The lairs present here were written by
Jeff Harkness, Gary Schotter and John Stater.

Aberrant
Cyst Fist's Pass

A small troop of 16 aberrants from the Cyst Fist Tribe have set up a camp at the crest of the mountain pass. Their leader is the biggest of the tribe, a mountain of a creature named Furgristle. This group has journeyed down from their caves higher up in the mountains to raid and pillage, hoping to bring back items to help the tribe get through the coming winter. The entire group is wary and alert for danger after coming so close to civilization, and have laid out an ambush along the path leading to their encampment.

The path leading through the dense temperate forest is eerily quiet, with the sounds of the wind through the evergreens creating an occasional whistle. Hiding in the trees at the ambush point are 4 aberrants, each camouflaged with branches and leaves covering their deformed hides. Two aberrants swing large logs suspended by vines down at the PCs to knock them from their horses or to sweep them off their feet (1d6 points of damage). When the logs hit, the remaining 2 aberrants charge the PCs from the front.

The area around the campsite consists of discarded boulders, demolished wagons, crates, barrels and other refuse taken during their raids. This debris forms an extremely crude wall around the camp. Makeshift tents made from overlapping canvas and torn leathers surround a large fire pit sitting in the center of the camp. A partially eaten horse impaled on a spit sits above the sputtering fire. A crow's cage hanging from a high post contains a halfling dressed as a jester. Furgristle keeps the "little human" as a pet because the halfling's acrobatics makes the aberrant laugh. Eight aberrants remain in the camp at all times, while 4 others walk the perimeter.

Abomination
The Old Hermit's Castle

The adventurers wander into a creepy jungle valley, thick with vegetation but bearing wide paths that local guides claim were made by elephants. Rising above the jungle there are the ruins of an old castle, one owned, the guides say, by a weird old hermit. The hermit was a magician of some ability who specialized in unnatural crossbreeds.

The castle sits upon a rocky hill covered with green vines and shrubbery. A nest of 1d6 tigrilla lives on the slopes of the hill. A troupe of 1d4+4 owlephants and several owlbears dwell in the valley.

The castle looks as though it was destroyed in an explosion. Those exploring the place will feel a sinister presence (the phantom of the magician, see phantom entry in this book). Under the rubble, one might find a partially collapsed staircase to the castle's dungeons. The dungeons consist of a large common room connected to a laboratory on one side and storage rooms and cells on the other. One of the cells holds two human skeletons and a bloody bones (see entry in this book). The storage rooms hold copper vats, some in need of repair, bottles of reagents and phosphorescent liquids (poisonous to touch or taste) and other odds and ends of a magicians laboratory. The laboratory's steel door is blown off its hinges and the laboratory is completely destroyed.

Abyssal Harvester
The Root Run Vanishings

The Root Run Tunnel is a winding, six-mile underground trade route. The tunnel is 20 feet wide and its dirt ceiling varies from 12 to 20 feet. Thick redwood roots stick through the ceiling like giant twisted serpents. A flagstone entry goes for about a mile in from each tunnel entrance, before turning into a smooth dirt floor. Crossbeams engraved with the names of traders to use the tunnel are set every so often hold the ceiling in place. Lanterns hang every 100 yards to light the path.

A group of travelers entered the tunnel a week ago but never came out. Three people later found an abandoned cart at the tunnel's halfway point, but no people. Rumors are flying that the Root Run is haunted. Fear has halted the trade route, and the trade group that maintains the tunnel is offering a 500 gp reward for the safe return of the missing travelers.

The reward won't ever be collected. The missing traders met a gruesome fate when an abyssal harvester broke through a hole in reality as they passed. The grasping tentacles dragged the victims into the Abyss where they were devoured. The abyssal harvester currently has four of its thick tentacles stretched across the tunnel's passage to snare new victims. The tentacles appear to be tree roots in the semi-darkness until they rise to attack.

Abyssal Larva
The Maggot Pits

This 70-foot-diameter circular room is a charnel house of gore. Twenty decaying bodies hang from the 40-foot-high ceiling on rusted, barbed chains. Transparent tubes wind among the chain links and siphon fluids from the corpses. These tubes drape over 10-foot-tall wooden vats filled with congealing blood.

Beneath the hanging bodies, millions of squirming maggots fill a 30-foot-wide pit in the center of the room. More maggots drop from the hanging bodies into the pits below. The central pit is 10 feet deep, and filled to floor level with maggots. Stone steps descend to the maggot pit's floor, although using the steps nauseate those who try (save avoids).

In the maggot pit are 3 abyssal larva that spew a stream of maggots at intruders before rising to attack. A magic-user summoned the creatures to protect himself. He feeds the hanging bodies to the creatures after he has drained their blood for his gruesome experiments.

Adherer
It Could Use a Little Salt

In a subterranean gallery draped with sticky fungal ropes and made unbearably warm and humid by a hot spring that spews polychromatic salts a gang of 1d3+1 adherers has made its home. They keep their treasure in a sealed urn of terracotta which they have lowered into the spring – it is now encrusted by the salts and difficult to discern from the uneven floor of the pool created by the spring. Moreover, retrieving it is tricky without a couple 10-ft poles. The adherers are rarely (2 in 6 chance) in their little hideout, spending most of their time wandering the underworld looking for treasure-laden victims to carry home, where they are dismembered and boiled in the spring for a grisly repast, their treasure added to the urn. In time, the adherers hope to collect a fitting tribute to some demon lord, that they can request a release from their tortured existence.

Aerial Servant
The Tomb of Zexus

When the archimage Zexus undertook the construction of his tomb, he plotted a petty revenge on the lords of elemental air who had most ungenerously done him wrong during his climb to the heights of wizardry. So it was that he summoned an aerial servant with all the ordinary perambulations and enticements and put it to the task of constructing a fitting tomb for one as grand as Zexus Yellow-Eyed. In due time, the tomb was constructed from massive slabs of precisely fitted marble. Zexus induced his servant to follow him into the tomb and place the last stone merely as a test. The slow-witted elemental saw no trickery, for surely the mage yet lived and would not seal himself into a tomb willingly. Alas, this was exactly the intention of Zexus, for a slow, persistent curse had been withering his body for ages. The tomb

sealed, the aerial servant found itself standing in the middle of a cunningly designed magic circle, unable to do anything while the mage slumped down in a silver chair, died and over the course of a hundred years mouldered away. The servant remains in the tomb, invisible and waiting only for the great slab to be moved and a toe to step over the threshold, breaking the circle and releasing it to take its century of impotent rage out on the toe's hapless owner.

Afanc
The One That Got Away

The merchant ship Helene's Grace recently sailed into the port city of Borenstown, its keel splintered and its hull battered. The ship sits in port, listing badly against a redwood pier that juts into the Reaping Sea. Sailors swarm over the ship, patching holes and repairing a splintered mast. All look fearfully to the sea, watching for danger.

Helene's Grace has been on the run for three days after an afanc attacked it in the open sea. The ship accidentally rammed the surfacing afanc, and the angry fish turned on the vessel. It has trailed the ship ever since, battering the hull and nearly capsizing it twice as Grace made for shore. Captain Cor Balt fears the return of the giant sea creature, and is offering 100 gp to anyone who'll protect the ship while repairs are made. Around 20 townsfolk line the dock, scanning the waters. Most don't even know what they are watching for.

The afanc rams the pillars supporting the dock in anger before turning on the ship, throwing many of the unfortunate townsfolk into the harbor. Screams for help turn to terror as the giant afanc breaches among the anchored vessels.

Ahlinni (Cackle Bird)
A Bird in the Hand

A 30-foot-wide marble fountain sits in a clearing deep in the Kajaani Forest, its cool, clear waters gurgling in the foot-deep basin. Vine-covered ruins around the fountain are slowly being reclaimed by the forest. Standing at the cardinal points of the fountain are four statues of laughing nymphs holding vases of sculpted flowers. Diamond chips are worked into the marble surfaces, so the entire fountain glints and gleams in the sunlight.

A 20-foot-tall central statue of a massive crane-like man stands in the center of the fountain, its sculpted feathers also decorated with bits of sparkling glass and precious stones. Its bird head has a beak that is partly open. The giant figure has two outstretched arms with its palms cupped together. Water pours from between the statues intertwined fingers and drops into the basin below. A pink mist floats across the splashing waters, and birds cackle noisily in the treetops.

The clearing is the home of a flock of cackle birds. The flock leader has her nest in the statue's cupped hands, while the rest of the flock shelters in the treetops surrounding the clearing. The flock leader considers the fountain her "treasure" and frequently breathes her pinkish gas out over the water to mark her territory. The gas floats across the surface, infusing the water with the laughing properties. Anyone drinking the water must save or fall to the ground laughing uncontrollably.

There are 10 total birds in the clearing. The nine in the treetops hop to the ground to defend their leader should PCs threaten her nest.

Algoid
Someone Should Clean This Up

Water features are a wonderful addition to any dungeon complex, but over time they become something of a bother without an apprentice to keep them clean. In a misty corridor of one dungeon adventurers might come across a truly impressive spectacle – a chamber 30-ft wide and 60-ft long taken up by a stepped pool that gets as deep as 5-ft. Drains trickle water into the pool from a number of lead pipes capped by copper grotesques set into the walls, which are further ornamented by panels of speculum, a highly reflective alloy of copper and tin. A clogged drain in the bottom of the pool, covered by a copper grill, allows water to slowly escape the pool for lower levels of the underworld. Over time, the pool has acquired a thick layer of algae and a cluster of 1d4+2 algoids that lurk just beneath the surface. The floor of the pool is littered with their accumulated treasures, which they sometimes use as bait – leaving a few coins or a nice gem resting on the edge of the pool. The corpses of felled adventurers are layered with algae and, eventually, join the cluster.

Al-mi'raj
You've Been Warren-ed

On a green and pleasant pasture crossed by a lazy stream thick with lilypads and choked with reeds 1d10+10 al-mi'raj, including a psionic leader, have established a warren. During the daytime, one sees the creatures hopping around the meadow, grazing on the tender grasses and digging up roots, their golden horns shimmering in the sunlight. At the first sign of intruders, the creatures begin to hiss, and a swift wind sweeps across the meadow. Then the warm light of the sun is replaced by a thick, inky darkness. The intruders now discombobulated, the canny beasts quickly surround them and then charge into battle, blinking if the intruders find a way to defeat their darkness ability. The bones of an unfortunate mage lying in reeds bears silent witness to the effectiveness of the al-mi'raj's territorial defense.

Amphisbaena
Twining the Fountain

This chamber is composed of massive granite blocks, each lovingly cut into a perfect cube and stacked. The chamber measures roughly 12-ft wide and 12-ft deep and has a conical ceiling 15-ft tall at its apex. A 4-ft diameter pool, raised about 2-ft above the beige-tiled floor has an amphisbaena wrapped around it. A stream of water falls from the apex of the ceiling into the pool. If the beast is killed and its blood drips into the pool, the water will turn murky red and then freeze solid for mere moments before it collapse into a pile of silver coins.

Amphisbaena Basilisk
Heads in the Clouds

Lazy coils of purple smoke roil from the 50-foot-by-30-foot room, filling the chamber waist high with thick clouds. The smoke smells of burnt lotus blossoms and is so thick it obscures the floor. The ceiling rises 15 feet over the thick mist. A 10-foot-tall statue of obsidian gilded with gold leaf stands in the center of the room. The statue is a massive satyr with two faces, one on each side of its head. It holds a cornucopia from which the purple wisps pour. One face is smiling, while the reverse side sneers. The purple smoke is harmless.

Curled around the base of the statue is an amphisbaena basilisk, with each of its heads on opposite sides of the statue facing toward the single entry into the room. The clouds obscure the creature's conjoined state, and it appears to be two creatures with its heads down in the mists.

Hidden in the base of the center statue is a compartment that contains 3 potions (levitate, healing and gaseous form), 3 rubies (100 gp each) and a silver *ring of mammal control* carved in the shape of a platypus.

Anemone, Great (Giant) Sea
Death Dive

A reef of jagged coral rises out of the surf, a deadly barrier shielding the rich seabed for the pearl divers of Markees. The hearty divers raft out into the deep water beyond the reef to swim deep beneath the azure waves. A bed of oysters containing rare fist-sized crimson pearls is located 40 feet beneath the waves.

A great sea anemone matured in the coral during the winter, however, and snatches divers who get too close to the aquatic vermin. The anemone appears to be a rock tube stuck near the base of the colorful coral, but it quickly lashes out with its tendrils. Crimson pearls litter the sea floor around the creature, as do the expelled bones of its victims. The pearls can be sold for 100 gp each.

The devious divers want to get rid of the anemone, and are spreading stories about a "mermaid stuck in the rocks" to get people to dive into the dangerous waters.

Angel, Chalkydri
Purgatory of the Nexus

A thick door made from an unearthly green stone blocks access to the area beyond. The looted remains of dozens of skeletons lie in heaps outside the door. A cryptic epitaph etched in the stone reads:

Away from the sight of mortals, cast deep beneath the sward.
A gate that seals the portal and a key forged from angel's sword.

The floor of the 60-foot-diameter cylindrical room beyond drops 30 feet down once past the door. The ceiling rises 30 feet above the entry. A round, 30-foot-tall pillar-like pedestal sits in the center of the room. The pedestal is 15 feet in diameter and the top is level with the entrance door. A plinth holding a small silver key sits in the exact center of the room atop the large pedestal.

Kneeling before the key is a solemn chalkydri angel who holds a sword in his hand. The blade has a small section carved from it that perfectly matches the silver key. The angel does not respond or acknowledge anyone standing outside the room. The angelic being attacks without reason those disturbing the room, regardless of their alignment. The chalkydri was tasked with protecting the key so that it does not fall into any mortal's possession. Despite the key's normal size, it weighs 400 pounds. It unlocks a gate to Hades in the city of Eminence.

Angel, Empyreal
The Burning Angel

A column of white fire rises nearly 20 feet in the middle of 12 engraved brass plates set in the marble floor. Each pie-shaped plate is 20 feet long from the center flame to its outer edge, and the group forms a perfect circle around the knight. The white fire burns slowly with a blinding light, the overlapping flames flickering and receding in a slow-motion dance. Within the burning fire, obscured by the semi-solid flames, stands a warrior clad in shining plate armor decorated with swirling golden sigils. Two feathered wings curl up from the warrior's back, the tips nearly reaching the edge of the flames. The knight holds a crackling streak of lightning shaped into a long sword in his hands. Kneeling on the ground around the angelic knight are four brass figures, each holding a halberd pointing inward toward the knight. The tips of the halberds just touch the white fire sheathing the knight, and arcs of fire jump along their metal bodies.

The knight is an empyreal angel named Jemichar who was caught in a time trap during a battle more than 600 years ago. The angel landed among the brass plates and was caught in a temporal moment designed to repeat for 1,000 years. The brass plates originally burned at 1,000 degrees, but the spell loses a degree of heat for each year that passes. Right now, the plates burn at 400 degrees (4d6 points of damage to anyone touching them).

The brass figures are 4 brass men tasked with keeping the angel in the trap. The brass men attack anyone attempting to free the angelic warrior. The brass men heal 12 points of damage each round they are in contact with the brass floor plates. The angel can be freed by removing the runes engraved in the plates by destroying the copper plates or otherwise marring the sigils themselves. Each rune eliminated drops the temperature of the plates by 10 degrees. When the plates no longer burn, the angel's stasis lifts and Jemichar soars into the sky.

Angel, Monadic Deva
Eternal Vigilance

In a long forgotten temple to the gods of Law, a lone monadic deva sits in quiet contemplation of a shimmering, silvery pool set in the floor and surrounded by glossy tiles of sapphire blue set with fire opals. Ensconced on a throne of marble, he waits for the Intruder to once again attempt to enter the universe through that pool, for the deva is a gatekeeper, pledged for eternity to protect creation from something beyond and before and alien to creation. The chamber holds several idols of lawful deities, all hewn from marble and decorated with gold leaf. The deva is instantly hostile toward chaotics that enter the temple, but is friendly enough to lawful and neutral folk, provided they do not approach the silver pool.

Angel, Movanic Deva
Rooting Out a Thief

One night, a squad of exceptionally handsome men and women with sepia skin, glossy black hair pulled back and tied with saffron ribbons and opalescent eyes enters an otherwise quiet inn. They wear coats of gleaming mail and carry flamberges. After a quick survey of the room, they fan out and begin asking patrons if they have seen a ruddy-skinned merchant in these parts. While the men and women are charming in their manner and graceful in their speech, they are also quite insistent and rebuff all questions as to who they are or to the identity of their lord. They focus their most intense questioning on the chaotic, but make sure to question everyone in the place. The mysterious folk are actually movadic devas, polymorphed to resemble normal humans. They seek a demon or devil who has been plying the trade of soul stealer on the Material Plane in these parts, but are having difficulty locating him.

Animal Lord, Cat Lord
Pomp and Circumstance

With baited breath do the people of this bustling market town await the coming of the Cat Lord, for his arrival has been presaged by the golden tiger that only last week entered the town and took its place in the market square. The yowling of a hundred cats announces his arrival, strutting in human form down the streets, empty of humans and demi-humans but swarming with cats of every shape and size, all come to pay homage to their master. For centuries, the Cat Lord has come to this town to receive tribute from the many feline tribes, each one sending their representative with a choice prize. But this year, he wears a look of concern on his face, for a new force has arrived in the town, something unknown but worrisome to him, something that will have to be uncovered and stamped out.

Animal Lord, Mouse Lord
The Circumstance

In a deep place, damp, pungent and unlit, the Mouse Lord reclines on a couch of stone before a platform that supports a large, silver idol in the shape of a rat, its carnelian eyes swallowed up by the darkness. She is marshalling her forces, in this hidden recess beneath the caravan town, unseen and unsuspected by the fools above. Tired of the persecution of her people, the Mouse Lord has come to establish a new order, where rat devours cat and humans bait no traps, instead leaving choice offerings on their tables at night for their four-footed masters. Here she rests, a swarm of rats around her ankles, awaiting news that the Cat Lord has arrived to receive his final tribute.

Ant Lion
A Handy Trap

The sandstone monuments poke out of the desert sands, so weathered that they look to be part of the desert and inseperable from it. But a wise sage knows that these crooked pylons are much more than they seem, being as they are the fingers of a giant hand, a hand that awaits only a new crystalline matrix to re-awaken and deliver to its new master all the lands surrounding these butterscotch brown sands. What no sage could possibly know is that the great stone hand holds a terrible danger in the form of a large ant lion, its pit dug in the ruined courtyard just beyond those stone fingers. There, the ant lion preys on hapless caravaneers who pass through the fingers, anointing them with quinoa oil as the old stories say they must to avoid the depredations of the ghouls that lurk on the windswept expanses of the desert. Just a few feet beyond the old arch and into the ruined compound, and one loses their footing and plunges into the 20-ft deep pit and into the crushing mandibles of the ant lion. Mixed in with the bones of llamas and merchants there is a considerable treasure.

Apparition
The Mage's Fate

On that day twenty years ago, how could the old mage know he was sitting down to his last meal? It had been a common enough day, filled with researches into the recesses of the labyrinthine halls of the dungeon and little real success - always more questions than answers. He and his small retinue of apprentices had sat down around the old stone table in the room they called the "Grand Tomb". The table was made of marble, with a sculpture worked into the top depicting a gaunt man in full armor, hands clasped around a two-handed axe that extended all the way down to his pointed feet. An oddity to be sure, for the mage was quite sure it was not a repurposed sarcophagus lid - maybe a trophy memorializing a fallen foe? There they sat, the hired man bringing in a platter of boiled mushrooms they had discovered in a reeking cavern, a mismatched collection of found goblets and tankards holding souring wine, hard tack and salt pork spread out before them on the table. So involved were they with the feast and a good natured exploration into the meaning of the holes that dotted the floor of the Grand Tomb, they didn't notice the hiss of gas making its way through those holes, or the silent sliding of stone doors into place blocking their escape. And so, they died, coughing and hacking. And now, as soon as the party finds a way through that stone slab, the brave adventurer will discover the final fate of that mage and his apprentices, now 1d3+1 apparitions, still collected around the weird table wondering what it all means.

Arach
Spider Colony

The underground tunnel opens into a cylindrical chamber filled with hanging vines and thick, twisted roots that drape down from the 50-foot-high ceiling. Three tunnels exit the chamber in various directions. Tiles inlaid in the jade floor depict a massive spider overrunning a city as black flames lick the night sky. The spider's eyes are red tiles that glow brightly in the darkened chamber. Spiders crawl in thick clusters through the roots and vines, and thick balls of webbing hang among the plants.

A nest of 6 arach lives in a series of chambers accessed by a hidden doorway 40 feet off the floor. The spider-like men and woman often lurk in the vines like giant hunting spiders, suspending themselves by gripping the roots and ivy in their six hands. The arach drop on unsuspecting explorers, and fight to subdue victims to sacrifice them in a grand ceremony to the spider god of destruction the tribe worships. The arach nest is decorated with spun webs, and thousands of spiders crawl inside the wide tunnels.

Arcanoplasm
The Glass Menagerie

The hallway opens into a 30-foot-by-30-foot room melted from within. The walls, floor and ceiling bow outward as if a pressure wave of heat slammed into them. Wall sconces droop like melted wax, the metal lanterns attached to them nothing more than molten puddles running in gray streaks down the stone walls.

Glass statues of cats, dogs and other wildlife sit on shelves or stand freely about the room. Some of the life-size sculptures are incredibly detailed, showing matted fur and antler scarring. The room gleams with reflected light from the hundreds of statues, which range from small glass tree frogs glued to the wall to a massive moose that dominates one corner of the chamber. All of the glass animals are incredibly detailed sculptures, but nothing more. A fine layer of dust collects on all of the animals.

Floating in the center of the room is a 5-foot-diameter glass sphere whose interior roils with yellows and grays. The sphere floats a foot off the floor, and can be pushed around the room with ease. There is a 1 in 6 chance that anyone pushing on the glass shatters it accidentally. The yellow mass inside the sphere twists and turns wildly whenever a magic-user comes within 5 feet. This wild thrashing has a 1 in 20 chance of shattering the glass. Anyone tapping the glass with a weapon shatters it instantly.

Trapped inside the sphere in an arcanoplasm that has been held captive for nearly a year. The creature melted the room, but was then trapped in the sphere by a magic-user named Chripat the Green. The effort cost the magic-user dearly; he fell sick and died of his injuries before he could get rid of the creature permanently. The arcanoplasm is folded tightly upon itself inside the glass sphere, and twists and turns unable to escape. It expands to fill a 10-foot square if released.

Archer Bush
A Way Out

A long, inclined passage leading toward the surface ends in a strange chamber measuring 30-ft wide and deep and 40-ft from floor to ceiling. The floor of the chamber is an inverted pyramid 15 feet deep with stepped sides. The upper portion of the chamber is similarly shaped with a 5-ft wide opening in the roof that appears to let in daylight. In floor of the chamber is inhabited by a patch of 1d4+4 archer bushes as well as a few pale vines bearing plutonic grapes (edible, but narcotic and with a deep, sharp taste). While the hole in the ceiling appears to provide a way out of the dungeon, it is actually a trick - just a few feet above the hole there is a large, silver plate enchanted with a permanent *light* spell - a fairly

convincing illusion. The chamber is visited every few days by a gang of kobolds who use silver flutes to put the plant monsters into a trance, gathering any dropped treasure and picking a few grapes to turn into black wine.

Ascomoid
The King's Sauna

Damp and musty, the tunnel lead downward towards a large, natural cavern. As the tunnel approaches the cavern one notices whitish, downy fungus covering the walls and floor. The fungus is occaisionally interupted by small, tan puffballs that seem to quiver as people pass by. The cavern is monstrously large, with sulfur encrusted cracks in the walls and floor emitting a thin vapor that coats the cavern in moisture and allows fungus to thrive. A second tunnel, really a subterranean riverbed, exits the cavern. Dwellers of the underworld call this place The King's Sauna, referring to the warm, moist air and to the cavern's only inhabitant, a massive ascomoid. The ascomoid knows when people are approaching, and often lies in wait for them on an inclined shelf near the entrance, waiting for them to reach the center of the room, where the foot-wide cracks hinder their movement, before attacking. Any treasure found littering the floor is most likely tarnished or rusted unless made of gold, silver or stone.

Asrai
The Lady in the Lake

A small pond sits amid the rolling hills under a peaceful blue sky. Elms sway in a gentle breeze. Frogs croak a natural melody and dragonflies flit across the still waters. Fallen logs sit in a jumble on the pond's edge.

An overturned rowboat floats in the lake about 15 feet offshore. Its wooden hull is scratched and battered, and small icicles of hoarfrost drape off the boat despite the dale's warm weather. The lake is shallow for about 5 feet along the edge, then drops to about 20 feet. The boat stays in one spot, resisting the slight wind pushing against it. A long sword with a gleaming golden hilt is thrust through the boat's wooden hull. The weapon has a small red jewel on the end that pulses like a beating heart. From the boat, a woman's voice pleads, "Help me."

An asrai named Nemedia became trapped in this small pond as she was traveling overland after drought forced the water creature from her river home. She had hoped to move on by now, heading eastward in small hops to a river about a day away. Her luck held until she reached this idyllic pond.

The pond was already the hunting ground of 7 stirges that live in the breakdown of fallen logs and in the trees on the edges of the pond. The stirges attacked Nemedia as the exhausted asrai dove into the lifesaving water. She was able to overturn a rowboat to shield herself from the flying pests, but has been unable to escape.

Nemedia hides in the pond's deep water, but occasionally surfaces beneath the rowboat to see if she might yet escape. She pleads with rescuers to help, promising them riches. The sword is a *phantasmal force* image she hopes will entice rescuers. The stirges refuse to let their meal get away so easily, however, and attack if PCs move toward the rowboat.

The asrai takes any help offered, including being carried in a container of water to the nearest river if PCs offer. If transported in such a manner, she repays her rescuers by drawing them a map to a small treasure hoard of 100 gp and 4 small rubies (50 gp each).

Assassin Bug, Giant
Don't Mess With Mama

In the depths of the Primian Forest, the trees grow in thick clusters with conjoined canopies blocking the sunlight. Thick fronds catch the area's scant rainwater and hold it in the tops of the trunks. The ground is dusty and brown and dead. A giant assassin bug hunts in this seared wasteland, running through the upper branches before leaping down to pin prey. The creature has a clutch of young it protects in the hollow formed beneath a couple of fallen oak trees. The body of a half-digested fighter lies slumped over the log. His legs are still solid, but his torso a liquefied mess of soft flesh and gooey organs. The three young assassin bugs leap to attack if disturbed, but the real threat is their mother who viciously tears into any creature approaching her nest and young.

Astral Shark
Titanic Skeleton

Making their way across the great astral expanse, the adventurers might come across a giant skeleton drifting aimlessly, almost gracefully. Although it might be mistaken for the bones of a storm giant, the skeleton actually belonged to a young titan that fled battle with a great wyrm into the Astral Plane, only to die there. A passing school of 1d4+1 astral sharks stripped the titanic body of flesh, leaving only a few gibbets of amber-colored meat, shredded vestments and a smattering of treasure, much of it now floating in the vicinity of the corpse. The sharks remain nearby, and there is a 2 in 6 chance per minute spent examining the body that they detect the presence of visitors and attack.

Atomie
There Goes the Neighborhood

When the archduke laid siege to the baroness' castle, he felled many trees and heaped one depredation after another on the woodlands that had housed a tribe of atomies since time immemorial. Fearing the iron weapons of the soldiers, the 2d4x10 atomies have moved on, taking up residence in a large forest of walnuts and wild apple trees. The people of a small village have gleaned much of their sustenance from this forest for years, grazing their swine in it and gathering walnuts and apples. The atomie, having just been driven from their own lands, are in no mood for sharing with humans and are thus doing their best to drive the humans away - tormenting hogs, tying fairy knots in hair, petty theft, scouring the woodlands of walnuts and apples, etc. The atomies have no leaders as such, with each female among believing herself to be a queen, so some of the creatures are against this campaign of terror and may be inclined to help the hapless villagers. The tree top hovels of the atomie are woven from fallen and living branches and very difficult to spot. The woods are now filled with simple traps - small holes to turn ankles, arrows coated with painful toxins and the like. At heart, the atomies do not wish to kill the humans, just drive them away.

Aurumvorax (Golden Gorger)
Laying Claim

A grumpy old aurumvorax has made a lair for itself in a shallow, rocky cave overlooking a small gully that holds a trickling river that is quite rich in gold. More than a few prospectors have made the mistake of setting up camp along the stream, all of them quickly run off by the territorial and aggressive beast. This particular aurumvorax is now nursing a litter of 1d4+1 young. At the back of the beast's lair, one might find a tarnished metal wheel with five spokes sticking up out of the rock. With some effort (total strength score of 18) it can be turned to no immediate, obvious effect. One turn after turning the wheel, one might discern a low rumbling. 1d4 rounds after that, the rumbling becomes a roar and a wall of water sweeps down the gully, taking anything in its path with it and inflicting 6d6 points of damage on them. Folks in the cave will be drowned unless

they can fight the current and swim free. The deluge continues for 1d4+1 rounds before settling down and leaving a small, swift river in place of the stream. The water comes from a dam constructed by the ancients about twelve miles up river.

Babbler
The Babbler Step

A stepped pyramid has long stood in the midst of the marshlands, rising from a shallow lake, the shores of which are choked with reeds that pipe weird tunes in the frequent winds that sweep over the area. The pyramid is constructed of large blocks of a chalky, ochre colored stone, and though now very weathered, once were decorated with angular glyphs of grimacing dragons and water lilies. At the top of the pyramid, which stands about 60-ft tall at the pinnacle, there is a small altar stained with wine and blood, for this pyramid was dedicated to an elder god who granted euphoria and madness in exchange for sacrifices. A hidden catch on the altar causes it to slide slightly, revealing a narrow flight of steps that winds its way into the heart of the pyramid.

The steps finally end in a large chamber lit by etheric orbs of light that bob gently on the surface of a dank, slimy pond. The pond is connected to the outer lake via submerged tunnels. Once a holy place to the lizard men who ruled these lands in ancient times, it is now occupied by the descendants of the priests who presided over that final sacrifice that helped tear down the wall between the Material Plane and the pocket dimension of Agothustlaat. A pack of 1d3+1 babblers lairs in this pond, relaxing in the cool waters and awaiting the day when the stars realign and Agothustlaat can return to our world.

A small hole drilled through the wall allows a small beam of light to enter the pond chamber. When the beam of light strikes the sapphire (300 gp) eye of a bas-relief of a reptilian priest in full regalia on the opposite wall, the babblers will know it is time. A copper urn, sealed with wax, holds the sacrificial robes and knives of the babbler priests. A secret door in the cavern leads to a narrow hallway lined with small cells wherein are chained a number of human and demi-human captives taken in raids on surrounding settlements. The prisoners are kept alive on a diet of swamp roots and raw fish, and two have already perished.

Baccae
Wild Things

The forest's thick plants and clinging thorns give way to a strange sight: Six women wearing little more than silk scarves tied strategically around their bodies dance in unison around a proud stag in the middle of the leaf-covered clearing. A bonfire of aromatic wood sends a thin stream of smoke across the dancers. Their flesh glistens with a fine sheen of sweat as they dance. The leader is a tall woman with rich red hair and emerald eyes who moves a half-second ahead of the dancers, directing the bacchanalia.

If interrupted, the dancers halt immediately, and the stag bounds away, vanishing into the forest with a chaotic stamp of hooves and thrashing of its pronged head. The 6 baccae invite PCs to join their dance. Red wine is freely offered, and the women consume as much as their guests. PCs notice the changes in the women almost immediately as they become more bestial and belligerent, and the dance becomes wilder and more passionate.

The baccae have one enemy in the woods, however, a black-furred gang of 4 ruthless werewolves who hide in the woods waiting to end the dancers' revelry. These ruffians burst out of the forest intent on slaying the women, and any guests they encounter.

Banderlog
Banderlog Barque

A grand barque, the property of a noblewoman from the coast, has run aground on a sandbank near the bank a great jungle river. The barque ventured up the river in search of a great treasure, a treasure guarded by sinister powers who did not wish it found. One terrible night, these guardians descended from a moonless sky and killed or carried away the barque's entire complement.

The abandoned boat has now been taken over by a a pack of 6d4 banderlogs and their 1d2 leaders (6 HD each). The banderlogs have occupied themselves by dismantling just about everything they could get their hands on, swinging about on the slack ropes, tearing up the sails and feasting on the provisions below decks. The captain's cabin, fairly doused in blood, still holds a treasure map stuck to a table with a dagger.

Baobhan Sith
The Prism Prison

A 100-foot-diameter reflecting pool of clear water fills this forgotten temple. Plants grow wildly about the room from golden planters, creating a jungle of vegetation within the building. Ten mirrored columns surround the pool, each rising to the arching ceiling 40 feet overhead. A gurgling fountain of water jets upward in the center of the pool, splashing against the sides of a 15-foot-diameter clear crystal sphere hovering above the pool. Within the crystal is a pale elf with golden hair and delicate features. She is dressed in a sheer gown that flows over her slender body like a waterfall.

The woman is a baobhan sith imprisoned by her sisters for leading a female warrior into their valley. If PCs approach the pool, the trapped baobhan sith begins dancing. The crystal prison reflects the dance into the water and onto the pillars, forcing anyone looking at any of these reflective surfaces to save or be charmed by the woman's seductive movements. Any charmed PCs are attacked by 8 baobhan sith hiding in the thick vegetation.

If the crystal is shattered, the baobhan sith within is freed and flees.

Barbegazi (Ice Gnome)
Making Tracks

Two run-down wagons sit in the middle of the frozen wasteland, their battered wooden sides covered by thick polar bear pelts to keep out the cold. A weak fire burns in the middle of deep snowdrifts, the logs barely flickering with tiny licks of flame. The camp is empty, although boot prints from about six human travelers lead off into the trees.

The camp is a trap laid by a group of 8 barbegazi thieves journeying far from their Wailing Glacier home. The small band is wanted by their village for stealing a diamond idol that supposed to keep the Wailing Glacier from melting. The small group fled their village and has been robbing travelers for supplies as they stay a step ahead of the bounty hunters hired to return the idol.

The barbegazi hide in hollowed-out snowdrifts with their **2 polar bear** pets. The polar bears pull the wagon when the barbegazi travel. The human tracks leading out of the camp were made using wooden boot shapes the barbegazi strap onto their smaller feet to mislead travelers.

One of the wagons contains a fist-sized diamond carved to look like a small white dragon wrapping itself around a frozen icicle. The idol is worth 500 gp, but the barbegazi of the Wailing Glacier have hired agents to seek out and return the relic. They look harshly on anyone trying to sell the stolen relic.

Baric
Rat Pack

A pack of 1d8 barics has been placed into suspended animation within a large, long, silvey cannister. The cannister's origin is unclear, though it bears many dents and scuffs, as though it has come a long way. It is now resting in the midst of a large, vaulted cavern, having been carried there by the warriors of a tribe of troglodytes, their shaman having declared it a god when a patrol discovered it in the surface swamps.

The cannister can be opened by the turning of dials found on one end of the cannister. The dials are encrusted with dried muck from the swamp and one of them is damage, requiring a thief to succeed at an open locks roll at a -15% penalty, or not penalty if assisted by a magic-user with a *read languages* spell. When opened, the end of the cannister simply falls off, as though severed, ending the suspended animation and setting the barics loose on an unsuspecting world. Inside the cannister there is a thick layer of red dust and a treasure of 1d4 x 100 oblong gold coins in a leather sack.

Basidirond
Fungus Among Us

As you proceed down the tunnel, you notice the air becoming warmer and drier, working you into a lather and parching your throat. After a few more yards, you hear the screams of a madman echoing down the tunnel. They grow louder and louder, and no more than a minute later you catch sight of an adventurer in chainmail running towards you screaming about "the spiders". If one attempts to stop him, he flails wildly for a couple rounds before coming to his senses. Otherwise, he continues running past the adventurers into the dungeon.

If calmed down, the man describes 1d3 weird fungal creatures with long, brown tendrils and a cone shaped bodies dwelling in a large cavern about 100 yards ahead. The cavern is horseshoe-shaped and measures about 300 feet from entrance to exit. It is terribly warm, caused by a volcanic vent that passes through the inner cavern wall and filled with bones, dozens of pieces of armor and weapons and a thick layer of dried fungus - either husks of the creature's "young", or flakes from its own body.

Besides any other treasure that might litter the area, the dried husks are valuable for brewing a bitter, nauseating tea that is said to give one the ability to see through illusions for up to one hour after drinking it. Imbibers of the tea will find that these rumors are true, but they must also pass a saving throw at +4 or lose their minds (per a *symbol of insanity* spell).

Basilisk, Crimson
Tears of the God

The 20-foot-tall head of a statue sits on the ground. There are no clues to the whereabouts of the rest of the statue. Blood continually drips over the surface of the unknown bearded god, weeping from its hairline where a stone crown sits and down its cheeks and chin. The entire area reeks of rotting gore, and years of draining blood saturate the ground around the stone head. Clouds of flies swarm the area, driven by bloodlust. The blood pours over the head and coalesces in cracks and crevasses, creating a dramatic chiaroscuro effect on the white marble head. The flowing blood gives the statue the appearance that it is crying.

The blood is actually from the prey of a crimson basilisk that nests atop the stature in a natural hollow inside the stone crown. The crimson basilisk normally stays atop the statue to sun and devour its meals; otherwise, it is off hunting for prey and mates. Down-on-their-luck locals sometimes journey to the statue to make offerings of meat and fruits to the god. Sometimes they do not return.

Basilisk, Greater
Life-Giving Water

A mated pair of greater basilisks has made its home in a series of howling caverns in a wasteland of red sandstone and stunted creosote bushes. The entrance to their maze-like lair is partially obscures by large boulders. Within the caverns, the wind causes a constant roaring and whistling that makes it impossible to hear the greater basilisks moving about. The greater basilisks usually lie motionless within their caverns, allowing them to surprise opponents on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. There is about a 25% chance that one or the other is in their lair, and a 10% chance that both are in their lair.

The beasts are careless about where they devour their prey, so bits of armor, clothing, weapons, treasure and clothing as well as petrified adventurers can be found throughout the caverns. In the heart of the caverns there is an ancient druidic altar composed of a wind-shaped boulder surrounded by the burned remains of the creosote and painted with shamanic symbols.

A depression in the top of the altar holds crystal clear water that can reverse the petrifying gaze of the basilisks if applied to the victim within 10 rounds of being turned to stone. A small mirror lies in the bottom of the basin.

Bat, Doombat
Doom, the Bell Tolls

When the errant knight in the scarlet tunic emblazoned with a golden sun killed the old sage in the belltower, things in the village began to improve. The rains stopped, the sun shone strong and the animals, drawn and lean, fattened up almost immediately. The people became hale and healthy as well, and the old belltower, home of the curious sage who turned out to be a necromancer, was bricked up. All the people remembered well the final curse on the necromancer's lips - when next the bell rings, doom will come from the skies.

The necromancer wasn't just whistling Dixie. In the grey peaks that loom over the lush meadow valley of the village, there are a number of caves both small and large. Nobody living has ever ventured into these caves, for they are exceptionally difficult to reach and the stories that have passed down from past generations report they they are barren and useless. The highest cavern is not completely barren, though, for it connects to much deeper tunnels and vaults wherein dwell many colonies of doombats.

Should the bell in the tower ever ring again, at nightfall the cavern will belch forth 1d4+4 of these terrible creatures to wreak the necromancer's final vengeance against the village. And in the vault from whence the doombats come, there is a weird idol of spongy, grey stone that is warm and pulsating to the touch. The idol depicts a petty and forgotten god, and it holds a large, perfect sapphire (worth 2,500 gp) that serves as a mystic key to release that forgotten god from its extradimensional prison. All that must happen is for sapphire be bathed in the blood of an innocent and then shattered by a doombat's shriek.

Bat, Mobat
With This Ring

A colony of 2d4 mobats has been making a nuisance of itself to the people on the jungle's edge, ever since a mysterious, exotic woman was carried into the village by a hunting party. The woman has been locked in a deathless sleep since found, and the villager's now suspect that she is a witch calling the mobats to attack their livestock. The local priest finds this unlikely, but knows that the people's fear and anger cannot long be supressed.

The people are not entirely wrong. The mobats do search for the

woman, who escaped from a reclusive wizard's tower with a magical ring, swallowing it to hide it from him. She is now in the grip of the wizard's curse, the ring attracting the mobats, the largest being the *polymorphed* wizard.

Beast of Chaos
Chaos in the Savannah

When a party of adventurers toppled the blackened idol of the Ancient Traveler, the chaotic deity of the savannah, they unleashed a potent green mist that flowed across the landscape, tainting the grass and trees and twisting a pride of lions into beasts of chaos. The 1d6+5 lions now dwell in the shade of the fallen idol, collecting shamans from the savannah tribes and depositing their bodies into the hole from whence came the mists. The hole is the incarnate stomach of the Ancient Traveler, and the victims fuel his manifestation in the Material Plane.

The idol was 30 feet tall and up to 15 feet wide in places. The pieces of the idol (there are eight) now sprawl across the savannah. The grasses in the area have turned crimson and the trees are the color of jaundiced flesh, their leaves scarlet and oozing a weird sap (causes *confusion* to those who touch or taste them unless they pass a saving throw).

At the bottom of the hole of green mists, there is a pool of green acid. It is currently inhabited by seven wights, the risen remains of the shamans dropped into the hole by the beasts of chaos. The wights bear scars from the beasts and their legs and arms are twisted into weird angles.

Bedlam
Rest in Peace and Quiet

Pilgrim House was a place of screams and insanity until about a week ago. The asylum sits on a hillside overlooking Dalerest, with wrought-iron gates keeping patients inside. Thick climbing streamers of ivy cover the fence, and azaleas planted by the insane surround the three interconnected buildings' granite foundations. The manor house is eerily silent, however, all of patients cowering in fear or whimpering silently in far corners by themselves. They run if approached. At night, the usual screams echoing through the hospital's halls are replaced by eerie silence.

An old man with wrinkled skin, a long white beard and scrawny legs walks half-naked through the yard around the hospital. He wears a gold "crown" made of folded paper on his head. Grubal Norton struts around the yard, having a grand old time. The patients either run from him or drop to the ground and grovel at his feet. He wears an assortment of rings on his toes and has a woman's silk scarf wrapped around his wrist. Norton was admitted to the hospital against his will more than a week ago when he was found dancing naked in the street with a bear-skin rug. If PCs approach the old man, he puts his finger to his lips and shushes them.

Norton considers himself the emperor of Pilgrim House. As royalty, the screams of the other patients offend him. One of the worthless rings Norton wears on his toes is a dimensional prison that contains a bedlam in its opal depths. Norton's anger every sleepless night calls the bedlam forth, and the creature enforces the old man's wish for silence. The other patients know to keep quiet or face the bedlam's deadly torments. The creature floats freely through the manor halls at night looking for people making too much noise. Anyone angering Norton or touching the old man immediately draws the bedlam out of its dimensional lair.

Beetle, Giant Blister
Blister Pack

The ground in a 20-foot-wide clearing is burned and blackened. A rotting, hollow tree trunk lies on the ground, its entire side bubbling with a green syrupy liquid. Other trees standing around the clearing are missing bark on the sides facing the clearing. Grass around the edges of the clearing is withered and brown. A giant sunflower lies across the clearing, its stem burned in half. A giant bee lies crushed beneath the fallen flower. The upper half of the bee has been burned away. The entire area smells of nail polish remover.

A giant blister beetle colony lives under the clearing. The opening into their colony is inside the fallen tree. Two beetles wait for creatures to enter their clearing, then spray the area with their oily blistering liquid through holes in the hollow trunk. They rush out opposite ends of the tree to attack, clicking their mandibles to bring other insects from the underground nest. The Game Referee should adjust the number of beetles to fit the Challenge Level of the PCs.

Beetle, Giant Boring
Boring Temple

The temple that is supposed to hold the shinbone of Saint Alyssa of the Black Rose sank into the ground more than a century ago, sinkholes being common along the coast. The people merely filled it in with rubble and rebuilt, and for years never ventured into the dangerous corridors and crumbling rooms of the old temple, trusting that its inaccessibility would keep the relics safe.

But now, as a weird plague sweeps along the coast and strikes down man, woman and child indiscriminately, the priests have decided the holy reliquary must be recovered. To their dismay, they have discovered that the old temple has become something of a hub in the underworld. A tribe of venemous kobolds has moved into the old kitchen and turned the old fire pit into a place of sacrifice in honor of whatever minor demonic functionary they're worshipping this week.

The catacombs are now crawling with a hive of 1d8+10 giant boring beetles. The catacombs connect to the ancient crypt, the center of the beetles' hive. The vaulted crypt is now filled with all sorts of weird, pale fungi, including 2d4 shriekers. The sarcophagus of Saint Alyssa and the reliquary have not been harmed.

Beetle, Giant Death Watch
Death Pyramid

The natives have always considered the valley hemmed in by the cliffs of white chalk to be a sacred, taboo place. To visitors, it appears to be little more than a gentle woodland of tall pines. The valley is abundant in game and the air here is always crisp and cool. In the midst of the valley there is a crude pyramid built of pale yellow chalk blocks, heavily weathered. What carvings still exist depict dancing skeletons and large scarabs.

A very narrow tunnel leads into the pyramid, which stands 30 feet tall and measures 20 feet on each side. The narrow tunnel leads downward, slightly, ending in a circular shaft open to the sky and also descending into a little cavern that holds a floating globe of wan light. When touched, this globe emits a sound inaudible to human beings that attracts a death watch beetle that lives nearby.

The death watch beetle will creep towards the pyramid and then lie low in a shallow, natural pit, its body covered with leaves and sticks. In this position, it will wait until the blasphemers come close enough to use its death rattle and then strike. The globe of light can be moved by touching it with a slim wand of knotty pine. It gives out light equal to a full moon and acts as a *protection from evil* spell.

Beetle, Giant Rhinoceros
Fun With Explosions

For generations, the jungle people have kept the trading lanes clear with the use of a swarm of 1d6+5 semi-tamed giant rhinoceros beetles. The beetles are

controlled by priestly maidens using long sticks scented with fragrant herbs. Slaves armed with sickles are connected to the beetle's carapace via long chains and neck collars, sweeping away the choking underbrush of the rain forest while the beetle topples trees and trods things underfoot.

The beetles are kept in a large enclosure - a pit surrounded by a wooden palisade, with their handlers living in long houses outside the enclosure and slaves living in subterranean chambers beneath the beetle enclosure. All would be well with this situation were it not for the jungle goblins, mean-spirited little men with long green mustaches and broad, bald heads marred by scars and liver spots. The goblins like a good prank, and their acqisition of fire powder has given them the idea that a few well placed explosions in the beetle pen could make for a jolly afternoon.

Beetle, Giant Saw-Toothed
Where the Trail Ends

A foot-deep carpet of colorful leaves covers the forest floor, the twisted trees standing bare above the multi-hued landscape. A wide path has been gouged recently through the leaves, the muddy trench dug a foot into the wet earth. The ragged trench wanders drunkenly from left to right along the path. The trench dead-ends in the middle of a clearing amid a stand of old oaks.

The center of the clearing where the trench stops is a 10-foot-wide pit that drops 15 feet straight down to a dirt floor in a 30-foot-wide chamber. Seven tunnels lead underground from this central room. The pit opening is covered by a lattice of small branches, leaves and chewed bark. At the bottom of the hole, a dead giant saw-toothed beetle lies in a crumpled heap. Part of its head is split by a sword stuck in the insect's serrated mandibles. Dirt cakes the large mandibles, and its carapace is covered with burns. The dead beetle returned to its nest, dragging its mandibles through the forest. Other saw-toothed beetles in the nest replaced the leaf and twig pit covering, but have yet to dismember the dead insect. The sword has a jewel-covered hilt and is worth 200 gp if sold.

Living in the tunnels are 6 giant saw-toothed beetles that pour out to attack anyone who falls into the pit. The insects climb out of the pit to attack creatures wandering around the clearing.

Beetle, Giant Slicer
Thistledown Justice

It isn't that the baron is not mad, but he certainly is not as bloodthirsty as his enemies would have people believe. Dwelling in his little, ancient stronghold on the craggy hill in the Thistledowns, he and his people herd sheep, ~~and~~ grow grains and bitter herbs, produce a fine, soft cheese from ewe milk and do their best to discourage visitors. The Thistledowners, as they are called, are an insular people who follow the old traditions, including trials by ordeal.

Within the baron's shell keep there is a deep pit that serves as the lair of a giant slicer beetle called "The Sword of Justice" by the locals. The slicer beetle is well fed on offal and straw, and therefore doesn't always attack when a criminal is dropped into the pit. They must stay in the pit for a few minutes based on the severity of the crime they allegedly committed and either come out intact (proving them innocent) or having lost a limb. The limb is then roasted on a fire as a sacrifice to the goddess of justice and the crime is duly forgotten.

The beetle is one of a mating pair, the "stallion" being kept in a similar pit located quite far from the stonghold to avoid potential burrowing.

Beetle, Giant Water
Cheese Log

A bridge built of 8-foot-diameter tree trunks roped together side-by-side floats low on the placid surface of Whisper Creek. The water is 30 feet deep and 300 feet wide. The bridge is shaky, but two ropes at waist height on either side of the 8-foot-long logs allow a person to stand upright while crossing. The logs are lashed together with a series of ropes and leather straps.

The 15-foot-center section of the bridge smells horrible, like moldy cheese left too long in the sun. The smell wafts over the water and seems to rise out of the logs. Three logs in the middle of the span are rotten, the wood eaten through from below. The upper surface of the bridge over this rotten section is extremely brittle. Anyone stepping on the center logs splinters the wood and steps right through the bridge deck into the water below.

A colony of giant water beetles lives underneath the bridge, protecting a queen that has chewed the logs open and frequently crawls inside the wet wood to deposit her eggs. The water beetles float in the water like logs, but submerge to attack anyone in the water.

The cheese smell is from the corpse of a halfling traveler who fell into the water a day ago and was killed by the giant beetles. The little man was carrying a sack full of cheeses to sell in a nearby market. His body is crammed into the hollow within the logs, and his leather pack reeks of cheese. The beetles put him into the crevice to feed the young water beetles when they hatch.

Beetle, Requiem
Potato Beetles

Buffalo Bur is a small mountain settlement situated in a quiet cove. Fields of wild potato plants surround the village. Countless beetles swarm over the land and congregate in and around the town. The beetles cover virtually everything in Buffalo Bur in inches-deep layers throughout the streets and inside dwellings. The beetles envelop the building like a thick living blanket, and the constant drone of clicking of legs and buzzing wings drowns out most noise. Although the beetles are slow to react, if agitated they fly en mass, obscuring vision until they settle down in about 1d3 hours.

This plague of beetles moved into Buffalo Bur overnight nearly two months ago. Although harmless, the number of beetles creates unsettling and unlivable conditions in Buffalo Bur. The villagers fled, unable to defend the town against the insurmountable beetle swarm. The beetles devastated the crops and contaminated the water, and the constant drone and large amount of pheromones in the air drew a much-larger relative to the devastated landscape. A requiem beetle now resides in a large potato barn on the far side of town. The beetle burrowed up from below the barn to feast on the stored potatoes. The barn sways and groans as the requiem beetle moves within the rickety wooden structure.

Belabra (Tangler)
Air Jelly Baby

On a long, inaccessible ridge there lives an old belabra who fancies himself the "lord of the woods". Although solitary by nature, the old tangler has spent the past five years raising a lost human toddler he calls - well, belabra is almost impossible to write down in any meaningful way, but he calls the child something like "Zzzikikik". The child has become an expert at climbing and swinging and hunting, and he and his tutor dwell in a treetop nest of woven branches and twigs, protecting their domain from incursions by goblins, orcs and other humans.

Zzzikikik, who fights with a gnarly club studded with discarded belabra barbs, wears a teardrop shaped sapphire worth 500 gp, the only link to his parents, exiled nobles who were cast into the wild by an ambitious and wicked aunt. His adopted father is never far from him.

Bhuta
Wine (and Moan) Cellar

It was twelve years ago, twelve dark years, that the countess ended a night of debauchery by toppling into an open well. Her husband, a knightly rake known mostly for his womanizing and misfortune at the card table, immediately had the well sealed and a small memorial in her honor built nearby and then took the throne and coronet and began his rule as "the wastrel count".

It was a neat piece of work by the count, for his ex-wife's corpse, now risen as a bhuta, is physically incapable of getting through the seal. If she could, or if anyone was inclined to move the seal, they would discover a pallid, rotting corpse in an expensive gown with a deep slash across her throat (no doubt suffered in the fall) with vivid wine stains down her frock. Her jaw was shattered in the fall, and thus is capable of little more than a gibbering moan. The countess was wearing about 2d8 x 100 gp worth of jewelry when she fell into the well.

A secret door in the bottom of the dry well connects to secret tunnels to a wine cellar that was walled in a hundred years ago and is itself only accessible via a secret door in the friary, the friars being inclined to raid the wine cellar on special occaisions. The present count is unaware of these secret passages.

Biclops
Two Heads are Better than One Eye

Angry voices rise into shouts from behind a plank leaning against the cave opening. Two voices shout at one another and the sounds of meaty fists hitting flesh can be heard clearly behind the makeshift door.

Beyond the door is a truly odd sight: a biclops sits with its back against the rock wall, its two heads arguing loudly. The right head wears a pirate's eye patch over its lone eye, leaving it blind, while the left-side head shouts for a turn as the hand on that side of its body tries to grab the patch of black cloth. A giant club leans against the wall near the creature. A pirate's body lies battered and broken at the giant's feet, the corpse's head crushed into the floor. The feathery remains of a green parrot are punched into the rocks behind the biclops.

Lotney the biclops killed the pirate, but the two heads decided they wanted to wear the man's eye patch. They are quick to remove it if PCs enter the room, so the giants can see to attack. The eye patch can wait until the biclops sees what other interesting toys these new visitors carry – and what the two heads can argue over.

Bleeding Horror
Axe Murderer

When the dwarf warlord finally completed his quest and took possession of the *axe of blood*, he wasted no time in beginning the ritual to empower the axe with his own blood. Unfortunately, he fell to the axe's influence and is now a bleeding horror himself. His comrades soon fell to his axe, and were the first members of a rapidly expanding army of bleeding horrors. The warlord now commands thirty bleeding horrors drawn from kobold, orc, goblin and ogre tribes.

On the third level of a dungeon, the remnants of several humanoid tribes has managed to block the bleeding army behind several collapsed passages. They are trying to dig themselves out and threaten to engulf the civilized lands beyond the wilderness if they escape the dungeon. The humanoids, as chaotic as they are, will not refuse help from powerful adventurers. They know of a secret way into the sixth level of the dungeon (via an air shaft), so that they might come up behind the bleeding army and destroy it. The ogres will even send two or three of their number along to help.

Blindheim
Blind Intersection

A gang of 1d3+1 blindheims has taken up residence in a crystaline cavern. The interior of the cavern is highly irregular, with massive crystal columns jutting from the floor, some going from floor to ceiling, and thousands of smaller, multi-faceted crystals embedded in the walls and in between the larger crystals.

The blindheims dwell on a crystal shelf about 20 feet above the floor of the cavern, what treasures their victims have dropped being found either on the shelf or just below it. The cavern is usually pitch dark, and the mirrored crystals make navigating the cavern difficult with torch or lantern light. When the blindheim's turn on their lights, it becomes downright dazzling, requiring adventurers to make a saving throw to avoid suffering a -2 penalty on attack rolls due to the glare.

The cavern contains 1d6 x 1,000 sp, 1d4 x 100 gp, four lion skins (worth 25 gp each) a pink pearl worth 115 gp and magical *horseshoes of speed*.

Blood Bush
Unsafe Haven

A decaying mausoleum rises out of the forest. Crumbling columns surround the stone structure, and the faces of singing angels are worn away by the elements. Bushes blooming with red flowers grow abundantly around three stone steps leading up to the gravesite's sealed marble door. The word Haven is carved into the stone. A warm golden light filters out of cracks in the stone façade. The light is cast by a crystal globe held in a gold-colored statue's outstretched hands. The globe and statue are coated with yellow mold. The globe casts a radiant but heat-free light in a 20-foot radius. Three stone crypts are filled with brittle bones.

The bushes surrounding the crypt are 6 blood bushes. Bones from past victims poke out of the dirt around the mausoleum's foundation.

Blood Hawk
Predator or Prey?

A haggard and motley collection of hobgoblins is holed up in a shallow cave, a small fire pit having been dug just outside the cave entrance and several conies now roasting above in on a spit. The hobgoblins are on guard, but have no pickets posted, apparently being worried about leaving the cave.

Visitors soon discover the cause of the hobgoblin's worries if they remain in the open for more than a few moments. A flock of 1d6+5 blood hawks dwells on the ledges above the cave, nesting in natural alcoves dug into the stone. The lowest of the nests is 60 feet above the floor of the valley, the highest about 120 feet up and easily 80 feet below the cliffs above.

In one of those nests lies the golden crown (worth 250 gp) of the hobgoblin king, studded with jewels and stolen not three days ago from his head while he was hunting. The clans are gathering in a week's time, and the loss of the crown could mean the loss of his position. The 15 remaining hobgoblins sent to retreive the crown have failed on several attempts to reach the nests, and are considering fleeing into the wilderness. They might be open to some assistance.

Bloodsuckle
Out to Pasture

Farmer Gertie knows that the cows are out to get her. She's seen them plotting to kill her. Every time she goes out to milk them in the morning, they look at her funny, like they were just talking about her and she interrupted them. They watch her every move, never mooing, and

sometimes turn their heads as if listening to an unheard voice. A voice even she can't hear … and she hears lots of voices.

She's sure the cattle are plotting something. And don't you pay no mind to farmer Johnstone down the road, who says she's just been working the back forty in the sun too long. He's the one who samples the smelly grain alcohol he cranks out on his little backyard still.

Gertie's concerned now that 3 cows from her herd wandered off without a trace. She's not seen them for two days, and she's concerned they're out cavorting with Johnstone's bull. The cows stay in the barn at all times, when they leave, they do so in a single line all headed in the same direction. The bovines stare down anyone who enters the stalls, never making any sound. Bloody marks are visible along each cow's flank.

A little over a week ago, the cows stumbled into a bloodsuckle patch in Gertie's back field, and the plant is using the animals for food and protection. Two of the missing cows are protecting the patch, while the third was drained of blood and lies dead in the bloodsuckle patch.

And Gertie was right, the cows *are* cavorting with the bull in the next pasture, but only because it is also under the bloodsuckle plant's control. The bull comes running if the plant is threatened.

Bloody Bones
Bloody Pirates?

The people of the coast had long since become accustomed to the coming of the Black Galleass with the headless figurehead and its buff colored sails.. Framed by a blazing sunset, it would make its way to the coast and disembark a small launch carrying a basalt idol of the demon prince of evil sea creatures. Accompanied by men swathed in black and shuffling as though chained, the idol would be carried through a town preceeded by a tall man with golden eyes carrying a large urn. Coins would be placed into the urn by those wishing to avoid the attention of the demon prince and the village elders would make whatever gift they could of stores and supplies. The priests would carry their idol back to the launch and then their ship would disappear over the horizon for another happy year.

What a surprise, then, to find the galleass grounded on a windswept beach littered with the detritus of the sea. Listing slightly, its hull buffeted by the crashing surf, it lies there with not a sign of its rowers or priests. Closer inspection, of course, reveals a grisly scene - bodies strewn about the deck, their clothes and hides cleaved by axe blows. The carnage continues below decks, with the remains of a few skeletal rowers still in evidence, though most seem to have been blasted away by a divine fire.

The most terrible surprise, however, lies in the ship's shrine, located in the aftcastle. A shield, white and bearing a red cross, lies shattered outside the door and a thick spear holds the doors to the shrine open. Inside, in front of the toppled idol, are 1d4+1 bloody bones, still wearing the tattered surcoats that would identify them as crusaders. Although they succeeded in destroying the temple ship of a demon prince, they could not resist the ire of the dark gods with which that prince was allied.

Boalisk
Quarantine

Tromping up the jungle trail that follows the lazy river into the highlands, you come across an old trading post of timber and stone. The trading post is two stories tall and looks abandoned at first blush. Dozens of barrels and crates lie outside the post, filled with basic trade goods and supplies. As one approaches, a voice will call out to them, weak and mournful.

"Come no closer," it says, "we have been invaded and the black rot is upon us. Take what you will and leave only your prayers."

Three days earlier, a boalisk crawled into the post, bringing with it the black rot and making a meal of a halfling trader. The others managed to escape to the second floor and bar the door. They do not know whether the serpent remains, but know that the disease will soon claim the last of them. The barrels and crates stores on the second story were thrown out in case folk came upon the post - better not to waste supplies in such a hostile country. The boalisk is now lodged between two water barrels on the ground floor, patiently waiting for new prey to enter the post.

Bog Beast
Cypress Swamp

A pack of 1d4+1 bog beasts has taken up residence beneath an ancient, black cypress in the heart of the swamp. The fish here are plentiful and the alligators are not terribly bothersome. The bog beasts serve the impetuous and often cruel dryad of the cypress, bringing her young fishermen that they kidnap from the nearby settlement of humans.

Most of these unfortunates are wracked with disease by the time they reach the cypress, and thus are not pleasing to the dryad and are quickly cast away into the mud of the swamp. The leader of the bog beasts is a barbaric individual with +2 HD who fights as a berserker. He carries a massive club constructed from the jawbone of a black dragon that he claims he killed with his bare hands (a lie - he found the body rotting in a small pool).

The bog beasts have 1d4 x 1,000 sp, 1d4 x 100 gp, a rhodochrosite worth 70 gp, a brass broach shaped like a salamander swallowing its own tail worth 95 gp and a limestone statuette of a knight worth 1 gp.

Bog Creeper
Stumped

Two loggers from Carson's Mill are missing. The men were last seen heading into the hills above the logging camp, making their way toward the deep woods. Their axes were found scattered amid the stumps of the cleared forest, along with a couple of goblin spears. The villagers fear the men have been abducted – or killed – by the ugly little humanoids. Worse still, two of the men searching for the missing loggers are now missing, and the villagers fear that the goblins are getting uppity and preparing to move against the isolated town.

The men are dead, but it wasn't goblins that got them. In fact, the goblins that stumbled upon the remains of the men and their scattered belongings were killed moments after the men by a bog creeper that makes its home among the hundreds of stumps in the cleared forest. The bog creeper grabbed the men and goblins and moved on once it had digested its meal. It now hides among the stumps, its tendrils spread out along the ground, waiting for more victims to stumble into its clutches.

Inside the creature's gullet are 60 gp, three small rubies (50 gp each) and a *+1 silver dagger*.

Bog Mummy
Hanging Was Too Good for Him

On a peaty moor frequented only by ravens, scrawny ebon hares and the timid priests of the god of the scythe, one might have the misfortune to come across a low pool of water that is now home to a bog mummy. The mummy was a common thief that was strangled and thrown into the holy waters that are marked with a runic pillar.

The bog mummy has leathery, slate colored skin, dead eyes and stark white hair. It still wears the rope that hanged it, and has thin, atrophied arms and legs that, despite their appearance, are horribly strong. When it opens its mouth to groan, a thick, distended tongue lolls out. A terrible visage to be sure.

Bronze rings, bracelets, anklets and torques have been cast into the waters of the pond, and 1d10 x 100 gp worth of these goods can be found with an hour of uncomfortable searching. Such robberies will not go unnoticed by the god of the scythe.

Bogeyman
Bump in the Night

This encounter takes place in a long hall (either a dungeon or inn or a similar setting) with many doors evenly spaced on either side. Some or all of the doors could be illusions. A bogeyman haunts this area. It uses its fear ability to scatter the party before running into one of the doors. Using illusions and its incorporeal form, it runs in and out of various doors. PCs chasing it will find an empty room – even as the creature exits from a different door across the hall.

Once the bogeyman has a victim alone, it attacks. The bogeyman is something of a coward and flees if cornered or outnumbered. One of the rooms has a shallow grave (possibly under floorboards) barely noticeable to casual observers. The grave is old and contains the remnants of the bogeyman (once a thief). His body still holds a short sword with a hollow pommel. Within the pommel are 4 rubies (50 gp each) and a treasure map (the reason he was slain).

Boggart
Acts of War

A pack of 1d4+1 boggarts haunts a lonely bridge on a rapid river that meanders through the lands between two baronies. The sole means of communication between these baronies, it was until recently stalked by a notorious highwayman. The boggarts electricuted the bandit (his life was a series of disasters that culminated in his fey encounter) and strung his body up in the branches of a gallows oak on the near side of the river.

The pitiless creatures entertain themselves by tossing the body down in front of travelers and making it dance. Folk who attempt to flee with their wagons are attacked on the bridge and tossed, alive or dead, into the rapids. More than a few unfortunates have washed up downshore, and one ambitious counsellor has asserted that their deaths are a clear act of war by the neighboring barony.

Bone Cobbler
Everybody Needs a Hobby

The sculptor of idols was never as reverent as his customers. His last object d'art was an idol of the love goddess for a shrine located out in the sticks. His progress on this particular sculpture had been hampered by the presence of his model, a peasant girl of very pleasing face and figure. Alas, a fortnight ago the maiden's paramour got wind of her new position and, with two boon companions struck, bashing the sculptor's head in and making a terrible mess of his workshop.

By the next night, one of the murderers had disappeared, his hovel turned into a bloody mess. The others followed, but the disappearances did not end with the trio of killers. In all, twenty villagers have gone missing. After the first five disappeared, the stripped bones of the others began to crop up, often jumbled and put together into bizarre shapes. The elders have sent for a priest from the imperial market town further down the river, but no help has yet arrived.

Boneneedle
Marrow Donor

Bones crunch underfoot in this narrow underground passage. A massive gray wolf lies collapsed amid the white heaps. It whimpers weakly but doesn't move. It has a red leather collar around its neck. Written on the collar is the word Jasper. Leg bones, spinal columns and arm bones surround the animal, each bone splintered and picked clean of flesh. The bones are mainly from animals, but a few humanoid remains can be found.

The wolf is the animal companion of Hollister, a ranger who entered the cave and died there. The wolf waited outside the cave for three days before venturing inside. He was attacked by the bone needles that live in the underground cavern among the bones. The animal is barely alive and in need of care.

A nest of 1d6+5 bone needles lives in the rocky passage. The bone needles burrow out of the broken bones to attack living creatures. One is wrapped around the underside of the wolf's throat. If rescued, the wolf follows PCs who rescued it.

Bonesnapper
Don't Feed the Animals

You wander into a vast cavern containing a number of cages composed of steel bars set in a circle 10-ft in diameter, the bars rising from floor to ceiling - the height ranges from 15 to 25 feet. There are fifteen cages in all, each containing a monster (you can choose them at random from this volume, if you like) save for one. One cage is empty, its only contents being a silvery skullcap and small patch of dried blood. The blood actually forms a trail from the cage to an exit some 30 yards away. It doesn't take a ranger to tell that some pour soul dragged itself from the cage to the door.

While the cage has no visible occupant, it does have an invisible occupant - a bonesnapper. The wizard who built this subterranean menagerie, made the mistake of quickly grasping through the bars for his hat and getting it stuck. The bonesnapper made quick work of the invading appendage, which it so happened was equipped with a *ring of invisibility*, a ring which has, stewing in the beast's digestive juices, made it vanish from sight. The other members of the menagerie are particularly excited, having not been fed for several days.

Bonesucker
Fatal Error

The tunnel you are traveling down ends in an iron grate with a latch mechanism at the top. The grate is thick and studded with small spikes. Unhooking the latch causes the spring loaded grate to slam down on anyone standing in front of it, causing 2d6 points of damage to those who fail leap back (i.e. fail a saving throw).

Beyond the iron grate there is a large chamber, easily 100 feet wide and 200 feet long with a 30-foot high ceiling. The chamber is filled with bizarre, disturbing statues - most of them carved from basalt , but a few carved from greenish marble or limestone. The statues look to have been sculpted by a mad genius, suggesting humanoid and animal shapes that came out of a madman's nightmares.

In the center of the room there is a partial magic circle surrounded by a number of puddles of wax that used to be candles. A half-finished sculpture of what appears to be a twisted, evil tree stands next to the circle. On the margins of the circle lies the remains of a human body - just dried skin from which the bones and tissue have been removed.

The skin is swathed in robes of black velvet that were held on by a corded belt. A blank scroll, partially burned, lies next to the body. The body belongs to a wizard and artist whose model escaped from the magic circle. The model was a bonesucker, a bizarre entity brought from another dimension by means of the now useless scroll. The bonesucker is still lurking in the chamber, waiting for a new victim.

Bookworm
Taking Out the Trash

You enter a cavern 60 feet long and between 15 feet and 20 feet wide. The cavern is piled up to waist height with trash and detritus, mostly in the form of worm-ridden books and tomes. The trash gives off a four odor (per

the troglodyte stench ability) and a good amount of heat, making walking through the trash uncomfortable. The air in the cavern is very close and muggy. About a dozen holes in the ceiling spew more trash into the room (from an indeterminate source) as people walk through it. Those walking through the cavern are wading through both bookworms and rot grubs. Each round spent in the room brings a 1 in 6 chance of attack by one or the other.

Brass Man
Head Games

An abandoned shrine sits deep in the Kriegh Forest, its flaking stucco columns entwined with clinging ivy. The stone portico rises above a marble entryway. Ornate double doors bordered in brass are closed but not locked.

The interior walls of the 20-foot-by-20-foot shrine are lined with 10 1-foot-deep niches that run the length of each side of the structure. These shelves start at floor level and rise to the ceiling 15 feet overhead. Each 20-foot-long niche houses a row of carved stone heads, about 20 in a row (around 200 stone heads per wall). Some are representations of influential leaders, while others are gods and goddesses. Nestled among the heads are bird nests and other debris carried in by forest creatures. A shattered skylight lets rain in, creating standing pools of stagnant water where mosquitos buzz in swirling clouds. A rope hangs down through the skylight to coil on the floor. Engravings on the walls of prancing satyrs and reveling druids are covered with green mold.

The heads are enchanted so that they all turn in unison to "watch" people who enter the shrine. The heads always turn to follow the person closest to them as they walk about the chamber. The effect is like being on a stage in the middle of a gallery of spectators. The heads are harmless, but disconcerting.

Against the wall opposite the brass entry sits a basalt altar, its sides decorated with idyllic pastoral scenes. A three-inch-thick glass top on the altar shields a depression in the stone that contains a shining gold ring carved with images of ivy and a scroll sealed with a wax signet. The burned body of a tomb robber lies in a heap of charred remains at the base of the altar. His armor is decayed and melted through, with obvious burn spots marring the leather. A crowbar in one of his skeletal hands is bent and twisted, the metal running like wax on the floor tiles. One corner of the glass atop the altar is scratched and chipped.

One of the heads behind the altar actually belongs to a brass man kneeling inside a space covered by a *phantasmal force*. The golem's entire body – except its head – is hidden by the spell so that it appears to be just one of the many moving heads lining the shelves. The brass man's features are coated with a thin patina of plaster to blend in with the stone heads beside it. It rotates to watch PCs, just like the rest of the heads in the gallery. The golem is tasked with protecting the altar and its contents.

The brass man kneels in its niche and doesn't bother PCs unless they touch the altar or harm the other carvings. If that happens, it spits a stream of molten brass at the closest PC then rises out of the phantasmal stone wall to attack. When it does so, a wall of fire ignites across the doorway, blocking the room's only entrance. The golem returns to its post after PCs are driven off.

The ring is a *ring of regeneration*, while the scroll contains three druid spells of the Game Referee's choosing.

*(See the **angel, empyreal** entry for another encounter with the brass man.)*

Brownie
Delectable Desserts

A band of 1d8+4 brownies lives together in a mossy cottage constructed next to an ancient oak. The brownies cultivate a small garden in and around the cottage, though it is so chaotic and overgrown one might never recognize it as such. The cottage has a two-level cellar, the upper level being used to store preserves and roots and the lower level for cultivating large, musty smelling mushrooms that are dried and turned into a delicious broth or powdered and turned into a cure for many diseases (+2 bonus to save vs. disease if applied to a wound).

The lower level has a secret door hidden behind shelves of mushrooms (the shelves swing out of the way if a secret lever is tripped). Behind the secret door there is a long tunnel winds its way beneath the woods, sometimes broken by a spiral stairway into a hollowed oak and finally ending in a hollowed hillock of greenish, marble boulders. In this hidden space there are a number of tree roots hanging from the ceiling and woven together into a single strand that drips moisture into a copper recepticle set in the floor.

A single draught from the copper basin acts as a *cure light wounds* spell. Two draughts acts as a *cure light wounds* and *cure disease* spell and three draughts acts simply as a very slow acting *polymorph*, turning a person into a wolfberry bush over the course of six hours. Not surprisingly, there are a number of well tended wolfberry bushes around the brownies' cottage, the fruit being used to make jelly tarts that act as half strength *cure light wounds* spells but take 2 rounds to consume.

Brume
Swept Away in the Moment

A maze made of narrow 5-foot-wide bridges stretches throughout a cavernous room. The bridge-path has many twists and turns that often end in dead ends. The floor of the room lies 60 feet down on each side of the bridge and appears to be covered in upward pointing sword blades. Oozing carefree through the blades are 3 black puddings. They make no attempt to climb the walls, contently dissolving refuse scattered along the bladed floor.

With careful study, a clear and safe path to the other side of the room can be navigated. The exact dimension of the bridge maze is left to the Game Referee, but the arching bridges should be expansive with many dead ends to force PCs to backtrack.

A brume hides beneath a bridge two-thirds of the way across the room. It creates a fog to cover the area while it attacks with its memory-robbing claws. PCs robbed of their memory find themselves lost on a bridge maze without a clue as to where they are or why they are there.

Brykolakas
The Haunted Potty

Just offshore from the coastal town of Niborlyn dwells a brykolakas. The brykolakas lairs in an old place of worship dedicated to a sea goddess. The mostly intact ruins of a cathedral lie submerged in the bay, only the square top of the 60-foot-tall bell tower visible above the surface during low tide. Four stone sculptures of gargoyles (inanimate) stand watch on the corners of the tower. Although the stone church and bell tower remain, the tower's wooden access door rotted away long ago, leaving a square portal into the cathedral's black interior. The villagers call the tower "Hell's Well," not knowing of the submerged cathedral below. The fishermen stay clear of the top of the bell tower and believe it an ill omen to even view the gargoyles. The brykolakas occasionally raids the village of livestock or lone drunkards. The brykolakas has discovered that the village's sewer network empties into an undersea cave. Through this cave, the brykolakas can enter the village undetected by climbing the walls of the pit toilets.

Buckawn
Children of the Berries

A band of 1d6+5 buckawn poachers has constructed a hunting blind on the outskirts of a bustling village. The buckawns prey on children who wander too far from home, bringing them back to their own hidden village in the dark forest to work as slaves. The children are put to the task of picking moonseed berries. The berries are quite acidic, raising boils on

their fingers and staining them a deep crimson.

The slave children are kept in mildly comfortable cages in a tall, barn like structure disguised to look like a copse of trees. The buckawn village has a population of 1d10+10 living in teepee-like structures constructed from peeled tree bark. Most of the tribespeople work as quail hunters and bowyers. The buckawn are currently holding 15 children in their barn.

Bumblebee, Giant
Mis-spelled Bee

The residents of the destitute and dwindling hamlet of Lessef scrape by farming on their barren lands. The people live with the very real fear of famine lingering above their heads. Only the locale tavern and church show any hint of prosperity.

Which is why the villagers were surprised to find a field on the outskirts overflowing with incredibly large clovers and sunflowers, some reaching heights of 15 to 20 feet. Recently, a good-hearted but inept druid named Hagglethorn Beefalo attempted to aid the impoverished citizens. By casting *plant growth* and administering a nutrient-rich potion in mass quantity, he secretly fed the clover and sunflower fields at night. His plan seemed flawless. The bountiful result would feed the remaining livestock and allow the town to sell the surplus of the plentiful crops. A humble man, Hagglethorn didn't hang around to take credit, desiring that the townsfolk credit the fertility goddess Freya for their good fortune. As fate would have it, though, the combination of spells and fertilizer had unfortunate results: The bees that collected the pollen and nectar also grew to gigantic sizes.

The territorial bees have now taken the village hostage. The citizens barricaded themselves into their homes a week ago, and their stored provisions are all but depleted. A few corpses of slain villagers lie around the village's well, some still grasping pitchforks and axes where they made a last stand. Their bodies are swollen and peppered with puncture wounds. Villagers plead for assistance, but do not open their doors or windows. The bees have taken over a large barn on the north side of town. A massive hive fills the interior of the barn. Only the destruction of the hive and the queen will keep the bees from returning. The nest contains 20-30 giant bees and one queen. The Game Referee should adjust the number of bees to challenge the players. While the people of Lessef are grateful, they can offer only small rewards to their saviors. They offer a jar of pickled eggs, a fox pelt (5 gp) and as much honey as the PCs can carry.

Bunyip
Feeding Time

To label the lord of the coast a bastard would be accurate on two counts, namely parentage and personality. The veteran of many battles and intrigues maintains a stout tower on the limestone cliffs, as well as a narrow, rickety stair to the strand of beach below and a fairly large curtain wall encompassing his fields and meadows.

On the beach below his stronghold, the lord of the coast has a long, stone quay built into the crystal clear waters of the bay. A scaffolding has been constructed at the end of the quay, with a hook and winch device that allows a bound subject to be raised and lowered above the water. Swimming about the quay are is a large bunyip, well trained to circle the scaffolding when his "feeding gong" is struck at the top of the tower.

The lord keeps a fine collection of skulls on his scaffolding, and a few incomplete skeletons chained to the battlements of his tower.

Burning Dervish
The Desert Toll

A burning sandstorm roars off the desert sands of the Veil, the leading edge of the blowing grit sparking a bluish flame that dances through the superheated air. Temperatures soar above 120 degrees, and the driving sand scours bare skin raw.

A shirtless man with tattoos inked in henna across his bare torso walks at the head of the storm, his arms wide in greeting even as he ignores the torrential winds whipping around him. A nimbus of blue flame hugs his body, but he pays it no mind, brushing the fire away as anyone else would an annoying gnat.

"Greetings, friends," he calls, his voice rising above the harsh winds. "I am Khalid al-Sin. Welcome to the grand desert! Do you have the gold needed to pass through my glorious desert?" Khalid steeples his hands before him and smiles.

Khalid is a burning dervish who delights in robbing travelers crossing "his" desert. He is an accomplished fighter and gladly takes his toll by beating travelers senseless, then taking their gold – and any other belongings he desires – while they are down.

Cadaver
Bring Out Your Dead

A cloaked figure stands in the center of Arnelt, his wrinkled hand resting on a small cart pulled by a broken-down mare. Corpses lie heaped in the cart, stacked like cords of wood. The old man is as broken as his horse, but stands patiently by as two men load another body. A crying woman hands him a bag of coins and he nods silently. When the body is loaded, he takes the horse's reins and tugs it forward. His voice is loud as he calls out, "Bring out your dead!"

The old man never stays long in any town. He arrives at sunrise and leaves before the sun goes down. Rowling is a man with many secrets. First off, he's not actually an undertaker. And second, he's not and old man; he's actually a young thief named Rowling who concocted this scheme to make money. He's been traveling from town to town for a month now collecting the dead. He has no intention of burying the dead he collects, however. Instead, he takes the corpses outside town and dumps them in secluded spots where they won't be found.

His callousness has caused many of the unburied corpses left in his wake to rise as cadavers focused on finding the false undertaker. The undead charge into towns Rowling has visited, hoping to finally catch the liar before he moves on. They are mindless, but driven as a group to complete this single purpose. They spare no one in the towns they pass through as they follow the man who dumped their bodies.

Cadaver Lord
The Wall of Thorns

A wall of darkness fills the corridor ahead. Just inside the perfect line of darkness is a spiked wall that fills the 10-foot-wide dungeon corridor. Ivory horns and metal spikes jut out at random angles across the boards forming the wall. Bodies of adventurers are spitted on the horns. Severed heads are mounted on spikes atop the 8-foot-tall wall. The wall leaves a three-foot gap between its top and the ceiling. The wall is mounted on steel wheels and can be pushed forward quite quickly. Anyone struck by the wall takes 3d6 points of damage and must save or become impaled on the racks of horns and spikes.

Chained to the back of the wall are two muscular minotaurs. The creatures' sole purpose is to push the wall forward against anyone approaching the darkness. The minotaurs wear blindfolds and are covered in thick scars. A line of six ghouls stand behind the minotaurs, whipping them mercilessly with cat-o-nine-tails.

A cadaver lord named Iniquitus Shaw sits on a bone throne pulled by another crouching minotaur. Shaw's eyes smolder a hellish flame as he watches his minions drive creature's before his wall of death. Rarely does he rise from the throne to attack, preferring to let his minions do the dirty work.

Carbuncle
Helpful Suggestions

You come across an abandoned caravan wagon. The wagon has been tipped over and several barrels of pale ale lie in a pile next to it. Sitting atop the pile, taking a long draught from one of the barrels, is a bizarre creature that looks like an armadillo with a long snout, low-slung ears and a large red jewel in its forehead. As the party looks upon the creature, they hear a voice in their heads, speaking their native language, asking them what they're waiting for and to come on over for a drink.

The creature is quite jovial, telling jokes and chattering on about the dangers of its forest home. It will explain that the caravan was struck by bandits who chased the merchants into the woods. It suggests moving on as soon as possible, and will offer to lead the party through the woods.

The carbuncle will take a winding, confusing path in an attempt to disorient the party, eventually leading them to an ancient tower in the woods. The tower is built of limestone caked with soil and heavily weathered and stands 100-ft in height.

The tower can be entered through a portcullis of rusty steel. Beyond the portcullis is a small, empty circular room. The carbuncle hangs back, explaining that it suffers from claustrophobia and explaining that the trapdoor in the ceiling leads to a magical chamber that holds an ancient relic (choose something important to your home campaign). When the party pulls on the rope tied to the trapdoor, the tower rapidly descends into the earth, the voice of the carbuncle in their heads laughing and wishing them a pleasant journey through the underworld.

When the tower hits bottom, inflicting 1d6 points of damage from the jarring stop, the exit now leads to a subterranean tunnel and whatever horrors the referee wishes to inflict on her players.

Carrion Moth
Crystal Cone Cave

In a large, conical cavern (70 feet in diameter at the bottom, 80 feet high), 2d6 carrion moths swarm around a glowing crystal at the pinnacle of the cavern. The crystal is actually a gnomish construction of glass and filled with a glowing ooze that causes terrible burns and possible mutations to people who are exposed to it. The ooze can also be used to enchant weapons, imparting a +1 bonus to weapons dipped into it. Removing the crystal from the ceiling is not easy, and the carrion moths make the operation even more difficult. If the glowing ooze touches a moth, it swells to twice its size (double Hit Dice) and becomes especially aggressive.

Caryatid Column
Works of Art

You enter an opulent, though quite ancient and dusty, throne room clad in malachite. The ceiling is held aloft by a number of brass pillars. The room measures 20 feet in width and 40 feet in length, the ceiling being 15 feet overhead. At the end of the room there is a stately marble throne, ornately carved into images of cherubs, wood nymphs and panthers, flanked by two seven-foot-tall pillars of ghostly white marble.

The pillars are carved to represent twin maidens, naked, their waist-long hair adorned with stars and gleaming, curved longswords held above their heads, forming an arch. The pillars are caryatid columns and programmed to behead any who approaches the throne who is not crawling on all fours, nose pressed against the ground. The are likewise programmed to defend the rightful ruler of the kingdom.

Caterprism
The Crystal Cocoon

Gerdstall's Rock and Mineral Exchange is a small shop at the base of the Hollow Spire Mountains. Three days ago two well-liked former miners, the Gerdstall brothers, died in the shop they loved. Their bodies were impaled within a crystalline web of spikes. Sharp web filaments fill the tiny shack.

Behind the shop, a massive crystal cocoon hangs from a stout elm's branch. A dark hole beneath the split-open cocoon leads into the mountain, and several shallower holes are dug throughout the yard. The hole looks like a dog has been at work, frantically digging into the ground over and over.

A caterprism recently hatched from the crystalline cocoon (which the Gerdstalls thought was an elaborately carved chunk of crystal and not a real pod). The newly hatched caterprism chased the brothers into their shop, and lashed out when one of the men struck it with a broom. The creature's web of crystal spikes killed the brothers, and the giant earth creature bored its way into the mountains. It is now digging a series of tunnels for a lair, but returns each night to feast on exotic stones the brothers buried in their back yard to keep them safe.

Caterwaul
Catnip Tribute

Descending a rugged mountain trail - wide but precarious - you see an assemblage of thirty men in baggy trousers and long, heavy coats of blue-black velvet and brass buttons. The men in the front rank carry long poles topped by stylized brass panther heads holding lanterns in their mouths. Behind this front rank are two ranks of men holding wicked looking pole arms and wearing shirts of gleaming scales in place of velvet coats. Behind these soldiers stride eight men holding aloft a palanquin of teak and silver topped by a gauzy pavilion of red and yellow. The palanquin is followed by more soldiers, these men armed with long bows and curved swords.

At the head of the assemblage is a tall man with pink eyes and platinum hair. He rides a white charger, caparisoned in damask silks, and wears a coat of black mail and a velvet cape. Naturally, the assemblage expects travelers coming the opposite way to stand aside, and they will press this demand with a show of arms if necessary. The leader of the assemblage proclaims himself the grand vizier of a hidden country in the mountains, a country of teak forests and spice plantations and beautiful men and woman with honey-colored skin and hair as black as a starless night. On the palanquin is the kingdom's living goddess, she of the swift death who commands fear with her voice, which sounds like the scream of a thousand innocents.

The living goddess is a caterwaul. She is on her way into the lowlands to pay homage to the Cat Lord and bring a tribute of catnip in intricately carved pomanders of teak inlaid with silver images of hunting cats.

Cave Cricket
Kicking Cricket Style

You come to a very tricky portion of the underworld - a large cavernous tunnel of loose, toppled stones, many bearing signs of having been carved by some unknown subterranean race. At the bottom of this tunnel is a swiftly moving stream of icy cold water. The stream has cut a 10-foot deep channel through the tunnel. Narrow paths run alongside the stream, first one bank and then the other, with crossings either by leaping over a place where the stream narrows or via narrow, slippery bridges both natural and artificial.

Staring up from the shallower portions of the steam are the skulls of uncoordinated or unlucky adventurers, along with fragments of stone faces carved from the gold-colored rock of the tunnel.

The sound of the stream echoes through the tunnel, lulling one to sleep but for the incessant chirping of a cluster of 1d4+1 cave crickets. The echoe of the chirping is loud and unnerving, imposing a -1 penalty to all saving throws, including saving throws to avoid falling into the stream, which moves at a rate of 120 feet per round.

The tunnel has five such crossings, the banks near the middle crossing being occupied by the cave crickets in question. Though not terribly dangerous in and of themselves, a well-placed kick by a cave cricket can mean one's end if sent over the banks into freezing waters. Each round one is carried down the stream (which ultimately plunges into deeper portions of the underworld) inflicts 1d6 points of damage. During each round spent in the waters, one must pass a saving throw at a cumulative -1 penalty per round of exposure or be paralyzed by the chilling waters, meaning death by drowning in the next round.

Cave Fisher
Into the Cave Fisher's Mouth

If the subterranean river gorge inhabited by the cave crickets (q.v.) was not deadly enough, it becomes worse. The tunnel eventually narrows into a misty canyon. The stream here punges into the depths of the underworld, creating a terrible cacaphony that makes it impossible to hear somebody more than 5 feet away and imposes a 5% chance of spell failure on spell casters.

The canyon in question is really more of a vertical than horizontal reality, as it only extends another 200 feet ahead, but climbs more than 500 feet upwards, with many caves on precariously hung limestone ledges leading to other adventures. The canyon also drops 300 feet through a freezing shower caused by the stream, eventually ending in a cavern of ice.

The upper portions of the canyon are hunted by a gang of 1d4 cave fishers. The fishers mostly feed on cave crickets and the weird octopoid rats that lurk in this portion of the underworld.

Cave Leech
The Opportunistic Leeches

A thin trickle of bloody water flows out of a rocky cave in the Malkan Peaks. The water courses over a jumble of recently fallen rocks that block much of the spillway. The streambed around the cave entrance is a muddy mess filled with blood-tinged puddles. Jutting lifelessly out of the rockfall dam is a hairy arm with a gold signet ring (20 gp) on one finger. Water seeps around the arm and flows down the rocks.

The ranger Hork Brambletread was looking for a lost bear cub when he discovered that a recent cave-in had nearly dammed up Flat Rock Creek. The intrepid outdoorsman clambered up a small waterfall to break loose the stone dam, but stumbled and fell into a narrow gap between two boulders. As water poured over him, the sputtering, frantic Hork flailed wildly, causing another rockfall that slowly suffocated the poor ranger. His body further blocks the flow of water. A four-foot-deep pool of water collects within the cave entry.

Feeding on Hork's pale, bloated corpse are three cave leeches. The cave leeches are aggressive, and fight to get at PCs investigating the dead ranger.

Cave Moray
Curiosity Killed the Cat

The prospect of climbing into the circular shaft via the ice cold glass rungs is daunting. Add to that the brownish, bubbling liquid inside the rungs, greasy and smelling of cat fur and the blue vapors wafting gently out of the shaft and causing a tingling in the flesh and it is a bit too much. And that rheumatic cough that echoes from below. Egad! What could be down there?

Of course, no sane adventurer would have entered that shaft had they known it was inhabited by a colony of 1d6+10 cave morays, tucked neatly into their little burrows and perfectly aware of the weird lifting qualities of the vapor - that in fact living creatures cannot fall down the shaft after losing their grip on the rungs - just hanging in space, waiting for the pitiless beasts to recoil and attack.

Cerberus
Guard . . . Dogs?

On a gray plain, covered with a downy soft layer of lichens and interupted here and there with gnashing stalagmites hung with garlands of silvery blossoms, there stands a gate of black bronze. The gate bears no ornamentation and it is unlocked. No walls stand beside the gate, but it does pierce an ethereal barrier into the Land of the Dead, abode of Hades.

The gate swings open easily, though it gives an eerie groan. Beyond lies a heavy gloom and a light, sucking wind that chills the flesh and drowns the spirit. As one passes through the gate, they find themselves suddenly far beyond it, on a path of white pebbles edged by black poppies. Ahead there are pavilions of ghost-white marble, domed and unadorned and populated by spirits with downcast faces. The spirits do not speak or move, but one might glimpse one, now and then, bathed in an amber glow, their face upturned and for a mere moment smiling.

The path behind still leads to the gate, but between the trespasser and the gate stands a massive, black mastiff, three-headed and sitting on its haunches, its necks bent down vulture-style to allow its red eyes to leer and threaten. While one seeks the gate, they will alway find it at the center of the plain and Cerberus fronting it.

Cerebral Stalker
Brrrrraaaiiiinnnssssss!

