

THALDIGAR'S TOWER

by Ed Greenwood

*Just what we need!
Good game!
Ed Greenwood*



**A 1-round Advanced Dungeons & Dragons® Adventure
for 6-8 Characters
Set in the Forgotten Realms®**

Half an age ago, when the world was younger, so was Elminster. In fact, he was a green and careless adventurer. Whilst exploring a mage's tower, he left something behind...something that, it turns out, is very important to someone. Someone who will destroy kingdoms to get it. There's not much left, now, of the mage's tower—only its upper half survives, floating in midair. There's also, after all this time, very little left of the mage...or is there?

This is an AD&D® Forgotten Realms® Adventure for 6-8 Pre-prepared Player Characters, the Baron's Blades adventuring band.

Lord Uldonner Erendin, the Baron of Hawkhill, has been confined to his room for four days (he was wounded by Thaldigar's Hand, though no one in Hawkhill Castle will tell the Player Characters this) when he sends a note to each of his loyal Blades (the PCs), telling them: "Meet my daughter atop Harscraw Hill at highsun tomorrow, on horseback and ready-armed for battle. She will give you my orders then; you are to obey her as you would me. Forth fare the bold!" (The PCs will recognize the handwriting and the unmistakable wax seal as the Baron's.)

The Castle stables will provide trained warhorse mounts and saddlebags holding a tenday-worth of provisions. Calling on their own resources, the PCs can alter spells freely, and can raid the Castle armories and tack room to equip themselves with just about anything non-magical they desire—that they can carry on horseback without bringing extra mounts.

On Harscraw Hill

The Baron's daughter, the tall and athletic Lady Nlatha Erendin, is usually flirtatious and carefree—but when the PCs ride up the hill, they find her grim and wary, glancing about in various directions (including up into the sky) often. She wears full plate armor as she sits in the saddle of her gelding on the hilltop, and swords, daggers, and sheathed wands can be seen at her belt. Three of the Baron's precious *ioun stones* orbit about her head: a pearly white spindle (regenerates 1 hp/turn), a dusty rose prism (+1 protection), and a lavender-and-green ellipsoid (absorbs spells of up to 8th level).

Nlatha tells the PCs:

"My father was attacked in his bedchamber five nights ago. Despite his ward-spells, a gate opened in the air at the foot of his bed, and out of it flew a hand—like a severed human left hand, but a foot or more long and jet black from the tips of its cruel talons to the stump at its nether end. A lone yellow eye in its palm glared at him as it hovered in the air above his feet, and from its mouthless bulk came a voice: "Yield to me the Ghommild!" it demanded."

"My father knows nothing of any 'Ghommild,' and said so—whereupon the black hand flew at his face. He snatched out the long knife that is always at his bedside and cut right through the hand—but he might have been cleaving smoke: his steel passed through the thing like empty air, leaving no mark and slowing it not a whit. Yet its talons were solid enough a breath later, when it clawed at his face, blinding and disfiguring him before it vanished."

"Its touch sent visions swirling into his mind, and he summoned me to write down those visions while they were yet fresh. Here is what he saw:

- the crumbling top of Thaldigar's Tower, floating in the air high above the shattered, fallen stones of its base, in its hidden valley at the north end of Hawkhill...
- a small, dark room whose ceiling winks with sparkling lights like stars in the night sky. It is crowded with many items, including what looks like an animated mask drifting in midair, and a coffer of ivory or bone carved into the shape of a two-headed dragon—a coffer that begins to glow, with a cold green radiance...
- something spinning in darkness; something rectangular that is tumbling nearer and nearer, and acquiring a greenish glow as it does so...something metal and cylindrical, that looks battered and blackened by fire: a bracer.

At this point, the hand hissed, "The Ghommild." Then followed one last vision:

- My father, his face a twisted, purplish ruin of fresh scars, holding out the fire-scarred bracer to the black hand. The hand takes hold of it and draws away, a blue-white radiance awakening around its fingers, and

then streaming out in a swirling beam to strike my father's face. There is a flash, blinding-bright, and when it fades my father's face could be seen whole again, his sight restored...'

"He needs his trusted Blades to bring him the Ghommild without delay. I wish I could ride with you, but a blind man cannot rule Hawkhill alone, and I have my orders as you have yours. May you have as swift success as in your last mission. The usual promise stands: all efforts in Hawkhill's power will be made to restore to life and health to any and all who fall in the Baron's service."

Nlatha points north. The land there rises, in hill after crag, to the ridge of mountains that forms the northern boundary of Amn. That line of peaks marches into view out of the distant west (where it meets the Sea of Swords) to end west of Hawkhill. Due north, there is a gap broken by several lonely tors, one of which is very distinctive: it looks like a spearpoint angled up to the sky, pointing east. Beyond it to the east, mountains rise again; the nearest is a bare, conical peak that resembles a warrior's helm.

Nlatha speaks: "See that tor, jutting so to the east? That is the Falconspar. From there, look northeast to the Helm, and journey thence, as straight as ever you can in that broken country. Halfway to the Helm, along that line of travel, lies the patrol hut of Everstone, where three streams meet. Those little waters cleave their own narrow valleys as they go, and the center valley holds Thaldigar's Tower. None of my father's patrols enter it, and by his decree, the shepherds who dwell in Froothford to the west and Augul, the nearest hamlet to the south, are forbidden to enter that vale. Wolves are bad thereabouts."

If questioned about Thaldigar or his tower, Nlatha will reveal that she's never been there, knew nothing about any part of it floating and other parts fallen until her father's vision, and has heard of it only from her father, and only these scant things: Thaldigar was a wizard who dwelt in seclusion there several centuries ago, and bred or created strange beasts. Whatever doom befell him shattered his tower and left it wizardless before Hawkhill was a barony—and not even hunted outlaws have cared to tarry in Thaldigar's Vale down the years.

Nlatha says she has "much to do, and must return to the castle." She plucks the pearly white spindle *ioun stone* out of its leisurely orbit, offering it to the PCs for their use until they return. She also hands them each an unmarked steel flask "for healing" (each wax-sealed, cork-stoppered, identical stainless steel belt flask contains a *potion of healing*, which will restore 2d4+2 lost hit points). Then she raises a hand in salute and gallops off down the hillside, leaving the PCs alone with their task.

Forth Fare The Bold (Wonders To Behold)

The PCs will find the journey from Harscraw Hill to the hidden valley takes at least an entire day. If they travel briskly and follow Nlatha's directions, they'll reach the mouth of the valley at dusk, following one of the trails that leads to Everstone that they'll encounter shortly before that. Along their way, they'll see no more life than a few falcons circling high in the cloudless sky, and shepherds (who wave greetings) on distant hillsides with their dogs and flocks. There are no tracks or signs of large beasts.

A prudent expedition will camp at Everstone and enter Thaldigar's Vale in the morning (nothing of interest will disturb the watches of the night except wolves howling on ridges to the east). The three streams meet in a little marsh, and then flow on as one stream—which is promptly spanned by a plank bridge taking the trail used by the PCs to meet two other trails (going east and southeast). The three ways meet at a stone-and-slate lodge or pavilion. A paddock, a lantern-tree on a hillock (for signalling) and a stable dug into the side of that hill all lies to the south of the pavilion. The stable has hay, and the pavilion contains rows of full, hooded waterbuckets and sandbuckets, hitching-rails for horses inside and out, a huge pile of firewood along one inside wall, and a central firepit).

All three of the valleys are too thickly forested to take horses into (even horses being led, not ridden). They are narrow ravines whose floors consist of stumps, rocks, and a thick, slippery layer of rotting leaves, all overlaid with a deep carpet of green moss. The trunks of trees rise less than five feet apart in most places, and their leaves form an unbroken canopy overhead that allows only mushrooms and shelf fungi to flourish.

If the PCs enter the valley at night, and press on for more than a few rounds, two of them will be caught in a web net dropped on them from above by a hunting gargantuan spider [effects: the sticky strands hold its victims fast for 12 hours or so if they have less than 13 STR, or for 1 turn of doing nothing but cutting or tearing at the webs (this time drops to 5 rounds for PCs possessing an 18 or greater Strength); the webs are readily flammable, blazing away entirely from even the smallest ignition, but caught victims will suffer 2d4 fire damage during such a conflagration].

After 'netting' its victims, the spider will descend upon them like a grey ghost, reaching out with pincer-like arms to feed—but this menacing shape is actually a false spider (a construction of webbing), made by the real spider to reveal which of its foes will lash out with magic.

The real spider will launch its first attack at the PC who hurls the most impressive magic at the false spider, striking from above (aloft in tree branches) and behind. It will choose a random PC if no magic is used, or several spells are cast. It will seek to web and disable as many PCs as possible before getting into a direct fight, and will flee if badly hurt (its nest is in the valley to the east, and holds a few rusty swords and 3 *potions of healing*, which PCs will only find if they slay the spider and then drag aside its body, for the gargantuan spider will flatten itself over them to make its last stand, shooting webs at every foe it can reach). Among this treasure is a bone tube containing two pieces of parchment. One is a spell scroll bearing three *cure light wounds* spells, and the other displays only the words: "Forth fare the bold."

GARGANTUAN SPIDER: Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 9, Web 12; HD 8+8; hp 44; THACO 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6 bite; SA poison (bitten victims must save vs. poison at -2 or fall into a 2d4-turn-long coma at the end of that round), fire webs up to 2 feet to bind a foe: this replaces bite attack for a round, but target is considered AC10, and affected as if by a *web* spell (effects as aforementioned, for web net); SD can make web nets (effects as aforementioned) and decoys; SZ G (10' long, 20' diameter legs spread); ML 14; XP 3,000.

If the PCs enter Thaldigar's Vale in daylight, they'll find it empty of any life that cares to confront them. It's narrow, and rises steadily as one traverses it, until the trees end in a little meadow surrounded by rock cliffs (readily climbable, and perhaps eighty feet high; it is about the same distance horizontally between the floating remnant of the tower and the nearest of any of these rocks). A gentle breeze stirs the long grass around a ring of shattered, weathered stones—and above them, seventy feet or more up, hangs the dark, windowless cylinder of stone that holds the uppermost two or three levels of the wizard's tower. A hole can be seen in the center of its underside.

A First Taste of the Tower

The base of the tower is an overgrown ring of stones perhaps eighty feet across. The grass inside the ring is broken by many piles of fallen, shattered stone, a few pits where such rubble didn't quite fill in the cellars it fell into, and one spot where the bottom three steps of the spiral stone stair that once climbed up the heart of the tower begin their ascent—only to end, broken off abruptly, jutting alone into the sky.

A PC mounting these steps will feel the stairs continuing as invisible but solid plates of force. The steps lack any rails; falls are a very real possibility if PCs hurry on the stairs or undertake combat on them. An invisible spell-field holds the ruined remnant of Thaldigar's Tower aloft, and entirely fills the 'empty' air between the floating ruin and its shattered and tumbled base. This field will resist all PC attempts to destroy or modify it (from outside the tower), and prevents scrying or teleportation into or out of what is left of the tower. It also turns back missiles and flying PCs, birds, and monsters; the only way into the ruined tower is to climb the invisible spiral stair. The field has one additional property: any magic launched by someone on the stairs (not inside the tower) rebounds right back at its source.

PCs who search around among the stones of the tower base will find a rusty key, almost a foot long but crumbling badly (which has no use in this adventure) and human bones, notably a staring skull (the remains of an outlaw who died of a fall from the stair long ago; his bones aren't undead).

Only one of the cellar 'pits' (the deepest one) holds anything of interest. It is choked by a washed-down rubble of small stones, from which the corner of some sort of dark wooden box protrudes. If any attempt is made to clear away any of these stones and unearth the box, a crumpled, bloodstained piece of parchment will be unearthed, and begin to tumble lazily away in the breeze (any PC who tries to catch it can do so).

The parchment will crumble if handled incautiously, but displays the scrawled words:

Tower broken, tower old

Magic dark and tales untold

Ye who'd wonders behold

Must speak to the waiting cold

Forth fare the bold

[HANDOUT]

The box is about 6 feet long, 4 inches tall, and 4 inches across. A seam runs all the way around it, with hinges on one side, and an elaborate locked latch at the midpoint of the other side. It is matched by identical latches on both ends of the box. Both these locks and the box look almost new, not weathered (and radiate faint *dweomers*: preservative magics).

Inside the box is a polished wooden staff that radiates tiny blue magical sparks (which can't ignite anything) when grasped by a human hand. Tiny letters are graven onto the top of the staff, to spell out the word "Ashuren." A PC who touches the staff directly (so that his bare flesh touches its wood) is instantly mentally aware that the staff has a power having something to do with 'brightness and vision,' and a power that has to do with 'staying in one place,' and that both powers function when silently willed to operate. If the PC wills either power to awaken, they will discover precisely what these powers are (both by symptom and by mental communication from the staff, which is otherwise non-sentient). One is the ability to function as a *continual light* spell; the other is the ability to *levitate* (the staff only; alone, it can hang in midair forever; if held by any being larger than a halfling, their weight drags it down—though it will act as a *feather fall* spell on a falling PC of any weight). This staff is the unfinished work of a long-dead apprentice of Thaldigar, who never got around to infusing it with any real powers. The inscription "Ashuren" is his name, not a command word of the staff.

Nothing else of interest will be found here by PCs, even if they dig for days.

The Ascent

PCs climbing the stairs will feel strange numbnesses and tinglings (from the magic field) surging and swirling through them, bringing nausea and the need to move slowly and deliberately; climbing the stair steadily will take at least 4 rounds (a PC who rushes up the stairs can cut ascent time to 3 rounds, but suffers a -2 penalty on all Dexterity Checks and a 2-point Armor Class penalty; rushing PCs can't attack or parry without slowing for at least a round).

For the first round of any climb, only the swirling feelings will impede PCs, but on the second round two disembodied skeletal human arms (bare bones, from shoulder to fingertips) will flicker into being beside each ascending PC, one on either side of the adventurer. Each of these Dread holds a black, jagged scimitar that drips an oily black liquid (a harmless preservative oil), and will without hesitation begin to hack at PCs, striking at +1 to hit in any round in which a PC tries to counterattack (as opposed to simply parrying or defending and pressing on up the stairs). The DM™ must keep in mind that the spell-field that holds up the stair will hurl back all magics cast on the Dread right back at the PC(s) launching them. Dread will remain with the PC who 'called them' until that PC is either dead or off the stair—whereupon they will fly to attack other PCs on the stair (or failing that, cluster at the bottom of the invisible stairs, guarding them against all intruders).

If any PC in contact with either the real (bottom steps) or invisible, magical parts of the stair happens to utter the words "Forth fare the bold" (they may be said with other words, but must be said in full and in the correct order), all of the Dread will instantly vanish—and none will reappear so long as any PC who was in contact with the stair at the time of the utterance remains on the stair. Thereafter, new Dread will appear only when any PC steps onto the invisible part of the stair (even if the PC is one who was on the stair when the pass-phrase was uttered), but they will promptly vanish if the pass-phrase is said again by someone on the stair.

VAMPIRIC DREAD: Int Non- (attack until destroyed); AL N; AC 6; MV 6,F115 (B); HD 3+3; hp 25 each; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg Id8 (scimitar) or Id4 (barehanded); SA while attacking barehanded, gain (for 10 days) half (round fractions down) of hit points damage they deal to foes; SD regenerates 2 hp/day, can't be turned on stairs, immune to *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, *shatter*, *disintegrate*, and all polymorph spells, also immune to cold-based attacks, take half damage from edged and piercing attacks, take 2d4 hp damage from holy water (only Id4 hp from a splash); SZ S (4' long); ML 20; XP 1,400 (MC Annual 1).

PCs fighting on the stairs have the following chances of falling:

No chance in 1st round, but during all later rounds, make Dexterity Checks at the end of the round (at -1 in any round that the PC is struck by one or more Dread attacks; this modifier is cumulative with the penalty for rushing, if the PC is hurrying):

Two successful checks: no fall.

