

The Guns of Azzagrath

Ebon Tendrils: Episode Two

**A Two-Round AD&D Living City Adventure Featuring Low
and High Tiers**

by Erik Mona

Low Tier/Round One: The Brigadier

People have been disappearing from Ravens Bluff without a trace. Clearly magic is involved, but how far will the search take you? This is a two-round event with high-tier and low-tier components, and is meant to run in a full advancement scheme (all players advance to the second round).

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

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

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

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

Tier Structure

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

Levels 4-13	Tier 1
Levels 14-25	Tier 2
Levels 26-37	Tier 3
Levels 38+	Tier 4

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.

Introduction

The Guns of Azzagrat is a two-round Advanced Dungeons & Dragons Living City tournament. There are two version of the module – one tiered regularly, and suitable for play by any character, and one special untiered “high level” event. The latter is optional, and

open only to characters of 8th level or higher. The reward for the high-tier event is considerably greater than that for the low, but the risks have been augmented accordingly.

The module is to be run in the “everyone advances” format. Therefore, at the end of the round, players simply take a break. For Round Two, players reconvene with the same companions and judge, and the story continues from the point at which it left off.

The Guns of Azzagrat is the sequel to *The Ebulon Affair*, which debuted at Con of the North (St. Paul, MN) in 1998. It is not necessary to have played the first module to enjoy the second, though having done so will enrich the experience.

Background

In *The Ebulon Affair*, a group of unlikely heroes (the PCs) were selected to combat the release of a powerful tanar'ri lord trapped beneath the city of Ravens Bluff. The party's benefactor, a mysterious new noble called Beliakas, armed the group with weapons and information to track a cult of drow, duergar and derro intent to free the tanar'ri, Ebulon, from his elaborate prison.

The party may or may not have been successful. Regardless, at some point before he could return from Toril to Azzagrat, the triple layer of the infernal Abyss ruled by his liege, Prince Graz'zt, Ebulon was laid low by adventurers from Ravens Bluff. Because he is a tanar'ri lord, however, the death was not a true one, and had little effect greater than barring Ebulon's return to the Prime Material Plane for 100 years.

Now, from the nether-corners of Azzagrat, Ebulon plans a dark revenge on those responsible for dispatching him. Since he cannot himself venture to Ravens Bluff to capture his enemies, and since sending lesser tanar'ri to do his work risks drawing the attention and ire of powers far greater than himself, Ebulon has decided to bring the citizens of Ravens Bluff to the Abyss – one-by-one, if necessary.

To this end, and with Graz'zt's assistance, Ebulon has created the *Scour Perilous*, a horrific artifact with the ability to “zero in” on a location in the Prime and literally draw local lifeforce to itself. In the month since Ebulon began experimenting with the *Scour*, citizens of Ravens Bluff literally have been vanishing without a trace. The artifact is imprecise, however, and Ebulon has not yet captured his “killers.”

Set-Up

These abductions have not gone unnoticed. Jerrod Korbador, Dean of Conjuration and Summoning in Ravens Bluff's powerful Wizards Guild, has been studying the disappearances for weeks. Thus far, he has only been able to trace the abducted citizens to Azzagrat, Graz'zt's triple layer. This alarms Korbador for several reasons.

Intimately involved as he was with the aftermath of the Ebulon affair, Korbador fears the worst. Further, he knows that Graz'zt, Ebulon's prince, was the Abyssal patron of Myrkyssa Jelan, the mysterious warlord who waged war on Ravens Bluff for nearly two years. More frightening, however, from Korbador's perspective, is what Graz'zt and Ebulon might learn from their latest experiment.

Prince Graz'zt already has proven himself interested in the location of the *Heart of Bane*, a powerful evil artifact rumored to be secreted somewhere within the Living City. If one of the abducted citizens should happen to know something of the *Heart's* location, and if that information should allow the *Heart* to fall into the hands of a tanar'ri prince, the ensuing chaos would have vast implications for not only Toril, but for the entire Prime Material Plane.

In the midst of this chaos, a very strange ship docks in Ravens Bluff's harbor – a ship with an increasingly common problem...

Special Note: *The Guns of Azzagrat* involves certain plot elements tied to the concept of spelljamming – literally, the locomotion of ships in outer space through the use of converted magical energy. Judges need not be conversant in spelljammer lore or rules, though a perusal of Spelljammer campaign materials might be of use to a judge who wishes to go the extra mile for his players. Any “special rules” that affect the plot of *The Guns of Azzagrat* will be explained within the text.

Player Introduction

The cool air of early spring blows through your hair as you make your way past the fish vendors of the Harbor District. Your nose curls at their salty smell when a young boy approaches your area. He looks no more than nine years old, and his dirty clothes might once have been colorful, but are now soiled by repeated use. His face is contorted in a look of frustration – you watch him go from person to person, pleading with them for attention. He must be a

beggar, you note, just as he comes up to you and tugs on your shirtsleeves.

“You’re adventurers, right?” he asks. “There’s a boat just docked in harbor. A big important man called me over to it and asked me to find help. He looked real funny, but also worried. Will you help him?”

The boy is Haeden, a street urchin who plies his beggary in the Harbor District, mostly preying on well-to-do sailors and visitors from foreign ports. This afternoon, however, he encountered the strangest ship he'd ever seen. He's most interested in directing the PCs to the location of the ship, but will offer the following details, if pressed for more information.

- The ship was green and red, and the bottom part looked like some kind of monster – though it wasn't scary.
- The captain looked funny – unlike anyone Haeden has ever seen. His skin was dark, and his eyes also looked different. Still, he's certain the man was human.
- He was paid a large gold coin to find help – a kind he's never seen before. If pressed, he will reveal the coin to the PCs, but only after they have decided to accompany him to the boat. The coin is perfectly round, and features a square hole in the center. On one side, a creature that looks like a cross between dragon and snake coils around the square. The other side is carved with tiny pictographs that look like very elaborate letters.

Haeden gathers a suitable group of adventurers (the rest of the PCs) before revealing the location of the ship. Once the group has arrived at the docks, show the PCs the drawing of the Shou dragonship attached to the back of this module (Player Handout #1).

You follow the young boy to the docks, where he points out one of the most elaborate ships you have ever seen. At the waterline, the wooden vessel has been carved into the form of a serpentine dragon. Above the dragon, the flat deck sports several structures, including one that appears to be a short, rounded tower. The entirety has been painted bright red and green, and looks out of place in a harbor filled with more or less identical vessels. The ship has masts, but its sails have been pulled-in, and are not visible.

Give everyone a chance to describe their characters and introduce themselves.

Encounter One

Missing Persons...

Once the PCs decide to investigate why the captain of the ship needs help, Haeden will leave them, his job accomplished. The captain of the ship, Minh Lao-Tsing, expected the boy to fetch the city watch, but Haeden misinterpreted his plea for help and brought adventurers, instead. There is no gangplank lowered to the docks, so the PCs will need to get the attention of the crew should they wish to be allowed onboard. Assuming they do so by yelling, proceed.

After a moment, someone appears to respond to your calls. The door to the tower-like structure opens, and a richly dressed man steps out into the afternoon sun. He looks at you, nods, and approaches the deck rail.

“Ho!” he yells to you. “You have come to help us?” The man’s voice is strangely accented, matching his obviously foreign appearance. His skin is a darker shade than that most common in Ravens Bluff, and the skin around his eyes is almond-shaped. Dressed in an elaborate robe of green silk, it is obvious that he hails from distant Kara-Tur. The man raises his dark eyebrows, expectantly.

This is Minh Lao-Tsing, the captain of *The Celestial Monitor*, a ship in the vast spelljamming fleet of the Emperor of Shou Lung, a great nation far, far to the east of Ravens Bluff. The *Monitor* was engaged in a flight over the city when one of its crewmen, Weng Chen-Seng, vanished out of thin air. Minh ordered the ship down immediately, so he could investigate what happened to his vanished first mate.

However, Minh is sworn to secrecy on the mission of the *Celestial Monitor*, and will not reveal the above information unless it is absolutely necessary. Extremely canny or paranoid PCs may be able to ferret out that Minh is not telling them the whole truth, but unless they resort to magic, they will not learn the details of his mission, or even the truth behind the *Monitor’s* type, at this time.

Once the PCs have convinced Minh to allow them access to the *Monitor*, he lowers the gangplank and invites them onto the ship (a map of the *Celestial Monitor* can be found in DM Handout #1). He will be slightly disappointed when he learns that Haedrin has not fetched him the official lawmen of the city, but will explain everything to the PCs, hoping that they can help him, anyway.

“My problem is this,” he says in stilted common, “we were sailing through the Dragonreach when one of the members of my crew, Weng Chen-Seng, disappeared before my eyes. We were talking in his room, when, suddenly, he vanished.

“I come here seeking answers – even as far as Shou Lung, we know that Ravens Bluff is strong in magic. I think Weng gone because of someone in this city. I need your help to find him.”

