

Darkbow

A Living City Adventure for Nature-Minded Individuals

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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. For multi-class and dual-class characters, take the highest level and add one for each additional class. 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's Background

Freddy McKruger the leprechaun, who has appeared in several previous LC tournaments including "At Last, Ravens Bluff" and "Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen," wasn't having a good life. Years ago he found himself cursed when he unwittingly donned a *helm of opposite alignment*. Evil, he gathered a band

of orcs and raided caravans coming into Ravens Bluff and terrorized travelers.

He quickly was taken captive by Tymora, the goddess of luck. She had no tolerance for his poor behavior and imprisoned him beneath a theater on a demi-plane.

To complicate his life, Ravens Bluff adventurers found their way to the plane and attacked him. He had to admit that he provoked them. After all, he was pretty miserable and was even provoking the insects wandering through the place.

Eventually, Tymora considered his sentence served. She took pity on the little fellow, removed his curse, returning him to a good alignment, and gave Freddy his freedom.

Once again on the outskirts of Ravens Bluff, Freddy was finally able to return to some semblance of a normal life--which included setting out to build a pot of gold. Freddy looked long and hard for spare coins that might have been dropped by merchants or adventures.

He had no desire to run afoul of anyone again by stealing coins. And he didn't want to do anything that might be misconstrued as evil, such as tricking people out of their money. That could draw Tymora's attention. After months of searching, he found only one copper piece. Disheartened, he headed north, hoping his luck would be better away from Ravens Bluff.

Storm clouds grew overhead, lightning flashed, and Freddy quickly found himself drenched. As fate would have it, the little guy stumbled down a rain-slick embankment, fell through a small hole in the ground, and accidentally discovered a hidden treasure full of lots and lots of gold coins. Freddy was ecstatic and delirious, and spent hours counting anything that glimmered gold while the storm continued to boom outside. In the process of his counting, a greedy spark was rekindled, and he decided that as much as this gold was, it wasn't enough. Emerging shortly after the rain stopped, he was greeted by a rainbow. He knew the old proverb by heart: "If you put your pot o' gold at the end of a rainbow, the pot will double in size."

So Freddy chased after the rainbow, looking for its end and a place to set his pot. But it seemed that the rainbow kept pace with the leprechaun, continuing on and on and on. Exhausted, Freddy sat down to think.

"Perhaps it's not a matter of me finding the end of the rainbow," he mused. "Perhaps it's a matter of me making the rainbow end." He plucked a stone off the ground and magically changed it into a mirror. Holding the mirror toward the rainbow, he walked backward. Sure enough, the rainbow, as seen in the mirror, started coming toward him.

Freddy stopped in a clearing with a circle of oak trees, placed the mirror on the ground, and put his pot of

gold next to it. He stood back and waited, confident his gold would soon begin to multiply.

Little did Freddy know that he had entered a wild magic area. Nor did he have a clue that a trio of evil adventurers--two priests of Loviatar and a wizard--were coming to his clearing.

Freddy never heard the three sneak up behind him. The wizard began casting a spell designed to reduce Freddy's resistance to magic, while at the same time the two priests cast a spell that would send Freddy to another plane.

As Freddy waited for his gold to double, he felt the magical attack. He spun, dropping his mirror, and saw the clerics casting spells. Freddy knew he was in trouble, so he vanished--or so he thought. Freddy's magic was corrupted by the wild magic of the area. As the mirror crashed to the ground and broke, the grass grew thick and began entangling everything in its path. At the same time, Freddy felt the clerics' spells strike him, also being corrupted, and holding him in place.

Freddy tried to polymorph their weapons into ribbons, but that backfired, too. Behind him, lightning leapt from the broken mirror, streaking to the rainbow overhead.

The clerics, now aware that they should not cast spells here, moved closer to the leprechaun, intent on the rainbow and the pot of gold. They drew out several vials and their holy symbols, placing all of them in the pot. The first cleric opened the largest vial, one filled with unholy water, and poured it over the gold. The other cleric emptied a vial containing *essence of darkness*. They began intoning a prayer to their deity. And, god-coaxed and altered by the wild magic, an inky black substance from one of the vials sprang up to touch the rainbow. The rainbow darkened and shuddered, and the clerics cried out in triumph.

Meanwhile, the mage entered the clearing, casting spells at the held leprechaun. Too late he realized it was a wild magic area. His corrupted spell touched the rainbow, and . . .

Players' Introduction

For the past two weeks, the sky has been overcast. It has been raining at least every other day, and the sun has been noticeably absent. If it wasn't the season for such storms, you'd be worried that the weather was magical.

Tempers have been flaring, and fights have broken out over little things--spilled ale mugs, owed coins, borrowed weapons, and misspoken

phrases. But most of the fights have been over the weather. There have even been a few scuffles between members of the City Watch who are stuck out on the street corners when the weather seems the worse.

This morning, you were planning to go to Embrol Sludge's Eatery and Shell Shoppe for a breakfast of eggs and clams. As you contemplate getting out of bed and heading toward Embrol's, you listen to the rain hitting the roof.

Once up, you stretch, dress, and stop abruptly as you spy a scrap of parchment edged under your door.

The parchment, which is delivered to each PC, is magical, bequeathing the ability to read the message to even those characters who cannot normally decipher even the largest of squiggles (**Player's Handout #1**). It reads: "*Brave adventurer, I have been instructed to invite you to the Grand Griffon Inn for a mission of vital importance. Please meet me there at nine bells this morning. Enclosed are directions how to get there. G.*"

Slogging through the streets, you notice few people moving around in this miserable weather. You spot the Grand Griffon Inn, and enter. Inside, you see the fireplace has been lit, and there are several cloaks drying in front of it.

There are seven tables in the inn, with a couple of patrons at each. Most of the patrons chatter dully and look out the windows to watch the rain. None of the patrons know anything about the parchment the PCs received, nor do they know an individual called "G." However, several of them know people whose names start with G--Georges, Gales, Gails, Gundersons, Garys, and a couple of Gullivers.

If the PCs talk to the bartender, Barney, he mentions a man named Gwaeron Windstorm came here yesterday. An appropriate name given the weather, Barney chuckles. He didn't get a good look at the fellow, as he had a cloak over his head--probably to keep himself from getting drenched in the rain. Read the following if the PCs want more information about the man.

"He had a strong voice and said that I had a grand establishment. I certainly agree. He knew that I had meeting rooms for rent and said he had need of a place in which he could talk to some people about strange goings-on in Faerun. I guess you'd be those people he wants to speak with. He paid for the room in advance. Didn't order any food, though he paid well enough that I have no trouble offering you drinks, bread and cheese, too if you're hungry."

Gwaeron told the bartender to direct the people to the back room for the meeting. The bartender hadn't seen Gwaeron before, but didn't question him. He gave the bartender a very valuable gem. Barney will not admit the nature of the payment to the PCs unless they threaten him or magically question him.

Barney ushers you down a hallway and into the back room. A large, round table almost completely fills the room, and a fireplace with merrily-burning logs takes up the far wall. A thick candle sits in the center of it.

Allow the PCs a chance to describe and introduce themselves, discuss the notes if they haven't already done so, order drinks, then continue:

After a few minutes, a tall human enters and selects an empty seat. The man has white hair and carries a longbow. A two-handed sword is strapped to his back, and a quiver of arrows and a hunting knife hang on his belt.

"Thank you for coming. You may call me . . . Archer. I know little of you, other than that you are adventurers. Please, tell me your areas of expertise before I continue."

Give the PCs an opportunity to discuss their past accomplishments and their abilities. Archer shrugs and purses his lips at PCs who refuse. Any PC who studies Archer notices that he is not wet, and that he wasn't present in the main room when they arrived. Even his boots are dry. When they are finished prattling, continue:

"Something is wrong with the land. There are too many fights. Tempers are up. Merchants' incomes are down because people are staying indoors. And this weather . . . the stormy season should not last so long. I do not know the precise source of the land's malady, only that it is of a magical nature, and that I have business too pressing to allow me to look into the situation. Still, things must be set aright, and I am confident you are the people to handle this matter. If you do not take up this challenge, I shall approach others. I will not give up. I have divined that this malady, this impending doom, could threaten all of Toril. What say you to my challenge?"

Archer will be pleased if the PCs agree to look into the matter. If the characters don't agree, the adventure is over. If the PCs want more information,

consult the following and have Archer answer their questions.

- ***"Who am I? I am but a humble servant who was asked to put this request before you, as this is your home and you should be protecting it. I have been instructed not to reveal my master."***
- ***"How much will you be paid? Ah yes, I was told that some of you would ask for a reward. Rest assured that if coins are what is important to you, then you shall someday receive them in abundance."***
- ***"What is this doom I speak of? As you have observed, many fights have broken out between the gentlefolk of Ravens Bluff. Tempers flare. The temples are flooded with people crying for help. Even your City Watch is hard pressed to keep order. Imagine what would happen if this sort of behavior extended to every city in the realm."***
- ***"Where do you begin your search? Well, that will be revealed as soon as you leave this inn. I can say no more." Archer gets up and walks out the door, closing it behind him.***

As the first person leaves the room, read the following:

As you step beyond the door frame, however, the corridor changes before your eyes into a lush forest. To the right lies a swiftly flowing river. To the left is a clearing with a fire pit dug into the ground. Around the clearing are several logs that probably serve as benches. Behind you is a massive oak tree. Rain falls softly here, and has been falling for quite some time as evidenced by the puddles everywhere.

Pause for player character reactions.

As you take in your surroundings, two women and an old man stumble into the clearing. They look bedraggled, and the taller woman is supported by her companions. They pause and stare at you.

"Good and gentle people," the tall woman begins. She seems to struggle with each word. "A few weeks ago, yon dark ribbon appeared on the horizon. At first it was as thin as a child's finger."

