

Arrival

A One-Round AD&D Living City Adventure

by Erik Mona

Special Thanks to Eric L. Boyd

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This is a standard RPGA Network tournament. A four-hour time block has been set aside for this event. It is a good idea to ask each player to put a name tag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players to keep track of who is playing which character.

The actual playing time will be about three hours. Make sure you use the last 20 to 30 minutes of the event time block to have the players capsulize their characters for each other and vote. The standard RPGA Network voting procedures will be used. Complete the Judge's Summary before you collect the players' scoring sheets. This way you will not be influenced by their ratings and comments.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying.

A note about the text: Some of the text in this module is written so that you may present it as written to the players, while other text is for your eyes only. Text for the players will be in bold italics. It is strongly recommended that you paraphrase the player text, instead of reading it aloud, as some of the text is general and must be adapted to the specific situation or to actions of the player characters.

Tier Structure

Add the levels of the PCs to determine which tier they are on. Tiered events and foes are marked throughout the text.

Tier 1:	Total levels 4-13
Tier 2:	Total levels 14-25
Tier 3:	Total levels 26-37
Tier 4:	Total levels 38-56
Tier 5:	Total levels 57+

DM BACKGROUND

The Archmage Elerio rose to prominence in Ravens Bluff nearly fifteen years ago. Shortly after arriving in the city from private training in Suzail, he gained the position of dean of the school of Enchantment in the nascent Wizards Guild. His tenure was but brief, however, as Elerio had the misfortune of presenting a fantastic magical display for the amusement of the city on the very day the powers were cast from the heavens by the Overgod, Ao, some thirteen years ago. The latter catastrophic event elicited the now infamous Time of

Troubles, when the gods were forced to walk the land in mortal form. Elerio vanished on the first day of this tumultuous time. The day of Arrival.

Without Lady Mystra to oversee the (relatively) safe manipulation of the magical weave that surrounded the planet, magic itself went haywire. What Elerio had meant to be an amusing presentation instead opened a rift in the magical reality of the surrounding area, destroying buildings and causing much havoc. When the disturbance vanished in an instant of total silence, Essenna Square, the location of the show, lay in ruins. Of the Archmage Elerio, nothing remained.

After the accident, the wise nobles of Ravens Bluff outlawed the use of all magic for the duration of the magical chaos, and the Living City saw relative peace. While the gods themselves ravaged Faerun, Ravens Bluff hunkered down in a defensive posture and managed to wait out the storm. When the debacle finally settled, Elerio's loss was counted a great tragedy. A large marble statue of the archmage was erected on the spot of his (assumed) death, and his loss was mourned by all that knew him.

Thirteen years later, Elerio has returned. He was discovered three days ago, a ghost of a man, on the very spot where he had vanished so long ago. When found, he was little more than an image; his body held no color or substance. Once the Wizards Guild had been alerted to the strange occurrence, they secreted the body to their headquarters, and examined their find.

Without a question, they had discovered Elerio. Though he seemed to fade in and out of existence, his features matched the archmage exactly; it was as if less than a day had passed since Arrival. Jerrod Korbandor, Acting Dean of Conjuraton, had been close to Elerio and was overjoyed at the return of his friend. Others among the guild, however, were slow to cheer. While the presence of the archmage in the city would certainly be a boon, particularly in the aftermath of the great war against the forces of Myrkyssa Jelan, many expected some sort of trade-off for the mage. A few, who had been with the guild since the Time of Troubles, remembered the "Balance," their code for the six strangers who had appeared on the guild's steps shortly after Elerio vanished.

Martin MacGreggor, Dean of Alteration, had tended to those strangers in that strange time, though he remembered little about them. The "Balance" had been exactly that, six men and women pulled from the future to off-set Elerio's disappearance from the present. Without Mystra's guidance, helping them return during the Time of Troubles had been

impossible, and MacGreggor had sent them to Tantras, never to be seen again.

As the module begins, our players find themselves in the very unfortunate position of becoming that Balance. Just as Elerio has returned to the present, so must someone go back to the past. . . .

A Note on the Time of Troubles

Thirteen years ago, Toril's "Overpower," Ao, cast the gods from the heavens, forcing them into mortal form as punishment for their lack of duty to their portfolios and to their worshippers. All save Helm, who guarded entry to the planes, were trapped in mortal form on Toril, where they mingled with the people of the Forgotten Realms.

During this period, the magical "weave" that surrounds the world was corrupted, and magic itself became unreliable. Likewise, men and women of the cloth found themselves wholly without power, and unable to contact their patrons. With magic gone haywire, the planet undulated and reshaped itself, and the people of Faerun came to distrust solid rock as much as the chaos of the weather. Truly, it was a horrifying time.

The Vast managed to weather the Time of Troubles relatively well. At home, in Ravens Bluff, a wise Mayor Charles O'Kane outlawed all magic casting after a tragic mishap on the first day of the tumultuous time, the Day of Arrival. Tantras, Ravens Bluff's neighbor to the north, was luckier, in that it became home to one of the gods made flesh, Torm the True.

Still, the Torm of the Time of Troubles is not the heroic figure familiar to most adventurers of the current date, 1371 DR. He is a tragic figure. Short-sighted and self-important, Torm allowed himself to fall under the control of a corrupt patriarch, and in turn the entire city of Tantras came to be led by this man. Unfortunately, Tantras remained a symbol of stability in a world gone mad, and it is into this landscape that the PCs find themselves catapulted as our tale begins. . . .

(Judges seeking more information on the Time of Troubles are encouraged to read the novels Shadowdale, Tantras and Waterdeep, as well as the three gaming accessories that accompanied them. Additionally, the Faiths & Avatars tome contains a good summary of the Time of Troubles. These materials are by no means required to enjoy this module, but they may provide additional background

and context for those judges wishing to go the extra mile for their players.)

Player Introduction

Each step aches as you approach the Wizards Guild. The citizens of Ravens Bluff bustle around you, paying you no heed as they head home for eveningfeast. It's as if they can't see you at all, and for the first time, you realize they probably can't. You look to your hands, and notice how pale you've become—almost transparent. You can clearly see through your hands, to the cobblestones of Thurmur Street. You also see five others staggering down the street beside you. Some of them look familiar, but you can't concentrate, and nearly everything is a blur. You can make out, however, the fact that their bodies are fading, too.

It all started in Essenna Square, the great plaza near the center of the city. You'd been walking through the grand place nearly a tenday ago, and felt a sharp pain at the back of your neck. Three days ago, you gave a start when, while eating a bowl of soup, your entire arm seemed to vanish, making the spoon float in the air. Since then, it has only gotten worse. You've found it difficult to concentrate, dimensions of certain buildings appear oddly distorted, and you've seen strange people in out-of-fashion clothes appear in the streets, look at you in surprise, and vanish, just as suddenly as they had come.

Whether through the advice of friends, colleagues or your own conscience, you knew that the only place to help you would be the Wizards Guild.

But each step is a torment. It's not pain, exactly, but each minute seems to bring you closer to a numbness that frightens you, for you fear it may be the null of death. You fall to the ground, noting that the other fading images have done the same. The Guild stands only twenty feet away, and you resolve to crawl there, if that's what it takes. You breathe in deeply, but cannot feel air in your lungs. Tufts of weeds and cobblestones make able handholds in your bid for the guild house, but five feet away, you know that you will not make it.

The massive double doors open, and a green-robed man steps out. He looks to the street behind you, and the sidestreets, before kneeling down in front of the assembly of fading bodies before him. His face is lined with hardship, and you think you see a tear fall from his eye as your world fades into nothingness.

If any of the characters have had extensive dealings with the Wizards Guild, allow them to make a **Local History check** to recognize Martin MacGreggor, Dean of Alteration. Even if they do this, however, they will not be able to act on the information, as the magic that is causing them to fade away has sapped all of their energy.

Proceed to Encounter 1.

Encounter 1 **So Far, Far Away**

The PCs did, in fact, reach their destination, and are currently wards of the Wizards Guild. Unfortunately for them, however, their affliction has catapulted them more than 13 years in the past, into the early days of the Time of Troubles. Before they vanished, however, Minister MacGreggor (who, after meeting the PCs 13 years ago, knew what to expect) stuffed a letter into the pouch of one of the characters. After doing so, he returned to the Guild, allowing the characters to fade into the past...

...where, on the stairs of the Guild, he discovered them so long ago.

What feels like minutes later, the group will awaken resting upon metal slabs in a cold, stone-walled room. The room is filled with tubes, beakers, and all sorts of scientific equipment used in the study of magic. Each member of the party is garbed in a simple gown of white linen, and their items are nowhere to be seen. Allow the players to introduce themselves. If they discuss their strange illness, inform them that the only common link they can determine is that all passed Essenna Square, a popular plaza near the center of the city, within the last tenday. The symptoms began there.

Wizards' memories have not been "wiped" by this strange occurrence, but any magic cast for the duration of this module has a 100% chance of triggering a wild surge (consult the Surge Chart in the appendix). Remember that PC mages will not, at this point, have access to spell components. Furthermore, any priest attempting to cast a spell or in any way contact his deity will not be successful. Instead of the comforting source of magic that has always been there for them, they feel nothing. Emptiness.

If any PCs check, they discover that the 30' x 30' room's only door is locked and barred from the other

side. PCs may attempt to open the door anyway, by making a bend bars/lift gates roll, but even attempting this will immediately summon the Guild's guard, with MacGreggor in tow, much earlier than they would have otherwise arrived.

Assuming the PCs do not cause a wild magic surge or attempt to break free, Martin MacGreggor and six highly-trained guards enter the room a few minutes after the PCs wake up. MacGreggor does not expect conflict, but he and the guards will defend themselves if attacked. The archmage does not cast spells. If anyone else does, he becomes enraged ("Are you mad?" he screams at the top of his lungs, as the guards level their weapons at the PCs, etc.). Anyone who has had extensive dealings with the Wizards Guild can make an **Observation check** to notice that the man bears a passing resemblance to Martin MacGreggor, perhaps a son or younger brother. If a fight ensues, MacGreggor will cry out for reason, and hope for the best. At his entrance, read the following:

You hear the clicks of locks being opened on the opposite side of the single, iron door out of this chamber. The door swings slowly outward, and a tall man, perhaps thirty years of age, enters the room. He wears his long hair in a braid, which hangs over his left shoulder. His green robes are emblazoned with the seal of Ravens Bluff's Wizards Guild. Six armed and armored guards accompany the man into the room, and though their swords are sheathed at their sides, they are not peacebonded, and the men look at you suspiciously.

The robed man looks genuinely surprised that you are awake, and smiles. "I see you've finally decided to join us in the land of the living. After two tendays, I had started to worry... No matter. All is well. Now, all we need to determine is what you've done to Elerio, and you can be on your way."

Any wizards with the **Local History proficiency**, or any character who has lived in the city for more than 13 years may make a **Wisdom check** to remember something about "Elerio." Those who succeed remember hearing a tale about a great wizard called Elerio, who vanished some time in the past. Anyone making the roll by 4 remembers the above, as well as the fact that Elerio was one of the earliest masters of the school of Enchantment about 15 years ago. Those who make the roll by 8 remember that Elerio vanished when a great pyrotechnic spell, meant to amuse the people of Ravens Bluff, triggered a wild surge, which pulled the man into a rift. Those who make the roll by

10 or more, and have lived in the city for more than 13 years, remember that this occurred in Essenna Square, and that the crumbled old marble statue of a man in robes that dominates the square was built in remembrance of the mage.

Of course, this will confuse the players, and it may take them a while to determine that they have been pulled out of their own time. Feel free to give ambiguous answers to questions (for instance, Martin MacGreggor will introduce himself simply as “MacGreggor,” etc.) to add confusion. Martin MacGreggor knows almost nothing about the PCs.

He has examined their items for clues, however. If there are any members of the City Watch or knighthoods, the Archmage will have checked with those organizations to determine the veracity of their credentials. Of course, the organizations know nothing about the characters (and in some cases may not yet exist!), and so MacGreggor thinks the various order-related regalia and insignia the PCs might own have been stolen or forged. He has not dared cast even a *detect evil* spell to determine the party’s demeanor, and must rely on gut instinct alone. That said, he knows he has no legal right to detain them, and merely wants to satisfy his hunch that the appearance of the strangers and the disappearance of Elerio are connected.

If the PCs claim ignorance of Elerio, or ask about him, read the following.

MacGreggor looks puzzled at your question, but responds eagerly. “I would have thought you’d know as much as I do, given the circumstances,” he says gruffly. “Elerio was the head of the School of Enchantment at the Wizards Guild, but he vanished two tendays ago when a spell he was working failed horribly—earlier in the same day, in fact, that you appeared on our doorstep. Instead of a stunning pyrotechnical display, Elerio somehow opened a magical rift which devoured him completely. Luckily, none of the other bystanders in Essenna Square were affected by the rift. The other members of the Guild tried to rescue Elerio, of course, but magic has been corrupted since the Day of Arrival, and Lord Mayor O’Kane has outlawed all casting within the city’s walls. Given that you appeared the same day he vanished, I thought there might be a correlation, but it has taken almost twenty days to rouse you, and in that time, Elerio has not returned.”

At this point, some players may have made the connection. MacGreggor is unaware of their origin, but will not discount a tale that they come from the future, or from anywhere, for that matter. (“I have seen stranger things in the last half-month than I have seen in all my life. The gods walk Faerun. Anything is possible now. Anything.”).

Here are some possible questions and answers to help flesh out the encounter.

Where are we?

You are in a chamber within the Wizards Guild. You’re not prisoners, and may leave whenever you wish. You were discovered 20 days ago, your bodies fading in and out of existence. You’ve been “dormant” since discovery, and the other ministers suspect you may be involved with the disappearance of Elerio, since both that event and your strange appearance occurred in the same day.

What year is it?

The year is 1358, of course. (This should strike even the dumbest PC as odd, as the current year, according to their memories, should be 1371 DR.)

What do you mean by “the gods walk Faerun”?

I mean exactly that. No one knows why, but earlier this month, the gods were cast from the heavens, and have taken mortal forms. Tymora appeared in the distant city of Arabel, and there is word that Bane’s armies make war with Shadowdale. Closer to home, Torm has appeared in Tantras, and many pilgrims have left the city to gaze upon a god-made-flesh. Travel is dangerous, however, and the land itself has gone mad.

Hey! I’m a cleric, and I can’t cast spells!