This large natural chamber overflows with zombies. At least 20 undead shuffle about the 50-foot-wide cavern, their eyes dull and lifeless. The sounds of their moaning bounces off the rocks. At the far end of the room, a 15-foot-tall hollow onyx skull hangs down from the ceiling, suspended about 10 feet over a flat brass altar. Blood drips down from a woman's torn body caught in the skull's carved teeth to spatter on the altar's engraved surface. Chunks of flesh and other unrecognizable bits of gore litter the brass plate. Behind the skull, a set of narrow stairs carved into the rock leads upward.

The stairs lead up to a cemetery crypt in the small village of Silhaven. Dismembered bodies lie in puddles of blood throughout the village, and the wails of people trapped inside the church can be heard. The church's doors and windows are boarded up from the inside, and 10 more zombies surround the structure, clawing at the building as they try to get at the tasty flesh trapped inside.

A cerebral stalker lairs in the underground temple. The zombies are Silhaven villagers it killed after finding this forgotten room beneath the town. The creature sleeps in the skull's lower jawbone and watches out the eye sockets if anyone enters the room. It uses its fear gaze on anyone meeting its stare, and leaps from the skull to attack while its zombies overrun intruders.

Chain Worm
As the Worm Turns

A thin, undulating portal of yellowish goo hangs suspended in the middle of this barren 80-foot square room, held upright by a gleaming silver frame carved with images of conquering worms consuming writhing humans. The goo wobbles if touched, but doesn't break, despite appearing to be paper thin. The chamber is nearly 60 feet tall.

The silver frame is a foot in diameter and stands nearly 15 feet tall. It is 10 feet wide from side to side and sits in the center of a 15-foot-diameter silver disk flush with the marble floor. A 20-foot-long chain worm skitters

along the outer edge of the disk in a one-foot-wide groove, its movement causing the entire disk to rotate slowly. The worm ignores PCs unless they try to enter the frame or stop it from running in circles around the groove.

If the platform stops rotating, the shimmering goo pulses with an audible thrumming. Within 2d4 rounds of standing still, a purple worm is expelled through the goo curtain into the chamber. The portal could lead PCs anywhere the Game Referee wishes.

Cherum
The Burning Crater of Ashgaba

Nearly a century ago a massive underground cavern collapsed near the sprawling city of Ashgaba on the outskirts of the Kanderi Desert. A cherum burrowing up from the depths caused the collapse. Natural gas swept into the city, killing most of the citizens overnight as the toxic fumes washed over dwellings. Flames ignited the gas, causing even more devastation. The gas in the city has since burnt off, and people have resettled the oasis city. The collapsed cavern left a massive crater just outside the walls of the city. The crater burns continuously as natural gas seeps through the rubble of the collapse. The result is a 100-foot-deep crater more than 600 feet across with a bowl-shaped floor filled with flaming rocks.

The citizens of Ashgaba blame the destruction of their city on the anger of the gods. Twice each year during a solar eclipse, Ashgaba holds a mass ritual sacrifice to appease the gods. They sacrifice eight virgins (two for each of the elements) by casting them into the flaming crater. The cherum remains in the bottom of the crater, content with the constant sacrifices. The cherum becomes quite angry if its needs are not met.

Elgra, an elderly woman, pleads on the streets for someone to save her teenage granddaughter, her only surviving relative. Darvaza was selected to be sacrificed during the next eclipse in 10 days. If Darvaza is rescued, Elgra offers Darvaza and her dowry as a reward for saving her grandchild.

Chrystone
Rock Band

The broad valley of the basalt pillars and the sheer bordering cliffs is a land of unceasing war. The largest of the pillars serve as fortresses with cunningly hidden entrances and arrow slits, each occupied by a squad of 1d6+14 chrystones. The prismatic crystalline creatures hide in their fortresses, hoarding gems and jewels they have stolen from travelers, one another, or retrieved from the ground. They drive their kobold slaves lower and lower, watching intently to make sure they do not undermine their own fortresses. Scouts sit atop each tower, watching the other scouts, hurling insults from time to time or rushing down into the fortress to announce the presence of outsiders.

When outsiders come to the valley, the pillars disgorge their warriors, who surround the hapless travelers demanding gems and fighting with the other chrystones for the right to the visitor's wealth. Perhaps someday one conglomerate of chrystones will destroy the others and found a kingdom in the valley, but given the requirements for budding and the enmity and cunning of the kobold slaves, this is unlikely.

Chupacabra
The Child in the Well

A crowd of people gathers around a stone well in the center of the small village of Reynwald. A few hold ropes and even a short ladder. People are pushing and jostling to get to the front of the group to see what's going on. Nearly 20 people are crowded around the scene, nearly the entire community. Jurgen Horstman, the village elder, tries to keep order. The villagers think a small child has fallen into the dry well, and are frantic to save the youth. They can just barely see him moving around in the dark at the bottom of the 60-foot-deep pit. A few are breaking out torches as the sun sets.

The "child" is actually a chupacabra lurking at the bottom of the well as bait. It is part of a colony of 10 that lives under the town in a large cavern containing a dry underground lake. The lake used to feed the well before it dried up. The chupacabras expanded the small opening to get into the well, and were going to invade the town that night. Instead, someone heard one of the diggers clawing at the tunnel and thought it was a child trying to get out. Anyone lowered into the well is dragged into the side tunnel where the chupacabra wait in the darkness.

Church Grim
Watchers on the Water

The Bunford River winds through the Krieger hills at a leisurely pace, the 30-foot-deep channel funneling through narrow straits. The water runs green from floating algae, and glows at night under the full moon. Several low stone bridges rise barely 10 feet over the water. Several fishing poles are set in stone holders on the bridge, their long lines dragging in the water. Floating on the water are several funeral barges, each elaborately decorated and piled with weapons, shields and gold. Several appear to have been set ablaze, but haven't burned completely. The honored dead rest in silent repose in the center of the floating biers, their arms folded over their brawny chests. The dead are barbarians from a nearby tribe killed during a battle with the red dragon Horvoraxx the Crimson Death.

The barges are partially burned from fires set as they were pushed into the river. A rain squall extinguished the flames not long afterward. The barges drift until they sink. Five church grims walk alongside the funeral barges to protect the honored dead and their belongings. The dogs walk easily atop the slow-moving current, their heads down in a somber, silent processional. One occasionally raises its head in a mournful howl, the baying full of grief and pain. The church grims leave creatures on the banks alone, and only attack someone foolish enough to try to steal something off one of the barges. They don't react if PCs fire flaming arrows into the barges. The incorporeal grims vanish when the barges burn completely or sink into the deep river.

Churr
Knowledge for All and None

In the northern reaches of the Seething Jungle, hidden far from prying eyes, a fire-blasted landscape opens among the wild palm fronds and grasping vines. A village of churr lives on the edges of this forsaken desolation of blackened lava rock, their dwellings little more than mud huts dug into the jungle dirt. Sticks and wide-leaf palm fronds cover these bare huts.

Standing in the middle of the village is a 12-foot-tall smooth black monolith formed of igneous rock. This black featureless slab of stone has no markings, and absorbs the sunlight burning down on it. The churr carry bone clubs and protect the black stone with a fierce passion. The churr worship the stone as their "god" and claim it speaks to them in sibilant whispers to guide their lives. Anyone staring at the monolith starts seeing black sigils move across its depths, and points of unnoticed light sparking along the edges. Its true purpose is left to the Game Referee to decide.

Before the slab appeared on the volcanic field, the churr fought with their hands; they quickly learned to craft crude weapons after it appeared. Outsiders are not permitted to approach the deity and are viciously attacked if they try. The churr fear others will take their god and leave them clawing in the mud again.

Clam, Giant
Seafood Cocktail

At the bottom of a sheer, chalk precipice the giant clams clutter the bottom of the shallow, silty sea. For lesser folk, the clam fields are best avoided. But for the stone giants of the coast, the clams are easy pickings. The stone giants are cliff divers, vaulting into the chilly waters and wrestling the giant clams from the bottom. From their shells they make ceremonial gowns and other tools. The meat is roasted or stewed and the juice is spiced with mint and imbibed as a cocktail (one few other living creatures will drink). The clams also serve as final justice for intruders condemned by the whispers of the sea goddess carried on the salty winds that sweep the coast.

Clamor
Bar Fight

The Ruddy Rooster is alive with pretty maids dancing, men singing uproariously near the hearth, and celebrating patrons toasting the magic-user Zandon the Unpredictable. The magic-user recently (and quite by accident) drove off a horde of mimis infesting the city's grain silo. The miniature pranksters moved on, but decided to leave one last surprise for the townsfolk.

When the Rooster opened, the barkeep found 6 casks of wine lined up on the bar. A large red ribbon wrapped twice around the barrels. A bow sprinkled with glittering pollen sat on top. A note in flourishing handwriting read: "For Zandon, Raise a Glass – Loudly – For All He Does."

The tavern has tapped three of the kegs, and is pouring wine freely to anyone wanting a glass. Zandon sits in the middle of the revelry, downing glass after glass and getting quite drunk.

The fourth keg holds the mimis' surprise: They trapped a clamor in the cask as a farewell present to the town. Tapping the keg causes the barrel to explode and the clamor rises into the middle of the tavern.

Clockworks
A.I. Spells Armageddon

The wizard's tomb (place it where you will) was a marvel to people near and far. On the exterior, a proper crypt of bronze decorated with automatons that, at different times of the day and year, performed complex pageants from the life and times of the wizard, from his apprenticeship to his mastery of the magical arts. What powered the giant clockwork device was unknown, but it was known that the crypt never wore down and assumed that some magical agent was responsible for the crypt's maintenance. At each winter solstice, an automaton of the wizard appears atop the crypt with a great cauldron, and shooting stars streak from his fingers as a sinuous marilith rises from the cauldron, flashes its blades and then returns to the cauldron.

Little do the onlookers know that the appearance of the cauldron offers them a chance, however slight, of preventing catastrophe. The old wizard had one final triumph before he expired - the creation of a brain gear. For decades he had slaved away in his workshop, making his clocks and his automatons and putting them to work excavating a large tomb, the top of which would be is marvelous clockwork crypt.

Beneath the surface, in cold, lightless halls, a terrible device was assembled. The halls now click and clack with the movement of gears and trip hammers, all centered around the mainspring and the brain gear. The appearance of the cauldron is the only time a small opening appears in the crypt - a way into the heart of the machine and the slim chance of stopping it before it completes the final phase of the wizard's revenge and unleashes an army of clockworks on the world bent on the final triumph of machine over man.

Clockwork Bronze Giant
Zenith of Time

On the plateau of a mountain peak stand seven clockwork bronze giants. Each one stands at the point of a mosaic eight-pointed star set into the rock. One of the clockwork giants is missing.

Coral and barnacles cover the first clockwork bronze giant, as if it has stood in the ocean for a long period of time. The second bronze clockwork giant stands tarnished and stained, and rotted vines and moss have left vein-like striations on the giant's bronze skin. The third giant is bright and shiny, its highly polished bronze shell glimmering in the sunlight. The fourth clockwork giant has muted features, as if it had stood in an extremely hot setting that softened its features almost to nonexistence. The next giant wears faded organic paint and necklaces of chains and crudely carved skulls. The sixth shows signs of battle, and its head is missing. Arrows of orcish origin remain wedged in its body. The seventh dirt-filled giant has plants and small trees growing from its cavities.

Each of these automated giants holds aloft a mace-like scepter toward the center of the star. An octahedron-shaped garnet the size of a human skull tops each scepter. The garnet tips atop the scepters touch in the air above the center of the star. Directly below the garnets in the center of the star pattern is a 12-inch-diameter brick hole that descends into the mountainside. The midday sun faintly sends a red beam of light from the garnets into the hole. The giants attack anyone disturbing the hole in the ground. Careful study of the star reveals that the eight-pointed star represents a solar calendar spanning 80-year intervals. Whatever the clockwork bronze giants were designed for will take place soon.

Clubnek
Freedom

A flock of 2d4 clubnecks has managed to trap itself within the entrance to a dungeon. The birds have made a terrible mess of the place and are nearly starving when adventurers make the mistake of opening the door to their prison. All at once, the skiddish beasts will bolt for the opening (whether it is an exit or carries them deeper into the maze), trampling anyone in their path.

The room is now caked with feathers and dung. When disturbed, the powdery dung might enter the lungs, infecting them with a disease (save allowed) that causes shortness of breath and causes the skin around the mouth and eyes to become dry and brittle. The diseased suffer a -1 penalty to saving throws and temporarily lose 1 hit point per hit dice or level from exhaustion. A new saving throw can be made every three days, with back to back successful saves required to shake off the malady.

Cobra Flower
Funeral Garland

In an octagonal room of swirled gray marble, measuring 30-ft across. The room contains 1d3+1 potted cobra flowers, basking under the light of several spheres hanging from the ceiling. In the center of the room, amidst the cobra flowers, there lies the dead body of a woman on a marble slab, her flesh eaten away and her white robes tattered.

The corpse is a wraith, and wears a large, bronze key around its neck. It waits to attack until one has battled through the cobra flowers and approached the slab. The bronze key only works if struck against the marble slab, releasing a tone that causes one of the stone walls of the octagonal room to vanish, revealing a chamber containing 3d6 x 1,000 sp and 1d6 x 1,000 gp.

Coffer Corpse
River of Corpses

Descending a set of narrow, stone stairs, you find yourself in a long tunnel, the ends of which disappear into darkness. The middle of the tunnel is taken up by a slowly flowing river of bilious green liquid. 1d6 corpses (coffer corpses, as it turns out) are either floating down the river or have run aground on the sloping banks, for the cross section of the tunnel would reveal it to be circular.

It's impossible to walk down the tunnel without getting one's feet wet, without the use of magic, of course. Spaced irregularly down the tunnel are openings covered with rusty grates. The entrances are placed at roughly chest height for an adult male. As soon as one enters the tunnel and wades a bit in the water (it is 2 feet deep at its deepest), the coffer corpses animate and attack.

Fleeing more than 120 feet in either direction brings adventurers into the grips of another 1d6 coffer corpses. The grates covering the exits can be removed with an open doors roll.

Colossus, Jade
When Stars Align

In the middle of the ruined bowl of a collapsed stone amphitheater, a gleaming marble pedestal rises 6 feet above the blistering desert sands claiming the ancient city. Low stone steps encircle the raised platform, and a railing carved with a fantastic depiction of a giant snake chasing its tail rings the dais. A slender golden pillar standing 3 feet tall sits in the middle of the platform. A mosaic star pattern inlaid with gleaming quartz covers the floor of the dais. A small platinum-and-gold lamp sits atop the pedestal. The lamp's curling handle sparkles with inset diamonds and emeralds.

A glowing green crystal dome encases the lamp, completely covering the top of the gold pedestal. This small dome is impervious to all efforts to remove it. The pedestal is similarly enchanted, and anyone striking it feels a heavy weight settle on their shoulders as if the weight of the world had settled over them. At the base of the pedestal are seven seven-pointed stars, each one representing a nation of the forsaken kingdoms of the Lands of Brass.

Engraved in the surface of the golden pedestal, beneath the dome, are words written in a flowing, mysterious script. The writing is the Covenant of Brass, and reads "Hail from the skies of molten metals, where the burning clouds of Ingol rain liquid fires over the lands of mortal fear. I plead for you, O Master of Fire and Brass, to now appear." After the greeting are written the seven forgotten kingdoms. The names are listed in alphabetical order. The seven-pointed stars at the base of the pillar each have the name of one of the kingdoms engraved on them. If pressed in the correct order by an efreeti as he recites the Covenant of Brass, the glass dome covering the lamp vanishes for 1 hour and grants everyone standing on the pedestal a single wish.

If pressed incorrectly (or by anyone other than an efreeti), the green glass clouds over, and a jade colossus materializes to destroy the would-be thieves.

Cooshee
Elven Safari

A pack of 1d6+3 cooshees has treed a kamadan (see that entry) in a large banyan, awakening 2d4 noisy banderlogs (see that entry) and, thus, most of the surrounding woodlands. The master of the pack, a 5th level elf fighter/magic-user, is about 1 turn behind the pack. The elf is mounted on a bay mare, extraordinarily intelligent, and is dressed in woodland green, a mail coat and carries a brass hunting horn (worth 40 gp), a longbow, 20 red-fletched arrows and a longsword. The hunter seeks the kamadan for its pituitary glands, required by a wise woman to effect a cure for his lady love.

Corpse Candle
The Light at the End

A narrow channel of deep water runs down the center of a stone crypt. Bones are piled in niches along the route, spilling out onto the narrow ledges running alongside the water. The water is 10 feet deep. It is still and dark. Each niche is six feet wide and piled with miscellaneous bones from random corpses stuffed into the space. Ten-foot-tall statues of ancient kings stand in the spaces between the niches. Each holds a black candle in their outstretched hands. The candles sputter and flicker, thick tallow dripping down over the stone hands. Heavy shadows dance across the arched ceiling. A small boat sits on the edge of the water at the start of the crypt.

The watery channel runs throughout the entire crypt network. One dead-end passage opens into a 20-foot-diameter circular room filled with stain glass panels. The chamber glows with light reflected from candles set in the statues' hands and along the walls. The water here is 20 feet deep. An ancient hag was drowned in chamber 50 years ago when she tried to raise the dead to do her bidding. The crone rose as a corpse candle that haunts the crypts, although she prefers to remain in this chamber. Her bones lie at the bottom of the watery pit.

Corpse Orgy
Dead Drop

The jungle opens into a wide clearing that's been burned through the foliage. The dirt is churned and broken, and the impressions of hundreds of feet are pressed into the soft ground. A 10-foot-tall mound of freshly turned dirt rises in the center of the open area. Corpses are visible in the dirt hill, with decaying arms, legs and heads pushing out of the earthen mound. A fresh coat of lye is sprinkled over the raised earth.

Hundreds of human, goblin and other beings are piled in contorted heaps under the thin dirt layer. All were sacrificed at the temple of al-Sifon and the remains disposed of in this charnel pit. The dirt and lye only recently were applied.

A corpse orgy lives in the 10-foot-deep trench, and rises to the surface if the bodies are disturbed. The corpses above it begin pushing outward as the thing rises, the remains bursting out of the dirt as if alive. The corpse orgy attacks anyone bothering its "meal."

Corpse Rook
For the Birds

The scourge of the skies over Trivat, Mergond is really not much more than an amateurish thief at best. He can barely break into anything, his chances of pickpocketing a blind fool are slim to none, and he can't move without tripping over every noisy thing in his path. He's worthless as a thief, but excels in highway robbery.

What makes Mergond frightening is Moll, his corpse rook mount. He raised the bird from an egg and lovingly coddles her like a child. He feeds her dead squirrels from a pouch he carries. He rides on the bird's back in a special saddle.

A murder of crows fly in formation with Moll when she and Mergond set off to find gold. Mergond lets Moll sweep down on travelers before landy to demand tribute. He uses a *wand of metal detection* to make sure people don't hold out the good stuff. Moll has other ideas about what to take, and wouldn't mind a horse or a PCs.

Corpsespinner
Skeleton Key

A 150-foot stretch of hallway disappears into darkness and cobwebs. Dust covers everything in thick gray layers. Bone lanterns carved to resemble spiders give off a feeble bluish light. Halfway down the hall stands a skeleton wearing decaying finery and draped in thick layers of webbing. Alert PCs notice the skeleton doesn't touch the floor; sticky strands hold it aloft. The webs rise into a hollow nook where a corpsespinner waits, plucking at the webs to make the skeleton move. The spider toys with intruders by raising the skeleton's arms like a crude marionette. A gold key on a leather strap dangles enticingly from the skeleton's right arm.

A 25-foot-long stretch of floor beneath the skeleton is an open pit trap covered with webs. The thick webs bounce like a trampoline, but a roll of 1-3 on an 8-sided die causes the shroud to rip. PCs who fail a save land in the pit 10 feet below. Trapped in the pit are 10 corpsespun zombies. The corpsepinner attacks from above any PCs distracted by the zombies.

The gold key is worth 10 gp, and is enchanted to open any door (3 charges left).

Crab, Monstrous
Guards of the Subterranean Sea

Could the fishermen of the coastal village have ever guessed at what lie beneath their feet? In the chalky hills, covered in scrawny blackberry bushes and tufts of yellow-green grass there was an old well, long since gone dry. Even if it had not gone dry, it was inconvenient to reach, sitting as it did atop a little mound of treacherous rocks, and there was such a nice little stream just a stone's throw from the village gate.

Should one ever decide to climb down the well – and why would a fisherman ever do such a daft thing – they would discover that the turquoise sea from which they drew their sustenance did not stop at the sandy beach where they parked their simple boats. Beneath the earth, that sea continued, strained through undersea tunnels and forming a vast, lightless sea that supported giant, albino crabs – 2d6 of them usually loitering at the bottom of that old well, waiting to greet anyone foolish enough to go exploring.

If one could get past those crabs, and the dozens of their fellows who would be drawn from the quiet waters to investigate any commotion, they might venture out onto that sea with its low ceiling and weird, lambent flames dancing above the glassy surface and beckoning the foolhardy into the Underworld.

Crabman
High Crustacean Society

A dozen miles across that shallow, subterranean sea, the ceiling rises high enough that the weird, upside-down towers built there by some unknown race can only be seen by following up the slowly swaying chains that descend from their battlements. The crabmen use these chains to climb into the towers from their own mazelike fortress in the shallows that they may access the upper world, but they do not relish entering those monuments to an extinct race, for they exude a peculiar malice for things born from the sea.

The crabmen of the subterranean sea have whitish-pink shells and bulbous eyes atop their crimson eye stalks. They have carved for themselves a fortress of mazelike passages from the living stone that lies no more than 20 feet below the surface of the sea. Into these corridors, which sink 50 feet into the sea floor, they herd their fish and raise their urchins, cultivating them for their toxins (which they turn into effective anti-ooze medicinal) and to decorate their burrow-like homes dug into the walls of the corridor.

A total of 2d6 x 20 crabmen dwell in the mazelike fortress, extracting copper from the sea floor and carrying it to the upper world to smelt and shape it into tools in forges hidden in the hills. They are ruled by a court of 3d4 sooks (females) with sorcerous powers. Each female dwells in a fortified burrow with its own egg chamber, the chamber being secured and trapped to discourage attacks from outsiders and other crabmen.

Crag Man
Dinner is Served

A dead gnoll sits upright on a round rock in the center of this large natural cavern. The corpse holds a silver knife and fork (1 gp total) in its lifeless paws. A wooden bowl sits on a flattened stalagmite, the dish filled with a dried-up rat and and heaps of crushed purple mushrooms. The gnoll has been dead less than a day.

The makeshift table is a crag man that killed the gnoll and propped the beast up to "entice" others to investigate. The stalactites hanging from the cavern's roof are piercers the crag man directs to drop on unsuspecting PCs.

The gnoll wears a leather belt containing 10 gp, a shiny rock good luck charm (it didn't work for him), and a wooden dog whistle that charms a creature blowing it into falling in love with the next gnoll he meets (save avoids).

Crayfish, Monstrous
Crayfish Fricassee

Trodding through the soggy bayou, you come across a brutish hill giant armed with a spiked club and a large sling. The hill giant is stalking giant crayfish for his chieftain's nuptial feast, and has just come across 1d4+1 of the pincered monstrosities. The hill giant will not refuse help, and if helped will invite his new friends to the feast.

The feast is being held on a barren cairn surrounded by fields of clover and daisies, many of the flowers having been woven into garlands to decorate the bride and groom. Visitors are welcome, but though the hill giant clans have sworn a promise of peace on this day, being around several dozen drunken hill giants is still very dangerous. Each wedding guest is required to bestow a valuable gift on the new couple - failure to do so being considered a grave insult.

Crucifixion Spirit
Burning Revenge

Six boulders stand upright on the edge of the Corros Desert, the 10-foot-wide flat sides of each massive stone turned to face the harshest winds blowing off the burning sands. Heavy links of black chain wrap around each rock. Shackled to the rocks by red-hot metal manacles are six blackened bodies. Their faces and skin are sandblasted away, leaving them unidentifiable. Each was a thief sentenced to death and chained to the Rocks of Woe. The bodies are suspended against the superheated rocks. A man's head pokes out of the sand in front of the rocks, his wiry hair flapping in the harsh winds. His skin is streaked with blood. The howling winds drown his screams.

Four of the dead men hung on the rocks were killers and thugs who deserved their gruesome fate. Two were innocents wrongly convicted by Magistrate Chesle, the corrupt judge now buried up to his neck in the shifting sands. The innocent victims died horrible deaths on the rocks, and rose mere hours later as crucifixion spirits intent on revenge. Instead of killing Chesle outright, the pair dragged the elderly man to the desert hole to die slowly.

Chesle begs for his life and offers PCs gold and land if they free him. The crucifixion spirits rise out of the rocks supporting their blackened corpses if anyone helps the judge.

Crypt Thing
Toga Party

Beyond the dusty antechamber there is a long passageway - 60 feet long - ending in a circular chamber lit by a single everburning brazier. On one wall there is a crypt, 20 feet long and 15 feet wide, with panes of amber-colored glass set into the walls - five panes on each wall. The glass apparently covers small alcoves, for a torch held up to the glass reveals a mouldering body partially covered in a funeral shroud behind it. A the end of the chamber there is a brass throne set with two large rubies (red glass, actually) set in the arms. Sitting in the throne there is a corpse, swathed in a woolen toga and wearing a brass helm surmounted by a horsehair crest.

The corpse is a crypt thing, and it will certainly teleport intruders far away. Now, it so happens that on the wall opposite the entrance to the crypt there is a large mirror - oval and measuring 5 feet tall and 3 feet wide. The mirror is set in a brass frame made to look like dozens of sinuous fire nymphs. The mirror is harder than steel and impossible to shatter, but one can walk through it by holding a burning ember from the brazier in their fist. Holding the ember in this way inflicts 1d4 points of (non-lethal) damage.

On the other side of the mirror, one finds an identical crypt, save for the fact that the throne is made of gold and set with actual rubies and worth easily 10,000 gp. The corpse on the throne is not a crypt thing, but rather the body of a long dead sorcerer. The bodies behind the amber glass are wights, and they will burst through the glass to attack intruders into the true tomb.

Crystalline Horror
Crystal Blue Confusion

In an icy cave in the high mountains, very near the blazing sun, a crystalline horror sits brooding. A skeleton is all that remains of the remorhaz that once called this cavern home. The crystalline horror puzzles over a blue metallic cube, a sort of puzzle box. Sadly, the creature's wickedly sharp claws are too clumsy to work the box.

Should one solve the puzzle (you can have players work on a real puzzle or allow their characters to attempt three 1d20 rolls, needing to roll under their intelligence scores on all three rolls) it opens into a strange metallic spider that roosts on one's shoulder for one hour. During this hour, the spider protects them from all evil mental effects. When the hour is up, the creature folds back into a cube and cannot be re-opened (a task which requires solving a new puzzle or re-rolling against intelligence) for 24 hours.

Fighting in the ice cave is treacherous, with each missed attack or move of more than 3 feet requiring a saving throw to avoid falling prone and suffering 1d4 damage.

Crystallis
Rock Garden

This humid cavern drips with condensation. Clear pools of warm water collect in low spots on the stone floor. Hundreds of fantastic cave formations are covered with quartz crystals of incredible beauty and color. Massive teardrop-shaped crystals hang delicately from the ceiling. Magical light brought into the room causes a dazzling display of brilliant light to reflect around the chamber. PCs must save or be blinded by the white glare of the reflected light (-2 to-hit penalty while in the room). Lanterns, torches and candlelights do not have this effect.

The hanging crystals are caterprisms in cocoons. They are at a delicate state and quickly die if the cocoon is harmed in anyway. A hermit-like crystallis tends to his rock garden beneath the hanging cocoons. Several caterprisms hide among the natural crystal formations. The protective crystallis dislikes intruders, and attacks anyone harming his garden or the crystal cocoons. The crystallis and the caterprisms are immune to the light effects and each other's special attacks. The crystals in this room have unusual qualities and exceptional clarity. They are highly prized and valuable.

Daemon, Cacodaemon
Slackers

Just beneath a large, oily rock covered in patches of pale, luminescent lichens that writhe under one's flesh, a squad of 1d5+5 cacodaemons is slacking off, smoking the ground leaves of the black lotus in stubby pipes carved from the thigh bones of sinners. The largest of the dull creatures is telling the others a story of some past battle against a horde of demons and devils that apparently culminated in his saving the life of the Oinodaemon. The others are rolling their eyes and glancing at one another sheepishly while blowing smoke rings. Two of the fiends is kicking a severed
head back and forth between them, the head howling in pain as they do so. While the others hold the attention of the adventurers, one cacodaemon is creeping up behind them.

Daemon, Charon (Boatman of the Lower Planes)
Death in a Cup

Near the oily shore of the Styx, you discover a round table of stone. The table is set with a orichalcum ewer of dark, dry wine and two terracotta cups painted with black glaze and images of cavorting skeletons. Should one drop three pomegranate seeds and a copper coin in each cup and fill them with wine, they will, in the blink of an eye, be startled to see Charon accepting the cup and holding it to his mouth.

Charon does not drink until his "host" drinks. The wine is, of course, a deadly poison. Should the host survive his drink (saving throw at -2 penalty), he may initiate negotiations with Charon for passage on his skiff. If Charon's visitors prove troublesome, they will discover that they are surrounded by a band of summoned charonadaemons.

Daemon, Charonodaemon
A Boatman in the Lower Planes

On the shores of a subterranean sea, on a beach of gleaming, white sand, you come across a skeletal, robed figure standing on his skiff, looking absent-mindedly towards the mouth of a cave. The charonadaemon was summoned by an inhabitant of the Lower Planes to deliver them to the Material Plane and wait precisely 24 hours for its return with an important captive and message for the Oinodaemon. Every few minutes the charonadaemon holds aloft an hourglass and check the gray sands within.

There is a 3 in 6 chance that the passenger of the skiff, a cacodaemon, finally appears, a bound and gagged drow priestess slung over its shoulder. Should it appear, it ignores the adventurers unless they oppose it - either way, the charonadaemon gives it no aid other than to seize the priestess and deposit her on its skiff.

If the cacodaemon does not appear in time, the charonadaemon will launch its skiff and soon disappear from view. If the adventurers move quickly, they can hire the charonadaemon, who goes by the name of Blackjack and has a habit of referring to itself in the third person.

Daemon, Derghodaemon
Fun and Games

A bloated, dim-witted dhergodaemon is rolling a massive, spherical stone up a barren, windswept hill. The stone is conmposed of a reddish black material that glows with an inner fire. The dhergodaemon will generally ignore adventurers unless they become bothersome, but it is not averse to chatting with them while it goes about its duties.

The strange stone is actually the egg of a fiendish roc, and the dhergodaemon is rolling it to the campsite of 1d3 other dhergodaemons, who intend to feast on it. Naturally, adventurers will be invited to share in this feast, though they will find the flesh of the roc bitter and nauseating. After devouring the embryonic roc, the dhergodaemons engage in a dizzying game of five-handed rock/paper/scissors.

Five adventurers can engage a single dhergodaemon in the game, each having a 3 in 6 chance of besting one of the daemon's arms. If they can best all five arms at once, the dhergodaemon will give out a chattering, wheezing laugh and offer them a bent golden coin that, it assures them, grants them entry and a single day's peace in any stronghold they should encounter in the Lower Planes.

Daemon, Guardian
Lifeguard

A floating caravan of nine covered barges is making its way down a wide, golden river. Eight of the barges are carrying barrels of rice, plums, dried fish and other foodstuffs, along with 2 or 3 traders. One of the barges carries a lacquered altar case painted in gold dragons and sealed with a puzzle lock. Inside the case there are three peaches. One is a single peach of immortality (treat as a *potion of longevity*), while the other two contain deadly poison.

Lurking in the shadows of the barge is a guardian daemon that resembles a foo lion, with curved horns and skin that looks like golden marble. At first blush, one might easily mistake the daemon for a statue. The daemon can be placated by playing a bamboo flute. The men who steer the barge (3rd level assassins) carry such flutes in their sashes, along with poisoned daggers and lengths of chain. The caravan is on its way from a monastery high in the mountains to the palace of the emperor.

Daemon, Hydrodaemon
On Noisome Pond

On the banks of a noisesome pond, a hydrodaemon lurks. Summoned some ages before by a midling demonologist who got in way over his head (literally), the beast has since dwelled in this old mill pond that once served a large village, now abandoned. The mill is now crumbling, the interior coated in the dried spittle of the hydrodaemon, now a viscous ooze that acts as a contact poison (save at +3 or become drowsy for 1 hour, suffering a -1 penalty to all dice rolls).

The hydrodaemon lurks beneath the surface of the water, waiting for a single victim to stroll close. At this point, it strikes with its spittle and then leaps from the water to grab its dozing victim and drag them under the water.

In the shallows one may find numerous skeletons, mostly those of peasants in tattered and ruined woollens and leathers, but one skeleton belonged to a sorceress who still grips a *wand of enemy detection*, and another is the remains of a knight in *+1 gothic plate armor* that still gleams after spending several years in the muck.

Daemon, The Oinodaemon
Welcome to the Feast

As one tromps over the bleak wastes of the Lower Planes, they might discern on the horizon a looming shape - large and a dull, soul-sucking black. In mere moments it will be upon them, moving rapidly - a long corridor, hung in green, tapestry-like fungi, battered, rotting furniture, corroded copper candlesticks with dropping tapers, massive vases of terracotta filled with skulls - all moving rapidly past the adventurers before it finally and suddenly stops. The adventurers now find themselves facing a great door of rusted iron, the surface cast in the shape of terrible grotesques - beautiful lords and damsels, their joints twisted with palsey, their faces wracked with pox, starving dogs nipping at their hands, carrion crows pulling at their ears.

The doors are heavy, but swing open with some effort revealing a dank, damp chamber - a mockery of a feast hall furnished with a long, warped table covered in rotting victules picked over by giant, fiendish rats with the faces of dirty, runny-nosed urchins. At either end of the hall there is a great hearth filled with hellfire that gives out great gouts of oily, black smoke that fills the ceiling of the hall and provides no heat or comfort. Beyond the table, on a raised platform sits the lord of the feast, the Oinodaemon, and his court of seven rivals, all hidden beneath thick shrouds of dingy lace.

Each adventurer who has killed a daemon is commanded to come forward and take a place at the disgusting feast, a cacodaemon appearing behind them to guide them to their seat and place a goblet of thick, murky liquid before them. Those who have not killed a daemon are branded cowards and clapped in irons, their comrades finding it impossible to rise from the table until they have quaffed the rheumy mead that has been set before them.

The mead carries the daemon plague, of course. Those that die from the plague are reincarnated upon death as daemons. Those that survive are granted safe passage through the Lower Planes - at least in the presence of daemons.

Daemon, Piscodaemon
A Chip on the Shoulder

A solitary piscodaemon stalks across a landscape of twisted stone formations draped with brilliant reptilian skins that shimmer as though covered with jewels. The formations are separated by narrow gullies of freezing sand.

The piscodaemon and his fellows were set upon by a roaving band of mariliths, with this single specimen surviving the onslaught. It is now making its way back to its comrades with a king-sized chip on its chitinous shoulder. The piscodaemon would like nothing better than to unleash its fury on a band of outsiders, but it is wily enough to avoid a conflict it cannot hope to win, for it carries a stone tablet back to the greater daemon it serves.

The tablet contains the true name of a powerful bal-rukh in the language of demons. The tablet is composed of polished obsidian.

Dakon
Gentle Masters

You come across a village sheltered by the overarching trees of the rain forest. The village is built near a small, swift stream and consists of several adobe buildings, some quite grand and a palisade of bamboo. The village is inhabited by 2d4 x 10 dakons. The dakons dwell in family bands, each in its own building. The buildings are domed structures, like

large, mud brick igloos. The interiors are decorated with mosaics of stone and colorful glazes.

The village is ruled by several elder males with silvery fur. The elders are all druids of level 1d3+1. The dakon are friendly, though hesitant to allow travelers into their village without some gift of great value to prove their friendship. The villagers subsist on jungle vermin, fruits gathered in the forest and roots grown in their hidden gardens. The gardens are tended by bands of human servants, who trade their labor for the protection of the dakon. The dakon treat these servants gently, but consider them little more than beasts of burden or pets.

Dark Creeper
Sneak Thieves

In the dark of the tunnel you see a small, cloaked figure sitting alone, hunched over some bauble in its hands and babbling like an idiot. From a distance, it looks as though it might be a dwarf or halfling, but as one approaches, it turns its head and you see the gray skin and the weird, gray eyes.

In the blink of an eye, the tunnel fills with a thick, impenetrable darkness and 1d6+1 additional dark creepers attack from forward and back, half of them having apparently trailing the adventurers for some time. The original dark creeper's bauble is a silver locket holding a strand of violet hair that once belonged to a high elven countess whose beauty was a legend. A portrait of the lady is painted inside the locket and the words "For Maximilian" are engraved on the back of the locket in the elven script.

Dark Stalker
Cult Leader

In a vast cavern, approximately 200 feet in diameter, with a high ceiling you discover numerous piles of junk. The piles contain all manner of refuse - rusted armor, broken weapons, candle stubs, bits of cord and rope - as well as a few good, even valuable items. The junkyard is the abode of 1d4 x 10 dark creepers and their leader, a dark stalker.

The darklings have been collecting bits and pieces for ages, and there is a 1% chance that any useful item resides in the yard, and a 1 in 1000 chance that a minor magic item is present. The items in question are buried in the piles of junk and thus take days to locate. The dark creepers have burrows in the piles of junk, and can find the item in question in mere moments if they have a mind to. The dark stalker dwells in a tent made of cast off cloaks over a wire frame atop the tallest pile in the yard.

Darnoc
Insipid Greed

The ruler of the walled city-state was beside himself with worry. How was he to know that killing his exchequer would result in such calamity - after all, he had probably killed about one minister a month since he took the throne as a young man. Always the exchequer stood by, giving wise council and finding ways to fund the king's schemes.

But at the thought of giving the king his youngest daughter before her wedding day the minister balked, and for that he had to be killed. Death, however, did not part the exchequer from his post, for the next day his replacement fled in panic at the sight of the old man sitting in the treasury counting the coins.

Now, the wicked little king needs his money, and thus a team of adventurers capable of ridding the treasury of the minister's spirit. The king promises anything to get the deed done, but will certainly betray his saviors when they have completed their mission.

Death Dog
Killer Packs

While crossing the amber sands of the great desert you come across a lonely tower of sandstone that almost blends into the landscape. The tower shows some weathering, and appears to be quite ancient. The picked over bones of a horse lies half-buried in the sands near the tower. A sturdy iron door, scalding to the touch, blocks entry, and the tower has no windows, though a trap door allows access through the roof. The walls of the tower are five feet thick, and the circular rooms within measure 8 feet in diameter.

The ground floor is empty save for an old, dry straw mattress, some broken crockery and a longbow, the string snapped. The third floor is likewise empty, save for a dusty skull and a few empty wine bottles. The second floor, however, is inhabited by a maiden, beautiful but flushed and desperate, and her love, a young knight of the desert sands, his face haggard, his robes torn and a terrible wound on his right leg. The wound has been bound, but needs proper cleaning, for it looks septic. The knight is not long for the world, having perhaps two or three days before he dies unless given some powerful magical healing.

The maiden will explain that they were fleeing across the desert from her wicked uncle when they were attacked by a pack of 1d3+1 black, two-headed hounds. The knight was wounded by one of the dogs and they were fortunate to outrun them and find this tower. They've been trapped here for three days now, the dogs surrounding the tower each night and the knight too ill to walk, the horse having died from exhaution after their race across the desert.

Death Worm
Opportunists

The guide you hired in the last village has been leading you over the rolling country of the steppe for several days when he finally stops cold and points to a distant outcropping of reddish-brown stones. The outcropping form a sort of natural gate to a lowland beyond. He will inform you that this is the entrance to the holy land of the great khan, the land of his birth and taboo for any to enter. He will go no further, but will explain that the place you seek (whatever goal is currently being sought by the players in your game) is beyond that land on the edge of a woodland of scrawny pines. The journey across the lowland should take approximately one week. At this he turns and heads away.

The lowland is sandy and barren, with strange stones, like monuments of chalk, breaking the endless sea of sand every few miles. The sands of the lowland are bronze colored, with strange streaks of darker, more reddish sand crisscrossing the landscape. The guide has, unfortunately, lied to you about this being holy land, for it is really the hunting ground of a death worm. The guide and his friends, who trailed about two days behind your band, plan to strike you when you flee the lowlands, bloodied and bruised by the worm, a few of your number maybe left to feed it. In all, the guide has 1d10+10 friends, bandits mounted on swift, light horses and wearing leather armor and carrying a short, jagged spear and a longbow with 25 arrows.

Decapus
Difficult Terrain

Regardless of the direction from which you enter this woodland of towering oaks, the ground slopes downward. The entire area is like a miles-wide funnel, eventually sinking into a series of flooded caverns featuring coursing rivers and waterfalls. Three swift streams run through the woodland and into the cave system. In many places in the woodland one will see the granite ledges that compose the landscape's foundation. One might also (1 in 10 chance, 1 in 6 for elves and rangers) notice

broken limbs littering the ground, as though something heavy has moved through the trees, swinging from limb to limb. The funnel woods is home to a solitary decapus. The decapus keeps a lair of woven branches in a particularly tall tree that hangs over the open gulf that leads into the cavern system. A rushing waterfall runs past the tree. Any fight that occurs in the tree will be particularly dangerous, as a wrong move (missing an attack by more than 3 points or suffering maximum damage from a blow) might knock one into the vortex of water (saving throw to negate), a fall that will cause 10d6 points of damage and might very well end in drowning. The decapus keeps a modest treasure of 1d6 x 200 sp, 1d4 x 100gp in a terracotta coffer (worth 50 gp) in its lair.

Demi-Lich
Tooth and Nail

This 75-foot-diameter room has but one entrance. The domed ceiling reaches 75 feet high at its peak, where a mural of an eclipsed sun looms. A crimson aura of light faintly glows from the mural and bathes the room in nightmarish light. The walls and half-sphere ceiling are covered in 6-inch-long rusted spikes set into the stone. A bier sits in the center of the room, draped with a sheer white burial shroud. A skull topped staff can be seen through the lattice shroud. The staff appears to be gem encrusted with platinum bands binding the shaft.

This is the burial vault of Akilha Harn, a little-known wizard from ancient times. In her day, she ruled a small kingdom with fear and cruelty. In her quest for immortality, she turned to lichdom. As an undead, she had her skull removed and replaced with one of copper (its location and terrible powers have yet to be discovered). She then created a staff of incredible power and topped it with her own skull. She ultimately evolved into the demilich that was placed in this vault. The skull is fastened to the magical staff, but can still attack normally anyone in the room.

The tomb is guarded by two aerial servants that are more of a distraction to the real danger that lurks within the room. A secret door on the side of the bier holds Akilha Harn's mostly disintegrated remains. Her moldering robes and funeral veil lie in tatters. Jewelry (both magical and regal) and other nonperishable items are entombed as well. The concealed treasure should be great to PCs matching wits with Akilha Harn's deadly legacy and utter iniquity. Destroying the demilich shatters the magical staff forever.

Demiurge
Scorched Vengeance

While you were informed that the land beyond the mountain pass contained a fertile high meadow of dainty dun dairy cows and happy, though mildly xenophobic mountain herders, the land you see appears wild and uninhabited. You might come across a small herd of cattle, now half-wild and grazing, an alert bull challenging any who approach. About two miles into the meadowlands you discover a village surrounded by a low wall of field stone and consisting of a few dozen stone hovels and a ramshackle kirk with a blue door of oak and a large brass knocker in the shape of Jack o' the Green. Twenty or so bodies lie decomposing in the village, their faces twisted into masks of sheer horror, their flesh marbled and putrefaction setting in.

Most of the villagers have fled into the surrounding hills, most of them succumbing to the cold or packs of wolves. The source of their destruction was the burning of a foreign woman in front of the church - the charred post and bones and a pile of ashes still in evidence. The villagers believed her a witch, come to spread a pox among their cattle. Moments after the poor woman died, the grim villagers witnessed in horror her spectral image stepping out of the holocaust. Now a demiurge, she spread death and panic in her quest to revenge herself on the wicked peasants, blocking their attempts to flee into the mountain pass and sending most of them into the hills without food or adequate clothing. So enraged is this demiurge that she will attack any who enter the valley, provided they are within 3 miles of the charred post where she met her end.

The village's only treasure, besides two golden candlesticks in the kirk worth about 50 gp, are its cattle. About fifty of the creatures yet live and wander the valley.

Demodand, Shaggy
Damn-sel in Distress

Atop the pinnacle of a citadel of cyclopean blocks of basalt on a basalt plain surrounded by plumes of acidic flame there sits the gloating conqueror, a massive shaggy demodand. The bloated fiend is surrounded by the spoils of its conquest - the bones of one thousand minor demons, licked clean of meat and sucked empty of marrow. Creeping about the citadel are 1d2 slime demodands and 1d4+1 tarry demodands, searching out the citadel for bits of treasure and hiding survivors of the assault.

Deep in the bowels (literally - the Netherworld is a frightening, confusing place) of the citadel, if one can dodge the slimes and otyughs, they might discover the princess of the citadel, an alu-demon, cradling her child and wearing the great treasure of the citadel, a crystalline gauntlet that can project hands of force and block magic missiles. She cannot escape the citadel without help, and might be willing to join forces with any adventurers treasure-hungry enough to have made it past the patrolling demodands.

Demodand, Slime
The Lake of Slime

Amidst a shallow lake of gray slime there is a rocky island, and atop that island a twisted tower of barbed wrought iron. The tower has no entrance other than a circular stone portal in the base. A total strength of 50 is required to pivot the stone. Once inside the tower, one finds themselves at the bottom of a long, winding shaft studded with rusty spikes that can be used to climb. The shaft is 100 feet long and ends in a small observation chamber clad in cloudy crimson glass, warm to the touch.

Hanging from the ceiling by a brazen chain is a sword of damascus steel, black of blade and engraved with profane images. The longsword is a *+2 weapon* and, when swung, cries out in a terrible shriek that causes fear in creatures with 3 HD or less. Tendrils of malevolent force will burrow into the flesh of the wielder of the sword, clogging their minds with paranoia and hatred and turning them deeply and irrevocably evil if they do not pass a saving throw once a week to retain control of themselves. The slimy lake, 1 mile in diameter, is the hunting ground of 1d4+1 slime demodands, the lax guardians of the evil sword.

Demodand, Tarry
Tar and Fungus

From beyond this small box canyon in a landscape of white bluffs shaped like supplicating demons and giant puffball fungi (ascomoids) that blow across the landscape like tumbleweeds one can hear the clash of arms, as two mighty armies of the Underworld go through one of the many pointless bloodlettings so common to these dimensions.

A troupe of 1d4+1 tarry demodands has fled from this battle and now hides in this canyon hoping to evade detection by the hell hounds of their master. The bizarre creatures now sit in the shade of one of the mighty bluffs (one can just make out a whimper coming from the stone), rolling the knuckle bones of a saintly man in some form of game and betting chips carved from the horns of devils. Although they had no desire to throw themselves into yet another battle for their master, the chaotic fiends are more than happy to attack a band of meddling adventures.

At the first sign of company, they vanish from view and make their way into a position of ambush.

Demon, Aeshma (Rage Demon)
A Whiter Shade of Rage

The strange palace of blue glass rising from the fetid swamplands of the Underworld seems an uncharacteristic island of calm in an otherwise abyssmal land of pain and torment. The palace measures 500 feet to a side and featured hundreds of slim towers, each ending in a perfect sphere. Weird, worm-like shapes can be seen wriggling inside the spheres to an unknown purpose. Four gates has the blue palace, each possessing a gate made of wrought iron, but each open to entry.

Inside the palace there are a myriad of passages, stairs up and down and domed chambers furnished with angular chairs and tables of white wood. As one approaches the center of the palace, they discern a strange droning coming from the walls, as though somebody is running a wet finger along the rim of a crystal goblet. The very center of the palace is a circular tower, the tallest of the palace.

The tower stands 300 feet tall and is open from floor to ceiling. In the center of the tower, floating three feet above the floor, there is a sphere of azure glass pulsing with brilliant white light. As a group studies the sphere, they might not notice the exits from the tower slowly closing, filling with glass until, when completely blocked, one would never know there were exits at all.

Once the exits are closed, the glass walls of the tower will begin to swirl, becoming blue-violet and then red-violet, and finally casting a light the color of freshly spilled blood. The droning becomes louder and more insistent, reaching into one's psyche and drawing out their ire and rage until all present must pass a saving throw each round to avoid attacking their allies.

The droning can be stopped by smashing the globe, releasing an aeshma, the genius loci of the palace. Once released, the aeshma attacks any present. The death of the demon is the only way to re-open the exits from the central tower. After the demon's death, the palace is filled with thousands of ghosts, the souls of those claimed by rage and violence. The ghosts ignore the adventurers unless attacked, though they might accidentally drift through them while wandering the halls.

Demon, Alu-
Thar She Blows!

Across the storm-tossed seas of the Abyss there roams a sleek whaler, the *Broken Vow*, a stately ship of bone and laquered wood with three masts and a crew of 20 lost souls (zombies, but more mobile than usual and possessed of a malevolent intelligence).

The captain of the *Broken Vow* is a swaggering, foul-mouthed alu-demon who wears slops of black velvet, a vest of purple satin and veritable horde of ivory and gold jewelry (worth 500 gp). The alu-demon carries a curved sword and dagger, and can be seen pacing the decks, barking orders and periodically peering into the grey swirl that passes for an atmosphere above the ebony waves flecked with crimson foam.

The *Broken Vow* and its captain hunt abyssal whales with jagged harpoons fired from swivel guns. They are currently on the hunt for the whale that took the captain's last ship and crew.

Demon, Balban (Brute Demon)
The Legless Wizard

The wizard Bidbleez suffered a horrific injury from an encounter with a wrath dragon that left him permanently scarred. His legs end at the knees and deep burn scars cover his flesh. Bidbleez, not one to let a mere flesh wound hamper him, arrived at a demented solution. Through his dark arts, he made a pact with a balban to allow the demon to serve as his legs. He rides the balban on a special chair attached to the balban's four horns and broad, flat head. The chair is bolted to the horns and Bidbleez is strapped securely into the chair. Together, these two roam and savage the lands in search of a treatment that will restore Bidbleez to health and fulfill the pact he made with the balban.

Demon, Cambion
Consorts of Demons

The old witch hill outside the village is best avoided - any attempt at gathering rumors in the village public house will garner that piece of advice. The ground on the hill is gray and spongy, with cruel, spiked stones forming a chaotic shrine (or so the locals say). The space inside those stones does show signs of fires burning there, and some digging will produce bones that might have come from animals or humanoids. The locals say that a coven of witches used to meet at that spot and conduct terrible revels under the dark of the new moon, conjuring spirits that would knock on doors at night and then flee or curdle the cow's milk.

The hill measures about 500 feet in diameter and rises about 35 feet at its highest point. Twelve runic stones have been erected around the base of the hill by local priests to hem in the malevolent influence of the site and, if not make it holy, at least make it useless to the unholy. On the far side of the hill there is a small cave that leads into the lair of an aged man with blue-gray hair. The old man is a hermit, a cambion demon born on the hill during one of the revels and now unable to leave it due to the presence of the holy stones.

Inside his humble lair he has a simple straw pallet, a gallery of skulls - adventurers who decided to investigate the odd rumors they had heard in the village - and wooden chest covered in the skin of those adventurers and branded with profane symbols. Inside this chest he keeps his treasure and a book of mystic investigations he has made in trying to break the influence of the holy stones. This book can be used by magic-users trying to develop spells to overcome magic or summon demons, giving them a bonus on rolls made to develop their spells.

Demon, Chaaor (Beast Demon)
Does a Bear Wreak Havoc In the Woods?

Dunslap Hollow's main commodity is swine. The entire town has developed into a massive swine farm where the overpopulated livestock run freely through the streets. Having only a population around hundred and fewer than 20 permanent structures, the few paths through town are quagmires of mud and feces. High councilman Hamish Talley runs the stockyard and the local tavern. The indentured townsfolk work for him and are paid in rent, sparse rations and cheap booze. Talley instantly dislikes anyone who questions how he runs his town, and his "boys" take care of people who raise too much of a fuss.

Hamish and his cronies recently ran a druid named Farlardo out of town. Farlardo arrived spouting off about the inhumane treatment of the swine in town and the damage to the environment from their waste. Hamish told his men the druid was right and ordered them to clean the streets … by pulling the haughty druid through the muck. They left the filth-covered druid on the outskirts of town and told him to never come back.

Since then, town workers and swine alike have disappeared nightly leaving only gore as a clue to their fate. The embarrassed Farlardo made a pact with a Chaaor demon to get even with the town, and the demonic bear is reveling in the torment it is causing. It allows people to enter Dunslap Hollow, but brutally attacks those who attempt to leave.

Demon, Choronzon (Chaos Demon)
When Looking Into the Abyss . . .

A large, ruined wall stands defiantly amid the spacious and partially collapsed room. A 15-foot-tall mirror remains imbedded into the far wall. It has miraculously survived unscathed. A nondescript wooden border encircles its oval shape. Its creators branded a prophecy into the frame in old and ornate script:

Envisage eras of arid seas and lands afire,
Whilst Legion devours souls impious and vain.
Look within the mirror, state your desire,
For the meek shall inherit and the faithful reign.

The mirror grants the first two wishes to those standing before it. Although the mirror is not inherently evil, the wishes appear to become reality. With time, however, the wishes distort and curse the individual. With a third wish, the reflective surface of the mirror becomes a *wall of fire* and a choronzon steps through the portal. The mirror's origin, purpose and powers lie with the Game Referee, as do the exact results and bane of the granted wishes.

Demon, Corruptors
Who's Tempting Whom?

Exploring the underworld, you come across a tall, octagonal chamber with a vaulted ceiling clad in prophyry. In the center of the room there is a large scrying pool surrounded by three demons, a barizou, azizou and geruzou. The demons are watching a sorcerous NPC known to the adventurers (but not an ally) as he thumbs through a book of demonology. The demons are not yet tempting the man, as he has not yet decided to call one of them. Although the adventurers may think they have arrived in time to stop the demons, they are in fact being lured into a trap of temptation themselves.

The NPC magic-user is of little interest to the demons, who are themselves intended to be sacrificed to the swords of the PCs. In fact, the PCs are being tempted into using their knowledge of the NPC against him. Whether the scrying pool is showing a true scene or not is up to the Referee, but it is a certainty that a different scrying pool in the Abyss is showing the activities of the PCs for the entertainment of a major demon.

Demon, Daraka (Swarm Demon)
Scorpions of the Swarm

A gang of 1d3+1 darakas guard the entrance to a massive subterranean temple. The entrance is in a subterranean canyon of gray stone that is warm to the touch. The walls of the canyon are covered in patches of white lichen in the shape of screaming faces. At the end of the canyon there is a facade of black onyx with large, brass portal into the depths of the temple.

The guardians stand in front of the portal, which is further blocked by a slab of basalt that requires a combined strength of 60 to shift. Several pits of rusty spikes are placed in front of the temple facade, the pits opening and closing randomly once battle is joined. Should the guardians be bested, the pits survived and the slab removed, the adventurers will discover that the "temple" consists of a 5-ft by 5-ft space occupied by a slimy shaft crawling with swarms of scorpions and descending 500 feet into the earth and ending in a giant vault of slime.

Demon, Gallu- (Faceless Demon)
Law and Orders

Mireeum Ubner and her two daughters, looking like vagrants, scrub soiled chamber pots with ragged sponges outside an untidy manor house. Deep bruises and lash marks cover their exposed flesh. Their ragged and soiled garments were once exquisite evening gowns. Blisters covering their hands, feet and knees tell of the hours of arduous work they endure every day.

Mireeum is the wife of chief constable Da' Ubner and until recently led an idyllic life few could even dream of. Da' Ubner was an influential and popular chief constable within the city and led his men justly and fairly.

What no one knows yet is that Da' Ubner was assassinated and replaced by a gallu-demon just weeks ago. His corpse still lies within the attic of the manor house. Since taking over as Da' Ubner, the malevolent gallu-demon has corrupted the city guard and destroyed their morale. Even worse, the new Da' Ubner has enslaved his wife and daughters. He routinely abuses them and intentionally prolongs their suffering, each day creating new and more-demeaning tasks for them to perform. Da' Ubner hosts lavish and decadent parties nightly, while his family sleeps chained in the kennel. The family has fallen far from their past nobility. The public scorns and ridicules them, but fears Da' Ubner's authority too much to not attend his gatherings when ordered to do so. With Da' Ubner's clout and a garrison of semi-loyal troops, few question his ethics publicly and live.

Demon, Gharros (Scorpion Demon)
Planar Gates

At the pinnacle of a tall mountain there is a gate of golden bars measuring 9 cubits wide by 12 cubits high. The gate sits in a tunnel that goes all the way through the mountain - about 1 mile. Travelers who enter the tunnel from the west will find the gate guarded by 1d3+1 monadic devas. From this direction the gate allows travel into the Ethereal Plane for chaotics, the Astral Plane for neutrals and the Upper Planes for lawfuls. Those who enter from the east will find the gate guarded by 1d3+1 gharros demons. From this direction, the gate allows access to the Elemental Plane of Fire for lawfuls, the Elemental Plane of Earth for neutrals and the Lower Planes for chaotics.

Demon, Greruor (Frog Demon)
Village of the Damned

Kulkin's Vale is under siege, with the few villagers holed up in the town's small garrison. The town's soldiers were the first to die when Horrkurven, a greruor demon, leapt into town. In the chaos, the town was set ablaze and nearly burned to the ground. Horrkurven killed the guards with his acidic spittle, and drove the rest screaming from the town's gates.

The women and children retreated into the garrison and shut the doors, just in time to keep the demonic entity at bay. The walls are too high for it to leap, and its burning spit does little against the keep's fortified walls. The villagers are desperate. Horrkurven lurks in the burned-out homes.

PCs entering the village find skeletons lying in the street, the bones soft and brittle from acid and fire. Horrkurven lairs in the fire-ravaged temple. The demon has crafted a throne nest from the bones of his victims in the high rafters of the shrine, and leaps down on intruders. The demon was tasked with destroying the town by a magic-user who was run out of the

village for consorting with demons. Inside the garrison are 15 women and 20 children (all under age 10). The rest of the villagers were killed or ran away during the chaos of the greruor's attack.

Demon, Mallor (Serpent Demon)

Snake Mass

A countless number of snakes (venomous and constrictors) entwine in a dance-like trance on the wide flagstone terrace. The snakes slide in and out of holes in the stones to an unknown subterranean lair. A shallow pit filled nearly to the rim with snakes sits in the center of the terrace. The mass of snakes sits just 5 feet below the pit's rim. Four braziers with glowing coals emit an intoxicating incense. A 15-foot-tall hooded cobra statue with its head hovering over the pit encircles the hole with its body. Subira the high priestess of Lachesiss (the Demon Lord of Snakes) often meditates and performs sensual ceremonies atop the hood. A ladder cleverly concealed in the statue's scales allows access to the top. Just below the surface of the snake mass lies Amaunet, the harbinger of Lashesiss. Amaunet lies in a state of euphoric mediation. He awakens in 1d4 rounds after any disturbance.

Demon, Mehrim (Goat Demon)

Got Your Goat

Wandering the rocky hillsides are Onslow, a hill giant goat herder, and his herd of large goats. For reasons unknown, scattered among the herd are 4 mehrims that command the goats with an uncanny intelligence. Onslow and his herd wander the rocky land tending his herd and trading with other giants. From a far distance, they appear as a normal-sized shepherd and herd. Once the herd is close enough, however, Onslow commands the mehrim and the goats to charge while he throws boulders. His tactics have worked exceeding well so far and he has amassed considerable treasure from caravans and travelers.

Demon, Mezzalorn (Wasp Demon)

The Droning Pipe Organ

The walls of this area reach about 20 feet high. An earthen mixture of mud and clay covers the stone walls. Long-dried clay cylinders start 5 feet from the floor and extend to the ceiling, the tubes resembling a crude pipe organ. The dirt is dry and brittle despite its four-inch thickness. The mud tubes are filled with paralyzed giant spiders that crash down out of the pipes in a huge pile if the clay tube is shattered. Once disturbed, 2 mezzalorn demons inside the top of the mud pipes begin droning in anticipation. The mezzalorns can be immature larvae or fully grown demons depending on the challenge needed for PCs. Alternatively, the parents could be lurking nearby guarding their offspring.

Demon, Nabasu (Death Stealer Demon)

Heart of Black Oak

A tall, black oak a the crossroads between three mercantile towns has long been a source of superstitious fear among the townspeople. Travelers walking past the oak press their holy symbols to their lips and whisper prayers to ward its evil influence. Lately, however, it has become more than a source of imagined terror, as a nabasu demonling has taken residence in the oak, hiding in a hollow portion about 10 feet from the ground. The demonling now has 10 Hit Dice, and is selectively attacking more powerful individuals who pass by the tree. It has not fed on a heart in months, and will leap at the chance to take at least one of the adventurers, assuming they are experienced enough to be worth the while.

Demon, Nerizo (Hound Demon)

Demonic Haunt

A pack of 1d4+1 disgruntled nerizo is chasing the adventurers through a demonic woodland of ashen, petrified trees inhabited by cackling, fiendish harpies who swoop down to harass the runners. The nerizo are relentless hunters, but they despise the task charged to them and so take their sweet time. If a person is caught, they are slowly tormented, all the while the demons complaining of their lot in life. They take their displeasure out on the victim, ultimately crippling them and spiking them to a petrified tree as they run down their friends.

Somewhere behind the nerizo is a nalfeshnee in the garb of a wealthy aristocrat, mounted on a fiendish water buffalo and surrounded by a hunting party consisting of his demonic court - succubi and alu-demons in gowns and stomachers of drider silk encrusted with bloodstones and onyx, cambions in the garb of huntsmen with barbed arrows and black bows, and other lesser demons on nightmares, all drinking a liquor distilled from the sorrows of tormented souls.

Demon, Nysrock (Cobra Demon)

White Snake-Woman

This large room has 100 five-foot-diameter pits carved vertically into the floor. There is precisely five feet between each circular pit. Each pit is 10 feet deep. The ceiling rises 20 feet above the pocked floor. A white marble column hangs suspended from the ceiling directly above each pit, the lower half 10 feet off the floor. Each unique column is carved to resemble an upside-down woman whose lower half is morphing into the tail of a serpent as it joins with the ceiling. Each figure's face looks down toward the floor pits with expressions contorted in agony. Their arms are raised defensively. Entwined around the pillars along the ceiling is a nysrock demon that can move around the entire room without ever touching the floor.

Crossing between any of the floor pit openings and the hanging column above it causes the suspended pillar to swiftly slam down and crush beings into the pits for 4d6 points of damage. The columns remain in the downward position for 1 round before retracting back toward the ceiling. The nysrock has learned to trigger the pillars with its spit.

Demon, Ooze
Crocodile Tears

The skulls of thousands of crocodiles cover the walls of this macabre chamber. The mortared skulls cover every inch of the domed ceiling except for a small hole in the center of the roof. A beam of light shines from the hole down onto an altar made of turtle shells and bones. A scepter made from the fused bones of a viper lies on the altar. The scepter has the power to cast *snake charm* once per day. Two ooze demons hide behind the crocodile skulls lining the ceiling. They pour out of the eyes sockets to attack anyone bothering the scepter.

Demon, Shadow
Of Shadowed Hearts and Betrayal

You discover a long tunnel shaped like a tube and formed of dark gray bricks. The tunnel is filled with mist and appears to have a bright light shining on the other end of the tunnel, though the light here is filtered through the mist and casts weird, constantly shifting shadows on the walls of the tunnel. The tunnel extends 300 feet, finally ending in a spherical chamber where four other tunnels of the same design meet. All five tunnels are studded with tripstones and spear traps, and they and the spherical center form the lair of a shadow demon.

The spherical chamber at the center of the shadow demon's lair extends about five feet below the floor of the tunnels and five feet above the ceiling of the tunnel. Both of these spaces are filled with an inky substance like liquid shadow, the demon often hiding in this substance, which doubles its natural rate of healing. Suspended in the middle of the sphere is a crown that shines with brilliant, dazzling light. Suspended in the middle of the crown is a large ruby shaped like a human heart.

The ruby is hot to the touch (1d4 damage) and holding it causes the possessor to believe he is Turaj of Tur, king of nomads, ~~and~~ inheritor to the vast empire of the steppes and destined to rule all the world. The crown is made of silver, and is heavy and angular. If placed upon the head, the cursed crown allows the wearer to believe he is reading minds. But in fact the crown weaves false thoughts, always of betrayal, into the thoughts the wearer perceives in the minds of his targets. The crown also grants the wearer a +2 bonus to Armor Class and the ability to fight as a berserker.

The shadow demon "guards" this cursed treasure, fighting any who come near it and then withdrawing down a tunnel when "defeated". Once the treasure has been claimed, the shadow demon will creep back and enter the liquid shadow to heal, emerging with a new crown and heart when fully restored to health.

Demon, Shrroth (Squid Demon)
On the Beach and Under the Sea

The Sea of Pearls is violent in the face of a nor'easter, with 5-foot-high waves whipping the shore. A tangled fishing net lies on the beach. A bag containing pearls and gold coins lies scattered on the sand. Twisted in the net is a mermaid, her dark hair plastered to her beautiful features. Her eyes are dazed and glassy. Her mouth moves, but no understandable words come out. A dead flounder is caught in the net with her, its gills puffed out in misery. A crab walks sullenly over the beach.

The magic-user Carinea the Golden polymorphed herself into a mermaid to do some treasure hunting under the raging waters. Her efforts paid off when she discovered a sunken galleon 100 feet down containing a small amount of pearls and gold coins. As she was stuffing a bag with treasure, the "owner" of the shipwreck found her.

The shrroth demon Ursallah the Entwiner ripped the decking apart to get at the thieving magic-user. Carinea barely escaped by slipping through a metal porthole and fleeing for the surface. In her haste, she set off a *feeblemind* trap that shattered her mind. The magic-user blundered into a fisherman's net and barely dragged herself onto the beach mere moments ago. Carinea has no memory of what she was doing; she doesn't even remember she's really human. Ursallah rises out of the waves to retrieve her belongings, and assumes anyone near the trapped mermaid must be her partners in crime.

Demon, Skitterdark
Assassin's Parcel

The small manor house of Armandariz, a wealthy aristocrat, sits empty and abandoned. A hefty iron chest is the only item in the house's main room. The chest is neither locked nor trapped. The chest, a magical item, can open a gate to another plane within its interior.

This particular chest is attuned to hell and immediately gates a swarm of 2d4+4 skitterdark demons into existence. Once the last demon is slain, the lid slams shut with tremendous force and cannot be opened again for at least 24 hours. The demons grab anything and everyone and drag them back into the portal within the interior of the chest. Each time the chest is opened, another swarm of skitterdarks explode out of the iron chest. The chaotic and destructive skitterdarks relentlessly tear large matter into smaller pieces to fit into the chest. Items, bodies and living creatures taken into the chest are lost forever in the bowels of hell.

The corrupt Armandariz reneged on bad gambling debts with the local thieves' guild. A hired assassin named Thurid Hrolf sent the chest via a messenger to Armandariz's residence. Armandariz, his family, their servants and every possession he owned were dragged into the depths of hell.

Demon, Stirge
Blood Suckers

A stirge demon, summoned to the Material Plane by a now desiccated wizard, dwells in a cave atop a crooked mountain overlooking a land of massive blue cattle herded by hill giants. The hill giants produce wheels of strong, white cheese popular in the surrounding kingdoms. Trade between the humans and hill giants has proved profitable for all involved, and the hill giants only rarely cause trouble - usually young males drunk on fermented milk.

The stirge demon has been killing the cattle and the hill giants have no magical weapons with which to deal with it. The human merchants are likewise powerless, as is the prince who owes them a metric ton of gold to cover his monument building and gambling habit. As all are in fear of losing their livelihood, they are on the hunt for adventurers who can slay the demon or send it back to its own dimension.

Unfortunately, the would-be demonslayers will find they are opposed by a gang of assassins hired by the prince's rival, who wishes to see his reign collapse. It was on this rival's behalf that the wizard summoned the demon, and by the hands of the chief assassin that the magic circle was broken and the wizard destroyed.

Demon Lord, Baphomet (Demon Lord of Beasts)
Why Wait? Bring the Maze to Them

While exploring a fortified chapter house of a religious order of knights (perhaps it lies in ruins, perhaps it bustles with activity in the center of a frontier town) you might stumble upon a secret chamber in the wine

cellar. The chamber lies behind a bricked up wall that is itself hidden by a pile of oak wine barrels. One of the barrels, beneath the others, it turned on its side and serves as the entrance to this secret chapel.

Once one has crawled through the barrel and a short tunnel through the brick wall, they will find themselves in a cramped room about 8 feet wide and deep with a 7-foot high ceiling. The room is dusty and musty and contains two objects - an idol carved from a glossy, reddish-black stone and a tome bound in blue scales (the hide of a blue dragon) and resting in the idol's lap. The tome is chained to the idol, which weighs 500 lb. The idol depicts a goat headed man with feathered wings, one hand raised, the other lowered. Both of the idol's hands have the pointer finger and middle finger upraised, the thumb extended and the other fingers curled under, as though giving a profane blessing. Its lower body is swathed in cloth. The book contains a number of profane spells usable by chaotic clerics, though they must be read from the book, as though on scrolls.

The idol is a touchstone. Should anyone make physical contact with the idol, the landscape around them will appear to change, the brick walls of the chapel turning into walls of iron that grow impossible tall - at least a mile high - until the ceiling disappears in a holocaust sky that occaisionally sends gouts of roiling flame that sears anyone in the room or the maze of iron passages that now connect with the room. The adventurers have been transported via the idol to the iron maze-fortress of Baphomet. Their only hope of returning home is to find a similar idol of white stone in the maze. While exploring, the adventurers are hunted by Baphomet and 2d4 minotaurs.

Demon Lord, Beluiri (The Temptress)

She Gets Around

The daughter of the king, after reaching her 18th birthday, has become increasingly decadent and lacivious. Time and time again she has turned her father's wrath upon a former or potential ally when they were discovered in a compromising position with the beauteous maid. This increasing isolation and paranoia of the king even affected his relationship with the religious orders of the kingdom, several young monks having been found in unholy council with the princess. This is a particular problem given the presence of a known planar gate in the depths beneath the kingdom's ancient temple of Law.

The princess' chambers in the castle are now kept under lock and key, though no guards (or anyone other than the king) are permitted anywhere near her door. Her windows are barred, and though there is no secret door in the chamber, the princess still manages to get around. This is, of course, because the princess is actually the demon Beluiri, the real princess now a serving zombie in the catacombs beneath the estate of the king's rival. The rival, a duchess of malevolent mein, is a mere pawn in an attempt by Baphomet and his concubine to spark a war between the kingdom's ruler and its high priest, allowing followers of the duchess to infiltrate the temple and remove the mystic wards blocking the planar gate and a demonic invasion of the mortal realms.

Demon Lord, Caizel (Deposed Queen of Succubi)

Such a Lonely Place

Within the forest near the major city of Bargarsport resides Hotel Frenley, the most infamous house of ill repute in the lands. A bas-relief standard of a dove holding an olive branch hangs above the door and at the entrance gate to the low wall surrounding the complex. Those versed in plant knowledge may notice that the olive branch is actually the leaves of a toxic "bleeding heart flower." This luxurious four-story mansion has the infamous reputation of holding legendary parties that cater to the land's wealthiest and most powerful men and women.

It is from here that the matron of seduction, the demon princess Caizel enacts her will upon mortals. Hotel Frenley caters to a wide range of clientele; payments (not necessarily monetary) can be arranged for anyone willing to compensate in kind for services rendered. Hotel Frenley serves all classes of society, but payments are steep whether they are monetary or servitude. All transactions require a written and signed contract. Details and bartering are subjective. The majority of the soiled doves who work the delightful enterprise are harmless and legitimate, while a few have more sinister origins.

While Caizel is the undisputed matron, she only rarely makes appearances for notable patrons. Caizel and her succubi minions use this establishment to recruit the wicked and corrupt the righteous. Second Mother Iveene (10th-level magic-user) handles the daily responsibilities of running Hotel Frenley. A pair of rakshasas serves as guards with only their reversed hands belying their true nature. Only the finest furnishings adorn the building's interior and the sweet smell of jasmine permeates the air.

Demon Lord, Dagon (Demon Prince of the Sea)

Black Pearl of Great Power

On the day of the new moon, the harbor of the mercantile city-state is thrown into confusion when small boats moving through the harbor are seized by thick tentacles belonging to 1d4 giant octopi and 1d6+2 giant squid, the occupants of those boats dragged to a watery grave and then, as soon as the attacks occur, the giant cephalopods disappear.

The next night of the new moon, chaos again erupts as those men and women who were lost on that fateful night a month ago emerge from the dark waters of the harbor, pale of skin, waterlogged and rotting, carrying on their shoulders a cassone of black bronze and studded with coral imbroglios of fiendish mermaids. Six wights, for wights they now are, carry the cassone on poles of black bronze, while another twelve wights serve as an honor guard, attacking anyone who comes near. This foul procession is making its way to the grand temple of the sea god.

While this is happening, the giant octopi and squid are back in the harbor, attacking ships and dragging sailors to their doom. Moments after a sailor drowns, its body climbs from the harbor as a draug. The draug run though the waterfront, killing indescriminately and spreading chaos in their wake.

When the procession of wights reaches the grand temple, they will force entry, set down their cassone before the idol of the sea god and open it. From the cassone will arise dozens of thick, black tentacles, which will grasp and throw down the idol of the sea god and replace it with a single, large black pearl, an idol of Dagon, the new master of the mercantile city-state.

Demon Lord, Fraz-Urb'luu (Demon Prince of Deception)

Scary Funhouse

Nobody in the city remembered exactly when the funhouse appeared in a winding ally between the Modest Mermaid and Rampant Mallard taverns (though a few old timers would swear they remembered the day a hole was made in the wall the taverns shared after a drunken barbarian

was bet he couldn't put his head through it), but most folks agreed that it had been there as long as they could remember.

The funhouse was an old brick building painted a myriad of colors with a door composed of a wooden frame and a stained glass window that looks like it came from a church - though the image is a bit unholy. Within the building are five floors of stuffed oddities, performing albinos, jugglers, exotic women, people with physical deformities and just about anything weird and disturbing. These exhibits line a maze of hallways one can easily become lost in - especially because some of these hallways, depending on the time of day, become portals into other dimensions. The funhouse is attended by 1d3+1 tall men in black velvet doublets and azure chausses that are actually nalfeshnee demons veiled in illusion.

In truth, everything in the building, itself just an old granary, is the product of illusion by its master, Fraz-Urb'luu. The demon lord uses the building as a nexus between dimensions and a place to weave his schemes. Fraz-Urb'luu can sometimes be found in the building, disguised as a shrunken man in gleaming brass armor sitting on an oversized throne of white oak. Powerful men and women who visit the funhouse are brought to visit Tiny Sir Knight, where they are brought into his service via his spells of enchantment. Those who resist are set adrift in the maze-like funhouse, eventually wandering into some other dimension and disappearing from the world until Fraz-Urb'luu sees fit to bring them back.

Demon Lord, Jubilex (The Faceless Lord)

There Is No Third Choice

You enter a large, cylindrical chamber, 30 feet in diameter and 50 feet tall. The walls of the chamber are white marble and perfectly smooth. The floor is composed of hexagonal tiles of red and green, with a corroded silver fountain in the center of the room. The ceiling is carved to resemble a giant, moon-like face. Once several people have entered the chamber, the walls will begin to spin rapidly, making exit impossible (percentile chance to time one's leap correctly equal to their Dexterity score, otherwise suffer 2d6 points of damage and knocked prone). As the walls spin, the face on the ceiling will speak in a booming voice - "Supplicate yourself and petition the Faceless Lord".

At this prompt, the adventurers must crawl to the fountain on their knees and make offerings of their own blood using silver daggers (1d4 damage) into the fountain. If they do, an amethyst liquor will pour from the fountain's spout and mix with the blood. The petitioners may now drink from this liquor and petition Jubilex for some favor. Whether their favor is granted (or even if they make no such petition), they will suffer a geas from the Faceless Lord, forcing them to undertake some quest for his benefit.

If adventurers do not carry out the ritual described above, the face in the ceiling will proclaim them "Apostates!". From every opening on the face, oozes will begin to slowly drop to the floor - 2d4 ochre jellies, 1d4 gray oozes and 1d4 black puddings (you can change the numbers of the oozes depending on the level of your dungeon on which this chamber appears). If the oozes prove unable to destroy the adventurers, a column of slime, Jubilex itself, will arise from the fountain and attack with its slimy tendrils. It will attack each person a single time and, if it causes damage, will leave a purple mark in the shape of a triangle across their face. Adventurers who bear this mark are singled out for destruction by oozes, demons and evil cultists they might encounter. In addition, their presence will double the liklihood of random encounters in dungeons or the wilderness.

Demon Lord, Kostchtchie (Demon Prince of Wrath)

Devout to the End

Caught in a blizzard, you stumble across a stone roadhouse sending an inviting plume of smoke from its chimneys into the white sky. A knock on the door will elicit no response for one or two minutes, and then finally the door will swing open to reveal a rotund man with piggy eyes and a bald pate. He will silently invite the visitors into the roadhouse's common room, a large, low ceilinged chamber with a roaring hearth, several chairs and stools and a large cask of spiced amber ale served in pewter mugs. Besides the man at the door, the room contains a tall, harshly attractive woman with pale blue eyes and platinum hair pulled back in braids, twin maidens with raven hair and grey eyes and three well-dressed men who look like gentleman merchants. All sit quietly around the hearth, drinking from their mugs and trading glances with one another. Seats will be provided for the visitors and mugs of ale drawn.

A large trapdoor behind the bar grants access to a cellar, but the trapdoor is locked and the rotund man will never be far from it. At some point, the tall woman will emerge from the kitchen with a platter of steaming caribou steaks and boiled turnips, allowing the guests to take pieces of meat or turnips from the platter with their knife and enjoy the savory supper. During this repast, the sound of wolves - deep, sonorous howls - will first ring in the adventurer's ears from the outside. They are repeated once a turn, getting closer and closer, and each time eliciting a more excited/nervous response from the people in the room.

After an hour, you hear a crazed laugh from the rotund man and the others join in, rising and forming a circle in the middle of the room on their knees. At that moment, a heavy pounding is heard on the door. It finally flies open, hurled by a chill wind, the demon lord Kostchtchie standing in the entrance, come to claim the souls of his followers. The people in the circle do not move an inch as he approaches and, one by one, smashes them with his hammer, leaving naught but a pile of ash and a plume of sulfurous smoke where they once stood. He then turns his attention to the others in the room.

Demon Lord, Maphistal (Second of Orcus)

Within the Keep of Bones

Rising from the smoldering basalt plain is a truly awesome tower. Built in the style of a Scandinavian stave church, this tower is easily one mile tall and measures about half a mile on each side. The tower is constructed of bones, with flying demons flitting about the structure adding new bones at all times. The top of the tower, should one be able to see it, contains the throne of Maphistal, wings spread to catch the balmy, sulfurous winds of the plain, gazing out over the work crews extracting the spiritual bones of soldiers killed in suicidal battles on the Material Plane. The entrance to the tower is a door of bones that stands 20 feet high and can only be raised or lowered by heaping corpses upon a counterweight in a small weigh house located about 30 yards from the door. The weigh house is constructed of smoldering basalt and tiled with obsidian. It is overseen by a spectre, who liberally helps itself to the life force of visitors while they endeavor to pile 1 ton of corpses on the brazen scales to raise the door.

Inside the door there is a vast hall guarded by 1d4+4 wraiths that resemble knights in sooty armor atop crimson destriers. The walls of the hall are lined with raised alcoves in which bone sculptures (see Bone Cobbler) are displayed, alongside hundreds of pole arms, two-handed axes and swords and shields. Mulling about the hall are hundreds of zombies, tormented by skeletons in mail coats and wielding spiked maces. Should Maphistal enter the hall, the legions are quickly and painfully assembled in tight formations of ranks and columns.

From the hall four spiral staircases, each 20 feet wide, lead to upper levels of the tower. *Maalstege* holds hundreds of chambers and passages, and could take a lifetime to explore (though one's lifetime in *Maalstege* could be very short indeed).

Demon Lord, Orcus (Demon Prince of the Undead)

Seeds of Chaos

Amid an endless plain of writhing bodies on tall stakes and weeping women on torture wheels, the demon prince of the undead reclines on a chaise upholstered in the flayed skins of his enemies and feasting on eyes and tongues plucked from the field of victims. He directs the activity of 4d6 zombies equipped with scourges, conducting the cries of the damned as though they composed a symphony. Two mariliths guard the demon prince and see to his needs, while shadows flit through the field of sorrows, bringing messages of intriques and plots from the other lords of the damned.

Orcus is, on this day, in a generous mood, and will entertain his visitors so long as they can entertain him with tales of deception, sorrow, loss and regret. Should someone annoy him, a stake will erupt from the ground (saving throw to avoid) and impale them for 3d6 points of damage, lifting them five feet from the ground. After an hour or so, the demon prince will send his visitors (assuming they still live) on their way with a care package of delicacies wrapped in a flayed skin. As disgusting as these items are, they will provide invisibility to undead and demons for 1 hour if ingested, but also implant a seed of chaos in their eater.

Demon Lord, Pazuzu (Demon Prince of Air)

Fly or Die

The tangled woodland of brambles and stinging wasps is blocked by a stone wall of cyclopean blocks that stretches as far as they eye can see in all directions. A multitude of perches jut out from this wall, as do black pipes dripping ichor that runs down the walls, forming streamlets and eventully oozing rivers of gore that form a wide moat at the base of the wall.

A host of the perches are now occupied by the demon prince Pazuzu and his court of 2d4 harpies and 1d6+5 gargoyles. The winged monstrosities stand on the perches, alternatively glaring out into the distance and then cleaning themselves. Some dive into the bramble, arising with the shriveled souls of the damned. These victims are torn apart in midair by other harpies and gargoyles, the pieced not consumed falling to the ground and slowing reforming into the shriveled, naked form and cowering again in the brambles.

If it pleases Pazuzu, he might raise a hot wind that will sweep over the woodland and carry intruders up to his presence, hanging them precariously over the moat of ichor. He is as likely to be cruel as kind, so one never knows what will come from an audience with the winged prince.

Demon Lord, Sonechard (General of Orcus)

Demonic Wars Never End

On a bone-white plain of bare granite bearing a thousand mile-high pillars of salt shaped in the form of dread Orcus there is assembled a mighty host of dretches, 200 strong. In their center is the bellowing form of Sonechard, surrounded by his personal guard of 1d4 wraiths in the form of friars in tattered black robes with sunken in faces that cough clouds of flies, 1d4+4 shadows in the form of long-legged hunting dogs and 1d10+10 skeletons in gleaming platemail and tabards emblazoned with a ram skull on a field striped black and green.

Treachery has forced this army, now depleted to one fiftieth its original strength, to retreat to the land of salt pillars, and Sonechard means to discover the culprit. In a 30-foot deep pit there are thirteen mortal magic-users and clerics, all potential leakers of information to the servants of Jubilex, whose army of slimes and jellies now wriggles in celebration, having driven off the army of Sonechard and taken residence in his massive castle, lapping at his bloody moat and releasing the souls of those who have crossed him that they might serve the Faceless Lord.

Demon Lord, Tsathogga (The Frog God)

The Court of His Frogginess

A large, natural amphitheatre looks out over the sea. The amphitheatre contains a natural lagoon, now filled with slime. Awful little creatures, like a combination of a green-skinned dwarf and maggot, emerge at random intervals from the slime, wading through it and attending their master, Tsathogga, who lives at the back of the amphitheatre. Some of the dwarf-maggots (they have the statistics of bugbears) are swallowed by the frog demon god, while others shuffle about collecting weird fish from the slime and offering them to Tsathogga and others climb the rocks to enter the wide world, bearing messages to Tsathogga's servants - tsathar, brutish lizard men, evil cultists and others.

Some of the dwarf-maggots carry stone jars containing weird slimes to the waiting boats of pirates who have been tempted into serving the frog god, their ships waiting further off shore, captains nervously reconsidering their oaths of blood and rum. The slime from the cavern has seeped into the sea, animating the seaweed and kelp (treat as assassin vines) and causing the native sharks to develop frog-like faces and a sinister intelligence. Beneath the fleshy form of Tsathogga there lies a stone casket occupied by the mummified remains of Blebb, Anti-Saint and servant of Tsathogga. Pieces of this anti-saint worn as pendants act as a *protection from good* (reverse of *protection from evil*) spell in a 30-foot radius.

Demon Lord, Vepar (Duke of Dagon)

Beggar in Irons

The lighthouse at Shipsgrave has shown for centuries without fail even though no living being has entered the structure in decades. The aptly named Shipsgrave Lighthouse stands amid a dead reef littered with the broken hulls of countless ships. During low tide, reef pillars and the masts of ships resemble a graveyard from a distance. High tide completely covers the remains of the ships and the jagged reef columns. The lighthouse never fails to light at night and extinguishes each morning.

Mysteriously, the lighthouse's glow ceases during storms and heavy fog. Sailors know to avoid the entire coast during these times to avoid ending up as another victim of the deadly reefs.

The legendary ship the Beggar in Irons surfaces from the depths near the reef whenever the sea is at its worst. Sea-bound mummies and brykolakas man the ship and attempt to sink other ships at any cost. The demon lord Vepar commands the Beggar in Irons. The ship is an extension of Vepar's will as he fuses with the ship as its figurehead. While fused, Vepar can move the ship in any direction, albeit at a much slower speed than wind-powered craft. The Beggar in Irons under Vepar's command can submerge and move in any direction. It can even hover above the water. If Vepar is slain, the Beggar in Irons returns to a pristine and sailable state, although it must still be cleared of the demon's undead crew.

Demonic Knight
Knight's Challenge

In a woodland of shadowy trees, tall and straight with overarching boughs that produce a canopy of blackness, you come across a pavilion of red damask silk. From afar, the embroidery appears to be of acanthus leaves, but on closer inspection it turns out to be lions devouring infants. Atop the pavilion there is a pennon or with a grisly lion's paw sable and claws sanquine. The pavilion rests in a clear area. By and by, a dretch garbed in black, rusty plate and mail and a yellow tabard charged with the same bloody paw as is on the pennon. The dretch is dragging a two-handed sword behind him and heading for nearby stump, next to which sit the tools necessary to clean and sharpen the blade. Upon seeing the adventurers, the dretch will hurry into the pavilion. His disappearance is followed swiftly by a deep growl and the ejection of the pitiable creature. The dretch will raise a golden ram's horn (worth 100 gp) to its blubbery lips and produce from it a low bellow. At this point, a demonic knight will emerge from the pavilion, swaggering and impressive. The knight will cuff the dretch, who will retrieve its sword. Pointing an armored, clawed finger at the adventurers, it will bellow out a challenge to the most impressive looking fighter or paladin. As a prize it will offer a carnelian pendant that, the knight claims, has the power to return the adventurers home with the command word "Zvid".

As the combatants take their positions in the middle of the dark clearing, the adventurers probably will not notice 1d3+1 shadows taking up positions within easy reach of the knight's opponent. These creatures, hidden effectively in the darkness, will aid the knight in any way they can, including attacking onlookers.

The pendant, should it be won, will prove to do just what the demonic knight claimed, in a manner of speaking. Anyone touching it while speaking the command word will be returned to their last permanent home polymorphed (if they fail a saving throw) into a dretch.

Devil, Amaimon
Helly Tubby

The gray fleshy floor of this area has a 4-foot-high dome rising toward a center apex. The dome is 25 foot around and adheres to the floor with resin-like secretions. The spongy ground quivers with every step but is stable and does not impede movement.

Atop the flesh dome is an 8-foot-diameter closed, sinewy hole. The supple dome resists all damage and begins to swell 1 round after it is disturbed. After two rounds, the sphincter-like opening puckers and releases a rank plume of red vapor. The dome then discharges a slime-coated amaimon demon that was just birthed into this world. The bloated red demon is hungry for its first mortal meal. Only after the amaimon is slain does the flesh dome wither and rot away, leaving no trace of its existence. The dome may spew out more amaimons to incrrease the encounter's Challenge Level.

Devil, Blood Reaver (Garugin)
Stare into the Flames

A wall of flickering red fire rises 10 feet into the air in the center of the Enlightened Sanctuary of the Everlasting Conflagration. The wall of flame is 10 feet thick, and runs from wall to wall behind a 5-foot-wide square altar carved to resemble an open book. The wall of flame never goes out and changes colors with the seasons. It is currently red with flecks of orange and yellow to highlight the first days of autumn.

The bodies of nearly 30 worshippers lie slumped in the pews closest to the fire, their lifeless corpses staring at the dancing flames. Blood runs from their eyes and ears, and the floor is sticky with red puddles. Kazatul Chen, the temple's priest, lies across the altar, his skin ripped and torn into bloody strips. He is barely alive, but won't last long.

Chorcorat and Heekin, two blood reavers, dance within the flaming wall, their bodies barely visible. The pair teleported into the temple, using the fire for cover, to punish the headstrong Chen for his forays into the underworld. The reavers drained his congregation where they sat, then turned their flails on the priest. The demons lurk within the burning wall instead of leaving, waiting to have some fun with people coming to rescue the priest. The wall of flame burns fiercely, but does just 1d3 points of damage each round to Lawful PCs who enter it. Others, including the blood reavers, take 1d6 points each round.

Devil, Flayer (Marzach)
Chamber of Bone

Once an enigmatic shrine to murder located below Bargarsport's streets, the Chamber of Bone has mostly fallen from common knowledge among the assassins of the land. To further their horrible goals, the mostly defunct murder cult enlisted the aid of a flayer demon. Within a short time, however, the flayer demon had devoured every last member of the Chamber of Bone. The flayer demon remains trapped on this plane, contentedly carrying out ritualistic murders in the city streets above.

The chambers that once housed the cult provide a safe haven for the flayer demon. The bones of his victims now decorate the compound's walls and ceiling. Bones sharpened to spear-like points protrude from the walls and ceiling. Furniture and eating utensils made from bone furnish the rooms, and the floors are caked with inches of powered bone dust. The flayer demon devours all flesh from its victims, leaving behind only heaps of gnawed bone.

Devil, Ghaddar
Arena of the Lower Planes

Captured by devils, a band of adventurers might find themselves thrown into a great arena with walls a mile high banded with galleries crowded with bloodthirsty souls in ebon togas and clanging on bronze bells with great femur bones or disgorging their last nights repast into the sand of the arena. The largest galleries are occupied by Hell's aristocrats and their retinues. A prominent box seats Asmodeus and his concubines on crimson pillows, a great gong provided for him to quiet the cacaphonous crowd.

The sky above the arena boils and pops, with large chunks of magma falling into the sand and soon sinking out of sight. Combatants will discover that standing in the same place for more than one round results in the same effect. After one round of standing still, a combatant sinks to his ankles, losing his dexterity bonus to Armor Class and falling prone if more than 5 points of damage is suffered from a single hit. After two rounds if the combatant hasn't moved, he will be up to his knees and, in two more rounds, up to his neck. On the next round he'll be gone into the

deep torture pits of Asmodeus.