She raises her arm and points. As you turn and look, you see what can only be Ravens Bluff, surrounded by clouds. Above the clouds is a dark, arcing streak that stretches from the city toward the north as far as you can see. As you stare at the dark ribbon, you see it grow a little thicker.

"Ever since it appeared, people under its path have been acting as if they were under some sort of spell. I

know that you have seen its results in the City of Ravens. What you must do is find a way to stop this dark ribbon before it thickens to encompass not only Ravens Bluff, but all the Land. But be warned. I believe the bringer of this darkness, or his agents, lurk about and will try to stop you." She collapses into the old man's arms.

The three figures are avatars of Silvanus, Eldath, and Mielikki, the latter of who appears as the tall woman. PCs who study her can tell that she is fatigued. PCs who attempt to cast spells will be halted by the old man.

"Please don't waste your spells," he says, "for I fear that you shall have great need of them. All she needs is rest and time to recover. All you need do is save your home."

If the PCs ask questions, consult the following and provide any appropriate answers.

- "What is wrong with her? She said that she was under that black ribbon when it appeared. We found her exhausted, asking us to bring her here. She said that she had sent someone to find help. And you must be that help she was speaking of."
- "Who are we? Let us simply say that we are of the forest. We watch, trying to help those in need from time to time. But we try not to interfere overmuch."
- "The source of this ribbon? Our friend here says its source is to the north. We know that the black ribbon is magical. If you care for your home, you must travel to its source to stop the spread of darkness."
- "What was our friend doing when the ribbon appeared? Why, she was healing an animal that had been struck by a small red bolt of lightning."
- "The ribbon, that black arc, is evil. Can you not feel the evil it exudes into the forest? Perhaps you cannot sense the evil because you are not so deeply attuned to the forest."
- "Know that people under the influence of this darkness are not themselves. Those who are good might try to harm you. Try to avoid villages, towns, and settlements."

If any PC directly "accuses" one of the three of being an avatar or a god, that PC hears a voice in his or her head warning them to keep silent, "for the enemy can hear things that shouldn't be spoken

aloud, and the enemy might discover that there are mortal heroes trying to stop the darkness."

Dark Tidings

You head toward the north, following the black ribbon in the sky. As you travel, you notice that the land directly under the swath of the black arc is dark also, almost like night. You continue, coming upon a once-forested area where trees lie burnt and fallen.

There is a trail that cuts across it, running southwest to northeast. The sign nearby identifies this as the Mosstree Trail. There is also a trail leading directly through the devastated forest. The wind has picked up, and the rain is coming harder now. You feel chilled by the storm.

PCs who have the local history nonweapon proficiency know that the forest burned during the war.

If the PCs walk directly under the dark rainbow, they will need light sources. Keep this in mind as the adventure progresses and it gets darker out. Hooded lanterns and magical light sources, such as *continual light*, will work fine unless noted.

However, torches and plain lanterns will continually be put out by the rain. Remind them on and off how drenched they are and that from time to time they have to dump the water out of their boots. PCs who brought animals along (the companions had to be with them in the inn, so no horses) should be reminded that their animals are unhappy and smelly. Dogs will smell very much like dogs. Cats will be miserable. Birds will not want to fly in this weather, as the wind and rain makes flight difficult.

For that matter, PCs who use magic to fly will discover their movements hampered by the storm.

The Mosstree Trail

If the PCs take the Mosstree Trail, determine a marching order, then read the following. The Mosstree trail leads to a band of wood cutters and a treant.

You take the Mosstree Trail, leading around the felled and burnt trees. Trees that were obviously hundreds of years old are burnt or cut into many pieces. You continue to walk around the once mighty forest, when your keen ears hear a voice yelling, "Get out of my trees. Leave or perish." The voice seems to be coming from somewhere amid the ruined trees.

When the PCs investigate, they find a clearing. In the center of it are a dozen men, four of whom are attacking a huge, partially-burned tree.

The tree is yelling at them in many languages, and is swatting them with its long branches. PCs who have seen treants before can tell that this is one of them.

In addition, there are a dozen trees around the clearing that were saved from whatever destroyed most of the woods. However, they are not being saved from the rest of the men. Eight of the men are chopping at these trees. Four remain intent on the treant. If the PCs attempt to get the men to stop, the men attack them instead and leave the trees and wounded treant alone. Otherwise, the men invite the PCs to help them cut down the rest of the forest.

PCs who cast *know alignment* spells or similar magics on the men discover that they are neutral evil. However, the men are not naturally this way. Weak-willed, they have fallen under the effects of the dark rainbow. PCs who remember what the avatars said about good folks becoming tainted might have second thoughts about the “evilness” of the wood cutters.

Casting *remove curse* on the men temporarily restores them to their old selves. However, they revert to neutral evil a few hours later. They cannot be completely cured until the dark rainbow is gone.

The men fight until more than half of them are killed, then they attempt to retreat into the woods.

Note that the PCs are not in danger of turning evil because of the dark rainbow. The PCs are Ravens Bluff heroes--not as weak-willed as some of the common folk.

Treant: Int very; AL CG; AC 0; MV 6; HD 12; current hp 20 of 76; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 4-6/4-6; SA animate trees; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size H 25' tall; ML 16

Tier 1: If the PCs' levels total 6-13:

Wood cutters (12): Int average; AL NE (formerly NG); AC 8; MV 12; HD 2 (F2); hp 16 each; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4+1 (hand axe); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 19

Tier 2: If the PCs' levels total 14-25:

Wood cutters (12): Int average; AL NE (formerly NG); AC 6; MV 12; HD 3 (F3); hp 24 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4+1/1-4+1 (hand axe); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 19

Tier 3: If the PCs' levels total 26-37:

Wood cutters (12): Int average; AL NE (formerly NG); AC 4 (leather, DEX); MV 12; HD 4 (F4); hp 32 each; THAC0 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4+3/1-4+3 (hand axe, STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 19

Tier 4: If the PCs' levels total 38-56:

Wood cutters (12): Int average; AL NE (formerly NG); AC 3 (studded leather, DEX); MV 12; HD 5 (F5); hp 40 each; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4+3/1-4+3 (hand axe, STR); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 19

Tier 5: If the PCs' levels total 57+:

Wood cutters (12): Int average; AL NE (formerly NG); AC 3 (studded leather, DEX); MV 12; HD 6 (F6); hp 50 each; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4+4/1-4+4 (hand axe, STR); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 19

If the PCs take no actions, they watch the treant defend itself, but ultimately lose. It looks like the tree is trying not to hurt the men too badly.

If the PCs capture any of the men, the wood cutters say they needed fire wood for their families--to keep them warm and to use in the cookstove. The dead wood isn't suitable, they say. They wanted fresh wood. The men are lying. In their corrupted frames of minds, they are looking to sell the wood for as much profit as possible, and they think that wood from a treant would be worth a lot of money.

If the PCs successfully stopped the men, and make some attempt to heal the tree, the treant thanks them. It says it spent all of its energy into protecting the trees around it when lightning bolts came from the storm many days ago. The treant had seen these men in the woods before, many times, but they had never seemed vicious, only cutting down the oldest of trees and those that were diseased. The treant has no idea what happened to them to make them change their behavior.

He intently looks over the PCs and gifts one PC with an old wooden sword he'd been storing in his trunk. His selection is based on the PC's level and class--race is unimportant. His first choice is to reward a druid PC. If none are present, he next chooses a ranger, then a fighter who is neutral good or lawful good in alignment. His final choice is a priest of neutral good or lawful good alignment.

If multiple characters fit his criteria, he gives the sword to the lowest-level adventurer in the group, with any ties being decided by the PCs' Charisma scores. If none of the characters fit the criteria, such as if the group is a band of thieves and wizards, he does not give up the sword.

The treant says the sword once belonged to a ranger friend of his who died more than a decade ago. He has been saving the sword to present to someone who reminded him of that ranger.

Tales say the sword was crafted by Meilikki and should never be used to strike natural woodland animals. A certificate for the sword can be found at the end of the tournament.

If the PCs ask the treant about the dark ribbon in the sky, he tells them it once was a rainbow, colorful and beautiful. That something could corrupt so marvelous a thing is frightening. And that the ribbon is growing thicker is scarier still. The tree fears that if darkness covers the land, all the plantlife will die, deprived of the sun. He urges the PCs to do what they can to make the ribbon go away.

The treant volunteers to keep watch over the PCs if they want to rest here for a while. When they wake, he encourages them to leave quickly--as the ribbon has gotten wider. Go to the encounter: "Shadow on the Pond."

The Direct Trail

If the PCs passed by the Mosstree Trail and instead took the trail directly through the forest, continue with this encounter. It is unlikely the PCs can take both the Mosstree Trail and the direct trail unless they split up.

Bands of PCs who attempt to follow both trails will have a difficult time finishing the tournament.

You take the trail that heads directly into the woods. One glance at the sky tells you that the black ribbon is much thicker, perhaps a mile across now. And the land under it looks dark, as if it is night. Puddles are everywhere.

The trail you are following is at the edge of the darkness. It is most unusual--to see daylight to your right and darkness to your left.

After a few more hours walking, you notice several brown shaggy forms about a hundred yards in front of you. They look like wolves, but are much larger than any wolves you have seen before.

A man is riding the largest of the creatures. He is dressed in dark orange clothes, and his cowl is pulled down, shadowing his face. He holds a spear in his right hand, and he waves it at you.

Determine what the PCs are doing. If anyone casts a spell that has somatic components, the wolves begin growling, and the man urges the PCs to hold their actions. If the PCs cast offensive spells, the

wolves attack for three rounds then attempt to flee into the woods. The wolves and the man will only continue the fight if the PCs pursue them. The wolves suspect they could kill the adventurers, but have no desire to do so.