Captain Minh is unfamiliar with the common tongue, but will do his best to explain what happened. He can converse, and is clearly highly intelligent, but he often pauses to think out how to say what he means before opening his mouth to speak. Minh reveals the following:

- There are currently eight members of his crew, including himself and Weng Chen-Seng.
- The ship is called the *Celestial Monitor*, and is one of several sent by the Emperor himself to travel far reaches, reporting information back to the Empire. They are not spies, but explorers recording the wonders of the locations they visit.
- Minh is the only member of the crew to speak common – the rest all speak High Shou, exclusively.
- Weng is the first mate of the ship – he has served in this capacity for two years, and is among Minh’s closest friends. He had no reason to willingly leave the ship, as he would be stranded in Ravens Bluff – broke and unable to communicate with the populace. Further, abandoning his duty would bring him great shame.
- Weng had no magical ability, and thus must have been abducted.

Minh is leery of letting the PCs investigate his ship, and will swear on his honor that he has conducted a thorough investigation of the vessel, and found nothing that relates to the disappearance. He will lead them to Weng’s quarters, however. As he does so, he leads the party through a companionway that features black wooden walls painted in High Shou pictographs. Anyone proficient in that language can make out the phrase “during our third trip through the heavens” before being ushered forward by a nervous Captain Minh.

In Weng's Cabin

*The search for Weng Chen-Seng begins here, in the first mate's own quarters. The accommodations here are spartan. Among Weng's personal effects are several changes of clothes, a small dagger, a hand-written copy of *The Book of Heaven* (a collection of history, myth and fable detailing the rich tradition of Shou Lung, written in High Shou) and a collection of gold, silver, and platinum coins.*

If studied, the coins seem to have been minted in a city called Dyvers. One side of the coin shows a flowing river, the other a walled city on a great lake. Any PC with navigation skills can make an intelligence check to note that there is no such city in Faerun. If this is mentioned to Captain Minh, he will casually say that Weng received the coins as payment for the return of a magical artifact to some sea-merchants. This is not a lie, Weng did receive them in this way, Minh is just not saying where he received them. This event occurred long ago, before he joined the current ship, and Minh knows nothing else of it.

There are no signs of violence here. The room appears completely empty of clues. Divination spells reveal that Weng was surprised by his own abduction, and was perfectly calm up until the last moment.

What Comes Next?

After searching the ship, the PCs will discover NO clues as to the whereabouts of Weng Chen-Seng. They will, however, likely deduce that they are not getting the full story from Captain Minh. If accused of this, he will flatly tell the party that he refuses to reveal the answers to all of their questions for "security reasons."

PCs with any seamanship abilities will be able to deduce that it is impossible to sail a ship the size of the *Celestial Monitor* from Shou Lung to Ravens Bluff. Minh refuses to explain how he was able to do so, claiming that such an admission would threaten his home nation – which would shame him forever.

After the PCs have been suitably frustrated, they may get the idea to call the city watch. The watchmen who come aboard will not do any better than the PCs, though they will reveal that this is not the first disappearance, and that the Wizards Guild has been looking into the others.

If the PCs do not summon the guard, Minh himself will suggest that, since the crime was obviously magical in nature, they should consult powerful magicians. This should lead them to either the Ministry of Art or the Wizards Guild. The former will get them an

appointment to meet with a minister in two weeks, which is unacceptable to Minh. Going to the Wizards Guild, however, is a different story...

Encounter 2 A Piece of History

Minh accompanies you to the Wizards Guild, his eyes taking in the strange sights of Ravens Bluff. Periodically, the man cocks his head to the side, as if contemplating the story behind this or that oddity. At one particular sight, he stops still in his tracks.

About halfway between the harbor and the guild, an impromptu street faire has sprung up around a magnificent attraction. At its center, blue-robed priests dance a circle around a thin wooden pole, about twenty feet in height. At the top of the pole, a ten-foot diameter sphere of swirling water makes a pleasant sound.

"Sing praises," the revelers shout, "sing praises to the Eye of Istishia!"

Minh pays the artifact only scant attention, however, and steps past the holy dancers. To his left, a young woman yells out to the early evening crowd, hoping to draw attention to the dilapidated shack she has erected next to a tall building. "Hear ye, hear ye!" she shouts. "Who will be the first to buy a genuine piece of history? Who will be the first to purchase a hair from the head of the most violent enemy Ravens Bluff has ever known? Who among you will take home a tyrant? Who will buy a piece of Myrkyssa Jelan?"

Minh is intrigued by this, and will move forward to see what the woman is talking about. While he observes her working the crowd, the PCs may learn the following information.

- Myrkyssa Jelan was a beautiful warlord who sieged the city not two years ago.
- After her personal fortress outside Tantras was sacked, she was brought back to the city and tried before thousands in a public trial during the Winter Festival.
- Found guilty of heinous crimes against Ravens Bluff, she was publicly executed by Sir Lorien Darkarrow.
- Certain parts of her survived the execution!

- Angry citizens pulled out several locks of her hair as her tumbrel was brought to the trial stage.
- An entire hand, with five fingers, managed to survive the spell used by Lorien to kill her.
- A few pieces of loose skin were found on the stage. These may or may not have belonged to her.
- All have been miraculously preserved, and only now can they be sold to the discerning public.

This girl is Rebella, a charlatan and cutpurse affiliated with a Ravens Bluff gang known as the Dirty Turtles. Everything she's selling is fake, but she hopes she can make a killing off of gullible adventurers and wealthy citizens hoping to take home a piece of history.

Prices for Bits of Jelán

Hair (short)	150 gp
Hair (long)	200 gp
Bit of flesh	500 gp
Finger	10,000 gp

The hairs are actually from Rebella's head. The "finger" is a rotten, blackened finger, but is not Jelán's. The "skin" is actually very thin leather soaked in turpentine.

Minh will observe whatever happens here for five minutes before losing interest and continuing toward the Wizards Guild.

The *Eye of Istishia* is a holy relic of the multiverse's god of elemental water. The revelers don't profess to know anything about it, other than the fact that it is very delicate, and looks absolutely wondrous.

Encounter 3

Meeting with Korbador

Note: This encounter is a bit heavy on boxed-text. Feel free to paraphrase or rework as appropriate to the party.

After a brief wait outside the Wizards Guild's Tower of Philosophy, you and Captain Minh are escorted to the personal office of Jerrod Korbador, the guild's ranking conjurer. Korbador is a tall man, and his thin frame seems buried beneath voluminous red robes. He nods at your entrance. "Can I help you?" he asks.

Minh, uncomfortable with the language, looks to you, his eyes pleading with you to explain his circumstances.

Allow the PCs to summarize the events leading to the disappearance of Weng Chen-Seng and the apparent lack of evidence surrounding the "crime."

At the conclusion of your tale, Korbador nods. "Such disappearances are not unique, I'm afraid," he says. "In fact, in the last two tendays, we've charted 22 missing persons. All seemed completely unrelated, and all seemed to have vanished without a trace. However, our divinations have led us to a grim conclusion. There is a connection."

"You have heard, I trust, of the so-called Ebulon Affair?" Korbador notes your reaction. "I see some of you have not. Roughly a year ago, our city was infiltrated by a cult dedicated to the Abyssal Lord Graz'zt, a foul tanar'ri prince. Consulting ancient texts and scrolls, they discovered that one of Graz'zt's minions, the powerful Ebulon, was in fact imprisoned in the ruins of ancient Sarbreen buried beneath Ravens Bluff. They attempted to locate this Ebulon, and to free him.

"Unfortunately, they succeeded. Thanks to some canny investigation work from the adventurers of Ravens Bluff, however, Ebulon was killed. Himself a tanar'ri lord, this death was but temporary. Ebulon cannot return to Toril for 99 more years, and is now trapped on the triple-layer of Azzagrat, home to his patron, Graz'zt."

"In short, we have traced the location of the abductees to Zrintor, a demented forest located somewhere on Graz'zt's layer. Ebulon must be involved. Further divinations have revealed the existence of a powerful artifact called the Scour Perilous, which literally is drawing residents of our city to Azzagrat. I'm afraid, Captain Minh, that your first mate is only one of several people abducted from the city."

Korbador turns to your group, his eyes lit by the fire of an idea. "It is fortuitous indeed that you have come here, for I was just about to call a group of adventurers to run an errand for me. Would you be willing to hear me out?"

Allow the players time to respond. If they will not help Korbador, the adventure is over. If they will, however, proceed.

"The Guild has already assembled a group of adventurers to locate the prisoners and possibly kill

Ebulon on his home plane, but we need all the information we can about the place. The Abyss is a roiling, chaotic plane, and Azzagrat even more so.”

“However, by the grace of Tymora, this region recently became home to someone who has survived the horrors of Azzagrat, and who might be able to provide vital information for our operatives. The man is a hermit known only as “The Brigadier,” and he’s taken up residence two days east of the city. If you’ve the time and the inclination to aid your city and halt these abductions, I ask you to find this Brigadier, and bring him to me.”

