

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

Dragonlance™

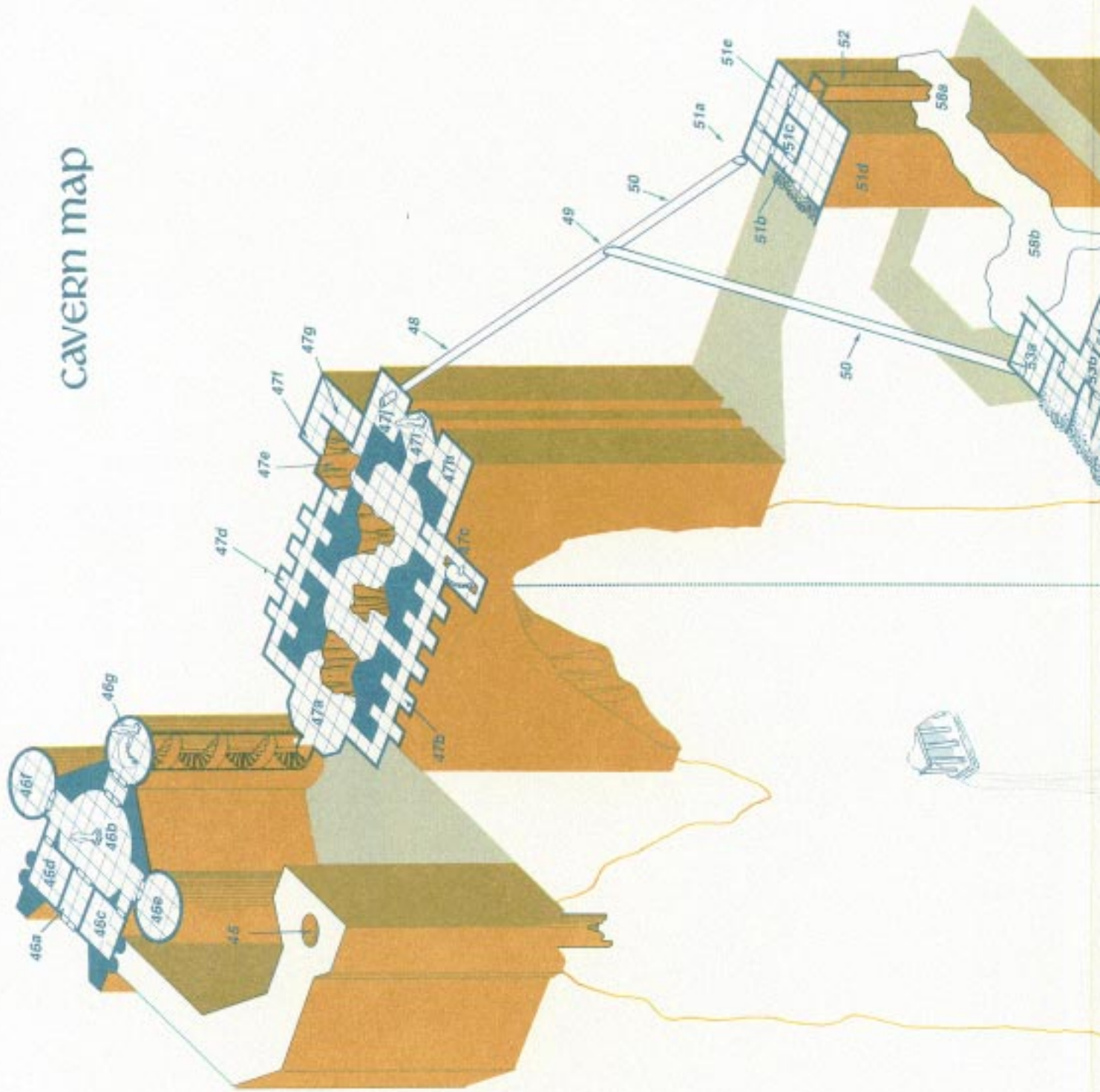
Official Game Adventure

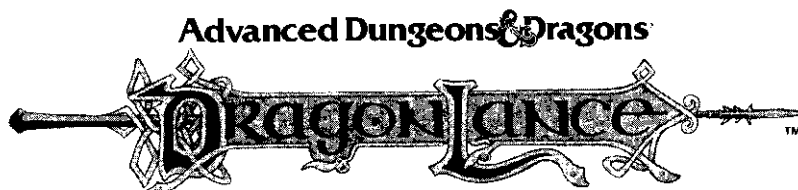
Dragons of Despair by Tracy Hickman



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CAVERN MAP





Official Game Adventure

Dragons of Despair

by Tracy Hickman

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PROLOGUE

A massive chair floats amid soft white light. The gold of its delicately carved frame gleams warmly. To the right of the chair, an ornate stand strains beneath a huge crystal globe. To the left of the chair, another stand holds a large book. Between the stands, an old man in brilliant white robes nods on a glistening throne. One hand rests on the globe, while the other lies poised on the book. The face looks as though the eyes closed only a moment ago. Yet the man does not move, nor does the thoughtful expression change. For this is Astinus of Palanthus, Lorekeeper of the World.

Astinus ranges across the face of the world, searching out the bravest deeds of men, recording the acts of greatness otherwise left unsung. This is the historian's historian: Astinus is there as history happens.

Yet the man has never left this chair.

You, Dungeonmaster, are the spirit of Astinus. You look upon your mortal body and again bid it farewell. For the greatest age in the history of this world called Krynn is about to unfold. You note its passage, walking unnoticed among the greatest of heroes, seeing history through the eyes of men and creatures, good and evil, feeling what they feel.

Now turn from the chair. Leave your mortal self again. Take up your polished staff. Walk softly into the light. Remember all.

At the end of this book is the technical information needed to play the adventure. Refer to these sections to become familiar with the new world of Krynn and all of its wonders.

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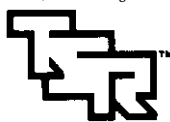
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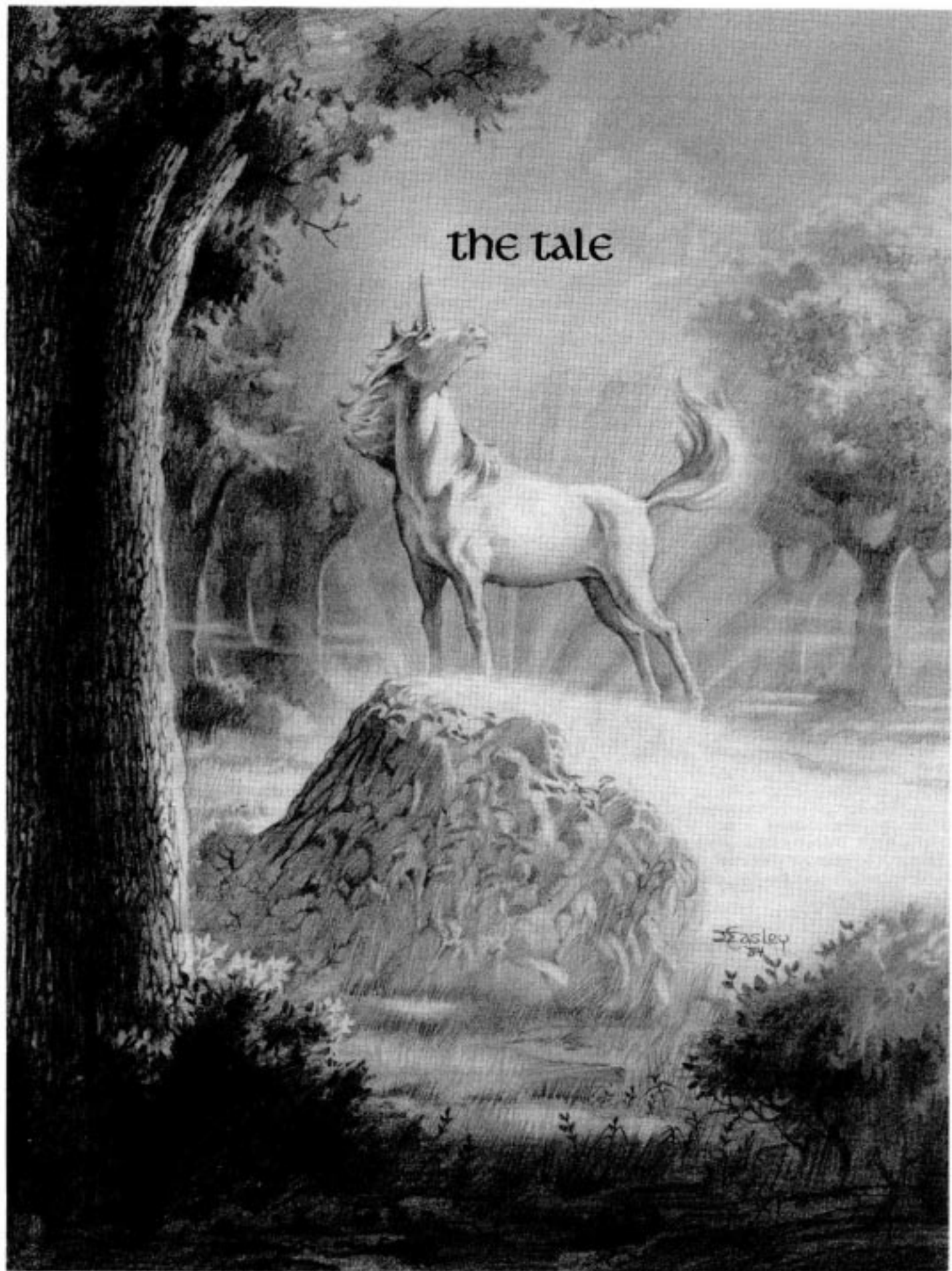
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the tale



Chapter 1: The Road Travels East

“Dragons of Despair” is the first in the epic DRAGONLANCE™ series of modules. You may play this module by itself or as part of the grand DRAGONLANCE campaign.

“Dragons of Despair” is designed for a party of 6-8 player characters, levels 4-6. Encourage a good balance of character classes in the party — the adventure demands the skills of each class.

DRAGONLANCE contains a story. Players generally will spend the first part of their play gathering information about their quest. This information will direct them to the sunken city of Xak Tsaroth, where the dungeon part of the adventure takes place.

Much about the world of Krynn will be new to both you and your players. There are three important differences between standard AD&D™ campaigns and this universe:

1. Gold has no value in this world. Each place has its own currency and its own values for trade (these are explained in Appendix 1). What one country values may be worthless in another.

2. Clerical spells have not existed for nearly 300 years. Some people still call themselves clerics, still belong to worshipful orders; however, all of these have turned their backs on

the true gods in search of other, less demanding gods (which do not exist). These pseudo-clerics use the same combat table as true clerics but have no spell abilities. PC clerics brought into Krynn from other campaigns lose their spell-casting abilities at once. Never fear: it is the goal of this adventure to regain these abilities.

3. No dragons have existed in Krynn for over 1000 years. As a result, most people in this world smile when dragons are mentioned, believing they are only folktales to frighten children. Few believe that dragons ever did exist; almost nobody believes that they exist now.

Your adventures in Krynn begin with Event 1 below. As the world and history open before them, PCs face events (keyed to times) or encounters (keyed to places). Events and encounters will confront them at all stages of the adventure, and more than likely lead them to Xak Tsaroth (area 44) and an understanding of their important quest.

Players may wish to use PCs from the DRAGONLANCE story, detailed on character cards in the center of the module. It is generally an advantage for players to use these characters rather than bring their own into the campaign.

However, if your players insist on bringing other characters into this game, review them carefully and keep in mind the differences mentioned in this prologue.

All PC elves are Qualinesti Elves in this world. Other kinds of elves exist, but they come into the DRAGONLANCE story in later modules.

The equivalent of a halfling in this world is called a Kender. Kender look like wizened 14-year-olds and, unlike halflings, they wear shoes. These folk have two special abilities (in addition to the usual halfling abilities):

1. *Taunt*. Any creature the Kender taunts must save vs. Spells or attack wildly at once for 1-10 rounds at a -2 penalty to hit and a +2 penalty to their armor class. Kender are masters at enraging others by verbal abuse.
2. *Fearlessness*. Kender are immune to fear, either magical or non-magical. They are, however, curious about everything: a tendency that often gets them into trouble.

The text of the module refers to player characters in various shorthand forms: PCs, adventurers and/or heroes. Read boxed text sections aloud to your players.

Welcome to Krynn, and to the fantastic world of DRAGONLANCE!

Events

As opposed to encounters, which take place in specific areas, events take place at specific times. They may happen anywhere unless stated otherwise. The first event begins your adventure, then each follows at its stated time in the sequence below.

Event 1: The Adventure Begins. Your players stand at the location marked "X" on the Wilderness Map. Begin by relating the following to them:

The air surges fierce and sweet, carrying the clear musk smell of the woodlands. The soft murmur of stirring leaves, of insects, and of small animals fills the landscape. The clear highland sky blushes with the end of day and fades into starry sleep. This is home.

From this rock outcropping the valley below seems peaceful, untouched. Dense forests of pine carpet the mountainsides, varied only by thick aspen woods. The mountains, deep blue in the distance, circle the valley floor and form a soft highland bowl.

It is a wonder that any beautiful places are left in the world. Before the Cataclysm, the days were calm and ordered; nothing was unexpected. Now the world is changed: its change has taught two great lessons.

First, no beauty — not even that in this valley — is safe. All the riches of the past could not protect the ancient peoples. Gold has no value in the world now: it is too soft for swords or armor. Steel is the most valued metal of all, though each small kingdom has its own currency and exchange.

Secondly, no magic lasts forever: true clerics cannot be found, nor have clerics with miraculous powers been known to exist since the time of the Cataclysm—nearly 300 years ago.

Five years ago, you and your friends parted to search for a true cleric. Tonight, you meet on the road to Solace Town and

If the players are using the characters provided in the center of this module, they should now read aloud the backgrounds written on the backs of their character cards. Notice that Goldmoon does not begin the game with the party, but joins them shortly. Players choosing to play their own characters have no stories to tell.

After each player reads his background run the following encounter:

None of you have found any sign of true clerics through all your travels.

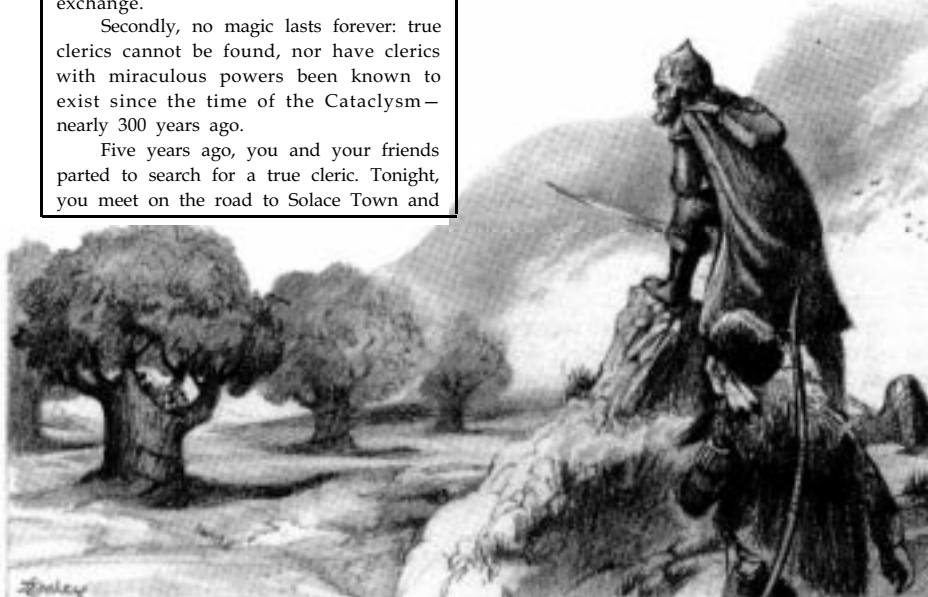
The bushes to your left rustle. Suddenly, dark shapes scurry from the woods on both sides of the road. Their yellow-green skin pales against their heavy black armor; their twisted faces glare from the evening darkness. They crouch in a large circle about you, well beyond sword range.

A stout pony struggles up onto the road, sagging beneath a flabby figure much the same, although larger, than those who surround you. The pony rider suddenly turns his head toward you and yells, "Onyx demands the blue crystal staff! Forfeit the staff now or die!"

Fewmaster Toede (Hobgoblin Lord). AL LE; MV 12"; hp 22; HD 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; can leap up to 30'

10 Hobgoblins [Advanced Troop]. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 2, 3x3, 5, 3x6, 7,9; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

Toede waits for no reply from the party: he has no intention of granting mercy. Roughly turning his swaybacked pony, he shouts, "Destroy them and bring the staff to me!" then gallops into the woods.



Left to Toede's business, the hobgoblins attack. Any who are captured know only that they were ordered to search the road at night and find a blue crystal staff.

When the combat is finished, proceed with the adventure. By now, the PCs are on the road east of Solace (area 1).

Event 2: Goldmoon Found. Roll 1d4. The result indicates how many encounters after the beginning of the game this event takes place.

Suddenly, soft music begins. Its source is a slim, beautiful girl. Lyre in hand, she slides gracefully to sit; nearby, a large plainsman raises a flute to his lips.

The girl's eyes are a bright sky blue, her skin a buttery tan. Most striking of all is the flowing white gold of her hair. Plush white furs trim her woven cape. A single feather folds back along the right side of her head.

Her voice clear as winter air, she begins to sing . . .

The Song of Riverwind is in the center of this module. If Goldmoon is a PC in the adventure, have the player read the lyrics aloud or, if he or she has natural minstrel abilities, sing them with the music provided.

If any PCs present at the event have taken any damage from previous combat, a strange thing happens: a crystal staff falls from a fold in Goldmoon's robe, rolls over to the injured PCs, and heals their damage (see Treasures and Tomes for the limits and effects of the staff). If no PCs have taken damage, then Goldmoon will simply put her lyre away in her pack and, standing, draw forth the staff.

If Goldmoon is a PC, her player may now take over the character and join the rest of the PCs. When she joins the party, her player should read the back of her character card. Then, as Riverwind offers his background, you should read the back of his character card to your players. If no one plays Goldmoon, she will follow Riverwind (who is always an NPC) and be an NPC herself for the rest of this module.

Unless the party takes some action to join with Goldmoon and Riverwind, they gather their belongings, bow to their audience, and leave. If players avoid Goldmoon and Riverwind, they may meet them again in Event 3.

Event 3: Goldmoon Seen Again. If Goldmoon does not join the party in Event 2, the PCs may still meet her later. Roll 1d6 every game day, adding 1 to the number for each day Goldmoon does not meet the heroes. When the result is 6 or more, the PCs glimpse Goldmoon and Riverwind in the distance sometime during the day. The strange musi-

cians will pause, nod, and give the PCs a chance to meet them.

Event 4: Reading of the Canticle. On one of the nights the party is camped (your choice), pass around the Canticle of the Dragon found at the end of this book. As though around the campfire, have each player read one verse aloud, from first verse to last, until they finish the poem.

Event 5: All Winds Turn Cold. On the fourth morning after the adventure begins, a chill breeze begins to blow from the north.

Event 6: Thunderclouds. During the fifth game day, thunderclouds hover angrily to the west, south, and north of the party.

Event 7: The Dragonarmies March. Just after dusk on the fifth game night, the dragonarmies begin to march and conquer all the lands to the south; every 4 hours thereafter, one encounter area falls into their hands. Treat areas that fall as Dragonlands (as area 43). In order to fall, an area must either border area 43 to begin with or have bordered a captured area in the previous hour. The general trend of captured areas should direct the PCs toward Xak Tsaroth (area 44).

If PCs are in a captured area, they see the front lines of the draconian army approaching at a movement rate of 9". This gives them the chance to flee the army toward Xak Tsaroth.

Two regions cannot be captured by the draconian army at this time: the Qualinesti Elflands (area 19) and the Darken Wood (22-26). Theirs is another story, to be told in future DRAGONLANCE modules.

Encounters

Encounters are those episodes in the adventure which are keyed to areas on the map. These encounter areas are bordered by dotted lines on the map. Think of them as a kind of "large dungeon room": whenever the PCs cross the dotted border into an area, the designated encounter takes place at once. Some areas have the same number: this is to create a further sense of uncertainty as your players follow their journey across their unnumbered map. If the PCs cross from one encounter area into one with the same number, simply repeat the encounter.