Elf-of-the-Wolves: Int animal; AL NG; AC 9; MV 12; HD 4 (F4); hp 26; THAC0 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6 (spear); SA communicates mentally with wolves; SD 90% resistant to charm; MR Nil; Size M 5' tall; ML 16

Olmwood Wolves (18): Int average; AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 4+2; hp 24 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (bite); SA Telepathy; SD +1 vs charm; MR 25%; Size M 4' at shoulder; ML 12

The Olmwood Wolves, or Olmwolves, are from an alternate Prime Material Plane, where humanoids are an endangered species. There, the wolves thrive, and they discourage the rare band of adventurers by frightening them away with telepathy, and with their ferocious teeth and claws. Then came the time of troubles, and magic went crazy. Some of the wolves found themselves sucked through an arcane whirlwind, deposited in various alternate Prime Material Planes--including Toril. In Toril, the wolves found their roles reversed. No longer were humanoids the endangered species. Here, they must be careful.

The Olmwolves all possess a unique type of telepathy, which binds them together. They are more tightly-knit than a traditional wolf pack.

They are able to sense humanoids within a mile of themselves, and they have learned to avoid them. But some humanoids, such as trappers, and furriers set traps that the wolves don't know much about and cannot easily detect. As a result of this, the Olmwolves are decreasing in number.

The Olmwolves like regular wolves are carnivores, so they hunt animals for food. They never hunt man, (for man doesn't taste very good to them).

There are six wolves in front of the PCs and another dozen hiding in the woods to either side of them. If the PCs talk to the man, or at the very least stay where they are and wait to see what happens, continue with the following:

The man pushes his cowl back, revealing pale skin, jet black hair, and gracefully-pointed ears. He speaks in a musical, singsong voice.

"Why are you disturbing our peace? You come into our home with many weapons. Why?"

If the PCs cast *ESP*, *mind read*, or similar magics, they discover the elf is calm, and that there seems to be few thoughts in his head. However, the wolves seem to have a lot going on in their brains.

The elf was found near dead several months ago by the wolves. They treated him with kindness, as if he was one of their own, and he has been slowly healing and regaining some of his faculties. The wolves communicate with him telepathically, and are using him to speak with the PCs. The wolves would rather the PCs not know they are telepathic. Therefore, any questions and answers that come from the elf are actually coming from the wolves.

If the PCs mention the thickening ribbon of darkness the elf/wolves reply:

"Are you afraid of the dark? We here do not fear the dark. It is comforting, and it is good to hunt in. We do not know why the darkness grows. But we do not worry over it. There is no danger in darkness. There is only danger in hunger."

The wolves will listen to reason, as they are not stupid. If the PCs manage to convince the wolves that the darkness is magical and unnatural, and that it does indeed present a danger, the wolves volunteer to help them. They request help in exchange.

A sad expression passes over the elf's face. "The brothers and sisters of the woods will help you fight this darkness. However, you must first agree to help us. We are far from our home, and we are not that familiar with these lands. There are many trappers that try to hurt us. They set things like this." He reaches into the folds of his robe and withdraws a sprung snap-jaw trap.

"The wolves get hurt and maimed by these things. Some of them die. And we have found a very many of these things lately. Follow me."

The elf leads you toward a clearing. The rain is falling steady here, stronger than it was before.

There are more than a dozen wolves milling about, half of them pups. The pups have matted blood on their legs, and one of them limps around on three legs.

For most of the pups, a healing proficiency check is enough to clean their wounds. For the limping pup, more work is needed. His leg is broken, and it will not heal properly unless it is first set. This requires a healing proficiency check at a -2 penalty followed by the application of a *cure light wounds* spell. If the PCs are successful in mending the broken leg, continue:

"The brothers and sisters want you to have this," the elf says. He extends a thick leather bracelet, tooled with designs of oak and elm leaves all around it. This is in thanks for aiding the young. Now, as for the help these wolves will offer you. . . ." He pulls the cowl completely away from his face, letting the rain run over his skin. You can see that it is scarred here and there, as if he was in a terrible fight.

"The day before the dark ribbon formed in the sky, a rainbow was seen in its place. Old sister here says the black ribbon swallowed the rainbow, just as the darkness is swallowing the light. Old sister believes that the darkness was partly made by man, but made by more than man. She is most wise, and you should trust what she believes. Lifting the darkness could come at great sacrifice. She says trust in your wits and your flesh, trust not the arcane. That is all she and her sisters and brothers know."

If the PCs chat more with the man, the wolves--via him--explain that he was caught by an angry cave bear, and that the bear left him for dead. The wolves saved him, and now he serves them. He has no desire to leave the wolves. And they do not believe he could survive on his own. If the PCs fight the wolves and free the man, they discover that he has the mind of a child, roughly two years old.

The tooled bracelet: the wolves have no idea what it does, though Old Sister knows it is magical. It was on the elf when they found him, and they sensed through their link with him that he was more than happy to relinquish it as a gift to the PCs. He doesn't ever plan on returning to a city.

The bracelet was fashioned by a wood elfen sorceress and was given to elves within the community who regularly traveled to cities for trade and other business. The wood elves of the community felt uneasy in cities, and the bracelet compensated for that.

When worn by an elf--within a city's boundaries--the bracelet bestows a +1 bonus to all saving throws and gives the wearer a +1 bonus to surprise rolls. The bracelet does not function on non-elves (including half-elves), and it offers no bonus beyond a city's boundaries.

Shadow on the Pond

You continue to follow the trail. The ribbon of darkness is over it now, blotting out the sun, but not blotting out the rain. You are drenched and achingly tired, and you suspect it is close to evening--judging by the sky to your right that is not yet covered by the ribbon. You could

press on, there's still some light left to your right. Or you could make camp.

If the PCs search for a place to camp, continue with the following:

You are able to find a clearing a couple hundred yards to the right of the trail, about a hundred yards outside the edge of the darkness. There is a pond in it, and two figures crouch at the water's edge. They have not noticed you.

You could stop here, or you could look for another clearing. It seems as if the rain is letting up a little bit. Only a soft sprinkle is falling now. Maybe it'll stop raining before morning.

If the PCs travel to another clearing, they have an uneventful night and can continue on in the morning. However, if the PCs stop here and approach the pair at the pond's edge, continue with the following:

The pond is barely a dozen feet across, and the water is quite dark, shadowed by the approaching evening and the clouds overhead.

Two figures are huddled at the bank. They turn as you approach, and they appear frightened.

"Please, don't come near us!" the smaller of the figures gasps. "Just leave us alone!"

The other individual waves his arms in an effort to shoo you away.

The figures are two humans--a man and a woman. If the PCs approach them, they can tell that the couple seems to have a disease, as their skin is covered with lesions and boils. If the PCs get within a few feet, the man cautions them to "Stay away unless you want to get sick, too." PCs with the Healing or Herbalism nonweapon proficiencies can tell for certain the couple is suffering from some sort of malady.

The couple will scream and throw dirt on any PCs attempting to cast a spell, even a healing spell. Persistent PCs who do not have any spells disrupted quickly learn that casting enchantments on the pair seems to cause them more pain and worsen their disease. The couple suffers one point of damage for each level of the spell cast in their vicinity (30 feet of them). Thus, a third-level spell inflicts three points of damage. Magical potions, likewise, will inflict pain. Healing potions cause 1d8 points of damage, and any other type of potion causes 1d6 points.

The only way to heal the individuals is with a poultice made from herbs and moss. This requires a

successful Herbalism proficiency check followed by a successful Healing proficiency check. PCs with either proficiency can tell the couple are not contagious.

If the PCs befriend the couple, regardless of whether they can heal them, the man explains:

"My wife and I are from the Dalelands. There were too many wizards there for our tastes. We are simple folk, and we believe that life should be lived without magic. We intended to find a small village to live in, one without the presence of magic-wielding adventurers. We traveled for quite some time, looking for a suitable homesite. In the process, we ate some spoiled fruit and mushrooms, and our illness is the result. We will not die from this, for we've determined with our meager skills that we shall eventually recover. It may take a few more weeks, however.

"We continued to look for a place to live. And as fate would have it, we found an area of land that was so saturated with magic--wild magic I believe the term is called. We would have been safe in such a place, as there is nothing we possess that is magical. However, a small creature, a woodland sprite or something, crossed our path. Whatever spell the creature was in the midst of casting had disastrous effects.

"It made us allergic to magic. We hate magic anyway. But now it could be deadly to us. Any bit of magic used in our vicinity causes us great pain."

There is no cure for the couple's magic-allergy short of a *wish* spell. A *remove curse* spell or similar magic will only hurt them further. They don't mind being allergic to magic, since they are so opposed to the arcane anyway. For the past few weeks, they have survived in the woods, helping the foresters and rangers around here. They are concerned about the ribbon of darkness in the sky, as they can tell that it is magical, and they are certain it is evil. They can provide the following clue to the PCs:

"The darkness came not quite two weeks ago, right after a storm and shortly before we saw the woodland sprite. The band of black in the sky was like an ill omen. We have seen strange creatures cavorting from time to time under the band. And we have spotted people who came out from under the blackness. We hid from them, knowing--somehow--that they were evil. These people came from the north--from where the blackness starts."

The woman adds, "The good folk who we talked to along our journey, one of them an old sage, claimed that the only way to stop the darkness was to create a rainbow in its place. Oh, that we could have done something. But creating a rainbow--and the sage said

that it must be done at the source of the blackness-- would require the use of magic. I understand that the sage was headed to some of the northern villages, looking for help. May the gods let that help come in time."

The man nods. "I know of rainbow potions. Terrible things. Maybe that's what the sage went off looking for. Maybe he was going to get some wizard to fly into the sky and spread the potion out like a rainbow. Maybe there's another way." He shrugs. "I've no use for wizards, but I wouldn't mind if one could fix that." He points to the darkness.

The couple is willing to pass the night with the PCs--provided they don't use any magic. However, they are just as happy to make their own camp site away from any magic-using adventurers. Eleran will look with great sadness on any magic users, and he will talk minimally with them. However, he encourages them to give up their spells and components. Any warriors who approach him are told to throw away their weapons and embrace the natural path. Druids and rangers will be commended for protecting nature, though he will beseech them to give up their magical crutches and never again cast spells.

