

Thief of Dreams: Endgame



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Round Three of a Three Round Darkmoore Player of the Year Tournament

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Thief of Dreams: Endgame

This is the third 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. Surviving characters will continue into this round.

The DM should note each character's treasures from the previous two rounds. Although any magic treasure may have little effect during this scenario, the players should have it listed on their character sheets and possess the proper certificates. Once again, if the players are using pregenerated characters, the treasure from the first two rounds of the adventure is already indicated on these sheets, and it still 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 two scenarios, a basic working knowledge of the game of tableau may come in handy, but it is not paramount. The players should already realize that a diverse set of skills are necessary to complete this adventure.

Also, since major parts of this adventure will resemble a classic dungeon crawl, DM maps will be provided within the text where necessary.

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, and tabulate points.

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 weft 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

In the first round, the PCs embarked on a quest to locate and retrieve one of the above mentioned blades. In the second round, the PCs journeyed through another dimension in search of the Mistress of Dreams, only to be thwarted by Ralishaz.

Our third installment in the Thief of Dreams Trilogy begins with the players waking from their first restful sleep in ages, only to once again find themselves thrust immediately into the service of a deity. This time Boccob becomes directly involved

with the players, but only as much as he must. Since he finds direct involvement to be highly distasteful he communicates to the PCs through a third party, his high priest.

After explaining the nature of the swords as well as the betrayal of Ralishaz to the PCs, the high priest of Boccob charges the characters with stopping the rampant deity before he manages to once again loose the power of the Suloise Empire on the face of the world.

The players should then proceed down into the depths of the mountain in hopes of finding Ralishaz's avatar and stopping him. Those who survived encounter nine from the last round may suspect that they are searching for a small boy dragging a sword. That assumption would be correct.

Inside the mountain, the characters will have to first cross a ravine where the suspension bridge has been cut. Then they must crawl through narrowing tunnels and down claustrophobic shafts, battling Duergar Dwarves, and perhaps riding or battling giant spiders until they come to a deep winding tunnel that takes them down into the very heart of the mountain.

To enter the chambers housing the great furnace the players must answer the riddle found on the ancient outer door before descending into forge room itself where they play tableau for their very lives.

Notes About Magic Use

In the last scenario magic was the most effective resource available to the party. The converse is true for this part of the adventure.

In the first two parts of this story, the Realm of Dreams began to impinge upon the domain of Boccob. During this leg of the adventure, the Greyhawk deity of magic continues to lose more power as the borders of his realm continue to shrink. Consequently the flow of magic on the Prime Material plane is adversely effected until it dwindles to negligibility. The only magical spells and items that will function with any regularity are the spells of other deities, items with charges, and the swords in question.

To simulate the constant and increasing drain of magic from the Prime Material plane, take note of the numbers of each of the encounters. Magical devices like swords, shields, and armor that are represented by a positive number in battle situations will lose more of their dweomer as this adventure continues. Subtract the number of the encounter from any magical pluses. Once the

encounter number equals the plus of the item then it will no longer be considered magical for this adventure. This does not apply to the two remaining swords "Law Wrought" and "Anarchy."

Wizard characters will find that their powers are greatly hindered throughout this adventure. Subtract the number of the encounter from the level of the spell caster in order to determine the actual level at which their magic is cast. Once the encounter number equals the experience level of the wizard, that character can no longer cast spells. They do not become inept at their spell casting, the power just becomes gradually more unavailable. This effect does not hinder most priestly spell casting in any way (as noted below), and wizard spells with durations or effects that make no sense when cast at lower than minimum level will simply fizzle.

There are three priestly exceptions. First, Boccob's clerics encounter the same spell casting difficulty encountered by wizards. Second, clerics of Istus have a different problem. Ralishaz left Istus' powers in an incredibly random disarray. Throughout this adventure, the Lady of Fate will be untangling her realms and gaining in power. Similarly her clerics will begin with little to no power and gradually grow stronger. Their casting level will be equal to the number of the encounter until that number equals their normal priestly level. Third, Ralishaz's clerics have a 50% chance of being able to successfully cast a spell during this adventure (make the player flip a coin). Miscast spells by these clerics should be noted by the Dungeon Master. These will be Ralishaz's final defense in the last encounter.

Magic items that act on charges will function normally, as will scrolls and potions. All other miscellaneous magical items are without power for this adventure, but they will regain their magic after Ralishaz is vanquished.

For example, during encounter number three the *Red armor of the Hellfurnaces* (+4) is considered only +1, the *Stonefist Sword of Rage* (+2) will have no magical properties, an eighth level wizard casts spells at only fifth level effectiveness, a priestess of Istus casts spells at third level, a *Rod of Passage* works normally, and a *Scarab of Thought Protection* is powerless.

Players' Introduction

Begin this final installment of the adventure by reading the following synopsis to the players.

As you approach the gates of the Free City of Greyhawk carrying the listless and snoring body of Onesimus you each realize just how fatigued you really are. Now that you have returned to your home plane of existence, it feels as if you have not slept for a week or more. Could this be an after effect of traveling through the realm of Dreams for so long?

With the gates of the city in sight you long for a comfortable inn or perhaps just some soft place to lie down....

Eventually you awake, but you are not where you expected to be. Evidently you passed out before you actually made it to the city gates. It is still night outside, but your surroundings have changed. You can see stars overhead and feel stone under you. You enjoy a cool breeze that is very atypical for Greyhawk in the summer months.

As your vision adjusts you begin to better understand your surroundings. You stand with five others (or fewer if there are not six players) on a rocky shelf protruding from the face of a sheer cliff. There is quite a lot of room on this ledge, but you can neither see top nor bottom of the mountain in the limited light of the night.

If the PCs are a mixed group that have not met, then this would be a good point to pause and allow them to make introductions. Once they have done so, or if the party has already met, then continue reading the following.

Suddenly eight more humanoid shapes are occupying the ledge along with you. It seems as if they just materialized and stepped onto the ledge. They make no hostile action, and seem to be searching for something by looking around the few corners and crannies attainable from this limited vantage point.

What startles you more than their actions is their attire. They seem to all wear foreign garb consisting of straight black pantaloons under a deep purple coat with impossibly square shoulders. The narrow black threads running through their coats can only be described as "pin stripes." They do look very comfortable, as well as

fashionable, in their polished black boots made from some sort of lizard hide. The dark spectacles that the strangers wear may hinder their search, but they lend an intimidating air to these individuals. You also notice that each keeps their right hand inside the left flap of their coat.

"Stay tight, he's coming to see you," one of them says to your group as each of them stands equally spaced around the perimeter of the ledge.

The "who" of your obvious question is answered immediately. A plain wooden door appears in thin air about ten feet off the ledge and two people emerge standing suspended on nothingness. One is dressed similarly to the eight who have already arrived except that he appears to have much gold jewelry on his fingers and around his neck. Snugging tight the black and purple striped piece of cloth tied around his neck, he gestures to one of the eight attendants who then walks to him across the air and whispers in his ear.

"The Master has need of you," whispers the other late arriver who all but crawls across the air and cringes before you. His garb is easier to understand, in fact you recognize him as a priest of Boccob that you recently saw storm out of the *Fat of the Hog* back in Greyhawk.

Let the situation sink in for a moment, and role-play Boccob's intervention through his cowardly priest, Ravel Dasinder. While Ravel fills the players in on the situation, Boccob will be attended to by his guards.

First, the guards set up a small table and place a little satchel upon it. Then Boccob will open the satchel and set up a small tableau set. Occasionally, he will look distracted and walk and gaze in some direction other than that of the PCs. He is intentionally ignoring them.

Every now and then during the players' briefing Ravel will look over at his master questioningly. At these times Boccob will answer his implied question with some sort of dismissive gesture such as a nodding head or a slight grunt. The deity does not like to become directly involved in such matters, and even supervising his own priest in this manner makes him very annoyed.

If the players look over at the table that is floating in mid air, they can discern a small tableau

set. The black home seems to be set in the classic style, while the red home appears instead to be purple, and has only six pieces (one for each of the party members). The colors of any of the individual tiles are unimportant and cannot be discerned at this angle.