1. Solace Township

A warm autumn breeze rustles the great Vallenwood trees of Solace. The great road that wanders through the trees blazes in the bright colors of autumn. The richly stained buildings of Solace rest cradled overhead in the boughs of the trees.

Around 500 people live in Solace, not counting the farmers of the outlying fields. The town is built entirely in the huge boughs of mature Vallenwood trees. These trees grow to their full size very quickly.

Solace is primarily a farming community. It has no local government but is ruled by the Theocracy of Seekers from their central city of Haven, some three days journey to the west. As in all Seeker communities, Solace uses the Emas exchange system for money as well as trading in goods. Precious metals, other than silver, have no use here: bricks of gold may prop open doors or hold down papers.

All services that adventurers expect from a town of this size are available for reasonable rates. The exception is smithwork: Theros Ironfeld, town smith, charges usual rates for work on iron items but, because steel is so valuable, charges extra for weapons. (See Appendix 1 for trade values of steel and of Emas in this culture.) Because he works with precious steel, Theros is the most respected man in town.

1a. Inn of the Last Home

Read the first description as the players approach the Inn. Read the second if they enter, the third if the slavers are using the PCs provided in the module.

The Inn of the Last Home rests cradled high in the boughs of a Vallenwood tree — as do all the buildings here, for Solace is a treetop town. Warm laughter tumbles from the Inn. The worn steps wind around the heavy trunk up to the familiar, carved door.

The Inn of the Last Home never changes. The polished wooden bar weaves about several living branches. An old man weaves stories in the corner and delights the crowd gathered about him. The delicate windows of stained glass behind the bar are being polished by Otik Sandath, the barkeeper. He turns and waves, smiling at you, and motions the barmaid in your direction.

The low murmur of voices fills the inn. The bartender turns thoughtfully to polish the glasses. At a far table, near the storyteller, a man and a woman sit together and speak quietly. Another man stands beside the now-silent storyteller while a small boy stares thoughtfully into the fire.

The barmaid steps toward you, smiles, and shows you to a table. Something about her seems familiar. The hair? The intelligent glint of her eyes? Could this be Tika, the little girl who swept the tavern floors a short five years ago? The Inn never changes, but surely its people do.

Otik Sandath (Innkeeper). AL LN; MV 12"; AC 10; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4

Tika Wayland (Barmaid). AL NG; MV 12"; hp 16; AC 9; HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (with pan)

5 Townspeople. AL var.; MV 12"; hp 3, 4, 5, 2x8; AC 10; HD 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4

The people in the Inn all speak in low hushed tones. Any NPC the PCs approach will react friendly 50% of the time. Each will reveal the following if questioned:

The barkeeper: "A magical staff! I bet it was forged by demons from the terrible Darken Woods. There are terrible mysteries in that place, there are! Och, what an evil place."

A man at a table: "Hooded men have been in town asking about that staff! An evil lot they were, too. I wonder if they were offering a reward."

A man by the storyteller: "A man of the Holy Guard rode through two days ago asking about that staff. He said that anyone who had it or had knowledge of it should make haste to the Capital of Haven and meet at once with the Prelate of the Temple there — but I certainly do not want to get involved!"

The Old Storyteller: "I foresee great and terrible destiny in your eyes. There is a Blue Staff which you must return to Xak Tsaroth. There, in but a few days hence, you shall face your greatest peril in contest for the greatest gift given to man."

A girl at a table: "It was probably found in Darken Wood. I hear that the ruins there are filled with wealth — and dangers to match. No one who has entered that place has ever returned to tell the tale."

A boy dreams by the fire, "I saw the white stag up near Prayers Eye Peak just a few days ago! If only I could catch it. He who walks the paths of the white stag is blessed, I hear tell."

2. Crystalmir Lake

The blue of the autumn sky darkens on the deep stillness of the lake. The soft forests of giant Vallenwood border the serene waters on the east, south, and west shores. To the north, a patchwork of fields stretches toward the distant purple mountains.

3. Solace East Woods

The huge Vallenwood trees tower above soft forest paths. Sunlight dapples the floor of the woods, and sparrows and squirrels quarrel overhead. The musty smell of fallen leaves rises through the fragrance of late wildflowers.

4. New Haven Road

The Solace Stream sparkles beneath an ancient stone bridge. Water tumbles out of the forest, over the rocks, and toward the Southpass that lies between the south Sentinel Peaks. West of the bridge, the road splits in two, branching to the south and the west. Both roads wind among the great Vallenwoods, whose boughs form a brilliant autumn canopy over the roadway.

Despite the apparent calm here, unfamiliar creatures lurk among the trees near the fork in the road. These are draconians, waiting for their leader up the road (see area 6) to sound a horn. They are so well concealed behind cut branches that a PC would have to climb a tree to find them. Even then there is only a 30% chance of discovering them. If any draconian is spotted, all of them attack, sounding a horn and filling the woods with cold, rasping battle cries.

8 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6" [15"] 18"; hp 3,6, 2x9, 10,2x12, 16; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble apart on death

If your PCs spot the draconians and the attack takes place, the enemy glides from the Vallenwood trees and blocks the heroes' retreat to Solace. A distant horn blares in answer to their battle call. The dragonmen fight to the death in an attempt to destroy the party.

The hornblast is a warning to those draconians who follow this party – not a call for aid. The dragonmen intend to remain disguised or concealed while travelling the human lands. They are sure that soon their armies will swarm across these fields; for now, they are searching for the Crystal Staff, although they do not know why.

5. Prayers Eye Peak

The flaming colors of fall surround you, and an autumn breeze ripples through your hair. To the southwest, the white-capped outline of Prayers Eye Peak soars in the distance. Barely visible from here, a sharp crack splits the peak as though two hands were pressed together.

While the party passes through this area, there is a 30% chance that one of its members (determine randomly) will spot the White Stag. If enemies pursue the heroes into this area, this chance increases to 80%.

1 White Stag. AL LG; MV 24"; hp 77; AC -5; HD 10; #AT 3; Dmg 1-12/1-6/1-6

If it is spotted, the stag crashes through a tangle of bushes and trees, emerging well ahead

of the party. It stays just ahead of the heroes, a flashing white form in the undergrowth, until it has led them through the crack in the middle of Prayers Eye Peak. After that, it bounds at full speed into the Darken Wood (24).

The stag cannot be captured. If the heroes kill it, dark thunderclouds form overhead. They hover above the party for 7 days, during which time players must add +1 to their armor class. The body of the stag disappears.

6. Twin Flat

A clear mountain valley sprawls about. To the northwest and southeast, thick Vallenwoods flash yellow and scarlet against the bright autumn sky. To the east shimmers the cool blue of the Crystal Lake. Westward, the valley enters a canyon rimmed by granite cliffs. The valley floor itself continues to the northeast.

Some distance away, a group of huddled men pull a large cart slowly west down the Haven road. They sway rhythmically. Coarse, heavy robes completely conceal their features.

These forms are from 30-3000' (1d100x10") away. They see the party at the same moment the party notices them. If the heroes don't approach, one of the figures points in their direction; another slowly walks toward the Party.

1 Baas Draconian Leader. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 12; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

10 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"] 18"; hp 2, 3, 5, 6, 2x8, 2x9, 10, 11; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

These are draconians in disguise. Hoods and black cloth masks' cover their faces. Heavy gloves shield their hands and thick leg wrappings cover their feet. Although it is autumn, they seem a bit overdressed against the cold.

As his companions join him next to the party, the leader speaks: "Good day to you, travellers! Please pardon the questions of an old cleric. Some days ago, our healing staff was stolen from Xak Tsaroth. Now one of our flock is dying, and we desperately need that item to bring our brother back to health. He lies yonder in the back of the cart. Have you heard any word of a blue crystal staff?"

If the heroes claim to know nothing about the staff, the disguised leader signals his comrades, who step aside and allow the party to pass. If the heroes suggest that they have seen or heard of the Blue Crystal Staff, the draconian leader rattles off more questions, his voice shaking slightly: Where did

they see it? How long ago? In whose hands? If the adventurers reveal that they have the staff, the draconian leader screams and reaches for his weapon. On his scream, the robed draconians attack, limited to their lowest movement rate (6") because their wings are bound. Once each round, a draconian may tear off his robes instead of attacking. Each has a 20% chance of doing this, which frees him to move faster. The draconians try to force the party back east down the road. If they can drive the party into area 5, the draconians sound a horn. If their comrades in area 4 are still alive, they sound their horn in answer, then rush to close the trap. All of these draconians fight to the death trying to gain the staff.

7. Jakanth Vale

Trails lead deeper into the woods, but even at its edge an unnatural stillness has settled on the place. The woods seem much the same, but there is a subtle difference, a heaviness in the air. Even the insects are silent.

Heavily wrapped feet have followed this trail a short time ago. Following these tracks will lead the heroes to a campsite in a glade.

The campsite smells like burned hair. Charred bones lie in the ashes of the fire pit. The grass has been stamped down around the area.

Searching the area uncovers a bright silver bracer fitted with 4 gems (500 gpv each). Inside the band is engraved: "Firehawk, warrior of Que-Shu." Que-Shu Plainsmen can identify this as the bracer of the warriors whose task it is to defend the tribe. These bands are forged around the warriors' arms. Death alone removes them.

8. Northfields

A sea of grain fields sweeps across the north flats. Stalks sag with ripened grain ready for harvest. Yet nobody is around to harvest the grains or tend the crops.

The few farm houses in the area seem to have been abandoned in a great hurry. The adventurers have only a 20% chance per turn of discovering, here and there in the fields and some farm homes, signs of a fierce fight. Footprints of draconians surround these marks of struggle, but only those heroes who have met draconians can identify them, and then only 60% of the time.

Ail tracks lead east (to area 35).

9. Nearfields

Here, farmers and their workers tread through fields of grain. The thick wheat falls richly before the flickering scythes.

10-20 Farmers. AL var; MV 12"; AC 10; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6

The workers here seem a bit nervous and speak with the PCs only 20% of the time. "Good luck on your way. We want no trouble," is all they say. Only 20% of the time will those who have spoken say more, and if they do, their thoughts are almost as one: "We don't know what is going on, but people have been disappearing in the night from our camps and homes. Now we fear all strangers. What terrible devil has struck our homes?"

10. Sentinel Gap

Walls of granite soar on either side of the narrow canyon floor. A chilly breeze whistles and tumbles between the cliffs.

11. Twin Peaks Vale

The twin peaks, Tasin and Fasin, stand to either side of the Shadow Canyon overlook the north road to the capital city of Haven. In front of them, a lush mountain valley echoes with the sweet sound of the forest.

12. Shadow Canyon

Solid granite cliffs vault high overhead, forming walls that seem topless, casting shadows into the crevasse which are broken only for one hour each day at noon. The canyon floor is narrow but well traveled and clear.

13-15. North Seeker Reaches

Green farmlands stretch between mountain walls in a great valley. Farm houses and trees dot the landscape and many well traveled trails lead south to a central road.

There is a 15% chance per turn that the heroes find a typical farmer and his family moving toward the south, pulling all their belonging behind them in a dogcart. On the main road, this chance increases to 30% in area 13 and 70% in area 14. In area 15 a family can always be found traveling south down the main road.

2-20 Refugees. AL var; MV 12"; AC 8-10; HD 0-3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 or 1-6

The people flee south, intent on nothing else. Their eyes fured to the road ahead of them, these refugees only stop to talk with PCs 20% of the time. If they do stop, however, they have an interesting story: "See the smoke rising from the valley yonder? Devils from the Cataclysm, they were, that started the fires! Came down from the north, only three days ago, and ever since they've plundered and

killed. Now we're fleeing south to the capital, to Haven. Surely from there we can get to happier and safer country."

16. Haven's Vale

Dust swims on the highway, which stretches down the center of the plain. A stream of refugees shuffles and limps southward toward the glistening, distant spires of Haven.

Refugees flee south down the road, staggering, occasionally squabbling over food. All of them are too busy or worried to speak with the PCs. Now and then, a contingent of Seeker Guards rides up and down the lines of refugees trying to keep order (and looking for the Crystal Staff).

2-20 Refugees. AL var; MV 12"; AC 8-10; HD 1-3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 or 1-6

All of these people have but a single thought: to get to the city of Haven as fast as they can. There they believe the Highseekers can guide them and grant them the protection of the Newgods. There they hope to be safe from the invaders. All of the fields in this area are abandoned. Occasionally, (10% chance per turn) a fight starts on the edge of a roadside field, as 2d20 refugee men scuffle over who shall steal its crops or fruits.

Now and then (25% chance per game hour) a troop of the Holy Guard passes. 50% of the time these troops are going away from Haven.

1 Guardleader. AL CG; AC 2; MV 12"; HD 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

10 Holy Guards. AL CG; AC 4; MV 12"; HD 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

PCs have a 30% chance of stopping the Guardleader. If they do, he shakes his head and says: "Total madness, that's what it is! We march up and down this rag-tag line of beggars, trying to keep some kind of order. But it's impossible. What has happened to the world? These people run to Haven but there is no escape from Haven except to the Qualinesti Elfkingdom or the Darken Wood. Now Qualinesti has closed its border, and no man enters the Darken Wood and lives.

"By the way, have you heard anything about a blue crystal staff?"

If the heroes make known that they have seen or even heard of the crystal staff, the guardsmen pull them up onto horseback and escort them directly to the Council of Highseekers (area 17b).

17. Lordcity of Haven

Read this description when the party nears Haven:

Six white towers rise from the foothills of the eastern mountains. Glistening with gold, they encircle the delicate architecture of Haven. A long file of refugees chokes the road entering the city's main gate.

Read this description once inside Haven's gate:

The bases of delicate fluted pillars are covered by a swarm of people. Every street surges with panic stricken refugees milling and crying beneath the ancient, serene

The Lordcity of Haven is a glistening place of white marble towers trimmed in gold. A low wall, more decorative than protective, strings together six spindly towers like a necklace about the city.

"City," however, is a misleading term for Haven: its inner circle is only 1 mile across, and only 3 miles across counting the homes outside the wall. The normal population is only about 5,000.

Almost all the services one might expect in a town of this size are available: however, the ironsmith is in the direct employ of the Highseekers and works only at their bidding. Seeker Emas are the coins of the city.

Two areas may be of special interest to adventurers in this city: the Steel Tankard Tavern (17a) and the Councilhall of Highseekers (17b).

The city overflows with refugees.

2-20 Refugees. AL var; MV 12"; AC 8-10; HD 1-3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 or 1-6

All of these people are close to panic; they have horror stories of the invaders to the north. Only 5% of the refugees have actually seen the draconians and hobgoblins or their army well enough to describe them; the rest can only tell obscure and greatly exaggerated tales about "demons to the north." None of these people are the least bit helpful. Their only desire is to find safe passage from Haven to the south.

On every street corner, Holy Guardians try to keep the peace — an impossible task.

10 Holy Guards. AL CG; AC 4; MV 12"; HD 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

While they leap in to break up scattered fights (20% chance per turn) or help people find their way (40% chance per turn), the most pressing mission for the Guardians is to find the bearer of a blue crystal staff and bring him before the Council of Highseekers with all haste: they have been told that this person may be the only hope for the troubled city and its people.

17a. Steel Tankard Tavern

The tavern is packed shoulder to shoulder with men and women trying to forget the reason they have come to the city. The heat is stifling despite the bitter autumn weather outside. The crowd is eerily quiet, each person drawn into his own thoughts and sorrow. Three people – a man in a fur cloak, a tall man dressed in the greens and browns of a forester, and a woman in leather armor and wearing an eye-patch – are less brooding than the others. Though they seem rather quiet, they busy themselves with helping older people find places to sit and clearing places for women with small children.

2-20 Refugees. AL var; MV 12"; AC 8-10; HD 1-3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 or 1-6

Though most here are deep within their own thoughts, adventurers can get conversation with the three people mentioned above.

"I should leave town right now," the man in the fur cloak says. "The Highseekers say we are safe here, but they have no power. Where is their magic? Where are their miracles? How can they speak for gods if they have no powers?"

The forester: "The guards of the city are looking for someone bearing a crystal staff, I wonder why? Could the staff preserve us from the invaders in the north?"

The woman: "The ways south are all blocked. The elven lands of Qualinesti are closed – the elves turn us away. The Darken Wood may be entered through the southern passes, but I've never heard of anyone returning from there. That leaves the River White-rage between the Darken Wood and Qualinesti: a most dangerous route. Not a happy choice!"

17b. Councilhall of Highseekers

In the center of the city, a hall supported by six towers glistens above the shouting crowd below. Holy Guardians encircle the building, barring all entrance.

The PCs must pass the Holy Guardians before they can enter the hall. If they do, they may address the Council of Highseekers directly.

100 Holy Guardians. AL CG; MV 12"; AC 4; HD 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

The guardians let no one pass except those who bear news of the blue crystal staff. They stare cautiously for a moment at those who bear this news, then usher them before the Council.

A large hall rises to a ceiling supported by pillars on either side. At the far end, nine chairs sit in a semi-circle on the polished granite floor. Upon each chair sits a man in clean white robes trimmed in gold. A steel girdle bands each man's waist:

1 Master of the Highseekers. AL CG; MV 12"; AC 8; HD 7; hp 35; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8
8 Highseeker Councilors. AL CG; MV 12"; hp 25, 26, 17, 22, 26, 16, 15, 16; AC 8; HD 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

The Council Hall is large and elegant — 50' x 30', and 30' high. The councilors are desperate for news of the blue crystal staff. The draconian army to the north has offered not to invade if they return the crystal staff to its place in the eastern city of Xak Tsaroth. The council's prayers to the Newgods have gone unanswered, they have no standing army: the crystal staff is their last hope to save the nation.

The council asks for the news the party bears. If the party has the staff and makes this known, the councilors plead passionately that they be allowed to take the staff. If the party refuses to hand over the item, the councilors plead with them to return it to Xak Tsaroth.

The crystal staff has other ideas. Any councilor who touches the staff (roll 1d8 and determine randomly: it is beneath the dignity of the Master to rise and touch the staff) will be hit by a *lightning bolt* from the staff for 4d6 points of damage. If this happens, the Highseekers declare the staff an evil artifact and command that the PCs return it to Xak Tsaroth to save the nation.

18. River White-rage

The rivers of the Haven Vale, the Darkwater River flowing from Darken Wood, and the clear waters of the Elfstream have joined in this region to form the frothing, powerful River White-rage. The water crashes swiftly between the cliffs that its current has cut into the plain. To the north, the Darkwater River pours gently from the deep shade of the Darken Wood trees. A path leads beside the Darkwater river into the woods. To the south, the tall, straight trunks of the Qualinesti forests march into unseen distance.

The PCs may cross the river easily at the fords (see map), but anywhere else is impassable without some kind of raft. Those trying to walk or swim across must make a strength check to swim back to the side of the river they started from or be swept down the river, swirling and plunging for 100 feet and taking 1d12 points of drowning damage. There they must check their strength again. Repeat the process

until the PC makes a check or drowns. PCs cannot be swept to the other side of the river.

The heroes may elect to build a raft. This takes 1d4 hours for every PC the raft is built to carry. Thus a raft for a party of six would take 6d4 hours to build.

The river is safe for rafts, and if the heroes allow their craft to float down the river, they enter area 20.

19. Qualinesti Elflands

Aspen trees stand in thick clusters, their trunks only a few feet apart. Beyond them, the forest darkens, growing more and more dense.

After the adventurers have spent more than one hour in the area, elves suddenly emerge from the trees and surround the party.

15 Elves. AL LG; MV 12"; hp 17 each; AC 5; HD 2+2; #AT 1; Dmg 2-9 [sword] or 1-6 [arrow]

Their bows are necked, their swords drawn, but the elves do not attack. Instead, they call for the surrender of the party. These elves have orders to take the PCs to the centaurs of area 23 for a special purpose.

If the party fights the elves, they must take on the rest of the elven army, one unit every game hour. These units are identical to the first unit encountered; they keep coming, wave after wave, fighting for their homeland with cold fierceness. They fight to the death. They do not, however, pursue the PCs farther than the north border of their land.

If asked why they have orders to take the PCs into the Darken Wood, one of the elves replies, "We have seen signs of unspeakable evil in the land. Haven and all the Seeker lands will fall unless a miracle takes place. A glorious being passed through our land and said you would be coming. We do not know his name, but we have orders to take you to the edge of Darken Wood at his bidding."

20. The White-rage Cut

Here the frothing torrent of the White-rage River spills between tall cliffs and funnels loudly down its course, crashing between two soaring bluffs.

