

Impendant Symposium

**A Living City Mages Only Tournament
First of two interlocking rounds.**

By Reynolds Jones

Blurb: A prestigious mages' conference is being held in Ravens Bluff. Wizards from across the planes are in attendance to discuss the finer points of the Art. You have been asked to attend as guides and possible bodyguards. This event is open to wizard and bard characters, and to priests of Azuth who can cast wizard spells. Non-wizard characters would not be hired and therefore cannot be played.

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

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

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

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

Tier Structure

Add the levels of the PCs to determine which tier they are on. For multi-class and dual-class characters, take the highest level and add one for each additional class. Tiered events and foes are marked throughout the text.

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

Special Instructions

1.) This tournament is a mages only event. Any character may participate if the character is:

- A specialist or generalist magic user.
- A multi-classed character, one of whose classes is a magic user.
- A priest or priestess of a god or goddess that grants its followers magical spells, such as Mystra.
- A dual classed character, whose present functionary and primary class is a magic-using one.
- A bard, or a demi-human equivalent, such as a gnomish professor, etc.

2.) This is the first of two interconnected rounds. Depending on where this is being run, it may be partial or full advancement to a second round at the same convention, or at a different convention.

3.) Time-line encounters occur, either as a result of specific actions on the part of the PCs, or at set intervals according to internal game time, or external real time. Each encounter explains in [brackets] near the beginning, exactly what triggers that particular encounter. Time-line encounters are linear, but they are the only linear part of this tournament, and should be laid lightly atop everything else that is going on, in as appropriate a manner as possible to the ongoing role-playing.

Special Note for judges: Do not read the introduction or distribute the handout, until all players have read a blurb introducing their character to other characters. Make note of what level of detail regarding the character's persona is included. If the "blurb" is too vague in your judgement to allow you to judge the player's role-play of the character, request clarification – if the player refuses to give such clarification, you should so note next to their name on the Score sheet.

Players Introduction

Give out **Player Handout Number One**.

You were all pleasantly surprised to receive invitation to the upcoming Symposium being sponsored by the Order of the Eternals – a trans-dimensional magic user's guild of extraordinary power. You have no idea how the fairly modest "Glittering Star Inn" won the bid for such a huge inter-world affair, but no matter, who could resist the lure to attend such a conference, particularly for free. You certainly couldn't. After all, what sort of problem could possibly come up in a scholarly gathering of magic users? And, as for chaperoning visitors around Ravens Bluff, why you well know all the best places and hot spots, and would welcome the opportunity to trade high level secrets with a fellow practitioner from only- the- gods- know-where. Yeah!

The opening plenary is being held on the 14th, at the 8th bell, that's today! You'll be sure to be there, right on time, yep. You and several of your friends! Not only have you been invited by the Order of the Eternals, but it is quite obvious that the City Council also craves your presence at the event. You have no idea what you can ever hope to get from the City Council in return – most people don't seem to get anything – but its always better to be owed than to owe!

Boy, where is the time going? Time to go off, wouldn't want to miss that plenary, where's the coat? Here we go, and away.

DM's Introduction

Of course things are much more complicated than they seem.

This tournament's information is set up in sections:

Timeline Encounters. These are the encounters that occur as you progress through the tournament. For example, encounter one is "Registering for the Symposium."

Clues. This is a listing of the various clues and where they should be found. Much of this section is redundant, but is included as a convenience for the DM. Some of the clues here are not included in encounter text. Read this listing thoroughly.

Personality Encounters. This section contains the detailing of the various major NPCs, both those at the symposium and those serving in the Inn in various capacities – including the criminals. These are found in the section of material common to both rounds.

Area descriptions. This is a detailing of various things in/at various locations in the Inn, its cellars, and those parts of the Ravens Bluff sewers that connect to it. These are found in the section of material common to both rounds.

Maps. This section contains detailed maps of the four levels of the Inn, and an additional map of the cellars and connected section of the sewers. These are found in the section of material common to both rounds.

