still, you continued to glean as much information as you could until you actually managed to perform some of the rituals yourself. This you did in secret, while the old man was away.

One of your secret spells brought you the first Smithers, your weasel familiar. You kept this creature secret from the old man, and it was able to teach you much about the outside world, but only from its perspective. Since then, offspring of this first animal's line have served you in the same capacity, as each generation grew old and died. It was by writing letters that were delivered by Smithers, that you were able to convince the city watch to come and arrest the old man on grounds of worshipping Incubulos. You never heard from him again.

It was soon thereafter that you were able to forge the proper papers to transfer the tower into your own name. You took the old man's surname and claimed to be his son in order to lower the inheritance taxes. For many years you have grown in power and stature in the city. Still, you feel that perhaps your life of gleaning power may be incomplete. Recently you have thought about visiting the Rhennee boat people to purchase a waif of your own.

## Syrinx

(Originally played by Rob Howell)

Neutral Human Male Transmuter Wizard 6 / Druid 7

Age: 33 Height: 5 feet 8 inches

Weight: 160 lbs

STR 9	Hits +0	Dmg +0
DEX 9	React/Mis +0	Def -0
CON 15	HP +1	SS 90% RS 94%
INT 16	#Lang 5	SpellLvl 8 LrnSpell 70%
WIS 18	Magical Def +4	Bonus Spells 2-1st, 2-2nd, 1-3rd, 1-4th
CHR 15	Loyalty Base +3	Reaction Adj +3

HP 30 THAC0 16 AC 8 (cloak of the bat)

**Wizard Spells:** 4(5)-1st, 2(3)-2nd, 2(3)-3rd

**Priest Spells:** 5-1st, 5-2nd, 3-3rd, 2-4h

**Priest Spheres:** all, animal, elemental, healing, plant and weather

**Druid Abilities:** +2 saves vs. fire and electricity, speak the Druidic secret language, can identify plants, animals and pure water, can pass through undergrowth at normal movement rate without leaving a trace, can shapechange into a reptile, bird, and/or mammal up to three times per day.

**Nonweapon proficiencies:** arctic survival (16), herbalism (14), healing 16, negation/cartography (14), modern languages (Elvish), modern languages (Common), fire building (17), fishing (17), seamanship (9), swimming (9), rope use (9), astrology (16), gaming (15)

**Weapon proficiencies:** dagger, staff, spear, harpoon, net

**Weapons:** dagger (1d4/1d3), spear (1d6/1d8)

**Magic Items:** necklace of adaption, cloak of the bat, ring of sustenance

**Spell Book:** (1st) *burning hands, color spray, comprehend languages, dancing lights, feather fall, find familiar, shocking grasp*, (2nd) *alter self, irritation, levitate*, (3rd) *delude, item, water breathing, wraithform* (4th) *plant growth, rainbow pattern, stone skin*

**Clothing and other equipment:** backpack, 10 days iron rations, 12 seed pouches, assorted fetishes and charms made from animal teeth and paws, quill pen, papyrus, ink well, water skin, 35 gp

**Irkaz** (Snow Cat Familiar): AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1/2+6; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3; SA Nil; SD superior hearing, superior night vision; MR Nil; SZ S; ML 13

## Background:

Your native tongue originated far from here, in the land of the Frost Barbarians from which you came. Years ago you realized that the dogmatism that often characterizes your people was stifling your studies, and you left the security of your position of chief apprentice to the tribal shaman to strike out on your own.

Since then, your life has been a grand adventure in this beautiful, and strange world. You have often served shipboard from the Grendep Bay to the Azure Sea. You have experienced life across the Great Kingdom, the Kingdom of Nyrond, and the Duchy of Urnst before stopping briefly here in the Free City of Greyhawk following this years tableau challengers.

The looks, feel, and customs of this place are truly foreign. At least these people can cook. There are culinary experiences here that are beyond anything you ever imagined existed. However, gastronomical nirvana aside, once the games are over, you hope to quickly find a troupe or caravan leaving the city in order to strike out and experience more of this wondrous world.

## **Dranock**

(Originally played by Laurie Fox)

Neutral Good Half-Elf Female Fighter 6 / Thief 7

Age: 20 Height: 5 feet 4 inches Weight: 101 lbs

STR 16 Hits +0 Dmg +1  
DEX 18 React/Mis +2 Def -4  
CON 15 HP +1 SS 90% RS 94%  
INT 10 #Lang 2  
WIS 9 Magical Def +0  
CHR 14 Loyalty Base +1 Reaction Adj +2

HP 47 THAC0 15

AC 2 (bracers of defense AC 6 with DEX bonus)

**Thieving Abilities:** (adjusted for race, DEX, and lack of armor)

Pick Pockets 50%, Open Locks 55%, F/R Traps 55%, Move Silently 80%, Hide in Shadows 75%, Detect Noise 45%, Climb Walls 85%, Read Languages 10%, Backstab x 3

**Half-Elf Abilities:** 30% resistance to *sleep* and *charm*-related spells, 60' infravision, detect secret doors 2 in 6,

