

Thief of Dreams: Tableau



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Round Two of a Three Round Darkmoore Player of the Year Tournament
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This is the second scenario of a three part AD&D® adventure set in the World of Greyhawk®. Players should have selected characters for play in the first scenario according to the rules written there. These characters will continue into this round.

The DM should note each character's treasures from the previous round. Non-magical treasure will have little effect during this scenario, but the players should have it listed on their character sheets. If the players have prepared their own characters, magical treasure available in the previous round should be indicated by a certificate received by the player who kept it. If the players are using pregenerated characters, the treasure from the first part of the adventure is already indicated on these sheets. Either way, it does not matter if the actual players in the group were the ones that were together in the first round.

The players may switch adventuring groups from one round to another. This practice has been taken into account and should not upset the play of the game. Parties may benefit from the previous experience of all the players present, and multiple copies of the same magic item are allowed. The player introduction has specifically been designed to allow for variable groups, and each of the players should make a character place card to help others identify their characters.

As in the previous scenario, a basic working knowledge of the game of tableau may come in handy, but it is not paramount. The players should already know that a diverse set of skills are necessary to complete this adventure. The "Portentous Runes" will play a larger part in this round than the last, and it is a good idea to make sure that the players have that reference.

Again, this round should take the party about three hours out of a four hour time block to complete. Stop play about one half hour before the scheduled ending time in order to score.

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 were drawn before the players became 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

Round two opens with the players returning from the last scenario to the Free City of Greyhawk. In the last round they embarked on a quest to locate and retrieve one of the above mentioned blades.

To pull them all together, each of the players present receives a dream ending with an imperative request that they seek out Onesimus, the priest of Ralishaz, from the first round.

Gathering outside the temple of Ralishaz, the characters meet and introduce themselves, if the party has changed. Otherwise, they should proceed directly up the stairs.

On the stairs, yet still outside the temple, the party has another conference with the deity Istus. She explains some more background to the group and gives them an ambassadorial task. They must go to the Mistress of Dreams and convince her to break her alliance with the creature that feeds her so much power. They must also retrieve from her the talisman used by the Baklunish Wizards mentioned in the first scenario to bind the magic within the blades, a lock with a key. As a bargaining point, the players are given one of the three remaining blades. This they may trade for the concessions above, allowing the Mistress of Dreams to maintain the extra power that she has already gleaned, apart from her unholy alliance.

Returning to the prime material world, the PCs will find that once again no time has passed. Onesimus meets them at the temple door, and takes them on a brief wild jaunt through the city. Arriving at the Ancient Stone Ring beyond the Druid's Gate, Onesimus announces that the players must enter the Realm of Dreams. This previously small dimension has grown in power and prominence recently, and now permeates the prime material and astral plane in an unnatural way. Traveling there will be strange but not overly difficult.

Once in the Realm of Dreams, the party seeks guidance from a Shadow Dragon, who they must battle in order to secure her help.

From the lair of Sheshusha, the Shadow Dragon, the players will embark on a trek across the Plains of Hope. Despair will weigh sorely on them here, and they will encounter their own fear of failure.

Escaping from their lost hope, the party will come to a standing stone encrusted with ancient writings that poses a puzzle that has been previously stated, and wary adventures may find another puzzle of sorts posed by differing last lines of one of the verses. Most encounters here have some counterpart in the previous adventure.

The riddle that must be solved in order to locate the Mistress of Dreams is here repeated from two of the dreams beginning the scenario. "I am what where I am."

Locating the Mistress of Dreams, the players must save her before rushing in to destroy the foul creature enslaving the Realm of Dreams.

Unfortunately, the players actions will end futilely when Ralishaz's Avatar simply walks through and takes everything for which the PCs came here, along with the remaining sword.

The round ends with Istus returning the PCs to the Prime Material Plane and giving them no cause for hope.

Notes About the Realm of Dreams

During this adventure the characters are expected to enter another plane of reality, notably the Realm of Dreams. This recently expanded plane coexists with others and draws energy directly from both the Astral plane and the plane of Concordant Opposition creating an interesting place.

For game purposes the players should be made to feel as if there characters are in a strange environment in 5 specific ways:

- 1) The statistics of Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution should be replaced by Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma respectively. This only effects characters while they are in the Realm of Dreams and is meant to coincide with the effect of one's own thoughts over their persona. Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma are not likewise effected. Hit points and THAC0s should be as well.
- 2) Only items with a magical aura can deal actual damage. Magic weapons are deadly; mundane weapons are only dangerous if they have some sort of enchantment on them. This applies to armor as well. Simple enchantments like *Nystul's Magical Aura* can make all the difference in a case like this.
- 3) Colors appear only in washed out shades of pastel only, and are all relative to the viewer. Any character can perceive any object to be any color. This does not affect the way others perceive, nor does the actual color have any bearing on perception.
- 4) Nothing has a scent. There are apparently no smells in the Realm of Dreams.
- 5) Spell casters must make a successful Wisdom roll in order to correctly cast a spell. This is

closely linked to the player's confidence in spell casting. Characters must truly believe that they can cast a spell for it to work.

In this realm the characters should begin to feel that they are at times traveling through their own memories. This sense of *deja vu* will be referred to in the encounters. The DM is invited to milk it for all it is worth.

Players' Introduction

Begin this part of the adventure by handing out Player Handouts #1-6. These are each separate dreams that the characters experience. Give the players a few moments to read over and assimilate these dreams before informing them that they have indeed been placed under some sort of *geas* compelling them to seek out the temple of Ralishaz in Assassins End.

Each of the PCs has recently awoken from a very vivid dream. Sharing the contents of these dreams is not imperative, but may happen. The first four dreamers will probably find many similarities between their dreams. Allow the players to make whatever conjectures that they wish, but do not confirm or deny any theory that they may reach at this point.

Inform the players that dreams are usually of fleeting substance, and anyone who wishes to remember their dream after the introduction must write it down if they are literate. Before encounter one, you will be collecting the copies of their dreams that they were originally handed. Illiterate characters and those who do not journal their dream will have to rely on memory if they wish to recall it.

We begin the Player Introduction with the group gathering at the foot of the steps to the temple of Ralishaz. Read the following introduction to all of the players:

Ever since you awoke from that dream, one urge has nagged you: visit Onesimus. Being unsafely tucked away in Assassins End, The temple of Ralishaz has never been the highlight of any Greyhawk tour. However, the tourist business today seems to have picked up quite a bit. As you reach the stairs of the temple, several other would be patrons seem to have had the same idea. Or, perhaps they have been called here in a manner similar to your own.

Have the players take a few moments to acquaint or reacquaint themselves. They should also take a few moments to list or make note of all their carried possessions. They will not have time to go back and retrieve anything else for this journey, but this will only become apparent to them later.

Once the players indicate that they are ready to proceed up the stairs to the temple, then go to encounter one and collect their dreams.

Encounter One: Been There, Done That

As the characters proceed up the temple stairs, read the following passage to the players:

Your first step up the stairs is accompanied by a strange feeling of resistance, and it is with an uneasy realization that you acknowledge your presence in a now familiar office. Fatima sits behind her desk, looking rather tired.

"You do move quickly at times, do you not?" she says. "I have only just been informed of other dealings.

"Please sit," she says, indicating several comfortable looking chairs. "You are lucky that I pulled you here before you entered that unspeakable place. Otherwise you might never have gained from me the knowledge that you will need to survive."

This is an incarnation of Istus, Goddess of Fate. This is her realm of existence and she provides all of the special effects, like gravity. It is of no use for the players to try and challenge her here, but role-playing opportunities still abound. However the characters act, they should get the gist of the information from this encounter.

The DM should use the following outline to role-play Istus as she imparts several pieces of information. Remember, Istus' metaphor is that of spinning. This is a textile factory where existence is "spun" into cloth like tapestries. When Istus pulls out a chart, diagram, or note it should be of some woven material. Stray threads abound everywhere, as well as needles, spindles, spools, etc.

Her briefing should include the following points and information in roughly this order:

- There are five swords, all powerful artifacts. The purpose of their creation is lost in obscurity to the mortal world, and Istus wishes that knowledge to

remain lost if possible. She will not share specifics about the blades, including all of their names. Any names discovered by characters in the first encounter are not mentioned by Istus.

- All of the swords have been located. Istus has one, her two allies each have one, and their unnamed enemy has two. One has been unmade by the enemy already, and he now personally possesses the power that was once trapped in that blade.

- A new and previously unrealized set of artifacts has been discovered. There is a lock and a key, both are thought to be in the possession of the Mistress of Dreams, a minor deity until now. Without these, the possession of the blade by the unnamed enemy is less dangerous. These items are what Istus wants.

- For the lock and the key, Istus is willing to give up her blade. She plans to send an emissary from herself to the Mistress of Dreams. This messenger will carry the blade which Istus possesses with two single purposes in mind:

- 1) The messenger's first mission will be to offer a trade to the Mistress of Dreams. Istus offers her sword, through her emissary, for the lock and key. Istus is fully aware that relinquishing the lock and key will effectively break the pact between the Mistress of Dreams and her unnamed benefactor. If the Mistress accepts, then all will be fine with Istus, and the messenger will not have to resort to plan "2." This option allows the Mistress of Dreams to maintain her added power at the expense of Boccob's boarders. He will not like this if he finds out. Don't worry, he won't... yet.

- 2) The messenger's second mission, should the first one fail, is to use the enchanted blade against the Mistress of Dreams in the forcible taking of the lock and key. Istus will not go so far as to advocate her death, but that is probably her intent. Note: This adventure does not allow for the completion of plan "2." It is made largely irrelevant later.

All that remains for Istus is to select her emissary. The individual that she selects will not be a cleric of another deity. She will select one of her own faithful if any of the party members claim Istus as their patron. Otherwise, she will select the

first one to volunteer. If no one volunteers, then the DM should decide who are the likely candidates, and roll a die to decide. Give the selected individual Player Handout #7. There are some special rules for both the player and the DM on that paper which should be read by both before continuing. Read the following aloud as Istus selects her emissary:

Fatima stands and beckons (insert PC's name here) **forward, and hands** (him/her) **a rune enscribed sword. Where she pulled the sword from is a mystery, as also are the words of commission which she intones:**

**"Thine the power, thine the sword,
'Til that hour be my ward.
Knowing whence the spinning thread
weaves the fate your life has spread.
Take the spirit of the letter of the law that
you have known,
And be my Emissary to the land of Dream
Enthroned."**

With the last syllable, you each stumble forward a step up the stairs leading to the door at the top to the temple of Ralishaz. Conspicuous at (insert name here)'s **side is an archaic longsword covered with unsettling runes.**

Anyone proficient in the Ancient Baklunish language can read the runes on the sword. They read "Law Wrought." Since the players are about to enter the Temple of Ralishaz the "Knowledge of Fate" mentioned in Player Handout #7 will not be open just yet. When Ralishaz is involved, little is certain.