Also note that although Boccob and his guards seem to walk on air around the ledge, this effect is not afforded to the PCs. If they step off they will fall, and barring any ropes or magic they will plummet a good thousand or so feet to their demise. For spell casting purposes this introduction is considered to be encounter zero.

Ravel is following direct divine orders when he informs the players of the following:

(The players should be informed of this story. Ravel will try to tell it all at once, since he has rehearsed it all the way here and is afraid to leave anything out.)

Taking a deep breath, Boccob's High Priest shakily begins his hastily memorized recitation. His demeanor appears grim.

"Once the Great Suloise Empire of legend ruled Oerth with a powerful iron gauntlet, but a great war obliterated these oppressors, leaving the heart of their fallen empire as a vast, infertile wasteland. It is known today only as the Sea of Dust.

"Enough of the prevailing Bakluni wizards remained 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.

"Summoning a bestial servant from an outer plane, they had it fashion five swords in the heart of the Hellfurnace Mountains. Each blade was to be a mystic vessel for what remained of the Suloise power. The ritual worked as they had planned, laying on these swords a geas that would bind the wielders to never again allow these blades come together and unite their power. Finished, they dismissed their smith.

"The geas worked well, and soon the blades were scattered throughout the lands. 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, the bestial smith has returned, and brought with it something that the Bakluni wizards had not planned, the pair of forge gloves used to create the blades. With them, the creature had planned to unmake each of the blades in turn, and gain much of their power. The primary stumbling block in its way was that few knew the actual whereabouts of any of the blades in question.

“The creature deceitfully enlisted the Mistress of Dreams to aid in its quest. Searching through the dreams of Oerth, it located the first blade.

“His Mystical Eminence usually stays out of matters which do not concern him, however, the suddenly expanding realms of the Mistress of Dreams now impinged upon his own. Fortunately he had managed to forge an alliance with two other deities who shared his concern, and was able to act as an arbitrator and messenger between them rather than becoming directly involved.

“Now it seems that the bestial smith was merely a puppet of the Master Gambler all along. Just as the creature betrayed the Mistress of Dreams, so Ralishaz betrayed his trust to the Master Magician and Our Lady Fate.”

With a sigh of relief, the priest ends his recitation.

The PCs will probably have several questions at this point. Allow them to question only through Ravel Dasinder. Boccob and his “body guards” will not get directly involved, and will leave rather than get into an involved encounter.

Ravel has the following information to impart before leaving. The PCs should ask for it through their questioning, but volunteer it if they do not.

- A hidden fissure in the ledge behind the PCs leads to the heart of the Hellfurnace Mountains. This is evidently where the avatar of Ralishaz entered also.

- The PCs have actually been selected as the last hope of redemption to stop the thief Ralishaz from unmaking the sword “Law Wrought.” With the lock and key that he acquired in the previous round, he can simultaneously bind the power of four of the swords to himself, easily making him the most

powerful deity of the pantheon. Ravel is loath to mention that it is Ralishaz himself that has selected the players. Boccob is already being overpowered by the deity of random madness even as this transpires.

- Once the power of four blades is joined to Ralishaz, the existence of a fifth one will be a moot point. Because of this Boccob will send along the fifth sword with the party. It is also a +3 *vorpal* weapon with ancient Baklunish runes on the side of the blade that read “Anarchy.” The PCs must decide who will carry the blade, keeping in mind that there is still a *geas* on it compelling the wielder to keep the five blades apart. If at any time the personality score (Intelligence + Charisma + Experience Level adjusted for lost hit points) of the character carrying Anarchy drops lower than 25 then the *geas* will take full effect. That PC must effectively attempt to take the sword Anarchy as far away from sword Law Wrought as possible. Give Player Handout #1 to the player who carries Anarchy.

Before leaving the characters to their own ministrations, Boccob will make a brief gesture and reveal the previously hidden fissure in the rocky mountain face behind them. The sword Anarchy will be unceremoniously dumped onto the ledge as Ravel is grabbed by one of Boccob's guards and dragged away whimpering through the floating door.

Ravel Dasinder, Patriarch of Boccob (PR17): AL CN; AC 4 (*chainmail* +2 under robes); MV 9; hp 70; THAC010; #AT 1; Dmg 1D6+3 (*quarterstaff* +3); SA nil; SD nil; S12, D15, Cn10, W18, I17, Ch11; ML 11.

Spells: He has been stripped of his spells for the moment for allowing Ralishaz's priest to call the shots in this adventure thus far.

The statistics of Boccob's Avatar and his body guards are not here included. As previously stated, Boccob and his guards will leave rather than directly interact with the PCs. If the players insist on attacking, just have all of the NPCs leave (including Ravel Dasinder) in a big puff of smoke. The PCs might have to fend on their own without the benefit of information or a magical sword.

Encounter One - Into the Hellfurnaces

Once the characters realize that they have been left entirely alone, they should also realize that they have only one choice of where to go. Boccob has made sure of this by encasing the area in an undetectable magical ward. Any travel spells or teleportation attempts will send the characters right back to this ledge. The only paths available are into the fissure or scaling the cliff. Encourage them to select the former, since they are entirely unprepared for the latter.

Difficult players insisting on scaling up or down the mountain will find that the next plateaus are nearly 2000 feet below and 1000 feet above on a sheer cliff face known to most of the mountain faring races in this region as "Demon's Dangle." Mountaineering skill is required to scale this cliff face. Those without that skill (even thieves) cannot successfully attempt it due to the heavy gusts of wind that periodically blow across the cliff face.. Those with the proper skill will realize beforehand that it is one of the most difficult climbs that they have ever encountered and that a random gust of wind is likely to end their climbing career. Those attempting the climb should have -50% applied to all mountaineering skill rolls.

The fissure itself is about eleven feet tall, and eight feet wide. Two normal sized characters could squeeze through side by side, but they would be much more comfortable traveling single file.

Another problem will be generating sufficient light by which to see. After all, it is dark inside. Torches will be hard to light at this altitude, and will burn low and slowly. *Light* spells will react weirdly, constantly flickering, but lasting for the proper duration. Even *continual light* spells will flicker, but they will last for the rest of the adventure, unless dispelled. Lanterns are generally best suited to this environment.

Once the characters decide to enter the fissure and establish a light source, you may also wish to have them establish a marching order. This may help in determining just who is where in a later encounter. If the party decides to have one or more party members scout ahead then take them aside briefly to tell them what they encounter in order to let them tell the other party members what they saw in their own words. Otherwise, once set on seeing where the fissure leads, read the following aloud:

The stony passage in the cliff face angles slightly down for most of your journey. Eventually, it begins to widen a bit and you

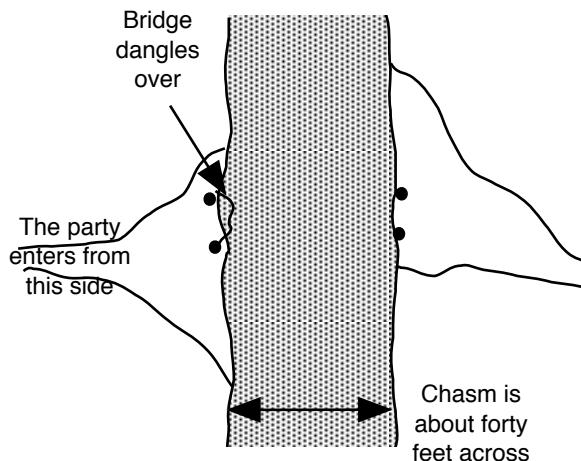
feel a warm draft coming from somewhere in front of your party.

Abruptly the walls to either side open up as you find yourselves standing on the edge of a steep precipice. There are two pocked iron posts sticking out of the rock along the edge of the ravine with some musty old rope tied to them. From somewhere below you can feel and smell warm sulfurous drafts.

The ledge on which the PCs stand is not overly wide but there is enough room for them to perch. The ropes tied to the iron posts will prove to be attached to an old suspension bridge that dangles loosely over the edge.