As the new gladiators come to grips with this, the gong will sound and the crowd will quiet to a dull roar, followed by the rising shriek of one thousand fifes and the booming words "Release the ghaddar". Should the adventurers survive the first ghaddar, another will be loosed, until they have fought 1d3+1 of the beasts. If triumphant, they will be presented to Asmodeus who, after marking their foreheads with his glyph, will send them back to the Material Plane.

Devil, Hellstoker (Marnasoth)

Sweet Shop

Chuzzlewit Pitt's pie-baking business is booming, with the ovens going day and night to fill orders from Dunstan's hungry townspeople. Chuzzlewit is the toast of the town, but he owes his success to an infernal pact made to keep his business alive. An old man promised Chuzzlewit fame beyond his wildest dreams. The poor baker jumped at the chance. That night, the ovens came alive with a hellish light, the fires burning hot and ready for Chuzzlewit's pies. Fanning the flames were 12 hellstoker demons that also help Chuzzlewit in the kitchen. Chuzzlewit doesn't even need to do anything anymore except wait on his happy customers. The entire shop is running quite efficiently by the demonic horde.

Unfortunately for the baker, he's winning fans but losing customers, as the vicious hellstokers kidnap a person every other day to rend into oil to power the stoves. A few missing people even make it into the delicious pies. Chuzzlewit desperately wants out of this horrible deal, but he's scared to say anything. He hints at "problems in the basement" to PCs, but is shifty and elusive about what's down there. He hopes someone can kill the demons destroying his businesss and his life. The demons boil out of the basement to protect their master's investment if the shop is attacked.

Devil, Lilin

Innocence

Cobwebs and vines drape from the trees. The bones of many humanoids litter the earth; most appear to be dwarven in nature. An intricately carved wooden stake lies among the bones. A glass coffin sits on a latticework stone bier in the center of a small glade. The body of a young maiden of exquisite beauty lies within. She is adorned in black funerary shrouds and ornate silver plate armor. A wickedly curved sword lies across her breast. A scripted stone placard bearing a simple verse stands before the bier:

In the darkness of night, beauty in sight.
In the light of the moon, terror too soon.
In the shine of the sun, all will be undone.
Affection survive whilst thou alive.

Ezmersealla, a lilin, hides within the confines of the latticework bier. A *permanent darkness* spell envelops the hollow space within the bier. Ezmersealla delights in corrupting champions of good. With her immortal life span, she loves to devise intricate traps that tempt do-gooders with moral dilemmas. She incapacitated a farm girl with a debilitating poison and brought her to this location as bait. The girl's lips are coated with the same poison that immobilizes her. If not treated with an antidote, any victim of the poison will eventually die of starvation and dehydration as they continue to sleep. Ezmersealla uses her charm and ESP powers to dupe characters into slaying the innocent damsel.

Devil, Nupperibo

The Ox King

In a depression of the landscape, you come across a horde of 1d4x20 nupperibo crawling over the mournfully bellowing carcass of some massive creature that must have once been an ox. The carcass is 30 feet long, its massive ribs rising 15 feet off the ground. Great chunks of flesh have been removed from the beast, which cannot die. Should one look into its eyes, they will see reflected back the image of a king, garbed in the Assyrian style with curled, blue-black beard and cylindrical crown, pleading for release.

The nupperibo are plenty busy feeding on the tortured king, but there is a 1 in 6 chance per round that 3d6 of the beasts will leave the giant oxen and attack the adventurers. Dead nupperibo will be replaced an hour later. In the meantime, if all the nupperibo are destroyed, the beast will open its mouth and, upon its tongue, you will find a cylinder seal made of faience (a man-made glass as valuable as a gemstone) measuring 1 foot in length and worth 600 gp. If rolled out onto a clay, the resulting image contains clues to the location of a princely treasure on the Material Plane.

Devil, Tormentor (Tormentor of Souls)

Devil Gets His Due

You come across a pitiful sight, a ghostly man (perhaps the soul of a vanquished villain) hiding in the cracks between two massive outcroppings of rock. The ghost is almost mad with worry, for it knows that a tormentor of souls and 1d4 hell hounds are on its trail. The hunters will arrive in 1d4+1 rounds, giving the ghost just enough time to bargain with the adventurers to save him. He will offer the location of a fabulous treasure he left behind on the Material Plane. Of course, this ghostly soul may be a mere illusion, meant to fool adventurers into finding the treasure and releasing some horror upon the world - devil's do that kind of thing all day long.

Devil, Alastor (Executioner of Hell)

Red Erring

The medium-sized town of Red Erring is the site of recent warfare. Most of the thatch and sod residences lie in smoldering heaps. Barns, stables, fences and even outhouses are splintered ruins. The butchered remains townsfolk and livestock cover the ground in a nightmarish scene of bloated carcasses and fetid pools of blood. The fresh carnage and swarms of flies testify to the recent carnage. Despite the numerous corpses, it seems that most of the women and children fled or went into hiding. A small granite cathedral appears to have survived unscathed through the slaughter. A stone decorative parapet surrounds the church grounds and cemetery. Six men with swords and torches scream profanities and blasphemous curses toward the church from outside the wall. Their blades are heavy with gore and their eyes wild with fury. They lay siege upon those within the church. Weak and feeble hymns can be heard through the massive doors.

About 100 survivors cower within the church around the High Priest Galanfane (Cleric 15). The villagers are wounded, and weak from hunger and dehydration. Another score of villagers died from their wounds and their bodies are stacked along the walls. The remaining villagers feebly sing and chant prayers to ward off the evil that has ravaged their town. In fact only the consecrated grounds of the ancient church protect the survivors from the demon Alastor and his demonic allies surrounding the

temple.

Only for the truly wicked does Alastor journey to the world of mortals to seek retribution. The High Priest Galanfane and his underlings committed grave sins against their fellow man and warranted such attention when his power and influence within the community put him above castigation. The cleric enjoyed his position of wealth and power for many years with impunity until one of Galafane's many victims pleaded to the dark lords for revenge. While Galanfane blessed Red Erring's cathedral with his presence (and brazenly stole from the townspeople), Alastor and his 5 nalfeshnee entered the world with a goal of returning to the nether depths with the immoral priest.

Helpless against the demonic horde invading the town, the villagers fell quickly to the demons' supremacy. Many fled into the wilds, while others turned to the high priest and his underlings (5th-level cleric) hiding in the church. High Priest Galanfane now uses his "flock" as human shields while he plans his escape. Alastor hides within a barn with the nalfeshnee assuming the form of the humans surrounding the church wall. The demons cannot cross into the hallowed grounds beyond the low stone partition. Galanfane promises his rescuers privileges and riches beyond their wildest dreams, although he will betray them at his earliest convenience.

Devil, Amon (Duke of Hell)

Hounds of Hell

In the ancient desert, in a shallow cave burrowed into the ground between two sandstone bluffs, there is a small shrine dedicated to Amon. The shrine contains a brass idol of the Hellish duke, a perfect sapphire worth 5,000 gp grasped in its fist. Piles of human bones surround the idol, and iron loops set into the floor and ceiling, along with copious patches of dried blood, speak to the terrible ceremonies that have taken place here. An alabaster cup rests before the idol containing a mixture of snake venom and the fermented pressings of one of the native agaves.

The sapphire is easily removed from the idol's hand. The possessor of the jewel must pass a saving throw or find themselves fascinated by the ripples of light across its surface, and fancy they can see an image deep in the stone. Each night they will stare into the stone and refuse to let others touch it, and each night the image will become more and more clear - a loved one, wandering in the wilderness, frightened and fleeing from the howls of wolves. The holder of the jewel must pass a new saving throw each night or find themselves unable to sleep. Those who do not sleep will not benefit from natural healing and after a week must save each morning or be struck with *confusion* (as the spell) for the next 24 hours. After falling into confusion three times, the unfortunate despoiler of shrines will find the condition is permanent.

The spell can be broken by smashing the gem, a task easily accomplished with a metal weapon. As the gem shatters, an azure cloud will envelop all assembled. When it clears, they will find themselves in the same desert landscape, but everything tinted a deep, midnight blue -everything except the starless sky, which is stained blood red. Almost instantly, the cry of wolves will be heard nearby - the hunting pack of Amon - 1d8+4 wolves and 2d4 bone devils. The devils are about 1 mile away from the adventurers, who now must hie back to the location of the shrine, where they must drink from the poisoned goblet and pray to the idol of Amon for forgiveness to return back to their own dimension. When (or if) they do, they will find themselves back in the shrine, the sapphire still in the idol's fist.

Bone Devil: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk Bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d4) and sting (3d4 plus poison); Move 15; Save 5; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Spells, poison, +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to fire and poison, resistance to acid and cold (50%), spell resistance (55%), telepathy 100 ft.

Devil, Baal (Duke of Hell)

The Bronze Pit of Baal

The brazen pit of Bael sits in a landscape of bronze hills (hills actually made of bronze) divided by rivers of molten copper spanned by searing bridges of iron chains. In the center of this landscape is a pit 300 feet deep and 100 feet in diameter. Bronze stairs lead into the pit, meandering over its surface up and down and leading here and there to doors - slabs of basalt framed in brass that only open when a bloodied palm is pressed against them and one speaks the words "Bael Indomitus Rex".

At the bottom of the pit is the magma sea upon which the bronze hills float. Behind the doors of Bael's pit are long, brazen halls stamped in bas reliefs of the lord of the palace and his servants engaged in all manner of horrors. Hidden in these bas reliefs are secret doors opened by sticking fingers into unsavory places (that sometimes biting those fingers off). Being the palace of a Duke of Hell, the place contains hundreds of chambers and passages, all steaming hot and occupied by all manner of fell beasts. The halls are patrolled by groups of 1d4+1 horned devils or 1d3+1 barbed devils. A cross section of the palace would reveal the halls and chambers situated in a conical shape, the point of the cone being the throne room of Bael, located in a spherical chamber underneath the magma pit.

The throne room is 50 feet in diameter, with a 10-foot diameter lodestone at its center. Baels throne is a red lacquered throne in the Asian style, and it rests on this lodestone sphere. The lodestone sphere is the soul source of gravity in the throne room, and this gravity only extends a mere 5 feet out from the lodestone. The rest of the room should be considered zero gravity. Bael keeps nine leaping lemures chained to the sphere. The lemure's chains are 15 feet long, and allow the beasts to leap into the zero gravity environment and attack and then be pulled back, or pull themselves back, to do it again.

Devil, Baaphel (Duke of Hell)

Fortress of Basalt and Iron

The stronghold of Baaphel is a massive shell keep of basalt blocks and iron bindings that measures 500 feet in diameter, with 20-foot thick walls that rise 100 feet high and are topped by swallowtail merlons. The shell keep has three levels of battlements, with "X"-shaped arrow slits beneath the crenellations and beneath them machiolations backed by a walkway equipped with charcoal pits and vats of boiling oil. The keep has four gates, each composed of a iron pikes on which are skewered the heads of humans, demi-humans and demons, all animated and uttering screams of pain or sobbing and pleading for release. The tunnels that lead into the courtyard are covered in mosaics depicting the armies and battles of Baaphel. The figures in these mosaics seem to stare into one's eyes, and travelers must pass a saving throw or become hypnotized and believe them to be reaching out for them - the affected will cower on the ground until snapped out of the delusion.

The central courtyard of the keep consists of a perimeter walk of slightly gooey asphalt around a bubbling tar pit. Perched in the center of the pit, on a bronze pillar, is the seat of Baaphel, with two or three unfortunates chained to the seat in easy reach of Baaphels claws. Baaphel's stronghold is guarded by one hundred bearded devils and a staff of twenty lemures. Besides the aforementioned battlements, the stronghold contains long chains of chambers - some clad in pig iron, others in bare basalt, and still others decorated with mosaics (as above, only more profane and sometimes including people the adventurers know or the adventurers themselves and causing confusion for 1 hour in those who are hypnotized).

In each chamber there is an iron brazier, white hot, with the soul of a

tormented soul suspended over it in ghostly chains, writhing in agony. These chains of rooms are connected by passages, stairs (up or down), trapdoors in the floors or ceilings and hidden doors in black wardrobes and coffers. A variety of devils and other monsters lurks in this pointless, never-ending labyrinth of rooms, along with all manner of weird treasures - coins stamped with the visage of Asmodeus or other archdevils that shriek when place in the same bag as coins bearing the image of a rival, dried monkey paws, chains of devil teeth that sup on any foolish enough to wear them around their necks, bronze masks that twist the face of the wearer into a replica of the mask, etc. Almost any magic item found in the stronghold will be cursed in the hands of a lawful person, but will function normally for chaotics and normally half the time for neutrals.

Devil, Caasimolar (Former President of Hell)

Let's Make a Deal

A small hut sits among dead trees to the side of the dirt trail through the forest. Wind chimes carved from animal bones clatter in the weak wind. The air smells of coffee grounds. Thorny vines grow in abundance throughout this small clearing. Two gaunt goats graze among the brambles.

An elderly man sits on a swing suspended with barbed wire from two dead pine trees. His wrinkled scalp is sunburnt and cracked, and his eyes are sunken into deep pits beneath his heavy brow. A long silver beard flows down into his lap. A gnarled walking stick rests within easy reach. A smile creases his lips.

Caasimolar tempts PCs with riches, women and anything their hearts desire – all the while playing his offerings off as the whimsy of a forgetful old man. He is quite serious, however, and numerous visitors take him up on his offers – only to have things turn sour in the end. Caasimolar collects what's left of their broken souls in glass vials he stores on a rickety wooden shelf inside the hut. The Game Referee is free to offer PCs anything they desire, knowing that whatever wish is made will be twisted to benefit the demon.

If attacked, Caasimolar grabs his walking stick and defends himself. The two goats are polymorphed baalrochs that rise up to protect the old man.

Devil, Demoriel (Twice-Exiled Seductress)

Mirror, Mirror

A floor-to-ceiling mirror fills a dead-end stone corridor within Bandar's Hold, the silver-backed glass filling the space from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling so completely that it appears the corridor simply continues on into infinity. The mirror glass is smoky, and reflections waver within it. The mirror's surface is unbreakable. PCs' reflections do not appear in the mirror. Hanging on a strand of silver wire from the ceiling before the mirror is a golden heart-shaped locket engraved with the words "What the Heart Wants." The locket also is not reflected. Written on the mirror in a foggy vaporous cloud as if someone had blown on the glass, is the word "Love."

Anyone who puts on the locket sees a beautiful woman wearing fuchsia robes standing in the center of the mirror. Her long black hair flows past her shapely waist. Her dark eyes burn seductively. Her lips are the color of roses. Merely touching the locket doesn't allow this vision; but anyone wearing the locket around their neck, even if taken off, still sees the woman's visage reflected back at them.

Demoriel's realm is a mirror image of the castle, except it sits on a level of hell amid clouds of volatile gases that burn in a fiery sky and where charmed demons roam the walkways guarding their mistress. Demoriel attempts to charm those who see her, and beckons them forward to be with her.

Charmed PCs pass easily through the mirror like stepping through a curtain of silver. The PC appears instantly beside the demon in the mirror's surface. The PC vanishes from the real world when he or she appears in the mirror universe. If they are wearing the golden locket, it vanishes and reappears on the silver string. Demoriel won't give up her conquests easily, and requires a favor from PCs first. It's left up to the Game Referee to determine the demon seductress's needs. Demoriel is not bound to this particular mirror, and can hound PCs through any reflective surface if they cross her.

Devil, Geryon (Arch-Devil)

Phlegethon Falls

At a point where the flaming river Phlegethon topples from the cliffs of the fifth plane of Hell down to the sixth, a formation of basalt covered in hot ashes juts out, dividing the river into two falls. This basalt formation measures approximately 1 mile long and up to 1 mile wide, and has a vaguely diamond shape.

The outcropping is pocked with tunnels and caves, and serves as a retreat for Geryon, the three-bodied giant king turned into a reptilian horror by the weird energies of Hell. These halls are prowled by manticores, demonic snapping turtles and crocodiles, bone devils and barbed devils, and the ever present lemures. In the center of the outcropping is the great feast hall of Geryon, a smorgasbord of macabre delicacies surrouning the ravenous arch-devil, face and hands drenched in blood, great horn hung around his neck and splattered with the remnants of his feast. A host of imprisoned succubi dance for the king (or serve as between course snacks) and offer him large goblets of burgundy received in tribute from the vineyards of a mortal servant.

Devil, Gorson (The Blood Duke)

Orcish Worship

You peer into a vaulted cavern veined with reddish stone. The floor has been ground flat, with broad steps leading into the cavern. On a long pedestal of the black and red stone there is a bronze idol of a lion centaur, its face raised in a terrible roar and two curved shamshir swords upraised in its hands. The ground around the idol is covered in prostrate orcs, easily four dozen of them. One orc, a high priest wearing a bulbous helm of silver and garbed in robes of scarlet embroidered with silver thread (worth 300 gp), stands in the sea of green-gray flesh, swords upraised in imitation of the idol. The orcs are calling "Gorson! Gorson!" in a sing-songy, baritone chant, getting louder and then softer in some rhythm only they seem to understand.

As they chant, the walls of the chamber begin to swirl, first in the black and red that are already present, but then with motes of golden brown and splashes of an indecent purple, swirling faster and faster that those looking at the walls eventually become nauseous. The orcs will ignore anything short of an attack, and the swirling of the walls takes four rounds to reach its height, more than enough time to flee to the exit on the other side of the cavern (which is, unfortunately, trapped with a spiked pit, 20 feet deep and filled an inch high with acid that deals 1d3 point sof damage per round). As the walls reach their peak, they will suddenly turn bright white, and 1d3 bone devils will emerge from the walls, walking on the backs of the orcs to the bronze idol. The devils receive tribute from the orcs in the form of dwarf hearts (each orc holds one heart).

An attack now, at the height of the ceremony, has a 1% chance per round, cumulative, of drawing the attention of Gorson and bringing him to the Material Plane to defend his temple, essentially swapping places with his idol. Even if the devils and orcs are destroyed without drawing Gorson's fiendish personage to the temple, the Blood Duke will take note of the adventurers and mark them for destruction.

Devil, Hutijin (Duke of Hell)

8th Column Goes to War

A column of devils heads towards a conflict with a demonic army. The devils are mounted upon giant, fiendish elephants, their tusks encased in iron and houdahs of bronzewood and silver swaying atop their bony backs. In the center of the column, four of the beasts struggle beneath the weight of a giant palanquin of marble holding an onion-domed veranda of bronze and porphyry. The palaquin houses Hutijin, a duke of Hell, who lounges on ash gray pillows plucking on a sitar as six fire nymphs dance for him. The other elephants are mounted by 1d4+2 ice devils and 1d2 pit fiends lead the assemblage across the bleak steppe of ebon grasses and bleached white almond trees.

Devil, Lilith (Former Queen of Hell)

Home Sweet Hell

The desposed queen of hell has no permanent home. Her castle of basalt destructively rises from the ground in seemingly random areas and planes. The roving castle remains only long enough for Lilith to subjugate the populace to her will and wicked ways before it sinks into the ground. Where it stood is a permanent barren scar burned upon the earth. The castle resembles a jagged stalagmite reaching nearly 500 feet at its peak. Concealed balconies and exposed stairs coil around the tower's exterior. Plumes of smoke billow from hollow spires and glowing red flames blast out of the windows each night. The tower has a single massive iron door that opens only at night. The spacious rooms of the castle are elegantly decorated and sparsely inhabited. Ghosts, demons (especially lilins and mariliths), cultist of Lilith and other servants populate the corridors and chambers. Depraved titans that have fallen from the heavens serve as guards and an ancient subdued gold dragon acts as a mount. Lilith managed to take her concubines and loyalists with her in her exodus from hell.

Occasionally, the castle appears without disrupting the area it settles in. More often, however, the arrival of the castle causes great battles to begin, children to be kidnapped, fires to spread unchecked across the land or entire villages to vanish. If Lilith has a master plan, it remains a secret. It is rumored that she has enslaved kingdoms and waged wars upon mankind only to disappear at her moment of triumph.

Devil, Lucifer (Prince of Darkness)

Damned if You Do . . .

On a city street or country lane you come across a young boy, perhaps seven or eight years old, with a cherubic face and dressed in the garb of wealthy yeoman's son. He is kneeling on the ground looking over a ring he has drawn in the sand with a stick. Inside the ring, he has set two beetles against one another, tying them together with a length of yarn.

"It is terrible to see them fight, and father says I shouldn't, but I feel I must. What would you do?", he asks in a tone to old for his young face.

If the adventurers chide the boy, he will look up abruptly, a terrible grimace on his face and fire in his eyes and 1d3+1 pit fiends erupting from the ground around the adventurers.

If the adventurers side with the boy, he will pick up the beetles, slowly raise his ice blue eyes and give a smile devoid of mirth. Extending his hand as though to give the adventurers something, he will drop in his enabler's hand a scarab carved from lapis lazuli. Once per day, for one hour, this scarab can be set on the ground and annointed with a drop of blood. It will turn into a giant rhinoceros beetle and serve the enabler loyally, attacking his foes, trampling houses on his or her behest or serving as a mount.

Devil, Moloch (Arch-Devil)

Viva La Revolution!

The ground beneath the adventurers falls away and they find themselves falling through a twisted chimney of basalt and ash. The fall lasts a full minute and inflicts 4d6 points of damage (save for half). Finally depositing them in the hearth (not currently containing a fire, thankfully) of what appears to be a salon of revolutionary Paris. The room is 30 feet wide and 40 feet long and furnished with impeccable taste - cherrywood tables inlaid with ivory, bronze busts, tall vases of fragrant blooms, etc. Sitting on a crimson settee in the middle of the room is a tall man with bronzed skin in the garb of a French aristocrat. Four women, also dressed in finery and riches, huddle about him, all sipping on coffee from porcelain cups, a selection of sweets on the low table before them.

As the adventurers enter the chamber, the women leap up and draw their fans as the man slowly turns to regard them. A smile slowly comes to his face and he stands and bows and welcomes them with a sweep of his long arm. The women now hover around the newcomers and guide them to seats. Servants appear from nowhere holding trays of coffee and sandwiches. The women have alabaster skin, tall piles of scented and powdered hair in shades of aqua, puce and crimson and they are quite beautiful. They speak with the newcomers, discussing any subject one wishes and, though they chatter on and on, they never seem to reveal anything of any import.

Gradually, the room becomes warmer and warmer, and after a full turn, the women begin to melt like candles, grasping at the newcomers and burning their flesh and making it difficult to move. The paper on the walls begins to peel, revealing iron walls underneath that glow red. Each round, the room becomes hotter, causing 1d6 points of damage the first round, 1d8 the next, then 1d10, 2d6, 3d6 and so on until nothing remains in the room but ash and molten metal.

The bronze skinned man will regard all of this with amusement, for he is Moloch, the lord of fire. He makes no attempt to kill the adventurers or even stop them trying to escape up the chimney (200 feet high and filled by now with choking, suffocating smoke). Wise adventurers may notice a single cool spot in the center of the room, which turns out to be a circular trapdoor that requires great strength to lift, but which opens into a vertical shaft that leads to the caverns of the ice devils. One can also escape immolation by swearing themselves to Moloch, who gladly accepts their veneration.

Devil, Titivilus (Duke of Hell)

Dance With the Devil

In the throne room of a great prince and patron of the adventurers (or chambers of a senate or lord mayor or counting house of a wealthy

merchant-prince) the doors will swing open to give entrance to Titivilus in all his glory. A lacy hankerchief at his nose and a sneer on his lips, he will slowly and gracefully approach the ruler of the place, tapping his black cane (his rapier in disguise) as he walks. At the foot of the throne, he will give a cursory bow with a grand flourish and speak thusly:

"You sit on your throne, throngs hanging on your every word, a beauteous lady by your side and a bonny child on your knee. Clearly, sir, the contract is fulfilled and your child now enters the house of Father Dis for tutelage in the dark arts. Stand and deliver, milord."

Should the king appear ungracious or hesitant, the Duke of Hell will doff his cap and, reaching into it, produce three black doves. Flinging them into the air, they will take the form of erinyes and swoop on the young princess, seizing her from her nurse. Titivilus will tap his cane upon the floor, opening up a sulfurous pit that bathes the throne room in a reddish glow and contorts the faces of the onlookers into masks of horror.

"Should you feel yourself misused, you may send representative to the iron city to petition for a renegotiation of terms."

At this, the erinyes will swoop over the crowd and into the pit. Titivilus will toss a black egg on the ground, remarking "This will guide you," and then step into the pit, which vanish from existance without a trace.

The egg holds an infant cockatrice which, if placed on a chain, will lead a band of petititioners into the hills to a deep and dark cavern that serves as a portal to the Nine Hells. It will further lead them to the city of Dis. Once there, they are on their own, but they'll probably want to bring along a few lawyers or a servant efreet to handle the negotiations.

Devil, Xaphan (Duke of Infernus)

Falling Angels

Roiling black thunderheads fill the sky, and harsh peals of thunder roll menacingly closer. Darkness covers the hills as the storm front arrives. PCs caught in the storm are pelted with driving winds and torrential rain. Jagged lightning tears at the night, the bolts of electricity sizzling in the air as they hit close by.

But the worst is yet to come.

As the heaviest rain passes, a burning body falls from the clouds, burning wings trailing its broken body. The angel slams hard into the muddy dirt, its wings broken and its head twisted nearly all the way around on its neck. The feathers of its wings are burnt and charred. Another body falls soon afterward, then another, and another, all burning angels that plummet like fiery meteors until they smash into the ground below.

Fighting in the clouds among the angry thunderheads are a host of angels and the demon Xaphan, who is intent on driving the angelic host out of the skies. PCs who jump into the fight find themselves facing off against the Burning Duke.

Devil Dog

Dogs on Ice

The icy stream you have been following in hopes of finding a friendly village eventually descends into a wide cavern. Carvings around the mouth of the cave, and just into it, suggest that it is or was inhabited. About 200 yeards into the cavern, you discover ice covering the floor of the cavern and made all the more slippery by the presence of the stream, still picking its way into the cavern. As you continue to explore, the cavern widens and the ice field grows. You eventually come across a tall pillar of stone jutting from the ice. Geometric symbols are carved into the post on all four sides.

As adventurers puzzle over the meaning of the symbols, they might not notice 1d10+6 pairs of sapphire eyes surrounding them just beyond the glow of the party's torches or lanterns. The eyes belong to a pack of devil dogs that have cut off a village of gnomes located deeper in the caverns. The large ice cavern with the pillar has three exits into the deeper caverns, the symbols on the pillar denoting what lies down each tunnel. The gnomes of the village speak in mathematical formulas, hence their geometric "alphabet".

Diger

Medicinal Hot Springs

Proceeding from the large ice cavern (see Devil Dog lair) the tunnel that lies straight ahead takes a sharp turn downward, becoming a brutal ice slide for those without the proper equipment. Those attempting to make their way down the tunnel must pass a saving throw every 20 feet (or 5 saves in all), failure indicating they slip and fall and slide into the next cavern. For every 20 feet an adventurer slides, he or she suffers 1d4 points of damage.

The ice slide ends in a cavern filled with steam, the ice and water melting here due to the presence of an active hot spring. The steam is quite thick when one first enters the cavern due to the close confines, but as they proceed further, the cavern opens up, becoming 40 feet high and 60 feet wide. At this point, one can not only see the hot spring, surrounded by an outcropping of large crystals, and dozens of smaller, crystal clear pools where the steam has recondensed into water and filled hollows in the cavern floor.

One of these pools appears to hold a large, reddish-colored gem and is, of course, a diger. The crystals surrounding the spring are medicinal in nature, though quite poisonous if they haven't first been processed by a skilled alchemist. Once properly processed, the crystals can be used to make a bluish tincture that provides the imbiber a +2 bonus on saving throws vs. poison for 1 hour. A pound of crystals can produce six such tinctures.

Dire Corby

Flock to the Fire

The narrow tunnel the party has been following for the past 30 minutes finally ends in what appears to be a circular cage with copper bars. The cage contains a winch, and when turned the cage descends. The cage descends 20 feet through solid rock before emerging into a vast cavern shrouded in darkness. About 100 feet below the adventurers can see a small bonfire beneath the elevator, and then several more such bonfires, suggesting other elevators. They might also catch the dull roar of running water; and, if their ears are sensitive enough, the sound of cackling and movement over the sound of the water.

The cavern is inhabited by a flock of 1d6x10 dire corbies under the leadership of a cunning corby with the ability to cast spells as a 1d2+2 level druid. The corbies dwell here in the darkness, around the shores of a pond created by a waterfall that topples 40 feet into the cavern from a subterranean river. The cavern, should one manage to light it, is 100 feet tall and 500 feet in diameter and indeed contains 8 elevators and a large idol of black stone depicting something resembling a humanoid vulture with long arms that end in cruel hooks.

A small stone table stands before the idol, and from the bloodstains sees occaisional use as a sacrificial altar. The water from the waterfall runs into a completely submerged tunnel that descends much deeper into the earth.

Dire Bison

Stampede!

The curse and promise of the prairie are the dire buffalo. Massive beasts, their stampedes cause earth tremors and make settlement along the prairie's rivers highly dangerous, but a single beast can feed a village for weeks and their horns and pelts command a high price from the eastern men in their fancy cities.

It is the danger posed by the dire bison that currently interests a bitter exile from the single market town of the prairie. A horse thief and

charlatan, he was driven into the wilderness stark naked and marked with welts on his back and the glyph of "chaos" branded into his forehead. Found by a band of goblin hunters, he was lucky to speak their language fluently. With his silver tongue, he convinced them he was a prophet of their crude gods, come to deliver them from the threat of humanity.

The charlatan's plan is simple - stampede a herd of 1d4+6 dire bison into the defensive walls of the market town and follow it up with a goblin invasion. To this end, he has equipped the goblin warriors with torches of hated fire and sent them to set the prairie ablaze. The goblin shaman has been set the task of controlling the winds, to send the dire bison toward the town. While the goblins carry out this horendous plot, the charlatan plans to be on his way south to more pleasant climes.

Dire Deer
Check Out Those Racks

In a fantastic lake country of green grasses and ancient, gray woodlands there stands an old, fortified manor house, home of the Laird of the Lakes. The Laird is an old man, a warrior who proved himself in countless campaigns, now consigned to a cane and the ministrations of a flurry of servants. He employs twenty men-at-arms, harsh men in ring armor with longbows and longswords, and a court jester who spent time at the royal court plying the trade of a poisoner.

The old laird once enjoyed taking to the hills around his castle and hunting game, his preference being for the dire deer that stood as tall as a man at their shoulder and had racks of antlers up to 8 feet wide. The laird's home is decorated with many such racks. He now draws amusement from a very different activity.

Although the laird's castle is not on the main thoroughfares of the kingdom, he gets his share of visitors. Commoners are given a bowl of porridge and put in the barn, but adventures are brought into the manor to sit at the laird's table and enjoy a fine repast of venison, duck and other game meats. The next morning, they are awakened at dawn by the laird's servants and hustled into the main hall. There, the laird explains that they have all injested a very deadly poison, secreted in their food. As it stands, they have a mere 12 hours to live. The antidote is complicated, taking many days of effort to brew, but sufficient doses can be found in the hills in golden vials tied to the antlers of a herd of 1d6+5 dire deer. If they get started, they might even find the beasts before it is too late.

Dire Dog
Baron Hunt

On the borders of a misty moor, one might find a tiny village and the manors of two rival lords. Both lords hail from the same ancient family, one from the baronial line, the other from a cadet line. Their grandfathers were cousins and much feared in the area for their daring cattle raids, piracy and smuggling along the nearby coast and wild behavior with women. The descendants have turned their backs on this behavior, the new baron being devout in his adherence to law and his cousin a well respected sage and magic-user.

The magician, however, holds a secret. The fires of his grandfather's generation still burn brightly in his breast, and despite his advanced age he has ambitions to usurp his cousin, the last of his line. To this end he has bargained with the orc tribes from beyond the moor in the land of white mountains and secured a single dire dog, a powerful creature resembling a mastiff. Securing articles of clothing from his cousin, he has released the "demon dog" onto the moor on successive nights to hunt for his cousin's scent. The baying of the beast has sent a chill through the villagers (and the baron, truth be told) and two peddlars have already been found dead and savaged by pheasant hunters.

Dire Elephant
Bane of the Raj

A lone bull dire elephant has wandered into the territory of a powerful raj. The beast threatens to trample the raj's crops and the villages of his people if they cannot find a way to rid themselves of the beast. Alas, no champions dwell in the land of the raj, all of them driven away by the paranoid man's fear of a coup de'etat. The hapless peasants have tried to frighten the beast away with horns and clashing cymbols, by releasing giant rats in front of the beast (which resulted in the destruction of an ancient fortress and much of its garrison) and with fire (which resulted in the loss of jujube orchard). Still, the beast refuses to leave and the raj is beside himself with grief.

The young dire elephant was driven out of the deeper forests by a rival, and cannot return until it is properly healed and fed and ready to re-challenge the larger dire elephant. Speaking with the beast will elicit this information and the creature, which is fairly reasonable, will happily acquiesce to a plan to return him to his native country.

Dire Goat
Tall Tales

A hill giant maiden, attractive for her kind, tends a herd of 1d6+5 dire goats on a hill covered with wild thyme and bushes of sour, golden berries. The girl is a dreamer, given to spinning long, exciting stories of her ancestors and the other giant races in their heroic struggles against the petty gods and the hordes of avaricious humans that threaten their ancient homelands.

The maiden wears animal pelts and goes barefoot. She carries a bag of cheese pastries, a skin of sparkling, golden berry-wine and a large stick with a metal clapper on the end, the goats responding to the clapper. A dire dog sits with her on that hill, sometimes harassing the goats to keep them close and out of the berries, which have a tendency to send them into a frenzy of kicks and bleating that can attract predators.

Dire Hippopotamus (Behemoth)
Trading Rights Rescinded

The queen of the nixies was tolerant when the humans came to her valley and established a trading post. There were not many humans, and they provided good sport and a few handsome strangers with whom she and her daughters and sons could pass their evenings and mingle their blood. But over time, the trading post became a village and then a river port, and the nixies have had enough.

Seeking the end of the river port, the queen has summoned a herd of five behemoths. Each is now ridden by one of her daughters, with two attacking river traffic from downriver, and three attacking river traffic from upriver. Effectively, they have choked all traffic to the river port. Although the lord mayor has a small fleet of galleys and almost 100 men-at-arms, the behemoths have proven more than he can handle. The beasts approach underwater and the capsize his boats, and acting in concert, they have destroyed two small galleys already.

The queen awaits the capitulation of the humans in her river palace, located on a tributary about eight miles away.

Dire Moose
Moose Tinkers

In a land of melting glaciers, rubble-stewn trenches and peat bogs, broad woodlands of maples and birch, a clan of gnomes uses a pack of 1d8+1 dire moose in much the same way tropical folk use elephants. The gnomes ride on the backs of these moose in wicker hoodahs, with a family of six fitting comfortably into each hoodah. One gnome rides on the moose's neck, directing it with vocal commands and rewarding it with maple candies delivered in a basket tied to a long stick. The gnomes arm themselves with short bows and long spears, and though they prefer not to put their mounts into dangerous situations, will make use of their devastating charges in dire situations.

The gnomes work as itinerant tinkers and traders, their caravan of dire moose traversing the primitive human villages that are following the retreating glaciers back into the north. The humans work as hunters and fishermen, and trade pelts, dried meat and bones for the metal and wicker goods of the gnomes. The gnomes also entertain them with stories and illusions and provide a means for one chief to communicate with another without the necessity of meeting face-to-face.

Dire Porcupine
Saltpeter

In a comfortable tavern of craftsmen and a few men-at-arms, three men - thin, with the look of scholars about them - are speaking all at once in agitated voices, throwing their arms about and demanding quick action of a man in chainmail armor with a drooping mustache and tired eyes. The man is doing his best to quiet the men and get some sense out of them. The patrons are gathered about with their mugs of ale and enjoying the spectacle, some joining in the demonstrations of the scholars, others "helping" the armored man.

When some semblance of order is restored, the armored man will be revealed to be the local shire reeve and the scholars a trio of alchemists. They are complaining about the fact that 1d4+1 dire porcupines has invaded their operation in search of salt. In particular, they have surrounded great, 20-foot long heap of straw soaked with urine and covered with burlap taps. The heap is used to produce saltpeter, and it is ready to be harvested. This has thrown the excitable alchemists (too much mercury, don't you know) into a tizzy, and the shire reeve is taking the brunt of it since he's significantly less dangerous than the dire porcupine.

Dire Ram
Between a Roc and a Ram's Place

Situated at the peak of a mountain is the nest of a black-feathered roc. The roc's nest currently holds the body of the princess royal, plucked from the deck of her pleasure barge and carried to the nest to feed its young. The feeding has already occurred, and the princess is far beyond saving, but her jewels remain in the nest ready to be plucked by a band of enterprising adventurers. The nest currently holds three fledglings and approximately 5,000 gp worth of jewels.

If the mother roc and her babies (they attack as clubnecks, see that entry in this book) weren't dangerous enough, the slopes of the mountain that holds their nest are inhabited by a dire ram and his harem of eight females. The ram controls the lower slopes of the mountain and does not take kindly to intruders.

Dire Skunk
Territorial Disputes

While traversing a river valley, one might come upon a camp of dwarves. The dwarves are in a foul humor for they have been driven from the gold mine in the surrounding hills by a family of 1d6+3 dire skunks. The skunks were driven from their old home in the woodlands by the action of the miners, who felled trees for use in constructing their mine and setting the fires that crack the rock, allowing them to extract ore.

The dwarves are twelve in number and they are hungry and miserable. They are miners, not hunters or warriors, and they're now cut off from their supplies in the mine. They are a shifty lot, and though they will promise the moon to be rid of the dire skunks, they may not deliver. Worse yet, they will leave out the problem of the kobolds that live deeper in the mine and the green slime that claimed Udolf.

Dire Sloth
Sacrifices to the Green Gods

A copse of giant cecropias serves as the lair of a pair of dire sloths. The sloths are called the "Green Gods of the Tree Tops" by the natives of the area, who leave offerings of fruits to them regularly. The natives dwell about 4 miles away from the sacred copse in a large, riverside village of woven huts. Although not terribly aggressive, they fear outsiders. Armed with spears, blowguns and poisoned darts (sleep), the warriors of the tribe do their best to capture invaders, ambushing them from the trees. Captives are taken to the sacred copse. Vines are tied around their hands, legs and chest, and they are lifted into the tree tops as an offering to the "Green Gods". The natives return in three days. If the captives are still alive, they are lowered and welcomed into the village, being adopted by the chief and made his sons and daughters. Otherwise, their bodies are cut down and thrown into the river to feed its monstrous hunger.

Disenchanter
An Adventurer's Worst Nightmare

Via an iron door you enter a corridor about 35 feet long with a door on each end, the door to the left being painted with the image of a magic-user, the door to the right bearing the image of an armored knight. Both images have their facial features twisted in looks of abject terror. You enter the corridor at its center, the iron door sealing tightly behind you. Walking more than 10 feet in either direction down the corridor causes the corridor to tilt (unless balanced by an equal weight down the other side of the corridor).

The doors bearing the magic-user and fighter spin on a horizontal access. If the corridor is not tilted, the doors will not move, having stone walls behind them. Otherwise, they grant access to level (i.e. not tilted) chambers 20 feet by 20 feet in size. The corridor does not "un-tilt" when a chamber is entered, latching tightly and not unlatching until people have climbed the slope to the middle of the corridor, at which point it rights itself.

The chamber of the fighter contains 1d4 rust monsters, while the chamber of the magic-user contains a pair of disenchanters. Both chambers contain a large wooden wheel which must be turned so that blue arrows align with one another to unlatch the iron door through which the adventurers entered the tilting corridor.

Dracolisk
The Hubris of Youth

A chill mountain pass that links the young kingdom with the old is rarely used these days due to the presence of a reptilian horror with alabaster scales and leering, green eyes as big as saucers. The beast is a white dracolisk, a young, rambunctious specimen who has recently fled his mother's lair deeper in the earth with a small portion of treasure. While the white dracolisk has held his new cave lair, he has managed to devour two peddlers, stealing their wares (a dozen copper pots worth about 5 gp and a large keg of fortified wine worth about 20 gp), which make up its entire treasure.

Draconid
Whack-a-Draconid

A 20-foot-wide limestone corridor is filled with odd calcite formations that appear to be crude statues and carvings worked out of the walls by an insane sculptor. Curling obstacles hinder movement, but don't completely block the corridor. These karst formations are natural creations formed by water droplets falling from the ceiling to erode the stone into fantastic shapes. The floor is pitted with hundreds of indentations from the dripping water. The corridor is 90 feet long, with the ceiling rising between 15 and 20 feet high.

About halfway down the natural corridor, the ceiling is pocked by eight wide circular openings. Looking through the holes, a second ceiling rises about eight feet above the lower ceiling, like an attic in a home. This second tunnel is dark and filled with more rock protrusions. This second corridor twists and turns and eventually rises to the surface.

A draconid roams this second tunnel, walking upside down on the ceiling to avoid the rock karsts. In the darkness, the draconid's strange shape and coloration make it appear to be another rock outcropping.

The draconid waits for creatures to pass beneath it, then sticks its two dragon heads through the limestone holes to attack PCs in lower corridor. The heads are long enough that they can reach PCs cowering on the floor. The draconid breathes fire at every opportunity. PCs fleeing through the sharp rock outcroppings take 1d6 points of damage (save avoids).

Dragon, Cloud (Draco Nimbus Caelo)
Head in the Clouds

A good millennia ago, an archimage spent many years ensorcelling dozens of glass spheres with permanent *levitation* spells. These orbs were used to fill the hold of a large treasure junk, its bow carved in the shape of a grimacing gold dragon and its timbers flecked with gold paint. Through the use of these orbs, a dozen large casks and a wand that allowed him to create water, the archimage had a (barely) functional flying ship. Taken with his own genius, he gathered his apprentices, friends and retainers and took the ship up for its maiden voyage. Having never been to so great a height, the poor archimage did not realize how powerful the wind can become in the upper atmosphere, and he and his crew were blown clean off the deck.

The ship still floats in the upper atmosphere, slightly beaten and battered, its lateen rigging in shreds. It serves as the lair of 1d3 cloud dragons, the kegs now holding their treasure and the ship slowly being dragged closer to the earth and, therefore, closer to the path of a range of jagged peaks. From these peaks, on certain days of the year, one can make out the ghostly ship emerging from the clouds, promising adventure to any who can find a way to reach it.

Dragon, Dungeon (Draco Carcer Dominus)
The Maze of Mystery

A boarded-up one-story building sits against the hillside. A once-colorful sign hanging from the roof proclaims it to be the Mind-Boggling Maze of Mystery. A board near the door has been pried open and a gold coin sits just inside dilapidated structure on the wooden floor. The gold coin is glued to the floor, and trying to pry it up causes the floor to slant and drop PCs into a cavernous rock maze beneath the building.

The maze is built into the hillside behind and below the abandoned roadside attraction, and covers more than a square mile of twisting underground tunnels filled with pit traps, swinging scythe blades and dense spider webs. Heavy fake doors fall out of their hinges on PCs (1d6 damage to those who fail a save to get out of the way) and fountain nozzles shoot jets of acid out of holes hidden behind colorful murals of clowns.

The torture chamber maze is the creation of a dungeon dragon living in a stone cavern sealed off from the maze. Daedalintus the Twisted captures living creatures and dumps them into his maze for his personal delight. The demented little dragon uses a crystal ball to watch the fun as his playthings meet gruesome ends in his diabolical trap and while facing off against one another. Besides PCs, residents of the maze include six minotaurs with white skulls painted on the black fur of their faces, a pair of mated ahlinni with their clipped wings to keep them from flying away, four ghost-faced orcs with clown features added to their angry features and 2 leucrotta.

Dragon, Faerie (Draco Fraudatio Minimus)
All Fun and Games Until Someone Gets Hurt

The House at the Edge of the Wood has been serving travelers on their way into and out of the sylvan valley for almost a century. The road house was once the fortified abbey of a chaotic and thoroughly repugnant order of clerics, long since put the sword by a band of tender adventurers. Much of the abbey was lost to a fire, the burnt out bits now reconstructed with timber taken from the nearby woodlands. The roadhouse provides stables, a large, comfortable great room (with tours of the old torture chamber in the cellar available for a silver piece, or for free for those who don't pay their check). The rooms are rather small, with clay pipes running through them from the hearth in the great room to provide a bit of heat and furnished with copper pots and feather mattresses atop straw pallettes.

The crowd at the House usually consists of a dozen or so travelers - merchants, pilgrims, adventurers, etc - in high spirits, their sore feet soaking in tubs of hot water, a mug of ale in their mitts. Of late, the place has fallen under a melancholy, for it is said that the restless spirits of the souls once tormented in the cellar have returned. Strange sights and sounds have been occuring in the place, and though none have died, none have waited about for the worst to happen. The roadhouse has fallen on hard times and the servants are especially eager to please their only guests. The trouble is being caused by a trio of faerie dragons who have taken up residence in the cellar. The beasts will stay as long as their are amusements to be had.

Dragon, Mist (Draco Nebulus Terra)
Mist School

Overlooking the pounding surf, from the warmth of a deep, dark cave, a clan of 1d4+1 mist dragons awaits the approach of their students. The mist dragons have for generations served as the mentors of a clan of assassins. The cave lair contains dozens of censors in which burn cones of pleasant incense that fill the chamber with burgundy smoke. The entrance tunnel leads back about forty feet and contains three separate trip wires that trigger poisoned darts - the stock in trade of the assassins. The tunnel leads to a large cavern that contains a pool of sea water that connects to the sea. A ledge overlooking this pool leads to another cavern, wherein dwell the mist dragons, surrounded by the treasure they have collected from their students.

On any given day, there is a 1 in 10 chance that 1d4+2 of the assassins are present to sit at the feet of the dragons and benefit from their wisdom. They instruct their students in the art of stealth and the power of patience and perseverance, the latter lesson being taught through the use of a curious chatrang board consisting of three levels, one atop the other.

Dragon, Smoke (Draco Fumo Suffoco)
Fire in the Sky

A waterfall's deep rumble in the underground network of caverns thrums across a shallow lake filling this 60-foot-diameter grotto. Ripples bounce across the surface of the water with each bass thump of falling water that echoes through the darkness. A 10-foot-wide underground river opens under the lake, forcing PCs to swim a 60-foot-waterfilled tunnel to surface in the center of the room. A pall of black smoke drifts over the water, the vapor wafting throughout this chamber. The stone ceiling is 15 feet overhead, and a rocky 5-foot-wide path runs around one side of the lake. The bottom of a brick-lined chimney cuts a square hole in the center of the ceiling. This chimney cuts through 400 feet of rock and dirt and opens in the middle of a surface lake. Iron rungs set into one side of the brick chimney go all the way to the surface. Purple mushrooms provide a soft phosphorescent light in the underground cavern. The room smells of sulfur and rotten eggs.

Two wings of 2d4+2 smoke dragons live in small caves just above the waterline of the underground lake. It's mating season for these dragons, and the males are fighting for the affection of the females (which are also vying to be with the top males). Half of the dragons encountered are male. The smoky blasts of the dragons' breath float about the room like small clouds, causing PCs to choke and cough. The dragons enter and leave the grotto through the chimney.

The purple mushrooms are a rare species that emit a flammable gas. This gas floats along the ceiling and fills the brick-lined chimney. The gas ignites in a fireball if a flame is lighted in the room. The flash fire does 5d6 points of damage (save for half). The smoke dragons dart into the caves to avoid the flames that roil along the upper part of the room. The fire erupts up the chimney as a column of fire that rises nearly 75 feet above the land above. There's a 2 in 6 chance that the column attracts the attention of nearby flying creatures, including griffons, sabrewings and dragons. It takes a full month for the gas to build up again. The smoke dragons pour out of their holes to finish off anyone who disturbed their courtship.

Dragon, Wrath (Draco Sanctus Benevolentia)
Devotion

The forest long ago reclaimed a lost civilization that flourished hundreds of years ago in this area. Only the foundations and vague outlines of city streets remain. The one link to the past that has withstood the test of time and the harsh elements is a sprawling cemetery surrounded by a low stone wall topped with cast-iron fence. A marble entry arch enclosing an iron gate has the name of the cemetery written on it in an ancient common tongue: "Devotion." More a mystical garden than a cemetery, Devotion has working fountains, fantastic monuments and ornate mausoleums. Even to casual observers, the area seems too idyllic and serene. Visitors have a strong sense of being watched on the pristine grounds that have defied the ravages of time. Flocks of docile sheep and goats keep the grounds naturally maintained. Untold treasures of ancients lie undisturbed within the forgotten tombs.

A pact with a long-departed king keeps a wrath dragon within the compound as an eternal guuardian for the burial grounds. The dragon, who has adopted the name "Devotion," slumbers within a reflecting pool in the middle of the graveyard. It watches over the dead and dines on the protected flock when needed. Tomb raiders who try to steal from the dead invoke the dragon's wrath, and it fully lives up to its species odd name.

Recently, a coven of hags and their minions secretly burrowed into the cemetery and defiled a number of tombs and looted the dead. They stole jewels and magic trinkets, and even made off with the entombed bodies of the ancient dead. The dragon desperately needs the stolen items and mummies returned. It may reward righteous adventures with a choice of items from its private hoard.

Dragon Horse
Free Ride

The parlor of the silk merchant has long been renowned not for the rich curtains of damask or the thick crimson rugs across which the light feet of shaven slaves scurry back and forth with silver trays of exotic delicacies, but rather for the curious chandelier that hangs from the ceiling. Captured, the merchant claims, from a sacked mountain temple and given to him by the duke of a far away land with a nonsensical rhyming name, the chandelier consists of three bluish orbs hanging from golden chains attached to an ornately carved triangle of black wood connected to the ceiling by an iron chain. The orbs fill the room with a soft, silvery light that becomes noticeably stronger and more coppery whenever the merchant enters the room. Folk who are sensitive to such things may notice a disturbance in the aether whenever they are in the room, a disturbance that, they will discover with some concentration, has a voice - a weak voice, to be sure, but one that repeats the word "Freedom" over and over again with a desperation and longing that will melt hearts neutral and lawful alike (but not chaotics, the miserable bastards).

The presence of any elemental air magic in the room will focus itself upon the chandelier to the exclusion of all other targets, though such magic cannot harm the chandelier, which contains within the orbs three dragon horses. The horses can be freed by shattering the orbs, which have an AC of 4 [15] and can suffer 20 points of damage before they break. Once freed, the dragon horses will swiftly make their way from the home of the silk merchant, stopping only to dent his skull with their hooves and offer their rescuers a free ride.

Dragonfly, Giant
Fly, My Pretties, Fly!

A battered stone tower rises from the midst of the swamp, its tumbling stones covered in swamp creepers and patches of green slime. The lower floor of the tower is empty save for a rusty iron ladder. The ladder leads to the lair of a hermit-like ogre mage. Despite the ramshackle appearance of the tower, the ogre mage live in luxury - thick, patterened rugs, tapestries containing gold and silver threads, beautiful (though slightly warped) furniture upholstered in velvet, etc. The walls of the ogre mage's chamber are lined with wooden cages containing 2d6 dazzlingly beautiful giant dragonflies. The ogre mage hunts with them as humans hunt with falcons. He carries a tin whistle covered in blue lacquer that allows him to control (to a very limited degree) the dragonflies. Should intruders enter his abode, the ogre mage will first attempt to release his pets.

Dragonnel
The Maidens of Devi's Roost

The Devi's Roost is a tall mountain, its peak obscured by clouds and its lower slopes covered by a thick tangle of coffee bushes. The bushes are harvested by a timid population of halflings, fearful of the terrible beasts who live above the clouds and their fierce mistresses. The upper reaches of the Devi's Roost are inhabited by a small band of women, maidens all if the stories are true. The maidens ride dragonnels, using them to dive down and snatch up trespassers on the lower slopes of the mountain. Those so snatched are never heard from again.

The maidens dwell in a series of caverns, stacked one atop another, accessible from a large cave entrance high atop the mountain. The upper cave is a simple guard post. Below it is a much larger cavern that serves as a home to 1d4+4 dragonnels, usually tended by two or three halfling slaves. The deeper caverns hold living quarters for the maidens, tall women with ebon skin and golden hair, and deeper still the great vats from which they are born. In all, there are twenty of these vat-born beauties, who are completely devoid of emotion and seem to live solely to create sisters, the primary ingredients being the bodily humors of captured halflings not kept as servants.

Dragonship
Raiders in the Storm

A wide underground river flows through a broad natural cavern beneath the treacherous Sabergnaw Peaks. The water is clear and cold, filled with trout and catfish. The waterway runs for four miles underground. The roof looms 300 feet overhead, with jagged spikes of stone reaching downward.

A band of vicious raiders called the Devourers of the Dead live in a side branch of the massive tunnel. These burly warriors eat the dead, and steal women and children from the surrounding mountain villages to work in their underground camp. The marauders sail a dragonship along the river and use it on their scavenging raids. A particularly vile fighter named Kreskinarl leads the raucous band. He is a beefy man with a grimy red beard who takes what he wants. He carries a large double-bladed axe notched with numerous nicks. He wears a metal helm with two large horns that sweep down around his face.

The Devourers live in a group of dirty wood-and-stone buildings set into the cavernous tunnel. A rickety wooden dock extends over the black water, and the dragonship moors itself beside it, always ready to sail – sometimes on its own if it feels the need.

The marauders keep a druid named Jendle tied to the dragonship's mast. This poor man is barely fed and tortured daily by the vicious Devourers. The rest of his friends were eaten raw in front of the anguished man. The Devourers know the weak little man can create a fog cloud a few times a day. Kreskinarl sticks a knife into the druid when he desires this concealing vapor to hide the dragonship. The cloud rolls through the tunnel ahead of the marauders.

Drake, Fire
Flame on!

In the center of the maze-like city of basalt blocks and roofs of brilliant tin there rises the Grand Temple of Celestial Fire, home to the city's theocrat. The stifling city rests at the bottom of a deep crater, gouged from the earth by a meteor a thousand years ago and now surrounded by basalt fortifications flying red dragon-shaped pennons. The people of the city are miners and smiths, extracting from the ground all manner of metals and precious stones, and possessing the knowledge of building blast furnaces powerful enough to work the iron-nickel composites they extract from the reddish ore.

The Grand Temple is their pinnacle of their achievement - four stories tall and built in the style of a pagoda with golden roofs and walls clad in reddish marble veined with black. Storks of mechanical brass pose outside the temple in pools of crystal clear water (maybe the only clean water in the entire city) and brass hawks fly about the highest level of the temple day and night. The interior of the temple is one gargantuan space containing a 40-foot tall idol of the lord of celestial fire, posed with one leg raised, a massive glaive in his hands. The idol is constructed of wrought iron and decorated with crushed glass in shades of amber, ruby and maroon. A pool of fire surrounds the idol, the massive pedestal of which is home to a family of 1d3+5 fire drakes, the largest of the brood being the theocrat who "rules" via magical signs left in his steaming droppings and analyzed by the temple's priests, who dwell in small living cells the line the perimeter of the inner temple.

The fire drakes are pampered creatures, fat and lazy and no longer cut out for rugged combat (no more than 3 hit points per hit dice), but they are still dangerous enough. Their latest "communique" has set the people of the fire city to the task of constructing large aqueducts across the salt plains and into the snowclad mountains that surround them.

Drake, Ice
The Last Stand

The ice drakes of the high mountains and rugged plateaus once lived in relative peace until the bold legions of the fire city came, the swaggering rascals seemingly taking offense at being treated as an exotic and novel delicacy. Around the construction sites of their aqueducts the soldiers have constructed forts that are assaulted nightly by the ice drakes, who treat it as a dangerous game.

The elder drakes of the far patrols have recently caught wind of their children's sport, and are on their way to put an end to it by destroying the source of their amusement. One fort in particular is commanded by a rather surly dwarf - grumpy because he's an engineer and way in over his head when it comes to fighting dragons. He has but fifteen men-at-arms left under the command of a rather dashing sergeant-at-arms. A clutch of 1d4+1 ice drakes has surrounded the fort and awaits only the fall of dusk before they attack. Dozens of frozen corpses lie in various states of consumption around the makeshift wall of stone and timber.

Drake, Salt
Prince in Salt

The salt flats that surround the city of fire are home to a few roving bands of salt drakes. The drakes spend their days lazing in shallow burrows and their nights prowling about the flats hunting the stony, terrestrial crabs that also survived the destruction of their shallow sea by meteor storm. A clutch of 1d4+1 one of the beasts has been preying on the lines of bearers transporting stones across the flats to the mountains for the construction

of aqueducts. The salt drakes recently hit the jackpot, seizing a prince of the blood royal who has crept away to adventure in the mountains, having heard stories of daring battles against dragons. The young moron has been tucked into a burrow and kept under guard by a sinuous female drake. His father has only recently gotten wind of his son's disappearance and has promised a rich reward for any who bring him back alive.

Drake, Splinter
Hawthorn Hedges

A long brick-lined well connects the ceiling of this underground room with the surface above. The 10-foot-diameter tube is filled with thick vines and briars. Sunlight filters through the vegetation in beams of green light. The thorny vines spill into the chamber from above and dangle just inches from the floor. The vines look easy enough to climb, but are covered in sharp spines that make the task painful and difficult (1d3 points of damage every round climbing). The surface is approximately 80 feet above. The bones of hundreds of rodents and woodland creatures lie scattered on the floor of the room at the bottom of the well. A horrible smell of rotting meat is strong in the blocked well.

The shredded and entangled corpse of an elf hangs halfway up the passage. The well is the lair and ambush spot of a splinter drake. The drake is virtually invisible amid the dense vegetation. The drake hunts outdoors, but patiently waits for the opportune time to attack those climbing about in its lair.

Draug
Dead Men Tell No Tales, Or Do They?

For the past fifteen years, the ship of a terrible pirate has sat in the midst of a grand harbor, a prison hulk for members of its former crew. The ship was taken by a fleet of galleons after a storm had deprived it of masts and sent the ship's captain over the side, a dirk lodged in his spine. As members of his former crew died, they were tossed over the side, their ankle chains attached to an iron band around the remains of the main mast, their bloated bodies steeping in the brine. For all these fifteen years the captain, now a vengeful draug, has trod the sea floor on a direct course for his ship. He is now very close, and the bodies of his expired crewmen are responding to his presence, their waterlogged (1d6+5 brine zombies) or skeletal (2d4 skeletons) remains shifting gently. Soon, they will climb their chains and their old master will again command his ship and cut a crimson road of blood and plunder across the silvery waves.

Dream Spectre (Nightmare Creature)
Dreams of a Forgotten Shore

A dead tree dominates this bizarre room. Unusual mobiles and medallions made from twigs twirl from the tree's branching, each slowly spinning in an absent breeze. Tens of thousands of tiny carved faces cover the tree's bark-stripped trunk. The corpse of a man is impaled by iron spikes against the tree. The spikes pin him through his legs and left side, while his right hand still clutches a hammer strapped around his wrist with a leather strap. A bag of iron spikes hangs from his waist. It appears as if he crucified himself against the tree.

The tree sits in a concave depression of black dirt. A glass dome of white light is set in the ceiling above the tree, the glare illuminating the room. Ghostly humanoid figures swirl behind the dome, barely visible in the white glare.

A 10-foot-dimeter stained-glass wall sits directly opposite the room's entrance. The wall crudely resembles a scenic ocean landscape with a brilliant sun rising above the waves. After 2 rounds, the wall shimmers and transforms into a realistic nighttime view overlooking the same seashore. A full moon glows above the waves, and a ship's lights bob on the horizon. Vague silhouettes of gulls fly in and out of the picture. A reclining woman lies on the sand at the edge of the gentle surf. The woman seems to be focusing her attention on a sword protruding from the sandy beach where the waves crash against the beach. The image is a permanent illusion that changes multiple times each day. A dream spectre hides in a narrow space behind the stained glass wall.

Drelb (Haunting Custodian)
Watch Out!

At the pinnacle of the wizard's tower there is a tiny room accessible only via a trapdoor in the floor. The room is completely bare save for a tall, double-doored cabinet of cherrywood engraved with a scene of palms and playful apes. The cabinet has a seemingly simple lock that will defy all attempts to pick it without the use of a pair of lodestones, which must be run up either side of the lock while a stream of smoke is blown into the lock. The cabinet, once opened, will be found to be empty save for a scrap of parchment resting on the floor. The parchment has reversed writing on it, which can be easily viewed using on of the two mirrors on the interiors of the cabinet doors. The words on the parchment are written in elven and say, roughly translated, "Watch out!".

At about this point, a drelb will reach out from the mirror behind the reader of the parchment and snatch up the closest victim. The mirrors both lead into a strange dimension, a tunnel of swirly smoke and a throbbing amethyst light. Either end of the tunnel, which is about 50 feet long and 5 feet wide, connects to one of the doors, making the entire dimension something of a circuit. At the center of the tunnel there is a large casket of smoky glass with a silver frame. The casket holds the wizard's greatest treasure, a rickety old wooden sled he new well in his youth, a golden urn holding the dried eyeballs of a dozen of his rivals and three spell books, one a copy of the other and the third a tome of cursed reversed spells.

Dust Digger
Sand Trap

Your subterranean travels have brought you to the silty remains of an ancient subterranean lake. The floor of the cavern is silt ranging from 2 to 12 feet deep and acting much as quicksand, as good a reason as any to have made a purchase from your friendly neighborhood pollier (for one must assume that any fantasy economy that keeps 10-foot poles in ready supply has a brotherhood of carpenters devoted to their manufacture).

The lake was drained when a crevasse opened up in the midst of it, now forming a long, submerged canyon, the upper reaches of which are pocked with small caves that support a population of aquatic troglodytes. Numerous insects and fungoid life forms dwell on this water course, preyed upon by bats (normal sized and giant) that make their home on the cave roof 300 feet above. The silt desert has its own inhabitants, a colony of 1d12+8 dust diggers, who lie patiently beneath the silt waiting for their next meal.

Ear Seeker
Wood Parasites

The tunnel the party is moving through is shored up with thick, wooden beams. The wood creaks and groans. Gouts of steam explode periodically from the walls, making the tunnel quite hot and forcing adventurers to make a saving throw each round they spend in the tunnel or suffer 1d4

points of damage.

The damp wood is home to hundreds of ear seekers. The creatures sense movement below them and fall from the wooden beams onto the shoulders of victims. There is a 1 in 6 chance each round (per adventurer) than an ear seeker assaults them and makes a run for their ear.

Eblis
At Home Among the Mangroves

In a swampy river delta thronged by thick woodland and itself lush with mangrove trees, there dwells a flock of 4d4 eblis led by a crested male, its thin neck adorned with a golden torque that allows it to become invisible once per day for 10 minutes. The eblis dwell on a large, royal pleasure barque that ran aground (or was forced aground) many years ago, its unhappy revelers forced into a march through the woods from which none emerged alive and intact.

The barque is partially submerged, its teak railings now warped, its canopy of silk and leather cracked and drapped with mossy vines. Here dwell the eblis, far away from humankind, plotting petty revenges upon one another. The hold of the ship is submerged and filled with all manner of once-expensive stocks, now mostly ruined save for a copper urn, sealed with wax, that contains brandy worth about 100 gp. In addition, a ragged tarp covers a pile of gold and silver bars, nearly 1 ton in all and worth 15,000 gold pieces should one manage to retrieve them.

The leader of the eblis can cast four spells: *ESP, obscuring mist, phantasmal force* and *fear*.

Ectoplasm (Ghost Ooze)
Mystery Mist

Someone or something recently dug two rows of six graves in this chamber (or field). A shovel remains embedded in a mound of fresh grave dirt. A thick mist fills each of the graves, concealing their actual depths. A parchment listing 12 names (possibly including the name of a PC or a known NPC) is tacked to the shovel's wooden handle. Several of the names are crossed out. Someone has also drawn a crude smiley face next to one of the names.

A set of elegant garments lies across the dirt mound beside one of the open graves. The clothing looks carefully placed atop the dirt, as if someone who was wearing it lay down and then vanished. A mound of nearby dirt contains an abundant amount of burrowing grubs and worms. One (or more) of the graves contains an ectoplasm. The graves are empty aside from the ectoplasm and harmless mist. It is difficult to remove the mist, and it returns after 12 hours.

Elemental, Gravity
Tetrominoes

A nondescript pedestal in the center of the room holds a large glass bowl. A 40-foot-diameter ring of bubbling water (actually caustic acid that deals 1d6 points of damage to anyone touching it) encircles the pedestal. The ring-shaped pool is five feet wide and appears to be about four feet deep. Spears, two-handed swords and one-foot-diameter metal globes circle the base of the pedestal in a symmetrical pattern. The room spans at least 50 feet on each side and a *darkness (15-ft. radius)* spell conceals the ceiling 40 feet above the pedestal. A 5-foot-diameter black sphere of nothingness swirls 20 feet above the glass bowl. It absorbs light and random chaotic tendrils lash out of its depths. Silvery liquid fills the bowl just below the black mass. The liquid is platinum in a permanent fluid state. The platinum might fetch 5,000 gold pieces if a means of hauling it can be found. It slips and slides like mercury if picked up.

A gravity elemental guards the platinum pool. Over the years, it has amassed quite an arsenal that it keeps hidden in the darkness along the ceiling using its control gravity ability. Suspended against the chamber ceiling are 8 large stone blocks (2d6 points of damage), 3 bloated bugbear corpses soaked in acid (1d6 points of crushing damage and 1d6 points of acid damage) and a portable battering ram (2d8 points of damage). The gravity elemental can drop these at any time in any order within a 20-foot radius of itself. It can also cause the pool of acid to rise toward the ceiling or to hover in midair. Creatures bound by gravity (i.e. not flying or levitating) are at its mercy within 20 feet of the elemental.

Elemental, Negative Energy
Staff Infliction

The emaciated corpse of a man stands before you, leaning heavily on a staff carved of obsidian. His round hollow eye sockets and gaping mouth bear an expression of disbelief. His skin looks as if it was slowly baked into a fibrous shell with a skeletal framework. A magenta light pulses along the length of the staff. The man's garb hints that he once practiced the magical arts. The magic-user's equipment appears to be intact and untouched on his body. A belt pouch holds a pair of gloves.

The staff acts as a receptacle for a negative energy elemental that is attracted by living beings. Any living creature that touches the staff unprotected releases the elemental for 2d4 rounds. After the time lapses, the negative energy elemental is sucked back into the staff.

Handling the staff with gloves does not release the elemental. In fact, a person wearing gloves or gauntlets can effectively use the staff as a weapon. The staff deals 1d6 points of damage and drains one level with each strike (a successful save resists the level drain). The staff can be used to strike opponents a total of five times before the staff shatters and permanently releases the elemental to wreak havoc.

Elemental, Positive Energy
Solar Power

A 20-foot-diameter polished marble dais sits low to the floor. In its center stands a pure white statue of a glorious angel with its wings spread wide and its arms reaching toward the ceiling. A holy symbol made of platinum and encrusted with sapphires hangs from its neck, separate from the carved figure. Between its outspread fingers floats an orb of brilliant white light. Arcs of energy silently discharge from the sphere in chaotic, lightning-like rays. A scripture written around the base of the statues reads "Behold the power of the sun, blessed be the righteous in pain and cursed be the glutton and vain." A positive energy elemental hovers above the statue. It attacks undead outright and anyone who dares desecrate this small shrine. This encounter acts as a rejuvenation point for weary and wounded adventurers, but also poses a danger for those who stay too long.

Elemental, Psionic
Essence of Desire

At the bottom of a dusty well (octagonal in shape, approximately 20 feet wide) in a forgotten dungeon there sits a sculpture in blue crystal. The sculpture depicts an elderly woman, beautiful and stately garbed in ornate platemail and holding before her a golden rod tipped with an amber sphere. The well is easily 60 feet deep and contains, at the bottom, four doors each carved from a single large crystal and apparently affixed to the wall with no opening behind it.

The crystal idol, for an idol it is, carved by a man who loved a woman

from afar and imbued this magnificent sculpture with the fire of his passion and all the energy of his fevered, troubled mind. The golden rod if touched, gives off a powerful electrical shock that stuns for 1 full minute.

As the body lies seemingly dead on the ground, a dark vapor emerges from its mouth, forming into a 12 HD psionic elemental. The elemental offers passage through one of the crystal doors if those assembled can best it in combat. If reduced to fewer than half its starting hit points, the elemental inhabits the crystal statue, animating it. The combined creatures will fight as a stone golem with the mental powers of the elemental. If finally reduced to 0 hit points, the crystal doors become portals of light leading wherever the Referee has a mind to take his players.

Elemental, Time
To Infinity and Beyond

The plane of time exist in between the ticks of a clock. It is limitless and vast, though mortals who enter it view everything as though with tunnel vision, perceiving only the merest shred of the place at any given moment (though the term moment ceases to have much meaning on the plane of time, it still governs the limited mortal mind and is a habit hard to give up).

The plane appears as just that, a vast plain of parched earth cut with a never ending array of parallel lines resembling the grooves on a vinyl record. These grooves appear no more than an inch deep, though a clumsy character may discover that each is really the width and depth of the grand canyon and holds representations of all the detritus of some moment in time. These representations are white and crude features, like copies of a real objects or persons carved from foam. Touching one of these objects allows one to understand everything about its double at the moment (a milisecond, perhaps) captured in this strange canyon.

On the plane above, one notices the completely black sky, and although there is no obvious source of light, the entire plane appears to be lit with a warm, reddish light. As one wanders this endless plane, they might come across one or another of the coppery mists that is a time elemental (roll 1d6: 1-3 = solitary common elemental; 4-5 = noble elemental plus 1d2 common elementals; 6 = royal elemental plus 1d2 noble elementals and 1d4 common elementals).

The goals of the time elementals are inscrutable, and they might just as likely ignore travelers as attack them or throw them into some far distant time from their own. The time elementals dwell in massive palaces formed of vaguely suggested geometries and filling the entire plane, though they are completely invisible to beings incapable of thinking fourth dimensionally. For those so attuned, they discover that the source of the plane's light, which to such enlightened individuals is be perceived as a rainbow-like aura rather than a reddish glow, is a giant symbol of infinity floating above the plane and corruscating in a neverending flux of colored light.

Elemental Construct, Air
The Funeral Dahabeah

Ruins of looted tombs and shrines line the banks of the murky river. Tomb raiders centuries ago stole the tombs' treasures and carried off the remains of mummies entombed within. Vandals defaced the hieroglyphs and chipped at the memorials to leave them unrecognizable. Embedded atop a small mastaba is a massive bronze chain that extends into the sky. The chain is connected to a bronze boat floating hundreds of feet above the riverbank. The chain and boat are the only artifacts that have not been defiled by robbers.

The bronze dahabeah serves as a ceremonial funeral barge for a high priest of the wind demon, Pazuzu. The priest lich Khuenaton lies in repose in the barge above the river. Four **air elemental constructs** hold the ship aloft indefinitely. They remain invisible while they lift the bronze barge. Only one lets go of the barge to defend against intruders at a time. The boat drops a quarter of the distance to the river each time one of the air elemental constructs leaves its post. The last air elemental construct sets the barge gently down in the river before it turns to defend Khuenaton's resting place. Although the bronze barge floats, it was not intended for water travel and is sluggish difficult to navigate.

In addition to the lich Khuenaton, the boat holds the 6 mummies of his former wives, viziers and a vast amount of treasure.

Elemental Construct, Earth
Farmers in the Dell

The bustling farming village of Roudell thrives with hard workers and bountiful crops. In fact, the indentured servants and farmhands work with dedication and determination unlike any other village in the area. The town is pristine and perfectly manicured. Everyone seems ecstatically cheerful no matter what chore they do. The reason for the insane happiness? The landowners and town elders formed a cult to an earth elemental lord and regularly sacrifice farmhands and servants who do not meet their stringent expectations.

The townsfolk of Roudell built a crude shrine at the far end of the dell for when a worker needs to be "disciplined." Eight stone obelisks stand upright in a circle, and mounds of dirt encrusted with blood lie between them. Piles of skulls, some with dried flesh still attached, surround the dirt mounds. One or more of these mounds of dirt are earth elemental constructs left here to guard the shrine and the town's appalling secret. Within the confines of the obelisks are many small depressions, each filled with unrefined salt. In the midst of the enclosure is a servant buried up to his neck in the earth. His mouth and eyes are encrusted in salt in a horrific ceremony of sacrifice to the elemental lord. The headless bodies of other servants lie buried in the depressions.

Elemental Construct, Fire
Fire Chaser

Four shallow troughs create an intricate maze on the floor of this large room. The troughs are six inches deep and about a foot wide and create a five-foot-wide twisting path to the opposite side of the room to a landing. A clear oily substance fills the channels. A brass brazier on the landing contains a blazing fire in which floats a ring of cold resistance (as a ring of fire resistance, but the wearer is immune to cold). The ring is hot, but undamaged by the blaze. The fire in the brazier is actually a **fire elemental construct** holding the ring inside itself.

Four paths lead through the trough maze from the entry to the other side of the room. A route through the maze can easily be discovered by studying the grooves for just a few minutes. Once a path is stepped upon, however, four geysers of flame appear in the troughs on the entry side of the room. All four of the spouts extend from floor to ceiling. The flame spouts race along the trough maze, instantly creating a wall of fire as they move. Most creatures can outrun the flames, but it should be a close race. While the walls are hot and burn anyone passing through them, creatures remaining in the centers of the paths are safe. The walls remains for 1d4 hours until the flames consume the oily substance filling the troughs. The troughs refill in 1d4+3 hours and the flame geysers reset. The fire elemental construct attacks anyone attempting to remove the ring. If commanded to do so, it hands the ring over willingly.

Elemental Construct, Water
When It Rains, It Pours

The damp door to this room is swollen with moisture and sticks in its frame. A trove of books, scrolls and gazettes fill shelves built along the

wall in this chamber. The air is humid and laden with moisture. Black mold grows on nearly every inch of the room. Beads of water cover the ceiling and drop throughout the room like rain. Hundreds of glass containers, ceramic jars and metallic urns sit on the floor catching the falling water. Several large ceramic urns are large enough for a human-sized creature to climb into. A rocky mineral crust coats the containers and floor. Water overflows from many of the containers and eventually drains through cracks in the flagstone floor.

A water elemental construct guards this room. It hides in a shallow pool just above the ceiling and flows down through the holes to form its body in the library before attacking.

The library contains books related to water and the sea. The large majority are ruined beyond repair. A set of metallic plates written in the language of merfolk details the steps and materials need to create a helm that allows a surface-dwelling wearer to survive indefinitely underwater. The library's creator made a poor decision in creating a water elemental construct to serve as the room's guardian. The construct attracts water to keep itself sustained in the dungeon environment.

Elemental Dragon, Air
Wind Power

The pinnacle of the tallest mountain in the universe is ever buffeted by howling winds that create a deafening roar as they brush rapidly across a great cave entrance. The entrance is perfectly round, as though carved by intelligent hands and completely unadorned (nor will a dwarf be able to find any mark of tools). This round cave gives entrance to a round tunnel that worms its way into the heart of the mountain (and providing no hand holds to allow one to climb down it).

At the bottom of the tunnel is the lair of a great elemental air dragon, exiled from its home plane by a cabal of its brethren. Once a mighty king among its kind, the dragon's cruel whims drove its ambitious and jealous rivals into a shaky alliance that lasted as long as it took to shunt the beast into the mortal world. It now dwells in its hidey hole, brooding and bitter and unable to force its way back to its home plane.

When ejected into the Material Plane, the great king's soul was shattered and thrown to the four winds, where it now takes the form of ornaments worn by 12 queens of sylph-kind. Should the ornaments be gathered and swallowed by the beast, it can leave its exile and take its revenge on its surviving rivals. The beast charges those who enter its lair with this task, or promise them a most unpleasant death.

Elemental Dragon, Earth
Metal Information Broker

There is a place amidst the sun-baked hills along a violent coast where the earth eternally churns, pebbles and stones of every size and worn perfectly smooth circle a dimensional vortex that leads into the Elemental Plane of Earth.

Should one take this passage, they find themselves in a cubical vault that measures 50 feet long, wide and high, entering through the ceiling and suffering falling damage as appropriate. Once the travelers, those who survive the fall, have dusted themselves off and splinted their broken bones, they discover that the entirety of the cavern is bathed in a rich, caramel light, thick with dust. Standing in the cavern, one almost feels the crush of many trillions of tons of stone and soil pressing in on them.

The cavern has a single exit flanked by two massive leonine dragons carved from polished stone, each with one mighty paw poised over the exit. As a group of adventurer's walk through this exit, the last finds themselves plucked up by one of those paws, its owner being an elemental earth dragon. The creature studies its captive, maybe jostle and toss it around a bit just to make sure it knows its place, and then quiz it about where it came from, what passes in the mortal realms and other bits of gossip.

Attempts at rescuing the victim are met with deadly force. When the dragon has heard enough (assume three hours of questioning, during which random encounters occur and encountered monsters neither bother nor perturb the earth dragon), he sends his captive on their way.

Elemental Dragon, Fire
Lisping Conflagrant Grandiosity

On a basalt island in a sea of fire under a sky that seems filled by the raging fires of the sun broods an elemental fire dragon, unlucky rival of the emir of the efreeti. The fire dragon dwells within an active volcano, a basalt outcropping in the midst of an active lava flow its couch, a harem of fire nymphs (see entry) tending to its every need and a gaggle of 4d4 lava children (see entry) with maximum hit points and clad in tungsten harnesses and serving as the dragon's honor guard.

His *conflagrant grandiosity* (one must use this title when addressing it if they wish to have any chance of emerging from the encounter alive) looks like a great burning serpent with four wide splayed legs tipped in claws. It coils itself on its couch, head tucked under a roll of its body and seemingly drowsing, though really just conserving its energy. The beast speaks with a notable lisp, its head weaving back and forth while it speaks. It first wishes to know what visitors know of the efreeti and their master and then either consumes them or charges them with spying on the genies on its behalf, knowing full well the mission will probably kill the travelers.

While the fire dragon seems rather urbane and measured, its loses its temper quickly and violently, its court usually diving into the lava flow to escape their master's wrath.

Elemental Dragon, Water
All Wet

The storm that capsized your vessel and lifted it bodily onto a desert island came out of nowhere; of the few survivors, none of the old tars will have ever seen its like. The island you find yourself on is about 100 feet wide and 200 feet long and composed entirely of white sand, with no life existing beyond the surf.

As the survivors collect themselves, they are set upon day and night by 1d4+2 giant crabs, who attempt to carry survivors one by one into the sea. When only three survivors remain, they are visited by a great elemental water dragon, looking like the sea itself has taken draconic form. The dragon is in constant motion, forward then back, rising then falling into the waters and rising again behind the survivors and speaking the entire time is a deep, resonant voice that is first a whisper and then a roar.

Should the three survivors fight and entertain him, the dragon promises riches to the sole survivor. Otherwise, it simply destroys them all and throws their boiled bodies to the fish.

Elusa Hound
Dogs and Bounty Hunter

The bounty hunter Koll Mange was recently hired by the magic-user-hating Insydions, a group of barbarians intent on ridding the world of the taint of spellcasters. The group pays Mange a bounty for every magic-user he slays.

Mange is a brute of a man, standing a seven feet tall with broad shoulders and gargantuan hands. His brow is a heavy furrow that hides his deep-set eyes, and his square jaw is framed by a dark red beard. Mange carries a huge axe with scratches carved in the ashen handle for every magic-user he has killed. Mange travels with Cur and Larz, 2 elusa hounds he uses to track magic-users for the bounty offered for their heads.

Cur unfortunately has focused his tracking skills on one of the PC magic-users, and is now following the PC through hell and high water, leading him to a date with the business end of Mange's axe.

Encephalon Gorger
The Vampire Wannabe

Castle Volkav sits high on the crags above the forlorn village that shares its name. People speak in whispers of the place, casting a wary eye toward the castle's turrets. Cloves of garlic hang doors and windows, and old-timers whisper of the return of the days when people went missing. Getting to the castle is easy, though no one willing goes there anymore.

All signs point to Castle Volkav being empty, but vile equipment and glass containers containing dried flecks of blood still stand in the laboratory. A surface of a wooden in the center of the stone room is marred by deep gouges. Thick chains run through rust-coated pulleys to the table's four corners and a single metal chandelier hangs from a rusted iron chain. Three sputtering candles give off a dismal yellow light. Thick mist rolls in the castle's high windows, and a trapdoor set in the ceiling opens to the outside air.

An encephalon gorger moved into the empty lab a few weeks ago and has been terrorizing the village ever since. The creature shares the lab with an invisible flesh golem created by the lab's original owner. The golem is enchanted to automatically turn invisible after it goes dormant for 1 hour. The golem stands in the corner, but follows the last command it was given and hold slams victims onto the table and holds them down. The gorger takes advantage of this and sucks victim's brains out of their skulls as the golem goes about its "job."

Executioner's Hood
Bat Hoody

You disover a terrible scene of ancient battle, a lone warrior encased in ancient plane and mail with dozens of broken goblin skeletons littered around it. The skeletal warrior leans against a wall, three crossbow bolts hanging from its rib cage and at least twenty others broken on the floor around it or lodged in the wall.

Tangled vines of tiny, blood red roses grow from the cracks in the glazed, terracotta floor tiles despite the lack of natural light. Cutting through the roses to the other side of the room (and an iron door) takes about 10 minutes, while cutting a path to the skeleton takes half as much time.

The skeleton wears a large iron helm surmounted by leather horns and lined on the inside with what first appears to be black velvet. If placed upon one's head, the executioner's hood inside will wait a few minutes before fitting itself over the victim's head and choking it.

Eye Killer
Evil Eye

In a 20-ft wide tunnel, the ceiling arched and the walls run through with veins of reflective quartz. Everburning torches, fastened tight to the walls, run the length of the corridor, dazzling the eyes with the flickering flames that reflect from the walls.

In the center of the corridor there is a 15-foot deep pit, 10 feet square, lined with mirrors and inhabited by an eye killer, bound here by cunning and ancient magics. Two other covered pits are located before and behind this central pit. Each of these is in all respect like the first save for the covering. The presence of torches and lanterns in the mirrors pits offers the beast fuel for its death rays.

The pits are connected by secret passages, the interiors of which are painted in scenes that forewarn one of deeper dangers of the dungeon. In the northernmost corridor, one will also find a key of some sort to an important door.

The pits contain 1d6 x 1,000 sp, 1d4 x 100 gp and a wooden idol of a pit fiend (worth 85 gp) wrapped in a sack made of shark skin (worth 30 gp).

Eye of the Deep
Lord of the Depths

A tremendous bubble of silvery glass floats in the sea. The sphere measures 1 mile in diameter, and though the surface appears perfectly smooth from a distance, a closer inspection reveals entrances on the top and bottom of the sphere and four spaced around the middle. Each of these entrances is circular and is opened by pushing (strength of 16 required).

These tunnels are immersed in water and form ten levels and run right, left, forward, backward, sideways, up and down, seemingly without rhyme or reason, many passages blocked by iron doors that variously slide, roll or pivot open. A great array of sea creatures lurk in these tunnels, all of which wind eventually toward the spherical (25-feet in diameter) center, the lair of an eye of the deep. Here, the lord of the aqueous orb directs its movements through the seven seas by the force of its mind, unleashing its denizens on aquatic strongholds and villages and gathering into its vaults all the wealth of the oceans.

False Spider, Giant
Hair Today

In a dry savannah there rise the towering nests of a large brood of giant termites. The termites, about the size of wolves, are now in hiding, their halls stalked by a giant solifugid. The solifugid has made a burrow in a deep pit within the termite halls, coming out occasionally to hunt down a termite.

The pit once belonged to the termite queen. Approximately 1d10+10 termites still lurk in the nest, scattered and confused. The solifugid has started making forays into the savannah to hunt mammals, needing their hair to line its new nest, which now holds a clutch of the beast's eggs.

Fear Guard
Fear and Loathing

A black slab of hardened shale juts out from the cliff face, forming a ledge above a 150 foot drop in the Porshire Peaks. Vines dangle from the cliff above to the slab. A gold sigil of intertwined snakes is etched into the shale and burns with a sickly green flame. A carved basalt doorway sits about 10 feet into a stone recess and has a similar glowing sigil carved into its otherwise featureless surface.

The door is the entrance to the tomb of Marlena Eboncore, the wife of a particularly jealous magic-user named Hagstrom. Marlena was a loyal wife (most of the time), but her eye was sometimes inclined to wander – a fault that Hagstrom put up with until he caught her with a visiting jester. In a blind rage, he slew the jester with a burst of magical fire, then locked Marlena in her chambers. He didn't know about the poison she'd hidden in the room.

Hagstrom buried Marlena on the cliff overlooking the sea where they met, but was left uneasy. He feared one of her many lovers – some powerful magic-users and clerics – might raise her from the dead, something he couldn't bring himself to do despite his undying love for her. Hagstrom loathed himself for what he drove his beloved to, and eventually drank the same poisonous concoction that killed her.

If the tomb door is opened by anyone other than Hagstom, it causes the sigil on the shale platform to explode (6d6 points of damage). The explosion shatters the shale and causes the entire platform outside the recess to drop into the ocean below. The mountain stone is enchanted and the platform regrows in three days.

Inside the tomb, a bier of black stone holds a burial vault engraved with Marlena Eboncore's likeness. A fear guard stands silently beside the tomb, protecting the woman's corpse. As soon as someone enters the tomb, a magic mouth on the effigy shouts "You'll never have her." The fear guard unleashes its horrid moan as it advances. It won't leave the tomb.

Fen Witch
Defenseless Old Women In the Swamp Never Are

While tromping through a swamp, the ooze gathered about your ankles, you come across an old woman heading on a perpendicular course to your own. The woman is hunched and wears a deep, green hooded cloak over her head, a large bundle of sticks tied to her back. Noticing the strangers in her swamp, the old woman will turn to face them, making sure her cargo of human bones remain obscured behind her husky form and her face hidden in the shadows of her hood.

The old crone engages the adventurer's in conversation, introducing herself as Old Meg-o-the-Green and proclaiming herself either a canny sorceress, a spirit of the swamp or the humble widow of a woodcutter. She has a voice like two great stones sliding against one another, and a piercing, unnerving laugh. Although she asks many questions, she never seems to hear the answers, often repeating herself or asking new questions that have already been answered.

This is, of course, because she is busy probing minds for true names. When the adventurers tire of her, she will bid them farewell, speaking the true names she has already learned and then striking at the others with her claws after first hurling her bundle at the face of a spellcaster. If she manages to win her fight, she'll throw a body over her shoulder and leave the others to rot in the muck.

Fetch
Cold War

A frozen field stretches out between the snow-covered evergreen trees. Thousands of freeze-dried hands, arms and heads lie partially buried in the tundra. Gauntlets, golden rings and even weapons are still grasped in the icy dead hands. One skeletal hand holds a broken hand-and-a-half sword. Its pommel glows a cold blue aura. The elven name "Tazeen" is skillfully etched into the hilt.

The area looks as if the ground has slowly swallowed the remains of a large battle. Six goblins carefully pick through the remnants on the opposite end of the field. Holding broken and rusted weapons, they quickly flee with their plunder at first sight of any intimidating threats. In the midst of the field, 2d4 fetch hide just under the permafrost awaiting fresh victims to walk above them. The battle took place between humans and elves nearly a century ago. Other than the name Tazeen, no identifying clues have survived.

Fire Crab
Playing With Fire

The Kulspout Volcano is alive with spurting flames and clouds of poisonous gases that roll down its jagged slopes. Burning boulders thrown into the air land with resounding crashes before the bounding rocks tear pine trees out by their roots. The air is thick with clouds of choking ash that turn the day into night.

A narrow fissure in the side of the volcano opens into a steamy cavern containing a 30-foot-wide pool of lava. Molten rock flows over a series of boulders in a hissing lava-fall that feeds the lake. Hollowed-out rocks sit on the edge of the lava. A 10-foot-wide flat slate platform sits in the center of the lava pool. A 10-foot-tall conch shell sits in the middle of the rock. Scattered gold coins lie on the slat platform. The coins are hot to the touch, and deal 1d6 points of damage to unprotected flesh.

A fire crab lives in the shell, and scuttles out to attack if anyone steps onto the platform. It is the largest and claimed the shell as its own. In the lava pool and hollow rocks are 5 more fire crabs.

Fire Nymph
Too Hot to Touch

For days you see a thick plume of smoke, often punctuated by momentary images of horrified spirits ascending into the heavens. Following it brings you to the smoldering remains of a palace. All that remains of the place are crumbling white walls, marble floors marred with soot and bare stone pillars once coated with precious metals that have pooled on the ground.

In the center of the palace there is a sunken chamber which has been turned into a fire pit fed by once expensive furniture and silks. The architect of the pit and the fire that destroyed the palace is a fire nymph, summoned by a sorcerous sheik who offered her an impertenance when his charm against fire proved inadequate to the touch of the nymph. In no time the great sheik found himself ablaze, his servants running about in a panic and the nymph luxuriating in the chaos.

The fire nymph is now building a shrine to her master that she might contact him and find deliverance from the frigid Material Plane.

Fire Phantom
Fire Lake

The volcano's caldera bubbles and seethes with noxious gases, the lava held in check – for the moment – inside the mountain. A narrow crevice leads into the peak, the steam and fire making the journey a torturous ordeal. The rocks glow red, and metal soon becomes too hot to touch. The path winds through the igneous rock until it opens onto a lake of lava. The rim of the volcano rises above the open lake.

The Buntau tribesmen in the jungle village below sacrifice their warrior dead by placing their bodies on shale biers that float on the lake of fire. The bodies ride the lava currents until the rocks break apart and sink.

Currently, five bodies float on the lava, the corpses blackened and hard, like charred cinders left too long in a fire. Each bier carries the person's favored weapons. One of the bodies clutches a *+1 flaming mace*. Another corpse wears a *necklace of firebaubles*, although it is blackened and charred and appears to be nothing more than rocks placed around the corpse's neck.

Five fire phantoms stand on the shale platforms to protect the dead. The creatures attack anyone disturbing the bodies.

Fire Snake
Ayesha of the Flames

In the black mountains that serve as the border of Jinnistan, there is a miles long tunnel. The entrance to the tunnel is faced with blue jade carved in the shape of a mass of dancing apsaras, the eyes of several of them hiding poisoned darts that are triggered when one places a foot upon various of the 101 marble steps that lead up to the portal.

The tunnel is fairly straight and level, and appears to have been melted through the mountains rather than excavated. Every 100 feet, the tunnel is blocked by a coruscating curtain of flame. Lining the tunnel are hundreds of red marble statues of dancing fire nymphs surrounded by roaring pits of flame. About 1 in 6 of these pits contains a pack of 1d4+1 fire snakes.

In roughly the midpoint of the tunnel there is an especially tall statue, the base engraved with the name Ayesha. This statue is surrounded by a shallow pit of white flames 30 feet in diameter containing three especially nasty fire snakes (maximum hit points) that will strike any creature entering the flames with a charisma score below 16.