DM Information regarding the situation:

When "The Order" decided to hold its symposium in Ravens Bluff, it had a number of reasons besides the dimly average Inn in which it ended up, at inflated prices. Ravens Bluff has seen a remarkable concentration of magic – both in the abilities of spell-casters, and in the presence of items of power over the last few decades. Therefore, while regular symposium activities proceeded, it was the intention of the leadership of "The Order" to take a long, experienced gander at the effects such "over-exposure" to the Art might have on a mundane populace. Therefore, the bid from the Glittering Star Inn "won" the Symposium, to the great surprise of its owners and managers, who had submitted a bid pro-forma, knowing that they were hopelessly outclassed by the establishments on a dozen different planes.

On the 7th, a full week before the Symposium began, the leading Luminaries of "The Order," two from the Realms, and two from elsewhere, arrived with their personal servants, and took over the 4th "Imperial" floor of the Inn. There early, so they said, to direct preparations for the Symposium and to find some method of accommodating the number of powerful, finicky magi expected for the event in the inadequate space provided. What went unsaid was they were also there to surreptitiously start looking around the city.

As early as the morning of the 12th mages started arriving for the event. The pitifully small number that had reserved early (or with sufficient bribes) repaired to their rooms to freshen up, while the greater number looked with mixed apprehension and bemusement at the type of common room accommodations they had not been to enjoy since their earliest days out adventuring – and some, not even then.

It was during the evening of the 13th, the day before the symposium's beginning, that the hubris, so common of powerful magi, struck. Trusting in the golems, and the efficiency of their own servants, the four arch-magi, seeing that all was in order and believing themselves to be so much held in awe by both their fellow magi and by the local populace that there could not possibly be a danger to their persons or possessions, went together with a local chaperone, out for a night on the town.

When they returned, all seemed in order, until they repaired to their various suites. To his horror Paragon the Purple - representative of the Magi of the world of Aphonion - discovered that his suite had been ransacked, and both his *cloak of the art*, and traveling spell book were missing.

Immediately Paragon reconvened the group of his fellows, and they planned through the remainder of the night. Neither the book or the cloak are of overwhelming power, particularly given the aforementioned concentration of magic in the immediate area. The principle of the thing however demands that some real effort be made to regain the items in question and punish the thieves. The problem is that no one has any concept of how the theft occurred, or who might have committed it. The items were in Paragon's locked room (Ste. 18), and nothing triggered the four golems in the main space of the fourth floor, awakened the servant who was sleeping on furs in the room, or set off the wards that Paragon left behind to prevent *teleport* and similar spells from functioning. The group gave consideration to the possibility of an other-planar being *gating* in, but there is no evidence of the type of stial damage that remains behind after such a *gate*.

Quite flummoxed by all this, the quartet decided that it was necessary to use locals to search out the problem and punish the thieves. Several puissant locals had already been invited to the event, offered free admission in exchange for such duties as were

necessary—chaperoning and the like—and had accepted the invitation. Their duties would be expanded to pursuing and punishing those responsible for the theft. In exchange, they would be given honorary associate memberships in “The Order,” a commendation for service (quickly arranged for) from the City Council, and the recovered items, to keep for their own.

The Crime:

As the Arch-Magi themselves observed, there has been a lot of magic concentrated in this city for some time. A result has been that most of the local citizenry, and all of the local mages, have lost a great deal of any former awe that they might have felt when dealing with powerful users of magic, and others of mystical power. An additional result has been that while the average housewife still doesn't use *unseen servant* to wash the dishes and make the beds, there are a fair number of low level practitioners, hedge witches, and lower order warlocks scattered about, particularly among the young. The city takes little official notice of them, after all, with the number of mega-powerful adventurers that make their homes locally, such dabblers hardly constitute a threat. All of which is somewhat resented by the dabblers themselves. They would like training, patrons, wealth, all the other things that their better educated, higher class, upper echelon “cousins” seem to enjoy as a result of “The Art.”