The priests of the fallen gods cannot draw upon their gifts. Apparently, those priests in proximity to the gods themselves have limited power, but we’ve been unable to confirm this. Because the Arrival has brought about such a radical change in nature, druids have found themselves cut off, as well.

Hey! I’m a mage, and my spells are goofy!

Without Lady Mystra to maintain the magical weave that surrounds the planet, magic casting is a dicey proposition. Nearly any spell will trigger some sort of unusual surge, usually with disastrous effects. Several groups of adventurers have been destroyed due to careless use of magic. Apparently, enchanted items that mimic the effects of specific spells can also fall

victim to these effects, but there is a greater chance they will perform as expected.

After a short discussion, Minister MacGreggor will ask the party what they plan to do. If they mention trying to get back, he will sadly tell them that the Guild cannot help, and that they will not be able to find any help in Ravens Bluff, due to the mayor's edict. Only the gods may spin magic, he will explain, and suggest that they travel to Tantras, and get help from Torm's avatar. He can offer them no help other than a wagon, team of horses, and his best wishes.

MacGreggor will suggest that the PCs are unlikely to gain access to more stable magic, and that not all of the avatars are as benevolent as Torm. Travel to the west is unsafe, as Bane's armies pollute the land from Shadowdale to the Cold Field. Though he knows Torm is the party's best option, he will release them if they present any plan other than staying in Ravens Bluff. Even MacGreggor knows that every minute they spend interacting with the people of the city could have disastrous consequences for everyone, and wishes to see them returned to their own time.

After agreeing to release them, MacGreggor takes the PCs to another room, wherein they find all of their items. **While double-checking their packs and equipment, one of the players will discover Handout One tucked into a pouch.**

Whether the PCs show the letter to MacGreggor or not, he will be nervous to see them on their way, presenting them with a wagon drawn by four healthy horses. The wagon seats five, but travels slowly enough that additional travelers may walk alongside it at their normal movement rate.

If a fight should break out at any time between the PCs and the agents of the Wizards Guild, use the following statistics to determine the outcome. If so much as one of the guards is brought below zero hit points, the entire group will be imprisoned in the deepest level of the Compter for exactly 13 years. The adventure is over.

Martin MacGreggor, hm, M13: Int Genius; AL N; AC 0 (bracers, dex); MV 12; hp 41; Thac0 16; #AT 1; dam 1d6 (staff); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 20.

MacGreggor has access to virtually any spell, but prefers to avoid deadly magics, unless one of his

companions has been killed. He will not, in this case, use magic unless his life depends upon it.

Guild Guards, hm, F6 (6): Int High; AL NG; AC 5; MV 12; hp 35; Thac0 15; #AT 3/2; dam 1d8 (long swords) + 2 (strength); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

SPECIAL NOTE: There is a very real chance that nefarious players or characters will attempt to meddle with history. Though the letter from the future-MacGreggor warns against this, and it should be obvious that such behavior could have disastrous consequences, allow them to interfere to their heart's content. Small visits to now-dead relatives, or any role-playing events should be encouraged, as long as the PCs do not reveal themselves or future events.

Furthermore, try to keep the game moving, and do not allow a tangent to take more than 10 minutes of game time. If necessary, remind the players that they have no idea how long the gods will be present, and that there is a very real chance they could become stranded in the past. If an unruly character (or party) attempts anything major (like a coup of the city, or a warning to officials of events that will occur in the future), warn them "out of character" that this may have disastrous consequences for the future, perhaps even their own existence.

If they persist, simply introduce the following creature at an opportune moment. After making short work of the offenders in question, it will go about repairing any damage to the timeline they may have created.

Time Dimensional; Int Highly; AL N; AC 2; MV 17; HD 16; HP 115; Thac0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 4d4; SA *see appendix*; SD +3 or better weapon to hit; MR 90%; SZ S (3' diameter); ML 10.

The time dimensional is not interested in killing the PCs. As it fights, it will summon a copy of itself to fix whatever it was the PC messed up. If the players take this hint, and stop interfering, the dimensional will vanish until such time the PCs resume activity harmful to the timeline.

Encounter 2

Leaving Ravens Bluff

You leave the city of Ravens Bluff behind you, wondering silently if you will ever return. The guards who let you through the north gate looked confused and frightened, and tried to dissuade you from

leaving the city, but once they understood your devotion, they wished you the best, closing the massive north gate as soon as your wagon crossed the wall's threshold. The sun is high in the sky as you leave Ravens Bluff.

Two hours later, you come upon the remains of a caravan that lies half-sunken into the hard-packed earth of the north road. Skeletons dressed in scraps of fine clothing stare up at you from their earthly prison, and a slight wind picks up, blowing your hair about.

These are the sorry remains of a caravan that was destroyed over a week ago when the ground below them buckled, like a wave. Unfortunately for the merchant family traveling in the foremost wagon, the ground lost solidity for only a matter of seconds, and most of the caravan sunk into it, and were killed instantly when the ground fell still, and solid, once more. The party may discover a pouch with seven platinum pieces in it if they dig about in the foremost wagon (of five). It will take the PCs until dark to dig out and bury all of the corpses, if this is something they would like to do.

Leaving the ghost caravan behind, you travel along the Cross Road to Mossbridges, hoping to find a coaching inn to rest the horses. Instead, the road twists and turns at odd angles, and you find yourself in a hilly region that should not exist. The road bisects a long series of hills, all of which are covered only in tufts of grass along the bottom, as if the hills themselves simply erupted out of flat land. The sides of the hills are covered in cancerous lumps of a pulpy substance that seems to throb as you pass by. The sky above grows unnaturally dark in a matter of seconds, and, as one, the unnatural bulbs cease their movement and fall silent.

Ask the players to make surprise rolls, as their proximity to the bulby cocoons has caused them to burst, spewing a sickly, milky fluid upon all within the small valley. Those who fail are covered by the fluid, which causes 1d6 points of damage. Those who are not surprised may make a dexterity check to avoid the harmful effects of the ooze. The road here is about fifteen feet wide, and the hills line both sides for the next several miles. Unfortunately for the PCs, a number of hideous creatures emerge from the growths, intent on destroying those who interrupted their slumber.

If the PCs attempt to speed up the horses, it will take eight rounds of running to get through the hilly region,

whereafter light returns to the sky, and the ground becomes normal (keep in mind that all creatures beyond the second tier will attempt to give chase).

Tier One

Kalin (3); Int Semi; AL LN; AC 6; MV 18; HD 5; HP 35; Thac0 16; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d4; SA Grapple; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ L (10' long); ML 18.

Tier Two

Kalin (3); Int Semi; AL LN; AC 5; MV 18; HD 6; HP 35; Thac0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d4; SA Grapple; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ L (10' long); ML 18.

Tier Three

Kalin (4); Int Semi; AL LN; AC 5; MV 18; HD 7; HP 38; Thac0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d10/1d10/2d6; SA Grapple; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ L (10' long); ML 18.

Tier Four

Kalin (6); Int Semi; AL LN; AC 3; MV 18; HD 9; HP 45; Thac0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1d10/1d10/2d6; SA Grapple; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ L (10' long); ML 18.

Tier Five

Gibbering Mouthers (6); Int Semi; AL N; AC 1; MV 3 (6); HD 8; HP 48; Thac0 17; #AT 6+; Dmg 1(x12) plus special; SA *Gibbering, spit*, bite; SD Ground control; MR Nil; SZ M (4' - 7' tall); ML 13-14.

When the PCs pass, six hideous creatures composed entirely of eyes and mouths emerge, three at the south end of the road, and three at the north. Two of the mouthers to the south will use their *Gibbering* attack (save vs. spell or become confused, per monster description) and two to the north will *spit* upon the party (save vs. petrification of fall blind for d3 rounds, per monster description). The remaining mouthers charge the party, attempting to draw them into their bodies. Thereafter, the mouthers will advance toward the wagon, where they will fall upon each other, merging to become a gigantic moulder with 36 attacks per round and 48 HD (6 attacks and 8 HD per creature, subtract those killed before merging process). This monstrosity will move at a paltry 1.5, but will begin to make its way north, toward Mossbridges.

Encounter 3 Mossbridges

Leaving behind the strange valley, you soon come upon the village of Mossbridges, so named for the imposing stone spans that bridge the powerful Fire River. As you cross, into the town proper, you see several inhabitants of the town emerging from their homes, and just as many in the middle of the road, headed toward the center of town. All of them stand completely still, however, and the town is eerily quiet.

As you make your way toward the frozen villagers, it becomes clear that the entire village has been affected by some great magic, for you see men and women, elf, human, halfling and gnome, all held still by some unseen force. You even spot a pair of dogs, frozen still while wrestling at play.

Unsure of what has happened, you walk to the center of town, and see a disturbing display. Dozens of villagers stand in a large ring around a tall, wooden post. An elderly man, wearing the robes of Chauntea, stands lashed to the post, a pile of kindling beneath his feet. The villagers look on, pointing and sneering at the man. One of them, a robust human wearing the hat of a village elder, holds aloft a torch, and points an accusatory finger at the priest. As in the rest of the village, the entire scene is frozen in time. The flames of the elder's torch have burned all the way to the handle, and your nose wriggles at the unpleasant stench of burning flesh.

The disruption in Toril's magical weave has mistreated Mossbridges, and the locals, being rural, distrusting folk, have taken it upon themselves to punish the local lay priest of Chauntea. After all, they assumed, the fields had gone sour after the priest performed a blessing last month, so he must be to blame. Feel free to invent as many "rural" portents as you can to enhance the encounter (cows gave brown milk, etc.)

The chief instigator is Cappen Toyne, the village elder (the fellow with the torch). Fortunately for the priest, Melnius Derrow, Mossbridges came under the influence of strange magics at the proscribed moment of his death. All living creatures within the perimeter of Mossbridges are frozen, as if affected by a *hold person* spell.

The only way to disrupt this effect is to physically remove the townspeople from the town. Upon crossing the bridge, the magic wears off instantly, and the villagers will be able to move again.

Of course, there is a catch. After spending a turn investigating within the town, the PCs (and any villagers they have rescued) will become affected by a *slow* spell. Thereafter, they have one turn (ten rounds) to exit the town, or they will eventually fall completely still (no save). PCs wearing a *ring of free action* are immune to the effects of the strange magical zone.

It takes a human three minutes to walk from any bridge to the town square. It takes the same amount of time to double back, or to proceed across town to another of three bridges. This will not leave the party much time, and so they will need to take a limited number of trips in and out of Mossbridges.

Once a PC is *slowed*, he returns to normal the moment he steps across a bridge. Likewise, if the PC is "frozen," he will be frozen again if he reenters the town. Oddly, this is not the case with the villagers who were frozen in the initial wild surge, but it does apply to any effects that occur to them thereafter, so unless a complicated "relay" method of freeing the townsfolk is employed, it will be impossible to rescue the town.

If the party can figure out an effective method, it will take much of the remaining day to drag every resident across one of the bridges, even if the revived townspeople aid the PCs in doing so.

Of course, the matter of the priest burning will have to be settled, and the people of Mossbridges are a distrustful folk. All but Toyne, however, will soon see the PC's point of view, and since the elder is an elected official, he will have no choice but to follow the will of the people.

The grateful townsfolk of Mossbridges will offer up a comfortable hayloft, outside the town proper, of course, if the PCs wish to camp here for the night.

TIERS 5 and 6: If the party did not destroy the Gibbering Moulder monstrosity at the end of the last encounter, it will appear in Mossbridges three hours after the party's arrival. If they are still present, they may fight the creature. If not, it will devour the entire village (though some residents will escape, and eventually reestablish the place).

Unscrupulous parties may use the situation as an excuse to pillage the town. This will take several hours, and will yield a bounty of coins and assorted treasure worth about 5,700 gp. It will take eight hours to completely loot the place, and alignment shifting may

be in order. PCs who spend less time treasure hunting may receive items of monetary worth as decided by the DM, but not exceeding 2,000 gp. Any amount over 4,000 gp will require use of a wagon, which can be found in the town.

Keep in mind, however, that the slow effect will come upon them, whether they are aiding the townsfolk, or bilking them.

If the PCs somehow all become trapped in Mossbridges, they will eventually “thaw” in a month’s time, and must roll a successful system shock check, or die from exposure. Though Torm will have by this time vanished from Tantras, he will have noted the PCs as aberrations, and *geased* them from afar to leave the Vast for a period of thirteen years. The adventure is over.

Allow the party to proceed to Encounter 4.

Encounter 4 ***Marred Beauty***

Coming up over a bend, you can make out a small wagon train headed in your direction. Even from this distance, you can tell that none of the two dozen men and women that accompany the caravan are armed, and the foremost wagon flies a colorful banner depicting the device of Sune, goddess of beauty.

If the party approaches or holds their ground, continue.

As the caravan gets closer, you notice that the Suneite banner is marred by small tears, and stained with dark soot. The faces of the priests, though many are covered by hoods, are likewise marked. One of the men near the front sees your group, and raises his hand in a peaceful salute. As he approaches, you see that he is every bit the priest of Faerun’s god of beauty, though his chiseled, handsome features are downcast, and a large, ashy smear marks his cheek.

“Greetings and well met,” he says. “I am Elian, and this is my congregation. We hail from Tantras, and make passage to Mossbridges. What news from that fine town?”

Elian and his flock fled Tantras two days ago, after the corrupt servants of Dunn Tenwealth, the city’s High Priest of Torm, ordered the Suneite temple burned to the ground. Elian has little patience for Torm or his followers, and will scorn any within the party. The Suneites have secreted ten *potions of healing* in one of

their wagons, and if Elian takes to the party, he will offer as many as needed to assist them (applying the potions to all wounded members of the party, but saving any leftover potions for the rest of the journey to Mossbridges).

The Suneites, stripped of their vanity by Tenwealth’s treacherous actions, are quite likable, and want little more than to put their bad experiences behind them and settle in Mossbridges, or perhaps Ravens Bluff.

Elian will offer to break for lunch to talk to the PCs, and the Suneites will prepare a wonderful meal if they accept. If the party tells Elian that they plan to see Torm, he will shake his head sadly and say, “Well, then, you had best be willing to sell your soul for the privilege.”