One successful check: tumble (1 or 2 hit points damage, even/odd roll) back down stairs; end up on stairs still, but add 1 round to climbing time

Both checks fail: fall from the stair to the stone-littered ground, damage as follows:

2d6 hp if 2nd round of ascent; 4d6 hp on 3rd round; 6d6 hp on 4th or later rounds.

A PC who is parrying Dread attacks and not launching attacks of his own only need make a single Dexterity Check in any round in which he remains stationary on a step of the stair. PCs who lie down on steps and remain there for a round can parry during that round without having to make a single 'falling'⁵ check, but automatically suffer a 2-point Armor Class penalty.

The Lowest Level

The invisible stairs climb into a dark opening in the center of the underside of the riven tower; PCs using them will emerge into the center of a circular chamber eighty feet across that fills the bottom level of the surviving tower. This room is dimly lit by daylight coming in the stair-hole, and contains a flight of stone stairs against the wall leading up into darkness overhead, and a rusting railing (solid, massive iron as thick about as a stout man's torso) that projects out of one wall for ten feet and then curves smoothly downwards to descend four feet into the floor. Something small and rectangular lies on the floor near the railing.

The "something small and rectangular" is a dark, polished wooden box about a foot long, a few inches thick, and half a foot across. It has a lid and latch, but no lock, and radiates a faint dweomer. If it is touched, a chuckle (male, and rather dry) will sound from the stair above, and a soft, husky female voice will say, "Is it time, then?" A male voice will reply, "Not quite. There's plenty of light yet today for more elegant slaying. Someone else is forever coming to the gate...forth fare, and all that..." (These are echoes of failing, fading scrying spells that no longer have any other power.)

The inside bottom of this box sports a row of three wooden peg-mounts; sitting on each is a plain brass ring (which will alter to fit any digit that touches it; these otherwise non-magical items are still awaiting enchantments Thaldigar's unlikely to ever give them).

The first time (only) anyone steps onto the stone steps leading up out of this room, the third step up will briefly glow with bright amber light—a harmless radiance that fades after a round.

From this point on, every surface and item the PCs encounter radiates a magical dweomer; *detect magic* spells are effectively useless. The 'magic rebounding on its caster' property doesn't apply to the rooms of Thaldigar's Tower, only to the field that holds it aloft (i.e. to the invisible stairs, though anyone trying to hurl a spell out of a hole broken in a wall somewhere in the tower will discover the hard way that it meets the field and comes right back at them).

Where The Mask Awaits

The stairs (rising out of the room with the railing) are broad steps that curve along the inside of the circular tower wall, and ascend a dozen feet or so to the next level of the tower: a room in which a deep ruby-red glow will appear (along the lower few feet of its back wall) as the PCs first observe it. This radiance will backlight the contents of the room: a stool across which three scabbarded long swords are lying—and floating above them, what looks like an upright iron mask.

This room has one curving wall, and the others are straight and 40 feet long, forming a room that is almost square. Two closed wooden doors (located in the rearmost corners of both side walls) face each other across the back of the room.

The swords and the stool are just what they appear to be. They bear preservative magics that have kept them looking fairly new over the centuries, but have no magical powers.

As PCs enter this room, the floating mask will move forward slightly, hovering in the air as it surveys them (it can see invisible creatures and items), and ask (in a melodious, calm, almost sultry feminine voice):

"Have you leave to pass?"

Whatever reply the PCs give, the mask will next demand, "Surrender to me the words."

If a PC says, "Ashuren," the mask will reply, "You are much changed, Ashuren—but you know the orders laid upon me. I must hear the words."

The mask will converse politely and calmly with the PCs, using such replies as:

- "Thaldigar made me."
- "I am set here to guard the floors above against intruders who come to steal and despoil."
- "Only those who speak the words may pass. All others I resist to the utmost."

- "Mighty spells are bound into me. I will use them all to fulfill the charge laid upon me."
- "Once I was Dabratha, daughter of Shuldyn and Maethe of Calimport. I was apprentice to Thaldigar the Mighty; one among many, neither the greatest nor least—but the only maiden among many men."
- "When the sun was high, and the moon was low." [This is the only answer the mask can give to any query involving time, its passage, or a date.]
- "You have been warned. Advance at your peril."
- "It would be better for you not to challenge my powers, or any magic here. I may not forgive nor make exception. Go elsewhere, and live."

To any query about the Ghommild (or specific traps or features of the tower, including what lies on higher levels), the mask will reply simply, "I cannot say."

The mask can't be tricked or blustered into revealing the words (the phrase "Forth fare the bold!" spoken in full, and with the words in the correct order, though it can be accompanied by other words spoken before and after), and will move to block the advance (to the right-hand door) of any PC who doesn't speak the pass-phrase, warning them to "Come no nearer, or ill will befall you" before hurling spells. (The mask will allow PCs to reach the left-hand door without attacking.)

The mask can unleash *two* spells per round, while moving (and thus potentially delivering a lightning touch-attack to the first being she strikes during that round) and talking.

PC attacks won't shake the mask's calm manner; she can fight one while calmly conversing with others—and the aggressive actions of a PC won't prevent her from later letting that PC pass, if the PC renders the passwords she's seeking. She seems more sad at the fates of those she has to harm than exultant, and almost eager to listen to any attempted pass-words (Dabratha hates this duty her essence has been trapped into, though she has no way of escaping it). She enjoys talking, though she can reveal only cryptic information about Thaldigar, life in the tower with him, his (and her) ultimate fate, and what PCs can find where in the tower. She knows nothing of current events in the Realms—but will be almost visibly hungry to hear such news.

The mask has all the spells of an 18th level wizard (5,5,5,5,5,3,3,2,1), and these spells return 6 turns after being cast. They are:

1st level: *magic missile* x5 (5 missiles per spell, each doing 1d4+1 hp at up to 5 targets)

2nd level: *blind* x4, *mirror image*

3rd level: *dispel magic* x2, *lightning bolt* x3 (each bolt does 10d6 damage)

4th level: *enervation* x2, *ice storm* x3 (always 3d10 hp-damage hailstones)

5th level: *cone of cold* x3 (18d4+18 hp damage cone), *wall of force* x2

6th level: *chain lightning* x2 (12d6 hp-damage first arc), *monster summoning IV* (1d3 gargoyles will appear, attacking PCs until they retreat onto the stairs)

7th level: *power word stun*, *prismatic spray* x2

8th level: *power word blind*, *prismatic wall*

9th level: *Bigby's crushing hand* (automatic grasp: 1d10 hp damage 1st round, 2d10 on 2nd & 3rd, 4d10 on 4th and later)

If attacked, the mask usually responds by casting a *wall of force* in an angle across the room in such a way as to block off the right-hand door, with her behind the *wall* but able to pass over it (through a 2-foot-tall gap between the *wall* and ceiling), and then launches *magic missile* spells. She will do this even if a PC is trying to grapple her (and so ends up 'inside' the wall with her). Thereafter, she will *blind* and *stun*, then summon gargoyles to attack the PCs, and then use *enervation*, employing *dispel magic* whenever she judges it necessary. The mask will save her "big blast" spells for truly persistent PCs.

If all of her spells are exhausted but the PCs persist in trying to pass her without benefit of the proper pass-phrase, the mask will plead with the PCs to go elsewhere, and will try to physically block their passage, relying on her lightning-discharge attacks to dissuade further intrusion.

Any spellcasting PC who is struck by three such attacks will find that on the fourth mask attack to affect them (and any subsequent attacks), the mask 'steals' one spell (chosen at random) from their mind, draining it away from them and adding it those she can immediately use (she can cast such spells regardless of component, alignment, and class considerations).

Psionics and death magics can't control or slay the mask, but any such attack will cause the mask to 'freeze' for 1 round.

GUARDIAN MASK: Int Genius (will unerringly anticipate and correctly interpret PC actions); AL N; AC 2; MV F1 20 (A); W18; HD 7+7; hp 50; THACO 15; #AT 1; Drag 4d4 (lightning-discharge touch); SA spells; SD regenerates 1 hp/round, immune to *blind*, *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, *shatter*, *disintegrate*, and all polymorph spells, also immune to cold-based and electrical attacks; SZ S (1.5* tall); ML 20; XP 5,000 (new).

GARGOYLES (Id3): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9,F115 (C); HD 4+4; hp 22 each; THACO 15; #AT 4; Dmg Id3 x2 (front claws), Id6 (bite), Id4 (gore with horn); SD +1 or better weapon required to hit; SZ M (6* tall); ML 11 (treat as 20 during this encounter); XP 420.

The left-hand door leads to a long, narrow room whose back wall is the curving outside wall of the tower. Just inside the door is a scarred table, and atop it sits a pile of moldering parchments, with writing clearly visible on the uppermost sheet. Parchments lower down in the heap have slumped into scattered, shredded white pulp.

PCs can easily step around the table—into a mess of mops, cracked wooden buckets, cobwebs, broken chairs, stools, and tables, and what looks like a collapsed clothesline sagging onto the floor under the weight of rotting, mold-covered rags of clothing. Larger molds cover the walls here and there.

The broken furniture is too damp to readily burn, but will yield clubs, pegs, and even a tabletop and a 10-foot-pole, if PCs sort through it. The molds are large and impressive, but none are ambulatory or monstrous. None of the clothing is impressive or intact; it will tear and disintegrate if anyone tries to put it on. Under the clothesline-heap, buried among the rags, a persistently-searching PC will find rusty link of chain as big as his hand—attached to another link, and so on. With a little work, a seven-foot length of heavy, still-sturdy chain will be uncovered.

The chain can serve as a flailing weapon, battering for 3d4 hp damage, but can only be used to launch one such attack per round due to its unwieldy nature, regardless of how many attacks its wielder may usually be capable of. The sheer weight of the chain forces attack roll penalties on wielders of less than 17 Strength: -1 per point of lesser strength [i.e. -1 at STR 16, -2 at STR 15, and so on].

If PCs examine the papers on the table, they will find the following items of interest (from the top down; those not listed have become unreadable pulp):

[HANDOUTS]

- a piece of parchment brown with old bloodstains, that bears in fading handwriting the words: "fell to his death, of course. Anyone foolish enough to suspect lichdom and then tell old Wonderspells so, to his face..."
- a torn scrap of parchment with crisp, dark handwriting: "The dream-journeying made the Master sleep so deeply that a band of adventurers broke in and sacked the place while he was in trance, and he never awakened! Thankfully for our hides, we were all in the forest where we'd been sent, carrying out his errand. Thus his little plan to keep himself safe from any treachery on our part thrust its blade right back on himself! The intruders took some things so valuable that the Master raged for days, and broke a speculum with the fury of the spells he hurled through it. Yet his Arts have brought nothing back. He gloated only once—slaying one of the thieves, no doubt—but spent more time snarling out curses on someone called 'Elminster.' All have agreed to try to find out more about this being, but never to mention him to the Master. After all, none of us want to share Thorlor's fate..."
- a page torn out of a book that bears very faint, spidery handwriting in green ink: "The Master has shut Marandar out of the tower into the wilds, without his spellbook—and, we all fear, sent slaying spells after him. All M did was suggest we destroy or repair the burned bracer that's been gathering dust on the Master's study table these ten winters or more. Jaster thinks the bracer has something to do with the Master's past, perhaps a gift from a dead wife, but Dabratha insists the Master has never known love, and thinks it holds magic important to him, that he cannot unlock. She even suggested we apprentices are tolerated by the Master solely because he will need a certain number of mages to aid him in taking control of the bracer. When will we be ready, I wonder? Or as Jaster put it, when will the Master ever be ready to trust us enough?"
- a crumpled page that begins with a listing ("ten and six small diamonds, of the same size as much as possible/three black feathers from a yearling falcon—no older!/three fingerbones gathered from a wyvern's lair") and then continues with different handwriting, in darker ink: "The Master is raving. Almost all of his power is locked in the Ghommild, and he has lost control over it, after thieving adventurers took away with them some essential he needs to govern the Ghommild's enchantments. He fades daily, like

unto a wraith, but cannot work the greatest magics—and his last attempt to wrest his power out of the bracer went wild, tearing life-force from him. He was forced to flee, and now dare not approach the upper floors of his own tower! He is in an agony of indecision; he must send us up to fetch things, but cannot bring himself to trust us to do important tasks—and no wonder, after the cruelties he's visited on us. Dabratha is still chained in the tub of vipers. His spells keep her alive despite their venom, but do nothing to quell the pain of their bites, and they are hungry enough to bite often. Her screams keep us awake at night. Only fear of being haunted by a wraith none can keep at bay has held the rest of us here this long. What will become of us all?" A later entry, in different handwriting, adds: "The Master slew Crauthen this morn, after he pleaded for Dabratha's release. To his words I can add only this dread warning: it is clear now that we shall all fall before the Master's growing madness. He is beyond lichdom, now, and I cannot help but ponder on the fate of all Faerun if he should ever regain control of what is in the Ghommild. Can even Mystra prevail against what our Master has become?"

• a rotting, largely unreadable page of parchment that says: "...'tis a ring the Master seeks..." and "promised us that the senior apprentice would always know where the means of resurrection might be found, but..." and "Whurlynd was wrong. The..." and "...no way of knowing if the chimera is the only guardian of that door. The Master sets new..."

The Way On

The right-hand door leads to a stone stair leading up, along the curvature of the inside tower wall. It has a gentle grade (and is therefore long enough that climbing it will take at least 3 rounds).

Whenever PCs are on the stairs, Dread (skeletal arms wielding dripping black scimitars, just like those that appeared on the invisible stair) will 'fade' out of the walls. Four will appear per round, until 24 have emerged (i.e. PCs have been on the stairs for 6 rounds). Dread will emerge during any round in which a living PC is on any step of the stair (PCs who fly or are somehow hauled up the stairs without touching the steps won't call forth any Dread). These skeletal arms attack any PCs who don't utter the pass-phrase "Forth fare the bold" while in contact with the stair (regardless of whether they've said it earlier to get past the mask). Speaking the phrase won't make the skeletal arms vanish as it did on the outside stair, only cause them to avoid any PC who's said the phrase (a PC who takes advantage of this to strike at any Dread will promptly be attacked by all the Dread, who will thereafter ignore any utterance of the pass-phrase by that PC).

On the last few (highest) steps of the stair, PCs will find a rotting leather cylinder about a foot long, with caps on its ends. On the step right above it is a large, old bloodstain—and, lying in the heart of that stain, the bones of a severed human hand. The cylinder has caps that can readily be pulled off, to reveal a rolled spell scroll (the spells are *cure light wounds*, *cure blindness or deafness*, and *cure serious wounds*).

The cause of the long-ago amputation of some unfortunate adventurer awaits any who step upon on the step above the bloodstain: a scything blade that snaps down from the ceiling! It deals 6d4 hit points of damage to any PC who steps on that next step and fails a Dexterity Check (PCs who successfully save take only 1d2 hit points of damage as they duck away from the blade). The step must be depressed to call forth the blade; PCs who leap over it can pass safely without ever seeing the rusty blade come forth. Any PC who examines the area will see the long seam or crack in the ceiling that the blade issues from.

VAMPIRIC DREAD: Int Non- (attack until destroyed); ALN; AC 6; MV 6, Fl 15(B); HD 3+3; hp 25 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg d1 (scimitar) or 1d4 (barehanded); SA while attacking barehanded, gain (for 10 days) half (round fractions down) of hit points damage they deal to foes; SD regenerates 2 hp/day, can't be turned on stairs, immune to *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, *shatter*, *disintegrate*, and all polymorph spells, also immune to cold-based attacks, take half damage from edged and piercing attacks, take 2d4 hp damage from holy water (only 1d4 hp from a splash); SZ S (4' long); ML 20; XP 1,400 (MC Annual 1).