Anyone inspecting the ledge area and successfully making the proper tracking nonweapon proficiency roll should be able to tell that something small dragged a sharp object across the floor as well as across the suspension bridge. Ralishaz was indeed here; he dragged the blade across the bridge and then used it to cut the ropes on the other side.

Another successful nonweapon proficiency check in the area of ancient history (-5), local history (Hellfurnaces), or mining is required to be able to identify the bridge construction as dwarvish in nature, specifically Duergar. This bridge is periodically maintained and patrolled by the evil subterranean dwarven kindred. On the far side of the ravine anyone can determine that this place is regularly patrolled and the tracking skill can again be used to determine that it is dwarves that are the ones patrolling.



The dilemma here is how will the party get across. Any reasonable solution should work at

this point. If the party wishes to lasso or grapple one of the pegs on the other side, and they can provide reasonable equipment to do so, then let them. There is rope enough to use if they manage to pull up the bridge (requires a combined Strength of 40), but an arrow shot across will bounce off the stone and consequently ruin the arrow. Characters attempting to climb across should be required to make either a proper nonweapon proficiency roll or a roll against the appropriate statistic on a d20 (Strength for pulling weight, Dexterity for balancing maneuvers). Magical methods will also work if the spell functions here (See Notes About Magic Use) at the beginning of this adventure.

Falling into the pit is very bad. The first player that does so should be given a Dexterity roll on a d20 to be able to grab a small overhang and hold on for dear life. That character will be helpless in such a position even if they possess the thief climb walls ability. Others must rescue them. Subsequent party members that fall will plummet to their demise unless tied to something immobile. Remember, they are following the avatar of the deity of ill luck. They will have some bad luck.

On the far side they will once again be forced to follow a small passage into the rock. This one is about eight feet tall and three feet wide, making it only navigable in single file. The players may need to establish a new marching order here.

Now they are far below the mountain surface and there is little fresh air in this passage. Mundane light sources will burn even lower as they consume the little free oxygen in the air. This may unnerve the party. It should. After a brief pause to allow the players to deal with their air dilemma read the following to them.

The ceiling of the crevice through which you spelunk now begins to approach the floor until it is barely three feet high. Also, the tunnel appears to dead end and a hole, about four foot diameter, can be seen in the floor.

The hole is a vertical shaft. Anyone inspecting it can locate a series of iron bars set into the stone as handholds. The characters must crawl down it in single file to continue on. Watch those torches!

Encounter Two - Some Fun Guys?

The shaft mentioned in encounter number one opens into the center of the ceiling of a large

chamber about eight feet high and forty feet in diameter. Since the floor is covered with a soft spongy fungus, the PCs have little to worry about in getting to the floor. What they do have to worry about is setting off the alarm.

For ages you climb straight down into dark oblivion until (insert name of whoever is on the bottom) **halts and indicates that the shaft has ended.**

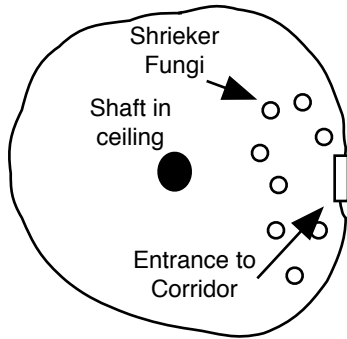
If the person on the bottom has no manner of seeing the floor then they will not know how far it is down. Coins and such that are dropped to "sound" for distance will fall silently on the rich layer of fungus below. Let them stew about this until someone either leaps down, or passes a light to the lead member. Once they are down read the following aloud:

You stand in a chamber that is covered in fungus from ceiling to floor. Occasional bits of undefinable organic matter protrude from beneath the velvety carpet.

The chamber is round and roughly forty feet across. Set into the wall you see what appears to be a stone post and lintel for a chamber or corridor beyond.

There are also eight immobile shrieker fungus mounds in this chamber. The Duerger grow them as sentry alarms. They are sensitive to both light and movement. If there is any light present in the chamber, they will immediately erupt in a siren like squeal that echoes down the hall beyond. If there is no light in the room, someone will have to bump one to set them off. Any character who can see them and successfully make an herbalism or spellcraft nonweapon proficiency roll can identify the siren fungus. Of course, anyone can identify them once they go off.

If they have been identified and are not set off by light, then the party can try to sneak past them. Make the character with the lowest Dexterity that passes them make a Dexterity roll on a d20. If they make it, then the party can sneak by. If not, then the sirens blare.

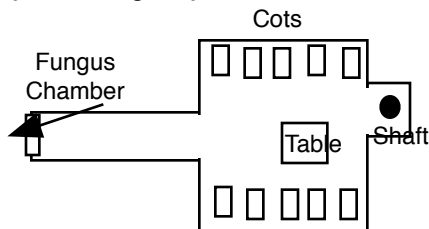


Shrieker Fungi (8): AL N; AC 7; MV 0; HD 3; hp 15 each; THAC0 N/A; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA nil; SD siren noise; MR nil; SZ M; Int 0; ML n/a.

Encounter Three - Some Fun Guys!

The specifics of this encounter will depend on whether the PCs got through encounter two without setting off the shriekers. Excessive noise from the party will not carry and echo down the corridor as well as the shrieker sirens. Still, players shouting too each other after sneaking successfully by the dormant fungi will have a similar alarming effect on the occupants of the room beyond.

This is an outrider post for Duergar scouts. Each is a seasoned warrior of the proud clan Gwaindren, and they will not run or give any quarter. They arrived here on their normal rounds just about two hours ago, right after Ralishaz trudged through (darn the luck). If they are alerted by the shrieking fungi, then they will be battle ready, invisible, and waiting for the party when they walk down the corridor. If they have not been alerted, then the party can gain surprise on them in the chamber at the end of the corridor. This surprise will be automatic if the party is both quiet and has no visible light source. It will be forfeited if the party uses a light by which to travel.



If the PCs do not gain the surprise advantage, one of the Duergar subordinates will have been dispatched to the rear, next to the shaft. His duty is to run home and report should his companions lose the battle. Home is too far away to adversely affect this adventure, but the PCs will not know this. As soon as his commander falls he will jump down the tube (still invisible if possible)

and take off on one of the Steeder Spiders below. This may happen entirely without the PCs being aware of it.

If the PCs either manage to notice the invisible Duergar runner in the back, or if they manage to cut off the rout of escape before the commander falls, then they have a chance of capturing the runner as well. If unable to attend to his appointed duty, he will fight with his kindred.

Next to each cot can be found Duergar scouting gear, including some changes of clothing and some hard, dried spider jerky. On the table is an old roughly drawn map of the area on some sort of unrecognizable vellum stock, and a black pouch containing some game pieces. Between them, the Dwarves have 45 diamonds, valued at 10 gp each. Back home this would be used as their standard currency.

Inside the pouch are thirty-two tiles cut from some fibrous substance depicting icons of flame and water. There are also twelve different pawns carved from two different types of mineral. Those successfully making a mining or appraising nonweapon proficiency roll will be able to identify six of them as onyx and six of them as marble. These are pieces for a game that shares similar origins to tableau. The Duergar will not show the PCs how to play it.

If the players attempt to read the old map, give them Player Handout #2. None of the Duergar will tell what the markings mean. In fact they speak only their own Duergar tongue and Undercommon. If the PCs are unfamiliar with these languages then they will have to find another means of communication.

Duergar Commander (1): AL LE; AC 4 (partial plate); MV 6; HD 4+4; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 (heavy hammer); SA see below; SD save with +4 bonus vs magical attacks; MR nil; SZ S; Int 10; ML 13.

Duergar Scouts (9): AL LE; AC 4 (partial plate); MV 6; HD 2+4; hp 15 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (shortsword or hammer); SA see below; SD save with +4 bonus vs magical attacks; MR nil; SZ S; Int 9; ML 13
Special Abilities: The Duergar are able to use the magical spell like abilities of *invisibility* and *enlarge* which they may use on themselves at 15th level spell casting ability.

Treasure

A map.
A strange tableau like game set.
Dwarf armor, weapons, and spider jerky.
(45) 10gp diamonds.

Encounter Four - Giddyup!

