

The Ebulon Affair

Ebon Tendrils: Episode One

A One-Round Living City Tournament

by Erik Mona

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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 capsule their characters for each other and vote. The standard RPGA Network voting procedures will be used. Complete the Judge's Summary before you collect the players' scoring sheets. This way you will not be influenced by their ratings and comments.

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

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

Tier Structure

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

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

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Foul tidings are afoot in the Living City of Ravens Bluff. Evil long thought bound out of mind has been discovered by forces seeking to free it, and little but a rag-tag group of adventurers, and a bit of help from the unlikelyst of allies, stand in the way of blighted destiny.

A millenia ago, long before the first human sailed the Moon Sea, the Dwarves ruled Faerun. Their rule came from a staunch dedication to artifice, and like the skills brought to bear against iron as the dwarven smiths crafted their weapons, so did the generals of that ancient race shape the surrounding land.

Along the Sea of Fallen Stars, the dwarves established the Kingdom of the Brightsword to trade with budding empires to the west. In those early years, the dwarven nation flourished, and trade with the above ground peoples only served to hasten the development of a tactical dwarven presence in the area. Those primordial dwarves taught, and often warred against, feral tribes of humans and parties of the elder races, all in the name of their godly patron, Moradin, and the continuance of dwarven manifest destiny. Such conquest held a terrible price, however.

The humans in the area were a disorganized rabble, with little need for civilized dwarves. Though relations began with friendly trading and diplomatic missions, the dwarves soon learned that these local humans did not worship proper gods, but bestial beings from the nethermost realms of the Abyss, creatures who promised power and offered little but corruption in return. Upon this discovery, a great war was fought in the valley of the Fire River, and the humans actually managed to summon one of their terrible patrons to the field of battle.

This hideous beast, known as Ebulon, crushed phalanx after phalanx of dwarven guard before finally succumbing to magical traps laid by the priests of Clangeddin Silverbeard and Dugmaren Brightmantle. Without extra-planar aid, the humans fell to the dwarves, who drove them away.

Despite their victory, the dwarven priests were unable to wholly destroy Ebulon. The magical ties that bound the tanar'ri abomination were weak, and required constant supervision over the Abyssal Lord himself. Encased in beams of imprisoning energy, Ebulon was secreted to a hidden underground chamber near the mouth of the Fire River, where the battle had taken place. Not wanting to admit their less-than-complete eradication of the infernal threat, the elders of Clan Brightsword initiated a secret cabal to stand watch over the captured form. In the ensuing years, the dwarves built the great city of Sarbreen above the site of Ebulon's tomb. The holy society of Watchers, the Dothanar, remained entombed with Ebulon, and pledged to guard him for all time.

Time, however, was not on the side of Sarbreen. Like all kingdoms, this great outpost to dwarven ingenuity eventually toppled, and the matter of Ebulon, long forgotten by even the last of Sarbreen's rulers, faded from memory. In time, the city of Ravens Bluff grew from the gathering places of the area's human populations, all the while mindless of the threat encased less than a mile below its streets.

Until now. Somehow, the tanar'ri Prince known as Graz'tz has discovered a legend of the capture of Ebulon. In the centuries before Graz'tz himself came to prominence in the Abyss, Ebulon acted as one of his most trusted generals. Trust in the Abyss is a highly-

valued commodity, and so, upon hearing the tale, Graz'zt set upon a plan. Not convinced of the legend's veracity, he dispatched a team of his supplicants to investigate the matter, and possibly free Ebulon from bondage.

If left undiscovered, Graz'zt's plans could well spell the doom of the Living City. Luckily, however, a telepathic missive regarding the entire affair was intercepted by one of the Abyssal Prince's greatest enemies: Dispater, Duke of the Second Circle of Baator. Since the baatezu as a race cannot willingly venture to the Prime Material plane, Dispater activated his trump card in the form of Beliakas, a gelugon baatezu long-ago summoned and stranded on the world of Abier-Toril.

Knowing that the tanar'ri will strike, and that they will strike from within Ravens Bluff, Dispater has ordered Beliakas to take the role of a tanar'ri hunter, newly arrived in the city, in order to halt the advances of Graz'zt's agents until a more suitable baatezu force can be mustered. Ultimately, Beliakas' tenure in Ravens Bluff is to be long-lived, but the matter of Ebulon must first be solved.

Unfortunately, Beliakas may not willingly or personally act against the tanar'ri investigatory squad due to an ancient pact between Dispater and Prince Graz'zt. Therefore, Beliakas has been ordered to locate a suitable group of adventurers and fool them into doing the dirty work of the baatezu. If all goes according to plan, the adventurers will be none the wiser, and the city, and Dispater's ultimate plans for it, might be salvaged.

Players' Introduction

The letter each of you received contained the same message, leading you here, to a house in the upper class district. The home gives some evidence of neglect, perhaps, you imagine, its owner died during the current war. Of its new owner, a man named Beliakas, you know nothing but that contained in his inviting missive:

"I do not know you, but I do know what you have achieved. More importantly, I have seen what you will achieve. I require your services for a matter of utmost importance to the city of Ravens Bluff. If you care for this metropolis, and I know you do, please meet me this evening at my residence in the Garden Quarter. I must apologize for the unorthodox nature of this request, but our need is urgent. I ask only that you trust me.

--Beliakas"

Five other adventurers stand outside the house's gate, and all hold a similar message.

Allow the players to introduce their PCs, and ask for a description of each. Once they get to know each other, continue.

The house is impressively large, though the grounds show signs of neglect. You cautiously approach the yard, and enter through the open gate. A short walk brings you to a great set of double doors made from reddish wood and highlighted with detailed carvings of a peaceful forest scene. Taking the large metal knocker in hand, the foremost among you knocks a loud announcement on the door.

The door swings open immediately, and at first, you think it has done so of its own free will. Instead, you notice a tiny man, no more than two feet tall, standing before you. He is dressed in an elaborate suit cut perfectly upon his diminutive frame. He nods to each of you, and beckons you forward.

"Welcome to the home of Master Beliakas," he says in an off-putting, high-pitched voice. He leads you down a short hall to a plain door. "The master is currently in conference. If you will wait but a moment, he will see you. He has been... awaiting your arrival."

You proceed to the waiting room, noting an ornately decorated door on the far wall, and comfortable benches against each wall. After a short wait, the inner door opens, and two men step out. The first man immediately grabs your attention. He is tall, and dressed in ornate silks and satins. He wears an elaborate stole, emblazoned with the device of a flaming bird. You immediately recognize him as Realarn Dayspring, High Priest of Lathander and Lord High Commander of the Knights of the Phoenix. He nods at you, and proceeds through the room and out the door to the entry hall.

The second man looks at each of you and grins. He, too, is dressed in the finery of a noble, though the cut of his clothing betrays a foreign origin. His features are dark and severe, and he wears a thin beard on his sharply-carved chin. An iron chain around his neck supports an ornate amulet, which features a thaumaturgical circle surrounding an inverted triangle. He stands tall, but holds a ruby-tipped cane in his left hand.

"Ah! Welcome," he says in the accent of a distant land. "I am so glad you agreed to accept my summons. You must forgive the inappropriate nature of it, for I am new to the city, and I'm afraid local social acumen will have to wait until more important matters are settled."

The man leads you to a small office, where he takes a seat behind a large desk carved from dark wood. You seat yourself in one of six provided chairs, noting the lovingly decorated walls. A set of near-perfect dragonscales, ranging in hue from orange to dark crimson, have been arranged in a star pattern on the left wall. To the right, a number of shattered weapons and bits of armor have been bound to the wall with some unseen agent. Most alarmingly, however, the wall directly behind the seated man contains a bewildering number of stuffed and mounted heads. You note three trolls, a manticore and a young wyvern before your eyes lock on a particularly handsome face that appears to be that of a human, if it weren't for two beastly horns atop its angular forehead.

"I am Beliakas," the man says. "I am native to Sembia, but have traveled the lands of Faerun for decades setting things right, and attempting to stunt the tampering of those not of this world wherever they rear their foul heads.

"My divinations have suggested that you might share this cause, and that you have acted to support the city before, particularly in the recent war. Aside from that, and your names, I do not know any of you. Before I proceed, I need to know if my selections have been correct. I ask each of you to tell me about yourself. Particularly what gods you worship, and how you may have acted against creatures from. . . elsewhere before."

Give each player an opportunity to describe his or her character in as much detail as they feel necessary. Beliakas is earnestly interested in what the characters have to say. He seems pleased with any knights or knightly squires, and absolutely beams if there are any Knights of the Phoenix in the group. If any member of the party professes to worship an evil god, or speaks of having destroyed good outer-planar creatures, such news will visibly disturb him, but he has made his choice, and will support the party, regardless of their make-up. When the party has completed their introductions, Beliakas nods.

"I have been called to Ravens Bluff as a protector of sorts. I am certain that something very important will happen in this area in the near future. I do not know what that something is, but for the last three months, all of my magical inquiries have pointed to this city. This important event will most assuredly cause great harm to the city and her inhabitants, and I do not want that to happen. I've lived here only two weeks, but already I feel there is something special here. Something worth protecting.

"Unfortunately, I am not the only one whose attentions have been drawn here by the impending event. Through further investigation, I have determined that there is at least one contingent from the lower planes present in the city, attempting to sniff out the origin of the disturbance.

"More to the point, I've discovered that there has been much contact with the Abyss from a location within a tavern in the part of town known as 'Crow's End.' If the lower planar interlopers are planning something, it will no doubt find its origin in that tavern.

"The place is called the Errant Fletcher. I have never been there, and know nothing of it, but I do know that if contact between our world and the Abyss is allowed to continue, it will spell ruin for all of us. Something is afoot in Ravens Bluff, and if the inn is not investigated, it may have disastrous consequences. I myself am barred from interfering, which is where you come in. I ask that you investigate the Inn, and report back to me with your findings. For doing this, you will have done a great service to the city of Ravens Bluff. For any expenses you may incur, I am prepared to pay each of you 300 gold pieces."

At this point, the players may have a number of questions for Beliakas. A few of the most likely questions, and according answers, have been included below. Beliakas wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and will answer PC questions earnestly, even when lying through his teeth. For those answers that are untrue, the real answers are included in italics (for the benefit of the DM ONLY!).

Beliakas has further ensorcelled his home to prevent the use of divination magics by anyone other than himself. It is IMPOSSIBLE to discover his ruse, even by the use of *true seeing* and other normally effective methods.

Who are you?

Beliakas tells them that he is a hunter of those creatures known as tanar'ri, and that he periodically travels the Realms, seeking out interlopers to combat and drive back to the Abyss.

In fact, he is a gelugon baatezu forever trapped on the Prime Material plane. While here, he works to halt the advances of the enemies of his master, Dispater.

Do you serve a god?

He will deny serving a specific god, but state that he lives by a strict, personal code of honor. As tanar'ri are an affront to that order, they should be stamped out, and their wicked plans foiled at every opportunity.

Why can't you help us?

During his last encounter with a tanar'ri, he was laid low, even as he sent the beast back to the Abyss. The priest of the Morninglord who healed him made him swear a magical oath not to directly act against the tanar'ri for the next five years. That was two years ago, and he has since been testing the limits of "indirect" action. He has no idea why the Lathanderite made him swear such an oath, but since he was on his deathbed, he didn't have much of a choice.

This is balderdash. In fact, he is bound not to act against the servants of Graz'zt (which he knows the interlopers to be) because of an ancient pact between that worthy and Beliakas' own master. He cannot physically violate the terms of that treaty, and so must use the PCs as pawns.

How did you know to choose us?

He initiated a number of magical castings to determine who in Ravens Bluff might be best suited for the task, and came up with the PCs. His divinations have seldom been wrong before, and so he trusts the PCs will be able to take care of the problem.

This is absolutely true.

What can we expect to find at the Errant Fletcher?

Beliakas honestly has no idea, but thinks it safe to assume there may be at least one outer-planar creature present.

Can you help us any further than you have?

No. He is unsure of the nature of the forthcoming event, and until he knows more, he cannot say what might best help the party.

How urgent is this matter?

It is extremely urgent that the party return to him promptly, so that he might be able to get started on preventing the event he has foreseen. To do this, they must investigate the tavern tonight.

What are we to look for?

The scouts at the Errant Fletcher have been using some device or ritual to contact the Abyss. This would have to be kept or conducted in a well insulated room, so the innocent patrons of the bar wouldn't be able to hear what was going on.

Isn't anyone else better suited for this?

Beliakas explains that he has already alerted the Knights of the Phoenix to a possibly related matter, and that it is best, at this point, not to involve any other agencies.

Beliakas will offer each party member the selection of one melee weapon forged in cold iron, in case they

encountered any tanar'ri. These weapons do normal damage to all such creatures. His selection is limited to one of each type of weapon (only one long sword, etc.), and does not contain any pole arms.

As stated in the introduction, Beliakas is in fact a gelugon baatezu in the service of Dispaten, Lord of the Second Circle of Baator (his statistics have not been provided, as he will not, under any circumstances, get himself into a fight). Because of the amulet he wears around his neck (*Amulet of Protection Against Detection*) all attempts to determine his alignment will result in readings indicating neutrality in all things. Likewise, items such as *rings of truth* are useless against him. Beliakas is a genius, and has been impersonating humans for centuries. It is unlikely his ruse will be upturned by adventurers without any proof whatsoever.

If, for some reason, the players try to attack Beliakas, he will use those powers available to him to stop their attack. Beliakas will not engage or attack the PCs. Instead, he will immediately *teleport without error* to the nearest Ravens Bluff watch station, and bring the players up on charges of assault, and anything else he feels appropriate. If the players are in fact guilty (their actions will have been recorded by a magical gem hidden in one of the many trophies in his office), they will be given unusually harsh sentences, which include prison time (the characters are taken out of play). *To repeat, any attack on Beliakas at this time is frivolous, and will result in both the end of the adventure and the end of the adventurers participating in the attack.*

When the players decide to investigate the Errant Fletcher, proceed to Encounter 1.

Encounter One: The Errant Fletcher

Crow's End is a jaunt from Beliakas' lofty estate, but the address is relatively easy to locate. Within the hour, you stand before the Errant Fletcher, a run-down two-story inn. The foundation and first floor are made from rock, and the second floor has been constructed from old but sturdy wood. As you approach, the main door swings open and a human couple stumbles into the street, well into their cups.

