

TALISLANTA

A Talislanta 4th Edition / d20 Adventure

The Weight of Water



Talislanda

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TALISLANTA

FANTASY ROLE PLAYING GAME

Adventure

The Weight of Water

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THE WEIGHT OF WATER

A Talislanta Adventure by Matthew Webber

GETTING STARTED

The Weight of Water is an adventure designed for three to six player characters (identified through much of the text as PCs). All that is needed to play is this book, the Talislanta Rulebook and one twenty-sided dice. Gamemasters should read through and familiarize themselves with this book before getting started, looking for ways to customize the story to better incorporate the individual players and their characters. Talislanta is a land with over fifty playable species, each one with their own aptitudes, skills and special abilities, it would be impossible to plan for them all. So chop it up, hack it to pieces and stick in whatever you like, this is your adventure. Good luck, and have fun.

WHAT'S GOING ON

The Nebu family is a growing force in Kasmir. Their takedown of the Auditor's Cabal, and later their role in the disgrace of the Chief Sub-Minister of Equity are still taught in adversarial-accountancy classes across Kasmir. Though well-known for handling the money for a number of known grey-market businesses and a rumoured, literally cutthroat approach to business, these are not necessarily considered negative traits among the Kasmirans.

Recently, they crossed the line into outright treason when they brokered a deal with a mysterious outside party for mining rights in the Jasper Mountains. The

Nebu eventually discovered that the group was backed by the Rajans, but sold them the land anyway, confident that even if the Rajans were discovered, their role would be carefully hidden behind a screen of false accounts and dummy companies.

The Rajans told the Nebu family that their interest lay only in mining black iron. In reality they have used the mine as a cover to tunnel into the Kingdom of Astar with the goal of reaching Lake Zephyr. Once there they plan to poison the waters, dealing a critical blow to two of the Rajan's most hated enemies: the Seven Kingdoms and the Kingdom of Carantheun. To the Dracartans of Carantheum, Lake Zephyr has long been a source of fresh water. Using the magic of thaumaturgy, they syphon the water and transform it into a non-frozen solid-state, ready for export back to their home in the heart of the Red Desert.

Rajan agents learned that at the next Council of Kings, the Dracartans were planning on petitioning to increase their water-rights in Lake Zephyr, and that this petition was likely to be granted. The Rajans feared that this would result in more geomancers and Dracartan troops in the region, increasing the chances that the tunnel would be discovered before they could succeed in poisoning the water. To delay, the Rajans promised the Nebu that they would sell back the mine and leave the Jasper Mountains altogether. In return, they asked the Nebu to delay the upcoming Council of Kings for a

couple of weeks, telling the Kasrmirans that it was only so they could completely fill the black iron quota set by the Khadun, the absolute ruler of Rajanistan.

The Nebu family remains unaware of the Rajans' true intentions and never would have agreed to the deal if they had known. However, even if they learned the truth now, they know they are in far too deep. While they will not help the Rajans any further, they will go to any length to cover up their involvement with the Rajans, or their role in killing Queen Starbeam.

It was a branch of the Nebu family called 'the Adjustors' who devised the plan of hiring a Revenant to kill the Queen of the Muses. The monarchy of Astar is largely a ceremonial position put in place to appease the Muses who wanted at least some say in how their country would be governed. As a whole however, Muses find politics extremely dull, and the Muse chosen to become the king rarely lasts for more than a few weeks before they resign and a new queen must be chosen. The Adjustors decided that killing the current Muse queen would disrupt the Council of Kings long enough, without crippling the entire Seven Kingdoms government. As the adventure begins, the players find themselves primary suspects in the regicide, and must set out across Astar to find a way to prove their innocence.

AND SO IT BEGINS

The adventure begins in the city of Cymril, but the players can be recruited from anywhere within the Seven Kingdoms. The adventurers might spot a notice calling for extra guards or, if one or two of the team look like warriors, they may be approached in a tavern or shop by a city official. Either way, the players are told that they can earn five pentacles for one day's work if they report to Cymril park at dawn on the 7th of Talisandre.

A second option, if the players aren't particularly suited to being guards or don't rise to the bait, is to simply have the PCs standing alongside the parade route when the Queen of Astar passes. The parade of kings is a popular event in Cymril, as it signals the beginning of the day's festivities and a good portion of the city turns out to see it. The players might go along to see what all the fuss is about.

THE COUNCIL OF KINGS

More a confederacy of allied nations than an unified state, the Seven Kingdoms is governed by the Council of Kings. This gathering of the seven monarchs comes together to discuss policy, new laws, taxes and other

affairs of state. Each month, the leaders make their way to the City of Cymril for a conference that can last as little as a few days, or as long as a few weeks depending on the topics tabled for discussion. Needless to say, the monthly expense of moving each kingdom's entire royal retinue to Cymril is a topic frequently brought up for discussion.

Once a year, on the 7th of Talisandre, the anniversary of the founding of the Seven Kingdoms, the normally subdued arrival of the monarchs is transformed into a grand parade that marks the beginning of the day's celebrations. Each leader enters into Cymril along a branch of the Seven Roads, meeting in Cymril Park at the very centre of the city. This yearly event puts a great strain upon the Seven Kingdom's Grand Army and it often hires extra guards to help fill in the gaps along the parade route.

THE SEVEN PARKS

Located at the heart of the City of Cymril are seven parks, each duplicating the dominant environment of one of the Seven Kingdoms. The parks are arranged with Cymril park in the centre and the others spaced around it in the same broad geographical position as the actual kingdoms. The parks are separated by broad, paved promenades that lead into the city and become Seven Roads, making these parks the true hub of the Seven Kingdoms.

Some parks, like Astar, Vardune and Cymril with their rich gardens and idyllic settings are quite popular and are often filled with visitors. Others, like the wind-blown sand dunes of Kasmir, or the dangerously realistic jungle-scape of Taz, are less so. The beauty of Durne park with its underground grottos and crystal gardens, or the carefully replicated wind-sculpted mesas of Sindar are not so immediately obvious, but quickly become apparent to those who wander down their stony paths. At the centre of each park is a statue of a national hero carved from native materials.

THE PARADE OF KINGS

The morning sky is still shot through with broad streaks of red and orange as the players make their way into Cymril Park. The park is laid out with plenty of open spaces filled with vibrant green grasses, shrubs and trees just starting to show traces of their fall colours. The paths through the park are made from the same green glass that coats many of the city's buildings. As they walk along, the PCs notice that some of the plants are made from the same green glass, and there are even green-glass avir and quaaals perched in the

trees above.

There is a steady stream of people in the park for such an early hour. Most are from the Seven Kingdoms; Thralls, Blue Aeriad, Gnomekin, Cymrillians and even one or two Sindarans, but there are also Danuvians, Zandir, Arimites and the occasional representative of Talislanta's more exotic races. Though almost all are wearing weapons, they will smile and nod at the PCs, especially if one or more of the PCs happens to be from one of the Seven Kingdoms.

At the centre of the park, just before a ten foot, green-glass statue of a wizard (Pharos, the first Wizard-King of Cymril), is a stage built like a six-sided star. Seven thrones, each topped by a colourful flag sit upon the stage.

The whole area is a flurry of activity with craftsmen making last minute adjustments and frantic city officials trying to get everything organized. Cymril is a city where magic is common and almost everyone knows a few useful spells. So it would not be unusual for the PCs to pass self-hammering hammers, levitating foodstuffs and distracted Cymrillians talking to dictating scrolls.

Most of the warriors are lining up under a banner of the Grand Army. As the PCs get in line, they find themselves behind a chatty Gnomekin who introduces herself as Ora Po. Ora talks mostly about her plans for after the parade. She plans on celebrating in Durne park, but she is quite happy to answer any questions they might have about what is going on or the Seven Kingdoms in general.

After a short wait, they get to the head of the line and come face to face with a harried looking Cymrillian wearing an officer's sash. The officer quickly explains the deal.

ORA PO, GNOMEKIN PROTECTOR

Ora is a small female Gnomekin, 3' tall and 70lbs. She has childlike features, and is wearing two large amber cusps over her eyes. For the day's celebrations, she has painted swirling red patterns onto her nut-brown skin and dyed her hair crest to match. Friendly and outgoing, she still carries the crystal-sword of a Gnomekin warrior. She also carries a nasty looking crossbow and a quiver of bolts on her hips.

Careful examination will reveal that the crossbow is strung, and further examination might reveal that the bolts are barbed. If questioned about it, she laughs and says that she forgot to unstring her bow and that she found the bolts on a subterranean corpse.

In reality, Ora is an Arimite Revenant. As a cub, her family was captured by slavers and sold to work in an Aamanian salt mine where most of her siblings died. She was eventually sold to an Arimite mine where her developing fierceness caught the eye of one of the mine's foremen. The foreman was actually a Revenant who rescued the young Gnomekin and trained her in the arts of death and killing.

INT +2	PER +0
WIL -1	CHA +2
STR +1	DEX +4
CON +6	SPD +1
CR: +4	MR: +0

Hit Points: 24

Attacks: Crossbow: CR: +6, DR (barbed bolts) 8; Crystalblade: CR: +11, DR:6

Armor: None

Skills: Crystalblade +7, Evade +8, Scout +9, Climb +9, Assassinate +8, Locks +7.

Languages: Durnese native, Low Talislan, fluent

Items: Three vials of stickysap. (To throw, roll DEX).

D20 STATS

Female Gnomekin Scout 3 / Revenant 2

HD: 3d8 + 2d6 (24 hp); **BAB:** +4; **Init:** +4; **Speed:** 20 ft.; **AC:** 14 (+4 Dex); **Attack:** Crossbow +8 (1-8 / 19-20) or Crystalblade +5 (1-8 / 19-20/x2); **Full Attack:** Crossbow (1-8 / 19-20) or Crystalblade (1-8 / 19-20/x2); **SQ:** Favored Terrain +1 (underground), Sneak Attack +1d6, Death Attack, Poison Use; **Languages:** Durnese, Low Talislan; **SV:** Fort +7, Ref +8, Wil +2; **Abilities:** Str 12, Dex 18, Con 19, Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 15; **Skills:** Climb +10, Disguise +8, Hide +14, Move Silently +14, Open Lock +6, Slight of Hand +6, Spot +1, Tumble +8; **Feats:** Deceitful, Rapid Shot, Endurance

"You will stand guard along the parade route and keep the assembled throng away from the royal procession. A grand-army sash and baton will be provided but you may carry your own armaments. Please note that under Cymrillian law, all bows must remain unstrung. Upon the satisfactory completion of the parade, report to your street-commander who will collect the batons and sashes and issue payment of the agreed upon five pentacles. Please make your mark here." he finishes, pushing an open ledger towards them.

If they sign, the Cymrillian hands over the sashes and batons then assigns them to a stern looking young Thrall. He looks them over quickly, grunts once and motions for them to follow. The PCs are lead to a group of about fifteen other newly-minted guards, including Ora, all trying on their new sashes. Once the PCs manage to get theirs on, the Thrall orders everyone to line up.

THE SEVEN KINGDOMS FLAG

The flag of the Seven Kingdoms is a large, six-pointed flag with an emerald green hexagon in the centre which represents Cymril. Each point of the star is a different colour; azure, crimson, aqua-blue, brown, orange and purple, representing the national colours of Astar, Taz, Vardune, Durne, Sindar and Kasmir respectively.

The official sashes of the Grand Army are predominantly the colour of the soldier's home garrison, with a six-colored rainbow fringe and a badge of the six-pointed star placed over the heart. The sashes that the street-guards are getting are the solid colour of the street they are assigned to (in the case of the PCs, azure blue) and have a solid white star over the heart.

"My name is Corporal Tonfa and I am your commander for the duration. Our assignment is the west side of the Astar Promenade. It's a pretty easy position, but I plan on doing this by the book and my book's only got four simple rules:

"One! Keep your eyes on the crowd! You wanna watch the parade, or flirt with the pretty Muses, turn in your sash and bugger off.

"Two! You don't move from where I put ya. If you see something, or something happens you can't handle, raise your baton and I'll come to you.

"Three! Only Muses and wisps are allowed to approach the parade. Don't worry, you couldn't keep them out if you wanted to. But nobody else is allowed onto the promenade. Got it?"

CORPORAL TONFA, THRALL WARRIOR
6;8", 300lbs. Corporal Tonfa is a young Thrall looking to prove himself. Over-eager and a little nervous about his first command, he is overcompensating by acting much tougher than he feels. His tattoos are predominantly yellow and green and are marked by a repeating blue-flame motif, including the large lick of flame rising up from his chin, over his lips and nose and ending in the middle of his forehead. He is wearing full garde and carries a large broad-axe strapped to his back.

Attributes:

INT -3*	PER +0
WIL +2	CHA +0
STR +4	DEX +3
CON +4	SPD +2
CR: +6	MR: -5

**+3 for tactical and combat related rolls*

Hit Points: 34

Attacks: War Axe: CR +9, DR 8; Tazian Combat: CR +9; DR 4 (full garde)

Armor: PR 5, Full Garde

Skills: Mounted Combat +6, Tactics +7, Command +5, Guard +6

Languages: Low Talislan, native

Special Abilities: Immune to fear. Unable to comprehend magic.

D20 STATS

Male Thrall Warrior 8

HD: 8d10 (45 hp); **BAB:** +8/+3; **Init:** +3; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 18 (+3 Dex, +5 Full Garde); **Attack:** War Axe +12 (1d8+4) or Unarmed Tazian Combat +14 (1d4+6); **Full Attack:** War Axe +12 (1d8+4) or Unarmed Tazian Combat +2 (1d4+6); **SQ:** Immune to all forms of fear; **Languages:** Low Talislan; **SV:** Fort +10, Ref +5, Wil +5; **Abilities:** Str 19, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 10; **Skills:** Climb +8, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (tactics) +6, Ride +8, Swim +6, Tumble +5; **Feats:** Tazian Combat, Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Combat Expertise, Dodge

"Four! As long as you wear those sashes, you are part of the Grand Army, which means that if you screw up, you answer to me."

Tonfa takes his troops out of Cymril park to the promenade between the Taz and Astar parks. The Astar

BLUE AERIAD RANGERS

5'5"-6', 80-120lbs. Blue skin and plumage with a metallic sheen. Sharp, bird-like features, a crest of long feathers and vestigial wings.

Attributes:

INT +0	PER +2
WIL +0	CHA +0
STR +1	DEX +4
CON +0	SPD +2
CR +4	MR 20

Attack: Tri-bow: +9, DR 6; Dart Thrower +9, DR 3; Crescent Knife +9, DR 4; Padded Truncheon +8, DR 6 (stun damage)

Special Abilities: Bracers of Levitation. Can fly up to SPD +8. +2 to all attacks made from above.

Armor: None

Hit Point: 20

THRALL GUARDS

6'8", 300lbs. Hairless, identical appearance and bodies covered with tattoos.

Attributes:

INT -3	PER +0
WIL +2	CHA +0
STR +4	DEX +3
CON +4	SPD +2
CR: +6	MR: -5

**+3 for tactical and combat related rolls*

Attacks: Long Sword: CR +9, DR 12; Tazian Combat: CR +9, DR 4 (full garde); Padded Truncheon: CR +8, DR 8 (stun damage)

Special Abilities: Immune to fear. Unable to comprehend magic.

Armor: PR 5, Full Garde

Hit Points: 34

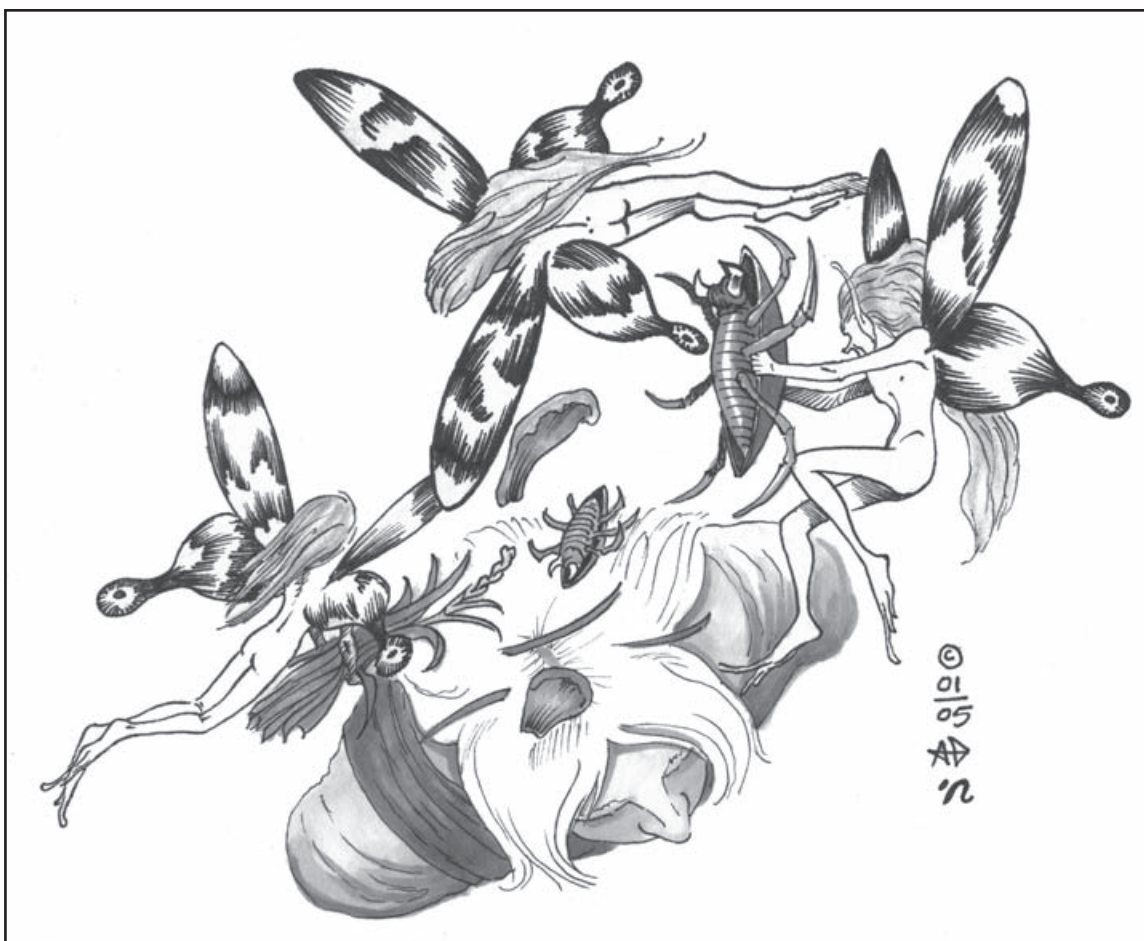
D20 STATS

Blue Aeriad Rangers

Size: M (humanoid); **CR:** 3; HD 3d8 (20 hp); **Init:** +4; **Spd:** 30 ft. (60 ft. gliding for 6 rounds); **AC:** 14 (+4 dex); **Atk:** Tri-Bow +7 (1d8 /19-20/x2)) or Dart Thrower +7 (1d4 /19-20/x2) or Crescent Knife +2 (1d6 / x2) or Padded Truncheon +2 (1d6 non-lethal); **Full Atk:** Tri-Bow +7 (1d8 /19-20/x2)) or Dart Thrower +7 (1d4 /19-20/x2) or Crescent Knife +2 (1d6 / x2) or Padded Truncheon +2 (1d6 non-lethal); **Space/Reach:** 5ft.; **SA:** Rapid Shot (one extra ranged attack per round); **SQ:** None; **SV:** Fort +4, Ref +7, Wil +2; **Abl:** Str 9, Dex 19, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 12; **Skills:** Balance +8, Hide +9, Listen +5, Move Silently +10, Survival (forest) +6; **Feats:** Rapid Shot, Point Blank Shot; Possessions: Crescent Knife, Dart Thrower OR Tri-Bow, Bracers of Levitation.

Thrall Guards

Size: M (humanoid); **CR:** 3; HD 3d10 (25 hp); **Init:** +3; **Spd:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 18 (+3 dex, +5 full garde); **Atk:** Long sword +7 (1d8 +7) or unarmed Tazian Combat +9 (1d4 +9) or Padded Truncheon +7 (1d6 non-lethal); **Full Atk:** Long sword +7 (1d8 +7) or unarmed Tazian Combat +9 (1d4 +9) or Padded Truncheon +7 (1d6 non-lethal); **Space/Reach:** 5ft.; **SA:** Tazian Combat; **SQ:** Immune to fear; **SV:** Fort +6, Ref +4, Wil +2; **Abl:** Str 18, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 10; **Skills:** Knowledge (tactics) +4, Ride +2; **Feats:** Tazian Combat, Power Attack, Cleave; Dodge.



SAMPLE ENCOUNTERS:

1: Two bored whips start amusing themselves by taunting and teasing the PCs. They start by making faces and dropping flowers petals, grass and bugs on their heads. If ignored the whisps will quickly tire of the game and move on, but if the PCs react, the whisps respond by playing meaner and nastier tricks.

2: The PCs start to experience strange visions and hearing bizarre voices: a singing and dancing exomorph, a beautiful Muse dancing seductively before their eyes; a flock of flying Kasmirin flapping their purple cloaks. The culprit is a group of Muses across the path who are betting each other to see which one of the PCs will be the first to react. Can the PCs figure out what is going on?

3: A Maruk dung-merchant on his daily rounds has gotten turned around by the streets blocked off for the parade, and is now driving his over-burdened wagon down the promenade. Tonfa reacts by running up and yelling at the merchant, but he is grumpy and irritated by the day's festivities and in no mood to deal with the yelling corporal. He halts the cart and refuses to move unless he is compensated for his trouble. He wants either 50 pentacles, or a kiss from one of the Muses. Normally any Muse would be happy to oblige, but they are terribly upset and disgusted by the wagon and won't go near him. Tonfa is clearly over his head; can the PCs negotiate a settlement before the parade arrives?

4: A drunken Danuvian virago out to watch the parade takes an amorous interest in one of the male PCs. How do you politely say no to an inebriated, seven-foot warrior woman?

park looks even more peaceful than Cymril, with lush trees and open glades filled with blooming wildflowers. Excited whisps and Muses are fluttering back and forth, trying to get into a good position to watch the arrival of their Queen. Taz park on the west side is surrounded by a seven-foot wall of featureless grey stone. Trees with heavy, moist leaves droop over the wall and strange cries can be heard coming from inside. There are no crowds yet along this side of the promenade.

Tonfa sets up his troops ten feet apart, keeping the PCs within site of one another. He leaves each PC with bit of advice about Taz park.

"If you see something slithering or skittering down that wall that you don't recognize, don't touch it. That wall was built for a reason."

It will take a few hours for the Parade to wind its way through the city and enter the parks. The GM can simply skip ahead to the arrival of the Queen of Astar, or initiate a small encounter or two as the PCs wait and watch the crowds gather.

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN OF ASTAR

If the PCs did not become guards, they can be standing by the Taz Park wall waiting for the parade to start. Around noon, Corporal Tonfa makes one last inspection of his troops and warns them that the parade is about to enter the promenade. The PCs soon hear it and their first glimpse is a small group of Muses singing and playing musical instruments as they come dancing up the path.

The parade of Muses is less of a stately royal procession and more of a free flowing festival. As it starts to pass more Muses and whisps spill out of the park and join in, filling the air with music, singing and an acute sense of happiness and well-being as the Muses openly broadcast their thoughts and feelings to everyone around them.

The core of the parade is a little more formal. A knot of Thrall guards is marching

in rigid military formation around a sedan chair carried by two more armed Thralls. Overhead, just above the fluttering Muses, are two circling Blue Aeriad rangers.

Queen Starbeam, the newly chosen monarch of Astar, is sitting in her chair, accepting kisses and flowers from the Muses and whisps who fly up to visit her, but she looks a little sad that she is not allowed to leave her chair and join in on fun.

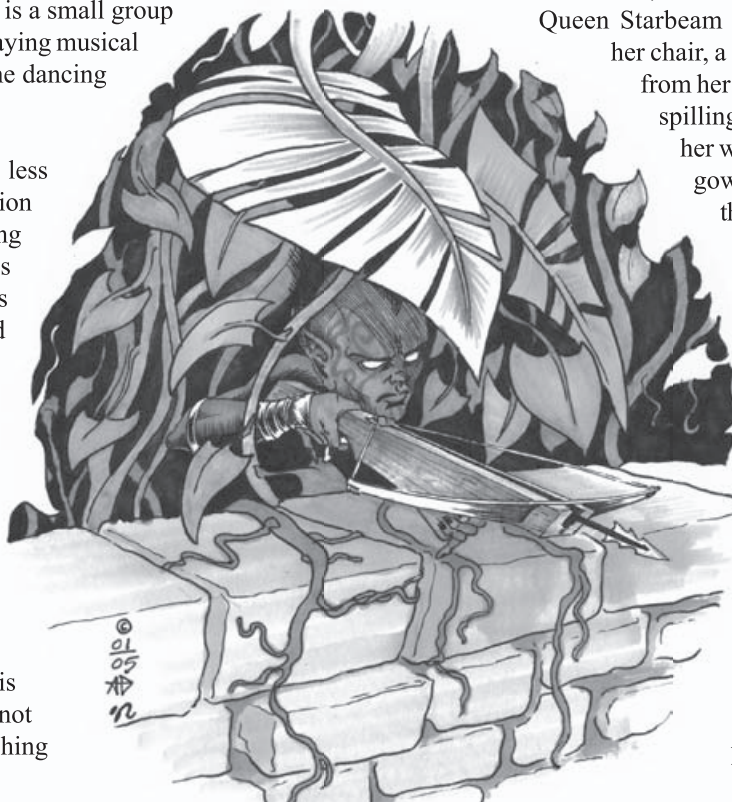
Meanwhile, the PCs are still staring at the featureless grey wall that protects them from Taz park. The crowd on this side of the promenade is fairly small, most people prefer the atmosphere on the Astar Park side. Surprisingly, a significant number of the spectators here are Kasmirans who seem to enjoy watching the Muses frolic and play. As the Queen's chair is passing by the PCs, have each make a PER roll. The one with the highest result notices something, or someone on top of the wall, hidden behind a veil of thick leaves. (d20: Search check DC 12)

Before they can mention it, the leaves move. There is a quick flurry of movement, and a small figure carrying a weapon of some sort springs out of the leaves, runs along the wall for a few steps, then drops down into Taz park.

At this moment, a Muse begins to scream.

Queen Starbeam is slumped over in her chair, a long bolt protruding from her chest, and red blood spilling down the front of her white lace coronation gown. The sight incites the Muses into a panic, and they all take to the air, filling the promenade with cries of anguish, grief and fear. Spectators from both sides push past the PCs onto the street, while the street-guards and Thrall bodyguards try and hold them back.

No one but the PC has seen the figure



on top of the wall and in the ensuing confusion, Tonfa is nowhere to be seen and there isn't anyone around to help but the other characters. If they want to catch the assassin, they must act quickly.

Gamemaster note: *Of course the PCs do not have to give chase, but remind them that at this point, they are still technically members of the Grand Army and that the chance of a reward for catching a royal assassin would be pretty high. If the PCs still don't consider this their problem, one of the Blue Aeriad rangers saw the bolt come from the direction of the PCs. One lands to inform the Thrall bodyguards of what they saw, while the other one will land on the wall and spot the crossbow on the other side, as if it had been thrown there. Any PC with a quiver will find two more barbed bolts stashed there. The Thrall bodyguards will then quickly subdue the PCs and skip ahead to the Accused section at the end of this chapter.*

INTO THE PARKS

It is a Climb roll, or a DEX check to scale the wall (+3 to the roll (d20: Climb check DC 10). The wall was designed to keep creatures in, not out) and hop over the other side. Taz Park was made to replicate the steaming jungles of the Thrall homeland. The foliage here is very thick, filled with vine-choked trees, high grasses and clouds of buzzing insects. Only one path can be seen and it is obvious that someone recently passed in a hurry. The tracks in the wet earth are small, almost child-sized but tipped with claws.

As the PCs give chase, they soon spot someone walking on the path ahead. As they get a little closer, they can see that it is a Gnomekin with a red crest and a crossbow across her back. Once the assassin knows she is being followed, she will turn around, allowing the PCs to see that it is Ora, before breaking into a run.

After a few metres, Ora will suddenly break right and head into the jungle, running towards a group of trees choked by vines. As she runs beneath the trees, she drops to the ground and rolls, springs back onto her feet and keeps running.

The trees are infested with stranglevine. If the PCs run under the tree, one of the vines lashes out at each PC. (If the PCs roll like Ora did, add -5 to the stranglevine's attack roll).