The only exit from the Duergar outpost other than the way the characters came in is the shaft on the far side of the room. Once again this shaft is about four feet across and very dark. It leads to the Steeder pen below. It also opens from the ceiling about eight feet above the ground. Unlike the chamber in encounter number two, sounding techniques will work here.

Once the characters are in the room and start looking around, read the following aloud:

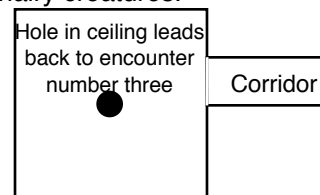
You have descended from the chamber above into the lair of several hideous creatures. These monstrosly horrendous things must be some gigantic relative of a hairy spider. Each has multiple limbs and many glassy spherical eyes as well as grotesque mandibles drooling some sort of carrion fodder.

If the Duergar runner mentioned in encounter number three made it down here, he has jumped on his Steeder and is long gone. There will be nine more Steeders present for the PCs to either avoid, battle, or ride out of here. If they realize that a runner has been dispatched, they may even wish to give chase.

Let the PCs decide how the Steeders react. If they attack the Steeders or cause a great commotion, the giant spiders will assume that

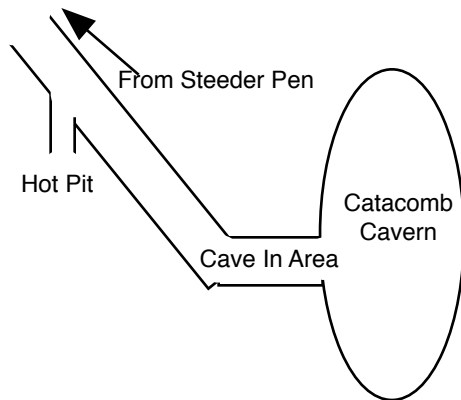
these bipeds are the enemy (A.K.A. munchies). If they walk slowly around the spiders, then the arachnids will just warily stare back. If they attempt to mount the octoped steeds, then the first player doing so must make a successful animal handling or animal training nonweapon proficiency roll in order to succeed. A *charm monster* or *animal friendship* type spell would also do the trick. If they are not charmed or made friendly in some manner then any botched attempt to mount one of them will be considered an attack by the group.

Riding a Steeder is no simple matter, and it is doubtful that any of the characters possess the nonweapon proficiency of "Riding, Land-Based (Arachnids)." However, other Land-Based riding skills will suffice at 1/2 their value. Thus, a warrior with a normal riding skill of 13 would have a skill of 6 on spider back (round down). Still, nothing will prepare the characters for the path that their mounts will take. Unless each player states that he or she reaches through the thick fur of their mount and straps their legs in place, it will immediately throw them off when it slips up the wall to the ceiling. Characters thrown in such a manner must make a Dexterity roll on a d20 or take 1d6 damage. The Steeder's thick fur effectively hides the Duergar spider rigging that is already attached to the huge hairy creatures.



Once the spiders have been dealt with in some way, then let the party know that this chamber is about forty feet square with a dark corridor leading out of one wall. There is nothing else of much interest here that the spiders have not eaten.

As you travel down the tunnel, you realize that it slopes steeply downward, the temperature growing steadily hotter. After a long while of traveling in the hot, dank darkness, you come across a fork in the rocky corridor. The main passage seems to travel on at the same steep descent, while the fork descends even more steeply straight down. It is from this lower tunnel that you can feel the hot breeze rising.



If the PCs are in pursuit of the Duergar runner, then they may wish to pursue farther down the corridor. They have no way of knowing that he took that path, but it is not an unreasonable assumption for the players to make. If this is the case then let them follow for a while and then read the following to the party:

Deciding to follow the upper corridor in pursuit of the missing Duergar scout proves fruitless. You realize the futility of your actions as the corridor you are in gradually bends to a more horizontal plane and you come to a dead end. The tunnel here has caved in, and there is no telling just how far the rubble fills the passage ahead.

The Duergar runner, knowing pursuit was both possible and probable, collapsed this portion of the tunnel. It is blocked too far for the party to be able to circumvent it. Since the tunnel is not very straight to begin with, blind teleportation is a bad idea. The best thing that will happen in such circumstances is that a teleporter would be deposited right back where they started.

If the players are not in pursuit of the Duergar scout, then they should select the branch going straight down. It only seems reasonable to follow the source of heat if one is traveling to the heart of a volcano. If they insist on traveling along the upper tunnel instead, then let them, and if they are reading the map found in encounter number three, let them know that it is obviously not to scale.

Deciding to follow the upper corridor seems to be the simplest path. After a long while the corridor you are traversing gradually

veers to a more horizontal angle of incline and you find travel to be easier.

Eventually, you come to a large empty chamber full of what are perhaps hundreds of cave entrances. Obviously part of a long since cooled volcanic upheaval, the walls here are covered with holes that appear to interlace and interconnect in an endless catacomb of bubble like chambers beyond.

The worst part about this place is that the cave that you entered through looks very much like any other cave here. If you do not mark it in some fashion now, then you may never find your way back.

The possibility exists that the party may have captured one or more of the Duergar scouts. Whoever they bring will know only one way through, and it requires that the Duergar shrink himself and his spider to about one inch in height. None of them will willingly share this rout with the party.

The party can easily get lost in these catacombs unless they come up with some sort of marking system. Any system that they devise will have its limits that will be evident as the caves branch out more and more, twist and turn, and generally defy the laws of physics and gravity in some places. It should be evident that they cannot get through this place without a highly detailed map. There is only one reasonable place to go, and that is down the warm tunnel at the fork in the corridor behind them.

Steeders, Giant Spiders (9 or 10): AL N; AC 4; MV 12 on any solid surface; HD 4; hp 27 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA see below; SD leap; MR nil; SZ M; Int 0; ML 11.

Special Abilities: There is a 50% chance that a Steeder will use the sticky substance on the pads of its feet to cling to its prey. For clinging purposes all targets are AC10 with adjustments made only for Dexterity and working magical protection. Once stuck, a Steeder automatically "hits" its prey during each subsequent round. To escape the victim must make a successful Dexterity or Strength check (player's choice) at -10.

Steeders can also leap 240 feet in any direction, even when mounted, once every third round.

Treasure
Steeders.

Encounter Five - Into the Pit?

Fortunately, for the PCs, this pit does not progress straight down for long. It meanders and spirals, giving many places where one can rest before climbing down another level. Traveling down it will be a snap if the PCs are riding Steeders. It will prove a bit more difficult if the players are on foot, but remember Ralishaz's avatar had to climb down here so it cannot be too difficult.

Taking the lower passage proves more difficult. At first it plunges straight down into darkness, but soon it veers to the side. The heat here is incredible and the air is sulfurous and difficult to breath.

Cautious groups should want to use ropes and metal spikes to facilitate the climb. If they do so, then they will most likely take the proper precautions and will not have to make any climbing rolls in order to get down. Members of less cautious groups will have to make climbing proficiency checks at each of the four ledges before the drop into oblivion. Falling from any of the first three ledges will deal 1d6 points of damage to the victim. Falling from the fourth will plunge the character into the swirling lava flow below. Baring extreme magic, no one can survive this.

Climbing rolls for normal PCs start at 40%, plus 10% for each slot of mountaineering nonweapon proficiency. Thief characters start at their Climb Walls %. Further adjustments should be made for armor and character race as listed here (From Table 66 of the Player's Handbook):

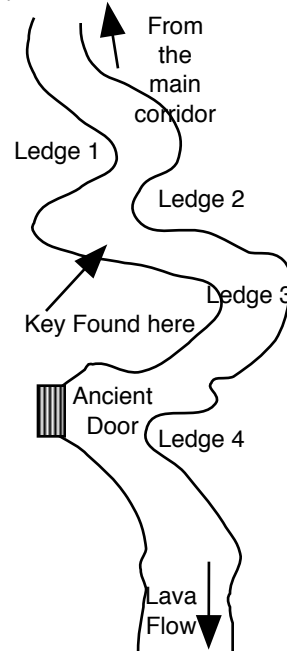
Armor

Banded, splint	-25%
Plate armors (all types)	-50%
Scale, chain	-15%
Studded leather, padded	-5%

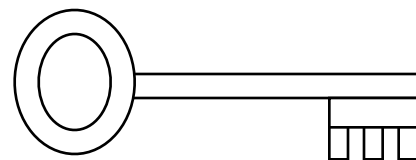
Character Race

Dwarf	-10%
Gnome	-15%

Make the players role-play each ledge as they descend. Some parties may give up after one or two ledges and go in search of secret doors or some such nonsense.