There are two entrances to the Errant Fletcher, excluding windows. The first is, of course, the main door, though players may elect to attempt entry through the side door (which leads to the kitchen). The latter door is protected by an uncharacteristically sturdy padlock for this part of the city, though it may be

picked at a -10% penalty. For each round spent “snooping” around the place, there is a cumulative 10% chance that the players will be noticed. If this occurs, Skiv, the Fletcher’s bouncer, will have plenty of questions for the PCs, and it will be time for a very serious discussion....

If the players decide to enter through the main door, read the following. If they use some other method of entrance, the DM should adapt what they see accordingly.

You enter the Inn’s common room, which is quiet – odd for a tavern at this time of the evening, but perhaps not so strange for Crow’s End, where few questions are ever asked, particularly after dusk.

Upon entering, you immediately notice a tall, bald human who stands to the left of the door. He smiles at you, and taps a heavy wooden club, as if urging you to behave. If the bar had been quiet, it is now completely silent, as all eyes turn to you.

Behind the bar, an elderly woman wipes clean a chipped mug with a dirty rag. She furrows her brow in consternation at the sight of you, and returns to her chore. As if taking this as a signal, the other patrons turn away from you, and once again go to their business.

A serving maid bustles between two tables, taking orders from each. At the table closest to you, three men dressed as caravan guards bicker to themselves, and pay her little attention as she in turn walks away and answers a question of a solitary man, dressed in purple robes. The hood of his robes is lowered, and you can make out a full head of bushy, brown hair and a healthy beard.

At the bar, two men look disinterestedly toward the wall, half-empty mugs in their hands. They do not speak to each other, and seem to pay you only passing notice.

A woman dressed in the bright robes of a priest of Lathander sits against a far wall, reading from a book by light provided by a large fireplace.

There are several empty tables in the place, and the serving girl looks at you impatiently, as if waiting for you to sit.

The Errant Fletcher is, in fact, the stronghold of a small cult to the Tanar’ric Prince, Graz’zt. The cult originated leagues away, in the Underdark, and is led by a charismatic drow woman called Ehiliisa. Under her rule (and by direction from Graz’zt, himself) the cult is organized into two strata. The lower stratum is made up of humans, who carry out the day-to-day interaction with other humans. The upper stratum is composed of

demi-humans—mostly drow and derro—who run the religious services and do the dirty work involved in worshipping a horrific Prince of the Abyss.

This upper stratum is well on the trail to Ebulon’s prison already, and have told the cultists that they will return triumphantly in three days. None of the humans know what they seek, but they do know that they hope to find it below the city, in the dwarven ruins of Sarbreen. They will offer this information only after half of their number have been killed, and will thereafter surrender without resistance. Their eyes will gloss over, and they will become completely fatalistic. (“if the Ebon Lord knows we have failed,” they will say, “we are already lost.”)

The PCs may speak to anyone in the bar. As long as they do not act suspicious, nothing untoward will occur. All of the people in the common room are cultists except the man in purple robes and the Lathanderite priestess (who is in fact something far worse). Consult the following profiles for conversational tidbits from each of the tavern’s inhabitants.

Mugtrie (Bartender/Innkeeper): Mugtrie is a disgruntled woman who inherited the Errant Fletcher over thirty years ago. Prior to the arrival of the cultists just before the war, Mugtrie considered herself a casual worshipper of Waukeen, though her detestation of the church of Lliira, who adopted his flock, caused her to leave Waukeen’s church.

The cultists, led by Ehiliisa, convinced her to follow Graz’zt, so she now dedicates her life to that fell lord, mostly because of the increased business it has brought her.

She will answer “small talk” questions about Crow’s End, and even the Errant Fletcher, though anything inappropriate (like a request to see where the fiends are kept) will cause her to raise the general alarm – see below. She is generally an unpleasant person, and will only speak at length if she feels it can get her more money. On no condition will she sell out her meal ticket, however.

If the PCs wish to secure beds for the night in the rooms on the second floor, this will need to be arranged at the price of 5 gp per three-bed room, per night. There are only two such rooms available no matter the size of the party – Mugtrie knows her guests will be murdered in their sleep, anyway, and would prefer to clean blood from as few floors as possible.

Skiv (bouncer): Skiv is not a talkative man, and when forced to speak, does so very slowly. This, coupled with his enormous size (he stands just over 7’ tall) has led many to think him slow-witted. They are often surprised shortly after they realize they have drunk from a deftly poisoned cup or fallen into some

unmentionable trap. Skiv met up with Ehiliisa in Tantras, where several warrants have been issued placing him at the scene of a particularly nasty series of murders.

If asked about his job, or any casual aspect of the Errant Fletcher, he grimaces and directs the questioner to Mugtrie. If pressed, he answers the PCs' questions, going so far as to admit that he is recently arrived to Ravens Bluff, but quickly clams up after that, as if he has revealed too much.

Cerille (barmaid): Cerille is not truly dedicated to the cult of Graz'zt, but life in the slum section of Ravens Bluff has not been kind to her. She is an attractive woman, though this is hidden by a just-below-the-surface look of horror that pollutes her fine features. She is distracted easily, looks confused when approached by the PCs, and appears distant during conversation.

Before discussing anything with the PCs, she offers them something from the bar. If they ask for a meal, or express interest in staying the night, she screws up her face and come up with an obvious lie—they are out of food, or all of the rooms upstairs are full. This draws a dark look from Mugtrie, who will step from the bar and order Cerille to work in the kitchen (where she doubles as the Inn's only cook).

If the PCs for any reason mention tanar'ri, Graz'zt, or their mission, she glances at them ruefully and raises her left hand into the air. This is the general alarm signal, and while Cerille will not act against the PCs in the ensuing fight, she will not help them, either.

Malarin, Forenus and Blythe (caravan guards): These three gruff, stocky men are what they appear to be, but the caravans they protect are not the wagon trains of honest merchants, but the cross-country journeys of the drow cultists. They are fiercely loyal to Ehiliisa, who has promised them untold riches at the end of this journey. All are completely evil, and will do whatever it takes to protect their "investment," as they like to call the drow.

Blythe, a short fellow with an eyepatch over his left eye is actually quite charismatic, and will engage the PCs in conversation, should they approach his table. He is fascinated by tales of travel, and attempts to engage newcomers in such discussion. All the while, however, he casually probes them for information about who they are and why they have come to the Errant Fletcher. Until the PCs give themselves away, Blythe will not know that they have to be killed, and wishes to file the information gained at his table to curry favor with Ehiliisa.

If the PCs' stories are entertaining (and feel free to make up entertaining stories about Blythe's adventures), he will look unhappy during combat, but

knows what must be done to protect what he believes in.

Magian (purple-robed fool): Magian, dressed in purple robes and sporting a full, brown beard, has put something of a worry into the cultists in the Errant Fletcher, who fear he may be a mage of great power. In fact, he is little more than a rich dilettante "slumming it" in Crow's End. If the players approach him, he will gravitate toward the most attractive or best-dressed of the bunch, and begin a commentary about how "quaint" this bar is, and how "dumpy" the bartender looks, etc. He is a complete idiot who fancies himself a scholar studying "the human condition," and should be played as such.

During the conversation with the PCs, he will call Cerille over to the table and order another mead, which he pays for with a shiny electrum piece. When Cerille, frustration clear upon her face, returns to the bar to make change, Magian cackles in laughter over his joke.

In fact, Magian is far less confident in himself than he appears. This is his first trip outside the walls of the city in his entire life. Just over 30 years old and rich from a wise investment made good by the recent war, he decided to take up cultural anthropology. Should he somehow survive an armed conflict in the tavern (both Malarin and Forenus, tired with his antics, will make him their target of choice), his body will be found in the Fire River within the month, no doubt the punchline of some crass joke of the "common" people.

Blofeld and Hurno (drunks): These two men are the muscle of the organization, and are not ones for conversation. They will tell anyone who approaches them that they are not interested in talk, and will turn their eyes to nearly empty mugs.

If anyone presses matters, Hurno (the larger of the two, with a large scar across his forehead) throws his mug on the floor and says "look, pal. Are you askin' for a fight?" If the person he is talking to does anything other than back away, he asks them to leave their weapons and armor with the caravan guards, "to make it fair." Mugtrie will shrug at anyone looking to her to break it up.

Once the PC has stripped himself of visible weapons and armor (Hurno will point to any magical bracers the player may be wearing – he's not an idiot, and has been in Ravens Bluff long enough to expect just about anything) or made it clear that he is unwilling to do so, Hurno will step into the middle of the room and raise his left arm, thus giving the signal to the other cultists in the bar, who will strike first at the unarmed, unarmored combatant.

"Elenna" (Lathanderite Priestess/Tanar'ric Spy): Elenna is a priestess of Lathander, the Morninglord.

Unfortunately, Elenna was murdered in a Tantran alley three weeks ago, and her murderer has since taken her form and persona, and has tracked the cult for most of the last month.

In truth, the calm priestess is an Alkilith Tanar'ri, a servant of the Abyssal Prince, Demogorgon, who also learned of the plan to free Ebulon. Ever Graz'zt's enemy, he has sent one of his most powerful agents to trail the cult of his nemesis. This creature is called Jessilin, and as much as it is good at what it does, it is getting impatient. This morning, it was distracted when the cult's higher strata left for Sarbreen, and so it waits in the inn, expecting that they will come back soon. Though Demogorgon instructed it to wait until the last possible minute to reveal itself, Jessilin sees Toril as a useless backwater, and wishes to end matters this evening.

Still, if approached by the PCs, it will appear calm and understanding. It will introduce itself as Elenna, a priestess of Lathander who recently came down from Tantras to preach to the faithless of Crow's End. Any PC studying her will notice the lack of a holy symbol anywhere on her person, and if queried about it, she looks confused for a moment, but then replies that she has given her only symbol to a young boy she met last week. "It was only a piece of wood, and I can easily make another, but to him, it was as if the light of the heavens found birth in that simple disk." She will smile as she says this, not in part because she is positive it will fool her questioners. If a priest of Lathander is in the party, and offers to replace the symbol, she will clumsily say that she needs to carve the wood herself, "to feel at one with the Morning Sun."

On other subjects, "Elenna" is affable. She is relatively new to the city, and takes a room upstairs. She will lean in to whisper that she doesn't exactly trust everyone here – there have been strange visitors at night, and she suspects the innkeeper, serving maid and the man in purple robes are up to something. Just what that is, she isn't sure, but the rates are good, and hers is not exactly a wealthy line of work. Needless to say, any priests of Lathander in the party will have never heard of her.

If the party gets into a fight, Jessilin will leap to their aid immediately, using its *hold person* ability on the three caravan guards. Thereafter, it will back off and attempt to protect itself (see Encounter 4(5) for combat details). If it is attacked, it will cast *feign death* on itself, and will revive itself only after the fighting is over.

Jessilin is decidedly against the cult of Graz'zt, and while it will not attack the party, it won't exactly help them, either. If questioned to this point after the fight, "Elenna" will say that the sudden conflict confused her, and she didn't know who to help.

Jessilin wears a glass *ring of proof against detection and location* on her left hand, and so any attempt to read her alignment will register as True Neutral.

After any fight, "Elenna" will ask what the party hopes to do next. If they are straightforward, she will wish them good luck, and will offer them her prayers to Lathander that they are successful. If they make up some excuse, she will also wish them good luck, and quietly depart.

At any rate, she will be quietly tailing the party for the rest of the module, serving her foul master all the while.

Read "Elenna's" description in Encounter 4(5). She should come into play later in the module, but if the players for some reason feel it necessary to kill her now, attempt to the best of your ability to make them regret it.

Sneaking Around: If the players devise some incredible scheme by which one of their party sneaks off into another room, or up the stairs, make a roll to see if their action is noticed. There is a base 50% chance any such action will be noted, though 5% may be deducted from this chance for each of the cultists distracted in any way. If this is attempted in the middle of a fight, it will be automatically successful.

If one of the cultists notices such activity when a fight is not in progress, they will make a secret signal to Skiv, who will leave the building, circle around to the kitchen door, and attempt to follow the investigators. If he can, he will attempt to move silently and backstab any intruders (the DM should run such an encounter away from the table, to create suspense). If he in turn is followed, and he notices (or any of the cultists in the common room notices) the general alarm will be raised.

The General Alarm: When this occurs the bartender will run for the door and speak a command word, which will magically *wizardlock* it. None of the windows on the ground floor can be opened, and the glass is so thick that they require a successful bend bars roll to be broken. At this point, the two drunks will attempt to block the kitchen door and stairs, while the caravan guards (and Skiv, if he is present) will attempt to kill everyone in the Inn who is not a member of their bizarre cult (Magian and "Elenna"). Once these innocents have been slain, they will turn upon the PCs.

ERRANT FLETCHER CULTISTS

Mugtrie, hf, 0-level barkeep; AL CN; AC 9; MV 12; hp 5; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d4 (dagger); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (5'); ML 12.

Mugtree keeps a *wand of magic missiles* (two 1d4+1 missiles per round, use THAC0 to hit) beneath the bar, for occasions just such as this. Miraculously,

the item has enough charges to last her throughout the fight, but when the PCs get it, it will be empty. Such is the life of an NPC.

Cerille, hf, 0-level wench; N; AC 8 (Dex); MV 12; hp 6; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d4 (dagger); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (5'7"); ML 10.

Cerille will fight only to defend herself.

Magian, hm, 0-level dilettante; AL N; AC 10; MV 12; hp 4; Thac0 20; #AT 1; dam 1d2 (fists); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (5'6"); ML 10.

Magian hadn't even the sense to venture into Crow's Nest with a dagger, and is useless in a fight.

Combatant Tactics

Malarin, Forneus and Blythe : The three caravan guards are highly-trained warriors, and will attack Magian and Elenna first. Blythe has a flair for the dramatic, and may challenge one of the PCs to a personal duel in the middle of mass combat. Being thoroughly evil, he fully expects his companions to aid him if he is losing.

Blofeld and Hurno: Blofeld and Hurno are extremely well-trained, though both are well into their cups, and do not fight to the best of their ability. They are muscle-bound, and not particularly intelligent, but they do tend to get the job done.

Skiv: Skiv is bald, and extremely powerful. He is also a trained murderer, and can put his knowledge to good use in a fight. He has the full range of thief abilities, but those which may come into play during this event include: Move Silently and Hide in Shadows.

Tier One

Malarin, Forneus and Blythe, hm, F3 (3); AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 23; Thac0 16; #AT 1; dam 1d8+2/1d8+2/1d6 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6' tall); ML 14.