If the PCs keep the couple with them, take into account the following encounter with the feyrs, and if the PCs cast any spells at the creatures. Depending on the spells and where the couple is, the PCs might end up killing them. The couple leaves in the morning.

Eleran of the Natural Path: Int average; AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; HD 2 (D2); hp 16; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 5' tall; ML 11

Eleran was raised by strict parents who abhorred adventurers and believed magic brought about all the world's ills. He steadfastly holds to the conviction that a man must live by his wits and his hands, and that those who turn to magic are using crutches that will bring them doom. He knows his wife used to be a wizard, but is confident that she has been "saved" because she gave up all things arcane and embraced the Natural Path. He loves her deeply, and will become angry at any PC who insults her or who tries to get her to return to magic.

Lorraine: Int very; AL NG; AC 6; MV 12; HD 4 (W4); hp 12; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (walking

cane); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 5' tall; ML 11

Lorraine is a former wizard who gave up her magical studies and learned to detest magic when she fell in love with Eleran. She admits that she was a wizard only to one of the spell-casting PCs, who she will take aside if she and her husband camp with the PCs. She tells this individual that he would be much happier without magic and lectures him that to give up the arcane is to truly embrace life. She looks fondly on her time as a wizard. However, she considers herself a much stronger and better person now.

The Only Thing They Have to Feyr . . .

Shortly before midnight, feyrs attack. They attack the sentries first, hoping to surprise them and cause panic. The feyrs want the sentries to wake the others, so they can feed.

The feyrs will try not to kill the PCs, only torment them and batter them to evoke emotions of fear and pain so they can feed. Therefore, this encounter is not meant to kill the party. If the feyrs best the PCs, they will leave after consuming enough of the PCs' fears (DM's discretion). They'd rather leave the PCs alive so they can be tormented in the future.

However, if the PCs kill two-thirds of the feyrs, the others attempt to flee into the darkness. If a great feyr is present, it will remain invisible and use its emotion control to feed.

PCs who witness a feyr attacking one of their comrades must make a saving throw vs. Spells or be consumed by fear (as per the spell). This fear lasts 1d4 for common feyrs and 2d6 for great feyrs.

Read the following when the PCs spot the feyrs:

You see creatures with humpbacks. Their hide is mottled, appearing warped. The creatures' bodies are supported by tentacle-like limbs. Their faces are hideous, covered by five eyes and three mouths. They grin horrifically and fly at you, eyes madly wide, tentacle-limbs flailing frantically!

Tier 1: If the PCs' levels total 6-13:

Feyr (3): Int average; AL NE; AC 2; MV 12, Fl 18; HD 4; hp 20 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Fear; SD Nil; MR 10%; Size S 2' tall; ML 18

Tier 2: If the PCs' levels total 14-25:

Feyr (5): Int average; AL NE; AC 2; MV 12, Fl 18; HD 4; hp 22 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Fear; SD Nil; MR 10%; Size S 2' tall; ML 18

Tier 3: If the PCs' levels total 26-37:

Feyr (3): Int average; AL NE; AC 2; MV 12, FI 18; HD 4; hp 20 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Fear; SD Nil; MR 10%; Size S 2' tall; ML 18

Great Feyr (1): Int high; AL NE; AC -2; MV 12, FI 18; HD 16; hp 80; THAC0 6; #AT 4; Dmg 2-12/2-12/2-12/2-12; SA Emotion control; SD Invisibility; MR 40%; Size M 7' tall; ML 18

If the great feyr suffers more than 60 points of damage, he attempts to flee.

Tier 4: If the PCs' levels total 38-56:

Feyr (4): Int average; AL NE; AC 2; MV 12, FI 18; HD 4; hp 22 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Fear; SD Nil; MR 10%; Size S 2' tall; ML 18

Great Feyr (1): Int high; AL NE; AC -2; MV 12, FI 18; HD 16; hp 100; THAC0 6; #AT 4; Dmg 2-12/2-12/2-12/2-12; SA Emotion control; SD Invisibility; MR 40%; Size M 7' tall; ML 18

If the great feyr suffers more than 80 points of damage, he attempts to flee.

Tier 5: If the PCs' levels total 57+:

Feyr (6): Int average; AL NE; AC 2; MV 12, FI 18; HD 4; hp 22 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Fear; SD Nil; MR 10%; Size S 2' tall; ML 18

Great Feyr (1): Int high; AL NE; AC -2; MV 12, FI 18; HD 16; hp 110; THAC0 6; #AT 4; Dmg 2-12/2-12/2-12/2-12; SA Emotion control; SD Invisibility; MR 40%; Size M 7' tall; ML 18

If the great feyr suffers more than 90 points of damage, he attempts to flee.

Afraid of the Dark?

When you wake in the morning, it looks like it is still night--and it is still raining. The arc of darkness has widened to cover your camp. You feel odd, ill at ease, chilled from being wet for so long. The woods around you look different from what you remember. Somehow darker, and nastier--and not just because of unnatural darkness from the arc in the sky. It is dark practically as far as you can see. Only at the extreme edge of your vision do you see any hint of daylight.

If the PCs try to leave the darkness, let them realize it's futile after about an hour or so. The

darkness is spreading faster than they can walk. PCs with *boots of speed* or other magical movement can get out of the darkness, but only temporarily if they wait for their companions.

All PCs in the darkness suffer a -1 penalty to all attack and damage rolls, and are -1 to proficiency checks, just like a reverse *prayer* spell. Further, they are -1 to all saving throws versus mind-affecting spells because the darkness is so depressing and mind-dampening. They will not realize the penalty until after a few rounds of combat.

No spells the PCs cast will slow the darkness or make it go away. *Light* spells work as a brightly-burning torch or a lantern. PCs without infravision will definitely need light sources or will need to be guided by PCs with infravision. And common light sources, such as hooded lanterns, must be protected or the wind will whip inside them and put out the light.

You set off again in search of the source of the darkness. As you walk, you pass several animal bodies, all appearing to have been torn apart by some large beast.

PCs with animal lore can identify the remains as elk, deer, boar, and moose. They suspect the beast that killed them was a small dragon or a giant cave bear. They cannot track the beast, as the rain has washed away all traces of the predator. Casting *speak with plants* or *speak with animals* to learn the nature of the predator is futile--the plants and animals were paying attention only to the darkness.

Any PC who investigates the carcasses must make a saving throw versus petrification to avoid losing his breakfast. The stench is pretty strong.

At this point, the storm has picked up. PCs who are flying are grounded. They simply can't fly and make any progress in the strong winds.

As you trudge on, the wind picks up, pelting the rain into your faces. Small pieces of wood and brush are scooped into the air. The farther you travel, the windier it gets. Suddenly the rain slacks off, replaced by a drizzle. But this is no ordinary drizzle, it stings your skin and sizzles against the clothes you wear. It is as if the rain were acid!

The rain is so acidic that the PCs will suffer one point of damage for every round they spend in it. Backtracking is futile, as all the rain has turned acidic. Some magic items might prevent damage, such as *cloaks of weather*, which keep PCs dry, but likely no spells will work. Although measures such as drinking *potions of diminution* and staying in the pockets of someone

wearing a *cloak of weather* should do the trick. Use your judgment.

PCs who state they are looking for cover spy several large trees. However, a second look reveals that the rain is destroying the leaves--so the trees would provide no shelter. Despite the darkness, they can see a rocky ridge. There are lots of shadows in the ridge, and they might be caves or outcroppings that could provide shelter. Tell alert PCs that this looks like their best--and only--bet. Read or paraphrase the following:

You peer through the hurtful rain, and through the darkness you can make out a rocky ridge. There are a lot of shadows about it, possibly caves or crevices. Maybe outcroppings.

The ridge looks like it could afford you some protection from this stinging rain. However, the ridge is not especially close, and you'll have to run for it if you want to get there with your skin and clothes intact.

Use the chart on the following page--based on the PCs' movement rates--to determine how much damage they suffer as they run for the ridge. PCs who move at slower companions' rates suffer the same damage as the slower folk.

PCs who run increase their movement rate and receive less damage. Also, lessen the damage to characters taking extra precautions, such as using shields or other materials over their heads. Also, cut the damage to first- and second-level characters if needed. No use having the rain kill them and ruin the rest of the adventure.

Acid Rain Damage Table

<u>Move Rate</u>	<u>Rds to Ridge</u>	<u>Dmg Suffered</u>
48	1	1
45	2	2
42	3	3
39	4	4
36	5	5
33	6	6
30	7	7
27	8	8
24	9	9
21	10	10
18	11	11
15	13	13
12	15	15
9	18	18
6	21	21
3	24	24

Feel free to add a few points of damage to PCs who dawdle here and there looking for other options. Also, high-level PCs with lots of hit points might slip in a puddle of the acid rain, suffering an additional 1d10 or 1d12 points of damage here or there.

Have PCs heading toward the ridge make an Observation check when a number of rounds have passed equal to half the number they need to get there. PCs without Observation can make a Wisdom check at ½. (In other words, a PC with a move of 12, gets an observation check after three rounds).

Those who are successful notice a glow coming from a spot along the ridge, as if there were a fire or lantern burning there.

PCs who reach the ridge also notice the light. However, give another couple of points of rain damage to those who did not notice the light as they were running there. These unobservant PCs had to do a little more traveling to reach the lighted cave.

When the PCs reach the cave, continue with the following:

Entering the cave, you notice that the light is coming from a torch stuck in a crack just inside the entrance.

The cave is big, sloping down and seeming to continue for a distance. Feeble green light from the far recesses hint at another chamber or passage at the edge of your vision.

While in the cave, PCs might want to heal themselves, dry off, replace acid-damaged clothes with fresh clothes (provided they carried extra in a backpack or something). Magical clothing was not damaged by the rain, but non-magical clothing will have holes in it.