If they appear interested, Elian will tell them that ever since Torm’s avatar appeared in Tantras, the city has become quite possessed. At first, all of the other temples lost most of their worshippers, as, after all, it’s difficult to compete with a church that actually has their god on the premises. Then, a week ago, Tenwealth, Torm’s High Priest, ordered that all other temples within the city recognize Torm as superior to their own faiths, and somehow coerced the city’s government to introduce a host of new taxes to pay for the influx of new visitors and citizens flocking to the city to see a god-made-flesh. Because these people brought business to the city, however, the church of Torm was made exempt. When, two days ago, Tormite zealots burned down the Suneite temple, Elian and the others simply left, unwilling to fight a losing battle against an entire city of fanatics.

After spending much of the early evening with the Suneites, Elian will mention that it might be safer for the PCs to camp with the priests, tonight. In the morning, the Suneites will continue to Mossbridges, thanking the party for their time, and wishing them luck in Tantras.

Encounter 5 ***Beggars at the Gate***

NOTE: For this encounter, forward, any priests or paladins of Torm may employ clerical magic or special abilities. Wizard spells, even if cast by these characters, have the usual chance of triggering wild magic surges.

Even before you can make out the majesty of the city of Tantras, you can see the dark ring of refugees that surround the place. A gigantic tent city bustles with activity even a mile from the city's gates, and as you approach, the urchins living outside the place sense your coming, and gather at the perimeter of the camp. None of them are armed, and all of them look destitute. Though you have passed many signs of the tumult caused since the Day of Arrival, none is more effective than this.

When you get closer to the huddled group, you detect sadness in their eyes, and the sallow-skinned signs of hunger. A young halfling boy approaches you and holds forward a grubby palm. "Please," he says with a strained voice, "please give me a coin, or something to eat." Behind him, at least a hundred refugees stand expectantly.

The people outside Tantras are destitute. Either worshippers of Torm from elsewhere in the Realms who were turned from the gates due to lack of funds or faithless curs expunged from the city by the forces of Tenwealth, there are easily 5,000 refugees surrounding the city gates. Unfortunately, the trickle of food Tantras has given them is hardly enough to feed everyone, and the refugees have become desperate.

This encounter takes place about a mile from the city gates.

Should any of the PCs give the halfling boy so much as a copper piece, the entire throng will surround the party, asking for donations. It will take at least 500 coins (of any variety) or all of the party's wealth (if the number of coins is fewer than 500) to get through the group without using magic or brute force, once the first coin has been shown. Likewise, any food donations will be gratefully accepted by the refugees, but everyone will want something to eat, and the men, women and children outside Tantras will not give up asking for it, blocking the PCs' path to the gate, until all food has either been distributed, or physical violence erupts.

Should the party attack the refugees, all of those not directly targeted by the attack will flee. They have been trapped outside the city for weeks, their illusions about man and divinity shattered. They are in no mood to fight. The refugees are unarmored (AC 10), and do not resist attack. Armed force against any of them will automatically kill a refugee and cause all of the refugees to give the party clear berth to the city walls

(judges may wish to alter alignments, as well, depending upon the situation).

Once the party has successfully negotiated with the refugees, they are approached by a young street urchin who introduces himself as "Devin," and congratulates them on their handling of "that mess back there." Thereafter, he will follow them, asking what they plan to do, who they're planning to see in Tantras, etc.

The boy is about fourteen years old, and is actually a member of the underground association of murderers, scoundrels and footpads who gather nightly in the Dark Harvest Tavern to worship Bhaal, God of Assassins. Lately, he has taken to giving misleading instructions to travelers hoping to gain entry to Tantras, and is paid well by his superiors at the Dark Harvest. If the players do not tell him directly, he will guess that they have come to pay their respects to Torm, and to visit Dunn Tenwealth. If they admit to this, he will instruct them to see Sabinus, at the Dark Harvest Tavern. If they do not admit to this, he suggests they choose the Tavern as a place to eat, "Just ask for Sabinus, and he'll be able to help you with the ins-and-outs of the city."

The boy will deny any connection to the Tavern, but if the PCs press, he will admit that he gets a small kickback for every drink sold that Sabinus attributes to him. "Times are tough, and it's not like a kid like me can get paid doing anything else."

Devin will also explain the cost structure for getting into Tantras (outlined in Encounter 6), and offer to sell the party access to his "secret way" into the city for 50 gp (though he is willing to negotiate, and may take jewels or even items, instead). This is a legitimate offer, and if accepted, Devin will lead the party to a heap of trash, under which is buried access to an underground drainage ditch, which leads to an access hatch in an alley just on the other side of the wall.

Devin is Chaotic Evil, unarmed, and has an AC of 9 (Dex). He has 4 hit points. Remember that any magic cast, such as *detect evil*, has a very good chance of triggering a wild surge (unless cast by a priest or paladin of Torm). If the players discover his true motivations, Devin will admit only to knowing that Sabinus pays him to send unsuspecting travelers to his establishment, where they are trapped and usually killed.

If the PCs do not learn the boy's secret, he will leave them to their business, wishing them luck in their visit to Tantras. If they do discover his ruse, they can do with him what they wish.

Encounter 6 Getting In

You proceed to the massive gates of the city of Tantras. A large gate stands just to the side of the wooden doors, and from within, you can see a weasel of a man dressed in the livery of the city watch bickering with a fat, bald-headed merchant standing on your side of the bars. The opulently dressed man throws up his hands, and as you get closer, you distinctly hear him shout the word "preposterous!"

All the same, the man hands over a fat pouch, and the guard smiles. The doors creak open, allowing the fat man to pass through before shutting fast. Seeing your party, the guard speaks up. "Can I help you?" he asks.

Since the flood of refugees has severely taxed the city, the government (at the behest of Dunn Tenweath) has implemented a harsh fee for entry to the city. The fee is tiered, so that those who look like members of the middle class must pay 500 gp, obvious members of the upper class or merchant class must pay 750 gp, and common riff-raff are simply not allowed entry. Adventuring parties (which are relatively easy to detect, especially if they are using operative *ioun stones*, and are armed to the teeth, etc.) may enter Tantras at a cost of 1,000 gp, per member.

Any priests or paladins of Torm openly displaying their regalia (including any PC with an *amulet of Torm friendship*) are escorted in for free, as are their companions. Otherwise, the fees are individual, and must be paid in full before entry to the city is allowed.

The guards are not above haggling, however, and will accept a single magic weapon as payment to allow the entire group into the city. If any PC is wearing a sword, the guard will suggest they give it to him, and he will let them in. He will attempt to get the best weapon (as far as he can tell) first, but is willing to accept anything.

He will likewise give free entry to anyone turning in Devin, who is wanted on charges of thievery.

Most parties will balk at these ridiculous prices, but there are very few other ways into the city. There is one other gate into Tantras, which operates under the same set-up. Should the party wish, they may attempt to locate Devin, who will sell his secret way into the city for 50 gp. It will take an hour to locate the boy, unless they alienated him in the previous encounter, in which case he will have left, and is impossible to find.

The party may also elect to sneak into the city. Tantras' walls are 40' high, and patrolled by highly-trained guards, who will discover PCs sneaking over the wall unless ingenious methods (and a good amount of magic) are employed. There is an 85% chance of the PCs being noticed if they are simply scampering over the top, and this chance is reduced by 10% for every distraction or measure taken to prevent detection, as decided by the DM. Discovered characters will be arrested and thrown out of the city (the jails are full), and must sneak in some other way. Invisible PCs automatically succeed, provided they can concoct a way to get over the wall. A normal discovery draws five guards the round following the alarm. Killing these guards is considered an evil act.

Tantran Guards, F1 (5); Int High; AL NG; AC 7; MV 12; hp 7; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d6 (short swords); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (5'10"); ML 10.

Once the party has entered Tantras, they may do whatever they wish. If they elect to take Devin's advice and check out the Dark Harvest Tavern, go to Encounter 7. If they proceed directly to the Temple of Torm, go to Encounter 8.

Encounter 7 The Dark Harvest

Winding through the unfamiliar streets of Tantras, it takes you nearly an hour to reach the Dark Harvest Tavern. It looks like any of its brethren across Faerun, and you guess that the sheaves of wheat carved into the tavern's exterior are a not uncommon motif for taverns in a city that seems to thrive on agriculture. You open the doors, and step into the dimness within, noting the sweet smell of narcotic smoke wafting through the rafters above you. The patrons of the place, perhaps thirty human men and women, pay you little attention, and continue mumbling to each other or picking at their meals as you enter.

There is a large fireplace against a far wall, and a group of youngsters sit on the floor there, playing a game of checkers. On the opposite wall, a healthily stocked bar plays home to a half-dozen patrons, all of whom seem to be well into their cups. A gruff, bald-headed bartender nods at you, and beckons you forward.

The Dark Harvest is not a good place to be. In fact, it is a den of Tantras' most disreputable violent criminals. One of their chiefmost enjoyments is trapping newcomers to the city in a devious pit trap, and watching them fight "gladiator-style" against a group of champions. This is usually a slaughter, but much money changes hands over each battle, and upsets have been known to occur.

Sabinus is the young leader of this assembly, though he is not present when the PCs arrive. Sabinus and his gang are worshippers of Bhaal (the Dark Harvest acts as a sort of temple for the depraved of Tantras), who destroyed the temple of Sune, and bullied the congregations of other temples in the city. At present, High Priest Tenwealth is willing to work with them, while planning their downfall.

If the PCs ask anyone in the bar about Sabinus, they will be directed to a door against the far wall, where they are told Sabinus will meet them. The door leads to a dark corridor about 30' long, which ends in a large, circular room with wooden floorboards. Once the entire group (or as many members of the group that seem to be "together" to the bartender) has reached the room, a switch under the bar will be pulled, and the party will fall 40' into a small pile of straw (suffering no damage). Read the following:

You stand up, brushing dirt from your clothes, and attempt to see through the numbing darkness that surrounds you. The dark must be magical, for it is complete, and gives no clue to your surroundings. You can hear the shuffle of feet above you, and whispered voices can be heard from all around. Suddenly, the darkness is gone, and you can see that you have fallen in the center of a pit-like arena, with 20' high walls in a circle around you. The pit is perhaps fifty feet across, and has only one gated exit. Above you, all of the patrons of the Dark Harvest have gathered, and look down at you in contempt.

A loud voice erupts from the darkness. "Strangers! You have been selected by Lord Bhaal to serve in tonight's festivities. Succeed, and you may live, richly rewarded. Fail, and you die."

The gated door rises, and six figures step into the ring. . .

These are the current champions of the Dark Harvest. The patrons in the seats don't really care who wins this battle, though if the party begins to win, they will be cheered accordingly. Everybody, including members of murderous cults, loves an underdog.

Beginning in round two, the patrons will begin to throw coins onto the field of battle. This is a tradition at the Dark Harvest, and the winners of every battle may collect the funds as part of their prize. *Furthermore, this fight carries with it a 5,000 gp purse, which will go to the winners.*

In order to meet the conditions of the purse (but not the coins) all members of the opposing side must be killed in combat. If the party refuses to do this (which many will), they will not be awarded with the prize. One of the patrons watching above will explain the details once it becomes apparent the PCs are winning.

Tier One

Champions of Bhaal, human F3 (6); Int High; AL NE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 25; Thac0 18; #AT 1; dam 1d6 (short sword) + 1 (strength); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

The foremost champion wears the hideous *Mask of Bhaal*, and activates its fearsome power in the first round, launching a gaze attack at the stongest-looking member of the party. If that PC has a Wisdom lower than 12, he or she must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen in fear for 1d4 rounds.

Tier Two

Champions of Bhaal, human F3 (6); Int High; AL NE; AC 1; MV 12; hp 30; Thac0 17; #AT 2/3; dam 1d8 (long swords) + 2 (spec.), 1d6 (short swords) +2; SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

The foremost champion wears the hideous *Mask of Bhaal*, and activates its fearsome power in the first round, launching a gaze attack at the stongest-looking member of the party. If that PC has a Wisdom lower than 12, he or she must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen in fear for 1d4 rounds.

Tier Three

Champions of Bhaal, human F6 (6); Int High; AL NE; AC 1; MV 12; hp 50; Thac0 13; #AT 2/3; dam

1d8 (long swords) + 3 (strength), 1d6 (short swords) +2; SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

The foremost champion wears the hideous *Mask of Bhaal*, and activates its fearsome power in the first round, launching a gaze attack at the stoniest-looking member of the party. If that PC has a Wisdom lower than 12, he or she must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen in fear for 1d4 rounds.

Tier Four

Champions of Bhaal, human F7 (6); Int High; AL NE; AC -1 (plate mail, dex); MV 24; hp 60; Thac0 13; #AT 3; dam 2x1d8 (long swords) + 3 (strength, specialization), 1x1d6 (short swords) + 3 (strength); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

The foremost champion wears the hideous *Mask of Bhaal*, and activates its fearsome power in the first round, launching a gaze attack at the stoniest-looking member of the party. If that PC has a Wisdom lower than 12, he or she must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen in fear for 1d4 rounds.

Tier Five

Champions of Bhaal (6), human F12; Int High; AL NE; AC -1 (plate mail, dex); MV 24; hp 100; Thac0 8; #AT 6; dam 4x1d8 (long swords) + 5 (strength, specialization), 2x1d6 (short swords) + 3 (strength); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

Prior to competition, the Champions each imbibed a *potion of speed*. Hence, they move at 24, and have 6 attacks per round.

The foremost champion wears the hideous *Mask of Bhaal*, and activates its fearsome power in the first round, launching a gaze attack at the stoniest-looking member of the party. If that PC has a Wisdom lower than 12, he or she must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen in fear for 1d4 rounds.

It is very likely that the party will attempt to jump up into the stands and attack the patrons of the Dark Harvest. This will lead to a virtual slaughter, as most of the patrons are not fighters (though it will not dissuade the champions, who cannot, short of death, be stopped from their bloodlust). Their statistics are provided, and remain the same, regardless of tier.

Dark Harvest Patrons (35); Int Average; AL NE/CN; AC 10; MV 12; hp 5; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d4

(daggers); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (5'10"); ML 10.

Dark Harvest Wizards, M2 (3); Int High; AL NE; AC 8; MV 12; hp 6; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d4 (daggers); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 10.

Spells: 1) *magic missile* (x2), *color spray*.

Note that any attack upon the gallery will come as a complete surprise to the patrons, and the three mages will cast spells at random, hoping to evoke an advantageous wild surge result.

Large disturbances (such as explosions, fires, riots, etc.) will be ignored by the city watch, who have been told to ignore the Dark Harvest. Most of these are good men, so if the bar burns to the ground, it will not trouble them overmuch. Sabinus is a resourceful man, and the place will be reconstructed in two weeks, anyway.