Raft pilots must check both strength and dexterity once per turn here. If a pilot fails any check, his raft splinters on a rock in the river, casting all passengers into the rapids. If this happens, the raft is nearer to the north shore of the river. Use the swimming rules from 18 above to determine if the characters can reach the rocks on the north shore. PCs on the north shore find paths up the cliff face into area 22.

The raft moves 2 miles per turn.

21. Magic Mountains

The mountain valley runs east and west between Prayers Eye Peak and a second ridge of mountains. Tall aspens, still green well into autumn, shiver in groves about the valley. The vale itself is carpeted in tall, soft grasses. Both exits from the valley, to the southwest and to the east, lead into the dimness of deeper woods.

22. Spirit Forest

The canopy of leaves thickens: the sunlight dapples, dims, then fades altogether. The trunks of the trees are gnarled and knotted, their bark almost black. Ahead lie deeper and deeper shadows.

Those who enter the Darken Wood (22-26) are subject to its confusing charm. When a PC leaves the Darken Wood, he cannot express what he saw or experienced there, even though his memory of adventures and encounters there is quite clear. If the players continue, read the following:

Between the twisted shapes of the trees, strange shapes flit nearby. It is hard to see their shape or size through the dense woods.

Unless the PCs withdraw from the woods, the spirits challenge them, asking their names. If they answer falsely, then the Spectral Minions attack. If at any time either before or during combat, the heroes give their correct names and/or show Goldmoon's blue crystal staff, the Minions halt any attack and let them pass.

12 Spectral Minions. AL CE; MV 30"; hp 17x3, 18x2, 19x2, 14x2, 10x2, 12; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; 20% magic resist

Heroes who are allowed to pass hear the leader of the minions say, "The Forestmaster awaits. You are expected." The shadowy spirits part before the heroes — all but one, who escorts them for about ½ mile down a path to area 26.

If the PCs ask their escort about the spirits, he replies: "Ages ago, before the world changed, we were ordered to keep this land safe. That is the Purpose. We failed. Now we repent by protecting the land while we can."

23. Centaur Reaches

"Halt!" The broad torso of a man suddenly rises above a head-high bush. He looks down from at least two feet above eye level. His muscular arm poises, spear in hand. "Ye be trapped. Come with me to the judge of the forest, or be judged by my lance and those of my fellows."

If the heroes resist, the centaurs fight to the death. Otherwise they relieve the party of their weapons and, pulling the PCs onto their backs, take them to area 26.

8 Centaurs. AL CG; MV 18"; hp 18, 28, 21, 13, 24, 20, 19, 16; AC 5(4); HD4; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6

The centaurs are reluctant to speak about anything to the PCs until they have seen the Forestmaster. To the adventurers' questions they simply reply, "The Forestmaster will answer all things."

14. Dryad Forests

Tremendous, deep-rooted oak trees tower overhead. Though the grass and brush continue under them, littered with acorns and twigs, it is hard to see more than a few feet into the forest.

Unless another creature of this forest escorts the PCs, the dryads make themselves known after the heroes travel more than ¼ mile into the area. PCs see them only briefly — long-haired women whispering in sweet low voices to one another. They make no effort to address the heroes, and vanish if approached. If a forest creature escorts the PCs, they will not see the dryads.

1-6 Dryads. AL N; MV 12"; AC 9; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; *charm* spells

The Forestmaster gives the dryads their home and protection in return for their guarding this forest. They whisper to one another when they see intruders and forewarn the Forestmaster.

25. Starnight Canyon

Craggy canyons climb steeply among the peaks of the Sentinel Mountains. Clouds race over blue-green mountain glades.

The party has a 15% chance each turn to encounter Pegasi in this area. The Pegasi graze calmly, untroubled by the party's presence. The creatures are so docile that PCs can mount them.

1-12 Pegasi. AL CG; MV 24"/48"; AC 6; HD 4; #AT 3; Dmg 1-8/1-8/1-3

Once the heroes mount them, the Pegasi bound into the sky. However, once they are in the air, they fly directly to area 26 regardless of what the heroes try to direct them to do. If the PCs threaten a Pegasus, the creature bucks once in the air, causing its rider to check his dexterity or fall from the winged horse.

26. Unicorn Grove

The dense oak forest suddenly opens into a forest glade. Soft green grasses carpet the floor up a hillside, at the top of which sits an outcropping of rock. Atop this overhang stands a majestic unicorn, its head raised high and proud, but a strange sadness in its eyes.

If the PCs approach the outcropping, the unicorn speaks with them; he can call forest creatures to his aid if PCs are foolish enough to attack him.

Forestmaster Unicorn. AL CG; MV 24"; hp 60; AC 2 HD 10; #AT 3; Dmg 1-81 1-81 1-20

As the PCs approach, the unicorn speaks. "I am the Forestmaster. You have entered my Great Forest: I grant you passage and the aid of all creatures while you remain within our borders." From now until the PCs leave the forest, no creature attacks them unless they attack first.

At a moment of your choice, the Forestmaster tells the PCs: "Some days ago, a great and glorious being came among us. He held great wisdom and power rare in the land today. He foretold your coming and left you a message: 'You must fly straight away across the Eastwall Mountains. Within two days you must be within Xak Tsaroth. There, if you prove worthy, you shall receive the greatest gift given to the world.' Those were his very words — 'the greatest gift given to the world!'"

The Forestmaster knows no more of this, but he is aware of a terrible force of evil which will destroy the beauty of his domain shortly.

If the PCs request the help of Forestmaster, he summons pegasi. The beautiful and powerful animals, one for each PC, silently circle overhead and land with feather gentleness in the nearby grasses. They allow the PCs to mount them, then hurdle into the air, their wings whispering on the wind, and soar above the glade. PCs looking back see the Forestmaster standing proudly on outcropping. He calls to them, "The greatest gift given to man awaits you — carry the peace of my home within your hearts — soon it will live nowhere else." PCs flying out of Darkenwood are subject to the confusion of leaving (see area 22). They also must make a constitution check each turn or fall asleep.

If the PCs foolishly decide to attack the unicorn, he calls at once for magical forest creatures to defend him. Roll immediately on the Random Encounter Chart for the Darken Wood. From now until the PCs leave the woods, all creatures encountered attack them on sight; if, however, the heroes are headed out of the woods, the creatures try simply to chase them from the area.

27. Gateway Pass

The brilliant leaves float softly from the trees to the floor of the canyon. The worn road leads peacefully between the spires of the Sentinel Peaks.

28. Gateway

Smoke drifts lazily from the chimneys of Gateway. The comfortable houses and shops nestle in the arms of the Sentinel Mountains at the base of the Gateway Pass to Solace. The smell of baking bread sweetens the autumn breeze.

Gateway resembles Solace in many respects. Its buildings are, however, on the ground and, unlike Solace, the town has no ironsmithy.

Gateway's citizens know of no danger from "demon men" or "evil armies" and brush off such talk as tall tales. "Dragons in the night" is their name for stories of things that don't exist.

29. Westplains

Grassland plains sprawl for miles east of the Sentinel Mountains. Their brown grasses bend in a fall wind turned suddenly cold.

30. Que-Teh

The chill wind rustles sadly through the silent village of Que-Teh.

Signs of hurried flight are scattered throughout the village: half-emptied food jars, meals half finished, and children's rattle-beads cast aside. Rangers have a 50% chance to find the tracks of the villagers, which lead straight to area 38.

31. The Great Crossroads

In the midst of a rolling plain, three roads converge. At their intersection, a single stone pillar points the directions to Que-teh, Que-kiri, and Que-Shu. Cold wind swirls about the stone; a single hawk circles

The ground here is trampled. A ranger has a 30% chance to identify some of the tracks as those of draconians (only, of course, if he has encountered the creatures before). The draconian tracks lead east toward Que-Shu (36).

32. Que-Kiri

Thin columns of smoke rise from the chimneys of Que-kiri. As you approach the town, several men, apparently from the town, move cautiously in your direction.

The City Guards escort the PCs through the town but do not allow them to stay. They speak with the heroes but are worried about the safety of their city and do not trust strangers.

10 City Guards. AL var; MV 12"; hp 11, 10, 3,6, 2, 8x2, 9,4, 5; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6

If the PCs kill the guards and try to enter the town, the entire town drives them out and gives them no aid or information whatsoever. Adventurers can get one of the guards to speak with them 80% of the time. If he speaks, he says: "We don't know what the danger is that's on the way, but we know it is coming. Our scouts have seen great fires in the north. Many of our number have disappeared in the last week. But now we are prepared for the enemy. There are over 600 of us — who could stand against us?" They are sure that they can defeat any enemy, and that nothing will stop them from doing so.

33. Kiri Valley

The forest darkens and thickens beside an ancient trail. A cold, dry stillness hovers in the air, and the trees are knotted and bent. Everything seems to watch you.

An evil wizard died here long ago. Only his essence remains.

34. West Que-Shu Plains

A chill, biting wind cuts across the flatlands. Carried on the winds from the east is the sharp smell of burning grass.

35. North Desolation

The grasslands soon turn to burned stubble underfoot. For miles, the once grassy plains are charred. The ashy taste of scorched earth laces the air. Large, heavy creatures have trampled the ground everywhere.

A ranger who has encountered draconians before can identify these prints as theirs 80% of the time. This ranger also has a 20% chance to tell that the prints first pass south, then return north.

36. Que-Shu

Read this when the heroes enter the area:

Chill winds scatter the smoke from dying fires in the midst of the village. Birds wheel over the motionless village, descending slowly among the huts. Everything else is still and quiet.

Read this as the heroes enter the village:

They are gone. The huts and tents of Que-Shu lie abandoned. A strange, creaking sound comes from the center square of the village.

The birds stare coldly into nothing. They perch atop a strange construction thrown together in the center of the square. Two stout posts have been driven into the ground by unspeakable force, their bases nearly splintered by the impact. Ten feet above the ground, a crosspiece pole is lashed to the two upright posts. All the poles are charred and blistered. Three chains, the iron of each cold but apparently once melted, creak in the wind. Suspended from each chain, apparently by the feet, is a corpse. Though blackened and seared, the three bodies are certainly not human. Atop the dark structure, a sign, roughly clawed into a shield, has been stapled to the crosspiece with a broken swordblade.

The PCs can find signs that the villagers left their homes in a rush. Tracks from the village obviously lead east toward the mountains.

Each PC has a base 15% chance to read the writing on the shield. PCs who have *read language* abilities may add that score to the base percentage. The sign reads: "Know ye, my servants, the fate of those who take prisoners against my will. Kill or be killed. Verminaard." The corpses are those of hobgoblins

37. Sageway Broken

The broken stones of an ancient roadway cut through brown plains. The stones lead north and south.

Any close look at the road uncovers many footprints. It seems that a great number of people and heavy creatures moved south along this route a few days ago.

38. Refugee

A single figure, scantily clad, scurries over the rise. He is a man — by his looks an exhausted one. Behind him, three figures lope steadily, tirelessly in pursuit. They are laughing, taunting their prey, waiting before closing for the kill.

The man is 500' away when the encounter starts. The grasses of the plains are 3' -4' tall and can easily hide the heroes. The man can run 550' further before he collapses. The draconians, intent on their prey, do not notice the PCs until they are within 50' — not at all if the PCs take cover.

3 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 8x2, 11; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

Since the PCs pose a real threat to them, the draconians will give up their pursuit of the man and attack the heroes if they notice them.

Nightshade the Refugee. Human F4; AL LG; S16; 110; W12; D17; C15; Ch13; MV 12"; hp 21[6 now]; AC 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2

If they rescue the fugitive, the PCs may speak with him. He gasps from exhaustion as he tells his story: "I am Nightshade from the village of Que-Teh. The dragonmen are taking all of us south as slaves. This morning the men of my tribe held secret council, chained though we were in the caravan. I was chosen to escape, to go to Que-Shu for aid, while the rest of my comrades rose against the dragonmen and drew their attention. A tremendous army of evil lies to the south. I have overheard them speak of a second army that waits to crush the Seeker Lands from the north. They hold back their armies only for fear that a crystal staff will return to Xak Tsaroth while they are not watchful. Why, I do not know." His voice becomes desperate. "Do not go south, for only slavery and death lie there. Find the crystal staff, and take it to Xak Tsaroth. It is our only hope."

If the PCs cure his wounds, this man will go with them. He has no equipment at all.

39. Oldroad Bridge

Read the following when the heroes enter the area:

In the distance, an ancient bridge spans the torrents of the White-rage River. Several dark shapes crouch on the north side of the bridge, many others on its south side.

When the PCs get within 300 feet of the bridge, they discover that the forms are draconian guards; 4 watch the north side and 10-20 the south.

4 Baaz Draconian Guards. AL LE; AC 4; MV 6"[15"]/18"; HD 2; hp 12, 6, 9, 9; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; AL LE; turn to stone and crumble on death

10-20 (1d10+10) Baaz Reserves. MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 12 each; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

Orders have come from their dragonlord not to take any more prisoners. They will kill anyone who approaches. This is all they know

about the position and situation of the dragonarmies.

If the heroes approach on a raft, the draconians leap onto them from the bridge, capsizing the raft and spilling both heroes and dragonmen into the river. Use the swimming rules from area 18.

The guards on the north side of the river are the only ones who are allowed to pursue north of the river. The reserves may pursue anything south of the river.

40. Southway

The tall grasses of the south bank bend oddly against the wind. Occasionally, the gleaming point of a spear or the flash of a helm flickers through the grasses to the south. The cold fall sky is overcast, and

If the PCs move south, they encounter the southern draconian army, one unit per game hour. The number of units they can encounter is limitless.

10-20 (1d10+10) Baaz Reserves (one unit). ALLE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 14 each; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

These guards have orders not to pursue anything north of the river but to attack and kill anything crossing south of the river. They have no further information.

41. Sageway East

Here in the canyons of the Forsaken Mountains, a lonely ancient road lies broken and abandoned. Yet the grasses and weeds growing between the broken stones of the road are trampled flat. A cold wind dives

A ranger has a 50% chance to note tracks of human plainmen mixed with other, heavier tracks. If the ranger has met draconians before, he has a 30% chance to identify their tracks here as well.

42. Cursed Lands of Newsea

A forest of Ironclaw trees stretches eastward to the Newsea. Beneath an umbrella of branches, the streams of the Forsaken Mountains crawl through a spongy swamp. Still waters encircle islands of soggy ground. The landscape extends into the swamp and its darkness.

Each turn there is a 15% chance that the soggy ground the heroes are walking on will dead-end and the party must cross 6-10 feet (1d4+5) of water to get to the next section of ground. See random encounter table for details.

43. Dragonlands

The flames from a thousand campfires glitter in the distance on the burned plains. Nearby, several creatures stoop about their own campfire.

1 Bozak Draconian Guardleader. AL LE; AC2; MV 6"[15"]/18"; HD4; hp23; #AT 1or2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/ 1-4; spells; explodes on death for 1d6. Spells:

1st Level: *charm person; magic missile; shield*

2nd Level: *invisibility; mirror image*

2 Baaz Guards. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 12, 6; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

6 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 5x4, 6, 7; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

If a PC can move silently to within 30 feet of the guards, he hears them speak in Common Tongue. The large draconian says, "We can crush this human scum. So why wait until old Verminaard gets some fancy crystal staff? Why, he even has Khisanth tied up waiting for it, when we could use her help out here!"

If the PCs move past this outpost, they meet the bulk of the draconian army, one unit per game hour. The number of these units is limitless.

1 1-20 (1d10+10) Baaz Footmen (one unit). AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4

44. Xak-Tsaroth

When the adventurers enter the ancient city, they begin from area 44a below. Use the Swamp map.



Chapter 2: Lost City of the Ancients



44a. Swamp Ruins

The exposed roots of the Ironclaw trees twist into the mud and swamp water. Vines, trees and ferns block vision beyond a few feet. The ground is soaked and spongy. All is in shadow: the sun shows only a brief glimmer through the jungle overhead.

Occasionally, (1 in 6 chance per round) ruined items jut from the underbrush: broken foundation stones, shattered urns, ancient carvings.

Many creatures passed through this area within the last three or four hours. The tracks look faintly reptilian. If the adventurers have met draconians before, they have a 20% chance to recognize these tracks.

44b. Waters of the Swamp

Green scum covers the dark swamp water. Sour, metallic smells float on the air.

The water depth is unpredictable (1d6 feet per 30 feet traveled). Whenever anyone enters the water, for whatever reason, roll 1d6. If the result is less than 4, roll 21-24 (1d4+20) on the random encounter table (Appendix 4) to determine what creature rises up to attack.

44c. Vine Bridges

Thick vines, woven into strong ropes, stretch like a long spider web between two sections of land. Each end is knotted around several ironclaw trees. Slimy mosses cover the ropes.

This makeshift bridge is surprisingly sturdy. PCs must check their dexterity at -5 to cross the bridge without trouble. If they fail, they fall into the water below and disturb a monster in the water (same procedure as in 44b).

44d. Battle of the Fallen Ironclaw

The soaked ground slopes into thick swampwater. Here, a giant Ironclaw tree has fallen, spanning the waters to another section of ground. Thick green moss drapes the log.

Behind the trees and bushes, only 15-20' away, lurk six Bozak Draconians. Four are on the heroes' side of the river, two on the far side.

6 Bozak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"] 18"; hp 18, 23, 20, 15, 17, 27; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; spell casting abilities; explode on death. Spells:
1st Level: *magic missile*; *shield*, *sleep*
2nd Level: *darkness 15'*; *web*

These ambushers plan to capture the party and take them to their camp for questioning. They will attack first with *web* spells. PCs must save at -2 or be tangled in the trees behind them. After that, the draconians try to sleep the party one at a time. They take all captives to their camp (44f) and hold them there.

If the draconians take more than 50% losses, they retreat.

This group does know about the crystal staff: that it is a very powerful item, has been stolen from the ruins, and is the one thing their leader Verminaard fears can upset his plans.

44e. Broken Bridge

Amid drooping vines and mosses, a bridge spans two sections of ground. Its ornate wooden latticework, carved to resemble vines, is broken in many places. Two hooded figures stand on the north side of the bridge.

2 Baaz Draconian Guards. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 12,8; AC4; HD2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

44f. Temple of Baaz

Massive ruins break the jungle undergrowth. Small broken towers rise through the cover of trees. Ferns and bushes sprout through a flagstone plaza surrounded by small shacks and lean-tos; a huge bonfire blazes at its far north side. Beyond the fire, set in the remaining half shell of a crumbled dome, a huge black dragon stands, its wings outfolded!

The black dragon is only a wicker model. The draconians nearby attack any unescorted intruders. If the PCs are prisoners, their equipment is placed randomly in one of the six huts; the PCs themselves are held in a bamboo cage.

Bozak Draconian Priest. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 23; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; spell casting abilities; explode on death. Spells:

1st Level: *charm person*, *magic missile*, *shield*

2nd Level: *invisibility*; *mirror image*

7 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"] 18"; hp 8x2, 9, 5, 11, 10, 3; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

This priest runs the camp and conducts worship services before the great wicker dragon. He orders that the PCs be held for three days

until Khisanth, the priest's commander, comes to claim them. If the PCs have the staff, he tells them, "The crystal staff is the greatest danger to our masters we know." If they do not have the staff, he asks them if they know where it is. At any rate, he tells the party, "Now that you are here, we only hope that you do not die as easily as those of Que-Shu did at our hands."

The black dragon is a draconian idol woven of vines and branches. There is an opening in the figure at the base between its legs. The main braces for the wings are tied together just below the dragon's mouth. The mouth itself forms a funnel. If a PC gets inside the wicker dragon unnoticed, leaps up and down on the main brace and shouts through the mouth, he panics the draconians and drives them screaming into the jungle for 1d6 turns. The whole structure, however, has a 30% chance to fall face-first into the bonfire and burn furiously if a PC tries this. Anyone caught inside must check his dexterity to escape the idol and the damage from the fire. He takes 1d6 damage each round he fails his dexterity check.

The cage that holds the heroes is made of bamboo. A Baaz draconian guards it night and day. There is a 10% chance each daylight hour that the guard will fall asleep next to the cage. The chance increases to 30% each hour after sundown. Any successful bend bars/lift gates breaks the bars open.

44g. Tower of Truth

A graceful tower, crumbling yet beautiful, rises from the waters of the swamp. Finely carved and polished stonework wall still glint beneath the jungle undergrowth.

It is sad to see the wake of the Cataclysm: a capital city brought to silence and decay.