Blofeld and Hurno, hm, F5 (2); AL CE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 39; Thac0 15; #AT 2/3; dam 1d8+4/1d8+4/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'5" tall); ML 14.

Skiv, hm, T4/F6; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; hp 32; Thac0 15; #AT 2/3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA backstab (x 2); SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'8" tall); ML 14. MS: 55%; HS: 45%

Tier Two

Malarin, Forneus and Blythe, hm, F5 (3); AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 35; Thac0 15; #AT 2/3; dam 1d8+2/1d8+2/1d6 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6' tall); ML 14.

Blofeld and Hurno, hm, F7 (2); AL CE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 45; Thac0 12; #AT 3; dam 1d8+4/1d8+4/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'5" tall); ML 14.

Skiv, hm, T5/F6; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; hp 37; Thac0 14; #AT 2/3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA backstab (x 2); SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'8" tall); ML 14. MS: 65%; HS: 55%.

Tier Three

Malarin, Forneus and Blythe, hm, F7 (3); AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 50; Thac0 13; #AT 3; dam 1d8+2/1d8+2/1d6 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6' tall); ML 14.

Blofeld and Hurno, hm, F10 (2); AL CE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 70; Thac0 10; #AT 3; dam 1d8+4/1d8+4/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'5" tall); ML 14.

Skiv, hm, T7/F8; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; hp 50; Thac0 12; #AT 3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA backstab (x 3); SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'8" tall); ML 14. MS: 75%; HS 65%.

Tier Four

Malarin, Forneus and Blythe, hm, F7 (3); AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 50; Thac0 11; #AT 3; dam 1d8+4/1d8+4/1d6+2 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6' tall); ML 14.

Blofeld and Hurno, hm, F10 (2); AL CE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 70; Thac0 8; #AT 3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'5" tall); ML 14.

Skiv, hm, T7/F10; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; hp 55; Thac0 11; #AT 3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA backstab (x 3); SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'8" tall); ML 14. MS: 85%; HS: 75%.

Tier Five

Malarin, Forneus and Blythe, hm, F9 (3); AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 60; Thac0 9; #AT 3; dam 1d8+4/1d8+4/1d6+2 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6' tall); ML 14.

Blofeld and Hurno, hm, F11 (2); AL CE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 74; Thac0 7; #AT 3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'5" tall); ML 14.

Skiv, hm, T8/F11; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; hp 65; Thac0 10; #AT 3; dam 1d8+6/1d8+6/1d6+4 (long sword/long sword/short sword); SA backstab (x 3); SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'8" tall); ML 14. MS: 95%; HS: 85%.

Exploring: All of the doors upstairs are locked, but can be opened either by force or from the master key kept on Mugtrie's person. If still alive, Elenna will object to PCs entering her room, though it contains nothing of interest. In fact, none of the upstairs rooms contain any information, whatsoever. All but four are occupied by one of the inn's inhabitants, and aside from personal effects, little of interest can be found.

The stairs down to the cellar, however, are a different story. If any PC descends them, proceed to Encounter 2.

Encounter Two: Down the Up Staircase

At the foot of the stairs, a strong oak door has been set into the wall. It is banded in iron, and looks quite sturdy. A large lock, with the requisite keyhole, seems to smile a wicked grin at you.

Not even Mugtrie has a key to the cellar. The door will have to be taken down by force (40 points of damage, causing a lot of noise unless magically *silenced*), a successful open doors attempt, or a spell such as *knock* or *warp wood* is employed. The door is not trapped.

If the PCs manage to get through the door, read the following.

The door opens outward, toward you, revealing a large, dark room that appears to be cleaned of all furnishings. A faint odor of old wine is present, though the wine itself is not. You can make out a door on the far wall, about twenty feet away, and several scratches, perhaps writing, on the floor in the northeast corner.

The whole room is a trap, though it is not designed as such and will not radiate as such for purposes of magical inquiry. The room, once a wine cellar, has been converted to Ehiliisa's personal summoning chamber. The moment a sentient mind enters the room by any

means, the corner of the room containing arcane markings on the floor shimmers out of existence momentarily, revealing a sickening haze in its stead. When it returns, a creature from the Abyss stands there. This is Ehiliisa's contact with the Lord Graz'zt, and it will immediately attack anyone who does not resemble its drow mistress.

All Tanar'ri are affected by attack forms as noted below.

Attack	Damage
acid	full
cold	half
electricity	none
fire (magical)	half
fire (nonmagical)	none
gas (poisonous, etc.)	half
iron weapon	full
magic missile	full
poison	none
silver weapon	full

Tier One

Tanar'ri, Least: Rutterkin; Int Avg; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 4; HP 23; Thac0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6+1/1d6+1 (claws); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR 10%; SZ M (6' tall); ML 12.

This rutterkin is a servant of the Abyssal Lord, Graz'zt. It appears as a pathetic, malformed humanoid. The creature is almost completely hairless, and thoroughly evil.

Rutterkin have the following spell-like abilities: *darkness* (15' radius), *fear* (by touch), *fly* and *telekinesis* (3 times per day).

Seeing that it is outnumbered, the rutterkin will immediately attempt to *gate* in 1d4 additional rutterkin (once per day, 50% chance of success).

Tier Two

Tanar'ri, Least: Rutterkin; Int Avg; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 5+1; HP 30; Thac0 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6+1/1d6+1 (claws); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR 40%; SZ M (6' tall); ML 12.

This rutterkin is a servant of the Abyssal Lord, Graz'zt. It appears as a pathetic, malformed humanoid. The creature is almost completely hairless, and thoroughly evil.

Rutterkin have the following spell-like abilities: *darkness* (15' radius), *fear* (by touch), *fly* and *telekinesis* (3 times per day).

Seeing that it is outnumbered, the rutterkin will immediately attempt to *gate* in 1d6 additional rutterkin (once per day, 60% chance of success).

Depending upon how the battle goes, these additional rutterkin may attempt to *gate* more of their brethren, as well.

Tier Three

Tanar'ri, True: Glabrezu; Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC -5; MV 12; HD 10; HP 58; Thac0 11; #AT 5; Dmg 2d6/2d6/1d3/1d3/1d4+1 (pincer/pincer/claw/claw/bite); SA Grab; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR 50%; SZ L (15' tall); ML 18.

This glabrezu is a servant of the Abyssal Lord, Graz'zt. It appears as a broad shouldered, well muscled humanoid with four arms and a doglike head. Its bottom two arms end in powerful pincers.

With a successful claw attack, the glabrezu can attempt to grab and pick up an opponent of 150 lbs or less (Dex check to avoid this). A grabbed opponent can still attack (at -4 penalty), or can break free with a successful Strength check instead of attacking. A glabrezu rarely drops a grabbed opponent unless it faces immediate death.

Glabrezu may employ the following spell-like abilities, at 10th level of ability: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *confusion*, *darkness* (15' radius), *detect magic* (always active), *dispel magic*, *enlarge*.

It will not under any circumstances attempt to *gate* additional tanar'ri.

Tier Four

Tanar'ri, True: Glabrezu; Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC -7; MV 12; HD 12; HP 63; Thac0 9; #AT 5; Dmg 2d6/2d6/1d3/1d3/1d4+1 (pincer/pincer/claw/claw/bite); SA Grab; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR 60%; SZ L (15' tall); ML 18.

This glabrezu is a servant of the Abyssal Lord, Graz'zt. It appears as a broad shouldered, well muscled humanoid with four arms and a doglike head. Its bottom two arms end in powerful pincers.

With a successful claw attack, the glabrezu can attempt to grab and pick up an opponent of 150 lbs or less (Dex check to avoid this). A grabbed opponent can still

attack (at -4 penalty), or can break free with a successful Strength check instead of attacking. A glabrezu rarely drops a grabbed opponent unless it faces immediate death.

Glabrezu may employ the following spell-like abilities, at 10th level of ability: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *confusion*, *darkness* (15' radius), *detect magic* (always active), *dispel magic*, *enlarge*, *power word*, *stun* (4 times per day).

The glabrezu will knock out any perceived spellcasters with *power word*, *stun* first, and will use this ability for the first three rounds, concentrating upon "weaker" members of the party. Thereafter, it will wade into battle with no abandon.

It will not under any circumstances attempt to *gate* additional tanar'ri.

Tier Five

Tanar'ri, Guardian: Molydeus; Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC -5; MV 12; HD 12; HP 63; Thac0 9; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/1d6/2d10+5 (bite/bite/axe); SA Vorpal battle axe, poison; SD cold iron weapons to hit, never surprised; MR 80%; SZ L (15' tall); ML 18.

This molydeus is a servant of the Abyssal Lord, Graz'zt. It appears as a powerful, muscular humanoid with two heads, one of a snarling dog, and one of a hideous snake. It carries an ornate twin-bladed battle axe.

The enchanted axe of the molydeus inflicts 2d10 damage per hit, and is +5 to both to hit and damage rolls. The axe has powers of a *vorpal sword*. It also attacks with both heads. The dog head does 2d6 damage, and the snake head does 1d6 damage, save vs. poison or die (onset, 2d4 rounds).

Aside from indirect damage and magic, the guardian tanar'ri is wounded **only** by weapons forged in cold iron, such as those offered by Beliakas in encounter one.

Glabrezu may employ the following spell-like abilities, at 10th level of ability: *blindness*, *charm person or mammal*, *command*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *fear*, *improved invisibility*, *lightning bolt* and *polymorph other*.

The molydeus will employ its *improved invisibility* power immediately, and will proceed to savage the party with its powerful and horrible weapon (which vanishes upon the creature's death).

The room beyond this one is Ehilissa's personal quarters (the rest of the upper strata stays at a distant location). It is a comfortably appointed, though dank room, featuring a small mushroom garden in one of the damp corners. The room contains a desk, two chairs, a simple bed and a dresser. The dresser contains a single suit of *leather armor* +2, shaped for a small female, possibly an elf. **In the desk, the PCs will discover handouts One, Two, and Three.**

If the players act on the handout information immediately, without first consulting Beliakas, let them, and proceed to Encounter 4. They will lose out on his advice and possible magical rewards. They may feel such a sacrifice is necessary if they can cobble together even a fraction of what is really going on under Ravens Bluff. If they return to Beliakas' manor, as instructed, turn to Encounter 3.

Encounter Three: Back to Beliakas

You return to Beliakas' estate, careful to take the shortest possible route, always watching your back. The moon is masked by the high walls and buildings of the upper class part of town, and the shadows themselves seem to conceal agents of evil. Soon enough, you reach the gate to the manor home, and knock loudly at the door.

Again, the small man opens the door and regards you without emotion. He turns around and leads you through the familiar waiting room and to Beliakas' ornamented office.

The nobleman is seated at his desk, and upon your arrival, he stands, gesturing to the chairs. "Sit! Sit!" he exclaims. "What have you learned of our friends at the Errant Fletcher?"

Allow the players to describe what happened at the inn. If a combat is mentioned, Beliakas will say, "I trust no innocents were harmed. . .?" He acts as though this is his most important concern, though it is, like many things, just a part of the ruse. If the players hand over the notes discovered in the cellar bedroom, Beliakas' face will darken visibly. At mention of the word "Ebulon," his eyes will glaze over in rage.

"I had suspected as much. Centuries ago, a powerful tanar'ri named Graz'zt gained control of an entire layer of the Abyss. Such had happened before, and has happened since, but never through such guile, such... intelligence had it previously occurred. The way Graz'zt used strategy and tactics to carve out his

empire, one might have thought him a baatezu..."
Beliakas smiles at this, as if remembering an old joke.

"But rise he did. Some say his power came largely from corrupted souls on the various worlds of the Prime Material Plane, but others marked it up to cunning alone. I have learned that this feat could not have been accomplished were it not for the help of one being. Ebulon."

"Trust is an almost completely foreign experience in the Abyss, but it is written that Graz'zt trusted Ebulon implicitly. Once the empire had been secured, and Graz'zt controlled an entire layer of the fell place, he sent Ebulon to corrupt worlds such as our own."

"On one such world, whose name is lost to history, Ebulon was somehow bound. Graz'zt spent hundreds of years floundering without his most honored general, but he had already solidified his power base, and eventually came to control three layers of the Abyss. His is a power almost completely unchecked, if not for the other Tanar'ric princes, such as Demogorgon, Fraz-Urb'luu and, in the distant past, Eltab."

"Should Ebulon be set free, it would mean terror for the world that had imprisoned him, and complete victory for Graz'zt. Unlike most other Princes, Graz'zt pays as much attention to mortal affairs as he does his game of Abyssal politics."

"Now, he may pay more attention to our world. Ebulon is here. This is a map to Sarbreen. The timing is right. If the world of Ebulon's imprisonment was Abier-Toril, it would have occurred at the height of the dwarven kingdom of Sarbreen. Ebulon is most assuredly secreted somewhere beneath the streets of Ravens Bluff, and someone is looking for him."

Beliakas stands up, leaning heavily upon his ruby-tipped cane. "The plans of the tanar'ri must be stopped!"

Beliakas will attempt to convince the PCs that this must have been the crucial event he foresaw that drew him to Ravens Bluff. He had suspected for some time that the source of the trouble was tied to the sewers and Sarbreen, and had spoken to this point with Realarm Dayspring, who sent a detachment of Knights of the Phoenix to Sarbreen early this afternoon.

Beliakas has learned that these knights had come upon trouble, but beyond that, he knows nothing. Time is of the essence, he will plead. The party may be Ravens Bluff's only chance.

If the players insist on informing the city government, or involving some other agency, Beliakas produces a magical gem ensorcelled with an *augury*. A simple casting reveals that if time is taken to gather others, Ebulon will be freed. Also, Beliakas remarks

that legends say Ebulon was originally captured by a small force, after an entire army had failed to conquer it. The key to his destruction might lie in that fact.

At this point, it is likely that someone in the party will request compensation. This will disturb Beliakas deeply, but he will thereafter offer the party 1,000 gold pieces each for the successful completion of the mission. If they are unsuccessful, it will be irrelevant, as all will be lost.

He will also grant Tier One and Two parties a *Scroll of Protection Against Tanar'ri*, as well as his best wishes for their safe return. If, and only if, they request additional assistance, read the following:

Beliakas' face darkens. "I would not ordinarily offer this, as it may interfere with the pact that bars me from action, but the city's need could not possibly be more great."