Treasure

Law Wrought - a +3 *vorpal weapon* that comes with the Emissary's job

Encounter Two: A Sense of Urgency

Onesimus meets the PCs at the door. He should be startling to them at times, showing a little more of the madness for which his deity is known. Try to impress upon the players that Onesimus is urgently trying to get the characters to move with him without leaving them in the dust. Read the following to the players as their characters reach the top of the stairs:

You all reach the top of the thirteen stairs leading to the temple of Ralishaz, and are surprised as the door swings open wildly. You hear it crash against an inside wall as the bedraggled Onesimus urgently greets you. His appearance is that of a man who has gone without sleep, or a bath, for a week or more. Yet, he looked relatively normal to you just yesterday. Now he wears only rags beneath what appears to be a cloak made of the furs of hundreds of camprats, their paws and heads still attached, lending an eerie feeling to his otherwise smelly attire.

"We must be off!" he exclaims as he pushes through your band. "You must come," he mumbles under his breath. You each notice the wild expression on his face; his eyes are wide as if in terror.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, he catches himself mumbling and straightens up. Turning, he addresses you with the look of someone trying to restrain himself. "Truly, you must come," he says. "Lucidity is fleeting, and we have much to do."

Trust him or not, the characters are expected to follow. Those not following will incur the Blessings of Ralishaz. This is an interesting concept, because blessing is the last word that would enter the recipient's mind. The DM has quite a lot of freedom in interpreting what Ralishaz's attention might bring. Boils on the roof of one's mouth come to mind. Be creative. If the characters do not follow, they are out of the game anyway, so visit a pox upon them and thank them for their time.

Also, none may hinder the procession of Onesimus on his rout. Individuals attempting to intervene or stop the mad cleric will encounter unwelcome coincidence barring their efforts. Physical blockers may trip, or be jostled at the wrong moment by some stray dog or rat fleeing the scene. Spell casters will be hampered by things like bee stings at just the wrong moment, or perhaps a wayward gull relieving themselves at an improper time.

Those following Onesimus receive the following description:

The oddly garbed priest strides through the city quarters like a man possessed. Local citizenry dash out of his way as he madly strides onward.

“Enshnurvid!” he shouts as he reaches the Black Gate, bisecting the city old from new. The guards seem taken aback. Maybe they recognize him, or perhaps this man just shouted out some secret password at the top of his lungs. Either way, they let you all pass without incident.

Processing up the processional, you wonder if he is truly mad or just putting on a great show. Will he march in this manner all the way up to the Grand Citadel of Greyhawk? No, he turns Eastward at the Petit Bazaar, and still striding madly, walks straight into a cloth vendor's stand. The entire booth comes crashing down upon his head.

Today is Starday, the first day of the week, and the busiest day at the Bazaar. In the Petit Bazaar of Greyhawk one can locate almost anything imaginable to buy. Unfortunately for the players, they will not be here long enough to purchase anything.

As the crowds gather to gawk and stare, one of the characters will have a very brief encounter that may take on more meaning later. Randomly select one of the players read the following to them:

A great commotion has begun, and many people gather around. Help has already arrived, but the masses all want to get a good look. Bodies press together, and it is impossible to stay near without touching someone else.

You feel a tug on your clothing, which you suspect to be a thief. But when you reel around, you see only a small dirty child no more than five summers old. He is tugging on your clothing and offering up a pathetic little hand as if to silently beg a coin from you during this fiasco.

The player has a choice, give a coin or not. The child disappears into the crowd quickly thereafter. No amount of searching will give any indication where the child went.

It is Onesimus who will benefit, or not, from the character's philanthropy. If a coin was given to this brief manifestation of Ralishaz, then Onesimus will gain some composure after this incident. If no coin is given, then the priest will act just as wild as

before. It is up to the DM to keep Onesimus either sedate or manic hereafter. When the encounter with the urchin is over, read the following to the players:

From somewhere under all the bolts of cloth, you hear... laughter. Parting two pieces of cloth, and similarly parting the crowd of onlookers, Onesimus exclaims, “Leave it to the Wench of Fate to throw threads in my way!” So saying he laughs long and hard until tears flood his eyes. The camprats comprising his cloak do not appear amused.

When he gets up, Onesimus will lead the characters along Craftsmans Way and out the Druid's Gate. His pace will be even faster if no coin was given to the child, or he will be relatively lucid yet urgent if any coin was given.

A lucid Onesimus will greatly benefit the party since he knows the following information, and will impart it if asked.

- There are several deities involved in looking for these swords. Istus is one, Ralishaz is another, and the Mistress of Dreams plays a significant role. There is a greater power orchestrating them, but Onesimus does not know who. He, however, suspects that Boccob is the silent party.

- The sword that the players bear is one of five. He does not know where the swords came from, but he does know that each holds a share of a single enormous power unseen in the lands since the creation of the Sea of Dust. If questioned about the Sea of Dust, he will remark that he knows very little on that specific subject, and that some things are better left forgotten.

- If questioned about their immediate destination he will wheel on the one who asked and chastise them for discussing such things so openly. There are too many omnipresent entities involved in this power struggle to bandy about in idle chatter. He will discuss nothing more with the party until they arrive at the ancient Stone Ring.

If he is not lucid on this leg of the journey, then he may appear to answer any question asked, but his words will be exceedingly loud gibberish. There will be no correlating translation, therefore even magic will not be able to make sense of his words.

He will continue in this manner until he stops in the center of the Stone Ring. Onesimus knows what most of the Greyhawk citizenry does not, that the ancient druidic Stone Ring is a very powerful shield against scrying. Here he will begin to calm down, and speak freely.

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) *bleed, cure light wounds, detect magic, detect poison, endure heat/cold, protection from evil, sanctuary*; (2nd) *charm, 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).

Encounter Three: Secret Entry?

The druidic Stone Ring is situated directly East of the Druid's Gate, and just North of the Low Hill Road. Twelve ancient, monolithic, wind worn stones sit equally spaced here for some archaic reason. Older than the City of Greyhawk itself, the Stone Ring is the subject of many local myths, mostly told in taverns to incredulous listeners.

Onesimus knows that the ring is proof against magical observation, and appears much more relaxed here than in the previous encounter. Once the party arrives, preferably when all are within the Stone Ring, read the following aloud:

Few places within sight of the walls of the Free City of Greyhawk remain mysterious. The old Stone Ring is a notable exception. Onesimus leads you first through the Druid's Gate, then across open grassland, up a steep incline, and over a low ridge. Here you find yourselves standing centrally among a dozen ancient stones of monolithic proportions. Each stone is as high as any three humans, and it would

easily take twice that many to join hands around any one.

A noticeable calm crosses over the mad cleric's face. "We can speak freely now," he says. "They cannot scry us here. Still, in time they may even be able to break through the enchantments of this ancient site. Therefore, we must not waste time."

So saying, he pulls a bone case from somewhere in his disheveled garb and pulls a fitted cap off its end. From within he gently extracts a scroll covered with ancient writings, and a small tuning fork made of a silvery metal. "We must talk quickly," he says. "Speak with me as I prepare..."

Onesimus will be patiently cordial for a while but he does not know the information from the previous encounter, even if asked. He was in another frame of mind at the time, and multiple memories is among of the least of his problems right now. What he does know is the following:

- He had a dream in which he visited each of the party members in turn, telling them to meet with him this day. Also, in that dream he was given instructions to pass these mortals to another plane of existence. Knowing that such power was normally beyond him, he visited his order's library, and selected a random scroll from the archives.

- While his own dreams and thoughts were secure within the walls of Ralishaz's temple, he could not be certain that the party would be likewise protected. The ancient druidic Stone Ring lends such protection to all. His own thoughts, however, would have been open during the intervening journey had it not been for the divine befuddlement he had experienced.

- The Realm of Dreams is a blissfully confusing place. To make progress one must hold closely to what one knows since physical properties can be effected by the mind. This previously small dimension has grown in power and prominence recently, and now permeates the Prime Material and Astral plane in an unnatural way. Traveling there should be strange but not overly difficult.

- Before they leave, Onesimus will point out that the road just south of this ring leads to Gorwindle's estate. Seek the familiar along that road, and help will be waiting where they most expect it.

- Onesimus does not know how the characters are to return to the Prime Material plane. Assuming the characters are successful, they will possess something that Istus wants very much. It is reasonable to assume that she will bring them back. He will await their return here in case they fail.

Once the characters seem ready to go, Onesimus will request that they all join hands for the journey. Characters making a successful spellcraft nonweapon proficiency check will realize that Onesimus is casting a *Plane Shift* spell. This shift will take them directly to the Realm of Dreams.

You each join hands, linking your party in a circle as the crazy cleric intones the seemingly random syllables of the spell. Just as you think he is about to finish, you hear the tuning fork pronounce a clear and steady note.

Coincidentally, at that moment everyone in your party sneezes and involuntarily closes their eyes. When your eyes open, you find that Onesimus is no longer with you in the Stone Ring. You also notice that much of the color has gone out of the world as well, and you feel a bit odd.

Somewhere in the back of your mind you get a feeling that you have done this all before. It is then that you notice a glimmer on the ground. You see there a bent tin coin, and you remember Onesimus telling you to stick closely to what you know and seek out Gorwindle's estate.

Give Player Handout #12 to any player that retrieves the coin. The pattern on this coin is similar to the pattern traced by Onesimus in encounter three of the first round of this adventure. Its significance is explained in encounter seven of this round.

Treasure

A bent coin

Encounter Four: Like Deja Vu All Over Again

The PCs are now in the Realm of Dreams, and it is a good time to inform Istus' Emissary that "the Knowledge of Fate is now open to you." Before the player rolls dice, also inform him or her privately that a "dark shadow" looms in the future.

This refers to the Shadow Dragon that they are unknowingly going to meet. As a final note about how Istus' Emissary sees this place, everything that the players did not bring with them has the aura of an illusion. Not the most handy power given the circumstances.

The road to Gorwindle's is a familiar, although unsettling one. This dimension is woven from the fabric of the mind, and gains much of its present substance from the presence of the party itself. Therefore, things will tend to relate to the individual party members very closely. Almost everything that they do encounter in a mundane sense is from some memory of one or more of them. The more of them that remember something, the more real it seems to those who do not share the memory. Feel free to mention to one of the characters that they just happen to find that old knife that they lost, or perhaps one of them meets a puppy dog that they remember from their childhood. These objects may seem real enough here, but they have no more substance than the characters' subconscious desires. And, since mundane items do no damage here anyway, there is no reason to worry about things upsetting future combat too greatly. Have fun, and play it weird.

After a brief travel on the road, read the following aloud:

You have been traveling along a familiar road, and by now you may genuinely expect to see Gorwindle's well manicured estate around the next bend. Still, there is one disconcerting element to your surroundings. You realize now that this place has been getting gradually less intense in color as you have traveled along. Where once pretty pastels washed over the land and yourselves you now notice that everything is very much a drab gray. Where you are now, twilight reigns, giving the shadows a place to play.

Looming ahead, between the shadowy trees, you see what appears to be a cathedral of sorts with spires twisting into the perpetual evening sky. The trees here grow stunted, and dark vines lurk beneath in an unsavory fashion, but a clear path leads through it all to a set of massive wooden doors set in the front of the not so distant edifice.

In these gloomy surroundings you all notice that your senses seem to have

changed. You realize that ever since you arrived in this dimension, you have encountered no scents. Now, sounds seem to be muffled here as well. It is as if you hear only echoes. Perhaps the lack of solid sound and vivid color share a common cause.

There is no immediate danger here outside the building, but the players need not be informed of this. Let them approach the building however they like. When one of them gets close enough to attempt entry or knock on the door read the following section to them.