PCs who investigate the feeble light source at the back of the cave discover a luminescent pool that glows an eerie green. Read or paraphrase the following:

Looking closer at the pool, you can notice it is fairly deep. There seems to be a manlike shape under the water. It rises quickly, breaking the surface, and raising its scaly arms in the air. It looks vaguely like a lizardman, and it raises its upper lip and snarls at you. He smells horrible.

Determine what the PCs are doing. If the PCs attack the creature--a tren, a cousin to a troglodyte, he drifts to the bottom of the pool 30 feet below and waits for them to leave.

PCs who have frightened away the tren will have missed this encounter--continue to the next event--unless

they find a way to reach the creature at the bottom and do some quick and profuse apologizing.

Use your judgment whether they are successful. PCs who kill the tren automatically end this encounter and will have to wait until the acid rain stops to continue on their quest.

If the PCs do not threaten the tren when he emerges, or if they've suitably apologized, he will speak to them. All PCs within 10 feet of the tren must make a saving throw vs. poison or lose 1d6+1 points of Strength. This effect is temporary, and is in place as long as the tren is present. The Strength loss is due to the overpowering stench his body naturally exudes. PCs with magical items such as *amulets of adaptation* would be immune to the effects.

The tren will not apologize for the smell. He doesn't think he stinks.

“You are adventurers, aren't you?” the lizard-creature asks. “Of course you are. If you weren't adventurers, you wouldn't be out here in this awful darkness and terrible rain.”

He scratches his chin. “Yes, you definitely are adventurers, what with all the magic and weapons and equipment and armor and clothing and by the shoes that you wear--as well as the many neat things you have hidden, that I can sense. Yes, only adventurers would be wandering around through all the bad stuff going on out there.

“I am smart by staying inside and not being out there in that evil darkness. Did you know that evil is defined by the absence of good? Well, when I was young, there was this old man, who everyone thought was evil because he was always growling and chasing us away when we were playing hike down below. Have you ever played hike?

“Well, you take this very big egg, then you clean it out and fill it with lava, so that when it cools it becomes hard. Then you have the egg-shaped rock that you take and hide away. Next, you hit the person next to you and tell them to catch you. You say that if they don't catch you, then you will find the rock and throw it against the second person to the left of you.

“And then that player will go and smash it against the head of their older brother. Hmm. That is bad. That happened to my brother once, and he got cut from it something awful. And he started to bleed quite profusely.

“Well, they took him to the witchdoctor and cleaned him up. But I never liked that witchdoctor, you know, 'cause he used crushed warts instead of real live ones, and I hate that taste. Yes, I really, really do hate that horrible taste.”

Jorinab of the Ridge, tren: Int very; AL N; AC 4; MV 12, Sw 9; HD 3+3; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/2-7; SA Special; SD Special, natural stench; MR Nil; Size M 7' tall; ML 14

After he's done babbling a bit, Jorinab agrees to answer the PCs' questions about himself and the darkness. Consult the following, based on what the PCs ask. Feel free to use the following material, even if the PCs don't ask--Jorinab likes to talk.

- “Well, I am a sage, as you can tell. You see that mark on my right claw? Well, that symbolizes that my family has apprenticed me to the great sage Windron, and that during the wondrous three hundred years of apprenticeship, he would be my family. I've been introducing myself as a sage to people I've met in your land--and some of your people are quite strange. Afraid of magic, can you imagine that?”
- “What do I know about the darkness? Well, I know that it is dark, and that it is hard to see in the dark. Did you know that certain fungus only grows in the dark? I, myself, have witnessed more than a hundred different kind of fungi grown underground.”
- “I believe that the darkness is magical in nature. Well, not nature, not natural. Nature didn't produce it. But some malignant force. That force--for its own dark purposes--has created a darkness that is very dark, and evil as well. The darkness came after the rainbow. A rainbow is a creation of light, and goodness, and of red and orange and yellow and green and blue and indigo and violet. And the combination of these create a spectacular light pattern that is beautiful to see. Now if that were in some way corrupted, that might cause this darkness, what is overhead. Now let me see, a rainbow is created by light, soo... the opposite of light is dark, soo... it would be a darkbow! Yes, that is it, a darkbow is growing in the sky.”
- “Evil? Of course it is evil. Cannot you feel it, this evil is soaking into everything, the trees, the ground, the underground, the rain, and even yourselves? Do you not feel strange? Well, I noticed it the moment I went outside. After I traveled a bit looking for folks who might be up to putting a stop to the darkness, I came back inside, and I stopped to catch my breath. No such folks about, you know. I'm not as young as a tadpole, you know, so I can't do it myself. Well, I

decided to take a nap, and saw that cool pond here, so I went to sleep. And then your chattering woke me.”

- “You know, since I awoke, that evil feeling I picked up has gone away. Maybe it’s this water I was resting in.” He reaches into a pouch he has tied about his waist and removes an unusual device that appears to be of gnomish invention. It is a box, with many knobs and stick-like protrusions going every which way. The sage points the device at the water, then sticks the contraption into the water. A grin spreads wide across his face. “Ah, ha!” he exclaims. “I was right. It was the water. “Here. . .” He pulls out a wooden cup and scoops out some water. “Drink this, it will help. That horrible rain outside shouldn’t bother you anymore.”

PCs who drink the water must make a saving throw versus paralyzation to avoid becoming nauseous. PCs who fail their saving throw suffer an additional -1 combat penalty for the remainder of the game--of course, they won’t know this until they’re in combat. A *neutralize poison* spell will negate this added penalty.

PCs who make their saving throw have no adverse effect--and the combat penalty they are currently under because of the darkbow (the *reverse prayer* effect) is negated.

Further, all PCs who drank the mixture heal 2d6 points of damage and are now immune to the damage from the acidic rain--but their normal clothes are not.

- “I normally don’t travel around this part of Faerun,” the sage continues. “But, you see, I thought it necessary to investigate the strange goings on above, as the earth was behaving differently. Now, how about you tell me what you know about the darkness.”
- “Hmmm. I think I’ve figured out how the darkbow can be cleansed from the sky. You’ll have to hurry, though, or there won’t be any sky left--it’ll all be this blackness. You’ll need a way to create a rainbow. At first I thought one of those rainbow-potions might do the trick. But those aren’t so easy to come by. So . . . you might try a crystal that catches the light, swirls it around like a rainbow. See, the darkbow, like darkness, is the absence of light. But light

dispels darkness. So, you need its reverse--a rainbow.”

He bends over the ground, using his fingers, and draws strange symbols and figures. After a minute, he stares at the figures, then says, “According to my calculations, you would need a crystal two hand spans across. My, my, my, I know of just such a crystal, but it is guarded by a foul creature--my mother-in-law! A foul creature indeed! She’s in a nearby cave. I suppose I could go get it for you. She has no tolerance of humans.”

He scratches his chin. “She would demand something equally beautiful in return for the crystal. She once did me a favor and demanded my prized zuman in exchange. Well, let me tell you, I was outraged--I mean a prized zuman for a simple potion of unim. . . . of healing.

“What does she like? What would she want? Well, she likes jewels, the bigger the better she always says. You’ll have to come up with a good amount of sparklies for me to get the crystal for her.”

Obtaining the Crystal

For the crystal to be purchased, Jorinab, will need the equivalent of 10,000 gold pieces in gems (double to triple that if the PCs are high level and have lots of wealth). If you are dealing with a lower-level party, this can be cut in half. A first-level party might not even have this much, so Jorinab might have to settle for coins and such--though feel free to take just about everything nonmagical the PCs have.

If they meet his price. . . .

When the gems are handed over, Jorinab says he will return in a few hours, and that they are welcome to stay here, rest, and wait for him. He scratches his nose, tugs on his ear, and walks through the rock wall.

The PCs cannot accompany him. Casting *passwall*, *rock to mud*, etc., will not reveal the sage. Anything short of a *limited wish* won’t work. It simply isn’t necessary for the PCs to travel to a part of the adventure that isn’t detailed. Once the tren leaves the cave, PCs who lost Strength points recover them.

If the PCs don’t agree to give Jorinab any gems to exchange for the crystal, he says he is sorry that their world will be covered by darkness, and it is a good thing that he lives elsewhere. They cannot find his mother-in-law without him. And she will not deal with them in the event they do find her. She only deals with other tren. If the latter situation occurs, the PCs are welcome to continue the adventure, as the crystal is not necessary to rid the land of the darkbow (but it is, perhaps, the easiest way).

Examining the Cave

PCs who wait for Jorinab are free to rest, try to heal any damage they suffered from the rain, or explore the cave. Those who opt for the latter find a niche behind the green pool. There is writing carved into the rock wall. It is in an old dwarven dialect, looking like runes inside of squares. Any PCs who can read and write dwarven must make a proficiency check at ½. Using magical means to decipher the writing will also work.

There are nine boxes, with a rune in each box. When translated, it reads: "Might is right, left is wrong." It has nothing to do with this adventure, the writing was left here hundreds of years ago by a dwarven sage passing by. There is no riddle to solve.

In another niche, the PCs find scraps of leather, polished stones, and a small dwarven throwing hammer (nonmagical and in poor repair). These were things left by the dwarven scholar.

There is nothing else of note in the cave.

The Crystal

Jorinab is gone four hours. This is enough time to allow the PCs to gain some spells back if they have slept. When he returns, the PCs must make saving throws vs. poison again or once more temporarily lose 1d6+1 points of Strength because of his stench.

He presents them with the crystal, a beautifully-faceted piece that weighs about a pound.

The tren appears haggard and dejected. He simply hates dealing with his mother-in-law.

If the PCs need rest and healing, he volunteers to watch over them. However, he encourages them not to stay too long--as he worries about the growing darkness. When the PCs are ready to press on, read or paraphrase the following:

As Black as Night

When you emerge from the cave, you see no trace of light--not even on the far horizon. It is as if a god-sized artist threw ink into the sky and it stuck there, blanketing every inch.