Korbandor can provide the following information:

- He has not seen the Brigadier, and does not know what he looks like. He can, however, provide accurate directions to his home.
- He knows very little of the *Scour Perilous* – only that it somehow is drawing people – seemingly at random – to Azzagrat.
- He does not believe Graz’zt’s cult to be active in the city, and does not anticipate a threat to the PCs.
- The PCs should leave at dawn, tomorrow.

Minh, clearly frustrated, does not agree to help the city and Korbandor. His ship needs repairs, so he will remain in Ravens Bluff for a short while. Korbandor pledges that his group of adventurers will make every effort to return Weng when they rescue the other captives.

The trip to the Brigadier’s home will take two days. If the PCs do not have horses, Korbandor will supply them with some. If these are killed, the PCs are responsible for paying the guild 75 gp per dead horse.

When they are ready to set out, proceed to Encounter 4.

Encounter 4

A Stately Carriage

NOTE: It is EXTREMELY important that the judge be prepared for this encounter, as it involves an important NPC who many believe to be an agent of evil. It also offers PCs the opportunity to trade a service for a magical item with a creature that may or may not be a fiend. Many, many PCs in the Living City will react strangely to this NPC, Beliakas, and the judge should be prepared for anything.

It’s been thirteen hours since you set out from Ravens Bluff, and in that time, you’ve not seen a single traveler. The sun has nearly finished its pass over the world, and soon Selune will appear, marking the time for eveningfeast and a night of camping in the wilds. In the distance, however, you can make out a richly gilt carriage, pulled by a team of white horses. Lit torches have been mounted at the carriage’s doors, and the horses pull west, toward Ravens Bluff.

When seen by the PCs, the carriage is about three hundred yards away. Allow the group to make any preparations they wish. If they all hide, the cart will stop and its diminutive driver will stand and look all around him before whipping the horses into motion, leaving the hidden PCs behind. The encounter simply won’t happen.

If, however, the PCs remain visible, or greet the carriage, continue.

The carriage approaches and you note that the four horses used to pull it are among the strongest and most graceful you have ever seen. Seated on a small bench behind the horses, and holding a tiny whip is a diminutive man no more than two feet tall. He is dressed in a small tuxedo and top hat, and his lapel features a pin inset with a dark red ruby.

Anyone using *true seeing* will see that the horses are simply illusions, the carriage is *highly* magical, and the little man is some sort of magical construct.

The man stands on his tiny legs and bows, removing his top hat with great flourish. He then steps to the side of his bench and, grasping a rope attached to the side of the carriage, he rappels down the side to the road. He cocks his head to the left before speaking in a high-pitched voice.

“The master would have words with you,” he says. “He awaits you inside. For your own safety, please leave all extradimensional spaces with me.” The strange man holds out his hands, awaiting an answer.

The PCs are free to respond to this in whatever manner they choose. If asked, the man will plainly explain that his master is Beliakas, a noble of Ravens Bluff. If accused of being a magical creature, he will simply look puzzled, and somewhat hurt. He does not (at present) have a name, and will likewise become confused if he is asked about one.

The man waits for any PC with an extradimensional space (i.e. *bag of holding, flatbox, portable hole*, etc.)

to give it to him before opening the door to the carriage. Of course, PCs can push by him, but a special enchantment will bar entry by anyone who tries to smuggle one in. The carriage itself is an extradimensional space, and if another were to somehow make its way inside, the entire area would be sucked into the astral plane.

Paranoid parties will likely leave a sentry outside. During the entire encounter, the little man will stand rigid, holding whatever the PCs give him. When the party decides to enter, proceed. If none decide to enter, the little man will eventually climb back to his seat and bring the carriage to Ravens Bluff.

You step into the small carriage and are amazed to find yourself in a luxuriously appointed apartment – much, much larger than the outside of the carriage would have you believe.

A fountain dominates the center of the room. At its center, a cherubic marble statue swims in a pool of water. A stream comes from his mouth, spilling in a pleasant arc.

Next to the fountain, a large, extremely plush sofa sits against a wooden wall. A number of pillows have been strewn about in front of the couch. Standing next to one of these pillows, a middle-aged man in a black silk shirt and cream-colored leather breeches greets you with a wineglass held high and a deliberate nod.

“Welcome,” he says, his voice harsh with a Sembian accent. “Welcome to my carriage, and sometimes home. Allow me to introduce myself. I am known as Beliakas, and I have a great interest in your quest.”

Expect strange reactions from many of the PCs who played *The Ebulon Affair*. In that module, Beliakas acted as employer and foil, so many will have different ideas as to whom, or rather what, he may be.

NO DIVINATION MAGIC OF ANY KIND WORKS IN THE CARRIAGE.

Beliakas has found it extremely helpful to hide certain aspects of his origins from the adventurers of Ravens Bluff. If accused of actually being a tanar’ri or baatezu or the like, Beliakas simply will shake his head, explaining that what is important is that he hunts tanar’ri – nothing more.

He will not say that he is not himself a fiend, nor will he deny being a paladin. In fact, he will answer any accusation with a simple fact: It is up to the PCs to trust

him or not to trust him. If they do trust him, their current task will be made much easier.

Even so, some parties may wish to attack Beliakas, or attempt to capture him, or some other foolhardy but well-intentioned plot. In order to combat this, Beliakas will immediately use his *plane shift* innate ability to flee at the first sign that things are not as he would like. Should this happen, the carriage will fade shortly thereafter and the PCs will find themselves on the road, but several hours later than when they entered the carriage (even if they hurry now, they will face a greater number of opponents in the next battle, as described below). Any belongings that they left with the coachman will be lying in the road. Beliakas’ statistics are not important – he will automatically get away.

Assuming the PCs do not go hog-wild, continue.

“I have information you will no doubt find interesting. Information about...” Beliakas smiles, “...the Brigadier. First, however, I would like to know more about you. Please, introduce yourselves.”

At this point, determine if any PCs have received the “*Debt to Beliakas*” certificate from a prior tournament or interactive event. If a PC has this, Beliakas needs no introduction, and will actually ask the PC, by name, how they are doing. If you know any highly secretive information about such a PC, the type of information an NPC would not know, feel free to have Beliakas drop a comment about it to the group. (“I see you were able to rid yourself of that social disease” would be appropriate.)

However, if you think the player would feel uncomfortable with other PCs knowing this information, merely allude to it in the most vague terms possible. Beliakas keeps good tabs on those who owe him favors, and this is a chance for the PCs to realize this.

As fits his professed character, Beliakas is most interested in what actions the PCs have taken against creatures from the lower planes, and will be absolutely thrilled if in the presence of a paladin or Knight of the Phoenix. After introductions have been made, Beliakas will share the following information with the PCs.

- There is a leak in the Wizards Guild. Already, the servants of Graz’zt know that a team of adventurers has been dispatched to locate the Brigadier. The Ebon Prince himself has ordered a squad of tanar’ri to kill the hermit before the PCs

arrive. If they are to save him, they must ride through the night.

- The tanar’ri will be much more powerful than the PCs, and the group’s chances against them are slim, indeed.
- The flawed “design” of the *Scour Perilous* was actually stolen from the baatezu by a rogue baatezu within the last year – the tanar’ri are far too chaotic to have perfected it, and must have had help.
- The abducted citizens are being held in a great prison of stone in Zrintor, the Viper Forest of Azzagrat. It is almost certain that they are well guarded – perhaps by Ebulon, himself.

Beliakas himself cannot directly aid the PCs, due to a pact he made with a priest of the Morninglord who saved him from near-death in a battle with a powerful tanar’ri. He can, however, indirectly aid the PCs by arming them with certain items they may find useful.

If the PCs are willing to hear out Beliakas’ proposal, he will offer them two items that will not only help them in their current quest, but in all future dealings with tanar’ri. He will not share detailed information about the items with the PCs until they have signed a specially prepared contract (Player Handout #2). Beliakas says that this contract merely assures that he is not in violation of his sacred pact.

Here is the complete information he will give the PCs regarding the items in question. Each item may be signed for by only **ONE** PC – those who have already selected an item, or who already own the *Debt to Beliakas*, **MAY NOT SELECT AN ADDITIONAL ITEM.**

- *“A magical sword, any type, really, that will be a useful tool against the infernal forces of evil.”*
- *“A wealth of information regarding the lower planes, invaluable for those who wish to travel there and staunch the flow of evil at its source.”*

That is all the information the PCs get. If they do not wish to sign the contract for one of these items, Beliakas will shrug, adding only this: *“And I was certain Korbandor sought information...”*

If a PC signs for the sword, read the following:

Beliakas nods, taking the contract from you and placing it in a pocket. He then holds out his left hand, which emits a series of sparks and flashes. In

moments, the sparks take form, and begin to look like an elaborate sword. The blade-image shifts and melts, looking one moment like a khopesh, the next like a thin rapier. Beliakas raises an eyebrow. “Which type of sword do you prefer?”