At the end of the fight, the party may collect the coins (374 gp) and, if they do not attack the patrons, the 5,000 gp purse will be tossed to them, as well. Once the fight is over, the lower gate reopens to an upsloping hall which leads to several empty side chambers and a back door to the street.

If the violence spreads to the stands, the party may eventually reap the same reward, in addition to assorted coins worth 216 gp.

Any reports to the city watch will be dutifully recorded, and the party will be insured that action will be taken. Of course, this is not the case.

If the party proceeds to the temple of Torm, go to Encounter 8.

Encounter 8 ***Prosperity***

The courtyard outside Torm's temple is bustling with the activity of hundreds of worshippers and pilgrims in informal service to the God of Duty. The din is almost deafening, and you distinctly hear three different hymns from three different parts of the crowd. The discordance of the choirs' voices only serves to make the chaos more frustrating.

You make your way to what looks like the main gate, and struggle past disappointed people pushing through the crowd in your direction, obviously chagrined at being turned away from the temple doors.

When finally you make it to the front of the throng, you are met by a thin priest of Torm who stands by a door in the wall. He approaches you with open arms. "Torm welcomes you to his home!" he cries. "What can the God of Duty do for you fine pilgrims today?"

As the handsome priest brings his hands to rest on his hips, you notice a large, nearly full moneypurse dangling from his belt.

This is Hessian, the door warden. He is a powerful priest in the order of Torm, and gives the signal to other priests in the towers above to open the door, should any of the visitors meet the sizable donation needed to enter the temple. Like most corrupt officials, Hessian never asks for money, but makes excuses, saying that the temple is a busy place, and that it will take a lot of devotion on behalf of the party if he is to let them in.

Specifically, he is looking for a donation from the party to the tune of 2,000 gp. If the players do not catch on, a group of pilgrims approaches the priest, and Hessian excuses himself. Right in front of their eyes, the priest takes a number of sacks of coins from the worshipers, gives the signal to one of the men in the towers, and the door opens. Thereafter, he turns to the PCs once more and asks if they are sure he cannot help them.

There are a number of conditions to entry in the Temple of Torm's Coming. First, all weapons must be peacebonded, and all who enter must swear that they will not draw a weapon in anger while within the temple's walls. Second, priests of gods other than Torm will not be allowed into the temple, unless they remove or mask all symbols or signs of their patron. There are no exceptions to these rules.

Hessian will allow any priests or paladins of Torm, their followers, or anyone openly displaying an Amulet of Torm Friendship (available in another module) into the temple at no charge, of course.

If the party tells Hessian their sob story, he will sigh, as if he has heard everything, and reiterate the conditions of entry.

It is likely that the PCs will not have enough coin to pay Hessian. Unfortunately for them, this is the *only* way into the temple. The purse from the fight at the Dark Harvest should do nicely for payment, but if the PCs did not go there, they may attempt to sell some of their goods at "fair market" prices (PHB, DMG). Magical Items may be sold for the prices listed in the *Dungeon Masters Guide* or *Encyclopedia Magica* (provided the DM has the latter volumes handy).

If time is running short, you do not have time to make the PCs go find the necessary money, **AND** the PCs do not own enough items of value to add up to 2,000 gp, then have Hessian take everything of value they do own, and begrudgingly let them through.

Once the PCs have paid their dues, proceed to Encounter 9.

Encounter 9

Tenwealth

You are ushered from the main gate through a series of opulently decorated hallways teeming with the faithful of the church of Torm. After passing nearly a dozen acolytes conducting catechisms with tutors, you are shown to a huge set of double doors, lined in gold. The guards accompanying you open the doors, and enter a posh office. A handsome, platinum-haired man smiles as you enter, and stands, motioning to a row of uncomfortable-looking benches before his desk.

"Welcome," he says with aplomb. "I am Dunn Tenwealth. It's a testament to your grace that you have heeded the call of the God of Duty, and I'm happy I was able to take time from my schedule to meet with you. For what reason have you traveled so far, and what is it you think we can do for you here?"

Tenwealth is a consummate wheeler and dealer, and he knows that anyone who has spent the amount of money it costs to make it this far will have access to a good deal more. He will never explicitly state that he requires more of the PCs, but has a few tricks up his sleeve that will make it apparent that the party is dealing with someone who can provide them with a good deal of power.

For starters, Tenwealth gladly heals any wound (up to *cure serious wounds*) a single PC may have, as a show of good faith, and to prove to the party that they are not in the presence of a charlatan.

If the PCs at any time ask or demand to see Torm himself, Tenwealth will chuckle politely, and break into the following speech:

“The Lord of Duty is indeed busy, especially now. It would take the request of one fiercely devoted to duty to gain his ear, I think.” Tenwealth raises an eyebrow and pauses, as if waiting for some sort of reaction. A moment later, he continues.

“I shall give you a free sermon.”

“In the Book of Duty, we learn of the Parable of Eudus, a devoted merchant and father to two young men, Beckel and Herrilos. Eudus was a rich man, who had managed to gain the ire of his king, who one day had the merchant imprisoned. Now, this king was a fine man, who realized that Eudus had gained his fortunes immorally, and sought to put the avaricious man to death for his crimes. The kind ruler gave notice of his intent to his subjects, and asked any who could speak for Eudus to come to his castle, and plead for the man’s life.

“First to arrive was Beckel who, like his father, had become a merchant. Beckel offered the king all of his riches in exchange for the life of his father, who he dearly loved. The wise king sent Beckel away, and refused to accept the money that had been gained from others, and announced that Eudus would be slain on the following day.

“On the next morning, however, young Herrilos arrived in the court of the king. Unlike his father and brother, Herrilos had turned to farming for a living, and was a poor man. Still, he loved his father dearly, and came to visit with the king.

“I have no gold to give you, your highness,” Herrilos said. ‘But I offer you my hoe, that which plants the seed of my bounty, and ensures that I may eat.’ In giving the hoe, the king knew that Herrilos’ love for his father was indeed strong, and the merchant was released that very day.

“There is a moral to the tale of Eudus, Beckel and Herrilos, but I leave it to you to untangle it.”

If the PCs do not ask to see Torm, but instead spill their guts to Tenwealth, he will suggest that they talk to his god. Thereafter, he will launch into the sermon/sales pitch above.

Tenwealth will entertain no offer of gold lower than 5,000 gp, though he does not truly expect the party to have much coin left after entering the city and temple. He will feign offense at any monetary offer, but he is, at base, a greedy man, and will accept large offers to be paid before he arranges a meeting with Torm’s avatar.

What Tenwealth is really looking for, and hopes that his parable will make clear, is a symbolic sacrifice of true meaning from each of the members of the party. Whether this is the favorite sword from a fighter or the offering of a family heirloom, Tenwealth will weigh each sacrifice individually. He will not say so, but he requires at least three sacrifices before he will arrange a meeting with Torm. If everyone in the party comes forward with an item, however, Tenwealth will turn nothing away.

NOTE TO DM: In this encounter, you must adjudicate what is truly valuable to a PC, and what is not. Do not let high-level characters get away with giving up nonmagical items, **unless they can explain to Tenwealth why the items hold personal significance.** A PC may attempt to lie to Tenwealth, and as long as he or she plays this out well, allow it to fool the high priest. Furthermore, Tenwealth allows greater leniency to parties of lower experience. He is more impressed that they got this far. Lastly, the three items must come from three different people, and though Tenwealth accepts multiple donations from a single person, they will not count towards the three-item cost of seeing Torm.

Once the PCs and Tenwealth have come to an agreement, proceed to Encounter 10. If, for some reason, the party attacks Tenwealth, he will fight back viciously, using his spells to take out the weakest members of the party first, asking the party to reconsider all the while.

Should Tenwealth somehow be killed, Torm immediately appears in the room, and targets one PC each round with his special attack (described below). Once attacked, it is impossible for the PCs to get any help whatsoever from either Tenwealth or Torm.

Dunn Tenwealth , P13; Int High; AL LN; AC 10; MV 12; hp 6; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d4 (daggers); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6’); ML 18.

Tenwealth has access to whatever priest spells he wants (up to 6th level), at whim, due to his special relationship with Torm.

Avatar of Torm; Int High; AL LG; AC -4; MV 15; hp 165; Thac0 1; #AT 5/2; dam 1d10 + 11 (sword: *Duty’s Bond*, Strength); SA see below; SD nil; MR 60%; SZ M (6’); ML 20.

Saves: PPDM 1, RSW 3, PP 2, BW 2, Sp 4.

Torm may cast any priest spell he chooses.

After sparring with the party for a few rounds (and teaching particularly noisome characters a permanent lesson or two), Torm will employ a special Power. He will look at the party and shout: "GO AWAY!" at which point the PCs will be immediately teleported to the most disadvantageous fates listed at the end of the module (as decided by the whim of the judge). Furthermore, players must save vs. spells at -4, or be aged an additional 2d20 years. Those struck by this attack are affected by a *geas*, and may not return to Ravens Bluff until thirteen years have passed.

Encounter 10

Torm

Tenwealth leads you through a secret passage at the rear of his office. There are stairs here, which lead down, and as you descend, you feel disconcerted. The walls themselves seem to shift in and out of reality, taking on a crystalline form as the stairs end in a large room. Tenwealth smiles at you, noting the dazed looks on your faces. "I see the Crystal Halls are working effectively. Simply a precaution, you understand."

The priest continues out the single door and through a bewilderingly long series of tunnels composed of the now familiar crystal walls, floors and ceilings. The overall effect is very disorienting, and you cannot tell if you've been walking for minutes or hours. Eventually, the tunnels lead to a large door, which Tenwealth opens with flourish. "I give you Torm! God of Duty!" As the doors open, the platinum haired high priest kneels on the ground.

The room beyond seems to be lit by the walls and ceilings, though this is a dim magical glow, comforting, and completely unlike the harsh discord of the halls behind you. A young man sits on a large throne of wood inlaid with precious gems and silver within the room. With short, blond hair and a pleasant beard, he is stunningly attractive, and lounges comfortably, one hand resting on his throne and another petting the mane of a huge lion that appears to be made from solid gold.

You had prepared yourself for this moment, but are confused to see what looks like a mundane man, despite his fine looks. The gilded creature beside him exudes more majesty than the seated god, but you step forward, regardless.

The young man smiles as you enter. "Thank you, Tenwealth. You may be excused. I shall see to the needs of our visitors," he says.

Tenwealth nods and walks into the tunnels, closing the door behind him. Sealing you in the room with Torm.

The golden lion snorts, and Torm smiles warmly. "You've obviously come some distance to speak with me. I would know what is on your minds."

Though the form is hardly as impressive as most would expect from a god, the seated man is, in fact, the God of Duty. Tenwealth has kept Torm largely in the dark about the corruption in the church. If the PCs clue him in on the activities of Tenwealth and the clergy, Torm will furrow his brow and become quite concerned. "I leave those affairs to my followers, and trust in the justice of their decisions," he says. "Perhaps this has been a mistake. I will look into it."

Torm is genuinely a benevolent god, and wishes to help the PCs in any way that he can. He heals any wounds suffered by the PCs (**including death**) free of charge, and wants to know what the party is doing in Tantras. His divine senses have already alerted him that the PCs do not belong in this time, though he will not admit that he knows this, preferring instead to judge the party upon the truths it is willing to admit.

Of course, it is foolish to lie to a power, and Torm will simply chuckle at any mistruth spoken in his presence. When the party ultimately reveals its purpose for coming (if the PCs are reluctant to do this, Torm will force the issue by asking prodding questions) the God of Duty will nod, considering the options silently for a moment. He will ask to see the letter from MacGreggor, the presence of which he has sensed.

After sitting silently for a moment, in contemplation, the God of Duty nods. "You are an aberration. That much is clear. As such, the longer you spend here, the more damage you can do to Ravens Bluff. It was wise of their wizards to send you away. Time is not rigid, and can accept small disturbances, but the closer you are to home, the greater the chances that those ripples could turn into great waves. We cannot allow that to happen." Torm frowns slightly, "Faerun has enough problems as it is."

"I can send you back to your own time. You were not willing participants in the exchange, and you belong in Ravens Bluff, in 1371. It will be difficult, especially now, but I believe I can return you home, to the day after you vanished. You will be able to put this entire experience behind you, and Elerio will be

returned to his time, or left to drift in the timestream itself. I cannot guess his fate."

The God of Duty looks each of you in the eye for a moment before continuing. "There is another option. Your superiors in Ravens Bluff have asked you to find a way back that will not endanger Elerio's presence in their city. I can think of only one such way, but it will involve hardship, sacrifice and loss. It may also provide reward. At times, I can forecast the effects of time, but I can seldom perceive fate.

"If the archmage's presence in the city is important to you, I urge you to take the second option. That of not going back at all.

"You belong in the future, to be sure, but I am confident that, if scattered, you would have little effect upon time as a whole. Once far away from here, it would be a simple matter to remain in one place for thirteen years. I can ensure that you will live these years relatively peacefully—your desire for adventure will be sated somewhat, and you will not be allowed, indeed, you will not want, to leave wherever you end up. In thirteen years, you will once again get the urge to return to Ravens Bluff, and I can guarantee that you will all meet again outside the Wizards Guild in thirteen years' time.

"I cannot allow you to retain any of your items, but I will ensure their return to you when you meet again. Have no fear of losing your personality, memories or otherwise. The geas magics I weave will only work to guarantee the safety of the timeline."

"It is an enormous risk. Magic is corrupted, and even I am in some ways limited by the disruption in the weave. I cannot say where you will end up, only that it will be far from the Vast, and from each other, and that you will have nothing but the clothes on your back and your skills to ensure your safety. Choosing the difficult path will lead to prosperity for Ravens Bluff, but it will not be easy. I leave it to each of you to decide your fates."

At this, the God of Duty sits back in his throne, and waits on your answer.

The choices should be clear to the PCs: Return to Ravens Bluff at no risk to themselves, but at great risk to Elerio, or sacrifice thirteen years of their life to ensure that duty is served. Torm will think no less of the party if they choose the former, even telling them that they are under no obligation to choose one way of the other. Of course, as the God of Duty, it is obvious to him that the latter choice is the correct one, though he will leave it entirely to the PCs to decide.

The one thing Torm will not allow the party to do is remain in Tantras. If they force the issue, he will simply begin the ritual, anyway, and force option two upon the party. One would hope the party does not attack Torm, but if they do, make them regret the decision. (Torm's stats and tactics may be found in Encounter 9).