The horrible rain has slowed to a mere drizzle, and it looks as if it might actually stop. It no longer seems to have its acidic properties.

You notice burned and twisted trees, all damaged from the rain of last night, many of them killed. The grass is mostly dead, as are saplings and bushes. It will take a long time for the land to

recover--and that's provided you can get rid of the darkness so that the land has a chance to recover.

You travel again toward the north, relying on your internal compasses, as without light and noticeable landmarks, it is very difficult to tell directions.

The PCs definitely will need light sources now--even PCs with infravision. The rain has pretty much coated the land, making everything relatively the same temperature. In other words, infravision is no longer sufficient to help the PCs get around. Unless they do something to come up with a light source, they are virtually blind. Eventually, they can stumble into Freddy, in the encounter detailed below.

The Return of Freddy

An invisible Freddy McKruger hears the PCs approach and investigates. He is frightened of the darkness, of the hurtful rain, and of anything in general at the moment. In fact, he wouldn't mind being back in Tymora's custody--where he was safe.

However, upon seeing all the big people in armor and toting weapons, he gets truly paranoid. They're adventurers--as who else would be out in this darkness. And adventurers are always after gold--his gold! He intends to frighten the PCs away, hopefully back to Ravens Bluff.

Freddy the Leprechaun: Int exceptional; AL CG; AC 8; MV 15; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (frying pan he still retains from Tymora's kitchen); SA Spells; SD Spells; MR 80%; Size T; ML 11

Freddie can become *invisible* at will, *polymorph* nonliving objects, create illusions, and use the *ventriloquism* spell as often as he desires.

Freddy begins his scare tactics by creating a giant-sized knight. Read or paraphrase the following.

The rain has finally stopped, though the ground is soddened, and you're still dripping wet. Your clothes have been damaged considerably by the acid rain, hanging on you in tatters.

It can't be much farther now, you suspect, judging by how far you've walked. Surely it can't be more than

Out of the trees rides an armored man. He is huge, at least a dozen feet tall, and he is astride an even larger gray warhorse. Tiny bolts of lightning race around the edges of his shield, illuminating the scene. He thunders toward you, the horse kicking up great clods of dirt.

"Leave these wet lands now, o-so-greedy adventurers. Leave or suffer the wrath of Kael the Lightbringer. I will warn you but once!"

Allow PCs a moment to react. They can cast spells at Kael, but he shrugs them off (as he is an illusion the leprechaun is concentrating on). PCs who physically attack Kael can see dents appearing in his armor and on the horse's side. This is because Freddy is very good at illusions.

If some of the PCs disbelieve Kael, secretly roll their saving throws versus magic and access a -4 penalty (after all, they've encountered all sorts of weird stuff--this guy isn't that much weirder).

If the PCs talk to Kael, he'll respond.

"These lands are mine. I protect and administer them. And I will protect them from you."

A lightning bolt darts out of his mouth and circles his left arm, coming to rest in his palm and becoming a lightning-bolt shaped sword.

"I want no greedy adventurers near me and what is mine! I have worked too long and too hard to obtain wealth. Worked honestly at it. I didn't steal. You shall not steal from me!"

The PCs' best course of action is to convince Kael that they are not greedy and that they will not steal from him. If they do this--use your judgment based on their role-playing, then Kael will disappear and Freddy will come out. Go to "Freddy Revealed."

However, if the PCs persist in threatening or attacking Kael, Freddy adds to the illusion. A green dragon swoops in, followed by a charging dinosaur. There might be a dozen bugbears with barbed spears, a couple of wyverns . . . use your imagination. The PCs, of course, will hopefully realize that none of this is real.

Eventually the illusions and Freddy will go away, and they can continue on to "The Center of Darkness."

Freddy Revealed

The huge mounted knight relaxes a bit. "So you're not greedy?" he asks, his voice higher-pitched now, not booming.

"You're not after me gold? Me's been getting me gold honestly. Me's not stolen any of it from anyone. Though me gold's not with me right now. It's in me's clearing. And me doesn't want to be in me's clearing 'cause of what else is in me's clearing. It's fair-and-square gold. Found gold.

Me's changed me's ways, thanks to Tymora. And me doesn't want anyone stealin' me hard-gotten gold, since me don't steal theirs no more. You won't steal from me, will you? Promise me!"

After the PCs have promised--and sound reasonably sincere, Kael disappears and Freddy appears.

The giant knight shimmers and dissolves into darkness, replaced by a tiny man dressed in green and clinging to a green stone that seems to have a continual light spell upon it. A frying pan is held in his right hand.

"Me's Freddy McKruger. Me's a leprechaun who used to live around here. Had me a gang once. But me don't no more. Me's a good mate now. Me truly is. And Me's tired of this darkness. If'n you're not here to get me gold, could it be that you're here to drive away the darkness?"

If the PCs seem reasonable and willing to talk--and make no attempt to attack or grab him, Freddy continues to babble and ask for their help.

However, if the PCs appear threatening, he disappears and goes on his now less-than-merry way. The PCs can continue on to the next encounter.

"That darn darkness. It came from the spot where me blessed rainbow ended. If it wasn't for those darn spellcasters, me'd have lots and lots more go . . . me means those nasty spellcasters ruined me solitude and rest. Nearly killed me.

"One of 'em cast a whopper of a spell, and whoosh, up comes this black color that follows the rainbow, eating up all that color and growing and growing. Oh, me poor grove. Me poor gold. Can't you make the darkness go away? Me gold's there, and me needs it 'cause leprechauns need gold. It's part of who we are."

Freddy is full of information, provided the PCs ask him a few questions. He knows:

- "Me knows where that grove is, where the darkness started. It's only a few hops back in the woods, that way. Me could lead you there."
- "Me couldn't stop those nasty spellcasters, couldn't do nothing to keep them from turning the rainbow black. Me's a leprechaun, not a fighter. They'd have had me for lunch easily. Besides, me did try to do something, use me illusions. But they did something to make me illusions turn out all funny. Don't know

what they did.” (Freddy is unaware it is a wild magic area.)

The Center of Darkness

The three spellcasters--the two priests and the wizard--who all helped cause the darkbow to spring into being are still in the clearing.

The following encounter is broken up into three sections: the boxed text to be read to the PCs when they reach the clearing, the wild magic table to be consulted when the PCs and NPCs cast spells or use items, and the tiered NPCs.

Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs reach the clearing. If the PCs do not have Freddy with them, they'll simply come upon the clearing.

Freddy leads you farther north, speaking a few words to dim his light source as he goes. “When me gets you there, me’ll make me light go away so they won’t see you,” he whispers. “They is the spellcasters, of course. And if me were you, me’d douse all of your light. No use them seeing us coming a mile away.”

The leprechaun leads you through the trees and hills, walking for what you guess is about two miles. Then he stops, wriggles his nose, and his light fades to a dim glow. He hands the ball of light to _____ (shortest PC).

“Well, there you are,” he says, pointing ahead. “Right through those trees is the clearing and those horrible people that brought on the darkness. Go get ‘em, then figure out a way to make all of the black go away.”

Freddy hunkers down behind a rock, says he’ll watch from here, and disappears.

Ahead, through the trees, you can barely make out a clearing. Torches are spaced evenly inside the tree ring, though they don’t do much to cut through all the shadows. It looks the blackest directly in the center of the clearing.

The PCs must have some type of light source. Freddy’s will work if they have none. The wizard is giant-sized and is standing behind a willow tree, that with all the shadows virtually hides him. One of the clerics is invisible. And the other, who is hiding with the wizard, alternates between corporal and noncorporal every other round. He can only attack and be attacked when corporal.

All these effects are a result of wild magic. When the PCs use spells or items, consult the table at right. Further, their magical protection items are

skewed because of the area and Loviatar’s intervention. This is covered in the second wild magic chart. It is likely the PCs will quickly realize using magic is not the best idea and will resort to brute strength when dealing with the spellcasters and the darkness.

The NPCs are also subject to the wild magic effect, even their innate spell-like abilities.

Magical Protection Devices and Weapons

Bracers: Simply do not function. Worse, they release a *faerie fire* spell upon their wearer. However, these PCs will likely think that the NPC spellcasters are responsible.

Rings and other jewelry of protection: Worsens the PCs’ armor classes by the number of pluses. For example, a *ring of protection* +2 is treated as a *ring of unprotection* -2.

Cloaks of protection: instead act either as *cloaks of displacement*, causing the wearer to be missed by an opponent’s first swing in melee, or as *cloaks of unprotection*, as above--DM’s choice.

Magical armor and shields: function as normal armor

Wild Magic--Spells and Spell-Producing Items

When the PCs cast a spell or use an item, roll on the chart below and reveal the effect. Mystrans who can cast magic normally in wild magic areas can’t here. However, specialty priests of Mystra can roll twice on the table, selecting whichever of the two results they prefer.

1. Offensive spell hits caster, defensive targets random NPC.
2. Spell works normally--imagine that!
3. One tree in the clearing loses all its leaves, *defoliation*.
4. Caster’s/user’s clothes and armor turn invisible for 2d10 turns.
5. *Magic missile* strikes caster for 1d4+1 damage.
6. Spell/effect targets the PC nearest the caster/user.
7. Spell/effect targets the PC farthest from the caster/user.
8. Caster/user shrinks to two feet tall--duration 2d6 rounds.
9. Spell works normally--double imagine that!
10. Caster/user becomes feebleminded.
11. Caster/user is healed 1d8 hit points.
12. PC nearest caster/user is healed 2d8 hit points.
13. PC farthest from caster/user is struck with a 3d6 *lightning bolt*.
14. Caster/user is blinded for 2d4 rounds.
15. PC farthest from caster/user is *levitated* two feet off the ground.
16. Offensive spell hits caster, defensive targets random NPC.
17. Caster/user is victim of a *heat metal* spell.
18. Caster/user is healed 1d8 hit points.
19. Caster/user is deaf for 2d4 rounds.
20. Highest-level PC is struck with a 4d4+4 *magic missile*.