During the climb down, the characters also have a chance to find the magical key that Ralishaz was carrying. He dropped it here on his way down, but does not know it yet. Characters riding Steeders likely pass through the area too quickly, and will have a relatively low chance of spotting the key. Unless someone who is on steederback deliberately says that they are looking around the ledges for signs of passage, they will not see it. Parties on foot, however, will be spending quite a lot of time hanging around on the ledges and climbing by. Under these circumstances, pick the most likely character to spot the key and let him or her know that they found it.



(Actual size)

The key is appears to be made of battered brass.

When they reach the fourth ledge, read the following to the party:

You have traveled quite some distance through the twisting pit, and you begin to believe that this series of turns may go on forever, then you see light below you around the bend. Crawling over to the edge

you can see the vermillion glow of a vast swirling mass of molten rock some distance down. The cavern opens up below providing no purchases to climb down.

Across from you, set into the side of the pit, stands a stone arched doorway. There may be room for one or two people on the far ledge, but no more. Inscribed on the door are some sort of runes, but they are difficult to make out through the heated, wavering air.

Another factor in the climb will be Ralishaz's luck. Crossing from the fourth ledge to the ancient door will be exceedingly difficult for a party on foot. Whether the party uses ropes and climbing gear or not, have the character with the lowest Dexterity make a roll against that statistic on a d20. If they miss their roll, they have fallen. If they happened to be tied to another character, they may be saved. All characters tied directly to others who have fallen must make a Strength roll on a d20. Those who fall will then cause each attached character to make another Strength roll, and so on. If one member slips, the entire party could conceivably end up dangling from the edge held by one very strong member. Iron spikes so tied will miss their Strength roll on a natural 20. It requires another successful Strength roll to pull one character back up. Steeder Riders will not have to worry about such ill luck.

Any character crossing to the stone door should be allowed to see Player Handout #3. If the character who is in possession of Anarchy crosses to the stone door, read the following:

You manage to cross the chasm to stand before the ancient stone door, and you experience an unexpected change. All around you a bluish aura glows, protecting you from much of the heat rising from the lava far below.

The other characters can see this aura as well, but it will only protect the PC while he or she is standing on the ledge.

The runes pose a riddle, and the door will not open until the riddle is correctly solved. Runes are simple pictograms and many characters will know at least a few of them even if they are not literate. The most common of these can be found on the "Portentous Runes" sheet. Thus, the riddle of the runes is answerable by all party members. It

is, however, the one who carries Anarchy that must officially supply the answer.

Referring to the verse that was encountered in the second round, as well as being present in the first:

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.

The topmost runes on the door read "Answer Name," and below them are inscribed four runes corresponding to the above verse. The first rune on the left which translates as "Death" was carved by Redblade, and is actually newer than the one next to it that translates as "Honor" or "Pride." The next one means either "Day" or "Nature," and Ralishaz used Law Wrought to inscribe "Sword."

Now the character that carries Anarchy, who will be very aware that they are glowing blue when near the door, must carve his or her own rune into the space provided.

The rune for fear



If, after five minutes from when the bearer of Anarchy glows blue, none of the party can answer the riddle, randomly select one of characters to receive a vision from Istus. In this vision the PC will be standing between the two monolithic stones covered with ancient writing. Fatima will stand there with them and read aloud the above verse. Afterwards, the PC will find themselves back with the party, who will insist that they never left.

If the party correctly answers the riddle of the runes, then read the following aloud to them:

After a few moments you feel that nothing has changed, then you notice a small crack forming in the stone door. Swiftly, the crack begins to branch and spread until pieces of the portal begin to fall off and bounce off the ledge to fall silently to the lava flow below. The cracking quickens and the pieces become smaller and smaller

until all that is left is a sinking cloud of dust motes that makes you cough and sneeze.

The PCs are no longer barred from entering.

Treasure
A key.

Encounter Six - The Chamber Beyond

This is an antechamber for the great forge of the Hellfurnaces. It is primarily a short hallway that leads to a great winding staircase at the end.

Beyond the ancient door is an equally ancient chamber. There is a great deal of sooty dust within this room revealing multiple sets of recent tracks. Some appear bestial with only four clawed toes, and one set was made by small shoes. Whoever it was seems to have been dragging something heavy and sharp.

About twenty feet into the chamber you see that it is not actually a room but the top landing for a rather large staircase that winds downward around a corner to the hot stone below.

Ralishaz was the last one to pass through here, and he boobytrapped the stairs. Well, actually he just poured a bag of marbles on the fourth step around the corner, but for a five year old that is a boobytrap. The stairs are about five feet across, allowing for comfortable single file passage. Anyone not being overtly careful at the head of the party must make a successful Wisdom roll on a d20 or step on the marbles. Those successfully making their roll, or being overtly wary of traps, will immediately spot the marbles. Those missing their roll will plummet down several stairs and come to rest at the next landing, taking 5d6 damage in the process. Subsequent party members should be generally alerted to the hazard and will have no difficulty if they keep looking down.

As the party wends their way down the stairs, read the following to them:

As you continue down the stairs, deeper into the heart of the mountain, the temperature increases from intolerable to unbearable. The more clothing you wear, the more unbearable it becomes until you

feel as if you are about to pass out. Then just as you think you are going to be cooked alive, another stone door presents itself at the bottom of the stairs.

This stone door is merely closed and can be opened by anyone who pushes on it. It does, however seal in a little bit of the heat beyond. Impress upon the players that their characters feel weak and about to pass out. Anyone wearing a lot of clothing will be worse off than those who wear less.

For game purposes, base the amount of clothing worn by players on their current armor class. Magical bonuses are meaningless at this point, and Dexterity bonuses will not make them hotter. The less clothing and armor, the more the characters can benefit from evaporative cooling due to perspiration. They should not be here long enough to pass out if they shed those layers.

Once the party opens the door at the bottom of the stairs, go to encounter seven.

Treasure
20 marbles?

Encounter Seven - And Beyond...

Once the door to this chamber is opened, begin enforcing the following heat exhaustion rules. Every turn that a PC remains in the forge room they must make a heat exhaustion check based on their Constitution score or less on a d20. If the players successfully make their roll, they can stay conscious for another turn. Adjust their rolls by subtracting half of their base armor class (rounded down) due to armor only from the d20 roll and subtract one from their constitution score for each full ten minute turn that they stay down here. This may not seem too harsh yet, but it will soon add up if they stay here long.

Example: A character wearing leather armor with a constitution of 12 enters the chamber. On the first round inside she rolls a d20 and gets a 16, from this she subtracts 4 (half of base armor class of leather) and gets a 12 which is just enough to stay on her feet for the next turn. The next time that she rolls she will have to make an eleven or less to stay on her feet.

Once the door is opened, read the following to the players:

A harsh blast of sulfurous furnace air almost knocks you down as the door swings inward to reveal the chamber beyond. What you see does not necessarily surprise you as much as puzzle you.

The floor inside this room is sectioned off into a twenty-five square grid laid out in a familiar five by five format. The squares are about six to eight feet across and some of them appear black while others appear to be a deep purple.

You hear noise coming from the far side of the room, but it is difficult to see what is happening since the smoke emanating from there billows up and obscures your vision.

Here is a good place to pull out some tableau tiles and select a representative for the party. You will not be playing an actual game of tableau, just laying out the field, so character gambling skill does not apply here. Just take turns laying tiles according to the rules to establish which are black, and which are purple (red). The PCs will be the actual playing pieces.