Proceed to "The Personal Choice" for those PCs who wish to return immediately to Ravens Bluff. Those who choose to remain should proceed to "The Noble Choice."

If the majority of the party decides to make the sacrifice, the module ends in Conclusion B, A Glorious Return. If exactly half the party or fewer elect to remain, proceed to Conclusion A, Phyrvic Victory.

The Personal Choice: For Those Who Go Back

Torm sighs at your decision, but nods with a compassionate look in his eyes. "I understand. It is difficult to accept duty when the circumstances surrounding it have been thrust upon you." At that, he closes his eyes and holds both hands out in front of him. You feel a tingling at the back of your neck, and suddenly, the entire world buckles. Everything is transformed to pure light, and you lose whatever shred of humanity you may once have possessed.

What seems like a long, long time later, the nothingness is replaced by the glare of the sun, as you stand amid a shocked crowd of onlookers in the middle of a crowded street. Moments later, you are surrounded by your fellow adventurers, and it is then that you realize you stand on Thurmur Street, just outside Raven's Bluff's Wizard's Guild.

The Noble Choice: For Those Who Stay

If the PCs decide to follow Torm's gambit, and spend 13 years far from the city so Elerio might be allowed to remain, Torm will be suitably pleased. Each PC who agrees to remain behind will receive "Torm's Blessing" at the conclusion of the adventure.

Torm smiles at your decision, and steps forward, his arms held out above him. A multi-colored mist appears out of thin air, and surrounds the entire party. Your heart beats faster, as you feel a part of your spirit being sucked into... someplace else. The mist grows so thick that you cannot see, and your entire body feels like it is trapped in a wind tunnel. Just as you are certain the molecules that hold you

together must surely shatter, the mist vanishes, and you are whole again.

Have each player roll 1d12, and consult the “Fates” pages, attached to the back of the module. These sheets, to be given to the players once everyone has secured a fate, explain the events that occur in the thirteen years of waiting. In this time, each PC may gain proficiencies or experiences that will help (or harm) them in the future. Reroll duplicates, as no two PCs will be allowed to share the same fate. Obviously, a single PC may receive only one Fate.

It is crucially important that these fates are determined at random. The judge should NOT make this roll himself, nor should he simply choose fates to fit the player. Torm’s spell is affected by chance; this should be made clear to the PCs.

Unless noted otherwise on the Page of Fate, each PC will age thirteen years, and players should mark this change in their character records.

As Torm warned, magic, even that employed by the gods themselves, is an unstable thing, and not all of the Fates are as wonderful as the God of Duty may have hoped. Unfortunately, once the PCs are teleported to their destinations, Torm will have lost track of them. The *geas* that makes up a large portion of the ritual will not allow the PCs to change their fate, so no part of the written text may be avoided.

HOWEVER: It is up to each player to determine how their PC reacts to his or her fate. A certain amount of choice has been removed from the PCs, but by no means should players feel that there is no leeway whatsoever. The fates should be seen as outlines. It is up to the players to fill in the spaces between the lines.

The Judge should write each PCs name on the Fate sheets, as these represent life experience, and cannot be traded.

Part of Torm’s spell saps the PCs’ will to adventure, so most characters do not gain additional experience in this 13-year period.

After all players have been allowed to digest their fates, read the following:

Having traveled long distances, you finally reach the City of Ravens Bluff. Though you have pictured this scene many times in the last thirteen years, you had

never imagined being so pleased to reach your destination.

Though even at the worst of times, your homes for the last decade had felt comfortable, they always paled before that great city that laid just over the horizon, yet dwelled so comfortably in your memory.

You make your way through the gates and to the Wizards Guild. It is, rightfully so, just as you remembered it. Though you have lived nearly a lifetime since leaving, it has been only a day since you left, and your hearts are filled with warmth at the homecoming.

As you trudge down Thurmur street, you remember the painful steps of yesterday, the uncertainty as you forced your way toward the only agency that could help you. You remember, too, seeing five other figures walking beside you and, almost like magic, they are next to you again. Your companions have aged since last you stood together, and, like you, you are certain they have great tales to tell.

Allow the PCs a chance to reunite, and tell tales of the last thirteen years. Eventually, lead them to the Wizards Guild, where they are greeted by two guards, who show them to a comfortable room, inside.

Conclusion A Phyrric Victory

You proceed to the offices of the Wizards Guild, and are seen to by a pair of bored-looking guards. After inquiring to your business, one of the guards goes inside to fetch Martin MacGreggor. After an interminable wait, the mage comes to the door and looks at you, a sneer marring his handsome features.

“I see. And we had thought Elerio’s condition some sort of relapse unrelated to the six of you. Apparently, we were wrong. He is fading, just as we had suspected he would. It will take us weeks to reverse the process, and we may not have weeks.... Well, I see that you saw to yourselves.”

MacGreggor is clearly disgusted, and will ask the PCs if there is anything else he can do for them. If they demand some sort of reward, he will excuse himself from the doorway and return later with a small pouch.

“I am sorry. You did not choose to be sent back, nor were you prepared for the consequences of your actions. Elerio may yet be saved, and it is good that you were able to return. I have discussed your actions with the other ministers, and we have decided to

compensate you for your ordeal. Now, good day. I have an archmage to save.”

The pouches contains 300 gp, total. This is the extent of the PCs reward, and the module is over.

Conclusion B A Glorious Return?

After waiting for only a moment, the door to the sitting room opens, and Martin MacGreggor approaches you. The rest of the ministers shuffle in behind him. They are followed by a middle-aged wizard who wears his hair cut short, as was the style over a decade ago. The man smiles broadly, and winks at you.

MacGreggor steps forward. “It took quite an assembly of people to do what you have done. For your sacrifice, Elerio has been guaranteed safety, and with his solvency, the City of Ravens Bluff will be greatly rewarded.” He hands each of you a large pouch, bursting with platinum pieces. “This humble reward is all we can offer. That, and our thanks.”

MacGreggor motions to a large sack in a nearby corner. “Twelve years ago, a party of Tormite priests from Tantras delivered that to our door. We have not disturbed the items within, though I am confident you will find them familiar.”

“But there will be time for that later! I think there is someone else here who would like to speak with you.”

At that, the middle-aged wizard steps forward. “I am Elerio,” he says, his voice full of emotion. “And I thank you from the core of my essence. I’ve been briefed on the situation here in Ravens Bluff, and I believe there is much to be done. Because you gave so selflessly, I believe I can help the city to start getting to it!” The other ministers clap at the pronouncement, and cheers fill the room.

That night, Elerio’s return is celebrated publicly in Essenna Square where, standing in the place of his unneeded monument, Elerio conducts a great pyrotechnical show in your honor. There is a better way to be rewarded, you are sure, but staring up at the flames in the sky, and hearing the cheers of the crowd, it’s difficult to imagine how.

The reward consists of 500 platinum pieces. Assuming Elerio is saved, each PC receives a Favor of Elerio certificate. If the PCs warned Torm of the corruption in his church, they receive a *Gratitude of Torm the True* certificate.

The End

Experience Point Summary

Experience is calculated as follows for Living City events.

1. Sum the experience listed below for objectives.
2. Assign discretionary role-playing experience (0-500 points). These should reward accurate character portrayal throughout the adventure, not just how well the PC interacted socially.
3. Finally, multiply the total by the tier according to this chart:

Levels 6-13	Tier 1
Levels 14-25	Tier 2
Levels 26-37	Tier 3
Levels 38-56	Tier 4
Levels 57+	Tier 5

PCs should get the experience points of the tier for which they qualify, regardless of which tier is actually played. For example, if you have a Tier 3 group and you have to bump the combats by one tier to challenge them, they still get the experience points for a Tier 3 group, not for a Tier 4 group.

Encounter One

Figuring out time difference: 50 xp
Not destroying the room or harming MacGreggor or guards: 50 xp

Encounter Two

Defeating Opponents: 50 xp

Encounter Three

Devising way to rescue some townsfolk: 50 xp
OR

Devising way to rescue *all* townsfolk: 100 xp

Encounter Five

Getting past the poor: 50 xp
Finding Devin’s “secret way” into Tantras: 50 xp

Encounter Six

Gaining access to Tantras: 50 xp

Encounter Seven

Defeating the Dark Harvest Champions: 100 xp

Encounter Eight

Getting into the Temple of Torm 50 xp

Encounter Nine

Dealing with Tenwealth: 100 xp

Encounter Ten

Acting appropriately in the presence of a god: 50 xp

Total Experience for Objectives: 700 xp

Roleplaying Experience: 0-500 xp

Total Possible Experience: 1,200 xp

For Tier 2: 2,400 xp

For Tier 3: 3,600 xp

For Tier 4: 4,800 xp

For Tier 5: 6,000 xp

Bonus Experience for remaining
in the past: 500 xp

Experience for Fates adds onto this total.

Treasure Summary

If it's not on this list, the PCs cannot keep it.

Encounter 7

Mask of Bhaal: This elaborately-carved wooden facemask instills a feeling of horror upon all who behold its fearsome countenance. Any one creature (selected by the wearer) with a Wisdom lower than 12 viewing the mask must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen in fear for 1d4 rounds. This power may be used once per adventure. The item is a favorite for assassins, who use it to ensure easy prey, and any character of good alignment will be revolted by its use by a companion.

(6) Favor of Elerio: As thanks for rescuing him from the rigors of time, the Archmage Elerio agrees to enchant one item per PC in any of the following ways (and must be stapled to the item certificate it modifies, if that item is itself magical).

___ Add two charges to any rod, staff or wand (not including items which specifically cannot be recharged, or which have only a single charge remaining).

___ Add a +1 to any weapon. (Three charges) (This enchantment lasts for six rounds.)

___ Add a +1 bonus to the Armor Class value of any armor or garment. (Three charges) (This enchantment lasts for six rounds.)

Elerio will enchant only one item per PC. If a PC does not want the enchantment, this certificate should be discarded. It cannot be "saved up" for a future item.

(6) Gratitude of Torm the True: A year to the day of Torm's death battling Bane in the Tantran harbor, and avatar of the God of Duty appeared in the Tormish temples of Ravens Bluff and Tantras. This avatar named the above PC a hero to the faith of Torm, for helping to uncover the corruption of the church during the Time of Troubles.

As such, the name of the PC will be recognized by priests of Torm in Ravens Bluff or Tantras, and that PC may always lodge freely at either temple. This lodging is for up to three days at a time.

Fates (one per PC)

Each fate awards a non-weapon proficiency which the PC must take at the next available slot. In addition, three award experience for activities during the 13-year period. Fate 8 and 11 award animal companions:

Fate 8: Animal Companion: Carnivorous Ape – Raised from birth to be fiercely loyal to its master, this tame animal companion will protect the PC as best it can, attacking enemies, following simple commands, etc.

Carnivorous Ape; Int Ave; AL N; AC 6; MV 12 (9 in trees); HD 5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 3; dam 1-4/1-4/1-8; SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (5'10"); ML 16.

The player must decide before the beginning of each module if the companion will accompany the PC or not, and the animal's hit dice count as 5 levels for purposes of tier determination. This companion may not traded.

Fate 11: Animal Companion: Grizzly Bear – Raised since birth to be fiercely loyal to its master, this animal companion will act to protect the PC as best it can, engaging enemies, following simple commands, etc.

Grizzly Bear; Int Semi; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5+5; hp 20; Thac0 15; #AT 3; 1-6/1-6/1-8; SA Hug; SD nil, MR nil; sz L (9' tall); ML 18.

If the grizzly scores a paw hit with a roll of 18 or better it will also hug for 2d6 points of additional damage. It will continue to fight 1d4 rounds after reaching 0 to -8 hit points. At -9 or fewer hit points, it is killed immediately. The player must decide before the beginning of each module if the companion will accompany the PC or not, and the animal's hit dice

count as 5 levels for purposes of tier determination.
This certificate may not be traded.

Fame Award

None. No one knows enough about what happened to talk about your adventures.

HANDOUT ONE

The Lady of Mysteries works in strange, and often disconcerting ways. I pen this letter knowing that I write it to victims of just such circumstance, and that, to you, Mystra's will must seem a very alien thing. As you have probably noticed by now, you are in Ravens Bluff, at the Wizards Guild. It is not, as you have likely noticed, the Ravens Bluff or Guild you have grown to know. You are in the past. Approximately thirteen years in the past, in fact.

Elerio has returned to us. It is surely by Mystra's divine providence that this is so, for the war has ravaged even the members of our august assembly, and magic itself has not been immune to the chaos that has embroiled our fair city over the course of the last year. Elerio, once thought lost, appeared in the dead of night twenty nights ago in Essenna Square, at the very spot from which he vanished so long ago.

With the help of some of the other ministers, we have determined that the archmage will, after a short time, become solvent, and completely adapted to our time. Emellin, who was not present within the Guild thirteen years ago, has studied the condition of Elerio, and determined that the wild spell that placed him in the Ravens Bluff of 1371 DR was conditional, and that someone from our time would likely be sent back, as something of an exchange. In fact, because Elerio is so powerful, the minister suggested that several people might be exchanged in this manner.

You are the exchange. I remember, because it was I that treated your comatose forms thirteen years ago. Unlike most of the others, I was there when you appeared on our steps. If events are happening as I remember, in fact, I have just left you to your items, and you are quite confused. Do not be ashamed. I imagine your confusion is quite natural.

Though Elerio's appearance has caused some consternation about what might happen to those sent back, I knew you could be trusted. I know you *can* be trusted.

It is quite obvious that any meddling with the timestream will have untold effects upon the determination of future events. For the good of the city, it will be necessary for you to leave Ravens Bluff shortly after you are released from the Guild. It is my hope that you can find a way back to our time, but I also understand the hardship you must feel, and I am somewhat humbled by the fact that I must introduce even more weight to your overburdened shoulders.

There are certainly a number of different ways back. I would be lying if I said any of them were foolproof, but since the only form of reliable magic is that from the avatars of the gods themselves, I would suggest asking them for help. It is important, however, that your return is based on one condition. Elerio must remain in our time.

Though all of you have helped the city of Ravens Bluff in the past, the possibilities offered by the return of a hero of Elerio's status are simply too great to sacrifice. Knowing your situation, I have consulted with Lord Mayor O'Kane, dignitaries among the nobility and Wizards Guild and the other Ministers, and we believe it is crucial for you to find a way to return to your natural time without endangering Elerio's presence here. The Archmage is a powerful man, and our city is currently in need of such a figure. For the sake of honor, and all you have found worthy to save in our city for so long, do not jeopardize this newest gift from Lady Mystra. It is a question of duty, and though I cannot force you to take care in this matter, our complete trust lies with you.