Once past the stranglevine, the Gnomekin runs past a great iron statue of a Thrall warrior (Zar, the most famous Thrall General), down another path and through

STRANGLEVINE

Attributes:

INT n/a	PER +0
WIL +0	CHA n/a
STR +3	DEX +0
CON +0	SPD +1

Ability Level: 4

Attacks Damage: Constriction: DR 9 per round, one attack per tendril

Special Abilities: Limited Mobility

Armor: PR 5

Hit Point: Tendrils: 6 points each; Roots: 8

Notes: *The stranglevine will make 1 Grab attack per PC. If successful, the vine is snared around the PCs next and begins to tighten. Constriction damage is automatic and begins the following round. A successful opposed STR roll will allow the PC to break the vine (partial success means the PC is still trapped, but takes no damage). Any PCs who stop and try to help cut down the trapped PC, will also be attacked by 1 or 2 vines per round.*

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an open gate. The gate opens onto the promenade between Taz and Vardune parks where the Warrior King of Thrall's parade has just passed. News of what happened on the Astar side has not yet reached here and rows upon rows of Thrall warriors are still standing at attention along both sides. Exiting the Taz park, the Gnomekin darts across the promenade, races into the park across the way and climbs up one of the rope ladders that takes visitors into the canopy pathways. Just before she disappears the Gnomekin yells "Murder! Murder!" into the crowd.

The Thrall warriors are all standing at attention until their commander in chief has left the street. Because they are unaware of what has happened, they won't disrespect their king by moving unless the PCs do something rash, such as charging into the promenade with weapons drawn. If the PCs don't do anything to draw too much attention to themselves and cross the promenade cautiously, the Thralls will just chalk it up to another Gnomekin prank they don't understand.

If the PCs do manage to antagonize a street full of Thralls, the melee will be brief and skip to the Accused section at the end of this chapter.

STICKYROOT SAP

This potion is commonly used by Gnomekin Protectors to capture criminals and creatures they don't wish to harm. Substances hit by the potion become coated in a very sticky, taffy-like orange-yellow goo. The more the creature struggles, the more tangled they become. One vial will trap one human-sized creature on average. Requires a DEX roll to avoid being hit. If struck, it requires a successful STR roll each round to continue moving. Every round the character moves adds -1 to the STR roll. Once the character fails a roll, they are considered immobile. Common lantern oil breaks down the goo and turns it into slime, but at least it is no longer sticky.

Dose: one ounce

Level: 4

Ingredients: five drams of yellow stickler root, 3 drams of vinesap.

Cost of Materials: 10gl

Time required: one day.

Minimum value: 25gl

D20 STATS

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On a successful ranged attack, the victim takes a -2 penalty on attack rolls and a -4 penalty to Dexterity and must make a DC 15 Reflex save or be glued to the floor, unable to move. Even on a successful save, it can move only at half speed. A flying creature is not stuck to the floor, but it must make a DC 15 Reflex save or be unable to fly (assuming it uses its wings to fly) and fall to the ground.

A creature that is glued to the floor (or unable to fly) can break free by making a DC 17 Strength check. Once free, the creature can move (including flying) at half speed. A character capable of spellcasting who is bound by the sap must make a DC 15 Concentration check to cast a spell. The sap becomes brittle and fragile after 6d4 rounds, cracking apart and losing its effectiveness. An application of common lamp oil to a stuck creature dissolves the sap immediately.

Cost: 25 gl

Meanwhile in Vardune park, the Gnomekin has climbed up one of the viridia trees and set up an ambush point in case any of the PCs are still following her. Ground travel through Vardune park is nearly impossible. The broad trunks of the viridia grow side by side and where the trees don't grow there are deep ponds and streams. The real beauty of the Vardune park is up in the canopies; warm sunlight streaming through the leaves and falling upon rich blossom gardens, all linked together by suspended catwalks and bridges.

Ora has climbed up on a thick branch with a good shot at the rope ladder. When the first PC climbs up the ladder, she will toss a vial of stickyroot, then fire a crossbow bolt fired at the trapped PC. Fortunately, she isn't interested in killing the PCs and won't attack again. The tactic is mainly to create enough confusion for her to get away.

Once Ora fires her crossbow, she races through Vardune park and out the other side. If the PCs are slowed down by the stickyroot sap, they may lose track of Ora. To keep them moving, drop a few hints that Ora is not heading into the city, but through the parks and that the next park is Durne, homeland of the Gnomekin. If the PCs decide to go back, they will be taken into custody until the Grand Army can sort things out and go to the Accused section.

Through Vardune park, past the great statue of a bizarre plant-man (Viridian, the creator of the viridia plant) made from a giant living viridia tree, down the rope ladder and out into the Vardune promenade. By now, the crowd is aware that something has happened and is milling about in confusion. The crowd is mainly made up of Aeriad, so it is easy (PER roll) to spot the red-crested Gnomekin disappearing into an open tunnel down into Durne Park (*d20: Search check DC 10*).

From above ground Durne park is an open field covered in rocky outcrops and a few grassy patches. However, there are many marked tunnels that lead underground into the true park. If the PCs follow, they enter into a warm, dry tunnel lit by glowing, blue fungi. The tunnel is winding, but has no branches until it comes to a open room with two other tunnel entrances. In the centre of the room is a stand of giant, green resonance crystals, that hum and sing along with every noise in the room. The sound is very pretty, but it makes talking or communicating in the room difficult. (All hearing or sound related rolls, including spoken spells, are at -5 (*d20: Listen checks are all at normal DC +5*))

Ora is in an empty corner of the room, moving a modest

boulder out of the way, revealing a dark tunnel beyond. Ora will throw her last two vials of stickyroot to try and slow the PCs down, and try to escape into the tunnels. (It takes her two rounds to move the boulder enough for her to slip away. It will take an additional round to move the boulder enough for an average sized person, and an additional round for anyone Thrall sized or larger.) If Ora escapes into the tunnels, her crossbow gets tangled and she will drop it just outside the tunnel. If she isn't allowed to escape, she will draw her blade and fight to the death.

After two rounds, the resonance crystals will start to hum and sing with the noise of Grand Army troopers coming down the tunnel. Now the PCs are faced with a choice. They can stand their ground and try and explain things to the oncoming Grand Army troopers. A process that will be made difficult by them being in possession of the crossbow (don't forget the bolts still in the PC's quiver) or possibly by the dead Gnomekin wearing a Grand Army sash at their feet. (Ora's sash is an authentic Grand Army sash, and not one of the street-guard sashes the PCs are wearing.) If they stand their ground, the Army will take them into custody until things can be sorted out. Go to the Accused section.

Or the PCs can choose to try their luck in the tunnel, either following Ora, or hoping that wherever the tunnel leads will hold some clues as to her motives. If the PCs have alluded capture and escaped into the tunnels below Durne Park, skip down to the start of *Chapter Two: "Under the City"*.

ACCUSED

If the PCs surrendered, or were captured they find themselves relieved of their weapons and locked in a holding room inside the Court of the Seven Kingdoms. There is only the one door, which is locked from the outside, no windows and there are wards woven into the walls prevent spellcasting. The only furniture is a small table surrounded by seven chairs.

The PCs are told nothing and are left alone for nearly an hour before two Sindarans dressed in orange robes come in. The older one is wearing a pair of moon-moth spectacles and sits down at the head of the table. The other Sindaran is carrying a leather bag and sits to his left. She unrolls a long scroll on the table and pulls out a quill and bottle of ink. As the first Sindaran begins to speak, his every word is recorded by the scribe.

"I, Amus Mand hereafter known as party of the first part, am here at present to assume the rightful position as Litigator for the Defence in the case of the Kingdom of Astar; vs ... name?"

(at this point Amus and the scribe will pause and stare patiently at the closest PC. All they want is the name of each PC for the record, and will ignore any other responses.)

... hereafter collectively known as party of the second part.

"Do you, party of the second part, hereby accept

(Again, Amus will pause and ignore any questions or comments until the PCs answer yes or no.)

the aforementioned party of the first part, as said Litigator for the Defence?"

If the party refuses, or proves in any way abusive, Amus and the scribe will simply stand and leave the room with this warning.

"Very well. You are to be incarcerated until impartial council can be found to represent your case. Due to the present state of confusion within the government, it is my obligation to forewarn you that such a determination may take an inestimable period of time. Good day."

After the Sindarans depart, Thrall guards will come in and escort the PCs to cells below the building.

If the PCs agree to take Amus on as their Litigator, he will now try to answer any questions the PCs have. Amus tends to speak in convoluted legalese, never using a short word when three or four longer words will do, and he liberally uses phrases such as 'malfeasance', 'regicide' 'defendants', 'prima facie case' and 'a large amount of circumstantial, but highly prejudicial evidence.'

There is still a lot of confusion in the Seven Kingdom government about what has happened, and Amus has not been told much. What he does know is that the PCs have not yet been officially charged with anything, but are being held 'under royal writ', and are considered the primary suspects in the death of Queen Starbeam. There are at least two witnesses (Starbeam's Aeriad guards), and barbed quarrels were found among the player's possession. Investigators are currently gathering more evidence, and 'a preliminary hearing is expected in a few weeks, a few months at most.'

At this point the meeting is interrupted by a group of Thrall guards who have come to take the PCs to the holding cells below the court.

IN THE CELLS

The cells below the courts are much less hospitable than the room upstairs. There are no bunks, only a row of recessed stone benches built into the wall and the facilities consist of a chamber pot on a small grate. The PCs are given a meagre meal of watery stew and hard bread then left pretty much alone except for a sleepy-eyed Cymrillian guard who wanders by from time to time. The GM can skip ahead, or let the PCs discuss their situation.

About an hour later, the guard is nowhere to be seen when a hunched figure in a black robe and cowl shuffles up to the bars. A wrinkled hand appears, dangling a key from one crooked finger and he begins to speak with a dry, raspy voice:

"Surely you have figured it out by now? Nobody cares whether or not you actually did the thing. All they care about is whether or not it would be better if you were hanged for it. Until then, they are going to leave you here to rot. So you can stay here and take your chances, or you might find this key so carelessly dropped just outside your cell and find your way to an unlocked room at the end of the hall. There, behind a shelf, there may be a long forgotten grate that leads down into the sewers. Strangers things have happened."

With that, the figure bends down, and carefully places the key on the floor just outside of arm's reach. Then without another word, he shuffles away and disappears.

There is no other way out of the cell. If the PCs are debating too long about whether or not to escape, remind them that they are the prime suspects in a regicide, and that the other monarchs are going to want someone to blame.

Also remind them that sooner or later, a new shift of guards will start and find the key (and the body of the original guard in a neighbouring cell).

If they are really keen about staying put and fighting it out in court, have them formally charged with the murder of the guard, and leave them in the cell for another day.

That night, the door to the cell is mysteriously unlocked.

Gamemaster's Note: *The mysterious cowed stranger is one of the Nebu family's Adjusters. The Nebu aren't interested in the PCs well being, but they are concerned that their quick capture will cause the Council of Kings to resume much sooner than they had planned.*



If the PCs use the key and escape from the cell, they find that all the other doors are locked, including the cell two over with the body of the Cymrillian guard inside (-10 to open the door. The guard's throat has been cut). The only door open is at the end of the cell block. It leads to a small, bare room with chains hanging from the ceiling. There is a low shelf against the back wall

with all the PC's gear and weapons on it. The shelf easily pulls away from the wall, revealing a large grate of rusted iron. The grate is on a hinge that has been freshly oiled and opens easily. Behind the grate is a deep shaft with an iron ladder bolted to the wall, leading down into darkness.

CHAPTER 2: THE PHARESIAN PHAIR

UNDER THE CITY

Without any major rivers nearby, Cymril used to bury its waste in underground caverns. They now dispose of much of it magically, leaving a labyrinth of old sewer-tunnels, buried cellars and even branches of the Underground Highway below the city.

The shaft to the Cymril Court Dungeons is one hundred feet south of the tunnel to Durne Park. If the PCs entered the sewer from Durne Park, they may see the shaft, but it is sealed at the top of the ladder with no way to open it from the inside. If the PCs have come down the shaft from the courthouse, the tunnel to Durne Park is hidden and requires a Search Roll at -10 to find.

LEAVING DURNE PARK

The PCs find themselves in a low and narrow tunnel that slopes downwards and to the west for about a mile. There is no light here, but the tunnel is narrow and the floor is smooth enough that moving along by touch is relatively easy. The natural tunnel ends abruptly at a rough opening into an abandoned sewer line.

The sewer tunnel's roof is a high arch made up of crumbling green tiles coated with mildew. Two workmen's walkways coated with slime and filth run along either side of a drainage canal that is now nearly empty except for a thick layer of sludge and a shallow trickle of something that was once water. The smell rising from the canal is indescribable.

If the characters have no light sources, a faint light from somewhere to the south provides a dim glow, just enough to see by. This light cannot be seen as the characters are carrying lit torches or lanterns.

There are rusted sconces every ten feet, a few even have a few old, dry torches inside (the PCs can find 2 nearby. Because the torches have been used, and are now quite dry they last only half as long as a regular torch.) The sewer runs north-south.

THE SEWER TUNNEL: NORTH

If the PCs go north, the sludge, the garbage and the smell get steadily worse. After about a quarter mile, the smell gets so powerful that it becomes nauseating. Every ten feet, the PCs must make CON roll at -5 to avoid becoming sick. Mishap means the character must turn back. A Failure means that the PC has become ill and will suffer -3 to all rolls until they remove themselves from the smell. Partial Success means the character feels sick, but can continue. Critical Success means that the PC does not have to make any further rolls.

After another hundred feet, the tunnel comes to a dead end. Three small spill-grates, too small for the PCs to crawl through, secrete an unpleasant-looking ooze into the canal. Built up against the wall of the left-hand walkway is a large pile of something the PCs might first take to be refuse. A closer look (a PER roll, -3 because of the gloom (*d20: Search check DC 14*)) reveals that the pile seems to be constructed, like a nest or shelter.

Inside the nest are a pack of Ferran thieves who use this sewer as a hideout. The Ferrans in the nest aren't looking for a fight against a group of heavily armed PCs. As long as the PCs move away from the nest without investigating, the pack won't attack, but they may follow the PCs, waiting for a chance to attack a PCs on her own, or ambush the party somewhere up-ahead.

If the PCs investigate the nest, the first PC through the door gets a full of blast of a Ferran's odour glands. (-5 to CON roll or be nauseated for three rounds, -3 to all actions (*d20: SFort save DC 15*)). For the first two rounds, the Ferrans will try to drive the PCs away by emitting the Foul Odour and throwing filth at them. Every subsequent stench attack adds -1 to the PC's CON roll to resist, and adds 1 round to how long the effects last (*-1 to Fort save each time*).

If the PCs insist on fighting, the Ferrans will battle until half their number is killed, then the rest will flee into the spill-grates.

FERRAN SCAVENGERS

3-6"-4'4", 50-75lbs. Coarse brown fur, rodent-like features, hairless tail. Unpleasant odor.

INT +2 PER +3 (scent)

WIL -2 CHA -2

STR -3 DEX +8

CON +2 SPD +4

CR: +2 MR: -2

Attacks: Dagger +6, DR 4 ; Bite +3, DR 2; Brawling +5

Special Abilities: Emit Foul Odor. Victims must make a CON roll at -5 to resist or be nauseated for three rounds, -3 to all Action Table rolls.

Armor: none

Hit Points: 12

D20 STATS

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Inside the Ferran's nest is a collection of smaller rooms, each filled with a small sleeping nest made of old clothes and blankets. In one nest, the PCs find a mewling bundle in one of the nests. The bundle contains a litter of six, tiny hairless Ferran pups. The mother was either killed by the PCs when they broke in, or fled and is probably not coming back. What to do with the pups is now up to the players.

Other treasures hidden inside the nest are: 23 gl in assorted coins, mostly pennies. An impressive ball of twine, a bag of buttons, an uncut ruby (30gl), a purple stone that once belonged to the king of the lost kingdom of Simbar, a stuffed neuomorph, a potion that causes the PC's feet to grow to twice their normal size but allows them to walk on water, a travel sized trivarian board (no pieces), and an amulet that seems to be the dried unmentionables of a tundra-beast (+1 to cold resistance).

If the PCs approach the nest carefully and call out in a non-hostile way, a scrawny Ferran will be shoved out one of the openings to talk to the PCs. He will hiss and bare his teeth in a half-hearted way and yell: "Away! Flee! Danger! Bugger you, copper!"

The only way to get the Ferran to talk to the PCs is for them to offer him a bribe, otherwise he just keeps shouting out abuse. The Ferran's name is Pizz, and he is obviously something of a low-status member of his pack.

For 5 coins (the denominations don't matter) or for something shiny, Pizz will say that they have seen 'dark-cape mans', in the tunnels recently.

The man "Slit-up Flix like a bug-dead for dinner when Flix slipped a claw under cape fera looksee something richy-shiny." Pizz beams "When he was deaders, I got Flix's second best red-rock!"

If the PCs ask if there were a lot of men, Pizz will say "lots, lots, many lots." And if the PCs ask if there was only one man, Pizz will answer "all by his lonely-some." Pizz doesn't know anything else of value and will just keep responding positively to everything the PCs ask in the hopes of getting some more coins.

SEWER TUNNEL: SOUTH

The tunnel slopes gradually downwards, and runs on with a gradual curve to the west. There are no branches or tunnels large enough for the PCs to use, so they must stay in the main tunnel. After walking for about an hour, the PCs notice that water level in the canal rises steadily until they come to a point where it has filled the canal and begins to cover the walkways.

Some time ago, a log floating down the sewer canal got jammed and began to collect all sorts of rubbish and filth behind it until the canal became dammed and the water started to rise. Now the tunnel behind the dam is filled by a pond of brackish water with a creamy layer of sewer slime bobbing on top. If the PCs stick to the pathways, the water only comes up to the character's knees at it's deepest, but it is very slick and requires DEX checks every ten feet (-5, roll three times) to avoid slipping in



the mess (d20: Balance check DC 12).

(M) Mishap: the character has tipped and banged their head going into the canal. They are now unconscious for 3 rounds and cannot defend themselves against the aramatus.

(F) Failure: *Sploosh!* The character has tripped into the canal and is taking a very unpleasant bath in some very filthy water. Characters with the Swimming skill are fine, (even in armor), but those without it must make a d10 DEX check to find their footing. The water in the canal is about 6 feet deep.

(PS) Partial Success: The character has tripped, and gotten the sludgy, smelly water all over their hands (or face if it is the second or third stumble.)

(S)Success: PC has kept their balance.

The pond is also home to an aramatus, a giant, armored leech that thrives in sewers and swamps across Talislanta. It will immediately attack any PCs that fall into the pond, or it will wait until everyone has made their second roll to keep from slipping, then attack. At the start of each round of combat, the PCs must make another DEX roll to avoid slipping into the canal.

If the GM wishes to up the danger of this encounter, the Ferrans from the northern nest can use the confusion of the PCs battle with the aramatus to attack from the rear, or sneak into the confusion and try to steal from the characters.

ARAMATUS

18' foot long, 200lbs.

INT -8 PER +2

WIL +4 CHA n/a

STR +5 DEX -3

CON +2 SPD +2

Ability Level: 5

Attacks: Bite DR 14 + blood drain (DR 4 per round), Constriction, DR 10 per round.

Armor: armor plates PR 6

Hit Points: 32

** the aramatus' jaws will remain locked even in death. It requires a successful DEX or Healing roll to remove the jaws without inflicting 2 more hp damage.*

D20 STATS

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Ten feet past where the PCs are attacked, there is the dam of rubbish that caused the tunnel to flood. Once past the clog the tunnel is bone dry and the PCs can even walk in the canal without getting their feet wet. About a mile down from the damn, the sewer tunnel comes to its end at a circular opening looking out onto the Cymrillian woods.

The PCs have come out of the sewer at the bottom of a shallow hill. A dried creek bed runs from the sewer into the woods. If the PCs climb the hill above the opening, they can see the lights of the city to the north and the light from a large bon-fire somewhere to the south-west.

It is just after dusk. Only two of the moons have risen but it is enough light to see by. There is just the faintest whisper of a song in the air, something rowdy and upbeat coming from the woods. Someone is having a party.

THE CYMRILLIAN WOODLANDS

Surrounding the city of Cymril is a land of gently rolling hills, temperate forests and shallow rivers known simply as the Cymrillian Woods. The whole region is considered royal parkland and is owned by the Cymrillian Crown. The crown in turn, makes a tidy profit by leasing parcels of land for carefully regulated logging, orchards, vineyards, small farms and private estates.

In addition to the natural flora and fauna of the region, the crown has also released a few more exotic species into the woods in an effort to enhance the romance of the woods, such as herds of silvermanes, dryad bushes and iron dragonflies, with varying degrees of success. Though most of the animals are relatively benign, the variety of prey sometimes attracts much more dangerous predators such as omnivrax and ravenger. The illegal, but well-established custom of rogue mages dumping failed experiments in the woods also occasionally results in the odd abomination or stranded extraplanar entity. A small force of foresters, mostly Aeriad Rangers and Thrall Hunters, work to keep the woods free from criminals and the more dangerous predators.

Though most Cymrillians are city folk from the tops of their high starched collars to the bottoms of the their curly toed shoes, they seem to take comfort in the great swaths of serene woodland that lies just beyond their comforting labyrinth of skywalks, thoroughfares and cul-du-sacs. The glades and gardens around the city

are popular for picnics, camping trips and romantic rendezvous, but few Cymrillians will venture far beyond the shadow of the city's towers. In the deeper woods, away from the trappings of the city live those on the fringes of Cymrillian society. Tanasian wizards often make their homes in the woods in a quest for privacy, but it is the Pharesians who have really claimed the woods as their own.

Feeling discriminated against in Cymril (not entirely without cause), the Pharesians moved out of the city and adopted a nomadic lifestyles, buying and trading as peddlers throughout the Seven Kingdoms and the Western Lands. Their colourful wagons are a common site in the woods, and the Pharesians often come together to meet with family, swap tales about the road and, most importantly, to trade. These peddler markets, called Pharesian Phairs are popular events, even with Cymrillians, because they have a lively, almost carnival-like atmosphere. They are also a good place to buy and sell items that might be deemed questionable by the city authorities.

THE PHARESIAN PAIR

If the PCs follow the music, they will soon spot a large bonfire burning in the woods. The music is louder here and the PCs might recognise the tune as a popular Bordorian reel. Brightly painted wagons can be seen around the fire, and there are a number of tents pitched on the far side. A number of people are sitting around the fire, singing and clapping to the music as two exotically clad woman with violet skin dance with captivating grace.

Two Pharesian families have met up with a Djaffir caravan coming into Cymril for the Seven Kingdom's Bazaar. They have been camped here for several days have picked up a couple of other merchants and travellers, including a Rahastran Cartomancer and a troupe of Bordorian and Thiasian performers.

As the PCs enter into the fire-light, they see the violet-skinned dancers are dancing to the tune played by three Bordorian musicians sitting in a flat-bed wagon. The crowd watching the girls is made up of Djaffir in their leather face-masks, brightly dressed Pharesians, bargain-hunting Cymrillians as well as representatives from the other Seven Kingdoms. The crowd throws coins into the air that the dancers snatch as they pass, never breaking the rhythm as they toss them to a pair of trained malkin who grab the coins and drop them in a strongbox below the Bordorian wagon. The reel comes to a frantic finish, and ends with the dancers

tumbling over the fire in a dramatic flip and landing on the wagon with a bow. The crowd applauds wildly, then gradually breaks up.

Though it is after sundown, the Pharesian Phair is still going on strong. All the tents and wagons are still open and the merchants are eager to do business.

THE ALCHEMIST

This is a small stand made up of a plank set up between two logs. The plank is covered with small bottles of brightly coloured liquids, and to the side there is a small cauldron bubbling eagerly over a small fire.

There is a Sindaran sitting on a box behind the counter with his arms folded and his chin resting on his chest. As the PCs walk up he jerks awake, blinks the sleep from his eyes and smiles blearily. Something about this bothers the PCs. A Cultures skill roll (no penalty for PCs from the Seven Kingdoms, -5 for others) will cause them to remember that Sindarans aren't suppose to sleep.

Mantus speaks with a certain wide-eyed mania and a lot of florid hand gestures and arm waving.

"Salutations on this glorious eve. We are Mantus! How may we be of service?"

Mantus is a Sindra, one of the "demented ones", a Sindaran who by means of an accident or experimenting with magic, has lost the use of one of his two minds. Any character caring to look will notice that two of the small horns on the back of Mantus skull are crushed and flattened. He has come to believe that his other brain is not dead, but still speaks to him while he is dreaming, or as Mantus puts it, "interlocutions". This is why he refers to himself in the plural. He is still an excellent alchemist, but his tendency towards experimentation, or bouts of inattention have given his elixirs an unstable quality. Every time the PC uses one of Mantus' potions, roll d20 for the result.

1	Catastrophic failure, the potion starts to explode (dr 4), or has an unexpected negative result.
2-5	The potion simply doesn't work.
6-10	The potion only does half of what it was intended to do.
11-19	The potion works as intended.

- 20 The potion works twice as well as expected, or has an unexpected beneficial secondary effect.

Stealing a bottle from the makeshift counter is an easy Pickpocket Roll (-5) (d20: *Slight of Hand* check DC 13), but the results are probably not what the PCs intend. Mantus is insane, but he is not stupid and the bottles on the counter aren't what they seem to be. All his real potions and ingredients are in the box he is sitting on. Any character with the Alchemist skill might notice that the potions aren't real (Alchemist skill roll at -7). If a PC manages to snatch a bottle, secretly roll d20 to determine what the potion actually does.

- 1-5 Laxative. Shortly after a drinking this potion (the GM should pick the least opportune moment), the character must begin making CON rolls (at -7) every minute (every round if in a fight!) or find a secluded spot very, very quickly. A mishap or a second failure is just unpleasant.
- 6-10 Coloured water. No ill effects, but the PC may notice something little a off-color the next time he goes to drain the drac.
- 11-15 Emetic. Shortly after taking this potion, the character must begin making CON rolls (at -5), every minute, or begin to vomit profusely. Once it begins, the character is completely incapacitated for 5 rounds (minus negative CON modifier. So if the PC has +2 CON, they are out for 3 rounds. A -3 CON would mean that they are out for 8 rounds)
- 16-20 A bottle of equus urine. Disgusting, but harmless.

Mantus knows nothing about the death of the Queen of the Muses and doesn't really care. However, if the PCs mention Muses, Mantus will ask them if they are going to "that resplendent land".

"We are in need of a rare bloom called the Rainbow lotus. Find us a blossom and we will see you rewarded handsomely. You will find us in the city of Cymril, at the Inn of Blue Shales in Gruffan Alley."

POTIONS FOR SALE

Healing Elixir 120gl.
Heals 10 hit points.

Poison Antidote 60 gl.
Will stop the effect of any poison.

Amberglow 150 gl.
A glowing liquid sold in a glass bottle. Illuminates a 25 foot area and glows continually for 3 months.

Smoke Powder 10 gl.
Creates a cloud of smoke five-feet in radius.

Elixir of Scale-Skin 200 gl.
This potion will make the drinker's skin turn hard and scaly, but provide them with a natural PR of 3. Lasts for ten minutes.

TORVUS THE MAGICIAN

A Cymrillian with jet black hair and wearing a dark green robe with a high collar is sitting in front of a small, circular tent, reading a large tome by a small light shining from the tip of his green-glass tiara. Sheets of paper covered with arcane symbols have been pinned all over the tent and tacked to a nearby sapling. Above the tent is a wooden sign with an arcane symbol and "Torvus the Magician" written on it in High Talislan.

Tanasians still tend to wear all green clothing, a fashion that has long gone out of style with other Cymrillians, and will never paint or tattoo their faces. However, they will dye their hair, favouring darker or metallic colours.

The sheets of paper are spells that Torvus has for sale. Torvus has vastly inflated his prices, but he is willing to haggle (Barter +8, Haggle +10, Merchant +9), though he will always try to make it sound like he is doing the PCs a tremendous favor.

If the PCs mention Muses or the assassination, Torvus will lean in conspiratorially and say,

"I know why the Muse Queen was killed."

at this he will stop and look around before continuing.

"Dark things have been happening of late; the Rajans have stolen the secret of windships, the Ur raids have grown bolder and our cutting ties with

the Farad has crippled trade. There are rumours of a traitor somewhere high in the emerald halls of power, possibly even on the Council itself. Now the Muses are telepaths, able to tell your true intentions with nothing more than a thought. Should Starbeam have gotten close to this traitor, she could have exposed him instantly! This is why she was killed, you will see."

SPILLS FOR SALE

Torvus has every Wizardry Spell in the Talislanta Rulebook for sale starting at 150 gl plus the following:

Manndia's Magical Makeover

50 gl, (Wizardry, Alter. Also available in Natural Magic)

The Golden Lariat of Truth

100 gl (Wizardry, Influence)

Mopsy's Dance of the Maid

100 gl (Witchcraft, Illusion)

Whally's Word of Wonderment

50 gl (Cryptomancy, Conjure)

Air Strike

150 gl (Aeromancy, Attack)

Summon Figment

150 gl (Shamanism, Summon)

Water Whip

150 gl (Aquamancy, Attack)

Strength of the Behemoth

150 gl (Natural Magic, Alter)

Shadar's Shadow Shield

100 gl (Natural Magic, Defend)

CHIRIMEN'S COUTURE

This is a brightly painted wagon surrounded by racks, hooks and chests filled with clothes of every description. A tired looking mannequin wearing a suit of battered Phantasian armor is holding a sign that reads "Chirimen's Couture."