Any who dare to throw a piece of gold into the pit may attempt to walk across the flames to the statue of Ayesha to retrieve a small sphere of rose quartz from those resting on the pedestal. The individual attempting the walk must possess supreme concentration (i.e. roll wisdom score or less on a 1d20). Every traveler to Jinnistan knows anyone exiting these tunnels without a quartz sphere will discover themselves violently unwelcome.

Fire Whale (Burning Leviathan)
The Great Red Whale

Captain Melvilic needs a crew to sail the whaler Acushnet. His last crew – may the briny deep give them peace – didn't survive the last voyage. Just one hardened sailor came back from that fateful trip when the good captain encountered the great red whale. It's been a month since the Acushnet last sailed. She's been in dry dock since the battering she took when the massive red whale charged the ship. Melvilic is determined to sell the whale's blubber to the candlemakers, and its meat to the fish markets. The captain will pay 200 gp per sailor who signs on to track the demon fish. No one in the port town of Queen's Run will sign, and one old sailor named Elijah warns PCs to be wary of Melvilic's destructive desire.

Firefiend
Out of the Frying Pan . . .

You enter a completely black cavern, as hot as an oven and of indeterminate size, but at least 500 feet in diameter. The ceiling is rather low (8 feet), and in the center of the chamber there is a white pillar of light 10 feet in diameter. As someone in the party walks toward the pillar, it dims while the rest of the cavern becomes bathed in a rising light. When that person reaches the perimeter of the central "pillar", it will have become as black as night and the rest of the cavern almost blindingly brilliant and revealing no discernable exit in the smooth, gray walls of the round cavern.

Stepping into the blackness, elves and dwarves will find the ability of their eyes to pierce the darkness reduced, everything appearing hazy and indistinct. Light spells give off a wan, wavering light in the darkness. In the blink of an eyes, a firefiend will appear in the center of the pillar of blackness, brandishing its swords and babbling its curses. Any attempt to leave the blackness proves that it is now endless. The only way to escape is to destroy the fire fiend, at which point the blackness will contract into a pillar 3 feet in diameter. Stepping into the pillar will either lift one slowly through a hole in the ceiling or drop them slowly through a hole in the floor, depending on whether they wish to escape the dungeon or delve more deeply into it.

Flail Snail
It Rhymes, Too

As you traverse a narrow ribbon of a tunnel deep beneath the earth, you come upon a massive flail snail coming the other way, plodding slowly along. Beyond the snail the tunnel slant sharply upwards and is coated with the creature's slime. The way back should be long enough to force players into making a difficult choice.

Should one check the walls, they discover a secret door that gives access to a chute to a deeper level of the dungeon. The shell of the flail snail has been drilled through, an adamantine chain and manacles attached. These manacles are currently secured around the wrists of a slime-covered, beaten and bloody hobgoblin king, overthrown by his nephew and sent into the dungeon to meet his doom.

Flea, Giant
Dead Elephants

Several lumps of brown fur lie in heaps in a weed-covered field. Buzzards glide in lazy circles, their spirals descending toward the dead animals on the plains below.

The furry lumps are mammoths that collapsed after drinking from a watering hole poisoned by mineral runoffs. The giant animals only recently died.

But they haven't stopped moving. The furry hides of the mammoths part and shift, the hair moving in odd lines along the dead mammoths' backs and sides. A colony of 28 giant fleas burrows through the thick pelts. Four fleas hide on each of the seven mammoth carcasses. The fleas burst from the mammoths' fur and leap onto opponents who get too close to the dead mammoths.

Flind
Gnoll Lords

The broad veldt that separates the jungle from the sea is the domain of the flinds, rapacious nomads who make temporary camps on rocky outcroppings, covering them with their graffiti and using their heights to spy potential victims on the plains. The Jagged Finger tribe, denoted by their copper-colored muzzles and back-turned pinkies (a rite of passage, and a painful one at that), are one such tribe of 1d10x20 flinds and their 1d10+10 gnoll servants.

The flinds are primarily scavengers, the sea coast abutting their native grassland littered with treacherous reefs and harried by a tribe of sahuagin. While the flind are happy to pick up odds and ends of cargo, they primarily prey on the crew of these ships, enslaving them and selling them to the ape men of the jungle.

The flind are led by a silver-haired male with 7 HD and a quick temper. He is assisted by 1d2 sub-chiefs with 4 HD and one 3 HD sergeant per 20 flind. The sergeants of the tribe are all females wed to the chief and acting as his executioners and advisors. The sergeants are adorned with copper jewelry (bandles, neck bands, nose rings) and carry two-handed bronze executioner's swords. Each female sergeant rules over a matriarchal clan and competes for the favor of the chief, hoping one of their cubs will one day replace him when he grows to old to defend his throne.

The flind's complete treasure consists of 1d8 x 1,000 sp, 1d10 x 100 gp and 20 square yards of lace (weighs 60 pounds, worth 100 gp) salvaged from a shipwreck.

Floating Eye
From the Abyssal Depths To Your Local Aquarium

In the home of the cunning master of thieves there is a grandiose central chamber furnished with plush couches and low, mahogany tables set with decanters of potent spirits and boxes of snuff. It is here that the master thief entertains allies, clients and enemies. One wall of the chamber is shrouded in a heavy curtain of damask silk in an acanthus pattern.

A thick cord of golden silk hangs from the ceiling and parts the curtains, but only if one pulls it at an angle - pulling straight down releases a heavy stone block from the ceiling (4d6 damage, save for half damage). Behind the curtain is what appears to be a large, thick pane of glass - actually steel turned glassy via powerful magic.

The glass wall is part of an aquarium holding a variety of long, serpentine amethyst-colored fish. It also contains a school of 3d4 floating eyes. The master thief often introduces his guests to the wonders of the aquarium that the floating eyes might put them into a deep hypnosis, allowing the master thief to do as he will with them. Particularly hated or annoying visitors might be chained and dropped into the aquarium from above.

Flumph
Get Flumphed

The Temple of Transcendentant Wisdom occupies a great square clad in white stone in the middle of a great capital city. The temple is inhabited by 4d4 flumphs, the keepers of the pit of wisdom. The flumphs are lawful and very wise, but can only communicate with those who can contact their minds telepathically.

The pit is rumored to hold all sort of great treasures and secrets, but in truth is nothing more than a 200 foot deep well that, in its lower portions, connects with several tunnels into the underworld. One who is wise enough to communicate with the flumphs, who spend their days floating about the temple eating delicate viands from silver platters held by temple maidens, they will happily tell them everything they wish to know, provided they are polite and behave themselves.

Fly, Giant
You Are What You Eat

A swarm of 1d6+5 giant flies buzzes over the decapitated head of a titan. The head appears to have rolled into its present position in a gully from atop a craggy hillock, though what did the deed is unknown. The flies have planted their eggs in the head and are now digesting it bit by bit. The titan's ichor has made the flies especially aggressive, cunning and strong (max hit points), and it has spread the titan's magical abilities among the giant flies.

Fogwarden
Hard Water Vapor

In the still of a foggy night, a strange figure alights on a quay of a great mercantile city. The being looks like an amazonian woman formed of swirling mists and fog. As it makes its way into the city, people and animals flee and lightning flashes overhead. In a voice that howls like a hurricane, the creature will say repeatedly "I seek the cup of my lord, bring it to me."

The fog warden is heading for the home of a wealthy merchant prince, and as it draws closer it will become more destructive. Any men-at-arms who cross swords with the entity will likely die and be raised as a foot soldier in a growing army of the dead that attacks anything in reach, smashing weapons, cracking skulls, etc. The fog warden seeks a *bowl of water elemental command* taken from an island shrine by the aforementioned merchant prince, and it will not leave without the item.

If the item has passed into other hands, the fog warden does whatever it must to discover its new location and then proceed on its hunt, hiding in the daylight hours.

Foo Dog
Tomb Guard Dogs

When the emperor died, his burial chambers had long ago been completed. The imperial corpse was placed in the center of many rings of chambers and tunnels dug into the bowels of a sacred mountain. There are five rings, to be precise, each more deadly than the last. The tunnels of these rings are studded with traps such as pits of mercury, barbed crossbows, pivoting stones, hollow stairs filled with green slime.

The inner chamber of the tomb is protected by two foo dogs, frozen into the form of fierce-looking statues, but released from this condition by the presence of intruders.

Within the tomb the body of the emperor lies encased in a jade coffin held aloft by four clay golems in the form of half-ogres in scale armor and holding halberds. The imperial treasury is kept in a lead chest sunk in a pool of mercury beneath the funeral slab. The chest holds a 1d4 x 1,000 sp, 1d12 x 1,000 gp, a terracotta lamp in the shape of a qilin (worth 1d3 x 100 gp), a lapis lazuli charm (worth 1d8 x 10 gp) and a belt of golden chains (worth 1d8 x 1,000 gp).

Forester's Bane (Snapper Saw)
Feed the Plants

In a narrow, wooded defile cut by a swiftly flowing brook, you see a struggling figure. The person wears a heavy, green cloak and appears to have its foot stuck in a trap of some sort that was hidden beneath a large shrub. The shrub is actually a forester's bane, and the struggling figure is an illusion created by the orc shaman that calls this place home.

The orc's burrow is located a few yards away from the illusion, the entrance flanked by a second forester's bane. Inside the burrow, the shaman has made a small, private lair for herself, hidden from the others of her tribe. She is a hideous creature with stringy white hair plastered on her flat head, only the suggestion of a nose and fierce, red eyes. She wears a cloak adorned by eagle feathers and bone ornaments pierce the loose folds of skin on her face and back.

The shaman can cast spells as a 3rd level cleric and 2nd level magic-user, and keeps a variety of odd ingredients, powders and tinctures in clay jars in her cave. Victims of the forester's banes are collected and stripped for parts - their flesh is eaten, their fat is boiled down to make ritual candles, their bones used to make tools and ornaments, etc. The berries from the plants are collected (carefully) and turned into a delicious jelly.

Forgotten One
The Brewer's Life

The mountain town of Alemint is renowned for its superb ales and frequent festivals. The Oberlyn family has a long history and a solid reputation as the town's premier brewer. An ill omen has recently settled over the town, causing the residences to contract a persistent stomach virus. Greed has overtaken Asleson Oberlyn, the eldest son and heir to the family business. Asleson has made a pact with a particularly mischievous forgotten one named Wizil Wixo. In exchange for all ale he and his companions can drink, Wizil Wixo uses his unique powers over memory to aid Asleson in his plan to rule the town. Under the forgotten one's ministrations, the senior Oberlyn and the town elders appear absentminded and make poor choices while Asleson always manages to say exactly the right thing. Asleson and Wizil Wixo bend the minds of others to achieve their goals. Wizil Wixo has a *ring of invisibility* and usually follows Asleson closely. Wizil Wixo has no allegiance to Asleson and departs if bored, discovered or at an opportune time in order to cause the most chaos.

Asleson has recently sublet a huge portion of farmland to a mysterious "druid" who promises to increase the quality and quantity of the family's barley crop.

*(See the **gargoyle, fungus** entry for more on this encounter.)*

Forlarren
The Ugly Forlarren

Traveling through the woodlands you come across a massive limestone sarcophagus partially buried in the soil and overgrown with shrubs and shadowed by two large oak trees. A hideous little forlarren is sitting on the sarcophagus, a scowl on his face.

As soon as adventurers come into sight, the unpleasant little man

will leap up and charge at the most heavily armored person in the group. Should the forlarren succeed in killing its victim, it flees into the woodlands weeping. Some time after, it finds the adventurers again and throws itself at their mercy for its dark deed. The forlarren tells them of the wonders hidden beneath the sarcophagus, a great, abandoned fortress of the ancient wood giants, littered with their relics and now inhabited by the terrible beasts that bubbled up from the depths and destroyed them. The halls are still haunted by the unquiet spirits of some of those giants, and it is said that their thane still sits on his ornate wooden throne, his magic axe clutched in his cold, dead hands.

Of course, once the forlarren has the party in the depths of the dungeon, his chaotic personality again takes over and sends him creeping away in the night to shut them in the lightless confines of the dungeon.

Froghemoth
Paladins are Tasty

In a dank bayou, a froghemoth guards a holy sword. The sword lies at the bottom of a pool of cloudy water, obscured further by thick vines and muck. The pool is the lair of the froghemoth. Large, black willows overhang the pool, their branches home to venomous serpents and a species of black squirrels with skull faces and eyes that emit a yellow, sulferous gas that causes those who breath it in to (if they fail a saving throw) fall into a fitful sleep beset by nightmares. About two dozen bodies, all belonging to paladins who sought the holy sword, are scattered about the shallows surrounding the pool.

Frost Man
The Ice Man Falleth

While traveling across the frozen landscape, you hear a terrible crack, as though the very earth was split asunder. Later that day, you come across a crevasse in the ice, about 5 feet wide and many miles long. The crevasse is about 20 feet deep, and one might come across a human figure at the bottom of the crevasse, chipping away at ice with an obsidian bladed knife. Apparently, the man's foot became stuck in the ice when he fell (he suffered normal falling damage). The man is dressed in furs and looks something like a neanderthal, only a bit taller and with a less pronounced jaw and forehead.

Should the party stop to rescue him, they will find him difficult to communicate with - he apparently does not speak common. The man has ruddy skin and a thick, curly black beard. Although one eye is covered by a leather patch, the other is sapphire blue. A leather bag seems to hold his possessions. Once out of the crevasse, the man might be persuaded to guide the party elsewhere if offered something he desires. More likely, he will guide them into a trap, use his frost power against them or in some other way seek to profit from their demise.

There is also the possibility that he guides them back to his village - a treacherous hike of seven miles into a maze of ice tunnels guarded by polar bears that hiding dozens of small burrows inhabited by the statuesque frost men and their families.

Fulgurate Mushrooms
Lair of the Fungus Druid

The Fungus Druid Angus Sallow, or at least what's left of him, lives in an underground greenhouse called the Mushroom Grotto. The complex has a central circular chamber and six 50-foot-long spokes radiating outward into the damp earth. A central pool of clear water is filled with clinging vines of ivy and wet, spongy plants. Moss and mushrooms grow in solitude in the side halls. Each hall is lit by the soft blue glow of phosphorescent lichens that grow along the walls and across the ceiling in a cascade of color.

Planting boxes contain draping streamers of wild azalea dappled with yellow moss. At the entry of each dead-end tunnel is a row of small planters set on the floor, each containing a small patch of fulgurate mushrooms. The Fungus Druid (*see the **Fungoid** entry*) can safely walk through these boxes without triggering their explosive properties. Anyone else won't be so lucky. The repercussion of the blasts alerts the Fungus Druid to intruders, and summons his companion, a moss-covered shambling mound that rises out of the central pool.

Fungoid
A Fungi to Be With

In a nook just off his garden greenhouse (*see the **Fulgurate Mushroom** entry*), the Fungus Druid Angus Sallow rests in a bower of damp earth. After years of growing exotic plants, Angus' body is covered by the fungi he prefers. More mushroom now than man, Angus is now a fungoid, a mushroom behemoth with a limited intelligence whose sole intent is to protect his garden and the species of plants it contains.

The Fungus Druid sleeps in a three-foot-tall mound of wet earth and fertilizer bounded by oaken sideboards. Mushrooms poke through this dirt layer, their caps tilted to the blue phosphorescent light of glowing lichens lining the walls. Angus rises out of the dirt pile if anyone bothers his plants or mushrooms. Fulgurate mushrooms grow on the Fungus Druid's broad back, so that any PC striking Angus has a 2 in 6 chance of setting off a concussive blast of lightning. Angus' companion, a shambling mound, rests in a pool of clear water nearby. Angus calls on the shambling mound once he rises out of his earthen bower.

Buried in the rich loam is a *+1 mace* carved like a blooming rose, a sealed tube containing a scroll with *plant growth* written on it, and six flower-shaped garnets (50 gp each).

Fye
Cold at Heart

A granite statue of a nondescript woman stands among a dozen corpses. A glimmering heart-shaped amethyst adorns her bare chest, the gem bathing the room in soft purplish light. The dead in the room appear to have died from self-inflicted wounds. Most tore out their eyes while others carved into their chests with their own daggers. The corpses are a mixture of humans and goblin-kind. All of the deceased face the statue, kneeling in a semicircle in front of it.

An epitaph is inscribed in the stone floor at the statue's base. It reads: "Faen Tiensa: Heart weeps, age befall old, Tears become red. Life with no reason grows cold. Love gone, dead." This is the tomb of Faen Tiensa, the beloved wife of Glaeran the Faithful. Glaeran was a high priest who had more devotion to his spouse than his own deity. The deity cursed Glaeran to an existence as a fye tied to this monument to his wife. The heart-shaped amethyst serves as an anchor for the fye's eternal existence. Once destroyed, the fye's spirit is set free.

Fyr
Nothing to Fear

The delicate chimes of elaborate spiraling wind chimes fill the air with a trilling melody. Nearly 30 fantastic creations hang from the limbs of a willow tree near the dirt path. Sitting in the middle of a blanket spread under the tree is a fierce-looking fyr. Anghus has large horns wrapped in spiraling bands of silver and platinum. Spread on the carpet are dozens of finely crafted rings, jewelry boxes, pendants, broaches, scroll tubes and necklaces. A small sign supported by a stick in the ground says "For Sale."

Anghus sells hand-crafted jewelry. Every piece sparkles a dazzling hue of colors when held up to the light. The jewels are incredibly cheap,

despite their incredible beauty.

The fyr was cursed nearly a year ago by Egrella Grul, a vile annis, so that every piece of jewelry he sells brings bad luck to the buyer. The rings draw all spells cast (by friend or foe) toward the wearer. The broaches choke the life from the wearer while he sleeps. The scroll tubes fill with blood every morning, ruining anything kept within. The Game Referee is free to make up any other curses to inflict on PCs buying the fyr's wares.

The only way to stop the curse is to drop the cursed items into the muddy waters of the Sin Mire Swamp. The fyr knows of the bad luck following his items, but hopes to one day find someone to face the wicked hag, who makes her home in a gigantic rotten tree.

Gallows Tree / Gallows Tree Zombie

The Tree Cult

A thick fog rolls through the dense forest, obscuring the vines and thorny underbrush. The thick canopy overhead blocks the morning sun, the interlocking branches forming a natural ceiling.

A massive tree stands in the middle of a small clearing, its heavy branches arching outward to intermingle with the elms and oaks surrounding it. The thick foliage weeps with dripping condensation. Thick strands of green vines hang from the branches, each nearly touching the ground.

Swaying rhythmically beneath the gnarled and twisted tree are five robed human figures standing in a circle around a goat-like being perched atop a wood-and-bark altar. A curtain of vines surrounds the worshippers. The five humans bow deeply to the goat-like being, then raise their hands high above their heads. The satyr capers on the altar. The scene is eerily silent.

The massive tree is a gallows tree, while the five figures and the satyr are gallows tree zombies suspended by vines and manipulated like puppets to lure strangers closer to the tree's base. The altar is a natural formation of roots and rocks.

The gallows tree attacks with vines as it unleashes the robed zombies. It also holds two more zombies in the branches overhead and drops them down among opponents once it attacks.

Gambado

Halfling Mysticism

You come across a plain of heliotropes studded with dozens of large stone heads, representation of obscure gods and goddesses. Atop each head there is a halfling mystic in a state of deep meditation, naked save for a loinclout. The area is inhabited by 1d4+1 gambado dwelling in their pits, the pits covered by woven grasses and flowers. The gambado prey on visitors to the halfling mystics, who pay no attention to the plight of the pilgrims.

Each halfling owns a single jewel worth 500 gp that it hides beneath its sculpted seat. With these jewels, each halfling can grant a single wish made on behalf of another. Upon granting such a wish, the jewel disappears in a great flash of light and the halfling is reduced to a pile of ashes, a ravenous gambado left in its place. Violence directed against a halfling results in its stone head rising from the ground to attack as a stone guardian (q.v.). These stone guardians are finely sculpted, but are far more powerful than they initially appear.

Gargoyle, Four-Armed

Forewarned is Fore-Armed

To the sound of a beating drum, a pleasure galley traverses a narrow straight, the walls of which are covered in friezes of elegant gentlemen and ladies dancing a minuet. The galley is defended by 10 archers (chainmail, longbow, short sword) and 20 ballestieri (leather armor, sling, short sword) and carries a noble wedding party. The party consists of a baronet and his fiance, the daughter of a duke, as well as eight knights and dames and a multitude of servants.

Lurking atop the cliff is a wicked count who desires the lady for himself. To obtain her, he has summoned forth a wing of 1d12+4 four-armed gargoyles using a magical gong. The gong is made of a strange black metal that absorbs light and sound, but when struck sends vibrations through the aether and summons forth all monsters within 1 mile. The four-armed gargoyles usually dwell on the ledges of the massive frieze, appearing to be grotesque demons flitting over the heads of the dancers.

The gargoyles are to slay the baronet, seize the lady and bring her to the count, who has a fast horse tied to a scraggly apple tree. Unfortunately, the gargoyles are not under the command of the count and are apt to do as they will.

Gargoyle, Fungus

Ergot Egotism

On the outskirts of the town of Alemint lies a prosperous barley farm with an exceedingly tall and abundant crop. The giant fields of barley stand taller than a man and conceal the farm. A narrow road leads through the fields to the farmhouse and barns. A druid has sublet the farm from the Oberlyn family. The "druid" Rhawtin Omphalotus is actually a cleric (8th level) of the Cult of Rachiss (a demigod of parasites). Rhawtin seeks to bring about the downfall of civilization through the spread of parasites, leeching fungi and virulent plagues. Rhawtin (following the teachings of Rachiss) wants nature to reclaim modern cultures through malicious activities and biological acts of terrorism.

Rhawtin and his gang of 6 infected gargoyles spread a fungal pestilence throughout the barley crops that makes the ale and other brews mildly toxic. In addition to fungus gargoyles, Rhawtin has planted several guards such as gas spores, shriekers and violet fungi around the barley field. He carries a magical egg that creates swarms of giant mosquitoes when it is broken.

Gargoyle, Green Guardian

Gods of the Pillars

The main square of the little village by the oasis is dominated by a tall pillar topped by a sculpture of a ram-headed man. The pillar is composed of granite and clad in brass, and bathes the square in golden light while the sun shines. The sculpture is composed of malachite and has two eyes of jet worth 500 gp each. The pillar rises 20 feet above ground level, but is actually set in a 20-foot deep well filled with cool water. The well is 7 feet in diameter, the pillar 3 feet in diameter.

A trio of priests, their heads shaved, their faces painted black, armed with scourges and wicker urns, harrangue the crowds that move through the square, demanding offerings of food for themselves and riches for the god of the pillar, lest he descend and destroy them. Adventurers might be tempted to ignore the obnoxious priests, who apparently have no magical powers and are too cowardly to put up any kind of fight. If they do, they are visited that night by the green guardian gargoyle who stands atop the pillar. Should it succeed in gaining its revenge, their heads decorate the edge of the well the next day.

Gargoyle, Margoyle

The Wizard of Babble's Safe Haven

You come across a strange, subterranean vault entered via one of three barred doors. In the middle of the room, which is furnished with Persian-style rugs, pillows of damask silk stuffed with goose down and a small, ebony table upon which rests an ornate hookah worth 1,200 gp.

Sitting before the hookah is a grinning skeleton, smoke curling up through its eye sockets. The skeleton is wearing silk robes and a tall turban of amethyst satin adorned with peacock feathers. On the skeleton's finger

is a copper ring engraved with the word "Srijkaunsh", which magic-users might recognize as the name of a celebrated wizard famous for a lost spell that caused people to speak gibberish (actually the reverse of a *tongues* spell).

The walls of the vault are sculpted in the form of eight ugly, horned, winged demons standing on the backs of elephants and apparently holding up the ceiling. The sculptures are gargoyles - specifically, two margoyles and six gargoyles. The skeleton is animated, but only to draw people into the chamber, not to fight. Should people sit down next to the skeleton, it holds out a copper bowl. An offering of a gemstone is taken in the skeleton's fingers and held aloft, at which point a monkey wriggles through the bars of one of the exits, takes the stone, and capers away.

The offering placates the gargoyles and make the room a safe haven for the adventurers for the remainder of the day. At midnight, however, they are ushered out of the room by a stinging wind (save or suffer 1d4 points of damage per round).

Gas Spore
Gas Attack

A large, circular cavern (100 feet in diameter) with a funnel-shaped floor serves as the breeding ground for almost 100 gas spores. The spores float through the room aimlessly, sewing their spores in the bodies of the dead creatures that are thrown into the cavern by the denizens of the dungeon.

Gelid Beetle, Greater
Icy Death

A large cave opens into the edge of the Wailing Glacier, the opening a dark hole that slopes down from the frozen landscape. The cave is the lair of Belthorin the Ice Bellower, a monstrous white dragon that has terrorized the land for nearly three decades. Giant icicles hang from the rocky opening, and the cave beyond descends at a steep 60-degree angle. The 100-foot-long slope is coated with a thick sheet of ice, so any PC climbing down may instead go rocketing into a large circular chamber filled with frozen stalactites. Belthorin lies coiled in the center of the chamber, the white dragon's body resting on a low ice ledge. The dragon's head faces the tunnel entry. Its eyes are closed.

Belthorin has been dead for six weeks now, hollowed out from the inside by a colony of gelid beetles that ate into the soft belly of the infirm dragon while it slept. Two greater gelid beetles guard a clutch of eggs inside the white dragon's innards, while 12 recently hatched lesser beetles climb about the dragon's ice lair. The young beetles attack with their cold spray, while the larger beetles use their cold cloud to freeze attackers.

Genie, Abasheen
Sultan's Pleasure Palace

Sitting quietly on the grassy plain is a grand nomadic tent. The flamboyant yak-wool tent looks like it belongs to royalty. Two muscular eunuch guards (5th-level Fighters) stand beside an open door flap that leads into the massive tent. They wield large curved scimitars (same damage as two-handed swords) and wear polished plate armor. Their tongues have been cut out, so they communicate with stern gestures and guttural grunts. They allow visitors to enter the tent if shown proper respect and permission is asked. The pavilion belongs to an abasheen genie named Khilafah al Abbasid. The tent itself is a magical creation that has many more rooms inside than possible. In fact, the open flap leads into an extra-dimensional space. The interior is a maze of veils, tent walls, corridors and extravagant rooms. The tent walls are immovable and unforgiving.

The woolen tent's sides have the consistency of iron, although it feels soft and cloth-like. If torn or destroyed, the tent evaporates, leaving all occupants sitting on the desert sand. The tent's center pole is a plain ash pole that holds the tent together. Once destroyed, the tent dissipates and all occupants and prisoners are set free. While in the pocket dimension tent, time ceases. Inhabitants do not need to eat or sleep, although they can do so if they desire. They do not age or contract disease, although poisons still work. Khilafah al Abbasid, an abasheen genie, controls the tent and can gate it to other places and planes by grasping the main pole and stating his destination.

The great Khilafah al Abbasid has wandered the planes for millennia. Khilafah al Abbasid has a unique passion among djinn-kind: He collects living creatures, in particular only the most desirable females of various intelligent species. He considers his harem a collection only, and allows nothing to disgrace or harm his beloved possessions. While Khilafah al Abbasid has fed his obsession for ages, his extreme prejudice and stringent standards severely limit who he accepts into his harem. Currently, there are fewer than 30 harem girls within the tent prison. The harem slaves are well-read, literate in many languages and have fantastic artistic talents (such as dancing, painting and musical abilities). Prisoners for centuries, there is little else for them to do except learn new skills. They are bored and show great fascination with males of any species.

Many eunuch guards protect the tent the palace pavilion. These guards are replaced often as the temptations within the tent are great and punishment by Khilafah al Abbasid is severe. Khilafah al Abbasid slays any guard who displeases him or soiled members of his harem. Khilafah always needs quality guards, but the job has horrific requirements, the first requiring the men be – or become -- eunuchs. In addition to the harem and guards, Khilafah particularly enjoys the company of noblemen, scholars and others of the genie races. He takes great pride in his harem and enjoys showing the women off to well-mannered visitors.

Genie, Hawanar
The Torchbearer of Bad News

Merdle Grunny has been a lackey and torchbearer for nearly 60 years. Mistreated and underpaid by countless adventurers, he dislikes their kind and talks bitterly of being exploited. Forever down on his luck thanks to cheap alcohol and friendly companions, he was forced to take on ever more dangerous jobs in the hope of cashing in on the goodwill of generous treasure-seeking adventurers. Grunny carried torches and equipment into forgotten tombs, into catacombs filled with foul goblins and through primeval forests laden with fiends. He always ended up lugging out heavy burdens of plunder.

And what did he get for his efforts? A few meager coins that quickly vanished. Grunny always tells his drinking buddies how he's the only reason many expeditions came back at all. In truth, Grunny survived through dumb luck and by cowering behind adventurers. He didn't escape unscathed, though. Disfiguring scars mar his face and hands, and he has developed twitchy mannerisms that make him jump at the slightest noise.

His last haul was different, though: With his employers (mostly) dead in a sandy tomb, Grunny happened upon a jewel-encrusted brass torch. Looking to be the envy of his torchbearer colleagues, he pocketed the torch and fled the tomb, leaving his employers to their doom.

It was only after lighting the torch that he discovered its terrible power. The torch is the prison of a powerful hawanar genie named Anta' Falegha. Hateful and cruel, she serves the person holding the torch resentfully. Once lit, Anta' Falegha erupts from the torch in a swirling column of flame and destruction. Cunning and wise, Merdle Grunny has yet to request any wishes from the genie. After discovering the limited duration of the hawanar genie's created coin, he devised a scheme to obtain a more permanent source of wealth. Using his skills as a torchbearer and hired laborer, he accompanies adventurers and releases Anta' Falegha when they are fighting for their lives. He steals their treasures and leaves them to their fate.

Genie, Marid
Tides of war

Defying gravity, a castle made of water steadily floats atop the sea. The castle's surfaces remain stationary, but the sea that makes up the walls flows in abnormal patterns. The seawater flows up from the base of the outer wall to the very peaks and then turns inward to form the interior surfaces while dropping back into the depths. The walls act just like water, but characters attempting to pass through the liquid curtain find themselves violently tossed around and unable to control their direction or destination. Unfortunate marine life crowds the 10-foot-thick walls as the castle sucks them up through the outer walls, hurls them throughout the inner walls and violently plunges them back into the sea at the castle's center. Even more mysterious, the floor and stairs of the watery citadel remain eternally frozen and support weight. There are no doors or windows into the citadel. The castle is filled with plunder from the sea protected by guards such as sea giants and giant squids that reach through the walls, and sharks that leap from one wall to another through the middle of rooms.

This is the sea fortress of Majnoon al Kali, a powerful marid genie who has ambitions of ruling the oceans. Only Majnoon can control the slow and unstoppable movement of the castle (which can also submerge after trapping air in its internal rooms). The sea citadel collapses upon his death, sending all its continents into the ocean. Majnoon currently has his sights set on a merman city that lies off the coast near the city of Bargarsport.

Geon
A Rolling Stone Gathers Moss

An extremely pungent moss called Sylvan's Beard grows near the top of the steep slopes of the Enta Hillside, just outside a low stone cave of battered rocks set into the dirt. The entire hillock is covered in fragrant wildflowers and tall weeds. Thirty-foot-long muddy strips are torn through the flora. Ten 10-foot-tall boulders walk up the hillside in shambling gaits on short, stubby legs, all slipping and sliding on the steep hillside.

A geon tasked with protecting the moss was thrown out of its home (literally) by a drunken cave giant. The geon cared little about the cave, but animated the many boulders in the area to follow it up the hill to help guard the moss. But every morning, the giant stumbles out of the cave and tosses the rocks back down the hill where they bounce and spin, taking out trees and tearing up the dirt.

The geon needs help running the giant out of its cave. The animated boulders aren't doing any good (and just provide the giant with ammunition to throw). The geon is extremely thankful if PCs help return it to its post, but not so happy if they try to take any of the moss it protects. *(See the **Giant, Cave** entry to continue this encounter.)*

Ghoul, Cinder
Ashes of Vengeance

A blackened 5-foot-wide dais sits outside a cave constructed of perfectly fitted blocks of black glass. A 10-foot-diameter sheet of charred glass encircles the dais. Gold-colored sigils are carved into the stone dais and flame-like petroglyphs are etched into the glass sheet. The head of a fire giant sits on the altar. The top of the giant's head has been removed and filled with burning oil. A garish blue flame leaps upward from the severed head. The area around the altar smells of burning hair and flesh. Two small brass bowls filled with ash and bone fragments sit alongside the burning head.

The priests of the fire maiden Incindreia routinely sacrifice victims by setting them on fire. The bowls of ash contain the collected remains of a married pair of clerics caught by the wicked priests while on their honeymoon. The spirits of the clerics now rise as cinder ghouls from the brass bowls in a swirl of ash and bone fragments to attack anyone approaching the altar.

Ghoul, Dust
Paupers' Grave

A large stone-lined pit stretches across this room (or field), with corpses in various states of decay strewn across a rusted iron mesh grate. The pit drops 20 feet to the grate and 30 more to the floor of the pit below that. A fine coating of lye covers the corpses, and half a barrel of lye and a shovel sit next to the pit. An empty vial (that used to contain unholy water) can be found buried in the barrel of lye. The lye causes chemical burns to any exposed skin (1d4 points of damage per round until washed off).

The dust from centuries of corpses fills the floor of the pit beneath the mesh grate. Only coins, rings and other small valuables belonging to the dead filter through the grate. The grate sits on a rock ledge running around the interior of the pit. Lifting the grate is difficult due to its weight and precise fit. A dust ghoul rests below in the mound of ash at the bottom of the hole. It animates the remains into zombies before attacking.

Ghoul-Stirge
Comfortless Inn

A crumbling two-story coaching inn on the road between two rival city-states is called home by a gang of 1d3+1 ghoul-stirges. The ghoul-stirges dwell in the attic, the scene of a terrible fire that claimed the life of two smugglers who now haunt the grounds as poltergeists. One poltergeist dwells in the stable, throwing about horse shoes, whips, harnesses, brushes and other tools. The other dwells in the taproom, where he has pewter mugs and cuttlery to play with.

A monstrous large cask is embedded in one wall, the tap being the handle to a secret door if turned counter-clockwise three times. The cask holds smuggler's loot, mostly furs, pelts and horns taken from wisent that dwelled in the king's forest. The ghoul-stirges are only active at night or on cloudy days. They prefer to attack people in the open, where their flight ability can be used to its full effect.

Giant, Bronze
Garden of the Gods

Deep within the Hollow Spire Mountains stands Mount Alluvial, a mountain encircled by fantastic rock formations. Phosphorescent evergreens, enormous ferns, blooming vines and gigantic flowers are dwarfed by colossal rock formations. Paved paths meander though the otherworldly garden. Titanic bronze and rock statues decorate the garden. These unique statues resemble the gods of the lands. These statues are the works of Alaxias, a bronze giant, who is said to wield a bronze shield with the image of the three Gorgons emblazoned on its face. The shield reportedly has the power to turn opponents to bronze or stone. Alaxias has served the will of the gods and man for centuries. Wealthy high priests seek out his skill and knowledge to sculpt statues of their deities to decorate their temples. Mages travel great distances to commission golems and other animated beings. The garden also contains golems, clockwork creations and other constructed creatures that wander freely or stand like magnificent statues until disturbed.

Alaxias does not welcome uninvited guests or treasure-seekers. The grounds are protected by a pack of chaotic, intelligent wolves. The large wolves have coats of silvery metallic fur that are reputed to reverse flesh to stone once skinned and tanned.

Giant, Cave
Return Deposit

The cave giant Creel Rockcrusher has found the perfect cave. It sits high on a hill, a perfect vantage point to see his enemies (he's sure they're out there), and is surrounded by a red-colored moss that smells like rotting goat, Creel's favorite. Creel just had to clear out a few boulders in and around the cavern.

But the rocks came back the next morning, sitting right outside the entry to the cave. The rocks are animated boulders led by a geon. Creel unceremoniously tossed the geon out of the cave. The geon sits at the base of the hill, directing the boulders up the hill each day.

Creel's limited intellect is further hindered by the moss growing all around him. The moss, called Sylvan's Beard, gives off a highly intoxicating spores that can cause euphoria. Creel is in a drunk-like stupor most days, and the moving rocks are a nightmare taking root in his delusional and paranoid mind. He sees them as trying to get into his cave (they are, by the way) and kill him in his sleep (they're not).

The cave giant charges out of its cave and grabs any boulders in reach to smash into PCs who might side with the geon. *(See the **Geon** entry for more from this encounter.)*

Giant, Ferrous
The Iron Giant

A small two-story wooden house sits inside a picket fence where chickens roam freely. A large barn sits on the edge of the clearing within sight of the farmhouse. A wooden porch wraps around the front of the home, and is painted a mix of colors, reds, blues, greens and yellows. Dirty clothes lie in piles in the weed-filled yard.

A 10-year-old boy sits in a creaking porch swing, carving an apple with a large dagger. The dagger has a gold hilt and the blade gleams brightly. The boy's hair is long, and the clothes he wears look a few sizes too large for him.

Cadmon Niddle is an orphan who was adopted by a rather unusual parent. The boy was snatched out of the orphanage he was sent to after his parents died, but was "found" while running away by Marsivin, a ferrous giant who had recently lost his own son to a thundershrike.

Cadmon lives alone in the now-vacant log-cabin (Marsivin ate the former residents a few weeks ago). The giant provides for the boy's needs by raiding nearby farms and villages. Cadmon already considers the giant his "dad," simply because the giant treats him better than any adult he's ever met. Marsivin is just as protective of his newfound son.

The ferrous giant sleeps in a pile of hay in the barn – well within shouting distance if Cadmon needs him.

Giant, Jack-In-Irons
Slave Caravan

The ground trembles at the approach of the jack-in-irons and its troupe. Two hill giants roll a 10-foot-diameter iron ball. The iron ball is covered in ancient runes and glyphs of an unknown origin. The giants use the ball for to destroy things by battering walls and buildings with it, and by rolling it into opponents from atop hills. The ball has one cavity that bears a stout iron loop. The jack-in-irons can attach a chain to the loop and use it as wrecking ball or massive flail to smash multiple opponents.

Behind the lead hill giants, two teams of tethered ogres pull two iron-and-wood prisoner wagons that hold captured slaves. A platoon of black orcs holding readied crossbows ride atop each wagon behind iron battlements. The black orcs serve as shock troops and raiding parties. The barbed wagons have wheels of iron with spiked treads. The wagons are cumbersome and slow to move. The monstrous wagons contain only the choice slaves, as the rest are eaten or slain for entertainment. The dreadful Rhobrus Krupp, a jack-in-irons giant, commands the motley band of slavers.

Rhobrus Krupp and his band travel down from the Hollow Spire Mountains yearly to raid and destroy. They leave nothing but destruction in their wake. None of the captives taken into the mountains has ever escaped to tell of their plight.

Giant, Sand
Simoom of the Sands

While traversing a blazing desert, the adventurers might come upon a little man in white robes and a crooked turban. The man has a thin, heavily wrinkled face reminiscent of a monkey, while creamy white skin and wisps of silver hair escaping from his turban. He carries a blue parasol and is well adorned in silver chains and bits of amber (worth about 60 gp). As they approach, he hails them and, standing as straight as his old spine will allow, pronounces that he is the herald of a great chieftain of the desert sands and seeks ladies or gentlemen of unrivaled puissance who would prove their mettle in the arena of his master for ten times their weight in gold.

If the adventurers are so uncouth as to attack the old man, he will call out for his master and a simoom will sweep over the scene, blinding the adventurers and forcing them to pass saving throws or be knocked over, tumbled and possibly buried in sand. When the wind dies down, the old man will have disappeared.

If they accept, the old man will lead them about a mile away and, reaching a large, white stone in the midst of the desert will call upon the adventurers to surround it. Tapping his parasol on the white stone, the sand surrounding them will begin to roll away in waves, eventually leaving the travelers and the old man standing upon an ancient, weathered courtyard of limestone paving stones, about 500 feet square with a round, iron trapdoor about 12 feet in diameter in its center. The white stone stands about six feet tall uncovered and just a few feet from the trapdoor.

A few minutes after the courtyard and trapdoor are revealed, the door is opened by the hand of a sand giant, a massive man swathed in thick robes with a saffron scarf wrapped about his head. He ushers the visitors through the trapdoor, a narrow, spiral staircase being provided for little folk. This entrance leads down about 150 feet. At the bottom are two doors, 30 feet tall, that lead into a massive hall. Within the hall are 1d20+7 sand giants and a third as many females and young. A tall chair at one end of the hall bears a sand giant chieftain in robes of pure, white cotton and holding a shepherd's crook of gold and lapis lazuli (worth 3,000 gp). He wears a tall, pointed helmet of brass wrapped with a crimson scarf of silk. Besides his normal abilities, the chieftain can also cast spells as a 9th level cleric.

The chieftain invites his visitors in, feeds them savories and sweet tea, entertains them with dancers and acrobats (it's hard to believe beings so large can be so graceful) and then calls on them to prove their prowess against his warriors. Each warrior will be asked to fight single-handed against a single giant. They may use weapons like clubs or staves (which will be provided) or their fists, but no bladed weapons are permitted. Should the warrior win, he is showered with gold coins equal to ten times his own weight. Should he lose, he will be clasped in irons and made a cupbearer to the chieftain and his warriors.

Giant, Sea
Rock the Boat

The harbor in the seaport city of Bargarsport appears more like a battlefield than a bustling marina, with flaring tempers between sea captains and sailors reaching war-like levels. Ships have collided; anchor chains are entwined, and the disappearance of precious cargo has led the sailors to blame one another. Several cargo ships are openly hostile toward one another. The true culprits behind the tension lie below the surface of the bay. A group of sea giants wreak havoc on the ships while searching for a sacred giant conch shell. The powers or importance of the shell are a mystery that only the giants know.

The sea giants force ships to collide, pull on anchor chains, search the boat decks (eating any supplies they find) and move unattended ships. The sailors blame one another for these incidents. The smuggler's ship, The Miscreant Treant, is a rum smuggler who is hiding a shipment in hopes of avoiding the city's hefty harbor tax. While hiding another plunder of rum on a sandy island for their return, the sailors discovered the jeweled conch shell.

The leader of the sea giants carries a glass bubble helm that magically fills with seawater and allows him to move about on dry land indefinitely. The sea giants have not resorted to violence yet but have already sunk several ships by prying open hulls in search of their revered shell. If angered, the giants yank the anchor chains to sink the ships or rock the boats violently to send sailors overboard.

Giant, Smoke
Smoke on the Water

A 50-foot-tall brick smokestack rises out of the center of a wide shallow lake. Billowing plumes of smoke drift out of the chimney and dissipate high in the clouds overhead. A thick mixture of mist and smoke settles back over the surface of the lake, obscuring its surface. Six large rowboats sit tethered to posts along the shore. The lake itself is no more than five to six feet deep, and the water is very warm but not hot enough to cause harm. The water becomes warmer closer to the chimney, and has a thin coat of oily ash floating on the surface. The lake bottom is a mire of sunken soot.

A group of smoke giants guards this chimney against intruders. They remain in smoke form hidden around the lake and use massive cinders buried within the sooty lake bottom as boulders. The chimney possibly leads into a great underground forge used by friendly dwarves or raging fire giants. An iron rung ladder set into the exterior and interior of the chimney appears to be the only entrance into the forge below. The size of the ladder and width of the chimney should meet the size requirements of the smiths below. *(See the **Dragon, Smoke** entry for a variant of what may be at the bottom of the chimney.)*

Giant, Volcano
The Soul of Truth

A giant-size basalt throne sits on the side of the Candledusk Volcano. Images of fire ravaging the countryside decorate its sides. Sitting in the throne is an 18-foot-tall volcano giant. He wears a dirty toga smeared with ash, and has a long beard flowing down to his lap. A 40-foot-long black chain shackles the giant's ankle to one leg of the throne. Far above, the volcano spits and hisses.

Yak Splitear sits quietly in the throne, his palms facing upward on the arms of the chair. His eyes are closed in contemplation. His face is serene, as if he is meditating. The giant's shadow appears nearly 40 feet away from him, a dark blot on the mountain plateau disconnected from Yak.

Stacks of food, coins and even old weapons and shields sit around the base of the throne. Three goats are tethered to a nearby rock. The townsfolk of Morlayne bring these offerings to the giant each month to gain his advice and to hear his predictions. Years ago, Yak offended a deity walking the land. This all-powerful being stole Yak's soul but made the giant an offer: If he would sit in this throne and answer questions truthfully, his soul would gradually return to him. The giant has been in the seat for 20 years, and his soul – the shadow rippling on the ground – is getting closer with every piece of advice he offers. The advice doesn't have to be true or even good, just so long as Yak speaks truthfully.

Anyone nearing the shadow draws Yak's immediate glare, and the short-tempered volcano giant attacks anyone daring to touch it.

Giant, Wood
The Trees Are Still Taller

The tall, straight trees of the woodland are lit with a ghostly, white light at night. In the center of the forest there is a large oak tree - 150 feet tall - hung with long, glowing crystals. The oak serves as the centerpoint of a permanent camp of 1d4+1 wood giants and the 1d4 dire wolves they use as hounds. The wood giants dwell in tall patchwork tents of red deer pelts around a smoldering fire pit. They are currently entertaining a party of 1d3+1 wood elf traders who have brought gifts of tobacco and bricks of tea to win the alliance of these great hunters.

The tree is home to a dryad as tall as the wood giants, with auburn skin, flowing hair of pale green and bright, white eyes that have a gaze attack that *holds monster* (as the spell). The dryad is the tutelary spirit of the woodlands, and the wood giants are her devoted servants. They will be aghast at the arrival of outsiders in this holy place, and quickly attempt to seize them with the help of the wood elves.

Once bound, the intruders are hung by their feet from low branches and not permitted to sleep for 3 days and nights, while being whipped with switches cut from the surrounding underbrush. At the end of this purification ritual, they are cut down and given a brisk massage and medicinal soup of mushrooms and nettles. A dab of woad is applied to their foreheads and are pronounced the sons and daughters of the dryad and accepted into the society of the wood elves and giants. Resistance to this ritual is met with deadly force.

Glass Wyrm
Misguided Intentions

Nestled among fields of barley and clear mountain streams sits the large town of Alemint. The town is renowned for its high-quality brew and spirits, and many breweries operate there. Large barley farms surround the settlement and the smell of grain and yeast fills the air. The town is serious about the brewing profession, but Alemint likes to let its hair down every 30 days during an alcohol-fueled celebration called the Straubinfest. During Straubinfest , beer flows freely and the town fills with loud music and wild dancing until the wee hours of the morning. The rest of the week is dedicated to cleaning up after the celebration and preparing for the next.

Recently though, things have gone sour in Alemint. The townsfolk are weak and ill, and the normally festive Straubinfest is a pale shadow of its former self, with the beloved smell of beer now invoking nausea for many of the townsfolk. Townsfolk wander the streets, holding their heads and stomachs as if they'd just woken up with a terrible hangover.

The elders blame the sickness on a glass dragon named Chalcedon that resides farther up the mountain in an abandoned quartz mine. Ten days before each new Straubinfest, the citizens of Alemint offer a maiden to the dragon in hopes of lifting the curse. The dragon has nothing to do with the sickness befalling the townsfolk; the actual curse is caused by a microscopic mold blight that infects the barley fields and spoils the brew. The bound maidens left outside the dragon's quartz mine lair die from exposure to the elements and are carried off by scavengers as the innocent glass dragon slumbers deep within the mines.

A 15-foot pillar made from a single quartz crystal sits outside the mine's entrance. Chains and shackles are embedded into its surface. Bones and garments litter the ground around the crystal pillar. The large mine adit is cut into the white quartz wall, and light gleams and reflects within the crystal mine shafts. Chalcedon lives a peaceful life and rarely leaves the comforts of his lair. Other monstrosities (such as crystal ooze, gelatinous cubes of enormous size and a colony of geons) live in the mines and serve as guardians to the glass dragon and its crystalline treasures. Adventurers may reason with the dragon, but persuading the town's folk of the true nature of their curse is another matter.

Gloom Crawler
The Monkey House

Wooden bars fill this underground 50-by-50-foot square room, the horizontal poles rising to the ceiling 30 feet overhead. Taut ropes hang between the bars. Shredded netting dangles throughout the chamber and shrouds the doorways. Jungle plants grow throughout the chamber, and leafy green vines hang down from the ceiling. Monkey feces covers the floor, and a couple of dead chimps lie facedown in the dirt, their bodies twisted and crushed. A circus wagon with a crude monkey painted on its wooden side sits in the corner, one of its wagon wheels broken.

A pair of gloom crawlers took over the monkey house, and the primates inside were no match for the creatures. One gloom crawler lives in the broken wagon, while the other sleeps on a small dark ledge near the ceiling. The gloom crawlers can each get around quite well using all the odd protrusions, ledges and ropes filling the room. They often attack from above by swinging down to snatch victims into the air with their tentacles.

On the ledge near the ceiling is the remains of a dwarf. On his body remain a *+1 warhammer* (1d6) and a *potion of levitation*.

Gloomwing
Cube in a Bubble

In the middle of a geest (a sandy heath) surrounded by flat marshlands and grazed upon by bison, there rises a crystalline dome of smoky glass. The glass cannot be scratched or damaged, not even by diamonds. When the dome is touched, there is a 1 in 6 chance it draws the toucher inside, which it turns out is actually a sphere.

The person drawn into the sphere slides to the bottom (save or suffer 1d4 points of falling damage). The sphere has a diameter of 50 feet. A number of adamantine cords extend from the walls of the sphere to a silvery cube suspended in the center. The cube gives off an intermitant, flickering glow, sending arcs of electricity across the cords and along the sphere walls as it does. These blasts of electricity occur on a roll of 1 on 1d8 (roll each round) and inflict 1d4 points of damage to people inside the sphere.

Separating the cube from the cords can be accomplished by depressing a button on each side of the cube that is not connected to a cord. The cords all release at the same moment, sending anyone who has climbed up the cords to the bottom of the sphere (a 50-foot fall). The cube remains floating in the center of the sphere and continues to electrify anyone touching it.

At this point, the remainder of the sphere becomes as black as night and people in the sphere might see flickers of movment in the blackness out of the corner of their eye. This is the movement of the sphere's guardian, a gloomwing. The gloomwing does its best to destroy intruders. If it fails, a second gloomwing is called forth in 1d4+2 rounds and then a third, etc.

The cube, having been rid of the adamantine cords, has four additional buttons on its surface. If pressed in the proper combination, they cause the cube to spin and give off a blinding light. When the light fades, the sphere will have disappeared (a crater is left behind) and the cube shrunk to the size of a human fist. The cube now grants its holder immunity to electricity and control over creatures infused with electricity, such as blue dragons.

Gnarlwood
Save the Kitty

An abandoned and dilapidated cemetery sits atop a small knoll with a dead and twisted tree at its peak. The pleading bellows of a golden-furred cat emanates for high up in the tree. Ten undead zombies claw at the trunk in vain attempts to reach the stranded feline. Many of the graves have hollow depressions where the dead dug their way out of the earth. Many more skeletons and zombies remain buried in their rotting coffins. Some of the dead were buried with semi-valuable possessions, most of which remain in the grave or lie fallen on the ground. This gnarlwood purposely uses cats (in this case a golden cat) to attract would-be do-gooders. It remains inanimate until victims are close enough. The remains of dozens of cats, opossums and raccoons lie scattered around its trunk.

Gohl (Hydra Cloud)
The Serpent Demon

Vine-covered stone steps head down into darkness from the step-pyramid's steep outer slope. The corridor is narrow, and colorful snakes and twisting jungle plants twine along the block walls. Every 10 feet, a leering face with a forked tongue sticking between fanged teeth is carved into the stone. Flickering torches are mounted in soot-covered sconces at head height. The air is stale and oppressive and smells of dried meat.

The corridor opens onto a 30-foot-tall chamber in the pyramid's heart. A 25-foot-tall towering statue of a snake-faced demon with a human body stands in the center of the room, his arms stretched out before him. The statue's fingers are splayed wide, and thick tendrils of vines hang down. Two struggling humans are held in the vines like puppets. The statue's demonic face peers down at the captives, and its forked tongue juts from its fanged maw. The statue's eyes are cinders that burn a hellish red.

Beneath the statue is a 15-foot-wide pit filled with the undulating bodies of thousands of serpents. The snakes – of all sizes – twist and squirm in a ball of serpentine flesh. Around the pit stand seven robed figures and 5 women cavorting in a rhythmic dance around the snakes. The struggling humans are held just on the edge of the pit. The dancers wind in and around the helpless victims. The women are naked, but their deformities are obvious: Each has a serpent growing at the end of her arms where her hands should be.

The women are inphidian dancer/charmers lost in the throes of ecstasy to their god and creator. The robed figures are four common inphidians, two cobra-back protectors and the "high priest," an inphidian night adder. The inphidians are intent on sacrificing the humans – two wandering fighters named Toral and Bethane – to the living embodiment of their god: a gohl in the serpent pit. The inphidians are from the serpent city of Uroborus in the Seething Jungle sent to protect the gohl.

The gohl rises out of the pit if the inphidians are attacked. Snakes drop off its slimy flesh as it flies toward PCs and lashes out with its tentacles. The inphidians join the fight, but flee if the gohl is slain.

Golden Cat
The Cat in the Bag

A large bag moves down the passage. A single cat's leg grasps the floor as it reaches out of the nearly closed sack. The leg strains as it pulls the bag blindly down the passage. The bag is a bag of devouring that has tightened around a golden cat. The golden cat managed to free one leg to prevent the bag from swallowing it whole. The bag has magical strength and does not give up its newest victim easily. Cutting the bag frees the cat but also opens a brief portal to another dimension and releases a trapped demonic marsh jelly.

Golem, Blood
Blood Tribute

A procession of blue robed men and women, the monks and nuns of a large abbey dedicated to a deity of death is making its way through a crowded town on their way to pay a hated tribute to the town's Lord Mayor. Four of the monks are bearing a cassone of iron covered in shallow reliefs of dancing skeletons. The cassone is born on two thick poles of oak. At the head of the procession is the abbot, a gangly man

with a scarred face and voluminous robe of blue velvet lined with sable.

Inside the cassone there is a blood golem, animated from the blood of numerous victims culled from the town and sacrificed on a hidden altar. The monks plan to carry the cassone into the city council's chambers and present it to the Lord Mayor in a bid to seize power.

Golem, Flagstone
Mom

Brilliant and multicolored light fills this large domed room. A massive stain glass dome serves as the ceiling. Radiant lights shine through the dome, projecting vibrant images onto the floor. The lights behind the dome rotate, giving the projected image a sense of animation. Highly polished mirrors cover the curved walls and create a sense of endless space and light.

The images on the dome tell the life story of a wizard in 12 panels as she rose to power. Her deeds include slaying dragons, creating golems, protecting towns from encroaching armies of gnolls, building a floating tower, and finally a funeral panel where mortals and angels mourn her death. In each of the panels, the mage carries a ruby tipped staff. The light that passes through the rubies casts red ray onto the floor. Each ray deals 1d6 points of fire damage to anything that touches or passes through it. This beam heals the flagstone golem.

The stone and mosaic glass floor displays a family tree of sorts, with 10-foot-tall mosaic representations of the magic-user's female ancestors forming a circle on the floor. A flagstone golem protects the room. The animated creature lies in the spot on the floor where the magic-user's mother is represented.

Golem, Furnace
Can't Stand the Heat

A pitiful halfling scavenges in the deep forest, filling a rusty wheelbarrow with branches and kindling. His fingers are blackened and covered by thick burns and scars. He wears soot-covered rags. His eyes are red and his hair is burnt to his scalp. His eyebrows are gone. Droog is a miserable being forced to care for the Unseen Tower of Archipor by a missing magic-user.

The tower is built of tightly packed gray stone rising four stories into the sky. The top is crenellated and topped by a metal fence. A single red oak door stands in the side of the tower.

A furnace golem sits like a pot-bellied stove in the middle of the tower's open first-floor room, connected to a network of pipes that snake throughout the tower. Hot water flows through the metal pipes, and steam hisses out of loose fittings. The golem doesn't bother anyone who enters the tower – unless they try to leave the entryway. A circular staircase rises through the ceiling to the second floor. Droog sleeps in a small bed under the staircase. Even he is not allowed above this floor. The golem belches fire and steam.

Droog thanks PCs profusely if they kill the golem and set him free.

Golem, Gelatinous
Belly of the Beast

An idol of indescribable repugnance adorns this putrid shrine. The floors, walls and ceiling are coated in a thin layer of fatty gelatin and hardened stalactites of slime drip harmless sludge to the floor. A 15-foot-diameter bowl-shaped depression in the floor serves as an unholy altar of sorts. Fetid slime fills the pool and a dozen skeletal hands made of iron reach out from its depths.

The inanimate hands are merely decorative although the pool contains a dreaded green slime. Adjacent to the pool sits an idol of a demonic slime lord. The 15-foot-tall patchwork idol appears fashioned from the sewn skins of several humanoids and animals. Crudely made, the thing resembles a giant slug with the head and arms of an ogre. The distended belly of the decaying sculpture is like an overfilled wineskin. Beads of ooze and puss flow out of the seams and onto the floor. The stomach contents are actually a gelatinous golem that is the protector of the shrine. It bursts out of the distended stomach in a spray of gore and animal parts.

This recently abandoned shrine to the demon lord of ooze remains empty. The cultists took all valuables with them as they fled, but left the golem protector.

Golem, Ice
Pantry of Souls

You come across an iron door in a corridor. The door cannot be pulled open and in fact can only be pushed open from the top, as its hinges are on the bottom of the door and parallel to the floor. The door forms a ramp into a room 20 feet wide, 30 feet long and with a 12-ft high ceiling. The room is quite frigid, owing to the presence of the room's guardian, an ice golem.

The walls of the room are lined with small niches, each holding a single bottle. The bottles contain all manner of liquids - water, poison, holy water, wine, bitters, spirits, etc. In addition, each bottle is inhabited by a disembodied soul with a connection to the liquid. If consumed, the soul possesses the drinker unless the drinker passes a saving throw. The bottles are sealed in silver and are worth about 20 gp each. A person who examines a bottle closely might see a ghostly image staring back at them.

Golem, Iron Maiden
Ungal's Angel

This 30-foot-by-30-foot torture chamber has thick chains hanging from the ceiling. Man-size iron cages swing at the ends of the chain. Pokers, serrated blades, whips and manacles hang from bones driven into the wall. Five wooden tables are scarred with slashes. Brass urns sit around the floor, each filled with congealed blood.

In the center of the east wall is a 10-foot-tall metal angel with wings spreading above it. The creature's face is serene, but its blank iron eyes seem to follow creatures in the room. The angel's arms are folded peacefully across its broad chest.

Ungal, the castle's ogre torturer, wears a blood-stained leather apron. Hanging from his belt are mallets, iron spikes and small saws. Ungal talks to the metal cages, blades and torture tables as if they were close friends. But Ungal saves his love for his pride and joy: an angel-shaped iron maiden golem named "Charlotte." Ungal rescued the golem from the smelting pit and relocated the creature to his lair.

The iron maiden golem reaches out and pulls PCs into a tight embrace as the razor-sharp wingtips fold inward and slam shut with a metallic clang over the entrapped creature. The golem releases the victim only when its soul is drained. Ungal can command the golem to release victims sooner, but he enjoys seeing others suffer too much to even think of doing so.

Golem, Magnesium
Beneath the Surface

The air in the 10-foot-high tunnel is thick and oppressive and smells heavily of brine. Water seeps through the roof to splash against the paving-stone floor. Glowing lichens cover the walls, casting a wan light throughout the tunnel. An arching doorway opens into a much larger room.

The 80-foot-diameter circular room is topped by a massive glass ceiling keeping the ocean at bay. Glowing deepwater fish shoot past the window in bright arcs, their luminescence lighting the chamber with a pale blue hue. Heavy shadows fill the room. A thin layer of frost covers the floor from the bone-numbing chill radiating through the glass ceiling.

The room is decorated with dried fish, dolphins and squid attached to a pulley system that winds them throughout the room. Each creature flops, moves and twists along its track as if alive. A palanquin bed covered in silk sheets and piled with pillows sits in the center of the room, supported by two giant figures, each with their flesh sewn and stitched into place. Around the bed, propped up by metal posts, are the bodies of seven mermaids posed like revelers at a party. The room was the underwater home of the vampire Dicostia Green, who was slain as she sought out a giant clam to complete the décor.

The room is unoccupied, but not undefended. One of the giants holding the bed is covered in stitches and staples that hold its flesh together. In all ways, it resembles a flesh golem. It wears a dirty tunic fastened with two golden clam shells over its shoulders.

The creature is actually a magnesium golem with a hill giant's flesh sewn about its true form. The creature attacks, not caring if its "flesh" body is torn or burned away during the fight.

Hidden in a panel in the bed are potions of levitation, undead control and human control, plus a diamond ring (worth 1,000 gp) and a bag of gold coins (500 gp).

Golem, Mummy
Tomb of the Bull King

A sealed iron door blocks entry into this chamber. The sculpted metal head of a bull adorns the door, with a ring piercing its nose serving as a door knocker. The door opens if the ring is used to knock; otherwise, the door remains magically locked.

Hieroglyphs of bull-headed giants decorate the walls of the musty tomb behind the door. Three upright stone sarcophagi line the walls, two of which contain minotaur zombies that appear as minotaur mummies. The third sarcophagus contains a mummy golem created in the image of a mummified minotaur. In the center of the chamber's floor sits the crypt lid to a buried vault. A small golden bull figurine adorns the lid (500 gp). The crypt contains the dead king of a small clan of minotaurs that banded together to wreak havoc on the lands. The king wears a golden bull funeral mask (750 gp) and other finery fit for a king.

Golem, Ooze
Ol' Black Water

A burbling fountain sits flush against the wall, a semicircle of stones jutting 10 feet out into the room. A giant stone goldfish sits on the edge of the fountain, black oily sludge spurting from its open mouth into a stone catch basin. Another giant face carved into the wall vomits an incredible amount of the same dark ichor. The basin bubbles and boils with the churning fluid, the surface swirling with reds, greens, browns and grays.

Attached to the wall above the fountain is a golden replica of a long sword. The weapon is marked with a detailed scene of a god climbing down from the heavens to slay a massive dragon.

The gelatin-like water is an ooze golem that flows on its own through the fountain. It is harmless unless someone disturbs the sword.

The blade is useless as a weapon, but can be sold for 200 gp as a decorative item.

Golem, Rope
Scuttle and Run

A galley under full sail appears on the horizon, its prow leaping from the water as the ship plows through the waves. Skeletons line the black freighter's rails and stand on the ship's masts. Each waves a short sword as the ship closes.

The Fortune Seeker and its skeletal crew are the scourge of the eastern seaboard. The galley rides low in the water, but seems to fly across the waves. The skeletons never take prisoners and sink vessels without plundering treasure.

Riding on the ship are 20 skeletons, but the ship is without a leader since a sea serpent plucked the captain off the deck. The ship gets through the waters via a massive rope golem that is the ship's rigging. The golem can sail the ship by itself, raising and lowering the sails at will. A rope wrapped around the helm lets the golem steer the ship.

When the Fortune Seeker slams into a ship, the rope golem reaches out and begins strangling victims on the opposite deck. The skeletons jump across to attack with their short swords. The rope golem also can grasp a ship to lash the vessel to the Fortune Seeker's side.

The forgotten treasures remaining on the ship include 2,000 gp in coins of different nations, a room full of diamonds (all worthless glass fakes), 10 bolts of expensive cloth (500 gp total), and a hidden compartment in the captain's empty quarters containing various spell components and a *ring of shooting stars*.

Golem, Stone Guardian
You Sink It or You Die

This large chamber is designed as a ball court for a hobgoblin game very similar to tlachtli, the Inca ball game. The room is 50 feet wide and 100 feet long, with a ceiling 30 feet high. The room is clad in gray stone tiles about 1 foot square. Squat, grimacing demons flank the "baskets" in the two short walls.

The room is a sacred place for the hobgoblins. Those who enter the room must propitiate the hobgoblin god of physical education by picking up the rubber balls in the center of the room and throwing them into the baskets. This requires a ranged attack against an AC of 5 [14].

Each time a basket is missed, one of the stone demons leave the wall to throttle the person who missed. The "demons" are stone guardians. Successfully throwing the balls into the holes causes a large area in the center of the room to sink into the floor, revealing four hidden doors that go deeper into the dungeon.

Golem, Tallow
As the Tallow Burns

In a deep gorge divided by a rusty river there is a divided town. The town is joined by a long, wooden bridge, but the bridge is now off limits, protected by a gang of four tallow golems. The town is in an uproar, divided by a religious conflict precipitated by a young girl who claims to have heard the voice of a goddess when she stood in the middle of the bridge under a full moon.

The priests of the village have rejected this, and about half of the population support them. The lord mayor of the town supports the girl (he wishes to break the monopoly the priests hold on minting coins), again, with the support of about half the population. There have been a few skirmishes in the village, and the priests and their faction are now occupying and looting the north side of the river and the lord mayor and his faction are on the south side of the river. Anyone attempting to cross the bridge will be accosted by the tallow golems and thrown into the river, which is home to aggressive and hideous river dolphins.

The girl, as it happens, is lying. She came up with the story to explain why she crept out of her house in the middle of the night. Her lover is now trapped on the other side of the river, his family supporting the priests.

Golem, Witch-Doll
Blood Donor

A massive fluid-filled cylinder dominates this ruined laboratory. A crudely assembled humanoid made from the parts of many creatures floats in the translucent greenish liquid. The burnt corpses of orcs lie clustered

together where they died by some sort of fiery blast. The decaying body of a man wearing a leather apron lies sprawled out on the floor. A battle axe is still embedded in the man's head. Broken glass, burnt paper and wrecked equipment litter the floor and workbenches. Only the cylinder and an attached complex mechanism made of gold remain unscathed. The device has many tubes, hoses and a dial lined with small needles.

The witch-doll golem in the fluid only needs a small sample of blood to become active. Handling the machinery in any fashion has a 50% chance of a needle sticking the victim and siphoning a drop of blood. Once active, the witch-doll golem stops at nothing to slay the blood donor. The fragments of paper hint at a lab journal and research on golems. One sheet displays a diagram of the gold mechanism with the words "golem completion: blood" written on it. The mechanism has a delicate pinwheel dial lined with needles used to extract blood from flesh or a test tube. Regardless, the witch-doll golem animates and attacks if the glass is broken but only has quarry to chase if blood is siphoned into the gold apparatus.

Golem, Wood
Lich Puppets

At the edge of a great glacier there is a sturdy little cavern. A plume of smoke rolling from the chimney invites chilled travelers to knock on the door, which is answered by a stout man with cloudy spectacles wearing a woolen tunic, leather boots and a leather apron. The man is actually a lich, his soul hidden in a pulsing bloodstone hidden under the fire. An illusion gives him the appearance of a kindly woodcarver.

The interior of the cabin is copiously covered in carvings of faces and animals (they take on a sinister cast when one views them from the corner of their eye), with dozens of shelves covered in dozens of wooden puppets. Four of the puppets - a mountain goat, dairymaid, knight with a long mustache and old hag, are actually small wood golems (stats are the same).

The lich uses his golems to strangle people in the night, revealing himself and his powers only if he must. Those killed have their souls drained into glass marbles, which are then used as they eyes of puppets animated as wood golems.

Gorbel
Bouncing Ball in the Corner Pocket

A wide river that flows through a jungle is embanked with massive stone blocks. The river is spanned by an arched bridge that is entered by an ivory spirit gate set with a blue crystal. The first person through the spirit gate is struck by a beam of blue light partially on the ethereal plane. The light cannot be blocked by any substance due to its origin. In the middle of the bridge span there is a round tile of blue jade depicting a leering eyeball. The tile is about 3 feet in diameter and stuck fast to the ground. Attempts to pry it out with metal implements result in powerful shocks (2d6 points of electricity damage, saving throw for half damage). If a person struck by the blue light steps on the tile they will fall through it into a pocket dimension.

This pocket dimension is a single chamber, cubical and measuring 30 feet wide, tall and long (and thus the person who enters it falls 30 feet to the floor). The walls are composed of blue jade and are perfectly smooth. A scepter lies in the middle of the chamber, topped by a faceted crystal. Should one breath on the crystal it throws off a reddish light as of from a mirror ball. As the reddish spots trace their way across the walls, 2d6 gorbels emerge from the walls to attack the holder of the scepter, bouncing off the walls as they do so. The walls will begin to shrink, losing about 3 feet per round as the combat continues. If the crystal is broken on the floor, the cube disappears and the person drops 30 feet to land in the middle of the bridge span, still holding the remnants of the scepter (treat as a *+2 mace*). Otherwise, the cube will shrink to the point that it folds in one itself, leaving the holder of the scepter alone in the negative material universe and on a vast, steaming plain of red trees under a blue sun. This plain is rife with gorbels that serve a massive beholder, the ruler of this strange dimension.

Others may enter this dimension by the same means as the first person, though they will have to re-enter the spirit gate to do so. Presumably, the palace contains all manner of weird treasures and a means of returning to the Material Plane.

Gorgimera
They Picked the Wrong Beast to Poke

Crossing the snowcapped mountains you might (1 in 10 chance) come across a grievously wounded man crawling along the ground dragging a shattered leg. The man was part of an army that was set upon by a gorgimera with the heads of a lion, gorgon and white dragon. The gorgimera was defending the cavern in which reside its mate and three young. The icy scarp beneath the cave is now littered with the bodies of soldiers in banded armor and steel helms, as well as a splintered chariot. The horses escaped the slaughter and now graze in a meadow about a mile away. Slumped over the side of the chariot is the body of Lord Elphston.

Elphston wears a brilliant red cape over a gilded cuirasse (treat as chainmail, worth 250 gp) and has a *+1 long sword* clutched in his cold, dead hand. A scroll case on his hip shows the location of a fabulous treasure in a cliffside temple. Taking possession of Elphston's longsword means certain doom for those not of the Elphston family, in the form of a curse that imposes a cumulative -1 penalty each week to all saving throws made by the person. When one taps the hilt of the longsword against a structure, all doors and windows in the structure fly open violently.

Gorgon, True
Forgotten Sisters

Far to the north there is a bare stone promontory that juts into a frozen sea. Over this a piercing wind howls as it carries poisonous words and fierce shrieks. The rocky coasts of the promontory are inhabited by especially large and powerful harpies. Atop the promontory dwell the two true gorgons, Sthenno and Euryale.

The great scaled queens of the damned, whispering foul curses and wicked temptations and launching them out on the winds to find the ears of gullible men and women. The gorgons guard a chest of lead, unlocked, that contains a wide-brimmed *hat of invisibility* and *sandals of flying*. The hat and sandals were owned by the hero Perseus, and if touched by creatures with fewer than nine levels cause them to burst into flame (6d6 damage, no save).

Gorilla Bear
Experiment Gone Wrong

The map discovered in the crypt leads to an enormous crater filled with a thick, tanged wood of bloated trees and pale, sickly plants. The crater's scalloped edges descend 90 feet to the floor of the crater, where their air is heavy and has an acrid, unpleasant smell. It was formed when the skull of a dead god of sorcery (or some other elder thing as dictated by one's campaign) emerged from the astral plane and streaked through the atmosphere, slamming into the ground.

The skull, eight feet in diameter, is now buried 10 feet under ground and formed of crystal adamantine - a tempting prize for any dwarf. The soil around ground zero of the crater is rich in pitchblende, a uranium ore often used in the creation of magic items. The air in the crater is tainted with a subtle poison that slowly turns those who breath it into monstrosities called gorilla bears. Hundreds of these misbegotten creatures lurk in the woods, with encounters with 1d4+2 of the monsters occuring on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6 made hourly.

Grave Risen
The Pampered Dead

A fire recently devastated the mill in Jodea, a careless flame igniting the sawdust into a blazing inferno that killed 12 men. A few climbed from the burning debris, only to collapse with their lungs on fire. The town mourned as the workers were buried them in the small cemetery. Three nights later, someone dug up the bodies.

The recent dead weren't stolen; they got up and walked out of the graveyard after a grave risen passed through. The creature animated the recent dead to join its growing retinue of zombies.

PCs who follow the many footsteps leading out of the small cemetery uncover a horrid band of 20 zombies lurching across the countryside. Six of the undead carry a wooden palanquin on their rotting shoulders, struggling to support its weight. The litter has four wooden poles on the side that support rotting funeral shroud curtains.

A bloated grave risen rests aboard a palanquin. The undead creature wears a dirt-soiled toga and has a silver crown perched on its withered head. The creature's massive bulk wobbles from side to side with each lurching step of its servants. The grave risen's sharp claws are black and twisted, with cemetery dirt falling in dark specks in the palanquin's wake. Despite its bulk, however, the grave risen is fast and vicious, and attacks by leaping from its palanquin directly toward PCs.

Gray Nisp
Snatcher of Children

The town of Niborlyn has a reputation as a quaint and serene coastal village. The villager virtually shuts down at night (aside from a multitude of cats) as the doors and windows are boarded and locked. Legends say that a beast emerges from the sea each night to feast on the flesh of children who disobey their parents. Although no one has ever seen the monster from the ocean, all in town really believe it to be true.

The legend is partially accurate. A grey nisp lives just offshore in a rocky overhang. It mostly makes an easy living off of the refuse and catches of the fishing villages. Content with easy meals, it has no reason to hunt.

With the recent lack of discarded fish parts, however, the gray nisp began to snatch fishermen and locals who came too close to the water. Magdalena, a fishmonger's wife, lost her husband. While she cares little for the man, he had told her about a sunken ship he discovered before his disappearance. He claimed the ship carried chests of smuggled silver bound for Bargarsport. He carved a crude map of the wreckage on the mast of his skiff. The people of the village are too involved with their cats to offer any aid. She pleads with travelers to aid her in finding the location of his ship – and him if he's still alive. *(See more about life in Niborlyn in the **Gray Malkin** entry.)*

Graymalkin
Cat's Meow

The fishing town of Niborlyn has always offered a peaceful and serene life for its citizens. The villagers live quietly, always looking down upon anything that forces them to deviate from the norm. Two years ago, the town elder Prelli Fishmeal adopted a slinker gray malkin found floating on wreckage from a lost ship. Prelli immediately fell in love with the animal and the creature has not left her side since that day. Over the years, the town has changed, and not for the better.

By charming Prelli, the gray malkin has methodically turned the town into a cat-worshipping cult. Thousands of cats fill the streets and homes of Niborlyn. Fields of catnip have replaced most crops, and massive sandboxes line the streets. Dogs are strictly forbidden anywhere near the village. Cat idols have replaced shrines to the sea gods. Fish and milk are standard rations for people and "pets" alike. Even the townspeople's clothing is made from spun cat hair. The townsfolk continually try to outdo one another by acquiring larger cats. Many of the more well-to-do keep large felines such as cougars, ocelots and tigers. The town has even attracted the attention of a weretiger.

The current state of Niborlyn does not please every citizen. Many of the older citizens hide their religious practices to the old gods. They may approach visitors to assist them in figuring out what has befallen their beloved town.

Gremlin
Misadventure

After a few very profitable years, Hooghly Slaw (Hoo Saw to his few friends) has quit adventuring. But his dream of owning a tavern didn't turn out so well. He now owns a defunct tavern named "The Vulgar Satyr".

Sixteen years ago, Hoo Saw found a locked chest while exploring ruins deep in the Hollow Spire Mountains. The locked chest contained a single wooden chess piece: a pawn. Intrigued by such a unique find, Hoo Saw kept the piece. Hoo Saw's misfortunes began that fateful day, and they've not let up.

Unbeknownst to the adventurer, the chest was a prison for a gremlin named Booglar who has followed and tormented poor Hoo Saw ever since he released the creature. Hoo Saw's attempts at adventuring, operating a successful business, finding a mate, even ending his life have all met with disastrous results because of the gremlin. The miserable Hoo Saw takes every misfortune in stride, however, which annoys Booglar to no end.

The Vulgar Satyr isn't a total money pit that Hoo Saw believes it to be, though. Over the years, Booglar has hidden nearly all of Hoo Saw's money within the tavern's stucco walls. Hoo Saw is in fact a very wealthy individual – if he could only discover the years of profit and treasure hidden in the walls around him. Booglar leaves just enough money for Hoo Saw to survive in misery. The Vulgar Satyr's only patrons are vagrants, drunkards, prostitutes and the deranged. Booglar takes great pleasure in tormenting anyone other than the dregs of society who visit the tavern.

The chess pawn sits on a table without chairs in the center of the room. Despite Hoo Saw's efforts to get rid of the game piece, it always returns. Hoo Saw has noticed that when he destroys the piece, it returns looking slightly different. He long ago accepted his bad luck and has given up on ever getting rid of the cursed chess piece.

None of the tables or chairs in the bar has level legs. Eating utensils are bent, and bowls and wooden tankards have small annoying leaks. Randomly loosened floorboards tilt to harmlessly hit clients in the face or back. Sand taints the salt and spice jars on the tables. Common pranks the gremlin plays are putting tadpoles in tankards, lighting of tinder twigs in boots, shaving a PC's horse, putting black powder in pipes, entwining boot laces, placing rotten potatoes in backpacks and pouches, loosening saddles on horses, greasing sword hilts and door knobs, placing bees in wineskins, removing arrowheads, spilling drinks on crotches and unloosening armor straps loosened. The Game Referee should feel free to make up more annoyances to torment the PCs with.

Hoo Saw feels indebted to anyone who aids him in getting his life back on track. If his treasure is found, he hands over the deed to The Vulgar Satyr (the chess piece comes with the tavern) and leaves on a permanent vacation.

Grimm
Ebbing Acres

The extensive farmstead of the Ebbing family has remained profitable for generations. As wealthy landowners, the Ebbing family has made many enemies with their aggressive style of farming and their questionable ethics. None of the locals has seen any member of the Ebbing family for weeks, however. Even more mysteriously, no one has returned from

attempts to contact them. Acres of neglected and wilting crops surround the homestead and barn.

The Ebbing family and their farmhands stand in the yard crucified in a circle upon wooden crossbeams. Their bodies bear no wounds and appear to be drained of blood. The corpses are surrounded by the carcasses of thousands of birds, rodents and vermin. Livestock and crops alike look as if all their fluids have been drained as well. Two grimms living under the family's home caused the deaths of the scavengers and livestock with their life-draining aura. The grimms slowly tortured the crucified people with their presence.

Grimstalker (Banaan)
Hey Mr. Tally Man

Rows of banana trees stand on the grounds of the abandoned Horstman Plantation, ripening bunches of bananas hanging down from the serrated fronds. The ground is covered by patches of unruly grasses and piled high with rotting bananas. The grass causes flesh to itch and sting, and fire ants crawl in long lines over the ground. Other than the macaws calling through the trees, the banana farm is silent.

The pickers fled three days ago when a troupe of grimstalkers moved in and began terrorizing the farmhands. The miniature assassins drove poisoned splinters into the bananas, left snare traps in the thick grass, and even lured a corrupt banana tree treant onto the plantation. The grimstalkers consider the plantation their ancestral land and attack any trespassers. The grimstalkers ride in the banana tree treant, pelting enemies with poisoned arrows.

Grippli
Frog God House

Amidst the thick aerial prop roots of an ancient banyan, a tribe of 30 grippli adults and their 15 young. The grippli dwell in tiny huts of mud and grass, climbing into the tree to hunt lizards and gather figs. The grippli arm themselves with spears and slings and brew a powerful fig wine. The village is lead by a grippli who can cast spells as a 3rd level cleric or druid. A large hut in the middle of the village contains the tribe's nine eggs guarded by four large grippli with obsidian-bladed axes. In the upper branches of the banyan tree there is a thing the grippli refer to as the "god house".

The god house is the pinnacle of an ancient stone temple that was engulfed and mostly destroyed by the banyan in its youth. The peak of the temple, decorated with reliefs of dancing apsaras, now rests in the branches about 200 feet above the forest floor. One can enter the "god house" through a tiny hole. The interior is covered by a growth of orange crystals that the grippli believe allow communication with spirits, for they hum in the presence of light. The grippli's priestly leader carries a bronze lantern as part of her gear.

Groaning Spirit
Murder on High Street

A large city of granite walls tinted red from rust of the curved copper roofs on its tall, thin buildings has curved streets paved with chalk and lined with crowded, noisy shops. A single main street, the High Street, once thronged with people but has been abandoned due to the presence of a groaning spirit. The spirit once belonged to an elf, the victim of a murderous baker on the High Street.

The bakery is the tallest building in the area, with a mechanical clock tower on which a clockwork knight slays a clockwork dragon every hour on the hour. The bakery specializes in hot cross buns, tongue sandwiches (sheep tongues for a copper, beef tongues for a silver, peacock tongues for a platinum) and sticky pastries made with honey and almonds.

The baker concealed the body in a barrel of flour in his cellar, and until the body is found and properly buried, the spirit cannot rest. A number of brave knights have lost their lives to the groaning spirit, including the king's favorite nephew. Destroying the creature is probably a fine way to endear the king to a band of otherwise unwelcome adventurers.

Gronk
Pitted Plains

A nomadic tribe of gronks has excavated huge pits throughout the rolling hills of a vast grassland. The gronks have worked long and hard through the years carefully digging the vast pits. The Horncrunk gronks, under the command of their tribal leader Uooteg, are fiercely territorial and secretive about their digging project.

The tribe has managed to domesticate rhinoceroses and yaks to aid in their quarrying activities and to serve as mounts and guards. Guard rhinos are leashed by heavy iron chains tethered to spiked collars. Occasionally, the gronks find something useful such as minor magical items left over from ancient wars. While unreceptive of intruders, diplomatic negotiations may avoid combat but won't divulge the reason for the dig. In fact, the gronks aren't sure either why they are digging the land. Some years ago, Uooteg had a dream of a buried weapon (a warhammer shaped like a boar) and convinced the tribe that this vision was a quest from the gods to find this weapon. Thus far, their work has yielded little.

Gryph
Hell's Plumbers

This cavern is 40 feet high, with walls that slant down to the floor of the cavern, which is 60 feet long and about 12 feet wide. Twelve thick pipes span the cavern from wall to wall, about half of them warm and the other half cold. A bloated corpse is slung over one of the warm pipes incubating 7 gryph eggs.

A throng of 1d8+7 male gryphs (plus one female per 3 males) inhabit this cavern, roosting on the warm pipes. The pipes do not carry water, but rather move tortured souls between different planes of Hell. Rupturing a pipe releases the souls in the form of 2d6 screeching shadows. Such a rupture is likely if one is attacking the gryphs with sharp or piercing weapons. If such a rupture does occur, an imp is oily overalls will appear in 1d4+1 rounds to repair it. If the adventurers are not busy, it will make a clumsy attempt at trading its plumbing services for a soul.

Gutslug
A Slug in the Gut

The Capering Satyr is throwing a bash to beat all parties to celebrate the owner's recent good fortune. The party's been going for a week so far, with little signs of slowing down. Revelers come and go, and new kegs are brought up from the cellar every hour. The owner, Borum, won't talk about how he came into his wealth, but whispering bar patrons claim he found a gold vein in the Whispering Forest.

Borum did indeed find gold, but only after he tricked a leprechaun and stole its treasure. The leprechaun, an angry little fey named Marn McLir, searched high and low and just recently found the bar owner. Now that he's found the barkeep, his ire is about to be unleashed. Marn broke into the cellar and "improved" a keg by stuffing 50 gutslugs into the barrel. He rigged the keg to explode in a blast of splinters that launches the gutslugs over the entire bar crowd.

PCs partying in the bar find themselves covered in the slimy entrail-like worms.

All the while, Marn McLir dances in the rafters, laughing at the sport below.

Half-Ogre
Half Ogre, All Bandit

A gang of 1d3+1 half-ogre bandits has taken up residence in an abandoned watchtower that overlooks the moor road. The bandits wear hides and pelts (treat as leather armor) and carry a variety of hand weapons, including 4 javelins each. The leader of the band, a 3rd level fighter, recently lost a challenge he intitiated against the ogre chief of his former tribe. He now bears a nasty scar across his bald head for the effort.

The band has set up a rather ingenious (for ogres) device to attack passing caravans. The moor road runs directly past the watchtower. The half-ogres station themselves on the roof, where they have a thick rope tied between a crenelation and a large, loose piece of masonry. At the direction of a spotter, two ogres heave the heavy block off the roof in the opposite direction of the road. The rope then turns the heavy block into a powerful, pendulum like projectile that smashes into wagons and often kills or wounds horses or oxen. The half-ogres then, still on the roof, proceed to hurl smaller stones and javelins at the caravan until it gives up and flees the harassment.

So far, the half-ogres have managed to gather 20 head of goats (worth 1 gp each, penned behind the watchtower), 30 pounds of millet (worth 9 gp), five pounds of lentils (worth 1 gp), two square yards of lace (weighs 6 pounds, worth 10 gp), 20 pounds of red dye (worth 10 gp), 10 pounds of blue dye (worth 10 gp, in a barrel), 10 pounds of gum arabic (worth 10 gp), two barrels of ale (30 gallons, 250 pounds, worth 6 gp each), a granite holy icon (worth 65 gp to a dwarf), a bag of *dust of disappearance* (thrown to the side, deemed worthless), a soapstone bust of Millard Fillmore (worth 1d4 x 10 gp, once owned by a famous plane-hopping magic-user), 1d6 x 100 cp and 1d4 x 100 sp.

Hanged Man
The Well Hanged Man

The rotting corpses of 10 pirates and thieves hang from a scaffold outside of the village of Arndale. Crows sit haughtily on the corpses, cawing at anyone who approaches.

The village is empty, a ghost town sitting beside the sea. Buildings are vacant, with doors and windows wide open. Bloody scratches mar many wooden floors. People appear to have been dragged from their houses, clawing frantically for their lives.

A small 8-foot-diameter well sits in the center of town, a rope hanging over the stone ledge trailing down into the darkness. The rope twitches feebly.

A hanged man entered a cave network under Arndale a week ago. The creature discovered a dry well that let it move about the town without being noticed. The creature picked off victims every night, casting some down the well to savor later. The creature waits at the bottom of the hole. The noose tied around its neck hangs over the top of the well to snatch prey who might try to give it a good yank.

Hangman Tree
Grim God of the Wood

A tunnel you have been traversing for the last hour ends in a flight of wide steps of black and white marble. They lead up maybe 60 feet to perpendicular tunnel. This new tunnel is arched and clad in checked black and white tiles. It is about 10 feet wide and 15 feet high and seems to run for at least one mile in either direction. Dried animal droppings in the tunnel suggest that it is an underground highway. Should one proceed east, they will eventually come to a point where the tunnel slants upward, disgorging travelers into a thick woodland of oaks. This woodland is inhabited by several tribes of goblins, discernable by the different colors of their ears and memorable for the violent hatred they feel towards one another. One tribe is particularly hated, for it dwells on the fringes of a meadow of sweet grasses and forget-me-nots in which dwells the "Grim God of the Wood". The god is a large, ancient hangman tree and the tribe that dwells closest to him holds the position of the "high holy tribe" and lords this rank over the others.

As one approaches the meadow of the Grim God, they will almost certainly encounter members of the high holy tribe, goblins with gray-fringed ears in leather armor and carrying shields, spears and daggers. Encounters with 1d4+4 goblins should be diced for once every hour, occuring on a roll of 1 in 4. The goblins will make an attempt to capture characters, using lassos that they throw from the branches. Captives are brought to the edge of the meadow and driven into it by the massed goblins of the high holy tribe, their hands unbound but weaponless (this strikes the goblins as a "fair fight").

A possible treasure for the high holy tribe consists of 1d4 x 1,000 gp, 1d4 x 1,000 sp, an obsidian mask worth 135 gp, a terracotta oil lamp decorated with black and white porpoises worth 135 gp and a wooden figuring of a child worth 45 gp.

Haunt
Possession Is 9/10ths of the Law

You emerge from the rain forest onto a sodden plateau inhabited by giant lizards (dull, grazing herbivores). In the middle of the pleateau there is a spear stuck in the ground, a brace of blue-gray feathers hanging from the end. The plateau runs for another 300 feet before it ends in the black, jagged cliffs of a chasm. The chasm is 100 feet across and spanned by a rope bridge. The bridge leads into a cave in the higher cliff on the other side of the chasm.

Approaching the spear will draw out a lawful haunt, the spirit of an ancient chief who died while trying to rescue his kidnapped son from a rival tribe. The chief's crushed bones are sunk into the plain beneath the spear. The chief will appear out of nowhere, running towards the adventurers, his incorporeal face tattooed in an awful grimace, intent upon possessing one of the travelers to complete his mission.

Rescuing the child will be nearly impossible. The chief died 20 years earlier, and his son is now a sub-chief in the tribe that kidnapped him and unlikely to allow himself to be rescued by a complete stranger.

The chief's spear is a *+1 magic weapon* that, when cast through the air, gives off a terrific war scream that forces those with 1 HD or less to make a saving throw or flee in terror for 5 minutes.

Helix Moth
Crystal Moth

Thin purple spindles of sharp glass tower in the air in the Amethyst Jungle. Spindly branches sprout from the glass trees. The wind warbles through the crystal trees with a delicate sound of clinking glass. The amethyst trees grow naturally and are incredibly sharp, dealing 1d4 points of damage to anyone touching the trunks. A 100-foot-wide cavern splits the forest into two sides. One side's glass is a deep violet, while across the canyon the glass is a lighter mauve. The chasm drops nearly 150 feet to another glass forest at the bottom of the canyon. A 30-foot-radius glass column stretches across the canyon. The giant trunk is shaved flat across its upper surface to form a bridge across the chasm.

A helix moth lives in a cave mouth 50 feet down the cliff wall. The female moth laid her eggs in the cavern a week ago. The moth is very territorial, and rises to investigate any noise. Anyone cross the bridge is immediately attacked. The drone caused by the moth's gigantic flapping wings sets up vibrations in the crystals that have a 1 in 6 chance each round of shattering the crystal trees – including the glass bridge.

Hell Moth
Hell Gate Pearl

On a low, green island located about 100 yards off the coast of a pleasant harbor there is a large manor house that once belonged to the court physician of the local king. The wooden bridge to the island has been burned and three stone towers and a wall erected opposite the island on the shore. These towers and wall are patrolled day and night by a company of crossbowmen, each armed with three magical arrows.

The island measures about 1,200 feet in diameter. The shores are thick with willows, their branches trailing in the waters of the bay. Beyond the wall of willows there are pleasant gardens and goldfish ponds and the blackened husk of a stone manor house. The central stone tower of the manor still stands and is inhabited by a flock of 1d4+2 hell moths. The tower once had three floors and an observatory on the roof, but the roof and floors have been burned away.