Martin MacGreggor

Table One: Wild Surge Results

Without Lady Mystra to control the magical Weave, all wizardly magic cast during the Time of Troubles has a 75% chance of causing a wild surge. Unless otherwise noted, the spell goes off as planned. . . but with some other effect accompanying it. These surge results are meant to be a minor annoyance, and SHOULD NOT spell the end of any PC. If a deadly result is determined, fudge the roll and choose something else. Items that mimic the ability of a spell also cause wild surges. This is a subjective judgment, so judges are instructed to be fair in application of the wild surge rules.

D100

Roll	Result
1.	<i>Wall of force</i> appears in front of caster
2.	Caster smells like a skunk for spell duration
3.	Caster shoots forth eight non-poisonous snakes from fingertips. Snakes do not attack
4.	Caster's clothes itch (+2 to initiative)
5.	Caster glows as per a <i>light</i> spell
6.	Spell effect has 60' radius centered on caster
7.	Next phrase spoken by caster becomes true, lasting for 1 turn
8.	Caster's hair grows one foot in length
9.	Caster pivots 180 degrees
10.	Caster's face is blackened by small explosion
11.	Caster develops allergy to his magical items. Character cannot control sneezing until all magic items are removed. Allergy lasts 1d6 turns
12.	Caster's head <i>enlarges</i> for 1d3 turns
13.	Caster <i>reduces</i> (reversed <i>enlarge</i>) for 1d3 turns
14.	Caster falls madly in love with target until a <i>remove curse</i> is cast
15.	Spell cannot be canceled at will by caster
16.	Caster <i>polymorphs</i> randomly
17.	Colorful bubbles come out of the caster's mouth instead of words. Words are released when bubbles pop. Spells with verbal components cannot be cast for one turn
18.	Reversed <i>tongues</i> affects all within 60 feet of caster
19.	<i>Wall of fire</i> encircles caster
20.	Caster's feet enlarge, reducing movement to half normal and adding +4 to initiative rolls for 1d3 turns
21.	Caster suffers same spell effect as target
22.	Caster levitates 20' for 1d4 turns
23.	Cause fear with 60' radius centered on caster. All within radius except caster must make a saving throw
24.	Caster speaks in a squeaky voice for 1d6 days
25.	Caster gains x-ray vision for 1d6 rounds
26.	Caster ages 10 years
27.	<i>Silence</i> , 15' radius centers on caster
28.	10' by 10' pit appears immediately in front of the caster
29.	<i>Reverse gravity</i> beneath caster's feet for 1 round
30.	Colored streamers pour from caster's fingertips
31.	Spell effect rebounds on caster
32.	Caster becomes <i>invisible</i>
33.	<i>Color spray</i> from caster's fingertips
34.	Stream of butterflies pours from caster's mouth
35.	Instead of spell effect, bright lights flash in the immediate vicinity. The lights are distracting, but have no game effect.
36.	3-30 gems shoot from caster's fingertips. Each gem is worth 1d6 x 10 gp.
37.	Music fills the air
38.	The caster attracts small animals for the next 24 hours.
39.	All normal fires within 60' of caster are extinguished
40.	One magic item within 30' of caster (randomly chosen) is permanently drained of all magic
41.	Eerie sounds echo within 60' of caster.
42.	All magical weapons within 30' of caster are increased +2 for 1 turn
43.	Spell fizzles, and surrounding area fills with hundreds of indistinct whispers for 1d6 rounds, making conversation difficult.
44.	Caster's skin turns bright purple, and remains so until a <i>remove curse</i> is cast.
45.	All creatures within 30' of caster begin to hiccup (+1 to casting times, -1 to THACO)
46.	All normal doors, secret doors, portcullises, etc. (including those locked or barred) within 60' of caster swing open
47.	Caster and target exchange places
48.	Spell affects random living target within 60' of the caster
49.	Spell fails, but is not wiped from the caster's memory
50.	Caster levitates 2d4 feet
51.	Sudden change in weather (temperature rise, snow, rain, etc.) lasting 1d6 turns
52.	Deafening bang affects everyone within 60'. All those who can hear must save vs. spell or be stunned for 1d3 rounds
53.	Caster and target exchange voices until a <i>remove curse</i> is cast
54.	Target's hair falls out
55.	Spell fizzles, but summons a giant wheel of edible cheese
56.	Spell effectiveness (range, duration, area of effect, damage, etc.) decreases 50%
57.	Spell reversed, if reverse is possible
58.	Spell effect takes physical form of free-willed elemental and cannot be controlled by the caster. Elemental remains for duration of spell. Touch of the elemental causes spell effect (THACO equal to caster's).
59.	All weapons within 60' of caster glow for 1d4 rounds
60.	Spell functions; any applicable saving throw is not allowed
61.	Spell appears to fail when cast, but occurs 1d4 rounds later
62.	All magical items within 60' of caster glow for 2d8 days
63.	Caster and target switch personalities for 2d10 rounds
64.	<i>Slow</i> spell centered on caster
65.	Target deluded
66.	Lightning bolt shoots toward target
67.	Target <i>enlarged</i>
68.	<i>Darkness</i> centered on caster
69.	<i>Plant growth</i> centered on caster
70.	1,000 lbs. Of non-living matter within 10' of caster vanishes
71.	<i>Fireball</i> centers on caster
72.	Target turns to stone
73.	Spell is cast; material components and memory of spell are retained
74.	Everyone within 10' of caster receives benefit of a <i>heal</i>
75.	Target becomes dizzy (-4 AC and THACO, cannot cast spells) for 2d4 rounds
76.	<i>Wall of fire</i> encircles target
77.	Target <i>levitates</i> for 20' for 1d3 turns
78.	Target suffers <i>blindness</i>
79.	Target is charmed as per <i>charm monster</i>
80.	Target <i>forgets</i>
81.	Spell fizzles, but summons a giant wheel of inedible cheese
82.	Caster gains 200 lbs
83.	Target <i>polymorphs</i> randomly
84.	Target falls madly in love with caster until a <i>dispel magic</i> is cast
85.	Target ages 2d10 years
86.	Bizarre light flashes around caster; all within 60' must save vs. spell or be stunned for one round
87.	<i>Stinking cloud</i> centers on caster
88.	Heavy object (boulder, anvil, etc.) appears over target and falls for 2d6 points of damage
89.	Target begins sneezing. No spells can be cast until fit passes (1d6 rounds).
90.	Spell effect has 60' radius centered on target (all within radius suffer the effects)
91.	Targets clothes itch (+2 to initiative for 1d10 rounds)
92.	Target shrinks to "two apples" tall, skin turns bright blue until canceled by <i>dispel magic</i> .
93.	Target turns ethereal for 2d4 rounds
94.	Target <i>hastened</i>
95.	All cloth on target crumbles to dust
96.	Target sprouts leaves (no damage caused, can be pruned without harm)
97.	Target sprouts bestial horns until <i>dispel magic</i> is cast. (-4 to all reaction rolls)
98.	Target changes color (canceled by <i>dispel magic</i>)
99.	Caster ages 2d10 years
100.	Spell effectiveness (range, duration, area of effect, damage, etc.) increases 200%

PAGE OF FATE (1)

The Interregnum

(Character Name)

You appear amid a wild clash of blades, and almost immediately fall when an arrow catches your left leg, above the knee. From the ground, you can make out a large battle surrounding you, with ruggedly-dressed humans facing off against a virtual army of goblins. Unarmed, and unsure of the depth of your wound, you stay close the ground, and are pleased when the goblins fall back, taking refuge behind a high hill to the west. Strong hands grip your shoulder. “And what do we have, here?” you hear someone ask.

An hour later, you sit in a wooden chair under a large tent, anxiously picking at the bandage on your leg. A well-built, gruff man regards you from behind a field desk. He introduces himself as Valon Morkann, and explains that you appeared in the middle of a battle between his own men, of Erkkazar, and goblins from Starrock, nearby. You warm to the man, who you eventually learn is king, and soon stand at his side in the chaotic land. You soon learn that Torm has sent you far, indeed, to Tethyr, a nation scarred by civil war, hundreds of leagues west of Ravens Bluff.

After helping King Valon defeat the goblinoids, nearly three years later, the kind man bequeaths you a parcel of farmland. Five years later, the king is dead, replaced by his son, Prince Korox, who for whatever reason, never warmed to you as did his father. Korox renames the province Elestam after Tethyr once again becomes solvent, and you keep to your land, farming the earth, and remembering the derring-do of years gone by. In 1371, the memories become too strong, and you buy passage to Ravens Bluff.

In representation of memories of peaceful years as a farmer, you may learn the Agriculture non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or you may choose to forego it. In addition, you gain 1,000 xp for your time fighting the goblinoids. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

PAGE OF FATE (2) *The Year of the Worm*

(Character Name)

Torm's temple fades from view, and you find yourself in the coastal city of Phlan, along the Moonsea. Though you find it difficult to adjust, haunted as you are by memories of your past life in Ravens Bluff, the people of Phlan are friendly, and you soon come to enjoy your new surroundings. You are troubled, somewhat, when you learn that Torm's magic must have misfired, for he has sent you back nearly sixteen years, to early Mirtul of the Year of the Harp, 1355 (DR).

You hope for the best, and take work at the harbor, all the while counting the months until you can return to Ravens Bluff. You consider taking passage on the countless vessels that come in and out of Phlan's harbor, but never do you follow your urges, and attempt to leave the fate Torm has chosen for you. A year after arriving, you are given reason to regret that decision.

In 1356, the Year of the Worm, Phlan is beset by a flight of Dragons rivaling those of the ancient times. Her wondrous streets are laid bare by dragonfire, and her buildings are toppled under the strength of ancient talons. Like so many of the city's inhabitants, you are caught in the inferno. As you attempt to flee down a crowded street, a massive blue dragon breathes a gout of lightning, leaving the left side of your body horribly scarred. Of all the men and women on that street, you alone survive. In time, the wound heals, but you fear the inner pain will never leave, and the marks of the dragon persist upon your body.

In the years following Phlan's near-total destruction, you join the local masonry guild, and lend your talents to their rebuilding efforts. The work is difficult, but rewarding, and the bitter spirit of the city is soon returned to the heartfelt Phlan of old. Still, as you stand at the harbor, examining the sails of incoming vessels, you cannot help but also look for the silhouettes of the winged horrors that must surely come again.

In representation of memories of years in Phlan, you may learn the Agriculture non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or you may choose to forego it. Because Torm's spell misfired, and sent you back to 1355, you age 15 years in the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

PAGE OF FATE (3)

Tuigan Raiders

(Character Name)

You awaken in a daze, and realize only that you are cold. Wind whips about you, and though you are weakened by Torm's magic, you can see that you lie atop a mountain in the midst of a vast plain. You remember only your name, and that of Torm, God of Duty.

Eventually, you are aided by a small man, who speaks in a chirping language that you do not understand. You understand hospitality, however, and accept when the man invites you into his home and family. You learn that you have appeared in a land called Taan. Your rescuer is a member of a clan known as Tuigan, and soon, you are inducted into their ranks. The horse nomads of the Tuigan call you "En'chook," their word for "outsider." Soon, you learn to count them among your friends.

Many years later, the Tuigan tribes unite under the leadership of a powerful leader, Yamun Khahan. You distrust this man, but join the hundreds of thousands of horsemen as they ride on the decadent lands of the West. When you discover that those westerners are far more similar to you than the Tuigan, you desert your clan, and return to the plains. There, you attempt to foster peace amongst the plainsmen. It is a fruitless task. By 1371, your memories of your past life return, and you make way for the Living City of Ravens Bluff.

As memories live among the Tuigan, you may learn the Riding (horse) and Language— Tuigan non-weapon proficiencies. If you know one of these already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slots with these proficiencies, which cost a single slot each, or you may choose to forego them. You gain 500 xp adapting to the foreign culture of the Tuigan, and in riding with them as far as Thay. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

PAGE OF FATE (4)

Ezro the Fabulous

(Character Name)

You awaken in a green haze, and feel only the sensation of warmth. Distantly, very distantly, you think you can hear someone cursing, but the warmth is so comforting that you pay it little mind. Perhaps, you think, this is what it feels like to fly across Faerun, the whim of a god your only guide. But who is that swearing? Suddenly, the haze vanishes, and you find yourself suspended three feet above a cauldron in a handsomely-furnished laboratory. You fall, of course, and land in the pot with a sickening “burp,” your weight displacing a thick green ooze over the edges and onto the stone floor below. A crotchety old man stands before you, staring down a long nose and holding a dirty finger out in front of him.

“I’ve summoned balor and marilith and osyluth, but never before have I summoned an adventurer!” The man reaches forward, and helps you out of the bubbling cauldron. “I am Ezro the Fabulous,” he says. Looking at your ooze-covered body from head to toe, he continues, “but it appears today that I am merely mediocre.”

Ezro explains that you have appeared in the southern kingdom of Halruua, “last home of the Netherilese!” he says, repeatedly. You thank the eccentric old man, and see your way to the street. It takes a long, long time to become accustomed to the streets of Halruua’s capital, lighted as they are at all times by countless spheres of *continual light*. You had once thought Ravens Bluff filled with mages and magic, but after three hours in the town, you feel like the rest of your life has merely been a rehearsal of the same, boring cantrip.

Eventually, you come to learn that living in Halruua is almost impossible for those without magical skill, and since Torm’s enchantment, you know, will not allow you to leave, you resolve to make yourself one of the natives. This means, to your chagrin, returning to the demesne of Ezro the Fabulous. Regardless of what skill you may have possessed before Torm, you are unable to work even the most mundane of magics, and Ezro accepts you as a house servant, in part out of pity. There you live until 1371, when one of Ezro’s miscast spells (which are most of them) teleports you miraculously back to the gates of Ravens Bluff. Completely unequipped, you make your way to the Wizards Guild, there to be reunited with old friends.

As memories of life with Ezro the Fabulous, you may learn the Spellcraft non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or you may choose to forego it. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

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PAGE OF FATE (5) *On the Road Again*

(Character Name)

You appear in the middle of a vast wood, but soon enough find your way to the village of Ammerlach, near Daggerdale. There, you try your hand at farming, but life behind the plow seems hopelessly dull in comparison to your time as an adventurer, in distant Ravens Bluff. Remembering Torm's instruction that you would not be allowed to leave where you appeared, you resolve to remain, and wait out the chaotic period known as the Time of Troubles under a small, leaky-roofed barn.