**Nonweapon proficiencies:** Alertness (8), Ride Horse (12), Set Snares (9), Rope Use (18), Locksmithing (18), Swimming (16), Animal Handling (8), Animal Lore (10)

**Weapon proficiencies:** two handed sword, longsword, spetum, mancatcher, halberd, bill-guisarme, long bow, short bow, dagger

**Weapons:** two handed sword +2, halberd, bill-guisarme, long bow (20 arrows), spetum, mancatcher, 2 daggers

**Magic Items:** two handed sword +2, bracers of defense AC 6

**Clothing and other equipment:** saddle packs, flint and steel, hemp rope (100') w/ grappling hook, thieves picks, small tent, wine skin, 1 week trail rations, 1 vial aniseed, small bag of 20 marbles, climbing spikes, 100 gp

## **Background:**

Considering your humble beginnings as a native of the Free City of Greyhawk, you have done very well for yourself. Your five older brothers all made sure that you were trained in adversity from an early age. This gave you a head start on your chosen career.

Your mentor, Amos of Hardby, while he still lived, considered you one of his most versatile charges. He taught you to fight well and encouraged you to find good tutelage in other areas, something that you put off for a couple of years. Later, you chanced upon a member of the Greyhawk Adventures' Guild, a wiry rascal named Sporty, who trained you in more nimble pursuits as the two of you sold your services through the Guild. As a member in good standing with the local adventurers guild, you enjoy a prosperous career and are able to ask a high price while enjoying the luxury of turning down assignments that do not meet your liking.

For many years you were content to wield your blade on caravan routs through the area. Then you met a man who changed your life. He has never confided to you, or anyone living that you know, his true name. Instead, he prefers to be called the "Cat." This appellation fits him, and he continues the metaphor throughout his life, including his outfit complete with claws. He has managed to make adventuring more personal of late, allowing you to work with him on many lucrative operations in and about the city. You suspect that some of his operations may be beyond the law, but he has never broken any laws in your presence. Recently he has gone into hiding, and you cannot find him. You suspect you will not be able to find him until he surfaces, and so you bide your time during this heat wave.

Considering the recently stifling heat, you do appreciate the break in employment. Still, you might give serious consideration to any reasonable offering of employment, if it sounded interesting enough.

## Rondalon

(Originally played by Anthony Miller)

Lawful Good Human Male Ranger 7

Age: 28 Height: 6 feet 6 inches

Weight: 220 lbs

Facial features: thin face, hair is about a yard long

STR 18/11	Hits +1	Dmg +3
DEX 18	React/Mis +2	Def -4
CON 18	HP +4	SS 99% RS 100%
INT 6	#Lang 1	
WIS 14	Magical Def +0	
CHR 6	Loyalty Base -3	Reaction Adj -2

HP 70 THAC0 14

AC 3 (studded leather armor and DEX bonus)

**Ranger Abilities:** hide in shadows 43%, move silently 55%, two weapon combat, adept with both tamed and untamed animals.

**Nonweapon proficiencies:** survival (6), tracking (14), blindfighting

**Weapon proficiencies:** dagger, mace, shortbow, composite longbow

**Weapons:** dagger of throwing +3, dagger of throwing +4, mace of disruption, mace, composite longbow (40 sheaf arrows), garrote, 18 daggers (4 in boots, 2 on thighs, 2 at knees, 2 on belt, 2 strapped under arms, 2 in bracers, 2 strapped to upper arms, 2 on back)

**Magic Items:** dagger of throwing +3, dagger of throwing +4, mace of disruption

**Clothing and other equipment:** high hard boots with dagger sheaths, forest green cloak, 50' silk rope, climbing spikes, field glasses, small pouch of 20 caltrops, 8 wooden tent stakes, 12 long straps, rucksack, 50' black string, 2 quivers, 4 days iron rations, water skin, leather bracers, 45 gp.

## Background:

For many years you have secluded yourself in the nearby Gnarly Forest, working as a scout for the Lockswell family. The family acts as a sort of unrecognized nobility to the forest dwelling people. "Lord" Lockswell's authority derives from the trust he has fostered, not through any family line. You respect him for that.

Your own family was once proud in its nobility, and now you are the only descendant remaining in the Rondalon family line. When you were very young, your parents fled with you from a peasant revolt against your family keep somewhere in the Kingdom of Furyondy. Luckily, they found acceptance among the forest dwellers in the Gnarlywood who believed that a person's heart shows through their actions. This is an ethic that you hold to be true. When your parents succumbed to a bout with the pox around ten years ago, you dropped your first name of Rinaldo in tribute to the entire family line that you now represent.

You would not have normally ventured so far from your forest home except for a chance event that recently occurred. An oddly and loudly dressed preacher came through your territories recently and mistook you for someone that he insisted he had met in the Free City of Greyhawk. You might have dismissed him as merely foolish, but he adamantly insisted that you had an exact twin somewhere in the city. As he listed off your family facial characteristics, you thought that perhaps you had an unknown relative living close by.

Out of curiosity you came to this huge metropolis, and now you find that you are a bit out of your element. You have found no one else who claims to have met you. Perhaps the preacher was just a fool after all.