Chirimen, the proprietor, comes out of the wagon as soon as the PCs start looking at his goods and introduces himself as 'Chirimen. Chiri to my friends'. Even for a Pharesian, Chiri is wildly dressed; he is wearing a purple, wide-brimmed hat adorned with long yellow feathers and a stuffed quall. There is a huge scarlet ruffle around his neck, and he is wearing a lemon-yellow smoking jacket over a sky-blue shirt with long

swatches of red lace spilling out of the sleeves. His pantaloons are red and green zebra-stripes and his high, white-with-blue-polkadot socks disappear into purple, curly-toed shoes.

The PCs have just spent a good deal of time traipsing through a sewer and Chirimen will comment frequently about the lingering smell as he shows them his goods. If the PCs just want their clothes washed, Chirimen can arrange it, and even provide a comfortable robe and a cup of tea in the meantime.

CLOTHING FOR SALE

Boots	8 sp
Sandals	5 cp
Pantaloons/ Breeches	1 gl
Stockings	5 sp
Tunic	1 gl
Studded Leather Loincloth	2 gl
Robe	5 sp
Cape/Cloak	1 gl
Gloves	1 gl
Dress/Smock	5 sp
Clothes Cleaning	5 gl
(includes a robe to wear and mug of tea while the characters are waiting)	

ARMOR FOR SALE

Chain Mail

(PR 5, WT 40, STR +3, Cost 300gl.)

Blue Iron Mail

(PR 5, WT10, STR +1, Cost 1,200 gl)

Scale Armor

(PR 5, WT 35, STR +1, Cost 400 gl)

Thrall Garde

(PR 2 WT 10, STR +1, Cost 20 gl)

Spangalor Vest

(PR 3, WT 25, STR +0, Cost 400 gl)

WEAPONS FOR SALE

Chirimen has almost all the weapons listed in the Talislanta Rulebook (at the GM's discretion), plus:

Kama

(DR 4; WT 1; STR; Cost 5 gl)

Combat Knife

(DR 6; WT 2; STR +1; Cost 3 gl)

Katar

(DR 5; WT 2; STR +1; Cost 9 gl)

Iron Knuckles

(DR +1 to punch damage; WT 1; Cost 3 gl)

Maruk Glaive

(DR 8; WT 8; STR 0*; Cost 1 gl)

* Two handed weapons

The suit of armor out front is also a hint that Chirimen sells weapons and armor, though he is wary about to whom he sells them. If the PCs inquire about weapons, and for some reason are still wearing their Guard Sashes, he will shake his head and say to try the Djaffir. Otherwise, Chiri will slyly smile and take the PCs into the wagon. The wagon is filled with even more clothing making it difficult to move around. Chirimen slides a rack of clothing away from the wall and opens a panel to reveal a wall of weaponry both common and exotic. There are pieces of armor hidden in the chests below piles of clothing.

Chirimen can get the clothes in any colour the player desires, and a few they can't even imagine. He also has anything above in various fabrics. Leather (x2), Spinifax (x 5 price), Silk (x 10 price).

Chirimen's skills: Barter +7, Haggle +9, Merchant +10 (D20: Diplomacy +8, Sense Motive +6)

Chirimen has heard about the assassination of Starbeam, but he doesn't really care about Seven Kingdom's politics.

"They can all kill themselves off for all I care. Did you hear that the Grand Army has been rousting Pharesians from the Jasper mountains for no good reason? It's so bloody typical of Cymril to think they can just throw us out whenever they want."

XANTHOMA THE BONESETTER

This is a wide, green tent with the front flaps tied up, leaving the front open to the air. There is a long high table, and a short row of cots inside. As the PCs enter the tent, they see a leather case filled with some rather industrial looking surgeon's tools on the stained table, and two of the cots are occupied. One is covered by a blanket and seems to be sleeping, the other has a Djaffir with his leg in a cast. The patient is idly stitching a torn bridle, but he puts it down and politely greets the PCs as they enter. Akram el Razaaq is a Djaffir merchant who broke his leg in a kar-kari race two days ago. Though his leg has been treated magically and will be healed soon, he is bored of sitting around and happy to talk to the PCs.

If asked about his leg he will tell them that two days ago, a band of Dracartan guards had come through the camp, outriders for a large Dracartan convoy coming to Cymril for the Council of Kings, and had challenged the Djaffir traders to a game of kar-kari. Kar-kari is a

contest somewhere between a polo-match and a race that is popular in the desert kingdoms. Two teams of riders mounted on ahtra race across an open stretch of land, using blunted lances to knock and spear the body of a dead ovuhz across the finish line. During the match, Akram was thrown from his mounts and shattered his leg. He thanks all the blessings of the creator that the doctor had come to watch the match.

Though he is not sure, he believes the Dracartans have come to Cymril because they are finally ready to invade Rajan and wipe those filthy death merchants from the face of the earth. They have come to ask for the support of the Seven Kingdoms and the navy's marvellous windships.

If the PCs are polite and talk to Akram for a while, he will give them a Dracartan pyramid (a triangular shaped coin) with a hole cut in the middle from a string of them around his neck. He says to give this to his brother at the Djaffir camp, and *"you will be treated as friends"*.

If the PCs inquire about medical care, Akram will put his hand on the sleeping figure in the cot next to him, shake him gently and say, *"Doctor."* At this prodding, the blankets erupt in a flurry of flailing limbs and a small, thin body rolls out of the cot, hits the ground and groans. A young Cymrillian in forester leathers and a bloody apron fumbles around in the cot until he comes out with a wineskin. He takes a long swig then squints up at the PCs. *"Oh gods, what in the six hells do you want?"*

Xanthoma was an up and coming medomancer in Cymril until his drinking problem forced him to leave the city. He joined the Foresters because they let him drink as long as he can continue to do his job, but his disgrace, exile and alcoholism have left him bitter and surly. He won't turn away anyone who genuinely needs help, but he will berate and complain the whole time. Xanthoma asks for 10gl per patient for stiches and a simple spell to aid healing and prevent infection (all hit points restored after 8 hours of rest), but he will take whatever the players can genuinely afford. He will hint that he'll treat them all for free, if they can get a bottle of skoryx from Amphora's. She has refused to serve him since, in a drunken stupor, he nearly set fire to her wagon by trying to see what a cauterizing spell would do to a bottle of fireale.

If asked about any rumours or goings-on, Xanthoma will give the PCs an irritated look and answer:

"Do I look like I give a shiny archon's arse?"

MELCHIK THE RHAHATRAN

A Rahastran in burgundy robes, a matching conical hat and a salt and pepper beard is sitting behind a small folding table with a top made of stretched felt, slowly shuffling a Zodar deck. If the PCs approach, he will say:

"I am Melchik. Test your skills, tempt your fortune and play the cards. Or for a pentacle I will draw the cards and see your fate."

If the PCs want their fortune told, make a show of rolling the dice three times, and tell them that Melchik turns over "The Assassin;

"Treachery and death have marked your coming."

then "Phandir, the Green moon;

"You have become tangled in a conspiracy."

then finally "Laeolis the Blue Moon. "

"I sense it means your path leads to water, and there will be great sorrow if you do not succeed."

Melchik will shuffle the cards back into the deck and refuse to tell any more fortunes.

"It is unwise to tempt the Zodar. She will blind those who delve too often into her secrets."

If asked about the Muses or if he knows anything about the assassination, he will shake his head sadly and turn over two cards. The first one is Laeolis, the Blue Moon, the second is The Assassin.

"Blue water and death."

is all he says.

Melchik won't tell any more fortunes but he is quite happy to gamble with the PCs. Melchik plays two games, Zanillo's Cross, and Lucky Hex, and he has a Gambling Skill of +11. It is important to remember that a Zodar deck only has twenty cards, so once a number has been rolled, that card has been dealt and if it comes up again it must be rerolled. Numbering twenty pieces of paper is an easy way to avoid this problem, or download one of the excellent Zodar decks available for free from the Talislanta Website. (www.talislanta.com)

If any of the PCs are Rahastran, he will teach them any Cartomancy spell from the Talislanta Rulebook for 50 gl, or if they can beat him in a game of Zanillo's Cross.

ZANILLO'S CROSS

This game can be played by up to three players, plus Melchik. The ante is a silver lumen if the PCs are cautious, but Melchik will suggest playing for gold.

Melchik starts by dealing each player, including himself, two cards face down. (Roll d20 twice, and write the results on a piece of paper for each PC playing.) He then deals five cards, face up on the table in front of him in a cross shape, three up and three across.

The table should now look like something like the figure on page 22.

The players are only allowed to play three cards from the centre cross, deciding whether they are playing "Up" or "Across", which means they play either the three cards running up (8,5,17) or the three across (11,5,2). They do not have to announce their choice.

What the players are looking for are cards in numerical sequence, called 'Runs', using the cards in their Hands and either the Up or Across cards. The longer the Run, the better the Hand. Numerically higher runs beat lower ones (11,12 beats 8,9) but longer runs (1,2,3) beat shorter ones (19,20).

Player A plays 'Across' and has a Run of 2,3
Player B plays 'Across' and has a Run of 5,6
Player C plays 'Across' and has a Run of 10,11,12
Player D plays 'Up' and has a Run of 7,8

Now the Dealer will roll their Gambling skill against each of players. The Dealer (not the player) uses the length of their Run as a positive modifier to their roll (a Run of 2 is +2 to their skill roll, a run of 4 is +4 etc.). The Dealer rolls once against each player.

Results of Gambling Roll

Mishap: The Dealer folds. (The character is convinced the player has a better Run and folds)

Failure: The Dealer adds 3 coins to the pot. (The character is convinced they have a better Run and bets heavily)

Partial Success: The Player adds 1 coin to the pot. (The player thinks they probably have a better Run and bets cautiously)

Success: The Player adds 3 coins to the pot. (The player is convinced they have a better Run and bets

heavily)

Critical Success: The Player folds. (The player is sure they can't win and folds).

Note: The Dealer can decide to fold **ONLY** before betting against the other players. If the Dealer folds, either by choice or because of a bad roll, the betting is over and the Hands are turned over, the one with the best Run wins the pot. Only the Dealer may fold voluntarily, all other players must participate in the gambling.

Once the Dealer has made all his Gambling Rolls, the Hands are turned over and the character with the best Run wins. The Dealer position then shifts to the player on the right (Player B) and a new hand of cards is dealt.

LUCKY HEX

This is a simpler game where six cards are dealt face down in a hexagon pattern on the table. The object of the game is to turn over two cards totalling 6,16,26 or 36, called a Hex.

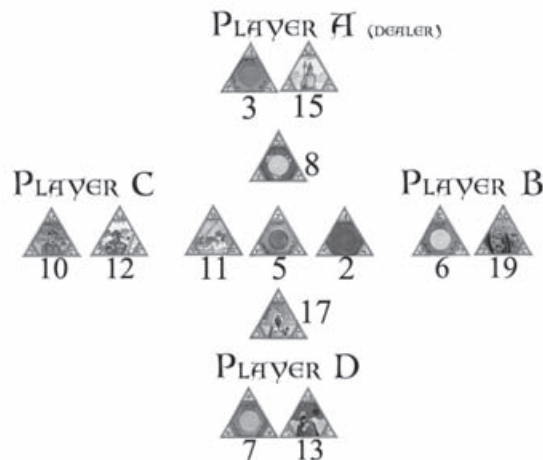
The player then bets one coin (gold or silver lumen), and is allowed to flip over one card. If they flip over a Hex, (6 or16) on the first try, they win six coins (plus the bet).

If they don't flip a Hex, the card gets turned back over and the player must bet two more coins, this gives him the chance to turn over two cards. If they don't make a Hex they can continue playing. However, if they turn over the card they have already looked at, and the total does not equal a Hex, they lose and the hand is over. If they do make a Hex, they win 3 coins.

If they did not make a Hex, the cards are turned over again, and this time the player must bet three coins. They turn over two cards and if the total does not equal a Hex, they lose all the coins they have bet so far (6 coins total). If they do make a Hex, they win 1 coin.

THE TRAVELLING SPIRITS

This is a brightly coloured wagon painted yellow with a friendly blue trim. On one side of the wagon is a tented canopy over a small eating area with the tables and seats made up of old, painted wine barrels. One corner of the wagon has clearly been repainted, and the canopy overhead has been patched, the result of Xanthoma's drunken experimentations. The wagon has



a long open window through which the proprietress, Amphora, serves beverages from all over Talislanta. Two of Amphora's daughters work as serving girls and one of the girl's husbands, a Sarista, will help out as a bouncer if needed.

Amphora is a middle aged Pharesian woman who has travelled over much of Talislanta. Married three times and a mother of six, she is still slim and strong, and likes to wear low cut dresses of yellow and blue ("a clear sky and the warm light of the lesser sun"). Her chin length hair is usually dyed a sky blue, and a yellow sunburst tattoo adorns her left cheek. She is talkative and friendly, if a little rough around the edges and likes to swap bawdy adventure stories over a bubbling mug of fireale. A legendary drinker, she can sober up in an instant and likes to deal with problems in her establishment personally. No small threat considering her second husband was an Arimite Knife-Fighter who taught her everything he knew.

The Travelling Spirits only offers the most basic food, but it does offer almost any alcoholic beverage you would care to name. All prices listed below are per glass, multiply x 10 for a bottle.

Beverage	Price	CON mod
Amber Wine	5sp	-1
Aquavit	2gl	-2
Blossom Wine	1gl	-1
Chakos	1gl	-2
Grog	1sp	-2
Mead	5sp	-2
Skoryx	10 gl	-3
Tazian Fire Ale	2 gl	-4 *

Thaecian Nectar	8gl	-1
Vinesape	2 gl	-1
Zandir Wine	2 gl	-2

* -2 for Thralls

If the PCs begin to indulge, the GM may make them roll CON rolls to see if they have become inebriated. The negative modifiers listed, stack for each drink the PC has had (d20: Fort save DC 12 with mod as per table above)).

If the PCs enter the Travelling Spirit at the behest of Xanthoma and walk straight up to Amphora and ask for a bottle of skoryx, she will give them a stern look and say:

"You tell that doctor he ain't getting anything more from me. And shame on you for encouraging that sort of thing, the poor boy's got problems enough."

Otherwise, Amphora is quite happy to talk to the PCs

about pretty much anything. If the PCs are friendly and buy a few rounds, Ampohra will drop a chunk of what looks like a small, uncut, blue crystal into each of their drinks. The crystal is actually a piece of solid water, chipped off a block that Amphora traded from the Dracartan guards who had come through the camp two days earlier. It feels a bit like ice, but it isn't cold and it doesn't melt. If placed in the mouth, it will slowly dissolve back into the sweet water of Lake Zephyr.

If they bring up the assassination of Queen Starbeam:

"I dunno any reason why someone would want to kill a Muse, even if she was on that thrice cursed Council. They wouldn't hurt a flit and they ain't got anything of value. Except maybe ..."

at this point Amphora will bring out a chunk of solid water if she hasn't done so already.

If the PCs don't buy any drinks, or start talking about Dracartans, Astar or Muses right away, Amphora will bring out the solid water, but not before suggesting;

"That is going to cost you at least a round of Danuvian mead my friends."

When she brings out the solid water, she continues:

".. You see this. This is going to be more valuable than gold soon. The Dracartans are mining this stuff from Lake Zephyr and a couple of the Dracartan guards told me that they want to start mining even more. You think those gold-licking Kasmirans are going to let that go without finding some way to gouge up the price? You want to go where the money is, you head to Lake Zephyr. We're headed there ourselves soon enough. There are going to be a lot of nice,



strong young Dracartan boys there in need of some refreshment."

There are four other patrons in the Spirit.

At the farthest table, there is a solitary woman in black armor drinking alone. Her skin is a milky white, and her black hair is almost shaved down to the scalp. If the PCs approach her, she will greet them politely, but coolly, and not ask them to sit or engage them in conversation. If they continue to bother her, she will stand and walk out of the tavern. The PCs may notice that her armor has a large eye emblazoned on the chest-plate, but that it has been disfigured by a large scratch.

Two Sindaran are sitting at a table staring intently at a small pyramid of coloured glass hanging from the tent canopy. One picks up a glass rod and carefully inserts it into a slot on the pyramid, which slightly changes the colours inside. He then sits back and smiles as his opponent swears and leans in closer to the pyramid. The smiling Sindaran will nod to the PCs wink conspiratorially. If the PCs talk to him, he will introduce himself as Kras, and the frowning Sindaran as his brother Gall. Gall looks up distractedly, nods and goes back to studying the pyramid.

Kras and Gall are brothers who have come to the Fair to look for rare plants and minerals for their dye and ink company. Kras has heard about the death of the Muse Queen, though he doesn't know many details. He did see a large Dracartan caravan heading towards Cymril a few days ago, and he mentions that there were a lot of Muses travelling with them.

"There is a rumour that Queen Starbeam had become romantically entangled with the Carantheum Prince administrating the Lake Zephyr water mine. Some of the stories even say they had secretly married! Now, truthfully speaking, the notion of a Muse Queen is something of a ceremonial jape, considering none has ever voluntarily remained in the position for more than a few weeks, and the notion of Muse marriage is even more amusing ... but you must admit that it becomes an intriguing mental exercise to envision the political ramifications of such a union."

Kras will happily buy a bottle of skoryx for the PCs if they give him the money.

Sergeant Stree is a young Blue Aeriad in a brown Forester's vest sitting at a nearby table, quaffing noisily

from a large mug. As the PCs sit down, he will stand up and stagger over, sits down and offers to buy the party a round. Sergeant Stree won some money betting on the Dracartan/Djaffir kari-kari match. He is looking for someone to celebrate with and finds Xanthoma too depressing. His drink of choice is moondew, a sickly sweet drink with a pale milky colour and a syrupy texture made from the distilled secretions of moonmoth larvae.

Stree likes to complain about his job, mostly about the boredom and the fact that the Foresters aren't as respected as the Grand Army. He says that the Foresters could do more, if they were allowed to:

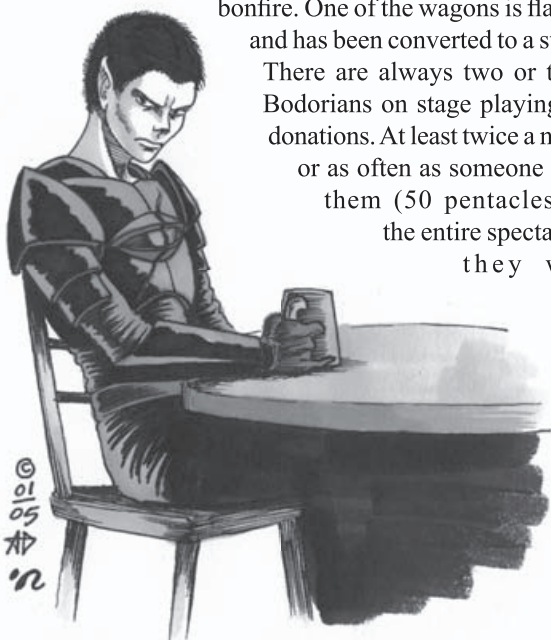
"such as the Jaspar mountains. It is part of Cymril, but they are outside of our jurisdiction. But the Grand Army just thinks it's just a bunch of miners and a few settlers and pretty much ignores them. So we have this huge tract of land that isn't patrolled by anybody! You could march an army into there and they would be halfway into Astar or Cymril by the time anyone noticed!"

He hasn't heard of Queen Starbeam's murder yet, but if told, he will claim that it is proof that security around the Seven Kingdoms has grown lax. What if she knew something?

THE O'VARIKHAN TROUPE

A minstrel show made up of Bodorian musicians, Thiasian dancers and a few others performers is milling around three wagons next to the central bonfire. One of the wagons is flatbed and has been converted to a stage.

There are always two or three Bodorians on stage playing for donations. At least twice a night, or as often as someone pays them (50 pentacles for the entire spectacle), they will



perform their full show. They are just wrapping their second performance as the PCs arrive. They are happy to take requests, either for music or performances as long as the requester drops a few coins in their strongbox.

The leader of the Troupe is Vardo, an outgoing Bodorian with deep laugh lines on his face who is playing a Mandalan harp on stage. He will ask if there is anything they would like to hear, and he will offer any PCs with a Performing Skill if they would like to get on stage and make some money. They get fifty percent of anything dropped in the strongbox while they perform. The first time the character performs, they have a -8 penalty, only -4 for every following performance.

M: The PC is quite literally pulled off stage by a giant hook pulled by a laughing pair of Arimite jugglers.

F: Vardo stops playing and sighs, "Perhaps you would make a better farmer."

PS: The PC makes 5 gl

S: The PC makes 10 gl

CS: The PC makes 25 gl and earns Vardo's admiration.

As long as they keep rolling better than Partial Successes, the PCs can return whenever they like to try and make some more money. On a Failure or Mishap, Vardo will not allow them to get back on stage.

DJAFFIR CAMP

This is a sprawling assortment of tents, wagons and a small land-ark clustered around a central pen filled with ahtras, land lizards and greymanes. Djaffir in their leather masks are clustered around small cookfires, laughing, talking and gambling. They call out to the PCs as they walk by; greetings, good natured insults (especially if the PCS still smell like a sewer), suggestive propositions at any women and plenty of special one-time only deals on all sorts of baubles and trinkets.

The camp is busiest around the small land ark, with the name 'Caveat Emptora' painted on the side. This is the caravan master's ark, but because Akram is laid up in Xanthoma's tent, the camp is being run by Akram's brother Syeed. There are a couple of makeshift stands set up in front of the ark, selling jewellery, perfumes and bolts of fabric that are currently being perused by a well-dressed Cymrillian couple.

As the PCs walk up, a Djaffir wizard in rich suede robes and a mask adorned with highly polished red-iron studs, will come down the ramp of the land-ark

and introduce himself as Razaaq el Syeed. If the PCs still stink, he will apologize most humbly, but ask them to leave and suggest they visit Chirimen's. If they are drunk, he will offer to escort them to the sleeping tents set up for visitors. Syeed is always extremely polite, especially if insulted, but he possesses a much colder, more calculating mind than his brother and an almost eidetic memory. Cross him and one day you when you least expect it, he will make sure you pay.

If the PCs are clean and sober, he will recognize them as 'brothers and sisters of action', and ask if they are interested in looking at his wares. Syeed sells all manner of adventuring supplies, professional equipment, mounts and trade goods. All goods are priced at +5% over the cost listed in the Talislanta rulebook. If the PCs present a Dracartan pyramid given to them by Akram, Syeed will bow slightly and say:

and he knocks ten percent off the price of everything

"For true friends of my brother, I will show you true Djaffir hospitality"

the PCs wish to buy.

Only the most basic weapons are for sale and no armor besides leather and chain, but if that is what the PCs are looking for, he will hint 'to search the camp and to peak behind the veils' if they are interested in purchasing arms. Veils, being a reference to Chirimen.

If the PCs have a specific item request, Syeed will send word out to the other Djaffir traders. Have the PC make a Trade or Merchant roll, with a difficulty number (-2 for common items, -5 for uncommon and magical items, -7 for rare and illegal items, -10 for very rare and very illegal items.)

M: the Djaffir are insulted, revolted or suspicious of the request and become cautious around the PCs. All further prices on all items go up by 5%

F: Syeed cannot find the item.

PS: he has found a Djaffir with the item, but the trader will only sell the item at +25%.

S: found it!

CS: loads of them, knock 10% off the price.

THE SLEEPING TENTS

Never one to miss a business opportunity, the Djaffir have set up a small cluster of empty tents as a makeshift inn for visitors and vendors to the Phair. The largest tent is a common room filled with cots. It is not very private, but at least the blankets are clean, and there are a number of smaller tents available for those looking for

something more secluded. There is a cookfire in front of the common-tent surrounded by an assortment of chairs and tables, with a pot of mochan and an assortment of breads and pastries warming on a rack over the fire. It costs 5gl to stay in a private tent, and 5sp to stay in the common tent.

Sitting by the fire, there is a Zandir man wearing a purple jumpsuit with white ruffles and a matching wide-brimmed hat talking to an attractive Cymrillian woman wearing a robe made of red and black feathers. She is sitting regally in a high-backed chair, holding a small, empty red-iron cup. If the PCs stop, she will ask one of them to

"be a dear-heart and pour me another cup will you?"

If there are any Cymrillians in the party, she will speak to them almost exclusively. If there are no Cymrillians, she will talk to any character who is of one of the races from the Seven Kingdoms, or any character from the races considered 'Archean' (see the Lifespan Chart on page 446 of the Talislanta Rulebook). She will not speak directly to any other non-human or 'wild' race besides asking them to refill her mocha cup, or to fetch her a biscuit.

Mascavora is a rogue magician who left Cymril after the remains of one of her former lovers, a respected professor, were found crawling around the basement of the Lyceum. She is passing through the phair on her way to Zandir, but she is eager for news from Cymril. If the PCs mention the assassination, she will nod sagely and say:

"They have grown bolder! I would not be surprised to learn that there were other assassins stopped that day. I warned them, I told those fools at the Lyceum that those traitorous Tanasians were planning something, and this proves me right!"

Nakor is a Zandir Duelist working with T'alisa and Tarkin Ironrib as guards for the Djaffir caravan. He is very friendly and takes an interest in the PCs, asking them a lot of questions such as where they are from, how they like the Phair, what they have bought and so on. At Mascavora's declaration about the Tanasians, he will reply:

"I doubt that the Tanasian would have attempted something so brash, and there was no magic used, the Tanasian tool of choice. No, to me this sounds like it has all the hallmarks of a Revenant assassination. They will kill anyone for a price."

He turns to the PCs and asks:

"The question is, who hired them?"

(He will suggest the Ur, the Aamanians and finally the Rajans looking for a reaction.)

Nakor suspects the PCs had something to do with the assassination, and once he has learned all he can from them, he will beg their pardon and go back to the Phair. There he will try to dig up as much information on the assassination and on the PCs as he can.

THE MORNING AFTER

In the Morning, the PCs are awoken by the sounds of the camp stirring. A group of Foresters has entered the Phair, looking for signs of Starbeam's killers, or the escaped fugitives if the PCs were captured in Chapter One. If the PCs were captured, the Foresters have a pretty accurate Wanted Poster that they start showing around, and it is probably time the PCs should think about fleeing for their lives. If the PCs weren't captured, the sketches and description the Foresters carry are vague, but definitely fit the PCs. In either case, if the PCs linger too long someone will tip the Foresters to their location.

The players should have picked up enough hints from the Phair to know that they should be heading to Astar and Lake Zephyr. If they haven't taken the bait, have them look carefully at a map. They can't go back to Cymril and they can't head west because that would take them through Taz. Their only options are due east, through leagues of Forester patrolled woodland, or the roads watched by the Grand Army and eventually into the Jaspas mountains. Or they can go south into lightly patrolled Astar. If they still seem lost, have Melchick come to warn them that the Foresters are talking to Mascavora. The cartomancer will lead them from the camp and remind them to seek out 'blue water'.

CHAPTER THREE: INTO ASTAR

The two suns rise into a pale gray sky that threatens rain before the day is out. If the PCs did not buy mounts, they are forced to make camp that night in a cold, dreary drizzle that started just after noon. Late that night, the character on the last watch might hear (PER roll at -6) something pass close to the camp, then move away. Tracking the noise requires a roll with -11 penalty; Tarkan has found the party. If the party does succeed in tracking back to the bountyhunters, then they have an opportunity to turn the tables on their would-be hunters. See the Bounty Hunters section below for stats and tactics. The next morning the party crosses into Astar in mid-afternoon.

If the party has mounts, they cross into Astar just before the suns set. The drizzle that has been coming down clears up and the clouds break apart, scattering the light of the sinking suns into a blazing palette of purple and orange.

There is no clear border between Cymril and Astar, the gentle rolling hills and peaceful woodlands continue unbroken. The only noticeable difference, at least at first, is an increase in the number of flowering plants and blossoms. As they go deeper into Astar, the path they were following fades away and the land becomes much more open, with the trees growing in shady glades surrounded by rolling meadows of soft grasses and wildflowers of every description. The streams are clear and filled with sweet, clean water, and many of the trees and bushes are ripe with juicy looking fruits and berries. Many of the trees are decorated with wind-chimes, bells, ribbons or elaborate carvings. They also pass curious, but beautiful artworks made from leaves, stones and twigs and leaves, piled or woven into intricate designs, then left to be pulled apart by time and the weather.

They do not see anyone on the first day, but they may notice tiny, shadowy figures watching them from afar, who scatter if approached. That night as the party makes camp, the skies clear of clouds and the moons of Talislanta burn bright. Just after the first watch, they are attacked by mercenaries seeking the bounty put on Queen Starbeam's killers. They have waited to attack until Astar because there is less chance of interference from the Foresters, or the Grand Army.