When you lay your tiles try to create a string of black tiles running from side to side in order to make it necessary for the PCs to step on one as they cross. If the party is thinking intelligently, they will be trying to create a chain of purple (red) that they can walk across on.

Once set up, ask the players what path they would each like to take to get to the other side. Any number of players can stand on one tile, but only two can effectively fight on one. Have them proceed, advancing one tile at a time. If any step on a black tile, then read the following aloud.

Suddenly the earth begins to shake and you feel a blast of even hotter air engulf you as something otherworldly flashes into being before you.

Every time one of the players steps on a black tile, an 8HD Fire Elemental will be summoned to fight them. Once they summon one, the party should get the hint to step on as few black tiles as possible. The advantage to summoning an elemental is that it turns the summoning tile purple. Therefore, if a tile is triggered, the rest of the party can conceivably run

across it while one character holds the elemental at bay.

The main difficulty that the party will have is that Anarchy is the only physical weapon that they possess that will damage a fire elemental. By now all the wizards have been reduced to something close to novice level.

As a final defense, the first player to reach the other side of the field may be immediately hit by something. If there are any priests of Ralishaz in the party that have fumbled their coin flip and miscast a spell, then what will hit that individual is every miscast spell by that priest. If there are no such spells available to pelt the character with, then nothing happens.

Once across the field go to encounter eight.

Fire Elementals (as many as needed): AL N; AC 2; MV 12; HD 8; HP 60 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA burns flammable materials with magical fire (-2 to save); SD +2 or better weapon to hit; MR nil; SZ L; Int 6; ML 16.

Encounter Eight - The End?

If the players have made it this far, then they are basically home free. Ralishaz is above all a gambler, and he banked on the characters not making it to stop him. His five year old avatar is just that, five years old. He has only one of his two original hit points left as it is.

Whoever reaches the far side of the field first will witness the following sight:

Like the five year old child that he inhabits, Ralishaz makes an overly grandiose gesture of triumph as he waves his arms around in front of the open mystic forge. Actually, he waves around a huge pair of dragon scaled forge gloves, but his arms must be inside them somewhere.

You do not see the great sword that he must have dragged all the way here, but from one of the huge gloves he retracts a little pudgy hand triumphantly holding a lock. He extracts his other arm and waves it proudly over his head wildly waving... nothing.

You see his face draw slack and then horrified as he frantically searches for something in the charred and dirty rags that he wears. With a resounding finality he begins to wail in a shrill shrieking cry, "But I

wanna rule the universe! It's not fair! I had the key right here and somebody took it! They can't do that! It's not fair!"

If one of the PCs produces the key from encounter five, Ralishaz will wail all the louder and repeat his litany of complaints. He has no power to actually hurt the party here, but the characters do not necessarily know that. Once they have decided what to do with the helpless brat, then read the following to them:

You feel a cool breeze from somewhere nearby. Turning you see M'rira, Fatima's secretary, beckoning to you from a doorway that has just opened in the air. "Come inside," she says "I cannot hold my Mistress waiting long."

She looks around at everyone present and finally says, "Oh, just bring everything, and the brat too."

Characters that refuse to go can stay here and cook. None of them know the ritual or the words for gaining the power of Anarchy and the other four blades, so Istus can very well leave them here and collect the sword, lock, and key from the ashes. Characters that go with M'rira will experience the following:

Stepping through the open portal you begin to shiver uncontrollably in the frigid air. Actually, the air is probably quite nice, but you have been hot for so long that it makes you shiver.

M'rira walks you across the once productive textile mill. All is in disarray. Great bolts of cloth are strewn around, and many looms are under repair. Production has all but ceased.

Crossing to a familiar office, you enter to see a somewhat threadbare and bedraggled Fatima frantically going through some rather large ledgers. "Oh, this will never do," you hear her say as she slams the book closed.

Noticing you, she breaks into a faint smile and nods for M'rira to close the door behind you.

"That was very well done," she remarks as she offers you a seat. "There are no refreshments this time," she sighs. "Please forgive the state of disarray, but

that sneaky little buffoon gave me quite a spin recently and we haven't been able to get the inventory finished."

If the party brought Ralishaz with them then M'rira will momentarily clear her throat and draw Fatima's attention to the little darling. At this prospect Fatima will break into a smile, and tell M'rira to take the little dear right away to his new job sorting bobbin thread for all of his unnatural born days. "No, we cannot ever seem to sort enough bobbin thread."

She continues by gesturing to her factory, "but this devastation is nothing compared with the shambles that whelp made of the Realm of Magic. It's a veritable wasteland there. Still, I believe there is hope that the old coot will be able to reclaim his realm. And I think I know just where he'll draw the power from."

If the party has brought Anarchy with them, Fatima will take it, the lock, and the key for the use of Boccob to help rebuild both his and her realms. What power Ralishaz destroyed, the power of the Great Suloise Empire will replace.

"For your trouble, you have my gratitude and I would grant you a boon." So saying she reaches out a hand and each of your threads appears before you, knotted. "One day you will wish to untie the knot and ask of me a favor, and I make solemn promise that I will reply. Fair thee well," she says as the room fades and you are once again sitting in the *Fat of the Hog* listening to Wide Waldo berate another customer that did not finish his pan fried potatoes. Waldo used the extra special lard to fry them today.

Treasure

Each surviving player receives a piece of string that can act as a single *wish* spell.

Epilogue

All is once again normal in the Free City of Greyhawk. There was a brief shakedown in the mages guild after your journey into the depths, but all has quieted down as the fall months approach.

In the meantime you have wondered what ever became of Ralishaz's followers. Steeling up your courage one day you made the trip down to Assassins End and tentatively knocked on the door to the temple to insanity.

An acolyte answered your knock before you thought better of your actions and ushered you inside. Fighting down the nausea instilled by the temple decorations you asked to see the person in charge, and were granted an audience with Barris Bechetir, the temple head. Somewhat confused you inquired about the previous person in his position, Onesimus. Amused and confused, Barris informed you that Onesimus is the name of the gardener, and he is not a very good one at that.

On your way out the acolyte was instructed to show you through the garden, and you did see Onesimus there. His expression was uncharacteristically slack and he did not seem to see you even when you waved your hands in front of his face. All he said was, "... blue thread, one hundred thousand five hundred and twenty-six, red thread, one hundred thousand five hundred and twenty-seven, yellow thread, one hundred thousand five hundred and twenty-eight...."

Each surviving player receives a piece of string that can act as a single *wish* spell.

End the adventure here and begin scoring procedures.

Treasure Summary

Encounter Three

A map.

A strange tableau like game set.

Dwarf armor, weapons, and spider jerky.

(45) 10gp diamonds.

Encounter Four

Steeders.

Encounter Five

A key.

Encounter Six

20 marbles?

Encounter Eight

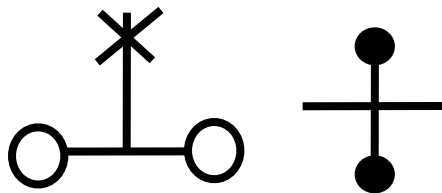
Player Handout #1 - Sword





The sword that you have been given is a +3 weapon known as Anarchy. There are identifying runes from the Ancient Bakluni language on one side of the blade, and it is made of a peculiar blue streaked metal. 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.

You realize that this compulsion presses upon your mind from within the blade, but it is difficult to resist. If at any time during this adventure your personality score (Intelligence + Charisma + Experience Level adjusted for lost hit points) drops below 25, you will be overwhelmed by the urge to run back the way you came. Those trying to stop you become your enemies, and are potential targets for a full attack by you from the blade. If at this time the DM does not believe that you are role playing the situation to the fullest, he or she may temporarily declare your character an NPC controlled entirely by the blade that you carry. The sword would rather have you risk your life than allow you to reunite the blades.

Player Handout #3 - Runes found on the Ancient Stone Door

The door is made of stone and is inset into a vaulted stone arch. Centrally located on the door are a series of runes, the topmost of which appear to have been inscribed a very long time ago. The bottom row of runes appears newer, with the rightmost one appearing quite freshly engraved.