Rarely indeed are a people so discontent, without some demagogue coming to exploit them. Enter Rembrold the Grey, called by some of the few who know him “The Sewer Lich.” It was some time ago that Rembrold recognized what a tremendous untapped resource the armies of dispossessed young people represented. Rembrold takes the cream, the best of the lost youth enter his service long before their displacement is even noticed by the authorities and the orphanages so generously supported by the powerful adventurers afore-mentioned.

Deep beneath the city, beneath even the clogged sewer lines which so often the City Council debates the cleaning of, in his lair, Rembrold sustains, trains, and controls an unsuspected cadre of embittered young mages, thieves, and the occasional psionicist. He treasures them, teaches them, and in general cares for them far more than their blood parents ever did. He also carefully reinforces their resentment of those above, who have so crassly denied them the birthright of their natural gift. They in turn control a network of less fortunate urchins, street people, and beggars throughout the city. The thief's guild knows that its beggars division is infiltrated by someone, but cannot seem to do anything about it, and it will hardly discuss it lightly with outsiders.

When Rembrold heard about the Symposium being held by “The Order of the Eternals,” he immediately saw an opportunity to gain new items of significant power, and tweak the nose of those who, when he was young, had rejected him, even as they now reject his charges. Preparations for the theft were accomplished with relative ease. Members of the outermost circle of Rembrold's group were insinuated among those casual laborers hired by the Inn as additions to its own regular force of employees, to prepare for and serve at the symposium. Perforce, these temporary employees were introduced to the golems, who were directed to recognize their activities, unless they did something suspicious; and then to make note of unusual behavior only if no explanation was proffered.

When, on the evening of the 13th, one of these false temporary employees, Sally, observed the entire cadre of Arch-Magi from the 4th floor suites leaving for the evening, she immediately sent a confederate to alert her outside contact, and proceeded to the 4th floor, ostensibly to dust. In the process of “dusting,” she was able to lean over near the keyhole into Suite 18, and seeing Paragon's single accompanying servant sleeping on the floor, she fired a tiny dart with Drowan sleep poison through the keyhole, scoring a hit on exposed skin. Confidently, she entered the suite, and opened the glass-steel window to allow another accomplice, Bruce, this one from Rembrold's inner circle, to grapple the frame, climb up, and enter.

Together, the two quickly searched the room. Only two items showed up as being magical, and both were too bulky for the outside accomplice to climb back down with. Therefore, she took the cloak, concealed the book in it, and left the chamber. Mindful of the golems' instructions, she loudly proclaimed that the cloak needed cleaning, and quickly departed the floor, with the book concealed beneath it.

As is so often true, there has been no easy way to conceal or remove the cloak. By being extraordinarily cautious, Sally was able to get herself and the item down into the cellar, and from there to the few blocked off sections of the sewer to which they connect. However, she was not able to get out with it, as there are no connections to the surface or to the deeper sewers, and therefore she hid it in the cellar, in the bottom of a barrel of pickled olives, while she herself returned to work in the Inn. Of course, by the time the tourney begins, she is quite dead, with her head and heart missing, and the rest of her body stuffed into the meat storage locker [Thomas took care of this little chore, while unpacking the meat for the banquet – he was *geased*, and doesn't remember a thing {see encounter four}.]

The book, on the other hand, has been altered in outward appearance, and now waits for follower of Rembrold's who will be at the Symposium under an

assumed name. This follower, now styling himself Hildrik the Frisky, will be standing for a quite dead Master of The Order, and will be using Common Room 9 after the evening of the 16th. The book is an extra-dimensional pocket that only Hildrik can trigger (This part of the treasure does not come into play during this round.)

Special Note to the DM

Most encounters in this part of the module are standardized, although a few are tiered. The reason that, unlike many Living City Events, most encounters are standardized, is because this is a “whodunit.” The majority of the tournament is role-playing, not combat, and there is no reason, for example, that the clerks encountered in encounter one, and the magi encountered in encounter two should ever be different than they are presented. It is ludicrous to imagine 10th level clerks, and equally ludicrous to imagine the arch-magi of worlds being reduced to 5th level, in order to accommodate a group of 3rd level characters, who for some unknown reason decide to try to kill them.