There is a black leather curtain at the top of the stairs, concealing what lies beyond. It is rotten, and will (harmlessly) sigh into dust if touched. Beyond lies:

The Chamber of Mirrors

The curtained archway at the head of the stairs opens in the center of one wall of a 30' square room. Trios of identical mirrors hang in rows on the walls to both left and right, with a larger, lone mirror spanning the wall that faces the PCs as they enter (the wall they enter through is bare).

The room is empty except for a low wooden bench (about 5 feet long by 2 feet across and 2 feet high) that stands at about the center of the room, and a flimsy wooden cloak-stand (a tripod of wood supporting a 6-foot-long upright studded with long wooden pegs) in the near left corner. The mirrors reflect back normal images of the PCs. There is no visible way onwards from this room.

The cloak-stand and the bench are both normal pieces of furniture, but hidden on the underside of the bench is a smooth, foot-long, tapering stick of wood inscribed at its butt end with the word: "Challatha." This is a *wand of magic missiles* with 6 charges remaining (that is, six 1d4+1 hp-damage missiles can be called forth before the magic of this wand is exhausted; its enchantments don't inform any user of how many charges remain). It is operated by silent force of will, but the command word is necessary to discharge two missiles in the same round (direct flesh contact with the wand will communicate this and the function and operation of the wand). The wand is found in a still-sturdy leather sheath that has been slid through holes in cross-members on the underside of the bench, and held in place by leather end-straps; it can be stealthily and readily freed, but its recessed location makes it invisible to a casual glance under the bench (to find it, a PC must get a good, direct look at the underside of the bench, and moving or shaking the bench won't cause it to 'fall out').

The mirrors appear as simple rectangles of polished, silver-coated steel set into the wall, with their lower edges about 4 feet above the floor. They are 5 feet wide and 7 feet tall (except for the one on the back wall, which is 7 feet tall but 20 feet wide). If any mirror is stared at intently for more than 2 rounds, its surface will begin to shimmer, and the reflection of the PCs will fade, revealing another scene 'beyond' the mirror (in the descriptions hereafter, the sentences in quotation marks describe the initial view the PCs have of these scenes).

At any time, a PC who tries to touch the face of a mirror will find that their hand sinks into it as if into empty air, and it can be readily climbed through—but unless its surface has shimmered, such a journey is made 'blind,' without knowing what lies beyond. Once a mirror has shifted its scene, it remains so for 1 full turn (its state never affects travel back and forth through its frame, just visibility).

The areas beyond the mirrors are (with one exception: the way onwards) located in extra-dimensional space; breaking through walls in such areas will lead to a swirling chaos that precipitously carries all PCs in the vicinity to a random destination elsewhere in Faerûn. They will arrive safely, but probably without some clothing, gear, or items they possessed before their trip (for tournament purposes, such a journey will whisk any affected PCs into a naked tumble into the hearth of the great hall in the Baron's Castle, in front of the astonished Lady Nlatha at dinner—while the fireplace is occupied by a crackling fire, of course).

Near Left-Wall Mirror: "A gloomy, straw-strewn room in which several wild boar grunt and snore, with one of them moving restlessly about."

This stinking chamber was a larder of sorts for the occupants of the tower, and is a 60-foot-square stone room that contains only 8 Wild Boar, dung, straw, a water-trough, and an invisible *teleport* device that removes dead boars and brings in food (rotting vegetables and plants of all sorts) or fresh boars from a satrap's paddock in distant Calimshan.

The *teleport* is large enough to whisk a PC elsewhere, but to an unknown destination, and operating on an unknown schedule; for tournament purposes, it will flash into visibility and work only for a PC who possesses the Ghommild, and other beings accompanying that PC.

Magic operating in this chamber improves longevity and checks diseases of all sorts—but also makes anyone entering it feel lazy and sleepy; after 6 rounds of exposure, any PC attack rolls are made at -1.

The boars will rouse themselves to attack any intruder—first one boar, then a second and third joining the fray two rounds after any round of battle, and then all the rest two rounds after that. The boars can't pass through the mirror, but PCs can escape back through it at any time (if they can reach it; the boars can see out of it, and are well aware of its dimensions and location; they typically form a wall of porcine flesh between any intruder and the mirror).

<p>WILD BOAR (8): Int Animal (aggressive); ALN; AC 7; MV15; HD3+3; hp 20 each; THAC017; #AT 1; Dmg3d4; SA will continue to attack even when mortally wounded (must be reduced to -7hit points); SZ S (3' high at shoulder); ML 10; XP 175.</p>

Center Left-Wall Mirror: "A dark chamber in which chains ending in manacles dangle in a small forest from the ceiling, and heaps of bones gleam yellow-white below."

This 40-foot-square room is the 'pit of vipers' where Dabratha was tormented. The delicate, crumble-at-a-touch skeletons of thousands of snakes that died of hunger here form the heaps on the floor.

If PCs stir and shift these bones for at least a round, they will find a plain, bright-polished brass ring lying on the floor. It is a *ring of resurrection* (identical to a *rod of resurrection*, except that it can be worn and used by a character of any class). Though a wearer has no way of telling this without recourse to examination spells, the ring has 12 charges left—and when the last one is expended, it will crumble into dust. If exhausted while trying to bring a character back to life that it lacks sufficient charges to successfully resurrect, the character rises as a zombie (a 'standard' undead, under the control of the ring-wearer).

If this ring is placed on a finger or toe of a skeleton or undead creature (even one whose body is incomplete), it will instantly bring them back to life, restoring a whole body, health, and alertness.

Far Left-Wall Mirror: "A bedchamber dominated by a huge four-poster bed, upon which a skeleton in a gown of flame-orange silk is reclining. It beckons seductively, shifting itself against the pillows, and flicks a lock of its long dark hair back over one shoulder-blade. The mane of silky brown hair is rooted in its scalp—which is the only flesh still clinging to its brown-hued bones."

This skeleton is all that remains of Thaldigar's wife, Shoubra, her wits clouded by the powerful enchantments that took her into undeath and the ancient furnishings of her bedchamber from decaying. (They also prevent her from being turned or dispelled, and 'heal' her; any PC who examines Shoubra closely will see that her bones are entirely covered with a webwork of tiny cracks from earlier breakages—caused by the attacks of revolted adventurers—that have fused together again). In life, she was very beautiful, graceful, and sensuous, and she retains the mannerisms that so captivated Thaldigar. The DM™ should roleplay Shoubra to be as seductive as possible, silent until PCs enter her chamber (wholly or partially), but able to see and hear out into the central room as soon as her mirror shimmers.

Shoubra just barely realizes how lonely she is; she'll try to embrace any PC who enters her scented bedchamber, regardless of their gender or manner, and address them as "Thaldigar"—even if there are multiple PCs in the room at once. She'll repeatedly try to kiss and clasp her arms about PCs, undaunted by any attacks they may make on her, but will do them no harm.

She has no idea she's dead or skeletal, and will make provocative movements and gestures as if smooth flesh still cloaked her bones. She won't believe PCs who described her present state to her, and can't see it in any of the mirrors set into the walls of the tower; if shown it in a mirror provided by a PC, she'll shriek and then rush against a PC to weep and clutch at them, scared and despairing.

She'll plead with PCs not to leave her if they seem about to do so, and will beg to be allowed to accompany them, plaintively offering her services ("I'm an expert seamstress and a fair scribe of letters...I can sing, and, well, I'm an expert seamstress...") and obeying instantly if told to be silent or to do something.

If PCs are patient in questioning her, they can learn a lot about Thaldigar (in the form of bewildered, halting, fragmentary replies). She has no idea (and won't believe, if told) that Thaldigar went mad, or that he is now some sort of undead, but does recall his rage after "some thief called Elminster" stole "his most precious magic," leaving him unable to "command the Ghommild." Shoubra can be taught to do simple tasks (opening something, getting something out, and putting it somewhere specific are about the limits of her abilities; if overburdened with too many such things to do, she tends to do them at odd times, regardless of the wishes of others) and to speak even quite complex phrases (though someone will have to repeat them *ad nauseam* to her, to bring this about), and can be taken out of the tower without suffering any harm. The skills she claims to possess and real (and she retains them in undeath). In life she disliked travel and even going out-of-doors (so she'll keep to any rooms she's placed in, wandering only very occasionally, in a sort of friendly, befuddled haze). She can freely pass through the mirrors (and, in fact, all around the tower).

Shoubra (SKELETON) : Int Average (confused); ALN; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 8; THAC019; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 or 1d6 if armed (but won't attack); SD regenerates 2 hp/day due to enchantments, can't be turned or dispelled, immune to *charm*, *fear*, *hold*, *sleep* spells and cold-based attacks, takes half damage from edged and piercing attacks, takes 2d4 hp damage from holy water (only 1d4 hp from a splash); SZ M (5'6" tall); ML 20; XP 65.

The 40-foot-deep-by-60-foot-long, pleasantly-scented room contains the four-poster with its canopy, cushions, linens, pillows, and curtains; a silk-covered footstool; a chamberpot (beneath the bed), a dressing-table (festooned with a crowded colony of stoppered glass scent-bottles) with a chair, and a wardrobe full of fine feminine gowns, slippers, boots, and undergarments (Shoubra will try to take an armful of her favorite things with her if allowed to accompany the PCs). Shoubra has no jewels (earlier adventurers seized them, though she doesn't remember this).

Shoubra knows the way upwards (see "Rear Wall Mirror," hereafter; it's a door in the rear wall of the Chamber of Mirrors, hidden by an illusion), and will volunteer this information to the PCs if they can't find this door. (If the PCs have smashed Shoubra, this advice will take the form of a ghostly voice, pleading with the PCs to come back for her.) Thaldigar didn't allow her into the upper levels of the tower, so she knows nothing useful of what awaits there.

If PCs destroy or disable Shoubra and go on, she'll appear whenever they try to leave the tower, whole again and pleading with them to take her along. (If treated unkindly, she'll somehow appear inside Hawkhill Castle a tenday later, to plead with them again.)

Rear Wall Mirror: "Mists drift gently above a placid forest pool; sunlight is trying vainly to stab down through the deep green dimness that cloaks the scene; the moss-girt trunks of huge trees rise all around. A flitting flash of blue marks the flight of a bird through the trees in the distance."

This scene is the work of Thaldigar's mighty enchantments. The birds (whose calls resound pleasantly in the distance at random intervals) are illusions. PCs passing through the mirror will find that the entire warm, softly lit 'forest' is a series of illusions. The pool is Thaldigar's pleasantly-warm bathtub, whose enchantments continually carry away soapy or soiled water and bring fresh. The actual size of the chamber is roughly 40 feet square; attempts to walk into the trees will result in rude impacts with unyielding stone walls.

PCs feeling along these walls will find three flat dishes of soap flakes, a thick maroon bathrobe, and a small (three inches across by an inch deep), round glass jar which contains a mint-green, jellylike substance. This is a full jar of *Keoghtom's ointment*, containing five applications, each of which will nullify any poison or disease, or restores 1d4+8 lost hit points. These items are completely concealed by the forest illusions, and can only be found by feel, though they are readily visible once drawn out into the vicinity of the pool.

Hidden behind the cloaking illusion of a tree in the rear right corner of this room is a closed, unlocked wooden door that opens onto a stone stair curving upwards (to "The Tapestry Chamber").

Near Right-Wall Mirror: "A small table stands in the center of a square, stone-walled room that has a closed door in the center of its back wall. The tabletop glows with a gentle golden radiance, clearly displaying a crown sitting on it. Red, blue, and green gems on the spires of this crown wink and sparkle with their own competing glows. A chair is drawn up beside the table, and on it sits a skeletal pelvis and legs...which rise and walk towards the mirror!"

This human skeleton ends in mid-spine (a 'spike' of vertebrae projects up from the pelvic bones), its upper half vaporized by the spells of an earlier band of adventurers. It is curious rather than dangerous, and won't do anything except walk around, moving towards any activity (i.e. it will follow PCs henceforth, unless prevented from doing so by damage to it or by barriers). Due to the enchantments that sustain it, it can't be turned or dispelled. It can't speak, but can 'see,' and even read. It is very intelligent, and will instantly understand PC suggestions (such as "stamp once to tell us 'yes,' twice for 'no'").

This is all that remains of Thorlar, once Thaldigar's senior apprentice. It will be eager to carry PC packs and gear draped over it, just to be going elsewhere and doing something. It can freely pass through the mirror. Though Thorlar tends to act like a little child (either eager or petulant), he is by nature kindly and helpful, not evil. (If Shoubra encounters the skeletal legs, she won't know who they belong to, and with a puzzled air will try to question them as to their identity; if the PCs don't think of the stamping code, she might suggest it aloud—and the remains of Thorlar will instantly respond.)

The marble tabletop glows with a *continual faerie fire* which will survive removal of the table from the tower (or even disassembly of the table itself), but the furniture here offers nothing else of interest. The 40-foot-square room is as bare as it looks. The door at the back of the room is unlocked and unguarded, opening into the room by means of a pull-ring, and leads to a short, dark passage (that links up with the "center right-wall mirror" room next door).

The crown is a circlet of bright-polished steel that will alter in size to fit the forehead of a wearer. Its twenty thumb-sized gems are worthless pebbles that lose their radiances and gemstone looks if twisted out of their settings—except for the three that are *ioun stones*, with powers as follows (operable only when the stones are orbiting the head of their "owner," the last being to grasp them): a clear spindle (sustains person without food or water); a pearly white spindle (regenerates 1 hp/turn); and a dusty rose prism (confers +1 protection).

Center Right-Wall Mirror: "A stone pedestal stands in the center of a small, bare, stone-walled room. The top of the pedestal is lit by a faint, flickering pale white glow, which shows that there are smudged markings on the pedestal-top...markings made with purple chalk. The wan radiance also shows a closed wooden door in the back right-hand corner of the room."

The 40-foot-square room is as bare as it looks—except for one nasty surprise awaiting PCs entering through the mirror frame: the dark bulk of something large and dead lies on the floor against the mirror-wall (invisible 'below the sill' when looking through the mirror). "Dust lies thick on the dull, staring eyes of its goat head, its lion head, and its dragon head." The dragonlike wings of this chimera are shredded stumps, slashed through by edged weapons of some sort (that are now missing from the room, though PCs should be told that they may lie hidden under the corpse), but there is no sign of violence on the rest of its body, nor any bloodstains around; how it died here *is a mystery*. PCs will have to leap to avoid landing on it. Perhaps the chimera was slain by whoever wiped his hand (four fingers) across the chalk design on the plinth, and took whatever lay within its central ring.

PCs who examine the plinth will see that the flickering radiance is actually coming from the purple chalk (it will cease entirely if the chalk is disturbed further), and that the entire surface of the plinth is thickly coated in dust—except for a small, circular bare patch in the center of a ring of purple chalk, where something (now missing) recently sat.

(If Shoubra is questioned about this, she'll recall that a sculpted electrum head "that spoke spells aloud" always sat on the plinth; she knows nothing of its present whereabouts, any purple chalk, or how a chimera came to be—and die—here. She does vaguely recall that "there's something under the plinth," too.)

Before the pattern of purple chalk was disarranged, it was a large circle with a tail (like a capital letter "Q"), with two tiny circles bisecting the tail like pearls threaded on a necklace-string. (If PCs restore the chalk to its former, unbroken state, the flickering radiance will wink out, but nothing else will happen.) A circle is graven into the side of the plinth that faces away from the mirror, but the meaning of this mark is a mystery (there are no other markings on the plinth).

The door at the back of the room is unlocked and unguarded, opening into the room by means of a pull-ring, and leads into a short dark passage (leading to the "near right-wall mirror" room).

If PCs think to move the plinth, it will require a combined strength of 20 to move—but will slide aside to reveal a ten-inch-square, 2-foot-deep storage niche that contains a long wooden box with a handle on its top! The wooden box is held closed by two hook-and-eyes, on opposing sides, and holds nine long, narrow steel vials, cork-stoppered and wax-sealed, that bear no markings and contain a clear, colorless, odorless liquid. These are *all potions of extra-healing* (drinking one down restores 3d8+3 lost hp, or one can quaff three 1d8-hp-restoring doses).