“Oh, she ain’t gonna like this,” you hear spoken from some place nearby. “Hey (mistah/lady), ya gotta go a’for Sheshusha finds ya, ‘else yous a gonner fo’ real.”

Remembering that the substance of this plain comes from the minds of the players, they may well decide what they next see. The speaker is invisible, and the voice seems to emanate from the air. But, as soon as anyone mentions that they are looking for some general or specific type of creature, that is what they will see. If they search for an Imp, that is what they find. If they search for a goat, one will immediately be present.

Actually, the voice is that of Rufus, an invisible Booka. He is quite harmless, and does not wish to fight or make anyone angry. His job is one of service to Sheshusha, the Shadow Dragon who lives in the Dream Estate. Sheshusha brought him here from the Prime Material plane while the Mistress of Dreams searched through his seeping mind, and his only hope of returning to his family is to render three years of service to his new mistress, the Shadow Dragon. Rufus’ standing orders are to keep the grounds quiet, and that is what he intends to do.

Rufus will attempt to reason with the party, and get them to leave. He will volunteer any information that he can impart that he believes will get them to bypass this place. He may even fabricate a story if it seems to have the desired effect. Rufus, however, does not rightly know the full nature of Sheshusha. He suspects that she is a dragon, but her exact type is a mystery to him. Before he came here, he did not give much thought to the concept of differences in dragon species. Only an uncommon Booka would deal with such creatures anyway.

The players should not necessarily know where to go after this, but they may try to bypass this encounter. Do not let them. As well meaning as Rufus is, Sheshusha can hear extremely well and knew of the party’s presence long ago. She is merely amused to watch Rufus step all over himself trying to follow her orders. If they intend to enter the building, then let them.

The interior of the ancient stone edifice is exceedingly unremarkable except for a series of high open windows and mounds of freshly turned earth on the floor as if someone has just filed in half a dozen graves.

There is nothing remarkable about the interior of this building. The dirt mentioned above is just for atmosphere. Once inside, or outside if they turn to leave the area, read the following.

Suddenly the shadows around you seem to twist, run and coalesce. Any semblance of reality is wrenched from your sight as your surroundings flow together into one shrieking volumous mass that slowly dwindles down into a single petit entity, a female drow elf. She is dark and stunningly beautiful, standing in the abruptly rematerialized surroundings.

“You should never come without an invitation,” she whispers. “My privacy is important, and I do not wish to be disturbed. But, I see now that it is too late to dissuade you from your path; therefore, stay a while, and if you amuse me I may let you live to journey from my homeland. Deny me this and even the Dream Mistress Abjurer cannot save you here.”

Rufus will fly away if he can, shrieking in terror. Depending on what the party envisioned him as, this could be a disconcerting sight too.

Sheshusha prefers the form of a drow elf when first dealing with bipeds. That is what the party will see. Shape change is not an innate ability of hers, but she has lived in this part of the Realm of Dreams so long that she exercises a greater deal of control over it here than even the Mistress of Dreams. Her will overpowers what others may see. Interestingly, in whatever form she takes, Istus’ Emissary will not detect an aura of

illusion around her. She is the most real thing around here at the moment.

Now that she believes that she has cornered the party, she will toy with them if she can. She will ask questions like "Where do you hail from brave travelers?" or "My, what a nice sword. Is that for me?" She will even offer them something to eat, although it will have no flavor or color. What she really wants is the sword held by Istus' Emissary, which she can sense the party possesses. She does know that it can hurt her, and if she can obtain it through trickery, she will. Lies are second nature to Sheshusha and she will falsely say anything and make empty promises to obtain it. The party may part with the sword rather quickly if they happen to mistake her for the Mistress of Dreams, a mistake on which Sheshusha would gladly capitalize.

Once the sword is in her possession, or if the party attempts to leave she will attempt to stop them with the pretense of asking them a riddle.

"Before you turn and travel on, oh you who would deny the Dreamer her due," she whispers, "answer my conundrum, else you line my stomach this eve."

**From deep within I heave,
enshrouding all who breathe,
stealing life,
causing strife,
and none shall dare to leave.**

The answer to this riddle is Sheshusha's own Shadow Dragon breath which she will physically demonstrate on the party whether they answer the riddle correctly or not. Note that a Shadow Dragon breathes a black cloud forty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty feet high. This cloud steals 3/4 of a character's levels (1/2 if they successful save vs. Breath Weapon) for 3d4+2 turns. Characters caught in the blast will need to reduce their hit points, THAC0s, and spells accordingly for combat. Spells listed last on a current spells in memory list will be lost first. Also remember that only magic, magical weapons and Sheshusha's attacks will do any damage here.

Sheshusha is not a brave Dragon, she just believes that here she has the upper hand. When she begins to take damage, and we should assume that sooner or later she will, she begins to have some second thoughts about this battle. Every hit point that Sheshusha takes represents a 2%

cumulative chance per round that she will attempt to surrender the combat. In surrendering she will offer to help the party find their true destination. She does know of a map.

Not long ago she received a dream from a dragon on the Prime Material plane, a boring old sot. In a fashion similar to Onesimus' visitation to the party members, she was given a message. When she awoke, there was a hand written letter on real parchment clutched in her talon. If the party allows her to surrender peacefully, then she will give them Player Handout #8.

She will not volunteer her own treasure even to save her life, and if it is demanded of her even after she fails a percentile check, she will tell the party that she has none. "This is a land of the mind after all, what use is substance?" If they slay her or mentally subdue her in some fashion, however, they will discover that she was lying. Because of the nature of this plane, all of her treasure is indeed magical. If the party slays Sheshusha, then read the following aloud:

With her final breath Sheshusha pronounces a vile curse upon you and your posterity. Then she withers away in a great melting pool of blackness. As the black pool seeps into the ground, small violet and yellow flowers begin to rapidly grow there, and spread throughout your vision. The great cathedral walls shudder and melt likewise leaving no more than a flat plain and a field of flowers behind. And there, in the midst of where the stone edifice stood is a pile of items that you had not previously seen.

The items mentioned are Sheshusha's treasure. Upon examination the characters will find one item of treasure for each member of the party. If there are fewer than six players then remove items from the list from the bottom up:

- **A black wooden walking stick with five gems (a diamond, a ruby, a quartz crystal, an opal, and amber) set in gold filigree on the top knot**
- This is a *rod of passage* with two charges left. Note that the astral travel effect is useless from this plane. The other functions are useful if one knows where they wish to travel to, and they do not know much at the moment.

- **A golden scarab with onyx inlay on a thick gold headband** - this is a *medallion of thought protection* which must be worn on the character's head in order to work.
- **A 5 foot tall kite shield made of a strong silvery alloy emblazoned with a rampant lion** - This is a *shield +2 vs normal attacks and +4 vs missile attacks*.
- **A golden crescent set in a wide silver and gold necklace studded with emeralds and rubies** - This is *Tusmit's Battle Crescent* (See Greyhawk Adventures p. 86)
- **A red suit of plate armor** - This is the *Red Armor of the Hellfurnaces* (See Greyhawk adventures p. 87) It is +4 plate armor made from red dragon scales with special advantages vs. fire.
- **A seven foot long two-handed sword with an iron pommel wrapped in green leather** - This is the *Stonefist Sword of Rage* (Greyhawk Adventures p. 87). It is a +2 weapon that grants the ability to become berserk in battle.

Rufus, Booka (1): AL N(CG); AC 7; MV 12, FI 18 (A); HD 1/2; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT Nil; Dmg Nil; SA none; SD *Invisibility*; MR nil; SZ T; Int 12; ML 8

Sheshusha, Shadow Dragon (1): AL CE; AC -6; MV 18, FI 30 (D), Jp 3; HD 14; hp 80; THAC0 3; #AT 2 claws, 1 bite; Dmg 1D6+6 (per claw), 3D6+6 (bite); SA Energy stealing breath gas, Magic Use at 12th level; SD Variable; MR 30%; SZ H (When in normal form); Int 18; ML 16 (Special rules in encounter text)
Wizard Spells: (1st) *Color Spray*, *Hypnotism* (2nd) *Detect invisibility*, *Invisibility* (3rd) *Invisibility 10 radius*, *Spectral Force*.
Innate Abilities: *Dimension door 2x per day*, *Hide in shadows 65%*, *Mirror image 3x per day*.

Treasure

Sheshusha's treasure listed above

Encounter Five - Nothing to fear but...

After the last encounter the party may have Player Handout #8, the map of the Dreamlands. If they do not then they will have to rely on their wits for how to embark on the journey. Why would they travel on any specific course without the map? Actually the direction of their travel is less important

than their intended destination, the Mistress of Dreams. After they leave the vicinity of Sheshusha's domain read the following to the party:

Well beyond the domain of Sheshusha, you see something flying after you in the distance. At first you may mistake it for a distant dragon, but it is quickly evident that the creature is both closer and smaller than it first appeared.

"Hey yous!" it hollers in a familiar voice. "Wait up, an' I'll help yas. Ol' Sheshusha t'ain't gonna have no use fer the likes o' me after yous gone an' riled her that way."

Only a foot tall, a bright red winged humanoid with red spots and a bulbous nose swoops down and lands near your party. Could this be Rufus?

Yes, it is Rufus. If the party allows him to tag along, he will gladly do their menial chores like polishing boots, and standing guard. He just wants out of this dimension and back to the Prime Material plane, and the party is the most promising prospect for fulfilling that desire. In combat he is no help, and usually curls up in a ball until the fighting stops. Still, he has been in this existence longer than any of the PCs and has a few insights that he will willingly share.

- Things happen here faster if you can draw on a memory to help you. Familiar places, like roads and buildings are the easiest to navigate.

- Whatever direction one travels is usually the right one, but familiar paths always take you there faster. (Whatever path they choose to take from here on is the correct one, just follow the encounters in the specified order.)

If the party tells him that he can come with them, make his presence known occasionally. Throughout the adventure have him ask each character in turn if he can do something special just for them. He can be used generally as a plot device, and he will prove devoted to anyone who treats him fairly and kindly.

With or without Rufus, after the PCs have traveled a bit longer read the following aloud:

Strangely enough, you remember this place. A moment ago you were strolling across a grassy field of pastel flowers, but now you seem to all be chained together in some dungeon. Gone are the provisions and tools of your profession, and replacing them are only a few dirty rags that cover your body. Even once remembered spells are merely a blur in your befuddled consciousness. The ever present clanking reminds you that you have been chained this way for many months.

You were chained in this manner, each to another, because you failed to fulfill your true mission. Because of your failure to gather the lock and key from the Mistress of Dreams, evil has taken control of your fair City of Greyhawk. And now, you must pay the ultimate price. Your lives are forfeit this day. The headman waits above.

Their surroundings have suddenly changed, and so it seems has the plot. Keep it moving quickly and give the characters very little time to actually think. As soon as they seem to be formulating a plan for escape, change their surroundings as they first are escorted out of the dungeon, through underground tunnels and stairs, across the courtyard of the great Citadel of Greyhawk, and finally walk up to the platform where they are to be executed for high treason.

They cannot escape the dungeon, because they are too quickly led up and out into a large central courtyard. The courtyard is full of people awaiting the PCs' execution. They are led up *thirteen stairs* onto a wooden platform and each unceremoniously placed into three holed stocks which are clamped down on each of them practically simultaneously.