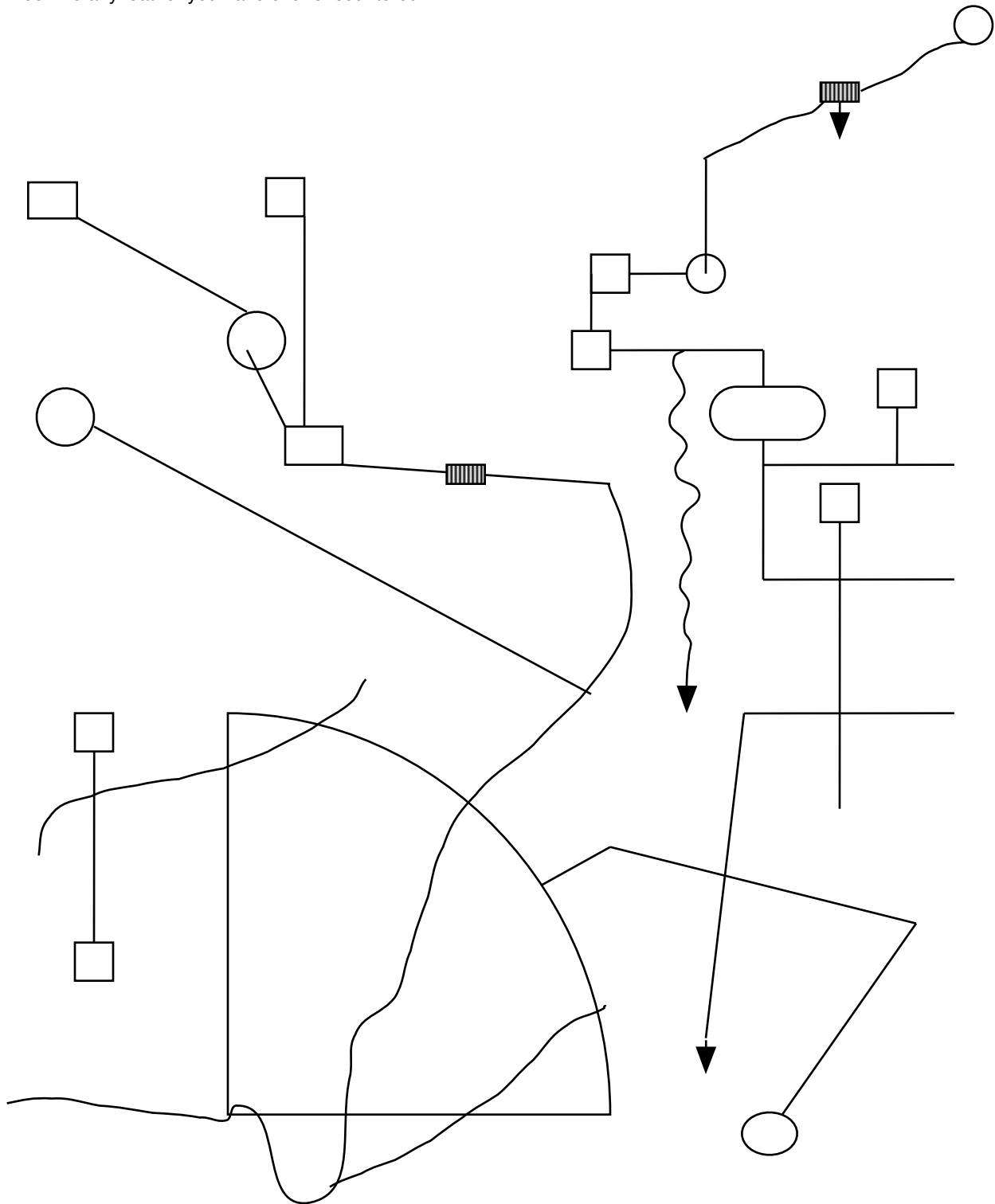
				
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Player Handout #2 - the Duergar Map

This old and worn map is inscribed and tooled into an old piece of leathery material. Funny, it does not look or feel like any leather you have ever encountered.

Player Handout #2 - the Duergar Map

This old and worn map is inscribed and tooled into an old piece of leathery material. Funny, it does not look or feel like any leather you have ever encountered.



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.

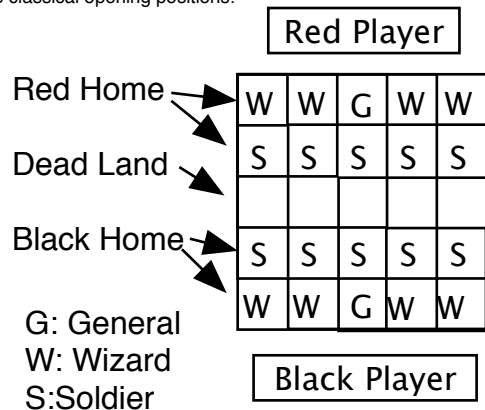
The placks are shuffled, and dealt face down, each player receiving twelve. Then one final card is drawn from the top of the deck and placed face down between them. This plack is known as the *key tile*, and defines the center of the playing field. The remaining 7 placks are placed aside, and are not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

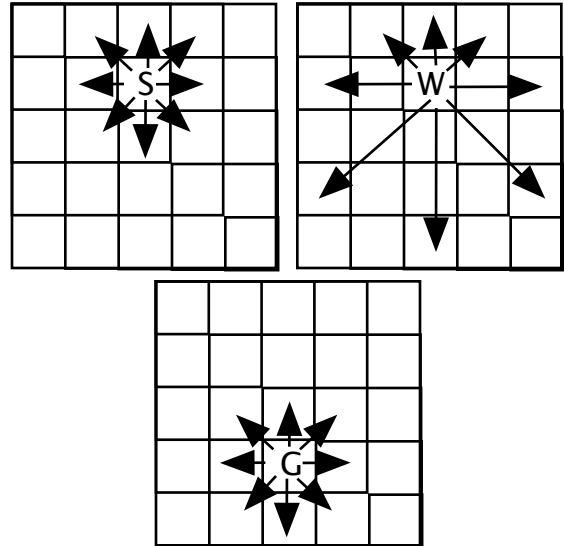
Once all of the placks have been played, the *key tile* is turned face up to expose it's color. The playing field is now a board of 25 squares made of black and red placks, the pattern of which will have a great bearing on the outcome of the game.

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



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 it's 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.

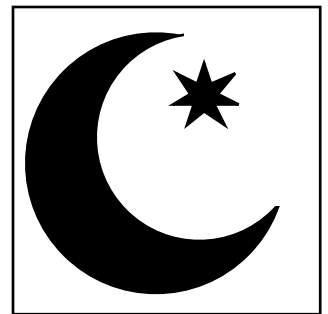
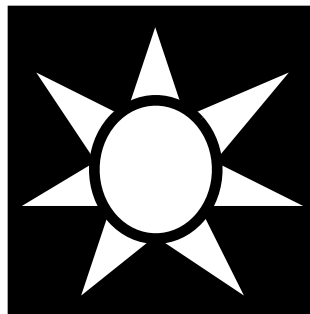
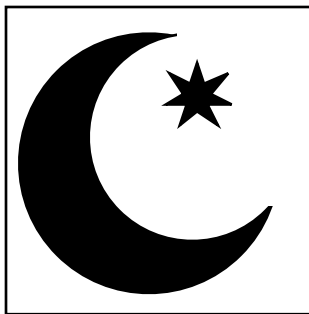
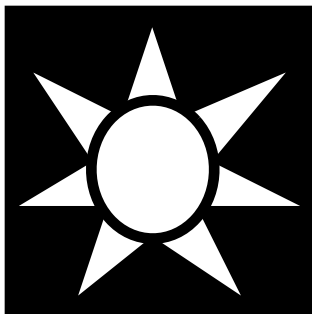
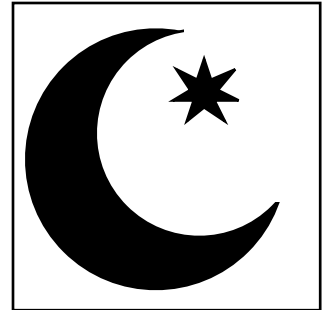
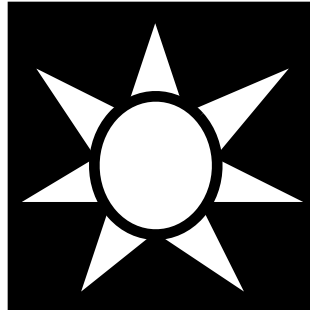
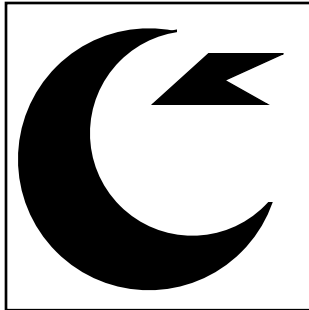
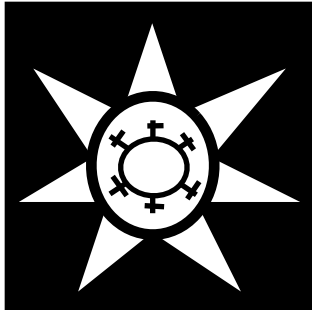
The winner is the player who captures his or her opponent's General token first. Normal stakes are 1 coin per token, plus ten coins per game.