Far Right-Wall Mirror: "A sleeping human lady lies on empty air in the center of a small, bare, stone-walled room. She lies flat on her back as if there was a casket or bed beneath her instead of five feet of nothingness, and her hands are clasped about the hilt of a naked longsword that lies along her body, its point below her knees. A faint, steady amber glow comes from the sword, illuminating the room and the still lady in her gown."

The 40-foot-square room is as empty as it appears, and there is no way into or out of it save through the mirror. The lady wears a finely-made green silk gown, leather boots of the very finest make (with copper toes and copperclad spiked heels), and a russet undermantle visible at her cuffs and throat. Her long fair hair has been woven into a thick braid and placed within her bodice, and she looks asleep or dead (there is no sign of breathing). She is solid (not an illusion), but can't be moved or awakened; swords and spells will both bounce harmlessly off her. Her eyelids can't be opened, and her joints can't be bent (or broken, no matter how much force is used). Only her fingers can be made to move; they'll release the sword-hilt instantly if a PC takes hold of it—whereupon the lady will vanish, leaving the PC holding the sword.

The *Lady's Blade* is an *everbright* (non-rusting), *eversharp* *longsword* +4, but its enchantments include one strange detrimental property of inexplicable origin: each time it successfully strikes any living (not undead, though all undead creatures of Thaldigar's Tower are exceptions to this!) creature, there is an even chance (any even result on an even/odd die roll) that it will create a duplicate of that creature (identical in current hit points, abilities, equipment, and attitude to the original). This duplicate is under the control of the original creature, not the **sword-wielder**—and almost always promptly attacks the **sword-wielder**. The duplicate (along with any weapons and gear it may possess) fades away after 6 rounds. The sword can readily be discarded by anyone, but its deadly duplication power can only be discovered by accident...all too often, a fatal accident. The amber *faerie fire* radiance of the *Lady's Blade* is permanent and steady; *dispel magic* spells will dim it to almost 'out' for 1d4+1 rounds.

(This was a battle-trophy that Thaldigar discovered the full properties of, tried and failed to modify entirely to his liking, and then didn't know what to do with. The sleeping lady is a conjured image of his devising; only he and Thorlar [not Shoubra] know that it's an exact likeness of his first apprentice, Eluora, who revealed her true [weredragon] nature one day by taking on dragon form and flying away with Thaldigar's best spellbook and staff. Some say that the darkness in the heart of the archwizard was born that day.)

The Tapestry Chamber

The stair from the 'forest glade' bathroom reached through the "Rear Wall Mirror" of the curves upwards without peril or features of interest except a faint blue *continual faerie fire* glow on each riser that allows the steps to be used safely in the dark, to an open archway. The unlit 40-foot-square room beyond is furnished with an oval table of dark, well-polished wood (duskwood), with fourteen high-backed chairs drawn up around it. A large golden goblet stands on the table in front of one chair. A sideboard of the same dark wood runs along one wall, its half-dozen doors all swung open at odd angles, and a huge tapestry (a vivid scene of three pegasi-riding, robed and bearded human mages hurling spells at a furiously-flying red dragon that is looming up behind them, jaws agape) covers the back wall.

The goblet seems to be half-full of ruby wine, but anyone trying to touch it will discover that everything passes through it, leaving it undisturbed. It is a permanent illusion (its origin and the reason behind it unknown, but presumably Thaldigar's work). Casting *dispel magic* on the goblet will cause a deep, booming bell to toll somewhere nearby (and above) in the tower, and—just for a moment—it will seem that shadowy figures of robed young men and one woman sit around the table, toasting each other with similar goblets.

A close inspection of the table will reveal that nothing is hidden or engraved on its underside, nothing lies on the floor under it, and that its top has one odd feature: a circle of wood is inset into the wood directly above each of the four thick table legs.

These circles can be turned by someone using daggerpoints or other thin tools, and so made to lift out—offering access to hollows in the legs. In each of these hiding-places sits a foot-long, smooth-finished, tapering stick of wood. These are wands, and are as follows:

- A wand graven with the word (name of its maker) "Nelandos": a *wand of paralyzation* (2 charges left; its power won't work on any wizard or any creature [including undead] or construct found in Thaldigar's Tower by the PCs)
- A wand graven with the word (name of its maker) "Ulurmreth": a *wand of flame extinguishing* (8 charges remaining)
- A wand graven with the word (name of its maker) "Jaster": a *wand of magic missiles* (12 charges remaining)

• A wand graven with the word (name of its maker) "Dabratha": a *wand of fire* (3 charges remaining)

The chairs have nothing hidden on their undersides, and the sideboard is empty, plundered of all of its silver platters, tureens, and cutlery by earlier adventurers.

The tapestry on the back wall is superbly woven, its scene both vivid and lifelike. It radiates a faint dweomer (preservative magics that also keep its colors bright), is 12 feet tall and 36 feet long, and weighs so much that a minimum of three characters with a combined strength of 47 will be required to carry it about. It hangs from 6 stout wall hooks (which project through 6 brass rings inset in its top edge).

Anyone examining the back of the tapestry will see the (unlocked) door hidden behind it, leads to "the Beknighted Stair" (the way onwards). They will also find a black leather garter clipped to the back of the tapestry that holds six platinum pieces (with empty slits for two more coins), and ends in a little metal box

that holds a pink rhomboid **gemstone** (an *ioun stone* that adds 1 point to the Constitution of its possessor [but can't raise that ability score above 18]).

A Beknighted Stair

The door behind the tapestry in "The Tapestry Chamber" opens inwards, drawing the tapestry aside with it, to reveal a stair curving steeply upwards and to the left. The stair is empty, but when the foremost PC has ascended two of its steps, a metallic crashing will be heard from the top of the stair—followed by the flash and clatter of a weaponless man in full plate armor tumbling down the stairs. Regardless of what the PCs do, the knight in armor will roll to their feet (or to the bottom of the stair if the PCs flee), ending up on his back—whereupon his helm will fall open to reveal that it is empty; no one is inside the armor. Then the figure will fade away (it was solid during its fall, as sparks and the scratches it left behind will attest—as well as any PC who doesn't get out of the way in time, and suffers 1 hp of damage in the process).

But When Eye Dream...

The knight in armor appears only once; PCs climbing the stairs thereafter will encounter no impediment. The stair ends in an archway filled with a still-stout leather curtain, with a ruby-red radiance leaking around its edges. Beyond the curtain PCs will see:

A faint, steady red glow emanates from the ceiling of the room ahead, illuminating it clearly. It is a 20-foot-square room with a door in the center of its right-hand wall. Cloaks and smocks hang on pegs all around the walls, and the room is dominated by a massive circular table, ten feet across and almost a foot thick: a single cross-section of a tree set upon a section of trunk from a slightly smaller tree as a base. A chair lies toppled on its back on the stone floor beside the table.

Atop the table is a wizard's pointed hat (black, and covered with little silver stars); a foot-long, smooth-finished, tapering stick of wood; three small, rectangular blocks of incense; a fuzzy ball of twine; a stoppered glass jar that seems to be full of iron filings; a large white feather; two diamonds; a shiny, like-new steel box 2 inches thick, 4 inches wide, and 6 inches long (there is no sign of a key); and a small black box hinged to open like a clam.

The ceiling emanates a ruby-red *continual faerie fire* radiance. The door in the right-hand wall has no lock, and opens into this room by means of a pull-ring. The furniture hides nothing of interest. There are 6 smocks on the left-hand wall, 4 cloaks on the back wall, and two robes on the right-hand wall (beyond the door). All are non-magical, and have nothing in their pockets (the robes are wizardly garments, with forty or so little pockets sewn into each).

Details of the items on the table are as follows: the hat is non-magical, and has nothing inside; the stick of wood is a non-magical-as-yet future wand; the three blocks of incense are all *incense of meditation* (if a priest burns one while praying and meditating in its presence for 8 unbroken hours, his spells will be of maximum possible effect for a 24-hour period); the twine is rough hempen string, 120' long when completely unrolled; the jar does indeed contain iron filings (about two pounds-worth); the feather is a wingfeather from a snowy owl; the two "diamonds" are actually just faceted and polished glass; the shiny steel box is locked (it can be readily forced open, or one of the rusty keys in the bowl in the closet [next room] opens it) and contains a silver-and-duskwood harmonica labelled "Harmonica of Doom" on one side, and "Blow me not save in just cause" on the other.

The Harmonica of Doom can be made to function only twice per day; a third attempt will *teleport* it away to a random distant Faerunian location, leaving its wielder behind. It always affects a 10-foot-square cube (the midpoint of one surface centered on, and 5 feet in front of, the harmonica-blower's waist, with the cube extending away from the blower).

If blown outside the tower, the *harmonica* creates a *time stop* effect in its cube. Inside the tower, it acts as a *disintegrate* spell (for tournament purposes, fellow PCs caught in the area of effect will always successfully save versus the effect—but none of their weapons, gear, or anything metal on their persons, from buckles to toecaps, will!).

Whenever the *harmonica* is blown by someone who didn't have a hand in its making (i.e. everyone except Thaldigar or one of his ex-apprentices), all of the blower's clothing will catch fire (if this isn't extinguished, or the clothing removed, within 2 rounds, damage will occur: 1 hp on the 3rd round, 1d4+1 on the 4th, 2d6 on the 5th, and 1d6 on the 6th, at which time the fire dies away, leaving the clothing and the wearer's hair in ashes).

The last item on the table (the small black box hinged to open like a clam) proves to hold what looks like a single, staring human eyeball, sitting in a cup of black velvet. Merely opening the box will cause a beholder to appear, floating 'asleep' above the table; if the eyeball itself (which is actually an illusion) is touched or the box dropped or hurled away to a violent landing, it will vanish and the beholder will 'awaken'!

The appearance of the death tyrant (undead beholder) can be described thus:

The air above the table shimmers, seeming to boil silently—and suddenly a dark, blue-green sphere hovers there, in air that was empty a moment earlier. A strong reek of mildew wafts out from this mottled monster. Green-and-white molds cling in a ragged carpet to the thing, and in other places, patches of skin seem to be crumbling away—wherever wandering green-grey veins aren't crisscrossing. The sphere is five feet across or more, and its lower curve is split by a huge, many-fanged mouth that is slowly drooling a milky fluid onto the tabletop. Bony plates surround a huge, closed single eye above the mouth—and above it, hanging down all around the sphere like a fringe of twitching snakes, are ten stalks that end in bulb-like masses of flesh. It looks old, and wise...and asleep.

PCs can quietly leave the room by either the stair they came by, or through the door, without activating Thaldigar's guardian death tyrant. Casting a *dispel magic* on the eyeball or the box, or dealing it more than 60 hit points of damage, will cause the beholder to vanish as abruptly as it appeared. If the damage isn't done to the box in a single round, however, the death tyrant will awaken. Casting any spell except *dispel magic* in the room will also activate it:

The spherical monster suddenly begins to move, rising towards the ceiling in one corner of the room and rolling over as it does so, to train ten staring eyes at you. Some of them are covered with a milky film, and others are dark, empty, shrivelled sockets—but at least six angry-looking orbs are glaring at you. There is a spattering of fluid as the large central eye, now closest to the floor, opens. —

From its vantage point at the ceiling (its lowest point is 14 feet above the floor), the death tyrant will silently and unhesitatingly attack every living creature in the room, using its eyestalk powers. It is fearless (doesn't care what happens to it), and won't surrender, retreat, bargain, or show any mercy. Its six surviving eyes have the following powers (yes, two of them are identical):

- hold monster** (single target; PC must save vs. spell or be held motionless for 1d3 rounds *after* the death tyrant ceases to train that eye on him [or the eye is destroyed, or the PC is hooded or dragged out of sight])
- hold monster** (single target; PC must save vs. spell or be held motionless for 1d3 rounds *after* the death tyrant ceases to train that eye on him [or the eye is destroyed, or the PC is hooded or dragged out of sight])
- sleep** (single target; PC must save vs. spell or be comatose for 30 rounds [for this particular death tyrant]; slapping or wounding by others can awaken sleeper early, but arousing takes 1 round)
- telekinesis** (250-lb. weight maximum; the death tyrant will use this power to sweep up the tabletop—which detaches from its base when rotated, something the death tyrant knows how to deftly do—and use it to batter PCs. A tabletop smash is made at the beholder's THACO, and if it hits, deals 4d4 hit points of damage, halved if the PC makes a successful Dexterity Check. The death tyrant also likes to use this power to snatch up a foe, and use the unfortunate PC as a living club to batter other PCs! A PC so 'snatched' is allowed an initial Strength Check. If successful, their struggles allow them to delay any impacts until the next round, and to divest themselves of any items they desire to (typically dropping fragile things). Thereafter, the death tyrant sweeps them about until it turns the eye on someone or something else, or a *dispel magic* effect frees the PC. During every round, the death tyrant can smash the PC against something once. This impact does the PC 2d4+4 hit points of damage unless they make a successful Dexterity Check (which reduces damage to 1d4+2). If the PC is used to club other creatures, the attempt is made at the death tyrant's THACO, and both club and target are allowed Dexterity Checks for half damage. The full damage that a creature clubbed with a PC can take is 2d4+6; this is halved only in accordance with the creature's own successful Dexterity Check (i.e. regardless of the success or failure of the check made by the PC-club). A PC being *telekinesed* makes attacks at -4 to hit and -3 on damage, launches missile attacks at -5 to hit, and can only cast spells or activate magic that is awakened by silent force of will or by just a verbal component (casting spells with any somatic or material components is impossible)
- slow** (single target; PC must save vs. spell or move and attack at half rate; for example, a PC who attacks once per round would attack only once in every second round, and the attack would reach or miss its intended target at the very end of that second round; this effect lasts only as long as the eye is trained on the

particular PC, and its onset upon a new target is as follows: the PC suddenly feels as if he or she is moving through molasses; breathing slows, and heartbeat becomes a drumlike, slow boom—but the actual half-rate-everything begins at the start of the round following first contact with the eye)

•**cause serious wounds** (single target within 50 yards must save vs. spell or suffer 2d8+1 hp damage)

The death tyrant lets fly with every eyestalk power, every round, not bothering with its central eye's 140-yard-range, 90-degree arc *anti-magic ray* (i.e. PCs can cast spells to fight or escape, though the central eye is bathing the floor beneath the death tyrant with its nullifying gaze), and doesn't "fight smart" (an eyestalk power lashes out at a random PC, not the nearest, or most dangerous, or one who is spellcasting). It will try to bite any PC who strikes it directly with a weapon. Its body is AC 0, its eyestalks are AC 2, and both its central eye and smaller eyes are AC 7. (Eyestalks and their eyes have 12 hit points each, that don't count in the death tyrant's hit point total; attacks against specific beholder body parts are made at -2).

DEATH TYRANT (undead beholder) : Int Nil; ALLE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); hp 70; THAC05; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (bite); SA magic; SD anti-magic ray, immune to charm, hold, sleep spells; SZ L(5'+ diameter); ML 18; XP 13,000 (I,Tyrant).

The unlocked door in the right-hand wall leads to:

A Skeleton In The Closet

When the door of the closet is opened, PCs will be confronted by a human skeleton, standing just inside the door. It is holding up a sign that says: "Use the spell, fool." (This is an old joke Thaldigar used to play on his apprentices, not a direction to the PCs). The moment any PC reads the sign, it and the skeleton will vanish, leaving the closet empty of foes.

The closet is 5' wide and 7' long, and is lined with dusty wooden shelves whose fronts are studded with wooden pegs. The rotting remnants of clothing hang on some of these pegs, thickly coated with cobwebs. A fist-sized black spider will boil out of hiding on one of the shelves if the PCs rummage, and scamper away; it is entirely harmless and can be readily killed.