Although the wooden floors and rafters have long since rotted away, a carved staircase circles up the interior of the tower to a stone floor at its top. The tower provides a view of all the surrounding swamplands: a cluster of ruins (44k) lies to the northeast.

44h. Breeding Pool

A pool of black water stands amid the towering jungle trees. Not even the mighty ironclaws grow in this water.

Five leathery egg shells lie on the shore. All of these are cracked. Each is about two feet long. Dragon hatchlings lurk beneath the water and rise suddenly to attack if the PCs disturb the surface of the water.

5 Black Dragon Hatchlings. AL CE; MV 12"/24"; hp 6 each; AC 3; HD 6; #AT 3; Dmg 1-41-413-18; acid breath attacks for 6 hp each)

44i. Swamp Falls

The soggy jungle floor suddenly ends in a 1,000 foot cliff! Water from the swamp trickles down the stone bluff to a crashing seashore. The Newsea spreads to the eastern horizon, covering what was once a fertile plain.

44j. Fallen Obelisk

A tremendous obelisk lies beside its broken pedestal base. Strange spidery runes cover its surface. The obelisk bridges two sections of ground divided by swamp water.

The PCs have only a 15% base chance to read the runes, although those who have *read languages* abilities may add their score to their chances. The runes read:

*The Great City of Xak Tsaroth
Whose beauty surrounds you
Speaks to the good of its people'
And their generous deeds.
The gods reward us
In the grace of our home.*

44k. Plaza of Death

Emerging from the dense jungle, a broad cobblestone street runs south and north among the ruins. A roadway branches to the west. Here, the fluted columns and relief carvings of buildings sag wearily. A large cobblestone courtyard lies to the east amid crumbling buildings. Beyond the courtyard are four tall free-standing columns: no trace remains of the building they once supported. In front of these pillars, a huge well plunges into the earth. Vapors rise from the well. To the north of the well, a single building stands whole, although time and the weather have worn its outer walls.

The heroes may enter the building to the north, taking them to area 46a.

The building to the north is a temple of the ancient goddess of healing, Mishakal. The only entrance to the windowless temple is through the front doors – gold doors weighing 15,000 gpw each. They are on counterpoised hinges so they open as normal doors. Whoever enters the temple finds himself in area 46.

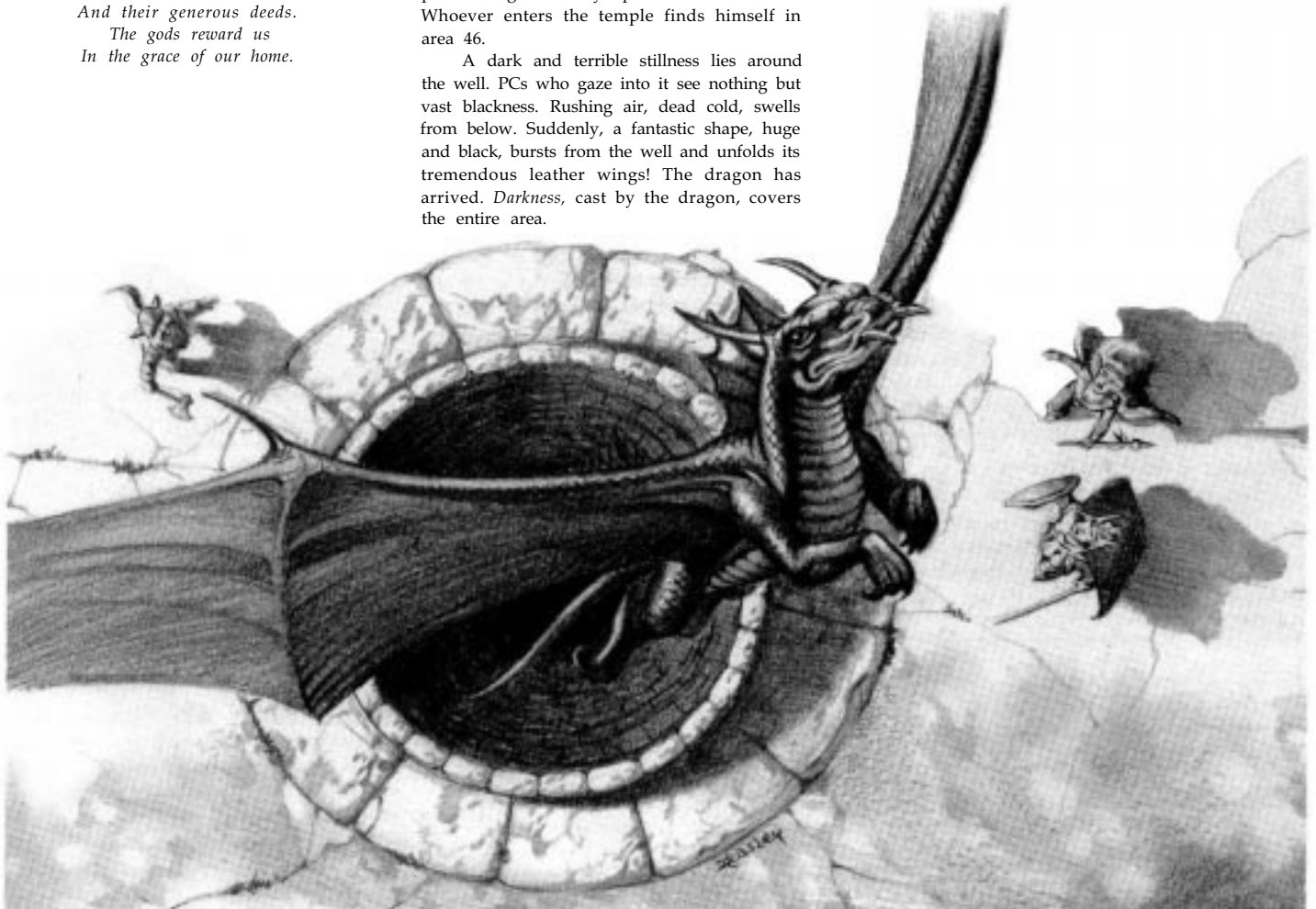
A dark and terrible stillness lies around the well. PCs who gaze into it see nothing but vast blackness. Rushing air, dead cold, swells from below. Suddenly, a fantastic shape, huge and black, bursts from the well and unfolds its tremendous leather wings! The dragon has arrived. *Darkness*, cast by the dragon, covers the entire area.

Khisanth, an ancient, huge black dragon. AL CE; MV 12 "124"; hp 64; AC 3; HD 8; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/3-18; AL CE; acid breath. Spells:

1st Level: *charm person* (x2), *magic missile* and *sleep* (x2)

The dragon uses its first combat round to gain speed in the air and circle around for a better attack position. PCs are susceptible to the fear a dragon generates (see *Monster Manual*, p. 30). The dragon then attacks the heroes from the air, hovering to avoid swords and hand weapons. It bombards the heroes with *magic missile* and *sleep* spells. The dragon then makes 2 passes, using its 64 hit point breath weapon each time: acid breath sears flesh with deadly accuracy. Finally, on the third pass, feeling the need for the safety of its lair, it flies over the well, folds itself in its wings, and drops like a stone down the well. Deep below, it will break out of its dive and move toward its lair.

After this encounter takes place, the adventurers may explore the well further, as in area 45 below.



TANIS*5th Level Half Elf Fighter*

STR 16 (Dmg +1; wgt +350; Door 1-3; Bars 10%)
 INT 12 (Lang: Q. Elf, Hill Dwarf, Plainsman)
 WIS 13
 DEX 16 (React +1; Def -2)
 CON 12 (Sys. Shock 80%; Res. 85%)
 CHA 15 (Loyalty +15%; Reaction +15%)
 AL NG

AC =4

HP = 35 00000/00000 00000/00000 000000/00000 00000

TASSLEHOFF BURRFOOT*4th Level Kender Thief*

STR 13 (wgt +100; Doors 1-2; Bars 4%)
 INT 9 (Lang: Kenderspeak)
 WIS 12
 DEX 16 (Attack +1; Def -2; see below)
 CON 14 (Sys. Shock 88%; Res. 92%)
 CHA 11
 AL N

AC = 5

HP = 15 00000/00000/00000

Poc	Locks	Traps	Quiet	Hides	Hears	Climb	Reads
50%	47%	40%	43%	40%	20%	73%	15%

CARAMON*6th Level Human Fighter*

STR 18/63(Hit+2; Dmg+3; wgt+1250; Door 4; Bars 25%)
 INT 12 (Lang: 3; None yet mastered)
 WIS 10
 DEX 11
 CON 17 (hp Adjust +3; Sys shock 97% Res. 98%)
 CHA 15 (Loyalty +15%; Reaction +15%)
 AL LG

AC =6

HP = 36 00000/00000 00000/00000 00000/00000 00000/0

RAISTLIN*3rd Level Human Magic-user*

STR 10 (Door 2; Bars 2%)
 INT 17 (Lang: 6; Q. Elf, Magius, see below)
 WIS 14
 DEX 16 (Attack +1; Def -2)
 CON 10 (Sys shock 70%; Resur 75%)
 CHA 10
 AL N

AC =5

HP = 8 00000/000

Spell use: 2 1st level and 1 2nd level per day.

GOLDMOON*5th Level Human Cleric*

STR 12 (wgt +100; Door 1-2; Bars 4%)
 INT 12 (Lang: Plainsmen, Hill Dwarf, Q. Elven)
 WIS 16 (Magic Adjustment +2)
 DEX 14
 CON 12 (Sys. Shock 80%; Res. 85%)
 CHA 17 (Loyalty +30%; Reaction +30%)
 AL LG

AC =6

HP = 19 00000/00000 00000/0000

RIVERWIND*5th Level Human Ranger*

STR 18/35 (Hit+1; Dmg+3; wgt+1000; Door 3; Bars 20%)
 INT 13 (Lang: Plainsman, Q. Elf, Hill Dwarf)
 WIS 14
 DEX 16 (Attack +1; Def -2)
 CON 13(Sys. Shock 85%; Res. 90%)
 CHA 13 (Reaction +5%)
 AL LG

AC =5

HP = 34 00000/00000 00000/00000 00000/00000 0000

STURM BRIGHTBLADE*6th Level Human Fighter*

STR 17 (Hit+1; Dmg+1; wgt+500; Door 1-3; Bars 13%)
 INT 14 (Lang: 4; Q. Elf; Plains; Solamnic; S. Elf)
 WIS 11
 DEX 12
 CON 16 (hp Adjust +2; Sys Shock 95%; Res. 96%)
 CHA 12
 AL LG

AC =5

HP = 29 00000/00000 00000/00000 00000/0000

FLINT FIREFORGE*4th Level Dwarf Fighter*

STR 16 (Dmg +1; wgt +350; Doors 1-3; Bars 10%)
 INT 7 (Lang: Hill Dwarf)
 WIS 12
 DEX 10
 CON 18 (hp Adjust +4; Sys shock 99%; Res. 100%)
 CHA 13 (Reaction +5%)
 AL NG

AC = 6

HP = 42 00000/00000 00000/00000 00000/00000 00000/00000 00

Equipment: *Blue Crystal Staff* (known properties: heals on touch, does extra damage when used as a weapon), leather armor, a *sling* +1, pack (as selected by player)

I am a princess of the Que-Shu tribe. Riverwind is my guardian and my betrothed. We seek to discover the nature and use of this staff.

Some months ago, Riverwind went to my father and asked for my hand. Father had another marriage in mind for me and demanded that Riverwind prove his worthiness by bringing back the magic of the Forsaken Lands.

For months I had no word, no sign of him. Then Riverwind returned. My father's plan was spoiled, so he claimed the staff was not magical and ordered Riverwind stoned in the village. As the stones fell upon him, I ran to his side. At that moment, the staff blazed and we suddenly found ourselves on the plains west of the village. We search for proof that the staff holds powerful and good magic. Until we know how to control the staff, we cannot return to my tribe.

Equipment: leather armor, small shield, *longsword* +2, shortbow and quiver of arrows, *hunting knife* +1, pack (as selected by player)

I am a warrior of the Que-Shu tribe. I have loved Goldmoon for many turns of the sun.

I remember little of what happened to me after I reached the Forsaken Lands. Everything rises as dark dreams: a black swamp, a well, a kind and shining lady, a leather-winged creature of evil. How much of this happened and how much was madness, I cannot say.

Months later I somehow returned, bleeding, crazed with fever and visions. I presented the staff, but the council scorned it. Somehow the staff helped us escape in a flash of sunlight. Now we seek control of its power.

Equipment: chain mail armor, *two handed sword* +3 (dmg 1-10/3-18), dagger (dmg 1-4/ 1-3), pack (as selected by player)

I saw the northern lands when I crossed the sea, escorting our friend Kitiara. Once past the seas we parted-she went east and I went west. I searched for a holy man, but I also sought my birthright.

For you see, I know only that my mother fled the northlands when I was young. She carried all my dead father had left her: his sword and his ring. From them I know that he was once a Knight of Solamnia. So I journeyed north to take my father's place in that good and just order. But the Solamnic Knights have fallen into disfavor with the people there, and no trace of the order remains. Thus my past remains a mystery.

Equipment: studded leather armor, small shield, *2 hand axes* +1 (dmg 1-6/1-4), dagger (dmg 1-4/1-3), pack (as selected by player)

I have searched for unseen things these past five years and to avenge the wrongs done to my people. I have little to show for either.

Years ago, the Kingdom of Thorbardin in the Southern Kalthax Mountains housed all the dwarves. We Hill Dwarves lived above ground and produced the food for the Mountain Dwarves in the kingdoms below. They gave us fine metalwork in return. But when the Cataclysm came and we rushed for the safety of the underground city of the Mountain Dwarves, they closed the gates, leaving us to the wrath of the gods.

I searched for the Great Doors into the underground city, but the mountains had changed. Gully Dwarves caught me, but I escaped, slaying many of the sorry creatures. Curses on the Mountain Dwarves and their cousins in the Gully!

Equipment: *leather armor* +2, *longsword* +2 (dmg 1-8/ 1-12), bow and quiver with 20 arrows (dmg 1-6), 2 daggers (dmg 1-4/1-3), pack (as selected by player)

I have wandered through forest and wilderness for five years: Through Qualinesti west of the Kharolis Mountains, through the Forests of Kith-Kanan, all the way to the sea. I found no trace of healers-not even tales of them-in my travels. Still, the gods of good must exist: their signs are everywhere. The White Stag led me on good paths, the wheeling bird foretold war, and the thunderclouds warned me of danger. These are the handiwork of the good gods. But I found no cleric to the west.

Equipment: leather armor, small shield, *hoopak* (treat as combination bullet sling [dmg 2-5/2-7] and +2 *jo stick* [dmg 1-6+2/1-4+2]), dagger (dmg 1-4/1-3), pack (as selected by player)

I've almost forgotten all the places I've been in five years. I wanted to make a map for our travels, but you know how it goes—more traveling than mapping. To the north and west the world has changed more terribly than we thought. A sea lies to the north where solid plains once were. Where Ergoth, the great ancient Empire, once stood, there's nothing more than islands.

Now I return to Solace and find it run down, ruled by some bunch of rootheads in Haven who call themselves the Seekers. They claim to be a theocracy in search of a god. You figure that out. The way I see it, things have gotten worse since they've been in power.

Equipment: ring mail armor, small shield, *longsword* (dmg 1-8/1-12), spear (dmg 1-6), dagger (dmg 1-4/1-3), pack (as selected by player)

The travels of me and my brother Raistlin took us over the Kharolis Range, though we moved to the southwest, beyond the realms of the Elves. We searched for the fabled Towers of High Sorcery. Deep in the dark mists that always seem to cover that land, we found those towers that have long been hidden to men. They appeared out of the mists.

Spellbook:

1st Level: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *comprehend languages*, *detect magic*, *hold portal*, *magic missile*, *push*, *sleep*, *Tenser's Floating Disc*.

2nd Level: *audible glamer*, *darkness* 15', *detect invisible*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *web*.

Equipment: *Staff of Magius* (+3 protection, +2 to hit [dmg 1-8], *continual light* [1 /day], *feather fall* [1 /day]), pack (as selected by player)

At the Towers of High Sorcery, my brother Caramon and I passed great tests set by the spirits of long-dead sages and wizards. The tests wore heavily upon me. Now I see the world through these hourglass eyes, and much of my health has left me. Yet the magic within me now might give us greater aid.

As we departed that place, I recalled the words of an ancient sage: "Use your powers well," he said, "for the time is at hand when your strength must rebalance the world."



Song of Goldmoon

ANDANTE 3/4

Em Em D Em G Em

The 1. Grass — lands are end — less. And sum — mer sings on. And Gold moon the prince — ess loves
 2. Grass — lands are wav — ing. The sky's rim is gray. The chief — tain sends Riv — er — wind

G Bm G Em G D Em

a poor man's son. Her fa — ther the chief — tain makes long roads be — — tween them: the grass — lands are
 east and a — way, to search for strong ma — gic at lip of the morn — ing the grass — lands are

C MAJ7 D 1. Em 2. Em CHORUS C G D

end — less. And sum — mer sings on. 2. The Oh Riv — er — wind where have you gone? —
 wav — ing. The sky's rim is 2. gray.

D C G D D Em D Em

— Oh Riv — er — wind au — tumn comes on. — — I sit by the ri — ver and look to the

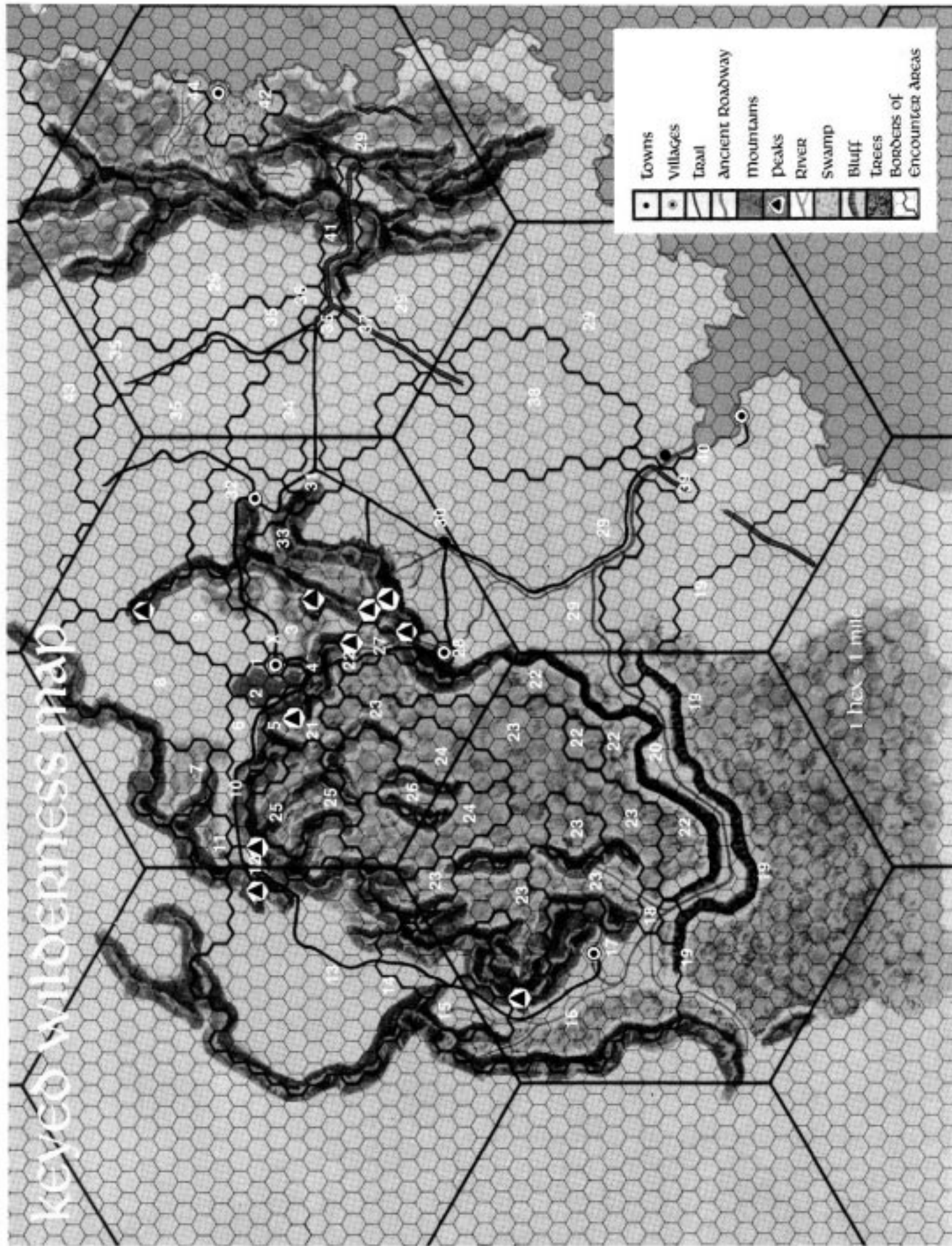
G Em C MAJ7 ⊕ D D.S. AL FINE Em ⊕ FINE

sun — rise, but the sun ris — es o — ver the moun — tains a — lone. 3. The au — tumn is here.