The sword may be any of the “western” blades listed on the certificate attached to this module. PCs may not select an eastern weapon, such as a katana. They must make a selection immediately, or Beliakas will select longsword for them.

If a PC signs for “information,” read the following:

Beliakas smiles widely and his eyes grow wide with excitement. “A wise selection,” he says. The richly dressed man snaps the fingers of his left hand, and a tiny vortex of energy opens to his left. A low “thrum” can be heard from within the black void. Silently, a metallic, disembodied skull floats from the blackness, and the hole in reality is closed. The skull begins to float around Beliakas, and you notice two small horns atop its head.

“This,” Beliakas says, “is a mimir. A magical construct that holds within it a great store of knowledge regarding the lower planes – what they do to magic, what creatures might be encountered there...I’m sure you understand.”

Beliakas plucks the mimir from the air and looks into its eyes. “Mimir,” he says, “tell me about Azzagrat.”

The object clicks and whirrs for a moment before its mouth opens, and, in the voice of Beliakas, it speaks.

“Azzagrat: 45th, 46th, and 47th layers of the Abyss. Also known as the Triple Layer. Presided over by the Prince Graz’zt, one of the most powerful tanar’ri lords in the multiverse. Locations: Zrintor, Zelatar, Samora. Former prison of Waukeen, of Abier-Toril, and Iggwilv, Mother of All Witches.”

At this, Beliakas giggles, delighted by the sound of his own voice. “Quite an intelligent item, if I do say so myself. A slight flaw in that it contains absolutely no information on Baator, but I do believe you can still find some use for it.”

The nobleman gives the mimir a slight nudge, and it changes to orbit the PC who signed for it.

- PCs who sign a contract with Beliakas incur the debt to Beliakas, and should be given the appropriate certificate at the conclusion of the tournament.

After the negotiations are complete, Beliakas will offer each PC any one non-magical melee weapon forged in cold iron. His weapon rack holds but a single sample of each type of weapon, however. When the arming is done, Beliakas wishes them luck, and sees them to the door.

Outside, the small man awaits. When all PCs have exited, the door closes, he climbs up to the seat, and the carriage begins to roll toward Ravens Bluff. After leaving, all “active” divination spells disrupted during the time in the carriage return to full strength.

Encounter 5

A Shot in Darkness

As Beliakas suggested, the PCs will have to travel the entire night to get to the Brigadier in time. If they dally, or if they skip Encounter 4 altogether, double the number of the first listed opponents in the battle in this encounter. A map of the Brigadier’s farm can be found in DM Handout #2.

Your journey takes you over a small hill where, in the distance, you can make out a cottage and barn. A fire must be lit in the cottage, as its single chimney spills a thin line of smoke into the sky. Noting the geography of the area, you decide that this must be the home of the Brigadier.

Allow the PCs to make any preparations. There do not appear to be any signs of a struggle, here. The Brigadier himself is behind the home, so the PCs will not be able to locate him from here.

You proceed toward the farmhouse, and are no more than one hundred yards away when a loud “crack” is heard. It sounds like momentary thunder. Seconds later, an inhuman laugh can be heard from behind the cottage!

When the PCs rush to investigate, they see the following:

Behind the cottage, you spot a strange sight. Perhaps two hundred feet away, you can make out the form of a tall man in plate mail armor. He stands stock-still, facing you. Next to the farmhouse, however, a squat, gray-skinned creature stands on a bale of hay. His head is long and flat, like that of a hippopotamus, and as you watch, he raises a long, stick with a trumpet-shaped end toward the armored figure.

Before you have a chance to react, the object kicks back, emitting a tremendous “BOOM”! In the distance, the helmet of the armored man explodes, and the figure falls limply to the ground. The hippo-man, his wide mouth contorted in a huge grin, laughs in satisfaction as the trumpet-stick smokes from one end. Twelve additional trumpet sticks lie upon the ground next to the hippo-man.

The PCs may have any number of reactions to this. The hippo-man is actually the man they seek – The Brigadier. The armored man is actually a scarecrow dressed in plate-mail. Anyone investigating the “corpse” will discover that the suit of armor is stuffed in straw, and there are several fist-sized holes punched in the armor.

If the PCs attempt to attack or apprehend the Brigadier, he will surrender immediately, throwing the “trumpet-stick” to the ground. The Brigadier speaks in a slow, low voice. The PCs may learn the following information from him before their discussion is interrupted:

- The creature’s name is Gurt Wendtlock, but he prefers to be called the Brigadier, as is fitting to his rank in the Company of the Black Corsair.
- The Company is a group of merchants that is “no longer active.”
- The “trumpet stick” is in fact an arquebus, or something Gurt calls “a big fat gun.”
- Gurt is a creature known as a “giff.” If any of the PCs express alarm about his appearance, he will respond by saying that he “isn’t from around here.”

At this point, something happens:

In the middle of your conversation, the stranger looks off in the distance, near the fallen armor. There, several dozen sparrows have taken wing, seemingly flying for their lives. Dark figures stand at the perimeter of the Brigadier’s farm, and as you look at them, they begin to run toward you... Behind you, the farmhouse erupts as a huge creature comes into view, apparently having smashed its way through the structure.

Remember to double the number of the first creatures listed in each tier if the PCs did not travel through the night (i.e., in Tier Three, the party would face 4 lamias, but the rest of the creatures in the tier would remain as listed).

Tanar'ri Resistance Chart

Attack	Damage
Acid	Full
Cold	Half
Electricity (lightning)	None
Fire (magical)	Half
Fire (nonmagical)	None
Gas (poisonous, etc.)	Half
Iron weapon	Full
Magic missile	Full
Poison	None
Silver weapon	Full*

* Greater tanar'ri take half damage from silver weapons.

The Brigadier: Int Low; AL LN; AC 2; MV 6; HD 9; hp 58; THAC0 12; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6 +7 or by weapon +7; SA Head butt; SD None; MR 10%; SZ L (9' tall); ML 14.

* See arquebus statistics below.

During the coming fight, the Brigadier will focus his efforts on the manes, more than likely killing one with each shot. Be sure to explain that the manes explode in acidic vapor when they die. To side step the slow reload time of the arquebus, The Brigadier simply discards a spent rifle for one of the twelve loaded versions on the ground beside him. He does this every round until he runs out of ammo, at which point he charges into combat with his ferocious head-butt.

If the party is having a difficult time, feel free to have the tanar'ri concentrate upon the Brigadier for a few rounds. If forced, the Brigadier will charge forward with his head butt, which causes 2d6 points of damage (but will not harm tanar'ri).

Tier One

Tanar'ri, least - Manes (10): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 8; MV 6; HD 1; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4 (claw/claw/bite); SA Acidic vapor; SD Immune to mind-affecting spells; MR 10%; SZ M; ML Manes never check for morale.

Manes have pale white skin that appears bloated. Pungent ooze and maggots drip from open sores, and the creatures attack with long nails and teeth. These creatures disregard their own existence. Killing a manes simply dissipates it into a noxious, stinking vapor that reforms in 24 hours. Anyone within 10 feet of a manes when it dies must save vs. poison or sustain 1d6 points of damage from the acidic vapor.

Obviously, this encounter can be horrifically deadly at tier one. Luckily, the PCs have discovered the manes in time to pick most of them off at a distance – it will take the manes three full rounds to reach the PCs. Describe the exploding manes in lurid detail, making it very clear that it might be in the PCs' best interests to flee.

Giant Tanar'ri Boar (1): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 7; hp 35; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA nil; SD nonmagical weapons cause half damage; MR 20%; SZ L (5' at shoulder); ML 14.

This giant boar (Elothere) was unlucky enough to become possessed by a minor tanar'ri who fancied its form and resilience. Due to its natural toughness, the boar will fight for 1d4 rounds after reaching 0 to –10 hit points, but will die immediately upon reaching –11.

Tier Two

Tanar'ri, least - Rutterkin (1): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 4; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6+1/1d6+1 (claw/claw); SA nil; SD nil; MR 10%; SZ M; ML 11.

Rutterkin are pathetic, malformed tanar'ri. They are hairless, or nearly so, with pointed skulls, distorted features, and backward pointing ears.

They attack with two claws, though this causes them pain, and their moans and howls are frightening to experience. In addition to those available to all tanar'ri, rutterkin have the following spell-like abilities: *fear* (by touch) and *telekinesis* (3 times per day). These Rutterkin, wary of owing favors to their betters, will not *gate* under any circumstances.

Tanar'ri, least - Manes (15): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 8; MV 6; HD 1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4 (claw/claw/bite); SA Acidic vapor; SD Immune to mind-affecting spells; MR 10%; SZ M; ML Manes never check for morale.