The characters are feeling the full weight of the world's anxieties as expressed through their own fear or failure. Similar to a *phantasmal killer* spell, the characters will have to face this fear in order to survive. Let them squirm as citizens pelt them with garbage, and nobles walk by and expectorate. After all, it is all in their minds.

After degrading them a while as lowly criminals bound for execution, read the following aloud:

Helpless, you stand in the stocks, your bare neck exposed, as the charges against you are read by Fatima herself.

"And on this day, for failing in their duty to City State, and Country, these the condemned did willfully fail in their mission to garner the items required for tasks unspecified. Let those who know their fate learn to master it."

So saying, she signals seven drummers to begin a steady roll and the headman strides up to the platform with a rather sharp looking and top heavy steel axe. Hooded, and bare chested, the massive executioner begins some sort of exotic dance of death that culminates in the demise of a rather large gourd somewhere to your left.

From above the din you hear a piercing cry, "I object!" And there, beautiful in her flowing violet robes stands a strange woman. "I renounce your methods, and I formally renounce you!" She cries as she strides up the thirteen stairs leading to your platform.

"Dream Mistress you should not abjure so," smirks Fatima. "After all, their crime was letting you get the better of them."

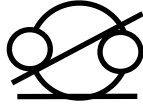
"Even so," shouts the Mistress of Dreams, "is it not my place to renounce? It is my role, after all." On this note she produces from her pocket a small bundle that appears to be a purple man with red spotted wings. "Even the Booka may go free if I am paid homage."

Fatima, seeming fatigued by the entire conversation agrees. Gesturing to your shackled and helpless party she whispers, "yes, and these then could very well reweave their own fate if only they possessed the strands to do so."

Visibly bereaved, the Mistress of Dreams turns to leave, but Fatima stops her with a silent hand. Reaching her left hand to her right sleeve, Fatima pulls out a single long strand of thread from her hem and hands it to the Dream Mistress, looping it around her wrist. Visibly surprised by this gesture, the Mistress of Dreams falls to her knees weeping.

"Let the execution commence!" cries Fatima as she fixes a cold stare on the headman.

If any character carefully scrutinizes the Mistress of Dreams they will notice that her robes are not solid violet, but carry a repeated motif of a single rune meaning "one who abjures:"



Now, the PCs are probably feeling rather helpless, but they are not. There are two ways to get through this encounter alive.

The first method is rather unsatisfying, but straight forward. If the players do nothing, they each must make a system shock roll when the headman's axe falls on them in turn. Those successfully making the required percentile roll live. Those missing the required roll are dead, baring any magic after the fact from other party members. Bummer.

The second method requires the players to attempt to reweave their fates, as Fatima just suggested. Any player who has not discarded the strand of thread that Fatima gave to them may call upon its power now. If mentioned by a player, their strand will materialize within full view of their character. It will move and react as if entirely under the character's conscious control, and it will be entirely indestructible in this manifestation.

Their mere control of the thread will not be enough. Each player must state how his or her strand works to alter the environment. Tripping people, forming protective barriers, and constricting bonds are all that would have immediate effects. Let the players think of their own.

Once the threads are materialized, the character will be free of the harmful effects of this encounter as each part of the illusion successively shatters until that character is fully back in the Realm of Dreams with the rest of the surviving party members. It is not too late to complete their task.

Encounter Six - Waiting for Godot...

After the last encounter, the players may attempt to travel in any number of directions. Wherever they travel, this encounter finds them. If the players are following the map, it should occur roughly when they believe that they are in the area marked "Oasis?"

You have been traveling for quite some time across a basically barren landscape. The

only break in the monotony for miles is the road that you follow. It seems to be wherever you choose to go.

On the horizon you see what appears to be a single tree. Conveniently, and coincidentally, it appears to be near the road. As you approach, you see that it appears both barren and deserted, its lifeless limbs denuded of leaves.

Carved into the trunk of the tree are odd runes that you have never seen before. Still, you can all read them perfectly.

Give the PCs Player Handout #9 and let them read it.

This place lies at the edge of the Plains of Hope and represents unanswered dreams, and unrealized wishes. No one will come, nothing will happen.

This is an existential experiment to see how long they will stay. If they attempt to follow the instructions contained in the message, ask them exactly how they complete each step. Ask them to clarify certain procedures if you think that they are being vague. For reference, if the players circle the tree counterclockwise (widdershins) three times, and spin twice to the right (dexter) and once to the left (sinister), then they will have fulfilled the written instructions. Still, nothing will happen in response to their actions.

If you get them to stay for at least five minutes of real time, have one of them notice a new leaf on the tree that they are sure was not there when they arrived. After ten real minutes, have a small boy run by and tell them that Mr. Godot is on his way, if only they can wait a bit longer. He will most assuredly be here tomorrow. Keep them guessing and see just how long they will wait for Godot in this land of unanswered hope. After fifteen minutes a flock of dark creatures will gather in the sky, and after twenty minutes they will leave. Beyond that, nothing will happen.

If they decide to leave, ask them if they are sure. Point out that there will probably not be enough time to return here later, and that Godot assured them that he would be here tomorrow. Eventually they should just get tired of waiting and go away... then again, maybe not...

Note: This encounter is special in that it has little to do with the *plot* of this module, but it has everything to do with the *theme* of the entire adventure. Some DMs and players may recognize the setting taken

straight from Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." Herein the metaphor becomes even more acute. In the first round, the "oasis" provided a means where trust and hope might lead to fulfillment. Here, trust and hope can only lead to disappointment or more trust and hope. Such may be the plight of mere mortals who would enter into the affairs of the gods.

Encounter Seven - The Stone Stands alone...

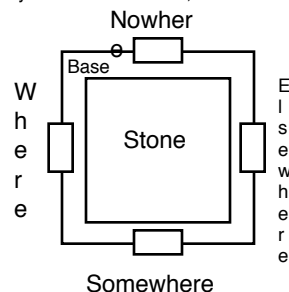
Once the party gets tired of waiting for Godot, let them travel on to the Standing Stone. It is marked on their map and it is their next destination on the way to find the Mistress of Dreams. This encounter will culminate in a puzzle that the PCs must answer correctly if they are to find the Mistress of Dreams. If they answer incorrectly, they will not meet the Mistress of Dreams in this adventure. Whether the PCs meet her or not will not effect the outcome of the adventure, but meeting her would help the players believe that they might fulfill their goal.

When they leave the tree, read the following:

Leaving Godot's Oasis, you travel on a brief distance and see a monolith on the horizon. As you gradually approach, you realize that it is a huge stone some fifty feet tall set along the side of the road. The stone has four faces, each inscribed with the same sort of runes that you encountered on the tree. Some are inscribed so high up that you must crane your neck uncomfortably to read them properly.

At the base of the stone is a huge slab pedestal with four post and lintel portals set in it, one at each of the four cardinal directions. These appear to be inscribed with similar runes. Magical mists obscure any attempts to peer inside these four apparent entrances into the base of the monolith, but you feel that you must choose one doorway in order to proceed.

Give the Party Handout #10. The base of this stone is a gateway through which the PCs must pass in order to locate their goal, the Mistress of Dreams. Only one of the four portals labeled **Nowhere**, **Somewhere**, **Elsewhere**, and **Where**, will lead the PCs to their goal.



Only one may be selected through which the party may travel. Therefore, the first party member through any door will select the destination of the entire group.

At first, the PCs do not necessarily know that only one doorway can be selected, but once one door is selected, the other doors will disappear. Neither is there a return portal on the other side, so characters cannot leave and return through a door. The mists inside swirl so thick that they cannot stick their heads inside to see what is within. Once committed they can only go one way.

It is possible that some parties may try to enter multiple doors simultaneously. If they try this tactic, and one of the doors that they try is the "Nowhere" door, then the "Nowhere" door will remain, and the others will disappear. If they try this option and the "Nowhere" door is not one of the ones that they try, then dice randomly for the one that remains, and the others will instantly disappear.

If the players end up selecting the door labeled "Nowhere" then go to encounter eight, otherwise they will have selected one of the other three portals and must skip encounter eight to go to encounter number nine.

This riddle has been building for some time, and the PCs should have encountered most of the pieces in previous encounters throughout this round of the adventure. Encounters three and seven from the first round foreshadowed this place and this riddle, but by now the players have seen all of the pieces, the main difficulty should be in bringing them together, which is the primary purpose of the questions carved into this stone. The solution to the riddle follows this logic:

Q: What sum is the slyest prime?

A: 13

1) The number thirteen is important. In this round, it is referred to twice in encounter five, once in encounter two, on the coin in encounter three, and

in two of the opening dreams. The inscription over the "Where" door recalls those dreams where this answer is initially given.

Q: From whence does knowledge arise?

A: Writing, Runes, Letters

2) The answer is based in runes, or letters. These are also alluded to in those dreams, and the inscription over the "Somewhere" door specifically recalls this. The pattern on the coin refers to a thirteen letter alphabetical rotation (exactly half way), and also carries a rune that should be easily translated as "one who renounces" or "Abjurer." This rune is also used to identify the Mistress of Dreams in encounter five.

The Mistress of Dreams renounces what is true, if you can name her then find her you'll do. For riddles are best when pondered in three. I am where what I am, and therein lies the key.

A: Abjurer = Nowhere

3) One who formally renounces is by definition an abjurer. If the players do not know this, they need only consult their sheet of "Portentous Runes." The Mistress of Dreams is identified as such by both Sheshusha and by herself in encounter number five. Over the "Elsewhere" door is the rhyme from the dreams that highlights this. Transposing the letters of the word "Abjurer" thirteen letters (in either direction) produces the word "Nowhere."

This riddle is yet another collective subconscious manifestation of the PCs inner selves. It represents the physical workings of a cooperative emotional state. As the PCs must physically work together to overcome great odds, they must also mentally cooperate in order to come to the proper destination. It is only through clarity and unity of thought, or random luck, that the players can complete their task in locating the Mistress of Dreams.

Also, on the stone is the verse found on Player Handout #3 from the first round. Some parties may not have been able to read it before. Those who were able to translate it in round one may notice that the rhyming couplet at the end is different. The gloves have not been mentioned to the players before except in one of the opening dreams. These gloves play a part in round three as well as appearing in encounter nine.

Remind the players that writings, like dreams are easily forgotten, and someone may

wish to write some of it down if they want to remember it correctly later. When the PCs decide on a door and step through, read the following aloud:

Like an old fish lying in hot marmalade, you feel a sound like a furry mountain trumpeting on an old stove kettle. And, just as all becomes clear in one sickening and spiny lunge, the pusillanimous yellow haze clears from your mind. Here you are, just where you expected. Or so you think, anyway. What were you thinking? It was all so clear for a brief instant, and now it is gone.

From here go on to the proper encounter, eight or nine. Before they arrive, however, inform Istus' Emissary that "the Knowledge of Fate is now open to you."

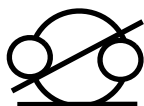
Encounter Eight - Magic Squares

If the players arrive here, then they have answered the riddle from encounter seven correctly (or they just got lucky and picked the right door). Read the following to them:

This is definitely where you should have been heading all this time. It seems to be the most real place that you have visited in a long while. You stand in a grassy clearing among a dense wood. Central to this place is a woman wearing violet robes. She is bound with a golden glowing rope to a large stone pole protruding from the center of a pattern painted on the grass. Obviously uncomfortable, she futilely struggles against her bonds.