Sing verses 1, 2 and chorus then sing verses 3, 4, 5, and chorus

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>3). The grasslands are fading,
 The summer wind dies,
 He comes back, the darkness
 Of stones in his eyes,
 He carries a blue staff
 As bright as a glacier:
 The grasslands are fading, the summer winds die.</p> | <p>4). The grasslands are fragile,
 As yellow as flame,
 The chieftain makes mockery
 Of Riverwind's claim,
 He orders the people
 To stone the young warrior:
 The grasslands are fragile, as yellow as flame.</p> | <p>5). The grasslands are faded,
 And autumn is here.
 The girl joins her lover,
 The stones whistle near,
 The staff flares in blue light
 And both of them vanish:
 The grasslands have faded, and autumn is here.</p> |
|---|---|--|

keyed wilderness map



Chapter 3: Descent into Darkness



45. The Great Well

The shaft plunges into darkness, from which a foul air rises. Steam and the heavy odor of rotteness make it hard to see the bottom.

The masonry shaft of the well drops 100 feet before it opens into the ceiling of a vast cavern beneath the swamp. On the floor of the cavern, some 800 feet below, lie the shattered remains of Xak Tsaroth. Much of the city slid into this cavern at the time of the Cataclysm. It is the most preserved part of the ruined ancient capital. The well sits directly over the central plaza of the ruins (area 67).

46a. Temple Entrance

Double doors of tarnished gold close off each end of the corridor. Blue oval archways rise thirty feet to form the ceiling. A second pair of stained gold doors stand shut at the other end of the hall.

These doors weigh 25000 gpw each. They move on hinges and open as normal dungeon doors.

46b. Mishakal's Form

Golden doors open into the central chamber of the temple. A tremendous dome rises high above the delicate tile floor. It seems as though time has stilled in this room. In the center of the circular room stands a polished statue of singular grace and beauty: the delicate form of a woman, draped in flowing robes. Her hair cascades about her shoulders and neck, which is adorned by a detailed amulet. The look on her face is one of radiant hope tempered with sadness. A feeling of warmth and love abides in the room.

The statue is the likeness of Mishakal, the ancient goddess of healing. Her power still fills the chamber. Through this statue, Mishakal will reveal the destiny of the adventurers and the purpose of their quest. The statue also has the ability to recharge the blue crystal staff.

Mishakal, Goddess of Healing. C25; AL LG; MV 24"/48"; AC -3; hp 355; HD 25; #AT 2; Dmg 3-24

If a cleric brings the blue crystal staff into this room, the statue comes to life and speaks to him: "Beloved disciple, the gods have not turned away from man. Man turned away from the true gods and now seeks gods who do not exist. But the end of darkness nears.

Krynn is about to face its greatest test. Men will need the truth more than ever. You must return the truth and power of the true gods to men. It is time to restore the balance.

"To gain the power, you shall need the truth of the gods. Far below this temple lie the *Disks of Mishakal*: circular plates of platinum that are all you need to call upon my power. You must recover these disks.

"But your way will not be easy. The Disks now lie in the lair of the dragon. Therefore I charge your staff: if you present it boldly, never wavering, then you shall prevail. Even then, your journey is not complete; you must leave here, must search for a true Leader of the People."

The arms of the statue are curved as though they once held a long, thin pole. If any PC places the crystal staff in the statue's arms, the staff glows brightly and recharges.

46c. South Worship Room

A greenish tinge covers marble benches throughout the room. It looks as though this room has not been used in a long time.

46d. North Worship Room

The marble benches are coated in a thin, greenish film. Opposite the door three figures crouch over a dais. Then robes hide their features as they spring to attack.

In their haste to attack, the draconians leave the scroll they were inspecting lying on the dais.

3 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 8x2, 12; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

The scroll is a magic users scroll for a 10th level lightning bolt.

The heroes may capture these draconians if they inflict more than 50% damage on them. The draconians know the way into the cavern through the well (area 45) though this is helpful only to flying creatures. The draconians also know about the elevator system at 47c, and the location of the dragon's lair (70k).

46e. Southern Holy Circle

A high domed ceiling caps this circular room. Fungus creeps down all the walls, covering frescos faded beyond recognition. To the west, five squat figures claw at the wall with stubby fingers, scraping the fres-

5 Gully Dwarves (Glup Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 3, 9x2, 10, 16; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

The Aghar are too busy scratching and scraping to notice the PCs. In common speech, their leader says: "Claw, mates, claw! We got to get these here pictures off o' the walls! I hear tell that humans used to keep pretty treasures behind walls like these. That Highbulp king of ours down in the cavern-city might give us special favors if we brings a pretty to him." With a start, the dwarves suddenly realize that the heroes are in the room.

"It's the lords, mates!" shouts the leader. All the dwarves drop like sacks to their knees. Faces pressed against the slimy floor, they grovel out, whimpering, "We didn't mean nothin' by it, your lordship!" and join the line of other gully dwarves (47b).

If the PCs stop them, the Aghar beg for mercy. If the heroes promise to spare them, the Aghar draw a very crude map that shows the way down into the cavern city. They advise: "Go visit our king, the great Phudge Highbulp. He'll help you right straight!"

46f. Northern Holy Circle

A circular fresco, faded and damp with age, covers the walls of the 60' tall room. A domed ceiling vaults overhead. Fungus creeps down the walls.

46g. Paths of the Dead

A domed ceiling caps this 60' tall circular room. Vines and mosses dangle from great cracks in the ceiling. Fungus covers the walls. In the center of the room stands an empty pedestal, the top of which cannot be seen from the floor. On the west side of the room, just in front of the doors, a circular staircase, its flagstones slick with green film, descends into darkness.

47a. Hall of the Ancestors

Dim light shines up through the floor. A vast hall stretches to the east. The ceiling, heavily reinforced, stands solidly above, but below, the floor has fallen away in several places. Hot mists, carrying the odor of decay, rise through the holes in the floor.

Any dwarf can tell that this floor is unsafe. The holes open to a 700' drop straight into the lower ruins of the city. Anyone who weighs more than 500 gpw and comes within 5' of a hole's edge runs a 65% chance that the floor below him will collapse.

Even if a hero makes it to the edge of a hole, all he sees is foul mist gathered below.

47b. Southern Crypts

Crypts line the hallway. Cloaked in foul mists, a group of squat forms file into a line.

Many gully dwarves slouch and stoop in line. Every 3 turns, a whip cracks and half of these dwarves rush through the eastern entrance to the hallway. The rest move up to the entrance. In 6 turns, the same 15 gully dwarves that rushed out the east end of the hall come in the west end and get back in line.

30 Gully Dwarves (Glup Clan Aghar). AL CN; AC 8; MV 12"; hp 2; hp 10 each; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

If they notice the heroes, these Aghar only put dirty fingers to their lips: "Shhhh!" They run if attacked.

47c. Going Down

Hot mist rises from two large holes in the floor, one on the north and one on the south. A tremendous black iron pot hangs from a large chain over the northern hole. The chain runs around two large wheels, crosses the ceiling, and drops through the center of the southern hole. Two large figures crouch beside the pot.

The holes, each 10' in diameter, break through the ceiling of the cavern below, dropping 700 feet to area 66. Every 3 game turns, a gong sounds far below; then, one of the draconians cracks a whip and 30 gully dwarves from 47b clamber into the room and scurry into the pot. When the the pot is full – dwarf arms and legs sticking out, some Aghar even hanging on the sides – it slowly descends, pulling the chain with it. Within 5 rounds, another huge pot, containing draconians, groans up the chain through the southern hole. The machine is the Aghar idea of an elevator. The draconian overseers order the Aghar into either the northern pot or the southern pot, using this crude pulley system to bring up their comrades.

2 Baaz Draconian Overseers. AL LE; MV 6" [15"/18"; hp 12, 14; AC 4; HD2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

If the heroes attack, the Overseers panic and leap into the pot. The pot sinks slowly, and PCs have a chance to jump aboard; however, the heavier the pot gets, the faster it moves. You should warn the PCs that "the pot is falling quickly" if more than two try to climb aboard.

When the second pot rises into the room, it contains draconian troops.

6 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6" [15"/18"; hp 16 each; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

These are shock troops, trained to fight to the death. They do only what they are told and know nothing except the way from their quarters (64g) to their post (44e). They are not above having a snack along the way, however, and the adventurers look pretty tasty to them.

47d. Northern Crypts

Row upon row of dark and musty crypts line either side of a 10' wide, 30' tall hall.

47e. Floorless

Four archways enter a square room, well preserved but for one exception: there is no floor. Mist billows from the gaping hole where the floor once was. Only about a square yard of floor remains in the northeast corner. A small box sits at the edge of this floor section.

The room is 30' square. The box contains 5 gems (1,000 gpv each).

47f. Watch Room

The room has remained untouched for centuries. A green film blankets everything; corroded metal fittings lie where a banded table once stood.

The fittings crumble at the touch. The floor is slippery: all creatures fight here at -3 to their "to hit" chance.

47g. Treasury

Six stone coffins lie in the room. Thick fungus and slime cover everything in sight. A hollow voice, as if from the bottom of a deep well, calls to you: "Who enters the tomb of priests?"

1 Guardian Spectral Minion. AL CG; MV 30"; hp 16; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

The spirit guards the tombs of the priests and may not leave until relieved of duty. He is tired of his eternal watch. If the heroes speak kindly to this spirit, he tells them his purpose. If someone tells him that the party has come to relieve him, he is released from his vow and departs.

In each coffin lies the skeleton of a king of ancient Xak Tsaroth. Each skeleton holds a gleaming *sword* +1, the hilt at its chest, the point toward its feet.

47h. South Temple

The 30' square room rises 20' to a flat ceiling. Wall carvmgs, coated in a slimy green substance, adorn the walls:

47i. Temple of the Dead

The 30' wide octagonal room rises 60' to a domed ceiling. The back wall bears a relief statue of the goddess Mishakal. The arms of the statue reach down as if to receive something. Exits lie to the north, south, and west.

47j. North Temple

The ceiling has partially collapsed! A 4' diameter sewer constructed of fitted stone apparently fell through the roof, caving in the northeast corner of the room. Now, the jagged edge of the broken tunnel juts through the rubble-strewn floor. It looks as though a man could follow the tunnel downward into the dark quite some way, but there would be no room to swing a sword.

If Riverwind is with the party, he remembers having been here before. The sewer opening leads to area 48.

48. Sewer Entrance

Mosses and a slimy green film coat the walls of the 4' diameter sewer.

The walls are extremely slick. Unless the PCs have both hands free to climb down, they have to check their dexterity (adding 8 to the roll) or slide down the entire shaft to area 49.

Yet those who slide do not slide alone. Five Gully Dwarves are crawling up this tunnel, halfway between the junction (area 49) and the top of the sewer. Any hero who slides down bowls them over and tumbles with them all the way down. Since the tumble is more a slide than a fall, PCs do not take falling damage.

5 Gully Dwarves (Glup Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 6, 9x2, 12, 16; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

The dwarves are irritated at the accident, but do not bother the PCs. If no hero falls down the tunnel, the Aghar back all the way down to area 49 and let the party pass by.

49. Sewer Junction

The slick sewer tunnel suddenly branches downward. The corridor continues steeply before you, but the branching looks even steeper.

50. Sewer Branch

Moss and slimy green muck coat the 4' diameter tube. Water trickles slowly down the shaft.

51a. Cellar Above

A sewer pipe breaks through the cavern ceiling only 10' above the floor. What is left of the room appears to be upside down. Ceiling rafters span the floor, and the doors hang 3' above the rafters.

1 Huge Spider. AL N; MV 18"; hp 14; AC 6; HD 2+2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + poison

This spider has wandered into the room in a search for food. It will attack the first PC to slide down the sewer. It will fight to the death.

51b. Tipped Hallway

What once was polished plank flooring covers the ceiling.

51c. Ceiling Cooks

Cooking utensils are scattered about the room. A large wooden table hangs from the floor above.

3 Spectral Minion Cooks. AL CE; MV 30"; hp 17, 10, 16; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1 hp; 20% magic resist

If the heroes enter this room they see three cooks standing on the ceiling, behaving as if nothing were wrong. The cooks will try to chase and scare the adventurers out of their kitchen.

51d. Bottoms Down

Broken tables and chairs sprawl about the room. Swamp water seeps through the shuttered windows and collects in pools between the ceiling beams below. A huge fireplace against the far eastern wall receives the overflow, which drains down the chimney. Thin music and hollow laughter float through the hall. Overhead, spirits float upside down as if sitting at tables. They laugh and joke.

20 Spectral Minions. AL CE; MV 30"; hp 17 each; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 0; Dmg 0; AL CE; 20% magic resist

Unless they are attacked, the minions go about their business and ignore the PCs. If the PCs attack them, they scatter and vanish.

51e. Sleeping Inn

Rotted cots lie in a jumble all about the room. Water seeps in through the shuttered windows, collecting in pools on the floor. The overflow drains through the southern door.

52. Chimney Down

Water trickles down the chimney. Loose bricks provide handholds on all sides.

The chimney now descends from the fireplace, water trickling down its inside. A man could easily fit down its shaft, and there are plenty of handholds in the loosened bricks to help him descend. The chimney ends abruptly in mid-air, 15' above the sloping floor of a small cavern.

53a. Bakery

A sewer tube of fitted stone breaks through the ceiling of this shop. Water trickles from the tube onto the floor and streams out the door to the east. On the floor directly south of the slanting sewer tube sit 20 large rotting sacks.

This shop was once a bakery. The windows in its east wall overlook the ruins of a city street. The roar of rushing water comes from that direction.

The sewer shaft is 4' wide. If any PC slides down it into this room, he launches into the rotting sacks. The sacks disintegrate in a sudden explosion of white, and the flour within them covers the PC. Although the hero takes no damage, until he cleans off the flour everyone he meets asks him why he is covered in it.

53b. Sidestreet

The buildings that once lined this street have toppled against one another, forming a rough arch of marble slabs over the cobblestone street. The place is still but tense, like the nave of a haunted cathedral. Doors and broken shop windows yawn into the street as though the buildings had exploded from inside.

54a. Sage Front

Books line the north wall of the room, their spines stained with green fungus. The rich, musty smell of rotting paper fills the room.

The books bear familiar titles: *Huma and the Lance of Dragons*, *Tales of the Greystone Wars*, *Chronicle of Kith-Kanan*, *The Gods of Krynn*, and *Iconochronos, Vol. II*. Why, you,

Astinus, wrote the *Iconochronos*. In fact, you're working on *Volume X* right now! These books are so rotted from the swampwater that they crumble at the touch.

54b. Sage's Court

A large golden chair sags to one side atop a platform at the west end of the room. Floating above the chair sits the bright transparent form of a man in robes.

1 Sage Spectral Minion. AL CN; MV 30"; hp 15; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 0; 20% magic resist

The heroes in the room hear the ghostly figure speak: "I am Ossamis. It is my vow to answer one last question before I may leave. Ask: yours is the answer."

Ossamis answers any question as best he can. He knows the location of the *Disks of Mishakal* (area 70k) and how to get there.

55. Treasury Court

The street emerges from arched buildings into a plaza. Tremendous cracked and crumbling pillars strain beneath the rock ceiling. Water from the street rushes into a river flowing west from the east wall toward a steady roar of water. Across the plaza river, blackened steel doors stand in the face of a solid, square structure.

Those who try to wade across the river must make a strength check (subtracting 5 from the roll) to cross the river. Kender and dwarves do not get the bonus mentioned above. Any hero who fails tumbles 10 feet further down stream toward the falls (area 56). He has to check again until he succeeds or goes over the falls.

The steel doors weigh 1,500 gpw each and are worth 15,000 gp each in Solace, Haven or Gateway. The doors are on counterpoised hinges and open easily for the adventurers.

56. View from the Falls

Water rushes around columns and plunges from hanging steps into a vast cavern. Overhead, mist thickens beneath the fading ceiling. A single, dim shaft of light spreads into the vast underground area. Over 500 feet below, ruins litter the dim floor of the cavern. The ancient city of Xak Tsaroth is in many states of decay: some buildings are almost intact, many are nothing but rubble. Several waterfalls pour into the cavern, and many of the streets are rivers, all of which flow into a single abyss to the north. A huge chain extends from the mists overhead down into a small courtyard below.

The vines are slippery and damp. If a hero wants to climb down them, he must pass two dexterity checks. A fall from here would not only be terribly damaging (20d6) but would certainly attract the attention of the draconians. If the heroes climb down the vines, the first PC who descends about 100 feet suddenly hears something coming toward him: sniffling, muttering, a loud curse or two. It is more Gully Dwarves, climbing *up* to add their weight to the lifter.

8 Gully Dwarves (Glup Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 1, 6, 7, 9, 10x2, 11, 12; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4;

The dwarves will grumble, move back down the vines, and let the heroes go by.

57a. Outer Treasury

A long counter of chipped, dusty marble bisects the room from east to west. Against the south wall, four ghostly forms stand at attention, their weapons drawn. Just behind the counter stands another long-faced ghostly form. He speaks as you enter: "So you've finally arrived, Kathal! Well, you're the last, so pay the tax!"

Clerk Spectral Minion. AL CN; MV 30"; hp 18; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 0; 20% magic resist

4 Guardian Spectral Minions. AL CE; MV 30"; hp 9,11, 16,17; AC 2; HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; 20% magic resist

The counter has a 3' gap at its east end and is about 4' high. The spectral minions hover around it and demand the payment of Kathal's taxes: 500 clay Tsarothian Culli. The accountant accepts no other currency; payment releases him from duty.

If the PCs have no Culli, the accountant orders the guards to kill them for trying to impersonate Kathal.

57b. Vault

Hundreds of rotting sacks lie within the room. Clay tokens spill from their split sides. Three skeletons, two holding shovels, sprawl half-buried in the clay tokens. Their faces grin hideously. Two alcoves sit in the east wall; the moss-covered inscriptions above them are difficult to make out.

The PCs have a 30% chance to read the inscriptions. The northern one reads "Treasury," the southern one "Taxes." The alcoves are both *dimension doors* to the ruins of the Treasury Tower (area 62).

58a. North Cavern

The fragments of a chimney hang down 5' from the cavern ceiling. Water trickles from the chimney and from fissures in the surrounding cavern walls. Fifteen feet below the chimney, the cavern floor slants sharply toward the southwest.

58b. Drain

The steepening floor of the cavern suddenly narrows into a smooth, yard-wide vertical drain. Water, collected from all the fissures in the cavern, swirls steadily down the sides of the shaft.

58c. Down the Sink

Water splashes down the slick sides of the vertical shaft. The tunnel is chrlly, the noise of the water is deafening.

59a. Windows Below

A natural shaft of smooth rock carries a spray of water into the cramped cave. The ceiling of the small area is filled with water. The floor, however, is made of solid masonry stonework. Indeed, the water falls through what appears to be a 30' tall window laid into the stone floor. The glass is gone, but the ironwork of the windowframe remains.

Curtains of woven metal strands fall from the northern end of the window (what had been its top before the room capsized) down to the floor of the room below. These can support any PCs trying to climb them.

59b. Dance on the Wall

The vast hall lies on its side: its northern wall, beamed like the ceiling it once was, its southern wall a great, tiled floor. Now the ceiling and floor of the room are windowed. Water pours into the room from the upper windows and out through the broken lower ones. Mosses and fungus cover the hall. The fungus on the floor appears to be moving. From the north end of the overhead windows, curtains made of some corroded, woven metal hang limply toward the wall below. Each of the four upper windows has these drapes, but those from the westernmost window have been pulled over to an arched opening in the west wall, where they have been fastened. This opening, 30' up the west wall, leads to a dark corridor.

10 Poisonous Snakes. AL N; MV 15"; hp 9 each; AC 6; HD 2+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1 hp + poison (does 3d4 points damage)

The curtains easily support the weight of a man. Each adventurer who attempts to move from one curtain to another must make a dexterity check or fall to the floor (3d6 damage from the fall) and be attacked by the snakes.