Manes have pale white skin that appears bloated. Pungent ooze and maggots drip from open sores, and the creatures attack with long nails and teeth. These creatures disregard their own existence. Killing a manes simply dissipates it into a noxious, stinking vapor that reforms in 24 hours. Anyone within 10 feet of a manes when it dies must save vs. poison or sustain 1d6 points of damage from the acidic vapor. It will take the manes three rounds to reach the PCs.

Giant Tanar'ri Boar (1): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 8; hp 45; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA nil;

SD nonmagical weapons cause half damage; MR 20%; SZ L (5' at shoulder); ML 14.

This giant boar (Elothere) was unlucky enough to become possessed by a minor tanar'ri who fancied its form and resilience. Due to its natural toughness, the boar will fight for 1d4 rounds after reaching 0 to -10 hit points, but will die immediately upon reaching -11.

Tier Three

Lamias (2): Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 24; HD 9; hp 45; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Lamias' upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a beast (in this case a lion). Lamias smell of perfume and flowers, though this scent does little to mask their horrific temperaments.

A lamia is able to use the following spells once per day: *charm person*, *mirror image*, *suggestion* and *illusion* (as a wand). For purposes of duration, effect, etc., they are 9th-level casters.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

These lamias team up on the fighter wearing the least armor, hoping to lull him into submission and use him as a weapon against the party.

Tanar'ri, least - Manes (20): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 8; MV 6; HD 1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4 (claw/claw/bite); SA Acidic vapor; SD Immune to mind-affecting spells; MR 10%; SZ M; ML Manes never check for morale.

Manes have pale white skin that appears bloated. Pungent ooze and maggots drip from open sores, and the creatures attack with long nails and teeth. These creatures disregard their own existence. Killing a manes simply dissipates it into a noxious, stinking vapor that reforms in 24 hours. Anyone within 10 feet of a manes when it dies must save vs. poison or sustain 1d6 points of damage from the acidic vapor. It will take the manes three rounds to reach the PCs.

Giant (enlarged) Tanar'ri Boar (1): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 12; hp 65; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6(x2); SA nil; SD nonmagical weapons cause half damage; MR 30%; SZ L (10' at shoulder); ML 14.

This giant boar (Elothere) was unlucky enough to become possessed by a minor tanar'ri who fancied its form and resilience. Due to its natural toughness, the boar will fight for 1d4 rounds after reaching 0 to -10 hit points, but will die immediately upon reaching -11. The boar is enlarged, and a *dispel magic* will weaken its combat ability.

Tier Four

Lamias (4): Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 24; HD 9; hp 50; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Lamias' upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a beast (in this case a lion). Lamias smell of perfume and flowers, though this scent does little to mask their horrific temperaments.

A lamia is able to use the following spells once per day: *charm person*, *mirror image*, *suggestion* and *illusion* (as a wand). For purposes of duration, effect, etc., they are 9th-level casters.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

These lamias team up on the fighter wearing the least armor, hoping to lull him into submission and use him as a weapon against the party.

Tanar'ri, least - Manes (30): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 8; MV 6; HD 1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4 (claw/claw/bite); SA Acidic vapor; SD Immune to mind-affecting spells; MR 10%; SZ M; ML Manes never check for morale.

Manes have pale white skin that appears bloated. Pungent ooze and maggots drip from open sores, and the creatures attack with long nails and teeth. These creatures disregard their own existence. Killing a manes simply dissipates it into a noxious, stinking vapor that reforms in 24 hours. Anyone within 10 feet of a manes when it dies must save vs. poison or sustain 1d6 points of damage from the acidic vapor. It will take the manes three rounds to reach the PCs.

Tanar'ri, true - Glabrezu (1): Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC -6; MV 15; HD 10; hp 55; 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 40%; SZ H (15' tall); ML 18.

Glabrezu are towering, broad and well muscled, with four arms, two that end in clawed hands and two that end in pincers. They have dog-like heads with sharp fangs and penetrating violet eyes. Glabrezu communicate using telepathy.

With a successful claw attack, a glabrezu can attempt to grab and pick up an opponent weighing up to 150 pounds (Dex check to avoid this). A grabbed opponent can still attack (-4 to hit) or can break free with a successful Strength check instead of attacking.

In addition to those available to all tanar'ri, a glabrezu can use the following spell-like powers at 10th level: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *confusion*, *detect magic* (always active), *dispel magic*, *enlarge* (precast for this fight), *mirror image*, *power word stun* (2 times per day), *reverse gravity*, and *true seeing* (always active). This creature will not *gate*.

Glabrezu are immune to all nonmagical forms of attack (acid, gas, fire, etc.) and to weapons of less than +2 magical enchantment. Glabrezu can *plane shift* at will.

The purpose of this encounter is not to wipe out the PCs, but to show how important this man is to Graz'zt and his minions. If the Brigadier is "killed" during combat, simply have him hover on the brink of death's door, as his survival is imperative to the module series.

Lost Wisdom (or, What to Do About Whining Players)

It is very likely that some PCs will lose points of Wisdom in this encounter. Remind them that this is a two-round event.

When the dust has settled, proceed to Encounter 6.

Encounter 6

Artifice of the Giff

After the battle, Gurt takes you into the shattered remains of his home. As you look on, he upturns wreckage and fetches items of personal value. Most of these appear to be packets of a black, powdery substance, but others are more mundane – a green military jacket, a bandoleer fashioned from leather, a favorite water skin. After a few moments of packing, he turns to you. "I'm headed toward Ravens Bluff, it seems."

While packing, the Brigadier explains the story of his sad life.

- He was once the first mate of the *Tarsus*, a "spelljammer," a magical ship that plied the trade routes of something called Arcane Space.
 - The *Tarsus* traveled in outer space, past the planets, around the sun and even to other worlds circling distant suns.
 - Three years ago, however, the ship ran afoul of a large magical gate in the Tears of Selune...an asteroid belt, for those not in the know.
 - They were fleeing an enemy ship captained by a race known as the "neogi," the most vicious, hateful slavers in any galaxy.
 - Taking the only route open to their ship, they entered the gate, and found themselves in the dreaded Abyss. Something foul happened to the helmsman...the "pilot" of the ship, and they crash-landed in a strange forest. Instead of leaves and branches, the trees there were made of snakes!
 - Eventually, the Brigadier and his crew were taken prisoner, and housed in a large stone building, where most of them were subjected to unspeakable tortures. Due to his strong spirit, Gurt managed to survive.
 - At the prison, he learned that they had crashed in the Realm of Azzagrat, in the viper forest of Zrintor.
 - He eventually escaped, and found a portal to the magical city of Sigil, from which he returned to Ravens Bluff. He has no more interest in returning to the stars, but his blood boils to return to the Abyss, so he can exact his revenge upon his tormentors.
 - He has spent the last two years living as a hermit, collecting "smoke powder," building a set of arquebusses, and perfecting his prime weapon against tanar'ri – musket balls fashioned from cold iron.
- The PCs will likely ask Gurt for more details about spelljamming, the neogi, Azzagrat, etc. Feel free to elaborate on these points using information found later in this module.
- After his explanations, the Brigadier takes you to his barn, where he has already prepared a wagon for departure. The wagon is filled to overflowing with*

smoke powder, such that a tarp must be tied over the top to prevent spilling.

“Smoke powder is the secret ingredient to my arquebus. It’s not magical, as such, but when you light it on fire...BOOM!!!” The Brigadier’s eyes light up with excitement. “The Giff didn’t invent smoke powder, though we have perfected it! This powder will be a great boon to Ravens Bluff.”

The Brigadier attaches a pair of draft horses to his wagon, and climbs aboard its small seat. “Well,” he says, pulling a large brown robe over his alien form, “let’s get to it!”

Check to see if the PCs cast any spells, such as *stoneskin*, at this time. The Brigadier will offer any PC the use of one of his guns for the return journey.

Arquebus Statistics: An arquebus is an early form of the musket, almost as dangerous to its user as it is to the target. The weapon may be fired once every three rounds, and then only if the character is not attacked while loading. When using an arquebus, all penalties for range are doubled.

If the attack roll for an arquebus is a 1 or 2, the weapon backfires, causing 1d6 points of damage to the firer. It also is fouled and cannot be used again until it has been cleaned, which takes about 30 minutes. When an arquebus scores a hit, it normally does 1 to 9 points of damage on a 1d10. When a 10 is rolled, the die is rolled again and this amount is added to the previous total. The damage caused by an arquebus is never modified by Strength.

The Brigadier’s arquebusses are equipped with cold iron musketballs, which do full damage to tanar’ri.

Gurt will tell them that because the *smoke powder* is so volatile, it cannot be *teleported* without the risk of a major catastrophe. The journey must be made on foot.

Encounter 7 The Return?

The trip to Ravens Bluff is uneventful. At the evening stops, you post watch; always fearing that every shadow may hold an agent of Ebulon. Finally, after two days of travel, you return at last to the city of Ravens Bluff.