(Switch references for PCs and NPCs above when the

without the pluses.

Weapons: 50-50 chance of their pluses working.

Other Magic: *Stoneskins* are dispelled. As for other stuff--use your judgment whether it works. Or feel free to assign an effect from one of the tables above. For example, a PC using *boots of levitation* might instead find that his clothes and armor have turned invisible.

The NPC Spellcasters:

When the PCs enter the clearing to investigate the source of the darkness or skirt the clearing and find the giant-sized wizard, the NPCs attack. The NPC spellcasters are not stupid and have no desire to fight to the death. The wizard and clerics will surrender or attempt to flee when they suffer the number of hit points in damage in parentheses listed in their statistics. Maddn can only attack and be attacked every other round, this includes using his innate spells.

If the spellcasters have an opportunity, they will try to draw the PCs away from the clearing, and hence away from the wild magic area, where spells will work normally. However, they will not take this approach if the party looks like it is made up of an inordinant number of spellcasters. The villains don't want the PCs to have the edge.

The spellcasters have remained in this clearing since the darkbow was created. They knew that adventurers from nearby communities would come to investigate, and they have been killing said adventurers and taking their valuables.

Tier 1: If the PCs' levels total 6-13:

Mark'n, wizard: Int exceptional; AL LE; AC 6 (Dex only); MV 12; HD 6; hp 30 (16); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4+4 (big dagger, bonus damage because of size); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 10' tall; ML 14

Mark'n has a *white wand*, which is a gift from Loviatar and which operates in this area. It will absorb 10 spell levels of spells directed at him. The *white wand* only can be used by the person it was given to. If anyone else touches the *white wand*, it melts like ice.

Spells in memory: *magic missile* x3, *web*, *fly*

Addn, fanatical invisible priest: Int average; AL CE; AC 4 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 12; HD 6; hp 30 (25); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+1 (staff and STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Invisibility; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 20

PCs trying to strike Addn will have to be creative to find her or rely on blindfighting. PCs without blindfighting must hit AC0 to strike her (and that's provided she's near. She turns visible upon her death.

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds* x2, *cause light wounds*, *detect magic*, *detect traps*, *slow poison*

Maddn, phasing fanatical priest: Int very; AL CE; AC 5 (decorative spiked mail and shield); MV 9; HD 6; hp 34 (19); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (mace); SA Nil; SD has the effect of two *stoneskins* on him from the wild magic; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 16

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds*, *cause light wounds* x2, *heat metal* x2

Tier 2: If the PCs' levels total 14-25:

Mark'n, wizard: Int exceptional; AL LE; AC 6 (Dex only); MV 12; HD 8; hp 48 (29); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4+6 (big dagger, bonus damage because of size); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 12' tall; ML 14

Mark'n has a *white wand*, which is a gift from Loviatar and which operates in this area. It will absorb 10 spell levels of spells directed at him. The *white wand* only can be used by the person it was given to. If anyone else touches the *white wand*, it melts like ice.

Spells in memory: *magic missile* x3, *web*, *fireball*, *fly*

Addn, fanatical invisible priest: Int average; AL CE; AC 4 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 12; HD 7; hp 45 (40); THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+2 (staff and STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Invisibility; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 20

Innate powers: *pain touch*, *whip of flame*, *whip of pain*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds* x2, *cause light wounds*, *detect magic*, *detect traps*, *slow poison*, *spell immunity (fireball)*, *spell immunity (lightning bolt)*

PCs trying to strike Addn will have to be creative to find her or rely on blindfighting. PCs without blindfighting must hit AC0 to strike her (and that's provided she's near. She turns visible upon her death.

Maddn, phasing fanatical priest: Int very; AL CE; AC 3 (decorative spiked mail, shield and Dex); MV 9; HD 6; hp 48 (28); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (mace); SA Nil; SD has the effect of two *stoneskins* on him from the wild magic; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 16

Innate spells: *pain touch*, *whip of flame*, *whip of pain*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds*, *cause light wounds* x2, *heat metal* x2, *chill metal*, *dispel magic*

Tier 3: If the PCs' levels total 26-37:

Mark'n, wizard: Int exceptional; AL LE; AC 6 (Dex only); MV 12; HD 8; hp 60 (40) hp augmented by size; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4+4 (big dagger, bonus damage because of size); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 14' tall; ML 14

Mark'n has a *white wand*, which is a gift from Loviatar and which operates in this area. It will absorb 10 spell levels of spells directed at him. The *white wand* only can be used by the person it was given to. If anyone else touches the *white wand*, it melts like ice.

Spells in memory: *magic missile x3, web, fireball, lightning bolt, fly*

Addn, fanatical invisible priest: Int average; AL CE; AC 2 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 12; HD 8; hp 55 (50); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+3 (staff and STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Invisibility; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 20

Innate spells: *pain touch x2, whip of flame, whip of pain, Loviatar's caress*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds x2, cause light wounds x3, detect magic, detect traps, slow poison, cause serious wounds, spell immunity (fireball), spell immunity (lightning bolt)*

PCs trying to strike Addn will have to be creative to find her or rely on blindfighting. PCs without blindfighting must hit AC-2 to strike her (and that's provided she's near. She turns visible upon her death.

Maddn, phasing fanatical priest: Int very; AL CE; AC 3 (decorative spiked mail, shield and Dex); MV 9; HD 8; hp 55 (35); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (mace); SA Nil; SD has the effect of three *stoneskins* on him from the wild magic; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 16

Innate spells: *pain touch x2, whip of flame, whip of pain, Loviatar's caress*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds, cause light wounds x2, heat metal x2, chill metal, dispel magic, spell immunity (hold person)*

Tier 4: If the PCs' levels total 38-56:

Mark'n, wizard: Int exceptional; AL LE; AC 6 (Dex only); MV 12; HD 10; hp 80 (60) hp augmented by size; THAC0 12 (augmented by size); #AT 1; Dmg 3d4+4 (big dagger, bonus damage because of size); SA Punt--1d8 damage, plus punt PC 2d4 yards away; Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 18' tall; ML 14

Mark'n has a *white wand*, which is a gift from Loviatar and which operates in this area. It will absorb 10 spell levels of spells directed at him. The *white wand* only can be used by the person it was given to. If anyone else touches the *white wand*, it melts like ice.

Spells in memory: *magic missile x3, web x2, fireball, lightning bolt, fly, Melf's acid arrow*

Addn, fanatical invisible priest: Int average; AL CE; AC 2 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 12; HD 8; hp 64 (60); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+3 (staff and STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Invisibility; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 20

Innate spells: *pain touch x3, whip of flame, whip of pain, Loviatar's caress, kiss of torment*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds x2, cause light wounds x3, detect magic, detect traps, heat metal, slow poison, cause serious wounds, spell immunity (fireball), spell immunity (lightning bolt)*

PCs trying to strike Addn will have to be creative to find her or rely on blindfighting. PCs without blindfighting must hit AC-2 to strike her (and that's provided she's near. She turns visible upon her death.

Maddn, phasing fanatical priest: Int very; AL CE; AC 3 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 9; HD 8; hp 64 (44); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8+2 (mace and STR bonus); SA Nil; SD has the effect of four *stoneskins* on him from the wild magic; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 16

Innate spells: *pain touch x3, whip of flame, whip of pain, Loviatar's caress, kiss of torment*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds, cause light wounds x2, heat metal x2, chill metal, dispel magic, spell immunity (hold person), protection from good 10' radius*

Tier 5: If the PCs' levels total 57+:

Mark'n, wizard: Int exceptional; AL LE; AC 6 (Dex only); MV 12; HD 10; hp 100 (80) hp augmented by size; THAC0 10 (augmented by size); #AT 1 plus special; Dmg 4d4+4 (big dagger, bonus damage because of size); SA SA Punt--1d8 damage, plus punt PC 2d4 yards away; SD Nil; MR Nil; Size M 20' tall; ML 14

Mark'n has a *white wand*, which is a gift from Loviatar and which operates in this area. It will absorb 10 spell levels of spells directed at him. The *white wand* only can be used by the person it was given to. If anyone else touches the *white wand*, it melts like ice.

Spells in memory: *magic missile x4, web x2, fireball, lightning bolt, fly, Melf's acid arrow, ice storm*

Addn, fanatical invisible priest: Int average; AL CE; AC 1 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 12; HD 8; hp 64 (60); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+3 (staff and

STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Invisibility; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 20

Innate spells: *pain touch x3, whip of flame, whip of pain, Loviatar's caress x2, kiss of torment*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds x2, cause light wounds x3, detect magic, detect traps, heat metal, slow poison, cause serious wounds, spell immunity (fireball), spell immunity (lightning bolt), flame strike*

PCs trying to strike Addn will have to be creative to find her or rely on blindfighting. PCs without blindfighting must hit AC-3 to strike her (and that's provided she's near. She turns visible upon her death.

Maddn, phasing fanatical priest: Int very; AL CE; AC 3 (decorative spiked mail and Dex); MV 9; HD 8; hp 64 (44); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8+3 (mace and STR bonus); SA Nil; SD has the effect of six *stoneskins* on him from the wild magic; MR Nil; Size M 6' tall; ML 16

Innate spells: *pain touch x3, whip of flame, whip of pain, Loviatar's caress x2, kiss of torment*

Spells in memory: *cure light wounds, cause light wounds x2, heat metal x2, chill metal, dispel magic, spell immunity (hold person), protection from good 10' radius, flame strike*

Innate spell abilities explained

Pain touch: With a successful attack roll using a hand or leg, the cleric can inflict pain. The victim is allowed a saving throw vs. spell. If the roll succeeds, he or she suffers no effect. If the saving throw fails, the victim is wracked by pain, suffering a -4 penalty to attack rolls and a -2 penalty to all Dexterity checks for as many rounds as the priest has levels.