CHAPTER 4: LAIR OF THE DRAGON

60. Entrance to the Hall of Justice

Only a dim light from above scatters the darkness in the cavern, shining faintly on the ruins that cover the cavern floor. The air is heavy with moisture and heat. The facade of an ancient building juts sideways from the cavern wall. Its roof lies half buried in the rubble of the cavern floor to the north, its steps now rising to the south. The delicately carved pillars that stood in front of the building now lie broken amid rubble that slopes west to a cobblestone street. Further west, a ring of broken stones marks the foundation of a tremendous tower. The tower itself lies next to the foundation, its top buried in the cavern wall. Water pours into the cavern from several places high up the walls.

61. North Cavern Falls

Water thunders down from an opening high up the cavern wall. Gleaming only faintly in the gloomy light, it tumbles over the rubble and forms a river on the cobblestone street, rushing out of sight.

62. Treasury Tower

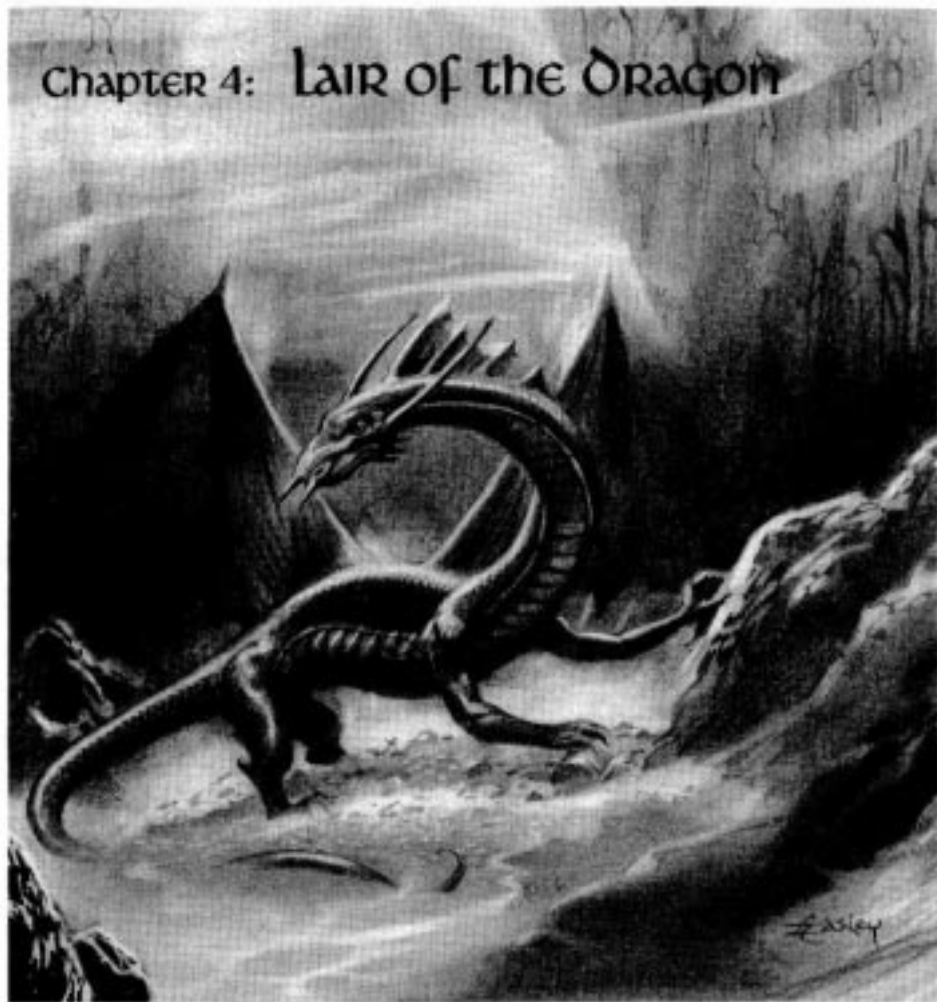
A broken foundation circles the area where a tremendous tower once stood. Two 10' cubes stand within the circle, apparently untouched by the catastrophe that destroyed the city. Each cube has an arched opening in its side. The openings face each other, 20' apart. To one side, the fallen tower lies on its side, its top buried in the cavern wall to the north. Inside the hollow cylinder of the tower is only darkness.

The cubes are permanent *dimension doors*, both of which lead to the vault of the treasury (57b). These warp space so that they appear to be normal arched entrances into the vault.

63. North Mall

The catastrophe has marred once-beautiful buildings. Moss-covered rubble hides the carefully laid cobblestones of the street. Rushing through the rubble and cobblestones, an icy river surges northwest. There the street ends abruptly in a chasm: mist billows from the hole, and falling water crashes somewhere below.

The water charges out of the cavern here. Heroes trying to cross the swift water within 50' of the chasm must check both strength and dexterity in order to make it across unaided. Those who fail either check are swept 10' toward the twisting whirlpool in the crevasse. Then they must make both checks



again or be swept another 10' toward the maelstrom. Anyone who falls into the crevasse drowns, unless he has a spell, potion, or device of *waterbreathing*, in which case he finds himself at the bottom of a 1000' cliff, floating out into the Newsea.

64. Palace Guard Hall

The shattered walls of the city bow darkly above the street. Mosses and fungus cling to the ruins, as if trying to drag the walls down. In the middle of the street that runs between the ruins, a river flows swiftly north. A dim shaft of light overhead centers on a great plaza to the south. To the east one building seems to have held up most admirably. Dark growth obscures the lettering above its double doors.

The adventurers have a good chance (60%) to read these runes: "Guardians of Justice."

64a. Entry

Dark stains spot the walls. The 10' wide hall curves before a set of bronze double doors. In front of the doors, mosses cover an ancient, faded mural.

The heroes must clean off the mural before they have any idea that it is a map of a city. Even if they discover this, they have only a

30% chance of recognizing their current location on the map.

Anyone who figures out which part of the mural is the cavern area can discover the way to the Great Plaza (67), the Hall of Justice (70a) and the Treasury Tower (62).

64b. North Cell

Dark stains streak the walls of the 20' square room. Two sodden wooden doors open to the east and south.

64c. North Armory

Ancient bronze weapons dangle from broken racks on all the walls. A low ceiling, heavy with moisture, strains on sagging beams. In the center of the room, two squat shapes bat their leathery wings, chattering loudly and tugging a steel weapon between them.

5 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 6, 7, 9, 11, 12; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4

The two draconians in the center of the room are arguing over a shortsword. Nevertheless, they and their other three companions will stop bickering and attack the party, fighting until the death.

64d. Assembly

The room is dark, but the echo of footsteps suggests that it is large. From deep in the darkness comes a shrill, hiccuping sound.

1 Bozak Draconian (Drunk). AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 15; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; magical spells; explodes for 1d6 damage on death. Spells:

1st Level: *charm person, magic missile, push*

2nd Level: *darkness 15', web*

The hiccups come from a stone drunk draconian, lying in the northwest corner of the room. He thinks the adventurers are his draconian brothers, so they will have no trouble getting him to babble at them in common tongue. He is drunk and upset: "The Captain an' I was havin' a little celebration when we got a bit too celebrated! I remember that a bunch of stinking gully dwarves came along and carried him off. If they let the humans in on our real plan, the whole thing could be mined. I'm pretty sure they dragged him off to their Guildhouse west of here. I've got to get a rescue party together — just as soon as I've had a chance to sleep. . .off. . .this. . ."

The draconian will sleep for at least 3 hours. He cannot be awakened in that time.

64e. South Cell

Dark stains streak the walls of this 20' square room. A green, slimy substance coats its ceiling.

64f. South Armory

Bronze weapons, corroded and useless, hang askew from broken wall racks.

64g. Quarters

Mosses drape the darkened corridor. Inky alcoves branch from both sides of the hall. A putrid smell hangs in the air.

15 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6" [15"/18"; hp 14 each; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

Snorts, hisses, and whistles rise from the sleeping draconians lying in many of the cells in the hall. These fellows do not sleep well, and each hero who enters this area must be quiet or else awaken them. Even if he is trying to be silent, each hero must check his dexterity to succeed. If awakened, the draconians have but one thought on their minds: to kill the intruders.

64h. Mess Hall

Smoky torches light this large room. Broken tables lie scattered about, and a fireplace, cold with disuse, is built into the east wall. Three unbroken tables stand upright in the center of the room. There, under the sputtering torchlight, three dark shapes argue loudly.

-3 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 11, 13x2; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

"What are we waiting for?" roars the first draconian. "I'll tell ya! The Dragonlord needs this here crystal staff, see? If he don't have it where it be safe and sound, then them humans might just be able to clean our noses."

The second draconian replies, "If old Verminaard, our high and mighty Dragonlord, needs a staff, then let him get it! I don't see why it's so important. Khisanth guards the only writings of the true gods we know about — without them the humans can't stop us."

"Look, all we gotta do is wait until those spineless Seekers in Haven come up with the staff. Then we crush them and take it. What's a few days' wait for a little extra safety, eh?"

These Draconians are spoiling for a fight! They will fight to the death.

65a. Larder Office

Three figures squat in the center of the room, their wings folded flat against their backs. They seem to be tossing something on the floor. In the northwest corner, a single short figure lies bound head to toe. His eyes glitter above the gag over his mouth.

3 Bozak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 22, 23, 17; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; magical spells; explode on death. Spells:

1st Level: *magic missile, shield, sleep*
2nd Level: *darkness 15'; web*

Hugon Barker, the Kender. T3; AL CG; S11; I13; W9; D15; C 10; Ch13; AC 5; MV 9"; hp 14; Dmg 1-4

"What luck," says the largest draconian, "that this little morsel fell into our hands! We'll cast our bones on the floor until one of us wins him. He'll make a nice change of diet."

The Kender held prisoner by the draconians is in serious trouble: caught up in the middle of wanderlust, a natural time of Kender life, he felt as though he had to find out what was at the bottom of the cavern. He knows nothing about the plans of the dragonmen, or

even what they are. If rescued, he will join the party.

65b. Larder

This 30' square room has no natural source of light. Wicker baskets are stacked against its walls.

Anyone who checks the room carefully will note a glint of metal from behind the baskets against the west wall. A cache of extra weapons: three long swords of superior craftsmanship (+2 to hit and damage) and an elven bow with a matching quiver of 12 arrows (+1).

66. Court of Reception

A thin shaft of light overhead dimly outlines a dismal courtyard 40' in diameter. Broken cobblestone streets run east, west and south from the courtyard; ruined walls sag threateningly toward the streets. Against the northern wall of the courtyard, a 10' high wicker dragon stands, bearing a large round metal plate suspended in a hole in its chest. A robed figure stands next to the statue. A huge black metal pot sits in the center of the courtyard. A chain rises from the pot and disappears above into mists.

1 Baaz Draconian. AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 16; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

Within a few minutes a group of 8 draconians arrive in the plaza.

8 Baaz Draconians AL LE MV 6" [15"/18"; hp 2, 3, 5x2, 8x2, 9, 12; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death

Their leader nods to the robed draconian by the statue, who takes a mallet from his robes and hits a round metal gong in the statue. Moments after the sound rocks through the cavern, the chain overhead grows taut and the pot begins to rise, 8 draconians scrambling in. A second pot, bristling with stubby arms and legs, descends on a chain and passes the ascending pot. Within 5 minutes, the descending pot bumps to a stop in the courtyard. It is full of gully dwarves, some having ridden down on the outside of the pot.

15 Gully Dwarves (Glup Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 8 each; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

They wait until the robed draconian yells. "Now, you scum! Climb out or else!" Then they leap from the pot and scramble from the cavern through area 59b and 58.

67. Great Plaza

A single column of light pierces the overhead mists and spreads onto a vast plaza at least 120' feet across. Steady streams from the east and west streets flow into a large pool of water, which in turn empties into a river channeled down the north street. The roar of waterfalls fades to silence, the moss-covered ruins that surround the plaza recede into the darkness when a low, throaty noise rumbles from the entrance of one of the southern buildings.

A huge black creature arches like a cobra on the steps to the building. The plaza stills: it seems as though light and air flee the spot on which the creature stands.

The dragon (it must be a dragon: a winged draconian kneels before it) speaks in a low, hissing language from the stairs. Behind the draconian, several dirty forms grovel in the moss, turning their eyes from the glossy black scales.

The dragon whispers further to the draconian, who then turns and yells to the Aghar: "Begin the search!" While the dragon looks on, the search party and its draconian leader scurry off. A moment later, the dragon retreats through area 70a into its lair (70k).

Khisanth (Onyx), an ancient, huge black dragon. AL CE; MV 12"/24"; hp 64; AC 3; HD 8; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/3-18; acid breath. Spells:

First Level: *charm person* (x2), *magic missile* (x2), *shocking grasp* (x2), and *sleep* (x2)

7 Gully Dwarves (Slud Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 2, 3, 5, 6, 8x2, 9; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

1 Bozak Leader. AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 15; AC 4; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; magical spells; explodes on death for 1d6 damage. Spells:

1st Level: *charm person*, *magic missile*, *push*
2nd Level: *darkness* 15', *web*

The PCs would be seen before they could get close enough to hear the dragon's instructions. However, the draconian's voice carries throughout the plaza, saying, "Aghar slime, hear me! If this prisoner escapes, I will be eaten alive for breakfast but not before I eat you! I want that prisoner and I want her now!" The draconian cracks a whip overhead and the Aghar scatter down each of the streets. The draconian follows one of the search groups randomly.

They are looking for an escaped prisoner—a Que-Shu tribeswoman who is hiding at area 67b.

67a. East Falls

Torrents of water batter the rubble, hurling mists into the air, then settle into a stream running west down the street. Vines grow up the side of the cavern next to the waterfall.

The wet vines are very slippery. The adventurers must check their dexterity twice (once halfway up and again at the top) to climb to the ruins of the treasury (area 56).

67b. West Falls

A wall of water dives from an opening in the west cavern, filling the street, the settling quickly into an east-running stream.

An escaped prisoner of the draconians hides, trembling, behind the curtain of water.

Sunstar, Que-Shu Survivor. F2; AL CG; S11; 110; W12; D13; C13; Ch15; MV 12; hp 8; AC 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4

The woman crouches in the rubble, as far from the water as she can get. Cornered, she fights fiercely and to the death, unless the party shows that they mean no harm. She is one of only two survivors in her tribe, and is desperate to escape the dragonmen. Her cell (70g) is near the dragon's lair (70k). If the party is friendly, she joins them gladly.

68a. Alley

A narrow passage, framed by crumbling walls, winds through the vine covered ruins and ends suddenly in a door.

68b. Scum Entrance

The room is damp and chill. An old and terrible quiet rules the place, as though stunned by the past — by something unspeakable that happened here once.

68c. Slud Clan Rooms

Brown and drying mold covers every wall, and a dull stench arises from beneath the lumpy woven mats piled about the floor. Faint sounds rattle from each of these mats.

The room is an Aghar barracks. Thieves must *move silently* to walk among these sleeping dwarves without waking them. Non-thieves who attempt to enter the room wake the Aghar. If they awaken, the dwarves rush toward the door and safety; if captured, they know (and will tell) about the elevator (47c, 66) but nothing else.

15 Gully Dwarves (Slud Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 3, 6x2, 7x3, 8x2, 10x3, 12, 13x2, 15; AC 8 HD 2 #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

68d. Glup Clan Rooms

Fungus stains and water streak the wall. Light flickers into the room through four vertical slits in the north wall.

Heroes looking through these slits see the torch-lit room (68e).

68e. Welcome Room

Torches sputter and smoke in sconces mounted to the east wall. Darker than the smoke are the slits in the south and west walls. These slits are only 2 inches wide, but they are 4 feet long.

The southern slits look into an empty room (68d). The sound of hearty snoring rumbles through the western wall slits. The guards (in 680 that are supposed to make this a death-trap are napping. No amount of noise in this room awakens them.

68f. Guards Post

Their backs to the slits in the eastern wall of the room, three gully dwarves lean against each other, asleep. The huge round nose of the largest bobs up and down with every rolling snore. His arms are folded across his chest; his notched short sword rests on the floor well out of his reach. He leans against the second dwarf, whose ears curl in cycle with his loud snoring. The feet of the third, small dwarf stick out from beneath his friends, wearing two huge boots, their soles tattered. The snoring of the guards could awaken a mountain.

3 Gully Dwarves (Bulp Clan Aghar Guards). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 7, 10, 12; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4;

These are crack Aghar guards! If wakened, they try to bully any one trespasser but run away from more than one. If they run, they go straight to the Highbulp's throne room (68m), report that "an army" has broken in, and ask for orders.

68g. Waiting Place

The streaked walls of the room lie buried under tapestries and decorations almost too gaudy to be believed. The tapestries hang everywhere, some upside down or sideways. Fraying gold cloth drapes between statues of every shape and kind. It is the Aghar idea of the good life.

Other than the obvious doors in the room, a secret door in the north end of the east wall leads to 68h. Anyone within three feet of this door will hear thumping sounds against the door, followed by muffled growls and yells.

68h. Treasury

A single draconian glares from the darkness. His hands and feet are bound tightly, his wings tied securely against his body. On either side of him, two small gully dwarves stand, bearing wooden spears. They prod the draconian with their sticks, then jump back as though he is not tied. Each time they jump, their oversized horned helmets roll around atop their heads, sometimes falling over their eyes.

The dwarves notice the heroes after only 2 rounds. They try to flee the room. The draconian, stripped of his weapons and his uniform, is the captain of the draconians and has awakened with a horrible hangover!

2 Gully Dwarves (Bulp Aghar Guards). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 9, 11; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

1 Bozak Draconian (Captain of the Draconians). AL LE; MV 6"[15"/18"; hp 33; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4 1-4; magical spells, explode on death for 1d6 damage. Spells:

1st Level: *charm person, magic missile, push*

2nd Level: *darkness 15', web*

If untied, the draconian captain uses every means he can, but mainly his spells, to escape and regain command of his troops.

The captain tells the following only if threatened with death or if charmed: "Vermi-naard is our Dragonlord! True cleric of evil, he calls upon the powers of darkness to bring this land under his rule and that of his brothers. Yet he fears one thing: the uprising of light against the darkness. We guard that which might kindle hope among men and lift the darkness! We guard the true knowledge of the gods. Under the eye of Khisanth, the truth is safe in the secret night!"

68i. Messy Mess

Lukewarm, stinking glop flies about the room. Bowls shatter against the walls, knives clatter on the floor. Gully dwarves are settling a wild argument over dinner.

8 Gully Dwarves (Bulp Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 3,6, 8, 10x2, 11, 12, 13; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4 1-4

Each round a hero is in this room, he suffers a 70% chance that a bowl of goo will hit and splatter on him. This is Aghar stew, made by throwing just about anything dead or near death into a pot. The stuff stinks violently, and keeps on stinking: it wears off in 1d20 turns, but in that time other heroes must check constitution to be able to stand within

10' of the smelly hero. Neither the hero nor anyone with him has a chance of surprising an enemy.

The Aghar do not notice the heroes until 5 rounds after they have entered the hall. Some of them throw food at the intruders, though their chances to hit the heroes do not increase: the Aghar are too busy dodging bowls themselves. If the heroes try to fight, the foul-smelling dwarves simply run out one of the doors of the room.

68j. Bulp Clan Rooms

Grinding snores and whistles echo from dirty cells off the hallway.

8 Gully Dwarves (Bulp Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 3, 6, 8, 10x2, 11, 12, 13; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4 1-4

If awakened, the Aghar try to run away. If captured, they reveal some valuable knowledge: they know the tunnelway from 69b into the dragon's lair.

68k. Highbulp Quarters

A huge bed — carved, rotting posts at each corner — sags in the middle of the room. Tattered hats, some of which sport shredded or soiled feathers, hang on racks lining the west wall. Caps and loud clothing of all kinds are piled about.

This is the bedroom of the Highbulp Phudge. There is a secret door in the west wall. Any heroes who search the clothing piles find an old, stained map.

The map shows the location of the sewer access (69b) and the tunnel that leads from there to the dragon's lair at 70k. Crude notes on the margins of the map read, "Big treasure, much goods. Old bark of a dragon not miss if great Highbulp take his share!"

68l. Secret Exit

Thieves of old used this exit when they needed to get into the streets quickly. The secret doors are one way only — out of the old guild hall.