A year later, the boredom is almost too much to handle, and you find yourself entertaining thoughts of leaving, perhaps even returning to Ravens Bluff. When a traveling carnival of gypsies passes through your village, you take the opportunity, and join their band. The strangers taunt your lack of ability, at first, but soon make you their official juggler. In time, they treat you like family, and you fit right in, even gaining an amount of seniority and respect after others join. You stay with the group for nearly a decade, venturing as far west as the Chionthar river valley, and the city of Berdusk.

In 1371, the group swings back toward Ravens Bluff. Though you cherish your friends, you wish to return home, and they wish to visit with a circus man said to travel the Vast—Mooney, by name. On that trek, while crossing the Far Hills, tragedy strikes. Your troupe is attacked by bandits, powerful humans dressed in rags, and brandishing oddly shined weapons. You have only moments to think upon the incongruity, as you attempt to defend yourself against the foe. You panic as you see your friends cut down by the onslaught. It has been years since you last did battle, and you don't wish to test your rusty skills against these men. Instead, you shout for your friends to retreat. Grabbing the only thing within reach, the company's cache of potions, you flee the scene. Hours later, you return, noting the bodies of several of your friends, and the absence of several others. You also see the corpse of one of the "bandits," and around his neck, a medallion bearing the symbol of the Zhentarim. Not bothering to think on the significance of the attack, and unable to locate your friends, you return to Ravens Bluff. During the journey, you barter or break all the potions, and make your way through the gates of the Living City, wondering if leaving your farm hadn't been a terrible mistake.

As memories of years among the gypsy carnival, you may learn the Juggling non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or you may choose to forego it. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

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PAGE OF FATE (6) *Meditation, Contemplation*

(Character Name)

You awaken surrounded by a number of somber men and women wearing robes. Though your memories of the past are clouded (in fact, you remember only your name and something about meeting a god...), the men and women take you into their ranks, and you soon find yourself among friendly company. The group runs a monastery of Ilmater, between Baldur's Gate and the Wood of Sharp Teeth, and though you do not agree with all of their principles, you participate fully in their ascetic lifestyle, and are soon counted as a full member of their ranks.

It is at the monastery that you wait out the Time of Troubles, and it fills you with great joy when your companions inform you that the gods have returned to the heavens, and that all will be set right. From that point on, however, you begin to feel oddly out of place. Snippets of memory return in dreams, and you see faces that seem familiar, but for which you have no names. Always, the dreams end with the black bird, and it contemplates you with its cold, black eyes.

It takes nearly a decade to piece together your past, and, in 1370, you decide to depart for the distant city of Ravens Bluff, which you now remember as home. But you now have two homes, and your leave-taking is difficult and heartfelt. Nearly a year later, you return to the Living City with the monks' blessings.

As memories of years among the ascetic monks of Ilmater, you may learn the Endurance non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

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PAGE OF FATE (7)

Lashes

(Character Name)

The lash tears at your back again, but you do not scream. All it will do is open the scars a little, you think. They've done worse. You turn to see one of the uglier slavers, Murmish, flash a toothless grin in your direction. The hull heaves, again, and you hear a wave crash over the deck, above. Seconds later, water drips through the ceiling, cooling your back. It has been almost thirteen years since you were first chained, and in that time, you've learned to accept the pain and humiliation. You learned disillusionment very early on.

In the years since you were sold from Tyraturos, you imagine you've worked fields in most of Faerun. An attempt to break free from a recent master in Bezantur left you with little more than severe punishment. Kneeling in the ship's hold, you stare at the stump at your left wrist. In the past, you would have gone to the temple, to have it healed. You have not seen a temple in a long, long time. You've been useless as a worker since then, and you know you've been allowed to live only to satisfy your cruel master's sense of justice.

Yesterday, you overheard one of the sailors mention Procampur, which means you must be in the Dragonreach, not far from Ravens Bluff. Maybe, you think, just maybe.... As if to fulfil your half-imagined plots, the ship's mast crashes through the ceiling, opening a hole to the deck above. Your tormentor is trapped under the cracked wood, and you do not stop to help him. Instead, you steal his weapon, climb the mast, and jump into sea. Your chances of survival are slim, you know, but you do not care. The screams of slavelords behind you, you swim forward, ever forward. You swim north, to the shore, and Ravens Bluff.

As memories of dreary years as a galley slave, you may learn the Endurance non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

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PAGE OF FATE (8)

Under a Lush Canopy

(Character Name)

You awaken, completely covered in sweat, beneath the leafy canopy of a rain forest. You can only assume, by process of elimination, that you have arrived in the verdant jungles of Chult. Your suspicions are all but proven following your discovery by a group of Tabaxi natives. Though your original meeting is filled with tension, the men and women perform a small ritual, which you learn years later to be an acceptance of your existing on their tribal lands.

The area borders the Shining Sea, south of a great bay, and though you see the silhouettes of sails on the horizon several times during your decade-long ordeal, never do ships come close. In time, you fall to native customs, and even befriend a family of carnivorous apes living in a cave nearby. In 1369, the ape couple dies, leaving you to see after their young child. You rear the powerful creature, even teaching the beast a rudimentary understanding of the trading tongue.

In time, however, the ships do come to your shores, and you are drawn to them. Half-forgotten memories of Ravens Bluff, and the mission for Torm and the Wizards Guild come out of nowhere. You bid your primitive friends farewell, and return on a Calimshite trader ship, your ape companion the only reminder of life in Chult.

As memories of years in the steamy jungles of Chult, you may learn the Survival—Jungle non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. You also receive a carnivorous ape companion. The certificate is attached to the adventure. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

PAGE OF FATE (9) *New Friends in Mistedale*

(Character Name)

You awaken in a lush forest, amidst the chirps of birds and the scent of fresh berries. In the distance, you hear a dog barking. Emerging from the woods, you find yourself on farmland, on the outskirts of a small town. You soon learn that the town is Embraunt, a hamlet in the heart of Mistedale. It is in Embraunt that you remain, taking on odd farming and carpentry jobs, and integrating yourself with the local community.

Five short years after your arrival, you own your own farm, and count the entire community among your closest friends. In particular, you hit it off with an elderly elf called Elandore. The two of you spend many nights wondering about the ways of the world, and you even confide in him your strange past, and the events in the Temple of Torm. None of this seems to surprise Elandore, as it seems his eyes have seen almost everything Faerun has to offer.

One day, Elandore comes to your home, and speaks of the Retreat. His time has come, he tells you. He shall venture on the morrow to Evermeet, leaving the world his race once owned to the humans, and returning to his people. You spend the entire night talking with your friend, and, at dawn, he takes his leave of humanity.

The months thereafter are difficult, but 1371 (DR) eventually rolls around, and you leave Embraunt for Ravens Bluff, comfortable that, should your time come, you will have a community of family to return to, as well.

In representation of memories of years in Embraunt, you may learn the Carpentry non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

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PAGE OF FATE (10)

Arise!

(Character Name)

Leaving Torm behind, you soon find yourself in a pleasant river valley. In time, you learn you have arrived near the River Chionthar, in the western Heartlands. The people of this region are a hardy folk, and as the economy is based largely upon farming, you take service with a local lordling, and begin your new life as a farmhand. Though the work is not what you would have chosen, it is rewarding, and a welcome change from the hectic life of the adventurer.

Nearly a year after arriving, you gather enough coin to take a risk on a property of your own. Several miles to the west of your first location, the land is less forgiving, and life is difficult. The hard, boring work soon turns your mind back to raucous adventures in Ravens Bluff, and your crop suffers considerably. You cannot help but think of the great battles between the ancient Kingdom of Man that were once fought on your land, nearly 500 years ago. Those soldiers left only their bones, and a name: The Fields of the Dead.

One day, nearly a decade after arriving on the Chionthar, the name takes on a more symbolic meaning, as your plow uncovers a nearly intact skeleton from those ancient times. It holds an elaborate staff apparently crafted from human bones, which intrigues you. You retrieve it from the earth, and a casual inspection causes it to hum with a horrible power. You watch in terror as an army of skeletons paw their way from the ground. Defenseless, you flee in terror, leaving the staff, your farm and a decade of memories behind you. Your flight, in 1371, takes you to Ravens Bluff, there to reunite with old friends, and begin a career anew.

As memories of years as a farmer, you may learn the Agriculture non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

PAGE OF FATE (11) *A Friend for All Seasons*

(Character Name)

You awaken in a warm cave, and immediately begin exploring. Unarmed and unsure of your surroundings, you almost cry out as you come upon a huge grizzly bear in the after-stages of giving birth. A baby cub lies near the mother, who has fallen still. Gently, and not entirely sure why, you approach the creature, and hold out your hand. The bear licks it and emits a comfortable sound, but you can see in its eyes that the birth was a difficult one. Before night falls, she is dead.

The cub, however, seems to be the very specimen of health, and you pledge to help it survive without its mother. In the following weeks, you venture outside the cave, and find a nearby stream, where you begin to fish. Several months later, after you have built a small home out of logs, the bear cub fishes with you, and you are embarrassed when his catch rivals your own.

You learn from passing trappers that you have arrived in the Great High Forest, and while you know that you will eventually return to Ravens Bluff, you decide to embrace the peace and quiet of the woods, a welcome respite from your life as an adventurer. The bear cub grows with you, as well, until it is no longer a cub at all. A nearby circle of druids teaches you how to properly care for the animal, and the two of you become close friends. When you finally return to Ravens Bluff, in 1371, you do not do so alone, for your great friend, the bear, is by your side.

As memories of lessons with the druids of the forest, you may learn the Animal Handling non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. You also receive a grizzly bear companion. The certificate is attached to the adventure. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

PAGE OF FATE (12) *A Civilian in Myth Drannor*

(Character Name)

You find yourself in the town of Highmoon, Deepingdale. You are eventually accepted as a member of the community, and enrolled in the dale's militia. Life in Highmoon is far less hectic than cosmopolitan Ravens Bluff, and you find yourself acclimating to the change without much effort.

(Assuming the PC is not already married) While living in Highmoon, you fall in love, and in 1366, you are married. With your spouse, you have one child, a beautiful baby girl. Life here is wonderful, and many, many times, you consider staying forever, leaving your life as an adventurer behind.

In 1371, however, you are sent on a very curious mission. Together with six other militia members, you investigate reports of a banshee in an old elven tomb. You do not discover evidence of the creature, but you do find a marvelous magical harp resting upon a pedestal within the mausoleum, and a distant voice urges you to take it home. You soon learn that the item is one of the legendary Harps of Myth Drannor, and your band turns over the item to the legendary Harper, Storm Silverhand.

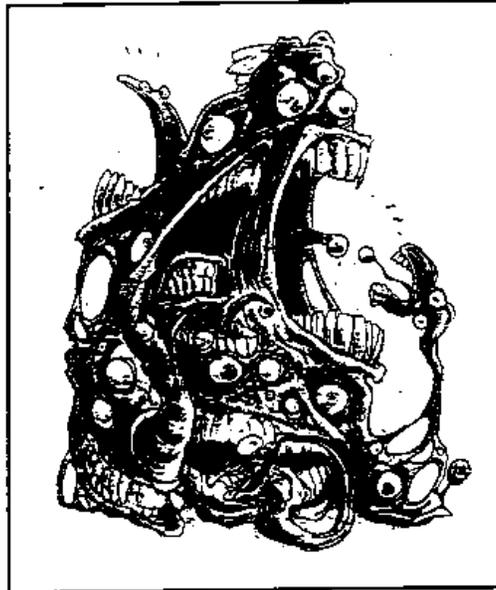
In the journey to Silverhand's demense, you have several adventures. In Shadowdale, you become obsessed with the harp, and even teach yourself a few simple songs. What you soon realize, however, is that it is not so much the harp that has excited you, but the adventures you have had while with it. At that moment, you resolve to return to Ravens Bluff, and meet the comrades you've not seen for over a decade. It takes some discussion, but you convince your family to make the move with you, and you all make the trek to the city of your past.

As memories of years in Deepingdale, you may learn the Instrument—Harp non-weapon proficiency. If you know this already, you gain a +1 bonus. You must fill your next available non-weapon proficiency slot with this proficiency, or choose to forego it. Because of militia activity and the adventures involved in returning the harp to Storm Silverhand, you earn 4,000 xp. You age 13 years during the time spent away from Ravens Bluff.

The events described above should be seen as an outline, and you may flesh them out or make minor adjustments as appropriate to the beliefs and history of your PC. This certificate reflects life experience, and cannot be traded.

Gibbering Moulder

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Swamps, underground
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi (2-4)
TREASURE:	Q
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	3, Sw 6
HIT DICE:	4+3
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6+
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1 (x6) plus special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Gibbering, spit, bite
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Ground control
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (4'-7' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	4 HD—975 8 HD—2,000



The gibbering moulder is an amoeboid form of life composed entirely of mouths and eyes. With its eyes and mouths closed, it appears to be a lump of earthy material, surprising creatures that stumble across it. Its only motive is to eat whatever is edible and within reach, be it animal, vegetable, or mineral.

Gibbering moulders move by oozing forward, fastening several mouths to the ground and pulling themselves along. A moulder may move faster over fluid and viscous terrain, such as mud and quicksand, by swimming.

Combat: The brain of a moulder is located in its midportion, and its gelatinous body makes it difficult to strike this spot, hence its relatively low Armor Class.

The moulder attacks in three ways: *gibbering*, spitting, and biting. When any edible object is sighted by a moulder, it begins gibbering incoherently, causing confusion among all within a 60-foot radius who fails a saving throw vs. spell. Each character who fails must immediately roll 1d8 to determine which of the following effects occurs. On a roll of 1, the victim wanders aimlessly for one round; on a roll of 2-5, the victim stands motionless, stunned for one round; on a roll of 6-7, the victim attacks the nearest living creature for one round; and on a roll of 8, the victim runs in fear for two rounds.

The spittle of a gibbering moulder bursts into a bright flare if it strikes any hard surface. The resulting flash blinds characters looking at it if they fail to save vs. petrification—the blindness lasts 1d3 rounds. The moulder may then attempt to bite blinded opponents with a +2 bonus to its attack rolls. Blinded victims attack with a -4 penalty.