Upon reentering the city, you are pleased to once again encounter the street faire. Yet again, a gaggle of

dancers circle the Eye of Istishia. Gurt stops the wagon directly beneath the artifact, and seems to be enraptured by the beauty of the swirling orb of water.

Surprisingly, a familiar form makes its way from the assembled throng of onlookers. You recognize Jerrod Korbador, your contact at the guild. Behind him, three men dressed in the livery of guild porters grin at your return. Noticing that you have returned the Brigadier, Korbador smiles, and steps forward.

“Good work,” he exclaims. “You may come to the guild in one week to fetch your prize. For now, be content that you have done a great service to the city of Ravens Bluff.”

At that, the three guild porters approach the Brigadier’s wagon, their fingers splayed in a fan before them.

The PCs may very well think their quest has come to an end. Sadly, it has not. This is not Korbador, and the guards accompanying him are not at all human. Any PC using *true sight* will see them in their true forms (described below).

The primary goal of these agents of Graz’zt is to destroy the wagon of *smoke powder*. They do not have detailed knowledge of what the powder does, but they know it will cause an incredible explosion that will kill dozens of faire-goers.

In the first round, all three of the “porters” use a special *burning hands* ability to set the tarp and wagon aflame. The PCs have 6-X rounds to douse the flame (with X = the party’s tier). There are a number of ways to do this.

- Breaking the simple wooden pole used to elevate the *Eye of Istishia* will cause the artifact to fall directly on top of the wagon, thus putting out the fire. (Any PC who actively participates in the destruction of the eye of Istishia gets an infamy point in the “Temples” category.)
- Several spells, such as *create water*, or items that emulate such spells, would be well used here.
- Lastly, PCs may attempt to jump on the wagon and “bat out” the flames with a cloak or the like. This has a very slim percentage of success equal to $(10\%)*(6 - X)$, with X = the party’s tier. Further, this chance decreases by 10% each round the wagon is aflame. Thus, a first tier PC would have a 50% chance of beating out the flame on the first round, a 40% chance on the second, etc., until the wagon explodes at the end of the fifth round.

The explosion of the wagon will have a horrific result. The blast causes 1d8 * party tier points of damage, with a radius of 15 feet * party tier. All non-adventuring folk in this radius, at least ten per tier, are killed in the blast. The remains of the *Eye of Istishia*, if not already destroyed, are lost forever. Since the damage from the blast represents concussive force, as well as flame, *fire resistance* devices only work at half effectiveness. Note also that Ebulon's agents are also harmed, and may be killed, by the explosion.

Tier One

Lamia (1): Int High; AL CE; AC 4; MV 24; HD 9; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Lamias' upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a beast (in this case a lion). Lamias smell of perfume and flowers, though this scent does little to mask their horrific temperaments.

A lamia is able to use the following spells once per day: *charm person*, *mirror image*, *suggestion and illusion* (as a wand). For purposes of duration, effect, etc., they are 9th-level casters.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

Human Cultists (F2) (3): Int Low; AL CE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 2; hp 15; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+4; SA nil; SD nil; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 11.

These human cultists are wholly dedicated to Graz'zt, and will gladly give their lives for him. They also can cast *burning hands* once per day. They will direct this power toward the Brigadier's *smoke powder* laden cart.

Tier Two

Lamia (1): Int High; AL CE; AC 4; MV 24; HD 9; hp 40; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Lamias' upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a beast (in this case a lion). Lamias smell of perfume and flowers, though this scent does little to mask their horrific temperaments.

A lamia is able to use the following spells once per day: *charm person*, *mirror image*, *suggestion and illusion* (as

a wand). For purposes of duration, effect, etc., they are 9th-level casters.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

Human Cultists (F4) (3): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+6; SA nil; SD nil; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 11.

These human cultists are wholly dedicated to Graz'zt, and will gladly give their lives for him. They also can cast *burning hands* once per day. They will direct this power toward the Brigadier's *smoke powder* laden cart.

Tier Three

Lamia Noble (1): Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 9; HD 10+1; hp 61; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR 30%; SZ M; ML 14.

A lamia noble's upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a huge serpent.

Lamia nobles have a modicum of spell ability. This noble casts spells as a 5th level caster, including the following: (1st) *magic missile* (x3), *burning hands*, *charm person*; (2nd) *Melf's acid arrow*, *stinking cloud*, *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter*; (3rd) *dispel magic*, *vampiric touch*.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

Tanar'ri, lesser – Bar-Igura (3): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 0; MV 9, Climb 15; HD 6+6; hp 41; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6 (claw/claw/bite); SA Spring attack; SD Camouflage; MR 30%; SZ M; ML 13.

Bar-Igura are hulking, brutish creatures that roam in small packs. The creatures look like orangutans. Their fur is a deep reddish-brown and their skin, where exposed, is grayish brown. They focus their attacks on a single opponent.

In addition to those available to all tanar'ri, bar-Igura have the following spell-like abilities, at 6th level: *change self* (twice per day), *detect invisibility*, *dispel magic*, *entangle*, *fear* (by touch), *invisibility* (twice per day), *plant growth*, *spectral force* (twice per day), and *telekinesis*. These creatures will not *gate*.

These bar-igura also can cast *burning hands* once per day. They will direct this power toward the Brigadier's *smoke powder* laden cart.

Tier Four

Lamia Noble (1): Int High; AL CE; AC 3; MV 9; HD 10+1; hp 61; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR 30%; SZ M; ML 14.

A lamia noble's upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a huge serpent.

Lamia nobles have a modicum of spell ability. This noble casts spells as a 7th level caster, including the following: (1st) *magic missile* (x3), *burning hands*, *charm person*; (2nd) *Melf's acid arrow*, *stinking cloud*, *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter*; (3rd) *dispel magic*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*, *vampiric touch*.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

Lamias (3): Int High; AL CE; AC 4; MV 24; HD 9; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA Wisdom drain; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Lamias' upper torso, arms, and head resemble a human female, while their lower body is that of a beast (in this case a lion). Lamias smell of perfume and flowers, though this scent does little to mask their horrific temperaments.

A lamia is able to use the following spells once per day: *charm person*, *mirror image*, *suggestion* and *illusion* (as a wand). For purposes of duration, effect, etc., they are 9th-level casters.

The touch of a lamia permanently drains 1 point of Wisdom from a victim, and when his Wisdom drops below 3, he willingly does whatever the lamia tells him to.

These lamias also can cast *burning hands* once per day. They will direct this power toward the Brigadier's *smoke powder* laden cart.

Encounter 8 Bridge

On your return trip to the Wizard's Guild's Tower of Philosophy, you pass citizens frightened by the commotion at the open market. Many citizens attempt to get a glimpse of what the Brigadier's robe hides. Even more, however, give the group a wide berth. It is best to let some questions go unanswered in Ravens Bluff.

The porters see the party into Korbandor's office, and the Dean looks up at you. Captain Minh stands at his desk. Korbandor speaks: "Well, how did it go?"

Korbandor is suspicious of Beliakas, but does not dwell on the matter. He is furious that the agents of Graz'zt took on his form to attempt to kill the Brigadier. After they have relayed their tale, continue:

"I must thank you for returning the Brigadier," Korbandor says. "I am in your debt. In the future, you may call upon the guild in a time of need, as I called upon you."

Captain Minh steps forward. "My crew," he says, "will remain in Ravens Bluff until we can finish repairs to the ship. It is my sincerest wish that Weng be aboard when we depart, but I will not wait for more than a week."

"I have an idea that will get your man back, captain," says the Brigadier. "To get to the Abyss, my doomed ship went through a massive gate near the Tears of Selune. If we can get a spelljammer helm to the remains of the Tarsus, you might be able to use it to fly the captives out of there!"

Korbandor shakes his head. "Unfortunately, there is not a spelljammer ship currently in the Ravens Bluff harbor."

"That," says Minh Lao-Tsing, "is not precisely the truth..."

END ROUND ONE

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 4-13	Tier 1
Levels 14-25	Tier 2
Levels 26-37	Tier 3
Levels 38+	Tier 4

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 bumped up 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

Exploring the <i>Monitor</i> :	100 xp
Discovering that Minh isn't telling the whole truth:	100 xp

Encounter Four

Roleplaying with Beliakas:	100 xp
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Encounter Five

Not attacking Brigadier:	100 xp
Defeating tanar'ri:	200 xp

Encounter Seven

Defeating Graz'zt's agents:	200 xp
Highest objective experience:	800 xp
Role-playing experience:	0-500 xp
Highest possible experience award:	1,300 xp
For Tier 2:	2,600 xp
For Tier 3:	3,900 xp
For Tier 4:	5,200 xp

Treasure Summary

If it's not on this list, the PCs cannot keep it. This is a house rule which overrides what they may actually acquire in the scenario.