The man hands over his ruby-tipped cane. "You may find this useful against Ebulon, or other members of his vile race. It has served me well in the past." At that, Beliakas takes pen, parchment and ink from a desk drawer and scribbles furiously. When completed, he smiles and hands it to the party.

"I am over-interested in law and procedure, I'm afraid. The person who would use this item must sign the following contract. A simple matter, really, as much for my own purposes as to prove that I am not breaking my solemn oath. It's all semantics, of course, but the gods are literal-minded, and who am I to challenge their ways?"

Give the interested player Handout Four. If he or she does not wish to sign the contract, Beliakas shrugs, and simply keeps the cane. Of course, getting the PC to sign the contract is more important to him than the cane, but he will make it seem as though it is little more than an inconvenient, though necessary, element of the exchange. Under no circumstances will he give the cane to a PC who has not agreed to all aspects of the contract. If the PC signs, Beliakas will gather the contract, put it in his desk, and tell the PC that he or she may retain the cane for as long as he or she wishes. Those who sign the contract receive the *Debt to Beliakas* certificate at the conclusion of the module. This certificate will come into play in future events, and cannot be traded, though the cane itself can change hands without placing the second-hand owner in Beliakas' debt.

At this point, Beliakas has little else to offer the PCs except good wishes. If they mention Elerio and the *Coryinstaff*, he will reply only that Elerio is a newly-arrived archmage, and that he might have heard something about a theft recently.

Beliakas will suggest that time spent following up this lead will be wasted, but if they PCs insist, they will discover that Elerio is absent from his quarters in the Ministry of Art.

Proceed to The Halls of the Keepers.

Encounter Four: The Halls of the Keepers

Following the map discovered at the Errant Fletcher, you gain entrance to the sewers of Ravens Bluff. The network of drainage tunnels confuses you, and the deeper you descend into the earth, the more honeycombed and archaic the tunnels become. The offshoots and effluent valves down here must lead to a thousand horrors, you think, and are glad that the passage you're taking leads only to one horror, albeit a terrible one.

After nearly three hours of walking, crawling and swimming through the undercurrent of Ravens Bluff, you discover a great crack in the wall of an ancient sewer maintenance tunnel. The rend is large enough to fit a horse, and it looks like the memento of a long-forgotten earthquake. With some trepidation, you lower yourselves into the chasm, and into the darkness. Following the contours of the crack in the earth, you soon emerge into an elaborate, low-ceilinged hall of dwarven design. At last! You have discovered the halls of Sarbreen that should lead you to the resting place of Ebulon.

To your right, the passage is caved-in, and apparently impassable. To the left, it continues some distance, without any apparent doors or offshoots.

The bulk of the rest of the action in this module will take place in the chambers of the Oth'Dothanar—the Dwarven Halls of the Keepers. As such, all below-ground encounters have been keyed to the maps attached to this module.

At this point, be sure to get a marching order for the party. Ask them what they plan to use for a light source, if anything, and what items they have in hand. The ceilings in this part of Sarbreen are about six feet from the ground, so tall PCs will have to slouch over. The earthquake that opened these halls to the outside world also collapsed the main entrance, and thus the only way to travel will be into the heart of the complex. Any attempt to shift the collapsed portion of the hall will cause dirt to fall from the unstable ceiling. Drastic actions, such as casting *Dig* or even *Stone Shape*, will cause a minor tremor, and anyone within ten feet of the

cave-in will suffer 1d10 points of damage from falling debris.

The dwarves who captured Ebulon sought to protect his resting place from would-be rescuers, should the day come when they themselves would no longer be able to protect his trapped form. For that reason, the halls leading to Oth'Dothanar are heavily trapped. Many of the more devious traps have succumbed to the trials of age, but some survive. Ehiliisa and her party have sprung a few of them, and even more rest on the opposite side of the cave-in, and are beyond the scope of the PCs' investigation.

A successful tracking proficiency check will reveal several dozen footprints here, though there is very little dust present beyond the cave-in.

When the PCs proceed, read the following:

You move forward, noting the brilliant dwarven architecture at every step. Though some of the ornamental frescoes have deteriorated in the centuries since this hall must have been used, the people who built it, and carved the delicate patterns into these walls, must have been touched by genius.

Fifty feet beyond your entrance, you smell the scent of fire from further ahead.

There is an elaborate pit trap sixty feet directly in front of the PCs (noted by the shaded region on Dungeon Map 1). If the PCs are using some light source other than infravision, they will discover a large black stain on the walls and ceiling up ahead, though the floor appears completely normal.

If anyone examines the stain, they will discover that it is soot. The forty feet of passage floor directly below the soot is trapped, and anyone weighing more than twenty pounds stepping on the midpoint of this floor section will cause the entire 40' floor section to vanish. All trapped characters within five feet of either outside edge of the trapped floor may make a Dexterity check at -3 to leap to safety. All other trapped characters fall into the pit below, and take the following damage.

Tier One: 20' drop, 2d6 damage.
Tier Two: 40' drop, 4d6 damage.
Tier Three: 60' drop, 6d6 damage.
Tier Four: 80' drop, 8d6 damage.
Tier Five: 150' drop, 15d6 damage.

Furthermore, if more than 100 pounds of pressure is applied to the bottom of the pit, small holes in the floor emit geysers of smoke for four rounds. On the fifth round, the smoke is replaced by tremendous goutts of flame, for the following damage. Those so trapped may save vs. breath weapon to take half damage.

Tier One: 4 geysers, 1d4 damage each.
Tier Two: 6 geysers, 1d4 damage each.
Tier Three: 6 geysers, 1d6 damage each.
Tier Four: 8 geysers, 1d6 damage each.
Tier Five: 10 geysers, 1d6 damage each.

The flames shoot all the way up the pit, cause 1d4 points of damage to anyone within ten feet of the pit or in the passage above, and full damage to anyone climbing, flying or hovering out of the pit. Three rounds later, the floor will return, trapping anyone left below. The only way to open the trap is to once again apply twenty pounds of pressure to the middle of the trapped floor. Alternatively, the party may attempt to hack through solid stone, but any weapon used for this purpose for more than two rounds must make an item saving throw vs. crushing blow, or be shattered (magical bonuses apply). The floor here is constructed from the hardest possible stone, and requires at least 200 points of non-fire damage to make a hole large enough to fit a human-sized adventurer.

Note that any 100 pounds of additional weight on the pit's floor after the initial fall will cause the geysers to spit flame again. The geysers themselves are visible, and may be plugged only through magical (and nonflammable) means.

A corpse of a derro scout lies at the bottom of the pit. He was a member of Ehilissa's party, though not judged worthy of saving. He wears a metal pendant featuring a two-thumbed hand, and a single *anklet of walking*.

Of course, the entire trap may be avoided by not putting any weight upon the center of the trapped floor. *Flying* and *levitating* PCs do not trip the trap, and other methods, so long as no weight is applied, will also be automatically successful.

ENCOUNTER KEYS:

1. Entry Room

This room contains the remains of stone benches along each wall. The walls and ceilings were once decorated by paint and sculpture, but all decoration here has fallen victim to the ravages of time.

In the time when the Halls of the Keepers were constructed, the dwarven priests blessed these chambers. They hoped that their words and benedictions would protect the stone from the captured Ebulon's taint.

To ensure that their blessings, and the powerful binding magics that kept the dark lord bound below, would not be tampered with, they created five rooms designed to warn would-be interlopers from freeing the

tanar'ri. Unfortunately, time has not treated these rooms well.

The sculpture on the walls once depicted the coming of Ebulon, but it has long since crumbled to fragments.

2. Religious Preparatory

What must once have been a large urn lies shattered upon the floor, here. There are small alcoves along each wall, with the feet of figurines, broken at the ankle, present.

Long ago, the urn held blessed water, but it has long since evaporated. Ehilissa's band destroyed it, though the figurines were stolen decades ago by looters.

3. Records in Granite

The frescoes here seem far less damaged than those before. They depict an army of dwarves battling a stark white, humanoid figure who is bathed in a nimbus of colorless energy. The dwarves do not seem to be winning this battle, and many bodies litter the battlefield.

The art here was meant to show the sheer power of Ebulon. At his coming, the Abyssal Lord laid low whole armies of dwarves, using their combined strength against them.

4. Portrait of Victory

The frescoes in this room depict the white being lashed to the ground by bands of green and blue energy. Fourteen dwarves stand in a circle around the prostrate form, and in the air above the battlefield, the radiant images of two crossed battle axes and an open book light the sky.

Here we see Ebulon's eventual defeat by a small group of dwarven priests. The two symbols represent Dugmaren Brightmantle and Clangeddin Silverbeard, whose priests were pivotal in analyzing the lord's weakness.

The derivation of these symbols will be obvious to all dwarves, and to any PC who succeeds a religion proficiency check.

5. Righteousness

NOTE: This encounter ONLY occurs if Jessilin/Elenna survived Encounter 1.

The southernmost wall of this room has been inscribed in Dethek, the language of the dwarves. You approach, and the wall shimmers, like water after a splash. Suddenly, the entire wall is gone, and you see

a party of five men and women, each wearing a stained white tabard featuring the device of Ravens Bluff's Knights of the Phoenix. A half-elf wearing light chain mail under her deep blue cloak gazes into your eyes as she lowers her hands, which still crackle with magical energy.

"I told you my spell would work!" she exclaims. "And look what we have here. A den of Marilith, just waiting for our swords!" At that, the group leaps from the portal, weapons drawn and fire in their eyes.

The female is Tranil Elustree, a rising star in the order of the Phoenix. She and her band were alerted to the possible danger beneath Ravens Bluff by Realarn Dayspring, the Knight Commander of the order, who in turn learned of the danger through Beliakas. He dispatched Tranil and her group immediately, and they have been searching below the sewers all day.

They have not, however, come upon the PCs by chance. Shortly after entering the sewers, they encountered a wounded priestess of Lathander, and attempted to aid her. Unfortunately, the priestess was in fact "Elenna," who attacked them without mercy, defeating them in a matter of minutes. The servant of Demogorgon slew Darius, a lesser member of the group, and took his form.

Thereafter, it ensorcelled the party into forgetting the entire episode, and charmed them into thinking everyone they meet is some sort of lower-planar entity. It has scried the location of the Halls of the Keepers, and brought its puppets with it.

As she announces immediately upon seeing them, Dame Tranil and her associates think the PCs are a band of Marilith tanar'ri. They will attempt to fight the party for a number of rounds equal to the party's tier, times two. At that point, Tranil will cast Abjure at the most intimidating party member. When this fails, she will call off the attack, realizing something is wrong, and that she does not face tanar'ri.

If the players can somehow halt the attacks of the knights before this, that's all the better. Simply defending themselves and not attacking, while attempting to convince Tranil that something is wrong, will succeed at the end of the second round, when she will call off her men. The party will then have a chance to explain themselves (any PC wearing a holy symbol will be proof enough of their innocence).

Tranil Elustree, hef, F8/M10; AL LG; AC -3; MV 12; hp 25(56); Thac0 12; #AT 3/2; dam 1d8+4 (long sword) + 2 (strength); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

Tranil is the leader of this group of Knights of the Phoenix. She has been severely wounded in her battle with Jessilin, though the creature's illusions currently

hide the fact (her maximum hit points are listed in parentheses).

Phoenix Fighters (3), hm F6; AL LG; AC 1; MV 12; hp 21(43); Thac0 12; #AT 3/2; dam 1d8 (long sword) + 2 (strength); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML 16.

The fighter's names are Jenna, Thelar and Miggs. They are all followers of Lathander, and the Morninglord's holy symbol can be found around their necks.

The fifth member of the group, Darius, appears to be a cleric, though he hangs back, in the tunnel, for the duration of this fight.

As the knights are a powerful force, even when injured, feel free to take it easy on the low-tiers. There really shouldn't be any serious injuries as a result of this encounter.

Once the fighting has ceased, Tranil will explain that things have been strange since they entered the sewers. Fingering a holy symbol of Lathander, she will explain that they encountered a wounded priestess of her own order, but that the sewers had thereafter become clouded with darkness, and her recent memories, with them.

If queried about the Lathanderite priestess, Tranil will give a description matching "Elenna," from the Errant Fletcher. Neither Tranil nor any of her companions will remember what happened to the woman.

The Knights consist of Tranil and four companions. All wear the symbol of the Morninglord around their necks, save one – Jessilin, masquerading as Darius. (If the PCs take too long to figure this out, allow any PCs with the Observation proficiency to make a check to notice this strange absence).

If the lack of a holy symbol is noted, read the following.

The knight known as Darius looks at you, confusion evident in his eyes. His lips curl back in nervousness, but they soon come to stop in a mischievous smile.

"So be it," he says with a hollow voice. "So it ends."

At that, his features melt away, like wax in a fire, and are replaced with the soft face of Elenna, the Lathanderite Priestess from the Errant Fletcher. Her eyes flare, and even that image caves in upon itself, and loses form. Her entire body sinks to the ground in a sickening mass of viscous liquid, and you distinctly smell the sting of acid in the air. Pseudopods launch from the pulpy mess, lashing out at you.

Unless someone in the party does something miraculous, right away, Jessilin will spend all of its attacks on Tranil. It will attempt to wound her, and once it has done so, she is removed from play until the end of the encounter. Feel free to play out the other knights, as well, but they should not play an important role in the combat unless the PCs are having too much difficulty with the fight, in which case the remaining knights become Jessilin's primary targets.

If all the Knights have been slain by the PCs, the above situation will have to be adjusted (save Darius for last, and simply read the above as if his secret had been discovered). In this case, Jessilin will attack the most dangerous fighter in the group first.

Any knight or squire who kills a knight other than "Darius" receives one "negative" Chivalry Point.

Tier One

(Jessilin) Tanar'ri, True: Alkith; Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 5; HP 30; Thac0 16; #AT 4; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d4/1d4; SA Acid; SD ½ damage from type S or B weapons, struck only by +1 or better weapons; MR 10%; SZ M (6' diameter); ML 16.

In its true form, Jessilin is a disgusting blob of phosphorescent green corruption. Its body is surrounded by a cracked, leathery coating or secretion that constantly oozes a vile protoplasm. Dark, swollen eye globules dot Jessilin's surface. It is a dedicated servant of the Abyssal Prince, Demogorgon, who wishes to see Ebulon captured for eternity. It has been injured severely in its fight with the Knights of the Phoenix, however.