The pattern on the grass appears to be a hastily scrawled muddy, pitch grid of nine squares arranged in a three square by three square format. Each square is about eight feet wide, and the woman is staked in the center square. From here you can see that something is scrawled in each of the squares.

When the PCs arrive hand them Player Handout #11 in order to show them the pattern painted on the ground with pitch. The Mistress of Dreams is securely bound over the rune in the center which identifies the occupant as "one who abjures."



This magic square is meant to keep the Mistress of Dreams inside as much as to keep the PCs out. After having been tricked by her netherworldly cohort, the Mistress of Dreams was ambushed, tied up, and left in this glade for safe keeping. She is imprisoned here by the very nature of this plane, bound with ropes comprised of her own expectations and limitations. In accordance with the dual nature of this plane, the ropes appear for all practical purposes to be made of glowing silken cord.

The creature that has imprisoned the Mistress of Dreams here expects that she will eventually find a way to escape or be rescued, and that is why he placed this Magic Square. Again, the square pattern on the ground is more than it seems, and it now serves as his alarm system.

There is no specific spell in effect here that the PCs are likely to recognize, however, PCs with spellcraft as a nonweapon proficiency can try to make a successful roll against that skill. Successfully using the skill will allow the character to be certain that this is some sort of magical alarm system that draws on the dreamlike nature of this plane in order to function, and that the key to triggering it is similar to that of a magic mouth. It may be successfully traversed by someone fulfilling a certain set of circumstances which will be made clear later in this encounter.

Anyone crossing the squares improperly or attempting to destroy any part of the pattern will immediately draw unwanted attention to themselves. Triggering this alarm will transport the entire party to encounter nine, and they cannot return. The square may be dispelled as if it were cast at 18th level.

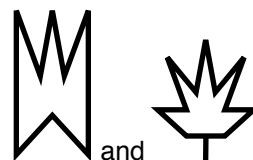
Finally, flying over or digging under are not valid means of circumventing the trap since a *magic mouth* type instruction may be stupid, but is not blind. Flying over invisibly with a *silence* spell, might work temporarily, until the Mistress of Dreams is freed.

The Mistress of Dreams is obviously trapped at the center of this pattern, and struggles against her bonds. She can shout to the party across the pattern, and will do so when they arrive:

The woman within the pattern sees you arrive and shouts, "Stay back from the runes

inscribed upon the ground. Cross them not by foot or wing. My captor left them to keep you out, claiming that he would use them to 'test the color of your mettle.'"

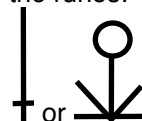
Studying the runes before them, most will seem familiar, but there are two not included on the "Portentous Runes" sheet:



and

Characters proficient in ancient Suloise or Flan may make a roll against that skill to identify the runes as meaning "red" and "green" respectively. Otherwise, the Mistress of dreams can identify them for the party if asked.

This puzzle lies complete before them now. Only the bearer of Law Wrought may cross the squares containing the runes:



or

"The color of their metal," Law Wrought, is silver as identified on Player Handout #7, and stated in the verse found on both standing stones:

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.

In the first round, Redblade was identified as having a dark reddish hue. Only PCs who successfully acquired Redblade in that round will definitely know this.

Whoever bears the sword may walk to the center square over either of the two squares mentioned above, and not trigger the alarm. The PCs may rescue the Mistress of Dreams without difficulty. As with other deities so far, no statistics are provided for her here, since the players cannot actually harm her on her own personal plane.

Prior to freeing her, the PCs will have a definite advantage over the Mistress of Dreams, and the Emissary of Istus may wish to press his or her advantage at this time. The Mistress of Dreams is more than happy to accept any terms offered by the PCs provided they free her and vanquish the creature that has trapped her here.

They do not even have to offer the sword Law Wrought, but she will accept it gratefully if offered.

“Thank you strangers,” she says as she brushes aside her bonds like so many cob webs. Now that the square is circumvented, I am again fully aware of my realm. “But I am not a cruel hostess, and would offer you a boon before parting. Name your wish and I will see to its fulfillment. Then I must be off to replenish my dwindling power.”

All sorts of wishes could be made here. Within her realm, she controls all and can grant many things. Unfortunately for the players, her power does not extend far beyond this plane of existence and therefore most of her magics will fade within a day after leaving this realm. Some things that she can easily do:

- Bring characters back from the dead, as long as they do not plan to leave this realm ever again. They can, however, live on in the Dreamlands forever.
- Grant physical items, as long as one does not plan to take them beyond this plane. All physical items taken to other planes will fade with the next dawn, but the PCs would not necessarily know that.
- Transport the party anywhere they like in this plane, or on the Prime Material plane. This includes anywhere except inside the ancient Stone Ring or on the holy ground of other deities. She will even transport them to encounter number nine if the players want to go there or have promised to vanquish her monstrous foe.

Incidentally, if she is asked about the lock and key, she will tell the party that she once possessed those items, but her betrayer has them now. This should also lead to the party wishing to meet this creature.

If they insist on attacking her, she will just leave and they will not be able to locate her.

If the party successfully frees her, and does not go to encounter number nine then read the following to them:

You seem to have been successful in locating the Mistress of Dreams.

Unfortunately for you, she no longer has the lock and key requested by Fatima. You begin to wonder what will happen now? No specific provisions were made for your return.

Suddenly, you feel a pull at your joints, as if someone were tugging on invisible wires attached to you like a giant marionette. You can feel them pulling you in directions previously undreamed of. When you land, it is in a familiar stone circle, near a familiar skyline. You are back in the ancient Stone Ring outside the walls of Greyhawk, and you can move freely once more.

The sword given to them by Istus will not be present among them when they return. This will come as no surprise if they gave it to Sheshusha or the Mistress of Dreams, but should be immediately pointed out if they had it right before they returned. Go to Encounter Number Ten from here.

Encounter Nine - A wrong turn?

If the PCs arrive here, it means that they have either not answered the riddle from encounter seven correctly, set off the alarm of the magic square in encounter eight, or had the Mistress of Dreams transport them here. Read the following description to them:

You have been unceremoniously deposited in the center of a grandly decorated hall. The vaulted ceiling overhead is at least a hundred feet above you, and the walls sprout a complicated buttress superstructure that is marvelous to behold. Adorning the copious wall space are spun tapestries of strangely disturbing patterns involving seemingly impossible geometric relationships.

Sitting regally at one end of the spacious hall, as if on a throne, is a hideous creature dressed in fine jewels and green fur. Standing, it might well reach thrice as tall as any human. It could cradle any of you easily in one of its huge taloned hands, or swallow you whole in its great tusked maw.

It peers at your entire party, an expression, perhaps of amusement, crosses its face. “Ah, this is what has been making me itch so,” it intones in a squeaky

little voice that seems exceedingly out of place. "You see, I knew you would eventually end up here. Haven't you learned yet that no matter what your path you will always reach the proper destination of your dreams."

Rufus will instantly go catatonic in the presence of this creature, and the only way through this encounter is by combating the creature in some manner. Characters looking for an exit may find a door behind the tapestries, but all doors lead directly back to this room. This place is central to the Realm of Dreams as an eye is central to a storm. All currents lead back here.

Characters looking for points of interest will notice the throne seems to be jewel encrusted, as do many of the ornaments worn by the creature. Also visible on the creature's belt are four items of specific interest. There is a lock that is chained to a huge golden buckle, there is a key that hangs from a fob to one side, and there are a pair of huge red scaled gloves that are tucked into the creature's girdle on the other side. The gloves and the key could possibly be snatched by a quick fingered individual, but the lock will not be removable during combat.

If the creature is slain then read the following passage to the party:

You realize that you have won the battle when the huge monstrosity that has been responsible for so much of your recent toil begins to teeter and fall. Its knees buckle as it falls closer to the floor. Then something truly unnerving happens.

The creature begins to straighten in an unnatural manner, as if great invisible strings were attached to its joints. Like a child's toy puppet, the gruesome marionette begins a slow ascent to its original height.

You feel held fast to the floor and you notice that you are each powerless to move. From your own joints you now notice a multitude of multi-colored threads attached in a similar marionette fashion, culminating in a snarled rats nest of short twine lying limply on the floor before you. Your threads do not respond to you now, and without the power of those strands, you seem powerless to alter what now transpires.

From somewhere nearby, a small child enters and walks slowly by your motionless forms. He looks very much like a small beggar child that you saw fleetingly back at the Petit Bazaar of Greyhawk. He also appears to be unafraid of his surroundings.

Gently he walks around and retrieves the lock, the key, and the large red scaled pair of gloves from their current resting places. As he turns to leave, you notice that he also has the sword entrusted to your group by Fatima. Such a small child dragging so large a sword might look comical under other circumstances, yet none of you can muster a laugh as he slowly retreats from the room.

Pushing aside a tapestry, he begins to leave by an exposed doorway. Turning as he exits, you see him place one hand on top of his head in a juvenile gesture of disrespect. He utters the single challenging syllable of "bppspt!" in your direction, and runs down the hall giggling.

Motionless for an eternity, you suddenly feel your strings grow taught. Still tangled and uncomfortable, you can feel them pulling you in directions previously undreamed of. When you land it is in a familiar stone circle, near a familiar skyline. You are back in the ancient Stone Ring outside the walls of Greyhawk, and you can move.

Go to Encounter Number Ten from here.

Daemon (They could not even begin to pronounce its name) (1): AL N(E); AC -2; MV 18; HD 15; hp 120; THAC0 -5; #AT 3; Dmg 1d12/1d12/1d20; SA able to deal physical damage as a +2 weapon (can do real damage in the Dreamlands); SD +2 or better weapon to hit; MR 25%; SZ L (15 feet tall); Int 16; ML 18
Innate Abilities: Immune to *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, *polymorph*, and *fear* spells. Immune to fire and electrical attacks. Able to cast a *suggestion* spell once per round even when in combat.

Encounter Ten - Back again...

The characters should either be returning to the Stone Rings from encounter eight or nine. If they came directly from eight, then they did not get the full effect of Ralishaz's avatar, but they may have

encountered the Mistress of Dreams. Either way, read the following to them.

You now stand beneath a star lit sky within the familiar Stone Circle. Onesimus is still there and stares at you blankly before collapsing in exhaustion. “ Too weak...,” you hear him mumble before he passes out entirely.

“He means two weeks,” you hear the familiar voice of Fatima say from behind you. Surprised you spin to see her there. Even in the moonlight she looks frighteningly disheveled. Her robes are worn and the seams appear threadbare. Her spindles are knotted and tangled at her side.

“You have been gone two weeks from this place, and he has stayed here ever vigilant. I weep for him and his choice of master. There has been betrayal at each level along the way, but The Gambler’s was the worst of all.”

“You are freed from my service and may live freely for a while if you can. I do not think it will be for very long.” So saying, she appears before you no more.

Quietly you collect the sleeping Onesimus, and carry him back to the city nearby.

Only those PCs that remained alive have been returned here. Deceased characters using the character generation guidelines are out of the game. Note that Rufus will still be with the party if he was traveling with them. He will not stay with them long afterwards.

End the Scenario here and begin scoring procedures.