The shelves contain a bowl full of rusty keys (to chests and rooms that once held them in the destroyed lower part of the tower; one key opens the silver box that holds the *Harmonica of Doom*); a jar of iron filings; a jar of fishhooks; a jar of glass beads (clear, colorless pierced marbles); a broken clay pipe; a foot-long tangled piece of twine; a jar of candle-ends (seven stubs); two ornate glass ink-wells (the contents of both dried up); two quill pens that will crumble into dust if touched; and a waxed measuring cord that has been knotted at every foot along its length (it is 16 feet long). A high wooden stool is in one corner, festooned by the rotten, disintegrating remnants of a feather boa.

Any PC who thinks to look up will discover the way onwards: a quite visible trapdoor, with swing-down hinges and a rotating wooden catch, forms the ceiling at the end of the closet. The ceiling is only 7' up; reaching the trap with the stool is ease itself.

The trapdoor leads up into:

A Dark, Dark Room

Above the trapdoor is inky, utter darkness—in fact, a ten-foot-square room entirely under the sway of magical *darkness*, wherein the 'blink skeleton' from the closet below will make its stand, hacking at PCs who appear up the trapdoor (it gets a +4 on attack rolls directed at PCs appearing through the confines of the trap, until more than one PC has entered the dark room, whereupon its attack rolls become normal again).

PCs lacking infravision or any means of dispelling the darkness must function at -4 on all attacks (with the loss of all damage bonuses), -4 on Armor Class, -4 on dodging and evasion saving throws, and at normal movement speeds, have a good chance of veering in the wrong direction, and must make a Dexterity Check every round or stumble and fall; this chance of tripping vanishes if movement is slow and cautious. PCs who possess the blind-fighting proficiency suffer only a -2 attack penalty, and no AC penalty, retaining half-effectiveness in special abilities normally lost in darkness.

Thaldigar's version of a 'blink skeleton' is a magically-augmented human skeleton that can't be turned or dispelled. It strikes twice per round (this one is armed with a broad sword that deals 2d4 hit points of damage), and in place of one of its attacks can choose to launch two *magic missiles* instead (each 1d4+1hp-

damage bolt can target a different target). At the end of every round it can *blink* away (instantaneously *teleport* ten feet, but in a deliberate, not random direction; usually the skeleton chooses to appear behind another PC; a *blink* will never be into a solid object, and the skeleton need not make this journey). The skeleton will fight until **destroyed**, but will try to do a little damage here and a little damage there, to as many PCs as possible, and survive as long as it can. Thanks to Thaldigar's enchantments (and sense of humor) it will chuckle, hum snatches of sardonic songs (some suggested lyrics follow), and even whistle as it goes about its deadly work. (Such vocalizations won't begin until PCs have discovered what they're facing in the dark room.)

BLINK SKELETON: Int 12 (battle cunning); ALN; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 2d4 (broad sword) or 1d4 (barehanded); SA magic missile; SD blink ability, regenerates 2hp/day, can't be turned or dispelled, immune to charm, hold, sleep, shatter, disintegrate, magic missile and all polymorph spells, also immune to cold-based attacks, take half damage from edged and piercing attacks, take 2d4 hp damage from holy water (only 1d4 hp from a splash); SZ M (6' tall); ML 20; XP 975 ("new").

Some of the skeleton's songs follow:

[to the tune of *Song of Reproduction*]

I had a little snickersnee
I'd wave it all about
Amid the bouncing heads and such
There'd always be a shout:
'No fair! No fair! You're already dead
How can we win this bout?"

I hear this o'er and o'er again
The years they drag on by
And as I chop more fools down
I start to wonder why
Adventurers go riding out
Fire in every eye
*Why do they think the world is fair
And only villains die?*

[to the tune of *Tit-Willow*]

'Neath a tree by a river a little skull lies
Rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow
And he smiles at the boats as past 'im they flies
Rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow
And close down beside 'im are fingerbones three
That drum there and drum on most impatiently
"Someday soon all you sailors will be just like me!"
He chatters hollow, rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow...

And if you pass by there I hope you won't laugh
Rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow
I hates to see so stupid a fatal last gaffe
Rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow
That death-head's quite likely to take grave offense
Fingerbones leaping down 'laugher' immense
To choke you and chill you and send you down dark
While the skull sits a-grinnin' just like a shark
Dancin' rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow, rattle-hollow...

[to the tune of *Early One Morning*]

Out in the velvet night
I creep to give live folks a fright
They all fear my blade so bright
as a-chopping heads I go
Oh, scream lustily
Oh, flee right trustily
E'en a set o' dancin' bones appreciates a show!

The trapdoor from the closet enters the dark room in the center of its floor. The room is bare of all furnishings and items except the burnt stub-end of a torch (discarded by some long-ago adventurer). The ceiling is 7' up, and right above the trapdoor the PCs enter by, it sports an identical trapdoor, leading to another room above. There's also a large (unlocked) double door in one wall, that leads into:

The Ring of Power

The hum and crackle of great magical force is instantly heard and felt by all who enter this (40-foot-square) chamber. The very air shimmers with white, shining ripples of force, flowing out like waves from (and rebounding towards) what floats in the center of this room. The room is otherwise bare and empty, and its surfaces display no other doors or openings.

At the center of the room float four dark-robed figures, lying horizontally on their stomachs in the air about 5 feet off the floor. They are all motionless, hovering in the same locations regardless of the ebbs and flows of power, and hold identical rigid poses: their arms and legs are spread wide in "X"-like poses, with their heads facing inwards and turned up to stare at what lies between them.

The unmoving figures occupy the compass points around a central ring of stones, which drift in slow, slightly irregular orbits (so that some occasionally pass each other, or strike each other and rebound, drifting gently into new paths). These 12 rose-hued stones resemble *iounstones* in their movements, but are smooth (not faceted), translucent egg-shaped gemstones of a material unknown to the PCs, and are much larger than any *ioun stones* the PCs have ever seen: each is perhaps eight inches tall. Power seems to wash out of them and swirl around them, rising to a humming height in close proximity to them. (They are the enchanted foci of the field that maintains Thaldigar's Tower.)

This power will swirl around any PCs who enter the room, slowing them as if they were wading through moving water, and they'll feel an unpleasant tingling sensation. Nothing else will occur (unless they undertake certain actions, as noted hereafter), and PCs can freely move around the chamber and touch the stones or the figures.

The figures are four staring-eyed, black-robed human males, whose gazes are fixed on the stones. They can't see or hear the PCs, don't seem to be breathing, and won't change what they're looking at regardless of what the PCs do to them. They wear no footwear, undergarments, or *accoutrements*—just the robes, securely buttoned and belted about their bodies. Their minds are gone and can't be psionically or magically contacted. (These are trapped former apprentices of Thaldigar whose life-forces have been artificially maintained by the field, but whose presence is essential to its continued existence.) PCs can remove their robes without apparent effect, and even forcibly change their spreadeagled poses (though their limbs, if released, will slowly drift back into the 'X' position in which they were found), but certain PC actions will cause reactive occurrences, as follows:

The first time (only) a particular PC touches any floating figure (as a probe or tentative exploration, not with damaging force or intent): power surges through the PC, healing all hit point damage currently suffered, and banishing all diseases, curses, magical compulsions, *controls*—and defenses.

All spells cast (or magic item discharges launched) by PCs against any figure or stone will be tracelessly and harmlessly absorbed, except for *dispel magic*. When used against either a figure or a stone, it causes the surging white forces to fade and fall away from the figure, and darkness to crawl around the room. The tower will shake, and stone blocks will break free around the walls of this room and topple ponderously to the floor, to shatter. Pitch darkness will rule the tower for an instant. Then the shaking stops and the bright waves of energy (alongside all other light sources) return.

The first time a particular PC touches any stone: All current hit point damage the PC is suffering is healed. All spells cast by the PC are instantly and wholly remembered and 'recharged,' ready for use again (the PC can't, of course, choose to change any spells at this time).

Each time a PC tries to strike (attack) any figure or stone: lightning will erupt from the floating target, arcing to the PC—who will be sent flying, blasted for 2d4 hit points of damage and paralyzed for 1d4 rounds. The bolt won't reflect back on its source or leap to any other creature or items.

If PCs try to move (tow away) any figure: lightnings of magical force (not pure electricity, and thus protections against lightning will be ineffective) will begin to crackle along the limbs of the figure, stabbing at any PCs involved in the moving, as follows: no damage on the first round, but warning tinglings will be felt; 1d4+4 hit points on the 2nd round; 3d4 hit points on the 3rd round; 4d8 hit points on the 4th; 6d on the 5th; 8d12 on the 6th; 10d12+10 on the 7th; and 12d20 on the 8th. If the PCs ever all release the figure, it will snap back to its former position (or as close to it as possible). During the towing, the field will snarl and roar around the PCs, tugging at them until their own movement becomes very slow and difficult (normal rate of 12 on 1st round, 10 on 2nd, 8 on 3rd, and so on, to a minimum of 1 on the 7th and any later rounds).

If a PC tries to move (tow away) any stone: The stone will freeze in place, and thrust out a ravening ray of force to strike any PC involved; this ray will wither one of the PC's limbs into powerless uselessness (unable to grasp, carry, or hold anything), and deal the PC 5d4 hit points of additional damage.

If the PCs manage to destroy (*disintegrate*, perhaps; any attempt to use the *Harmonica of Doom* in such an attack will succeed) a figure or stone: Thaldigar's Tower collapses with a deafening roar and a chaotic explosion of magic. All PCs take 8d4 buffeting damage and are struck senseless in the whirlwind; survivors will awaken a day later, strewn (with their dead comrades) around the base of the tower. Its

tumbled stones remain, but the field and the upper remnant of the tower that floated in it are gone (along with the Ghommild).

If PCs search for secret doors or otherwise closely examine the walls of this room of surging force, they'll immediately find a loose block in the far wall, at about chest level. It is about a foot high and two feet long, and can be pulled out (accompanied by a puff of black [sooty] dust) to reveal a storage niche beyond: a foot high, two feet wide, and three feet deep. Unfortunately, this hiding place is empty. Someone else, it seems, got here first.

Stars On The Ceiling

The trapdoor in the dark room leads up into a chamber dimly lit by many tiny winking 'stars'(twinkling lights set onto its ceiling). The 20-foot-square room is furnished with a bookcase along one wall, and a worktable against the facing wall, with a stool drawn up beside it. Of the other two walls, one is bare except for the ghostly outline of a human figure standing with its arms raised and outstretched, and the other sports a closed wooden door and a horizontal row of wooden pegs about five feet off the floor. The trapdoor enters the room in the center of its floor.

The 'stars' are part of still-strong enchantments that shield this room utterly against scrying and mental probings (both magical and psionic) from the rest of the tower; in pattern, they don't match any constellations known to the PCs.

On the stained and scarred worktable are a pile of blank parchments, a holder sporting three decayed quill pens (the feathers have fallen into dust, and the stems dried into gnarled, brittle curves), and a (dried-up) inkwell. A (non-magical) hat and scarf lie draped over the stool.

The bookcase has five shelves, with a dusty marble unicorn-head bookend drawn up to the end of each—but it contains only one book, lying flat and alone on the fourth shelf from the bottom! The complete contents of the case are as follows:

bottom shelf: A huge, dust-covered dark brown glass jar and an even dustier stuffed lizard-man head.

Both of these items are non-magical. The jar's tint makes seeing its contents impossible through the glass, though its weight betrays its 'full' status. It holds purple chalk powder. The lizard-man head is a trophy: the first beast Thaldigar slew with his spells, long ago. It doubles as a sheath; the dagger that can be drawn out of one of its eyesockets is covered with a dark, flaking substance—a sleep venom that long ago dried out and lost its efficacy.

second shelf up: A rusty iron box (about a foot square) and three identical beige pottery jars, each about as large as a man's fist, with lift-off lids.

The jars are empty. The key to the locked, still-sturdy box is nowhere to be found. Anyone picking it or forcing it, despite whatever precautions they take, will be turned to stone—but this condition will pass away, leaving them unharmed, 1 round after affecting them. During this time, the box is likely to be inaccessibly clutched in the stony grip of the affected PC. Inside the box is a fire-scorched, battered steel wrist-bracer: the Ghommild!

If any PC touches it, the air in the center of the room will flash, and a black, long-taloned hand with an exultant golden eye blazing in its palm will be visible in the heart of the radiance for a moment, before the glow and the illusory hand both fade away. The Ghommild fairly hums with power, but no PC will be able to find any way to utilize it—except, via *identify* or other spells, how to make it destroy itself.

If a PC ever sets its self-destruction in motion, Thaldigar's Hand will appear—as a solid-seeming but intangible apparition—and rush about clawing vainly at the PCs. The floating tower will then explode, and the Ghommild will begin to glow. When it becomes blinding-bright 2 rounds later, its hum of power will rise into a roar, and then—at the end of the third round—it will explode, hurling any PCs within 80 feet away in all directions and dealing them 12d6 hit points of damage in the process.

PCs caught in the explosion of the tower before the Ghommild's destruction will lose all of their weapons and gear, and be hurled—alive, but barely—against the rock walls of the valley, dazed and trembling uncontrollably. The Ghommild will float high above them as it brightens, and then burst in the sky like a terrifying firework, doing the PCs no further damage. They will slowly recover control over their battered bodies, and the encounter described in "Back to the Baron" will then occur; the DM™ must modify it to reflect the Ghommild's absence, which all parties involved will be aware of before the encounter begins.

third shelf up: A pewter tankard full of broken-off twigs, and a scabbarded long sword whose pommel is an emerald as big as a walnut.

The tankard is just what it seems to be (the twigs are from small maple branchlets, and were intended as a material component for a spell that was never cast), but the sword is a trap for thieving intruders: when drawn from its scabbard by anyone except Thaldigar, its revealed blade will glow gently, displaying a row of arcane-looking **runes**—and then it'll burst into a spray of acid, dousing whoever's holding it for 4d4 hit points of damage (no saving throw). Any armor worn by the sword's victim will begin to dissolve, smoking and crumbling, and will disintegrate and/or fall off completely in 4 rounds, but the victim will take no additional damage beyond that of the first acid burst.

fourth shelf up: A thick brass-bound book with gilt-edged parchment pages and a hold-shut clasp (no lock). This is a 45-page spellbook containing one neatly-written spell per page: *affect normal fires, alarm, burning hands, change self, chill touch, color spray, comprehend languages, dancing lights, detect magic, hold portal, magic missile, mending, read magic, shocking grasp, spider climb, unseen servant/blindness, continual light, detect invisibility, ESP, levitate, locate object, spectral hand/dispel magic, hold undead, infravision, lightning bolt, protection from normal missiles, tongues, vampiric touch, wraithform/dimension door, illusionary wall, minor creation, remove curse, wall of fire, wizard eye/cone of cold, hold monster, telekinesis, teleport, wall of stone/contingency, globe of invulnerability, and true seeing.*

top shelf: A dark, polished wooden box about a foot long, a few inches thick, and half a foot across. It has a lid and latch, but no lock. Beside it rests an iron warrior's helm atop a pair of gauntlets.

The box radiates a faint dweomer. Its inside bottom sports a row of three wooden peg-mounts; sitting on each is brass ring (which will alter to fit any digit that touches it). Two are plain, and the third has a small human skull of carved ivory adorning it. The two plain rings are:

- a *ring of invisibility* that *levitates* its user four feet straight upwards when its *invisibility* is activated, and then *paralyzes* them until 'turned off [by silent act of will] again (whereupon they turn visible, are free to move—and fall to the floor with a thump).
- a *ring of adaptation* (equal in effects to a *necklace of adaptation*).

The skull-head ring is:

- a *ring of undeath attunement* (the wearer is rendered immune to all diseases carried by undead, all undead aging and draining effects, and to all undead *fear* effects and death undead attacks (such as a banshee's wail). The ring does nothing to prevent physical damage from undead attacks, and all undead creatures will choose to attack the wearer of this ring whenever possible (ignoring other possible targets).