Nakor will sneak up on whichever character is on watch and attempt to take him without alerting the rest of the party, while Tarkan sneaks into camp and attempts to tie the PCs feet to a nearby tree. T'alisa is waiting just

outside of the firelight and will rush into camp with her armor afire if the PCs wake up.

BOUNTY HUNTERS

After the PCs left the Phair, the Zandir swordsman Nakor saw the wanted posters the Cymrillian Foresters were showing around and quickly made the connection with the PCs. Attracted by the bounty, Nakor has gathered up a number of his fellow guards and has set out to capture the PCs.

With him are the renegade Aamanian Warrior-Priestess, T'alisa and a Jaka Manhunter named Tarkan Ironrib. All were employed by the Djaffir caravan as guards, but their contract would be up once they reached Cymril and they decided to pass-up the last few days of pay for the promise of a juicy bounty. The GM is, as always, encouraged to substitute these bounty hunters for their own NPCs and villains.

They want to take the PCs alive if they can, but they won't lose any sleep if one or two are accidentally killed in the melee. Nor are they interested in fighting to the death. If it is clear that they are losing, they will break off the attack and retreat.

If you need more muscle for the Bounty Hunters, they are accompanied by an Arimite driver, and as many Arimite Guards as needed.

If the party is captured, the PCs are tied up in the back of a wagon pulled by two steady, but slow land lizards and the journey back to the Phair site takes at least two days. On the first night, the Arimite watching the PCs falls asleep, giving the party a chance to escape. Depending on how well the GM and the players take to Nakor and his party, they can be a reoccurring pest for the rest of the adventure, turning up at all the wrong times, or they can cut their losses here and head back to Cymril to lick their wounds.

NAKOR

5'10", 180lbs. Nakor was the son of a Zann fishmonger and spent much of his childhood pulling cart-loads of dracfish and nar-eels through the streets of Zanth. Tired of smelling like a mudray's armpit, he fled the family business and disappeared into Zanth's hedonistic underworld. He emerged a few years later as a duelist of some small renown, known mostly for an eye-splitting fashion sense. He claims to have left

Zandu because of some indiscretion with one of the Caliph's concubines, but since this seems to be the tale of choice for most exiled Zandir, no-one takes the story seriously. Nakor is currently wearing a tear jerking ensemble of his dark purple cape, orange pantaloons, a lavender shirt and a yellow vest tied with a salmon sash.

Attributes:

INT +1 PER +0
WIL -2 CHA: +1
STR +2 DEX +2
CON +1 SPD +2
CR +4 MR +3

Attacks: Dueling Sword +7, DR 8; Main Gauche +6, DR 6; Brawling +7

Hit Points: 21

Armor: PR: 5, black iron chain-mail

Magic: Wizardry +7, Modes: Attack, Defend, Conjure (+3)

Spellbook:

-Arcane Armament (Talisanta Guide book, page 85) Note: Nakor usually uses this spell to summon a small, glowing main-gauche to use in battle

-Cape of Aegis, CM: +2, Effect: +10 Hp for 5 rounds

-Dressed to the Nines. CM: +1

Skills: Acrobatics +6, Oratory +5, Etiquette +9, Fashion +9, Ride +7

Equipment: black iron chain-mail and dueling sword. 140gl in silver jewelry and 158 gl. In assorted coins.

D20 STATS

Male Zandir Rogue 5 / Certament 2 (*same as Swordsmage*)

HD: 5d6 + 2d8 (34 hp); **BAB:** +3; **Init:** +3; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 19 (+4 Dex, +5 black iron mail); **Attack:** Dueling Sword (1d6 +2 / 18-20/x2) or Main Gauche (1d4+2); **Full Attack:** Dueling Sword (1d6 +2 / 18-20/x2) and Main Gauche (1d4+2); **SQ:** Magic bonus +1, Sneak attack +3d6, trapfinding, evasion, trap sense +1; **Languages:** Low Talislan; **SV:** Fort +1, Ref +11, Wil +3; **Abilities:** Str 14, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 15; **Skills:** Concentration +4, Escape Artist +6, Hide +8, Knowledge (arcana) +2, Mode (attack) +7, Mode (conjure) +2, Mode (defense) +7, Listen +3, Move Silently +12, Open Lock +6, Sense Motive +1, Slight of Hand +6, Spellcraft +5; **Feats:** Wizardry, Dodge, Armored Spellcasting; **Spells:**

-Arcane Armament: Casting DC: 20 *Note: Nakor usually uses this spell to summon a small, glowing main-*

gauche to use in battle, -Cape of Aegis: Casting DC: 12, Dressed to the Nines: Casting DC: 11

T'ALISA

All that is known about the warrior-priestess is that she was once Aalisa, a devoted follower of Aa. Tarkan found her bleeding to death in the Plains of Golarin and nursed her back to health. When she recovered, she would only say that she had been betrayed and renounced her faith. In a final act of defiance, she burned away the white laquer on her armor and gouged a huge scratch through the all-seeing eye on the chest.

Though forceful and dangerous in a fight, T'alisa finds life outside her armor to be completely bewildering. She has become quite shy for fear of saying the wrong thing, and becomes very embarrassed if she accidentally uses an Orthodox expression. In an effort to fit in, she has recently started experimenting with letting some of her hair grow out, though she still cannot bear to have it very long and finds the feeling very peculiar. When not wearing her helmet, she is constantly running her hand over her fuzzy skull.

Attributes:

INT +0 PER +0
WIL +3 CHA +0
STR +2 DEX +0
CON +1 SPD +1
CR +3 MR: +3

Attacks: Mace +8, DR 10; Heavy Crossbow +6 DR 8

Hit Points: 23

Armor: PR:6, black iron partial plate; Shield, black iron, MAX DR: 30. -2 to be hit, -2 to all DEX rolls.

Magic: Pyromancy +5, Modes: Attack (+3), Defend,; Natural Magic +4, Modes: Heal (+3)

Spellbook:

-Pyrotechnic Aura (Talisanta Rulebook, pg 57). CM: -4, +18hp

-Blazing Star, CM: -2, +2DR to weapon.

-Herbal Healing (Tal Rulebook, pg 69), CM: -6. Heals 12hp

Skills: Shield: +7, Oratory: +6, Doctrines (orthodoxy) +8, Guide +7, Mounted Combat +6, Ride +8 High Talislan, native, Low talislan +3

Equipment: 214 gold lumens in assorted coins. No personal effects.

D20 STATS

Female Aamanian Magician 4/Warrior

HD: 4d6 + 3d10 (38 hp); **BAB:** +3; **Init:** +0; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+7 partial black iron plate); **Attack:** Mace +5 (1d6 / x2) or Heavy Crossbow +3 (1d10 / 19-20/x2); **Full Attack:** Mace +5 (1d6 / x2) or Heavy Crossbow +3 (1d10 / 19-20/x2); **SQ:** Magic bonus +1; **Languages:** High Talislan, Low Talislan; **SV:** Fort +4, Ref +1, Wil +6; **Abilities:** Str 15, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 15, Cha 10; **Skills:** Climb +6, Concentration +2, Gather Information +6, Handle Animal +4, Heal +6, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (orthodoxy) +4, Mode (attack invocation) +3, Mode (defend invocation) +5, Mode (heal natural magic) +3, Ride +6, Sense Mptove +4, Spellcraft +5; **Feats:** Order (invocation), Order natural magic), Martial Weapons Proficiency, Power Attack, Mounted Combat;

Spells: Blazing Aura of Aa - Casting DC: 14, Blazing Eye, Casting DC: 12, Herbal Healing Casting DC: 16

TARKAN IRONRIB

Tarkan lived most of his life in the Brown Hills, tending to his 'family' of greymanes alongside his lifemate and their two cubs. One night, while out hunting alone, a party of mercenaries tried to rustle his greymanes and Tarkan's lifemate and cubs were killed while defending the herd. When Tarkan returned the next day, he found his equus missing, his family skinned for their pelts and their corpses left to rot.

The grief and rage turned Tarkan into a ruthless manhunter. He spent the next five years tracking down every member of that mercenary band and making them pay for their crimes. When he had finished, he returned to the Brown Hills and laid the skins of his loved ones next to their bodies, high on a burial platform open to the sky. Tarkan then returned to the 'civilized' lands and works as a manhunter, known for favouring bounties marked 'dead or alive', and the six scalps that dangle from his belt.

Attributes:

Size: 5'11", 170 lbs

INT -1	PER +4
WIL +1	CHA -3
STR +2	DEX +2
CON +1	SPD +3
CR +4	MR +0

Attacks: Long Sword +9, DR 10; Short Bow +8, DR 6; Dagger +7 DR 6; Brawl +7

Hit Points: 25

Armor: PR:3, iron studs on leather (bezaited)

Skills: Tracking (scent) +12, Mounted Combat +7, Stealth +9, Traps +8, Survival +10, Ride +9 Weaponer +7, Artificer +7

Special Abilities: Sixth Sense +7, night vision, land on feet from falls up to 30ft. Without their talismans, Jakas react to all Magic at -4

Equipment: 354 gl in assorted coins. Talisman worn on leather thong around neck.

D20 STATS

Male Jaka Scout 5

HD: 5d8 (hp 26); **BAB:** +5; **Init:** +2; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 15 (+2 dex, +3 studded leather); **Attack:** Longsword +7 (1d8 / 19-20) or Dagger +7 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) or Short Bow +9 (1d6 / x3); **Full Attack:** Longsword +7 (1d8 / 19-20) or Dagger +7 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) or Short Bow +7 (1d6 / x3); **SQ:** low light vision, scent, sixth sense, Favored Terrain (forest) +2, Combat style (archery); **Languages:** Low Talislan, Sign; **SV:** Fort +4, Ref +4, Wil +1; **Abilities:** Str 15, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 18, Cha 5; **Skills:** Hide +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +9, Spot +9; **Feats:** Track, Dodge, Endurance

ARMITE GUARDS

Description: All males 19 to 30, ranging from 5'2" to 6'2", 100-170lbs. Arimites have swarthy complexions, black hair, and strong features. They are dressed in fur vests, leather, heavy boots and wear jewellery made out of black iron. They all have thick mustaches or scruffy beards and most are sporting at least a few nasty scars.

Attributes:

INT +0	PER +1
WIL +0	CHA -2
STR +1	DEX +3
CON +2	SPD +1
CR +5	MR +0

Attacks:

Knife, Throwing*	+5	DR 5
Knife, Combat	+5	DR 7

*can throw two per round with no penalties.

Hit Points: 24

Armor: PR: 2 leather armor

Equipment: armbands and earrings of black iron (total of 4 gl each). 1d10gl in assorted coins. Bandolier of six throwing knives.

D20 STATS

Size: M (humanoid); **CR:** 3; **HD** 3d10 (25 hp); **Init:** +3; **Spd:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 15 (+3 dex, +2 leather; **Atk:**

Dagger +7 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) or Throwing Dagger +9 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) ; **Full Atk:** Dagger +4 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) or Throwing Dagger +6 (1d4 / 19-20/x2); **Space/Reach:** 5ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** None; **SV:** Fort +5, Ref +4, Wil +1; **Abl:** Str 13, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 7; **Skills:** ; **Feats:** Weapon Focus (dagger), Weapon Specialization (dagger), Dodge; **Possessions:** armbands and earrings of black iron (total of 4 gl each). 1d10gl in assorted coins. Bandler of six throwing knives.

WHISPERS IN THE NIGHT

Provided the PCs haven't been dragged halfway back to Cymril by Nakor and his men, they spend the next day travelling south-east and make camp that night in an open meadow filled with beds of soft moss and next to a clear, shallow pond. The PCs have now entered the Enchanted Wood, home to much of Astar's Muse population, but the PCs have still not seen any signs of

people or habitation. Rare trees and flowers grow in abundance here, while small animals and birds frolic like characters from a children's book. The region is pretty much free of any predators, and the PCs are about to discover why.

The whisps who watch over the Enchanted Wood have been watching the PCs since they arrived in Astar, and witnessed the fight with the bounty-hunters. Concerned that the PCs are moving closer to the Muses, they have decided to test the PCs intentions. Just as the PCs are about to go to bed, something flutters above the camp and before the PCs can react, the campfire erupts into a storm of sparks and thick purple smoke as something is dropped into the flames.

The Whisps have dropped a bag of various herbs and mantrap pollen into the fire (a sort of home-brewed Euphorica), which begins to fill the camp with thick, narcotic smoke. Each PC must roll their CON at -5 or suffer the following effects:

M: Bad trip! The PC starts to see frightening visions and experiences terrible physical sensations. They are completely caught up in their visions and may attack, or flee from, anything.

F: Look at the pretty lights! The PC's world turns into a vision of strange colours, bizarre visions such as an Ariane crying over a discarded meal-box. All deliberate actions require a WIL roll at -4, or the PC is distracted and does something else.

PS: The PC's vision becomes distorted and their balance starts to go, but they manage to keep it mostly together. All rolls Action table rolls are -4.

S: Shake off most of the effects, only a -2 penalty to all actions.

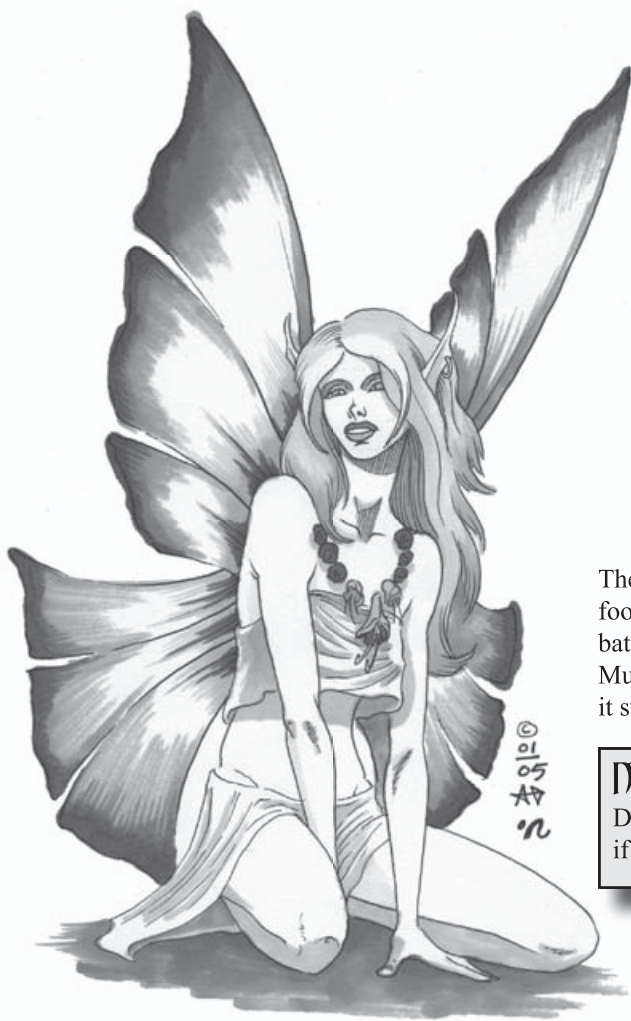
PS: The PC was outside of the smoke and avoided any ill effects.

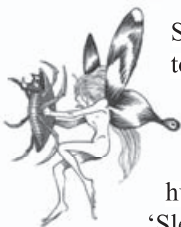
Then the Whisps let loose a monstrous illusion of a ten-foot Muse; with long, onyx horns, the tail of an equus, bat wings and vicious, reptilian claws for hands. The Muse will flutter through the camp, howling madly as it swipes at the PCs.

MONSTROUS MUSE ILLUSION

Does no damage, but has a CR of 8 and SPD of +4 if any PC tries to fight it. (d20: BAB +8)

The Whisps are testing the PC's reaction to all of this. If the PCs (except those on a bad trip; the whisps will quickly try to cast 'Sleep the





Savage Beast' on any PCs who seem too freaked out) start whipping out their weapons and attacking the Muse without trying to clear their heads or realizing the Muse isn't actually hurting anyone, the Whisps will cast 'Sleep' on all the PCs. If the PCs try to think through the narcotic haze, or otherwise react without acting like a bunch of rabid ravengers (GM's discretion), the Whisps will still put the party to sleep, but they awaken in their own camp, with a breakfast of fresh fruit laid out and a pitcher of water and herbs that will clear away any lingering effects of the euphorica. When they have finished eating, a lone Wood Whisp will fly over the camp, and introduce himself as Seed. He apologises for the night before, explains what they were doing, and offers to lead the PCs down to Lake Zephyr.

If the PCs do freak out and start trying to wreck the joint, they awaken the next morning, bound and gagged on a white, soft sandy beach. One PC wakes to a pretty, face with high, pointed ears and two delicate antennae staring inquisitively down on her. With a giggle, the Muse pokes the PC in the eye and flutters away on her colourful, butterfly wings.

TRIAL BY MUSE

If the PCs are tied up, their gags are removed and they are allowed to sit up, but remain bound. If they have been brought here by Seed, he will politely ask them to sit on the beach.

The PCs are on the western shore of a huge lake of crystal blue water so wide that they cannot see the other side. They are on a wide beach of soft white sand warmed by the suns and behind them are the Astar woods. The PCs arrival has attracted quite a bit of attention and dozens of Muses, and countless whisps are flittering through the air, dancing along the beach or skimming over the waves to fly close to the PCs, then flutter away. Seed appears before the PCs sitting on the shoulder of a male Muse with cobalt blue hair, dressed in a yellow robe. Seed introduces himself (if he hasn't already) and introduces the Muse as Rainblossom. Seed will then ask the PC their names.

Rainblossom is a gifted telepath (Skill rating at +14) and was a close friend of Starbeam. The sudden swell of grief by the Muses in Cymril when Starbeam was killed was so powerful that it was felt by the Muses in Astar. The problem is that they don't really know what has happened. By probing the PC's dreams, Rainblossom

has figured out that the PCs are involved somehow, and demands to know more. The Muse will ask them ask them only one question:

"What has happened to Starbeam?"

After that, Seed does most of the talking, but will look to Rainblossom after each answer the PCs give. The whisp asks why the PCs are in Astar, and what they know about what happened in Cymril. If the PCs mention the regicide, Seed will ask them straight out if they did it. Rainblossom will believe a truthful answer and ease up on the PCs (untying them if necessary). If the PCs are trying to find out who did it, the Muses will lend any help they can (unless the PCs are unduly rude, violent or lie too often.) If the subject of water comes up, Seed tell them to ask the "desert men" camped on the west bank of the lake.

If a PC ever deliberately wishes to lie, they must make a WIL roll at -8, or else Rainblossom will frown and shake his head at Seed. Too many lies, and the Muses will ask the PCs to leave Astar, and will refuse to help the PCs any further, even if they are hunting the real killers.

At the end of the conversation, the PCs are given lunch, and can spend a couple of hours enjoying the Muse's hospitality if they are still on the Muses' good side. If they have offended the Muses, they call for Toryn to come get the PCs immediately.



A SLOW BOAT TO LITTLE DRACARTA

If the PCs have been bothering the Muses, Toryn is summoned, otherwise, he sails by on his own and comes close to shore to see what the fuss is all about.

Out on the lake, the PCs see a strange sort of ship sailing towards shore. A bizarre array of masts stick out from every angle and direction, linked by a series of sails that rarely match in size, colour or shape, and it is all tied together with a spider's web of knotted rope. As the ship draws closer, the PCs can see a small cabin in the aft where a small man in a green coat is waving to the Muses. As the Muses shout hello in return, he climbs down into a towed dingy and rows to shore.

The man is an older Cymrillian with a thick mustache and deep lines around his sun-narrowed eyes. He wears a long, weatherbeaten dark green coat and a three-

cornered hat that is adorned with a long white feather, a faded Seven Kingdom's star and a patch that reads, "The Eternal Vista". The man comes ashore, and walks up the beach to the PCs, receiving kisses from many of the Muses on the way. When he gets close, he introduces himself to the PCs with a sweeping bow:

"Toryn Derlin Starkiller III. Lieutenant Commander of the Royal Cymrillian Air Corps, retired, at your service."

Toryn is a former windship officer, who lives in Astar aboard his boat, "Aurra's Song." If the PCs are being sent away, he will briskly, but politely ask the PCs to come aboard immediately. Otherwise he will talk briefly with Seed and Rainblossom, then come over to talk with the PCs over lunch. He has a few questions about Starbeam's death, (how did it happen? Are there any leads? Who would do such a thing?) but if the Muses tell him the PCs weren't involved, that is good enough for him. If the PCs seem on good terms with the Muses, Toryn will be especially friendly.

At any mention of the Dracartans, the water mining, or even Astar's financial or political affairs, Toryn will begin to talk about the Dock on the east shore of Lake Zephyr and offers to take the PCs there. He says that there is a semi-permanent group of Kasmirin accountants and Sindaran assayers who oversee the Dracartan miners and manage the real payments on behalf of Astar, though Toryn doesn't trust the "gold-grubbin' lot of them." The Zephyr dock is also where he will drop the party if they have offended the Muses. There is very little Toryn doesn't know about Astar and is happy to answer questions, though his answers often involve an elaborate story, usually with him as the protagonist.

AURRA'S SONG

A modified river barge, Toryn built a small cabin on the main deck, and working from windship designs, installed an intricate network of masts and sails over the rest of the boat. The set up is much more complicated than it needs to be and except for the sundeck at the prow of the ship, it is difficult to move around without ducking under booms or stepping over elaborately tied coils of rope. Toryn isn't really much of a sailor, but the waters of Lake Zephyr are calm enough that despite his best efforts, there is actually very little he could do to endanger himself or his passengers. The ship often has a number of Muses aboard enjoying themselves on the sun deck, and it is occasionally overrun by water whisps who like to dive from the rigging and pretend to play

OPTIONAL ENCOUNTER: THE RIVER KRA

Just after sunset, the 'Song' is suddenly overrun by water-whisps. They climb aboard in a panic, squealing in fear and babbling incomprehensibly. They point to something floating in the water that looks like a large log or overturned boat. Toryn will take one look and become deathly serious. The shape then rolls over, slapping its long tale on the water and opening its gigantic maw in a ghastly yawn, a river kra. Toryn will note that it not fully grown, but will insist on killing the creature before it becomes large enough to be a danger to every ship on the Lake.

There is too much danger that the kra will damage the 'Song', so they will have to go after it in the dingy. Toryn will break out a stash of harpoons (DR:8) and give one to each PC. It is very easy to drift up close to the beast. Toryn will start by harpooning the kra and tying it to the prow so that it can't submerge. Once it is hit with the harpoon, the beast will roar to life and everyone gets to roll initiative.

YOUNG RIVER KRA

Size: 11', 1200lbs.

INT -9	PER: +1
WIL +5	CHA n/a
STR: +6	DEX: -1
CON: +5	SPD: +4

Ability Level: 4

Attacks: Ram, Bite DR: 14, Tail DR 9.

Special Abilities: *Ram:* the kra will first try to ram the dingy in an attempt to knock people into the water. For each attack, the PCs must make a DEX roll at -4 or be knocked overboard. Anyone in the water is fair game for a bite attack. *Tail Slap:* If the kra can't knock anyone out of the dingy, it will try and destroy it with its tail. The dingy has 25hp and a PR of 1. If the dingy losses more than 20hp, it starts to sink (and sinks 1hp per round), if it losses all of its hp, everyone is in the water.

Armor: PR: 2 hide


Hit Points: 32

D20 STATS

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sailor. The trip across Lake Zephyr takes a night and a day, and is uneventful unless the GM wishes to throw in an encounter with an immature River Kra.

The next morning, the western shore comes into view.



A few pleasure barges drift by, their decks adorned with the Seven Kingdom's gentry enjoying the warm Astar sunlight. There are even a few small fishing vessels, manned by men who shout hellos at Toryn as they pass.

As they drift towards the eastern shore, the PCs see poles topped with green and red flags rising from the water. These mark the Dracaratan pipe that draws water from Lake Zephyr. It runs from the Oasis, under the ground and almost half a mile into the lake, away from any silt near the shore to gather only the purest water. Toryn will point out that interfering with the pipe is punishable by death in both Carantheum and Seven Kingdoms law.

THE ZEPHYR DOCK

Jutting out into the lake, there is a collection of painted barges lashed to a long dock. The largest is an old galleon with its sails and masts removed, except for one that flies the six-pointed star of the Seven Kingdoms. At the end of the dock, there are a handful of red and green tents set up on the sandy beach. The place has no name, and there are no permanent buildings or structures, but this tiny settlement is the closest thing to a village in all of Astar.

The barges are home to a few fishermen, innkeepers and shopkeepers who cater to the Dracartan soldiers and the Seven Kingdom citizens who come to vacation. It is also home base for the team of Kasmiran accountants, Sindaran assayers and alchemists who monitor the Dracartan water-operation. They stay in the old galleon that acts as the semi-official Seven Kingdom's embassy, a customs house, and official 'residence' of the current King or Queen of Astar. The tents on the beach are used by a few Dracartan traders, and act as the offices for the Dracartan negotiators, though all Dracartans in Astar sleep at the camp located just beyond the tree-line, called the 'Oasis'.

Toryn drops anchor and rows the PCs to the end of the dock. The dock is busy, but not crowded by people from a dozen different races visiting the market stalls set up on the decks of the barges. Most of the people are from the Seven Kingdoms: Muses, Sindarans, Karmirans and Cymrillians but there are also a few Dracartans, tall and muscular men and women with jade-green skin and dark green hair.

If the PCs are interested in shopping, the selection is very limited. Most of the goods for sale are tourist trap trinkets, and only the most basic tools or supplies are

available. There is only one tavern, located in a barge promisingly called the 'Bilgewater', but it only has a group of Sindarans playing trivarian and a party of Kasmirans haggling over the bill. In the top deck of the dock's only inn, a barge bizarrely decorated in a desert theme and called 'the Sandy Shore', there is a small bar, but it doesn't serve food. The only other eating establishment is a restaurant called the "Emerald Star" which caters to a more aristocratic, generally Cymrillian crowd. No one here has heard anything about Queen Starbeam yet, but they have noticed the Muses have been upset lately. Some of the theories as to why include: a bad crop of hushberries, a dangerous predator loose in Astar that only they can sense, or a coming aberrant storm. The old Kasmiran innkeeper of the "Sandy Shore" swears she saw a dark cloud drifting over the eastern horizon towards the Jaspas mountains.

Beyond the beach, there is a wide trail leading into the trees. This goes up to the main Carantheum camp, facetiously called the 'Oasis'. The Oasis is a large clearing that has been filled with red-sand imported all the way from the Red Desert. A carefully constructed tree-line blocks any view of the lake. Many Dracartan soldiers, away from the desert for the first time, find the sight of all that water disturbing.

THE NEBU AGENT

If the PCs stop in the 'Bilgewater', or spend the night in 'The Sandy Shore', they notice that they are being watched by a young Kasmiran. When he sees that he has been spotted, he will wave and politely ask to come over, offering to buy them a round if they are resistant. The young man introduces himself as Elan et'Nebu, and then waits to see if his family name generates a reaction.

Elan is the Kasmiran Adjustor who freed the PCs from the Cymrillian gaol. He then came south to report to his superiors at the Rajan Mine, and is surprised to see the PCs here. Under the guise of being a money-trader, antiquities dealer, and something of a local guide, he will try and find out how much the PCs know and what they are doing so close to the Jaspas mountains.

The Nebu know nothing about the Rajan's real plan at this point, so Elan knows nothing about any plans for Lake Zephyr. The Nebu are solely concerned with anyone finding out about the Rajan mine in the mountains.

THE OASIS

Though the Dracartans bring rare nectars and sweet powders for the Muses, their trade relationship with the Seven Kingdoms is actually much more complex and involves constant negotiation. The real money the Dracartans pay for the water rights is held in trust for the nation of Astar by the Kasmiran Royal Bank, and is used to pay for the Muse's share of the Grand Army and other governmental duties. Even with the holding-fees transfer fees, and storage taxes levied by the Kasmirans, there is still enough money saved to make every Muse in Astar very rich, if they cared about such things. This trade has actually cemented a growing friendship between Carantheum and the Seven Kingdoms. A potent symbol of this growing alliance occurred after it was learned the Rajans had acquired windship technology. The Grand Army pushed for a barracks to be built in Astar but, not wanting to upset the Muses by flooding their land with more troops, the Dracartans stationed in Astar have vowed to fight for Astar as if it were their own home.

Numerous tents have been set up in the Oasis as barracks and workshops for the Dracartans and a few Yassan technicians. A windship docking tower serves as the look out. The largest tent is in the centre of the camp and houses the pump that draws water from Lake Zephyr, as well as the Essence Accumulators and other thaumological devices used by the thaumaturges to transform the water into solid blocks. The PCs can see several of these water-blocks, ten foot blue cubes, being loaded onto a land barge. The camp has a small hospital that will treat almost anyone for free and there is also a well-stocked smithy here that sells red-iron arms and armor for only one and half times the price. The camp has a relaxed attitude and the PCs are not challenged unless they approach the centre tent, which is always heavily guarded. Otherwise, the PCs might notice that the camp is surprisingly empty for its size.