Fiendslayer: In all respects, this sword appears as a normal *sword* +2, although no spell, sage or tome reveals the sword's origins (it being a magical construct of Beliakas). The blade functions as a *sword* +2 in all ways, save that it can damage any tanar'ri, yugoloth or gehreleth that requires a +3 or better weapon to be hit (note that it is not actually a +3 weapon).

Further, on an attack roll of a natural 20, Fiendslayer does double the normal dice damage to

tanar'ri, yugoloths and gehreleth. Bonuses are not doubled.

Fiendslayer acts as a -5 sword against all Baatezu, and a powerful curse demands that it be used against them over any other weapon unless the wielder succeeds a saving throw vs. spells. *Fiendslayer* holds absolutely no power when on Baator.

Select the type of sword and write it in above **WHEN YOU GET THE ITEM**. It can be any type of sword allowed for the campaign by the character generation rules.

Horned mimir: This storehouse of information is in the shape of a smallish horned skull fashioned from a strange, iridescent metal. When held into the air and released, the mimir circles the user as an *ioun stone*. The owner may pose questions to the *mimir*, which can access recorded information on various topics related to the lower planes. The *horned mimir* has a 55% chance of knowing a given *general* fact about a lower plane (such as rare spell conditions, local rulers, etc.), but oddly contains no information on Baator. It speaks in the voice of Beliakas, a noble of Sembia. The *horned mimir* is considered "full" of knowledge, and cannot be used to record additional information.

General knowledge is defined as the information regarding The Abyss, Acheron, Carceri, Gehenna, The Gray Waste and Pandemonium found within pages 14-24 and 102-110 of *The Planewalker's Handbook* (TSR #2620).

The knowledge is inherent to the mimir, not the PC. The item must be consulted each time a new fact is desired.

Debt to Beliakas (x2): The owner of this certificate owes Beliakas, of 10 Broadcross Ave., one service, to be determined at his whim, at a later date. **NOT NEGOTIABLE!**

Boon of the Wizard's Guild (x6): For personal service to Jerrod Korbador, Dean of Conjuraton and Summoning, the Wizards Guild agrees to grant a single casting the spell *dispel magic* or *remove curse* at the 18th level of ability. The Guild will not conduct this service for known criminals, PCs with more than five infamy points, or for any purpose it determines to be unlawful.

Fame

PCs who bring the Brigadier in alive receive a fame point in City Government.

All PCs who actively participated in destroying the *Eye of Istishia*, regardless of intentions, receive an infamy point in the Temples category.

DM Handout #1 - Map of the *Celestial Monitor*

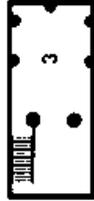
DRAGONSHIP One Square = 5 Feet



Scout's Deck
1 Forward Lookout

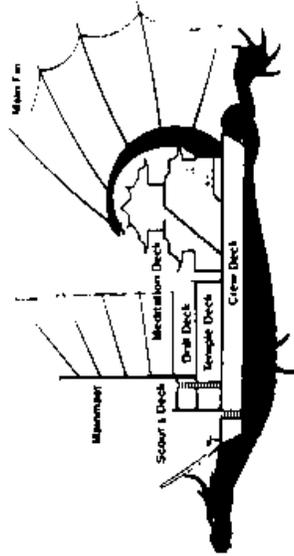


Meditation Deck
1 Captain's Quarters

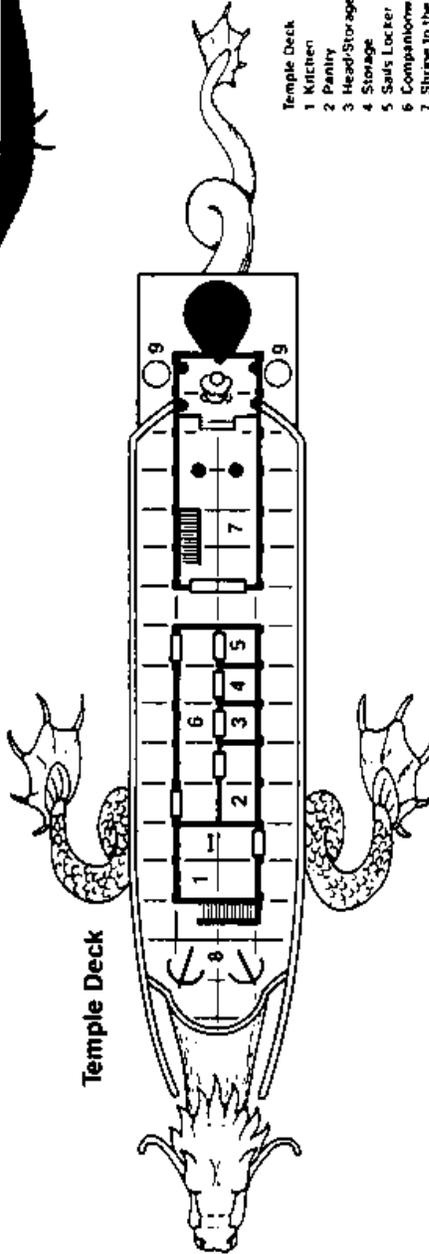


Drill Deck

Drill Deck
1 Armory
2 Parade Deck & Communal Galley
3 Open to Shrine Below

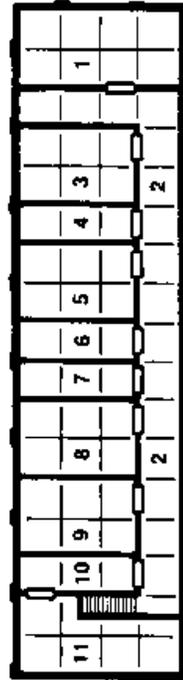


Temple Deck



Temple Deck
1 Kitchen
2 Pantry
3 Head/Storage
4 Storage
5 Sail's Locker
6 Companionway
7 Shrine to the Path & Way
8 Ballista
9 Dome Over Bridge & Helm

Crew Deck

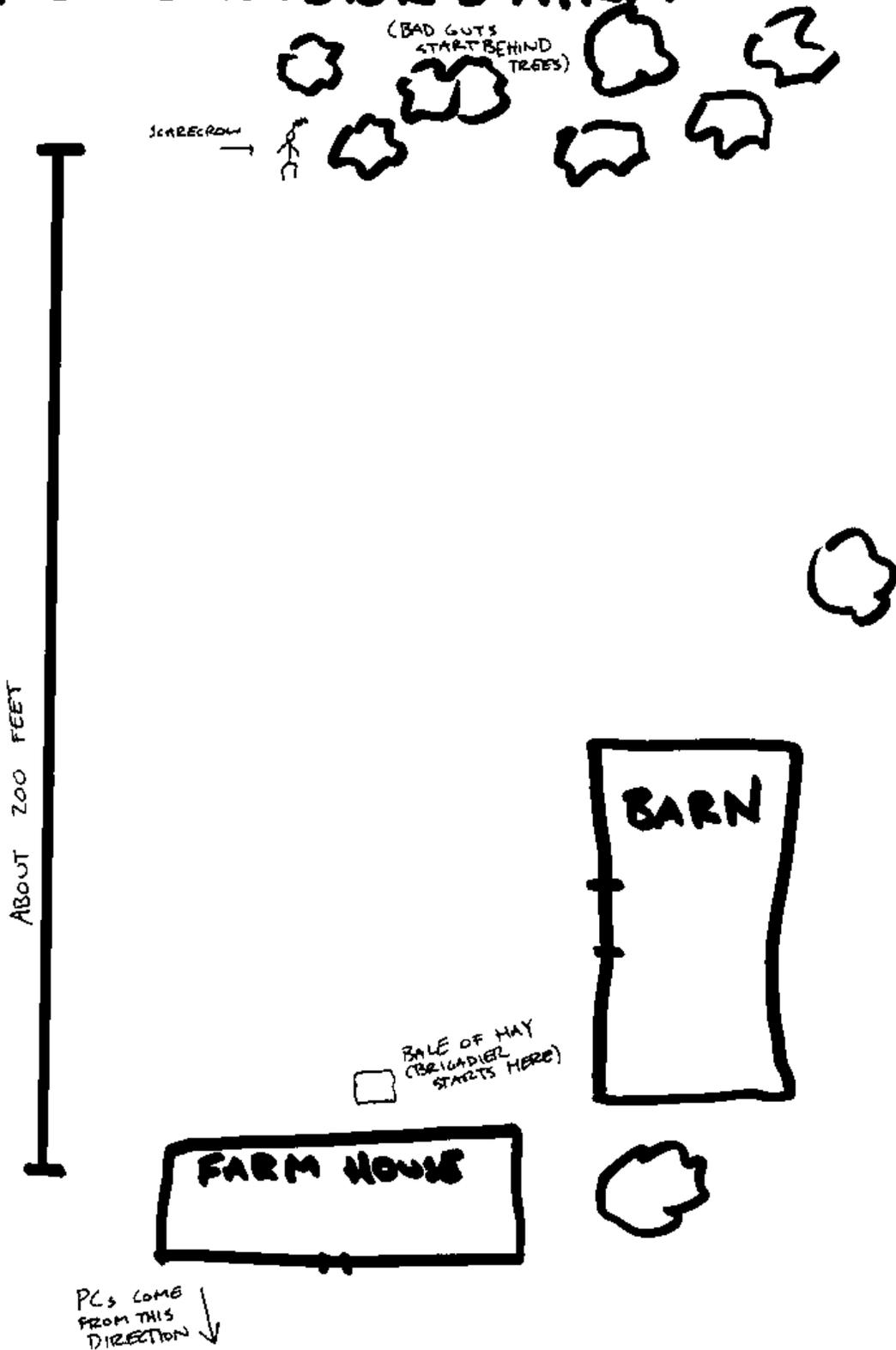


Crew Deck
1 Bridge & Helm
2 Companionway
3 Officers Quarters
4 Storage
5 Crew Quarters
6 Storage
7 Storage
8 Crew Quarters
9 Crew Quarters
10 Recorder's Quarters
11 Recorder's Library & Chart Room