Jessilin suffers no damage from electricity, nonmagical fire or poison, and only half damage from cold and magical fire. Jessilin's hideous form also renders it immune to all gasses and acids.

In combat, Jessilin strikes with lightning-fast pseudopods, each of which inflict 1d4 points of damage. If one of the pseudopods hits, it leaves behind a sickly smear of its own protoplasm. This stuff is highly corrosive, and the victim must save vs. poison or take an additional 1d4 points of damage per round for the next one to four rounds, or until the stuff is wiped away. Whether or not the victim saves, some portion of his equipment may be endangered by the potent acid. Consult the chart below.

%roll	Equipment threatened
1-60	Victim's armor degrades one grade per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
61-75	Victim's shield is ruined unless successful item saving throw vs. acid. (If no shield, no additional damage is caused)

- 76-90 Victim's weapon is ruined or degrades by one "plus" per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
- 91-00 A random item backpack, worn or carried magical item, etc.) is ruined unless an item saving throw vs. acid is successful.

Jessilin has access to the following spell-like abilities, at the 11th level of ability: *cause disease*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, and *enervation*.

Tier Two

(Jessilin) Tanar'ri, True: Alkith; Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 5; HP 30; Thac0 16; #AT 4; Dmg 2d4/2d4/2d4/2d4; SA Acid; SD ½ damage from type S or B weapons, struck only by +1 or better weapons; MR 20%; SZ M (6' diameter); ML 16.

In its true form, Jessilin is a disgusting blob of phosphorescent green corruption. Its body is surrounded by a cracked, leathery coating or secretion that constantly oozes a vile protoplasm. Dark, swollen eye globules dot Jessilin's surface. It is a dedicated servant of the Abyssal Prince, Demogorgon, who wishes to see Ebulon captured for eternity. It has been injured severely in its fight with the Knights of the Phoenix, however.

Jessilin suffers no damage from electricity, nonmagical fire or poison, and only half damage from cold and magical fire. Jessilin's hideous form also renders it immune to all gasses and acids.

In combat, Jessilin strikes with lightning-fast pseudopods, each of which inflict 2d4 points of damage. If one of the pseudopods hits, it leaves behind a sickly smear of its own protoplasm. This stuff is highly corrosive, and the victim must save vs. poison or take an additional 1d4 points of damage per round for the next one to four rounds, or until the stuff is wiped away. Whether or not the victim saves, some portion of his equipment may be endangered by the potent acid. Consult the chart below.

%roll	Equipment threatened
1-60	Victim's armor degrades one grade per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
61-75	Victim's shield is ruined unless successful item saving throw vs. acid. (If no shield, no additional damage is caused)
76-90	Victim's weapon is ruined or degrades by one "plus" per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
91-00	A random item backpack, worn or carried magical item, etc.) is ruined unless an item saving throw vs. acid is successful.

Jessilin has access to the following spell-like abilities, at the 11th level of ability: *cause disease*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *enervation*, *hold person*, and *stinking cloud*.

Tier Three

(Jessilin) Tanar'ri, True: Alkith; Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 9; HP 55; Thac0 12; #AT 4; Dmg 2d4/2d4/2d4/2d4; SA Acid; SD ½ damage from type S or B weapons, struck only by +2 or better weapons; MR 30%; SZ M (6' diameter); ML 16.

In its true form, Jessilin is a disgusting blob of phosphorescent green corruption. Its body is surrounded by a cracked, leathery coating or secretion that constantly oozes a vile protoplasm. Dark, swollen eye globules dot Jessilin's surface. It is a dedicated servant of the Abyssal Prince, Demogorgon, who wishes to see Ebulon captured for eternity. It has been injured severely in its fight with the Knights of the Phoenix, however.

Jessilin suffers no damage from electricity, nonmagical fire or poison, and only half damage from cold and magical fire. Jessilin's hideous form also renders it immune to all gasses and acids.

In combat, Jessilin strikes with lightning-fast pseudopods, each of which inflict 2d4 points of damage. If one of the pseudopods hits, it leaves behind a sickly smear of its own protoplasm. This stuff is highly corrosive, and the victim must save vs. poison or take an additional 1d4 points of damage per round for the next one to four rounds, or until the stuff is wiped away. Whether or not the victim saves, some portion of his equipment may be endangered by the potent acid. Consult the chart below.

%roll	Equipment threatened
1-60	Victim's armor degrades one grade per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
61-75	Victim's shield is ruined unless successful item saving throw vs. acid. (If no shield, no additional damage is caused)
76-90	Victim's weapon is ruined or degrades by one "plus" per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
91-00	A random item backpack, worn or carried magical item, etc.) is ruined unless an item saving throw vs. acid is successful.

Jessilin has access to the following spell-like abilities, at the 11th level of ability: *cause disease*, *cone of cold*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *enervation*, *hold person*, *stinking cloud* and *wall of ice*.

Tier Four

(Jessilin) Tanar'ri, True: Alkilith; Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 11; HP 65; Thac0 10; #AT 4; Dmg 2d4/2d4/2d4/2d4; SA Acid, Poison; SD ½ damage from type S or B weapons, struck only by +2 or better weapons; MR 40%; SZ M (6' diameter); ML 16.

In its true form, Jessilin is a disgusting blob of phosphorescent green corruption. Its body is surrounded by a cracked, leathery coating or secretion that constantly oozes a vile protoplasm. Dark, swollen eye globules dot Jessilin's surface. It is a dedicated servant of the Abyssal Prince, Demogorgon, who wishes to see Ebulon captured for eternity. It has been injured severely in its fight with the Knights of the Phoenix, however.

Jessilin suffers no damage from electricity, nonmagical fire or poison, and only half damage from cold and magical fire. Jessilin's hideous form also renders it immune to all gasses and acids.

In combat, Jessilin strikes with lightning-fast pseudopods, each of which inflict 2d4 points of damage. If one of the pseudopods hits, it leaves behind a sickly smear of its own protoplasm. This stuff is highly corrosive, and the victim must save vs. poison or take an additional 1d6 points of damage per round for the next one to six rounds, or until the stuff is wiped away. Whether or not the victim saves, some portion of his equipment may be endangered by the potent acid. Consult the chart below.

%roll	Equipment threatened
1-60	Victim's armor degrades one grade per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
61-75	Victim's shield is ruined unless successful item saving throw vs. acid. (If no shield, no additional damage is caused)
76-90	Victim's weapon is ruined or degrades by one "plus" per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
91-00	A random item backpack, worn or carried magical item, etc.) is ruined unless an item saving throw vs. acid is successful.

Jessilin has access to the following spell-like abilities, at the 11th level of ability: *cause disease*, *cone of cold* (x3), *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *enervation*, *hold person*, *stinking cloud* and *wall of ice*.

In addition to its awesome spell roster, Jessilin may assume gaseous form, which turns it into a 20' x 20' 10' cloud of foul, stinking vapors. These vapors are impenetrable to normal vision, and duplicate the effects of *cloudkill* spell. This action takes a full round, and Jessilin will not attempt it unless brought to below 10 hit points.

When in gaseous form, Jessilin may flee with a movement rate of 1. *Gust of wind*, and like magics, cause 1d6 points of damage, per level of the caster. It takes a full round for Jessilin to regain solidity, if it wishes to do so.

Tier Five

(Jessilin) Tanar'ri, True: Alkilith; Int High; AL CE; AC -3; MV 12; HD 15; HP 85; Thac0 6; #AT 4; Dmg 2d4/2d4/2d4/2d4; SA Acid, Poison; SD ½ damage from type S or B weapons, struck only by +2 or better weapons; MR 40%; SZ M (6' diameter); ML 16.

In its true form, Jessilin is a disgusting blob of phosphorescent green corruption. Its body is surrounded by a cracked, leathery coating or secretion that constantly oozes a vile protoplasm. Dark, swollen eye globules dot Jessilin's surface. It is a dedicated servant of the Abyssal Prince, Demogorgon, who wishes to see Ebulon captured for eternity. It has been injured severely in its fight with the Knights of the Phoenix, however.

Jessilin suffers no damage from electricity, nonmagical fire or poison, and only half damage from cold and magical fire. Jessilin's hideous form also renders it immune to all gasses and acids.

In combat, Jessilin strikes with lightning-fast pseudopods, each of which inflict 2d4 points of damage. If one of the pseudopods hits, it leaves behind a sickly smear of its own protoplasm. This stuff is highly corrosive, and the victim must save vs. poison or take an additional 1d6 points of damage per round for the next one to six rounds, or until the stuff is wiped away. Whether or not the victim saves, some portion of his equipment may be endangered by the potent acid. Consult the chart below.

%roll	Equipment threatened
1-60	Victim's armor degrades one grade per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
61-75	Victim's shield is ruined unless successful item saving throw vs. acid. (If no shield, no additional damage is caused)
76-90	Victim's weapon is ruined or degrades by one "plus" per round until successful item saving throw vs. acid.
91-00	A random item backpack, worn or carried magical item, etc.) is ruined unless an item saving throw vs. acid is successful.

Jessilin has access to the following spell-like abilities, at the 11th level of ability: *cause disease*, *cone of cold* (x3), *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *enervation*, *hold person*, *stinking cloud* and *wall of ice*.

In addition to its awesome spell roster, Jessilin may assume gaseous form, which turns it into a 20' x 20'

10' cloud of foul, stinking vapors. These vapors are impenetrable to normal vision, and (in tiers 4 and 5) duplicate the effects of *cloudkill* spell. This action takes a full round, and Jessilin will not attempt it unless brought to below 30 hit points.

When in gaseous form, Jessilin may flee with a movement rate of 1. *Gust of wind*, and like magics, cause 1d6 points of damage, per level of the caster. It takes a full round for Jessilin to regain solidity, if it wishes to do so.

If the PCs manage to destroy Jessilin, read the following.

The slimy substance from which the creature is composed congeals, and begins to harden before your eyes. Several dozen faces take form as the body hardens, and a chorus of tortured voices whispers a horrible name: "Demogorgon."

Thereafter, the Halls of the Keepers are deathly quiet.

Once Jessilin has been dispatched, the illusion of health the tanar'ri created for the knights will evaporate. One of the knights will discover that their leader is dying from wounds sustained during the original fight, and that the acid from Jessilin's body is still eating at her wounds. No healing at the hands of the party will alleviate the situation.

The right thing for the party to do at this point would be to suggest that the knights return to the surface, but the knights feel honor-bound to search the area, and will not leave unless the PCs first recommend it.

If nothing is decided within five minutes of game play, Tranil will slip into a coma, and die shortly thereafter. Her *long sword* +4 and *elven chainmail* +3 can be used by the party (the latter will only fit a small-framed woman or elf) until the end of the adventure, but they are magically ensorcelled to return to Tranil's home within 24 hours of her death. If any of the knights are still alive, they will not allow her corpse to be pilfered.

Jessilin's *ring of proof against detection and location* is destroyed when its body congeals.

If the PCs do not recognize that "Darius" is a traitor, Tranil will lead them along the hallways, to the heart of the complex. "Darius" will take the rear, and within minutes, he will *cone of cold* the entire party. In lower tiers, he will simply attack the person at rear, working his way to the front.

Encounter Six: Oth'Dothanar Dungeon Level

See attached map.

A NOTE ON TIME

It is very likely that the players will be running short of time by the time the party reaches the Halls of the Keepers. The party does NOT need to explore all of the ruins, so if there is less than an hour left in this slot, you may wish to proceed to Encounter Six immediately after the party exits the Main Processional. As always, use your best judgment when adjudicating matters of pacing.

The halls throughout this portion of the Halls of the Keepers are roughly 10' x 10', though certain exceptions should be evident on Map 2, provided at the end of the module.

1. Main Processional

A long flight of stairs leads down to a huge room with vaulted ceilings. Two oversized doors lie on the floor, and look to be the victims of forced entry. Large, iron bands lie twisted and useless upon the floor here, as well.

Six arched hallways, three on each side wall, lead to darkness. A huge statue of a dwarven god stands in the cardinal center of the room, and two similar figures stand guard beside an open arch almost 100 yards directly opposite you.

The statues represent the dwarven pantheon. The centermost figure is Moradin, father patron of the dwarves. As the central figure in dwarven mythology, he holds the most important place in most religious iconography of dwarven origin, and ancient Sarbreen is no exception.

The statues along the far wall face each other, and stand directly to each side of the arched tunnel leading south from the main chamber. They are Clangeddin Silverbeard and Dugmaren Brightmantle, and share the central place of honor with Moradin as a reflection of their priesthood's role in the capture of Ebulon.

Alcoves: There are six arched halls leading east and west from the chamber, and each leads to a small alcove. The halls here are 5' wide.

1a) This alcove contains stone pegs and shelves along the wall. In ancient times, it acted as a vestibule for dwarven priests, but all items have been long since removed.

1b) There is a small pool here, though it has been bereft of contents for centuries. Any liquid placed within the pool will cause the temperature in the alcove to rise slightly, and the liquid to boil.

Two rounds later, it has been completely transformed to holy water of whatever quantity is present. If the pool is somehow removed, its magic is lost, and all players involved receive a *curse* from the dwarven gods, which results in a -2 penalty to all rolls until a *remove curse* is cast. Dwarven participants will need the aid of an *atonement* before the curse will be lifted.

1c) This alcove contains an ogre-sized statue of Berronar Truesilver, wife to Moradin and the dwarven god of healing and protection. Any wounded person who touches this statue receives the benefits of a *cure light wounds*. This works only once per character, per lifetime. Again, if the statue is somehow removed, it loses its magic and curses will be bestowed. These curses are cumulative. The gods know the importance of this site, and do not take lightly to those who would desecrate the holy keeping place of an abyssal abomination.

1d) The eyes of the barrel-chested dwarven statue in this room glow with what appears to be fire, and he holds an open palm forward. This is a statue of Dumathion, the Gemlord, and Keeper of Secrets under the mountain. Any nonmagical gem placed in the hand of this statue will glow fiercely and will be re-formed before the PCs eyes. This effectively *doubles* the gem's worth. Each player may be granted this effect only once.

1e) The statue in this alcove depicts a plain-looking, poorly-dressed old dwarf. One hand is held forward, in greeting, and the other clutches a stone bolt of lightning. This is Muamman Duathal, the dwarven god of adventure and lightning. Any who grasp the statues hand in a greeting, and speak his name will receive the benefit of a *protection from lightning* spell, cast at 10th level.