Timeline Encounters

Encounter One [Registration]

You’ve never actually been in the Glittering Star Inn before, although you’ve passed it regularly in the street. The lobby is spacious, with seats scattered around and stairs going up. One end of the room is largely glassed in, with a wooden counter fronting part of its length, behind which several clerks stand, with strained smiles, while they are berated by an older gentleman with a magnificent costume of many colored robes and cloaks, that clash with his unkept beard and wild white-grey hair.

“Common Room?” he thunders melodiously. “Common Room? You want Bhupindar the Hoary, Illusionist extraordinary, Arch-enchanter of a dozen kingdoms, a far traveler who comes to your fine establishment from a world a dozen times removed in time and space from your own, to stay in a COMMON ROOM?”

In much calmer tones, the young man who is obviously the desk manager replies. “Sir, I am sorry, but all the rooms were taken according to a strict order of precedence established by the superiors of your order, once those rooms were let, what we have left for you is space in a very nicely appointed common room. Now let us get you sorted out...”

“Sorted Out? So that I can go meekly to a common room?” Bellows the elderly mage in equally dramatic tones.

If the PCs wish to interrupt now, they can. If they do interrupt, then proceed with choice a., if they do not interrupt, but simply watch, then proceed with choice b.

A.

Bhupindar will decry mightily about the state of affairs when an enchanter of his age and wisdom must sleep in a common room, he will sigh mightily, and inasmuch as he knows that once something is completed in a bureaucracy, it is almost impossible to alter, he will, after milking the situation well, wink broadly at the PCs as he grandly scatters a handful of platinum across the counter and declaims:

“Ah, a pox on all small minded folk, but lo, it is none of your fault. You have done as you were told, and I shall rest my aged bones upon a cot of your choice. At least choose well for me, away from the cracks and crevices that let in the cold night wind, for I am old and would ill take a chill. Here let me pay you as if it were the room that I had expected. Take my money then, and ‘sort me out.’ ”

This will so move one of the younger clerks that her eyes will fill, and she will hurry to reassure him that this is a good Inn, and there is no need to worry, she will see to the fire herself, to be sure he is kept warm.

“Ah, such kindness.” he will reply. “If more of mankind had your heart then all of mankind would benefit, aye, and all other kind as well.” From his pocket he will draw a stone, a diamond, of some diameter, and hand it to the young clerk. “You will bear three children, a boy and two girls. If hard times come you will need some additional sustenance. Keep this with you, tell no one else that you possess it, and if the time comes that you must, sell it, you will be able to live for some time on the proceeds with your children. Nay, hush, no objections. You have been kind to an old man after your manner, do not deny him the right to be the same to you after his, for I shall be long gone from this world when the time of your need is upon you, so if I am to help you, it must be now.”

Only when the old man has finished speaking, do the PCs realize that immediately after, all the other clerks simultaneously jerk, and start moving about normally. After a moment’s recollection, they can also determine that none of them so much as twitched or breathed while he was gifting the girl, almost as if he somehow suspended them.

B

“A Common Room, a comfortable Common Room, but a Common Room none-the-less? Outrageous, unthinkable, unacceptable! I stand here beside myself. [the old man makes a casual, slow gesture that only the most astute among the PCs realize is the somatic component to a spell – and suddenly there are 9 of him peering across the counter with popping eyebrows.] For far less than this affront I have made people into newts!” [a small newt pops out of the mage’s hood, and stands upon his shoulder – anyone sensing for such can detect illusionary magic about it, and anyone immune to illusion can see that an irate looking parrot stands on the mages shoulder, giving him the eye.] ***You see Bernard here? I do not summon my familiars in the usual ways, they are those who have somehow offended me!”***

The clerks seem most taken aback, but the youngest steps tremulously out of the pack. “Please sir, if we don’t do as we are told, we’ll lose our jobs, and I couldn’t even begin to live without mine. I don’t want to be a newt, but its better than starving. We just can’t let you have a room sir, I’m sorry.”