If the helm is lifted or knocked from the shelf, a telescoping metal body will emerge from inside it, revealing that it is a 3-foot-tall, jointed statuette of a figure in armor with an oversized head (the helm) and hands (the gauntlets). This armored figure is actually just armor, with a hollow interior. This disturbance will 'awaken' it into life. It is an iron Metagolem created by Thaldigar, with orders to destroy any living creatures save himself whom it finds anywhere in his tower when it is activated—and it will calmly and methodically set about doing so, first casting its *web* spell to trap PCs in the room with it, and thereafter striking at PCs most able to flee, using its *fly* spell to descend the tower interior and block their exit if need be. It won't take orders from any denizen of the tower, and will refuse to fight such beings (who in turn will refuse to do battle with it).

METAGOLEM (Iron): Int 12; AL CE; AC 3; MV 6; HD 9; hp 40; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 4d10 (fists); SA spells (each once/day, as 10th level mage): *fireball, flaming sphere, fly, magic missile; stinking cloud, web*; SD immune to poison, and to all wizardly alteration, enchantment/charm, and illusion/phantasm spells, and to all priestly charm-sphere magics, takes no damage from any electrical attack (which charges it), and has Str 15 for carrying purposes; SZ S (3'tall); ML 20; XP 3,000 (MC Annual Vol. 1, "Golem").

The ghostly 'figure' on the wall is soot left behind when the explosion of an earlier guardian magic destroyed the unfortunate adventurer who triggered it. It is harmless, and can be readily wiped off without incident.

The (unlocked) door leads into:

The Haunted Bed

The door opens into a 20-foot-square room whose wall, floor, and ceiling are faintly lit by an endlessly-swirling, slowly drifting array of luminous smokes (a magical illusion, not real smoke). This radiance clearly shows that the room contains only three items: a dark, circular bowl of padded leather—probably a bed—floating in the center of the room about three feet above the floor, and a pair of empty wineglasses on the floor beside it.

The wineglasses are just what they appear to be, and hold no magic. The leather bowl is 12 feet across, and is a bed. It is empty, and offers no danger—but if touched, a ghostly voice will issue from it: "Is that you, master? Have you returned to me at last?"

The voice will sound the first time (only) that each PC touches the bed. It is the result of an enchantment Thaldigar laid upon the bed to remind him of things upon awaking (it will repeat back the last words he uttered while touching it). Whenever the mage didn't need any reminder, he had the voice say these words to give pause to anyone who might manage to slip into this most private of his chambers.

The room contains nothing else except a 4-foot-diameter circle of lighter stone set into the stone floor in the right rear corner. This marks a two-way breach in the field surrounding the tower: *teleport* spells cast by someone standing in the circle, or cast anywhere else on Faerûn with the circle as the spell destination, won't be interfered with by the field.

Back To The Baron

Whether or not the PCs get possession of the Ghommild, and regardless of where they travel from the tower, they'll next encounter Elminster—either as one of the Baron's bodyguards if the PCs use magical means to whisk themselves back to Hawkhill, or more likely at Everstone, if they go there to retrieve their horses. In the latter case, the horse ridden by one of the PC warriors will be seen standing on its hind legs with its 'arms' (forelegs) crossed, leaning one shoulder against the side of the pavilion in a very human pose. The horse will be smoking a curved pipe that is merrily billowing forth greenish smoke and sparks. As the PCs approach, the horse's head will shift shape and acquire a beard, at the same time as its hooves become hands (and booted feet). "Well, it certainly took you long enough," Elminster will rumble, extending one hand in an imperious 'give me' gesture. "The Ghommild, please."

The DM™ should alter this encounter to fit what has befallen; the Old Mage will know if the PCs didn't bring out the bracer—and if they're being chased by the metagolem. He'll calmly explain (as he destroys the metagolem, if need be) that he's already seen to the Baron's healing—but that what's left of Thaldigar seems to have gone into hiding, and that they'd best watch sharp for black hands with eyes in their palms...

Thaldigar's Hand is not detailed in this adventure, but a DM™ improvising for campaign use is advised that this form taken by the ancient (27th level CE) archwizard is MV 7, FL 16 (A), and is protected as if by permanent *ironguard* and *minor globe of invulnerability* spells. It retains Thaldigar's intelligence, hit points, and saving throws, has a THACO of 11 (a clawing attack), and can unleash certain spells through the gaze of its eye; once every second round, choose a spell from the roster of the Guardian Mask. Thaldigar can't call on most of his spells and the various contingencies and immunities he crafted over the years—they're locked up in the Ghommild. He has no intention of healing the Baron or aiding anyone else; if the PCs foolishly give him the bracer, he'll instantly grasp it, and it will begin to emit spells as if he was casting them in earnest. These spells will form an all-out attempt to destroy the PCs.

If the PCs ask Elminster what he took from the tower that left Thaldigar powerless to call forth his powers from the Ghommild, the Old Mage will reply that it was a ring—aring now safely guarded elsewhere (the Simbul has it).

If a PC tries to use the *Harmonica of Doom* on Elminster, the wizard's immunity to its effects will be revealed. He'll confiscate the item with an amused air if it's used against him, but otherwise will leave the PCs to their own devices (if time presses, in tournament play, he'll mass *teleport* the PCs into the Baron's great hall in Hawkhill Castle).

And so this little slice of mayhem endeth, leaving the plates of the adventurers empty once more...

*Tower broken, tower old
Magic dark and tales ntold
Ye who'd onders behold
Must speak to the waiting cold
Forth f the bold*

-----CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE-----

fell to his death, of course. Anyone foolish enough to suspect lichdom and then tell old Wonderspells so, to his face

-----CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE-----

The dream-journeying made the master **sleep** so deeply that a band of **adventu** broke in and sacked the place **while e** was in trance, and he never awakened! **ankfully** for our **ides**, we were all in the forest where we'd been sent, **carryi** out his errand. Thus his little **pla** to keep himself safe from **any treachery** on our part thrust **ts blade** right back on **himself!** **The** intruders took some things so valuable that the **aste** **age** for days, and broke a **specum** with the **fury** of the spells he hurled **throug** it. Yet **his ts** have brought **oth** back. He gloated **y** **—slayi** one of the **thieves**, no **oubt—but** spent more **time** snarling out curses on someone **calld** **'Elminster.'** All have agreed to try to **f** out more about **this** being, but never to mention him to **the** master. **Afte** **all**, none of us want to share Thorlor's fate

-----CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE-----

The Master has shut Marandar out of the tower into the wilds, without his spellbook—and, we all fear, **sentslaying** spells after him. All M did was suggest we destroy or repair the burned bracer that's been gathering dust on the Master's study table these ten winters or more. Jaster thinks the bracer has something to do with the Master's past, perhaps a gift from a dead wife, but Dabratha insists the Master has never known love, and thinks it holds magic important to him, that he cannot unlock. She even suggested we apprentices are tolerated by the Master solely because he will need a certain number of mages to aid him in taking control of the bracer. When will we be ready, I wonder? Or as Jaster put it, when will the Master ever be ready to trust us enough?

'tis a ring the master seeks

promised us that the senior apprentice would always know where the means of resurrection might be found, but

Whurly was wrong. The

no way of knowing if the chimera is the true guardian of that door. The Master sets new

-----CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE-----

ten and six small diamonds, of the same size as much as possible
three black feathers from a yearling falcon—no older!
three fingerbones gathered from a wyvern's lair

The Master is raving. Almost all of his power is locked in the Ghommild, and he has lost control over it, after thieving adventurers took away with them some essential he needs to govern the Ghommild's enchantments. He fades away, like unto a wraith, but cannot work the greatest magics—a his last attempt to wrest his power out of the brace went wild, tearing life-force from him. He was forced to flee, and now dare not approach the upper floors of his own tower! He is in an agony of indecision; he must send us up to fetch things, but cannot bring himself to trust us to do important tasks—and no wonder, after the cruelties he's visited on us. Dabratha is still chained in the tub of vipers. His spells keep her alive despite their venom, but do nothing to quell the pain of their bites, and they are very enough to bite often. Her screams keep us awake at night. Only fear of being haunted by a wraith none can keep at bay has held the rest of us here this long. What will become of us all?

The Master, sle Crauthen this morn, after he pleaded for Dabratha's release. To his words I can add only this dread warning: it is clear no that e shall all fall before the Master's growing madness. He is beyond lichdom, now, and I cannot help but ponder on the fate of all Faerûn if he should ever regain control of what is in the Ghommild. Can even Mystra prevail against what our Master has become?

DELTHRAR DAWNSTORM 9thlevel Neutral Good human male Ranger**THAC0: 12 Adjusted Armor Class: AC3 (studded leather armor, no shield) HP: 82****SIR 17****DEX 18****CON 16 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:****INT 13 AC bonus of -4(dex)****WIS 14 +1 to hit (str)****CHA 14 +1 on damage (str)****Deity: Mielikki****Age: 39****Height: 61"****Weight: 177 lb****Description: Tall and rangy, with flowing, graying black hair, and ice-blue eyes.****Ambidextrous.****Languages Spoken: Common, NG****Saving Throws: (d20)****Paralyzation,****Poison, Death****8****Rod, Staff,****or Wand****10****Petrification****or Polymorph****9****Breath Weapon****9****Spell****11****Weapons & where carried: Battle axe (1d8, 1d10 vs. L) in hand****Mace (1d6+1, 1d6 vs. L) at belt****Dagger (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt****Long Sword (1d8, 1d12 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)****Spells: 2, 2.****I****Carried: Cure Light Wounds x2****Entangle****Faerie Fire**

Gear: wears studded Leather armor; belt w/coin pouch (11gp9sp6cp); high, hard boots; helm & gauntlets; backpack; 2 coils of hempen rope (each 24' long); flint & steel; whetstone; 2 oil-soaked rags; 1 (handheld) oil-lamp; 4 steel vials lamp oil; 8 spare wicks for lamp; 1 canvas sack containing 4 torches (wooden cudgels wrapped with nailed-on, wadded cloth, soaked in pitch); bandages; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); spare tunic; cloak with hood; 1 'grand' court-tunic and hose.

DELTHRAR DAWNSTORM is a good-natured, easygoing ranger who's still seeking the best way to be of service to Mielikki. As a boy, he dreamed of becoming a Harper, and perhaps the guardian of a forest or country. He found no such exalted importance—and no sign of any living Harper—in his native Tethyr, but did acquire a deep and abiding love of its forests, and a hatred of its cruel, decadent nobility. When Tethyr erupted in civil war, Delthrar turned his back on his grasping, increasingly desperate countrymen, and headed for Cormyr, the Forest Kingdom, because a passing caravan merchant told him that the Land of the Purple Dragon was the strongest, noblest kingdom in all Faerûn: what Tethyr should have been. It took Delthrar over a year to find his way to Cormyr, but he was delighted to find that the merchant had been right: the Forest Kingdom was a noble place. King Azoun seemed a stern and noble monarch, and his realm a contented place. Too contented.

After a few years of exploring Cormyr, Delthrar grew restless for wilder terrain. Folk who wander alone in the King's Forest or Hullack Forest or the Stonelands are viewed with some suspicion in Cormyr, and Delthrar soon grew tired of having a skulking escort of Crown agents keeping their eyes on him. Deciding he'd had enough of Azoun's vigilant rule, Delthrar set off. After a few years, he grew weary of constant battle and being stalked by beasts who wanted him as dinner (they were a scant improvement over men who wanted him to lead them to supposed Zhentarim contacts).

Running low on provisions, and feeling as lost as ever in his quest for a rightful role dedicated to the Lady of the Forest, Delthrar journeyed west into Amn, where he found Hawkhill by mere chance, and fell into the Baron's service as an adventurer. This brought him friends and excitements and dream-visions of approval from Mielikki—success at last! Whatever the Baron wants, Delthrar is eager to do...

EL'THHEENE 8th level Chaotic Good hmfemale female Wizard

THACO 1R Adjusted Armor Class: AC6 robes HP: 22

SIR 13

DEX 18

CON 12 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:

INT 18 AC bonus of -4(dex)

WIS 14

CHA 16

Deity: Mystra

Age: 35

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 104lb

Description: Slim and very tall, with blue-black long hair and large, dark blue-green eyes. Apt to joke (and be sarcastic). Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CG

Saving Throws: (d20)

Paralyzation,
Poison, Death

13

Rod, Staff,
or Wand

9

Petrification
or Polymorph

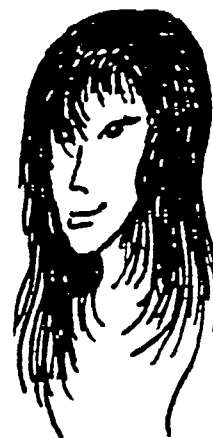
11

Breath Weapon

13

Spe

10



Weapons & where carried: Dagger (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt

4 Darts (1-3, 1-2 vs. L; can throw 3/round, ranges: M2/L4) at belt

Spells: 4, 3, 3, 2.

Carried: Chill Touch

Identify

Magic Missile x2 (4 missiles per spell)

ESP

Pyrotechnics

Web

Fireball x2

Wraithform

Polymorph Other

Wizard Eye

Gear: wears Robes; belt w/coin pouch (11gp2sp3cp); belt pouch w/spell components; low, soft boots; backpack; spell book (listed: all spells carried plus *Armor*, *Audible Glamer*, *Burning Hands*, *Change Self*, *Detect Magic*, *Detect Undead*, *Feather Fall*, *Mending*, *Read Magic*, *Unseen Servant*, *Bind*, *Detect Evil*, *Knock*, *Levitate*, *Melf's Acid Arrow*, *Ray of Enfeeblement*, *Whispering Wind*, *Wizard Lock*, *Hold Undead*, *Infravision*, *Melf's Minute Meteors*, *Non-Detection*, *Protection From Normal Missiles*, *Tongues*, *Vampiric Touch*, *Water Breathing*, *Enervation*, *Fire Shield*, *Fire Trap*, *Ice Storm*, *visionary Wall*, *Minor Globe of Invulnerability*, *Polymorph Self*, *Remove Curse*, *Solid Fog*, *Wall of Ice*, and 16 blank pages); 6 quills; 4 vials black squid-and-gum ink; 14 reams parchment; spare tunic; cloak with hood; spare high, soft boots (2 pair); 1 pair soft shoes; 2 'grand' court gowns (1 daring, 1 dignified).

ELTHREENE is a lighthearted, fast-witted sorceress. She doesn't suffer fools gladly, and prefers an active life of travel and adventure to spending days on end cooped up in a room amid dust and flickering candles, studying some lost, arcane spell. Born in Mistedale to farm folk who were afraid of her quick wits and her interest in (and evident aptitude for) magic, Elthreene ran away when young.

She was seeking magic, power, and riches, and knew that all three could be found in Sembia, known to Dalesfolk as "the Land of Fat Merchants." She found instead beatings, knife-point slavery, and after a daring escape, hunger and forced thievery—until one night when she tried to steal food from a travel-worn, dusty woman who wore leather armor, and carried a harp slung on one shoulder: Storm Silverhand.

Storm took Elthreene to Shadowdale, to learn magic from the "witch" Sylune (one of Storm's sisters).

Elthreene acquired friends, a sense of confidence, a habit of gently jesting with companions, and a solid grounding in magic. When she felt ready, she set out to find the adventures she was so hungry for, and soon answered a call to enter the service of the Baron of Hawkhill (in the wild mountain country of easternmost Amn), where adventure was not lacking. She has never regretted her choice—yet...