At the center of the tower's floor there is a black pearl clutched in the hand of a charred skeleton. The black pearl bathes the tower's interior in darkness and attracts the hell moths the way a normal light attracts normal moths. The pearl was a gift to the physician from a rival, a wise woman of the hills who once enjoyed the patronage of the king. It has the ability to cause darkness in a 60 foot radius but allows its holder to see in that or any darkness. The holder of the pearl gains the ability to communicate telepathically with the creatures of the night, though he is unable to block their thoughts and might, if not possessed of a powerful will, succumb to their predatory instincts. The pearl, if touched by a lawful person, opens a swirling gate of black and red mists 30 feet overhead that draws in a flock of hell moths, who continue to lurk around the pearl until it is returned to its container, a black, metallic box stamped with the grimacing face of Yama, the death god.

Herald of Tsathogga
Creeping Swamp

A small dense swamp, roughly two miles in diameter, slowly moves across the ground. The Creeping Swamp moves at walking pace and moves like a plodding wave. The swamp bowls over stationary objects such as trees, rocks and buildings. Larger structures are destroyed and eventually pushed aside while things that stand in the swamp's way are crushed beneath its weight. Simply walking onto the swamp is sufficient to enter its perimeter. The swamp carries creatures or objects as if they were standing in a motionless swamp. Trees and animals alike live perfectly natural lives within the roving swamp as if it were normal wetlands. The swamp remains is constantly humid no matter whatever environment the swamp moves through. The Creeping Swamp contains common swamp life such as giant mosquitoes, prehistoric alligators, gnarlwood, undead treants and an occasional demon. Frogs and frog-like monsters overpopulate the swamp. A clan of powerful tsar has even established a temple to Tsathogga near the back edge of the Creeping Swamp.

The water gradually increases to a depth of four feet near the center. The swampy ground extends into the earth about 10 feet deep at its heart and tapers at the sides as it slides across the land. The swamp leaves a wide swath of flattened and drenched lands as it passes. The swamp moves with an uncanny intelligence and avoids rocky terrain, deserts, canyons and large bodies of water. The Creeping Swamp remains stationary for years at a time before beginning another journey to an unknown destination.

The Herald of Tsathogga controls the Creeping Swamp from a mud pit at the heart of the swamp. Four clay golems resembling giant toads surround the pit. A high priest of Tsathogga also attends to the sanctuary and speaks for the demon lord. The pit contains plunder collected from the swamp's victims and the settlements consumed by the swamp.

Hippocampus
Noble Steeds

On a mountainous island of tiny villages and terraced rice fields, there rules a powerful daimyo, the son of a nobleman and a mermaid. The daimyo rules not only the surface of the island, but also the seafloor around the island to an extent of 5 miles. A tribe of 300 merfolk dwell around the island, spending their time sunning themselves, singing and playing pranks on fishermen.

Among them is a retinue of seven merfolk samurai in shimmering scale coats and wielding barbed spears. On a green meadow in the midst of the undersea mountains, a trio of samurai and their servants look after their herd of nine hippocampuses. The hippocampuses are more loyal to their daimyo than the merfolk (who are always slightly chaotic, despite their best intentions), and the largest and most intelligent of the beasts belongs to the daimyo himself.

In the midst of that meadow of seaweed there is a tall, stone idol in the image of Kannon. The idol has a calming influence on the horses, and in fact acts of violence within 100 feet of the idol are impossible without making a saving throw. Should one perform a courtly dance for the idol, it may (10% chance + 1% per point of dexterity) a single golden teardrop might emerge from its right eye. This teardrop, collected and turned into an amulet, allows one to turn/command sea creatures as a 1st level cleric (+1 level if lawful, +1 level if their wisdom is 13+).

Hoar Fox
Trapped in the Trapper's Cabin

Traveling across the frigid taiga, the trees sparkling from the frost that covers their branches and the snow clinging to your ankles, you come across a cabin. The cabin appears to be in good repair, but it is covered in frost and no smoke curls up from its chimney. Four days ago, a lone trapper carried home a number of fur bearing critters, including a hoar fox that, he later discovered, was not yet dead. When the creature awoke in the cabin, it unleashed multiple cones of frost, icing the door shut and covering much of the interior with frost. The trapper was killed, and for the last three days has served as the hoar fox's only sustenance. It has tried in vain to escape the cabin, but the sub-zero temperatures outside have kept the ice from its own breath from melting.

Should adventurers enter the place, the will find the hoar fox hiding in a corner behind a wooden chair. It is as likely to attack as it is to flee. The floor in the cabin is covered in many patches of ice, making combat tricky. Those who miss on an attack or attempt to move more than 3 feet during a round must pass a saving throw or fall prone, suffering 1 point of damage in the process. Besides the half-eaten body of the trapper (could it rise as an undead due to its shocking death?) the cabin contains a store of foodstuffs (5 weeks of normal rations, 2 weeks of iron rations), fresh water in a large jug, the tools of the trapper's trade and animal pelts worth 1d6 x 20 gp.

Hoar Spirit
The Ice Maidens

The temperature in the Wailing Glacier's cavern is below freezing. The floor, walls and ceiling of the 30-foot-long by 40-foot-wide chamber are covered in a foot-thick layer of ice. A cold wind blows through the chamber.

Frozen in place are 16 humanoids of various sizes, shapes and races. PCs examining the figures find:

• Five elves wearing heavy furs and seal-skins. The furs are brittle to the touch. The elves hunch forward as if pulling a heavy weight.

• An ogre wearing animal pelts. The creature appears to have sat down next to a fire – and never gotten up again. It still holds a carved branch

with a spitted rainbow trout on it.

• Six humans wearing furs, with frost-bitten features. Four appear rotted, with bloody ice crystals caking their torsos. The two "intact" humans embrace, their bodies frozen so completely to one another that no amount of pulling separates them.

• Two dwarves engaged in a tug-of-war with one another's beards. The dwarves each have a handful of beard in their hands. The beards are as frozen as their bodies. Their eyes are glassy and marble-like.

• An orc frozen while drawing his short sword. His feet are encased in heavy blocks of ice that keep him upright. Icicles hang from his protruding tusks.

• A seated satyr playing a small golden harp. The harp's strings are broken and twisted, but also frozen.

Two of the female frozen undead humans are hoar spirits posing among their victims. The pair hunt together, and bring their victims' bodies back to this ice cave to devour at their leisure. The frozen glacier keeps the victims preserved and frozen.

One of the hoar spirits wears an iron crown set with six rubies (500 gp).

Hornet, Giant
Riders in the Sky

The Hornet Riders of Olathe raise giant insects to carry them into battle. The kobolds fly in raiding groups of six. Each hornet wears a small saddle. The kobolds carry small crossbows and short swords. The kobolds demand tribute (all the gold PCs carry is a good start) and use hand signals to direct the giant hornets to back up their demands. The kobolds wear leather armor decorated with yellow-and-black stripes.

The Hornet Riders live in Olathe, a mountain village overrun by the foul creatures. A cave on the edge of town is the giant hornets' hive. The entire nest contains more than 60 hornets, although not all are capable yet of carrying riders. A small shack outside the cave entrance contains tack and weapons for the 25 kobold riders who live in the village.

Thirty humans walk with their heads down through the dirty streets. They are the only villagers still alive. They serve the kobolds to keep from being killed.

Horsefly, Giant
A Wing and a Prayer

Screams and pleas for help bellow from overhead. The shrieks come from Ollie Nematoad, a halfling inventor. Ollie wove a large enclosed basket and tethered it to a giant horsefly in the hopes of harnessing overland flight without the use of magic. Unfortunately, Ollie forgot to figure out a way to guide the horsefly once it was airborne. The panic-stricken horsefly chaotically flees the shrieking Halfling, dragging Ollie along behind it. The giant horsefly is starving and greedily attacks anyone on the ground. After touching down, Ollie cannot stand and retches for several minutes due to hours spinning in the basket beneath the buzzing insect. Once slain, the giant horsefly releases pheromones that attract more giant horseflies.

Hound of Ill Omen
Howls of the Bloody Beast

While trouping across the moors, through the sodden ground and the purple lichens that grow on the white, spiky stones that give the Fangmoor its name, a band of adventurers might hear a mournful howl weaving its way through the stones and across the moor. As the howl reverberates, mists begin to gather on the ground. In the village or carriage inn on the edge of the moor, the adventurers will probably have been warned about the Bloody Beast, a ghostly hound that haunts the moor and presages the death of any who look upon it. If they turn back now, they will be safe, but if they press on there is a cumulative 1 in 6 chance per hour (i.e. 1 in 6 during the first hour, 2 in 6 the next, etc) that a hound of ill omen appears on a rise, looking down on the unfortunate adventurers.

Huecuva
Innocent Until Proven Guilty

The church of the village you just entered in search of healing has been bricked up. The work is fairly fresh and crudely done, as though finished in a hurry. Three days prior, the chief inquisitor of the church rode into town on a palfrey and ordered the parish priestess and her acolytes taken into custody. After a hasty trial in which evidence of involvement in the slave trade was presented, the priestesses were cast into the great hearth of the temple (the temple being dedicated to the hearth goddess). It was a terrible shock for the people to see their beloved priestesses accused, convicted and summarily slain (especially in so terrible a manner), but it was an even more terrible shock to see them emerge from the flames as smoldering skeletons and strangle the inquisitor.

The people fled and did their best to trap the huecuvas in the temple, but they were unaware of the tunnels dug beneath the temple and accessibly via a secret door. The huecuvas are now loose, and will begin to strike at night through numerous secret passages, dragging their victims into the tunnels and casting them into the slave pits to die of starvation or fever.

Hidden in the tunnels there are three treasure chests, each locked and guarded by a poisoned needle. The chests are hidden in different places - one buried in a slave pit, one behind a false wall next to the secret door from the temple into the tunnels, and one buried near one of the exits. In total, the chests hold 1d6 x 200 gp, 1d8 x 200 sp, a brass toe ring etched with the name "Melinda" worth 25 gp, a tiny hematite idol of the Mouse Lord worth 4 gp and a pearl worth 175 gp.

Huggermugger
Capers at the Carnivale

The Carnivale of Plenty is a nonstop celebration lasting from early morning to late night in the city of Listor. Revelers stagger from one party to the next. Wine flows in abundance, and colorful outfits are expected. Horse carts stand outside taverns where their drivers abandoned them. Rose petals litter the roads.

A band of huggermuggers is living in the city and plans to abduct, rob, ransom and kill (in no particular order) as many people as possible. They use the carnival to hide their many schemes to get people alone. The Game Referee could use any or all of the following encounters– or craft your own – to build tension in the group before the huggermuggers make their move and finally abduct someone:

• A huggermugger stands at the end of a dark alley, barely visible in the darkness. It looks like a child torturing a cat and giggling crazily. If a PC approaches, a group of six huggermuggers surround and charm the victim before bustling him into an abandoned warehouse to disarm and rob. If a group enters the alley, the huggermugger "child" runs off and vanishes.

• PCs see a dark shape shadowing them across the rooftops. If anyone climbs or flies, they find a red velvet scarf tied around the neck of a child's doll waiting for them.

• A sewer grate gives way beneath a PC, dropping him 15 feet into the muck if he fails a save. A group of huggermuggers tries to surround and charm the victim.

• An wooden outhouse sits behind a tavern. Any PC who steps inside hears a strange "murmuring" as four huggermuggers surround the shack and try to charm the person inside. If they fail, they lock the door and stab through each wall.

Inphidian, Cobra-Back
The Slave Masters

Inside the city of Uroborus, a city being built in the Seething Jungle by the inphidians to honor their snake god Lachesiss, slaves are little more than cattle to be whipped and killed at the whim of the snake men.

A group of 15 captives toil in the jungle humidity, working on their bare and bleeding knees to place sparkling quartz and mica into a 300-foot-wide brick plaza. They are halfway done, but already the rearing head of a cobra can be discerned in the stonework.

A pair of female cobra-back inphidian taskmasters named Naja and Mia stand over the slaves, whipping them with cat-o-nine-tails made from the leathery bodies of dead serpents. The fangs remaining in the snake heads make the slaves jump and scream each time the whips strike flesh.

Inphidian, Common
Snakes in the Savanna

On a humid savanna you see a large outcropping of stone. The outcropping is composed of several large, flat stones set at different angles to one another and propped up on rounded stones that are carved to look like the top of human heads, their eyes peeking over the grasses of the savanna. A number of holes riddle the outcropping and are home to a tribe of 1d5 x10 degenerate serpent people called inphidians. The inphidians are led by a malevolent trio of females, all born from the same clutch and having golden markings on their skin and the ability to cast spells as 5th level clerics. The will of the clerics is carried out by a sisterhood of five warriors.

During the day, the inphidians can be seen sunning themselves on the rocks or encountered within 3 miles of their home hunting for small mammals. The burrow of the priestesses contains a number of terracotta jars - bulbous and etched with diamond patterns - containing pickled roots and animal organs. Feathered cloaks hang on hooks embedded in the walls but are only worn on ceremonial occaisions. The sisters also have an ivory scroll case in their possession. The case contains a parchment scroll depicting the savanna (one can make out the outcropping and a few other landmarks). A dotted line shows the path of a treasure caravan that a wicked mage has hired the inphidians to attack, for it is carrying a princess royal accompanied only by a bodyguard on her way to wed a bandit king of the plains.

The inphidian's treasure might consist of 4,500 gp (ancient, triangular coinage, with about one of every 100 coins coated with a deadly contact poison), 3,400 sp and a leather sack containing a tourmaline worth 100 gp, a banded agate worth 175 gp and a tiger's eye worth 100 gp.

Inphidian, Dancer
Snake Charmers

A series of 10-foot-deep pits is dug into the earth inside the walls of Uroborus, and each is filled with 30 or so slaves. The pits are 60 feet across, and smell of sweat and feces. Ten-foot-tall metal poles are spaced every 15 feet around the edges of the pits. Slinking around the poles are 10 dancer/charmer inphidians who keep the slaves in line and charmed until they are needed to hoist the blocks and lay the bricks in the city's construction.

The female snake dancers move alluringly between the poles, twisting their bodies around the metal as they dance. Their bodies are covered in silky veils that leave little to the imagination, and charm the minds of all who see them. Rope ladders are lowered into the pit to let the charmed slaves out to work in the city. The inphidians attempt to charm PCs who get too close to the pit, and push them over the edge into the slave mob. The dancer/charmer inphidians shriek and flee if attacked.

Inphidian, Night Adder
The Serpent Rises

In the sandy ruins of a forgotten temple dwells the clandestine cult of Lachesiss. Only curling columns and sand-covered foundations remain of this ancient space. The crypts below now serve as a vile temple. Poisonous snakes and scorpions coalesce into a moving carpet within the ruins. The desecrated remains of the mummies of Osiris' faithful lie scattered throughout the sand.

The inphidian cult has far-reaching tendrils that invade settlements throughout the lands. The cult mostly consists of human assassins and priests. Guarding the entrance to the temple's depths at all times are 1d4+1 inphidian rattlers from the snake city of Uroborus. This sect is led by a night adder inphidian who can cast an additional four spells: *sticks to snakes*, *charm monster*, *polymorph self* and *monster summoning II*. The cultists melted all the gold looted from the crypts into a huge jewel-encrusted cobra. The statue weighs 300 pounds. The inphidians hope to create a portal from this desolate spot to Uroborus – in the hope of constructing a second snake city here.

Inphidian, Rattler
Serpentine Pillar

Beneath the Temple of Entwined Serpents within the inphidian city of Uroborus lie the crypts of a desecrated temple. Standing within this unhallowed space is the Serpentine Pillar. Inphidian cultists invaded and defiled the temple, subverting it to their wicked campaign before they began building their glorious city overtop it. The Serpentine Pillar represents the centerpiece of the new snake temple. This 20-foot-tall column of living, entwined snakes harnesses the dark powers of Lachesiss, the dark god of snakes. Its baleful aura slowly turns living beings into snake-like abominations.

Creatures within 10 feet of the pillar must make a successful save each round or gain serpentine characteristic such as a forked tongue, scaled skin, slit eyes or venomous fangs. The Game Referee can further expand the inflictions, if needed. After an hour of exposure, most creatures painfully transform into an inphidian. Currently, the room holds four inphidian rattlers that slither from the pillar. Only strong magic can remove the permanent transformations caused by the Serpentine Pillar.

Iron Cobra
Apples and Serpents

In a cavernous vault of mottled limestone there is a small shrine dedicated to a forgotten goddess. The ceiling of the cavern drips with a mild acid from the stalagtites on the ceiling. The shrine is carved into the floor of the cavern. It consists of a cubical chamber (20 feet x 20 feet x 20 feet) with 5-ft walls surrounded by a 5-foot wide trench. The shrine has a stone door that swings easily, as though its hinges are kept oiled. Three walls of the shrine are covered in the preserved skins of reptilian humanoids, their eyes replaced with spherical tiger eye gemstones (worth 10 gp each, 12 in all). The fourth wall is taken up by an idol depicting a white skinned woman, plump and attractive, entwined with four large, green-skinned serpents with garnets for eyes (eight garnets worth 50 gp each). Wooden bowls filled with mealy apples are placed in front of the idol and a chandelier of tallow candles hangs from the ceiling, casting long, leering shadows in the otherwise lightless shrine.

Attempts to steal the gemstones draw out the shrine guardians, four iron cobras. The cobras will emerge from the mouths of the serpents in the idol, surprising anyone involved in prying out the garnet eyes. The iron cobras will not leave the shrine, nor will they allow the bodies of tomb robbers to be retrieved. Once every three days 1d3+3 inphidian shrine keepers visit the shrine to replace the apples, refill the iron cobras with

poison (they summon them with bull roarers) and take away dead tomb robbers.

Jack-O-Lantern
Melon Terraces

In the rocky highlands inland from the warm jungle coast the farms consist of narrow, rocky terraces planted with rice, melons and gourds. Above these garden terraces are small hovels made from volcanic rocks and palm fronds. Each of these villages has a wise woman or wise man who oversees what administrative needs the village has and coordinates the paying of tribute to the satrap on the coast. Most of these wise people are druids of 1st to 3rd level. All of the wise men pay homage to an 11th level archdruid who visits these villages on a set circuit. The archdruid travels on a friendly elephant and has in his train a court of lesser druids, ritual dancers and drummers, sacred smiths and brewers and an honor guard of spearmen. In each village, the archdruid has stationed a jack-o-lantern to defend the fields, forming them from the bodies of wise people who have died.

The villages possess no treasure beyond their wooden idols, instruments and farming tools.

Jaculi
Ring Toss

Along the jungle coast there is a long stretch of chalk cliffs. Upon these cliffs one can find hundreds of white-naped parrots. The parrots are favored for their relative intelligence as pets and familiars and for their livers, the bile of which is useful in a number of alchemical operations. Embedded in the cliffs is a bronze sculpture 15 feet tall that depicts a winged goddess with four heads on long, serpentine necks. The locals believe they can summon good fortune for themselves by tossing garlands of flowers on those heads from the top of the cliffs. This operation, of dubious value anyways, is made more difficult by the swarm of 1d8+5 jaculi that occupy the fig trees that line the top of the cliffs. The bronze statue is actually a touchstone that transports people into the Elemental Plane of Air when touched under a full moon. This is a possible explanation for why those bits of earth that float in that plane are often colonized by jungle flowers.

Jelly, Marsh
Up Through the Ground Came a Bubblin' Ooze

The swamp in this area is stagnant and lifeless. Once-luscious green moss draped from the trees hangs in brittle clumps. An oily skin covers the water's surface. Methane bubbles assault the senses as they release their putrid treasures. The bark at the base of the trees is dissolved from the swamp gases. The water erupts in great bursting boils that splash everything with rotten muck. A glowing bubble rises out of the brackish water, with long tendrils writhing below the radiance. A marsh jelly waits in this area for prey. The jelly eats everything in the area before moving on to more abundant hunting grounds. More jellies can be adding to increase the Challenge Level. The jellies could also hide in the trees and drop down on PCs or appear as a peculiar green glow in the thick mists that occasionally blanket the swamp.

Marsh Jelly, Demonic (Progeny of Jubilex)
Thus the Lord of Slime Smites Thee

A babbling vagrant makes his way through the crowded street. His skin oozes with oil and filth. Snot streams from his nose and mucus collects in his dirty beard. Commoners hold their noses in disgust and cover their mouths as he passes. As the crowd disperses from the beggar, he raises his arms to the sky and proclaims "Juhl-da-poo! For thee has transgressed against the gory god of goo and gunk. Jook-a-spulck! Prepare to meet thy doom of dung and drudge thee infidels of glop! Haaack-sploomp-plaaa! Behold the strife of sludge!"

As the vagrant speaks the last words, sewage pours forth from all nearby culverts, drains and manholes. The ground beneath him bubbles in a disgusting morass. The vagrant falls to his knees, weeping with delight as the sludge engulfs him. A massive glowing dome emerges from the mire around the man, and long tendrils thrash about looking for victims.

Peligos was sent by the demon lord of slime to enact revenge upon PCs for the extinction of his beloved ooze followers. Whether the PCs are guilty or not makes little difference to Peligos.

Jelly, Mustard
Mustard Apocalypse

Walking across the marshlands, you come across the remains of a vast canal city. All that remains, unfortunately, are the canals - not a single building or foundation yet remains of the city, nor a brick of fallen masonry or a scrap of wood. It is as if the entire city was swept away into the ether in a single, terrible moment.

What does remain are the subterranean, flooded tunnels that once acted as a sewage system for the city and permitted the movement of goods into cellars. These tunnels harbor a number of alcoves and secret rooms and are inhabited by a race of troglodytic humans - scrawny and small of stature, with coarse black hair, jaundiced skin and pink eyes. These people hide in their secret chambers, hoarding what treasures remained from the ancient city and stockpiling what food they can glean from the marsh - edible fungi, fish, crawdads, beetles, etc.

All of these folk live in terrible fear of the "devil", a large mustard jelly that dwells in the abandoned canals, hunting the remnants of the ancient city. The jelly primarily dwells in a flooded wine cellar. What casks remain intact are now filled with vinegar, though a secret panel in one wall contains 1d4 x 1,000 sp, 1d6 x 1,000 gp, 1d6 x 100 pp and a malachite dagger used in dark rituals (it is stained with blood) worth 100 gp.

Jelly, Stun-
Well Guard

A set of spiral stairs leads down into the center of a well-crafted stone vault. The stairs are encased in steel bars with a narrow gate at the bottom. The vault is 30 feet long and wide and 20 feet tall.

The vault is a trophy room (perhaps the owner is alive, perhaps not - Referee's choice) holding such treasures as a stuffed great white shark hanging from the ceiling by chains (a skeletal fighting man in *+1 plate mail* is still encased in its stomach), a wax figure of a damsel in silk robes with a tall, pointed hat and veil combination (the hat and veil act as a *ring of protection +1* when worn by a male, but gives off no magical aura), a sphere of thick glass filled with the stuff of the Abyss, including a school of transparent demonic fish and a night-black staff. The sphere will transport the viewers to a beautiful garden glade of fragrant roses, pear

trees and two salt statues of young lovers locked in a kiss if the viewers hold their breath, close their eyes and ease into the sphere fingers first.

The trophy room would be a mere gallery of the bizarre if not for the stunjelly lurking within the vault. The stunjelly lurks on the wall near the wax dummy.

Jelly, Whip
Whipped

A knight in weathered plate mail armor stands where the hall widens to a 15-foot circular. The knight's visor is down, and he stands unmoving, bent slightly forward at the waist. His chest plate hangs loose and his entire body is covered in dust and translucent goo. He holds a rusted long sword in his gauntlet, but the tip of the blade is dug into the dirt of the cavern's floor. At the knight's feet lie various metal helms, weapons and bits of armor. A grime-coated *+1 ring of protection* can be found among the various cast-off items. A deep voice speaks from the knight if PCs approach within 15 feet: "Halt and identify yourselves!" The same voice speaks again if PCs defy the warning and come within five feet: "Drop your weapons or face my wrath."

The knight is a clockwork automaton a magic-user crafted from gears and pulleys, a poor-man's iron golem that barely functioned. The metal man marched with a stiff gait, swung its blade indiscriminately at anyone it encountered, and in general posed little threat to man or beast. The metal knight moved with a constant clicking and whirring of gears, and rubber and cloth bands inside the construct gave it life. Right now, the only thing still working on the knight is a *magic mouth* cast into the knight's helm to issue warnings to intruders.

The knight halted in place forever years ago when a whip jelly wormed its way into the knight's dented chest cavity. The jelly dissolved the bands that propelled the metal knight, causing the automaton to slump but not fall. The jelly lives inside the knight's hollow chest cavity, venturing out occasionally to find food. The metal objects at the knight's feet are the remains of past meals. The goo covering the knight is an acid secreted by the whip jelly that dissolves flesh and other organic matter, but leaves metal unscathed.

Jellyfish, Monstrous
Blue Lagoon Resort

A fortified palace of white stone and elegant onion domes stands near a jungle lagoon. The palace is owned by the satrap of the jungle coast, a comely, artistic man more concerned with his poetry than the governance of his realm. Discipline and administraiton is handled by his wife, a tall, stately woman with deep, bronze skin, glossy black hair and a blood-red temper.

The palace is surrounded by gardens of orchids, ferns and fruit trees and a series of deep, salt water ponds connected to the lagoon and inhabited by a swarm of 1d12+10 monstrous jellyfish, their translucent pink and purple bodies beautiful in the crystal clear waters of the ponds. Entrance to the ponds via the lagoon is blocked by a bronze grate that can be lifted with a winch in a small, marble cupola nearby.

The palace grounds are guarded by a hobgoblin slave soldiers, klibanophoroi wearing heavy scale armor and carrying shields, long spears and curved short swords. Those who patrol the grounds do so mounted on striped jungle horses.

The satrap is a most generous and pleasant man, sitting on his portico in his wicker throne upon the kamadan rugs, dining on peacock eggs and jellied cobra while dwarven eunuchs in bulbous turbans and red loincloths fan him with palm fronds. His wife will be found roaming the palace, barking orders at her clarks and servants, raising a furor wherever she goes. Guests who have made themselves a bother might be tossed in the pools with the jellyfish.

The palace treasury contains 2d12 x 100 sp and 1d6 x 1,000 gp. The satrap wears a large moonstone worth 200 gp on his turban.

Jupiter Bloodsucker (Vampire Plant)
Accident on the Trail

Tromping up a jungle trail, you come to the side of a small ravine where it appears a coach has gone over the side. Indeed, in the bottom of the ravine you see the coach, damaged but still whole, and the remains of the drivers and horses, their flesh pale and bloodless and their bodies bloated in the powerful sun. The ravine is covered with thick, green vegetation, including a bed of 1d6+4 jupiter bloodsuckers.

The passengers in the coach are alive, but injured and dying of thirst. If they hear travelers (2 in 6 chance) they will signal to let them know they are there. The passengers were on their way to a jungle stronghold, and include an armorer, a minstrel, the lord of the stronghold's tax collector (an attractive woman) and an animal trainer who specializes in horses.

The coach also holds a locked iron box containing the collected taxes: 2d10 x 100 sp, 1d20 x 20 gp and 1d6 turquoise buttons worth 65 gp each.

Kamadan
Nighttime Mine Supervisor

A balmy savanna of bushwillows, elephant grass, gum acacias and eucalyptus trees is home to an active population of bulettes and dwarven miners. On a large outcropping of bluish, mithral-rich stone, a dwarven armorer has established a forge fueled by the potent droppings of bulette. The forge produces some of the finest arms and armor in the world - ornate suits of platemail, round, mirror-like shields, axe-swords and flanged maces - often incorporating bulette scales. About 40 dwarves live in the adobe complex atop the outcropping, somewhat in fear of their master. Iron mines are tunneled into the outcropping and patrolled at night by the master's pet, an especially fierce kamadan. The kamadan is kept in a mithral cage in the mines and released each night using a winch located in the master's quarters. The adobe walls are patrolled by ten dwarves armed with platemail, crossbows and axes.

The master's treasure consists of 1d20 x 100 sp, 1d20 x 100 gp, 1d20 pounds of mercury used for etching armor, a granite icon of the forge god (worth 125 gp) and a jasper whistle worth 1 gp that the master uses to control the kamadan.

Kampfult (Sinewy Mugger)
Pool of the Lost

You enter a natural cavern about 40 feet in diameter and 25 feet high that has been carved to make the floor and walls smooth. Three holes near the west wall and two holes near the east wall allow steam to rise into the chamber. A chimney in the ceiling permits the steam to exit again, but the air in the room is always warm and moist.

The floor of the cavern is concave and filled with a few feet of water, with a 10 foot diameter island in the middle of the room. Besides the entrance and the holes (not even large enough for a halfling), the only obvious exit is a shaft located on the island. The shaft is covered by an iron grate that, though heavy, is easily moved.

The pool is inhabited by a species of prehistoric, bony fish that are only mildly dangerous (1 in 6 chance of 1d4 fish attacking, treat as 2 HD creatures with an AC of 6 [13] and a bite attack that deals 1d4 damage).

The island is inhabited by a kampfult that is very good at playing the part of a weird, but harmless, tree. It will not move a tendril until all but one person has descended down the shaft, attacking the straggler and closing the iron grate.

About 1d10x100 gold pieces lie at the bottom of the pool.

Kathlin
Steeple Chase

This encounter takes place when PCs are encamped in the forest some distance from the nearest town. The moon is new, leaving very little light in the sky. The land is alive with the sounds of burrowing animals and owls taking flight. In the middle of the night, a giant riderless black horse wanders into camp, its flanks heaving as if from a long run. A fine sheen of sweat drips off the animal's broad sides. The horse has six muscular legs. Leaves and pine needles stick to the animal's flanks.

A group of 15 goblins captured the kathlin and trained the horse to lead raids on unsuspecting campers. They call it Steeple, which in their coarse language means "far runner." The horse's body is coated in a very sticky pine resin that looks like sweat. Any PC running his hand down the animal's coat must save or become stuck to the mount. If someone gets stuck, the horse charges into the forest – dragging the unfortunate victim with it. Any PC stuck to the kathlin takes 2d4 points of damage each round as he hits small trees and gets hit by the animal's powerful legs.

The goblins wait until the horse charges into the forest before moving in to scavenge whatever they can carry from the PCs' camp. The resin wears off in an hour, when PCs – or their lifeless bodies – fall away from the horse. If rescued from the vicious goblins, the kathlin can easily be retrained to serve as a mount.

Kech
Kech Me if You Can

In a large, temperate woodland nestled between two granite ridges, several bands of 2d4 kech make sport of travelers who dare to pass through the woodland. Each band will attempt to steal something from the adventurers - a helmet, wine skin, jewel, etc - and carry it to a particularly tall, ancient oak near the center of the woodland overlooking a shallow, murky lake. The other bands will do their best to steal the object and get to the tree first. Although this might appear to be little more than a silly annoyance, for the kech it is how they assign rank, and thus territory, in the valley. The kech mean no harm (though they also aren't worried about returning the stolen item, which resides in the hollow trunk of the great tree with other stolen articles), and will react violently and in concert if the adventurers use violence to retrieve their article.

The kech do not value the items they have stolen, and will do nothing to stop adventurers from climbing the great tree to retrieve them. The tree holds a brass candlestick (650 gp), a brass bust of a bearded, toothless man (100 gp), a *+2 heavy mace*, a terracotta flask containing brandy (6 gp) and a moonstone worth 500 gp.

Kelp Devil
Admiral's Rock

On a lonely sea mount in the middle of a green sea the ex-admiral of the Blue Brotherhood, a fleet of pirates, has constructed an impregnable keep. The keep is designed not only to contain the admiral's treasures but also to act as a bank for pirates. The walls of the keep are 8 feet thick near the base and 6 feet thick at the top, which rises 5 stories above the island and surrounding sea, with windows of leaded glass and thick, wooden doors at the back of tunnels barred with bronze portcullises.

The keep has the latest in war engines trained on the surrounding seas, and allows only men in small launches to approach the keep. The keep's battlements are patrolled by a dozen swaggering pirates (2nd to 4th level fighters), but they are not the primary defenders of Admiral's Rock. A large kelp devil patrols the waters around the rock, attacking any person not cleared by the admiral. This is done by blowing a trumpet in a particular tune. Without this sounding, the kelp devil shows no mercy in sending people to a watery grave.

Among the treasures held in the keep's vaults are 4d20 x 100 sp, 1d30 x 100 gp and a large turquoise scepter worth 650 gp.

Kelpie
Leap of Faith

Saint's College is housed in an old, fortified manor built on a rocky peninsula that overlooks the ocean. The college trains men and women for the priesthood or lives as sages or major domos, and usually houses about thirty students drawn from pedigreed families. The college employs five sages as lecturers, one of them serving as the dean. Armed guards patrol the college grounds and the walls.

Recently, the school has run into a spot of trouble. Three young men, all from powerful families, have gone missing. One body has been found floating washed ashore about a mile up the coast. The guards have seen nothing, and the dean is not prepared to deal with a matter like this. His superiors in the church hierarchy are intent on calming matters down, and their inquisitors have questioned all involved and discovered nothing.

The kingdom is now in an uproar, with different political factions exchanging accusations and challenges. Two men of high birth have died in duels and civil war appears to be on the horizon. The real culprits of the crime are a bed of 1d4 kelpies that have taken up residence in the waters beneath the college's dormitory windows. They arise at night, when mists cloak the coast, and send their voices into the heads of the students, rousing them from their slumber, bringing them to the shuttered windows and commanding them to leap into the sea.

Khargra
Up From the Depths

A narrow defile in the far northern lands is the last resting place of a company of imperial surveyors. The surveyors, lead by a merchant venturer and consisting of twelve men-at-arms, two sergeants and three cartographers, were killed while moving through the defile on their way to the coast, where the empress believes there is an ancient diamond mine. The empress is quite correct; the rocky hills along the coast are very rich in precious stones and metals, but are also home to a pack of 2d6 khargra, summoned in depths of the mine by a wizard locked in battle with a pit fiend and now persisting in the material plane. The khargra often leap between the sides of the defile, and it was during one of these migrations that they encountered the armored men of the surveying team.

The armor and weapons of the surveying team were destroyed or consumed by the khargra, and even the sack of gems and gold coins hidden on the venturer's body were removed. The dead surveyors do still have a very accurate set of maps of the coast and highlands inside an ivory mapcase. On the back of one of the maps the venture scribed notes and sketched illustrations of a strange cavern that seemed to "breathe." The author believed this cavern granted access to a subterranean kingdom his people tell stories about.

Killmoulis
Fey Hide-Away

A modest castle of gray bricks sits on a rocky mount overlooking an icy stream. The keep of the tower has a copper roof that rises to a peak and is topped by a brass statue of an archer. The archer in question is the mistress of the castle, a 12th level fighting-woman who won fame and glory competing in tournaments and wealth plundering the underworld. The castle has a population split between humans and dwarves, the dwarves being five religious scholars of their people who were persecuted and exiled from a neighboring kingdom. The humans are mostly shepherds, the scraggly hills around the castle supporting hundreds of the fluggy, white creatures. The mistress of the castle is a devout worshipper of the

fey court, and all fey creatures, including the dwarfs, are given freedom on her lands provided they do not harm her people or their animals. A gang of 1d3+1 killmoulis dwell in the castle as its stewards, feasting on aromatic resins and nosegays hung from the rafters by the mistress to thank them for their work.

Korred
Whose Side Are You On?

While resting and recuperating in a roadhouse outside an apparently quiet village of tall, stone houses and alleys of black dirt, the adventurers will find themselves in the midst of a revolution. Recently, imperial convoys have been attacked by "bandits" that they know were really revolutionaries from the White Jasmine Society, a secret organization funded by local merchants who are angry about taxation they believe is excessive.

The leaders of the revolution, all mid- to high-level fighters, are hiding in the village. An imperial army of 60 soldiers under the command of a war hero have arrived to suss them out. The leader is a calm, honorable man, but he is also determined to put down the threat to his feudal lord. He will find the presence of the adventurers very provocative, questioning them often and keeping them under guard 24 hours a day.

A serving woman in the inn associated with the society will, at some point, pass a note on to the adventurers hidden beneath a loaf of bread. The note will explain that the society has a powerful ally in the greenwood who might be able to break the occupying army if he can be found. The ally is a korred (or perhaps a gang of korreds), who are difficult to negotiate with but will respond to a silk scarf embroidered with a white lotus.

Kuah-Lij
Aboleth, Aboleth, Where Do You Roam?

Ten people top the next rise, each walking stiffly through the prairie grasses. Their clothes and skin are coated with dripping slime. Dragging itself behind the walkers is a monstrous aboleth. The grotesque creature pulls itself along with its tentacles. Riding atop the aboleth in a small metal enclosure are five tall halflings. They caper and laugh uproariously when one of the walkers trips and falls. Each humanoid carries a slingshot he uses to hit the walkers in the backs of their heads with water-filled balloons. A trail of slime marks the aboleth's progress through the grasslands.

The five halfling-like creatures are actually kuah-lij. The walkers are villagers from Shum who offended the kuah-lij. The odd-looking humanoids returned with their enslaved aboleth and charmed and slimed the villagers. The metal box on the aboleth's head is a control station linked into the creature's brain that allows the kuah-lij to control its movements and attacks. The kuah-lij don't mean to kill the villagers, just humiliate them. They pelt the slimed villagers with water balloons to keep them damp to protect them from the adverse effects of the aboleth slime.

If the control platform is knocked loose from the aboleth's head, it frees the beast to attack on its own. It is fully aware of what has been done to it and lashes out at everyone nearby.

Land Lamprey
Fetid Sewers

Beneath a brick townhouse occupied by the owner of a scriptorium there runs a dank, cramped sewer tunnel - a remnant of the foundations of the ancient city but still in use for drainage from the driving rains that plague the city-state. Though most folk know nothing of these tunnels, the local thieves' guild long ago learned of their existance from an ancient map stolen from the city hall.

An iron grate in the arched ceiling of the brick tunnel allows access to the crawl space beneath the townhouse - perhaps adventurers will learn of its existance while in the townhouse as customers or thieves, or perhaps they will come to this spot via the drainage tunnels while hunting thieves or doing some thieveing themselves.

The tunnel is six feet high, the floor angled to create a stream of water during a rain, and a chain of brackish pools in between rains. The thieves always enter the tunnels with flaming oil and torches, for they know that encounters with swarms of 1d6+5 land lampreys occur often (3 in 6 chance per hour), not to mention giant rats and lesser slimes. Besides the iron grates that give access to crawlspaces, alleys and abandoned tunnels and buildings, there are a number of secret doors in the tunnels that lead to chambers that the thieves use as safe houses and places to store their loot. A typical hiding place might contain 1d6 x 100 gp worth of treasure.

The air in the tunnels is dank and foul and travelers in these tunnels must cover their mouths or save (-1 penalty per hour in the tunnels) or come down with a hacking cough.

Lantern Goat
Chariot of Dire

Rumbling through the night barrels the chariot of death. Four lantern goats pull a black chariot resembling a horned grinning skull. The Harvester, a mercenary with the Dogs of Orcus, drives the goat team in a never-ending quest to collect mortal souls. He carries a lance, spear and a whip, and wears red plate armor made from the shell of a stygian turtle-shark. The Harvester is blind and his plated helm has no visor. The Harvester has a unique connection with the lantern goats where as he can "see" and detect life through their eyes. If the goats are slain, The Harvester is effectively blinded until he can enlist more goats. By day, the chariot, driver and goats are swallowed safely by the earth and only rerun when the moon once again shines. Once The Harvester is slain, the chariot sinks into the earth but resumes its quest for souls when a suitable cleric of Orcus is found to replace the slain Harvester.

Lava Child
All Shall Burn

In lava tubes beneath a dormant volcano there dwells a band of 1d10+6 lava children. The lava children have constructed a number of chambers in the lava tubes, mostly through the use of slave labor taken from the tribes who dwell in the jungles surrounding the volcano. The lava children know secret tunnels beneath the forest and hidden paths. The jungle tribes carve images of the lava children - the mountain spirits - on wooden masks and basalt statues - images of smiling demons with empty eyes.

The chambers of the lava children appear have no real purpose. They are all octagonal, with precious stones set into the walls. A magic-user or cleric might be able to identify the gem patterns as constellations. The lava children are following the instructions of their master, a flame entity imprisoned on the Astral Plane that seeks escape. Each chamber is attuned to a collection of eight constellations, and when those constellations are in the correct positions in space a chamber is filled with a portion of the flame entity's spirit. Currently, six such chambers are filled with a roiling pillar of flame that deals damage as a *wall of fire* if touched.

There are still 12 empty chambers. When those chambers are filled, the entity will have returned to the Material Plane and woe betide the people of the jungle. Deeper than the fire chambers there are several more chambers, including a prison for the slaves (3d4 slaves at any one time), a living chamber for the lava children and a temple to the flame entity, complete with a basalt altar stone studded with tiny garnets (worth a total of 50 gp if collected) and a marble altar depicting an abstract column of flames - far too complex for it to have been the work of the lava children.

The living chamber of the lava children contains 2d20 x 100 gp, a brass trencher worth 750 gp, a copper brooch depicting a smiling lava child (worth 75 gp), a brass scepter inlaid with red marble (worth 145 gp), a tiger's eye gem worth 165 gp and a piece of jet worth 400 gp.

Leech, Giant
Leeches Get Their Just Due

The swampy lowlands that the upland villages from the market town on the coast are dotted with a number of tall, bronze beacons. Each pillar is hollow and filled with several gallons of lamp oil, allowing them to burn for several days. The pillars are connected by thick ropes, allowing traders to traverse the swamp in their flat-bottom boats, pulling themselves along from one beacon to the next and finding their way to the coast without getting lost.

The swamp traders are a hardy breed, usually fighting-men of 2nd to 5th level, and they are assisted by groups of 4 to 9 men-at-arms in leather armor and carrying crossbows and spears. The boats carry all sorts of cargo, from foodstuffs to hides and pelts to rare herbs.

Among the dangers of the swamp, the most pernicious are the giant leeches. The leeches usually appear in swarms of 1d10+5, and the traders keep sacks of salt on board to drive them away.

Just three days earlier, a heist of the lord mayor's jewels took place, pulled off by a visiting band of thieves. The thieves sought to hide the jewels in the swamp, dropping a locked chest into the swamp at the base of a beacon that they marked with a glyph (those who know the cant will be able to identify it). Unfortunately, the thieves were ill-prepared for the giant leeches, and their bodies now lie at the bottom of the swamp with the jewels.

The locked chest contains two electrum hair pins tipped with rose quartz (worth 50 gp each), a steel tiara inlaid with the chitin of a giant crab and set with a moss agate (worth 150 gp), a gold signet ring bearing the lord mayor's arm (worth 200 gp) and a brass hookah with platinum filagree (worth 150 gp).

Leprechaun
Practical Joke

As you move through a shady wood, you come across a clearing. The clearing is marked by five pillars of chalk and in the middle there is a large, bronze cauldron. Three maidens, with long, braided hair and in diaphenous gowns sit around the cauldron, plucking at mandolins and singing drowsy love ballads. The cauldron is heaped with gold coins and jewels and covered by the pelt of an aurumvorax (q.v.).

This entire scene is, alas, a prank concocted by a terribly wicked gang of leprechauns. Perhaps the leprechauns have something against the adventurers or perhaps they're just world class jerks - it's hard to say with the fey.

The maidens are actually a trio of orc bandits (3 HD each) arguing over their empty cauldron. The chalk stones are their warriors, five orc warriors in leather armor with white shields, short swords and pole arms.

The orcs will not immediately understand why their visitors are so bold or refering to them as maidens and what not, but they're crafty enough to play along if it seems they can bag dinner. The 1d3+1 leprechauns will remain out of sight, though when the illusion is dispelled one will certainly hear their peels of laughter echoing from the woods.

The orcs have a treasure buried nearby in leather sacks. It consists of 2d12 x 10 cp, 1d10 x 10 sp, 2d12 x 10 gp and a small wooden box containing a pound of saffron (worth 15 gp).

Lich Shade
Images of Ages Past

Only the top two levels of this crumbled tower remains. The upper portion floats 60 feet above the lower ruins of the foundation. A partial stone staircase that once followed the interior wall hangs down from the floating partial tower. The tower's foundation looks as if it exploded from the inside in a massive blast that scattered the black bricks outward across the land. Someone built a 40-foot-tall scaffold of bound wooden poles beneath the floating tower in a vain effort to reach the suspended stairs. Stout vines growing from the sides of the floating tower drape down until they are almost within arms reach of the top of the scaffold. The tower belonged to Ashten Un Shorn, a magic-user who died during an attempt to transition to lichdom. A single mistake in the ritual resulted in the blast that destroyed her tower. Ashten now haunts the upper floors as a lich shade, and slays all who seek her treasure. Stories tell of her wondrous lantern that lantern reveals past events in any area where its light shines.

Livestone
Dangerous Crossing

You come across a swift subterranean river, about 40 feet wide. Two large boulders rest in the middle of the river, which is about 5 to 7 feet deep. The stones rise about 3 feet above the surface and one has a rope tied to it and extending to rocks on each shore. A small boat on the shore (the side the adventurers are on) provides a way across, for swimming would be exceptionally difficult in the current and even pulling one's way across on the boat requires a combined strength of 20 to keep it from being pulled down the river.

The second stone in the river is topped by a livestone in its solidified state. When a band of adventurers reach the midpoint of the river, it will take ooze form, make a leap at the nearest adventurer and then attempt to drag them overboard while taking its solidified form. The ooze is a pure predator, uninterested in destroying the others or taking their loot.

Living Lake (Agrath-Ogh)
Peace Among Evil

Hordes of orcs inhabit the badlands below the receding Wailing Glacier. The land is a jumble of rotting refuse and vast marshes left behind as the glacier melts. Many treasures have been revealed as the ice melts. One such treasure is the astonishing Parish of Iseleine, an exotic community built around a perfectly round lake of crystal clear water that remains pristine under an ice dome within the glacier. The lake has a ceramic tiled bottom and contains swarms of golden trout and edible freshwater anemones. The pool is also home to a living lake that has absorbed the pacifist ideas of the followers of Iseleine. The Wailing Glacier has thawed enough for explorers to navigate the ice caves to visit the parish.

The citizens of the city strictly follow the passive teachings of the dreaming goddess, Iseleine. They speak ancient common and have whimsical customs and mannerisms. The followers of Iseleine are passive to the extreme. The dreamy followers practice freedom and love in every sense of the words. They value art and harmony above all; values of the outside world are merely trappings of the flesh to them.

The living lake protects the Parish of Iseleine against all transgressors. The living lake is not above violence when defending the followers. The citizens still weep in anguish over the death of hundreds of orcs who attempted to destroy the Parish. The followers pray for Iseleine's forgiveness at the death of the orcs and are preparing the corpses for ceremonial burial.

Lizard, Cavern
Leaping Lizards

The Noblett family has farmed the land for years, taking advantage of a water-filled cave entrance that provides water for their cattle year round. Just weeks ago the water began to slowly recede into the cave. Each day the farmers and cattle must travel farther back into the bore

hole to get to the water. Once the water lowered, a pair of mated cavern lizards escaped into the surface world to hunt larger prey. Soon, the cavern lizards devoured the cattle and most of the Noblett family, leaving only Granny Noblett and her young niece and nephew. She pleads for any travelers to search the cave for her family or the lost cattle. She claims to have seen horned, cloven-footed demons wandering at night around the family's fields. Due to her failing eyesight, she actually mistook roaming goats standing to feed on low branches as the horned humanoid. Only Granny Noblett's son-in-law remains alive, trapped in the cave under a low rock shelf. The lizards scale the walls, waiting to leap down on anyone entering the cave.

Lizard, Fire
Shooting the Pipeline

A large fire lizard with a crooked leg and a crest like a rooster has taken up residence in an old lava tube that leads well into the depths of a dormant, though still quite warm, volcano. The slopes around the tube are quite verdant and support an especially rare orchid fed upon by a species of wasp.

Before the coming of the fire lizard, the tube was inhabited by a band of cast-off grimlocks who were driven into the jungle by the beast. They left behind an ivory sculpture of a portly man in a flowing robe that covers him from nose to feet and a conical hat that contains a secret poison needle that can be operated by pressing the small of its back. In addition, there are a number of leather sacks containing coins and a few arrows fletched with dire corby feathers in a quiver made from a fire beetle carapace.

The tube is about 10 feet in diameter for most of its length, with the outer tube (i.e. before it enters the volcano proper) often opened to the skies. Once one has entered the volcano things become notably warmer and the tube is intersected by several smaller tubes, home to a breed of especially nasty black rats and (if you're feeling particularly saucy) a pack of 1d6+2 wererats.

Lizard, Gnasher
Party Wagon

A large sled pulled by two gnasher lizards crashes through the countryside. A party of drunken goblins sits atop a dead bowhead whale strapped to the sled, some of the loathsome creatures missing arms and legs. The goblins sing and revel with vigor, many too inebriated to fight let alone stand. The goblins discovered the dead whale washed ashore a couple of days ago and decided to bring it home. The whale will feed their clan for many weeks and its bones will make excellent weapons. The goblins celebrate their prize as they drive the 50 miles inland to their camp. The whale has already begun to rot, a fact that doesn't seem to bother the goblins. It leaves a trail of blood and congealed blubber in its wake. The driver immediately releases the gnasher lizards at the first sign of trouble. The semi-trained gnasher lizards normally do not attack the goblins. Aside from the decaying whale, the goblins have little treasure.

Lurker Above
Gray Pavilion Oasis

While traversing the empty, blazing expanse of the desert, you come across what can only be a mirage. Rising above the cracked, red soil is a pavilion of gray stone with a rounded top held up by twelve pillars. Between the pillars, gauzy purple curtains billow in the wind. The pavilion is about 30 feet in diameter and contains a small pool of clear water. The ceiling of the pavilion is the lair of a lurker above, one of several that dwell in the caves that dot the sandstone hills around the desert. This one was driven out into the desert by competition with larger lurkers and now subsists on foolish travelers.

Lythic
The Sentinel of Ice and Stone

Jutting like serrated teeth from the icy waves leading into the Ebon Straits are the 10 Sentinels of Ice and Stone that presage the way to the icy northern seas. Each granite pillar is barely 80 feet in diameter, but rises more than 100 feet off the turbulent ocean. Ice winds in thick bands around the stone, creating slick cliff ledges that can nevertheless be carefully climbed like a winding ramp around the rock. The 10 pillars are all located within sight of one another in a quarter-mile ocean area.

Rumors says that atop one of the pillar stands a being of living stone – although which pillar is a matter of debate among seafarers. The creature is said to answers questions for sailors, but just as often predicts hideous fates.

The sentinel is actually a lythic cursed to live atop the stone pillars and await sailors seeking their fate. The lythic moves randomly between the pillars each day, vanishing from one perch to appear atop another stone column. Getting to the top of a pillar is difficult, as the ice ramps are treacherous and slick, and the waves and wind are always present to toss climbers into the brine. The lythic won't move or answer questions until at least 1,000 gp in coins are placed at its feet, and the truthfulness of its answer often depends on how it is treated by the questioners. The gold sinks into the pillar, never to be seen again, once the question is answered. If attacked, the lythic melts into the stone and reappears on another pillar.

Magmoid
Great Ball of Fire

This encounter takes place in an extremely long 10-foot-wide corridor with a 10-foot high ceiling. The corridor rises at a 20-degree angle. The marble floor is scorched and burnt, with a trench coated in ash and soot cut through the center of the tiles. The walls and ceiling have similar grooves cut through them. Each trench is concave, with rounded edges. A flickering, fiery glow illuminates the end of the tunnel.

A magmoid lives in a chamber, and uses the corridor as a "track" to roll down on intruders into its underground lair. The fiery creature waits for PCs to get about three-quarters of the way up the corridor, then rolls at top speed toward them. Since the magmoid is rolling downhill, it gains +6 to its movement. The 10-foot-diameter ball of fire completely fills the tunnel as it rushes forward. Its edges fit perfectly into the grooves on the walls, floor and ceiling.

A burnt skeleton lies in a charred heap in the magmoid's chamber. The thief wears *boots of speed*, although they are dingy with gray ash. The thief ran down the hall before the magmoid entered the corridor, but collapsed, utterly exhausted. The angry magmoid rolled over him again and again.

Magnesium Spirit
Don't Go Into the Light

The mountain guides all know about the sarcophagus in the middle of the volcano, and everybody has a story, all a bit different, about how it got there and when. The volcano in question is a dead stratovolcano, the caldera filled with a pristine lake that freezes over in the winter. In the center of the lake there is a small, perfectly round island that the guides will assure visitors is not natural. They are correct on his fact. The island is a pillar of pumice, 10-ft in diameter and about 20 feet long. The pillar floats, with about 2 feet of it clearing the surface of the water. A thick chain keeps it anchored to the bottom of the lake.

Standing on the pillar is a sarcophagus of blue steel. The sarcophagus is 5 feet tall and cast in the shape of a hauntingly beautiful woman, eyes closed, hands clasped as in prayer. Thick chains are wrapped around the sarcophagus and secured by heavy locks of the same material, which,

although not as strong as adamantite is stronger than steel.

A magnesium spirit has been sealed in the sarcophagus, although it is unknown by whom. The spirit is nearly crazed with its desire to return to its home dimension (or planet, depending on your campaign world).

Resting in the bottom of the sarcophagus there is a golden ring set with a large piece of smoky, gray glass that allows a person wearing it to transform their body into any material the glass touches, at will, for 1d6+1 rounds.

Mandragora
Over the Woods and Through the Hills

Amala, daughter of King Theod was stolen away in the night by a band of crafty wererats who entered the stronghold of her father in the guise of animals and, with the help of the native rats (who despise the king and his Lord Keeper of the Royal Pantries), made their way to her room. The touch of a slim, crystal wand stole her soul away, leaving her body in a state between life and death.

The king is frantic with worry and has ordered all brave men of his kingdom to find his daughter, offering rich rewards and a potential royal wedding if they do (he has little intention of keeping all of these promises).

The rats escaped the stronghold and made their swiftly to the south, through the thick woodlands of the moss dwarves, over the craggy hills of the huldra-folk and finally into the infamous green chasm, a rent across the barren landscape populated by a thick, primordial wood and all manner of strange, reptilian beasts.

Hidden beneath the overarching boughs there is a small building of gray-green brick shaped like a rounded cylinder. The building has no entrance, per se, though a number of small cracks and gaps allowed the wererats to enter and place their precious burden atop a cruel, iron-toothed trap, itself hidden beneath a black bearskin. A grab for the crystal will trip the trap, which deals 1d8 points of damage unless a saving throw is passed. If the damage is "8", the trap has shattered the victim's arm.

The ground around the little building are infested with a colony of 3d6 mandragoras, all trained to ignore the wererats. The wererats use this building, and others like it spread around the kingdom, as hiding places to stash their loot.

The wererats were hired by a baronet, a gangly, awkward gentleman with high ambitions, to steal away the princess' soul and keep it well hidden for two weeks. At that point, they are to carry it to his manor that he might return it to the king and claim the princess' hand in marriage. A magic-user and hated rival of the king (old adventurers on opposite sides of the law vs. chaos debate) provided the baronet with the crystal and, unbeknownst to him, will provide the corpse of the supposed culprit.

Mantari
Pilgrims for Winter Solstice Feast

Not all underworlds are hidden from the view of men. In the far western portions of a great kingdom there is a great underworld complex of limestone caves often visited by pilgrims. The pilgrims seek out a stone formation called the Throne of Judgment, where they believe their cthonic deity once sat while he held court over the fey and spirits of the departed. Small bands of pilgrims might visit the Throne at any time, but on the shortest day of the year larger pilgrimages, including villagers from as far away as 20 miles, descend on the caverns wearing skull masks and swinging ritual flails made of ox bones and horse hair to celebrate the cthonic god's birth.

Recently, small bands of visiting pilgrims have fallen victim to a pack of 1d3+1 mantari who have come up from lower portions of the underworld and made the Throne's cavern their hunting ground. They lurk in the upper shelves of the cavern, descending while pilgrims are prostrate in front of the throne. Their shelf is littered with bones and the belongings of the pilgrims - a three pound ingot of silver (worth 30 sp), a 5 lb ingot of zinc (worth 4 sp), a large rock crystal worth 90 gp, a bronze goblet in the shape of a ram's head (worth 2 gp), a brass waist chain (worth 115 gp), 210 sp and 11 gp as well as shredded clothing and five staves.

Mantidrake
The Petrified Forest of Drevjen

Many scholars speculate about the origin of the Petrified Forest of Drevjen, but none has found the reason for the ancient cursed forest. Animal life is scarce at best in the forest, but all plant life has been turned to stone. No new living plants grow normally within its boundaries. Plants and plant-like creatures brought into the woods turn to stone within 24 hours. The crunch of brittle stone leaves and grass sounds with every step. The trees and brush in outlying areas of the forest have few remaining leaves, but deeper into the forest the stone trees remain pristine with their canopies filtering out almost all sunlight. The result is a vast cave-like room with only occasional pinpoints of light gleaming through. Damage done to the petrified forest seems to regenerate over time, as if the plants continue to thrive despite their current state. What horrors lie deep within the forest are unknown to all but the bravest adventurers.

A pair of mated mantidrakes nests high in the massive petrified tress on the outside edge of the Dravjen woods. The nest is built high in a stone snag made from rock branches and leaves. The mantidrakes guard a clutch of their eggs and fiercely protect their territory. The nest holds a mythical *horn of blasting* rumored to have incredibly destructive sonic powers.

Marble Snake
Aulos Snake Trial

A winding lane that descends from the south gate of a small town has been nicknamed Fear Street by the citizens, for it leads past an old colonial cemetery on its way to the lake. The cemetery is about a 500 feet long and 100 feet wide and runs along the lane. A low wall of white stones surrounds the cemetary, with two bronze gates allowing entrance - one on the north end of the cemetary, the other on the south end.

The stones in the cemetary date from the early days of settlement in the region, and many names are recognizable as belonging to the leading citizens of the town. On a few occaisions people have claimed to see a thin man sitting atop a marble slab playing an aulos (a double piped wind instrument) in the middle of the night.

The man, his face hidden by a black cloak, is the court jester of the town's duke, a cruel, paranoid man who has established a secret court in his family crypt. Enemies (or perceived enemies) are tried here and sentenced to death. The bodies are fed to a pack of 1d3+1 marble snakes that reside in the deep recesses of the crypt and sometimes wander the cemetary, hunting rats and other small game. The snakes are lulled into a dreamless sleep by the music of the aulos (and perhaps by other deep, wind instruments).

There is a 1 in 20 chance that court will be in session, and the court jester present, when adventurers pass by the cemetary one night. If they investigate, the jester will skulk away (4 in 6 chance of slipping away unseen in the darkness if adventurers do not declare themselves to be watching him intently) and head to the crypt, for which he has a key. The crypt is a small building of marble blocks barred by brass gates. Within, there are two sarcophagi, one of which opens to reveal a narrow staircase down to a larger crypt stacked with wrapped corpses on shelves. The floor of this area is cleared save for an iron chair equipped with manacles. The duke and his fellow hooded judges stand about the accused, hurling accusations and torturing confessions out of them with burning brands. They won't be happy to see intruders. If the jester is present, he can summon the marble snakes to attack.

Mawler
The Clothes Take the Man

A broken wall is all that remains of the Castrano Shrine. Wooden dowel rods are pushed in to the granite blocks, and each holds a piece of perfectly preserved clothing. The pegs are enchanted to keep cloth from disintegrating. Flowering plants climb the wall, but leave the clothes untouched. Ants and other insects never go near the cloth. Hanging from the pegs are a clean forest-green cloak, two loincloths, a pair of gloves and a toga. The pegs lose their magic if pulled from the wall.

The cloak and gloves belonged to a magic-user chased from the ruins by wild boars. One plain loincloth and the toga were left by a monk killed when the bath house collapsed during the massive quake that destroyed the shrine. The second loincloth is a mawler clinging to the wall peg. It appears to be woven from an expensive, shimmering gold weave.

Medusa, Greater
Art Objects

The finest sculptor in the kingdom works in a large, brick building, exceptionally grand. The building has a large, heavy iron door that is usually kepy locked, for the sculptor does not care to be interupted while at work. The sculptor is an old, blind man whose work decorates the temples and palaces of the kingdom. He does not take commissions of living people, but claims the images he sculpts are delivered to him in his dreams by his muse.

The workshop is visited daily by a serving wench from the largest inn in the city. She is the only person the genius will allow in his workshop, and she only visits for a few moments to bring him his daily repast (he eats but once per day, though the meal is quite large). The woman is often quizzed as to what wonders the sculptor is currently creating, but she always reports the same thing - everything hidden beneath large tarps. Once a month, a gang of laborers delivers several large slabs of stone, setting them up around the shop and then leaving.

A loose floor tile in the workshop gives one access to a subterranean river located about 30 feet below the workshop. The river runs from the mountain kingdom of a greater medusa. The sculptor once performed a great service for the medusa, ridding her of a terrible melancholy with a clever riddle. He alone of his party of adventurers survived this encounter, due to his lack of sight and his quick wit.

In exchange for his service, the greater medusa sends one of her two daughters (normal medusas) down the river once per month along with a bodyguard of goblins and several men and women taken by the medusa as tribute from the barbarian tribes of the mountains. No more than four or five captives make their way to the sculptor's workshop, where they are drugged, posed and then turned to stone by the medusas. Monies paid to the sculptor are sent back to the greater medusa with the sculptor's compliments, he only retaining what he needs to pay for his meals and his "raw materials". These raw materials are chipped away into gravel and tossed into the subterranean river.

Memory Child
The Daedalean Labyrinth

A fierce lightning storm envelops the top of a cragged stone mountain. The terrifying Daedalean Labyrinth is carved into its granite face. Arcs of lightning flash across the sky from billowing cloud to billowing cloud. The lightning is drawn to flying creatures but does not seem to strike within the maze.

The maze winds its way around the foundation of the mountain and eventually up the side before disappearing into the dark clouds. There are four entrances into the maze, one from each cardinal direction. The maze walls are 15 feet high and have no ceiling. Any flight above the walls draws the lightning bolts.

Memory children watch over the first section of the labyrinth. These beings steal the memories of anyone in the maze so they forget their current location and the direction to the entrances. No living creatures have ever exited the maze the same way they entered.

The memory children frolic and play in the entrances, but take the hands of anyone entering the maze as if to guide them through the twists and turns. They always appear friendly and helpful but do their best to mislead wanderers until they can steal their memories. The Daedalean Labyrinth holds many secrets and monsters. It is told that those lost within the maze over the centuries have formed a nomadic community wandering through the walls seeking a way out. Even the wisest of sages can only guess what lies at the end of the maze or why it was created.

Memory Moss
I Forgot, What?

An old oak forest, thick with moss and riddled with fungus, slopes every downward toward a gravel-filled gully. The gully shows signs of both infrequent campfires and flooding. Growing near the site of the campfires, there is a thick patch of black moss. The patch of memory moss grows in and around a number of skull-sized stones and does not give itself away during the day, waiting for a band of adventurers to settle in to camp. Once people have fallen into a slumber, the memory moss strikes at anyone left awake, stealing away their memories and sending them wandering aimlessly into he woods, where the local wolves finish them off.

Mephit, Lightning
The Unnatural

A lightning-blasted tree is split in two, revealing a two-handed sword embedded in the burnt stump. It appears as if the tree grew around the sword until a lightning bolt freed it from its living prison. A web of camouflaged metal cords lies buried under the leaves and grass around the shattered stump. Two lightning mephitis hide within the split halves of the tree. Anyone standing on the metal cords when the lightning mephits strike takes an extra 1d6 points of damage as the metal conducts electricity around them.

Summoned by a magic-user, they have guarded the tree for centuries, never knowing that the tree contained a sword. The sword may have any number of abilities as decided by the Game Referee, but some ideas include absorbing electrical damage and turning it into healing magic for the wielder or improving the wielder's armor class by –1[+1] as it turns the bearer's skin as hard as bark.

Mephit, Smoke
Churning Oil

A large metal and canvas wind fan turns atop a narrow 60-foot tower. An iron ladder attached to the side of the tower leads to the only entrance at the top. Metal pipes protrude from the tower walls and pump crude oil into a series of iron barrel-like contraptions. Metal smokestacks emit plumes of thick smog into the air, the black clouds dumping an oily ash over the land.

Four smoke mephits burn off waste sludge inside the contraption to produce functional oil. The ground around the tower is a mess of mud, oil and unidentifiable sludge. Two ogres and six orcs fill barrels of oil from the machine and load the containers onto wagons. Twelve wagons sit nearby, each filled with barrels of oil. Six more wagons hold empty barrels. A herd of mistreated oxen suffer in a corral near the loaded wagons.

Any flame or flame-based spell near the tower ignite the land around the

structure in a furious blaze as the oil-soaked ground ignites (6d6 points of damage, save for half). An enterprising magic-user named Oggsdul completes paperwork and tends to the pump controls in the top of the tower. He doesn't care for the safety of his minions; he can always hire more.

Midnight Peddler
Travelling Peddlers Are Always Sinister

The Worshipful Company of Augurs, Prophets and Prognosticators has run into a problem. Each night, at midnight precisely, a strange cart pulled by a man in a hooded cloak appears beneath the covered lane that runs between the home of the master armorer and the School for Impressionable Maidens. The peddler proceeds down the lane, past the old fountain and into a deadend alley, where he disappears in the shadows. The origins of the peddler are unknown, but what the fortune tellers of the city know is that he's cutting seriously into their business. Where people once visited their salons and parlors and paid well to learn of their future, they now creep out of their homes at midnight to buy a bauble from the peddler and have a single question answered.

In response to this crisis, the assembled diviners are seeking the services of foreign ne'er-do-wells to put a bloody end to the midnight peddler's poaching of their suckers. They are offering a 2,000 gp reward for any who can bring them proof of his end. The local assassins have turned down their contract, for reasons they will not share, and this alone has caused the soothsayers to wonder if they aren't making a miscalculation.

Mihstu
Clinging to a Cloud

In a landscape of green, rolling hills and pleasant, balmy breezes, there is an ancient stone wall. The wall is all that remains of an ancient temple. It stands about 20 feet tall and is 45 feet long. Three large, arched windows pierce the wall, spaced about 10 feet apart from one another. Each of the windows is 6 feet tall and 4-1/2 feet wide.

The center window in the wall is a portal into the Elemental Plane of Air. A strong wind blows through the window at all times, and observers might (1 in 20 chance per day) see elemental air creatures pass through it into the mortal realms.

The window is easy enough to enter - one need only climb up to it and step inside. Once they do, they will find themselves in a 100-foot long tunnel of dark gray stone. The walls of the tunnel are slick and periodic bursts of lightning arc across them.

The guardian of the tunnel, a bound mihstu, can be found at its midpoint. The guardian permits no non-native of the Elemental Plane of Air to pass through the tunnel alive. Those who reach the other side find themselves looking out at an endless sky of rose and amber hues.

Mimi
Snow Going

The mountain passes are snowbound, with man-sized drifts covering the ground and ice coating the rocky surfaces. Heavy flakes of snow continue to fall. Tree limbs sag under a thick blanket of ice. In the middle of the path leading up the next hill, a snowman stands facing downhill. It has two coal eyes, a carrot nose and what appear to be five small rubies forming a mouth. Two long branches are its arms. The cliffs rise slightly around the pass, leaving the snowman standing in shadows. When PCs get close enough, the snowman's head turns and it says, "10 gold to pass."

Six mimis live in the mountains and delight in tormenting travelers. The snowman is made of real snow, with a mimi crouched in the head to turn it and speak.

If PCs don't pay the toll, the hidden mimis pelt PCs with snowballs from the high ridges and roll a 10-foot-diameter snowball down the hill toward them. The snowball picks up more snow on its descent, so it is 15 feet wide by the time it smashes into the snowman and the PCs. It does no damage, but PCs who fail a save are smashed into the snowball as it continues to roll down the hillside. They are nauseated by the sickening ride (save avoids).

The mimis continue with their fun for as long as possible, not harming PCs as long as they are good sports and play along. If the snowball fight turns serious, the mimis use their *cone of cold* ability and escape.

Mire Brute
The Tree People of Eanca

High in the mountains lies a fen nestled among giant redwoods. The redwoods thrive in the geothermal warmth in an unusual mountain swamp. The barbaric people of the mountains built their settlement high up in the redwoods above the swamp. The Tree People use the swamp, the trees and the swamp's creatures as natural defenses against their enemies. They are a simple, yet fierce and territorial people.

The Tree People worship a mire brute that resides in the swamp below their temple in the trees. The temple consists of a hole in a wooden platform through which they drop sacrifices to the mire brute "god." Their sacrifices consist of slaves and captives taken from neighboring tribes. The bodies (adorned with the best fineries available to the Tree People) lie impaled upon the submerged mire brute's back.

Mite
Mitey Rift to Hell

A mob of 6d4 common mites is making its way through a triangular tunnel clad in porphyry, carrying their loot in leather sacks. If confronted, they will seemingly disappear into the walls. The mites actually use doors set sideways to reality, doors one can only find if they have fey blood or a wisdom score of 18. Two or three of the mites will make a show of fleeing down the tunnel and into a large chamber.

As one exits the tunnel, they will feel themselves hurled against the far wall of the chamber, suffering 2d6 points of falling damage. After they recover their senses, they will realize they are on the floor of the chamber, the tunnel through which they entered now being a seemingly solid, black triangle on the ceiling. Four other triangles around it form a pentagram lined in gold.

The chamber is about 50 feet in diameter and 20 feet tall. The walls are swathed in curtains of red velvet. The curtains hide thirteen barred circular caches, each about 3 feet in diameter and 2 feet deep. A polished stone is set in the back of each cache. The stones are of various types, but each is a sphere 4 inches in diameter, highly polished and worth about 500 gp. The mites the adventurers chased into the room are nowhere to be seen.

If a gem is pried from the wall, one will discover a powerful void behind it. This void will begin sucking the air and any small object not secured into it. The person who pried the gem must pass a saving throw or have their hand and arm sucked into the hole and suffer 1d6 points of damage from the pressure and cold. When a person has lost 25% of their total normal hit points from this damage, their arm will be left withered and useless.

The sucking of the void will begin to open a rift in the center of the chamber. The rift will appear as a black, crackling energy that gradually expands to fill an area roughly the same shape as the pentagram on the ceiling and extending from floor to ceiling. This process should take 15 rounds, but multiple void holes will quicken the rate of growth (i.e. 2 holes will cause the rift to grow in 8 rounds, 3 holes in 5 rounds, and so on). Once the rift is complete, a random demon or devil will emerge from it into the room and attend its petitioners as it sees fit. The void holes can be plugged with the gems or with a large enough object at least as strong as steel.

Mongrelman
Mongrelman Melancholy

You come upon a conclave of 1d10 x 10 mongrelmen living in a series of sea caves. The mongrelmen are preparing a feast (rather meager, if truth be told), though the celebration seems rather somber. The mongrelmen are quiet, simpering creatures, melancholic and not eager to entertain visitors, though they will not resist the intrusion of others into their home. The leader of the mongrelmen will explain that they have little to offer visitors, and that it is probably safer if they leave, for in the morning they expect the arrival of the red raiders.

The red raiders are pirates who sail in a red galley with black sails. At each full moon they sail the coast, visiting the mongrelmen and taking a tribute of seven slaves. The mongrelman slaves are put to work as rowers and treated no better than machines. The red raiders make no attempt to keep them alive any longer than they must.

The leader of the mongrelmen is Tovos, a 6th level thief. Tovos is, like all mongrelmen, a weird amalgam of creatures. The left side of its head looks like that of a flind, while the right is that of a sahuagin. Tovos' left arm is that of a crabman, the right is that of a goblin. He has the torso of a halfling, the right leg of a kobold and the left leg of a bugbear.

The leader of the red raiders, berserkers all of them, is called Yazima. Yazima is a tall, copper-skinned woman with orange-red hair and crystal blue eyes. She is an 8th level fighter who wears leather armor adorned with burnished bronze rings and carries a red shield and a heavy scimitar.

Moon Dog
Guardian Angel Hound

Stories abound in the farm village about the wolfhound who watches over the people. For several moons, the strange dog has been seen in glimpses moving through the woods around the old reservoir or in silhouette at night, baying at the moon. On at least three occaisions it has been credited with saving a person's life. The first time was when it rescued a child from drowning in the reservoir. It also chased away two brigands who threatened old Jed on the imperial road as he took his turnips to market and then again when he pulled three maidens out of a burning barn.

In all three cases, the moon dog, for a moon dog it is, was countering the actions of a band of 3d6 x 10 aquatic hobgoblins that has taken up residence in the murky waters of the old reservoir. The hobgoblins were chased from their old lair by a gang of fresh water trolls, and were fortunate to discover the reservoir a few miles up stream.

The leader of the hobgoblins has the abilities of a 2nd level magic-user and 3rd level cleric of the "Creeping Crud", an ooze god favored by the wicked water fey of the region. The moon dog was dispatched by the deva Soniznt, patron of the village's church, to protect the village until adventurers could be "led" to the village.

Encounters with the hobgoblins occur on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. An encounter will usually be with 1d6+6 hobgoblins, for the creatures are beginning to patrol in force. In the event of an attack, the moon dog will make itself known and explain why the adventurers have come to the village (even if they think they arrived on their own volition).

Mortuary Cyclone
Negative Vortex

The sides of this small mountain have disintegrated, leaving a sheer cliff wall surrounding the peak. The top of the mountain levels off to form a quarter-mile-diameter plateau. Identical featureless obelisks symmetrically surround a solid octagonal tower of black granite. The outer wall of the tower is covered in petroglyphs and star charts. Sections of the tower rotate horizontally to align with the constellations. With careful study, a scholar may determine that the rotating sections seem to count down to a specific date when the stars will align. The only physical entrance into the tower's interior lies buried under 10 feet of earth on the north side of the building. The tower hosts a multitude of undead in the service of a lich king who rests within. A mortuary cyclone guards against interlopers to this sacred monument to undeath. The cyclone issues forth from the top of the tower if a living being touches the tower.

Mosquito, Giant
Deadliest Catch

The annual fishing derby of Juloos Loch draws competitors from many leagues – all hoping to claim the 50 silver scales (normal silver pieces crafted to be more "fish-like") for catching the biggest fish. More than 100 fishermen are already on the lake by the time the morning fog parts and the sun begins to rise.

But it isn't long before screams drown out the celebration. A fisherman's boat drifts in, the angler sitting upright but completely drained of blood. His ashen face is pale and his cheeks and eyes sunken. He holds his homemade fishing rod in his desiccated hands. Even the fish lying in the boat are drained of blood.

Last year's tournament angered a druid living on the far side of the lake. A worshipper of the loathsome insect god Rachiss, the druid vowed to get his revenge on the fishermen invading his privacy with their annual contest. The druid raises giant mosquitos in a barn on his property, and nourishes them with the blood of cattle. He released them just before dawn to scour the lake in search of "fresh blood." Ten of the mosquitos buzz the lake, terrorizing fishermen and draining the blood of those who can't get away.

Muckdweller
Last Man Standing Wins

There is an old castle on the moor, ancient and moss covered and seemingly always surrounded by a gray miasma. The castle is divided between two rivals, 9th level clerics in service to the temple of the death god. The high priest of that god has recently passed on, and the cardinals both expect to be declared the new high priest in a conclave of high priests of the other deities of the pantheon.

Each of the bitter men has invited his supporters and hangers-on to a great party to celebrate his expected ascension. The revelers are sequestered in their own sides of the castle, but several raucous clashes have happened in the great hall, a sort of no-man's-land.

Over the past three nights, several followers of each claimant have been killed by some manner of wild animal. This has thrown each side into a fury of accusations, challenges and bloody (though nonlethal) duels.

The murderers in question are a pack of 1d4+3 muchdwellers that have been let into the castle from the murky moors by a third party, an 8th level cleric who serves as an abbot of the death god's monastery. The monk holds a scroll of protection from reptilians. He plans to provoke the two cardinals into open war, leaving himself clear to claim the position of high priest.

Mudbog
Pig Pen

Small sulfur springs continually feed into a muddy field. The area reeks of rotten eggs. A sod hut sits on a small island amid the soupy pasture. A hollow tree stands next to the hut and serves as a chimney. Sounders of wild hogs populate the fields, the animals wallowing in the mud, basking in the sun and licking the salty sulfur.

The abrasive druid Tungo Bramlett lives in the mud hut among the swine. The burly Tungo contracted Devil Swine disease that turns him into a wereboar. Easily angered, Tungo quickly transforms into a boar hybrid capable of uncontrollable violence. From his food to clothing, nearly everything in Tungo's daily life deals with swine. The field contains several mudbogs. The wild swine have learned to sense and avoid the deadly oozes, but Tungo regularly feeds the things pork scraps to ensure their survival. Tungo has adopted a primordial boar that shares his abode and rarely leaves his side.

Although normally offensive (both in hygiene and personality), Tungo has learned of an oakman who makes wondrous cakes from pork fat, asparagus and moss. He desperately wants to try these cakes but does not want to leave his beloved mud pits.

Mudman
Mud Pies, Anyone?

What began as a simple magical experiment involving the Elemental Plane of Water has turned into a nightmare for the grand duke. His court magician was conjuring over a cauldron when a comet made an unexpected transit across Aquarius. Water in its pure, elemental form poured from the cauldron, flooding the tower occupied by the magician and creating a great, swampy mess around the castle. Worse yet, a pack of 1d6+6 mudmen now has the castle surrounded, essentially under siege. The grand duke has lost no fewer than 20 men-at-arms and 5 knights to the mudmen, his wine cellar is flooded and ruined and the food supply is running low. He should pay handsomely for assistance, though the crafty old miser probably will find a way out of showing his gratitude.

Mummy of the Deep
Beauty is Only Skin Deep

Beneath the waters of the frothy strait that now bears her name lies the body of the most beautiful woman ever born, now animated as a mummy of the deep. The creatures of the strait and some beyond fear her power and obey her commands, bringing beautiful young men beneath the waves to her. Alas, the young men do not survive the journey, and the mummy's desire for companionship is never satisfied.

The mummy of the deep dwells in a castle of white stones, constructed by her merrow and lacedon servants (she commands 2d4 of the former and 2d6+6 of the latter) and set in a "garden" of 1d3+1 kelpies. From atop the central tower the mummy looks up toward the surface and her former life. The mummy has the form of a shapely woman, tall and stately. Her body is wrapped in kelp. She has silvery hair that falls to her hips, hollow eyes that peek from behind the kelp.

When ships pass over the white castle, they traditionally drop a leather sack of coins and a garland of flowers into the water. The mummy's treasure might consist of 1d12 x 100 gp and a marble statue of herself in life worth 5,000 gp and weighing nearly 1 ton.

Murder Crow
The Pealing Bell

A small stone bell tower rises in the Boneshay Cemetery. Toppled, broken stones surround the crumbling structure in a ragged circle. The ground is pawed and churned, with numerous decayed bodies clawed from their graves. Many corpses are missing arms and legs. The weathered headstones are heavily scratched.

A wooden ladder is propped against the squat tower and reaches to a landing where a 15-foot-tall iron bell lies on its side in the shattered cupola. The bell's iron shell is rusted through in ragged spots. The fetid smell of decay hangs heavy in the air. The bell rings out randomly, the lonely sound echoing across the graveyard. The sound is sharp and distinct, like a hammer strike on metal.

A murder crow makes its gory nest inside the toppled bell. The undead bird yanked off the arms and legs of many of the dead to layer its nest. The nest is six feet across with four foot high sides. The undead bird spies on PCs through the rust spots. It pecks at the iron shell with its ragged beak to draw prey closer.

The bird launches out of the bell's opening if the limbs are moved. It spreads its wings immediately and flaps viciously toward the nearest PC with a shriek. The crow aims for an eye-rake on its first pass, then sails into the sky to circle around to come in behind intruders. It caws just before it strikes, hoping to get them to look up just as its claws slice into their face.

Murder-Born
The Sounds in the Walls

The Whaling Inn sits on the edge of a promontory overlooking the Scourging Sea. The inn is a two-story structure that has seen finer days; broken windows are boarded up, while the white banister leading to the front door is split and peeling. Boards creak underfoot in a well-worn path to the faded doorway. The old innkeeper Arl Nethup welcomes visitors, although he's as deaf as a post and as difficult to understand because of his thick accent.

The interior of the inn is pleasant, a far cry from the harsh surroundings of the fishing town. The inn was an orphanage before tragedy befell nearly 75 years ago. At the time, a young woman who worked with the orphans found herself pregnant by a fisherman who never returned from the harsh waters. She hid her shame, but the townsfolk soon knew of her condition. The fisherman's parents blamed her for leading their boy to distraction – and ending with his death on the open waters.

Their hatred bubbled over in their second son, who took a ragtag bunch of hooligans to help convince the girl to leave the village. One thing led to another, and the girl was murdered and her body boarded up within the walls. No one looked too hard for the missing woman.

It was a year after her murder that the screams began in the orphanage's walls. The wails were loud and unnerving, driving the owners to sell the building to an entrepreneur who reopened it as a tourist spot called the Wailing Inn. A spate of suicides by guests led to his downfall, and the inn fell into disrepair. Finally, Arj bought and reopened the inn, but misunderstood the name. When he repainted the signs, he unintentionally renamed it the Whaling Inn, a name that has stuck for the past 30 years. The inn is currently the only place to stay within the small village, and prices are reasonable.

At midnight, wails begin in the building, the sounds emanating from within the walls. Arj sleeps peacefully through it all; PCs staying the night won't be so lucky.

The inn is the home of murder-born twins that hide in the walls where they and their mother were killed and their bodies still rest. The twin spirits look identical, and flit through the hollow space between the walls, reaching through broken gaps in the bricks and floorboards to touch PCs.

Only one room is silent – the chamber where the murder-borns' mother is entombed. PCs can put an end to the murder-borns' rampage by removing the woman's bones and burying them in the nearby churchyard.

Nazalor
Night Hunter

A moonless sky leaves the scrublands draped in deep darkness. Fireflies flit in swirling paths, their glowing trails standing out against the night. The sounds of animals – the roars of lions, the huffs of wild boars, and the silent thumps of hooves in the dirt – fill the nighttime air. Stunted trees stand silent in the gloom.

A nazalor huntress named Fisi stalks the wildlands, her eyes glowing a faint green. Fisi is a vicious predator, and her scent drives even the great jungle cats to abandon the plains. Fisi bears the wounds of her run-ins with the lions, as the great claw marks across her face attest, but she also wears those same claws woven into the fur of her body after she ripped them from the dead cat's paws. The bipedal hyena lives in a stone cave where she raises three nazalor pups. The pups are a couple of months from setting out on their own to find their own hunting grounds to terrorize.

Necrophidius
Cone Experimentation

In the hills overlooking a lazy river there is a picturesque chateau, home to a miserly baroness. The baroness is not popular among her people, not so much because of cruelty, but rather because of her somber mood and the shabby state of the manorial village. The peasants of the manor graze sheep and keep swine and grow crops of wheat, barley and grapes. The vineyards belong exclusively to the baroness. The baroness grows tiny, sweet grapes and turns them into a light, sweet white wine, much favored by the swaggering young merchant class in the nearby market town.

Beneath the baroness' chateau there is a large cellar complex in which one can find pantries, an armory, two secret rooms (one containing an iron maiden) and a wine cellar. The wine cellar has a locked iron door - the stoutest door in the entire complex, even stronger than the door of the armory. Inside there are two wooden racks holding irregularly shaped bottles of wine. The racks reach from floor to ceiling and contain a total of 40 bottles of wine, worth about 10 gp per bottle. Five casks, each holding about 20 gallons, are set at the back of the room and sealed in parafin wax. Each cask holds a tincture of vinegar, blood and pitchblende, as well as a growing a homonculus.

The homonculi are in various states of completion. When finished, they will be almost perfect duplicates of powerful nobles in the region. The baroness is an alchemist and believes she has perfected the formula for creating these clones. At her next gala party, she will replace her rivals and become the power behind the palatine duchy in which she dwells. This operation has cost her most of her fortune (hence the shabbiness in her manorial village).

Another of her creations, a necrophidius, guards the chamber.

Nereid
Sea God's Shrine

In a wild, mountainous district of the kingdom there is a magnificent shrine the sea god. The shrine is notable not only for its distance (40 miles) from the sea, but also for its inhabitant, a nereid.

The nereid most often takes the form of a beautiful woman, a woman who bears a striking resemblance to the grandmother of the present king. Her shrine consists of eleven thick, marble pillars surrounding a pool of crystal clear water so deep one cannot perceive the bottom. In fact, this pool is connected to the Elemental Plane of Water. A person swimming more than 100 feet into the pool will find themselves in the elemental plane. A statue in limestone of the sea god stands astride the pool.

The nereid shares her shrine with a giant, venomous serpent (3 HD, 15 hp). One of the pillars is hollow and can be accessed from beneath the surface of the pool via a narrow tunnel. The tunnel is located 12 feet below the surface and is small enough that only a halfling would be able to swim into it and have a hope of getting back out. Inside this hollow pool the nereid stores offerings to the temple. These offerings might include 3d10 x 100 sp, 2d8 x 100 gp and a silver ewer worth 1d4 x 50 gp.

Netherspark
The Good, the Bad And the Netherspark

The iron door to this chamber is bolted and locked from the outside. Beyond the door lies a half-dome room with a flat stone floor. Two spheres the size of wagon wheels hover 10 feet above the ground. The spheres rotate around one another, seeming to attract and repel each other's presence. Silent white and black lightning fills the room originating from the spheres. The beams of energy leave short-lived trails of white and black marks on the room's surfaces. Below the spheres are two kneeling angel statues and two kneeling demonic statues with their arms raised as if reaching for the gyrating energy balls. The statues alternate between angel and demon.

Regardless of PCs' actions, a black energy beam flashes across any living creature viewing the room through the opened door. The beam appears harmless, but the spheres immediately begin rotating at incredible speeds. Within moments, the black sphere overtakes the white in a sudden burst of absolute darkness. The ebon burst extinguishes all light sources immediately, although they maybe relit or cast. Permanent magical light sources relight after 1d4 hours. The spheres disappear and the statues turn into oozing mud leaving a netherspark in their wake.

Nilbog
Slavers of the Underworld

While circumnavigating a large lake set in the midst of low, tropical hills populated by several herds of elephants you come across a guest house. The guest house is built of white stone and set on a gentle rise overlooking the lake in a place where the elephants seem to enjoy congregating. On the other side of the rise there are terraced fields of tea and pepper and at the bottom of the hill, in a swampy area, rice fields. A wooden hand bridge spans the swampy area, allowing a number of free villagers who dwell on a hill in sight of the guest house to access their fields. The owner of the guest house, a pleasant but rather dull-witted fellow who claims to be an exiled duke, does not own the village, but he does purchase their goods.

If one can overcome the xenophobia of the villagers, they will learn that the duke is quite mad and that those of his guests that do not disappear end up leaving after no more than 24 hours, some a bit touched in the head themselves.

The duke will assure people that this is not the case. He sets a fine table, with heaping trenchers of fish on rice with slices of citrons, spicy curries of okra, peanuts and carrots and generous goblets of sura (a rice wine) and much smaller glasses of brandy wine. The quarters in the guest house are open to the night air, with only wooden latices and sheer cotton curtains protecting one from the large mosquitos that prowl the night. The guest house usually has four rooms available, each able to comfortably house two people and each set in the corners of the guest house's ground floor. A dining room, kitchen and entry make up the remainder of the ground floor while the upper floor contains a large, open patio/sitting area, a library of scrolls and books and the large bedchamber of the duke. A staircase separates the floors, with a door at the bottom and a second door at the top. Both doors are thick oak and locked at night.

There is a 1 in 6 chance each night that a band of nilbogs who dwell in caverns deep beneath the guest house will conduct a raid. The bizarre creatures are primarily slave traders of the underworld, taking captives down the weird, winding stair in the guest house's wine cellar to their own lair, which connects via tunnels to many other lairs of subterranean folk. Large captives are sold to the duergar to haul rock from their mines, attractive folk to the drow to be turned into house servants (they prefer eunuchs, so watch out fellas) and just about everyone else to the

hobgoblins, grimlocks or bugbears to be used as slave labor and cannon fodder.

The nilbog band is composed of 1d10 x 100 nilbogs plus as many noncombatants. The nilbogs are led by one 3 HD sub-chief per 20 warriors and one 5 HD chief. Their lair consists of a large central chamber wherein is kept the sacred fire beneath an obsidian slab (used for cooking and the occaisional slow, painful sacrifice) and many smaller living chambers connected to the central chamber. The warriors wear leather armor and carry shields made from the hardened caparaces of purple-black beetles. They carry long, barbed whips and maces with large metal disc heads on flexible lengths of thick leather.

The nilbog's treasure might consist of 1d20 x 10 cp, 1d20 x 100 sp, 1d4 x 100 gp, and a brass buckle set with a moonstone worth 1d8 x 100 gp. The buckle is worn by the chief.

Niln (Vapor Horror)
Steam Heat

The Haunted Bathhouse of Hylat is a three-room stone building on the grounds of the old Koilton Estate. Steam from a gurgling mineral hot spring fills the bathhouse with steamy vapors. The steam vents upward through a small circular opening cut into the floor in the center of the middle room. The temperature in the two outer rooms hovers at 90 degrees, while the center room is an uncomfortable 110 degrees. Enchanted gold rocks spit and hiss in the water, creating the thick clouds of steam. The water smells heavily of sulfur, and is supposed to healing properties. There are 6 gold rocks, each worth 50 gp.

A niln lives inside the watery hole, and rises out with the steam clouds if anyone disturbs the enchanted gold. The niln revels in the intense heat and drowns anyone who tries to take that away from it.

Nuckalavee
The Warhorse Warlord

A partially skinned warhorse stampedes through the PCs' camp, the animal's hide ripped in wide flapping strips down its sides. Blood sprays in thick droplets behind it as it runs. The animal screams in terror and pain.

Chasing it is Death-Bringer, a self-named nuckalavee killer who refuses to allow any stallions into his Wyndes Forest home. The massive warhorse warlord arrives in a flash of blade, stamping hooves, skinned flesh and taut muscle. The Death-Bringer takes mares for his harem, and kills stallions – and their owners – for food. The nuckalavee gives up his pursuit of the fleeing horse (it'll be dead in a day if not healed) if PCs have mounts with them.

The Death-Bringer keeps a herd of 30 mares that graze around a mud-and-dirt lean-to in the center of the forest. The mares remain close to the nuckalavee's lair out of fear more than anything else. A saddle from a past meal contains 100 gp and a horse bowl that fills with clear water on command.

Oakman
Mossy Oak

Along the path stands a mighty oak. Its limbs sag with an abundance of acorns. Hundreds of names and limericks have been carved into its monstrous trunk. A thin wisp of smoke drifts upward to where a small weathered man lounges on a limb just out of reach. Dressed in a muted green suit, he gnaws on a long pipe with knotty teeth. This wisecracking oakman goes by the name Dimbort Oakjob. He enjoys badgering travelers and smoking his pipe weed. He never gives a straight answer and is often cruel and rude in his taunts, puns and insults. Example of his jabs include:

- Your mother's armpits are so hairy, it looks like she has a bugbear in a headlock.
- You'll never be the man your mother is …
- Talking to you is as appealing as playing leapfrog with unicorns.
- I've met ghouls with less offensive breath than yours.
- You're as welcome as fleas in a gnolls' den.
- Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time.
- Someone said you are not fit to sleep with orcs. I stuck up for the orcs.
- The orc-breeding is certainly obvious in your family.
- He's so short, his hair smells like feet.
- He'd steal the straw from his mother's kennel.
- I certainly hope you're sterile.
- You're as strong as an ogre and almost as intelligent.