The old man deflates a bit. “Ah lass, I would not turn you into a newt. Your heart is good. Ah, a pox on all small minded folk, but lo, it is none of your fault. You have done as you were told, and I shall rest my aged bones upon a cot of your choice. At least choose well for me, away from the cracks and crevices that let in the cold night wind, for I am old and would ill take a chill. Here let me pay you as if it were the room that I had expected. Take my money then, and ‘sort me out.’”

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normally. After a moment’s recollection, they can also determine that none of them so much as twitched or breathed while he was gifting the girl, almost as if he somehow suspended them.

Whether a. or b. was chosen, when that segment ends, continue below.

A bellhop, shaking a bit, comes around the counter and takes up the mage’s luggage, which promptly sprouts legs and helps propel itself alongside the startled young man. As they pass the PCs the elder mage bellows “Next.” in a loud voice. Winking to the group he then comments, “perhaps you will be beside me in the Common Room. I shall look forward to it.”

Should the PCs now interact with the old man, and mention that they are local he will exclaim loudly “Ha, the chaperones, then indeed we will see more of each other,” as he hurriedly follows his perambulating luggage up stairs.

Behind the counter the clerks are getting a grip on themselves. One of them will, for some unknown reason, strike a small bell, and then call out “Next, room AND event registration, right this way. Gentles???” He will look pointedly at the group of PCs.

Once the PCs have even begun to register, and they must register to be allowed run of the hotel, the clerk will look up at the first mention of a name.

“Ah! Let me hurry through then, I have a standing request from the Grand Masters of “The Order” to process you quickly, and send you on up to them on the fourth floor.”

He can answer no questions, he does not know why the group was requested, only that it was. True to his word, he will process the registrations quickly, and run a brush wet with some clear liquid across the back of their hands. “Keeps the golems quiet unless you do something untoward – at least till the end of the Symposium it does. Lothrop, please take these gentles up to the Imperial floor, and present them to the Grand Masters.”

A young bellhop will then emerge, and lead the PCs away to encounter two.

Troubleshooting the Encounter:

Although itself unlikely, the most probable difficulty in this encounter will be violence. In a case where violence erupts, it will probably be an attack by the PCs on Bhupindar, in a misguided attempt to protect the

clerks. Should that occur, the clerks will dive under the counter, and combat will ensue. It is likely that the PCs can manage to kill Bhupindar – but if they do, they have committed a murder. Of course Bhupindar may also be able to kill some of them, and if he does – that too should be referred to the appropriate people. Should anyone be slain, Agatha {see below} will appear immediately, and attempt first to bring the situation under control, and then *raise dead* on the slain, and use *heal* for the wounded, all the time scolding everyone involved. If necessary, due to multiple deaths (of if threatened or attacked) Agatha will *gate* in help.

On a lighter note, the PCs may attempt to charm either Bhupindar or the clerks to either a: Get on the best side of those running the symposium or b: Get on Bhupindar's best side. In the first case, role a die, then have Bhupindar turn bright eyed to the PCs, wink broadly and declaim “welcome dearies – nothing to worry about, be done here in a moment, we're just having a little chat” wink again, and turn back to the clerks. In the second case, a soft chime will sound and a small winged elephant with golden booties will appear. “Tut, tut, tut,” says Agatha the Hollyphant, “that's forbidden behavior here. Naughty, naughty, naughty (waving her trunk in an admonishing fashion).”

It is also possible that the PCs will refuse to register. If so, let it be, since any appearance on the 2nd or higher level will result in the golems activating, they will be brought back after capture by said golems, to the registration desk, and registered then – with considerably ruffled dignity.

See Common Room 1 under Personality Encounters for stats of Bhupindar, and Room 9 for Agatha.