1f) The stone dwarf in this alcove is richly dressed, and "twirls" a gold necklace around his forefinger. This is Vergadain, god of merchants. The necklace cannot be removed, though any gold left in this alcove for a period of one hour or longer becomes platinum. Short of powerful divination spells, this should be incredibly difficult to ascertain. It will work only once per adventuring group.

If prayers are said before the statues of Moradin, Clangeddin or Dugmaren, the supplicant will be

affected by a non-cumulative *bless* spell until he reaches the surface.

2. Spiral Staircase and Watersource

A long hallway leads to a cylindrical shaft nearly 100' across. You can see neither the ceiling or floor of this huge room, but a spiral staircase hugs the wall, descending into the darkness.

The stairs are 10' wide, and wind down over 300' feet. The ceiling is more than 100' above the entrance to this room, and is covered with cave formations. About 100' down the stairs, the walls lose their worked appearance, and begin to look like natural rock. The stairs, however, remain sturdy all the way to the bottom.

When the PCs reach the final stair, read the following.

The stairs take several minutes to descend, and lead to a large natural cavern. There is a pool, here, which seems to be the source of a flow of water which continues for some distance to the south, leading through a natural tunnel into another cavern.

This was the dwarves' watering hole. Careful searching will reveal an ancient footpath, leading to the south, along the thin "river."

The water here is potable, though it tastes slightly of rust.

3. Fungus Cavern

The river leads to a larger cavern, though this one is considerably more damp. Walls of fungus crowd the riverbank, walls and ceilings of the cave, which is at least 200' long.

A single steel pillar, about seven feet tall, rests in the middle of the cavern nearly 30' away. The fungus seems to give this construction a wide berth.

This was the single food source for the Dothanar, and it was likewise very well protected. The steel column is a living steel, a special guardian placed in *stasis* by the dwarves. At some point during the last few centuries, however, the magics set to release it faltered, and the guardian is now permanently frozen in place.

Some of the fungi here is edible, but it will take a successful herbalism proficiency check to locate it. PCs wildly chewing on random fungus should roll on the following chart:

d10	Effect
1-3	Foul-tasting but harmless
4	Poisonous: d6 damage in d4 rounds.

- 5 Highly-toxic: 2d12 damage in 1d6 rounds.
- 6 Sweet-tasting and nutritious.
- 7-8 Poisonous: 3d6 damage in 2 rounds.
- 9 Tasty, a scrumptious morsel.
- 10 Horrifically deadly: Sweet tasting, 3d20 damage in 2d20 rounds.

All poison effects may be avoided with a successful save vs. poison.

Needless to say, snacking is not recommended.

If PCs investigate the cavern, they will discover that the river dips under an eastern cave face. It is impossible to follow the stream.

4. Intersection

Following the halls, you come upon an intersection. The hall continues south several hundred feet, into darkness. A similar hall continues to the west, leading to a simple wooden door nearly 30' away. Another hallway continues to the east, and seems to be lined with several doors.

The PCs have two options, here. If they turn east, proceed to encounter 8. If they opt for the door, continue.

The door is a simple wooden affair, and sports a gem-encrusted handle. It is slightly ajar, but not enough to see the room beyond, or to fit even a hand through to the other side. The door is unlocked, but has apparently warped in the years since it was built, and does not appear openable.

This is an elaborate trap, designed to foil those who would despoil the Oth'Dothanar. The gem inset on the handles is actually a 500 gp ruby, and may be removed with ease.

Moving the door is considerably more difficult, and requires an open doors check against lock/stuck doors.

There is a trap on the opposite side of the door, though this is impossible to notice unless magical means are employed. A small metal bar has been attached to the opposite face of the door, and the north wall on the inside. If the door is opened, this bar snaps, causing a *chain lightning* to be released from the headpiece of the statue in area 4a. Determine the "caster level" of the spell by multiplying the party tier by three.

4a. Forgotten Alcove

Opening the door reveals an alcove dominated with an ogre-sized statue of a leering dwarf with bushy eyebrows. The dwarf clutches a handful of

gems in his left hand, but holds his right in front of him, palm up.

When the priests designed Oth'Dothanar, a certain contingent demanded that the entire pantheon of dwarven gods be included in the design. Thus did Abbathor, the greediest of gods, find such a place in the Halls of the Keepers.

Like the statues off the main processional, Abbathor's figure is magical. Any gem placed upon its palm will *disintegrate* immediately. Destroying this image carries the same penalty as described above.

5. Dormitories

Each of these 14 rooms are more or less identical. They measure 10' x 10', and contain remnants of beds and dressers, though all has suffered due to age.

The minute the PCs turn the corner, read the following.

Encounter Six: Finale

You proceed down the passage, leaving the series of similar rooms for a sturdy, down-sloping corridor. There is little ahead but darkness, and you can hear nothing but silence and the tread of your booted feet upon ancient stone.

Suddenly, the silence is shattered by horrible screams from up ahead. It sounds as if at least a dozen men and women are meeting their ends not four hundred paces away. The hair on the back of your neck stands at rigid attention.

The sounds up ahead are the death screams of Ehiliisa and her party of drow and derro cultists. While her party, with the prototype *Coryinstaff* in hand, had been prepared to deal with the magical bindings holding Ebulon in stasis, they had not anticipated dealing with the Dothanar, the Keepers themselves.

At the fall of Sarbreen, the secretive order of the Dothanar sealed themselves in their halls, thus attempting to guarantee the tomb's eternal safety. Upon their deaths, the Keepers took rest in a small crypt abutting Ebulon's place of rest.

Centuries of proximity to the vile Ebulon have corrupted the souls of the Dothanar, however, and now the Keepers live on as undead, unerringly protecting their charge from would-be rescuers.

It will take the PCs five rounds to reach the Hall of the Keepers. If for some reason they decide to explore the remaining rooms, instead of surging forward, let them, but "bump" the final combat by one tier to account for Ebulon's preparation.

It takes the Dothanar two rounds to destroy the entire drow party. However, Ehiliisa herself will activate the *Coryinstaff* at the beginning of round two, initiating a wave of anti-magic that reaches the PCs on round three.

This energy wave of “dead magic” will ruin any currently operating spell, item effect, or potion effect – ioun stones will fall to the ground, magical light sources will be snuffed, etc. This effect lasts only one round, after which the wave continues down the corridor, and will eventually dissipate. Note that this particular wave of anti-magic will NOT destroy potions themselves, just currently active effects of already consumed potions.

Of course, the wave travels in two directions, and its primary purpose is also successful. By the time the players reach the Hall of the Keepers, the seals will have been sundered. Ebulon will have been awakened.

Once the party reaches the tomb antechamber (area 10), read the following:

Fearing what may lie ahead, you make your way to the primary chamber in the Hall of the Keepers. Up ahead, torchlight flickers from beyond the unhinged doors of a small antechamber. Steeling yourselves, you step through the door, and a ghastly sight is revealed to you.

The chamber is much smaller than you anticipated, though the ceilings are high, and reach up past the light of the torches that litter the room’s floor. There are bodies on the floor, as well. More appropriately, there are bodies in the floor.

All around the chamber, elves with jet black skin and ashen hair lie in contorted positions of death. At least a dozen of them stand with portions of their bodies imbedded into the earthen floor or walls, as if something had pulled them halfway in, and let go. Bodies of a half-dozen derro also lie strewn about, blood still flowing from fresh wounds. The looks on the faces of those elves facing you cut straight to your heart. No one deserves this. Not even drow, or their derro servants.

In the middle of the room, a slight, drow female stands knee-deep in the hard rock, her back arched impossibly backward, her head thrown back in death. Her fingers still clutch the haft of a stone staff, which crackles with magical energy. The headpiece of the staff, however, lies in shards upon the floor of the chamber.

Most horrific of all, though, is the door on the opposite side of the room. Nearly 20’ high, and carved with a litany of ancient dwarven runes, it is clear that the door is meant to be a ward against something. There is a large crack in the door, from top to bottom,

and a noxious gas seeps slowly outward and to the ground. The wards have been sundered.

You step forward just as seven forms rise from the stone ground, directly in front of the massive door. The figures are dwarven, though their eyes glow with a grim intensity, and you can see bones peaking through gaunt skin and jaundiced, dead flesh. The foremost of these creatures steps forward.

“Drak kor Egulash!” it says, its hollow voice punctuating the demand.

These are the Dothanar, the ancient dwarven protectors of the prison of Ebulon. “Drak kor Egulash” means, in Dethek, “State your purpose.” If no one in the party speaks the language, the foremost dwarf will repeat the demand once. The Dothanar do not speak common, but if someone among the party can make it clear that they intend to put an end to Ebulon, they will let the group pass. If not, they merely stand betwixt the party and the sundered door, unwilling to let them “free” their charge. If the party attacks, the Dothanar will respond with ferocity.

The Dothanar are not tiered, and a fight with them is not likely to last long, regardless of tier. The dwarves will begin the fight by sinking into the stone, via their *stonewalk* ability. The half-submerged forms of Ehiliisa and her band ought to give enough warning as to what happens next. The dwarves care little about fair battle, and fight with expediency in mind. Full Monstrous Compendium entries have been attached to this module.

The Dothanar (Dwarven Vampires) (7); Int Very; AL NE; AC 0; MV 9; HD 9+3; HP 47; Thac0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (+ drains 2 pts. Of CON); SA constitution drain, passwall; SD need +2 weapons to hit; MR Nil; SZ M (6’ tall); ML 20.

The Dothanar are not strictly vampires, though the taint of centuries of proximity to Ebulon has warped their souls, and such is the closest approximation available.

Sadly, the Dothanar are helpless to reseal Ebulon’s prison, and if they are forced to dispatch the party, all is lost.

One of the fragments of the prototype *Coryinstaff* retains its magic, and may be retained by the PCs.

If the PCs decide to enter the Tomb of Ebulon, proceed to Area 15. If they choose to double back and check the rooms they have not yet investigated, continue (and remember to “bump” the final combat one tier to reflect the extra time they have given Ebulon to prepare for their arrival).

6. Toilet

This room is a simple bathroom, the effluent emptying to a hidden cavern below.

7. Library

This room shows sign of a greatness that has long since crumbled to dust. Nearly 40' high, it must have once housed several hundred books along its walls. Hints of a complicated wooden support structure are evident, but much of this has collapsed, and litters the middle of the room. All of the books have been eaten away by moths, or have degraded to the point of uselessness.

This room is, for all intents and purposes, empty.

8. Dining Hall

Broken tables identify this long room as the former dining hall, though it has obviously lain in disrepair for centuries. There is a sizable arch leading to a smaller room, to the west.

There is nothing of value in this room.

9. "Kitchen"

A large urn stands about two feet off the floor of this room, which appears to have been used as a kitchen of sorts. Small, random piles of wood litter the area.

Digging around in the piles reveals a cleaver made from iron, that may be wielded to good effect (1d4 damage).

If anyone says the word "food," in any language, a warm bowl of gruel appears upon the urn. The device is attached to the floor, and removing it ruins its magical ability.

10. Tomb Antechamber

The doors leading in and out of this small room have been sundered, ostensibly by Ehiliisa's band. There is a slight smell of smoke lingering, as if the destruction had set off some sort of now useless trap.

11. Last Stand of the Dothanar

The ceiling of this 30' x 40' room is lost in darkness. The floor here is littered with the bodies of slain drow and derro, and the massive iron doors opposite the entrance have been sundered.

The ceiling of this room is actually some 200' from the floor. One hundred feet up, fourteen alcoves hide the final resting places of the Dothanar.

For further details, refer to Encounter 6: Finale.

12. Endgame

Entering this room requires a wholesale destruction of the iron doors, or squeezing, one by one, through the man-sized rend. The entire party can do this easily, but entering the room subjects them to a permanent version of *death fog* that surrounds the body of Ebulon at all times (see combat information, below).

Once the PCs have entered the room, read the following.

The last of you steps into the tomb of Ebulon. You wince your eyes, trying to lock out the sting of the noxious yellow fog that seems to fill the entire room.

A low chuckle breaks the uncomfortable silence.

Immediately, the fog parts down the center of the room, revealing a man-sized being standing on a raised dais. Six columns, three to either side, stand between you and the enigmatic figure. He is featureless, and a nimbus of cold blue fire surrounds his stark white form.

A voice appears out of nowhere, invading your minds. "I must thank you for releasing me. . . But it is time to move on. You will not be needed, anymore. You may give up your lives freely. Or, if you wish, you may fight. It has been long years in the realm of sleep, and my blood burns for the want of mortal suffering."

At that, the cloud of fog thickens. Through the rapidly dwindling visibility, you see the figure striding forward, fists clenched. Before the fog thickens, six additional figures step out from behind the columns, and make their way toward you.

There is little option, now. The battle is joined.

All Tanar'ri are affected by attack forms as noted below.

Attack	Damage
acid	full
cold	half
electricity	none
fire (magical)	half
fire (nonmagical)	none
gas (poisonous, etc.)	half
iron weapon	full
magic missile	full
poison	none
silver weapon	full

Tier One

Tanar'ri, Least: Rutterkin; Int Avg; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 4; HP 23; Thac0 17; #AT 2; Dmg

1d6+1/1d6+1 (claws); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR 10%; SZ M (6' tall); ML 12.

Upon awakening, Ebulon immediately gated in six rutterkin to aid in his escape. The creatures appear as pathetic, malformed humanoids. They are almost completely hairless, and thoroughly evil.

Rutterkin have the following spell-like abilities: *darkness* (15' radius), *fear* (by touch), and *telekinesis* (3 times per day).

The rutterkin attack with their claws, and hope that their feeble effort will please the dark lord, Ebulon.

Tanar'ri, Lord: Ebulon; Int Genius; AL CE; AC 0; MV 20; HD 8; HP 45; Thac0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA Energy drain, vampiric death fog; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; MR 30%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 20.

Ebulon is known by many titles on many worlds on the Prime Material Plane, but one appellation is constant – the Demon Lord of Null. The plane upon which Ebulon formerly lived was a barren wasteland inhabited only by the lord himself and huge clouds of billowing, noxious *death fog*. Though Ebulon was immune to the acidic fog, he devised a way to control and draw power from it, and employed this weapon against the enemies of his master, Graz'zt. Now, he has summoned the fog to aid his escape.

The fog has the effect of limiting visibility to no more than ten feet. All those save Ebulon suffer a -1 to hit penalty. Having grown used to dealing with the clouds at home in the Abyss, Ebulon may fight in the fog with no penalty.