After a bit of fun, Dimbort requests an errand. In turn, he promises to make a special magical moss cake that will grant the consumer wondrous powers. Oakmen are known for their extraordinary culinary skills and magical talents. While he has plenty of moss locally to create moss cakes, it takes a rare exotic moss named Sylvan's Beard to make something truly great. Since he cannot venture far from his tree, he needs someone to harvest the rare moss. Just down the road a piece is a small rocky knob. A cave at the top of the hill has a mystical spring, around which grows the pink moss. Dimbort needs enough to fill a basket, of which he just happens to have a few lying around. He promises the rewards are well worth the stroll through the woods. The moss cakes he bakes have the ability to cure disease and rid the body of poisons. *(See the **Geon** and **Giant, Cave** for more on this encounter.)*

Obsidian Minotaur
Ceaseless Diligence

The story of the obsidian minotaur is well known in the low country. It seems that 200 years ago a thief by the name of Billy Mire stole something of value from a powerful magic-user (her daughter, to be precise). Billy Mire and his lady love escaped clean away, and the canny thief had the werewithal to keep their location hidden from the sorcerous powers of the magic-user.

Possessed with a powerful thirst for vengeance, the magic-user never forgave the thief and eventually put her fortune and her knowledge to the task of constructing an obsidian minotaur. Merchant vessels plying the waves between the new and old worlds brought her a massive slab of obsidian cut from the hills around a sacred volcano. Rare, expensive unguents were purchased from traders to the east. A master sculptor from the house of the golden patriarch of the south was hired to create the beast. With the magic-user's final breath, she charged her new creation with the task of killing Billy Mire. Unfortunately, she did this without passing on the knowledge of his appearance.

For 200 years, the obsidian minotaur has wandered the lowlands, stopping any it sees and bellowing out the same question, "Be you Billy Mire the Thief?". Of course, nobody, even a person unfortunate enough to share that legendary thief's name, is stupid enough to answer in the affirmative, and the beast plods on, unable to magically discern the thief's location and not bright enough to search outside the lowlands.

Ogren
Stop the Wedding!

Occral Tusk-breaker of the Rockbasher Tribe has to find a bride before the new moon. He's already past the age when his warrior brethren took wives, and the daily taunts and beatings he endures are driving him over the edge.

Quarn Morningfever, the Rockbasher's shaman, told the young ogren he'd "find his mate in the vale." Quarn meant the Mastadon Vale, but Occral misheard "pale" and decided he was chosen to find a human or elf wife. He packed his weapons, put on his cleanest loincloth, and left the tribe that night.

He's been watching the entrance to the farming village of Horcross for three days, but no one so far has struck his fancy. The problem is further compounded by the fact that the ogren is fasting to purify himself for his marriage, leaving him starving, slightly dehydrated, and a little delirious.

He's beyond caring about what his "mate" looks like, and is ready to find any PC camping out in the open forest. He storms into camp, snatches up a sleeping "mate," and dashes into the forest. He heads immediately back to his tribe to "prove himself" by marrying his chosen during the next full moon.

Ogrillon
A Tale of Two Tribes

Between two sister cities (daughters of Marduk and thoroughly sentient) there is a thick range of mountains. The only pass through the mountains winds up on a rugged volcanic field of flat-topped volcanoes and domes of brownish-green volcanic glass and slowflake obsidian. The land is fairly barren save for some stubby, cantankerous stands of grass and woody fluorescing golden shrubs.

The volcanic field is inhabited by two tribes of ogrillons, the Eaters of Hearts and the Drinkers of Blood, both consisting of 5d6 ogrillons. The names of the tribes are quite accurate and do a fine job of summing up their key cultural traits. The Eaters dwell in the northern portion of the field in tents of animal hide set up at the obsidian base of a flat-topped volcano, while the Drinkers roam the southern portions in a number of small warbands that dwell in old volcanic tubes. Each tribe is ruled by a chief (5 to 7 HD) and has as its primary form of entertainment the capture of the royal post that runs between the sister cities.

The royal post consists of teams of adventurers and explorers hired to move correspondence and cargo between the cities. Few other outsiders venture onto the volcanic field. Post expeditions are sporadic, to keep the ogrillons from preparing elaborate attacks. Encounters occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6. A roll of one indicates a warband of 1d6+2 ogrillons from the Eaters of Hearts, a roll of two a similar warband of ogrillon from the Drinkers of Blood and a roll of three indicates a warband from each tribe. When a warband of both tribes is present, there is a fair chance they will attack one another instead of the intruders.

A typical tribal treasure consists of 1d12 x 10 cp, 2d12 x 100 sp and 2d12 x 10 gp.

Oil Shark
Oil and Water

The sea blazes with burning oil, the air above the water thick with black smoke that is visible from miles away. Fire leaps from wave to wave, and burning dolphins and other sea creatures surface briefly before bursting into flame. Drifts of seaweed burn on the surface, a floating bonfire tossed by the currents. A dying mermaid lies across a chunk of drifting wood, her tail severed cleanly. Three other mermaids swim around their injured sister, slapping at the water as large fins split the sea.

A natural crevice on the ocean floor split apart during a recent undersea quake and released a natural reservoir of oil into the water. The oil burst upward in a billowing cloud, forming a patch of oil miles wide across the surface. A spark of lightning ignited the patch into this current inferno. Left alone, the oil burns for another week before the reservoir empties.

A dozen oil sharks swim around the conflagration in wide circles around and through the burning pitch. A colony of mermaids was the first victims of the voracious monsters, with a mere handful escaping the gnashing jaws. They plead with passing sailors for aid in getting rid of the foul creatures polluting their ocean. They offer 10 giant pearls (600 gp each) for helping them.

Olive Slime / Slime Zombie
Sweaty Palms

While traversing the deeper portions of the underworld, the adventurers come across a peculiar sound - a tinny clink-clank that echoes through the tunnels in a strange, lazy rhythm. The sound comes from a gray-headed tinker and trader. The trader walks next to a half-starved and frightened mule, his pots and pans clanging as he walks. His eyes are vacant, his skin clammy and pale. The man is under the control of an olive slime, the slime having attached itself to his back and now working its way down his arms. Being polite (and devious), he will offer his hand to visitors, allowing a portion of the slime to attack them.

Onyx Deer
Deerly Departed

Stone animals litter a mile-square area of the Hargstolt Woods. Petrified rabbits munch on leaves, deer stand unblinking in the treeline, and a lone stone wolf crouches in mid-growl. The animals are solid granite, and pitted and discolored from the elements.

Animals aren't the only things in the odd landscape. Lying on his back in a clump of thick weeds is Ernst Doxil. The naked woodsman's body is curled up asleep, although a large bite is visible on his bare thigh. A stone to flesh spell cures the sleeping woodsman, who doesn't realize he's been missing for nearly three years. He wakes up thinking it's the next morning and is surprised to find himself naked (his nightclothes disintegrated around him while his stone body slept).

An onyx deer chanced upon Ernst while he slept, and delivered the bite that turned the woodsman to stone. The same deer is responsible for the animals throughout the Hargstolt Woods. The territorial deer bellows at intruders, hoping to stun them long enough to deliver its bite.

Ooze, Amber
Drink and Be Merry

Five drunken men stagger into the Last Drop Tavern, each carrying a small keg of ale. The men are celebrating the groom's wedding in the morning and are making the most of his last day of bachelorhood with an all-night bender that has already made its way through three taverns. The group props the small ale kegs on the bar, pays the bartender a hefty sum to tap and serve them, and promises free ale for everyone.

Unfortunately, the groomsmen were too cheap to spring for the "good stuff" and bought the ale from a side alley dealer. Unbeknownst to them, three of the five kegs contain a mix of alcohol and amber oozes. There's a 3 in 6 chance that any PC who partakes of the free drinks gets an amber ooze in his frothy glass.

Ooze, Crystal
Drink to Health and Long Life

A company of yeoman archers is camped on the banks of a jungle river. Explorers from the north, they are clothed in tattered crimson tunics and wear chainmail hauberks and wide, flat helms of steel. The archers carry longbows and battle axes. The leader of the expedition is a smarmy merchant-prince who wears a long wig of flaxen curls and keeps a generous amount of wax on his long mustache. The merchant-prince and his men seek a *fountain of longevity*.

A stone's throw from the camp, but hidden by the thick foliage, is an

ancient stone city. Little remains of it now but a few toppled pillars and overgrown piazzas. The largest pillar contains three ornate cisterns, each holding a shallow pool of water. Two of the three cisterns are home to crystal oozes, who use their resemblance to water to capture small birds and insects. The third cistern is actually fed by a underground spring via a number of thin tubes cut through the stone.

If more than 100 pounds is placed in the circular cistern the bottom corkscrews downward, finally coming to rest 30 feet under the surface in the bed of a swift, shallow stream if icy water. As soon as less than 100 pounds is resting on the descending stone pillar, it will corkscrew back up to its original position in the cistern. The stream originates as the run-off from a subterranean glacier that abuts a cavern warmed by volcanic action occuring beneath it.

The stream flows into a golden basin located in an alabaster cavern. The basin puts off a low, softly waxing and waning light. The water that fills the basin has the properties of a potion of longevity, though this magical effect only persists for 1 hour after the water is removed from the basin. A large (8 HD) crystal ooze dwells at the bottom of the basin, preserved by its magic but still devilishly hungry.

Ooze, Entropic
In His Hands

The 20-foot-tall corridor is topped by golden arches that raise the ceiling to a curving point. Columns line the white marble walls, and the floor is decorated with a checkerboard pattern of black-and-white tiles. The corridor is 30 feet from wall to wall and runs nearly 150 feet to a pale altar carved of feldspar.

Standing on each side of the corridor are 15-foot-tall stone statues carved into the image of a muscular man holding a black glass globe above his head. There are 16 of the statues, eight on each side of the hallway. One of the statues halfway down the corridor is actually a stone golem holding an entropic ooze trapped in a glass sphere. The golem slams the ooze to the tiled floor, splashing the creature across PCs in the area. The golem then defends the altar as the ooze devours PCs.

Ooze, Glacial
Icy Clutches

A moose skeleton juts from an icy wall in the frozen corridors of the Wailing Glacier. The skeletons gleams a bleached white. The tunnel is coated in a thick layer of ice that halves movement to avoid slipping on the treacherous ice (1d3 points of damage). The moose is caught in a glacial ooze controlled by the magic-user Paavo Janvarias, and is slowly being dissolved of flesh so the wizard can eventually animate its bones as one of his skeletal minions.

The ooze appears to be a portion of the wall, and lashes out to grab PCs who approach it. Riding alongside the moose skeleton are three animated skeletons ordered to defend the ooze. These skeletons step out of the glacial ooze's mass and attack if the ooze is struck.

Ooze, Magma
Hot Bath!

In a pleasant valley of plum trees and tall, sweet grasses grazed upon by small, swift antelopes there is a chain of three small villages. Each village is built around an ancient, medicinal bath. These baths are small buildings of four chambers - an entry chamber clad in aged marble where people can disrobe, a side chamber where clothing is stored, a secondary chamber holding an idol that resembles a pot-bellied old man with large ears, squinty eyes, six arms (each holding a golden pear) and two long tusks jutting from his bottom jaw.

From the idol chamber one can climb down a narrow shaft into a grotto. The grotto holds a steaming medicinal spring with a few marble benches placed in it for bathers to sit on. The water is warm but not scalding and a long soak doubles a person's natural rate of healing and grants them a +1 bonus to save vs. disease and poison for 1d6 days.

The largest of the villages is dominated by a small castello, a stone keep ruled by the valley's prencipicu, a boy prince with golden ringlets and olive skin. His castello is surrounded by tall Italian cypresses and dozens of tall homes in orderly rows. In the prencipicu's cellars there is a deep grotto with a private bath, this one clad in marble with copper fixtures and attending servants. This bath is warmer than the others, for about 15 feet beneath it there is an active flow of magma. A magma ooze has recently flowed down to the cavern located directly beneath the bath. It has discovered a small crack through which it is working its way into the bath.

Ooze, Mercury
In Case of Emergency, Do Not Break Glass

A dusty, forgotten chamber in a dungeon is empty save for a crystal tube that runs from the ceiling to the floor. The tube is filled with a silvery gray fluid that seems to move at irregular speeds through the tube, sometimes from floor to ceiling, sometimes from ceiling to floor. The crystal tube is quite difficult to break. It will take 48 points of damage from metal weapons to finally shatter it and release the three mercury oozes that dwell within. Each time a weapon strikes the tube, a metallic keening fills the chamber, causing dust to fall from the ceiling and forcing all within the chamber to pass a saving throw or suffer 1d3 points of wisdom damage and become slightly disoriented. The tube connects two glass spheres, one embedded in the ceiling, the other the floor. The sphere in the floor contains a single diamond worth 2,500 gp.

Ooze, Metallic (Hoard Ooze)
Coin Collector

The underground passage opens into a 30-foot-square room lit by glowing globes that bob about the ceiling. Shadows dance around the chamber. In the center of the room, a 15-foot-long red dragon lies curled on the floor, a mound of coins scattered around its sides and snout. Steam rises in breathlike wisps from its nostrils, and the sound of its breathing fills the chamber.

The "dragon" is a life-like (but much smaller) ceramic idol to Horvorrance, a wyrm the underground Cult of Kalast worshipped before the creature was slain by a traveling knight. The dragon is incredibly detailed, and appears alive thanks to natural heating vents beneath it that create the wisps of steam and simulate its breathing.

The coins around the statue's base are a metallic ooze that presses against the false dragon's sides to draw heat from the underground vents. The ooze appears to be a mass of coins left to honor the dragon, but lashes out at anyone coming within range.

Ooze, Undead
Just a Direction

You enter a chamber in the dungeon that is quite nondescript save for a large clockwork mechanism that takes up the center of the room. The mechanism consists of a number of gears and shafts connected to a spherical clock - that is to say, a sphere, half black, half white, with each side marked with twelve Roman numerals in brass. A stationary pointer indicates the time, the black and white sides of the rotating sphere indicate whether the time is A.M. or P.M. Atop the sphere there is the

form of a squatting demon, also in brass.

The demon is animated, sentient and quick to strike up a conversation with visitors. It will claim that it can answer any question posed to it, but only at the appointed time (which will always be midnight). Any attempt to force information from the demon will end in a mild scolding, a wide, toothy grin and an admonition to return at midnight.

The demon is capable of answering most questions via a *legend lore* effect that it can evoke once per day. In truth, it can do this at any time, but prefers midnight, for that is when an undead ooze seeps slowly from the walls of the clock chamber. While adventurers' attentions are on the demon, the ooze can strike, entertaining the demon to no end.

Ooze, Vampiric
Life Sucker

Your travels through the crooked woods bring you to the foot of a steep hill. Atop the hill there is the remains of a fortified temple that shows signs of a terrible and very hot fire. The ceiling of the temple has collapsed, taking much of the walls with it and leaving little more than a pile of rubble and melted metal.

Beneath the temple there is a crypt, once home to the vampire that seized the temple from an overconfident high priest (her husband) who sought to found a community of believers to extend the sway of Law into the chaotic wilderness.

After the fall of the bishop, his followers fled. In due time, a force of religious knights found their way to the temple and entered it intent on stamping out the curse of vampirism. As a result of their fight, the temple was burned and collapsed. The knights never left the temple, of course. Expecting a vampire, they were not prepared for the vampiric ooze that fell upon them as they threw open the vampire's casket and found it empty.

The vampiric ooze still dwells beneath the temple, oozing out of the rubble every so often to hunt. Beneath the rubble, in the crypt, one might find all that remains of the nine knights - their scorched platemail, melted holy symbols pressed to the cuirasses. In a secret cache beneath the casket there is 1d4 x 10,000 sp, 1d3 x 1,000 gp and a slender terracotta flask of sandalwood oil worth 200 gp.

Orc, Black (Black Orc of Orcus)
The Siege Machine

A black iron juggernaut rolls through the forest just seven leagues outside the city walls. Its three-story walls are broken only by arrow slits near the crenellated roof. Bleached white skulls linked by iron chains decorate the sides. Two massive iron plated doors remain closed on the face of the iron behemoth, presumably concealing a battering ram. Two great smoke stacks bellow oily soot from its top. Two huge ballistae on swivel mounts are loaded with barbed spears. Long chains with hooks drag corpses from a recent siege.

The juggernaut is powered by the steam created by two enslaved fire elementals trapped within the boiler. Two dozen black orcs operate the machine, decimating all in its path. They use the juggernaut to attack defenseless villages and settlements.

Cyrene, a human high priestess of Orcus, holds an uncanny influence over the orcs as she commands the troops and controls the juggernaut. As a young lithe human with delicate features, she makes a stark contrast with her brutish crew.

Orc, Blood
To the Victors

In a remote corner of the known lands, smoke rises in large columns into the cloudless sky. A gnoll village once stood along a rocky creek bank. Piles of burning gnoll corpses surround the smoldering village. Severed gnoll heads are impaled on long spears embedded into the sward.

Most of the huts are burnt ruins, and gore and blood coat the ground. Two dozen blood orcs stand as victors amid the carnage. The orcs rummage through the spoils and ravage the gnoll survivors and slaves. The blood orcs are led by Two-Stump, a plump biclops. He carries a two-handed sword in each hand and a loaded ballista on his back.

Orc, Ghost-Faced
The Graves of Stone

Two rows of graves set into solid stone encircle a grotesque and bloated statue. Four graves sit in the inner row and sixteen in the outer. The graves are six feet by four feet wide holes cut three feet deep into solid rock. Each has a heavy stone lid lying atop it. The aged statue depicts Orcus grinning down upon the graves. Eight ghost-faced orcs guard the statue and the interred. Occasionally, a ranking priest of Orcus communes here to bask in the statue's presence. Panicked screams, pounding and scratching come from five graves. Fingers jut through small air holes in the stone lids.

Faithful of Orcus travel from afar to worship at this shrine. For many, it is the next and last step in their testament of devotion to the undead lord. The faithful sacrifice themselves by twos. Two unclothed and weaponless individuals lie down in the stone grave as the ghost-faced orcs seal them in with the stone lid. The sacrifices fight to the death inside the grave. The victor remains in the grave until death, surviving until his last moments on by consuming the flesh and drinking blood of his victim. Once the victor perishes, he returns as a ghoul, which the ghost-face orcs release into the world.

Orc, Greenskin
Salt Mines

A young forest grows in the rich soil of a former lake. A massive sinkhole swallowed the water in the lake years ago, leaving a massive rocky gash in the ground. The trees reach a height of only 50 feet and the ground is soft and spongy. Methane seeping from the hole fills the forest with a horrible stench. The canyon-like sinkhole drops 150 feet into a seemingly endless natural borehole. The lakebed is filled with a bounty of quality salt crystals.

A tribe of greenskin orcs lays claim to the salt. Slaves mine the salt and the orcs then trade with local merchants to distribute the valued commodity. A 20-foot-tall wooden palisade built by the greenskin orcs surrounds the 300-foot-wide canyon. Six 30-foot-tall wooden towers overlook the saltpit and the surrounding woods. The canyon immediately drops away behind the wall. Wood, thatch and mud dwellings line the walls of the pit and provide shelter for the orcs and slaves. Wooden ramps, ladders and scaffolding line the cliff walls, providing access to the levels of the mine.

Bubbling pools of mud surround the wooden wall. These mud bubbles grow in massive mounds of hardened suds as the mud dries and traps the methane gas. The greenskin orcs discovered that flaming arrows ignite these mounds into fireball-like explosions. The damage dealt is relative to the size of the frothy mounds.

Orog
Lost Morale

The mountainous district you have wandered into is crawling with squads of orogs (1d10+10 in each, plus two 3 HD sergeants and one 5 HD lieutenant). There are a total of four roaming squads; encounters with them occur on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6 made each day and each night. The squads are attached to a besieging army that has cut off a stronghold built to hold a high mountain pass. The main army is encamped around the stronghold on the edges of a rocky meadow. The camp consists of leather tents and a number of timber and stone buildings hastily constructed to house supplies and officers. The main force consists of 2d4 x 10 warriors. There is one 3 HD sergeant per 10 warriors, five 5 HD lieutenants and three 7 HD captains. The orog warriors wear blackened chainmail and are armed with a variety of weapons. About 25% of the force is made up of crossbowmen (heavy crossbow, hand axe), 50% are heavy infantry (shield, pole arm, dagger) and the remainder sappers (pick and battle axe).

As is typical with the orcish races, the orogs are easily focused on killing, but tend to fall to infighting when forced to wait. Hurling stones from onagers and the odd raid into the countryside has not been enough to satisfy their lust for battle, and the camp is now divided into three camps, each based around its captain and existing in a tenuous peace with its rivals. The folk inside the stronghold are on the brink of surrender, with only their fear of the what the orogs will do to them keeping them throwing open their gates.

Paleoskeleton, Triceratops
No Bones About It

Deep in the southern jungles lies the fabled Bone Fortress of Danok Toh. The warlike indigenous tribes of the deep jungle unite against common foes behind the petrified bone walls of the massive stronghold. The ancient shaman Iztalkus rules the tribes with necromantic power, plant-imbued apes and hordes of juju zombies.

The petrified bones of thousands of dinosaurs line the stone walls of the fortress, some of the skeletons' bones jutting from the stone. One half of a triceratops skull adorns each of the front gates. The skull becomes complete when the doors are shut. At Iztalkus' command, the skull and some of the bones forming the gate step forth as paleoskeleton triceratops.

Pech
Antigravity Ore

In the deeper portions of a dungeon a band of delvers might come across what looks like a subterranean canal. The canal is about three feet wide and five feet high and runs at a slope of 20-degrees.

The "canal" is actually an aquifer constructed by a tribe of 1d20+20 pech miners and 1d10+10 pech females. The pech live about 2 miles away, the aquifer flowing into their stronghold from above. The aquifer runs through a stone lattice and down a 40-foot channel into a shallow pool that is also fed by three other aquifers. The pool is used by the pech for fishing, the gathering of molds and fungi and bathing.

The pool chamber is about forty feet in diameter. Two bridges arch over the pool, leading into long, low-ceilinged chambers used as living quarters, dining halls and kitchen facilities by the females of the tribe. The females live with their sisters and mother in these chambers, meeting their husbands only rarely in one of a dozen pleasant, secret grottos beneath the earth.

A number of ladders in the pool chamber lead up to the mine shafts where the males reside. The shafts are closed by heavy stone doors. The males live with their brothers and father in the shafts where they mine the deep earth for kavorite. The unrefined kavorite is unusually light; the metal's anti-gravity properties do not surface until it is refined by a skilled alchemist. The pech trade their kavorite with gnomes for foodstuffs and gems.

The total treasure of the pech consists of 1d10 pounds of hickory nuts (worth 200 gp per pound), 1d20 pounds of fagara (worth 100 gp per pound, 3d6 pounds of pistachios (worth 15 gp per pound), 1d10 sides of beef crusted with salt (worth 15 gp each), 1d6 terracotta icons depicting Ptah (worth 75 gp each), a silver and brass waist (worth 190 gp), a silver tiara worth 600 gp and a turquoise turtle (worth 20 gp).

Phantasm
Giving up the Ghost

A leprous stranger moves jerkily out of the Tallowstack Graveyard, his eyes wide and his mouth opening and closing silently. His clothes are torn and dirty, and his skin is sallow and sunken, his flesh hanging off his bones. Clumps of his hair are yanked out by the roots. Just three days ago the man weighed more than 300 pounds; he's now under 100. PCs looking in the direction he points see a yellowish glow rising from a crypt within the graveyard. The yellow light is a magical field that traps victims who enter it in a short stasis unless they save to avoid the effect. Dust and insects fly slowly through the wavering light, as if underwater.

Takaal Reel is a shell of his former self since he cut through the graveyard late one night and was possessed by a phantasm. The creature rides in the poor man now, draining his life. The phantasm knows poor Takaal won't last much longer, and is eager to find a new host. It has just a few hours remaining before Takaal dies. The phantasm is eager to find a new host before that time, and hopes to lure a PC into the ancient graveyard to switch bodies.

Phantom
Phantom Treasure

In a crossroads of the dungeon you discover an iron chest, the surface of which it pitted and marred. About 30 feet away from the chest there is a skeleton that looks as though its clothing and leather armor was dissolved by acid. The acid is actually a trap activated by opening the chest, which is locked. The acid pours from the joints between the stones that make up the arched ceiling. If a person fails their saving throw, the acid pours on him and causes 1d6 points of damage per round until washed away with at least 1 gallon of water. To make matters worse, the skeleton's spirit now occupies the area as a phantom, making it difficult for adventurers to get through the intersection. The chest is, unfortunately, empty save for a gold filling from a tooth (worth 5 gp).

Phantom Stalker
Biding Time

It is a little known fact that many of the stars in the night sky are actually portals into the Elemental Plane of Fire. Around one such star in the sky there orbit dozens of large chunks of basalt. The largest of these was recently the scene of a terrible fight between rival wizards. In the course of their invocations and conjurations, one summoned into existence a phantom stalker. The other froze that stalker in place, giving her time to kill her rival and escape into the Astral Plane. The phantom stalker now sits and broods, calculating whether or not a leap into the star will bring him home.

This whole situation would mean next to nothing to your adventurers, save for the fact that the wizard in question holds an object of great value to the adventurers, and any attempt to locate that object by magical means will lead them to the chunk of basalt and the phantom stalker.

Phase Flea, Giant
Caught in the Mists

A swirling mist of ghostly vapors spins in the center of this small stone chamber. The vapors appear about a foot above the stone floor and end just short of the 10-foot-high ceiling. The mist is about three foot wide in the middle, and tapers at either end. Colors flash throughout the mist, and anyone staring into the vapors starts seeing scenes of his life playing out. The PC must save or become entranced by these images.

The mists are a shimmering portal to another plane that never fully closed. PCs can't travel to this empty void, but creatures on the other side don't have any trouble getting through. Four rounds after PCs enter the room, 10 phase fleas leap from the mists to attack.

Phasma
All In Your Mind

The downward sloping tunnel empties into a nightmare of a chamber that is 30 feet wide by 70 feet long. The stone room's gray walls are covered in white scratches, as if someone dragged long fingernails down the rough bricks. The ceiling 10 feet overhead is covered in jagged mirror shards that reflect the floor one moment, then change to show a hellish chamber of fire pits where dead figures walk unheeded. Figures reach out of the floor, their faces pressed against the stones, and their arms reaching upward and clutching at freedom from the rock.

In the middle of the room, a pair of arms drops from the ceiling. Tied to the fingers of this set of hands are black threads supporting a twisted marionette dressed in an orange-and-yellow diamond-pattern outfit. The puppet's head is downcast, and the thing hangs five feet above the floor. The face is white and the eyes are sunken red orbs. Its lips are painted a midnight black.

At the far end of the room, a chair is turned away from PCs, although the top of the head of an old man with long wisps of gray hair can be seen. If PCs approach the chair, the hands reaching from the stone floor grasp at their legs to hold them in place. Shards of mirror fall from the ceiling to slice at their flesh. And the marionette dances and sways as if alive, then laughs at struggling PCs. The chair slowly rotates to face PCs, as a sibilant voice whispers their names. The old man in the chair is a corpse, his eyes gone and his mouth hanging open.

The entire chamber is a phantasmal force cast by a phasma residing in the corpse. The phasma waits for PCs to approach before it leaps from the old man to attack.

Phlogiston
Ignominious Assault

The Muricee Forest is thick with old timber and clinging vines. Animals scamper through the dense underbrush, and birds build large nests in the upper branches of the pines and termite-eaten elms. About an hour into the forest, the ground is scorched, and the remains of a small shack sit in an overgrown clearing. All that remains of the building are the burned stones forming its foundation, and heaps of charred wood collapsed on itself. A skeleton lies amid the clumps of burnt wood, its blackened bones broken and scattered. A rickety outhouse stands off to the edge of the clearing, its wooden door hanging slightly ajar. Inside the outhouse is a single hole cut through a wooden plank. Living in the smelly hole beneath the outhouse is a phlogiston bush that is barely getting by. The plant grew in the richly fertilized soil, but barely gets any light because of the outhouse above and the trees growing thickly around the clearing. The plant subsists on mice and other small animals that wander into the hole. The hungry plant shoots a fire bolt up through at anyone relieving themselves before sending its tendrils up to drag them down into the muck.

Phooka
A Life of Jest

Ten-year-old Myrtie Mae is missing, and the only clue is a note in her room reading "I have the girl."

At first, her parents thought it was another of the endless pranks she and her "invisible friend" like to pull. They both remembered the time little Myrtie found a pony and took it to a friend's birthday party – and the horse charged across the field with the screaming boy clinging to its back. Or the time Myrtie said wanted to live in a pink house – and someone painted the house a phosphorescent salmon overnight.

But things became more serious when the girl didn't return last night. Neighbors are confused and scared. PCs who help search find odd clues about town: Giant footprints lead from the girl's window into trees, but vanish in the fresh loam between the oaks. A yellow sign on a small pole asks "Which way now?" Other signs say "That way" while more read "No, that way" with an arrow pointing in the opposite direction. One yellow sign simply points up … straight at a hornet's nest. Another points down, into waist-deep mud. A statue in town holds one of the girl's blonde pigtails.

Myrtie Mae is indeed with her mischievous invisible friend, a phooka named Jest. She's safe and sound in his burrow as the townspeople traipse through the forest looking for her. Jest pulls tricks on the searchers, then comes back to tell Myrtie about all the fun he's having. Myrtie plans to return home soon and slip into bed, although Jest puts a bucket of glue and feathers on top of the door to her room as one last joke.

Phycomid
Dungeoneer's Foot

The passage you are traversing runs into a large, hollow cavern, the walls of which appear to be cast from copper. The cavern is filled with brackish water and four "islands" of reddish stone allow one to pass from one side of the cavern to the exit on the other side without getting their feet wet, assuming they can leap about five feet from island to island.

The copper cavern is, in fact, an artificial construct. The walls are about one foot thick. It is located a larger cavern, such that knocking on a wall will produce a loud sound that echoes and reverberates for at least an hour.

The middle island in the cavern is inhabited by a patch of 1d3+1 phycomids growing on the remains of a dwarf. The dwarf still wears an amulet of protection from evil with a very basic map scratched into its reverse.

Piercer
That's Gotta Hurt

An underground chasm in a limestone cavern is spanned by a natural bridge of pinkish stone. The stone is damp from water dripping from stalactites overhead. The chasm is filled with a torrent of icy water that flows from higher caverns. Among the stalactites hanging over the bridge, which is about 6 feet wide and 36 feet long, there are 1d10+8 piercers. If one looks over the bridge into the torrent of water, they might notice the shells of a few pierces washed up on the sides, but otherwise must rely on their dungeoncraft to warn them of the danger of crossing the bridge.

Pit Hag
Dipped in Pain

The locked iron door to this chamber radiates unnatural warmth. The 120-foot-diameter room beyond resembles an image from hell. Five-foot-square marble flagstones encircle a 20-foot-diameter dais. The flagstones

are composed of alternating bands of red and black tiles. The floor looks like a round chess board with the dais in the center. Evenly dispersed within each ring are five-foot-square pits set in the floor. There are seven bands of alternating red-and-black flagstones with four pits in all but the outer ring for a total of 24 pits. The pits contain:

Ring 1 (innermost): Fire, 1d6 points of damage.
Ring 2: Acid, 2d4 points of damage.
Ring 3: Oscillating spikes, 2d6 points of damage.
Ring 4: Grinding iron gears, 4d4 points of damage.
Ring 5: Whirling razor blades, 4d6 points of damage.
Ring 6: Green slime
Ring 7 (outermost): No pits.

Attached to a chain above each pit hangs a barely living human, elf or dwarf secured in locked manacles. The chains extend into holes in the ceiling. Once a ring on the floor (starting with the outer perimeter ring) is breached, the chains in the next inner ring begin dropping victims sequentially into the pit below them, one each round (determined randomly). Waving a hand, shooting an arrow or casting a spell over the floor ring releases a victim into the pit below and starts the process in motion. Any movement over the ring releases the chain so flying, jumping or climbing sets off the trap. Mostly commoners, the hanging victims instantly die horrible deaths once dropped into the pits. Helping the victims in any ring immediately starts the process in the next ring moving toward the dais.

In addition to torture devices, the dais holds an iron mechanism with levers and chains that extend into the ceiling above. This machine controls the chains to the hanging prisoners. Two obese black orc torturers carrying hooked halberds attend a pit hag who lounges on the dais. She cackles gleefully whenever anyone drops into a pit.

Only one of the prisoners has any experience as an adventurer. A bewildered dwarf located in the innermost ring is known as "The Baker of Molnar." He can survive a few rounds in the fire pit. He has neither baking skills nor any emotions to speak of. He simply follows orders and replies in vague disconnected thoughts.

Plant-Imbued Ape
The Entwining Temple

Legends from prehistoric times tell of the sacrifice of the virgin princess at the Hot Gates of Bythunova to appease the gods. But the gods, angered by the sacrifice of such beauty, turned the princess's corpse to jade as the plants of the wild consumed the temple. The city and its people have vanished with time, leaving only the remains of the temple.

A ring of vine-covered pillars topped by a roof of vegetation surrounds a pit in the temple's center. At the bottom of the pit lies a jade statue of the forgotten princess. A gold ceremonial dagger is imbedded in her chest.

The sentient vines grow on unhallowed ground, the tendrils slowly growing over and consuming living creatures. The vines spawn horrific replicas of those they consume. Currently, a band of plant-imbued gorillas thrives in the ruins.

Poltergeist
Busted

A long gallery (20 feet wide, 40 feet long) in a dungeon has walls lined with thick shelves of oak. The shelves hang from iron chains. The shelves hold dozens of busts carved from soapstone, all of the same person, a man with an aquiline nose, high forehead, hair pulled back into a tail and thin, unforgiving lips. The sculptures are worth maybe 1 sp each and weight about 5 pounds a piece.

In the center of the gallery there is a low dais, atop of which there is an old wooden chair, battered and broken, the skeletal remains of a man (a close inspection might convince one that it is the man in the sculptures due to the size and shape of the forehead. Lying in front of this dais is the skeleton of another man, pierced in the back by an arrow, a rusty chisel covered in dried blood lying beneath one hand, a hammer beneath the other. Pieces of an shattered busts cover the floor, from the beginning of the gallery to the end.

The gallery was once owned by a subterranean warlord, a master of many orc tribes who was inordinately fond of his own face. A sculptor and amateur magic-user had the misfortune to have fallen into his hands on his first delve and was pressed into service as his "court sculptor". In time, he lost his mind and killed the warlord, dying seconds afterward by the hand of an orc archer. The orcs plundered their former master's underground lair and left, and so were not present for his rise as a poltergeist. The poltergeist will manifest in the center of the gallery, above its former skeleton. Once very fond of the busts, it now finds them excellent ammunition. A hit from a soapstone bust inflicts 1d6 points of damage.

Proscriber
Little Priest, Little Priest, Let Me In

A temple sits against the hillside. The building houses a worship room, and has a small parsonage attached to the side. Red shingles cover the roof, and the grey stone façade is decorated with carvings of angels in flight.

Standing on the parsonage's stone porch is a 7-foot-tall figure wearing blood-red plate mail armor. The towering figure holds a long sword in its gloved hand. The blade glows a sickening green. A shield that looks like a screaming skull is strapped to the man's forearm. His face is hidden beneath a visor of yellowed ivory fangs. Two long horns on his helm curve from his temples and nearly touch at the nape of his neck. The figure slams its heavy hand into the temple's oak door so hard that the frame shakes with each resounding thump. A scared priest inside the church screams with each pounding knock.

Anton Penn freely admits that he was an evil man in his past life. But he's turned things around for the better after nearly being killed. He rejected the death goddess he formerly served, and is trying to make a new way in a life of goodness. He thought he'd gotten out of the death cult cleanly.

But Hel had other ideas, and sent the prosciber to teach the wayward priest a lesson for turning his back on her. Wards on the temple keep the proscriber from simply breaking down the door, but it won't be denied punishing the priest – or anyone who tries to help the man.

Protector
Penance

A troupe of 1d6+5 protectors has been assigned to serve a 13th level high priest of Law who has undertaken to circumnavigate the outer planes in an effort to categorize the flora and fauna and construct a magnificent botanical garden on the grounds of his fortress monastery. His travels are, in part, a pennance for indiscretions that occurred in the presence of his subordinates.

The high priest is a balding gentleman, elderly but vigorous and handsome, with a well worn face, strong jaw and keen, golden eyes. He wears a creaky suit of platemail and carries a leather sack and silver knife for collecting specimens and a *heavy mace +1, +3 vs. demons* and *+1 golden shield* (capable of emiting a burst of golden light 3/day that stuns chaotic creatures who fail a saving throw).

The high priest and his protectors travel in a curious cog of greenish metal (kavorite) that floats about five to six feet above the ground. Much of the deck is taken up by panes of glass, allowing light to pour into the hold for the living specimens kept within. The high priest is especially proud of the bright purple choke cherries he discovered on Elysium and the flowering spurge that emits a choral hymn in the moonlight that grew on the slopes of the Second Heaven.

Psiwyrm (Draco Presentia Facultas)

Halcyon Canyons

The Halcyon Canyons serve as a pass into the heights of the Hollow Spires Mountains. Massive quartz crystals make up the 50-foot-high canyon walls. During the light of the midday sun, the Halcyon Canyons fill with brilliant, scintillating colors. The prismatic colors don't blind creatures, but they make seeing beyond ten feet difficult without proper eye protection. During daylight or in lighted areas, the canyon walls reflect and refract images. Creatures passing along the canyon floor have multiple reflections. Standing against a crystal wall acts as a *mirror image* spell except the images do not go away if attacked.

The psiwyrm Cheldelic roams the canyons. It has a lair hidden behind a heavy but movable sheet of white quartz. Cheldelic has accumulated a large hoard of treasure from travelers as well as a hefty number of uncut gemstones. Halcyon Canyons are also home to geons, cragmen, caterprisms and crystallis.

Pudding, Blood

The Black Skull of Kalitos

A yawning cavern of black stalactites lies in the deep tunnels beneath the Mines of Yurith. A stream of black water flows through the cavern, the undulating water rolling around a 20-foot-wide rock platform. Two small wooden bridges cross the stream to the platform. Atop the platform sits a 10-foot-tall black skull carved from basalt. The skull is wide and squat, but otherwise complete, with the jawbone resting on the rock platform. The giant skull has two long incisors that overlap the lower teeth.

Standing around the skull are 6 black-robed figures, each bearing a staff formed from fused leg bones. Each figure is a 6th-level cleric of Kalitos.

A bound and gagged body lies on the platform in front of the skull, held in a small stone trough. The Cult of Kalitos routinely sacrifices captured travelers at this profane altar to evil. An unconscious elf lies bound with barbed wire in the trough, ready to be offered to the dark deity.

The massive skull is hollow and contains the instrument of the god's wrath: a blood pudding. The pudding pours out of the eyes, nostrils and from between the teeth of the black skull to devour victims in the trough.

Pudding, Brown

Black Blot on an Exemplary Quest

In the humid grasslands of the southern continent, there is a lonely, snowcapped mountain surrounded by miles of wetlands. The wetlands are home to tall, blue cranes, a ragged wanderer and a cunning brown pudding.

The ragged wanderer is an archbishop of Law that hails from the colder northern lands. He came to the grasslands in response to a prophecy in search of a black blot that was supposed to have fallen from the sky and landed in these swamps. Try as he might, he has found nothing, and as a result is going through a severe crisis of faith. The archbishop wears rusty platemail and tattered, soiled priestly vestments, and looks more like a wild man than a member of the lawful clergy. Encounters with the man occur on a roll of 1 on 1d6, made each day and each night spent traveling through the swamps. He is mildly friendly to strangers, but maintains a healthy suspicion as well. While not averse to banding together with others, he will almost certainly attempt to take the lead, using the adventurers to accomplish his own ends.

The archbishop has become something of an expert at avoiding and fighting the other main inhabitant of the marsh, the brown pudding. The pudding appears on a roll of 6 on 1d6 when a wandering monster roll is made. It is clever enough to use the environment to its advantage, slinking up beneath the murky waters and engulfing a victim from below. If challenged, the beast will attempt to flee under cover of the water, stalking the party and sniping at them as long as they remain in the marsh.

The legendary black blot did fall in the swamp. The blot is a nexus of anti-matter contained in a sphere of pure force. The force sphere can be dispelled by playing a trilling rune on a flute. Should the sphere of force disappear, the blot will begin destroying everything in its path, growing as it does so. It grows at the rate of 1 foot per minute. It will take the blot about 3-1/2 days to destroy an area one mile in radius.

Pudding, Dun

Can't Get Good Help These Days

A silk caravan making its way through the desert has fallen under attack from two separate bands of nomads. Each nomadic band is made up of 1d20+20 nomadic warriors mounted on camels. The nomads wear leather armor and carry short bows, spears and long, slim daggers. They dress in hooded white robes decorated with gaudy glass beads and mark their faces with chalk. One tribe uses triangle shapes on their faces while the other uses lines and circles. Each tribe is led by a chieftain (a fighter of level 1d6+2) and his harem of 1d3+3 wives. The wives are all magic-users and sages of mathematics, the youngest wife being 1st level and each additional wife being one level higher in turn. In other words, a group of six wives will be magic-users of level 1 through 6.

In both cases, the magical wives of the tribe discovered, via their auguries, that the caravan moving through their desert was carrying more than silk and foodstuffs. A bronze calculation device that looks like a series of gears within a circular case has been entrusted to the caravan master to be transported to a center of learning on the coast.

The caravan is now hunkered down atop a large, long sand dune. Most of its animals have been killed, and a mere ten guardsmen are still alive. The nomads harry the guards through the day, and then press their attack at night. By and large, the most intense night fighting is between the nomads as they struggle for the right to steal the device.

All of this fighting and motion has now attracted a dun pudding. The pudding slinks beneath the sands like a sidewinder, spreading itself out just beneath the surface of the sand and wait for a victim to walk over him. Two guardsmen have already been engulfed and digested by the creature, and the others are arguing over whether they should kill the caravan master, take whatever food and water they can carry, and abandon the caravan to the nomads.

Pudding, Stone

Sewer Crawl

An abandoned tunnel in the sewers beneath Bargarsport is filled with accumulated trash and detritus washed in from the Reaping Sea. A thin stream of dirty water runs down the center of the stone floor. Brown moss and dirty seaweed are wedged into the stone block walls. Water rises and falls through the tunnel with the rising and ebbing tides. The stone ceiling along a 20-foot-long section sags noticeably.

A stone pudding clings to the ceiling during the day and drops to the sopping floor at night. The creature hunts in the narrow tunnels, slowly flowing through the corridors after mice and other helpless sea creatures left behind when the waters rush out of the sewers with the ebbing tides. The creature is an opportunistic hunter and greedily drops on any creature wandering beneath it when the tide is out.

Pudding, White
Frozen Dinner

In a far northern trading center there is a small but respected university. While its chancellor, the archbishop, has taken a leave of absence, leaving it in the charge of the vice chancellor, an ambitious man descended from minor (and cash strapped) nobility.

The university consists of three long, two-story buildings of whitish stone with slate roofs. The largest of these three buildings was once the property of a master thief, serving as the headquarters for his gang of cutthroats and smugglers. Concealed passages, mostly bricked up, lead into dank catacombs beneath the building. These catacombs were used to store stolen loot, make quick escapes and to each a sea cave that permitted them to smuggle goods and people out of and into the town under the nose of the authorities.

When the vice-chancellor discovered one such passage behind a wooden panel in the chancellor's office, he decided to set up a smuggling ring of his own. The deeper catacombs are now home to his "enforcer", a white pudding that came into the possession of the vice-chancellor via an adventuring party that captured it on the northern tundra while sacking the frozen fortress of a frost giant jarl. The beast roams the catacombs at will, and though the smugglers are aware of its existance and are forewarned to avoid it, they still hate being in the catacombs. Recently, two students of the university have disappeared. They came to suspect the activities of their vice-chancellor and were locked in the catacombs to be killed by the beast. One of the students has been so consumed, but the other has managed to avoid the beast for three days.

The smuggling ring keeps their treasure hidden behind a false stone in the catacombs. It currently numbers 1d4 x 1,000 gp and 3d6 pounds of calamus (worth 8 gp per pound).

Purple Moss
Sleepiness Is Weakness of Character

In a finely crafted portion of a dungeon clad in black stone lovingly carved by dwarven hands. The dungeon was once the home of a flamboyant magician who wished to dwell away from other human beings. Taking residence in the upper levels of a dungeon, his power was enough to keep the local humanoids at bay.

Besides the requisite study (with its displacer skin rugs, preserved albino ape heads hanging on the wall, brontotherium foot umbrella holder and scrolls in leather cases) and the laboratory (overrun with pink giant rats and what looks like a giant, pulsating lung that they protect with their lives), there is a fine wine cellar. The cellar contains a number of bottles of exotic beverages, including a bamboo pipe containing mbege, three reddish gourds containing chicha, a crock of blaand and dozens of bottles of sweet and spiced wine. The cellar also contains the desiccated body of the magician, still clad in his velvet robes and floppy hat. The magician wears a conical mask over his face filled with bitter herbs. On the walls grows a sweet-smelling purple moss. The mask was intended to counter the scent of the purple moss, which he grew purposely in the cellar to keep it dry and cool. In the dry air the bitter herbs lost their effectiveness and the magician succumbed to the moss.

Pyrolisk
Furnace Punishment

On the banks of a subterranean river (reachable via a grotto, the entrance marked with a statue of the goddess of animals) a druidic hermit has constructed a strange parliament of awakened animals. The banks of the slow river are lined with stone couches upon which sit the assembled beasts of the surrounding jungle. The tiger has been elected the parliament's speaker, both for his deep, resounding voice and his threats to consume at least half of the parliament if he was not given the position. The beasts rule over the jungle, keeping it safe from the depredations of humanoids. The bats serve as the parliament's spies, hanging from the limbs of tall trees and always listening. The parliament's executioner dwells in dry, hot cave located beneath the parliament chamber. A person thrown into the opening will fall 20 feet to the floor of the cavern, where a flight of 1d3+1 pyrolisks dwells. The pyrolisks have not been awakened, but they really don't need to be to do their job.

The cavern lair of the pyrolisks connects to other subterranean passages and chambers, most of them volcanic vents and lava tubes that eventually wind up in a veritable sea of magma located 3 miles beneath the surface. The lair is littered with no fewer than thirty charred corpses, most of them goblins, but a few humans, elves and dwarves as well. All of the bodies were stripped of their valuables before being dropped into the "furnace".

Quantum
Ring My Bell

The underground chamber is massive, a quarter mile from rock wall to rock wall, with a ceiling rising 80 feet overhead. Long tapering stalactites hang from the roof, some reaching the ground in slender columns of stone. Several of the stone pillars are shattered and broken. Rubble litters the cavern floor.

Splitting the room is a 200-foot-wide underground river that steams and bubbles. The water is 15 feet deep and burns at nearly 100 degrees. Clouds of steam rise from the stream, making the air thick with a white sulfurous mist.

A dented iron bell sits on a small island in the center of the river. The bell is nearly 5 feet tall, and hangs from a frame of water-slickened wood. The bell weighs nearly 1,000 pounds. A wooden striker sits near the bell. A small bridge of wooden planks held together by fraying ropes crosses from the shore to the island.

If struck, the bell sounds a loud peal that sets up a vibration on the water that soon sets the stone columns to quaking. The vibration attracts a quantum's attention within 1d6 rounds. The quantum flickers into the room over the bell. The thick clouds of steam hide its form as it drifts moves to investigate.

Quasi-Elemental, Acid
Acid Washed

This 40-foot-by-40-foot room is closed off by a set of steel doors set tightly into the stone on opposite walls. A stone sluice runs at a 45-degree angle down from a small glowing trapdoor in the 20-foot-high ceiling. The stone channel ends 4 feet above the floor, where a 10-foot-by-10-foot square frame of pitted metal stands. A 5-inch plate of copper is held horizontally off the floor in an iron frame. A brass plate in the frame is pocked and eaten through, and covered in green and brown swirls of color. A ring of powdered diamond grit fills a circle that runs completely around the metal frame. A partially dissolved skeleton lies on the stone floor beneath the sluice. A small handle on a silver chain hangs down from the underside of the ramp.

If the chain is pulled, an acid quasi-elemental pours down the ramp. Originally, the quasi-elemental poured over the copper plate to etch it so it could be sold as "acid-burned art." Now, a chink in the stone ramp allows the creature to escape and drop onto the person pulling the chain. Ten rounds after the chain is pulled, the quasi-elemental is automatically returned to an enchanted dimensional space in the ceiling.

Quasi-Elemental, Lightning
Tower of Elemental Portals

The top of the tallest mountain in the neighborhood is always shrouded in storm clouds, with terrific peals of thunder echoing through the surrounding valleys and fast, thuggish rivers pouring into the countryside beyond where they water some of the finest, sweetest grasses in the kingdom.

The cattlemen of the lowlands tell many tales about Thunder Mountain. Some say it is the home of a mighty storm giant, others that the gods have hidden a powerful magic item and posted the storm clouds as its guardians. The truth of the matter is nearly as fantastic.

The top of the mountain in question is flat and topped by a large maze of 20-foot tall malachite halls. In the center of the maze there is a stout, green tower once occupied by a wizard called the "Portal Keeper". The Keeper died long ago without an heir or apprentice to take over his job and in the ensuing decades the portals hidden within the maze have not been maintained.

The portals in question lead to the four elemental planes. They are located in the four corners of the maze and take the form of four stone golems in the shape of giant animals. The portals are located in the bellies of the golems, and thus require one to be swallowed to venture into the plane of question. Of course, most adventurers misunderstand the intentions of the golems and fight them. In the intervening decades, two of the golems - those of air (in the shape of a coiled serpent) and fire (in the shape of a lion) have been destroyed, throwing open their belly portals. The stone golems of earth (shaped like a lizard) and water (shaped like a hippopotamus) are intact.

The mixture of the hot, dry air of the fire plane and the cool, moist air of the air plane is responsible for the never-ending storm that now tops the mountain. Because of the elemental origins of the storm, it is inhabited by a large lightning quasi-elemental. Because of its presence, the malachite walls of the maze are charged with static electricity, causing the hair of adventurers who enter it to stand on end.

The Keeper's Tower in the center of the maze might offer clues as to the nature of the maze and its remaining golems, perhaps in tapestries hanging in the lower floor. The upper floor contains the Keeper's chamber, where his skeletal body still lies where he died in his bed. A large chest in the room (locked, poison needle trap) contains a smaller chest (also locked, poisoned) that contains 1,900 gp, 2,400 pp. The skeletal remains grasp a brass statuette of a sylph (worth 600 gp).

Quasi-Elemental, Obsidian
A World of Hurt

Columns of jagged obsidian rise along the horizon, sharp pillars punching through the forest. Trees lie in splintered pieces, and boulders are split in half by the serrated towers rising 20 feet into the air. Towering buttes of blackened rock sparkle like dark glass in the middle of this encroaching forest. The obsidian is sharp and slices anyone moving through it for 1d6 points of damage.

The village of Keer-Toth is cut in half by shards of glass. Bodies lie in pieces amid the densely packed columns, and blood runs around the base of the shafts. The remaining villagers are fleeing the columns overrunning their homes. It appears the columns rose in the middle of the night to skewer half the stone houses.

A magic-user named Yurt McCallot is to blame. The lonely wizard tried to open a portal to a plane of lovelorn women – but instead unleashed an expanding rift to the Quasi-Plane of Obsidian. The tear is slowly switching the two planes, taking villages from this world into the barren bleakness of the Obsidian Plane. So far, 10 obsidian quasi-elementals are wandering free, with more arriving each day. The only way to stop the spread of the Obsidian Plane is to find McCallot's body in the middle of the forest and smash a small obsidian locket he holds. His body is currently held 10 feet off the ground, impaled on a serrated spike tree.

Quickling
Slicker Than Snot

You come across a forest clearing occupied by a highly agitated brown bear. The beast has been wounded, its flesh rended and torn and there are several trickles of blood matting its fur. It is circling in the center of the clearing, swaying its massive head back and forth as though looking for something. The bear is actually a werebear, and it has a mere 10 hit points between it and death.

The werebear's assailants are a gang of 1d3+1 quicklings. The quicklings are currently standing still and are thus naturally invisible. As much fun as they've had tormenting the werebear, they will not pass up the chance to kill adventurers (better treasure, you know).

If the adventurers and werebear come out of the encounter alive, the wearbear will gladly lead them back (or give directions if it must be carried) to its lodge. The werebear's lodge is a cabin built against a cave, thus making half of the lair subterranean. The lodge has a large fire pit and woven mats of fragrant grasses for sitting/sleeping. The subterranan portion of the lodge contains casks of mead, pots of honey, jars of berry preserves, two venison and a wild pig hanging from hooks in the ceiling and other foodstuffs.

The wearbear will take two or three weeks to completely heal from its wounds, and will invite his rescuers to spend that time enjoying his hospitality. If they consent, they will meet the other werebears of the district and might learn a great deal about the surrounding woodlands.

Quickwood
Rotten Wood

After a long journey in search of the secret druid's grove of the old forest, the adventurers will take great comfort in seeing a stone marker decorated by chalk and ochre drawings of hunters and deer. The marker is one of several dozen that form a circular boundary of the holy druidic precinct. Beyond this point, chaotics and lawfuls must not journey unless they are willing to have a curse (a cumulative -1 penalty to saving throws with each lawful or chaotic act they commit until the moon has passed through its phases) - or at least, they would be cursed if the grove was still sanctified.

Stepping into the holy precinct, they will find its outer portions thick with large oak trees covered in moss. The air is thick and seems to be charged with power and one will hear no animal noises - not even the buzzing of insects - in the area. Knowing they are entering a druidic holy place, the adventurers might not be alarmed by the presence of grave, staring faces on some of the oaks.

The staring oaks serve the new master of the grove, a massive (15 HD) quickwood. The quickwood dwells at the center of the grove, dipping its branches and roots in a fountain of longevity (per *potion of longevity*, only one dip per person). The quickwood destroyed the local druids (who happened to be neanderthals) and its chaotic presence has made the grove unholy. A druid that destroys the quickwood and re-sanctifies the grove should be awarded with 2,000 XP. Other neutrals that participate should be awarded 500 XP.

Raggoth
Cats and Dogs

A cat's deep-throated growl sounds from the Kajaani Forest. The noise is punctuated by a cat's loud hiss. A horde of 8 scratched and bloodied tangtals rushes out of the woods and cowers behind the PCs. Only one of

the giant cats is real; the rest are merely mirror images of the frightened and exhausted original. Just after the cat bursts out of the forest, its pursuers arrive: 3 mangy raggoths. The dogs paw the ground with their six legs and bare rows of sharp teeth. A guttural growl starts in its chest and vibrates along the slick fur of its throat. The raggoth is intent on catching the cat and ignores PCs unless they get in its way. If PCs help the battered cat, they may make a new friend who'll tag along with them as long as they feed it.

Rakklethorn Toad
The Mating Game

The Sin Mire Swamp is alive with sounds and movement, birds flapping out of the moss-covered trees, fish splashing in the three-feet-deep water. Cattails sway in bunches, and marsh grasses buzz with swarming mosquitoes. The murky swamp is thick with viscous jelly-like balls that cling to anything dipped into the water.

Three colonies of rakkletorn toads – a total of 30 toads – have come together for their annual mating frenzy. The water is thick with the jelly-like eggs released by the females, and the males are hyper-aggressive toward anyone entering the area.

Rat, Barrow
Trapped Like . . . You Know

The 10-foot-wide corridor continues in a straight line for 50 feet before turning to the right at a 90-degree bend. The walls are heavy rust-colored stones set flush atop one another. Copper lanterns hang every 15 feet, each casting a feeble greenish light down the hall. The center 15 feet of the corridor is a pit trap that drops into a 20-foot-deep hole beneath the passageway. The walls of the pit are pocked by hundreds of small holes. Rat droppings fill the floor of the hole.

The pit is home to a warren of barrow rats that swarm out to attack anyone falling into the hole. The aggressive rats consider the pit their territory and defend it against invaders.

Rat, Brain
The Secret of Yimm

The weird house on the hill (built in the Jacobethan style of bluish bricks), the locals will tell visitors, belongs to the reclusive wizard Yimm. Though rarely seen, the wizard's presence was often felt by the locals, whether from the mysterious gifts that would appear on doorsteps when people were in need or from the stream of adventurers into the town to visit the wizard and beg for favors.

The interior of Yimm's home wasn't terribly strange - a foyer, study, sitting room, dining room (rarely used), kitchen, rooms upstairs and a lead-lined laboratory in the cellar. The rooms are packed with the mementos of a well-traveled wizard, most of them being interesting but not terribly valuable (after all, a wizard's experiments eat up most of their wealth).

Two rooms of the house are worthy of mention. The kitchen was no longer used for its intended purpose for two reasons. Firstly, Yimm practiced a strict dietary regemin, eating nothing but pottage and drinking nothing but claret. A cauldron of pottage was kept always over the fire in the study, while the casks of claret were kept in the downstairs broom closet. The kitchen, made of stone and containing a large fireplace, was now the home of a fire drake called Rix. Each morning after waking, Yimm would make his way into Rix's chamber, set some animated tools to cleaning up after the creature and teleport himself and his pet into the far mountains so that he could take his morning constitutional and the fire drake could romp and hunt. That being accomplished, Yimm and Rix would return home, Rix to take a nap next to the fireplace and Yimm to eat a bowl of pottage, drink a flute of claret and then head into his laboratory.

The laboratory is the other interesting room in the house, for it now holds the gibbering remains of Yimm, his mind completely broken. The night before, he discovered in the worst way possible that the two laboratory rats that escaped many months ago had been quite active, populating the walls of the wizard's house with 1d6+5 brain rats.

Entry into the house is not difficult, for the wizard never locks his front door. Rix will be found to be quite restless, missing his master and his customary romp in the mountains. The brain rats will be in the walls, watching all and preparing an ambush for the visitors.

The wizard keeps a treasure of 1d6 x 100 gp and a coral sculpture of a dolphin worth 450 gp hidden in an extradimensional place that one enters by staring for 3 solid minutes into the eyes of a painting of a hideous duchess hung on the wall.

Rat, Ethereal
Into the Ether

The village of Thorper has been overrun by a pack of 1d6+5 ethereal rats, called into the Material Plane by a soothesayer attempting to manifest the spirit of the recently departed (and beloved) duchess of Thorper by her husband. The rats have made their way through the village, attacking people seemingly at random and sending them into an ethereal state. The arrival of so many people into the borderlands between the deep Ethereal and the Material Plane has created something of a feeding frenzy for the natural predators of the Ethereal Plane, their loved one's having to watch helplessly while many were savaged by seemingly invisible horrors, their dead, ethereal bodies dragged away into the deep Ethereal to be devoured.

The living ethereals have banded together, gathering in the space roughly analagous to the duke's great hall to wait for their strength to slowly return and send them back into the Material Plane. They would be very thankful (to the tune of 1,000 gp) for a party of seasoned adventurers to trap and destroy the ethereal rats.

Rat, Shadow
Infinite Shadows

When adventurers enter this circuitous tunnel, a wall will quietly slide in place behind them after they walk about 20 paces. Once shut, only dwarves have a hope of finding the wall again (1 in 6 chance if not looking, 2 in 6 chance if actively looking), but they will find it impossible to shift (although it could conceivably be battered down with several hours of hard labor).

The tunnel takes the shape of a rough figure "eight". The walls of the tunnel are rough and black and seem to absorb the light of torches. Every few feet, these black walls are interrupted by a round plaque of golden-brown stone. Each of these stones measure about 3 feet in diameter and is carved to resemble a gorgon. These stones are used to seal tombs. Behind each seal is a small space carved into the stone wall - about 2-1/2 feet in diameter and six feet long wherein a skeletal body wrapped in brilliantly patterned silks is interred.

None of these bodies are undead, but they have been feasted on by undead shadow rats. As travelers move through the hallway, there is a 2 in 6 chance per turn that they are attacked by a pack of 1d6+1 shadow rats. The rats always come from behind one of the seals, using their incorporeality to phase through the material. They are clever enough to attack light bearers first.

At the intersection of the figure "eight", there is a slim pillar that extends from floor to ceiling. On this pillar are carved four thin faces, each looking in a different direction. When one stands before this pillar, the faces spring to life and proclaim themselves the Keepers of the Royal Tombs. They inform the adventurers that should they wish to pass from the tombs, they must first pay a toll of 30 dead shadow rats. Should this toll be brought before the pillar, it sinks into the ground, revealing a hole

in the ceiling through which one can clamber (with the help of a boost) into an upper level of the dungeon. One turn after this exit is revealed, the sliding wall through which the adventurers originally entered the royal tombs resets itself in the open position.

The small tomb spaces contain about 1d4 x 1,000 gp worth of treasure and a pack of 1d6+6 shadow rats.

Rat, Spore
You Dirty Rat

A 12-foot skiff floats toward the PCs, hovering three feet off the ground at all times. The boat is filled with mounds of mud and loose tree branches. Thorny vines drape over the edges of the floating vessel and drag along the ground. Miniature trees grow out of the dirt, and flowers and mushrooms grow across the bow. A skeleton stands in the stern of the skiff, using a 10-foot-long pole to push the hovering boat forward. The boat moves at walking speed. The words Bone Barge are engraved along its prow.

The boat is home to an infestation of 1d10+8 spore rats that burrow into the muck. The mud clings to their fungus hides, making them appear to be just large rats. The spore rats swarm over the sides of the vessel to bite anyone attacking their floating home. They climb the dragging vines to return to the lair once the threat is dealt with.

The floating skiff belonged to Daznashal the Vicious, who lost the boat during a storm when it burrowed into the Sin Mire and filled with swampy sludge.

Rawbones
Collateral Damage

The ruins of Castle Caern are silent and foreboding, the collapsed ebon walls nothing more than jagged heaps of shifting stone in the desolate landscape above the town of Drulk. Markers stolen from the nearby graveyard to decorate the castle's outer walls poke through the rubble, each bearing the names of the dead. The gravestones still burn with an inner warmth.

Standing in the middle of the collapsed castle is a 20-foot-tall metal spike radiating cool silver light. The spike looks like it was cast down from the heavens to strike the center of the castle and punched all the way through to its stone foundation. Symbols of the god of justice are branded into the sliver. The silver needle is clawed and slashed, and dark blots are burned across its surface.

Three innocents held in shackles in the dungeon didn't survive the explosion that leveled the castle. They died underground, choking on the rock debris filling the tunnels around them. The three are now rawbones who clawed their way through the rocks. They slashed at the silver lance to exact their revenge, but went unsatisfied. They lie in wait among the rocks for anyone approaching the silver weapon of the gods.

Red Jester
Dead Man's Hand

Fifty years ago, King Jepson IV demanded a joke, one so funny it would leave him laughing for days. But when his court jester couldn't deliver the perfect punchline, the king had him executed and his body tossed in the rubbish pile as a warning to future funnymen. But the jester took his job seriously and rose from the dead a night later. His corpse staggered from the kingdom, asking everyone he met for a joke that would allow him to return and please his king. He's still looking. The red jester now wanders into towns and asks everyone he meets for a joke, any joke. If one is offered to the undead creature, it weighs the riddle's merits and offers a reward – or punishment – for the effort. The jester purposefully picks a card from his *deck of many things* as a sign of thanks – or a way to get even for someone belittling his quest. Game Referees may ask players for their best joke; those who participate and try to come up with something funny may be rewarded. Those who dismiss the whole thing as childish – or worse, insult the jester – won't like the consequences.

Redcap
Hate Mill

An abandoned mill sits along a dry riverbed. A giant waterwheel is still, the boards broken and dry. Birds make nests in the water troughs. The three-story mill is built of gray bricks and sits dark and silent. Weeds and flowering plants grow through the wood-slat floor. Piles of rotting grain lies in heaps on the mill floor.

Hanging from the dusty rafters inside the mill are the bodies of nixies, grigs, squirrels, mice, owls and moles. Each body hangs from taut nooses, the bodies black and blue and beaten. Many are dried and rotted. The odor of decay fills the large room. Scattered on the wood floor are hundreds of insect bodies, some sliced in half. Limbs, thoraxes and wings lie in heaps.

A group of redcaps lives in an overturned grain bin inside the mill, while their pet and protector – a giant chameleon – lives in a 12-foot-tall pile of moldy corn. The redcaps collect insects at night for the chameleon. They kill any other small animals or fey they encounter and hang their bodies from the mill's rafters. The mill is built on an ancient redcap village, and the redcaps fight to protect their land.

Reigon
Ape God

Lush trees and thick vegetation form a natural dome 50 feet overhead. Only the midday light manages to break through the green ceiling. A flagstone terrace sits under the dome. A 15-foot-tall pillar carved with ancient runes erupts from the patio's center. A one-foot-tall diamond-shaped purple amethyst defies gravity as it spins atop the pillar. Daylight shining through the amethyst sends flashing violet rays to the ground around the pillar. The amethyst is a relic from a forgotten religion. Under certain conditions and prayers, the amethyst grants ordinary animals the gift of sentience and some minor magical powers. The runes on the pillar describe these details, if deciphered.

Currently a troop of reigons adopts the area as a shrine to an obscure deity. The reigons live in nearby cliffs. The reigons learned the secrets of the amethyst's power and brought chimpanzees and orangutans to the crystal to gain sentience. They use the lesser apes as servants. Many have greater intelligence and compassion than the reigons, but are too weak to fight against the more-powerful apes.

Reliquary Guardian
The Bones of the Martyr

A ruined cemetery of unknown age lies in shambles amid the violently turned ground. Stone sarcophagi, obelisks and monuments lean at random angles across the tortured landscape. The land still shivers with temblors that cause monuments to topple and ancient caskets to rise out of the soil.

A reliquary golem stands amid the chaos, guarding an iron urn. The urn contains the bones and ashes of Invadak, the Sage of the Ancients. It is rumored that worthy petitioners can request answers from Invadak's remains. The remains swirl up from within the urn to form a dusty apparition of Invadak. The golem smites those unworthy to seek an audience or at the request of Invadak's shade.

Renzer (Devilfin)
Net Loss

A hemp net spreads on the water among the ships anchored in Rout's Harbor. A sailor floats face down in the center of the net, his arms splayed wide and his hands wrapped tightly in the strands. The sailor's face is bitten away, leaving a gaping hole into the man's skull.

The 20-foot-wide net is enchanted to wrap itself around anyone who comes within 5 feet of it and fails a saving throw. The net sinks like a stone when it entwines a victim, taking the PC into the depths. Lurking on the bottom of the harbor are 6 sahuagins and their leader, a renzer named Raxoc who dreams of conquering the port city.

Retch Hound
Walking the Dogs

Corpuzon the Putrescent is a haughty lich who enjoyed a hedonistic life when he was alive. A beefy man, Corpuzon lost much of his fat in death, and his skin sags in loose flappy layers off his five-foot frame. His eyes are gone, leaving ragged holes that burn with an inner green fire. A three-pronged platinum crown (worth 600 gp) sits on his desiccated skull with the words "Feast of Life" engraved into its surface. He wears dirty green-and-yellow robes, and the stench of death wafts off his body in nauseating waves.

Corpuzon always travels with his companions, Feast and Famine, two retch hounds he fawns incessantly over. The sickening smell of the retch hounds doesn't affect the lich, and he's powerful enough to stop them when the aggressive animals occasionally turn on him. Each wears a diamond-studded collar (1,000 gp each) around its neck, to which Corpuzon attaches a 10-foot-long leather leash.

The lich recently decided to treat the hounds to a "night on the town" for their birthday, and strides into the nearest city with Feast and Famine leading the way. The hounds strain at their leashes, waiting to pounce on anyone they encounter. Corpuzon lets the dogs have their fun, but defends himself if necessary. The 12-HD lich uses his spells to protect his pets if they get into trouble.

Riptide Horror
Belly of the Whale

A dead whale lies on the sandy strip of shore near the wharfs of Squall Harbor, the giant creature bloating in the midday sun. Its skin is rubbery and soft, and the smell of dead fish wafts off the carcass. The sea creature's eyes are rolled up and its mouth hangs open. Seaweed hangs in verdant strands inside the gaping maw. The whale's tongue lolls from the side of its mouth, and is coated with a sticky, greenish-tan mass of eggs. A bony chittering sound rises out of the mouth.

Two riptide horrors found the dying whale shortly after it beached itself, and crawled into its open mouth to mate. The creatures move freely inside the whale's body as they await high tide to slip out and back into the sea. They lash out with their tentacles to pull PCs into the whale's mouth.

Rock Reptile
Three Hermits

Beyond the green and pleasant mountains there is a vast expanse of badlands. The badlands are composed of acre after acre of ochre-colored stones, rounded and haphazardly stacked, some appearing as though they could topple at any moment. There is only minor vegetation in the badlands - some scrub, a few cacti and stiff grasses fit only for the iron stomaches of goats.

The dominant predator in the badlands is the rock reptile. The creatures' rocky hides blend perfectly with the landscape, making travelers easy prey. Encounters with rock reptiles occur on a roll of 1 on 1d6 made each hour one travels through the badlands.

It is in this wilderness that the three holy hermits of Azucar chose to make their homes. The hermits dwell in small, shallow caves at the foot of stone pinnacles. The least of the hermits has the power to cure all diseases, while the greatest can return the dead to life.

Seekers of the hermits have a 1 in 6 chance per day of coming upon one. The hermits are called Azka, Eris and Ullo. Azka can cure all diseases, but cannot speak the truth. Eris can restore lost levels, but is cursed to do the opposite of what is requested of her. Ullo can bring the dead back to life, but is blind, deaf and mute, making communication with him very difficult. When found, a hermit will be sitting in the lotus position in front of a fire fed by creosote bushes. The hermits have the stats of normal humans and they possess no treasure.

Ronus
Death Race

This encounter takes place as PCs are camping in the forest. At some point during the night, the sound of twigs snapping is heard as something moves toward the campfire. Four ronus step out of the trees. Each wears a black leather collar around its neck with a gem hanging on a silver chain. Each animal has a different color gem hanging below its beak. The gems glow with a soft inner radiance.

The ronus are owned by a cruel magic-user named Holis Wastburn. The gems are enchanted to permanently give off a *fear* effect (as per the spell of the same name) in creatures within 20 feet. The gems cease to function if removed from the collars. The gems are worth 150 gp if sold as a set.

The ronus immediately chase any PC who runs in fear from them. If PCs don't run, the ronus flee back into the trees.

Roper, Stone
Obstacle

While exploring the underworld, a band of adventurers will experience a truly frightening thing - an earthquake. The quake is not terribly damaging - folks might be knocked prone, dust will fall, but nobody is hurt or put through a major inconvenience.

As they delve deeper, they come across a newly created crevasse. About 20 feet below the upper edge of the crevasse there is a rend in the granite forming a small cave. A band of 1d3+2 gnomes are in this cave trying to avoid the tendrils of a stone roper at the top of a crevasse.

The crevasse is about 30 feet wide, the near side about 6 feet below the far side. The crevasse is 300 feet deep, with a number of dead gnomes at the bottom. The gnomes were transporting expensive spices worth 1,300 gp when the event happened, and though some of the casks they were transporting are now broken at the bottom of the crevasse, about 400 gp worth are still intact.

Ryven
The Animal King

A group of monk's sits in a circle in a small marble and glass atrium to the side of the road. Columns holding up the atrium's roof depict a wild hunt, with rabbits and foxes outrunning hounds. They wear long red robes and hoods that cover them from head to foot. Their hands are folded into the elaborate robes. Mesh screens sewn into the hoods conceal their features. Their whispered chant is a soft hum radiating out of the quiet atrium.

The six monks surround a glass spindle rising four feet high in the middle of the atrium. A delicate crystal decanter filled with a golden

liquid sits in a niche carved into the glass. The liquid gleams in a shaft of sunlight filtering through stained-glass panels set in the roof.

The monks are 6 ryven awaiting the resurrection of their true leader. They don't speak and don't make a move to stop anyone approaching the decanter. They stop chanting in anticipation should a PC prepare to drink the draught. The golden liquid tastes like elderberries. It refills automatically once set back into the glass pillar.

PCs who drink from the decanter have a 1 in 6 chance of gaining an animal trait: whiskers, a bushy fox tail, pointed ears, fur, etc. Those who gain an animal characteristic further have another 1 in 6 chance of turning fully into a ryven. If this happens, the ryven monks bow to their newly risen leader. Those who don't gain an animal trait are healed for 1d6 points of damage. This healing occurs only if the liquid is sipped from the crystal decanter within the confines of the atrium. It loses all potency if removed.

Sabrewing
The King and Eye

King Narsh II is uneasy. A mysterious box arrived for him three days ago, with no note or any information about who sent it. The courier vanished before he could be detained and questioned. Inside the felt-lined container was the plucked-out eye of a storm giant staring up at him.

As King Narsh stared into the bloody depths of the eye, he realized he was seeing through the pupil into another plane of existence. He spied on jagged citadels of stone and iron that rose into the dull sky. He saw a forest of moving steel blades slicing all life to ribbons. The king recoiled at the visions, but the damage was done as a hairless head appeared in the vision and two golden eyes stared malevolently at the king.

Two sabrewings are zeroing in on the royal court, and await the chance to strike and slay the king spying on their home world. The king requires protection, and offers PCs a hefty fortune (and the storm giant's eye, which serves as a *crystal ball*) if they'll protect him.

Sand Kraken
House of Sand

The desert village of Rankaap was abandoned 100 years ago during the War of the Winds when scouring blasts of desert air lifted the sand in a scouring wall. A dozen or so stone buildings sit abandoned, the doors and windows open to the surrounding desert. Heat rises past 130 degrees during the day, and plummets to 30 degrees at night. Most of the buildings are dilapidated, but a two-story building still appears habitable.

The outer stone walls of the manor house are sandblasted smooth from the driving winds, but the interior remains relatively intact. Tables and chairs, paintings, and other fixtures can be found in almost every room, although up to six feet of drifting sand covers the floors and objects. The drifts are less on the second floor, but the wooden floors still creak ominously because of the weight of the sand.

A gold chandelier with crystal glass globes hangs from the 15-foot-high ceiling of the 20-foot wide family room on the first floor. The room is bare of furniture. A smooth layer of sand three feet deep appears to fill the room. In fact, the sand is closer to 12 feet deep after the wooden floor collapsed into a wine cellar. The splintered furniture rests amid the wreckage of the wine racks below tons of sand.

A sand kraken lairs in the basement, waiting for creatures to enter the family room above.

Sand Stalker
Wind in the Willows

A small oasis sits among the desert dunes, the 30-foot-wide pool of clear water surrounded by swaying reeds. Stunted palm trees stand about the lake, their roots draped into the placid water. A light breeze plays a trilling melody of notes as it flits through the reeds.

No animal tracks approach the oasis, despite the harsh desert stretching for miles around the tiny patch of serenity. The water is clear and refreshing, although it has a slight mineral taste.

The real danger is a sand stalker that lives under the sand among the reeds growing wild around the small pond. The creature has its hollow forelegs sticking up among the reeds to create the music drifting around the area.

Sandling
Little Maker of Death

A band of evil masterminds erected a stone pagoda in the middle of a woodland of towering teaks. The pavilion is constructed for pearly white stones quarried on the Elemental Plane of Earth and then expertly cut in the workshop of an ancient house of svirfneblins, impressing within each stone a three-dimensional rune of mithral. These runes, properly assembled as they now are, turn the pavilion into a terrible engine of destruction. All the pavilion lacks is a final trigger, a six-pointed star carved from an immense opal.

The star trigger was lost, and the mad elementalists thwarted, by a band of paladins from a nearby city-state. The star opal is now inlaid into the large, round teak table that dominates the great hall of their chapter house. The paladins and their soldiers wear a multi-colored patchwork six-pointed star on their mantles, for it has become the symbol of their order.

Should the star opal be brought into the pavilion and placed in the space awaiting it in the ceiling, the pavilion will become the single safe haven in a hemisphere of destruction that grows outward from the pavilion at the rate of 1 mile per day, until it finally extends to a radius of 500 miles. Within this hemisphere the earth is wracked by quakes, landslides and tornadoes. Lakes and rivers are swallowed by the earth, leaving behind a parched, broken landscape fit only for monsters and the tougher humanoids.

Within the pavilion, there is a pit of sand that is warm to the touch. A large sandling dwells in this pit, emerging only to attack those who do not identify themselves as friends by pricking their fingers with copper needles and dropping those needles into the sand pit. All others are marked for destruction.

Sandman
Bring Me a Dream

In the stony desert that covers a great peninsula you might come across the palace of a great conqueror. The palace is constructed of sandstone and boasts 1,000 grand pillars, some rising as high as 50 feet, over one hundred chambers and a network of troughs fed by a spring. The troughs allow the palace servants to cultivate a massive garden in the center of the palace that features fruit trees, vines, vegetables, song birds and a variety of small game. Most of the palace's needs are fulfilled by tribute from more fertile lands conquered by the sultan with the help of a slim whistle.

The whistle is carved from the finger bones of an elemental earth dragon. It looks like ivory but has the strength of steel. The whistle always hangs around the sultan's neck. By blowing into the whistle and concentrating on an object made of stone, the sultan can turn that stone into sand. Obviously, this has been most helpful in toppling the walls of many towns and strongholds. The whistle can also be used to summon a gang of 1d8+1 sandmen, who serve the sultan loyally for a period of one week before seemingly blowing away on an etheric wind back to their home on the Elemental Plane of Earth. A gang of these sandmen dwell in the sandpits that surround the palace, where glassblowers do a steady trade in art glass.

The sultan can usually be found in his gallery, admiring glass statues of lovely jinni swathed in veils and striking fetching poses. These twelve statues are actually sandmen that have been trapped in glass. With a

blow of his whistle, they return to their normal form and become fierce guardians. Hidden behind a wall in the gallery is the sultan's treasure: 17,540 sp, 3,820 gp and a brass idol of a terrifying efreet with carnelian eyes (worth 6,000 gp, weighs 1,000 pounds).

Scarecrow
Not For Scaring Crows

A solitary scarecrow leans against a bower of roses that marks the gateway to a crumbling stone farmhouse. The scarecrow has a burlap face painted with the face of a fierce warrior. On its frame of sticks is draped an ancient, tattered robe. For hands it has bamboo rakes.

The scarecrow was constructed by a magic-user called Kimbuk, a leader of rebellious peasants, to guard their hideout in the ruined farmhouse. The farmhouse belonged to a popular yeoman farmer who made the mistake of standing up to the fell lord that has seized power in this land. The rebel band is made up of 1d30+20 peasants (1d6 HD) who arm themselves with little or no armor, bamboo shields and a collection of farm implements, spears and short bows.

The fell lord in question is a rakshasa lich called the Venerable Claw. He is served by a band of 1d20+20 scythe wielding berserkers. Prophecies state that the Venerable Claw can only be destroyed with his own two-handed sword, a handsome weapon edged in silver runes with a deep azure sapphire in the hilt. The sapphire is the lich's phylactery, and an ancient curse by a vanquished wise woman ensures that if the sword strikes the Venerable Claw, his phylactery will shatter. The peasants seek the sword, but it has been well hidden in a misty swamp guarded by a nine bog mummies.

The Venerable Claw dwells in a fine manor of white stones and gracefully arched roofs of blue-green slates. He walks by day swathed in silk robes and wearing a porcelain demon mask, and is always accompanied by ten of his toughest warriors. The Claw's treasure consists of 21,500 sp in the form of 10 pound trade bars (there are 215 in all), 2,060 gp and a moss agate imbroglio depicting the goddess of mercy (worth 165 gp).

Screaming Devilkin
Invasion of the Baby Snatchers

In the boughs of a gigantic banyan tree in a steamy rain forest, there dwells a pack of 1d4+1 screaming devilkins. The devilkins have made a home for themselves in what was originally a giant wasp nest. The nest looks like a great globule of dried mud, twigs and leaves, and measures approximately 15 feet in diameter and 25 feet tall. The presence of the devilkins has driven the other inhabitants of the banyan far away, and the wicked creatures are now occupying themselves by attacking the scattered villages of the area, including a sprawling fishing village and a tribe of hunters that dwell within in a palisade of polished iron trees in mud brick houses decorated with bits of jagged crystal mined in the hills. The hunters are known for their pet worgs, and are willing to trade a trained worg for the services of a band of adventurers. The devilkins have proven too powerful for the hunters, and they have lost several children to the beasts already.

The devilkin's lair contains about 80 gp worth of the copper trade bracelets used by the people of the rain forest (the equivalent of 8,000 cp) as well as a lapis lazuli brooch that, when placed upon one's forehead, leads them to pure water and a small jasper worth 3 gp.

Screaming Skull (Cacophony Golem)
Swinging Skulls

This 20-foot-by-20-foot room is filled with random clutter. A small cauldron sits on the stone floor, surrounded by animal totems decorated with colorful feathers. A fireplace in the east wall is filled with embers, and the wall is covered in a thick layer of creosote. Hanging from the 10-foot-high ceiling on knotted twine are various bits of bone, including femurs, a crooked spine and numerous skulls of various animals and humanoids. Each of these skeletal remains is decorated with odd trinkets, feathers or swirls of color. The bones dance, sway and swing on their strings as if alive. Deer antlers are fixed to the walls.

The room belongs to a temperamental witch named Gurthred the Shriveled who collects remains of her kills. She hangs the assorted bones as good-luck charms to protect herself. Gurthred casts a simple spell on the strings to make them move on their own to give the bones "life" as they swing wildly

To protect her trinkets, Gurthred hung a screaming skull amid her treasures. The cacophony golem swings on a length of twine, waiting for someone to bump into it before it begins to wail. The golem is tasked with protecting the room from anyone trying to make off with the random bones.

Gurthred keeps a metal lockbox in the embers of the fire that contains 100 gp, a small ruby (50 gp) and a *potion of levitation* that's been spoiled by the heat. Anyone drinking it must save or float helplessly into the sky without control for 4d6 rounds before the potion wears off and they fall back to earth.

Scylla
Back to the Surface

A plume of smoke and ash rises above the ocean above the Vestus Maw volcano. The violent eruptions are slowly pushing the ancient city of Pompellos to the surface again, nearly 300 years after it sank beneath the ocean waves. A scylla, the city's original defender, slithers through the still-partially submerged streets, awakening to once again protect the city's treasures. The scylla swims through the wide columns lining the streets, and circles the island, creating crashing waves. It blows spouts of superheated water high into the air to warn off ships.

The scylla originally protected the city from ships seeking to reach the city's shores without flying the proper flag. That flag design was forgotten long ago, so any ship approaching now is considered an enemy by the deadly sea serpent.

Scythe Tree
Little Mother's Judgment

Just beyond the crowded streets of a great city there is a network of alleys that rarely see the light of day, for they are hemmed in by tall buildings. In the center of this maze of passages there is an exceptionally lovely old building that was once a monastery but is now used as the headquarters of a brotherhood of seven butchers. The butchers are the adopted sons of a wicked fox maiden who has become the de facto (and secret) ruler of the old city through the use of guile and fear. The Little Mother's sons are all assassins. The gang primarily run a protection racket. A number of her rivals and hold-outs have disappeared under mysterious circumstances, keeping everybody else in line.

The ground floor of the monastery is run as a tea house that serves a heady oolong and a spicy soup infused with jasmine. Little Mother has a small table in the rear of the teahouse. The table is obscured by a lovely frame depicting crane maidens bathing in a waterfall. She sits behind

the table, her eldest son by her side, sipping oolong and seeing one petitioner after another. Some petitioners come asking favors and others are summoned to make an account for themselves.

Those who are brought before the Little Mother because they have displeased her might be forgiven if they have enough gold, or instead lead into the old monastery's courtyard and told to make their way to a stone bench adorned with lion heads sitting beneath a strange tree and await the Little Mother's judgment. The tree is, of course, a scythe tree, and there mere fact that the person has been lead into the courtyard is proof that Little Mother has made her judgment. At the sound of a brass bell, the scythe tree strikes and Little Mother's reign of fear continues.

Sea Serpent, Brine
The Icebound Terror

A small galleon sits atop an iceberg floating in the otherwise calm sea. The ship looks battered but possibly still seaworthy. The iceberg extends 20 foot above sea level and has a rough diameter of about 80 feet. The top of the ice appears to have supported life for a while. The remains of a small campfire, utensils, sleeping mats and skeletal fish waste all show signs of recent survivors from the ship. None of them remain on the berg. A brine sea serpent has hallowed out the core of the chunk of ice. It uses the galleon as bait to draw in potential prey. It exits the cavity in the iceberg through a tube below the iceberg or through a hole in the top covered by the ship. The brine sea serpent has accumulated some treasure it keeps in the interior of the iceberg. Among the loot of sunken ships are a rusted iron statue of a triton king, a bag of pearls (8d12, 25gp each), 23 anchors, a bronze church bell, a giant-sized scepter topped with a garnet the size of a man's head and a frozen satyr.

Sea Serpent, Deep Hunter
Flounder

A small galleon thrashes in the sea. Sailors scream in terror as the ship is tossed about the waves and sometimes goes underwater completely. A huge winch on the galleon secures a chain and leathery tube that extend into the water. The chain and tube connect to an iron sphere with glass windows.

Ollie Nematoad, a halfling inventor, explores the sea's depths inside the rudimentary diving bell. A deep sea hunter snatched Ollie and his diving bell, but the contraption is now lodged in the serpent's jaws. The sea serpent thrashes about trying to dislodge the sphere. It is angry and aggressive. If the PCs rescue him, Ollie would gladly reveal the locations of the sunken treasure he has found, absentmindedly neglecting to mention the various dangers.

Sea Serpent, Fanged
Serpent Surprise

Recent storms caused a backwash of seawater into the neighboring rivers and sewers of the Eminence. The water backs up into wells and basements of the lower city. The city has incurred many problems as result. The arrival of fanged sea serpent has led to perhaps the worst of the troubles. The serpent seeks easy prey through the sewers. It surprises pedestrians by popping out of sewer grates or bursting through the floorboards of buildings after coming up through the flooded cellars.

Sea Serpent, Gilded
The Chariot of the Triton King

In a serene lagoon filled with silver sand sits an enormous chariot made of golden shells. The Chariot of the Triton King rests here in this secluded lagoon. The boat-like chariot does not have any wheels and sits atop a column of white coral. A bridle made of gold chains droops into the water. Sea elves stole the chariot long ago and hid it above the water to prevent the tritons from finding it. A cluster of 1d6+2 gilded sea serpents guards the chariot. The tritons desperately want the chariot returned, although they may not have a friendly disposition to those having it in their possession.

The chariot can comfortably hold five man-sized beings. Once grasped, the reins summon eight gilded sea serpents to pull and protect the chariot's occupants. While the gilded sea serpents draw the chariot, it moves with the speed and grace of a dolphin. The chariot can move atop the water or submerged. Once activated, a bubble of infinite air surrounds the chariot while underwater. Occupants are free to move on or off the chariot, but suffer normal water consequences once they leave the conveyance's safety.

Sea Serpent, Shipbreaker
Poseidon's Horn

Drudgery's Cove has been a safe haven for ships for as long as anyone can remember. This city-state within a 6-mile-wide volcanic crater serves as a protected port along the busy coast. The city is cut off from easy land access by the immense cliff wall that rises around and above the city. Drudgery's Cove sits on a sandy expanse at the base of the crater. The other half of the six-mile-wide crater is filled with natural breakers and a geothermal lagoon.

Since it has few laws and no naval force, Drudgery's Cove is a safe haven for pirates, slave traders and smugglers. The city honors Poseidon (or some other sea-related deity that fits the Game Referee's campaign). No other shrines or temples exist in Drudgery's Cove.

A retired pirate named Captain Ikas Storn oversees the city. For reasons long-forgotten, a shipbreaker sea serpent guards the city. A 60-foot-long curving horn carved from fossilized coral sits embedded in volcanic slag at the city's center. Stairs cut into the volcanic rock wind up the rock to the human-sized mouthpiece. The horn summons the shipbreaker to defend Drudgery's Cove.

When the Bubble Bursts

A giant bubble pops out of the Reaping Sea in an explosion of water and flies nearly 100 feet into the sky. Inside the bubble are the splintered remains of the Lusty Sail, a merchant vessel attacked three days ago by a shipbreaker sea serpent. A wily magic-user on board the vessel cast a spell that engulfed the Lusty Sail in a solid air-filled bubble just before the serpent bit down on the ship's hull. The bubble expanded to fill the creature's mouth and became stuck in the serpent's open jaw. The monstrosity dove into the black, icy depths. The crew died and the ship was reduced to kindling within the first day as the sea serpent violently shook its head back and forth trying to dislodge the bubble.

The serpent finally shook the bubble free, and the air-filled orb rocketed to the surface near the PCs' ship. The bubble pops when it smacks heavily into the water in a violent splash that sends plumes of water soaring into the air.

The serpent is angry and aggressive and chases the bubble to the surface. It leaps from the water, looking for the ship that caused it so much pain. It attacks any ship on the surface.

Sea Serpent, Spitting
Maiden on the Rocks

A mermaid reclines atop an outcropping of rocks, singing a beautiful melody across the ocean waves. The mermaid holds a coral-encrusted harp while singing the sorrowful tune. Bones and scales cover the small rock jutting out of the sea, as well as jewelry and other valuables. The mermaid is dehydrated and weak, but still sings her song without

missing a beat. A spitting sea serpent lies in a hollow cavity in the rock outcropping below the surface. For its own nefarious reasons, it regularly snatches up mermaids and other aquatic folk and forces them to sing and play for it. The victims die of exposure or become a meal for the serpent when they can't sing anymore.

Sea Slug, Giant
The Prince's Party Barge

Prince Lander's birthday party is already the talk of the city. Queen Mashay is sparing no expense, bringing in mastodon steaks from the frozen northlands, jellied giant octopus tentacles cooked on barracuda flanks, and the fabled exploding yellow custards of the barony of Anatary. The wittiest jesters and the finest musicians are already staying in the city's inns, awaiting their chance to honor the young prince. And the queen has found the perfect spot for the massive party: a series of floating barges floating on the calm waters of Loch Kinrain.

But the overprotective queen is concerned someone might attempt to kidnap her darling boy on the night he becomes king. She's offering 1,000 gp per person (provided they can prove themselves honorable folk with references) to help guard the party and protect her son from the threats (mostly imagined) she's sure will surface. And she's right about a threat, but it won't come from outside the party but from below.

Queen Mashay disregarded the fishermen's warnings of avoiding the lake at this time of the year, and has floated the barges across a giant sea slug migration route. The noise, scraps of food and wine tossed into the loch attract two of the 30-foot-long slugs, which surface beneath the barges during the party. The barges tip, dumping partygoers and prince alike into the chill waters.

Sea Spider
Island of Junk

A wide island of plankton and seaweed floats in the sea. The island seems to be a collective mass of sea junk floating atop the waves. Small wrecked boats, driftwood, dead sea life and other detritus float amid the green mash. A floating bridge of solid and stable junk traverses the jumble to the center where half of a large galleon bobs in the water. The flag of the infamous pirate the Gray Otter flies above the bent mast. Moving corpses peer over the edge of the ship remains. The corpses are puppets attached to thin spider silk from a giant sea spider that stands on the underside of the algae island. The spider uses the lures to attract would be treasure-seekers.