Encounter Two [The Mission]

The bellhop {Alstophe} will lead the PCs up the stairs, up more stairs, across a great hall, and up a third flight of stairs. Emerging on the fourth and highest floor, “the Imperial floor,” the PCs are greeted by tinkling fountains off to the right, fronted by wide paneled windows. The floors are deeply carpeted, the walls covered in flocked paper. A large lizard man, carrying a trident and wearing knee high boots with folded tops, approaches the group as soon as they debouch from the stair.

“The locals?” He asks. “Excellent, the Grand-masters are beside themselves.” Then turning to you, “I am Phoebus, I am pleased to make your acquaintance, and greet you on behalf of the Grand-masters of The

Order. Please accompany me, all are meeting in m-lord Mordenkainen's suite.”

The Lizard man turns and walks away, obviously expecting the PCs to follow him. Alstophe salutes them {if any handed the young man money, a grin breaks out across his face}, and heads down the stairs.

If the PCs pause to admire the view, or the fountains, or the statuary in the hall, Phoebus will turn to them and say “Please hurry now, the scenery will still be here later, I assure you.” As soon as is possible, the lizard-man will usher the PCs into Suite # 11, where a number of august figures are gathered. Phoebus will make the introductions.

“This, {pointing to a hearty looking mage in the prime of life, with a spade beard and jet black hair} is m-lord Mordenkainen. This, {pointing to a flustered looking man with blonde hair, all dressed in purple robes} is the lord Paragon, called by some the purple. This, {indicating a distinguished looking elderly man with a long beard and long white hair} is the representative among the Grand Masters from your own world, the sage Elminster. This, {with a nod towards a middle aged woman of stately proportions, whose blonde hair seems somehow too perfect for her apparent age} is Lady Morgandella the Mighty, representative of the world of Sretsam. As for we others, I am here as guest and attendant to Lord Mordenkainen, the Hollyphant Agatha is friend and attendant to Lady Morgandella, Lord Elminster does not choose to have an attendant, and Lord Paragon's attendant is too distraught to attend this conference.”

Mordenkainen glances towards Elminster, who shrugs. Raising an eyebrow Mordenkainen clammers to his feet and addresses the PCs. “We are very pleased indeed to see you here before us. I fear than an unexpected strain has been placed upon us here, and we must count upon you to help us to resolve it.

“Yesterday evening, while we were absent from this floor, someone, somehow, entered our colleague Paragon's room, and stole two very valuable items. The first is a cloak of the art; a device which has stored within it, in the form of stars, the following spells {each usable once}: teleport, enchant an item, spiritwrack and limited wish. The second is a special spellbook, in which he had already inscribed Ignore, a spell unique to his world of Aphonion, and in which each of us was also going to inscribe a spell – prior to giving it as the main door-prize at the closing banquet, 3 and ½ days hence.

“We are both perturbed and provoked. Not only was this sort of crime completely unexpected, but we have not been able to determine who might have committed it, or even how. The golems in the hall had

been directed to activate in the event of any suspicious behavior, they did not activate. Paragon's attendant – his apprentice Mysterio, was found on his pallet in a deep sleep, and seemed groggy when awakened, though otherwise normal. The room's window was locked, and the wards defending against intrusion in the form of teleportation or dimension door were not triggered. We have considered the possibility of extra-dimensional collusion, but Agatha here says that she has sensed nothing, and there seems to be none of the normal collateral spatial damage one encounters when dealing with extra-dimensional forays into the prime plane.

'In short, we have a locked room theft, if you would. Additionally, we have not told anyone about the theft, for two reasons. The first is that it would certainly panic the mages at the Symposium. The second is that it would warn the thieves that we are pursuing them. Obviously we cannot make a serious attempt to pursue the thieves ourselves either, since that would indicate to all and the sundry that something is going on.

'We turn to you. We of The Order cannot permit ourselves to be stolen from with impunity. We must pursue and punish the perpetrators, and due to circumstances we must do it quietly. You are therefore the ones expected to ferret out the thieves, with no one the wiser that there has even been a theft. For our part we will find another prize to give away, as both the book and the cloak are yours once you recover them.