After the PCs have looked around for a while, Toryn seeks them out and asks them to come with him to the Oasis. He takes them to a tent guarded by two serious looking Dracartans in full armor. Inside there is an older Dracartan in white robes behind a desk overflowing with charts, papers and scrolls. He waves for the PCs to sit, quickly shuffles a few last papers, then looks up.

"I am Third Coryphaen K'Tanna. Toryn tells me you might be able to help if you are interested in making some money. One of our Thaumaturges has disappeared and we need men to go and find him. Interested?"

"His name is D'Afta and has been consorting with a Muse named Lacepetal. Two days ago he went to see her, neither has been seen since. He's probably just gotten a bad case of romance and tried to run off with her, but we have to be sure. With half the camp off to Cymril and the other half guarding a shipment that left two days ago, I don't have enough men to send out after him. I'll give you all one hundred pyramids each. What do you say?"

If the PCs accept:

"They were seen heading east, up a path that runs along Star brook that's popular with consorting couples. You find him and you drag his sorry butt back here. He knows he can't run off like that."

If the PCs ask what will happen to D'Afta, K'Tanna will answer:

"We'll ship him back to Carantheum to clean vials for a few months. He'll probably quit the army and come back here anyway, but by then I'm guessing Lacepetal will have moved on to someone else. Seen it a hundred times."

If the PCs are not interested in K'Tanna's offer there is very little for them to do around the docks or the camp, except to wait for the Grand Army to arrive with wanted-posters of the PCs. They might meet some Muses who have left Laughing Falls because of the 'bad feelings and nightmares', or dead fish might start washing into Lake Zephyr from Star Brook and the PCs decide to investigate. Or if they decide to leave Astar anyway, they stumble across the Star Brook and the Laughing Falls on their own.

STAR BROOK PATH

The path along Star Brook is indeed very quiet and peaceful, with lots of sunny, secluded glades right along a wide, shallow brook. After a few hours of walking, the PCs are met by three Muses and six Whisps coming the opposite way. The Muses are agitated and upset and don't want to stop and chat, but two Whisps will linger long enough to talk to the PCs.

- ▶ The Whisps know Lacepetal and saw her with a tall green man in white robes around here two days ago.
- ▶ Up ahead is Laughing Falls, a small waterfall famous for the babbling sounds the water makes.
- ▶ The whisps and Muses live near the falls, but they are leaving because the Muses who live there have been having 'bad feelings' and 'dead nightmares.' The whisps then hurry to catch up with the Muses.

Further along the path, the woods become very quiet. The PCs notice something shiny along the rocky edge of the brook. If they go to investigate, they find that there are the bodies of dozens of dead fish and small blue-skinned, three-eyed frogs caught in the rocks, untouched by birds or scavengers. The smell is horrible. Picking up one of the creatures will cause it to fall apart like a wet cake, the animal's insides having totally rotted away. An Alchemy Skill roll at -20 will reveal that this is a symptom of a poison called necrocarnis, a rare and powerful poison made from the venom of a jellyfish called the deathcloud, that is found only in deep ocean waters. The only clue as to where the poison came from is a small scrap of grey cloth, also rotting away, that is tangled around one of the frogs.

The party is being followed by Elan et'Nebu, and if the GM wishes, they make an opposed tracking roll, to see if they can spot him. (See Elan's stats in Chapter Five).

Beyond that, the PCs come to Laughing Falls. The place is as idyllic as its name, with water running over a rocky, ten-foot waterfall into a clear, deep pool that

is surrounded by a grassy glade. Muse artisans have carefully placed ceramic tubes under the waterfall causing it to spill out of small holes in such a way that it produces a sound very much like laughter.

A closer look around will reveal that the glade has recently been trampled: many of the flowers have been crushed and there are patches of overturned earth. A Tracking skill roll at -10 will reveal that there was some sort of scuffle here, between three to five people. The losers were dragged towards the falls, and the trail ends at the foot of a large boulder. Lifting the boulder requires a STR roll at -10, but reveals a trap door, with a bit of white cloth caught on the corner.

If the PCs want to return to the Dracartan camp, tell them it is getting late and they wouldn't reach Oasis until well after dark. The trap door suddenly will open slightly, then slam shut. They can hear shouting on the other side, and pulling on the door will reveal someone is trying very hard to keep it closed. After a few seconds, the door goes quiet, until the PCs investigate. The moment anyone opens the door, a huge shadowy form flies out and pulls all the PCs inside.

CHAPTER 4: MINE OF THE DEATH CULT

What the party has found, like poor D'Afta and Lacepetal before them, is a ventilation shaft that leads down into the Rajan tunnel. Every night, the trap door is opened to let in fresh air and for slaves to go out and gather water from the pool. D'Afta and Lacepetal were enjoying a romantic evening by the falls when the door was opened, and were dragged inside to keep the existence of the shaft a secret. The ventilation shaft is just big enough for a Kharakan giant to squeeze through, and goes down for quite a depth. At the bottom, it comes to a wooden grate that looks out onto a dimly lit and crudely dug tunnel.

If the party has been pulled into the tunnel, they are greeted at the bottom by a party of three Vird Guards led by a Rajan Overseer. Otherwise, they cannot see anyone in the tunnel, but a PER roll at -3, will let them hear that someone is coming. (A male voice grumbling in a foreign language.) If the PCs fail their roll, they come face to face with the Vird guard coming to open the ventilation shaft. The Vird guard will not fight unless cornered and will try to flee to the safety of the guard room. If not killed or captured in three rounds, the scuffle attracts the attention of two more guards and their Rajan Overseer.

VIRD GUARDS

Appearance: 5'-6' tall, 90-160lbs. Creased, dark brown skin, sparse black hair and scraggly beard, blood-red eyes, clawed hands and feet.

Attributes:

INT -2	PER +1
WIL +1	CHA -2
STR +1	DEX 0
CON +3	SPD +0
CR +3	MR -3

Attacks: Scimitar +5 to +8, DR 9; Dagger +5 to +8 DR 5

Armor: PR 2, Land lizard hide; **Shield:** Land Lizard hide

Hit Points: 23

Skills: Shield +2, Climbling +4, Deception +6, Survival +5, Ride +4, Guard +3

Languages: Rajanin, native

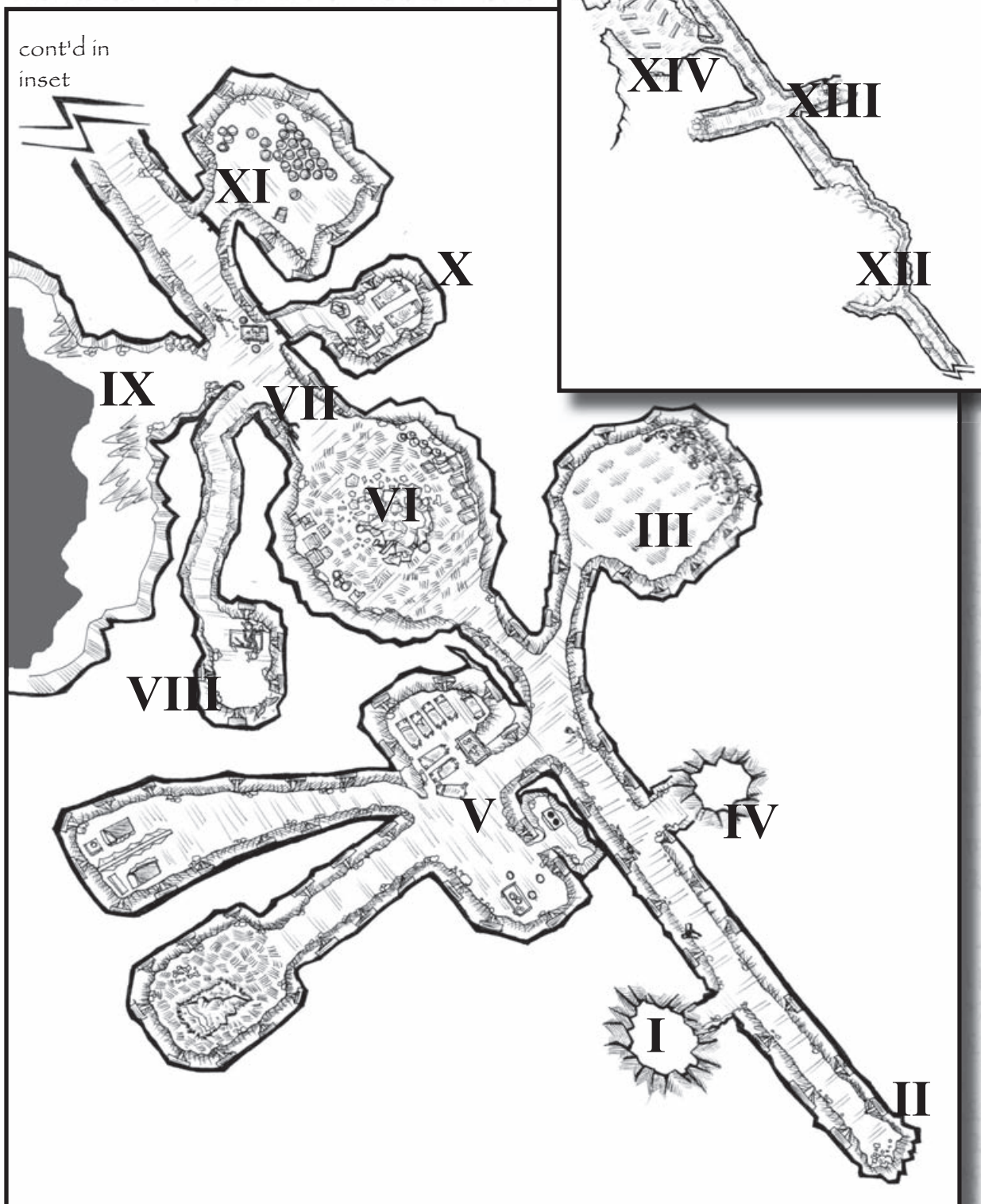
Equipment: Dark grey cloak, clothes and veiled turban. 5 g.l in Rajan silver pieces.

D20 STATS

CR: 1/2; **HD:** 1d8 +2 (6hp); **Init:** +1; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **ACs:** 15 (+1 Dex, +3 Studded Leather, +1 black iron shield); **Base Attack/Grapple:** +1/+2; **Attack:**

THE RAJAN MINE

cont'd in
inset



Scimitar +2 (1d8+1 / 19-20) or javelin +2 (1d6 +1) or claws (1d4); **Full Attack:** Scimitar +2 melee (1d8+1 / 19-20) or javelin +2 (1d6 +1) AND claws (1d4); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft. / 5 ft.; **SA:** none; **SQ:** None; **Saves:** Fort +4, Ref +1, Will -1; **Abilities:** Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 8; **Skills:** Hide +3, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Survival (desert) +4; **Feats:** Faith (Nihilist Cult)

RAJAN ASSASSIN MAGE

Appearance: 6'4", 200lbs: Dark brown skin, wiry build, dark hair and blood red eyes. Small horns protruding from chin and forehead.

Attributes:

INT +2	PER +1
WIL +2	CHA -3
STR +2	DEX +2
CON +1	SPD +3
CR: +4	MR: +2

Attacks: Da-khar+10, DR 5; Daggar:+9, DR 6; Short Sword +8, DR 8

Hit Points: 25

Armor: PR 2, black strider hide

Magic: Necromancy +6

Spellbook: Select any 3 Necromancy spells

Languages: Rajanin native, Low Talislan, Nomadic fluent

Skills: Assassination +10, Torture +8, Stealth +7

Equipment: dark grey cloak and veiled headdress, bound with cords (used as garrotes). Black-soulstone amulet (+3hp. The soul trapped in the stone will weep during the wearer's dreams). This Rajan's cloak appears to have a piece missing from the bottom. He had accidentally spilled a few drops of necrocarnis on the cloak. Putting lye on cloak, he took it to Star Brook to clean it. It was this small contamination that killed all the fish and frogs.

D20 STATS

Rajan Magician 5 (priest)

CR: 5; **HD:** 5d6 (23 hp); **Init:** +1; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+1 Dex, +5 chain mail, +1 black iron shield); **BAB:** +1/+2; **Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Full Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** Rajan traits, possible spellcasting; **Saves:** Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; **Abilities:** Str 13, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 8; **Skills:** Concentration +, Intimidate +4; **Feats:** Order (necromancy); **Spells:** Select any 3 necromancy spells.

TUNNEL CONDITIONS

Once the fight is over, the PCs find themselves in a long, dark, narrow tunnel that has obviously been quickly and crudely dug. Reed torches sputter and spew thick smoke. The supports are haphazard, jammed in wherever a collapse seemed likely, and the walls are roughly hacked and crumbling. Most disturbingly, every ten feet or so, there is the body of a slave packed into the wall, or half-buried underfoot. The Rajans are big believers in visual, as well as eviscerating motivational techniques.

The tunnel runs in a roughly south-west/north-east direction, and gradually slopes downwards towards the Lake. All the rooms are crude, man-made chambers (naturally occurring chambers are noted) with a dirt floor and wooden boards propping up the walls and ceiling. There are braziers or torches in every room, and they are lit except when noted. None of the rooms have doors unless specifically mentioned.

The main tunnel is roughly ten feet across and seven feet high, except where noted, and any side tunnels are usually five feet wide and six feet high. Normal visual range is 20ft.

All visual-related rolls (including ranged attacks) start with a -5 modifier due to the gloom, dust and the smoke. (*d20: -4 to hit with ranged weapons and -4 penalty on all Spot and Search checks*).

ROOM I: THE VENT

If the PCs attempt to return up the vent, they find that the tunnel has been collapsed about halfway up. Whether this was natural or deliberate they cannot tell. (Geomancers will be able to detect a residual magic). The tunnel was collapsed by Elan, the Nebu Adjustor, who followed the PCs, found the tunnel and decided it was a good time for the PCs to disappear.

ROOM II: DIG SITE

As the PCs continue down the tunnel, they can hear the sounds of many people working. A PER roll at -4 (*d20: Search check DC 16*) reveals that someone is coming down the tunnel. Three Vird guards (*see stats page 36*) with whips are cajoling a line of ten slaves, each pushing a wheelbarrow full of large rocks and dirt down the tunnel towards the PCs. If the PCs choose to attack the guards, they must do so quietly, as the sounds of combat will attract the other guards from the Dig Site. If the PCs kill the guards, they are now faced with what to do about the slaves (*see slaves' description below*).

Further down the tunnel, the sounds of work grow louder; metal hitting rock, labourious grunts, the crack of a whip, occasionally punctuated by a gruff voice barking in a strange language. If the PCs are quite and manage to Sneak (-7 penalty) down (*d20: Move Silently check DC 14*), they see a line of malnourished, dead-eyed slaves toiling under the lash of two Vird guards. They are digging, extending the tunnel down even further into Astar. Standing to one side is a man wearing a grey robe, reading a scroll. Behind him, something is hidden in the gloom and dust, though it appears to be quite large (-10 PER roll to spot, includes automatic -5 (*d20: Search check DC 20*)).

Any overt movements on the PCs part will attract the attention of one of the guards (the Rajin has a PER +2). If spotted, the Rajin Overseer will order all the guards to attack immediately, and the Shadinn will come out of the shadows. The slaves have been mistreated into near catatonia and trying to talk to one of them will only result in the slave staring dead-eyed at the PC until one of the Vird Guards notices and comes to investigate.

RAJIN GUARDS

Size: 5'10", 190lbs. Dark brown skin, black hair, wiry build and blood-red eyes. Small horns on chin and forehead.

Attributes:

INT -1 PER +2
WIL -1 CHA -2
STR +2 DEX +0
CON +3 SPD +0
CR +4 MR +0

Attacks: Scimitar +8 DR: ; Dagger +6 DR: ; Short Bow +5 DR:

Armor: PR: 6 black iron, partial plate.

Hit Points: 25

Equipment: 30 gl in rajan coins. Quiver with 20 arrows. 3 healing potions (10hp) and two vials of vinegar in a strongbox below the table.

D20 STATS

Rajan Warrior 5

CR: 5; **HD:** 5d10 (34 hp); **Init:** + ; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+1 Dex, +5 chain mail, +1 black iron shield); **BAB:** +1; **Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Full Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** Rajan traits, possible spellcasting; **Saves:** Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; **Abilities:** Str 13, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 8; **Skills:** Concentration +2, Intimidate +4, Ride +4; **Feats:** Weapon focus (scimitar)

SHADINN GUARD

A Shadinn Guard stands watch in front of a huge, iron door. He will not leave his post, no matter what the PCs may try, and will attack anyone who does not come accompanied by at least a Vird guard. If captured, the Shadinn will continue to kick, bite or roll towards his captors, and will unequivocally refuse to say anything to the PCs beyond crude threats and insults.

Size: 7'8", 300lbs. Dark brown skin, black hair and blood-red eyes. Small horns on forehead and chin. Clawed hands and feet.

Attributes:

INT -2 PER: 0
WIL: +2 CHA: -3
STR: +5 DEX: -2
CON: +4 SPD: +1
CR: +4 MR: -3

Attacks: Execution Sword +9 DR: 17; Dagger +7 DR: 9; Heavy Crossbow* +10 DR: 8

**Due to the Shadinn's great strength, it only takes him 1 round to reload.*

Armor: PR: 6 black iron, partial plate.

HP: 32

Equipment: 75 in Rajan gl Quiver of 10 bolts. 2 healing potions (10hp), next to a small bag of lye in a strongbox beside door.

D20 STATS

Shadinn Warrior 4

CR: 4; **HD:** 4d10 +10 (35 hp); **Init:** -1; **Speed:** 30 ft. **Armor Class:** 14 (+4 land lizard hide); **BAB:** +3/+12; **Attack:** Shadinn Great Axe (1d12 +5 / x3) or claws (1d4 +5); **Full Attack:** Shadinn Great Axe (1d12 +8 / x3) AND claws (1d4 +5); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft. / 5 ft.; **SA:** none; **SQ:** None; **Saves:** Fort +6, Ref +1, Wil +1; **Abilities:** Str 21, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 7; **Skills:** Climb +5, Ride +3; **Feats:** Mounted Combat

There are roughly 20 slaves here, packed into an area barely 30 feet square. They are mostly Virds, but there are also Dracartans, Djaffir, Cymrillians, Maruk, and a mix of a few other races. All are sporting big black bruises and scars, both fresh and old, from the guard's lashes. These poor souls are in a state of extreme malnutrition and exhaustion, and are too weak to fight even if they still had the will. If combat does break out, they will either try to flee, seek cover, or simply lay down on the floor.

If the PCs get into a fight at the Dig Site, the Shadinn will cut through the slaves like blades of grass to get

at the PCs, and the assassin-mage will fire off spells regardless of how many slaves are caught in the burst. The Vird guards will use the slaves as shields (-10 to hit, but the Virds also have -5 to hit (*d20: -5 penalty to hit the Vird but the Vird also suffer a -2 on their attack rolls*)). For every round of combat at the Dig Site, roll 1d10. This is how many slaves are killed in the melee.

If the PCs kill all the guards at the dig site, they are still faced with the problem of what to do about the slaves, assuming any have survived.

ROOM III: SLAVE'S QUARTERS

This room is large, but it is hard to tell with only a single torch burning. What the PCs can see is that there are small pits dug all over the room, just large enough for one or two people to sleep in. Some are filled with decaying blankets, others only with loose dirt. There are no latrines, just a few holes in the corners that are filled with a stinking, vile mess.

There are bodies here, lots of them. Most have been stacked against the back wall, but others lie where they fell. Some even appear to have been gnawed when some of the starving slaves turned to cannibalism. There is nothing of value in this room.

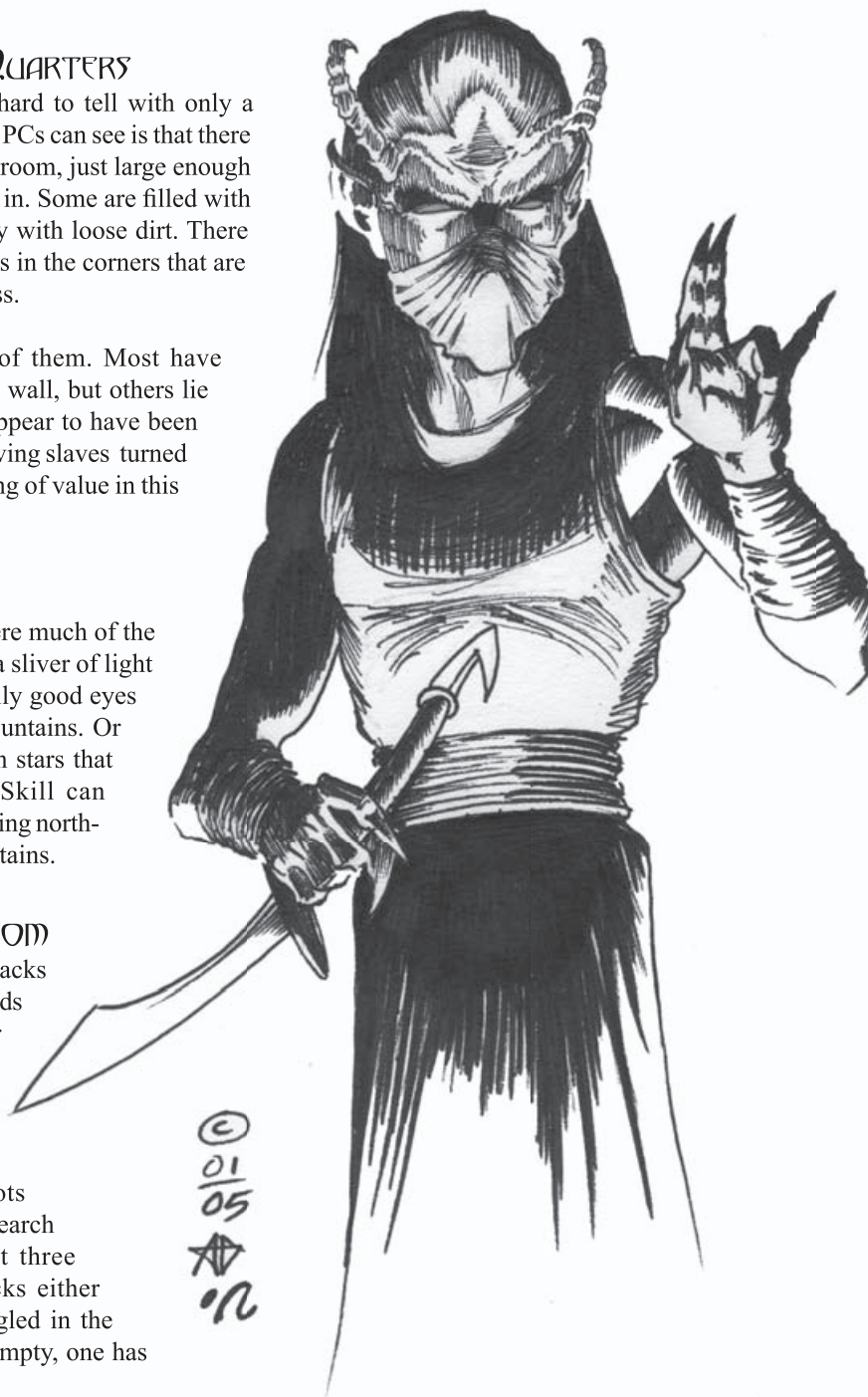
ROOM IV: VENT

This is a much older vent where much of the ceiling has caved in and only a sliver of light can be seen. Anyone with really good eyes (PER+3 or more) can see mountains. Or at night, they may see enough stars that anyone with a Navigation Skill can determine that the party is moving north-east, towards the Jaspar mountains.

ROOM V: GUARD ROOM

This long room acts as a barracks and meal room for the Vird guards and the Rajan Overseers. Near the entrance there is a table, covered in dirty dishes, scattered Zodar cards, and bits of rotting food. Beyond a fire pit, there are eight cots covered in filthy blankets. A search of the room will reveal that three of the bunks have small sacks either underneath the bunks, or tangled in the blankets. One of the bags is empty, one has

eight silver pieces and two gold pieces all stamped with a death mask. One bag is empty, and the third one holds a sleeping Chig that doesn't appreciate the rude awakening (sticking your hand in the bag gets you DR:2 (*d20: 1d4 points of damage*)). If the PCs killed the guards in the tunnel on their way in, this room is empty. Otherwise there are three Vird guards and a Rajan Overseer eating dinner.



GM Note: Rajan death-mask coins are worth one lumen each, but they are illegal in the Seven Kingdoms, Carantheum and Aaman. Point this out as common knowledge to characters from those countries. If the PCs start collecting Rajan coins and don't bother to keep them separate, make a note of how many coins they have collected. Then each time the characters try to spend money roll d20 to see if any death-mask coins have been mixed in (A few coins: 1-5. Many coins: 1-7. A lot of coins: 1-10). In the Seven Kingdoms, the shopkeepers will simply refuse to take the coins; in Carantheum or Aaman, the receiver will call the guard.

Three tunnels lead out of the room. The one closest to the entrance leads to a latrine. The other two are at the back of the room. One tunnel is enormous and opens into a wide room with a high ceiling. The bunk here is a large pile of packed earth almost eight feet long and covered with rough hide blankets. The room is filthy, filled with the bones and carcasses of many a meal, and there are dark stains on the walls, floors and blankets. There is nothing of value in this room.

The other tunnel is long and only about a foot wide, which means that any normal-sized character will have to shimmy sideways. There are large stones set into the floor, and the first character down the passageway triggers a trap.

LEG SWIPE TRAP

Detect: -10 (*d20: Spot DC 20*)

Disarm: cannot be disarmed. Due to its simplicity, the trap is either avoided or set off.

Effect: Stepping on the wrong stone causes a sword blade to sweep out from the wall at ankle height.

DR:5 (NOTE, PR rating only applies if character is wearing greaves or armored boots.) Any wounded character suffers -2 to their SPD rating until all the damage is healed.

The Overseers-Mages installed the trap to discourage the Vird guards from searching their room.

The tunnel ends at a door with a crude Death's Head carved into it. The door is locked (*SKILL -9 / d20: DC 19*). Inside there is a room divided down the middle by black curtains. On either side is a carefully made-up cot next to a black strongbox topped by a lantern. There is no decoration anywhere in the room besides an elaborate death's head carved onto each strongbox.

The strongbox on the left is locked, but quite easy to open (*Locks -5 / d20: DC 15*). Characters who are

sensitive to magic (make an MR attribute roll) will sense that the box radiates with malevolent magic.

Unless someone has a way of blocking or cancelling that magic, the box will Curse anyone who opens the chest with an ancient Rajan curse called 'Deathmask'.

Make a roll with a -6 penalty, using the character's MR as the positive attribute modifier.

M: The curse's effects are immediate! -5 to CHA

F: The only immediate effect is that the character's eyes become very red and bloodshot. Over the next few days, their facial features will become much more thin and skeletal, even to the point of their lips and nose starting to rot away. They lose 1 point of CHA per month until they reach -5, at which point they have become too hideous to go out without a veil or mask.

PS: The character's eyes slowly become hollow and turn blood-red over the course of the next few days, -1 to CHA, but no further effects.

S: The curse has no effect.

CS: The curse is dispelled forever.

Inside the strongbox is: A leather spell scroll with 4 necromancy spells (GM's choice) written in rajanin, two drams of powdered sardonicous horn, 3 vials of poison (GM's choice), 275 gl in Rajan coins.

The strongbox on the right is also locked, but is much harder to open (*Locks skill -13 / d20: DC 23*). The box is also trapped with two separate locks. The first is a needle set into the lock itself, loaded with a dose of draconid venom (-9 to detect, and -9 to disarm / *d20: DC 19 Open Locks and Disable Device*). The second is a gas bag of scarlet leech powder set to go off once the lid is opened (-12 to detect, -10 to disarm / *d20: DC 22 Search and DC 20 Disable Device*).

Inside the strongbox is: three vials of poison, a leather scroll-case filled with silver-inlaid torturer's tools, and 600 in assorted death's head coins, three healing potions (15hp).

ROOM VI: STOREROOM

The tunnel widens here, becoming more of a wide cavern that the Rajans have turned into a storeroom. There are mining supplies (picks, shovels, torches, beams etc), as well as barrels of water and crates of food (maggoty beans for the slaves, salted meat for the Rajans, a few other items). There is also a casket of vinegar next to a barrel of lye (if the PCs are just cracking open crates



willy-nilly, it is a DEX roll at -3 or get some of the lye on their skin (*d20: REF save DC 10*). It does DR 1 damage per round until washed off (*d20: 1d2 points per round*). Pouring water on the burn causes it to do DR 2 per round (*d20: 1d4 points of damage*). If the PCs just can't figure it out, the Monad will appear and douse the burn with vinegar once the PC has lost 5 hp, or 9hp if doused in water (*d20: 8 and 10 hp*). The lye burn will leave a nasty, melted-looking scar.