68m. Court of the Aghar

Heavy, frayed gold cloth adorns the hall. Statues line the walls, and carpets of every color and description form a patchwork across the floor. At the west end, a huge throne sits, the gold leafing peeling badly from its carved frame. A shrivelled figure, nodding beneath a tarnished crown three sizes too big for him, sits buried in robes on the throne. Four armed dwarves, their heads rattling inside their helmets, stand beside their king.

This is the court of the Highbulp Phudge I, King of the Aghar. He bargains with whoever comes into his court. The guards attack only if they or Phudge are attacked first. Though Aghar generally run away from a fight, when backed into a corner they are ferocious!

Phudge Highbulp, King of the Aghar. AL CN; MV 12"; hp 16; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

4 Highbulp Guards (Bulp Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 4, 6, 7, 13; ACs; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

The Highbulp does not like draconians. He feels that pickings were easier before they came, and he misses the times when Aghar could go for weeks without working. Furthermore, the dragonmen have cleaned the place up far too much for his tastes. The Highbulp knows that the Disks of Mishakal lie in the dragon's lair at 70k; he also knows about the tunnel from 69b into that lair. He will offer the party guides to various places in the caverns, but he offers no other aid.

69a. Delvers Welcome

Water seeps down the walls in the room, pools, then winds out the south door. A long stone counter bisects the room from east to west. Behind it, another doorway

69b. The Secret Way

Rivulets of water trickle down the walls of Although a great deal of water is flooding the room, that on the floor seems to be only a few inches deep.

PCs who check the floor near the center of the room find a closed trap door operated by a pull ring. Add the strengths of all PCs trying to pull the door open to find the percentage chance of their success.

The trap door is 4' square and opens over a 4' square shaft 20' deep. There it opens into a 5' diameter masonry tunnel half-filled with water.

If the PCs enter this area, check for a random encounter. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d20 to determine how many rounds later it takes place. Treat a rolled encounter with Khisanth as no encounter.

Water trickles into the main tunnel through gaps in the stonework. North of the access shaft, the tunnel runs 30' to a cave-in. The tunnel extends south into the darkness.

Through the darkness, the tunnel runs 200' south, then turns east 340' to another cave-in. Thirty feet before the end of the east branching tunnel, however, a shaft ascends 30 feet to a grate in the floor of Khisanth's lair (70k).

70a. Pillars of the Palace

Broad steps lead from the great plaza to a pillared courtyard. All cracked, some shattered, the pillars support a sagging stone roof. In places, the cavern wall has broken the stonework and forms much of the courtyard. A large archway leads into a huge dark room to the east. At the back of the courtyard, a set of stained steel doors stand closed. These also lead east.

70b. Honored Dead

Tremendous, 40' statues of ancient kings stand at the north and south walls of the hall. Their deeply carved features are masked in shadows, but they seem to watch intruders.

70c. First Hall

Soiled walls rise 30' to an arched ceiling. Mosses and an off-white fungus line the hall. Ancient man-sized statues stand throughout the chamber.

Two draconians guard the north end of the hall.

2 Bozak Draconian Guards (AC 2; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp22, 23; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; magical spells; explode on death for 1d6 damage. Spells:
1st Level: *magic missile*; *shield*, *sleep*
2nd Level: *darkness 15*; *web*

70d. Palace Treasury

Huge chests, their wood rotted and split, spill their contents into the room.

There are 30,000 Tsarothian clay Culli in this room – absolutely worthless. However, if a PC searches through the Culli, he has a 30% chance of finding one of the following: two *throwing daggers* +3, 1 pair *gauntlets of climbing*, one spellbook containing *wizard lock*, *knock*, and *invisibility* spells, and a *shield* +1.

70e. Bozak Quarters

Cells branch north from a long hall that runs to the east. The hall is silent.

70f. Bozak Captain

This 20' × 30' room is quite spare: A bed-roll lies on the floor, a pack in the corner.

The pack contains dried meats and a map showing the exact layout of the palace (70a-70h).

70g. Prisoner Cell

The door creaks open to reveal a man hanging limply by his wrists from manacles driven into the walls. His torso is bare and stretched, showing signs of torture.

Raven-eye, Que-Shu Warrior. F2; AL CG; S14; 112; W9; D14; C12; Ch12; MV12"; hp 16; AC 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4

The man's name is Raven-eye. Though weak, he speaks: "Our tribe was set upon by demons from the north. We fought bravely. To our shame, we still fell into their hands. Only two of us are left – the other is a woman who escaped just a few hours ago." He knows the way to the dragon's lair (70k) and will join and aid the PCs.

70h. Bozak Commander

The door opens onto a room lit by a smoky torch. A crude desk sits in the middle of the room. Sitting behind it, a scaly winged lizard creature wearing partial armor suddenly looks up and leaps to his feet!

1 Bozak Draconian Commander. AL LE; MV6"[15"]/18"; hp30; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; magical spells; explodes on death for 1d6 damage. Spells:
1st Level: *charm person*; *magic missile*; *shield*
2nd Level: *invisibility*; *mirror image*

If badly outnumbered, this sly draconian surrenders, then tries to lead the heroes through the west doors of area 70j, insisting that it is the only safe way to enter the dragon's lair.

70i. Long Hall

Water seeps down the arching walls of the 10' wide hall. A cold, musty smell rides the air.

The hall runs south into the rubble of a collapsed ceiling. Steel double doors, weighing 500 gpw each, stand closed on the right of the corridor. These lead to area 70k.

70j. Hall of Sound

A 30' high ceiling arches above the 20' wide hall. Mosaic patters cover the floor with meaningless design.

The hall is 90' long. Forty feet from either end, pressure plates in the floor activate a loud gong, which resounds through the palace area. If the PCs fail to note this trap and sound the gong, the dragon pushes her head out the east doors and uses her breath weapon on the party in this narrow space. She then calls for draconian guards, unaware that there are none in the area.

70k. Court of the Balance

A vast chamber stretches before you, 100' in diameter. The circular room rises four stories to a cracked and broken translucent dome. Dim light filters through the mists above, spreading onto the center of the rotunda. There, a glossy black dragon straddles a pile of jewels, steel weapons and intricate items.

This is Khisanth's lair. Khisanth, known commonly as Onyx, is duty bound to keep the Plates of Mishakal from the PCs. If she has a breath weapon or any spells left, she takes to the air and uses these. Otherwise, she must slug it out on the ground with the PCs.

Khisanth (Onyx), an ancient, huge black dragon. AL CE; MV 12"/124"; hp 64; AC 3; HD 8; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/3-18; acid breath. Spells:

First Level: *charm person* (x2), *magic missile* (x2), *shocking grasp* (x2), *sleep* (x2)

If the PCs have the crystal staff, a voice gives them special instruction: any PC who holds the staff while in this area hears a soft, feminine whisper: "Retrieve the disks, and hit the dragon with this staff. All will be well." If the PC manages to hit the dragon with the staff, the staff explodes on contact. Read the following boxed description if this happens:

The staff shatters as it strikes the dragon. Blue light bursts from the staff in brilliant spherical waves. The figure who broke the staff is lost in light, disappearing as a ringing sound fills the chamber. The wall of shining blue pulses, its power shaking the earth itself. The great dragon is covered in the glow and falls, screaming, into light. The walls shake; pillars in the room sway and topple. The cracked ceiling begins to crumble. Above the falling ceiling, the cavern walls themselves begin to collapse.

Everywhere the PCs go in the cavern, from now on, rocks tumble from the walls, and water gushes under tremendous force into the area. All creatures in all encounter areas will, from now on, be trying desperately to escape the collapsing cavern. PCs run a 15% chance per turn of being hit by falling ceiling debris for 1d12 damage. The water level in the cavern rises 1 foot per turn. If the heroes manage to escape, direct them to the Temple of Mishakal(46b) and read the Epilogue that follows.

The dragon's horde contains the *Disks of Mishakal* (see Appendix 4), 56 200 gp gems, a *cloak of invisibility*, and 1000 pp. The dragon wears a *ring of darkness* which projects up to a radius of 100'.

Epilogue

If the PCs break the staff, escape the cavern, and return to area 46b, read the boxed description at right. If the heroes have taken the Disks and destroyed the dragon without having the Crystal Staff, allow them to make their way out of the cavern as best they can: do not read the box at right. If the players are going to continue with *Dragonlance 2: "Dragons of Flame,"* read them the box on the far right.

The beautiful statue of a goddess towers above you in the hall. In her hands lies a perfect carved likeness of the blue crystal staff. At the foot of the statue, a lone figure stirs.

The lone figure is the person who broke the staff. He or she lies here unharmed, all hit points restored. The staff is now part of the statue, but a platinum version of the medallion around the statue's neck now adorns the neck of the PC who broke the staff.

The day ends as you and your fellow heroes trudge back over the Forsaken Mountains. The plains below stretch to the east. Dark clouds flash in the west—but not only dark clouds: even viewed from this great distance, the billowing darkness far across the plains is clearly something else. Smoke climbs into the autumn sky, rising from the forests of Solace.

APPENDICES

Appendix 1: Rates of Exchange

The coinage of Krynn is unlike that of other AD&D™ worlds. The value of items varies from realm to realm. Steel, not gold, is the standard measure of value.

There are seven trade metals: steel, gold, silver, copper, iron, platinum, and bronze. The intrinsic value of the metal (usually steel) measures the value of a realm's coinage. When computing experience, 1 steel = 1 XP, no matter where that steel is acquired.

These abbreviations are used: stl (steel piece), gpv (gold piece value in AD&D game), gpw (gold piece weight as in AD&D game), gp (gold piece), sp (silver piece), cp (copper piece), ip (iron piece), pp (platinum piece), and bp (bronze piece).

In the Seeker Lands, where this adventure takes place, the standard steel coin is an Emas (em). Gold has no monetary value.

In the lands conquered by the Dragonlords, no coinage is used; the gpw of the metal is used for exchanges. Steel is the basic metal, but gold does have some value.

SEEKER LANDS: 1 steel Emas equals:

50 sp, or 10 cp, or 2 ip, or 2 pp, or 5 bp.

DRAGON LANDS: 1 gpw of steel equals:

10 gp, or 20 sp, or 100 cp, or 2 ip, or 1/5 pp, or 2 bp.

If a character enters Dragonlord-occupied territory carrying 10 em (worth 500 sp in the Seeker Lands), it becomes worth only 200 sp, a 60% decrease in value. It will accordingly have much less purchasing power.

Appendix 2: Treasures and Tomes

Crystal of Mishakal (The Blue Crystal Staff)

This staff is carved from a single piece of blue crystal. It is about 5 feet long and has a 2-inch-diameter shaft. The ornamentally bladed head of the staff bears a gem in its center.

Although Riverwind does not remember, a manifestation of the Goddess Mishakal gave him the staff. It is an intelligent artifact of Lawful Good alignment and has an Ego of 10. It can only be used by those of its alignment; others who try to wield the staff take 4d6 points electrical damage. A Lawful Good person may use the staff to heal the electrical damage it has caused. The staff has the following powers:

1. Strikes as a *staff of striking* (1-3 charges per use).
2. Casts any of the following clerical spells (2 charges per level of spell):
 - 1st level: *command*, *cure light wounds*, *remove fear*
 - 3rd level: *continual light*, *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, *remove curse*
 - 5th level: *cure critical wounds*, *raise dead*
 - 7th level: *restoration*, *resurrection*.
3. Teleports (at its own discretion, using 15 charges).
4. Deflects dragon breath weapon in a 10' radius (10 charges per use).

The staff holds up to 20 charges at a time. It regains one charge/day from the combined influences of Krynn's three moons, but it can be recharged immediately and completely at the statue of Mishakal (46b). Upon completion of the Quest for the *Disks of Mishakal*, the staff becomes part of the statue again.

The Disks of Mishakal

These are platinum disks 18 inches in diameter. Each disk is 1/16 inch thick. There are 160 of these plates in all. A bolt passes through one side of the plates, allowing each to swivel out and be viewed while keeping the stack together. Each of the plates is engraved on both sides.

Anyone of Lawful or Neutral Good alignment may examine the plates. Others take 4d6 points of electrical damage each time they try to touch or read the disks.

Clerics who read this book gain knowledge about the ancient Gods of Good: Paladine (rulership), Majere (meditation and control), Kiri-Jolith (war and battle), Mishakal (healing), Habakuk (seas and animals), and Branchala (elves, forests, and music).

Any cleric who worships these gods may receive spells as per standard AD&D™ rules. The book tells how to worship them and gain true clerical abilities.

Medallion of Faith

This is the symbol of those who worship the true gods. Each medallion magically creates another *medallion of faith* for clerics of any good alignment who profess faith in the old gods of good. The created medallion bears the symbol of the god that the cleric professes, regardless of which symbol the original bears.

The medallions have no further powers, but they serve as symbols of faith. True believers wear them at all times, although never openly.

Appendix 3: Monsters and Men

DRACONIANS (DRAGONMEN)

<i>Baaz</i>	<i>Bozak</i>
FREQUENCY: <i>Uncommon</i>	<i>Uncommon</i>
#APPEARING: 2-20	2-20
ARMOR CLASS: 4	2
MOVE: 6" [15"/18"	6" [15"/18"
HIT DICE: 2	4
% IN LAIR: 5%	15%
TREASURE TYPE: J, K, L	U
# ATTACKS: 1 or 2	1 or 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4/1-4	1-4/1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS: <i>None</i>	<i>Magical spells</i>
SPECIAL DEFENSES: <i>None</i>	<i>+2 to saves</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20%	20%
INTELLIGENCE: <i>Average</i>	<i>High</i>
ALIGNMENT: <i>Lawful Evil</i>	<i>Lawful Evil</i> <i>(some Chaotic)</i>
SIZE: M (5½')	M (6'+)
PSIONIC ABILITY <i>Nil</i>	<i>Nil</i>
Attack/Defense Modes: <i>Nil</i>	<i>Nil</i>
X.P.: 81+1/hp	175+4/hp

Draconians, or dragonmen, are the basic troops of the dragonlords. Their origins are unknown to anyone in this section of Krynn. Of the four known types of draconians, two appear to the party during this part of the adventure.

All draconians have wings, but neither the Baaz nor the Bozak can truly fly for more than one round. All draconians have three movement rates: walking; running on all fours while pushing through the air with wings; and gliding. To move at the second rate of speed, they must use all four limbs and have their wings free to move. Draconians prefer to charge this way, carrying their weapons in their teeth. They can glide from any height, and glide a distance 4 times greater than the height from which they launch.

Baaz. These draconians are generally the smallest of the species, and thus the easiest to pass off as humans. As the bottom of the draconian social order, they serve all other ranks of dragonmen. However, because of a quirk in their origins, these draconians often tend to be chaotic in nature and very self-serving when they can get away with it.

Baaz are often encountered in disguise. They can conceal their wings under robes and, wearing a large hood and mask, can pass through civilized lands as spies. Dragonlords often use the Baaz in this manner just before an invasion.

When a Baaz reaches 0 hit points, he turns at once into what appears to be a stone statue. If a PC deals this statue a blow with a melee weapon, he must make a dexterity check at -3 or his weapon will be stuck in the still-hardening statue of the draconian. In any

event, the statue crumbles to dust within 1-4 rounds after the draconian's death, freeing any weapon stuck in it. While a weapon is stuck in a dead Baaz, it cannot be used. Note that only the body of the Baaz turns to stone and then crumbles; armor and weapons it carries are unaffected and may be used by others after the draconian turns to dust.

Bozak. The magic-users of their kind, Bozak Draconians have higher resistance to magic than other dragonmen (see their saving throw modifier). Bozak also cast magic spells as fourth level magic users. They are deeply dedicated to the purposes of the Dragonlords and never show mercy once they start to attack. They are, however, very intelligent and will not destroy an opponent if they believe that their cause would be furthered by sparing his life.

When the Bozak die, their scaly flesh suddenly dries and crumbles from their bones. The bones then explode, doing 1d6 points of damage to anyone within 10' of them.

AGHAR (GULLY DWARVES)

FREQUENCY: <i>Rare</i>
#APPEARING: 1-4 (2-20)
ARMOR CLASS: <i>By armor type</i>
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: <i>Varies (1-4)</i>
% IN LAIR: 45%
TREASURE TYPE: 25% J
ATTACKS: 1 or 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: <i>By weapon type</i> <i>or 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite)</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS: <i>None</i>
SPECIAL DEFENSES: <i>Save at 2 levels higher</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE: <i>Standard</i>
INTELLIGENCE: <i>Low</i>
ALIGNMENT: <i>Chaotic Neutral</i>
SIZE: S (3'-5')
PSIONIC ABILITY: <i>Nil</i>
Attack/Defense Modes: <i>Nil/Nil</i>
X.P.: 14+1/hp; 28+2/hp; 50+3/hp; 85+4/hp

Aghar are the lowest class in the Dwarven caste system—indeed, most Mountain Dwarves say that they aren't even part of any caste. These raggedly clothed dwarves vary in skin color from parchment to mottled to olive. Their hair is as unkempt as their clothing. Their health is generally bad and their bodies bear sores, scars and callouses.

Though humans think they are comical, Aghar are a disgusting race whose motto is "do anything, no matter how mean, to survive." Occasionally, a decent, moral Aghar can be found, but those are very rare. Aghar believe that magic is a sham that deserves to be exposed.

Gulley dwarves generally tend toward weak constitution and low intelligence but have above average dexterity. Despite their

almost total inability to put two thoughts together, the Aghar have excellent memories of all that they see and hear. This makes them a great source of raw, untapped information.

SPECTRAL MINIONS

FREQUENCY: <i>Very Rare</i>
#APPEARING: 1-40+
ARMOR CLASS: 2
MOVE: 30" (<i>Restricted: see below</i>)
HIT DICE: 3 (<i>also see below</i>)
% IN LAIR: 100%
TREASURE TYPE: <i>Nil</i>
ATTACKS: 0 or 1 (<i>see below</i>)
DAMAGE/ATTACK: <i>By weapon type</i> <i>(see below)</i>
SPECIAL ATTACKS: <i>None</i>
SPECIAL DEFENSES: <i>+1 or better</i> <i>weapon to hit</i>
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20%
INTELLIGENCE: <i>Average</i>
ALIGNMENT: <i>Variable</i>
SIZE: M
PSIONIC ABILITY: <i>Nil</i>
Attack/Defense Modes: <i>Nil/Nil</i>
X.P.: 120+3/hp

Spectral Minions are the spirits of humans or demihumans who died before fulfilling powerful vows or quests they had undertaken. Spectral minions do not exist fully on the Prime Material Plane. Even in death, they remain bound to their vows or quests: every day, they must relive the events leading to their deaths, trying to complete their mission. Outdoors, spectral minions must stay within 1,000 yards of the spot where they died (indoors, within the fateful corridor or room). Because of their speed, spectral minions have a +1 on initiative rolls.

Spectral minions do combat damage only if they died holding a weapon. The weapon becomes a part of the spirit. Unless otherwise noted, only 50% of them have weapons. Those that do have swords unless otherwise noted.

Remove curse dispels spectral minions permanently. They also disappear forever if someone fulfills their vow or quest.

When very powerful people, such as high level paladins, become spectral minions, they retain the number of hit points they had before they died.

Spectral minions are barely visible because they are colorless and transparent. They look very much as they did before death.

Appendix 4: Random Encounters

Random encounters occur on a roll of 1 on 1d10, at the frequency noted in Table 1 below according to the terrain being traveled through. If an encounter is indicated, determine the distance according to Table 1 (1" = 10 yards). Then roll to generate a number in the Monster Range defined for that terrain, and use that numbered description from Table 2 following. Use Table 3 for all encounters in the Darken Wood.