Treasure Summary

Encounter one

Law Wrought - a +3 *vorpal weapon* that comes with the Emissary's job

Encounter Three

A bent coin

Encounter Four

A black wooden walking stick with five gems (a diamond, a ruby, a quartz crystal, an opal, and amber) set in gold filigree on the top knot

- This is a *rod of passage* with two charges left.

Note that the astral travel effect is useless from this plane. The other functions are useful if one knows where they wish to travel to, and they do not know much at the moment.

A golden scarab with onyx inlay on a thick gold headband - this is a *medallion of thought protection* which must be worn on the character's head in order to work.

A 5 foot tall kite shield made of a strong silvery alloy emblazoned with a rampant lion - This is a *shield +2 vs normal attacks* and *+4 vs missile attacks*.

A golden Crescent set in a wide silver and gold necklace studded with emeralds and rubies - This is *Tusmit's Battle Crescent* (See Greyhawk Adventures p. 86)

A red suit of plate armor - This is the *Red Armor of the Hellfurnaces* (See Greyhawk adventures p. 87) It is +4 plate armor made from red dragon scales with special advantages vs. fire.

A seven foot long two-handed sword with an iron pommel wrapped in green leather - This is the *Stonefist Sword of Rage* (Greyhawk Adventures p. 87). It is a +2 weapon that grants the ability to become berserk in battle.

Player handouts #1-3, Dream sequences

Cut apart the following dream descriptions and hand one to each player around the table. The slips should be handed out in order. For groups greater than six, handouts #5 and #6 can be copied and given to multiple characters.

#1: ... you remember a time when things were not so dire. How you long for such times again.

The beast that Erdwile had sent forth to the Hellfurnace's has just returned. Oh, its stench is terrible. You know where it is now by the plume of steam growing over the lake below this hill. Was that a howl that you heard?

Now it is coming up the slope, carrying its dreadful burden. Those swords must be perfectly forged for this to work. What did Erdwile say? Would the lock and key along with the swords form a perfect seven? You had thought six, but he had stressed that the key and the lock were integrally separate. Perhaps, if you had said seven earlier, you could be setting up the mystic circles and Erdwile would be here in your stead making sure that the ugly and smelly beast made it up the hill with all five swords.

But wait, you can see it better now. How did it get so close that quickly? It appears as a man in very strange clothing, and not as a savage beast after all. Is he speaking to you?

"I must speak with you soon," he says. Odd, he seems very personable, and very urgent. "You must come to the temple now!" he insists. Very well then...

You awake, and you have an overwhelming urge to go seek out Onesimus at the temple of Ralishaz down by Assassins end.

#2: ... Oh, the shame of it all, to have been reduced to such a lowly state. These little humans may have the upper hand now, but they will be careless some day. To think of summoning you here and forcing you to labor so long. The heat of the volcano was refreshing for a brief while, but the smithing was tedious.

Now back by the lake, the steam rises as you quench the tempered metal of the final blade. It is almost over. You begin the ascent to the stone circle.

There on the hill you see him. They have set some idiot apprentice there to watch you like some sort of animal. You will make them pay someday. The long trek is even more tedious.

You see him better now, and he is no apprentice. This will be the final insult. They have set some fool jester to watch you. Even an apprentice would be less insulting. And what? The perturbing little twit dares to speak?

"We must speak," he intones. Do you know him? "I await you at the temple."

You awake, and you have an overwhelming urge to go seek out Onesimus at the temple of Ralishaz down by Assassins end.

#3: Is this your room? You can seem to remember it as a child experiences things. This is a place of learning for you. You are aware of your tutor nearby; she is teaching you runes.

"The riddle is our chief rhetorical structure," she says. "If we recall the structure, we can recall the answer, and thus we preserve the learning."

"Give me a test," you request.

"What sum is the slyest prime?" she asks.

"Ten and three," you obediently respond. This you had learned even before you had even mastered the riddling concept.

"From whence does knowledge arise?" she continues.

"From runic lore to remembrance now," you again answer. Really, this is so simple that you are almost insulted.

"The Mistress of Dreams renounces what is true, if you can name her then find her you'll do. For riddles are best when pondered in three. I am where what I am, and therein lies the key."

You look around to see that your tutor has been replaced by a strangely dressed fellow. Startled you let out a brief yelp.

"I must hold council with you in the temple," he says and you awake from your dream. You feel an overwhelming urge to seek out Onesimus at the temple of Ralishaz down by Assassins End.

And, what of your riddle? The answer is simple if you no where.

Player handouts #4-6, Dream sequences

Cut apart the following dream descriptions and hand one to each player around the table. The slips should be handed out in order. For groups greater than six, handouts #5 and #6 can be copied and

#4: This is your room. You can remember it as a child experiences things. This is a place of learning for you. You are aware of your tutor nearby; he is teaching you runes.

"The riddle is our chief rhetorical structure," he says. "If we recall the structure, we can recall the answer, and thus we preserve the learning."

"Give me a test," you request.

"What sum is the slyest prime?" he asks.

"Ten and three," you obediently respond. This you had learned even before you had even mastered the riddling concept.

"From whence does knowledge arise?" he continues.

"From runic lore to remembrance now," you again answer. Really, this is so simple that you are almost insulted.

"The Master of Dreams renounces what is true, if you can place him then name him you'll do. For riddles are best when pondered in three. I am what where I am, and therein lies the key."

You look around to see that your tutor has been replaced by a strangely dressed lunatic. Startled you let out a brief yelp.

"I must hold council with you in the temple," he says and you awake from your dream. You feel an overwhelming urge to seek out Onesimus at the temple of Ralishaz down by Assassins End.

And, what of your riddle? The answer is simple if you no where.

#5: You perceive a ring of steel lined with swords before you hovering above a purple and black field of great tiles. As you watch you perceive that the tiles are switching back and forth around a single empty space. As one tile leaves a vacancy behind, filling the previous empty space, another then shifts to fill the new vacancy. This pattern goes on for a long time, and you perceive that it may have no end.

Eventually the swords begin to spin, and a voice speaks to you saying, "This magic remains forever even, lock and key, five swords make seven. With all this magic intertwined when added gloves, two and seven make nine."

Immediately a man stands beside you wearing your undergarments. Along with the pot that he wears for a helmet and the bright red scaly gloves on his hands, he looks perfectly silly. Before you can laugh he talks to you in the same voice that accompanied the spinning swords. "We must speak. You must come to the temple now!" he insists. Very well then...

You awake, and you have an overwhelming urge to go seek out Onesimus at the temple of Ralishaz down by Assassins end.

#6: He said that he would be here today. You are sure of that. Perhaps you arrived too late and had missed him. You vaguely remember standing here yesterday with a similar thought.

Didi, your best and only friend, stands here as well. He looks equally despondent. Having nothing better to say, he looks at you and intones, "We must wait, he said he would meet us here."

"How do we know that we are to meet him here?" you ask, indicating the barren countryside around you.

"This is the place," answers Didi, indicating the barren tree under which you stand.

"I see," you say. The two of you wait in silence, two despondent people in a barren countryside, under a lifeless tree.

Suddenly, everything seems alive as a clown steps from behind your tree. The comical figure is dressed in the brightest colors that you have ever seen and carries three bones in his left hand.

"I must speak with you soon," he says. Odd, he seems very personable, and very urgent. "You must come to the temple now!" he insists. Very well, then....

You awake, and you have an overwhelming urge to go seek out Onesimus at the temple of Ralishaz down by Assassins end.

Player Handout #7: Emissary of Istus

If the DM hands this paper specifically to you, then your character has been granted the dubious honor and title of Istus' Emissary. With great power comes great responsibility. This paper should be kept by you for the remainder of this round in order to remind you of that responsibility and help you keep track of that power.

The power you have to complete your mission:

The sword that you have been given in trust is a +3 *silver vorpal weapon* known as Law Wrought. It has a *geas* upon it that will not allow you to bring it near any of its four remaining sister blades. As far as you know, the other blades share the same *geas*. This blade also imparts upon the wielder the ability to *detect illusions*. When this power manifests, the wielder can see a silvery glow around those things that have no physical substance.

You and your party each bear a strand of thread that is uniquely your own fate. In conjunction with your new purpose, Istus has granted you the ability to more fully utilize that fate. You must tie your strand in a loop somewhere on your person (around a wrist, ankle, finger, etc.). As long as you bear the blade known as Law Wrought as a symbol of your purpose, and as long as you wear that thread as a symbol of your patronage, you will have insight into your own fate.

At various times throughout this round the DM will inform you that "the Knowledge of Fate is now open to you." This is your cue. Whenever you hear the DM say this to you, you must once for each point of your own Wisdom, roll a die. The die that you roll is up to you. You can even mix and match your dice if you so wish. Write these rolled numbers down in order on the record sheet provided. The next time you need to make a die roll, consult your chart. You will use the next roll of the appropriate sided die from your list rather than making a new roll. Only if you run out of pregenerated rolls of the appropriate dice, will you actually begin rolling for random numbers. It is as if your life has just been opened like a book, and you can see a small part of your destiny.

Example:

Othak the Brave has a Wisdom of 10, is chosen as Istus' Emissary, and has the Knowledge of Fate opened to him. He then decides that he will make five to hit rolls, three damage rolls, and two miscellaneous rolls on his chart. One roll for each point of Wisdom. Therefore, he rolls 1d20 5 times, 1d8 3 times, and a d4, and a d6 just to round off his ten rolls. He rolls a 5, 14, 15, 8, and 12 on the d20, a 1, 4 and 7 on the d8, a 4 on the d4 and a 1 on the d6. These numbers he records on the chart.

In the next encounter he searches for secret doors and finds none. Since he would have had to roll a 1 on a d6 to find a secret door, and he knows that his last d6 roll was a 1, he can be sure that there were no secret doors to be found through normal search techniques. These rolls take precedence even over normally hidden rolls. Once used, the d6 roll is scratched from his sheet.

Later, Othak needs to make a save vs. poison. Since he must roll a d20, he uses the first d20 roll that he made earlier. Even though he rolled it intending to use it as a "to hit" roll, it uses the same sort of die, and therefore qualifies as his next d20 roll. With a roll of 5, chances are that Othak does not make his save. He begins to desperately hope that the poison is not deadly. When he wakes up for the impending Mind Flayer attack, he still has a 14, 15, 8, and a 12 for his first attack rolls, in that order.

Your responsibility to Istus:

The Mistress of Fate has charged you with two mutually exclusive tasks. You are to attempt to the best of your ability to fulfill the first before you resort to the second.

Task #1: You are to represent the interest of Istus to a minor deity known only as the Mistress of Dreams. You have been given a powerful mystic sword to offer her in trade for a magical lock and key that she is believed to possess. While in possession of the blade in question, you will be protected from much of the power of the Mistress of Dreams. Istus is counting on you to make this scheme work, because if you do not, then you must complete task #2.