BRELLA ILFROST 8th level Neutral Good human female Fighter**THAC0:** 13 **ArmorClass:** AC:1 (plate mail no shield) **HP:** 79**STR** 18/66**DEX** 18**CON** 18**INT** 14**MS** 13**CHA** 16**Deity:** Tempus +4 hp per Hit Die gained**Age:** 29**Height:** 57"**Weight:** 156 lb

Description: Muscular and buxom, with long, flowing brown hair, flashing amber eyes, and a quick smile. **Ambidextrous.**

Languages Spoken: Common, NG**Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:**

AC bonus of -4 (dex)

+2 to hit (str)

+3 on damage (str)

Saving Throws: (d20)**Paralyzation,****Poison, Dea**

10

Rod, Staff,**or Wand**

12

Petrification**or Polymorp**

11

Breath Weapon

12

Spell

13



Weapons & where carried: *Long sword* +2 (1d8+2, 1d12+2 vs. L) at belt
Morning Star (2d4, 1d6+1 vs. L) hung at belt
Dagger (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt
Bastard (one-handed) Sword (1d8, 1d12 vs. L) slung on back (baldric);

Gear: wears Plate mail; belt

backpack; flint & steel; whetstone; 1 oil-soaked rag; 1 sturdy iron storm-lantern (shuttered); 3 vials lamp oil (highly flammable!) in an iron carry-box; 4 spare wicks for lantern; 1 canvas sack containing 4 torches (wooden cudgels wrapped with nailed-on, wadded cloth, soaked in pitch); spare gauntlets; bandages; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); spare tunic; cloak with hood; 1 'grand' courtly gown.

BRELLA ELFROST was born in Mulmaster—a cold, cruel city she heartily hated. The ill health of her father forced him to hire out Brella and her two older brothers, Thraun and Ilrar, as servants. As Brella was too young to be attractive, she escaped the cruelty of passion-hire. More surprisingly, she also avoided the drudgery of cleaning and cooking—to find herself instead in constant pain, learning the ways of warfare under the lash of a cruel Blade of the city, who (desiring female servants who could defend his household as ably as warriors) was determined to mold her into a capable battlemaid, or kill her in the attempt.

Brella nearly died many times; her body still bears many deep, ridged scars. After four years she was skilled with a sword. One night her tutor, Halor, challenged her to a duel to test her. It proved to be his last mistake: Brella had no hope of getting past his expertly-wielded longsword, but drove him back against a wall with the sheer fury of her wild swings, and shoved herself against him. As his blade sliced through her armor and laid open her side, Brella reached a morningstar on the wall above. When she dropped it on his head, Halor was stunned long enough for her to wrap its chain around his throat.

When she let go, he fell heavily to the ground, his face black and lifeless. Brella fled from Mulmaster that night, hiring on as a caravan-guard in Hillsfar in her haste to be away from the cruelty—and reach—of Mulmaster.

She spent several summers crossing the western Heartlands, from the Sea of Fallen Stars to the Sword Coast and back again. Tiring of saddle-sores, she joined the service of the Baron of Hawkhill—and found friends among the danger. In the company of the Baron's adventurers, Brella is happy at last...

BRALAGAR 7th level Chaotic Neutral human ma PriestTHACO: 16 **Adjusted Armor Class: AC1 (chainmail, no shield) HP: 50**

SIR 17

DEX 18

CON 14 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:

INT 14 AC bonus of -4 (dex)**WIS 18** +1 to hit (str)**CHA 14** +1 on damage (str)

Deity: Tempus

Age: 35

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 149 lb

Description: Burly and bearded, with brown hair, cold grey eyes, and a ready, wolfish smile. Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CN

Saving Throws: (d20)

Paralyzation,**Poison, Death**

7

Rod, Staff,**or Wand**

11

Petrification**r Polymorph**

10

Breath Weapon

13

Spell

12



Weapons & where **carried**: Dagger [**allowed** to clergy of Tempus] (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt
 Battle axe [allowed to clergy of Tempus] (1d8, 1d10 vs. L) in hand
 Mace (1d6+1, 1d6 vs. L) at belt
 Flail (1d6+1, 2d4 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)

Spells: 5, 5, 3, 2.

Carried: Bless

Flame Blade x2 (does 1d4+2 hp (+2 more vs. undead) for 7 rds)

Command

Hold Person x2

Cure Light Wounds x3 (heals 1-8 hp/spell)

Know Alignment

Create Food & Water

Imbue With Spell Ability

Dispel Magic

Neutralize Poison

Speak With Dead

Gear: wears Chainmail; belt w/coin pouch (12gp2sp2cp); belt pouch w/spell components; high-hard boots; helm & gauntlets; backpack; 1 length of hempen rope (62'); flint & steel; whetstone; 6 oil-soaked rags; 1 file; holy symbol of Tempus (miniature sword); spare gauntlets; bandages; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); 1 ceremonial clerical robe.

BRALAGAR is a brawling, hearty adventurer who hides his fears behind jokes and wild antics. A servant of Tempus, the Lord of Battles, he sees the right and best way to spend his life as smiting foes and having a good time doing it. His hobby is collecting weapons for temple altars (although those he especially likes find their way into his own gear), and his favourite sayings include such gems as, "We come in peace—strike to kill!" and "Give me taxes? I'll give you death!" (These are in addition to the usual priestly aphorisms: "Spill some blood for Tempus!" and "No rest for warriors—or those who watch over them, either!")

Bralagar was born in Hillsfar to mercenary-warrior parents, and grew up in Scardale. Offered a temple-sentry post as a youth, he won praise for his enthusiasm and prowess in battle (he once slew four bugbears who came to rob the temple by night, confident that a lone boy would be easy prey). Before long, Bralagar entered the priesthood, becoming a bodyguard in the armed patrols of the Dalelands mounted by the clergy of Tempus. He fought many monsters with enthusiasm and good humour, and soon rose to command such patrols. The hierarchs of the Lord of Battles then told him he must travel the Realms as an adventurer for a time, to make more of himself than simply a competent and obedient monster-hunter.

So Bralagar set off westwards, where he found himself in Hawkhill, one of the adventurers gathered in service to the Baron: a post that has thus far suited him well. More than most priests, Bralagar likes being in the wilds; he doesn't miss the clean linen, warmth, courtesies, and long rituals of temple life. He'd rather be out in the back country, in hot pursuit of adventure...

TASHRAM 7th level Chaotic Good human male Priest**THAC0: 16 Adjusted Armor Class: AC2 (chainmail and shield) HP: 48****SIR 17****DEX 17****CON 16 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:****INT 16** AC bonus of -3 (dex)**WIS 18** +1 to hit (str)**CHA 15** +1 on damage (str)*Deity: Tymora***Age: 37****Height: 6'2"****Weight: 146 lb**

Description: Tall, craggy-featured, and kindly of voice and manner, with unruly brown hair shot with silver and twinkling blue-grey eyes.

Often hums or whistles. Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CG

Saving Throws: (d20)**Paralyzation,
Poison, Death**

7

**Rod, Staff,
or Wand**

11

**Petrification
or Polymorph**

10

Breath Weapon

13

Spell

12

**Weapons & where carried: Morning Star (2d4, 1d6+1 vs L) in hand**

Mace (1d6+1, 1d6 vs. L) at belt

Flail (1d6+1, 2d4 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)

Spells: 5, 5, 3, 2.**Carried: Bless**

Command x2

Cure Light Wounds x2
(heals 1d8 hp/spell)**Augury**

Flame Blade x2 (does 1d4+2 hp {+2 more vs. undead} for 7 rounds)

Hold Person

Withdraw

Create Food & Water

Dispel Magic

Speak With Dead

Cure Serious Wounds (heals 2d8+1 hp damage)

Free Action

Carries 3 spells on scrolls: *Cause Serious Wounds* (does 2d8+1 hp damage)/*Cure Disease*/
Dispel Magic

Gear: wears Chainmail; belt/coin pouch (10gp9sp4cp); high, hard boots; helm & gauntlets; backpack; 2 pieces chalk; 1 length of hempen rope (44'); 1 iron hook; flint & steel; 3 large empty canvas sacks, each with a stout leathern-thong drawstring; 1 small carved wooden bowl; mallet; 6 iron spikes; holy symbol of Tymora (silver disc); spare gauntlets; bandages; 4' of strong, black waxed cord; spare tunic; cloak with hood; 1 pair soft shoes; 1 "grand" court-tunic and hose; 1 ceremonial clerical robe.

TASHRAM is a true priest of Tymora—lighthearted, adventure-loving, and given to whimsy and selflessly loving and helping others. A Harper of some experience in the Iriaebor area, Tashram wandered east to Cormyr, where he found that fighting Zhentarim was no fun at all. He found guarding a caravan against them even less enjoyable—so when at last it reached Amn, and he heard about the Baron of Hawkhill's call for adventurers, he left caravan-work behind (forever, he hopes) to become one of the adventurers of Hawkhill...

MASKAR 8th level Chaotic Good human male Wizard**THAC0: 18** Adjusted Armor Class: **AC6 (robes)** **HP: 24****SIR** 13**DEX** 18**CON** 14**INT** 18**WIS** 14**CHA** 15

Deity: Mystra

Age: 35

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 121 lb

Description: Slim, studious, with black hair, piercing blue eyes, and an often-seen, sinister smile. Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CG

Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:

AC bonus of -4 (dex)

Saving Throws: (d20)**Paralyzation,****Poison,** Death

13

Rod, Staff,

or Wand

9

Petrification**or Polymorph**

11

Breath Weapon

13

Spell

10

Weapons & where carried: **Dagger** (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt4 Darts (1-3, 1-2 vs. L; can throw 3/round, ranges: **S1/M2/L4**) at belt**Spells: 4, 3, 3, 2.**

Carried: Chill Touch

Magic Missile x2 (4 missiles per spell)

Spider Climb

Flaming Sphere

Levitate

Spectral Hand

Lightning Bolt x2

Wraithform

Evard's Black Tentacles

Wall of Fire

Gear: wears Robes; belt w/coin pouch (9gp5sp4cp); belt pouch w/spell components; low, soft boots; backpack; spell book (listed: all spells carried plus **Alarm, Armor, Audible Glamer, Burning Hands, Change Self, Detect Magic, Detect Undead, Feather Fall, Mending, Read Magic, Unseen Servant, Wall of Fog/Bind, Blur, Detect Evil, Knock, Melf's Acid Arrow, Pyrotechnics, Ray of Enfeeblement, Whispering Wind, Wizard Lock/Hold Undead, Infravision, Melf's Minute Meteors, Non-Detection, Protection From Normal Missiles, Tongues, Vampiric Touch, Water Breathing/Detect Scrying, Enervation, Fire Shield, Fire Trap, Ice Storm, Illusionary Wall, Minor Globe of Invulnerability, Polymorph Self, Remove Curse, Solid Fog, Wall of Ice**, and 2 blank pages); 2 quills; 2 vials black squid-and-gum ink; 10 reams parchment; spare robes; cloak with hood; 1 pair soft shoes; 1 'grand' tunic, hose, and embroidered robes.

MASKAR is a carefree, irreverent mage given to laughter, jests, singing, whistling, and jaunty defiance of danger. Born in the small village of Espar (in western Cormyr), Maskar was orphaned early and raised by a local Harper, the lady bard Jhanaethe Starsilver. She tested the boy's aptitude for magic and music; both were good, but Maskar's grasp of magic was the greater (and the rarer talent), so Jhanaethe sent him to the Palace in Suzail, to be apprenticed to Old Master Halagasz.

Halagasz was a strict but diligent teacher, and sent Maskar on patrols with the local soldiery. His love of battle and adventure recommended him for membership in the Dragon's Claws, an elite adventuring band loyal to the King (a somewhat-independent, somewhat-lawless secret force used in situations where the regular soldiery, the Purple Dragons, would be inappropriate). The Royal Wizard Vangerdahast tests all young Claws, and indulges their restlessnesses for adventure, by sending them off for a year or two on missions far from the realm. Joining the service of the Baron of Hawkhill, and spying on conditions in eastern Amn as he does so, is Maskar's "official vacation." Of course, he's under strict orders never to reveal to anyone his personal fealty to King Azoun, and his membership in the Claws.

ZHOND 4th level Neutral Good human male Wizard**THAC0: 19 Adjusted Armor Class: AC (robes) HP: 16****SIR 14****DEX 18****CON 16 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:****INT 17 AC bonus of -4 (dex)**
WIS 15 +2 hp per Hit Die gained**CHA 14****Deity: Mystra****Age: 34****Height: 5'10"****Weight: 116 lb****Description: Slim, studious, with dull brown hair, dark brown eyes, and an intense expression. Ambidextrous. Languages Spoken: Common, NG****Saving Throws: (d20)****Paralyzation,****Poison, Death****14****Breath Weapon****15****Rod, Staff,****or Wand****11****Spell****12****Petrification****or Polymorph****13****Weapons & where carried: Dagger (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt****4 Darts (1-3, 1-2 vs. L; can throw 3/round, ranges: S1/M2/L4) at belt****Spells: 3. 2.****Carried: Color Spray****Magic Missile x2 (2 missiles per spell)****Continual Light****Web**

Gear: wears Robes; belt w/coin pouch (6gp12sp7cp); belt pouch w/spell components; high, soft boots; backpack; spell book (listed: all spells carried **plus Alarm, Armor, Audible Glamer, Burning Hands, Change Self, Detect Magic, Detect Undead, Feather Fall, Mending, Read Magic, Unseen Servant, Wall of Fog/Bind, Blur, Detect Evil, Knock, Levitate, Melf's Acid Arrow, Pyrotechnics, Ray of Enfeeblement, Whispering Wind, Wizard Lock/Hold Undead, Infravision, Melf's Minute Meteors, Non-Detection, Protection From Normal Missiles, Tongues, Vampiric Touch, Water Breathing**, and 18 blank pages thereafter); 5 quills; 1 vial black squid-and-gum ink; 12 reams parchment; spare tunic; cloak with hood; spare high. soft boots (2 pairs); 1 pair soft shoes; 1 'grand' court-tunic and hose.

ZHOND is a haughty student of magic who enjoys acting mysterious. Born in Neverwinter, he was apprenticed young to Nonthur Ullamere, a kindly mage with an unfortunate habit of stealing magic from others by means of spying spells. Nonthur was a good teacher, and Zhond had become a capable 'undermage' who'd discovered a love of adventure (one of his duties was spell-hunting large forest beasts for food) by the time the wizard Caladram of Mirabar sought revenge for one of Nonthur's thefts by blasting Ullamere Towers to dust. In the ensuing battle, Caladram and Nonthur destroyed each other—and Nonthur's home with six of his seven apprentices. Zhond was the lone exception, and it took him a day to blast his way to the surface from the wine cellar Caladram's first strike had buried him in.

Zhond knew his magic was too paltry to keep him alive alone in the North. Waterdeep held many important mages, and to practise magic there one had to join a guild. That left only one safe place that valued mages: distant Cormyr, whose Dragon Throne was bolstered by its 'war wizards.' Grimly he set forth on the long and arduous journey thence, to seek his fortune and rise to wealth, respectability, and power—getting in a little adventuring along the way.

Zhond found the Forest Kingdom fair. Fair and safe; too safe for Zhond to indulge his growing taste for danger and battle. Prospects for adventure and for joining the war wizards seemed slim, and one must eat, yet one can't earn coins by casting spells at will where mages are watched over and subject to strict laws. There was news of hired archmages warring in Sembia, so Zhond headed west, signing on as a caravan-guard to Amn. There he found the Baron's call for adventurers, and came to Hawkhill. Adventure in plenty followed, and Zhond happily settled into the Baron's service, where peril followed peril in abundance...

THORM DUNSHELD 9th level Neutral Good **m** male **Fighter**

THAC0: 12 **Adjusted Armorass:** AC0 (plate mail no shield) HP: 82

SIR 17

DEX 17**CON** 16 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:**INT** 12 AC bonus of -3 (dex)**WIS** 12 +1 to hit (str)**CHA** 14 +1 on damage (str)**Deity:** Tempus

Age: 41

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 189 lb

Description: Burly and brawny,
with curly black hair, brown eyes,
and a bristling moustache.

Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, NG

Saving **Throws:** (d20)**Paralyzation,****Poison, Death**

8

Rod, Staff,**or Wand**

10

Petrification**or Polymorph**

9

Breath Weapon

9

Spell

11

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Weapons & where carried: Battle axe (1d8, 1d10 vs. L) in hand

Mace (1d6+1, 1d6 vs. L) at belt

Dagger (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt

Long Sword (1d8, 1d12 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)

Dagger +5 hidden in **inside-left-boot** sheath; will glow with *faerie*
fire when grasped and willed to do so-----
Gear: wears Plate mail; belt w/coin pouch (7gp12sp4cp); high, hard boots; helm & gauntlets; backpack; 2 coils of hempen rope (each 24' long); flint & steel; whetstone; 3 oil-soaked rags; 2 files; 1 sturdy iron storm-lantern (shuttered); 6 vials lamp oil (highly flammable!) in an iron carry-box; 4 spare wicks for lantern; 1 canvas sack **containing** 6 torches (wooden cudgels wrapped with **nailed-on**, wadded cloth, soaked in pitch); spare gauntlets; bandages; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); spare tunic; cloak with hood; 1 '**grand**' court-tunic and hose.

THORM DUNSHELD is a wandering mercenary warrior who loves a good **fight**—and thinks ready sword for the common run of folk in all lands. He came to Suzail in search of clients, a little adventure, and to see if he could pick up any extra **loot**—which the rich nobles of Cormyr certainly seemed to have more of than did farmers in the Heartland backlands, yes?

Cormyr did not warmly welcome a mercenary who so obviously enjoyed his work, and Thorm soon drifted east in Sembia, where he found gold in plenty and merchants eager to hire warriors to defend their own holdings and to attack their rivals. A dozen years of trusting no one, shrewd investing, a little smuggling, and hiring his own warriors to be always ready to rescue him from a treacherous employer, and Thorm found himself a prosperous landowner and investor—with enemies eager to see him dead on all sides. When walking down a Sembian street started to seem like dancing among aroused snakes, Thorm decided a holiday was in **order**—a jaunt through distant lands where his moustache, nose, and crooked smile weren't quite so well **known**...perhaps this Baron of Hawkhill's call for pet adventurers, yes?

Thorm hastened hence, and found life in the Baron's service to be a delight. He may never go back, and simply kiss all his Sembian wealth **farewell**...after all, a dead man can't spend coins.

Thorm is too wise a mercenary to lose his temper often. He turns aside angry words or threats with apparently-innocent, level-voiced comments, such as, "Nice day, yes?" or "The gods laugh at us all, yes?"

SYMBRIL CRAGAR 10th level Chaotic Neutral human female Thief**THAC0: 16 Adjusted Armor Class: AC4 (leather armor) HP: 49****SIR 15****DEX 18****CON 11 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:****INT 14 AC bonus of -4 (dex)****WIS 13****CHA 16**

Deity: Mask

Age: 19

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 89 lb

Description: Slim and svelte.

with long, luxuriant brown

hair (tied back into a long

ponytail), large blue-black

eyes, and a sword-scarred

left cheek. Her every

movement is sinuous, smooth,

and eye-catching. Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CN

Saving Throws: (d20)**Paralyzation,****Poison, Death****11****Rod, Staff,****or Wand****10****Petrification****or Polymorph****10****Breath Weapon****14****Spell****11****Pick Pockets: 25% Open Locks: 75% Find/Remove Traps: 45%****Move Silently: 70% Hide In Shadows 45% Detect Noise: 5%****Climb Walls: 45% Read Languages: 0%**

Weapons & where carried: 4 **Daggers** (1d4, 1-3 vs. L); 1 at belt, 1 in inside sheath of either boot; 1 at back of neck, in sheath whose strap is also a throat-gorget

3 Darts (1-3, 1-2 vs. L; can throw **3/round**, ranges: **S1/M2/L4**) at belt

Long Sword (1d8, 1d12 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)

(Also, at belt, a pair of **Gloves** with dagger-blade finger-sheaths (do 1-2

points each. per round; 4 attacks per round allowed when using these alone; if using another weapon, can't attack with these in the same round)

Gear: wears blackened, soft-worn, nondescript and mottled Leather Armor; carries 16 bloodstone gems (each worth 50 gp) in hollow left boot-heel; in right boot-heel, carries metal tin containing 1 steel coin with a razor-sharpened edge; belt w/saw-sharpened inner tang hidden behind buckle; 2 small bags of glass marbles (when dropped, pursuer must make a Dexterity Check or fall, and spend 1 round getting up again); coin pouch (16gp/4sp/3cp); high. soft boots; gauntlets (1 pair); gloves (1 pair); 4 empty canvas sacks; backpack; 2 pieces chalk; 1 coil of waxed, blackened hempen rope (80'); 1 iron hook; 1 set thieves' picks & tools; flint & steel; whetstone; 6 oil-soaked rags; 1 file; 1 vial oil (not readily flammable—for sharpening blades); mallet; 6 iron spikes; 1 sturdy iron storm-lantern (shuttered); 8 vials lamp oil (highly flammable!) in an iron carry-box; 2 spare wicks for lantern; velvet half-mask; 4' of strong, black waxed cord; spare tunic; cloak with hood; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); 1 pair soft shoes; 1 'grand' courtly gown.

SYMBRIL CRAGAR is a veteran thief of the Dragonreach lands, successful even in repressive Calaunt and in Scardale under Lashan's regime. Deeming it wise to relocate her activities (having attracted the enmity of several adventuring bands), Symbril fled to Sembia, where she hid or invested most of her wealth, buying several houses in the larger cities of the Land of Merchants. She was (she thought) well disguised as an idle lady of high fashion when an assassination attempt unwittingly foiled by a second band of would-be slayers revealed that at least two groups of her foes had discovered her whereabouts.

Symbril promptly 'disappeared,' taking to the woods and walking west into Cormyr, acquiring a disguise there barely in time to avoid more pursuers, and joined a caravan heading west. In Amn she found the Baron of Hawkhill's call for adventurers, and answered it eagerly, looking for a change—and dangers that were at least of her choosing. Hawkhill proved to be a good choice, and Symbril never even thinks of stealing from her companions or her host; loot in plenty always seems to come her way...

CHANDLARA FLAMESTAR 9th level Chaotic Good human female FighterTHACOI **12** Adjusted Armor **C** AC-1 late mail, no shield) HP: 76**STR** 17**DEX** 18**CON** 14 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:**INT** 14 AC bonus of -4 (dex)**WIS** 13 +1 to hit (str)**CHA** 16 +1 on damage (str)

Deity: Tempus

Age: 28

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 145lb

Description: Lithe and yet muscular, with a long fall of ash-blond hair, melting brown eyes, and a snub nose.

Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CG

Saving Throws: (d20)

Paralyzation,
Poison, Death

8

Rod, Staff,
or Wand

10

Petrification
or Polymorph

9

Breath Weapon

9

Spell

11

Weapons & where carried: **Long sword** (Td8, 1d12 vs. L) at belt

Mace (1d6+1, 1d6 vs. L) at belt

2 Daggers (1d4, 1-3 vs. L) at belt

Bastard (**one-handed**) Sword (1d8, 1d12 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)Dagger +1 on back of neck, throat ("**choker**") sheath; will glow{**faerifire**} when grasped and willed to do so)

Gear: wears Plate mail; belt w/coin pouch (11gp5sp7cp); high, hard boots; **helm** & gauntlets; backpack; flint & steel; whetstone; 1 oil-soaked **rag**; 1 sturdy iron storm-lantern (shuttered); 7 vials lamp oil (highly **flammable**!) in an iron **carry-box**; 6 spare wicks for **lantern**; 1 canvas sack containing 5 torches (wooden cudgels wrapped with **nailed-on**, wadded cloth, soaked in pitch); spare gauntlets; bandages; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); spare tunic; cloak with hood; 1 'grand' formal gown.

CHANDLARA FLAMESTAR was born in Turmish to pirate parents who sold her to a slaver, Huirlego Thavass. He was taking slaves east to Thay, but fell afoul of brigands in Chessenta—and in the confusion, Chandlara escaped and fled into the wilds. There she found a hard life of stalking game barehanded and being captured or found by a succession of shepherds, hunters, wandering rangers, and peddlers. Some were kind to her, and others made her their slave for a time. One night she snatched a sword from a particularly cruel merchant and ended his life with it—and her career as a warrior began.

Hiring on in Mordulkin as a mercenary trail-guard for a 'long caravan' bound for Calimshan, Chandlara fell into friendship with her commander, a down-on-his-luck warrior by the name of "Black Patch"

Thildar (he wore an eyepatch to cover the ruin of an eye lost in battle long ago), who trained her in the ways of a warrior—and to worship Tempus, the Lord of Battles.

When he died in her arms years later in eastern Amn, of a wound dealt by a half-ore's poisoned blade, Thildar growled, "The kiss of Tempus upon ye, lass—prosper! Die rich and happy—and old!" Chandlara misses him terribly, but is determined to do just as he said: with the favour of Tempus, stay alive to die old, rich, and happy. That doesn't mean to hide away from danger and adventure, but to be as bold a warrior as Thildar was, always.

Hearing that Amn is a wealthy land, where slavery is unknown, birth is less important than skill, and women seem free to become as important and as powerful as men, Chandlara came thence in search of adventure or steady work, or perhaps a place to set her eye on retiring to in the far future. In Hawkhill, she may just have found that place—and friends to share it with...

ILDREM THALN 9th level Chaotic Neutral human male Thief

THAC0: 16 **Adjusted Armor Class:** AC4 (leather armor) **HP:** 43

STR 15

DEX 18

CON 13 Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:

INT 13 AC bonus of -4 (dex)

WIS 12

CHA 15

Deity: Mask

Age: 20

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 112 lb

Description: Slim and black-haired,

with the beginnings of a

moustache, large and very

black eyes, and smooth movements.

Ambidextrous.

Languages Spoken: Common, CN

Saving Throws: (d20)

Paralyzation,
Poison, Death

11

Rod, Staff,
or Wand

10

Petrification
or Polymorph

10

Breath Weapon

14

Spell

11

Pick Pockets: 0%

Open Locks: 75%

Find/Remove Traps: 80%

Move Silently: 50%

Hide In Shadows: 25%

Detect Noise: 5%

Climb Walls: 45%

Read Languages: 0%

Weapons & where carried: 4 Daggers (1d4, 1-3 vs. L); 1 at belt, 1 in inside sheath of either boot

3 Darts (1-3, 1-2 vs. L; can throw 3/round, ranges: S1/M2/L4) at belt

Long Sword (1d8, 1d12 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)

(Also, at belt, a pair of Gloves with dagger-blade finger-sheaths (do 1-2

points each. per round: 4 attacks per round allowed when using these alone; if using another weapon, can attack with these in the same round)

Gear: wears blackened, soft-worn, nondescript and mottled Leather Armor; carries 4

bloodstone gems (each worth 50 gp) in hollow right boot-heel; 2 small bags of glass marbles (when dropped, pursuer must make a Dexterity Check or fall, and spend 1 round getting up again); 2 com pouches (4gp9sp5cp and 22gp8sp); high, soft boots; gauntlets (1 pair); gloves (1

pair); 5 empty canvas sacks; backpack; 1 coil of waxed, blackened hempen rope (80'); 1 iron hook; 1 set thieves' picks & tools; flint & steel; whetstone; 4 oil-soaked rags; 1 vial oil (not readily

flammable—for sharpening blades); 1 sturdy iron storm-lantern (shuttered); 6 vials lamp oil (highly flammable!) in an iron carry-box; 2 spare wicks for lantern; velvet half-mask: three 4'

lengths of strong, black waxed cord; spare tunic; cloak with hood; spare high, soft boots (1 pair); 1 pair soft shoes; 1 'grand' court-tunic and hose.

ILDREM THALN is a veteran thief of Athkatla who fled to the Dragonreach with a caravan when things got a little too hot for him back home. With an eye on the riches spilling out of pockets in every city of the Land of Merchants, Ildrem got as far as Suzail (in Cormyr), where the caravan terminated, and decided to gather information, look around, and establish a legitimate business or reputation, as a cover for later thieving. Cormyr looked a lot too well-policed for freewheeling thievery, but perhaps an adventure or two...

Ildrem found things more strict than he'd feared, and when another caravan offered a chance to return to Amn (but to the eastern uplands, where he'd not be known), Ildrem jumped at it. Arriving in Eshpurta, he discovered the Baron of Hawkhill's call for adventurers, answered it, and has never looked back...



LASHANTAR 7th level Chaotic Good human female Priest**THAC0:** 16 **Adjusted Armor Class:** AC:3 (chainmail no shield) **HP:** 45**STR** 16**DEX** 16**CON** 12**INT** 15**WIS** 18**CHA** 16

Deity: Tymora

Age: 26

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 97 lb

Description: Slim, gentle-voiced, and always alert, with long blonde hair, dancing blue eyes, and a quick smile. Right-handed.

Languages Spoken: Common, CG

Abilities, Bonuses, etc.:

AC bonus of -2 (dex)

+1 on damage (str)

Saving Throws: (d20)

Paralyzation,

Poison, Death

7

Rod, Staff,

or Wand

11

Petrification

or Polymorph

10

Breath Weapon

13

Spell

12



Weapons & where carried: Morning Star (2d4, 1d6+1 vs. L) in hand

2 Maces (1d6+1, 1d6 vs. L) at belt

Club (1d6, 1-3 vs. L) slung on back (baldric)

Spells: 5, 5, 3, 2

Carried: Command x2

Flame Blade x2 (does 1d4+2 hp {+2 more vs. undead} for 7 rounds)

Cure Light Wounds x2 (heals 1d8 hp/spell)

Hold Person x2

Pass Without Trace

Speak With Animals

Dispel Magic x2

Cause Serious Wounds (does 2d8+1 hp damage)

Remove Curse

Cure Serious Wounds (heals 2d8+1 hp damage)

Carries 3 spells on scrolls: *Cure Blindness or Deafness/Cure Disease/Neutralize Poison*

Gear: wears Chainmail; belt w/coin pouch (14gp1splcp); high, hard boots; helm & gauntlets; backpack; 4 pieces chalk; flint & steel; whetstone; 7 oil-soaked rags; 2 files; 1 vial oil (not readi : flammable---for sharpening blades); holy symbol of Tymora (silver disc); 8' of strong, black waxed cord; spare gown; cloak with hood; spare high, softboots (1 pair); 1 pair soft shoes; 2 ceremonial clerical robes.

LASHANTAR is a devout priestess, more at home in serene ritual and prayer than in the rough-and-tumble of the wider world. Yet to be a true servant of Tymora, one must dare often, taking life as an adventure, not a placid existence of routine in some cloistered abbey. "Shanta" enjoyed merchants' revels and high-society intrigue as she grew up in Sembia, and embraced the faith of Lady Luck to escape a life of humdrum drudgery as a wife, shopkeeper, or maidservant (the choices that seemed to lie ahead). Her one problem was that she hadn't the faintest idea of how to find true adventure, beyond flirting and whispering secrets. That all changed at a revel where she unburdened herself to a surprisingly friendly stranger: the stunningly beautiful lady Flambrella Rollingstone, from Hillsfar. Flambrella, it was whispered, came from very wealthy—perhaps even noble—bloodlines in distant, war-wracked Tethyr. The lady herself said nothing to Lashantar about her background—except to reveal that she was a Harper! She drew a dagger from her bodice and gave it to "Shanta," telling her that a certain lady bard, Storm Silverhand, would recognize it. Lashantar was to say to Storm that Flambrella had sent her for training, but was to travel to Shadowdale to find the bard as quietly and as unnoticed as possible.

Lashantar did so, and found Storm to be a warm but unconventional teacher who started her service to Tymora by having her spy on local priests of Lady Luck! After years of working for both those priests and the Harpers, Lashantar grew bored—and Storm, who'd been expecting this to occur, sent her forth to find her own path and her own adventures. Her wanderings took her eventually to Amn, and to Hawkhill, and to service as an adventurer with the Baron. It is a life she increasingly enjoys...