If the PCs start poking around, a Monad servitor will come out of the gloom and stand quietly behind them. The Monad is the Rajan's cook and servant, does most of the heavy lifting, and takes care of the slaves as best he can. He understands Talislan and is happy to help the PCs out with supplies. If anyone speaks Sign, he is also happy to answer any questions or help the PCs out. He knows that there are 30 surviving slaves, and thirteen 'Death Ones' (the Rajans and other races) on this side of the 'tight spot', and 'lots' on the other side. He was told the lye is to put on the 'death-water' if there is an accident. Otherwise, he doesn't really understand what is happening in the mine. The PCs can leave any slaves they find with the Monad, who will take care of them until the PCs can find a way out of the mine.

If the PCs haven't already dealt with the last three Vird guards, the slaves that were pushing the wheelbarrows are here, but the guard have fled to warn the others that the mine has been invaded.

ROOM VII: PIT TRAP

The Rajans set up a pit trap in the tunnel to stop any run-away slaves. The Rajans, not wanting the other slaves to know of the trap's existence, made sure that the first victims of the trap were the slaves who built it.

PIT TRAP

Detect: -4 (*d20: Spot DC 14*).

Disarm: cannot be disarmed.

There is a deep pit (15') covered with thin boards and loose dirt. The first PC to cross the board will drop through and suffer DR 9 (*d20: standard falling damage*). The bottom of the pit is covered with bones.



ROOM VIII: TORTURE ROOM

This tunnel is sealed by a locked, iron-bound door (-9 to open (*d20: Open Locks DC 19*)). Inside, the PCs discover the fate of poor D'Afta and Lacepetal. Pinned to the back wall with iron nails, are two diaphanous, orange and black wings, all that remains of poor Lacepetal besides an ugly stain on the floor. Of D'Afta, there is only a lumpy mass below a rotting white robe, that smells like the rotting fish the party found in Star Brook.

The Assassin-Mages were experimenting with the necrocarnis by torturing Lacepetal while D'Afta watched, then they dripped a few drops onto the Thaumaturge's face and left him to slowly dissolve, writhing among his lover's remains.

On a small wooden table there is a small bloody hooked knife, a small black iron vial and a small bag of lye. A few drops of whatever was in the vial has fallen onto the wooden table. The PCs may notice that where the liquid has dripped, the table has started to rot away.

ROOM IX: DUMP CAVE

This is a vast underground cavern discovered during the mining, and the Rajans have been using it as a dump for their dirt and garbage. There are vast mounds of dirt here filled with smashed barrels, broken tools, rotting garbage, corpses of dead slaves and other assorted refuse. There are only two small braziers near the entrance; the rest of the gigantic cavern is lost in darkness. The garbage has attracted the attention of a

crag spider, which has been preying on the occasional slave that ventured too far away from the light. Moving deeper into the cave can be quite dangerous as the Crag Spider has set up webs around various blind turns that are very hard to detect, (-4 total) even in torchlight. Once someone has been caught in a web, the spider will attempt to paralyse them and drag them off before the other characters can be alerted.

Crag Spider

Size: 15", 300lbs

INT: -9

PER: -1*

WIL: +5

CHA: N/A

STR: +4

DEX: +2

CON: +5

SPD: +2

** the spider has difficulty discerning fine detail or items that are not in motion*

Ability Level: 4

Attacks: Bite DR 8 +paralytic venom (duration 10rounds CON roll to resist); Kick: DR +4

Special Abilities: nigh vision, climb at +15, web-spinning, stealth at +10, Web; entangle (STR roll at -4 to break free)

Armor: PR 6, undersides and eyes are unarmored

Hit Points: 29

D20 STATS

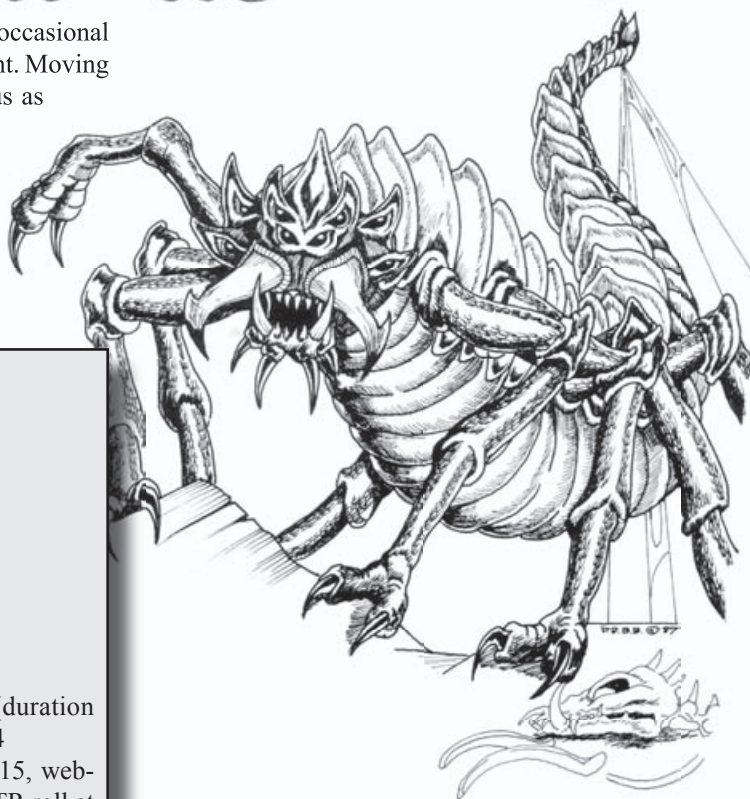
Huge Vermin

CR: 5; **HD:** 8d8+16 (52 hp); **Init:** +3; **Spd:** 30 ft., 20 ft. climb; **AC:** 16 (-2 size, +3 Dex, +5 natural); **BAB/Grappling:** +6/+18; **Atk:** Bite +9 (2d6+6 plus poison); **Full Atk:** Bite +9 (2d6+6 plus poison); **Space/Reach:** 15 ft./10 ft.; **SA:** Poison, web; **SQ:** Dark vision 60ft., tremorsense 60 ft., vermin traits; **SV:** Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +2; **Abilities:** Str 19, Dex 17, Con 14, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2; **Skills:** Climb +12, Hide -1, Jump +4, Spot +4

Room X

This room also has a cast-iron door, but it is being guarded by two Rajan Guards playing a game with knives and dice over a wooden table. These guards can be distracted and drawn away from their posts, but they too will immediately attack anyone not accompanied by at least a Vird Guard. If attacked, the guards flip the table they are playing on and use it as cover (-4 to hit, table has 30 hp), firing their bows at the intruders.

The heavy iron door is locked and bolted shut,



requiring a Lockpicking Skill at -10, and then a STR roll -5 to physically open the door. Inside the room are bags of lye, stored here in case of an accident with the necrocarnis. Lye neutralizes the poison, but is almost as dangerous to a person's skin. If the PCs take all the lye in this room, and pour it into the barrels of necrocarnis in the other room, they will have neutralized the Rajan threat to Astar.

Room XI: SHADINN GUARD

A Shadinn Guard stands watch in front of a huge iron door (see game statistics Page 38). He will not leave his post, no matter what the PCs may try, and will attack anyone who does not come accompanied by at least a Vird guard. If captured, the Shadinn will continue to kick, bite or roll towards his captors, and will unequivocally refuse to say anything to the PCs beyond crude threats and insults.

The heavy iron door is locked and bolted shut, requiring a Lockpicking Skill at -10, and then a STR roll -5 to physically open the door (d20: Open Lock check DC 20 and Break DC 20). Inside the room are dozens of huge iron caskets, all marked 'Poison' in Rajan script. These are the barrels of necrocarnis that the Rajans plan on using to poison Lake Zephyr. The only way to destroy the necrocarnis is with lye, which is stored in the other branch of the Underground Highway.

NECROCARNIS

This horrible potion derived from the tiny deathcloud jellyfish that float through Talislanta's open oceans. On its own, the small, inch-long fish has enough venom to kill a man, but they rarely come close to shore, preferring to live in deep waters. Their name and their infamous reputation derives from the times when freak tides or some other disturbance pushes thousands of the tiny jellyfish to the surface, making the water appear white and cloudy. Ships unfortunate to sail through such a cloud quickly find their hulls rotting, and their bilge decks clogging with thousands of the tiny creatures, too dangerous even to touch. When the deathcloud of poison comes into contact with organic matter, it immediately begins to mortify, then liquify the tissue, leaving nothing but a wet goo behind. The poison, in its natural state, begins to break down quickly and must be treated by a skilled and very brave alchemist in order to keep it potent for a long period of time. Once the potion has been so-treated, only a powerful caustic substance, such as lye, will stop it.

Dose: 1 dram

Level: 30

Ingredients: deathcloud venom

Time Required: 1 day

Damage: the potion will cause 1 hp of damage to any organic item, then spreads, doing 1 hp per round for up to ten rounds per dram. Since the tissue is being permanently destroyed, the damage is permanent unless treated by a skilled healer. *(d20: Necrocarnis causes 1d6 points of damage in the first round and an additional 1d4 points of damage for 10 rounds based on one dram. Players who succeed on a DC 20 Fort save receive only half damage.)*

ROOM XII: THE PINCH

Here the Rajans encountered a massive wall of solid granite almost half a mile thick. Unable to break through without heavy explosive magic, this wall nearly ended the entire enterprise. The Rajans excavated down either side of the wall, and eventually discovered a thin crack that ran through the granite. This crack was barely more than a few inches across in places but it was enough for the Rajans to order their slaves to crawl inside and chip a way through. They eventually created a passageway that is now barely five feet high, and no more than three feet across. This Pinch slowed the Rajan's progress considerably, though they continued ahead, carefully loading supplies, personnel and slaves through the cramped passage.

If the PCs have killed all the guards in the tunnel up to this point, there are only two rather bored. Rajan guards on the far side of the Pinch. If a guard had time to warn the Rajan Necromancer of the tunnel's invasion, then the PCs will be facing a much tougher reception. (Move the guards and Necromancer from the shrine to the Pinch).

ROOM XIII: THE UNDERGROUND HIGHWAY

The mine intersected a branch of the Underground Highway soon after the Pinch. Luckily for Astar, the tunnel did not help the Rajans find a way around the Pinch, nor did it head deeper into Astar, otherwise the Rajans would have reached Lake Zephyr weeks ago. The Rajans used the Highway as a dump site for a long time, plugging it solid about five hundred yards in on either side of the tunnel.

ROOM XIV: SHRINE OF DEATH

Beyond the Pinch, the cavern is much wider and much more soundly built as the Rajans had more time, and more slavepower to put into its construction. The tunnel is almost twenty feet wide and ten feet high, with torches burning brightly. The grisly reminders of the Rajan's work, however, are still evident in the rows of skulls and bones that line the walls. The Rajan Necromancer and the assassin-mages in charge here never had any intention of anyone who worked in the tunnel to getting alive. Most of the side rooms that had been dug here are now clogged with dirt, but there is an open passage that leads into the Rajan's Shrine of Death.

This natural cavern has been transformed into a grisly Shrine to the Khadun. The ceiling here is almost fifty feet high, and the room is filled with stalagmites, some adorned with decaying heads. Hard wooden prayer boards, where the faithful come to kneel and pray for hours, are laid out on the stony floor. They face a giant death's head made of smaller bones which has been built behind a raised altar. On the altar, lit by burning bronze braziers filled with a powerful, narcotic incense, are two stone tables. One faces the front and is made of black obsidian, the one behind it is plain stone and both are covered in dried and congealing blood. Behind the altar is a deep chasm, conveniently located for disposing of the newly 'converted'.

There are two Rajan Soldiers here, watching two Shadinn Executioners and a Rajan in flowing black robes vivisecting a Dracartan slave. As the PCs enter the cavern, the Necromancer will point at them and scream,

RAJAN SOLDIERS

Size: 5'10", 190lbs. Dark brown skin, black hair, wiry build and blood-red eyes. Small horns on chin and forehead.

Attributes:

INT -1	PER +2
WIL -1	CHA -2
STR +2	DEX +0
CON +3	SPD +0
CR +5	MR +0

Attacks: Scimitar +8 DR: ; Dagger +6 DR:

Armor: PR: 6 black iron, partial plate.

Hit Points: 25

Equipment: 50 gl in rajan coins, 2 healing potions (20hp)

D20 STATS

Rajan Warrior 4

CR: 4; **HD:** 5d10 (34 hp); **Init:** + ; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+1 Dex, +5 chain mail, +1 black iron shield); **BAB:** +1; **Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Full Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** Rajan traits, possible spellcasting; **Saves:** Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; **Abilities:** Str 13, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 8; **Skills:** Concentration +2, Intimidate +4, Ride +4; **Feats:** Weapon focus (scimitar)

SHADINN EXECUTIONER

Size: 7'8", 300lbs. Dark brown skin, black hair and blood-red eyes. Small horns on forehead and chin. Clawed hands and feet.

Attributes

INT -2	PER +0
WIL +2	CHA -3
STR +5	DEX -2
CON +4	SPD: +1
CR +4	MR -3

Attacks: War Axe +7 DR: 13; Dagger +7 DR: 9

Armor: PR: 6 black iron, partial plate.

Hit Points: 32

Equipment: 75 in Rajan gl

D20 STATS

Shadinn Warrior 4

CR: 4; **HD:** 5d10 (34 hp); **Init:** + ; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+1 Dex, +5 chain mail, +1 black iron shield); **BAB:** +1; **Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Full Attack:** Scimitar (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** Rajan traits, possible spellcasting; **Saves:** Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2; **Abilities:** Str 13, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 8; **Skills:** Concentration +2, Intimidate +4, Ride +4; **Feats:** Weapon focus (scimitar)

RAJAN NECROMANCER-PRIEST

5'4", 110lbs. Dark brown skin and black hair, wiry build, blood-red eyes. Small horns protruding from forehead and chin. He is wearing dark grey ceremonial robes and a black iron death mask.

Attributes:

INT +3	PER +1
WIL +3	CHA -1
STR -1	DEX 0
CON -2	SPD +0
CR +0	MR +5

Attacks: Staff +6, DR 6

Hit Points: 18

Armor: None

Skills: Doctrines +15, Alchemy +8, Administrator +16.

Magic: Necromancy +15, Invocation +10.

Spellbook: Select 6 necromancy spells and any 3 invocation spells (Death).

D20 STATS

Rajan Magician 7 (necromancer)

CR: 7; **HD:** 7d6 (28 hp); **Init:** +1 ; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 11 (+1 Dex); **BAB:** +1; **Attack:** Da-Khar (1d6 / x2); **Full Attack:** Da-Khar (1d6 / x2) ; **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** Spellcasting bonus +3 ; **SQ:** Rajan traits, spellcasting; **Saves:** Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +6; **Abilities:** Str 11, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 8; **Skills:** Concentration +10, Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +5, Mode (necromancy, attack) +10, Mode (necromancy defend) +5, Mode (necromancy, alter) +5, Mode (necromancy, Heal) +5, Mode (invocation, influence) +5, Spellcraft +10; **Feats:** Order (necromancy), Order (invocation), Faith; **Spells:** Select any 6 necromancy spells and any 3 invocation spells (Death).

"Unbelievers!" If the Necromancer is killed, the Rajan guards will run. The Shadinn will fight to the death.

Once the Rajans flee or are killed, the party is free to search the room. Below the altar (because the treasure is always below the altar) is a chest containing the Necromancer's personal effects: an ironbound spellbook, 500gl in Rajan coins, 3 healing potions (20hp), 4 potions of poison. In a bone scroll case, the PCs find a detailed plan of the Lake Zephyr tunnel, complete with a diagram of the final room below Lake Zephyr, where the necrocarnis was to be placed. The room was then going to be collapsed, letting the waters rush in, crushing the barrels and contaminating Astar for miles around. One disturbing note (if the PCs can read it) says 'As in Carantheum'.

The cavern is also a storeroom, and there are enough

stores for the PCs to restock their quivers, torches, rations. There are also scimitars, and suits of Rajan death's head armor.

ROOM XV: END OF THE LINE

This section of the tunnel does not see much use anymore, and the PCs do not encounter any further

trouble as they march along. However, there are no torches here, and the grim motif along the walls does not change, each death stare reminding the PCs as to just how many slaves died to dig this tunnel.

After two days journey, the tunnel abruptly ends. There is only a small wooden board set into the wall, that easily pulls away. On the other side, the PCs see only darkness.

CHAPTER 5: THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

THE BLACK IRON MINE

The party finds itself standing in an underground tunnel about ten feet high and ten feet wide. Unlike the rushed hole the PCs have just left, this mine is of a much better construction, with proper supports and plenty of tools and supplies lying around. (If they are poking around, the PCs also find shackles and a whipping block). Tracks in the dirt reveal that the mine has been visited recently, and a Tracking roll of -5 will reveal the clawed footprints of both Vird and Shadinn, but there is nobody to be seen. There are no lights beyond what the PCs are carrying (there are plenty of lanterns and torches lying around).

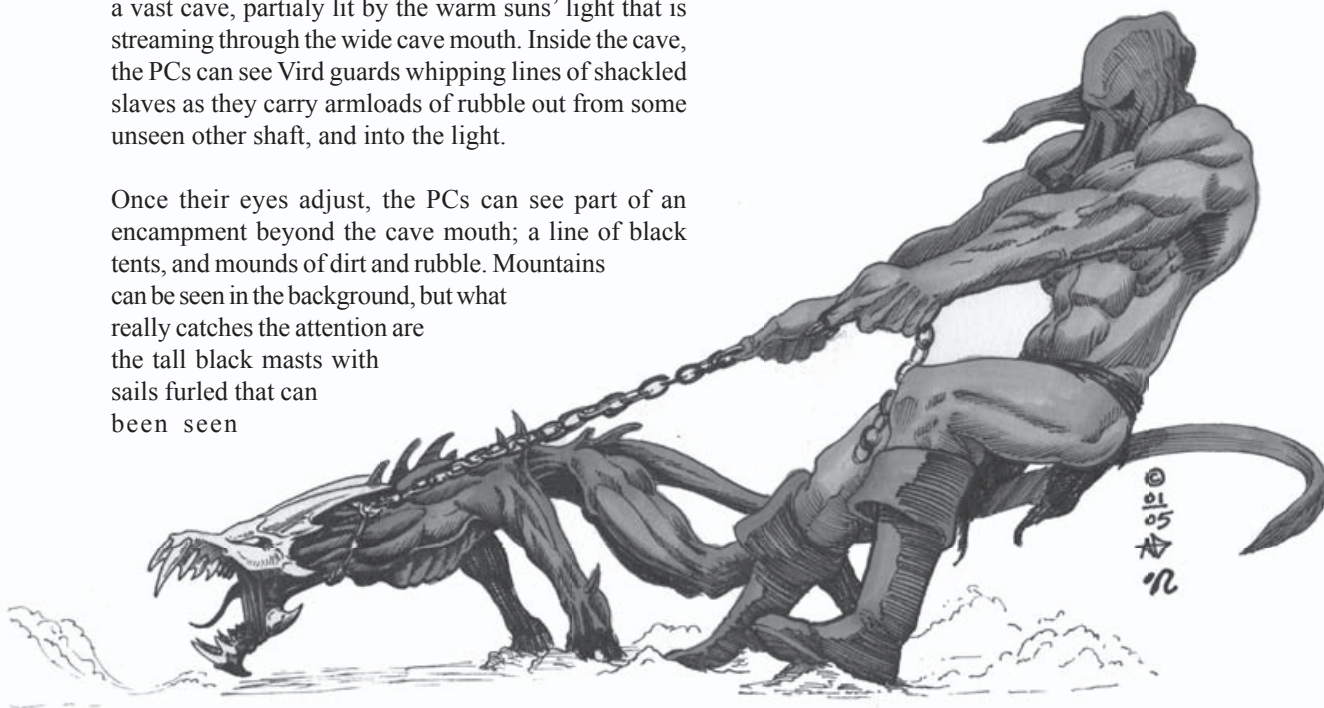
The mine is quite deep, but slopes steeply upwards and eventually the PCs come to a large wooden gate blocking the tunnel. (A Lockpicking roll at -7, or a STR roll at -10 to open the door). On the other side is a vast cave, partially lit by the warm suns' light that is streaming through the wide cave mouth. Inside the cave, the PCs can see Vird guards whipping lines of shackled slaves as they carry armloads of rubble out from some unseen other shaft, and into the light.

Once their eyes adjust, the PCs can see part of an encampment beyond the cave mouth; a line of black tents, and mounds of dirt and rubble. Mountains can be seen in the background, but what really catches the attention are the tall black masts with sails furlled that can be seen

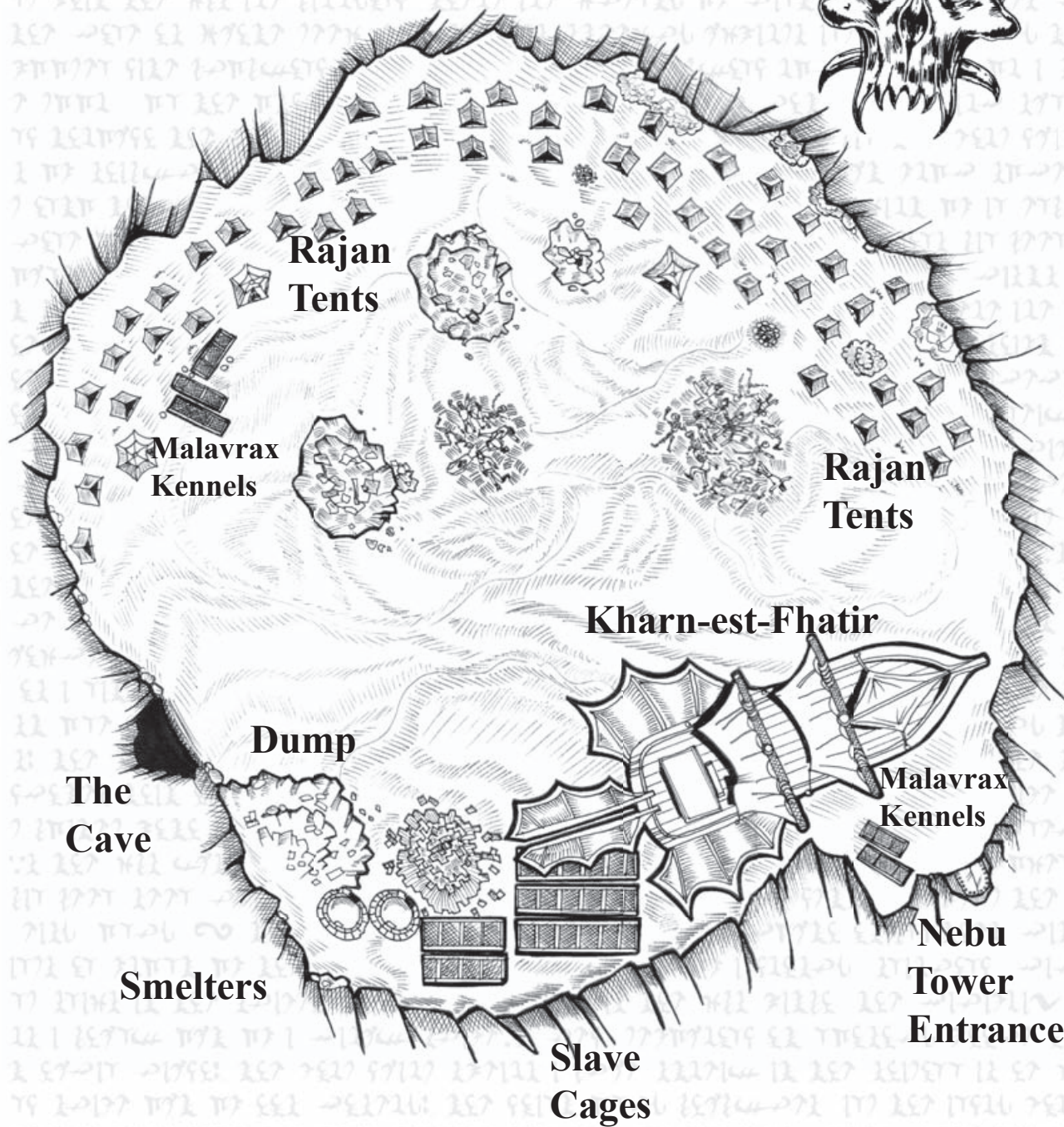
looming over the tents and piles of rubble.

There are over a dozen guards in the cave, and an unknown number in the camp beyond. The PCs will not be seen as long as they are hiding in the closed shaft or when they open the gate, but once they move into the cave, they become fair game.

Gamemaster Note: What happens next is very much up to the players. They may attempt to sneak into the camp to gain more information. They may attempt a distraction. They may even launch an all-out assault. Warn the PCs that they are undoubtedly vastly outnumbered, but let them plan out the course of action. If at any time the majority of the camp, or Grand Vizier Raj-Kten (the Rajan leader) are alerted to their presence, go down to "The Rajan's Depart" section.



RAJAN CAMP



THE CAVE

The PCs have been hiding in Shaft A, which is closed during the day while the second shift of slaves toil in Shaft B (Shaft A works at night to hide the extra equipment and slaves sent down to work in the Mine of Death). The cave that links the two is a natural feature, its mouth widened by the Rajans to accommodate the mine; it is almost one hundred yards across, fifty yards deep and the mouth is roughly thirty yards across. The sides and back of the cave are still thick with shadows and the stalactite and stalagmites that have been cleared from the middle. The centre of the cave has been levelled and coated with gravel and sand to make walking easier.

There is a tunnel similar to the ones the PCs just vacated in the far corner, only the wooden gate is open, and Vird guards can be seen leading shackle-gangs of slaves inside. Getting around the cave is relatively easy (only -4 to Stealth rolls), but the cave mouth is another matter.

A Shadinn guard stands in front of the mouth, holding the chain of a grisly, snarling malavrax that hisses and snaps at the slaves and Virds going by (*Shadinn Beast Handler stats are the same as the Shadinn Guard found on Page 38 but add Handle Animal skill +6*). As the PCs watch, the malavrax lunges and tears a chunk out of a Maruk slave's leg, devouring it noisily while it emits a hissing, almost human, laugh. The Vird guard swears a blue streak at the Shadinn as he puts the screaming slave out of his misery. The giant only chuckles, and the angry Vird whips his frightened chain gang into the cave, dragging the body of the dead Maruk with them. The damaged leg tears away and the body tumbles to a stop about ten feet into the cave, not far from a clump of stalagmites.

Getting by the malavrax is difficult. Any action near the cave mouth is -10 or else the beast will smell the PCs and start to howl and pull on its leash. (*d20: All skill checks are at -10 in this area or else the Malavrax will automatically notice the PCs*).

THE RAJAN CAMP

Beyond the cave, the Rajan camp has been set up in a small, bowl-shaped valley surrounded on all sides by bald-capped mountains. Most of the valley is filled with huge piles of dirt excavated from the mines. Just to the right of the cave mouth is the largest of these dumps, filled with dirt, garbage and worthless slag churched out by the camp's two giant iron smelters.

MALAVRAX

7" long, 3' at the shoulder. 500lbs

INT -5 PER +5

WIL -3 CHA -6

STR +6 DEX +3

CON +2 SPD +6

Ability Level: 5

Hit Points: 59

Attacks: two attacks per round

Bite DR 8 + poison (CON roll at -2 or the victim is too terrified to offer resistance)

Claws DR 1

Special Abilities: Night-vision. Immunity to spells of influence and control. Detect prey by scent and sound (+10)

Armor: PR 3

D20 STATS

Medium Magical Beast

CR: 5; **HD:** 4d8+12 (30hp); **Init:** +5; **Spd:** 60 ft.; **AC:**

14 (+1 Dex, +3 natural); **BAB/Grappling:** +4/+7; **Atk:**

Bite +7 (1d6+4 plus poison (Fort Save DC 12, victims suffer from Fear for 1d4 rounds) or Claw +7 (1d6+2);

Full Atk: Bite +7 (1d6+4 plus poison (Fort Save DC 12, victims suffer from Fear for 1d4 rounds) and 2x Claw +7 (1d6+2);

Space/Reach: 15 ft./10 ft.; **SA:** Poison; **SQ:** Dark vision 60ft., scent, immunity to spells of influence and control; **SV:** Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +5; **Abilities:**

Str 17, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 13; **Skills:**

Hide +8, Listen +10, Move Silently +8, Spot +8; **Feats:**

Dodge, Track

Behind the smelters are the slave-cages, two long rows of rough wooden cages. Next to the furnaces are piles of processed ore and bars of crude iron ready for shipping. Behind that is a huge, black windship, tethered to the earth by long ropes. The valley bends slightly here and the PCs cannot see what lies behind the windship from the cave. To the right of the cave mouth is a ramshackle assortment of tents and makeshift shelters that house the camp's guards, smiths and engineers.