Whip of flame: spell creates a blazing whip of flame extending for 12 feet from one of the caster's hands. It is wielded using the caster's THAC0, and it strikes once per round, with a duration of 7 rounds. It inflicts 1d8+3 points of damage per strike. Targets in leather armor or padded armor suffer one-half damage for the first strike only.

Whip of pain: This creates a +2 whiplike line of force emanating from the caster's hand. It uses its caster's THAC0 and can reach targets up to 10 feet away. The whip makes a loud snapping sound. A struck target must make a saving throw vs. spell and a Constitution check. If the saving throw fails, the victim suffers 4d4 points of damage. If the saving throw succeeds, the victim suffers one-half damage.

If the Constitution check succeeds, the target feels only enough pain to suffer a -1 penalty on his next attack roll. If the Constitution check fails, the victim suffers a -2 penalty, has his Armor Class worsened by 1, and cannot cast spells the following round. Duration: 1 round per level.

Loviatar's caress: "This spell provides the means of delivering another single harmful or beneficial spell that requires a touch to deliver cast within the round immediately preceding the casting of Loviatar's caress. It may be combined with the pain touch ability."

Kiss of torment: The caster must successfully touch the bare flesh of the victim with his or her bare flesh. This attacks the nervous system of the body, overwhelming it with phantom pain that causes the victim to writhe uncontrollably and suffer 4d6 points of damage. Victims cannot attack or cast spells. The victim is allowed a saving throw vs. spell at the end of the first round. If it succeeds, the spell ends. If it fails, the victim writhes for a second round, when another saving throw is allowed. If this saving throw fails, the victim suffers 2d6 points of damage and the spell continues for one more round. During the third round, the victim suffers 1d6 points of damage. Spell duration: 3 rounds.

Battle Aftermath

When the NPCs are killed or captured, the PCs can question them. Note that any *detect magic* spells or items used here should be checked against the Wild Magic table on the previous page. Any magic will have to be discovered far outside this area.

The darkness does not vanish with the defeat of the villains. If the PCs do not bother questioning the villains and go to the darkness in the center of the clearing, go to the final section, "Darkness."

If the PCs question any prisoners, they learn how the darkbow sprang into being, as explained in the DM's introduction.

Further, the priests explain that they wanted to spread pain and suffering through the land to honor Loviatar.

Freddy can verify most of their tale, and will be horrified to learn the darkness is centered on his precious gold. The only thing left to deal with is stopping the darkness.

The priests will not explain that they had intended to do this by corrupting Freddy's gold and passing it around. The wild magic area, and the intervention of Loviatar, altered things. Freddy's gold is corrupt, but that will be covered in a future adventure. Under pressure, the

NPCs will reveal what magical items they possess. This can be found in the treasure table.

The gold and the potion of *rainbow hues* were taken from adventurers the evil spellcasters killed. The NPCs will tell the PCs where they buried the bodies. There is no treasure to be found on the bodies, though the PCs might want to learn who the low-level adventurers were and take them home for a proper burial.

The Darkness

PCs investigating the pot of gold--likely Freddy'll be right with them at this point--discover that the darkness is most black here, as if the darkbow is sprouting from the pot that is surrounded by shattered bits of mirror. The pieces of mirror are colored brilliantly, as if bits of rainbow was caught in them. PCs who touch the pot suffer damage based on their alignment. Refer to the following:

Lawful Good	Neutral Good	Chaotic Good	
	Neutral		
<i>harm</i> spell	½ remaining hp	1d10 hp	1d6 hp

Dealing With the Darkness

The crystal: This is the easiest, but also requires a light source--the leprechaun's will work if the PCs have none. Read the following:

You place the crystal atop the pot of gold. The air sizzles with energy and makes your skin tingle.

A flood of color fills your vision--red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. The color is almost hurtful, but it is a welcome relief from the blackness. Colors race into the sky, brighten, and begin to chase away the blackness. The colors grow in intensity, blinding intensity. Suddenly, you are just that--blind!

The blindness lasts roughly the equivalent of a turn. After that, the PCs see a pale rainbow in a blue, cloudless sky. The crystal remains. Go to "The Finale."

Casting spells at the gold: This is silly unless the PCs move the pot outside the zone of wild magic. Note that PCs will suffer damage if they touch the pot (Freddy knows better and doesn't touch it). However, they can devise various means to pull it. To relieve the darkness, the PCs must cast all of the following spells: *dispel magic*, *remove curse*, *continual light*, and *bless*.

Rainbow Hues: Pouring a *potion of rainbow hues* over the pot will work in conjunction with either a *bless*, *dispel magic*, or *remove curse*--if the PCs first move the pot out of the wild magic area.

Shattered mirror: Arranging pieces of the shattered mirror inside the pot and casting *light* or *continual light* and *remove curse* will work.

Other methods: Use your judgment based on what the PCs try to do. Using favors of their gods, expending magical items, and the like. . . .

The Finale

"Me gold," Freddy moans. "Me gold's gone, no good. Whatever is me to do?" The sad little leprechaun sits on the ground and mopes. "A leprechaun's not really and truly a leprechaun unless he has a pot of gold."

If the PCs give Freddy the equivalent of 150 gold pieces per adventurer--in other words if there are six PCs, they should cough up 900 gp of coins--Freddy will be excited. He gifts the generous PCs with an Emerald belt buckle, which is too big for him, and a pouch that has five pinches of *dust of dryness*. He has no use for it.

If the PCs try to capture Freddy, he simply disappears.

The darkness gone, the evil spellcasters dealt with, you head back toward Ravens Bluff. It's going to be a very long walk.

As you pass by a willow tree, you think you briefly spy the forms of three people--the two women and the old man from the clearing, the ones who bade you end the darkness. The tall woman is smiling and appears strong. When you glance again, she is gone.

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.

Stopping the woodcutters:	50 xp
--OR--	•
Stopping the woodcutters without killing them:	100 xp
Healing the wolves:	50 xp
Healing the magic-allergic couple:	100 xp
Defeating or driving off the feyrs:	100 xp
Gaining information from the tren sage:	50 xp
Obtaining the crystal:	50 xp
Defeating the three spellcasters:	100 xp
Ending the darkness:	100 xp
Giving gold to Freddy:	100 xp
Total experience for objectives:	750 xp
Role-playing experience:	0-500 xp
Total possible experience:	1,250 xp

For Tier 2:	2,500 xp
For Tier 3:	3,750 xp
For Tier 4:	5,000 xp
For Tier 5:	6,250 xp

day, as if the wielder were a sixth level priest or druid.

In the hands of a druid, the sword functions as a *scimitar* +3 and increases the duration of *Speak with Animals* spells by five rounds. The druid must spend a proficiency slot to use the weapon or suffer a nonproficiency penalty.

In the hands of all others, it functions only as a *scimitar* +2.

Once per month, this blade must be thrust into the earth and left overnight to reclaim nutrients from the soil. If this is not done, the blade will lose all its powers.

• *Band of the H'trie Wood Elves*: Made of thick leather, this bracelet-like band is covered with tooled oak and elm leaves. It was presented as a token of esteem for aiding wounded Olmwood wolf pups. The bracelet was fashioned by a wood elven sorceress and was given to elves within the community who regularly traveled to cities for trade and other business. The wood elves of the community felt uneasy in cities, and the bracelet compensated for that. When worn by an elf--within a city's boundaries--the bracelet bestows a +1 bonus to all saving throws and gives the wearer a +1 bonus to surprise rolls. The bracelet does not function on non-elves (including half-elves), and it offers no bonus beyond a city's boundaries.

It should be darn close to impossible to get the short sword and the bracelet and finish the event.

• *Crystal of Wonder*: The non-magical crystal used to stop the darkness became enchanted in the process. Because this occurred in a wild magic area, the crystal is unpredictable. When using the crystal, publicly roll 1d10 on the following chart to determine what happens. When the charges are expended, the crystal becomes non-magical again, though it still has a value: 3,000 gp. Begins with 20 charges.

- 1: *magic missile* at target--1d4+1
- 2: *cure light wounds* on holder--1d8
- 3: *defoliates* nearest tree or plant
- 4: casts *continual light* on random object
- 5: 3d6 *lightning bolt* at target
- 6: *magic missile* at target: 2d4+2
- 7: holder shrinks to 50% size for 2d4 hours
- 8: holder's clothes and armor turn *invisible* for 2d4 turns
- 9: target is *levitated* two feet

Treasure Summary

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

- *Nature's Blade, scimitar* +2: This blade is crafted of solid mahogany, enchanted to be as sturdy as the strongest steel. Though it saves as enchanted steel, it cannot be affected by a *heat metal* spell. Along its blade are etchings of fern leaves, all inlaid with polished bronze. The hilt is in the shape of a stump, with the face of a small owl visible at the pommel. Made by the lady of the forests to combat evil, the blade functions differently in the hands of various individuals.

In the hands of a ranger, the sword allows its wielder to cast *Speak with Animals* once per

10: 1d4 random creatures or individuals are
faerie fired

This item can only be obtained if the PCs first got the crystal from the tren sage.

- *Potion of rainbow hues*, from the evil wizard Mark'n
- 800 gold pieces, from the evil spellcasters
- *Potion of extra-healing* from the priest Maddn
- Emerald belt buckle from Freddy: Of exquisite design, this belt buckle, given by Freddy McKruger in the adventure Darkbow, is made of hammered silver set into the shape of a bear's head. Two perfect emeralds are set as the bear's eyes. Though not magical, the gems seem to sparkle with some inner light and are quite valuable. The belt buckle is valued at 5,700 gold.
- *Dust of dryness* from Freddy: 3 uses

All treasure items listed above have certificates that explain their use and number of any applicable charges.

Players' Handout

(cut so each PC can have one)

Brave adventurer, I have been instructed to invite you to the Grand Griffon Inn for a mission of vital importance. Please meet me there at nine bells this morning. Enclosed are directions how to get there. G.

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