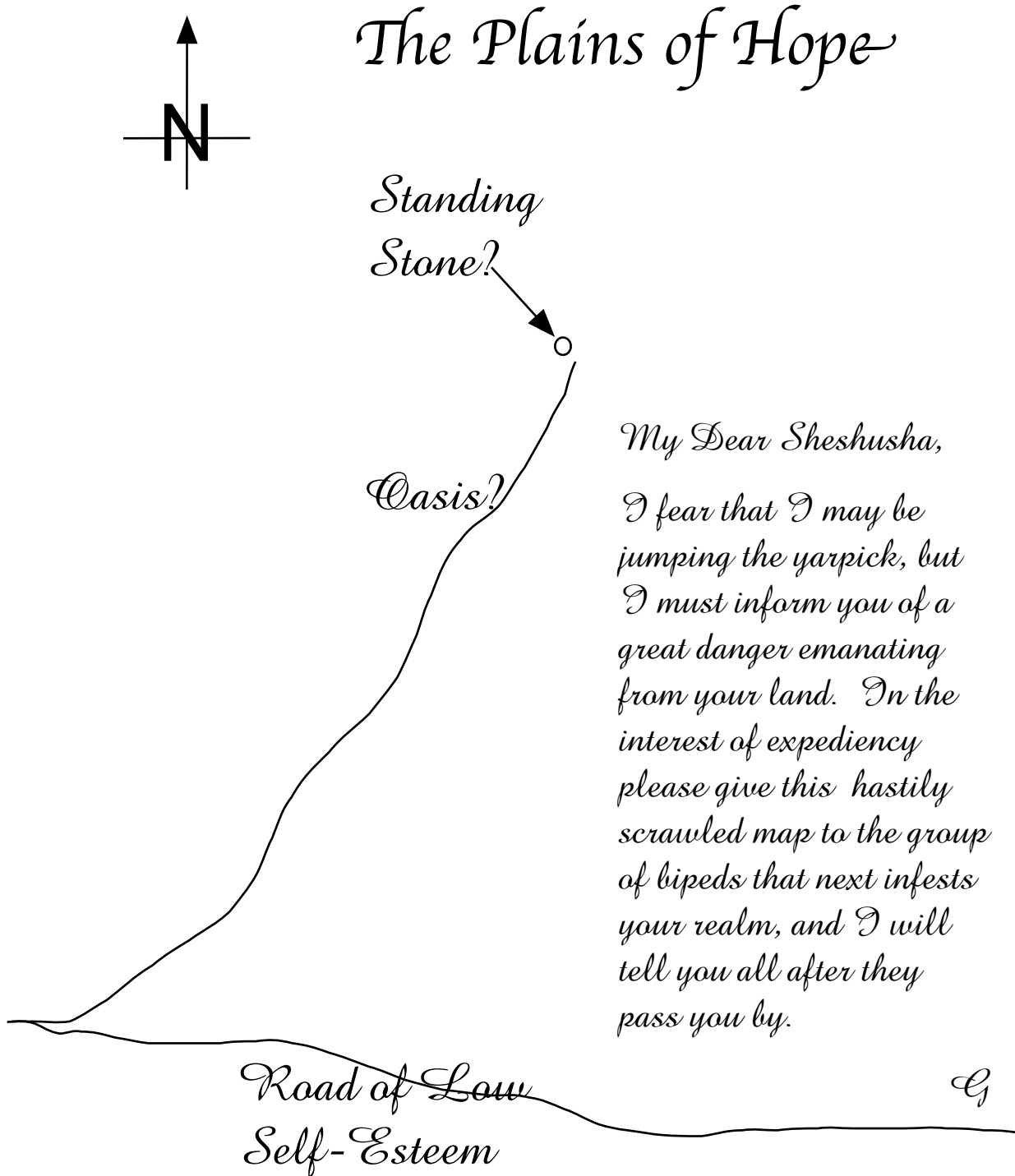
Task #2: Failing to trade the sword for the lock and key, you are charged with using the sword that you would have traded to smite the dream weaving deity, and take the lock and key by force if possible.

Below is a space provided for you to make your ten die rolls. You will also need to write these rolls down for the DM before continuing on.

Dice Roll Record Sheet:

Sides	Roll	Sides	Roll
#1		#11	
#2		#12	
#3		#13	
#4		#14	
#5		#15	
#6		#16	
#7		#17	
#8		#18	
#9		#19	
#10		#20	

Player Handout #8 - Map of the Dreamlands (There is no scale)



Player Handout # 9 - Oasis?

This message is carved into the old lifeless tree:

Godot's Oasis

Travelers to see the Mistress of Dreams,

I can answer your questions, and I can help you attain your goal. I wish I could have been here to greet you this day, but I will most surely come tomorrow. Do not lose hope, for your presence alone adds life to this place.

When you arrive here, circle the tree thrice widdershins, circumscribe the spiral twice dexter, and once sinister. Then I will return tomorrow.

G

V & E WERE HERE!!!

Player Handout # 10 - the Stone Monolith

The great stone has four inscribed sides, each side with a door situated at the base.

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

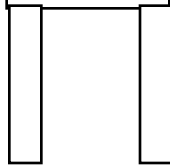
Without the walls of the wizard's world,
no one calls or cares
The stagnant fog of plague and war,
is truth of all despair.

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.

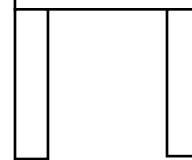
This magic locked and intertwined
Gloves, Lock, key, five swords make nine.

Nowhere



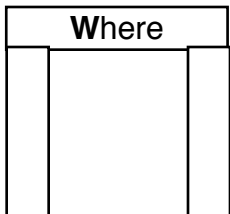
The mistress of illusion
renounces what is true,
if you can name her
then find her you'll do.
For riddles are best
when pondered in
three.
I am where what I am,
and therein lies the
key.

Elsewhere



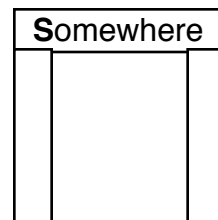
What sum
is the
slyest
prime?

Where

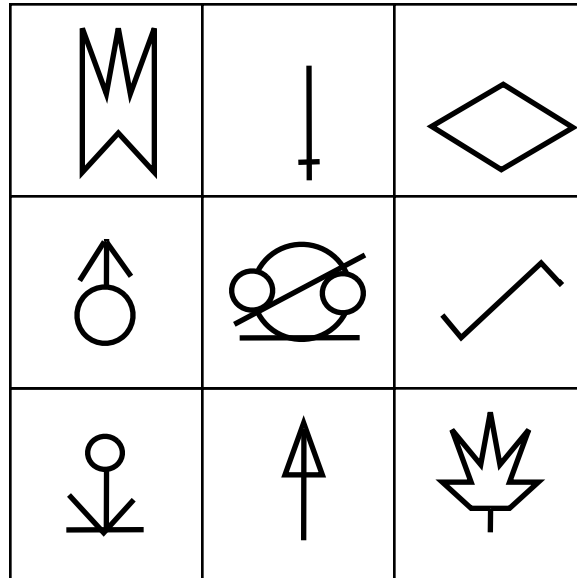


From whence
does knowledge
arise?

Somewhere

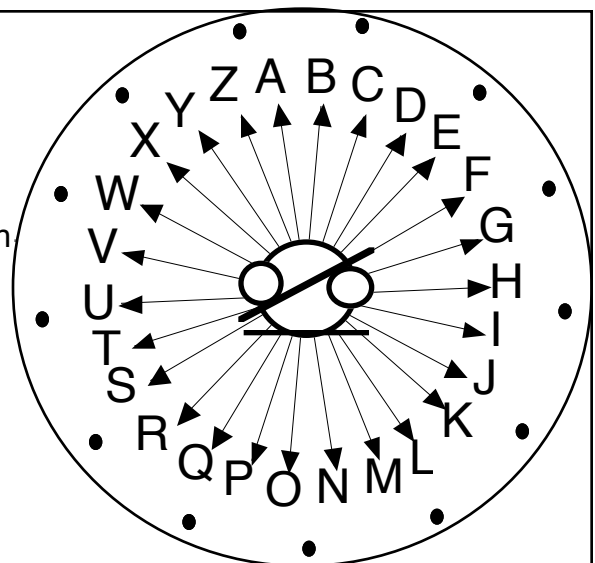


Player Handout # 11 - Pattern in the Clearing



Player Handout #12: The Coin

This bent tin coin has the same pattern on both sides.



- **A black wooden walking stick with five gems (a diamond, a ruby, a quartz crystal, an opal, and amber) set in gold filigree on the top knot** - This is a rod of passage with two charges left.

Player Name

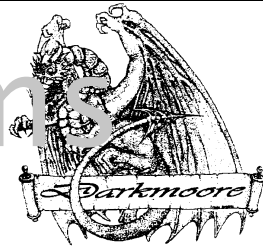
Character Name



- **A golden scarab with onyx inlay on a thick gold headband** - this is a medallion of thought protection which must be worn on the character's head in order to work.

Player Name

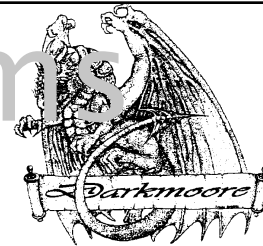
Character Name



- **A 5 foot tall Kite shield made of a strong silvery alloy emblazoned with a rampant lion** - This shield is +2 vs normal attacks and +4 vs missile attacks.

Player Name

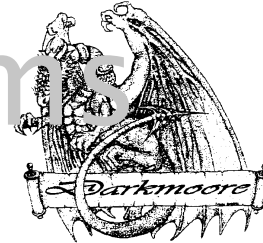
Character Name



- **A golden Crescent set in a wide silver and gold necklace studded with emeralds and rubies** - This is Tusmit's Battle Crescent (See Greyhawk Adventures p. 86)

Player Name

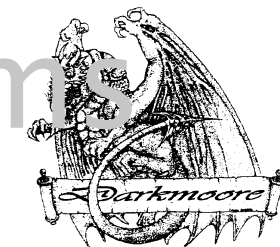
Character Name



- **A red suit of plate armor** - This is the Red Armor of the Hellfurnaces (See Greyhawk adventures p. 87) It is +4 plate armor made from red Dragon scales with special Advantages vs. fire.

Player Name

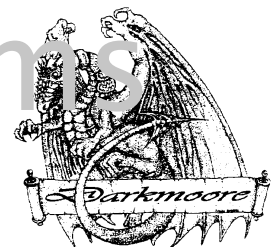
Character Name







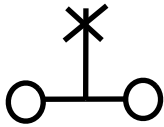
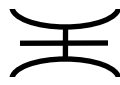

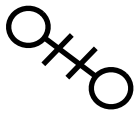

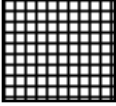



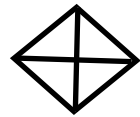




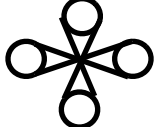
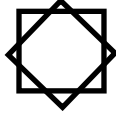
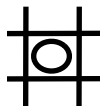

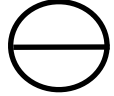


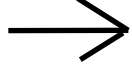












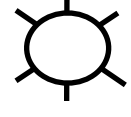
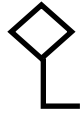


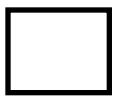


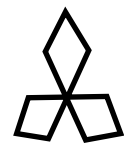
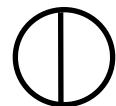


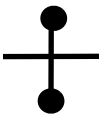
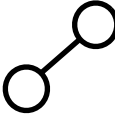
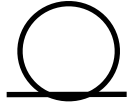
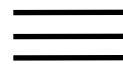





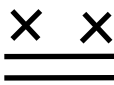
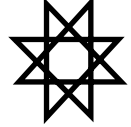
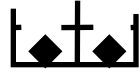




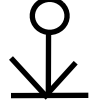








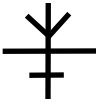




- **A seven foot long two-handed sword with an iron pommel wrapped in green leather** - This is the Stonefist Sword of Rage (Greyhawk Adventures p. 87). It is a +2 weapon that grants the ability to become berserk in battle.