There are Rajan and Vird everywhere, either gathered around cooking fires near the tents, standing guard around the ore and the windship, guarding the slaves, or working in the furnace heat of the smelters. (*For game statistics for the Rajans and Vird see pages 35 & 38*).

THE CAMP DUMP

If the PCs try and make for the dump from the cave mouth, it is an easy Stealth roll (-4) (*d20: Move Silently check DC 10*), and once lost among the great piles of gravel and slag, they face little chance of detection.

Nevertheless, this is not a pleasant area to be. The air is thick with dust and the footing is treacherous. Many of the dirt piles are filled with garbage and the half-buried bodies of dead slaves. Worst still are the pools of thick, black sludge made up of raw sewage and a heavy mix of chemicals leached out of the slag by the rain.

THE RAJAN TENTS

If the PCs try and make for the tents from the cave mouth, it is a medium Stealth roll (-8) (*d20: Move Silently check DC 15*) to avoid being seen. There is no real order to the layout here, but the different groups tend to keep together. The Virds seem to sleep on anything from exposed sleeping rolls, to crude lean-tos made from scavenged materials, to aht-ra hide tents. The Shadinn tents are huge, and made from crudely cured land-lizard hide while the Rajans sleep in dune-coloured tents made from thick cloth and aht-ra hide. Lines of clothing left to dry in the sun are stretched between the tents, next to bubbling pots of dirty laundry and make-shift stills.

There are many people milling about here; Vird guards sleeping or quarrelling amongst themselves, Rajans laughing over a game played with sticks and stones on a field of sand, and massive Shadinn kneeling on hard wooden prayer boards, genuflecting towards the Khadun. There are also a few slaves here, mostly female who fetch the water and tend to the cleaning and cooking. The air is filled with the smell of unwashed bodies and the occasional enticing whiff of a heavily spice meal being prepared over a cooking fire. There is also music, coming from a mixed group of guards who are playing a surprisingly lively song made up of curled horns and a steady drumbeat, accompanied by a lilting (and bawdy) chant.

All Sneak rolls in this area are made with a penalty of -8 (*d20: Move Silently check DC 15*), but if the PCs can rustle up a disguise, the penalty drops to -4 (GM Note: remember that the eyes of all the Rajan races are blood red, a detail that is difficult to cover up even if veiled. (*d20: Disguise checks suffer a -4 penalty*).

In the centre of the tents is a communal supply tent being run by a surly looking Rajan, who checks off the name of each guard in exchange for their ration of meat, millet, spices and mead. If the PCs are in disguise, he calls out to the them in Rajanin (all he wants to know is if they have picked up their day's rations yet). If the PCs just walk away, he will shrug it off and go about his business, but if they stop to talk, he will most certainly notice the PCs' eyes.

If the PCs want to look in any of the tents have them first make a Sneak roll (-8) (*d20: Move Silently check DC 15*) to see if they have been spotted. Once inside roll 1d20.

- 1 the resident of the tent is inside and awake!
- 2-5 the resident of the tent is inside, but asleep.
- 6-10 the tent is empty, but the PCs find nothing of value.
- 10-19 there is no one in the tent, and the PCs find 20gl in coins and/or supplies.
- 20 there is no one in the tent, and the PCs find either 50gl in coins, or one small item of value. (jewellery, a healing potion if they need it.)

SMELTERS

The heat from this massive platform can be seen in rising sheets of distorted air, but most of all it is felt, a palpable pressure on the skin that can be felt from dozens of yards away. A line of slaves carry baskets of ore-laden rock up a steep ramp and dump them into one of two huge iron smelting pots. On either side two giant turning wheels, driven by shackled slaves drive the massive bellows that heats the furnace below the smelting pots. When the ore has separated, the pot is dumped and the crude iron poured into ingot moulds. The slag is dumped onto a pile behind the smelters, where it cools and is carried to the dump site.

A few Vird guards, lethargic from the heat, are sitting where they can and occasionally work up the energy to bark at the slaves. The smelting is being done by Rajan ironsmiths who watch and fuss over the pots like mother hens. To the left of the smelters, where the processed iron waits to be loaded onto the windship, another Shadinn Beast Handler with his chained malavrax is standing guard. (*Shadinn Beast Handler stats are the same as the Shadinn Guard found on Page 38 but add Handle Animal skill +6*).

THE SLAVE CAGES

Three long rows of wooden cages house the camp's slaves. The cages are made from rough-hewn wood, are about ten by ten feet wide, and house five to ten slaves each. Most are empty, but one of the rows is filled with sleeping bodies, all piled on top of one another and trying to get some rest before another night shift begins.

In front of the cages, there is a nasty-smelling cauldron slowly scalding the slave's gruel. A lean-to provides shade for a grotesquely fat Za who is dozing in a creaking chair.

GRIZAK, ZA SLAVERMASTER

If the PCs are in disguise when Grizak wakes, he will storm up to them, demanding to know what they are doing around his slaves (in Rajanin of course). When he gets close enough to notice the PCs' eyes, he will stop, swear violently and turn and run for the camp. If the PCs are not in disguise, he may attack if he thinks he can win, otherwise he will run for the camp.

6'4", 430lbs

STR +4 DEX -2

CON +4 SPD -2

PER +1 CHA -2

WIL -1 INT -1

CR +5 MR -2

Hit Points: 32

Attacks:

Za Broadsword +11, DR 12

Whipsash +9, DR 9

Armor: PR: 3, Za battle harness

Skills: Brawling +9, Locks +8, Torture +8,

Languages: Low Talislan native, Sign fluent, Rajanin +8

Equipment: , slave-cage keys, 50gl in assorted coins (half are Rajan), He has a rough topaz on a string around his neck that confers +2 against Influence spells.

D20 STATS

Za Warrior 5

CR: 5; **HD:** 5d10 (35 hp); **Init:** + ; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 14 (+1 Dex, +3 battle harness); **BAB:** +1; **Attack:** *Za Broadsword* +8 (1d10 / 19-20/x2), *Za Whipsash* +8 (1d4 / x2) ; **Full Attack:** ; **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** None; **Saves:** Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +0; **Abilities:** Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 8; **Skills:** Climb +2, Open Locks +5, Ride +4; **Feats:** Weapon focus (Za Broadsword), Weapon Focus (Za whipsash), Power Attack, Combat Expertise

If they PCs start snooping around the cages, they notice that the slaves are exhausted and malnourished, but they are in much better condition than the slaves they had seen in the Zephyr mines; a result of the Rajans not wanting to arouse the suspicions of their Kasmiran conspirators. From a cage on the end, the PCs are being watched by a Cymrillian man who signals for them to come over (only if the PCs are not in disguise). If the PCs choose to talk to him, he will first warn them to be very quite, pointing to the dozing Za.

The party must be very quiet here. In addition to



waking Grizak, if the PCs are not in disguise and they accidentally wake some of the other slaves, they will think they are being rescued and start pleading and screaming to be let free.

The Cymrillian is a beaten, shrivelled man, with a nasty cough and a body covered in scars. The years of slavery have aged him far beyond his years, with a face full of deep wrinkles, matted hair, and teeth that have nearly rotted away. His name is Detenar, and he was taken captive by Za bandits five years ago while on a journey to the Sea of Glass. He was sold to the Farad, then to the Rajans and was part of the first group of slaves to come to the mine, a little over a year ago. Detenar will answer questions, but he is desperate to escape and will only co-operate fully if he thinks the PCs can help.

He is convinced the Kasmirans are behind it all, and won't miss an opportunity to blame the 'little gold-sucking piles of durge dung'. If the PCs are unaware of the Kasmiran involvement, he will point them in the direction of the Kasmiran 'tower', but will warn the PCs about the Shadinn kennel.

He knows nothing about the Zephyr tunnel, except that a lot more slaves went down Shaft A than came out. Detenar and the other slaves believe that the Rajans were using them as part of some terrible death ritual.

The Rajan in charge of the mine is a Necromancer Priest by the title and name of Grand Vizier Raj-Kten, who sleeps aboard the windship, 'Kharn-est-Fhatir'. Detenar has only been aboard once, but he knows the password, "Ruminraiskaja" and saw inside the captain's cabin, and all the documents contained within.

CALICO RAKH, MANGAR SKY-PILOT

Appearance: 6'1", 20 lbs. Calco Rakh wears calico pantaloons, and has a long scar that runs from his chin, through his torn right ear and onto the crown of his skull. He, like many of the Mangar pirates aboard the windships, has added wings to the sea-dragon tattoo on his chest.

Attributes:

INT +0	PER +1
WIL +0	CHA -2
STR: +	DEX +1
CON +2	SPD +
CR +5	MR -1

Armor: None

Hit Points: 27

Attacks: Cutlass +13, DR 10; Dagger +14, DR 6; Brawling +14

Skills: Pilot (Windship) +15, Gambling +12, Deception +9, Command +10

Languages: Nomad, native. Sign, native. Low Talisan, fluent. Rajanin +5

Equipment: High boots, loose calico pantaloons. Silver earrings and armbands. 160.gl. in assorted coins (half are Rajan coins). Rakh's cutlass is extremely light and confers +1 to hit. .

D20 STATS

Mangar Warrior 3/Rogue 3

CR: 6; **HD:** 3d10 + 3d6 (32 hp); **Init:** +; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 12 (+2 Dex); **BAB:** +; **Attack:** Scimitar +6 (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Dagger +6 (1d4 / 19-20/x2); **Full Attack:** Scimitar +6 (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Dagger +6 (1d4 / 19-20/x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** Sneak attack +2d6; **SQ:** Evasion, Trap finding; **Saves:** Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +0; **Abilities:** Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 8; **Skills:** Climb +9, Gamble +4, Jump +5, Navigate +4, Operate Conveyance (windship) +8, Profession (pilot) +4; Swim +11; **Feats:** Weapon focus (scimitar), Dodge, Power Attack

MANGAR SKY-PIRATES

Appearance: 5'8"-6'4", 130-230 lbs. Dark brown skin, narrow eyes with winged-sea dragon tattoos on chest, arms and back. The men shave their heads and wear long mustaches. The women keep one long scalp-lock bound by metal rings. (Missing digits are common)

Attributes:

STR: +2	DEX +1
CON +2	SPD 0
PER +1	CHA -2
WIL 0	INT 0
CR +5	MR -1

HP: 27

Attacks: Cutlass +9, DR 10; Dagger +10, DR 6; Brawling +7

Skills: Pilot (Windship) +9, Gambling +7, Deception +6, Command +4

Languages: Nomad, native. Sign, native. Low Talisan, fluent. Rajanin +4

Equipment: High boots, loose pantaloons, blouse (women). Brass earrings and armbands. 60.gl. in assorted coins (half are Rajan coins).

D20 STATS

Mangar Warriors 2

CR: 2; **HD:** 2d10 (16 hp); **Init:** +; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+1 Dex, +5 chain mail, +1 black iron shield); **BAB:** +1; **Attack:** Scimitar +4 (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Dagger +4 (1d4 / 19-20/x2); **Full Attack:** Scimitar +4 (1d6 +1 / 18-20) or Dagger +4 (1d4 / 19-20/x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** None; **SQ:** None; **Saves:** Fort +4, Ref +2, Will -1; **Abilities:** Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 8; **Skills:** Jump +5, Swim +5; **Feats:** Weapon focus (scimitar), Power Attack, Cleave

THE KHARN-EST-FHATIR

The Rajans paid the Farad several fortunes for a single, barely functioning levitational, the Archaen technology that makes windships possible. It took them months to learn how it worked and even longer to learn how to create one of their own, but then they were faced with a much larger problem: what to put it in? Rajanistan is a land-locked, desert country, and the Necromancer Priests who unlocked the secrets of the levitationals knew less about ship building than they did about brewing Thaecean nectar. Through Farad intermediaries, they eventually purchased six Mangar carracks and

shipped them overland to Rajanistan. It was this sale, and the major operation to haul them overland, and not the acquisition of the levitational, that tipped off Carantheum and nearly plunged the entire continent into war.

The "Kharn-est-Fhatir", was one of those Mangar carracks. Its frame, designed to sail through the sea, is much heavier and slower than the Cymrillian ships, but it is better armored and can haul heavier cargo. The windship has been painted ash grey and its fins and sails are jet black. The skeleton of a horned-devil man, with the bone wings swept back as if in flight, serves

as the ship's diabolical figurehead. In the Rajan tongue, Kharn-est-Fhatir means 'the way of all flesh'.

If the PCs can get close enough, they see that the ship is floating a few feet off the ground. It is tethered to the earth by six mooring lines, each as thick as a man's leg, that are tied to giant, black iron pins driven into the earth. (The lines have 40hp each).

There are two bored Vird standing guard next to a ramp, and the PCs can see a few other sailors moving around on deck (*Vird Guard stats are found on Page 35, Rajan Sailor use same stats as Rajan Guards on Page 38*). When the Rajans bought the carracks, they also hired a number of Mangar pirates to teach them about the ships. A few of these Mangar, intrigued by the thought of a whole new realm to plunder, have stayed on as crewmen aboard the Rajan windships. The first mate and pilot aboard the 'Kharn' is a Mangar named 'Calico Rahk' and there are three other Mangars aboard who act as ship's officers.

If the PCs spy on the ship, a small figure in purple robes, flanked on either side by menacing-looking Danuvian bodyguards, stomps down the ramp and walks away in an obvious huff, with the Vird guards making obscene gestures behind his back. Something about the man is familiar to the PCs. It is Elan, the Kasmiran they had met at the Zephyr Dock. (PER roll at -6)

MAIN DECK

If the PCs approach the ship, the Vird guards block the boarding ramp and lazily ask for the password. (Luckily, the Virds do not make eye contact unless the PCs act suspicious). If the PCs get aboard, the ship's main deck is fairly typical of any windship, or sailing ship. Sailors are scrubbing the deck, coiling ropes, loading barrels, climbing the rigging etc all under the watchful eyes of their officers. The PCs can go to the Pilot's Deck, the forecastle, below decks or try and break into the Captain's Cabin in the aftcastle.

PILOT DECK

On top of the aftcastle, and accessed by a steep staircase, the Pilot's deck is, naturally, where the pilot controls the ship. There is a huge wooden wheel here, its spokes made from human thighbones, that turns the Kharn's steering fins. Next to the wheel is a lever made of dragonbone that allows the pilot to control the ship's altitude. Calico Rahk is here, talking to a pair of Rajan sailors, and he will instantly demand to know what the PCs are doing coming up on his deck uninvited.

AFTCASTLE

This raised deck at the rear of the ship houses the Captain's Cabin (which also serves as the officer's mess, meeting room and navigation room). A veiled Rajan soldier guards the door, but there is nobody inside. Inside, the cabin is compact and cramped. There are only two small, round porthole (locked -8 to open from outside) windows that are currently closed with black curtains. The walls are painted black, and the death's-head symbol of Rajanistan is everywhere.

There is a table built into the wall. The papers spread out on it are almost all in Rajanin, except for two sheets the PCs may find if they look hard enough (PER -5 (*d20: Search check DC 14*)). The first is a bill detailing the sale of two tons of moonfish oil at an exorbitant price from a shipping house in Gao-Din, to a Farad Monopolist named Jeriff of the House Mortalis. The second sheet of paper is an almost exact copy of that bill, except where the first bill had been made out to Jeriff of the House Mortalis, this bill is made out to the 'Nebu Holding Company' and, listed below the moonfish oil, are the telling words 'oil of jellyfish'. Unlike the first bill, this one is not signed yet, but there is a small slip of paper attached to it, with the name 'Epud a'Nebu' signed again and again.

On the shelf above the window, the PCs find a spell book, its cover made from green leather, once the skin of some unfortunate Dracartan. The spells inside are written in a spidery Rajanin hand. They also find a vial of necrocarnis, this one still in a metal bottle that is stamped with the words 'Jeriff's Imports. Street of the Six Stars, Tarun.'

Under the bed, there are three large chests. The first chest is locked, -10 (*d20: Open Locks check DC 18*). It contains an assortment of purple wine bottles, and a bag of leaves. An Underworld spell will reveal these leaves to be k'tallahj, a dangerous drug.

The second chest is locked -8, (*d20: Open Locks check DC 15*) and trapped with a spring-blade that does DR 3 (-7 to detect, -8 to disarm (*d20: Search check DC 14, Disable Device check DC 16*)). Inside it contains: three healing potions (15hp), six vials of various potions, elixirs and powders, 600gl in Rajan coins and a jewel-encrusted, ceremonial deaths head dagger (worth 75gl).

The third chest is not locked and contains a clean robe, undergarments and socks for the Grand Vizier. At the bottom of this chest there is a scrap of paper written in

Rajanin. This paper is actually the counter-curse for the 'Deathmask' curse.

If the PCs linger too long in the cabin, the Grand Vizier returns, accompanied by his two assassin-mage bodyguards.

FORECASTLE

This raised deck at the front of the ship is home to a heavy ballista and two springals. The deck is empty, except for two Mangar sky-pirates playing ska-wae. They will try to entice the PCs into playing, or at least gambling on the outcome.

BELOW DECK

A small ladder leads down into the hull of the ship. The main hold is filled with stacked iron ingots, waiting to be taken back to Rajanistan. Beyond that is the ship's main stores, filled with food and a few barrels of water for the crew. A crusty, grotty, old Vird is here, throwing handfuls of beans into a slow bubbling pot as he picks his nose and works the gunk out from under his clawed fingernails. He will give the PCs an evil stare, spit a long black gob onto the floor and go back to what he was doing.

Under the prow is a room filled with rolled hammocks, bags of clothes and a few personal effects. There are three Rajans and a Mangar sailor sleeping here. Any action first requires a Stealth roll vs. the pirate's PER to avoid waking them.

A successful Search roll will discover one of the following: a book of Chana love poetry, a set of pornographic woodcuts from Maruk, a dagger, 37gl in assorted coins, a sheet of velum with a baby's footprints on it, a small well-worn stuffed winged-ape.

Under the aftcastle of the ship, just off the main hold, is a locked ironbound door. The door is -14 to open, and if the PCs succeed, they find a small room almost filled by a large black iron box coated with arcane symbols. A long white pole protrudes from the box and disappears into a hole in the ceiling (where it eventually connects to the altitude lever on the Pilot's deck). The room smells of wine, stale sweat and something sickly-sweet. From behind the iron box, comes the sound of someone humming.

Behind the box, the PCs find a small man in tattered golden robes sitting cross-legged in a hammock strung below a barred porthole. He has pale, almost translucent skin, thin white hair and a scraggly beard, and he is

humming contentedly to himself as he takes a long swig from a purple bottle. There are many other similar, empty purple bottles rolling around underfoot. When he finally notices the PCs, the man tries to focus, he smiles dreamily and says: "are you the ones who have come to take it all away?"

It is very difficult to talk to the man as he is obviously, severely intoxicated, though the PCs do not know on what unless they make an Underworld or Alchemical roll (-10) (*d20: Knowledge (arcana) or Knowledge (nature) check DC 18*). He often loses focus and his conversation drifts as he begins to talk to the bizarre things that only he can see.

The man's name is Charras, and he is a Phantasian windship builder who was enslaved by the Rajans to maintain their levitational (the large iron box). They have forcefully addicted the poor man to k'tallah, which they mix with the wine in the purple bottles. If the PCs try to take away his bottle, or start destroying the Levitational, he will start to scream loudly enough for the guards on the deck above to hear, and come to investigate.

CHARRAS,

PHANTASIAN WINDSHIPWRIGHT

Appearance: 80lbs

INT +0	PER +0
WIL +0	CHA -2
STR: +	DEX +1
CON +	SPD +0
CR +0	MR +1

Hit Points: 16

Skills: Engineer (Levitationals) +17. (*d20: Craft: Windshipwright +17*)

Languages: High Talisan native, Rajanin fluent

In his current state, Charras is extremely susceptible to suggestions but he is terrified to cross the Assassin-Mages. If asked to tamper with the ship of the levitational, he will uncross his legs to reveal a horribly mangled left foot, his punishment for the last time he tried to defy the Rajans. Charras will only tamper with the levitational if the PCs can promise they will take him with them.

THE GRAND VIZIER

Grand Vizier Raj-Kten is a Necromancer Arch-Priest, captain of the 'Kharn-est-Fhatir', in charge of the Black Iron Mine and the plot to poison Lake Zephyr. He's



swamped. The Gamemaster is free to put him anywhere in the camp he wishes, but it is probably not a good idea to let the PCs confront him directly unless they are completely healthy and packing some major firepower. He is flanked at all times by two Rajin Assassin-Mages who will fight to the death to protect the Vizier.

For game statistics for the Grand Vizier's Assassin Mages please refer to page 37.

GRAND VIZIER RAJ-KTEN,

NECROMANCER PRIEST

Appearance: 6'10", 180lbs. Dark grey robes, headdress and gloves embroidered with gold thread. Ebony death-mask.

Attributes:

INT +3	PER +1
WIL +3	CHA -2
STR 0	DEX +0
CON -2	SPD +1
CR 0	MR: +5

Attacks: Staff +8, DR 8; Dagger +6, DR 4

Armor: None

Hit Points: 18

Magic: Necromancy +19, Invocation +15

Raj-Kten can cast any Necromancy spell the GM requires.

Skills: Doctrines +19, Alchemy +15, Administrator +18, Fashion +7

Equipment: 13gl in Rajan coins.. The Vizier's dagger is made of Shadowsteel, it ignores all non-magical PR.

D20 STATS

Rajan Magician (necromancy) 11

CR: 10; **HD:** 10d6 (36 hp); **Init:** + ; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 12 (+2 Dex); **BAB:** +5; **Attack:** Da-Khar +5 (1d6 / x2); **Full Attack:** Da-Khar +5 (1d6 / x2); **Space/Reach:** 5 ft./5 ft.; **SA:** Magic bonus +5; **SQ:** Rajan traits, spellcasting; **Saves:** Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +9; **Abilities:** Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 10; **Skills:** Mode (necromancy, Alter, Attack, Defend) +17, Mode (necromancy, summon) +14; Mode (necromancy, heal) +15, Mode (invocation, influence) +12, Spellcraft+17; **Feats:** Combat Casting, Faith, Order (necromancy), Order (invocation), Weapon Focus (Da-Khar), ; **Spells:** Any Necromancy spells at the GMs discretion.

MALAVRAX KENNEL

Behind the windship, deliberately placed where the Kasmirans would have to pass it everyday, is a small camp made up of four, large metal cages surrounding



a heavy metal table and a cooking fire. Lines of heavy chains are laid out on the ground next to a rack of barbed prod-sticks. Two of the cages contain a snarling malavrax.

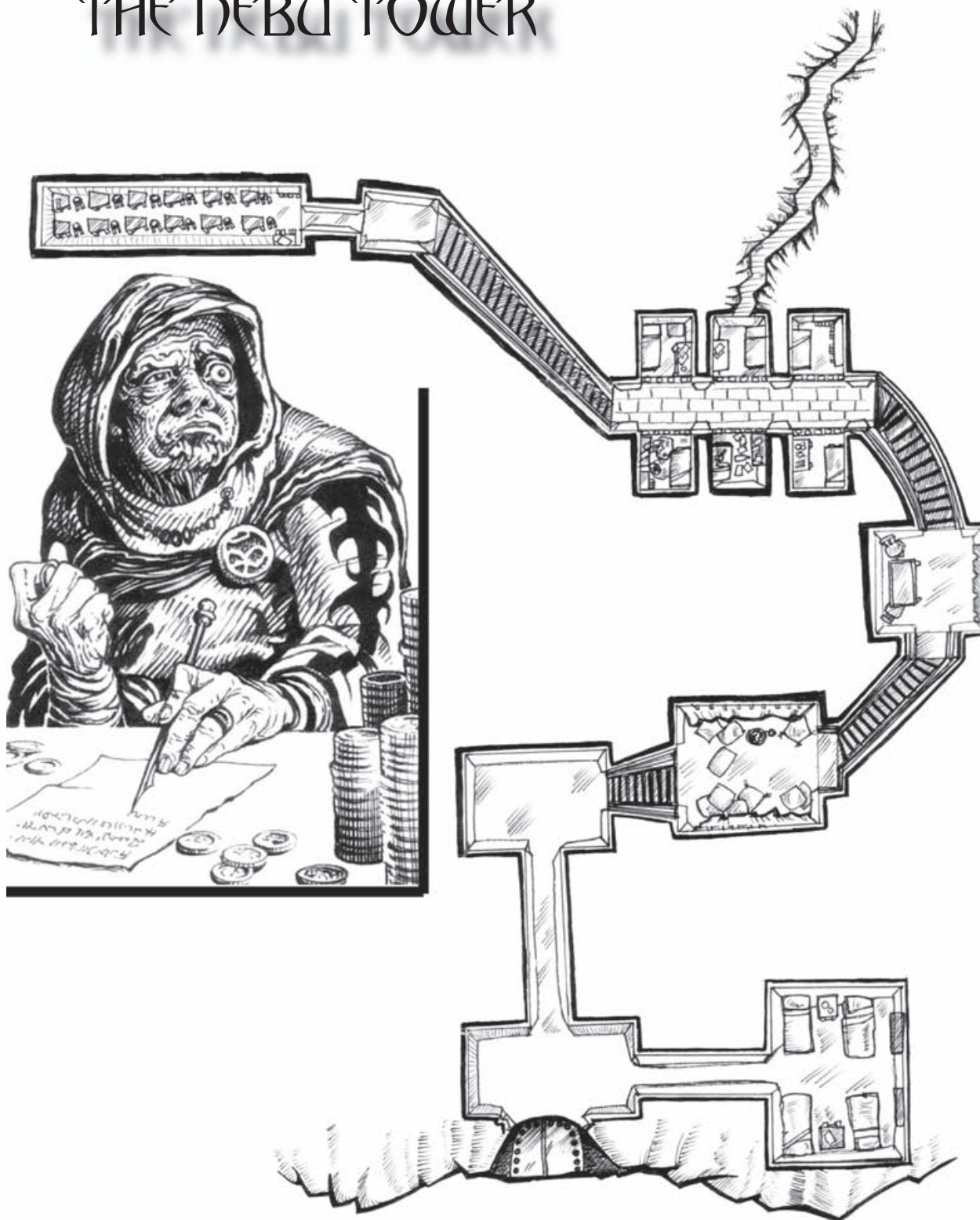
On the metal table, the body of a slaughtered slave is being carved up by a Shadinn handler. With a huge bloody cleaver, he hacks off a hunk of flesh and tosses it to a giggling malavrax, while the other one snarls and lunges against the bars of his cage. The malavrax will eye the PCs evilly, but if approached too closely, they will begin to howl and lunge violently at the cage. This is the reaction the same reaction they have when any non-Rajan walks by, and it will alert the Shadinn that something is wrong.

THE NEBU TOWER

The Nebu family has begun to question their deal with the Rajans, and suspect that the Rajans may have ulterior motives, but they cannot think of a way to extricate themselves without bringing about the downfall of their entire house. The Rajans have promised to leave soon, and until then, disturbed and terrified by what they have seen in the camp, the Nebu who were supposed to oversee the Rajans now rarely leave the protection of their makeshift tower, their traps and the Danuvian guards.

Tucked into the side of a mountain, is a low stone doorway. The doorway is magically trapped to alarm and call the Danuvians in Room 2. Door: Locked -13 to open (d20: *Open Locks check DC 20*). Magical alarm requires a spell of 10th level or Higher to dispel (d20: *Spellcraft check DC 18 and Dispel Magic spell*). All the rooms and corridors of the tower have been

THE DEBU TOWER



cut through the solid rock of the mountain and lit with amberglow lanterns.

Room 1

This first room is a bare, stone room, ten by ten feet square. There are two stone doors beside the entrance; one on the back wall, and a door to the right. The door on the right cannot be opened from this side, and has two narrow slots at eye level, which are currently closed. If the alarm on the entrance door has been sounded, the Danuvians in Room 2 will rush down the corridor, open the slots and use their crossbows to attack whomever is in the room. Any PC who gets the bright idea to stick a weapon into the open slot is in for a nasty surprise. The sliding panels that close the slots are actually solid stone slabs three inches wide studded on both ends. The Danuvians can slam these panels shut with a handle on the end. Any weapon or limb that gets put through the slot must make an opposed STR roll with the Danuvian on the other side, or take DR 8 + 2 each round.

The door on the back wall is rigged to drop a stone block on the head of whomever tries to open it, but it is simple enough to disarm (Traps skill at -5. Trap does DR 4, a DEX roll to avoid damage (*d20: Search check DC 13, damage 1d8, Refsave DC 12 for half damage*)). The door opens inward.