The fog has another effect, however, and it is this that helped defeat the dwarven armies, so long ago. Ebulon may expand the cloud surrounding him by two 10' cubes per round, regardless of his other actions. By the time the PCs arrive, the tanar'ric lord has filled the entire room. All PCs in the area of effect suffer one point of damage per round, due to exposure to the acids in the fog.

It is here that Ebulon's power over the fog comes into play, as the abyssal lord gains all hit points lost by those within the fog. This parasitic relationship can continue until Ebulon tops out at 75 hit points, has been slain, or all of his opponents are dead, whichever comes first.

The fog is slightly acidic, but not enough to affect items. Such is Ebulon's control over the fog that it will not harm his tanar'ric associates.

Luckily, the fog may be dispersed. A *gust of wind* spell is useless, but a *fireball*, *flame strike* or *wall of fire* burns it away instantly. After the fog is destroyed, it takes Ebulon three rounds to begin the process anew.

Ebulon's powerful hands strike for 1d10 points of damage, and his touch is sufficiently chilling to drain 1 level of experience from the victim, who must also save vs. spells, or age 1d6 years.

Ebulon may employ the following spell-like powers, at 18th level of ability: *fly*, *contagion*, *enervation* (x3), *invisibility*.

Ebulon will begin by *flying* up to the ceiling (which is 50' up) and watching his rutterkin fight the PCs. From this vantage, he will drop a *contagion* on the most effective fighter among the PCs. For the following rounds, he will *enervate* the PCs, until they are dead, or until he can no longer cast the spell. Assuming he is still alive, he will come down to fight in hand to hand combat, only casting invisibility if it can help him escape (assuming he is losing). Ebulon has been horribly weakened by captivity, and he does not wish to be killed by saplings such as the PCs.

Tier Two

Tanar'ri, Least: Rutterkin (6); Int Avg; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 5+1; HP 30; Thac0 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6+1/1d6+1 (claws); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR 40%; SZ M (6' tall); ML 12.

Upon awakening, Ebulon immediately gated in six rutterkin to aid in his escape. The creatures appear as pathetic, malformed humanoids. They are almost completely hairless, and thoroughly evil.

Rutterkin have the following spell-like abilities: *darkness* (15' radius), *fear* (by touch), *fly* and *telekinesis* (3 times per day).

The rutterkin attempt to take flight and harry the party from the (low) air. They attack with their hands, and on a natural 20, they grab their opponents. Victims must make a successful Strength check, or the rutterkin will fly them to the ceiling (50' high) and drop them, for 5d6 points of damage).

Tanar'ri, Lord: Ebulon; Int Genius; AL CE; AC -1; MV 20; HD 9; HP 50; Thac0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA Energy drain, vampiric death fog; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; MR 50%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 20.

Ebulon is known by many titles on many worlds on the Prime Material Plane, but one appellation is constant – the Demon Lord of Null. The plane upon which Ebulon formerly lived was a barren wasteland inhabited only by the lord himself and huge clouds of billowing, noxious *death fog*. Though Ebulon was immune to the acidic fog, he devised a way to control and draw power from it, and employed this weapon against the enemies

of his master, Graz'zt. Now, he has summoned the fog to aid his escape.

The fog has the effect of limiting visibility to no more than ten feet. All those save Ebulon suffer a -1 to hit penalty. Having grown used to dealing with the clouds at home in the Abyss, Ebulon may fight in the fog with no penalty.

The fog has another effect, however, and it is this that helped defeat the dwarven armies, so long ago. Ebulon may expand the cloud surrounding him by two 10' cubes per round, regardless of his other actions. By the time the PCs arrive, the tanar'ric lord has filled the entire room. All PCs in the area of effect suffer the following damage, dependent upon the length of exposure:

1 st round:	1 point
2 nd and succeeding rounds:	2 points

It is here that Ebulon's power over the fog comes into play, as the abyssal lord gains all hit points lost by those within the fog. This parasitic relationship can continue until Ebulon tops out at 100 hit points, has been slain, or all of his opponents are dead, whichever comes first.

The fog is slightly acidic, but not enough to affect items. Such is Ebulon's control over the fog that it will not harm his tanar'ric associates.

Luckily, the fog may be dispersed. A *gust of wind* spell is useless, but a *fireball*, *flame strike* or *wall of fire* burns it away instantly. After the fog is destroyed, it takes Ebulon three rounds to begin the process anew.

Ebulon's powerful hands strike for 1d10 points of damage, and his touch is sufficiently chilling to drain 1 level of experience from the victim, who must also save vs. spells, or age 1d6 years.

Ebulon may employ the following spell-like powers, at 18th level of ability: *fly*, *contagion*, *enervation (x3)*, *improved invisibility*.

Ebulon will begin by employing his *improved invisibility* ability. The following round, he will fly up to the ceiling (which is 50' up) and watch his rutterkin fight the PCs. From this vantage, he will drop a *contagion* on the most effective fighter among the PCs. For the following rounds, he will *enervate* the PCs, until they are dead, or until he can no longer cast the spell. Assuming he is still alive, he will come down to fight in hand to hand combat.

Tier Three

Tanar'ri, Greater: Babau (6); Int Genius; AL CE; AC 1; MV 15; HD 6+7; HP 37; Thac0 15; #AT 1 or 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d4 or 1d8+5 (claw/claw/horn or long sword + strength); SA Corrosion, gaze, backstab; SD

+1 or better weapons to hit; MR 30%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 16.

Upon awakening, Ebulon immediately gated six babau tanar'ri to aid in his escape. The babau appear as emaciated humanoids with dark red skin, which is cracked and split like old leather. They have long, wicked claws covered with dried blood and dirt, and these particular specimens are armed with long swords. A great horn protrudes from the back of their skulls.

Any creature who meets the glowing red gaze of a babau must save vs. spells or be affected by a *ray of enfeeblement*. Gaze range is 20'.

Babaus generate a slick, dark substance that covers their bodies. This slippery jelly halves damage from all slashing and piercing weapons, and it has a corrosive quality. The coating has a 5% chance per hit of corroding a metal weapon. Normal metal weapons save vs. acid with each hit or corrode and become useless. Magical metal weapons lose one "plus." Further, if the liquid comes into contact with exposed flesh, it burns for 1d6 points of acid damage.

Babau may employ the following spell-like powers, at 10th level of ability: *dispel magic*, *fear*, *fly*, *heat metal*, *levitate and polymorph self*.

If the fight is going horribly, each babau may attempt to gate in one additional babau, with a 10% degree of success. This may be attempted only once per babau, but it can go on in perpetuity, with new babau gating in allies, provided the rolls are successful.

Tanar'ri, Lord: Ebulon; Int Genius; AL CE; AC -1; MV 20; HD 13; HP 60; Thac0 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA Energy drain, vampiric death fog; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR 60%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 20.

Ebulon is known by many titles on many worlds on the Prime Material Plane, but one appellation is constant – the Demon Lord of Null. The plane upon which Ebulon formerly lived was a barren wasteland inhabited only by the lord himself and huge clouds of billowing, noxious *death fog*. Though Ebulon was immune to the acidic fog, he devised a way to control and draw power from it, and employed this weapon against the enemies of his master, Graz'zt. Now, he has summoned the fog to aid his escape.

The fog has the effect of limiting visibility to no more than ten feet. All those save Ebulon suffer a -1 to hit penalty. Having grown used to dealing with the clouds at home in the Abyss, Ebulon may fight in the fog with no penalty.

The fog has another effect, however, and it is this that helped defeat the dwarven armies, so long ago. Ebulon may expand the cloud surrounding him by two 10' cubes per round, regardless of his other actions. By the time the PCs arrive, the tanar'ric lord has filled the entire room. All PCs in the area of effect suffer the following damage, dependent upon the length of exposure:

1 st round:	1 point
2 nd round:	2 points
3 rd and succeeding rounds:	3 points

It is here that Ebulon's power over the fog comes into play, as the abyssal lord gains all hit points lost by those within the fog. This parasitic relationship can continue until Ebulon tops out at 150 hit points, has been slain, or all of his opponents are dead, whichever comes first.

The fog is slightly acidic, but not enough to affect items. Such is Ebulon's control over the fog that it will not harm his tanar'ric associates.

Luckily, the fog may be dispersed. A *gust of wind* spell is useless, but a *fireball*, *flame strike* or *wall of fire* burns it away instantly. After the fog is destroyed, it takes Ebulon three rounds to begin the process anew.

Ebulon's powerful hands strike for 1d10 points of damage, and his touch is sufficiently chilling to drain 1 level of experience from the victim, who must also save vs. spells, or age 1d10 years.

Ebulon may employ the following spell-like powers, at 18th level of ability: *fly*, *contagion*, *enervation (x3)*, *improved invisibility*.

Ebulon will begin by employing his *improved invisibility* ability. The following round, he will fly up to the ceiling (which is 50' up) and watch his babau fight the PCs. From this vantage, he will drop a *contagion* on the most effective fighter among the PCs. For the following rounds, he will *enervate* the PCs, until they are dead, or until he can no longer cast the spell. Assuming he is still alive, he will come down to fight in hand to hand combat.

Tier Four

Tanar'ri, Greater: Babau (6); Int Genius; AL CE; AC -1; MV 15; HD 6+14; HP 44; Thac0 15; #AT 1 or 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d4 or 1d8+7 (claw/claw/horn or long sword + strength); SA Corrosion, gaze, backstab; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; MR 40%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 16.

Upon awakening, Ebulon immediately gated six babau tanar'ri to aid in his escape. The babau appear as emaciated humanoids with dark red skin, which is cracked and split like old leather. They have long,

wicked claws covered with dried blood and dirt, and these particular specimens are armed with long swords. A great horn protrudes from the back of their skulls.

Any creature who meets the glowing red gaze of a babau must save vs. spells or be affected by a *ray of enfeeblement*. Gaze range is 20'.

Babaus generate a slick, dark substance that covers their bodies. This slippery jelly halves damage from all slashing and piercing weapons, and it has a corrosive quality. The coating has a 10% chance per hit of corroding a metal weapon. Normal metal weapons save vs. acid with each hit or corrode and become useless. Magical metal weapons lose one "plus." Further, if the liquid comes into contact with exposed flesh, it burns for 1d6 points of acid damage.

Babau may employ the following spell-like powers, at 10th level of ability: *dispel magic*, *fear*, *fly*, *heat metal*, *levitate and polymorph self*.

If the fight is going horribly, each babau may attempt to gate in one additional babau, with a 20% degree of success. This may be attempted only once per babau, but it can go on in perpetuity, with new babau gating in allies, provided the rolls are successful.

Tanar'ri, Lord: Ebulon; Int Genius; AL CE; AC -3; MV 20; HD 15; HP 70; Thac0 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA Energy drain, vampiric death fog; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR 70%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 20.

Ebulon is known by many titles on many worlds on the Prime Material Plane, but one appellation is constant – the Demon Lord of Null. The plane upon which Ebulon formerly lived was a barren wasteland inhabited only by the lord himself and huge clouds of billowing, noxious *death fog*. Though Ebulon was immune to the acidic fog, he devised a way to control and draw power from it, and employed this weapon against the enemies of his master, Graz'zt. Now, he has summoned the fog to aid his escape.

The fog has the effect of limiting visibility to no more than ten feet. All those save Ebulon suffer a -1 to hit penalty. Having grown used to dealing with the clouds at home in the Abyss, Ebulon may fight in the fog with no penalty.

The fog has another effect, however, and it is this that helped defeat the dwarven armies, so long ago. Ebulon may expand the cloud surrounding him by two 10' cubes per round, regardless of his other actions. By the time the PCs arrive, the tanar'ric lord has filled the entire room. All PCs in the area of effect suffer the following damage, dependent upon the length of exposure:

1 st round:	1 point
2 nd round:	2 points
3 rd round:	4 points
4 th and succeeding rounds:	6 points

It is here that Ebulon's power over the fog comes into play, as the abyssal lord gains all hit points lost by those within the fog. This parasitic relationship can continue until Ebulon tops out at 200 hit points, has been slain, or all of his opponents are dead, whichever comes first.

The fog is slightly acidic, but not enough to affect items. Such is Ebulon's control over the fog that it will not harm his tanar'ric associates.

Luckily, the fog may be dispersed. A *gust of wind* spell is useless, but a *fireball*, *flame strike* or *wall of fire* burns it away instantly. After the fog is destroyed, it takes Ebulon three rounds to begin the process anew.

Ebulon's powerful hands strike for 1d12 points of damage, and his touch is sufficiently chilling to drain 1 level of experience from the victim, who must also save vs. spells, or age 1d10 years.

Ebulon may employ the following spell-like powers, at 18th level of ability: *detect invisibility* (always active), *dispel magic* (x2), *fly*, *chaos*, *cloudkill*, *contagion*, *enervation* (x5), *improved invisibility*.

Ebulon will begin by casting *chaos*. The round thereafter, he will employ his *improved invisibility* ability. The following round, he will fly up to the ceiling (which is 50' up) and watch his babau fight the PCs (several of whom, no doubt, will be altered by the *chaos*). From this vantage, he will drop a *contagion* on the most effective fighter among the PCs. For the following rounds, he will *enervate* the PCs, until they are dead, or until he can no longer cast the spell. Assuming he is still alive, he will come down to fight in hand to hand combat.

Because he fears it will have an effect upon his babau allies, Ebulon will hold his *cloudkill* for a truly desperate situation.

Tier Five

Tanar'ri, Greater: Babau (6); Int Genius; AL CE; AC -3; MV 15; HD 8+14; HP 64; Thac0 13; #AT 1 or 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d4 or 1d8+7 (claw/claw/horn or long sword + strength); SA Corrosion, gaze, backstab; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; MR 50%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 16.

Upon awakening, Ebulon immediately gated six babau tanar'ri to aid in his escape. The babau appear as emaciated humanoids with dark red skin, which is cracked and split like old leather. They have long,

wicked claws covered with dried blood and dirt, and these particular specimens are armed with long swords. A great horn protrudes from the back of their skulls.

Any creature who meets the glowing red gaze of a babau must save vs. spells or be affected by a *ray of enfeeblement*. Gaze range is 20'.

Babaus generate a slick, dark substance that covers their bodies. This slippery jelly halves damage from all slashing and piercing weapons, and it has a corrosive quality. The coating has a 10% chance per hit of corroding a metal weapon. Normal metal weapons save vs. acid with each hit or corrode and become useless. Magical metal weapons lose one "plus." Further, if the liquid comes into contact with exposed flesh, it burns for 1d6 points of acid damage.