Sea Wasp, Monstrous
The Seaweed Island

A three-mile-wide woven net of seaweed supports the Denrot Tower as it floats atop the Sargot Sea. The tower is made of coral and white stone encrusted with thousands of colorful shells. The tower sits atop a chunk of thick seaweed nearly a mile deep. Tunnels descend below the tower into the hardened mass.

The seaweed plain surrounding the tower is less dense, and filled with plant-based creatures such as shambling mounds, sea crocodiles and seaweed-wrapped mummies of sailors who died on the island. Thin stretches of seaweed across the island collapse beneath weight, dropping travelers into the sea below the island.

A monstrous sea wasp floats beneath the island, its long tentacles spread to catch anything falling into its clutches. The sea creature jets away from danger if attacked.

Sepia Snake
Snake Charmer

Four 5-foot-diameter columns of carved marble stand at the corners of a raised dais. Veins of purple bands swirl within the white marble. A wicker basket sits in an oval depression carved into center of the dais. A hollow gourd with a flute-like instrument attached to one end sits on a wooden table beside the basket. The instrument is bright red and decorated with small gems near a mouthpiece at the tip of the gourd.

Six web cocoons are stuck to the columns. Five of the sticky masses contain bones, while the last holds a dehydrated, nearly comatose woman. Slicing through the webs yields a total of 200 gp, three small garnets (30 gp each) and a *ring of invisibility* around a mummified finger.

If the flute-like pungi is played, the purple veins on the columns writhe and twist into strange designs. Two rounds after the instrument's first notes are sounded, patterns form a different *symbol* (as per the spell) on each of the columns. The four symbols displayed are *symbols of sleep*, *fear*, *discord* and *stunning*.

When the symbols appear, a sepia snake is summoned into the wicker basket. The snake rises out of the container and floats in the center of the room. It tries to cocoon anyone not stunned or put to sleep by the columns.

The trapped woman is a thief named Quay who stumbled into the room and played the instrument. She was cocooned three days ago and is barely alive. She cannot speak or move until healed. She screams and tries to get away from the basket if awakened.

Sepulchral Guardian
The Warden's Tomb

A 10-foot-tall iron fence cuts through the forest, vines and weeds growing up around it. Beyond the fence is a weed-covered clearing. One-foot-square grave markers set into the ground are aligned in perfect rows. Each bears a single, unknown number.

Dunkire Prison is lost to memory, but its cemetery remains. The graveyard is nearly a mile square, but overrun by the forest it was hidden within. Hundreds of bodies are buried here, each nothing more than a prisoner number. These were the worst of the worst who died within the prison's walls.

A stone mausoleum in the center of the graveyard is the only structure within the clearing. Cherry trees surround the stone building. Four carved caryatids hold the roof. A weathered name on a marker over the door is illegible, but the words "beloved warden" can be made out.

Inside the structure is a sarcophagus set into the tiled floor. It is carved to resemble the man buried within. Standing before the grave is the warden's guardian, a sepulchral guardian assigned to protect the body from grave robbers.

Shadow, Lesser
Only the Shadows Know

While wandering through a dungeon, you come upon a door painted bright red. Opening the red door reveals a circular room 30 feet in diameter and shrouded in magical darkness. The walls of the room are lined with seven doors of multiple colors - red, blue, green, yellow, purple, orange and white - though this is not apparent in the darkness. A lantern hanging from the ceiling. The only light that can cut through the darkness is from the lantern, and even then the light is quite dim. Once the lantern is lit, the darkness slowly slinks away and seven shadows are formed on the walls.

The shadows mimic the adventurers in the room, but a careful observer can tell they are not natural. As one approaches a door, a shadow stands in their way, tight against the door. As the person reaches for the handle of the door, the shadow attempts to touch their hand. If the adventurers show

a capability of destroying the shadows they slink away, avoiding them or disappearing into the actual shadows cast by the adventurers.

Shark, Giant Landwalker
Blood in the Water

Sides of cow hang from the slaughterhouse ceiling, blood dripping onto the stained wooden floor. Gore sits in fatty blobs on the slatted floor. Blood drips through the open slats into the Krell River that runs beneath the building. Reddish-tinged water flecked with bits of castoff flesh flows out of the port city of Lem. This bloody slurry mixes with the tide at the breakwater.

The bloody trail has lured a giant landwalker shark into the river from its ocean home. The monster bursts through the slat floor in a leap that sends splinters exploding into the room. The shark lands in the slaughterhouse in a blood frenzy, rending cow and PC flesh with every shake of its tooth-filled maw. The landwalker shark focuses on PCs before sating itself with the hanging cow sides.

Shedu
Repent Ye Sinners

The party's travels bring it into a region of tall, sandstone pillars and orange sands. For miles, they will see no sign of animals, plants or water until they reach the base of a tall butte, the top of which is covered in a thick woodland of knotty, white pines. This butte is the home of a greater shedu called Nabirsu. A few hours of searching will eventually uncover a cave in the base of the butte. The cave has smooth walls and extends about 300 yards into the butte before branching into two separate sets of stairs leading up. The first set is wide and grandiose and set with alcoves containing brass censers set with mother of pearl and burning cones of fragrant incense. The other set of stairs is narrow and plain, with a low ceiling that forces one to stoop as they climb. The fragrant stairs are guarded by a number of large panthers chained to the walls. There are twelve panthers in all, and they are quite unfriendly. The rough stairs are unguarded.

The fragrant stairs lead to a cave in the northern half of the butte that opens onto a stone shelf overlooking a gorge filled with bubbling, acidic water (1d4 damage per round). A 30-foot long rope bridge spans the gorge, and though it is sturdy the fumes from the acid force people crossing it to make a saving throw or become dizzy and fall into the acid.

Beyond the gorge are the woods, inhabited by a ivory-colored lions, golden owls, serpents, squirrels, insects and other animals common to a woodland. Encounters with 1d4 hunting lions occur on a roll of 1 on 1d6.

The rough staircase exits into a palace of golden brown marble. This palace is the home of a greater shedu, the tutelary spirit of the wasteland. The shedu is fierce and unyielding. Lawful characters are warmly welcomed and shown to comfortable chambers by the shedu's brownie servants. Neutrals are shown to a grotto temple that holds an idol of Marduk and told to reflect on their lives and priorities. After a few hours they are welcomed back into the presence of the shedu and either welcomed into the lawful fold or given supplies of fresh water and crusty bread and sent on their way.

While the others are led away, chaotic individuals are left before the shedu. Then they are dropped into a pit. Moments later, the shedu will enter the pit (it is quite large) in ethereal form, and in this form they are given a chance to beg forgiveness and leave behind their wicked ways. Should they accept, they are helped from the pit, their equipment is taken and they are given clothes of sackcloth, wooden staffs and supplies to see them through the waste. Should they make it through the desert alive, the shedu will return their goods to them and wish them well. Chaotics who refuse are attacked by the shedu, who will flee in ethereal form if losing only to drink a healing draught and then return again and again until the chaotics have repented or are dead.

Sheet Fungus
Holy Sheet

A canopy bed stands in a corner bedroom of the abandoned castle, its yellow bedspread covered in a fine layer of dust. The poles supporting the draping veil canopy are ringed with green mold. A holy symbol depicting a raptor with its wings spread rising toward a burning sun is embroidered into the top of the comforter, and the blanket radiates a pleasant heat on its own. A mural of the forgotten deity graces the wall at the foot of the bed, the image showing a radiant bird-like being striding through a crowd of people reaching upward. The people all have vaguely birdlike features, including beaks and feathers. The raptor design is etched into the ceiling above the bed, the image appearing ghostly through the veiled canopy hanging from the four pillars supporting the bed.

A pile of wet plush pillows rots in the corner beneath a steady leak dripping through the brick ceiling. The entire chamber smells of mildew and rot. The bed is comfortable and soft, and the magical blanket adjusts its temperatures to keep the sleeper warm. A sheet fungus replaced the canopy that once hung over the bed. The fungus waits for PCs to lie down before dropping onto them, preferably as they sleep alone.

Silid
Sounds in the Dark

A baby's cry shatters the stillness of the underground. The wailing echoes off the rock walls. The Dark Crawlers, a tribe of 20 vicious silids, slink through the Maspar Caverns in search of prey. The creatures avoid fair fights, preferring to set up ambushes. One of the silids is adept at imitating creatures it hears. His favorites are a mewling cat, a whistling songbird, a whinnying horse and the baby crying.

The silids hide in the darkness under black-cloth lean-tos near a 30-foot-deep pit covered by the black tarps. The silid sound mimic sits on a ledge halfway down the pit, hidden under the black cloth.

Anyone falling into the pit is attacked with spears and arrows. The silids are cowards at heart and run from PCs who gain the upperhand.

Skeleton, Black
Back in Black

This dungeon chamber is 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a 10-foot-wide stone pathway running around a three-foot-deep tar pool that dominates the room. A row of white marble blocks form a lip around the bubbling tar. The ceiling 30 feet overhead is crisscrossed by a giant white pentagram carved from the same white stone. Three arching bridges cross the pool, each rising 10 feet above the sticky surface.

A skeleton holding a burning torch aloft in its bony hands stands in the center of each bridge. The flickering flames cause shadows to dance around the chamber. A dais sits in a recess carved into the room's far wall. A black stone altar sits in the center of the dais. Atop it, a dagger carved of sharpened onyx sits beside a black human skull.

The skeletons drop the torches into the tar pit if PCs enter the chamber. The torches instantly ignite the tar into an inferno that raises the temperature in the room to an uncomfortable level. Anyone within 5 feet of the tar pit must save or take 1d6 points of damage each round from the blistering heat. When the blaze ignites, 6 black skeletons submerged in the tar rise from the sticky, burning pitch. The black skeletons each carry short swords. Their bodies burn for an hour (dealing 1d6 extra points of damage to anyone they attack) before the pitch coating their bones is burned away.

Skeleton, Lead
Not-So-Mini Lead

Dropping through a trapdoor you enter a long chamber decorated as though it were a drawing room in a baronial manor. The floor is polished blond wood and the walls are carved ebony panels depicting mermaids and sea lions. On one wall there hangs a painting of a warlord wearing a powdered wig and bright cuirass and holding a sword, the point resting on the floor. The warlord wears a large, gold ring on his right pinky.

In the middle of the room there a large slab of lead, about seven feet long and three feet wide and bearing the image of a skeleton in deep relief. Any attempt to touch the slab of lead causes the skeleton to rise up from it, grabbing at the person's arm and leaving a skeleton-shaped hole in the lead. This hole reveals a lit chamber below. This lit chamber can only be reached via a secret door in one of the wood panels. The secret door can only be opened by sliding a sword point into a small, narrow slit in the floor in front of it - a slit that looks like nothing more than a deep gouge in the wood floor. Behind the secret door there is a spiral set of stone stairs, damp with moisture.

At the bottom of the stairs there is a locked iron gate. The room beyond is littered with bones. A stone slab against one wall contains what appears to be a second lead skeleton (unfinished), along with a leather tome containing instructions for building one of the constructs.

Skeleton Warrior
Unrelenting

A skeleton warrior has been tracking its circlet for the better part of a century. Originally stolen by a thief that delved deep into a dungeon, it passed from his hands to a hoary sage in a sylvan kingdom. The sage lived peacefully for many years, and was a mere week away from meeting the skeleton warrior when an army from the steppe invaded the pleasant kingdom in the woods and rode off with the circlet, many tons of gold and silver and three princesses of the royal blood.

For a dozen years the circlet passed between the chieftains of the steppe in the form of tribute, wedding gifts and loot, forcing the skeleton warrior to zigzag its way across the rolling grasslands. Finally, it ended up in the possession of the duke of a seafaring people. The duke had it added to his crown and suffered from many years of strange visions and waking nightmares before going mad and burning down his own palace, ending his line.

The crown ended up in the dank dungeons beneath the haunted palace, and would have remained there had a band of enterprising kobolds not tunneled into the dungeons in search of loot. The crown now rests on the head of the kobold chieftain, where it might be found by a band of adventurers, who might discover they are a mere 1d6 days ahead of that skeleton warrior, still seeking its circlet.

Skin Stitcher
The Skin Clan

A small knoll covered in the skeletal remains of countless creatures sits at the edge of a rocky wasteland. The natural rock formation has smooth sides. Crows and vultures fight over meaty rotting morsels. The birds caw warning as they flee approaching wanderers. The bone field conceals large anchor-like barbed hooks. Groups of these multi-pronged hooks lie under the bones with only their barbed tips protruding above the cast off bone. The hooks are painted white and difficult to detect. Ropes and chains attached to the hooks lead up the slope to an encampment above and are attached to large round boulders. A small clan of 12 skin stitchers (3 noncombatants) has claimed this knoll as their permanent settlement. Once enemies are detected among the bone field below, the skin stitchers roll the boulders off the opposite side of the knoll. The boulders rapidly drag the chains and ropes through the bones and over the other side. Creatures within the bone field must save or be snagged by the grappling hooks (2d6 points of damage).

Large tents of leather and chain make up the skin stitcher compound. These skin stitchers use the hides of humanoids and other intelligent races to sew tents and armor. They are hostile to most races but do trade with orcs and goblins for metal goods and supplies.

Skulk
Pleasant Valley Vampire

A band of 1d6+2 skulks has recently taken to terrorizing an otherwise pleasant valley. The men of the valley raise tall, red cattle with massive black horns as much as 4 feet wide. The skulks have convinced the farmers that a vampire has come to the valley by attacking the cattle in broad daylight and stabbing at their necks with double-bladed stilettos, filling glass bottles with the blood.

The skulks have found a hiding place in a copse of twisted pines that grace the top of a rocky butte. The locals have always believed the butte to be haunted, but overcoming their fear have searched it and found nothing. They have recently begun demonstrating outside their baron's manor, demanding something be done. The baron has sent his men out several times in search of the beast and called on the assistance of clerics from the next valley, but with no success.

As the peasant's grow more restless and frightened, one young man, an errant knight, is fast becoming their spokesman and leader. Perhaps he and the skulks are working together, or perhaps the knight is just taking advantage of a bad situation. In either event, the tension in the local inn is terrible and the baron is not inclined to welcome outsiders into his valley.

Skulleton
Like a Skeleton, But Not

In a rather dusty, apparently long unused passage in a dungeon there is an oval door of brass inlaid with hundreds of skulls & crossbones. The door is unlocked, but appears to be stuck. It takes a total strength of 18 to pry the door open. This is because the door does not open into a chamber, but rather tears open a dimensional rift. The rift opens onto a dimension that seems to consist of an endless, black crystalline plane and a white sky with wispy ivory clouds. The air of the dimension is breathable, but smells of a coppery, electric tang. As people step out onto the glassy ground of the plane, they might notice that their reflections appear to be x-ray versions of themselves.

This dimension has but a single inhabitant, a skulleton placed here by the archimage that wove the dimension. The strange creature sits about 1 mile away from the door in any direction atop a pile of dust. The creature's reflection looks much the same, save for the piles of coins and jewels that surround it. The skulleton does not initiate combat with the adventurers, but fights to win if attacked.

The only way to reach the reflected "other side" of the plane (and the treasure) is to die. In truth, one cannot truly die on this plane. Once dead, a person finds themselves on a white, glassy plane with a black sky painted with wispy gray clouds. In this flip-side to the dimension, the adventurers appear as skeletons, their reflections as their normal selves. Here, the skulleton is surrounded by a large horde of treasure and, unfortunately, this skulleton is actually a demi-lich.

The treasure, should one manage to claim it, consists of 7,300 gp, potions of healing, dragon control and clairaudience, a *cursed shield -1* (attracts missiles) and the following gems: a hematite worth 300 gp, jade carved to look like a pudgy infant, worth 400 gp, smoky quartz worth 200 gp, jasper worth 400 gp, a gold armband worth 315 gp, a brass and turquoise buckle worth 300 gp, a wooden bust of a hideous hag worth 75 gp and a silver locket worth 90 gp.

Demilich: HD 21; AC -2 [21]; Atk 1 touch (10d6 plus paralysis); Move Fly 60; Save 3; CL/XP 28/6800; Special: *Magic jar*, fear aura, cast spells as 21st level magic-user, +2 or better weapon to hit, resistance to fire (50%), immunity to cold and electricity, immunity to *polymorph* and mind-affecting effects.

Slaad Lord of Entropy (Chaos Lord of Entropy)
The Heart of Darkness

At the heart of Limbo there is a place of complete and awful darkness. Spells and magical effects of light create only a dim globe, illuminating an area 10 feet in diameter at a maximum and the light seemingly spiraling off at a curve into what must be the center of the globe of darkness. In the dim light, one can see thousands of bubbles that are also traveling in a spiral toward the center of the darkness. One can reach out and touch these bubbles, grab them even, and should they peer into the bubble they will see what appears to be visions of an alien world (or maybe even their own world).

At the center of the globe of darkness there sits the form of the Lord of Entropy (who some call Azathoth) atop a rough sphere of the world-bubbles. He casually reaches into the mass of bubbles, pulls one out, and pierces it with his finger, creating a terrible chorus of screams as a world pops out of existance. Surrounding the Lord of Entropy are a dozen lesser slaadi, swimming about in the darkness as though to some unheard, alien rhythm and croaking their approval as each world is destroyed.

Should visitors prove troublesome, and his slaadi unequal to the task of destroying them, the Lord of Entropy calls Ryssk to his side and destroys them himself.

Slaad Lord of the Insane (Chaos Lord of the Insane)
Cult of Insanity

In the depths of a dungeon or the bad part of a city there is a temple. The temple is built of reddish-gold stone. The temple is only one story high on the exterior, but the interior has a sub-level and a deep pit. From the outside, the temple is an exceedingly simple square building, about 40 feet wide and long and 12 feet tall. The temple has a single entrance, a thick wooden door painted black.

The cultists of the temple worship an entity they call Istnynia. The cult is not recognized by the authorities, but to date it has only been a minor annoyance. The cultists wander the streets of the city-state at dusk, blowing on ram's horns and loudly accosting pedestrians with the phrase "Wake up, gentle dreamer and embrace insanity!"

The cultists wear yellow dhotis and black leather sandals and loincloths. They shave their heads and carry black staves topped by a cluster of jingling bells on leather cords. They have recently taken their cult to a new level by kidnapping sacrificial victims to throw their incarnate god, who has taken up residence in their pit.

Through the temple's single door, one enters a hallway that runs around the perimeter of the building. At several points in the hallway there are iron grates that allow folks in the crawlspace above to fire arrows or pour acid on intruders. The crawlspace is usually empty, but there is a 1 in 6 chance of someone being up there and on guard. The crawlspace looks over the inner sanctum of the temple. A second door on the other side of the hallway and *wizard locked* by a 5th level magic-user leads into the inner sanctum of the temple via a set of rough-cut stone steps.

The inner sanctum is about 24 feet from side to side and set 10 feet below the floor of the hallway. In the middle of the inner sanctum there is a pit that appears to bottomless and as black as pitch. Most of the temples 14 cultists (10 normal humans, three men-at-arms and a dual-classed 9th level cleric/5th level magic-user called Aspeth) are usually to be found here. In the daytime, the cultists are usually lounging about. At dusk, only the high priest and the men-at-arms are present. At night, the men-at-arms are either out searching for a sacrificial victim or returning with one.

The pit is inhabited by the slaad Lord of Insanity, who has chosen to grace the Material Plane with its presence in this temple of chaos. It will enjoy tussling with adventurers only until they appear to threaten it, at which point it will return to Limbo and dispatch various lesser slaad to torment and harass the adventurers until they are dead.

Slag Worm
The Worm Crawls In

The Villogas Clan, a ruthless fire giant tribe from the Hollow Spire Mountains, suffered a crushing defeat against the high walls of Holslot. The fire giants tried to assault the structure head-on, but the catapults, archers and heavy ballistae on the crenellated walls forced them to retreat. They want desperately to get into the city, as the High Crown of the Flame Giver is reportedly hidden in the city's temple. The fire giants think the crown will lead them to great victories – if they can recover it.

The giants recruited a slag worm to their cause, and convinced the worm to circle under the city's outer wall. The worm does as instructed, which causes the entire wall to drop straight down in one fell swoop around the city. The giants rush out of underground tunnels while the slag worm rises out of the center of the city like a demonic force as the giants rush the temple. The crown exists, but it's not the mythical relic the giants hope it to be.

Slaughterford (Reaperborn)
Lever Age

The underground caverns beneath the dwarven collieries of Anvil Plunge are filled with the past greatness of the dwarves before the Ashenchisel clan moved their extended families aboveground. Flying buttresses of stone soar over the grand halls and delicate spindles carved from rock columns support cavern roofs. Inlaid blocks of stone on the floor bear the merged forge and chisel Ashenchisel clan symbol.

But deeper still in the silent earth, deeper even than some of the hardiest dwarves dare to delve, lie long-forgotten chambers carved by an unknown hand. These precise, geometric rooms are sterile and empty, and a harsh white glare glows from trapezoidal lanterns sunk into the walls. In one room, three dozen red-handled metal levers rise out of a block of white stone similar to marble sitting in the center of the chamber. Sitting cross-legged atop the block is a wizened man holding a fist-sized diamond (worth 2,000 gp). The gem pulses with strobes of blinding white light. The man is nearly mummified and ancient, his wispy white hair hanging over his skeletal features. His dried fingers are locked around the gem.

Two slaughterfords walk in unison around the block, each pulling levers at random, intent on their duties. The creatures won't let anyone approach the marble block or the diamond. If the creatures are slain, the figure seated on the block begins aging in reverse, growing younger by the second. The figure is Sutur Anrovat, a 12 HD lich trapped in the chamber for nearly 300 years. He rises at full power within 2d4 rounds.

Sleeping Willow
The Kite-Eating Tree

A thick-trunked willow tree stands among a dreary line of termite-eaten trees. Its branches rustle and shake. Grass grows in thick, verdant clumps around the lone healthy trunk and yellow wildflowers bloom in abundance. A shimmering stream of azure blue water flows over slick red rocks near the tree's roots. A bright red kite hangs from the willow's branches, the tail of the child's toy entwined in the leaves. The canvas rustles and shakes.

The tree is a sleeping willow growing in the willow orchard. The kite is left from its last meal. Hidden in the tree's upper branches are three

skeletons. The victims were strangled and absorbed by the deadly tree. One wears yellowed plate mail armor with a jagged slash cut across the chest. The knight's *+1 long sword* is wedged into a branch in the treetop.

Slime Crawler
Slime Pit

You enter a level of the dungeon with broad (10-foot wide) passages and generously proportioned chambers. All have peaked ceilings that are 12 feet tall at the highest point. Set into the ceilings of the passages are glowing green orbs that cast a bright, verdant light on the passages and allow a variety of exotic plants to grow. Set in the center of each passage there is a bronze statue of a fertility goddess covered in verdigris. These statues are actually automatons programmed to care for the plants. The automatons hold objects akin to holy water sprinklers (they are actually part of the automaton). Once per day, an enchanted pebble inside the hollow automatons casts a *create water* spell.

The chambers one can access from the passages are decorated with mosaics depicting lush gardens inhabited by sprites, satyrs, nymphs and dryads. Lurking in one of these chambers in what appears to be a gladiatorial pit is a brood of 1d6+5 slime crawlers, recently hatched from large, russet eggs that were stuck to one of the walls of the pit. The slime crawlers have begun to make forays out of the pit to search for food, bringing it back to the pit to be devoured. The pit currently contains a lantern (there is a treasure map in the base, which is empty) and a backpack holding 56 gp, a smoky quartz worth 55 gp and three pounds of chickpeas in a sealed jar (worth 9 gp).

Slime Mold
Home Sweet Home

A bamboo and reed hut sits amid jungle vines. The walls are slanting outward and propped up by the trees growing around it. Mushrooms grow along the flat roof. The interior of the shack is covered in fungi that grow abundantly in the wet jungle. Crude furniture is nothing more than clumps of moss and mushroom. A carpet of grasses grows across the floor of the single-room shack. The air smells of rot.

A slime mold crawls through the grass, its body spread across the floor. The creature is the remains of a hermit who used to live in the shack away from civilization. Over the years, he moved less and less and eventually became the slime that still lingers in his home.

Slithering Tracker
It Came From the Sewers

In the deeper portions of a dungeon, the adventurers come upon a sewer system. The system consists of two levels of clay pipes built between square chambers of cut stone with channels for the liquid waste that filters into the system from the upper portions of the dungeon. The channels and pipes are filled about two feet deep with the run-off. Lurking about this sewer is a single slithering tracker that preys on the rats and insects of the dewer and larger, more intelligent inhabitants.

The middle level of the sewers is inhabited by a small clan of sewer dwarves, rat faced dwarves in dirty smocks and high leather boots covered with tar to make them somewhat water-tight. The dwarves live in chambers reachable via secret doors in the square chambers that connect the pipes. Despite the rather horrid conditions of the sewers, the dwarves live in relative comfort. Their natural resistance to disease helps them survive on a diet of giant rats and other denizens of the sewer. Within their living quarters, which all link into a central common chamber, the dwarves are scupulously neat, burning incense to clear the air and making as warm and comfortable an environment as they can by scavenging and trading.

The common chamber of the dwarves is taken up by a tangle of glass tubes, copper pipes and oddly shaped decanters. The dwarves use this still to distill the raw sewage into pure water and a variety of other alchemical compounds (some of the run-off comes from ancient laboratories). The dwarves power their still with methane gas piped in from the lowest level of sewers. They trade some of the compounds for goods they cannot scavenge or make themselves.

Slorath
The Winter Carnival

Kruest, a village of barbegazi in the icy north, has a terrible secret. The homes, inns and taverns in the village are carved from sparkling ice – some standing nearly three stories tall. Ice sculptures sit on every ice road through the city. The Harbin House, an inn complete with ice fireplaces has 30 rooms and an underground hot spring spa. Carved satyrs, curling dragons, giant grinning faces and delicate carriages stand outside the building in an ice garden. The barbegazi are expert ice sculptors.

The barbegazi struck a terrible bargain five years ago with a slorath that threatened the town. The villagers at first sacrificed their kin – until they realized no one would miss a few visitors who came to see the ice sculptures. The entire village speaks of a "white dragon" outside town that won't leave them alone. Gullible PCs who fall for the trick are shown a path to the slorath's lair. If adventurers don't fall for the kill-the-dragon-save-the-town scenario, the barbegazi drug them and cart them to the slorath's cave.

The slorath is a massive creature that has grown fat off its "deal" with the barbegazi. It keeps its treasure frozen in the walls of its lair.

Sloth Viper
Pit Vipers

The thick jungle canopy is alive with colorful birds that squawk and flap off into the sky, noisy tree frogs that croak a discordant melody, and all manner of snakes wrapping around the gnarled branches. Vines hang in bundled clumps, and the trees present an almost impenetrable barrier. The path through the trees is nothing more than a narrow game trail, but is still the fastest way through the nearly impenetrable jungle.

In a wide clearing, the ground is a churned mess of swampy, thick sand covered in a thin layer of decaying fronds and wild clumps of tangled weeds. The jungle canopy is just 10 feet above the marshy ground, with leafy vines dipping into the muck. The clearing is a shallow pit of quicksand that won't kill PCs who blunder into it (it's only three feet deep), but does slow movement to a quarter normal.

A sloth viper lives in the tree branches over the quicksand. It uncoils to deliver a quick venomous strike to anyone floundering in the quicksand pit beneath it. The viper waits for creatures to die in the muck or on its outer banks before descending to enjoy a meal.

Slug, Giant
Slow Moving Vengeance

Seeking passage to an out of way corner of the globe, the adventurers are fortunate to find a large junk heading their way. The junk is captained by a jovial looking giant of a man with a long, white mustache and a shaved head that seems always to beaded with sweat. Two capuchin monkeys decorate the man's arms and shoulders most of the time, the man absent-mindedly feeding them bits of sweet potato and spicy pickles while he barks out orders. The crew looks particularly seedy on this vessel, probably because they are pirates. They have been hired by a magic-user to transport a very dangerous cargo to his tower (which is conveniently located wherever the party is heading, or close to it). The magic-user apprentice, a comely lass with sparkling eyes and a wry wit, is aboard to

make sure everything goes as planned.

The dangerous cargo is kept in the forward hold. Naturally, approaching the forward hold is forbidden. It is guarded by three of the pirates (one tall, one short, one fat), who seem terribly annoyed by their duty below decks and just itching for something to punch. Inside the hold there is a massive construction of force that can only be the creation of a powerful wizard. Inside the "aquarium" there is a giant slug, apparently frozen in time.

While the captain is under the impression that he has been hired to transport the beast to the magic-user, he is sadly mistaken. The magic-user's wife was, many years ago, lost to the depredations of the pirates. A few days into the voyage, the aquarium simply disappears and the slug is released from its spell to wreak havoc on the ship. The magic-user regrets losing his apprentice this way, but there is always a price to pay for revenge.

Soul Eater
The Harpist of Souls

In a large city square a bedraggled harpist moves into the center of the square and sits on the ground, disrupting traffic and drawing the attention of the guards. The man has glassy eyes and a tangled mustache and beard. His clothes are soiled and tattered. Sitting on the ground, ignoring the shouts of townsmen and the guards, he begins to pluck his harp.

As the music winds its way through the market, people begin to listen, intently. The crowd quiets, those few people still talking finding themselves elbowed in the ribs or otherwise quieted. The song slowly grows louder and the crowd begins to sway back and forth. As they do so, a gray haze forms over the harpist. The haze spreads out over the heads of the crowd and grows blacker and blacker until it fills the sky over the marketplace. As the people turn their faces to the blackness, two long, pale arms appear above the harpist's head. They appear to be very far away, but quickly move nearer, until they reach out of the cloud and grab one of the crowd. The person wriggles for a moment and then drops lifeless to the ground.

As this, the harpist finishes his song and slumps over, chin on chest. The crowd awakens from their fascination and begins to scream and flee from the square as the arms pursue them. After thirteen people have been killed, the blackness and the soul eater suddenly disappear. The harpist awakes, gets to his feet groggily, and then moves on. Those attacking the harpist discover that he is incorporeal. Should one have weapons or spells that affect incorporeal creatures, the harpist is merely a normal human, a minstrel who had the misfortune of trading a few gold pieces to a cloaked stranger for the harp.

Soul Nibbler
Eternal Scholars of Darkness and Deceit

In a dingy flat overlooking a narrow alley three young scholars have gathered to perform a magic ritual - a real one. One of three, who have dubbed themselves the Eternal Scholars of Darkness and Deceit, procured a scroll from his master at the university while said master was in his cups. The scroll contains the true name of a devil (an erinyes, it turns out) and the summoning ritual to bring it into the Material Plane and bind it. The scroll case that contained the scroll also contains a number of small, black metallic pellets.

As adventurers walk through the alley, perhaps on their way to the Carmine Unicorn to buy a few pints, they see crimson smoke, pungent and choking, pouring from the windows and filling the alley. Following closely behind the crimson smoke is a swarm of 1d10+10 soul nibblers, rats fed the pellets as proscribed by the ritual.

Once the soul nibblers appear, the erinyes is only 6 rounds behind. The ritual has a 50% chance of success. If successful, the erinyes is bound to serve the ambitious young scholars. If not, it kills them and then turns its attention to conquering its new home.

Soul Reaper
Fear the Reaper

An ornate metal stand of dark wrought iron stands at the dusty crossroads. A voluminous tome with a mahogany leather cover lies open atop the stand. Names are scrawled across the open page, but plenty of space remains to add more. A quill taken from the corpse of a roc slain under a full moon sits in a vial of squid ink in a metal recess.

The Book of Possibilities is a magical volume that appears randomly and offers potential signers a blind choice: Sign their name and receive powerful rewards or face the consequences of their decision. Each time someone signs his name to the book, the pages randomly flip for the next signer. There is an even chance this new page brings wealth and power for the PC (although it is up to the Game Referee to decide how this occurs and when, although the wish could be twisted as per an infernal pact). There is the same chance the PC finds himself facing a soul reaper that forms out of the sepia ink on the stand. If a soul reaper is summoned, the creature targets the signer until his death, then fades away until summoned again (at full strength). The book and stand evaporate with the coming dawn.

Spectral Troll
Hunter or Hunted?

The adventurers, wherever they might be, have wandered into the territory of a spectral troll. The troll dwells on the ethereal plane in a twilight cave on a bleak moor of reeking spirits and ghostly white willows. The troll is always on the hunt for prey, and there is a 3 in 6 chance it will catch the scent of the material creatures walking through its territory.

The troll is canny and cunning, and waits for one person to become separated or for the group to slumber before striking. If the group has men-at-arms or animals that are easier targets than the adventurers, the troll takes them first. If the group proves clueless as to what is attacking them in the night, it will follow them for many days, killing victims, dragging them away and gorging itself on them before the dawn arrives and it must return to its home plane.

On the Ethereal Plane, the troll keeps 1d6 x 100 sp and 1d4 x 1,000 gp in its cave, along with a massive collection of knuckle bones.

Spider, Skull
Chamber of Skulls

The catacombs (beneath the city streets or on some level of a dungeon) are lined with hundreds of grinning skulls. The skulls are set in long compartments set in the glistening walls (they contain copious amounts of iron pyrite) at eye level. Hidden among these skulls is a swarm of 1d10+10 skull spiders. As people enter the catacombs, the spiders begin tracking them, waiting until they reach an octagon shrine in the middle of the catacombs. The shrine is set a few feet below the level of the catacombs and is 10 feet wide in each direction and 10 feet tall from floor to ceiling. Four of the walls of the shrine open into other corridors, while the other four contain totem-like statues of stacked, toad-faced demons. The top of the totem has a wide, gaping mouth that begins releasing a cloud of sleeping gas as soon as a pressure plate in the center of the chamber is activated. The sleeping gas fills the top foot of the chamber in the first round, and another foot with each additional round until the upper six feet of the chamber is fairly inundated with the gas. Anyone in the gas cloud must pass a saving throw each round (at a cumulative -1 penalty per round) to avoid falling asleep (per the *sleep* spell).

Spider Collective
Cluster Yuck

Plaques and display cases holding the pinned remains of thousands of insect specimens line the wall of this chamber. Short bookshelves contain volumes on arthropods and insect diagrams. Dissection drawings and notes relating to spiders lie on a podium. Strapped to a wide metal table is the body of a large spider-human hybrid. Its split abdomen contains rotting internal organs. A mechanical device incorporating vials of green liquid sits partially sewn into the chest cavity. Oozing bile and pus drip from the table to the floor. The creature – whatever it was – is dead and poses no threat.

The shadowy ceiling is covered in a thick layer of normal black spiders. The height of the room and light sources make the spiders difficult to discern. The spiders drop from the ceiling in a huge teardrop shape and form a collective spider to defend their master's laboratory.

Spinal Leech
Who's Watching Your Back?

You enter a long tunnel that curves downward. The tunnel was dug by a purple worm. Where the tunnel dips, there are pools of stagnant water inhabited by swarms of 1d10+10 spinal leeches and the remains of some of their victims - mostly giant rats, but also a bugbear and two dwarves. The bugbear is dressed in piecemeal armor and carries a spear, while the dwarves are dressed in dark gray buckskin and carry backpacks, daggers and 1d6+10 gold pieces and a few other adventuring supplies. The tunnel runs about two miles, and intersects with other similar tunnels cut by purple worms, as well as natural caverns. The tunnels would make a fine underground highway were it not for the spinal leeches.

Spriggan
Down and Out Gnomes

A mob of 1d10+2 spriggans has established a lair in the broken remains of a caravan. The caravan, or what remains of it, consists of three wagons, human-sized, in terrible shape. The wagons have been overturned, some of the wood splintered, the wheels missing, etc.

The destroyers of the caravan are the same spriggan who now inhabit it. The broken and bloodied bodies of the guards and drivers have been stripped of their valuables and thrown into a gully about 1 mile away. The bullocks were eaten, their charred bones cast into the surrounding woods.

The spriggans welcome outsiders, posing as down and out gnome cobblers, the survivors of an attack who are without rations (they bury their food) and have had little luck hunting. The spriggans allow travelers to do a few things for them before enlarging themselves and attacking.

The gnomes have a treasure of 3,840 sp, 1,310 gp, a brass bracelet set with an obsidian shark (worth 210 gp) and a scroll of protection from magic wrapped in a wolf skin (worth 8 gp) and buried in the ground twenty paces away from their camp.

Sprite
Faerie Fair

A tribe of 1d10 x 10 sprites is hosting a pleasant fair in the woods about 5 miles away from a large human village. Under the light of the full moon, the market is set up between several large liveoaks with gray trunks and broad, dark green leaves. The sprites are hawking plump golden grapes, full pomegranates, dates, sharp bullaces, damsons, bilberries, rare pears and greengages.

A number of strange folk are wandering through the fair, pinching grapes, tasting sparkling wines poured from silver decanters. The fairgoers include a band of lusty satyrs, a few quiet hamadryads poking their green faces from the oaks, several elven merchants, abacuses in hand, clerks scrawling notes on parchment scrolls with silver-tipped quills, a number of young maids from the nearby village and even a few warty hobgoblins holding baskets bulging with fairy fruit.

Squealer
Lipstick Goblins and Pigs

While traveling through a forest of tremendous blue gums that rise 200 to 300 feet in height one might have the misfortune of running into a gang of 1d3+1 squealers. The curious beasts dwell in the upper branches of the trees, listening for out of place sounds on the ground below and then crashing down through the foliage to subdue their prey.

Once killed or knocked senseless, a body is dragged up into the tree and eaten. Belongings are tossed onto the floor below or become lodged in the trees. The local goblins scavenge for these treasures in the hours just before dawn, when the squealers are usually asleep. They stow them in their burrow, located in a copse of lipstick trees. The goblins use the paste made from the seeds in their cuisine (they mix them with mangoes and onions and use it to flavor their stews) and use it as a dye to color the left half of their faces.

Stegocentipede
Mage Duel Gone Awry

While delving in a deep dungeon or visiting an important market town, the adventurers are unlucky enough to happen upon a very unhappy stegocentipede. If in a dungeon, the beast is in the middle of trampling a bugbear camp in a large, smoky cavern. In a town, it will have flattened the better part of the town center, sending hundreds of people screaming for the town gates in a panic.

The beast was summoned by a rat-faced (literally, lab accident) magic-user to destroy his rival, a marble-skinned elf who drapes herself in silks and satins. The two wizards have made a game out of trying to kill one another, usually through the summoning of wondrous creatures. All the other folk of the dungeon or area have grown unfortunately used to these attacks, but unfortunately lack the ability to put an end to it.

Stench Kow
Hell's Stampede

A vast herd of 1d4 x 15 stench kows (plus 50% as many stench kalves and one 6 HD strench bull per 5 females) is mulling about a copper spiral sculpture. The sculpture puts an electric tang into the air and one will discover a static electric aura around the device, which stands about 15 feet tall and is 5 feet in diameter. The sculpture, if that is what it really is, is smooth to the touch and gives one an electric shock for 1d4 points of damage.

There is a 1 in 20 chance when touched that a charge of elecricity will surge across the landscape and into the sculpture. Besides this charge causing a stampede of the stench kine, anyone touching the sculpture suffers 3d6 points of damage and is vaulted across dimensions from the Nine Hells to the Material Plane.

Stone Maiden
Made in Stone

Wide flagstone steps encircle a round altar. Four 20-foot-tall pillars

surround the steps, each connected to the adjacent pillar by thick iron chains suspended 10 feet above the floor. Four bull heads made of stone crown each pillar. Closer examination reveals that the bull heads are those of gorgons. Between the pillars are eight kneeling stone maidens. They have knelt in prayer for over a year and appear to be nothing more than stone statues. Vines grow over their bodies but do not hinder their movements. A toothed stone chisel made of adamantine rests on the altar. The stone maidens are the guardians of the Chisel of Zemlya. Legends state that this chisel and Zemlya's Hammer have the power to slay any mortal by engraving their true name into stone.

Stormwarden
Children of the Swarm

A gang of 1d4+2 stormwardens dwells in the narrow valleys of a range of tall mountains. Storm clouds often blanket the mountain tops and swift floods pour down the mountains into the valleys below, carrying with them gold and silver dust. The mountains are composed largely of granite with large veins of quartz running through them.

The stormwardens live off the land, trapping animals and collecting juniper berries and a variety of spicy wild radish that grows in the valleys. The stormwardens are brothers, sons of the local storm god and a daughter of a storm giant that dwells much deeper in the range of mountains. These grandsons of the storm giant form the first line of defense of his mountain top kingdom.

Despite their rugged ways, the brothers live in a subterranean hall with walls of quartz and thick bearskin rugs on the floor. Their treasure consists of 120 cp, 2,110 sp, 355 gp, a scroll with three low level spells and a rock crystal worth 115 gp.

Strangle Weed
Bad Weed

Just off a stormy coast there is a small, rocky promontory. The promontory rises about five feet above the surface of the surging surf. A group of 1d3+1 fronds of strangle weed are rooted just beneath the waves here, and they wait eagerly for people to be blown or knocked off the stone and into the water.

Embedded in the rocky pillar there is a golden goblet. The rim of the goblet sticks about three inches above the rock and cannot easily be chipped out (most folks have a 1 in 12 chance of chipping away enough rock to loosen the goblet without destroying it, dwarves and gnomes a 1 in 6 chance).

If the goblet is filled with wine, no matter how cheap or fortified, the stone of the pillar begins to slough away as sea sand. After about 5 minutes, a woman with sapphire skin, long black hair and garbed in a panther pelt is revealed. This woman is a sorceress of elder days, trapped in the stone for millennia by a rival. The woman is an 11th level magic-user who still has most of her daily spells memorized. She is dazed when first released, but when she regains her senses is smart enough to turn the situation to her advantage.

Stroke Lad
William the Squire

Sir Garin's manor has sat empty ever since his tragic jousting accident. A young man has laid claim to the manor, declaring himself to be William, the squire of Sir Garin. William the Squire, a stroke lad, does not have a legitimate claim to the manor. He does have forged deeds and a falsified title to back up his legitimacy. William the Squire hosts lavish parties and has two satyrs as manservants who tend to his needs.

The manor looks nothing like the esteemed mansion of Sir Garin. Coats of lavender and chartreuse paint cover the white marble walls. Wine flows through majestic fountains. Strange and obscene statues have replaced refined artwork. Household servants employed for generations were fired with no warning. Strapping young men and fickle girls now frolic within the manor. Neighbors constantly complain to the city guards about outlandish parties lasting well into the night. The helpless guards simply do not have the authority to challenge William the Squire's inheritance.

Seliana Von Truqué, an actress paid by the neighbors, pleads with travelers to throw William the Squire out of her uncle's manor, which she claims should rightfully belong to her. If confronted, William the Squire delicately removes his white gloves before slapping the offender. The flamboyant stroke lad does not stoop to combat with barbaric adventurers, and prefers to let his servants do his dirty work. He does not give up his newfound home or wealth easily.

Stygian Leviathan
Purgatory Falls

A horrible wound in the earth sits at the edge of the known lands. A bottomless chasm splits the land. The chasm is a half mile long but is only 500 foot wide. Great plumes of steam rise from the depths. Visitors claim to hear the agony of tortured souls echoing out of the depths of despair. Nine of the world's largest rivers converge and fall into the chasm's depths. The area is known as Purgatory Falls, where converging rivers feed the River Styx that winds through the realms of the underworld.

A barge of iron and bone powered by two stygian leviathans floats tethered to a rusted wharf. Great iron hooks pierce the leviathans' skin, permanently attaching them to the barge with massive chains. The boatman Haros waits patiently for his next fare. Haros is the brother of Charon. He is identical to the daemon Charon (*see **daemon, Charon** elsewhere in this book*), except that Haros appears to be a living, compassionless man. Haros requests only two things for safe passage to the underworld.

Haros requests the true name of each passenger and requires a small personal token or possession (such as a locket of hair, piece of clothing, or other personal affects) from that named being. If paid, the boatman carries his fares safely over the edge of Purgatory Falls to their desired destination. Those giving their true names and possessions remain on the barge as if it were level ground, despite the trip over the falls. Travelers giving false names or objects that don't truly belong to them fall from the barge as it tips over Purgatory Falls. Those falling are transported to a random layer of Hell, possibly lost forever. The gaping rift prevents travel out of the pit unless someone is traveling on Haros' hellish barge.

Stymphalian Bird (Bronze Beak)
Stork Pond

A pond of warm, but not hot, water lies in the middle of a region of red hills covered with patches of tall, deep green grass. The pond is surrounded by a copse of white elms with golden leaves. The elms are inhabited by hundreds of jet black lorises (a small mammal with a sweet face, large eyes, long fingers and a poisonous bite).

The pond is notable for two reasons. First, it is inhabited by a flock of 1d4+1 stymphalian birds. The birds feed on the lorises, silvery goldfish that dwell in the pond and any travelers unfortunate enough to stumble upon the pond.

The other point of interest in the pond is a crystal statue of a magic-user, cobalt in color and pointing to the sky. At dusk, the light of the setting sun strikes the crystal statue in such a way to cause a beam of azure light to spring from the pointing finger of the statue at a strange angle. The light falls on a portion of the shore that hides stone doors that lead into a dungeon.

Sudoth
Captain Fleck

PCs spy the salvage vessel Black Trollop adrift in calm seas, her rigging snapped, her sails in tatters and her crew absent. The Trollop sits low in the water, her belly obviously full of cargo. Sitting on deck is a 15-foot-tall glass bowl with an open top. The bowl is filled with sea water, and a strange man-jellyfish creature floats inside. The creature is a sudoth named Fleck who captains the Trollop. At least the creature did until the ship's most recent salvage expedition cost the creature its crew and nearly its life.

The sudoth leads all salvage operations by being lowered into the water and searching sunken ships at its leisure. When he finds something, he pulls the item to a net lowered from the Trollop and the sailors pull it aboard. On his last dive, Fleck found a blood-red coral skull with a fist-sized crystal skull fastened to the headband. The sudoth didn't realize the crown was a relic of Orcus that drained the Trollop's crew of life as soon as it was brought aboard.

Fleck made it back aboard and into his command jar on deck just before the curse turned his men into zombies. The Black Trollop is now out of control, with Captain Fleck unable to do anything. The 15 zombie sailors are in the Trollop's hold. Fleck promises PCs their choice of items from his last salvage operation if they help him right his ship – and rid it of his zombie crew. He also requires that they cast the coral skull of Orcus back into the briny depths where it belongs.

Swarm, Adamantine Wasp
Behind the Red Door

A stone clock tower more than 100 feet tall stands majestically in of the Tangletorn Thicket. A low rock wall with a decorative gate surrounds the single tower. A tidy flower garden lies in the courtyard. Riveted metallic statues of satyr, centaurs and giant insects adorn the garden. The statues appear mechanical but are not animated.

The windowless tower has one entrance: a pair of red steel doors. Anyone inspecting the doors sees a complex jigsaw pattern on the red doors. The doors are actually a swarm of adamantine wasps intricately locked together to fill the doorway. The doors appear solid but quickly disengage to attack uninvited guest. Behind the adamantine wasp swarm stands an iron portcullis barring entrance into the tower.

Sceliphron, a reclusive magic-user who specializes in clockwork creatures, resides in the tower. He disdains intrusions and travels often on mechanical giant dragon fly. A clockwork dryad who serves acts as a servant and trusted companion always remains in the tower. The elderly Sceliphron currently is seeking to transfer his soul into a mechanical body in a bid for immortality.

Swarm, Grig
The Minstrel's Minions

A creaking covered wagon painted in bright colors and veiled in layers of silk curtains sits at the side of the road. A dappled mare grazes freely on the roadside.

Sitting cross-legged atop the wagon is a diminutive man, his head covered in a wide-brimmed green hat. His whiskers are long and his crinkled skin is covered in thick age lines. His eyes are alive, though, and his mouth tilts up in a sly grin. He holds a well-maintained violin in his long fingers.

Tomasi Vitali tips his hat and stands when PCs approach. The minstrel smiles disarmingly and begins playing a light, cheery jig on his violin. When he stops, he throws his hat to the ground and demands payment for his music. Tomasi is a brigand, although he doesn't consider it theft since he entertains his victims first with his delightful music.

If threatened, Tomasi plays a discordant jangle of notes on his violin and a grig swarm rises out of the covered wagon. Tomasi charmed a get-together of grig tribes with his music, and the miniature musicians claimed his wagon to remain near the musician. Tomasi makes the best of it, and uses the grig in his schemes to steal from travelers.

Swarm, Heat
Point and Shoot

A 15-foot-long brass instrument similar to a baritone horn lies on its side in this chamber. The horn is mounted on a wooden trolley with fixed steel wheels. Ropes beneath the massive golden bell allow the trolley to be pulled. An assortment of pipes and fluttering billows are mounted to the trolley near the middle of the horn. There is no mouthpiece to blow, as the stem is twisted into the odd machine. A red lever on the control panel is in the up position.

Near the lever is a crude note with words written in block letters that read: "Aim. Pull. Stand back." Following the instructions causes the bellows to pump and inflate, and 1d4 rounds later a mournful blat sounds. Gouts of fire erupt from the horn's bell, and a reddish mist filled with tiny skull-like faces floats out to engulf the horn and control panel. The heat swarm rapidly spreads to attack creatures within 50 feet. The lever cannot be raised, and automatically rises to the up position in 10 rounds. The heat swarm is sucked back into the bell as the instrument of death resets itself.

Swarm, Piranha
Wrong Step

The warm river steams in the Seething Jungle's humidity. Heavy vines hang from branching rubber trees, and thick foliage traps the heat. The river is a narrow ribbon as it races through the jungle in a turbulent rush. The far bank is a mere 20 feet away.

Looks are deceiving, however, as the river actually undercuts the land by about 10 feet on either side. A swarm of piranha lives in the shadows beneath the carved-out bank, where the rushing waters can't push them madly downriver.

Anyone venturing within 10 feet of the water's edge has a 2 in 6 chance of stepping through the thin soil and into the water below. The piranhas mercilessly strip to the bone any creature that falls through the dirt bank into their midst.

Swarm, Landwalker Piranha
Angry, Gnashing Teeth

A dilapidated shack stands in a clearing in the middle of the Seething Jungle, its windows boarded up against the elements. The flat roof is covered in layers of giant palm fronds to keep the water out, and the entire building is raised four feet off the ground to keep the river from flooding in when it overflows its nearby banks. The slat door of the shack stands slightly open, pulled off its hinges.

Banyan trees grow in thick, twisted groves to the north of the shack, while the southern edge of the clearing ends in the river flowing through the dense foliage. A covered still sits in the middle of the clearing, a firepit beneath it containing week-old ash. The clearing is sliced by hundreds of shallow grooves in the dirt that lead from the river to the shack.

The interior of the shack is covered in streaks of dried blood that paint long smears on the walls and floor. Two skeletons wearing torn and ragged

clothing lie curled on the floor, their bones nipped and gnawed. The bones gleam whitely. The sound of clacking bones can be heard clearly within the shack.

Hidden under the raised floor is a swarm of landwalker piranhas taking refuge in the cool, dank environment. The swarm hunts at night, but won't pass up a free meal walking into its nest. The swarm boils out of rat holes and openings in the floor in 1d4 rounds. The piranhas gnash their sharp teeth constantly, creating a buzzing drone.

Swarm, Poisonous Frog
Raining Frogs

The fronds of the banyan trees dip low with water as the jungle downpour continues. The nearby river swells over its banks as the torrential rainfall pounds the earth. Rivulets flow along the ground, and water drops heavily out of the trees. Storm clouds on the horizon promise the rain may continue for days.

A colony of poisonous tree frogs nest in the upper branches of the banyans. The rain washes out the colony's home, dropping the frogs through the branches to the river and ground. The frogs – already angered by the heavy rains – swarm anything they land on.

Swarm, Raven
Come for the Wedding, Stay for the Food.

This encounter takes place as a wedding is letting out of a city temple. PCs may be in the crowd, members of the bridal party or simply passing by. As the bride and groom descend wide stone steps outside the church, the guests toss handfuls of rice, birdseed and small grains over the happy couple to wish them a fertile life together. The crowd is festive and raucous, celebrating the happy couple.

A passing swarm of starving ravens sweep down in a flock of black feathers and cawing voices to peck and claw at the bride and groom and any guests covered in the birdseed. The ravens don't hesitate to go for the "fleshy bits" of the people in the crowd, starting with the eyes, lips and ears. PCs may have their hands full trying to save people and shoo the birds away.

Swarm, Raven (Undead)
The Blood Mashes

The ground seems to bleed in the marsh fields. The ground seeps blood from a cursed war that took place eons ago. Ghosts and spirits haunt the bloody fields, each forever seeking an end to their cursed existence. Fresh corpses and ancient relics of battle churn up through the soft earth, only to be slowly swallowed again.

Ravens that drink from the bloody marsh die and sink into its depths. By midnight, these unfortunate birds rise again as an undead raven swarm that flies off into the night to wreak havoc. An undead raven swarm always circles above the bloody field, sometimes landing in the nearby dead trees.

An executioner's axe juts from a snag rising from the field. The axe was used to slay the survivors of the battle. The snag bleeds into the marsh field. If the axe is reached and buried within the Blood Marsh, the curse breaks and the land no longer bleeds. Once broken, all undead within the area are freed of their bindings.

Swarm, Scarlet Spider
Scarlet Scourge

In the middle of a tangled jungle there is a stone shaft descending into the earth. The shaft is about 8 feet wide and high and descends at a 45-degree slant. Hundreds of stone hands reach out from the floor and ceilings; the hands are not animated, nor will they attempt to grab people as they walk through.

The shaft runs for 100 feet and then ends in a pool of brackish water that gives off a sickening sweet odor. about the time the adventurers reach the bottom of the shaft, a colony of 1d6+4 scarlet spider swarms begins creeping down the shaft.

There is no apparent exit from the shaft, but should one grasp the stone hand nearest the water, a stone face emerges from the wall and says, in a gravely voice, "Your salvation lies in the water". At this, a secret passage will open beneath the water, dropping the water and anyone standing in it down a 10 foot deep shaft. The secret door remains open for 3 rounds and then closes. What lies beyond the shaft is up to you!

Swarm, Shadow Rat
The Died Piper

The faint fluttering trill of a flute rises in the dungeon hallway, the sound coming from everywhere – and nowhere – at once. Moments later, a ghostly figure steps through the wall. He is gaunt and pale, and black hair hangs limply down around his narrow face. His legs are long and he wears high black boots. His ghostly torso is covered by a blood-stained shirt, and his cloak is ripped and flutters around his body. The Died Piper does a capering jig and blows a sorrowful tune on his flute. He then vanishes through the wall, the flute music trailing off until it stops.

Within 1d4 rounds, a shadow rat swarm answers the summons, boiling out of the walls to find the piper. They attack any creatures they see for 1d6+1 rounds before moving on in their never-ending quest.

Swarm, Velvet Ant
The Hornet Swarmed

A giant hornet – 9 feet from head to stinger – flies through the fir trees at head height. The insect's flight is erratic, zigging left to right and rising and falling in the air, as if the creature were in a drunken stupor. It slams heavily tree branches, recovers before it slaps the ground, then resumes its dodgy flight. The giant insect finally crashes down in front of PCs, its wings twitching feebly. The giant hornet flew through a velvet ant swarm and the smaller insects are eating the hornet from the inside out. Anyone approaching the dying hornet stirs up a cloud of velvet ants, which viciously attack everything around their new "nest." If left alone, the velvet ants form a new colony nest in the ground around the dead hornet's husk.

Swarm, Warden Jack
Toy Story

The castle playroom sits empty, dust covering toys sitting on shelves and in toy boxes. Dolls sit on shelves, their hollow glass eyes following PCs entering the room. Stuffed wooden horses stand beside carved knights. A toy drum is propped against the wall. A plush 6-foot-long green and purple stuffed snake doll sits on the floor facing the door. A long-faced marionette dangles from a hook in the wall.

The toys begin moving if PCs enter the playroom. The drum begins thumping a random beat, the snake twists on the wood floor. The stuffed horses fall over and the dolls vibrate on their wooden shelves. Within

1d4 rounds, a swarm of warden jacks erupt from the playthings, bursting through the toys to roll around the room after PCs. The warden jacks were sewn into the toys to protect the royal children.

Symbiotic Jelly
Big Dumb Guard

You enter a stony cavern about 15 feet in diameter with a ceiling 13 feet high. Two large boulders rest in this cavern and there is a smallish natural alcove in one wall. Perched on a ledge above the alcove there is a symbiotic jelly. It has recently charmed a minotaur, which now guards the ooze's lair. Piled in the alcove is a horde of (illusory) treasure.

T'shann
Matter Over Minds

The dwarves of the underground halls of the Granite Holdfast are losing their minds. Every day, the best and brightest – and everyone else –forget where they are, what they are doing and even who they are. Groups roam like zombies through the claustrophobic stone halls, their eyes and minds clouded and confused. A few simply stop in their tracks, their minds gone and their life soon to follow. The mineral-rich halls of the Holdfast are rapidly emptying as dwarves wander into the deep tunnels never to return.

Sitting in the center of the dwarven stronghold is a large anvil composed of mineral-rich rock. This 20-foot-tall stone block was said to have been used by the dwarven gods to forge the dwarves. The dwarves found the block during a delve and hauled it back to their throne room. The block is infested with 6 t'shann that are slowly eating away at the stone's innards as they eat away the minds of the dwarves.

Tabaxi
Can You Run?

While chopping their way through a dense rainforest of durians, tualangs, bamboo and strangler figs, adventurers might (1 in 6 chance) come across a field of wreckage. The wreckage is composed of twisted steel and looks something like a long tube with metal wings - it's quite unlike anything they have ever seen (well, depending on what kind of campaign you run).

Tracks lead from the wreckage that rangers might be able to identify as both human and feline. The tracks lead deeper into the rainforest, finally leaving the ground entirely and making their way into the leafy canopy. A very skilled ranger might track the party to a tall tualang surrounded by dozens of bunches of bamboo.

Keen eyes might see four figures suspended from a thick limb overhead by ropes. These figures are the survivors of the wreck, three men and one woman. All four are dressed in strange clothing and look badly beaten up. Three tabaxi sit on the branch, guarding the prisoners while their high priestess consults with the Great Tiger God over the correct way to sacrifice these intruders to his divine glory.

The tabaxi dwell on several small bamboo platforms in the branches of the tualang. There are 1d3+5 in all, including the aforementioned guards and the high priestess. On their platforms they have tents formed from animal skins as well as bamboo lockers to hold their kills. The high priestess' tent, which also serves as a shrine of the tiger god, holds the pride's treasure, 1,750 sp and a wooden tiger figurine carved from teak and worth 75 gp.

Taer
Cut 'Em Off at the Pass

A small silver mining operation depends on a high mountain pass to get its silver to the great city beyond the mountains. Unfortunately, severe snowstorms and the presence of a clan of 1d4 x 10 taer has closed the pass.

The taer dwell in a high cave complex and haunt the ledges and chasms surrounding the pass hunting for food. They have raided one caravan (for food), and the rather cowardly merchant that owns and operates the mine is hesitant to send more people through. The hooting and hollering of the taer can be heard echoing through the mine's valley at night, and people are terribly unnerved.

The taer's cave complex consists of a large common room containing sleeping pallets (or nests) for the common taer. A lower cavern has become the clan garbage pit and now contains hundreds of splintered bones and other refuse. A higher cavern is clad in ice (from water seeping from the mountains above) and is now used as a sort of temple by the taer. Animal skins and teeth have been placed next to the ice pillars as offering for the gods. This cavern leads to an icy chute that heads deeper into the mountain and a higher cavern, mostly free of ice, being used as the living quarters of the clan's leader, a large 6 HD male with a black patch of hair on the top of its head. The taer have no real treasure - perhaps 1d4 x 100 gp worth of animal skins and teeth.

Tangtal (Dupli-Cat)
Mirror Image

The Terashee Carnival pitched its multicolored tents on land outside Landrey. A midway attracts people with games of chance and separates them from their hard-earned coin. Magister Anxes' Mirror Maze is especially popular, drawing people in droves to negotiate the twists and turns of the mirrored passages, the thrill of seeing so many versions of themselves walking along with them in the silver-backed glass something they'd talk about for days and days on end. What the visitors see as a nice diversion from their humdrum lives, a tangtal that lairs in the nearby forest sees as a fantastic hunting ground. The big cat dug an entry tunnel beneath one of the outer walls and quietly slipped inside to stalk prey. The carnival trapped the cat inside the maze once the screaming began, but no one is willing to go in after the beast or to help the people trapped inside.

Tazelwurm
The Snake Warrens

The Kylar Pass is a narrow route through the high peaks of the Khandibat Mountains, but anyone daring the treacherous switchback trail risks life and limb doing so. Fierce storms roll through the peaks, with driving rains and gusting winds.

The high peaks contain a maze of round tunnels about 4 feet in diameter. These winding tunnels twist and turn throughout the granite peaks. Two tazelwurms live in the warrens. The male is a 10-foot-long creature, while the female is a true beast: 25 feet from lion's head to the tip of her snake tail. The pair target travelers.

Inside the warren are the bones of past meals, as well as 600 gp, a *ring of human control*, and a battered suit of *+1 plate mail armor*.

Temporal Crawler
A Place Where Time Stands Still

An underground cavern is filled wall to wall with sticky webs. Hundreds of bodies are ensnared in the spider silk, hanging from the ceiling walls and even cocooned as lumps on the rocky ground. Most of the bodies are desiccated and brittle. A few are nothing more than bones stuck in the webs. Two human travelers and an elf magic-user struggle in the webs.

A large crystal globe hangs down from the 40-foot-high ceiling. The eight-sided globe is suspended by a number of thick spider webs. The glass sides of the globe are opaque. A temporal crawler sleeps inside the glass globe.

All movement in the cavern is slowed to half speed by the giant spider. It is a vicious hunter that crawls to the surface every night to snatch travelers to cocoon in its web.

Tendrul
Don't Go In the Water

The white sandy beach near the northern merchant city of Ivor is covered in blood and blubber. The tail of a half-eaten sperm whale lies near the waterline. The tide is frothy and pink with rivers of blood, and chunks of the whale float atop the waves. The whale's tail section is torn and jagged, the blubbery flesh bitten clean through by sharp, serrated teeth.

A tendrul caught the poor whale in the open water, and dragged it to shore to devour. The huge beast is submerged in the silt offshore, but bursts out of the sand once it realizes PCs are disturbing the rest of its meal. The giant carnivorous beast flops onto the beach, chasing PCs and slashing with its scythe-like tail. Anyone caught in its mouth is instantly ground between its sharp teeth.

Tenebrous Worm
Water Rights in the Desert

In a blasted wasteland of reddish-gray sand, creosote bushes and bear-paw poppies, a devilish shaman has brought forth a portion of the plane of shadow into a complex of sandstone caverns that overlooks a lonely river. The shadowy caverns are inhabited by a tenebrous worm that is only held at bay by the unforgiving desert sun. At night, it stalks forth in search of prey (its first meal being the foolish shaman that summoned it).

Worse yet, the shadowstuff has begun to spread out of the cavern. It now covers an area 1 mile in diameter and has caused the river that emerges from it to freeze for 2 miles beyond the shadow. The human fishing village built on the shores of a lake fed by the river have seen the river run almost dry and the lake become freezing, killing off their fish. The villagers suspect it was their old shaman, recently exiled for "inhuman acts", but do not know of his whereabouts.

Tentacled Horror
The Island Rises

Moss-covered ruins rise in ocean. The island is nearly 2 miles across, and every inch is covered in stone ruins that nearly merge into one continuous structure. Twisting alleys of claustrophobic tunnels zigzag through the buildings. Red brick and slick pale marble fit together in a patterned mosaic on the streets. The buildings are filled with hanging strands of seaweed, scuttling crabs and dead fish. Indecipherable sigils are carved into the stone walls.

A stone arena in the center of the island has high columns carved to resemble tentacled sea creatures. Three paved roads lead into the amphitheater, and stone benches surround a central arena. Ramps lead into water-filled dungeons beneath the amphitheater. Thick oily slime leads down the ramps.

A tribe of 40 goblins make their way through the stone streets and abandoned buildings. The goblins decorate themselves with dead squids left on the brick streets. The creatures sailed to the island aboard a small ship that broke up on the rocks. The tribe's shaman had a vision of the island and led his minions here.

A tentacled horror rose from the sea with the island and lives in the pools beneath the arena. It slides up the ramps to face creatures entering its arena. The island is tied to the creature's life force. If it is slain, the island crumbles quickly and sinks back into the sea. Creatures in the center of the island face a gauntlet of breaking stone and waterspouts as they race for the shoreline.

Tentamort
Liquefaction or Liquification?

At the confluence of three rivers there is a vast moorland of twisted trees and tall grasses. In the lagoons of the moorland there dwell pelicans, swans, ermines, wolves and wild boars (2 in 6 chance of a significant encounter each day). On the edges of the moorland there are signs of former human habitation in the form of old mills and abandoned, toppled cottages.

The moorland once supported a large population, as population pressures in nearby city-states drove farmers into the moors. One of the ex-residents was an alchemist, who chemical infusions into the swampland gave rise to a number of strange creatures (owlbears, for example), including a brood of 1d4+1 tentamorts that hatched from befouled swan eggs. The tentamorts eventually ran people out of the area, and even claimed the life of the alchemist. His ruined tower still stands in the middle of a pond inhabited by the descendants of the original tentamorts.

Rumors in the nearest city-state claim that the alchemist was working on coating seven magic swords with an alchemical essence of silver when he was killed.

Thermite
The Glass Desert

The blistering heat of the desert blasts PCs, with winds whipping sands into their faces and the sun baking their flesh. Shifting dunes make travel difficult. One large section of the desert is covered by a foot-thick field of clear glass that stretches for nearly a mile. The glass is incredibly hot as it reflects the sun, but safe to walk on. Skeletons sunk to the waist – or deeper – stick out of the glass plain. Those above the glass are bleached white by the sun and stinging grit, while below the glass their bodies are sun-burned, mummified flesh. Wagon wheels jut from the glass, although the wagons are missing. Weapons can be found completely, each completely encased in the clear surface.

Broken holes descend into man-size tunnels. These tunnels are slick glass tubes cut into the sand with sharp ridges slicing upward. Any PC sliding down a tube takes 3d6 points of damage from the sharp edges.

The glass plain is the creation of a colony of thermites. Their bodies generate the heat that turns the sand into glass around them as they burrow. The tubes lead into the colony's home, where hundreds of worker and soldier thermites can be found. A queen is protected in a glass chamber deep inside the colony. The thermites react to anyone making too much noise on the upper glass and defend their tunnels from invaders.

Therianthropes
Council Rock

Overlooking the savannah, near the forested gorge and a many miles south of the blazing desert is the outcropping called Council Rock.

Here, the eldest of the therianthropes, the animal men that dominate the surrounding lands, meet to plan their campaigns against the humans that press them from every direction.

On the nights of the full moon they gather atop the old outcropping of granite, its slopes decorated with trailing vines bearing fragrant blossoms. There is the seductive foxwere, whose people govern the underbrush and collect tribute from the rodents and birds; the asswere, whose people run the desert sands, preying on superstitious caravaneers; the lionwere, who considers his people the kings of all beasts - whether two or four-legged; the owlwere, whose people haunt the night and carry their terror into human lands; the jackalwere, always listening, rarely speaking and the wolfwere, whose people rule the forested gorge and who council most vehemently for the destruction of man.

Dug into the granite outcropping are three pits covered by wooden grates held down with large stones. Here, the beast lords place their prisoners, questioning and torturing them at their leisure.

Therianthrope - Dire Wolfwere

River Pirates

A sizable flatboat named the the Wastrel cruises up and down the Krell River looking for passengers. The boat is powered by two enchanted paddlewheels on each side that propel it through the water. The ship has three decks, with curving railings carved by a master carver. The bridge sits at the front of the top deck, affording the pilot a full view of the river ahead. The ship's figurehead is a snarling wolf of gleaming silver.

During the day and most nights, the Wastrel and its crew pose as wealthy revelers out enjoying the river. The flatboat has a reputation for outlandish revelry and all-day parties where expensive wines flow freely. On nights of the full moon, however, their true nature is revealed: The Wastrel's crew and passengers are river pirates infected with lycanthropy. Stella, a primeval wolfwere, leads the vicious werewolves.

A bronze nozzle attached to a large bellows below deck lets the flatboat spew burning oil on the wealthy merchant vessels with devastating effects. Treasure from the pirates' victims fills the belly of the ship. No one who encounters the Wastrel during nights of the full moon is left alive to spread the crews' secret.

Thessalmonsters

Unstable Bridges

The tunnel the adventurers have been following finally ends in a sheer drop. The cavern beyond is massive. The floor is 40 feet below and covered in slimy, brackish water, which is itself 5 to 8 feet deep. The ceiling is 30 feet above and covered in dripping stalactites. The cavern is at least 300 feet in diameter, the walls sheer and slick. Phosphorescent swamp gasses illuminate the cavern with the equivalent of twilight, and gouts of flame often erupt from the floor. Acrid fumes and the scent of rotting vegetation assault the nose.

Rising from the subterranean swamp there is what appears to be a mountain in miniature, only 40 feet tall, with sloping sides that must have been carved by humanoid hands. The top of this mound is flat and can be reached by a long bridge of rope and metallic discs. Two other bridges extend from the mound to other walls of the cave that are pierced with caves.

The bridges are sturdy enough to hold up to eight encumbered individuals at a time, though they sway uncomfortably as one walks and running or fighting on a bridge carries a 1 in 10 chance each round of causing the bridge to flip and deposit people into the waters below.

When one reaches the mound they will likely step on a pressure plate adjacent to the bridge they have just crossed. This pressure plate triggers a slim, brass pole that rises from the center of the mound and causes every third metallic disk of each bridge to become ethereal (1 in 6 chance to notice this intangibility, 2 in 6 for elves). This bar hums with energy and gives off minor shocks if touched. The top of the bar is a loop of metal, into which one can shove a wooden or metal pole (or staff, club, haft, etc). Turning the loop to face a bridge causes its discs to become material again.

Stepping on an ethereal disc forces one to pass a saving throw or fall into the swamp, which is inhabited by three thessalhydras. The thessalhydras live in submerged lairs in the base of the mound. Each lair holds 1d4 x 1,000 sp and 1d4 x 1,000 gp contained in cylinders of the same metal as the discs. The cylinders have no obvious way of opening them, but can be turned intangible with the application of electricity.

Thorny

Midriff Protection is Necessary

A pack of 1d6+2 wild thornies has made a lair for itself in a patch of brambles. In the middle of the patch there are three thorny trees growing, each supporting 1d6+4 wriggling buds. The thornies patrol the surrounding landscape of tall pines and golden river gorges. Half the pack is always lurking around the clearing where they have planted their trees, and defend the area ferociously.

Just beyond the thorny trees there is an old cave with a low ceiling and significant piles of rubble. From the appearance of the rubble, the cave was a gold mine. Under one pile of rubble there is a partially buried skeleton wearing a dried out shirt of ringed armor with a rusty dirk (a *+1 dagger*) lodged in its ribs. Behind this pile of rubble there is a small tunnel entrance to a lower set of limestone caverns filled with spectacular formations and a veritable sea of slime.

A second skeleton, this one wearing what is best described as a mail halter and loinclout, is draped over one of the stalagmites that rise from the slime. The skeleton still has long, golden hair and wears a silver ring (*protection from undead*) one one bony finger. The cave is also inhabited by three ochre jellies.

A high stone shelf in the slime cavern gives access to a dry, dusty cavern. One must scoot on their belly through a 3-foot high and 10-foot wide passage to access this cavern. Here, there is a large idol carved from the native limestone and stained in purples and rust-reds with two large eyes of mirror-like platinum (worth 100 gp each). This demonic idol is surrounded by bowls containing long dried grapes and plums, apparent offerings. One every three months, the idol gives out a long, low groan that causes the ground to rumble and attracts the vegepygmy tribes in the area to come and worship. All those in the presence of the idol when it groans find themselves covered in a silvery dust that falls from the ceiling. The dust makes their skin sparkle (until washed) and grants them a +2 reaction bonus from all plant creatures.

In addition to the silvery dust, the idol becomes ethereal for a few minutes after groaning, revealing a round shaft located beneath it. This shaft leads to whatever adventures the Referee has a mind to run.

Thorny Tyrannosaurus

The Island City of Verdurn

Austallos Lake formed in the high peaks of a massive volcanic crater within the remote mountain frontier. The warm lake is shallow, making travel by large ships hazardous. The algae-filled lake spans nearly 10 miles and is 5 miles across at its widest point. The lake reaches a depth of 10 feet but averages around 4 foot. Large natural rock formations and boulders lie strewn in the lake, creating a natural maze. Lost in time there existed an island city in the midst of the mountain lake. The vanished inhabitants left all possessions and structures.

A band of vegepygmies claimed the island as their domain. A thorny tyrannosaurus guards the island, roaming through the vegetation on the edges of the beach. In addition, the vegepygmies have planted patches of russet mold and shriekers and have plant-imbued apes guarding their lair inside one of the empty buildings in the heart of the island.

Throat Leech
Clear Your Throat

As you approach this next chamber, the sound of running, splashing water is clearly heard. The room appears to have once been a bath of some sort. The center of the chamber (22 feet by 22 feet, 16 foot high ceiling) is sunken about 4 feet to form a 14-foot y 14-foot pool. The pool is clad in dingy marble and the walls are covered in sparkling blue tiles. Water pours into the pool from a tarnished brass pipe in the ceiling crafted in the shape of a curvaceous mermaid. Water also spills into the pool from two places in the ceiling where the plumbing has apparently burst. A drain in the bottom of the pool allows water to escape. The water pouring from the ceiling is warm, but the water in the pool is tepid. The pool is inhabited by a number of throat leeches that blend in with the dingy marble and are usually hidden by the froth kicked up in the pool by the water pouring into it. A large copper medallion (worth 3 cp) has fallen into the pool, and bears the image of an ancient king on one side and the goddess of victory on the other.

Thunder Beast
Arena of the Damned

One of the myriad planes of the Abyss is home to a reeking jungle of eternally rotting vegetation, roaming herds of 5d4 thunder beasts (+50% as many noncombatant calves) and bands of manes set loose in the jungle by more powerful demons as a punishment for displeasing them. Rising above the jungles is a basalt spire. The spire does not appear to be a construction, rather rising from the plane fully formed. The spire is slightly crooked. At the top of the spire, which is about a 1/2 mile in diameter and 7 miles tall, there is a prison holding a movanic deva. The light of the movanic deva once shone across the twilight jungle, but has dimmed considerably over the centuries. The angel was imprisoned here by mighty Orcus, who is waiting for the creature to slowly lose its faith and become a demon.

The prison chamber looks like a vast arena with a diameter of 500 feet and a vaulted, rust red ceiling. The angel is chained in the center and tormented day and night by succubi, vrock and marilith demons, who emerge via passages that lead to the lower levels of the spire. The spire is a prison and dungeon for powerful prisoners of the various demon princes. It is guarded by retrievers and inhabited by a myraid of oozes and puddings furnished by the Faceless Lord.

Each day spent in the jungle carries with it a 1 in 6 chance of encountering a band of 1d4+5 mane demons and a 2 in 6 chance of encountering a herd of thunder beasts. The thunder beasts are sometimes trapped by the more powerful demons, who use them like war elephants in their struggles against rivals.

Thundershrike
Sturm and Drang

Black clouds roll across the land, the storm dropping low tendrils toward the earth. Thick columns of twisting winds bob and weave through the gray sky, none quite reaching the ground – yet. A gray mist of rain pummels the muddy earth, the sheets of rain so thick they obscure the trees whipping in the gale.

Striding through the destruction is a giant, the horns on his helmet nearly touching the low-hanging clouds. His beard crackles with a rime of sparking energy from the storm, and the massive battle axe thrown over his shoulder draws the lightning in arcing, popping strikes. From the delight on his face, he's reveling in the fierce storm.

Sturm the Lightning Bringer walks in the magnificent chaos, taking it all in. Anyone attacking the giant, however, soon finds he's not alone. His pet thundershrike Drang is also enjoying the deadly winds and savage lightning, but inside the thunderhead. She sweeps down out of the blackness at Sturm's call to defend her master.

Tick, Giant
Ticklish

In the midst of an cork oak forest there is a massive cave mouth, 25 feet tall and 30 feet wide. The cave is carved into the side of a low, weathered mountain covered with thick grasses and blackberry bushes. The cave is inhabited by a giant bear that stands 15 feet tall at shoulder. The bear, called King of the Forest by the local druids, spends most of its time hibernating. Every 30 years the great beast awakens, devours the blackberries on the mountain, tops them off with a few dozen woodland creatures (and any hunters unlucky enough to be nearby) and then retires to its cave.

The chances of it being awake when adventurers come to call is minor. The great beast is fairly helpless while asleep, but the surrounding woods are home to a cluster of 1d4+2 giant ticks that are happy to attack anything that might threaten their regular meal. Attacks on the bear awaken it, but it remains groggy for 2 rounds. The giant bear has 12 Hit Dice and its attack deal triple normal damage for a brown bear.

Time Flayer
The Party Never Ends

Tarkin Tower is crumbling into ruin, the top half of the tower open to the elements. Weeds grow rampant around the stone base, and animals disappear into the piles of fallen stone. A rotting drawbridge crosses a dry moat. The portcullis is down, but gaping holes have rusted through it. Just inside the stone entry, a line of checkerboard tiles runs from wall to wall.

Anyone crossing the tiles vanishes to those standing outside the castle. The person stepping across the checkboard pattern steps from ruin into opulence. The interior of the tower is grand and complete, and a magnificent party is still going on. Women sway across the floor, their gowns lavish and decorated with jewels. Men stand in groups, talking quietly. A banquet table is filled with a large ice sculpture of a swan sitting among roast pig, crepes, bowls of fruit and pitchers of sweet wine. There are about 50 people in the room.

If a PC crosses the tiles and appears, the party stops, and the revelers rush to introduce themselves. They are from all over, although a few claim to be from kingdoms that fell into ruin years ago. Many ask for the latest news, while others bring food for the hungry guest. Succulent grapes are offered to the PC as well as suckled ham and peach cobbler. Others push the PC toward a throne set on a low dais at the front of the room. It is covered in plush velvet pillows. Red curtains rise 30 feet to the ceiling behind the throne.

A time flayer appeared in the tower nearly 100 years ago during a grand celebration. Its unexpected arrival set off a host of protection spells that warped time inside the ballroom. The time flayer and the revelers are stuck in a time loop that keeps them from aging, but won't let any escape the ballroom. PCs who stay realize that the food is never replaced, the ice sculpture never melts, and the sun never rises through the windows. The open doors and windows are like solid walls to anyone trying to leave the ballroom.

The revelers and the time flayer have an understanding of sorts. It won't kill all of them if they sacrifice one person every year to the creature. The guests draw straws every year, and the loser is forced into the throne for the time flayer to claim. The time flayer lairs in the curtained off area behind the throne.

The revelers eagerly try to get the PC into the chair to put off their lottery another year. If the time flayer is slain, the time loop rights itself and releases everyone in the ballroom.

Tombstone Fairy
Hang Him High . . . Again

A weather-beaten gallows sits in the small town of Sod, with nearly seven severed ropes dangling from the center beam. A pile of seven bodies lie beneath the scaffold. Each has been hanged and the body cut down to rot beneath the gallows.

Sitting on the gallows is a gaunt man wearing a dusty black cloak wrapped around his body. A cut noose hangs loose around his neck. A black blade with a wickedly serrated edge is stuck into the wood in front of him. A young woman stands behind the man, her hands bound in front of her and a noose resting around her neck. She begs for her life.

Garn the Grievous killed all people who condemned him and dumped their bodies beneath the instrument of his death. The remaining townsfolk now cater to the evil man's whims. To disobey him is to join the rotting bodies under the gallows. Garn was hanged three days ago, but returned that night to seek his revenge. Every day, he randomly selects and hangs one townsperson. No one knows how the killer returned from the dead.

Near the unmarked grave where the killer's body was dumped lives a miserable tombstone fairy named Grim. The fey took a liking to Garn immediately, and raised the killer from the dead. If PCs slay Garn again, Grim seeks out the body and resurrects him that same night. The only way to stop Hanley returning to claim more townsfolk is to destroy Hanley's cloak, which the fairy possesses in a tiny grotto near the cemetery. The cloak is imbued with a portion of the killer's soul. Garn dies forever if the cloak is destroyed.

Transposer
Someone Call the Men in Black

Three days after a clutch of asteroids struck the fields of a backwater village, a transposer stalks the area. The transposer seeks a strange, metallic helm that was found by a peasant in the smoldering woods near the site of the strike. The helm is precious to the creature, but its ultimate workings are unknown (i.e. it'll do whatever the Referee needs or wants it to do).

The peasant traded it to a traveling merchant for a few sacks of corn. The merchant is on his way to give it as a gift to the ruler of neighboring kingdom. The transposer has already tracked the peasant down and killed him in his lonely cottage. It has taken the peasant's form and is now looking for information on the man who received the helm.

Trapper
Answer Me These Questions Three

You come to a crossroads in a dungeon. The crossroads is composed of a chamber of red stone. The chamber measures 15 feet wide and long with an 8-foot ceiling. The center of the chamber (10 feet x 10 feet) is sunken about five feet below the rest of the chamber. On each wall of the upper chamber there is a straight passage leading away to other adventures. Each of these passages is closed by a door that looks like a stained glass window. Each window appears to show events in the romance of a learned duchess and a scribe.

In the sunken portion of the chamber there is a small platform holding an amethyst-colored lyre. In skilled hands, the *amethyst lyre* produces lovely music that has as a side effect the ability to animate images (on tapestries, stained glass windows, bas-relief, etc), allowing the musician to ask these objects (i.e. if only these walls could speak) three questions. Once an object has been asked these three questions, it can never be questioned again.

This treasure is guarded by a trapper mimicing the form of the sunken floor.

Treant, Lightning
The Tree House

The arch-druid Gorebourne lives in the Tanglethorn Thicket. Gorebourne (who is chaotic toward civilization and also happens to be infected with lycanthropy) has enslaved a lightning treant to entertain his youngsters. He attached a stout tree house high in the lightning treant's upper branches. He young sons ride the treant through the woods, wreaking havoc on all who cross their path. His sons respect nature, but have inherited their father's disdain for civilization. They attack and destroy any settlements that arise too close to the Tanglethorn Thicket. If given warning, the treant poses as a tree while the two boys taunt travelers. They have amassed a stockpile of rotten fruit, bags of feces, chestnut burs and bladders of putrid fish oil to throw at passers-by. Other than taunting PCs, the boys are too young to have any combat experience.

Tri-Flower Frond
Flowers of the Triskelion

In the midst of a steamy rain forest there is a sort of labyrinth constructed of white stone and surrounded by a small lake of still water. The labyrinth is actually in the form of a triskelion. It has three entrances, tall, narrow doors of polished white wood at each foot of the triskelion. The walls, inside and outside, are scupulously clean.

At the center of the triskelion, where the three passages meet, there is a shrine built to honor Tricrucia, the goddess of forked passages. Tricrucia appears as a woman with three arms and three legs. In one of her hands she holds a military fork. This particular state, carved from the same white stone as the labyrinth, stands in the middle of a patch of three tri-flower fronds. Although obscured by the dangerous foliage, one of the idol's feet rests upon a golden sphere. The sphere cannot be removed without damaging it, leaving it worth about 50 gp. Those who do not molest the sphere, and instead place their foreheads against it while whispering a prayer to the strange goddess receive the equivalent of a *find the path* spell the next three times they come to an underground crossroads.

The pixies and sprites of the forest come to the shrine each day at midnight to clean the labyrinth, collect corpses (they are thrown into the lake for the fish) and their equipment (it is retained by the fairies as treasure) and tend the tri-flower fronds. The carnivorous plants regard the fairies as friends and do not harm them. If they discover the plants dead and the idol molested, they will hunt down the profaners and exact revenge.

Troblin
Eye of the Beholder

A small figure moves among the trees, being careful to stay just outside the flickering light of campfires. The creature barely four feet tall and wears a dark wool robe cloak that covers it from head to foot. The creature hides its face behind a delicate porcelain mask. The mask is expressionless, just a painted-on mouth set beneath two small holes for the creature's eyes. Fine curls of dark paint wend down the mask's cheeks like tears. The creature shuffles through the underbrush, dragging one leg miserably. One misshapen hand stretches forth, holding a bright red apple in a gloved hand. The other hand is palm up, expecting payment.

Errax Boneshiver, a misshapen troblin, is a lonely creature who just wants to make friends. Unfortunately, his deformities – the left side of his face is a mass of scar tissue, and he drags a useless third leg that extends backward from behind his right knee – mark him as an outcast. Errax lives in a small lean-to in the forest, where he tends a small apple orchard. The trees are hearty and produce bright red, delicious apples. Errax's secret? He mixes a little of his sweat and blood into a smelly fertilizer he sprays on the trees and their fruit each morning.

Unknown to Errax, the apples are mutating under his ministrations. Any PC eating one of the fruit must save or suffer a troblin mutation from the "special brew" used to fertilize the apples. A PC might grow a third arm over the next week, or suffer intense scarring after his next fight. Roll on the troblin mutation chart or create your own deformity to inflict on the unlucky PC.

Troll, Cave
Gold Was the Worst of It

You enter a chamber that measures 30 feet long and 15 feet wide, with a 10-foot high ceiling. The chamber is lined with reddish-brown bricks in a fishbone pattern. Every three feet, running down the length of the walls at chest height to a human are black ceramic disks. There are 12 disks in all, 6 on each wall, they are always set facing one another. The disks are flat and unadorned and measure about 2 feet in diameter. Set in the floor there is an iron hatch, the only exit from the room besides the entrance.

Coursing between each set of disks is what looks like a swarm of shadowy particles. Touching this stream of particles causes 1d4 points of damage and causes the body part to throb - throbbing hands cannot hold anything for 1 hour, while a throbbing foot reduces a person's movement rate by half for one hour. Mirrors do not reflect the particles and nothing short of lead blocks them at all. If damaged (AC 1 [18], 45 hp) or blocked by lead (see below), the particle stream ceases and a cave troll appears in its place. The trolls fight until killed, disappearing into the flow of particles if it flow is returned to normal.

If the iron hatch is opened, the shadow particles immediately change direction, running from the disks (on both sides) and into the revealed shaft. Each stream that hits a person causes damage as described above. The shaft leads into a small chamber (10 feet wide and long, 7 feet tall) that contains another black disk, this one floating in mid-air and spinning like a coin. If touched and any particle flows are still active above, the person immediately disappears and replaces one of the cave trolls in the particle flow, the troll appearing in the chamber with the floating disk. If no flows continue, the disk throbs with shadowy energy, causing the damage described above each round one is in the room with it. If destroyed, the release of energy causes 4d4 points of damage to all in the room and causes all metal in the room to change to gold.

Troll, Flame-Spawned
Troll God

A 15-foot-diameter ball of fire dominates this area. It appears as if a fireball spell failed to detonate and remains in a permanent suspended state. The fireball produces heat and damage if touched but does not explode. It remains in the room and never burns out.

A group of trolls have adopted this as a holy site and worship at the fire. The trolls bring regular sacrifices to the fireball and have even made up an elaborate (for a troll) religion based on the fireball. They have built a "safety wall" of bones to signify the danger area. The ball of fire conceals Gulumpus, a flame-spawned troll who is the self-proclaimed troll god.

Long ago, the misfired spell transformed Gulumpus into his current state. Since then, Gulumpus rules this small clan with fear and brute force. Normally, 2d4 trolls tend to Gulumpuses' needs. The center of the fireball holds a molten pool of miscellaneous coins given to the troll god. The mound of slag is worth 7,000 gp if cooled and the metals separated. It weighs 300 pounds and has a mixture of iron and other metals infused within the mass.

Troll, Ice
Sorceress on Ice

Your adventures take you into a cave of ice. The cave measures 30 feet wide and 40 feet long with a ceiling 20 feet high in the center. The walls and ice pillars in the room are faceted and are as reflective as mirrors. The cave is inhabited by a band of 1d4+2 ice trolls. The cave is very unstable, and loud noises or shocks (such as from fireballs or lightning bolts) have a 1 in 6 chance of causing giant icicles to fall from the ceiling. Each round the icecicles fall, roll an attack against each creature in the cavern as though from a 3 HD monster. A successful hit indicated 1d6 points of damage.

A small tunnel, for all intents and purposes a secret passage due to the reflective nature of its surroundings, leads to a deeper ice cave. This ice cave holds the frozen corpse of a sorceress wrapped in an ermine cloak and wearing a crimson dress and fur-lined boots. The corpse's face is twisted in a look of hopelessness. There is a 1 in 6 chance the corpse's spirit still haunts the chamber as a spectre. In her frozen hand there is a silver flute. When blown, the flute summons a murder of ravens from mid-air. The ravens remain for 10 rounds before disappearing.

Troll, Rock
Tuscadero Hideaway

A gang of 1d3+1 rock trolls has made a camp for itself in a large cavern with walls that appear to drip with fresh blood. The "blood" is actually a harmless organism related to green slime. Although slightly acidic, the slime feeds only on bacteria plucked from the air or from the surface of the damp stone.

The trolls have a few palettes of soiled furs and pelts and a treasure of 3,400 sp and 700 gp tucked underneath them. Although most of the beasts fight with sticks and stones, the largest owns a *+1 halberd* taken from an errant knight.

On the far eastern end of the cavern, there is a steep slope that leads to a sandy cavern filled with cracked and splintered bones. This cavern is inhabited by an undead ooze. Beyond this cavern there is an old hiding place once used by a notorious band of halfling highwaymen called the Tuscaderos. The halflings constructed a secret entrance that leads into a small, tunnel-like passage. They once hung their equipment and bags of treasure from hooks on the walls of the tunnel, which is about 30 feet long and runs at a slight curve. The only treasure yet remaining in the tunnel is a silver hip flask holding a very potent sleeping potion (imbiber sleeps a minimum of 24 hours and has strange nightmares the entire time, nightmares he believes are prophetic).

Troll, Swamp
Troblin Feast

In the midst of a deep marsh of cool, black water, white and yellow water lillies and cattails there is a ruin of narrow raised walks constructed of black, porous stone. These stone walkways are crumbling in spots and seem to lead to a central platform marked by a dozen basalt pillars in various states of decay. On the night of each new moon, a gang of 1d4+4 swamp trolls gathers at this place for a gruesome feast.

The central platform is actually a pit carved from a single piece of basalt, and thus fairly water tight (though it is covered with a sheen of water, various mosses and lichens and the odd jelly or ooze. The pit is about 10 feet deep and 40 feet in diameter, with gently sloping walls.

At each new moon, the trolls of the swamp gather here with dozens of troblin captives taken in the surrounding marshes and hills. The troblins are kept in crude wooden cages, which are piled in the middle of the pit. At the proper moment, one swamp troll releases the troblins, who quickly try to scurry away. The gathered swamp trolls waste no time in

falling upon the creatures, tearing away their limbs and wolfing them down. The horribly injured creatures are allowed to writhe about in pain, still desperately trying to escape. Those that escape into the swamp are granted their freedom. Those that do not, but still live, are re-caged and kept for the next midnight feast.