Room 2

This room is up a short corridor and ends at another stone door (locked, -10 to open). These are the main quarters for the Danuvian mercenaries hired by the Nebu. The room is very untidy, with clothes and pieces of armor thrown everywhere. The beds are all unmade, and the walls are scribbled with ribald graffiti. There is a wooden board with a crude sketch pinned to it of a Rajan doing unhygienic things to a Kasmiran that has obviously been the subject of much target practise. A table covered in dirty dishes is next to a makeshift kitchen made up of a stone basin and a cooking brazier. The only thing tidy in the room is the weapon rack. Everything on it is immaculate. There are always at least two slightly cabin-crazy Danuvians in this room, and as many as four.

Room 3

A short, 15' corridor runs from Room 1 to a heavy stone door (STR roll -7 to open). The door opens to another seemingly-empty ten by ten room with a door to the right. The door they just came through is weighed to shut, and will automatically re-lock unless it is propped. If the PC looks up, they will see a metal grate on the

DANUVIAN MERCENARIES

Appearance: 6'2"-6'6", 160-200lbs, Bronze skin and black crest of hair running down the centre of their head.

Attributes:

INT +0	PER +0
WIL +0	CHA +1
STR: +3	DEX +3
CON +2	SPD +2
CR +6	MR +0

Attacks: Halberd +14, DR 13; Longsword +13, DR 11; Heavy Crossbow +12, DR 8; Dagger +13, DR 7; Brawling +10

Armor: PR 4 corselet & bracers

Hit Points: 28

Skills: Tactics +12, Command +10, Guard +15,

Languages: Low Talislan, native

Equipment: earrings and jewellery worth 50gl, 150 gl in assorted coins.

D20 STATS

Female Danuvian Warrior 4

HD: 4d10 (hp 28) ;**BAB:** +4; **Init:** +2; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 17 (+5 dex, +2 corselet & bracers); **Attack:** Longsword +5 (1d8 / 19-20) or Halberd +5 (1d10 / x3) or Dagger +4 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) or Crossbow +6 (1d8 / 19-20/x2); **Full Attack:** Longsword +5 (1d8 / 19-20) or Halberd +5 (1d10 / x3) or Dagger +4 (1d4 / 19-20/x2) or Crossbow +6 (1d8 / 19-20/x2); **SQ:** none; **Languages:** Low Talislan; **SV:** Fort +4, Ref +3, Wil +1; **Abilities:** Str 16, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8; **Skills:** Climb +7, Listen +2, Ride +6; **Feats:** Dodge, Power Attack, Cleave, Weapon Focus (halberd), Weapon Focus (longsword)

ceiling, with only bare stone above it.

The metal grate is actually finely sharpened razor wire attached to a metal frame that is weighted on each corner by a one-hundred pound black-iron ingot. Stepping on a trigger in the centre of the room causes the grate to drop.

RAZOR GRATE TRAP

Detect Trap: -4 (*d20: Spot DC 14*), **Detect Trigger** -8. (*d20: Spot DC 18*) **Disarm** -10 (*d20: Disable Device DC 20*)

DR: 10, to everyone in the room. (*d20: Damage 4d6*)

The door to the right is locked at -12, and opens onto

a rising stone staircase (*d20: Open Locks check DC 20*).

Room 4

At the top of the stairs is a locked doorway (-10) (*d20: Open Locks check DC 15*). On the other side is a small, cosy room decorated with purple curtains and lots of thick pillows strewn out over the floor. A pot of mochan is brewing on a brazier in the middle of the room. There is a doorway to the right (Locked -8) (*d20: Open Locks check DC 14*).

This is the Kasmiran common room and kitchen and is the domain of Gretch zu'Nebu, the young Nebu apprentice who does the cooking and cleaning for the elders. Gretch knows how to bypass every trap, and has keys for every door in the tower, but if he hears the PCs coming, he will flee to warn the Danuvians in Room 5, and then rush up to warn the Kasmirans in Room 8.

Room 5

Another room at the end of a steep staircase. The stone door has no handles, but there are two closed slots (with the same set up as the one downstairs) in the door. Behind the door is another guard post, continually occupied by at least one, but usually two Danuvians.

Inside the room, there are only two chairs with a table, a weapons rack and an open doorway on the left-hand wall.

Room 6

A long curving staircase leads up to landing facing another stone door. This door is locked by at least six separate, well-made locks (each is -10 to open (*d20: Open Locks checks DC 18*)). Tampering with the door, or failing to pick even one lock will cause the floor to fall away, dropping any PCs on the landing down a forty foot pit (DR 24). All PCs on the landing make a DEX -6 check at -5 to jump away as floor falls. The character picking the lock, and therefore farthest from the staircase, must make the DEX roll at -9 (*d20: Search check DC 20 to spot the trap, Disable Device check DC 20 to disarm, normal falling damage*). The floor slowly resets after 1 minute and cannot be dropped unless someone tampers with the door.

This room beyond is actually a long corridor with three sleeping cells on each side. All cell doors are closed and locked. The Nebu who sleep in these cells have had plenty of time to come up with nasty ways to trap their cell doors. All doors are made of iron-bound wood

and are locked (-10 to open (*d20: Open Locks check DC 18*)) in addition to the traps.

Cell A

The false handle to this door is set on a spring. Grabbing the handle without first bypassing the trap, causes the handle to shoot back into the door, and a heavy slab of black iron hidden within the door, to come crashing down on the person still holding the handle's hand. The real lock is actually hidden in a knot just left of the handle.

TRAP

-8 to spot, -8 to disarm. DR 5 (PR if hand is armored only). (*d20: Spot check DC 15, Disable Device check DC 15, 1d8 damage, Ref save DC 13*)

Inside the room is a small cot, a nightstand and a desk covered in accountancy forms, graphs and other financial papers. Nothing seems of any value.

Cell B

There is a thin slot that runs around the doorframe, just before the door itself. Inside this slot is a sharpened guillotine blade that is designed to drop if anyone tampers with the door.

TRAP

-5 to spot, -8 to disarm. DR 6. A DEX check at -7 to avoid the falling blade. (*d20: Spot check DC 15, Disable Device check DC 16, 1d8 damage, Ref save DC 16*)

This cell is empty except for a bare cot and an empty desk. However, underneath the bed is a loose slab that, if found, reveals a tunnel leading down into darkness. The Kasmirans built an escape tunnel when they began to suspect the Rajans were up to something, and dug this backup plan that runs all the way to a spur of the Underground Highway.

Cell C

This door has a metal kick plate at the bottom. Tampering with the door causes a metal plate to roll forward (it is actually a metal slab) and smash the lock-picker in the shins.

TRAP

-6 to spot, -8 to disarm. A DEX check at -7 to avoid the metal plate DR 4. (*d20: Spot check DC 14, Disable Device check DC 15, 1d6 damage, Ref save DC 13*).

This room is pretty barren except for the immaculately neat bed, and shelf after shelf of books stacked three deep. All the books are heavy accountancy theory and dense financial treatises.

Cell D

This door has a peephole. If a PC decides to take a peek, they can see a distorted view of the room, and then they must make a DEX roll at -9 to avoid the hinge-mounted spear above the door on the other side, that swings down and rams through the peephole.

TRAP

-14 to detect. DR 8, DEX roll at -5 to avoid damage. (d20: Spot check DC 20, Disable Device check DC 15, 1d10 damage, Ref save DC 13).

This room has a small shelf of books, mostly historical epics and tales of heros. There are also a few bags of laundry and a torn purple robe resting on a sewing basket. On the desk there is an accountancy ledger, detailing the amount of food the Kasmirans ate, how much it costs, what is left in stores and the other general accounts of this tower.

Cell E

This door has a knocker shaped like a grim-faced Thrall made of finely detailed bronze, complete with lines suggesting tattoos. Touching the handle without disarming the trap causes the door-knock to spew flames into the corridor.

TRAP

-8 to spot, -12 to disarm. DR 10, a DEX roll at -7 for everyone in the corridor to take half damage. (d20: Spot check DC 15, Disable Device check DC 18, 2d10 damage, Ref save DC 17 for half damage)

Compared to the others, this cell is quite disorganized. Scattered documents litter the desk, and the shelf above the bed has a number of half-empty bottles. If the PCs go searching through the documents, they find nothing particularly useful, unless they notice (PER -6), a strange letter that seems to go on about the migration patterns of the Arimite blackbeak (d20: Search check DC 14). A successful Underworld or Cryptology roll will reveal that the letter is actually talking about the hiring of a Revenant Assassin. The letter is from a Nebu cousin stationed in Arim and is addressed to Epud a'Nebu.

Cell F

This door looks perfectly normal. The handle however, breaks away as soon as anyone grabs it, sending a cloud of Morpheus powder into the corridor.

MORPHIUS POWDER TRAP

CON roll at -5 to avoid falling asleep for one hour. Partial Success means that they sleep for one half-hour. Success means that they are -1 to all Action Table rolls for five rounds. (d20: Fort save DC 18, initial damage 1d6 Dex, Secondary damage unconsciousness for one half hour)

Players must make a CON roll at -5 to avoid falling asleep for one hour. (d20: Fort save DC 18) Partial Success means that they sleep for one half-hour. Success means that they are -1 to all Action Table rolls for five rounds. If all the PCs do fall asleep, they wake to find the tower empty and Room 8 on fire.

This desk in this room is covered with tiny gears, cogs, half-finished locks and scattered trapsmith tools. A folder full of diagrams would be worth 10gl to a locksmith or a thief.

At the end of the corridor is another open doorway and another staircase. At the top is a locked door, Locks -7 to open. (d20: Open Locks check DC 14)

Room 7

This is a small room, only five feet by five feet square, and fits only about three normal-sized people at a time. There is no obvious way of egress until the rear door is closed, which will relock with an audible click, which will cause the opposite wall to slide away, revealing another stone door. This door has three separate locks, each is -7 (d20: Open Locks check DC 16). Failure to open even one of the locks causes the wall to slide back into place (DEX roll at -2 to avoid taking DR:3), and the right-hand wall will start to slide forward. It takes thirty seconds (5 rounds) for the door to traverse the five feet to the opposite wall, where it will crush anyone in the room for DR 5 per round, for six rounds before sliding back into place (d20: 1d8 damage per round x 6 rounds). Only the locked rear door (-7) (d20: Open Locks check DC 14) can be opened from inside the room when the wall is moving.

Room 8

If the PC have managed to come this far without tripping any of the traps, or warning anyone that they are coming, the door opens on a short corridor opens up into a long,



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low room filled with tilted clerks tables. On each table, and on the shelves around the walls, are weighty tomes filled with column after column of minute numbers and sums. There are three Kasmirans working here, and Elan et'Nebu. A wizened old Kasmiran will climb out from behind his desk and demand, in a dry crackling voice, what the PCs are doing here.

As the old Kasmiran launches into a tirade, he is interrupted by Elan:

"This is a all just simple business arrangement, nothing more. We leased mining rights on land we own, to a business interest, who have honored their part of the agreement to the letter. The lease is up soon enough and in a couple of months, will be like this mine was never even here. Surely you can't begrudge us from making a little profit?"

The Kasmirans are still unaware of the Rajan's true motives or the Lake Zephyr tunnel. If the PCs tell them about the tunnel and what they found, the Kasmirans will confer for a moment, then three of the Kasmirans will attack the PCs.

Otherwise, Elan may even answer some questions; Yes, he was the one who freed them from Cymril. If asked to explain why, he will simply say that it was better for their plans. He will not admit to hiring the Revenant, or admit that anyone in his family did it, but he will admit that Queen Starbeam's death, while tragic, did allow the mine to continue operating for longer than they had anticipated.

Elan has only been stalling for time; the Kasmirans have no intention of letting the PCs live. While they have been talking, the Trappage has been reading a sleep rune, the 'Sigil of Slumber' which he will then cast at the PCs. If the PCs are still on their feet, Elan and the Trappage will attack the PCs. After two rounds, the two Danuvians from Rom 5 (if they are still alive) will rush into the room and attack the PCs from the rear.

If the PCs are put to sleep by the spell, they awaken to find they have been locked in the room (Locks -5 to open door (d20: Open Locks check DC 14)), and the books have been set alight. Due to the smoke, the PCs must make a CON roll (-5) every round or suffer -5 to all actions due to the smoke (d20: For save DC 12 or suffer a -4 penalty to all actions).

If the PCs have warned anyone they are coming, this door from Room 7 opens onto a corridor filled with smoke and ashes. The Kasmirans have fled the tower through the secret corridor in Cell B, and set fire to all

KASMIKIAN TRAPMAGE

Appearance: 4;6"- 90lbs. Wrinkled, mahogany brown skin. Wearing curly-toed shoes and a purple robe.

Attributes:

INT +3	PER +2
WIL +1	CHA -1
STR -1	DEX +1
CON +0	SPD -1
CR 0	MR +3

Attacks: Springkife +5, DR 3; Bladestaff +6, DR 8

Armor: PR 2, leather

Hit Points: 19

Magic: Cryptomancy +10, Wizardry +7

Spells: Select any 4 Cryptomancy spells, and any 2 Wizardry spells.

Skills: Locks +10, Traps +15,

Languages: Low Talislan and Nomadic native

Equipment: tool kit, 150 gl in assorted coins

D20 STATS

Male Kasmiran Magician 4

HD: 4d6 (hp 18) ;**BAB:** +2; **Init:** +2; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 13 (+3 dex); **Attack:** Springblade +5 (1d4 / x2) or Blade Staff +2 (1d8 / x3); **Full Attack:** Springblade +5 (1d4 / x2) or Blade Staff +2 (1d8 / x3) ; **SA:** spellcasting, magic bonus +2; **SQ:** none; **Languages:** Low Talislan; **SV:** Fort +1, Ref +4, Wil +5; **Abilities:** Str 10, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 10; **Skills:** Knowledge (economics) +7, Mode (cryptomancy defend) +10, Mode (cryptomancy, ward) +10, Mode (wizardry, move) +10, Profession (trapsmith) +5, Spellcraft +10; **Feats:** Order (Cryptomancy), (Order Wizardry), Nimble Fingers; **Spells:** Any 4 cryptomancy and 2 wizardry spells for Modes above.

ELAN ET'NEBU.

KASMIKIAN ADJUSTOR

Appearance: 5', 110lbs, Mahogany brown skin, shrivelled features, hunched posture. Wearing a purple, hooded cloak.

Attributes:

INT +2	PER +1
WIL +1	CHA -1
STR +1	DEX +1
CON +1	SPD 0
CR +1	MR +2

Attacks: Spring-Knife +4, DR 4; Bladestaff + 8 ,

DR 9

Armor: PR 3, spangalor

Hit Points: 20

Magic: Geomancy +7 (Move, Attack and Defend)

Select any 8 Geomancy spells.

Skills: Locks +9, Traps +10, Bribe +8, Deception +11, Espionage +7, Sabotage +7

Languages: High Talislan, Nomadic native.

Equipment: tool kit, 100 g.l in assorted coins.

D20 STATS

Male Kasmiran Magician (geomancy) 8

CR: 8; **HD:** 8d6 (hp 32); **BAB:** +4; **Init:** +3; **Speed:** 30 ft.; **AC:** 16 (+3 dex, spangalor +3); **Attack:** Springblade +5 (1d4 / x2) or Blade Staff +2 (1d8 / x3); **Full Attack:** Springblade +5 (1d4 / x2) or Blade Staff +2 (1d8 / x3); **SA:** spellcasting, magic bonus +4; **SQ:** none; **Languages:** High Talislan, Nomadic; **SV:** Fort +1, Ref +4, Wil +5; **Abilities:** Str 10, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 12; **Skills:** Concentration +8, Decipher Script +9, Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (economics) +15, Knowledge (aracana) +11, Mode (geomancy, attack) +15, Mode (geomancy, defend) +15, Mode (geomancy, move) +15, Spellcraft +15; **Feats:** Dodge, Order (Elementalism, geomancy), Nimble Fingers; **Spells:** Any 8 Geomancy spell at the GMs discretion.

their books. Anyone trying to enter this room while the books are burning must make a CON roll (-4) every round or be overcome by the heat and smoke (*d20: Fort save DC 14*).

While it is likely that hidden somewhere in all those lines of numbers lies the proof that the Nebu family was working with the Rajans, and that they arranged for an assassin to kill Queen Starbeam, it would take a team of forensic accountants a month to find it, and a land ark to haul all the books back to Cymril.

THE RAJAN'S DEPARTURE

The Rajans have put thousands of lumens, and years of planning into this scheme, but they are still unwilling to declare open war on the Seven Kingdoms, and by extension Carantheum, just yet. From the outset, the Khadun has decreed that the Rajans must pull out of the Jaspas mountains at the first sign they might be detected. Indeed, many of the Rajans involved are quite pleased that they have lasted as long as they did. They have mined millions of lumens worth of black iron and other minerals right out from under the noses of the Grand Army, and they will score at least a psychological

blow when Astar learns how close it came to complete devastation. As long as the windship and the Vizier get away, the Rajans will consider it a victory.

As soon as the Necromancer-Priests in charge learn that the camp has been invaded, a warning horn will sound over the camp, and the 'Kharn-est-Fhatir' will unfurl its sails. Once the Grand Vizier is aboard, the windship will cut its mooring lines and float away, leaving any Rajans who did not make it aboard behind. The evacuation has been so meticulously planned that the ship is up and out of reach within five minutes of the horn being sounded.

In the panic after the horn is sounded, getting aboard the ship is simple enough (fight two Vird Guards at the base of the ramp). But once the ship has started to lift off, and if the PCs are brave, or dumb enough to try it, climbing up one of the dangling mooring lines requires two successful Climbing rolls at -7, with a hostile reception waiting on board (*d20: Climb check DC 10*). (GM NOTE, if you don't want to carry things this far, have a Rajan cut the mooring line before the ship climbs too high)

To distract the invaders while the ship is readied, the Shadinn Beasthandlers will open the malavrax kennels and drop their leashes, letting the demonic beasts run wild through the camp. And over by the slave cages, the slavemaster Grizak will put all cages to the torch.

There are ten locked pens with roughly fifty slaves spread out between them. Once the fire begins (thirty seconds after the horn is sounded), the fire has caught hold and the PCs have 2 minutes (20 rounds) to start opening the pens before people start dying.

Each cage is locked with a crude, but durable lock. Each lock is -6 to pick open, and have a PR of 5, and 20 hps each (*d20: Open Locks check DC 14, hardness 15, 30hp*). Only Grizak has a key, but he has fled to the windship if the PCs have not already dealt with him.

Alternately, the PCs can try to extinguish the blaze. Every fourth round, the fire moves on to another cage, and the people trapped inside will die within two rounds.

Water, ice and barrier/containment spells are all effective ways of extinguishing the fire, while buckets from the nearby well (2 rounds to go to the well, fill a bucket, return and throw, or 1 bucket round per bucket if the PCs form a bucket chain) are a more mundane, but still-effective method.

Meanwhile in the tower, the Kasmirans will begin piling all the documents they can find into the clerking room and setting them alight. Then the Kasmirans and their Danuvian guards will flee down the secret tunnel in the cells, and magically seal the tunnel up behind them.

CONCLUSIONS AND MOVING ON

How the adventure ends will depend on the party's actions in the Black Iron Mine and how much evidence the party was able to collect along the way.

If the PCs were able to slip into the camp, collect every piece of evidence and sneak away with the Nebu or the Rajans being none the wiser, then the PCs could march back to Cymril, present their case to the reformed Council of Kings and be declared heroes of the realm. They may be invited to join the Grand Army as officers, asked to help in the investigations against the Nebu (who will flee the Seven Kingdoms to Farad) or even sent to Carantheum to investigate rumors of a linked Rajan plot to destroy the red iron trade with Dracarta.

If the party was unable to collect any evidence and the Rajans fled and the Nebu escaped, then the PCs will find themselves hunted fugitives, forever marked for death within the Seven Kingdoms. The only thing they will have going for them is that Rainblossom, now King of Astar (at least for the next few weeks), knows they are innocent of killing Starbeam. Meanwhile, however, the Nebu family has been collecting and manufacturing tons of evidence against the PCs, enough to ensure that they are at least imprisoned for a very long time while the royal courts sort things out.

Most likely they have collected some evidence, and it will be up to the players to decide if they want to return to the Seven Kingdoms and take their chances with the courts, or flee and face possible permanent exile. Does redemption lie in the heart of the Red Desert, where the Rajans may be plotting against Carantheum?

As the Gamemaster, you should weigh what the PCs know and can prove, against the machinations of the Nebu family to discredit them, and how that will effect your own plans for future games.

No matter what the outcome, the PCs will have made an enemy for life in the Nebu family. The PCs know far too much about the Rajan mine and the Lake Zephyr tunnel.

EXPERIENCE POINTS:

- ▶ Destroying the Lake Zephyr tunnel: **10 pts**
- ▶ Driving the Rajans from the Jasper Mts.: **10 pts**
- ▶ Each major piece of evidence collected against the Rajans or the Nebu family: **4pts**
- ▶ If the characters made it all the way through the Nebu Tower, give the character doing the trap disarming an automatic +1 bump in either Locks, or Traps.
- ▶ Don't forget the usual Exp awards for good roleplaying, skill use, combat, etc.

d20: Standard experience awards.

SPELLBOOK

CRYPTOMANCY

Sigil of Slumber (Influence)

Range: 5 feet

Duration: 10 rounds

Resistance: WIL -5 (*d20: Will Save DC 19*)

Casting Modifiers: -19 (-9 duration, -10 for spell level)(*d20 Casting DC: 20*)

Description: the cyrptomancer traces this sigil in the air, causing the target to fall asleep.

Whally's Word of Wonderment (Conjure)

Max Mass: 10 pounds

Max Area: 1 cubic foot

Range: 50 feet

Duration: 5 minutes

Casting Modifiers: -5 (spell duration)

Description: This irregular looking symbol is traced on the ground. Unfortunately, the effects of this ward are a little unpredictable and the caster has no specific control over what is summoned. The item that is summoned disappears after the duration expires.

Roll d20	
1-2	10 pounds of sweetnuts, edible
3-4	6 pounds laundry, unwashed
5-6	gold foil short sword (DR +1), edible
7-8	Chana shrunken head, grumpy. Will answer two questions
9-10	Aamanian Holy Symbol

11-12	Healing potion, 15hp
13-14	1 steaming hot cup of Mandalan tea, with biscuit
15-16	Ur-Clan Icon, 50% chance it works.
17-18	small dragonfly brooch made of silver (50gl)
19-20	Sandals of Skiing (popular in L'Haan)

ELEMENTAL MAGIC

Air Smash (Aeromancy, Attack)

Duration: Instant

Range: 50 ft

Damage: 10 (d20: *Damage 4d6*)

Casting Modifiers: -10 (spell level) (d20 *Casting DC: 20*)

Description: A giant, compressed volume of air smashes down onto the victim from above.

Blazing Star (Pyromancy, Alter)

Duration: 5 rounds.

Range: Self

Damage: +2DR to weapon (d20 *Casting DC: 20*)

Casting Modifiers: -6 (-6 specific alteration +2) (d20 *Casting DC: 13*)

Description: This spell creates a flaming ball of fire that surrounds the head of any blunt weapon, allowing it to do +2 damage for 5 rounds before the spell dissipates. The fire does not harm the weapon.

INVOCATION

Mirajan Spirit Blade (Attack)

Damage: 10 (Astral Damage) (d20 *Damage Energy Drain -1 levels*)

Range: 50ft

Duration: Instant

Casting Modifier: -12 (spell level, -2 astral damage) (d20 *Casting DC: 20*)

Description: This spell summons the blade of a Mirajan that attacks the target. The blade seems to appear from nowhere and slices through the victim, slicing through armor and flesh. However, the blade does not inflict physical damage, instead targeting the victim's spirit. Damage inflicted by this spell cannot be healed physically (potions, skill), but can be cured through Healing spells. (d20: *This spell causes no real damage, instead causing a -1 level enregy drain that can be restored in the usual ways*)

NATURAL MAGIC

Cleansing Waters (Heal)

Range: Self or touch

Casting Modifiers: -5 (-7 spell level, +2 for Order bonus) (d20 *Casting DC: 14*)

Description: This spell allows the caster to heal a wound (up to 7 hp) simply by pouring clean, clear water over the injury. It also prevents infection and can cure most simple poisons. (d20 *Restores 8 hp*)

Sleep the Savage Beast (Influence)

Duration: 10 rounds (1 minute)

Range: 5 feet.

Resist: Will at -5 (d20: *Will save DC 18*)

Modifiers: -15 (10th level spell, -5 for extra duration) (d20 *Casting DC: 20*)

Effect: A simple sleep spell the whisps use to calm dangerous animals or intruders. Once the spell has taken effect, the whisps will continue to cast the spell over the unconscious victim as they are tied up and moved somewhere where they can't hurt anyone. (d20 *Victims fall into a deep sleep for 10 rounds*)

Shadar's Shadow Shield (Defend)

Range: self/touch

Flat Barrier: 4x4

Armor: PR 3 (d20: *absorbed 12 hp*)

Duration: 5 rounds

Casting Modifier: -9 (d20: *Casting DC 14*)

Description: When this spell is cast, the caster's shadow transforms into a protective shield on the target's arm that absorbs damage like armor.

Strength of the Behemoth (Alter)

Duration: 1 minute

Range: Self/Touch

Casting Modifier: -10 (spell level) (d20: *Casting DC 16*)

Description: By snorting, pawing the earth and shaking their heads, the caster can work themselves into a frenzy that raises their STR by +2. (d20: *+4 to Str*)

NECROMANCY

Ashes to Ashes (Alter)

Range: 1ft

Duration: 10 rounds

Casting Modifiers: -17 (-5 for spell level, -1 for range, -9 for duration, -2 for effect) (d20: *Casting DC 19*)

Description: The caster blows a cloud of corpse dust onto an opponent and the dust ages any armor the victim is wearing, reducing its PR by 2 for the duration of the spell. (d20: *AC reduced by4*)

Blood Boil (Attack)

Damage: 5 (*d20: Damage 1d6*)

Range: 50 ft

Duration: 5 rounds

Casting Modifiers: -10 (-5 for damage, -5 for duration) (*d20: Casting DC 31*)

Description: The victim's blood feels as if it is boiling, causing intense pain for five rounds (CON roll at -5 to perform any other actions while the spell is in effect). Also available as a pyromancy spell.

Corpse Wall (Defend)

Duration: 6 rounds

Hit Points: 12

Size: 6ft x 6ft, flat barrier

Casting Modifiers: -9 (-1 for duration, -6 for spell level, -2 for barrier size) (*d20: Casting DC 16*)

Description: By throwing three pieces of bone, from three separate corpses onto the ground, three corpses will rise from the earth to protect the caster and anyone standing behind them. The corpses will not move or defend, only absorb damage. Note, if the bones are taken from bodies that are actually physically present, then that corpse will rise up to protect the caster, and any armor the corpse is wearing counts in the defence. Summoned bodies do not have any PR bonus.

Maw of Shadows (Move)

Strength: 200 lbs

Duration: Instant

Range: 100 feet.

Casting Modifiers: -17 (+12 for Strength, -5 for range) (*d20: Casting DC 24*)

Description: This spell creates a long, shadowy tube that stretches from the caster to the target. From the target's perspective, the tube appears to be a giant, gaping mouth filled with razor sharp teeth that bears down and swallows them, spitting them out at the feet of the spellcaster.

WITCHCRAFT

Dance of the Wanton Maid (Illusion)

Range: 50 ft

Duration: 10 rounds

Casting Modifiers: -9 (3 features) (*d20: Casting DC 24*)

Description: As the caster dances, a vivacious illusion embodying the watcher's every desire imitates the actions of the caster (only better).

WIZARDRY

Cape of Aegis (Defend)

Duration: 5 rounds

Range: Self/Touch

Hit Points: +10 hit points (*d20: Absorbs 12 hp damage*)

Casting Modifiers: -5 (spell level) (*d20: Casting DC 14*)

Description: This spell is a basic protection spell, modified slightly by Nakor to make it appear as if the character's cloak, or cape is deflecting any incoming attacks. If the character is not wearing a cape or a cloak, the spell only offers 1 hit point per level of spell.

Dressed to the Nines (Conjure)

Duration: 9 minutes

Range: Self/Touch

Casting Modifiers: -9 (-9 for spell level) (*d20: Casting DC 16*)

Description: This spell allows the wizard to conjure up any set of clothes he can imagine for any occasion. The clothing can be of any colour or material that the caster chooses.

Manndia's Magical Makeover (Alter)

Alteration: Specific color

Range: Self/Touch

Duration: 10 minutes

Casting Modifiers: -13 (-2 for spell level, -9 for duration) (*d20: Casting DC 15*)

Description: This spell allows the caster to change the colour of one specific part of their body, be it the hair, eyes, skin. The colour is chosen by the caster. -1 to casting roll for each additional colour.

Rodinn's Rainbow Razor Ribbon (Attack)

Duration: Instant

Range: 50 ft

Damage: 6 (*d20: Damage 2d6*)

Area of Effect: 1 person

Casting Modifier: -6 (spell level) (*d20 Casting DC 13*)

Description: This simple attack spell shoots a long, colourful ribbon of magical energy that cuts at the target like a sword.