Babau may employ the following spell-like powers, at 10th level of ability: *dispel magic*, *fear*, *fly*, *heat metal*, *levitate and polymorph self*.

If the fight is going horribly, each babau may attempt to gate in one additional babau, with a 40% degree of success. This may be attempted only once per babau, but it can go on in perpetuity, with new babau gating in allies, provided the rolls are successful.

Tanar'ri, Lord: Ebulon; Int Genius; AL CE; AC -5; MV 20; HD 20; HP 110; Thac0 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA Energy drain, vampiric death fog; SD +3 or better weapons to hit; MR 80%; SZ M (7' tall); ML 20.

Ebulon is known by many titles on many worlds on the Prime Material Plane, but one appellation is constant – the Demon Lord of Null. The plane upon which Ebulon formerly lived was a barren wasteland inhabited only by the lord himself and huge clouds of billowing, noxious *death fog*. Though Ebulon was immune to the acidic fog, he devised a way to control and draw power from it, and employed this weapon against the enemies of his master, Graz'zt. Now, he has summoned the fog to aid his escape.

The fog has the effect of limiting visibility to no more than ten feet. All those save Ebulon suffer a -1 to hit penalty. Having grown used to dealing with the clouds at home in the Abyss, Ebulon may fight in the fog with no penalty.

The fog has another effect, however, and it is this that helped defeat the dwarven armies, so long ago. Ebulon may expand the cloud surrounding him by two 10' cubes per round, regardless of his other actions. By the time the PCs arrive, the tanar'ric lord has filled the entire room. All PCs in the area of effect suffer the following damage, dependent upon the length of exposure:

1 st round:	1 point
2 nd round:	2 points
3 rd round:	4 points
4 th and succeeding rounds:	8 points

It is here that Ebulon's power over the fog comes into play, as the abyssal lord gains all hit points lost by those within the fog. This parasitic relationship can continue until Ebulon tops out at 250 hit points, has been slain, or all of his opponents are dead, whichever comes first.

The fog is slightly acidic, but not enough to affect items. Such is Ebulon's control over the fog that it will not harm his tanar'ric associates.

Luckily, the fog may be dispersed. A *gust of wind* spell is useless, but a *fireball*, *flame strike* or *wall of fire* burns it away instantly. After the fog is destroyed, it takes Ebulon three rounds to begin the process anew.

Ebulon's powerful hands strike for 1d12 points of damage, and his touch is sufficiently chilling to drain 2 levels of experience from the victim, who must also save vs. spells, or age 2d10 years.

Ebulon may employ the following spell-like powers, at 18th level of ability: *detect invisibility* (always active), *dispel magic* (x3), *fly*, *chaos*, *cloudkill*, *contagion*, *enervation* (x7), *improved invisibility*, *unholy word*.

Ebulon will begin by shouting an *unholy word*. The round thereafter, he will employ his *improved invisibility* ability. The following round, he will *fly* up to the ceiling (which is 50' up) and watch his babau fight the PCs (several of whom, no doubt, will be stunned). From this vantage, he will drop a *contagion* on the most effective fighter among the PCs. For the following rounds, he will *enervate* the PCs, until they are dead, or until he can no longer cast the spell. Assuming he is still alive, he will come down to fight in hand to hand combat.

Because he fears it will have an effect upon his babau allies, Ebulon will hold his *cloudkill* for a truly desperate situation.

Sadly, killing Ebulon on the Prime Material Plane does little more than bar his entry to Toril for 100 years, and he will have agents, still. No matter the results of the combat, the PCs may consider Ebulon as a powerful outer planar enemy. Graz'zt, on the other hand, will be pleased at the return of his general to the Abyss. Toril means nothing to him, but with his general in place, the Triple Realm of Azzagrat, Graz'zt's Abyssal stronghold, might expand, again.

If the PCs survive, and defeat Ebulon, they will leave the tomb just in time to see the Dothanar march

somberly out of their own tomb room. If this parade is followed, the PCs will see the dwarven vampires submerge themselves into the natural stream waters of Area 2. With Ebulon barred from Toril for the next century, the Dothanar, the legendary Keepers of Ancient Sarbreen, can rest peacefully at last.

It is assumed that the PCs will return to the surface and report to Beliakas, who will be passing pleased at their news. As stated in the contract signed in Encounter 4, Beliakas will allow, even insist, that the PCs keep the ruby-tipped cane. He will also tell them that they have done great works this day, and will be remembered across the planes for the service they have done.

Beliakas' words soon filter through Dayspring and others, and any knights or squires participating in a successful conclusion to this adventure receive the Knightly Honor: Bronze Cloak Pin, in recognition of their triumph against a superior foe.

Knights or Squires to the order of the Phoenix who participated in the attack against Ebulon receive the Iron Feather Knightly Honor (instead of the Bronze Cloak Pin).

All participants in the adventure receive a fame point in either the General or Temples category. If Ebulon was allowed to escape, the PCs receive one infamy point in the General category, and it will be some time before they are trusted again.

The End

Experience Point Summary

Experience is calculated as follows for Living City events.

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

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

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

Encounter One

Talking to the “guests”: 50 xp
 Discovering rear stairway: 50 xp

Encounter Two

Getting through door: 50 xp
 Defeating tanar’ri: 100 xp
 Discovering Ehiliisa’s notes: 50 xp

Encounter Three

Reporting to Beliakas: 50 xp

Encounter Four

Avoiding the pit trap: 50 xp
 Defeating “Darius”: 100 xp
 Asking processional statues for blessing: 75 xp
 Discovering abilities of alcove statues: 75 xp

Encounter Five

Encountering and “defeating” living steel: 50 xp
 Avoiding false tomb: 100 xp

Encounter Six

Defeating Ebulon: 200 xp

Total experience for objectives: 1,000 xp
 Role-playing experience: 0-500 xp

Highest possible experience award 1,500 xp

For Tier 2: 3,000 xp
 For Tier 3: 4,500 xp
 For Tier 4: 6,000 xp
 For Tier 5: 7,500 xp

Treasure Summary

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

Encounter One

? 300 gp per PC

Encounter Two

? *Leather Armor* +2, sized to fit a female elf

Encounter Three

? 1,000 gp per PC (upon successful completion of module goals)

? *Scroll of protection against tanar’ri* – This scroll creates a circle of protection around the reader, to a 10’ radius. No tanar’ri can magically or physically penetrate this circle in any way, though tanar’ri can launch attacks at those within the circle by magic or hurled/missile weapons. Those protected can launch attacks from within. The summoned circle lasts 3d4 rounds. Note that the protection radius is not an actual physical globe, and that, if summoned in an enclosed space in which the tanar’ri would automatically be trapped, the circle is considered voluntarily broken, and disappears. There is no way in which this scroll may be used as an offensive weapon.

? *Ruby-tipped cane* – This sturdy oaken cane counts as a +3 maul for purposes of hit probability and damage determination against tanar’ri, only. Otherwise, it may be employed as a simple club.

Further, its headstone, a flawless ruby, acts as a *wand of magic missiles*, which do double damage to tanar’ri, and normal damage to anything else. The ruby-tipped cane has 24 charges for this purpose, and cannot be recharged. Once the charges are used, it retains its attack and damage bonuses against tanar’ri.

? *Debt to Beliakas* – The owner of this certificate owes Beliakas, of 10 Broadcross Rd., one service, to be determined at his whim, at a later date. **NOT NEGOTIABLE!**

Encounter Four

? *Anklet of walking* – When locked, this anklet enables the wearer to walk upon any fluid, water, oil, acid, lava, etc., without actually touching it. Feet or boots hover a fraction of an inch over the fluid. One anklet can support 200 pounds in weight; two support 500 pounds. This effect can be used for one turn, after which the amulet must be rest for eight hours while it recharges.

Encounter Five

? *Coryinshard* – The archmage Elerio designed the Coryinshard to generate waves of “anti-magic.” This is a shard from the headpiece of a prototype device, and though it holds some magical power, it is highly unstable. Breaking the Coryinshard elicits a 10% chance of creating a wave of “dead magic” that ripples 20 yards in diameter from the owner, and lasts but a single round. This is sufficient to destroy “active” spells, item and potion effects (though not items or potions themselves). If the shard does not function, it loses all magic, and becomes useless rock.

Fame Award

One point in general.

The Ebulon Affair: Handout One

You discover this piece of torn parchment wedged between a drawer and desk in the room beneath the Errant Fletcher. The script is feminine.

. . . does not fully embrace our cause. If this is the case, we shall need to eliminate her as soon as an opportunity presents itself. We are so close now, I can feel it, and even the most subtle of machinations against us must be stopped. The time for tolerating petty rivalries from our lives below ground is ended. Now is the time for action!

Perhaps I'll give the job to Skiv. I know the life of a "bouncer" has been trying for him, and it would be good for the morale of the humans if I allow him to indulge in his past profession. . . Bah! Soon the niggings of the humans will not matter. Soon, the Errant Fletcher won't matter, nor will even Ravens Bluff. I only wish I could let the lower strata know of what we are doing below the city streets – what we will soon accomplish. But the Ebon Lord forbids it, and so I shall let them wait.

The next entry is written in a different ink, but by the same hand.

I have put Amier to death. Though he was able to salvage something from his raid upon the study of the Archmage, Elerio, it is but a prototype, and may not be sufficient. To have held the true Coryinstaff, and all its magic-deadening powers, in my hands would have ensured our victory! But it was left in the hands of a man. The mistake was mine. I shall not make it again.

The prototype will have to do!

EBULON WILL RISE!

The Ebulon Affair: Handout Two

You discover a large parchment with several straight lines that cross each other at odd angles. The lines have been drawn by several different pens, and some seem much older and faded than others. Try as you might, however, you cannot discern rhyme nor reason to their pattern, if such a thing can be said to exist.

Below the drawing, a handwritten note bears this ominous warning.

There will be many traps. Prepare for them, and they should not catch you unawares. Take every magical precaution you have available, and as a last precaution, keep the expendable among your band near the front of your group. Only through cold contemplation and emotionless logic will we see our cause through to its unholy end.

The script is masculine, and distinct from that found on the other papers in the desk.

The Ebulon Affair: Handout Three

You discover a note written on a small scrap of paper, which lies forgotten under the room's single bed. The script is masculine, and distinct from others found in the room.

Ehiliisa: A warning.

One who strives to act against us has arrived in the city. I do not know of his plans, or if he knows about us, but the best policy is caution. He is still blood-bound, but he may yet find a way to break the oath that binds him. He is wily, as are all of his cursed kind. Beware the eyes that watch!

The note is unsigned.

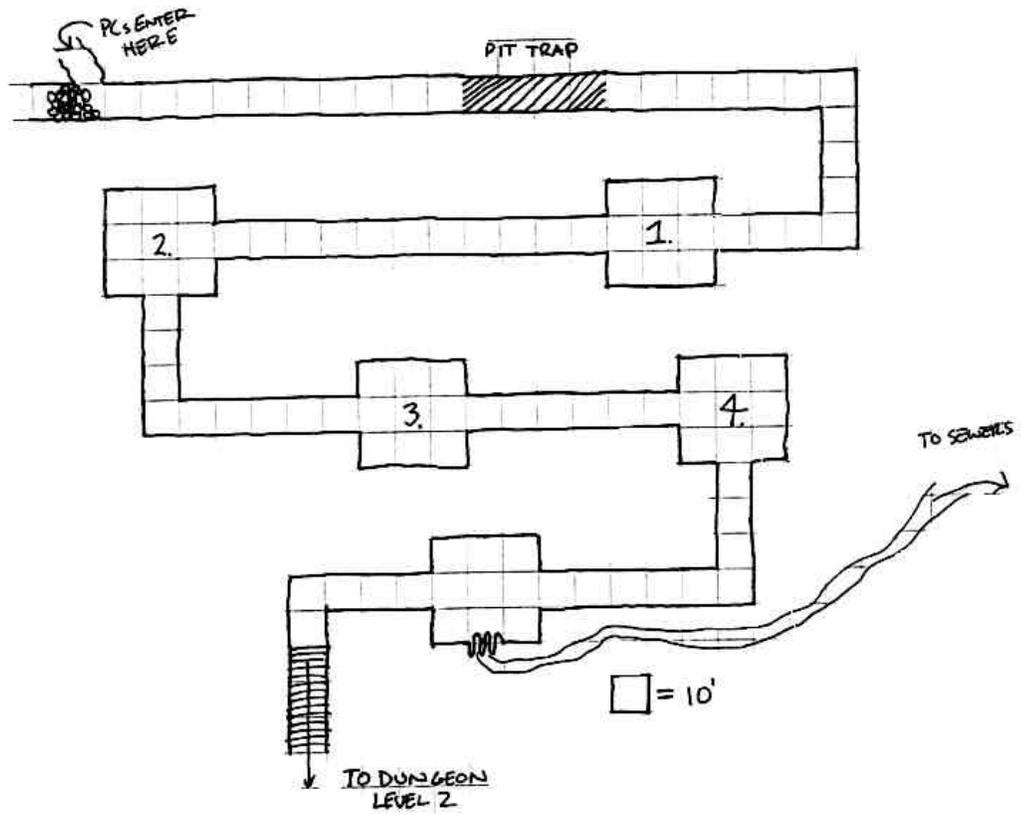
The Ebulon Affair: Handout Four

Binding Contract

The undersigned agrees to accept the beneficence of one Beliakas, of 10 Broadcross Ave., Ravens Bluff (hereafter referred to as the “benefactor”). The undersigned may choose to return or keep the item in question to the benefactor, but remains bound by the terms of the present contract, regardless of the ultimate state of the item in question. The benefactor understands that this contract entitles the undersigned to all rights as “owner” of the item in question, and that the undersigned is under no obligation to return the item to the benefactor at any time. The benefactor may not request the item back from the undersigned, and he forfeits all rights to the item, even in the case of its destruction. At the time this contract is signed, the item wholly belongs to the undersigned, and the undersigned may do with it whatever he or she wishes. In return for this gift and the considerable attachment the benefactor has for the item in question, the undersigned agrees to owe the benefactor a single service, to be determined at a later time.

(Signed)

The Ebulon Affair: The Halls of the Keepers, Upper Chambers Map



The Ebulon Affair: The Halls of the Keepers, Dungeon Map