A moulder attacks by biting with six mouths per round. Each attack roll exceeding the number required to hit by 2 or more indicates that the mouth attaches to the victim and drains an additional point per round. When three or more mouths are attached to a single victim, that character must make a successful Dexterity check each round thereafter or

slip and fall. The moulder will then flow over the victim and bite with 12 mouths, gaining a +4 bonus to strike its prone opponent. Once it pulls down one victim, a moulder tries to trap another.

If a victim reaches 0 hit points, he is absorbed into the moulder, giving it another mouth and pair of eyes, as well as 1 hit point permanently, up to the maximum for its Hit Dice. Only living flesh can be absorbed like this.

A moulder liquefies the ground and stone within a 5-foot radius and controls the consistency of the material, changing it to doughy quicksand. It requires 30 seconds to alter earth to quicksand, and a full round to mutate stone to earth.

Habitat/Society: Like other amoeboid life forms, gibbering moulders reproduce by asexual fission. When a moulder has absorbed enough victims to gain maximum hit points, it splits in two. Each moulder has 4 + 3 Hit Dice (one has 17 hit points, the other has 18). The moulder retreats to some small, dark den before the four-hour process begins. When the two new moulders recover from the dividing process (which takes 7 + 3d12 turns), each seeks its own new territory.

Gibbering moulders avoid each other's territories and even physical contact with one another. It's believed that bringing two moulders in physical contact forces them to merge, creating a larger creature with twice the size, HD, and number of attacks, but half the already-slow movement of the parent monsters. These great beasts strip the land so thoroughly that they generally die of starvation as soon as prey becomes scarce.

Ecology: Gibbering moulders are unnatural creatures, usually created by foul sorcery and kept as guards by mages or obscene cults. Although they can survive in the wild, they are more scavengers than hunters, and they rarely establish reproducing populations in any but the most lush swamps.

Kalin

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or mated pair
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (2-4)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1-6
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	18, Cl 9
HIT DICE:	7
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10/1d10/2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Surprise, grapple
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10' long)
MORALE:	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	650

Kalin are large insectoid creatures that appear to be a monstrous mix of spider and ant. Mottled brown to yellow chitinous plates cover their long bodies. Oversized, glowing eyes jut out over tremendous mandibles that look to be able to snap a small horse in half. Its sharp-edged forward limbs can make deadly slashing attacks, and the kalin are equally at home on horizontal or vertical surfaces.

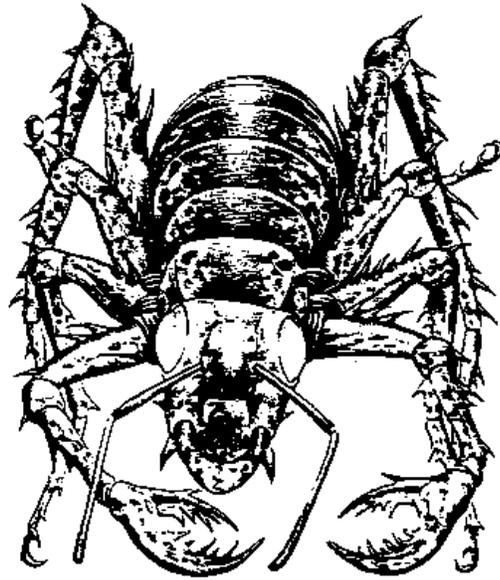
Combat: Each kalin can emit a sticky strand, like a spider's web, from its abdomen in order to lower itself from a cave ceiling to the ground below. Kalin often use this ability to surprise foes (-2 to opponents' surprise rolls). Kalin that strike from above with surprise and hit cause double damage in the first round of combat.

A kalin attacks three times per round. Its two slashing limbs attack like swords, causing 1d10 points of damage with every hit. Its crushing mandibles deliver 2d6 points of damage. In addition, if the bite hits, the kalin grapples its victim and holds it tight (causing only 1d6 points of crushing damage per round). The next round, the grappled victim is hit automatically by both slashing limbs and the crushing attack. A grappled individual can break free of the mandibles by making a successful open doors roll (creatures without a Strength rating save vs. breath weapon). If the victim doesn't break free, the slashing and crushing attacks hit again automatically each round, until the victim escapes or is killed.

A kalin ignores attacks made against it in favor of dealing with a victim grappled by its mandibles. However, if reduced to less than half its total hit points, a kalin releases a grappled creature in order to defend itself.

Habitat/Society: In the wild, kalin live in subterranean tunnels and caves as nomadic, solitary predators. As they are only slightly less aggressive than wall walkers (see Wall Walker), only a few live in close proximity to each other.

Mating season occurs in the late summer or fall. At this time, a mated pair will establish a nest and prepare to lay eggs. Kalin females lay eggs once per year, averaging 10 offspring per season. Eggs hatch three months after being laid, and the male remains with the eggs throughout their incubation period. After the eggs hatch, the parents and offspring go their



separate ways. Kalin reach maturity in about six months' time and live to be about five years old.

Ecology: Kalin compete for food and living space with wall walkers. Kalin eat meat, hunting giant beetles, spiders, tunnel worms, and the occasional humanoid.

Some primitive cave-dwelling cultures use the chitinous plates of the kalin to fashion crude armor, weapons, and tools. They rarely kill kalin for this purpose, but instead will search the nearby tunnels for wild kalin that have expired.

Kalin Riders

Some cultures tame kalin and use them for mounts. "Tame" is a relative term: The kalin are difficult to handle and must usually be separated from other mounts and each other to avoid trouble. A special saddle and tack are necessary for the rider, if the kalin is to be ridden up walls and across ceilings.

Kalin riders are ferocious opponents. They are trained to fight in cooperation with their mounts; a kalin and its rider can both attack the same foe in the same round of combat. Trained riders also receive the kalin damage bonus when dropping from above with surprise. Elite units may have other bonuses due to their extremely aggressive attack style.

One such unit, the templars of New Giustenal in the *DARK SUN* setting, has four squadrons of 25 riders, each led by an 8th level captain who is assisted by a defiler mage of at least 7th level. All riders are wild talent psionics, and are armed with magical weapons.



Cities of the Heartlands

Tantras

Independent City

Who Rules: The High Council (the heads of 16 noble merchant families plus the High Priest of Torm).

Who Really Rules: Alliances among the old merchant noble houses, voting together at Council to arrange affairs to their liking. Current alliances are as follows (family surnames given): Aldimer-Mathlin-Uruthkurt; Baraedlin-Mithertul-Onsil-Naskurl; Channath-Elovear-Laranadda-Tithlin-Vandover.

Population: An estimated 69,000 year round, rising to 86,000 in summer (maximum comfortable housing capacity is 89,000).

Major Products: Fish (brought in by local fishermen and spiced, pickled, and barreled in the city for shipment across Faerun, as "Tantran finfish"—or, to those not fond of it, "silvermuck"), wagons, crates, locks, hardware (wrought iron), carved wooden casements, railings, and posts.

Armed Forces: The city is defended and policed by the Guard (who patrol in groups of 14, except in the harbor, where there are standing battery garrisons of 30 crossbowmen as well as the usual mobile patrols, under the command of the duty officer of the harbor). These are typically F1s suited in field plate decorated with the arms of the city (see below), armed with spears, short swords, and daggers. Officers (typically F5s) have maces, morningstars, and short swords. Sergeants ("longswords") are F2s or F3s armed with long swords and maces instead of spears and short swords. There are about 900 guards in Tantras.

The Guard is headed by Lassalar Ormitar (LN hm F12), who is head of the Ormitar noble family and a member of the Council. The guard is directly accountable to the Council, but loyal to Lassalar, who is more practical than some merchant nobles when it comes to curtailing some of the freewheeling freedoms that all merchants want.

Tantras can field a militia reserve of 6,000 men and women, all F1's. Most of these reservists have other jobs in the city, and are considered poor quality.

Notable Mages:

- Dhaerhaera Nanatar (CG hf W9), an adventuress who recently captured and tamed a griffon, which she often rides into the Vast in search of adventure. She is currently searching the ancient tombs and ru-

ined strongholds of the elves and humans who shared the mountains with orcs and worse, when dwarves ruled all these lands—hoping to find lost magic, meeting with some success.

- Tarntassa (NG hf W16), a bronze-haired adventuress-mage immediately recognizable in the streets by her tall stature and long, long ponytail. She went to Waterdeep in the Time of Troubles, and has since returned to Tantras as a friend and ally of Khelben—and, secretly, of the Harpers, who are welcome at her Tower off Sandril's Lane, if they come quietly, by night.

- Zhundult "Stormhand" Ublek (CN hm W15), an aggressively private, dangerous, and possibly deranged man, who spends his time researching planar powers and conditions, and how these may be harnessed for use in destructive spells. Zhundult is known to have strange and deadly blasting spells at his command.

Notable Churches:

- The Temple of Torm's Coming, temple complex to Torm; High Priest Barrilar Bhandraddon (LG hm P19); 49 priests, 75 followers. Renamed since the Time of Troubles to reflect Torm's earthly appearance in the temple itself, this flourishing establishment leads the city's spiritual and social life. Parts of its main building are mapped and described in 'FRE2.

- The House of Glory, temple of Tempus; High Battlemaster Thiotar Umbar-ton (CN hm P17); 16 priests, 22 followers.

- The Morning Halls, temple of Lathander; High Morninglord Alansyn Ambrilar (NG hm P14); 14 priests, 21 followers.

- The House of Skilled Hands, temple of Gond; High Artificer Eldorn Mindalar (N hm P16); 9 priests, 18 followers.

- The House of Moonlight, temple of Selune; High Priest Fellar Thalangrim (CG hm P14); 9 priests, 16 followers.

- The Happy House of Splendor and Song, temple of Milil; High Mistress of Song Elassuara Narithan (NG hf P14); 6 priests, 11 followers, all bards of levels 2 to 12.

- The House of Hope, temple of Tymora; High Priestess Lashaera Thindol (CG hf P13); 5 priests, 8 followers.

- Shrines to Lathander, Loviatar, Umberlee, and Waukeen.

Notable Rogues' and Thieves' Guilds:

"The Grayclaws" are an organization of smugglers and thieves who operate only against visitors and Tantran natives who have grown very rich, very arrogant, very unscrupulous, or all three. The



KOROMBOS, an elder
RUNE FOR "CHAOS"

Harpers are also strong in the city, under the local guidance of the Temple of Milil, but largely leave the Grayclaws alone—because the Greyclaws have very effectively fought off attempts by the Zhentarim, Dragon Cult, Red Wizards, and pirates of the Inner Sea (sponsored by Calishite slavers) to move into the city's underlife and take hold.

The Grayclaws are currently led by Amlithor Harlguss (CN hm T9) and Othniir Xalast (NE hm P(of Mask)11). Locally important Harpers include Felitar "Flyingfingers" Wendilar (NG hm B16) and Deltara Dragynstarr (NG hf B9).

Equipment Shops: Full (partial in severe winters).

Adventurers' Quarters: Tantras is a busy trading port, with much coming and going from the Dragonreach (via ship) and the interior of the Vast. It has many inns, which welcome adventurers along with everyone else. These include:

- The Roaring Lion Inn, "the best in town" (excellent/expensive);

- The Weeping Wyvern, large and fairly new (good/expensive);

- The Green Sirene, favored by sailors (good/moderate);

- The Lazy Moon Inn, well-located and always busy (good/moderate);

- and Gulder's Good Grub Inn, cozy and usually full of regulars in all but the depths of winter (good/cheap).

Tantran inns tend to be quiet places where hard-working merchants can get a good sleep; noisy carousers are expected to go to a tavern at any time of the day, if they wish to revel. Tantras has a famous nightclub, the House of Twilight; a very good tavern, the Net of Stars; and an infamous, very wild tavern, the Silly Satyr.

There are others, which often open in small shops near the center of the city, appearing and disappearing with the changing fortunes of their owners.

Important Characters:

- Bhaeryta Chassendora (CN hf F5); a merchant specializing in rare and difficult-to-find substances used in magic.



She sells to mages and often buys her wares from adventurers who acquire them as the spoils of their adventuring—dragon blood, wyvern scales, and manticores spikes, for example.

• Somidorr Danthan (NE hem T12), a dangerous character who has become very rich by shrewd smuggling decisions, and wishes to increase his personal power by acquiring useful magical items from anyone who happens within his reach, by any means necessary.

Important Features in Town: Visitors to Tantras often remark on its crowded, busy harbor—not for the activity, which can be found in many port cities all over Faerun, but for the many cranes used in loading and unloading. Installed by the local temple of Gond, which collects a copper piece for each cargo-load lifted by them, these innovations (also found in several other places in the Realms, such as Baldur's Gate and nearby Scardale) enable Tantras to handle a high volume of freight in a short time. This ability, coupled with the strict policing of the harbor and the high security of its defenses—and the contrasting tolerance of merchant needs and ways that governs the city—

has made Tantras a more popular port than other nearby ports offering access to the Vast.

Tantras is a prosperous city, from its grand nobles' houses to the well-kept cottages of shopkeepers and laborers. Its shops offer fine wines and a good variety of curios and hard-to-obtain gear; establishments are more fully detailed in module **FRE2**.

The widespread damage from the Time of Troubles has been almost entirely repaired (the only evidence left is that many of the city's trees are small, newly-planted saplings), but a large area of the northern city and beyond remains magic dead, the ground burned and blasted down to bare rock. Spellcasters will feel dazed merely upon entering the area. Diligent work by the restored Torm has made magic work again within most areas of the city itself. However, the magic-dead regions within the city walls and without are now being settled by those individuals who would prefer to not be affected by opponent's magic, and the foundations are being laid for several large towers north of the city.

Local Lure: The heraldic arms of the city are a silver curling wave (breaker)

surmounted by three silver stars, on a field of royal blue.

Tantras is a wealthy and proud city, still vigorous and active, rather than decadent or set in its ways. Dominated by the worship of Torm and the entrepreneurial diligence of its merchant families (in particular, the established noble families who have been leading citizens of the city for four generations or more), Tantras is a place of bustling industry, to which farmers and craftsmen of the Vast bring their wares for sale to far-off lands of Faerun via the ships that come here.

KEY

1. Tantras Harbor (ballista batteries and chain-boom barrier guard entrance, cranes within facilitate loading and unloading)
2. The Sea Tower (main fortress, armories, troop training area)
3. The Market (open-air marketplace)
4. The Temple of Torm's Coming (atop the city's highest hill)
5. The Great Bell (atop hill)
6. Fountain of the Mermaid (local landmark)