Player Name

Character Name



A Listing of Portentous Runes of Oerth

							
Abjure renounce	Aid	Air	Anger, Quarrel	Answer	Betrayal,	Brass	Copper
							
Danger, Dangerous, Deadly	Darkness	Day	Death	Demonic,	Evil,	Dragon,	Earth
							
Electrum	Elemental	Elemental	Evil Power,	Evil Serving,	Fear	Female	Friendly
							
Giant, Huge	Gold	Go	Goal	Good	Hail, Storm	Halt,	Holy
							
Honor, Pride	House	Ice	Infinity, Endless	Insanity,	Iron	Irresistible,	Key
							
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	Regeneration	Royal, Royalty	Scroll, Writing	Secret	Senses, Sense
							
Short, Near	Silver	Sulfur, Infernal	Strength	Suspicious	Thrall, Prisoner	Time	Torch
							
Treasure	Truth, Sword	Uncertain,	Warning, Danger	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 Rel 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.

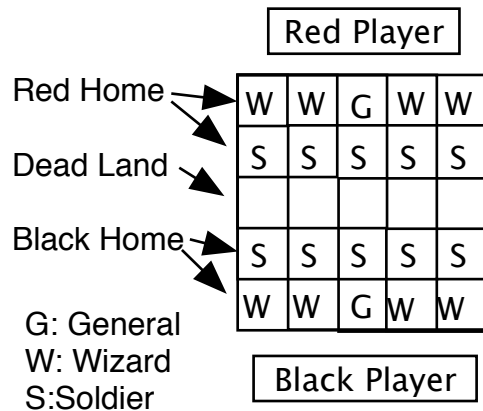
The placks are shuffled, and dealt face down, each player receiving twelve. Then one final card is drawn from the top of the deck and placed face down between them. This plack is known as the *key tile*, and defines the center of the playing field. The remaining 7 placks are placed aside, and are not 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.

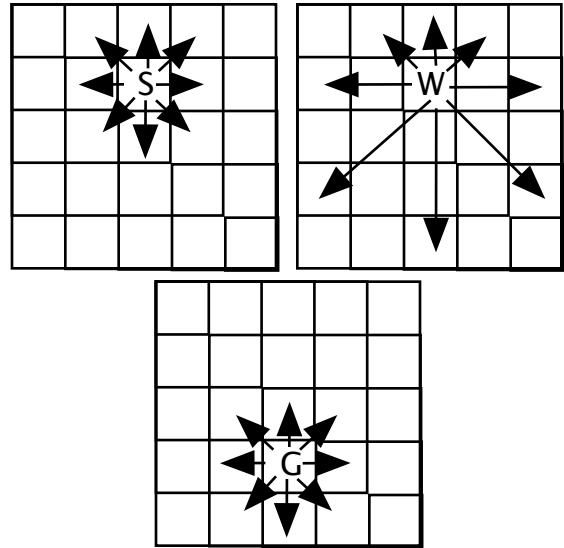
At this point, the players often have a drink, or eat a meal while discussing the board. In less than friendly games, this nicety is skipped, and the game continues with the setting up of the pieces.

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



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.

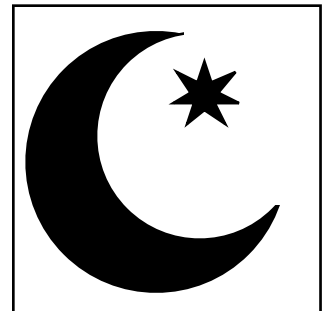
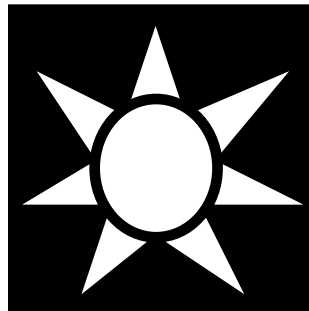
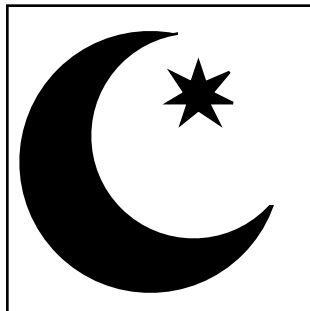
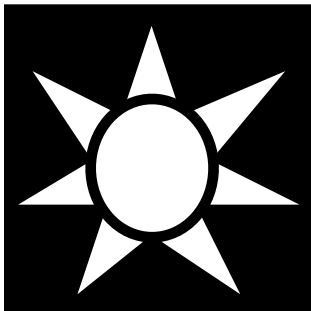
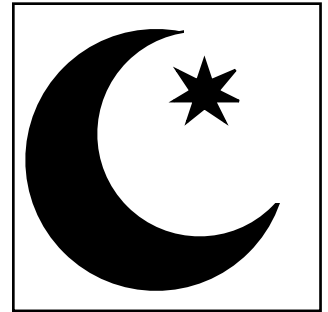
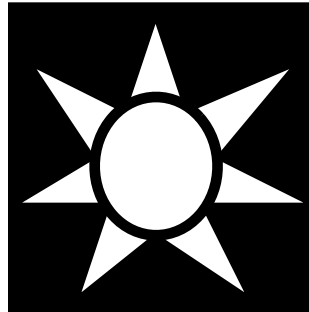
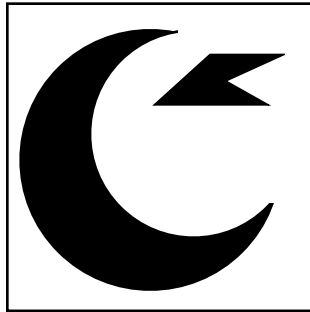
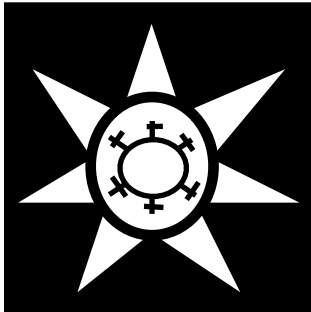
The winner is the player who captures his or her opponent's General token first. Normal stakes are 1 coin per token, plus ten coins per game.

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

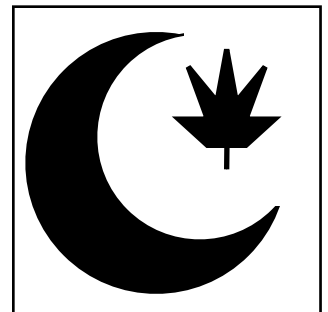
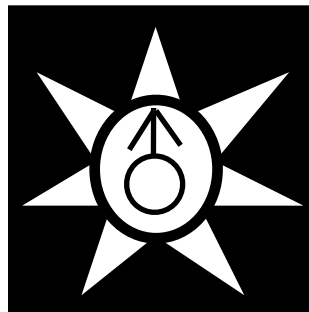
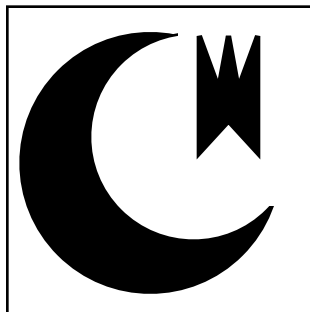
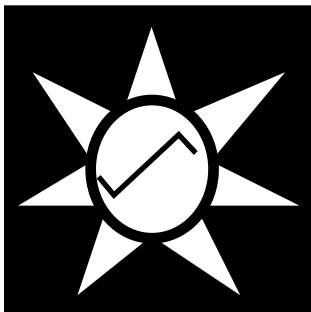
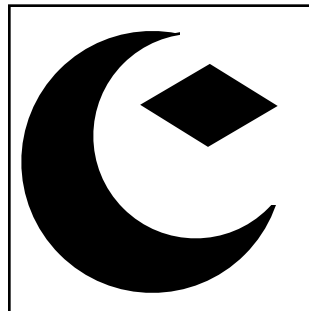
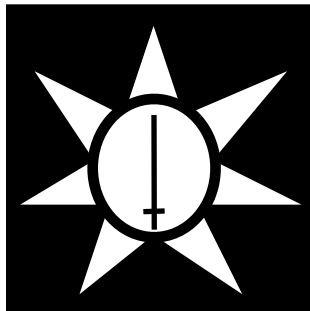
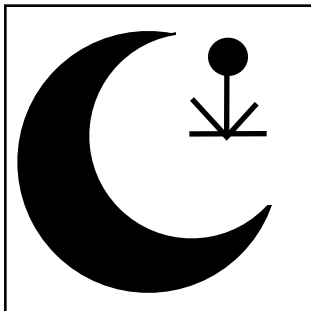
Tableau Tiles: This card contains the pattern for a set of common tableau tiles. Copy this page on two separate sheets of heavy card stock, preferably red in color. The top four rows represent one half of the tiles, and the bottom four rows comprise the other half. The two remaining rows are not used. 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.

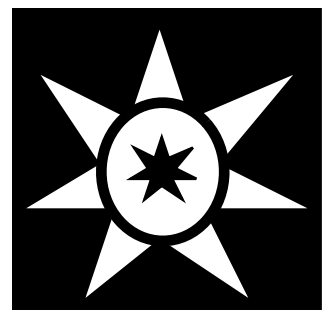
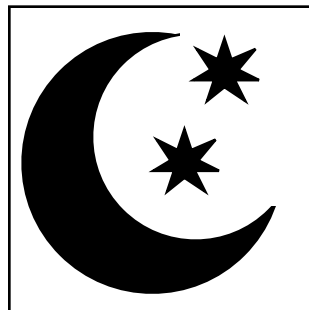
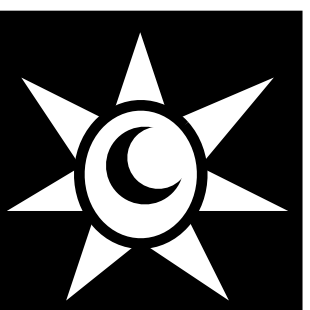
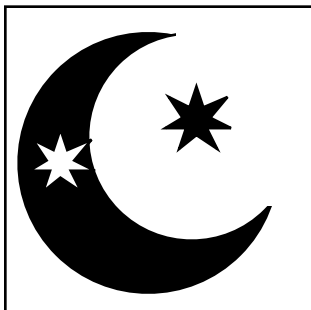
Use
this row
only
once.



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 from the brown turban of Tusmit): 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, mustache 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.

You recently embarked on an overland adventure into the Cairn Hills to retrieve an ancient sword for the mysterious Fatima. It has been almost a week since that event.

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, amulet of the Cairn Hills

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.

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.

You recently embarked on an overland adventure into the Cairn Hills to retrieve an ancient sword for the mysterious Fatima. It has been almost a week since that event.

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.

You recently embarked on an overland adventure into the Cairn Hills to retrieve an ancient sword for the mysterious Fatima. It has been almost a week since that event.

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.

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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, Bronze Plate Mail +2

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.

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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)

Note: also owns banded mail +1 from round one

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, Banded Mail +1

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.

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