Troll, Two-Headed
Troll Blood Soup

A deep pit in a dungeon is occupied by a two-headed troll. The pit is 20 feet in diameter and the ceiling is 30 feet high. The pit is entered via two tunnels set about 10 feet above the floor of the pit. The troll's leg is chained to the floor by a thick, iron chain. Four shadowy alcoves are set into the walls about 15 feet above the floor of the pit, two on either side of the entrance/exit tunnels.

The troll is in bad shape, currently possessing about 15 hit points. Creatures hidden in the alcoves are casting iron darts at the two-headed troll, making sure they do not kill the beast. The troll's ichor runs onto the floor and into little channels, then drains and then into a cauldron a level below. This blood is collected by four shamans and used in their magic.

In each alcove there is a shaman of the underworld tribes - an orc, a hobgoblin, a bugbear and a goblin. Each alcove holds a secret door to a spiral stair that leads into the cauldron chamber about 10 feet below. Each shaman is accompanied by a single bodyguard with +2 HD and five normal members of their tribes in the cauldron chamber. From the cauldron chamber there are passages that lead into the remainder of the dungeon.

Tsathar
It's Not Easy Being Green

A pack of 1d6+4 tsathar is holed up in a tower of white chalk set in the middle of a noisy swamp. The tower is 15 feet in diameter and 20 feet tall. The chaotic frog men are accompanied by 1d4+1 tsathar scourges and a clutch of 1d4+1 giant frogs. The frog men were dispatched from their clanhold to see to this building, a shrine to their demon god Tsathogga. The shrine has three round doors set about 10 feet above the surface of the mucky swamp and are barred with bronze bars.

The tower is currently under siege by a swarm of 1d10+10 giant wasps. The wasps were spurred into action by a quasit in service to another demon prince. The frog men are running out of food and are getting nervous about the scourges' ability to control their giant frogs.

The idol in the shrine is a copper idol covered in verdigris and set with dozens of moss agates (worth about 500 gp in total). The idol is surrounded by four stone pots filled with everlasting fires under piles of red hot river stones. These pots are used to create a ritual steam bath, a recreation not currently being enjoyed by the beleaguered tsathar.

Tumblespark
Spark of Attraction

This 50-foot-diameter circular chamber is built from black stone blocks fitted perfectly atop one another to create smooth outer walls. Set flush into the walls are 16 portals. Two opposite one another lead out of the room. The rest are filled with smooth black stone that glistens like a starless night sky.

In the center of the room is a burnished copper column rising from floor to ceiling. Elaborate sigils are carved down the column. At waist height, sixteen graphite buttons inlaid with silver patterns ring the metal. Each button corresponds to the door it faces.

When a button is pressed, the copper hums and a noticeable vibration fills the room. Sparks of lightning dance over the metal surface. The selected door opens two rounds later, the black stone sluicing away into nothingness to leave a black spongy void. The doors lead wherever the Game Referee wishes.

Pushing a button has a 1 in 6 chance of releasing a tumblespark into the chamber. The tumbling ball of energy is drawn by the energy created in the copper column and arrives fully charged and agitated. Each successive button raises the chance of an encounter by 1, so pressing three buttons in a row means a 3 in 6 chance of a tumblespark arriving.

Tunnel Worm
Prime or Tunnel

In a secret glade in a trackless forest there are two golden pillars standing about 7 feet tall and 3 feet apart. The top of each pillar is concave. Scattered around the shady clearing are nine stones, each bearing a number from one to nine.

The golden pillars are a planar portal that is activated by placing stones atop both pillars. If the double digit number is prime, the portal is activated, with each prime number keyed to a different plane (Referees should tie the numbers to the planes he or she is using in their campaign). If a non-prime number is placed on the pillars, the portal activates and 1d4+1 tunnel worms pour into the glade.

Scratched into the ground before the pillars is "135", a clue to the mathematical logic involved in the portal.

Turtle, Giant Bog
Slow Chase

The raft-city of Twain's Landing lives an idyllic existence on a redwood raft that supports wood-and-stone buildings housing nearly 300 people. Many of the residents are born and die on the raft without ever setting foot on dry land. The city floats around the Sin Mire's swampy waters. A giant movable series of paddlewheels in the center of the raft-city let it when it needs to, and giant rudders mounted on each edge of the massive square platform direct the raft's path. A line of giant turtle shells tethered to the city bob along in its wake.

The villagers trap the 20-foot giant turtles for food, and set the shells out as bait to attract more of the creatures. The plan worked a little too perfectly; a monstrous 50-foot snapping turtle now follows the village, forcing the city to keep moving to stay ahead of the beast. The lovelorn creature is big enough to capsize the floating city if it gets close enough.

Turtle-Shark
What Evil Beast Slouches Forth?

The rainy season has struck, six days and nights of water pouring out of the skies in buckets to drench the earth and anyone caught out in it. The trees and grasses are thriving, but the ground is a muddy mess that sinks beneath the boots of anyone slogging through it. Movement is halved in the sticking morass, and it's hard to see more than a few feet through the driving rain. Villagers are hunkering down indoors, only going out when they have to.

They may have to move soon, as a large turtle-shark is using the rain to move overland. It is wreaking havoc on everything in its cross-country trek, seeking food wherever it goes. A herd of cattle weathering under a grove of mangroves was the first victims, and most were sliced in half and eaten before they could shamble away. The turtle-shark decided to follow the mooing meat and its path is leading it directly into the small village of Fen-Krall.

Twilight Mushrooms
Shortcut to the End of the Line

A slope of nearly bare stone sits in the midst of an otherwise verdant wood. Water seeps from cracks in the slope's face, indicating that a natural spring is located beneath it. This has made the slope slick with greenish slime (but not "green slime") and has furthermore covered it with 1d4 patches of 1d4+6 twilight mushrooms. The bloated remains of two young halflings lie at the bottom of the slope. The pair apparently stopped to investigate the mushrooms and were overcome by their noxious spores. The halfling bodies have not been touched, for the woodland is rife with game and the predators have learned to avoid the twilight mushrooms. Each halfling is dressed in green suits and leather cloaks. They both carry slings and daggers, and one has a leather sack filled with cuttings and safe mushrooms.

Ubue
Down by the Sea

Down by the shores of a frothy, beryl sea there is a village of squat, brick houses that look like bulging pumpkins. The village is inhabited by about 50 whalers and their families and would be unremarkable save for the tower that casts its shadow over the village. The tower is a temple dedicated to the sea god Proteus.

The tower is constructed of highly polished sea green stone and rises to a point. The tower stands 90 feet tall and is 30 feet in diameter. The walls are (apparently) 10 feet thick, leaving a 10-ft wide space in between them that is taken up by a long, spiral staircase. The stairs lead to a chamber in the conical top of the tower. This chamber holds several spiral horns taken from narwhals and lashed together into a roughly humanoid shape. When whalers are about to go out to sea, their captains climb these stairs, lighting candles at various alcoves set into the walls and making sure to bow at several extra-wide steps to avoid the hook-like blades that spring out from the ceiling.

The walls of the tower are not, in fact, solid. They contain a second set of spiral stairs that allow a clan of 3d10 ubue to follow the progress of people climbing the stairs. A number of secret doors that can only be opened from the secret stairs allow them to enter the main stairs and take away intruders that have been felled by the traps or who threaten the idol at the top of the tower.

The ubue dwell in a secret grotto beneath the tower. The grotto consists of a main living chamber and three smaller chambers. One of the smaller chambers is inhabited by the ubue chief, his rather ferocious wife and three noisy children. Another chamber is used as a dungeon/storage chamber. The ubue block it with a crude wooden gate fastened with a lock and chain. The final chamber is home to a phasm, a creature the ubues believe is the god Proteus himself. The phasm's chamber contains the ubue's chamber, 1d3 x 1,000 sp, 1d6 x 1,000 gp and a piece of skrimshaw worth 10 gp.

Vampire Rose
Would Still Prick You With Its Thorns

The wealthy coastal kingdom you have entered is in a terrible state. The princess has been cast into a eternal, deathless sleep by pricking her finger on a deep crimson rose, the origin of which is unknown. A number of scholars and alchemists have been consulted, but none can find a cure. Archmages, enchantresses and wizards have been sent for, but none have yet arrived.

Adventurers who wish to try their hand at solving the problem will find a clue when they first step out of the city walls. An old woman carying a basket approaches them on the road. The basket is full of bouquets of deep crimson roses with thorny stems. If questioned about them, she reveals that they are to be found deep in the forest.

The old woman is an annis hag who disappears as soon as she answers the question. Naturally, the entire set up is a trap to lure worthies into the woods to be killed, their souls harvested for her demonic master. The black annis lives in a crumbling cottage surrounded by a patch of 1d3+1 vampiric roses. The annis hag keeps a treasure of 2d8 x 100 gp and a jargoon worth 15 gp in the cottage under the floorboards.

Vapor Rat
Rats on a Sinking Ship

A three-masted galleon sits broken across the Slister Reef, its central mast splintered at the deck and canted against the forward sail. A ragged hole at the waterline shows where sharp coral sliced open the wood. The ship sits atop the coral reef, but won't sail until repairs are made.

The hold is filled with the galleon's last cargo: a few tons of grain molded beyond use. Bits of string, a silver serving dish, a gold-braided sash and a handful of various coins (worth 120 gp total) sit atop the moldy grain. A colony of 3d6 vapor rats lives in the rotting grain.

Vapor Wasp
Smoke and Stings

A bloated body lies on the ground beside a fallen tree in the Kajaani Forest, the man's features and hands puffed up beyond recognition. His skin is beet red and his clothes stretched so tightly on his body that his corpse looks like an overstuffed sausage. A canister emitting a stream of smoke sits beside the man, gray wisps rising into the still air. Hanging from his belt are a small axe, a wedge and a length of coiled rope.

A nest of vapor wasps lives in an underground nest nearby, and the man had the foolhardy idea of smoking the creatures out so he could chop down timber to repair his home. He had no idea the creatures were anything other than normal wasps, and assumed his "smoke 'em out" strategy would work this time as well. The man merely angered the vaporous creatures, which swarmed out and stung him to death. The insects are still extremely riled up, and anyone approaching the body is bombarded by 3d8 vapor wasps.

Vegepygmy
Brass Tubes and Glass Prisms

Via a secret passage in a dungeon one might come upon an underground vault inhabited by a tribe of vegepygmies. The tribe consists of 3d10 x 10 vegepygmies (1 HD), 2d4 guards (2 HD), 2d4 bodyguards (3 HD), one subchief (4 HD) per fifty vegepygmies and a single 6 HD chief. The vegepygmies also keep 1d4 patches of russet mold, 1d3 shriekers and 1d20+4 thornies as guard animals.

The vault of the vegpygmies is about 1 mile wide and 2 miles long, with a ceiling that rises as high as 300 feet. The vault has numerous ledges and side caverns, all lit with a greenish light that emanates from a deep pit in the center of the vault. The pit is 30 feet deep and contains a glowing orb of glassy metal. The tribe's patches of russet mold grow on the sides of this pit. Captives of the vegepygmies are thrown into this pit.

Although the vegepygmies live as primitives, making weapons from flint deposits in their vault, they possess a wondrous library that was clearly handed down from a more advanced people. The library is located in a long tunnel that spurs from the main vault. The library consists of a number of brass tubes. Inside each tube there is a glass prism. When a prism is held up to the light and one looks in the end, a stream of strange glyphs seems to rush at the eye. Those who understand these glyphs can read these prisms as though they were books. Several of the prisms are alchemical reference tomes, and one is the spellbook of a 6th level alien magic-user.

Vilstrak (Tunnel Thug)
Angry Spirits of the Mountains

A band of 2d8+4 vilstraks has taken up residence in a mountain pass. The resident barbarians of the mountains call them the spirits of the mountains and consider the pass to be taboo, attacking any who would venture into the pass and "anger the spirits". Adventurers have a 5 in 6 chance of encountering a band of resident barbarians including 1d10+10 berserkers, accompanied by a shaman (cleric or druid of 3rd to 7th level) wearing dozens of strings of cave bear fangs around their necks, ankles and wrists.

Three winters ago, a caravan carrying various parts needed to construct an iron golem was sacked by the vilstraks, who scattered the parts around their pass. The bodies of the victims were left to rot, and successive snows and icy winds have preserved the corpses in a macabre rictus. One of the corpses wears chainmail and carries a *+1 shield* emblazoned with the image of a white lily.

The vilstraks dwell in caverns beneath the pass, caverns that can be reached via a small cavern, big enough for a halfling, located about 300 feet up the side of one of the mountains that flanks the pass. The actual lair of the vilstraks measures about 20 feet in diameter, with a 10-foot high ceiling. It contains a treasure of 1d6 x 100 cp, 2d8 x 100 sp, 2d12 x 10 gp an orichalcum necklace (worth 2d8 x 10 gp) and an obsidian sphere worth 1d12 x 10 gp.

Volt (Bolt Wurm)
Take Their Joules

A long, seemingly endless tunnel underground is traversed by swarm after swarm of 1d10+10 volts riding fierce, electrically charged winds. The schools of volts originate from a sparkling portal located about 60 feet down the tunnel and then re-enter a second portal 60 feet further up the tunnel. These portals lead to the borderlands between the elemental planes of air and water, which manifests as an eternally stormy sky.

The volts are dangerous enough that adventurers might wish to avoid the tunnel, but the portals also block further progress into the dungeon. Each portal is ringed in a collar of silver measuring 10 feet in diameter and 6 inches wide. Each of these collars weighs about 1 ton, and is thus worth 2,000 gp if it could be removed from the stone and transported out of the dungeon. The only way to switch off the portals is to link them with a conductive metal. Just touching a portal delivers 3d6 electrical shock damage (save to avoid bursting into flame, suffering 1d6 points of damage per round and possibly losing flammable objects).

Vorin
The Cistern Dweller

The floor of this 20-foot-square dungeon room contains five 5-foot-diameter pits filled with stagnant water. Each pit is surrounded by a 1-foot-high raised lip of bricks. Water pools on the stone floor in wide puddles. Each water-filled pit goes straight down for 20 feet where it opens into an underground cistern. Sitting next to each pit are a number of buckets. The buckets are useless, the wooden slats burned and blackened.

A vorin lives inside the cistern, and rises out to attack anyone disturbing the water. The creature leaps from pit to pit around the room to target creatures trying to get away from it. The pits form an X on the floor and allow the vorin to reach every corner of the room.

The water is contaminated by the vorin's poisonous bile, and kills anything that drinks it (save avoids).

Vulchling
Mad Scientists Associates

The craggy landscape the adventurers have wandered into is dominated by a stronghold of leaden gray bricks and latten doors. The stronghold is a tower keep, triangular in shape with three tall, slim towers with conical roofs missing some of their roof tiles. Perched on the battlements above is a flock of 1d8+8 vulchlings, the associates of the resident mad scientist (a magic-user of 9th level).

The stronghold has a few windows located about 20 feet above the ground. A wide staircase leads up to the front door, which in turn leads into a barren hall. Staircases from the hall lead to the towers (themselves leading to the upper floors of the keep) and doors lead into a kitchen and study. The study is equipped with a number of scholarly tomes (including a portion of a *manual of flesh golem creation*).

A secret passage in the study grants access to the laboratory in the cellar, a laboratory containing workbenches stained with acid, a stone slab embedded with manacles and a copper cabinet containing vials of bodily humors, jars containing preserved organs, etc.

The floor of the laboratory has several iron grates set into it, each leading to a small, 6-foot by 6-foot cell inhabited by 1d4+1 zombies.

The mad scientist's chambers contain a lead coffer (poison needle in the lock) of treasure: 1d4 x 100 sp, 1d4 x 10 gp, 1d6 x 100 pp, 1d12 pounds of frankincense (worth 150 gp per pound), a slab of malachite and white marble squares (a chess board) worth 1d6 x 10 gp and the magic-user's spellbooks.

Wang Liang
The Wang Liang Clan

A mountain cave opens onto an infernal spectacle. Red rocks coated with oil burn brightly, filling the cave with a thick pall of smoke. Demonic faces painted in ash and soot decorate the walls, and bloody strips of flesh hang from twine strung across the room. A giant statue of a demonic figure reclines against the far wall, its razor-taloned hands holding a glowing black orb. Its eye glow with a furious red light.

Surrounding the statue are six humanoids wearing heavy woolen robes completely hiding their features. These same figures have been visiting towns and villages in the guise of traveling minstrels, and always leave shortly before tragedy strikes. A bounty of 200 gp has been placed on these traveling monks' heads for their capture, but no one has had any luck bringing them to justice. The "monks" are neither monks nor even human and have no intention of going quietly.

This group of 6 wang liangs wants to incite chaos in the Hollow Spire Mountains. The creatures hide their features unless confronted, at which time they whip off their robes and attack with their poisonous claws.

The black globe in the statue's hands is a gate to Hell that activates if touched. The ball of swirling darkness expands with a tortured shriek to swallow the person touching the orb. Screams fill the cave as the globe shrinks back to its normal size. The wang liangs try to force PCs near the orb.

Weird, Blood
In Cold Blood

This icy chamber sits deep within the twisting ice caverns of the Wailing Glacier. The room is roughly 100 feet wide and long, and the jagged ice ceiling soars 60 feet overhead. Water droplets fall in a steady beat from the melting roof, the drops plunking into the frozen surface of a 60-foot-wide circular pool contained by a three-foot-tall shimmering wall of clear, diamond-hard ice. An inch-thick ice layer on the surface of the pool covers three feet of blood swirling within the basin. The air smells of copper.

Three skeletons waving short swords are frozen in place from their waists down in the bloody basin. Icy fingers of frost climb among their bones and hold them fast in the pool. They wave their weapons menacingly, but cannot escape the ice.

The true threat is a pack of 4 blood weirds that live in the frigid pool of blood. The creatures punch through the ice easily to get at creatures outside the basin.

Weird, Fungus
The Forest Altar

A hill rises in the middle of the deep woods. Vines of yellow ivy and brilliant red dahlias prosper on the rise as it climbs nearly 30 feet above the forest floor. A 20-foot-wide dirt swath surrounds the hill, cutting it off from the rest of the forest. Plants grow thick on the hill, rising to about waist height. Atop the hill, a small golden altar gleams in the sunlight.

The altar is all that remains of a forest cult that met under the full moon each month. It is carved from stone and covered in flaking gold leaf. PCs searching the hillside find broken and bent bones scattered throughout the undergrowth. The bleached skeletal remains include human skulls, crushed femurs and splintered thigh bones.

A fungus weird is trapped on the hill and survives on the travelers who unwittingly stumble into its lair. The fungus weird was summoned by the cultists who barely managed to trap the creature from getting loose into the rest of the forest. Enchantments cast on the bare strip of earth around the hill stops the weird from escaping into the forest.

Weird, Lava
To the Hilt

The corridor opens into a smithy's dream, with a river of lava flowing through a channel in the stone-cut floor. The air is thick with soot and noxious gases, and smoke hangs like dark clouds against the 30-foot-high ceiling. A stone bridge crosses the lava flow where a basalt anvil sits on a 20-foot-tall platform. Ash-covered steps rise around the platform, although no railing protects climbers from falling into the lava flow. A set of glowing metal tongs and a sword hilt sit on the anvil.

A lava weird lives in the lava flow, and is tasked with keeping intruders from reaching the anvil. The weird is nearly 30 feet long and rises out of the magma if PCs climb the stairs. The lava weird can reach anyone on the platform or stairs.

The hilt sitting on the anvil is white-hot, although it appears normal. Anyone touching it takes 2d6 points of damage (save for half) from the burning metal. The tongs are cool to the touch, but are coated with a gluey substance that sticks to flesh (1d6 points of damage to pull the tongs free). The hilt can be dipped into any normal fire to create a flaming blade for 2d4 rounds that does 2d6 points of damage.

Weird, Lightning
Its Alive!

Miredown Keep sits on a lonely promontory jutting out over the Sagarran Sea. Lightning dances in the dark clouds roiling around the peaks, and ball lightning dances along the rooflines of the once-proud structure. The majority of the castle's floors are just shadows of the place's former glory, but the dungeon laboratory is still alarmingly clean and well-maintained.

A slab of metal swings in the center of the room from long gleaming metal chains that run to a door set in the ceiling. Winches and pulleys line the room's walls, and four 10-foot-tall metal spikes ringed by ceramic plates stand in the chamber. The ceramic plates are decorated with indecipherable sigils. Lightning sparks and cracks along the tips of each metal spike. Standing in the corners of the room are two 9-foot-tall flesh golems, each fitted with a metal-studded collar. Two-foot-long metal spikes jut from their sewn flesh.

The flesh golems defend the apparatuses scattered around the room, while the metal spikes hum with electricity. In 1d4 rounds, the spikes harness enough electrical energy from the outside air to create a ring of electricity 10 feet off the floor. The lightning arcs and cracks, and jumps from the metal posts to the spikes sticking out of the flesh golems. The golems heal 2d8 points of damage each round from the electrical bursts. Any PC caught in a lightning stream takes 4d6 points of damage.

Four rounds after the lightning ring ignites, a rift opens above the metal slab and draws a lightning weird into the room. The lightning weird's arrival instantly short-circuits the current, shutting down the lightning show in the room (and removing the healing current arcing to the flesh golems). The lightning weird leaps from metal spike to metal spike as it arcs about the room in a burst of radiant blue fire. It can also jump to a flesh golem to heal it for 1d6 points of damage each round it maintains contact.

Well Lurker
All's Well

The grounds of Brull Keep are littered with the broken stones of four collapsed towers. The central complex is nothing but broken walls. The dungeons beneath the once-grand keep are inaccessible unless tons of stone blocks are carefully removed.

Sitting in the middle of the destruction, like an oasis in the middle of the deadliest desert, is a small green rectangle of verdant grasses and daisies. Miniature apple trees grow in small copses, and a small stone well sits nearby. A garden of vegetables grows naturally in the middle of the rubble.

This small paradise used to be the keep's central courtyard and was used to grow fruits and vegetables. When the building fell during a requiem beetle's assault, the central courtyard survived. Now, it serves as a resting spot for travelers and others looking for riches in the keep's abandoned dungeons. A well lurker also uses the spot as its hunting grounds, hiding in plain sight in the middle of the high grasses as it waits for prey. The lurker assumes the shape of the small stone well nestled among the apple trees.

Widow Creeper
The Patient Widow

Bodies litter the Tanglethorn Thicket. Two satyrs lie in a clump of thick grass, their flesh ashen and cheeks sunken. A human traveler slumps against a fir tree, his lifeless body wan and pale. His green cloak is slashed and torn. His horse lies dead on its side, still tied to a tree. A covered wagon is overturned nearby, its large wheels broken and yanked off the axle. Gouges mar the wooden transport's sides, undercarriage and roof.

Inside the wagon is a wizened old woman named Hertha Oxley and her granddaughter, Beatrice. The pair were sleeping when the wagon was roughly overturned as Beatrice's father screamed from outside where he stood watch. They've been trapped for three days, although an abundance of baked goods and rainwater has sustained them. They didn't see what overturned the wagon, but the old woman proclaims it to be "vampire from the old country" chasing her family. The lack of blood in and around the bodies seems to bear this out.

The family made the mistake of camping near a widow creeper's web. The giant spider-like creature overturned the wagon but couldn't get at the people inside. The creature now waits patiently for them to come out. The spider leaves its victims where they fall, each body drained of blood. PCs investigating the wagon hear the rustling of leaves in the tangled forest. PCs who try to find the source of the noise find the immense widow creeper waiting.

Wight, Barrow
Cold Heart

As one travels across the steppe, they may come across a strange embankment. Circular and 100 feet in diameter, the embankment rises about 4 feet. Just within the embankment there is a small ditch about 3 feet deep. The area inside the embankment is otherwise flat, save for a 9 foot high man-made hill in the center. The hill is 30 feet in diameter. It contains a barrow tomb holding the cremated remains of a neolithic king and his four wives, who were buried alive. Unlike the happily cremated king, the four wives have not rested peacefully. Their horrified spirits reanimated their corpses, turning them into barrow wights.

The queen's were tied with leather thongs (long since rotted away) and placed into small, stone coffins measuring about 3-ft x 3-ft and covered with stone lids. It is in these coffins that they await the arrival of tomb robbers, being fully capable of casting the lids from their resting places to surprise (on a 1-2 on 1d6) their prey. The king's ashes and bones are stored in a stone urn, along with his valuable burial objects. More mundane objects - stone knives, arrowheads, ancient pelts - litter the floor of the tomb. The entrance to the tomb points west and is completely obscured by earth. If the earth is cleared away (takes about 1 hour), one sees a short corridor lined with megaliths that have been painted with hunting scenes and depictions of the spirit world. At the end of this passageway is the tomb proper, sealed by another megalith weighing 3 tons.

The sealed tomb contains a sapphire worth 800 gp, two lapis lazuli worth 135 gp each, a terracotta cup worth 45 gp, 1d4 x 100 gp and 1d12 x 100 sp in the form of ring coinage.

Wight, Blood
Blood Drive

The rumble of a fast-moving wagon and galloping horses can be heard. From down the road comes a large stagecoach-type carriage that bounces out of control as a team of 6 horses flees in fear. Thin wisps of smoke trail from the carriage's closed windows. Blood drips from the doors and the undercarriage as the coach races past. The driver lies tangled in the ribbons as she dangles over the side of the driver's box. Garments stream from partially opened baggage compartments strapped to the back of the carriage.

The stagecoach continues on unless stopped. Within the coach is a blood wight. How or why it came to be in a stagecoach is up to the Game Referee. The bloody creatures may attempt to drag PCs into the coach or burst from the door once someone is close enough.

The driver clings to life after hours of being battered along the side of the coach. Within the coach are three passengers who drowned in blood from the monstrosity in their midst. PCs may feel the need to contact the next of kin. This information and more may be obtained from the remaining personal effects of the deceased. One possibility is that one of the passengers was a frail magic-user carrying vital information or a dangerous artifact to be delivered to a noble.

Willow Dusk
The Captive Willow

A magical doorway opens in the Cold Laurel Forest when the full moon rises above the trees. The shimmering portal flows like a watery curtain between two ancient pine trees and opens into a dimensional pocket where a willow dusk is trapped. The magic is weak after centuries containing the creature. The pull of the full moon now warps the energies and allows the deadly tree to escape. The tree is starving and charges through gate and into the hills in search of food.

The portal slices violently shut after three days, sealing the forest world away for another month – along with anyone trapped inside it. Woodland creatures can pass easily through the open gate, and forest animals frequently wander into the extradimensional world. Their bones litter the one-square-mile forest. Most of the animals are hunted and killed by the vicious willow dusk when it returns. If the willow dusk fails to get back through the portal before it closes, it withers and dies in the real world.

Wind Walker
An Ill Wind Blows

An otherwise unremarkable cave in a range of werewolf-haunted mountains leads to a storm giant's castle in the upper peaks. The cave is located on a rough slope blanketed by spruce. About a mile east of the cave there is a ruined castle of granite blocks and sweeping, gothic buttresses. The ruins are now the lair of a pack of 1d4+1 werewolves, the former lords of the area (and a persistent annoyance to the storm giants).

The cave itself has a wide mouth overgrown with lichens and liverworts, but with a well beaten path from the cave mouth to the valley below. Above the mouth of the cave a coat of arms has been carved into the stone and shows signs of once being painted. The arms depicted an eagle sable on a field gules flanked by a sun and moon proper.

The lower portions of the cave are inhabited by 1d3+2 cave bears. The cave bear lair is littered with cracked bones and a rusted shirt of mail. There are signs that the cave was once used as storage, perhaps by the lords of the ruined castle. A high gallery in the cave leads to tunnels that climb higher in the mountain. One of these tunnels leads into a subterranean fairyland of oreads lounging around a shrine of Elemental Earth consisting of a granite block bearing bas-reliefs of grotesque faces. Another tunnel leads up to a higher vault guarded by a gang of 1d3+1 wind walkers.

The wind walkers' vault contains a number of bronze poles that run from the ceiling to the floor, most of them placed at odd angles. The poles are places about 8 to 12 feet apart. The poles do not bother the wind walkers in the least, but they make fighting difficult for others (players can choose to accept a -2 penalty to their Armor Class or a -2 penalty "to hit"). The poles are not just an annoyance, but also a means of traveling to the upper plateau and the storm giants' castle. The poles are activated with electricity, with all those touching the pole while it is electrified being transported to the castle above.

Winter Bloom
To Die For

Prince Inferian IV is furious. He recently requested a very special courtship bouquet from Emil Hattan, a flower grower who specializes in rare blooms. The flowers were to be delivered before the arrival of his bride-to-be, Princess Marinal of the Northlanders. The Hattans haven't arrived yet with the special arrangement, and the prince is sure their negligence is going to jeopardize the fragile peace this planned marriage would bring. The Hattans have a small growing operation on the outskirts of Hullmay Valley, but the winter has made travel near impossible. The Northlanders sled dogs could be slowed by the drifts, however, so the prince is desperate to get the flowers.

The Hattans' growing shacks are three wooden buildings connected by three covered trenches. A cloyingly sweet scent of blossoming flowers drifts over the ice-covered lands around the shacks. Temperatures are controlled inside each building, with one a hothouse for desert flowers, a second for temperate climes, and the third kept barely above freezing. Inside the frost-filled greenhouse are the six frozen members of the Hattan family, each body writhing in unimaginable pain on the carpeted floor. Prince Inferian's special rush request caused the Hattans to cut a few corners – and they paid for it with their lives. Growing in the cold greenhouse are 10 winterblooms. The flowers killed the flower sellers with their spores and the cold froze their bodies. Fortunately, the Hattans finished the bouquet before the rest of the plants killed them. The arrangement sits on a table in the center of the living winterblooms.

Witch Grass
Bar Fight

Magic doesn't work right in Monk's Quarry. Spells cast go awry as the magical energies sputter and fail. Years ago a traveling gypsy cursed the village after an angry magic-user killed her son for messing around with the mage's trollop of a daughter. The mother's jinx didn't do much more than scare the locals. However, the seed pods and pollen on the gypsies' traveling wagons infested the village with a quick-growing, magic-consuming plant called witch grass.

The Magician's Wand is a two-story inn and tavern in the center of town that caters to the needs of dusty travelers and thirsty locals. The building is painted white and has a green sloping roof. The inn is run by a fussy old woman named Madame Pritta who has no magical abilities. Purple broad-leaf plants grow wildly about the building and throughout the rest of the town. The purple plants are witch grass and can be found all over town. The locals even pluck the strangely colored stems and roll them into cigars to smoke. The cigars give off a sweet-smelling, cloying smoke.

A gang of 12 greenskin orcs has been casing the tavern from the nearby Kriegh Forest for the past week. The orcs don't know about the town's curse, and believe powerful magical items must be stored within the Magician's Wand. The orcs are led by a brawny orc named Gredal who has jangling earrings in his floppy ears and wears an eye-patch made of cured dwarf skin. The orcs attack the inn head-on, charging through the tavern doors and leaping through the windows. The orcs don't rely on spells, but any cast by the PCs may go awry because of the abundant witch grass.

Witch Tree
Bewitched

The villagers of Mydwich have vanished, all 40 people simply gone as if they never existed. Footprints lead into the forest, where the muddy ground still shows they docilely walked into the willow trees that border the town. Homes sit vacant, fires are nothing but embers in the hearths, and meals sit rotting on wooden tables. A few stray dogs roam in and out of the homes.

A lascivious woman sits dressed in sheer silks sits atop the peak of one of the houses. She holds a willow branch in her hands, caressing the fronds lovingly. She seems deep in thought, but aware of PCs entering the village. A bag of willow branches and logs sits beside her on the steep roof.

Aubrien is a dryad protector of the willow trees around the village. She is an evil creature who delights in the misfortune of others and took revenge on the townsfolk for chopping down one of the willows under her care. She has been going from empty house to empty house collecting the remains of the tree.

Aubrien lured a witch tree to her grove, and the deadly tree – assisted by the dryad – lured the people of Mydwich into the plant's grasping tendrils. Crushed bones litter the ground about the witch tree's roots. The soil is a nutrient-rich mixture of dirt and blood, which Aubrien scoops up and uses to lovingly fertilize the other willows in her grove.

Witherstench
Irradiated and Irritated

A sandstone outcropping on the savannah holds a fantastic secret. The sandstone sits atop a layer of uranium ore, and the entire outcropping sits on top of granite bedrock. When inundated with groundwater, the uranium begins a chain reaction that produces fission.

The waves of energy given off by the natural nuclear reactor have twisted the surrounding flora and fauna. The plantlife is noticeably twisted and stunted, and strange animals are common in the area - tigerillas in copses of trees, owlephants on the savannah, cockatrices in the brush and a pack of 3d4 witherstenches living in a cave near the outcropping.

The skunk beasts are left alone by the other mutants of the savannah. More than a few magic-users have led expeditions to find the outcropping and study it, with more than a few of their retainers and bearers falling prey to the witherstench. Though the creatures have no use for the treasure, the bodies are dragged to their caves, which now contain 1d12 x 100 sp, 1d4 x 100 gp, a broken terracotta vase and packs containing about 12 weeks of iron rations (poisonous to eat).

Witherweed
Overgrown Mine

Ages ago, a clan of dwarves tunneled through a range of mountains, linking a high lake around which they had constructed their mansions to the lowlands, making it easier for them to bring their products to the human markets beyond.

The tunnel is about 30 feet wide with an arched ceiling 30 feet tall. It extends about 5 miles long and climbs a total of 800 feet from the bottom to the top. Throughout the route are a number of drops of up to 30 feet with pulley systems to move cargo and wide, spiral stairs to allow humans leading animals to pass. There are also a number of side tunnels leading to subterranean inns, storage areas, guard posts and shrines.

Alas, the days of caravans of sturdy mountain ponies moving fine dwarven crafts through the tunnel are long since over. An over-ambitious miner managed to connect his shaft to the lake, draining most of it into the underworld, but a portion flowed through the caravan tunnel, drowning hundreds of dwarves and making the high plateau quite uninhabitable. Many dwarves hung on for a century or two tapping out their mines, but most took the grim journey through the ruined tunnel into the human lands beyond as refugees.

The dwarf tunnel is now mostly inhabited by bats, rats and the scourge of witherweed, its vines clogging up stairwells and climbing the walls. More than a few adventurers have killed themselves trying to burn the stuff out of tunnels or stairwells. Perhaps there is an inn holding some forgotten treasure left by a merchant or adventurer. Maybe something unwholesome dwells in a forgotten shrine or one of the abandoned manors overlooking the dry lake bed.

Wizard's Shackle
Wait, What's on Your Neck?

The coasts of a lonely wilderness are home to a strange marsh, quite unlike any other. The coasts consist of a range of limestone mounts - terribly ancient and quite worn down. Weathering has left these hills looking worm eaten, with hundreds of caves joining the highlands to the shore. Over the centuries, these limestone caverns have really become more like a series of sodden shelves connected by natural arches and tunnels. The sodden, opened vaults are like tiny marshes connected via ground water and waterfalls, the fresh water eventually straining through the stone and reaching the sea.

All manner of fish, frogs, marsh birds and rodents live in these quiet, sheltered marshes. A tribe of 1d6 x 100 kobolds hunts the marshes, dwelling in small burrows and never appearing in groups larger than ten - the kobolds are all linked by blood, and females are swapped between family groups, but they otherwise distrust and despise one another.

The most interesting creature in these marshes is the wizard's shackle. Those traveling up or down the marshy shelves have a 1 in 6 chance of running into a swarm of 1d6+5 wizard's shackles each hour. The kobolds are canny enough to recognize when a magic-user has been drained of spells - they have a certain look in their eyes - and will wait for the feeding to be complete before they launch an ambush.

Wolf, Abyssal
Let Slip the Dogs

Partiers fill the Sable Manse for Midsummer's Feast, the women's flowing party gowns swirls of garish color on the marble dance floor beneath floating green paper globes burning with soft orange candlelight. The sultan Reysis II sits loftily on his pillowed throne, exhorting the dancers to grander sweeps and bows in his honor. For this night is all about him, a birthday party to end all parties, where the wine flows freely, the women are beautiful and the morning is a long ways off.

And it might just be the last party, as a stranger now walks through the lavish halls, his multicolored robe drinking in the revelry around him and reflecting it back a thousandfold. The tall stranger stands every inch of 7 feet tall and covers his features with a white porcelain mask decorated with sparkling gemstones. His eyes are afire with mirth at the pomp going on around him as he travels through each decorated hall, grabbing at the women and tasting every drop of fruity wine. Darnyl Bloog is a wanted man, and knows this could well be his last night to enjoy the pleasures of the land. So he's making the most of his last days by sneaking into Reysis' monthly celebration

Bloog isn't being sought by any law local enforcement. He's the half-son of a demonic matron of Hell, and he's heard the baying of the hounds of his mother's rival coming for him for the past week. But he's not going down without one last revel. It's just too bad that the Grand Hunting Hounds of Entrium have found him before the party's last dance. The 6 monstrous hounds, led by a reddish-colored abyssal wolf named Gnawbone, burst into the reception like the party crashers they are, intent on their prey … or anyone who gets in their way.

Wolf, Ghoul
Blight Below the Demon's Peak

In an alpine landscape there is a small village of herdsmen. Looking down on the village there is a crooked, snow-covered mountain called Demon's Peak. Located halfway between the mountain and the village there is a small shrine carved into the mountain and faced with red marble. The shrine was tended by a hermit and contained an ancient clay tablet inscribed with glyphs of power. These glyphs kept the terrible secrets of the mountain hidden until a band of raiders (or adventurers) forced their way into the shrine and absconded with the tablet.

One the tablet was removed, the foul energies inside the Demon's Peak let loose a contagion on the valley below. With the streams poisoned, the cattle died away and those people who did not flee the valley were struck with a debilitating disease approximating mummy rot. The people, now afraid to spread their contagion elsewhere, survive by gathering mushroom and roots from the meadows and woodlands in the valley. They all dwell in the parish house in the village, barring entry to others for fear of infecting them.

At night, a mob of 1d3+1 dire ghoul wolves and 2d4 ghoul wolves prowl the valley in search of victims.

Wolf, Shadow
Shadowy Red Herrings

A band of rat-faced assassins has taken up residence in the slimy, limestone catacombs beneath a tropical city-state. The assassins are led by an aggressive, cold-blooded magic-user with coffee-colored skin, green eyes and dark brown hair hidden beneath a white wig. Tall and pinched-faced, the man poses as a physician by day and runs his small guild at night.

The assassins have been hired by the local patriarch to bump off a rival theologian. They are currently exploring the catacombs for one that might allow them access to the theologian's townhouse. To cover their explorations, the magic-user has simmoned a pack of 1d8+4 shadow wolves. The wolves have been terrorizing the city-state at night and then hustling back into the catacombs by day to protect the assassins.

The physician/assassin works and lives in a gray, brick building with marble accents near the city hall. He keeps a coffer (locked, trapped with a poisoned needle) hidden in his wardrobe. The coffer contains 1d6 x 1,000 gp and a piece of rose quartz worth 1d10 x 100 gp.

Wolf-in-Sheep's-Clothing
Disturbing the Peace

On a long, forested island there are two villages. One belongs to a gangly race of men with reddish-brown skin and narrow, close-set eyes while the other belongs to a race of men with black skin, angular faces and cornflower blue eyes. The two peoples do not care for one another, and their respective rulers are convinced that the "others" wish to conquer the entire island.

The island is rich in tin, and a nearby kingdom, just across the straits, has an interest in keeping those mines open and productive. To this end, they have negotiated an unsteady peace and placed a small army on the island to maintain it.

The army consists of 20 crossbowmen, 50 pikemen and a squadron of 10 light horsemen. It is led by a stately old knight with dark brown skin, curly, reddish hair and walnut-colored eyes. The knight and his army occupy the heights at the center of the island. The heights are in a defensible position and nearby, in the middle of their camp, there is a fresh water spring. A single, well worn path connects the two villages and runs very near the camp. The knight has posted sentries on the road every night since the army took up residence, but in the past week they have been disappearing.

The villagers, of course, blame each other and tensions have grown particularly high. The actual culprit is a wolf-in-sheep's-clothing. It and its ancestors have dwelled on the forested island for centuries and, though they have taken a few villagers (probably the cause of the enmity between the villages) they mostly prey on the island's wolves, badgers and hawks.

Wolf-Spider
Rescue the Princess

There is a small native village over the next rise, beneath steep chalk cliffs pocked with small caves and home to a colony of brightly colored birds (or are they feathered reptiles) making a cacophony of shrieks and screeches. The villagers live on the shores of a placid lagoon of blue-green water so crystal clear it is like looking through a glass to the white sands below. Swimming in the lagoon are a shiver of five tiger sharks.

In the midst of the lagoon there is a weathered pillar of basalt - natural, and rising about seven feet above the surface of the lagoon. To long walkways lead out to the pillar from either shore. Standing on the pillar are two men, their ochre skin glistening in the noon sun. At a signal from a man in a feathered cloak and headdress on the shore, the men begin to wrestle. If the adventurers do not interfere, one of the men eventually is thrown into the water and torn limb from limb by the sharks. At this, a maiden on the shore gives out a terrible shriek. When the victor reaches the shore, he takes the woman by the wrist, gives the man in the feathered cloak a hard stare and heads for a cave in the cliffs.

The victor is under the control of a powerful witch doctor, and the witch doctor shall soon have his prize. Inside his subterranean lair he is preparing a ritual that will summon forth the demon queen of poisonous things from the Abyss, and all he lacked was a maiden of royal blood and a new moon. The maiden is now in his possession and the new moon comes tonight.

The witch doctor's lair is a collection of three caves, each larger than the first. The first cave is smallish and trapped with poisoned darts set off by

a tripwire. The second has smooth walls painted with images of horror. This is an echo chamber that magnifies every sound twenty fold (and triples sonic damage of any kind). The final chamber is the witch doctor's lair, which he shares with two large wolf-spiders, envoys of the demon queen. One is usually stationed above the entrance, the other by the witch doctor, allowing the old man to stroke its bristles and ruffle the fur on its neck. During the ritual, the controlled warrior is present and the maiden will be suspended over a beating human heart on the ground, the heart surrounded by silver powder tracing out a magic circle. When the ritual is completed, the demon queen's essence will flow up from the heart and into the maiden. In four rounds, the transformation is complete.

The chieftain (the man in the feathered cloak) is distraught over losing his daughter and the finest warrior in his tribe. He cannot help but believe there was trickery involved, and should he catch sight of the outsiders, he will beg for their help. His people know that the witch dcotor's caves are taboo, and they will not enter. In return he offers his daughter's hand in marriage and half of his kingdom.

Woodwose
Wood Woes

Dark clouds the color of a bruise fester over the dead forest, spitting jagged streaks of lightning that burst the decaying tree trunks in explosive blasts of brittle bark. Trees crash and fall with booms that echo loudly through the leafless oaks and elms. In the middle of a clearing, a dryad is strapped with coarse vines to two stout broken branches crossed into an 'X'. The dryad Idylia struggles weakly against her bonds. A line of salt forms a perfect circle around the woman. On the far side of the clearing, a crude lean-to of split branches and dead leaves sits against the gnarled wood of a dead elm. Vines draped over the single entry form a makeshift curtain.

This dead area in the Kajaani Forest used to be alive and beautiful under the protection of a dryad, but a vengeful woodwose changed all that. The angry forest creature captured the dryad and tortures the beautiful creature as the forest decays around her. The crude crucifix holding her is all that remains of her tree.

The woodwose lives in the lean-to, but often can be found capering through the dead trees. His bark-like skin lets him hide in plain sight among the dying trees simply by standing still. Idylia will last just a few more hours under the woodwose's ministrations.

Yellow Musk Creeper
Do Not Sniff the Yellow Flowers!

In the midst of a jungle there is a low depression with fairly steep, rocky sides covered with green vines of yellow and purple flowers. The vines extend into the depression and partially obscure a giant stone head with a demonic face. The stone head was carved for a stone golem that was never completed (or, for a more challenging encounter, a stone golem that was completed and activated and is now buried just under the surface of the depression.

The vines belong, of course, a yellow musk creeper. Its 1d6 yellow musk zombies are stationed in the jungle around the depression. It's not uncommon for a band of adventurers to be "herded" by the zombies into the depression and the waiting tendrils of their master.

The stone head contains a crystal matrix composed of a ruby, sapphire, emerald and diamond encased in a golden sphere. Each jewel is worth 1,000 gp and the gold sphere is worth 500 gp.

Yellowjacket, Giant
The Apple Orchard

The branches of a dozen blossoming apple trees hang low with ripe fruit. On the ground around the trunks, daisies, peonies and lilies grow rampant. Bloody chunks of meat are scattered among the flowers, the barely identifiable flesh sliced and diced into gory pieces. A goblin lies in the bushes, its head severed at the neck, and one leg missing entirely. Blood pools in thick puddles under the grasses. A massive 15-foot-long snake skeleton is wrapped around the upper branches of one of the apple trees. The orchard is the home of a nest of giant yellowjackets that drove the giant snake from its underground burrow and moved in. The snake was slaughtered in the tree where it crawled to escape, and its flesh used to feed the young yellowjackets. The yellowjackets live in the underground warrens, and send 12 warriors out to attack anyone wandering around the insects' food sources.

Yeti
Everyone Knows They Bounce

An ancient stone lamaserie is constructed on cliffs overlooking a sprawling village. The lamaserie and village are located on a high plateau inhabited by blue-furred tigers, takins, gazelles, cranes and snow chickens.

The villagers keep goats and yaks and grow fields of barley during their short growing season. The village is ruled by a brotherhood of 1d10+3 monks who dwell in a newer, smaller monastery within the village. The lama is a 6th level monk named Shamar, a stately, elderly gentleman with kind eyes and a sharp nose and chin.

The old lamaserie is a sprawling complex with tall walls that have, over hundreds of winters, developed deep cracks and partially tumbled to the bottom of the cliff. The lamaserie is two-stories tall and has an enclosed courtyard and a three-story stone watchtower. Stairs wind up the side of the cliffs connecting the lamaserie to the village. The stairs climb 60 feet and are often slick with ice or moisture.

The lamaserie is now inhabited by 1d6+3 yeti. They have made a few raids into the village and the monks are preparing a response, though they would much rather hire a band of adventurers to do it for them.

Zombie, Brine
Revenge Is a Dish Best Served Briny

Every year, dozens of ships laden with spices enter the ports along the jungle coast, dropping their cargo and picking up timber and exotic birds for the desert kingdoms across the sea. The prince of the coast is a generous man with those who serve him loyally, but he is merciless toward those he suspects of betrayal.

So it was, a month ago, that the *Kingfish* left the port with a load of ironwood and a bit of sabotage. It went down about 10 miles off shore and its crew has been walking along the bottom ever since to enact their revenge on the prince and his precious city.

On the night of a visit by a band of adventurers (such bad luck), 40 brine zombies will rise from the waters and do their best to destroy the city. Their first target is the local temple and the clerics. After that, they'll cut a road of red ruin through the village on their way to the palace.

Zombie, Corpsespun
The Spider Piñata

Four figures shamble through the thick webs filling this rocky cavern, their slow gait marking them as zombies even before the rotten meat stench of death betrays them. Thousands of spiders crawl across their bodies, and move in and out of their gaping wounds. Hanging in the center of the chamber is a giant spider, its body shriveled and its legs curling against its drooping abdomen. The spider is tangled in its webs and obviously dead. The corpsepun zombies have infested nearly every nook and cranny of the room with their spiders, and the dead spider is filled to bursting with the small arachnids. Anyone pushing the spider aside to get to the zombies causes the spider to burst like a piñata, showering the PCs with hundreds of venomous corpsepun spiders. Each PC within 10 feet is covered in 3d6 spiders that swarm over the victim as the zombies close in and attack.

Zombie, Juju
All-Seeing Eye of Mojango

The swamp holds many terrors and strangenesses, none more terrible than the All-Seeing Eye of Mojango. The eye is actually a sphere of smooth, black stone (unidentifiable, even by dwarves). It is placed in a tree top and gives off arcs of purple and gold light that have the ability to hypnotize the weak-minded. If touched, the sphere drains 1d4 levels (a saving throw is permitted to reduce this to 1 level). Those that have had levels drained by the sphere have their eyes turn purple and gain the ability to see in darkness for one month.

Many adventurers have come across the Eye, and its location in the swamp seems to change from sighting to sighting. Wherever the Eye appears, its "handmaidens" appear as well, a troupe of 1d4+1 juju zombies, past victims of the object.

Zombie, Spellgorged
Spell Bombs

A line of shambling 10 zombies wanders into Loodis, their shuffling gait slowed by a leather strap tied around their waists. The ropes link the undead to a skeletal kathlin walking behind them. A robed figure rides on the back of the six-legged horse.

Xun Marush is a 10th-level magic-user who controls the line of spellgorged zombies. He stores his spells in the undead. If outnumbered, Xun unhooks a zombie from the horse's saddle, and lets it shamble forward before he detonates it. Xun rides into towns and demands gold to leave. He detonates a number of the undead if he has to just to show his power.

Animals

Archerfish, Giant
One Fish, Two Fish, Big Fish . . . Bigger Fish

The canal city of Venexia is a marvel of engineering, with buildings built on hundreds of small islands. Arching stone bridges cross the canals that wind through the city. Open boats poled through the canals allow residents to get from landing to landing. Low railings along the canals are designed more for show than to keep people from falling into the waters. Landings scattered throughout the city allow the shallow rafts to dock and take on passengers.

People are scared to go near the water, however, and those who must use the boats do so quickly. Residents speak of the "killer fish" in the canals that spit water and then swallow people whole. Signs posted about the city offer a 10 gp reward per "killer fish" caught, with a crude drawing of the archerfish.

Twenty giant archerfish did indeed recently swim into the canal system, and the aggressive fish attack anyone standing along the canals or poling the boats that ply the waters. But the archerfish so far haven't killed anything besides a few pets that got too close to the water's edge. The real culprits are six sharks that followed the tasty archerfish treats into the canals. People knocked off boats and bridges by the archerfish end up splashing in the water, which draws the hungry sharks.

Axe Beak
Looking for a Nest Egg

Beneath an umbrella tree on a plain of yellowish grasses a female axe beak stands guard over her flock's egg pit. The dominant hen of the flock, she is highly aggressive in the defense of the 1d4+1 eggs buried in the pit, and enjoys a +1 bonus to hit and damage while fighting for them. Any aggressive action brings a chorus of honking that attracts the other 1d4+1 members of her flock. The local halflings have made the stealing of these eggs something of a cottage industry, and as a result the birds now attack small humanoids on sight and in preference to taller humanoids. One such halfling, a thief of little note, has been treed in the umbrella tree and is desperate for rescue. He claims he has a treasure map that he's quite willing to share if only the adventurers extract him from his predicament.

Barracuda
Battery or Barracuda

Just off the shore of a busy river port there is a popular tavern and inn called the *The Battery*. *The Battery* is composed of the remains of a small watch tower, with additions constructed of wood on a wooden platform held aloft by posts driven into the sea floor.

The Battery is run by a foul-mouthed old pirate the locals call Corvey (though few believe that he was ever a pirate). *The Battery* serves fortified wines, grog and dark, bitter ales, along with a wide variety of seafood. The cook (who people are positive has goblin blood flowing through her veins) makes a habit of tossing scraps out her window into the sea. This chum attracts schools of 1d6+5 barracudas (of whichever size you desire). Rumor has it that Corvey throws troublemakers to these barracuda, watching their struggles from a wicker chair set next to a bay window (and the rumors are true!)

Brontotherium
Crossing the Ice

Herds of wild brontotherium scatter before an ironbound warship being pulled slowly across the frozen tundra. The aged ship sits atop a crude wagon sled pulled by a team of domesticated brontotherium. Ogre handlers wrapped in furs walk alongside the massive beasts, leading them across the icy ground.

The Kintok ogre clan found the ship abandoned on a mountainside and is carting it toward the sea nearly 80 miles away. The centuries old warship remains stout and seaworthy. It is equipped with an operable catapult and several ballistae. Ogres walk the decks of the slow-moving vessel. A number of rocks sit on the deck, ready to be loaded into the catapults. Sharpened tree trunks serve as missiles for the ballistae.

Ogres riding brontotherium guard the warship on each side. Equipped with oversized lances, these ogres use the brontotherium's forked horns to guide the lances with uncanny precision.

Where the ogres found the ship and what they plan to do with it are unclear.

Caribe, Giant
In the Shadow of Truth

The head waters of a tropical river are home not only to river dolphins, an aquatic form of pseudodragon and crocodiles, but also schools of 5d6 giant caribes, the apex predator of the river. A number of barges move up and down the river, carrying supplies to the villages and market towns along the river and bringing back timber and tropical fruits.

Aside from the giant caribes, the most famous thing about the river is a tall, bronze post that rises about 15 feet above the surface of the water. Suspended from the top of the post by a chain is a gleaming morningstar. Folk tales tell of the time that the pillar rose from the water amidst a shower of multi-colored sparks. The locals believe it was set there by a devil as a temptation, and many have succumbed to the caribes trying to claim the prize.

The morningstar is a +1 weapon. Creatures hit with the morningstar must pass a saving throw or be shrouded in shadow - essentially making them appear to be a shadow and completely blinding them. The bearer of the morningstar gains the ability to see in the dark, but loses the ability to tell truth from deception. Whether the morningstar is the product of deviltry is unknown, but likely considering its powers.

Catfish, Electric
Old Sparky

Shouts for help shatter the still of the night. The screams lead PCs to the riverbank of the Quell River, where a glowing circle of light cast by a fisherman's lantern bobbles wildly as his small boat goes round and round in wide circles. The fisherman – an old salt named Grumby – holds on for dear life as the rowboat races through the water, pulled by something holding the rusty chain anchor.

A giant electric catfish is hooked on the other end of the anchor. It swallowed the spiked metal chain when Grumby tossed it overboard. The fish is swimming wildly in the 20-foot-deep river trying to dislodge the hook. Lightning flashes across the water as the angry fish sends jolts of electricity up the chain. Grumby pleads for help.

Chameleon, Giant
Wildebeest Buffet

The stench of rotting meat flows down the corridors leading into this rocky underground chamber. A dim ghostly light rises off the caps of giant iridescent mushrooms, glowing beacons in the gloom. Ten-foot-wide stone ledges rise throughout the 50-foot-high room. The buzz of flies is a discordant drone echoing from rock to rock. Lying in a furry tangle of rot in the center of the chamber are the remains of four wildebeests that descended into the cave and couldn't escape. Feasting on the carcasses are 4 giant flies, which largely ignore PCs unless they try to hone in on the wildebeest buffet. The flies stay in the center of the room, avoiding the walls. Lounging on three of the stone ledges, waiting to pick off any stray flies or PCs, are 3 giant chameleons.

Deer
Salt Lick Fool

A few miles away from a farming village there is a salt lick in the form of a cliff about 25 feet tall. The land slopes down gently from the salt lick and supports a number of pine trees and blueberries.

Herds of mule deer visit the rock regularly, and thus encounters with predators around the salt lick occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6. The villagers generally avoid the area, though they do stalk the trails that lead to it.

The prime attraction for humans is a strange statue nicknamed "the idiot". The statue sits atop the cliff, and looks like a rotund man with wild hair and a large smile on its face. It is said that one can climb to the top of the salt lick and whisper their plans into the statue's ear. If the plan is likely to fail, a small tear forms in the statue's eye and rolls down its cheek.

Dragonfish
Tread Carefully

It is an age old tradition that those who would petition the pasha must first walk the 500 steps to his throne through the black pool. "Black pool" in this case is not just a clever name, but an accurate description, for the 2-foot deep pool, lined in azure tiles, is ensorcelled with an impenetrable darkness. Though filled with water, at might just as well be filled with shadow. The pool is about five feet wide, and runs down the center of the pasha's throne room, itself clad in tiles of white marble and no fewer than 500 columns of porphyry with brass capitals depicting in miniature the 3,000 year history of the pasha's kingdom, starting with its foundation by a man raised by giant cockroaches on the banks of a dismal swamp and including its recent foray into a campaign of genocide against the orcs of the western hills.

While the walk is most often taken by visiting diplomats and noblemen seeking redress for wrongs done by other noblemen (all 400 of the kingdom's noblemen are either sons, cousins or nephews of the pasha, who is married to 45 wives), it is also walked by those condemned to die for such crimes as plundering tombs and other subterranean venues without holding legal charter. The pool is home to a single dragonfish, and should one manage to walk the length of the pool without stepping on the beast, they will often find their wishes granted by the pasha.

Eel, Electric
Eel Count

On the banks of a river that cuts through a rain forest, an unsuspecting band of adventurers might have the misfortune of running into a gang of trained red howler monkeys (see below). The monkeys have been trained

by a man who calls himself the River Count to steal from the travelers and caravans that travel along the banks of the river.

The River Count dwells in a ramshackle castle that stands on a small, rocky island in the middle of the wide river. The banks of the island are clogged with dwarf banana plants and the castle is alive with the sights and sounds of monkeys. The count "owns" about 20 of the red devils, treating them as his court and stashing away their ill-gotten goods in a locked, bronze chest hidden in the half-submerged cellar of the castle.

The cellar consists of two small rooms connected by a short tunnel with a low, arched ceiling. The entry chamber is filled with water up to about 2 feet. Shelves above the water hold molding foodstuffs and a few bottles of fine, sweet wine.

The bronze chest is kept in the second chamber, which is lower than the first and filled up to chest height with river water. One wall of the cellar has partially collapsed, letting in the river water and a pair of large electric eels (maximum hit points). The chest is kept in a high alcove and is retrieved by gangs of monkeys.

Eel, Giant Moray
Heart of Stone

On the banks of a tropical estuary a small tribe of hobgoblins, no more than 20 males and 30 to 40 females and children, works a network of salt pannes and pools, drying the salt into cubes and wrapping it in banana leaves for shipment to the larger tribes in the volcanic mountains located many miles inland.

While the hobgoblins do a bit of spear fishing, they never stray far into the estuary for fear of the school of 2d4 giant moray eels that dwell therein. The hobgoblins worship a granite idol, weathered and almost devoid of features, standing on a sandbar in the middle of the estuary - the distant god, they call him.

The hobgoblins make sacrifices to their god by directing strangers into the estuary or simply not warning them away. Any goods or survivors who come ashore are considered a blessing by the granite god and belong the hobgoblin's shaman (a large, warty male who cast spells as a 4th level cleric).

Eel, Gulper
From the Depths

A wide lake spreads out from the base of a slender stone tower rising into the sky. Lily pads drift lazily atop the azure water, blown about by a gentle breeze. Frogs croak a discordant tune along the edges of the nearly quarter-mile-wide lake. Bobbing lights flit beneath the surface like underwater fireflies.

The magic-user Isen Frong stocks his private lake with truly unique monstrosities. The lake is enchanted to duplicate pressures found nearly 3,000 feet underwater, to better accommodate deep-sea monsters rarely seen by those on land.

In the lake are a menagerie of humpback anglerfish, giant squid and Frong's prize possession: two gulper eels he personally traveled nearly 8,000 feet into the ocean depths to retrieve. The gulper eels are vicious monsters that leap from the water to snatch at creatures too near the shore. Anyone falling or jumping into the water feels the crushing weight of the deep ocean pressing in on them, like being hit by a mace on all sides at once, and suffers 2d6 points of damage per round while in the water.

Falcon, Giant
The River Wild

The Peregrin River is a deep, slow-moving waterway winding through the Granite Dive Cliffs. Tall cattails sway on the shallow banks leading to the brilliant blue waters, and salmon leap and splash. Tall pines overhang the water.

Stretching across the water is a thick hemp rope tied to one of the bigger pines. The rope sags across the 600-foot expanse of open water. A small ten-foot-wide square raft made of weathered logs sits in the water near the bank, with two ropes tied to its edges. The end of one is anchored to a nearby tree stump with a coil of rope lying on the ground. The second rope is tied to a tree stump on the other bank, the hemp strand floating on the surface of the river.

The raft is designed so one or two people at most can stand on it and pull themselves across the channel. The ropes attached to the raft allow it to be retrieved by others wanting to cross. Crossing is easy, as the river is slow-moving although it is nearly 60 feet deep at its center. The only real threat is a giant falcon that terrorizes travelers trying to cross. The bird of prey makes its aerie on one of the granite cliffs. It swoops down on PCs once they are halfway across the lake. It tries to pluck them off the raft and return to its mountain nest.

Fox
Fox Hunt

A party of 1d6+4 nobles in mail shirts and pointed helms is running down a fox. The nobles are being led by a huntsman, a wiry, olive-skinned man with strawberry blond hair and a cruel glint in his eye.

The nobles have been at it for some time. The woodlands they are coursing through belong to oldest of the noblemen, a terrifying man with a scarred face and raven hair that is turning white at the temples. His son looks like a younger, chubbier verson of him, with a kindly face and afable demeanor.

The son has paid a gang of 1d6+6 bandits to kill his father. The bandits are hiding in the woods and expect the son to lead his father into their ambush. It will only be too unfortunate if a band of adventurers were to stumble into the middle of the hunt or ambush.

Frog
When Frogs Attack

You find yourself in a large, bowl-shaped cavern lit by floating witch-lights. The cavern is about 60 feet in diameter and the ceiling is 40 feet overhead. The walls of the cavern are terraced and home to an astouding array of frogs. Their cacophony can be heard for miles underground, but as soon as people enter the cavern it ceases. The floor of the cavern is filled with a brownish-green ooze. A pedestal of rusting iron rises from the center of the ooze. Atop the pedestal there is an iron sculpture of a large frog, its eyes gleaming like rubies and its open mouth filled with a phosphorescent liquid. The terraces of the slime cavern are occupied by 3d6 poisonous giant frogs, a couple giant frogs, a single giant dire frog and 3d6 giant killer frogs. The frogs will not attack the adventurers - merely watch them in complete silence.

If one enters the slime, they find it initially ankle high and growing to knee high a few yards from the "shore". More importantly, as one enters the slime they will notice that the walls and seem to grow farther apart with each step the take toward the pedestal. Likewise, a yard of movement toward the pedestal seems to bring it no more than an inch closer.

When one finally reaches the iron pedestal, they will find the walls about 1,000 feet away and the pedestal now occupied by an abyssal dire frog sitting on an iron throne. If destroyed, the demonic frog will melt into a black slime and leave behind a ruby decanter filled with a glowing liquid that confers upon a person immunity to all energies, diseases and poisons for 24 hours. Upon reaching the shore of the slime lake, space will again bend back to normal, though the iron frog sculpture will not be there and the frogs on the terraces will be locked in combat with one another, the destruction of their liege apparently unleashing chaos in the cavern.

Hamster, Giant
Of Hamsters and Witches

In a land of dry, rocky hills, a cabal of witches tends a vast orchard of pistachios. The eldest of the witches has long, silky hair and warm, hazel eyes. She and her sisters worship the star goddess and maintain a small shrine in her honor, complete with a small silver idol (50 gp).

The orchard is beset by ankheg, which mostly dwell in the lowlands but make forays into the orchard to nibble on the bark of the pistachios, which ruins the trees. The sisters use their magic to protect the sacred trees, but also employ a pack of 1d4+2 giant golden hamsters, which prey on giant insects.

The giant hamsters prowl the orchard at night, and are as apt to attack humanoid intruders as they are to go after ankhegs. One of the witches (there are seven in all, the leader being a 5th level magic-user, the others ranging in level from 1st to 3rd) keeps vigil each night and will rouse the others if there is an attak.

Hippopotamus
Temple of the River Horses

A bloat of 2d6 hippopotamuses luxuriates in the waters around a sandstone temple dedicated to the local river goddess. The temple is an ornate affair, decorated with blue tiles and onyx capitals on the supporting pillars. The temple consists of a central sanctum and a dozen side chambers used as living quarters and storage by the river priestesses. The sanctum holds a tall idol of sandstone and terracotta, glazed to appear as a luminous woman with blue hair and eyes and ochre colored skin.

The aforementioned idol is a mere illusion. The illusion hides a 10-foot wide hole in the floor of the sanctum. This hole leads to a half-submerged tunnel that connectes with the river. Despite the illusion, one can hear the water lapping at the sides of the tunnel, and sometimes hear a hippo inside, for they are used to traveling up the tunnel when they hear a bell rung to get treats from the high priestess.

The priestesses have a somewhat menacing look in their eyes today. They are wrapped in brown robes and have curved, poisoned daggers in sheaths hidden beneath their robes. The “priestesses” are actually assassins, hired by a rival wind temple to destroy the river priestesses. The remains of the six real priestesses are hidden in one of the storage chambers behind barrels of rose water.

Hyaenodon
Death on the Plains

A wildebeest lies in a clearing in the Burning Grasslands, the corpse ringed by a patch of dried blood splashed over the low scrub. The beast’s stomach is ripped open, and its bowels lie in long strands across the grassy plain. The stench is overpowering. A small herd of exhausted wildebeests stands slightly away from the dead one. The living wildebeests are tired and thirsty, and have been hounded for days by a pack of 5 hyaenodons. The hyaenodons are accompanied by 12 normal hyenas. The bigger hyaenadons slink in the low scrub to get close to prey, then bite and disembowel opponents. The wildebeest herd is too tired to run at the sight of the creatures. The hyaenadons only take down a wildebeest to consume whenever they hunger – but they surround PCs they encounter, looking for fresh meat.

Jaguar
Death From Above

Twisted banyan trees form a wooden maze of trunks through the dense jungle. Bonobo monkeys bounce from limb to limb, chattering angrily and raining feces and rotten fruit down on PCs who venture too close. The monkeys shriek and scream at intruders, bouncing frantically on the limbs, before grabbing the thick vines and swinging away from danger.

As bad as the monkeys are, they aren’t the true danger in the jungle. A jaguar slinks along the higher limbs, stealthily hunting the monkeys – and anyone else who gets in its way. The great cat pounces from above, a brown and yellow blur that leaps from the treetops with its sharp claws leading the way. The cat is an opportunistic hunter and retreats into the jungle to strike again at its prey when least expected.

Leopard, Snow
Night Hunter

Drifting piles of snow roll through the winter darkness, pushed by a screaming banshee-like wind that blows across the frozen tundra. The temperature is frigid, with metal sticking to unprotected skin, and movements slowed by the waist-high snow and ice.

Lurking in the darkness, unhindered by the deep snow, a snow leopard waits for lone creatures to leave the safety of their camps before it attacks in a bounding leap that carries it through the driving snow in a killing force of sinewy muscle and sleek fur.

The big cat has a small lair in a nearby rock wall where it retreats during the worst of the storms. It kills its prey on the open ice and drags the carcass back to its hole to consume at its leisure. Inside the den is the remains of its most recent meal, a thief caught out in the bitter storm. A *+1 dagger* is still strapped to his body.

Lion, Cave
The Lion Tamers

The Barnabas Circus has lost its lion. The great old cat that was the star of the show died three days ago during a center-ring performance. Overfeeding and a lack of exercise did the beast in. Now, Kyrin Barnabas desperately needs another lion, and he’s willing to pay anyone who’ll capture another big cat for him. He’s even tracked down where a perfect specimen is hiding; he just needs someone to go and get the beast.

The cat Barnabas discovered is a monster that lives in a rocky mountain cave above the village of Thornwild. He’ll pay 1,500 gp to a group that traps the cat, and may go up to 2,000 gp if they do so without injuring the beast too badly. The big cat’s cave is in a barren stretch of rocky crags, with granite rock ledges and fallen oak trees surrounding it. A half-eaten zebra lies outside the dark cave, and bloody tracks lead into the dark recess. The pawprints are large and pressed deep into the dirt. What Barnabas doesn’t know is that the cat is actually a cave lion, and the feral monster doesn’t take kindly to people poking around its lair.

Lion, Mountain
Claws of the Wild

The forested paths winds through tall strands of pines and aspens. The landscape is broken by huge boulders fallen from the mountainside, and thick green moss covers the fallen stones.

A pair of mountain lions makes their lair in a hollow beneath two fallen boulders. The den is accessed via a narrow hole between the rocks that opens into a 10-foot-wide hollow. Three cubs prowl the den’s interior, rolling over one another in thick bundles of fur and claw.

The parents hunt the hillsides for rabbits and deer, but won't hesitate to attack anyone coming too near their cubs. The female is particularly cunning, launching herself from tree branches to hit and roll intruders. The male goes more for speed, driving himself from hiding to claw and bite before darting into the underbrush.

Lizard, Giant Rock-Horned (Blood Lizard)
Blood in My Eye

In a red desert with tall saguaros and barrel cactus and a variety of wildlife, there dwells a solitary giant rock-horned lizard. The lizard dwells in an abandoned mine dug into a slop that overlooks the sea. The mine was dug into the golden sandstone and runs about 30 feet back before ending in a cave-in. There doesn't appear to be any useful or precious material in the mine, making its reason for existance a mystery.

The giant rock-horned lizard dwells near the mouth of the cave, for the back parts of the cave give it the creeps. Should one travel to the back of the cave, they must pass a saving throw each turn or become drowsy and fall into a deep sleep. While sleeping, the astral form is carried away beyond the world one knows and to a place quite different and startling.

Lynx
Wolf Hunt

The snow drifts are high around the small village of Sil-Walden, the weather hovering just above freezing. The villagers walk about in thick layers of wolf-hide to keep the cold at bay.

Five men stand in the center of town, each armed with whatever weapons they could find. Some have bows, while some wave thick clubs. One carries a dagger. The leader is a man named Collins, a big burly hunter whose thick layers of fat provide more than enough protection on its own from the cold.

A pack of wolves has been sneaking into town and preying on the village's pack animals and sled dog pups. Tracks can be found throughout the village every morning. Collins has had enough. He's gathered these amateur hunters to track down and find the wolves. He's convinced the men that the wolves are more scared of them and won't be a match for their skills.

Unfortunately, Collins misread the tracks, which do indeed appear to be wolf prints. Instead, the men are facing a pride of 12 lynxes. The wild felines are hungry and feral, and attack from high and low, leaping from the rocks and trees to rake opponents with their claws. The lynxes have a small underground den in the middle of the snowy forest where they are raising a litter of six kittens.

Mammoth
In This Ring . . . Revenge

Barnabus Freep's Traveling Circus is in town, boys and girls, so get your parents and bring your gold, for the time of your lives! The nomadic circus performers have pitched their multi-hued tent on the outskirts of Fairhaven this fine day, and signs throughout town promise wonders and delights for all ages.

But a disgruntled dwarf clown known only as Quip is tired of the constant abuse he takes in every town the circus visits. He's decided to have his revenge for the years of insults, and Fairhaven is about to know dwarven clown wrath in the form of a herd of stampeding mammoths.

During the center ring spectacle as 6 mammoths perform various tricks, Quip gleefully lets loose a dozen white mice, then stands back laughing as the circus comes crashing down. The mammoths charge the crowd, looking to escape.

Mandrill
Guerilla Warfare

The warrior-cultist Amad Thorct's life took an unexpected turn when he died. A roc falling from the sky smashed the evil man's life and halted his grand schemes of conquest before they even got started. His companions grudgingly brought him back to life, but the resurrection didn't go as planned. Instead of returning to his youthful, brawny body, Amad found himself in the form of a 5-foot-tall mandrill. He fled into the jungle to hide his shame.

Amad has adjusted to his new life in the trees, and now leads a colony of mandrills as the alpha male. Amad still dreams of conquest and organized the 20 mandrills into a scavenging force that attacks travelers near the Seething Jungle. He leads the colony to scatter pack animals and raid caravans. The monkeys carry crude spears and fight as a ragtag guerilla force.

Margay
Cat and Canary

A green-and-yellow parrot flutters down out of the trees and alights on a PCs shoulder. The bird can't be shooed away, and tells PCs that its master Lornil Zamph needs help and will pay handsomely if they come quickly. The magic-user is stuck in a portal to the netherworld, and needs someone to pull him out while dispelling the portal.

The PCs may not get a chance to find out more than this, however, as a margay is stalking the parrot. It leaps out of the woods to snatch at the colorful parrot. If allowed, it swipes the bird to the ground, pounces on it, and snatches it up in its mouth. It dashes back into the woods to feast on its catch. The parrot screams for help the entire time.

Marmoset, Giant
Fountain of Tempest

A tropical island of lush, green hills and dense rain forest plays host to a number of giant marmosets. The marmosets grow thicker in number as one moves deeper into the rain forest, until finally they come to a stand of towering junipers crawling with no fewer than two dozen giant marmosets. In the midst of this stand of trees there is a small landing built of pure, white marble with broad steps into a shallow pool of water - apparently a hot spring judging by the steam that hangs over it.

The pool of water is the legendary *Fountain of Youth*. Bathing in the fountain acts as a *potion of longevity* (one dose per ten minutes spent in the bath), but bathers are always harried by the screaming marmosets before they can do so. The marmosets are quite aggressive until two or three have been killed, at which point they retire into the woods, content to harass adventurers as they leave the clearing.

There is a 1 in 12 chance that when one reaches the pool they find a hearty and hale man bathing there. The man has old, wise eyes and a noble bearing. His clothes, laying on the landing, are all velvet and silk and include a tall, pointed cap of blue velvet covered with stars and moons in silver thread. The man is a duke and a very powerful magic-user (9th level at least). He lives on the island in a cave complex he has turned into a palace with his command over the spirits of the island. He is always accompanied by his brutish guard, a 5th level fighting-man with half-orc blood.

Mastodon
The Ichor Pit

Tall grains sway in a field of wildflowers, the gold wheat dancing in the light breezes playing over the rolling hills. Stunted trees – their bark rubbed away to reveal naked wood – stand in sad clumps along the hill. A loud trumpeting echoes through the valley, a horrible sound of distress. PCs who follow the sound find a large tar pit stretching between a series of cliff faces. The black tar bubbles and spits, and a noxious steam rises off in a miasmic cloud.

Struggling within the tar trap are six mastodons. The decayed bodies of other mastodons, a cave lion and other herd animals stick out of the ichor. The lead mastodons in the herd blundered into the tar. Two young bull elephants remain free and trumpet angrily as they walk the edges of the morass. One is coated in tar after barely escaping the muck. The pair are scared and angry, and the frantic bellows of the females is driving them crazy.

The mastodons charge PCs who advance on the trapped elephants. The bull elephants try to grab creatures and toss them into the tar.

Moose
Just Don't Eat the Pie

In a boggy lowland of hawthorns, a dangerous bull moose has managed to tree a halfling princess. The princess and her handmaidens were bathing in a warm spring near a hook-shaped, buff-colored rock when the moose came upon them. The halflings scattered and the princess was unlucky enough to be chased. She just managed to make her way up the tree before the moose trampled her.

One of the handmaidens is heading towards her village to fetch a band of bravos. The village is set into a wooded hill and consists of a number of burrows braced by moose antlers and bones. The warriors of the tribe wear shirts of leather scales and carry shortbows and hand axes.

The other handmaiden headed for an old cleft in a nearby range of granite hills, seeking an ancient stone golem placed there many generations ago by a friendly human shaman. The stone golem exists under orders to protect the wee folk, and with some urging will scoop up the maiden and head for a confrontation with the aggressive moose.

Oliphant
Crystal Cone Angel

The northern portion of a vast kingdom is noted for three lofty peaks that rise from an otherwise flat plain. The peaks are called the Tricruxia's Trident, after an obscure goddess once worshipped in the region. The lands around the mountains are inhabited by a number of oliphant families, each consisting of 2d4 animals (with a 25% chance that a calf is present).

The oliphants are the first line of defense for the temple hidden in the central mountain. The temple is actually the remnants of a volcanic cone that collapsed in on itself. The inner surface of this cone is covered by reddish-brown crystals, some growing as long as two feet. In the center of this crystal cavern there is statue of unbreakable metal that looks like gold. The statue looks like a solar encased in ruby red plate armor with only its outstretched wings and golden eyes visible underneath the armor.

The statue and temple are tended by a flock of 1d6+3 giant owls, celestial blue in color with intelligent, golden eyes. The statue they protect is an actual solar that has been frozen in time. The solar, Izbeniel by name, awaits the arrival of a pure human heart to awaken it from its slumber and set it on a quest to purify the petty kingdoms surrounding the plains.

Pike, Giant
The Flash of Scales

The Sin Mire Swamp is marked by varying depths of murky water, thick stands of trees, and the deep sounds of bullfrogs hidden in the reeds. PCs moving through the marsh must do so on a boat or by magic or risk getting sucked into the sticky muck for good.

A pair of giant pike hunts in the five-foot-deep water of the watery grassland. The large fish investigate disturbances caused by poles or oars slapping the water and savagely attack shiny or metallic objects. The fish leap from the water to attack reflective armor or flashing swords.

Quipper
Frenzy of Greed

In mountains rich with quartz, gold and silver, a band of greedy dwarves has made a home for themselves in a mine dug into a rocky slope overlooking a cold, mountain lake. The lake is ringed by tall cliff walls that support a few evergreen shrubs large flocks of blackbirds.

The lake is populated by a school of 1d2 x 50 quipper, and the dwarves are quite aware of their presence in the lake, having set several traps that spill intruders into the lake from holes dug into the cliffs.

The leader of the dwarves is a scoundrel called Gwael, who wears a striped kilt and arms himself with a coat of mail, a buckler and a broadsword. He wears a long, golden earring in one ear and a conical helm set with tiny opals. His dwarves number 1d20+15. They have living quarters dug into the mine and do a fairly good business in gold and silver ore and bits of valuable rose quartz.

The lake connects to a trading post higher in the mountains (and located next to a mountain pass), and the traders there take turns coming down the river in keel boats to fetch loads of ore. The ore is lowered via barrels and ropes from the mine entrance above. The traders are very cognizant of the quippers, and take care not to fall into the water.

Raccoon
Thieves in the Night

Campers in the Kriegh Forest must keep track of their belongings as roving bands of feral raccoons plunder any item they can carry off. Travelers tell tales of waking with the sun to find everything but their bed missing. The raccoons are the furry eyes and stealthy hands of a group of primeval raccoons that live in the forest's depths. The raccoons take their stolen goods to these larger animals as tribute. PCs camping in the forest are targeted by the furry bandits, with anything left on the ground – including clothes, food, tent spikes, books and weapons – carried off by the opportunistic critters. By the time PCs awake, their items may be far into the depths of the forest. *(See the **Raccoon, Primeval** entry if PCs go searching for their missing gear.)*

Raccoon, Dire
King of Thieves

The abandoned ruins of Morgal-Uth sit silently in the heart of the Kriegh Forest, the once-proud stone village overgrown by towering elms and oaks. The village is the home of a family of 8 primeval raccoons. Most are the size of large dogs, but the matron is about the size of a small brown bear, standing nearly 6 feet tall when she rises onto her hind feet. The normal raccoons revere these larger cousins and instinctively bring "tribute" to these giant animals. The primeval raccoons now live a life of excess and don't have to hunt on their own. Mundane items are scattered within the stone ruins. Any equipment PCs might have lost to the thieving raccoon family may be scattered anywhere within the

ruins. The family of primeval raccoons doesn't take kindly to anyone "stealing" from them, and ambush PCs at every opportunity. They are often accompanied by normal raccoons that leap from trees and ruins to bite and scratch intruders.

Rhinoceros, Woolly
Bull (Rhino) in a China Shop

The sound of glass shattering and screams fill the street of the river community of Shalebend. People flee in panic down the dusty main street that splits the village. Mooing and squeaking noises can be heard in a large glass foundry called "Morto's Glassworks."

A female woolly rhinocerous and its mate, a prehistoric rhino called an elasmotherium, swam through the Shale River and charged into the rear of the buildings built along the edge of the water. The elephant-size elasmotherium knocked a hole in the back of the glass shop big enough for both animals to hide inside, although just barely. The elasmotherium's 15-foot-body is destroying the shop, and its 6-foot-long single horn is ripping holes in the roof. The smaller woolly rhinoceros is having an easier time, although her every movement is knocking over shelves and trampling delicate glass sculptures.

The rhinos are on the run from a female cave giant named Tolla Tarstump who raises the rhinos as pets. Each animal has giant glass beads woven into its furry hide and their long hair is dyed deep purple. The giant is trying to find her pets. The animals would rather take their chances in the wild. Both animals charge anyone trying to approach them. Tolla shows up in 2d4 rounds, angry that the town is hiding her rhinos.

Scythe Horn
Lost in the Fog

A thick fog blankets the hills, dropping visibility to barely 10 feet through the clinging burs and prickly thorns covering the land. The swampy ground squelches from recent rains, and slick mud makes each step tricky. A wolf howls in the distance, and is answered by another nearby predator. In the fog, sounds seem louder and directions are harder to pinpoint.

A raucous bleating and thrashing from a briar patch can't be missed. A herd of scythe horns got lost in the thick fog, and blundered into the briar patches. One of the young animal's horns is tangled in the thick vines. The rest of the 14 animals in the herd gather around the trapped animal. The males thrash at the thorny vines, tearing them out by the roots. The animals are frantic to free the young scythe horn and be on their way before a wolf pack trailing the herd catches them. The animals turn their anger on any PCs who come too near the herd.

Seahorse, Giant
The Seahorse King

Princess Polyena has lost her crown … but she knows exactly where to find it. She was swimming off her dad's barge, when it fell off her head and into the pearlescent waters of the stretch of ocean her father rules. She immediately ordered her servants to dive in to get it back, but not a single one of them did as she ordered and came back with the gold and diamond crown. She had to lock every single one of them in daddy's dungeons for disobeying her. Daddy promised to have another crown made, and she agreed to that idea wholeheartedly, but she's determined to get back the original as well (it is hers after all).

The crown has been spotted, although no one has figured out how to get it. When it fell off her golden tresses, it snagged around the curling tail of a giant seahorse that glides through the ocean near her father's compound with a herd of 25 other seahorses. The animal doesn't even realize the golden tiara is wedged on its body, and how rude is that? The princess has offered a 1,000 gp reward (which she'll expect Daddy to pay) for the return of the crown.

Sheep
Sheep Rustlers

In the rolling hill country, the main source of wealth (and conflict) is the keeping of sheep. A large flock of 1d10x10 sheep (plus one ram per 10 adults and 50% as many noncombatant lambs) roams one hill in particular. A village is located at the bottom of the hill and consists of a number of red brick cottages with thatched roofs running parallel to a rushing stream. A wooden bridge allows one to cross the bridge to the hills beyond. The village has no tavern or inn, and is populated by freemen who make a living selling wool to a canny old trader with a touch of orc blood who comes up in the fall with a caravan of wagons and guardsmen. The village has a few warriors equipped with longbows and short swords and wearing leather or ring armor, but it mostly relies on the patrols of the nearby baron.

There is a 1 in 10 chance, one evening, that a band of raiders attempts to rustle the sheep. The raiders wear bearskin cloaks and odd bits of armor and are armed with axes and darts. Their leader is a frightening old man with long, white hair and one blind eye that emits a silver radiance. The old man is a 6th level fighting-man. He wears a coat of mail and carries a spear and silver sword. He also owns a mithril harp set with a single sapphire that, when plucked, allows him to control animals. The raiders will attack any guards while their master plays his harp and leads the sheep into the deep hills.

Skunk
Skunk Femerell

A slim, crooked tower of bleached limestone dominates an otherwise barren, rocky landscape. A bright, greenish light shines from the top of the tower, casting long, hideous shadows across the morose landscape. The source of the light is a simple lanthorn of emerald panels and wrought iron. While the lanthorn illuminates a dark environment with its green light, it casts twilight in a 1 mile radius when brought into bright light.

Two armies are encamped on the plain, surrounding the tower and locked in a stalemate over its possession. One army is composed of 300 goblins, the other of 360 kobolds. Both races are sensitive to light an contemptuous of the surface races, and thus would like to claim the magic lanthorn.

Currently, one force stops them - a family of 1d4+1 skunks. The skunks have taken up residence in the tower, feeding on rats and insects and defending their home with a tenacity matched only by the cowardice of the goblins and kobolds.

Smilodon (Saber-Toothed Cat)
Big, Sharp Teef

A 6-year-old approaches the PCs, her golden hair done up in bouncing polka-dot pigtails. Her frilly blue dress is wrapped in delicate white lace. But her expression is stern as she crosses her arms and demands in a babyish voice, "You better give me what I want, or you'll be sorry."

And Coralee means it, too. She is the only daughter of Corrigan Sheel, the only entrepreneur in Sheel (named after his grandfather, who founded the village). Coralee's mother died in childbirth, and her father feared the worst would befall his precious little girl. So he found his darling daughter a companion and protector, a trained smilodon named Teef.

Coralee learned over the years that shop owners give her whatever she wants when Teef is around. Despite her age, she's developed into quite the little bully. Even her father backs off punishing the girl when Teef gives him a look.

If Coralee gets whatever catches her fancy, she skips off with the

treasure to a secret treehouse in the woods where she keeps her prizes. If she doesn't get what she wants, her expression darkens and she yells "Get'em, Teef." The smilodon lurks in the woods awaiting just such a command.

Smilodon (Giant and Homotherium)
The Clan of the Great Cat

On the mountainous edge of civilization lies the receding Wailing Glacier that is home to the reclusive primitive people called the Clan of the Great Cat. The Neanderthal clan seldom interacts with cultured races other than to wage war. These fierce legendary warriors are experts with primitive weaponry. Each member carries ingrained combat knowledge that increases with age. They pass these skills on to their children.

Clan members adorn themselves with mail made from bone. Each warrior wears a helm fashioned from the skull of a saber-toothed tiger. These helms are masterfully created and passed down through generations. They wear clawed bone gauntlets and wield saw-toothed swords. The clan has domesticated smilodons and even has trained a few giant smilodons as mounts.

Stingray
Water Hazard

Ocean waves crash on the rocky beach in heavy riptides that pull sand and rock into the water. The land angles sharply down to the waterfront, where a small group of people stand on the beach. A small boy lies on his side on a sandbar rising slightly out of the water about 50 feet offshore. In the water between the boy and the shore, a man's body floats face down in the waves, bobbing in the surf.

Lying in the sand about 30 feet offshore is a large stingray. The creature is perfectly camouflaged in the dirt and tides, its coloration making it difficult to spot until it moves.

The boy waded into the surf on a dare, then became stuck when the stingray stung him just as he reached the sandbar. He collapsed in a paralyzed heap on the rise, safe but unable to move and warn rescuers. The first man into the water wasn't so lucky and was stung and fell facedown into the water. The man has just a few minutes until he drowns.

Tiger Barb, Giant
Fish Spy

Traversing a deep level of a dungeon, one comes upon a large chamber. The chamber measures 50 feet in length and 30 feet in width with a ceiling 30 feet high. The walls of the chamber are composed of orange stone carved to look as though they are covered by grape vines. The chamber is girded by a stone platform fifteen set feet above the floor. The chamber has four doors, all on the 30 foot walls and one at floor level and one at platform level. The chamber is filled with fifteen feet of water. Three pillars, each 20 feet tall and 6 feet in diameter, run down the middle of the chamber between the facing doors. The pillars are approximately 15 feet apart. Set in the bottom of the each pillar is a locked copper door. The water that fills the chamber is murky, hiding those doors from those above the surface of the water.

The chamber is inhabited by 1d6+5 giant tiger barbs. Where the fish get their food is unknown (perhaps one of the nearby dungeon denizens), but they are commonly kept hungry and thus more aggressive.

The doors in the pillars open inward and drain the chamber of water - it and the tiger barbs flowing into another chamber below. Once the water has flowed past (and the opener of the door has managed not to be swept away), one will see a ladder of copper rungs in each pillar leading up to a small trapdoor. The trapdoor in each pillar leads into a small chamber (4 feet in diameter and 8 feet tall) lined with a mosaic of mirrors. One pillar's mirrors are capable of showing things happening at that moment on the level above. Another is capable of showing things happening at that moment on the current level. The third shows events on the level below. The mirrors are activated by concentration alone.

Tuatara, Giant
Gladiator Pit

A crude gladiator pit sits in an otherwise desolate land. The stone-lined pit sits 20 feet in the ground. Blood and bodily fluids stain the sandy dirt. A few body parts and pieces of armor dot the ground. Sturdy planks serving as bleachers surround the pit. Scavengers scratch through the mounds of trash looking for morsels. The spectators, gamblers and vendors have all gone until the next games, leaving smoldering fire pits, grooved wagon trails and waste of all kinds. Wooden cages to hold captives, animals and fighters sit empty behind the bleachers.

A giant tuatara remains in the pit. The lizard is slightly wounded but otherwise alert. A chain binds one its back legs to a post in the center of the pit. A young human man clings to life at the top of a 30 foot post in the pit. The man self-impaled his hands onto iron spikes near the top of the pit to prevent falling. He has been trapped here for four days and is on the brink of death. The chain does not allow the lizard to reach the man. The post is 25 feet from the edge of the pit.

The man is a local mercenary who failed to fulfill a contract and was sold into slavery. After he climbed to the top and impaled his hands, the crowd grew bored and left. The games are closed until the master of ceremonies arranges another night of fighting, gambling and carnage.

Turtle, Giant Snapping
Turtle Star

Any group of adventurers looking for (insert name of an artifact or powerful magic item from your campaign here) must eventually come to the vast Skeletal Sea. The "skeletal" in the sea's name refers not to human or animal remains, but to the remnants of buildings. Two or three hundred years ago, a vast, fruitful plain was flooded - perhaps a god or goddess took a disliking to the men of the plains or an earthquake drained a lake in the mountains.

Whatever the cause of the flooding, the people of the plain were forced to settle elsewhere, leaving their towns and villages behind. The stone ruins of those buildings remain, and one in particular holds interest for treasure seekers. The ruin in question is an ancient temple. All that remains of the temple are three walls, one with an arched opening into the flooded courtyard and a large, stained glass window on the opposite wall. The stained glass window depicts a warrior saint engaged in combat with a green wyrm. Above the saint's head is a constellation with one star larger than the others. Other clues in the window suggest that one must follow that large star in the dead of winter for 30 miles from this spot. At that point there is a dungeon in which the artifact in question resides.

Figuring out the clues in the window would be trying enough if one didn't have to tangle with the 1d3+1 giant snapping turtles that have made the ruined temple their home.

N'gathau

The Daedalean Cube

Only the base of the ruined Ziggurat of Mushussu remains in the dusty wasteland. A triad of reliquary golems (representing Good, Neutrality and Evil) stand atop the temple foundations, each facing outward as they forever guard the terror trapped inside. Horrific traps and eternal guardians are stationed in the depths beneath the ziggurat's remains. A lead-lined burial vault within the ziggurat contains a 15-foot-tall conic pillar of lead. The floor around the pillar is layered with barbed iron chains. The chains are animated guardians that rise up to stop thieves.

A fist-sized cube floats above the pillar's tip. The fabled Daedalean Cube is a cubic gate designed to unlock the mysteries of the planes. The enigmatic cube can open gates to six random planes, one assigned to each side of the cube. (The Game Referee could use a six-sided die to determine which plane the PCs end up on.)

Using the cube drains one level from the user and draws the attention of the N'gathau, who arrive via their own planar gates to torture and enslave the victim tampering with the energies of the universe.