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.

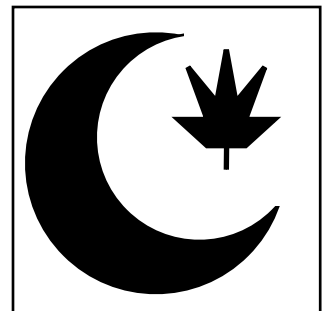
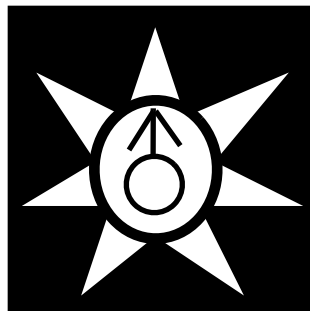
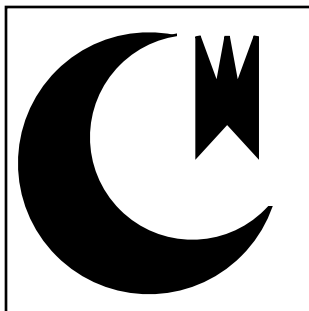
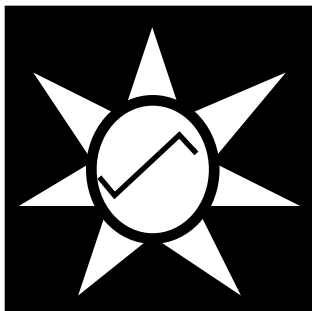
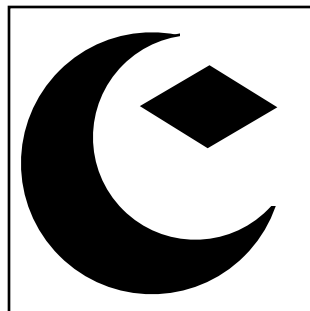
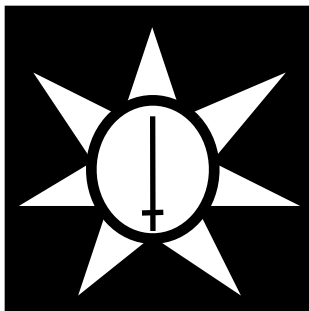
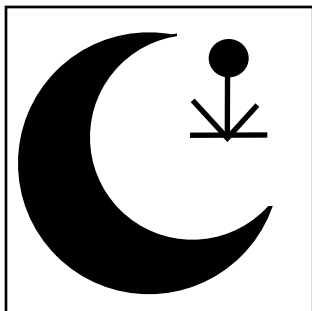
Tableau Tiles: This card contains the pattern for a set of common tableau tiles. Copy this page on two separate sheets of heavy card stock, preferably red in color. The top four rows represent one half of the tiles, and the bottom four rows comprise the other half. The two remaining rows are not used.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

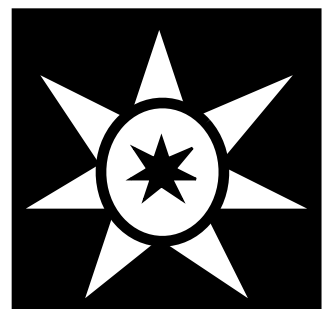
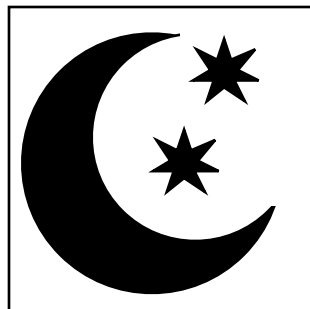
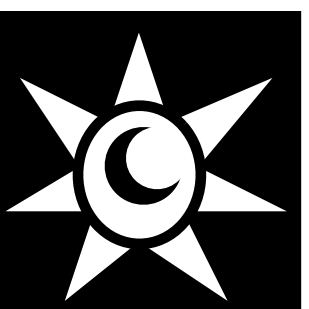
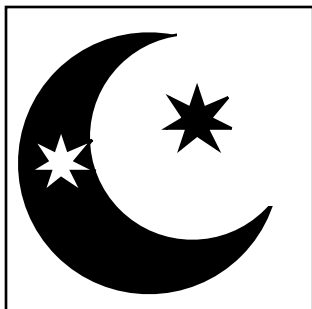
Use
this row
only
once.



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, Tusmit's Battle Crescent

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.

Tusmit's Battle Crescent (from Greyhawk Adventures): Set in a golden necklace studded with gems, this medallion is a prized possession among the rulers of the northwest Flanaess. A warlord will gladly pay the full price for it, though a treacherous lord might

send his thieves and assassins to retrieve the payment. Once in every 24-hour period, the character can receive a +2 (or 10%) bonus on any single combat-related die roll. The decision to take the bonus must be made before the die is rolled. The crescent also protects the wearer from all normal missiles, and all weapons striking the wearer are at -1 to hit and damage.

Spell Book: (1st) *affect normal fires, armor, burning hands, change self, enlarge, shocking grasp*, (2nd) *flaming sphere, pyrotechnics, strength*, (3rd) *fireball, flame arrow, Tenser'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.

No time has passed since your last adventure for Fatima.

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, Red Armor of the Hellfurnaces

Amulet of the Cairn Hills (from 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.

Red Armor of the Hellfurnaces (from Greyhawk Adventures): This blood-red armor was cut from the back plates of an adult red dragon. Many warriors from the Yeomanry died in the battle to kill the creature, and the best dwarven armorers were hired to rework the plates into a wearable suit. The final product is a set of ((plate mail +4)) that allows its wearer to save against fire-based attacks for half or no damage. Red dragons seeing this armor will make unusual efforts to kill the wearer.

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.

No time has passed since your last adventure for Fatima.

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, rod of passage with two charges left

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.

No time has passed since your last adventure for Fatima.

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, medallion of thought protection

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.

No time has passed since your last adventure for Fatima.

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)

Note: also owns bronze plate mail +2

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, Stonefist sword of rage

Stonefist Sword of Rage (from Greyhawk Adventures): This two-handed sword was enchanted during the reign of Vlek Col Vlekzed. No one is sure if Vlek wielded it himself, though the warriors of the Hold of Stonefist stubbornly (and violently) claim so. No one doubts that the weapon contains the strength and ferocity upon which Vlek built his domain.

Aside from its normal +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls, the sword allows the wielder to voluntarily enter a state of mindless rage. While enraged, the character gains an additional +1 "to hit," +3 damage, and an additional +2 hit points per level. (Note: These bonus hit points are lost to damage before the character's own hit points, cf. ((potion of heroism)).) However, the character also loses any Dexterity bonuses to his or her armor class, and cannot control the rage until he or she makes a save vs. spell (one attempt per round).

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.

No time has passed since your last adventure for Fatima.

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, shield +2 vs normal attacks and +4 vs missile attacks.

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.

No time has passed since your last adventure for Fatima.