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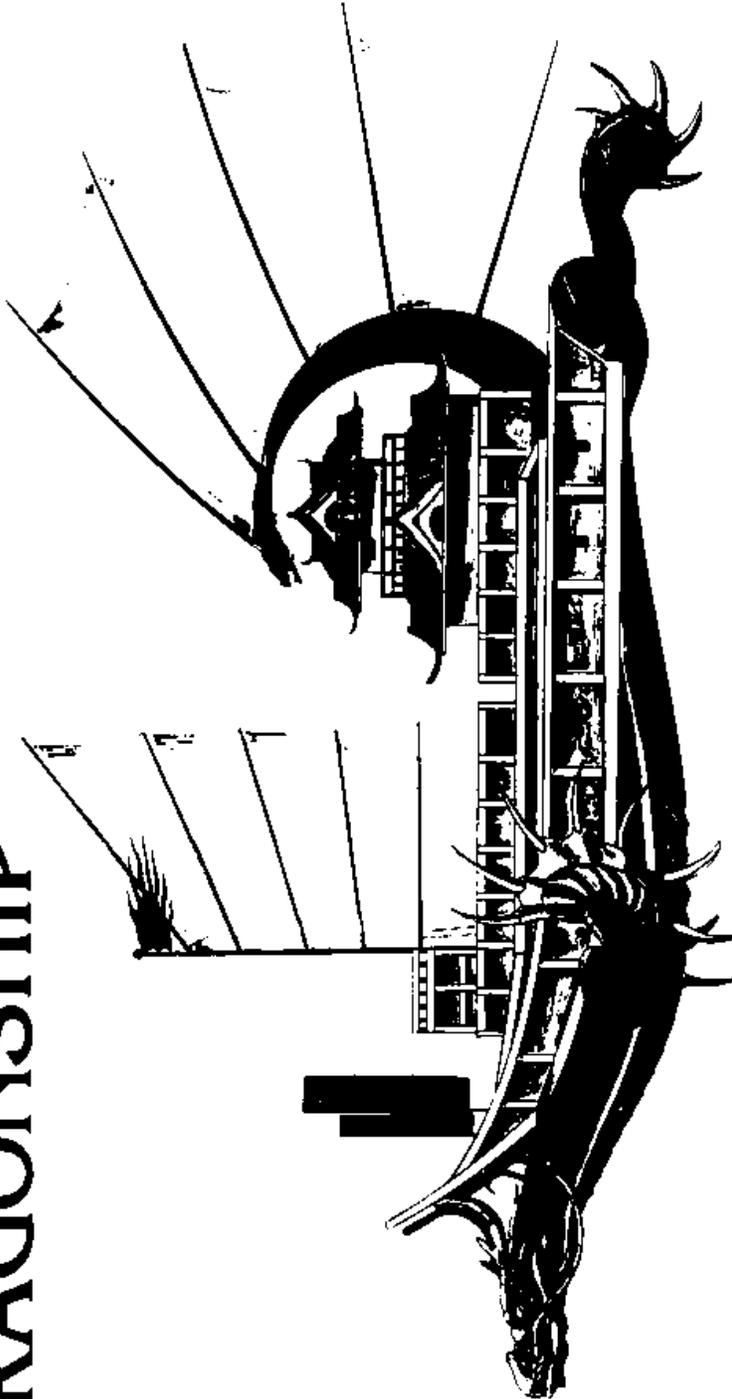
DM Handout #2 - Map of the Brigadier's Farm

MAP OF BRIGADIER'S FARM



Player Handout #1 – Illustration of the *Celestial Monitor*

DRAGONSHIP



Built By: Humans
Used Primarily By: Humans
Tonnage: 45 tons
Hull Points: 45
Crew: 20/45
Maneuverability Class: D
Landing—Land: No
Landing—Water: Yes
Armor Rating: 5

Saves As: Thick wood
Power Type: Major or minor helm
Ship's Rating: As for spelljammer
Standard Armament:
 2 medium ballistae
 Crew: 2 each
Cargo: 22 tons
Keel Length: 150'
Beam Length: 20'

Player Handout #2 - Binding Contract

The Brigadier: Handout One

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) _____

Giff

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Platoon
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral

NO. APPEARING:	11-20
ARMOR CLASS:	6 (2)
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	4
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 or 1
DAMAGE/ATTACKS:	1-6 +7 or by weapon +7
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Head butt
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Can call on other giff
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	1-19' tall
MORALE:	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	420

The giff are a race of powerfully muscled mercenaries. They are civilized, though they lack mages among their own race. Giff hire on with various groups throughout the universe as mercenaries, bodyguards, enforcers, and general legbreakers.

The giff is humanoid, with stocky, flat, cylindrical legs and a humanoid torso, arms, and fingers. Its chest is broad and supports a hippopotamus head with a natural helmet of flexible, chitinous plates. Giff come in colors ranging from black to gray to a rich gold, and many have colorful tattoos that leave their bodies a patchwork record of past victories. Giff speak their own language and the Common tongue.

Combat: The giff are military-minded, and organize themselves into squads, platoons, companies, corps, and larger groups. The number of giff in a platoon varies according to the season, situation, and level of danger involved. A giff "platoon" hired to protect a gambling operation may number two, while a platoon hired to invade an illithid stronghold may number well over a hundred.

The giff pride themselves on their weapon skills, and any giff carries a number of swords, daggers, maces, and similar tools on hand to deal with troublemakers.

A giff's true love in weaponry is the gun. Any giff has a 20% chance of having an arquebus and sufficient smoke powder for 2d4 shots. A misfiring weapon matters little to the giff (occasional fatalities are expected); the flash, noise, and damage is what most impresses them.

Even unarmed, the giff are powerful opponents. They are as strong as a hill giant (+7 damage adjustment for Strength). They will wade into a brawl just for the pure fun of it, tossing various combatants on both sides around to prove themselves the victors. Once a weapon is bared, the giff consider all restrictions off—the challenge is to the death.

The top of the giff's head and snout are plated with thick, chitinous plates, flexible enough to permit motion, but giving the creature a natural helmet. The giff can charge using a head butt, inflicting 2d6 points of damage.

The giff prize themselves as mercenaries, and to that end have made elaborate suits of armor (AC 2). These include full helms with other monsters on the crests, inlaid with ivory and bone



along the large plates. Armor repair is a major hobby among the giff.

Finally, giff are somewhat magic resistant. They are deeply suspicious of magic, magicians, and magical devices.

Habitat Society: Giff of both sexes serve in their platoons, and both fight equally well. Giff young are raised tenderly until they are old enough to survive an exploding arquebus, then are inducted fully into the platoon. Every giff, male, female, and giffing, has a rank within society, which can be changed only by someone of a higher rank. Within these ranks are sub-ranks and within those sub-ranks are color markings and badges. The highest-ranking giff gives the orders, the others obey. It does not matter if the orders are foolish or even suicidal—following them is the purpose of the giff in the universe. A quasi-mystical faith among the giff mercenaries confirms that all things have their place, and the giff's is to follow orders.

Giff mercenaries are usually paid in smoke powder, though they often will accept other weapons and armor. It is purely a barter system, but to hire one giff for one standard week requires seven charges of smoke powder (one per day).

Giff are fierce fighters, despite their somewhat comical appearance and mania for weapons. They will not, however, willingly fight other giff. If forced into such a situation on a battlefield, both groups retire for at least a day of drinking and sorting out ranks. There is a 10% chance that one platoon will join another in this case, but it is more likely that both will quit their current hiring and look for work elsewhere.

Ecology: Giff live about 70 years, but do not age gracefully. As a giff grows older and begins to slow down, he is possessed with the idea of proving himself still young and vital, usually in battle. As a result, there are very, very few old giff.