Table 1: Encounter Type and Frequency

Towns: Check once every 3 turns. Distance 1-6", Monster Range 1-6 (1d6).
 Plains: Check 4 times per day. Distance 1-100", Monster Range 3-14 (1d12 + 2)
 Forest: Check 6 times per day. Distance 1-10", Monster Range 4-15 (1d12 + 3)
 Hills/Mtns.: Check 4 times per day. Distance 1-20", Monster Range 7-18 (1d12 + 6)
 Marsh: Check 8 times per day. Distance 1-4", Monster Range 13-24 (1d12 + 12)
 Ruins: Check once every 3 turns. Distance 1-6", Monster Range 11-22 (1d12 + 10)

Table 2: Random Encounter Listing

- 3-30 Townsmen. AL var; MV 12"; AC 8; HD 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4
These folk are simply about their business in town.
- 6-12 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"/[15]/18"; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 or 2; DMG 1-8 or 1-4/1-4.
These creatures wear robes and search for the Crystal Staff. They say they are of the Brotherhood of Tsaroth, from whom the staff was stolen a few weeks ago. If a fight begins, the Baaz fight to the death.
- 1-10 Plainsmen. AL CG; MV 12"; AC 7; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6
These quiet people are moving south and west, away from the dragonarmies.
- 1-4 Elves. AL CG; MV 12"; AC 5; HD 2+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10
This is a trading party. They are cool and aloof to the PCs.
- 2-20 Townsmen. AL var.; MV 12"; HD 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4
- 1-6 Seeker Guards. AL CG; MV 12"; AC 4; HD 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8
Seeker Guards are under orders to take anyone who knows anything about the Blue Crystal Staff to Haven and the Highseeker himself. If they are involved in a fight, the guards struggle bravely until losing half their number; then they retreat, seeking reinforcements.
- 1 Stag, White. AL LG; MV 24"; AC -5; HD 10; hp 77; #AT 3; Dmg 1-12/1-6/1-6

This creature stays just ahead of the PCs, leading them toward the best path. The stag disappears completely after traveling 3-6 (1d4+2) hexes on the wilderness map.

- 2-8 Eagles, Giant. AL N; MV 3"/48"; AC 7; HD 4; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/2-12
These eagles wheel high overhead, then fly off toward the worst possible direction for the party to take.
- 1-4 Boars, Giant. AL N; MV 12"; AC 6; HD 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3-18
- 4-16 Dogs, Wild. AL N; MV 15"; AC 7; HD 1+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4
The dogs attack 40% of the time, or if they are attacked. After half of the pack is killed, the rest run away.
- 1-10 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"/[15"/18"; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4
- 1-8 Bozak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"/[15"/18"; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4. Spells: 1st Level: *magic missile, shield, sleep*; 2nd Level: *darkness 15', web*
When they take 50% losses, they retreat.
- 1-12 Spiders, Huge. AL N; MV 3"/*12"; AC 4; HD 2+2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + poison
- 2-12 Ogres. AL CE; MV 9"; AC 5; HD 4+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10
These are troops of the Dragonlords, guarding a path. Their orders are to ask about the crystal staff, and to prevent passing down the path at all costs.
- 2-12 Wraiths. ALLE; MV 12"/24"; AC 4; HD 5+3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + one level drain
These are the spirits of evil persons who died at the time of the Cataclysm.
- 2-8 Trolls. AL CE; MV 12"; AC 4; HD 6+6; #AT 3; Dmg 5-8/5-8/2-12
These are in the service of the the draconian army. Their mission is to kill whatever they see.
- 1-3 Will-o-wisps. AL CE; MV 18"; AC -8; HD 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16
Spawned at the time of the Cataclysm, these creatures try to lead the PCs in the worst possible direction and then attack.
- 1-6 Snakes, Poisonous. AL N; MV 15"; AC 5; HD 4+2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 + poison
- 1 Huge, Ancient Black Dragon (Khisanth). See statistics in Encounter area 70k.
Khisanth will stay in flight at this encounter. She attacks only 20% of the time (100% if the PCs attack her). She uses her natural fear ability, and then one breath weapon if forced into combat. She swoops away before taking any significant damage.

- 1-10 Bozak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"/[15"/18"; AC 2; HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4. Spells: 1st Level: *charm person, magic missile, shield*; 2nd Level: *invisibility, mirror image*
- 1 Catoblepas. AL N; MV 6"; AC 7; HD 6+2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + stun; gaze causes death
- 1-10 Hatchling Black Dragons. AL CE; MV 12"/24"; hp 6; AC 3; HD 6; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/3-18
- 1-6 Snakes, Poisonous. AL N; MV 15"; AC 5; HD 4+2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 + poison
- 2-12 Wraiths. ALLE; MV 12"/24"; AC 4; HD 5+3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + one level drain

Table 3: The Darken Wood

Encounters in this area take place on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. Check for encounters every 4 game hours (6 times per game day); if one takes place, roll 2d4 and consult the table below. Unless otherwise noted, creatures will question the PCs: if the PCs give them their true names or show the crystal staff, the creatures escort them to the Forestmaster Unicorn.

- 1-12 Griffons. ALN; MV 12"/30"; AC 3; HD 7; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4
Attack and fight to the death 20% of the time (70% if the party is on horseback).
- 1-20 Treants. AL CG; MV 12"; AC 0; HD 12; #AT 2; Dmg 4-24/4-24
- 2-8 Satyrs. AL N; MV 18"; AC 5; HD 5; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8
These practical jokers try to lure the PCs into net traps, drop water on them from the branches above, taunt them from across a covered pit. Use your own imagination to come up with other tricks.
- 1-12 Centaurs. AL CG; MV 18"; AC 5(4); HD 4; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-10 or 1-6/1-6
- 1 Brownie. AL LG; MV 12"; HD ½; AC 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3
The brownie tries to steal the staff and take it to the Unicorn. If he is successful, the Forestmaster returns the stolen item.
- 10-100 Sprites. AL N(G); MV 9"/18"; AC 6; HD 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4
Sprites try to *sleep* the party with their arrows. If they succeed, a party of centaurs passes by shortly and takes the PCs to the Forestmaster.
- 1 Sylph. AL N(G); MV 12"/36"; AC 9; HD 3; #AT 0; Dmg nil
The sylph will not appear before the party. She will try to lead them by voice to the Forestmaster.



CANTICLE OF THE DRAGON

Hear the sage as his song descends
like heaven's rain or tears,
and washes the years, the dust of the many stories
from the High Tale of the Dragonlance.
For in ages deep, past memory and word,
in the first blush of the world
when the three moons rose from the lap of the forest,
dragons, terrible and great
made war on this world of Krynn.

Yet out of the darkness of dragons,
out of our cries for light
in the blank face of the black moon soaring,
a banked light flared in Solamnia,
a knight of truth and of power,
who called down the gods themselves
and forged the mighty Dragonlance, piercing the soul
of dragonkind, driving the shade of their wings
from the brightening shores of Krynn.

Thus Huma, Knight of Solamnia,
Lightbringer, First Lancer,
followed his light to the foot of the Khalkist Mountains,
to the stone feet of the gods,
to the crouched silence of their temple.
He called down the Lancemakers, he took on
their unspeakable power to crush the unspeakable evil,
to thrust the coiling darkness
back down the tunnel of the dragon's throat.

Paladine, the Great God of Good
shone at the side of Huma,
strengthening the lance of his strong right arm,
and Huma, ablaze in a thousand moons,
banished the Queen of Darkness,
banished the swarm of her shrieking hosts
back to the senseless kingdom of death, where their curses
swooped upon nothing and nothing
deep below the brightening land.

Thus ended in thunder the Age of Dreams
and began the Age of Might,
When Istar, kingdom of light and truth, arose in the east,
where minarets of white and gold
spired to the sun and to the sun's glory,
announcing the passing of evil,
and Istar, who mothered and cradled the long summers of good,
shone like a meteor
in the white skies of the just.

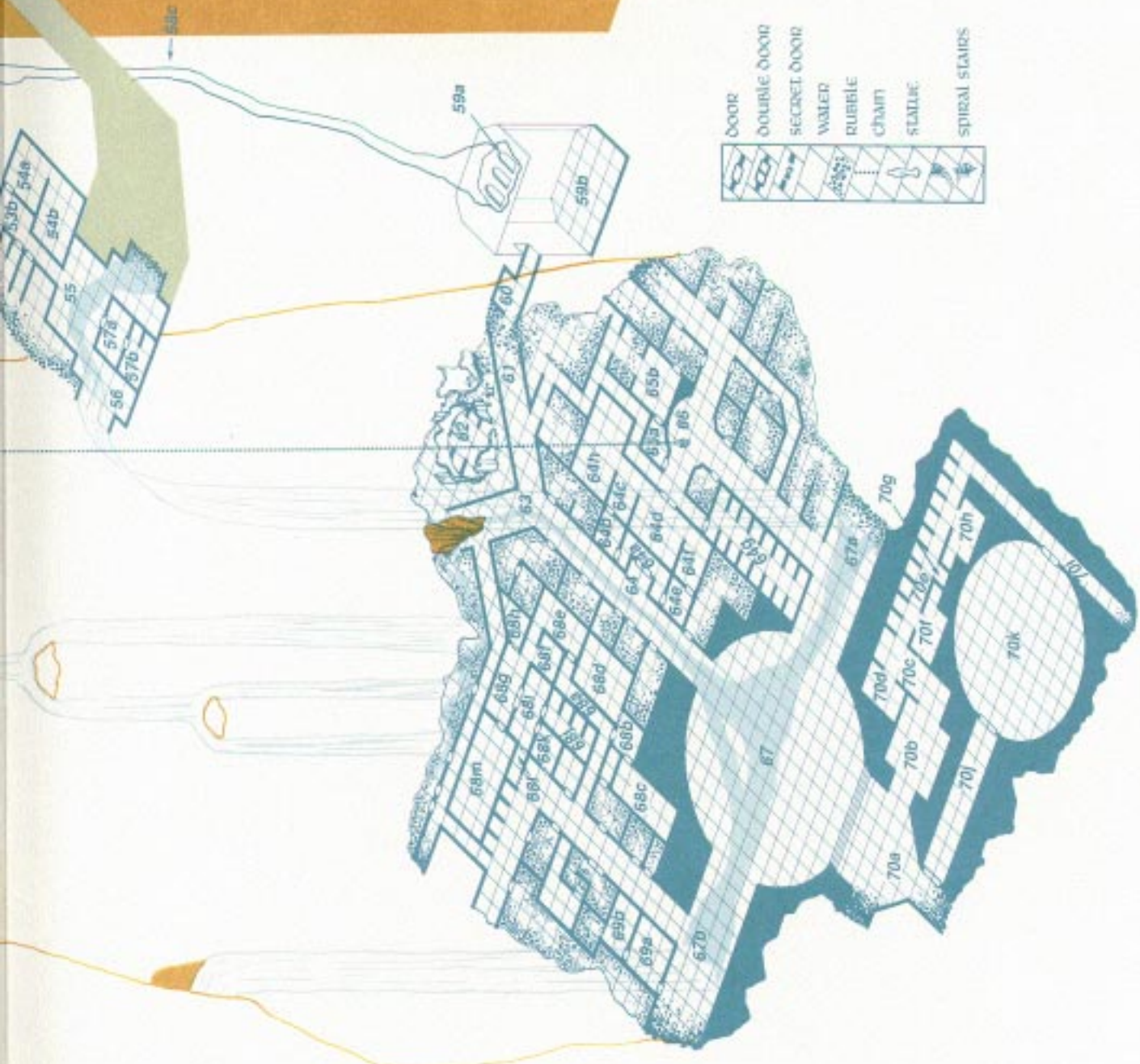
Yet in the fullness of sunlight
the Kingpriest of Istar saw shadows:
At night he saw the trees as things with daggers, the streams
blackened and thickened under the silent moon.
He searched books for the paths of Huma
for scrolls, signs, and spells
so that he, too, might summon the gods, might find
their aid in his holy aims,
might purge the world of sin.

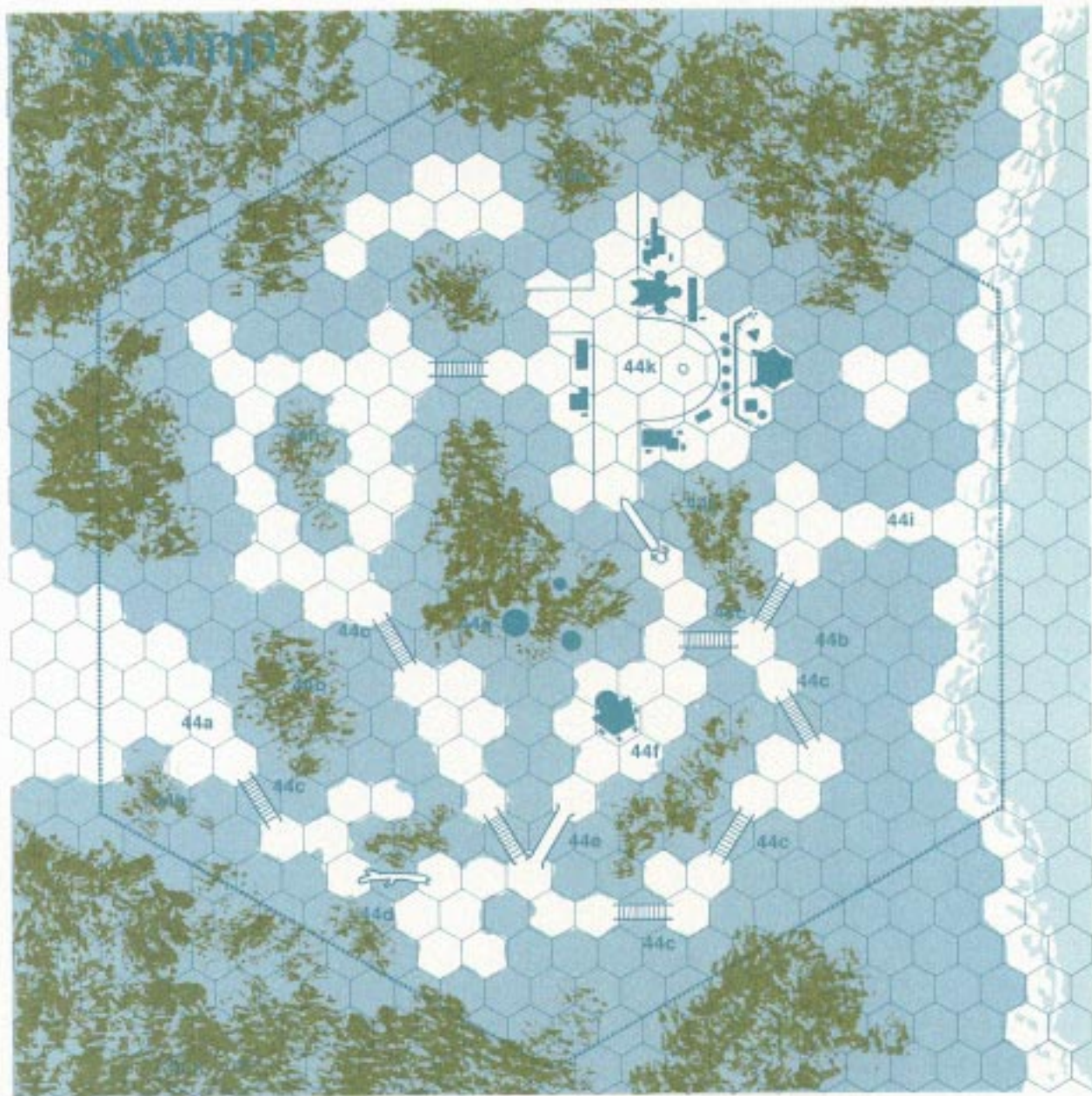
Then came the time of dark and death
as the gods turned from the world.
A mountain of fire crashed like a comet through Istar,
the city split like a skull in the flames,
mountains burst from once-fertile valleys,
seas poured into the graves of mountains,
the deserts sighed on abandoned floors of the seas,
the highways of Krynn erupted
and became the paths of the dead.

Thus began the Age of Despair.
The roads were tangled.
The winds and the sandstorms dwelt in the husks of cities,
The plains and mountains became our home.
As the old gods lost their power,
we called to the blank sky
into the cold, dividing gray to the ears of new gods.
The sky is calm, silent, unmoving.
We have yet to hear their answer.

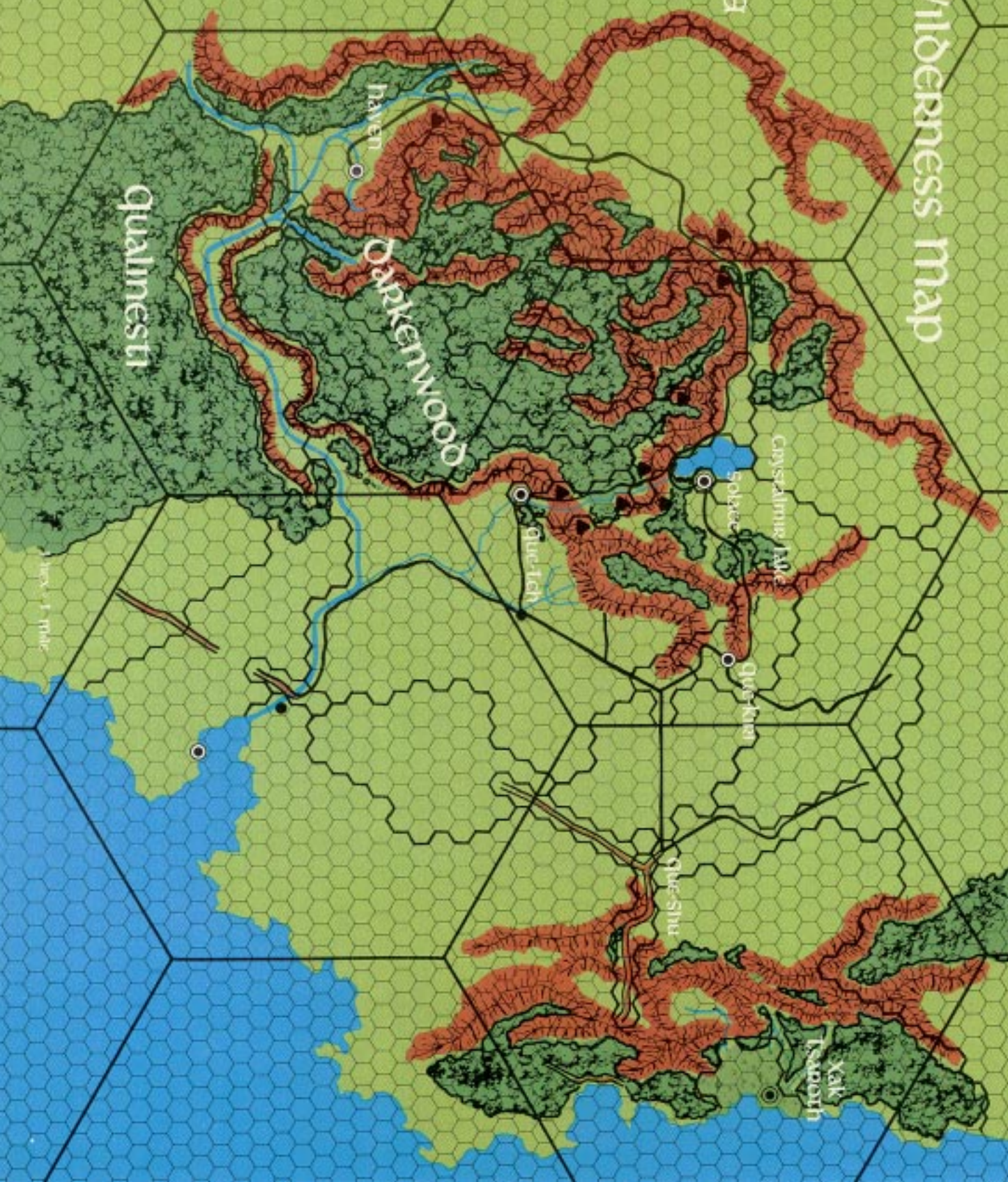


- DOOR
- DOUBLE DOOR
- SECRET DOOR
- WATER
- RUBBLE
- CHAIN
- STALACTITE
- SPIRAL STAIRS





Wilderness map



qualnestri

Haven

Darkenwood

que-tch

Crystalmine Lake

Solbeck

que-kren

que-shu

Kak
Tsapoth

hex = 1 mile

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

DRAGONLANCE™

Official Game Adventure

Dragons of Despair

by Tracy Hickman

You stand on the road east of Solace, tired from five years of adventuring, from a fruitless search for lost clerical magic. You know the old proverb that claims "You must return to find what you left to seek," but the saying never really made sense. Soon, however, it will.

For the world of Krynn is not the same: refugees stream out of the northernmost human lands, telling horrible tales. An invading army has burned their villages and put their families and friends to the sword. Among these stories you hear even darker rumors—that older evils, the dragons themselves, have returned to the world, for new and more terrible purposes.

"Dragons of Despair" is the first in TSR's new series of DRAGONLANCE™ adventures for use with the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game system. Your players will adventure in the world of Krynn, visit strange places such as Haven or ruined Xak Tsaroth, and encounter the bizarre draconians and spectral minions. They can play the modules as a set of separate adventures or as a great quest that spans the entire DRAGONLANCE™ story.

An Adventure for Character Levels 4-6.

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