'Tonight you should attend the plenary, you will meet many, possibly most, of the other attendees. You will receive a schedule of events, and you will have an opportunity to hob-nob with many of your fellow mages in exalted positions here and there. Tonight and every moment thereafter, you should be pursuing the thieves. There are open beds in the Common Room until the evening of the 16th, you are welcome to stay there during the investigation, if you wish. Good luck.'

There will be many questions asked and answered here, in all likelihood. Mysterio may be brought in and questioned (see Area Encounters – Room 10 for his stats). He is greatly distraught, but never stirred last evening. The Grand Masters cannot discount the possibility of the items being stolen by spell, if it is suggested. On the other hand, Dwawmij's instant summons has been unable to re-obtain either item. If questioning the golems is suggested, the Grand Masters are more than willing to have them activated, and have them discuss, within the extreme limitations of their intelligence, what they observed that evening. Should the PCs do this, the golems saw nothing except one of the usual maids cleaning the room. Only close

questioning will reveal that one maid did enter Paragon's room. Closer questioning still will reveal that she left with a cloak which she did not enter with, saying she was taking it to be cleaned. This was not considered unusual – valets often do such service on this floor – so the golems did not activate. The golems can not recognize individual humans and demi-humans by sight, they activate according to people's actions, and know their master by a mystic link between them.

Trouble-shooting this encounter:

Problems are unlikely here. Allow the PCs as much time as they wish to question everyone, when they seem about finished, one of the Grand Masters will announce, "Well, time for the plenary. Come along all." and the group will troop off.

Mordenkainen hm W16: (see Room 11 in Personality Section).

Paragon the Purple, hm W15: (see Room 10 in Personality Section).

Morgandella, hf W24: (see Room 9 in Personality section).

Elminster of Shadowdale, hm W26: (see Room 13 in Personality Section).

Phoebus, liardman male F10: (see Room 11 in Personality Section).

Agatha the Hollyphant: (see Room 9 in the Personality Section).

Encounter Three [Plenary]

The third floor great hall, which echoed in its emptiness when last you passed this way on your way up, now bustles with activity. Nearly every seat is taken, and a few magi belie their ages by sitting cross-legged on the floor like teenagers. With a sketchy salute, the august personages with whom you descended the stairs part from you, walking across the open space to the raised dais, and there seating themselves, with Elminster as host, seated on the great throne in the center of the dais.

Mordenkainen, as facilitator for the event, stands to speak first. "Welcome my brothers and sisters in the art!" He booms stridently. "And welcome to the charming city of Ravens Bluff! On behalf of the Grand Masters of The Order, and on behalf of the City itself, I welcome you to this warm and winsome

place, and to the 1238th annual symposium of *The Order of the Eternals*.” {scattered clapping} “Now permit me to turn the podium over to my honorable friend Elminster of Shadowdale, who will tell you about the trifling restrictions that the locality has asked that we apply to ourselves.”

Standing, even as Mordenkainen sits, Elminster beams down fondly at the crowd. “Welcome to Ravens Bluff, and to the Glittering Star Inn! For the good of the community, the Ravens Bluff City Council has requested a favor, which *The Order* has chosen to honor. A discussion of that favor, together with a couple of talking points will conclude my evenings remarks.”

‘1.) Most importantly, if you are a mage who is not from these parts, then don’t go outside the Inn without a mage who IS from these parts. In addition to myself of course, those fine folk {his arm shoots out to point unerringly at the PCs, everyone turns to gawk immediately}, are local. If you want to go outside, see the sights, or get a breath of fresh air down the street, ask one of us to go with you. Now remember, they also have an agenda here, so they may not be able to cooperate with most - or even many of your requests, and I certainly shan’t, but there you are. At the least you are in a first class establishment with lots of good food, collegial company, and good security.

‘2.) This Symposium concentrates on darker subjects than usual this tri-year. For example: Both Necromancy and the summoning and binding of lower planar beings are being investigated in some depth. Nevertheless, there will be some lighter moments, like Mme Trafford’s consideration of love potions {snickers}.

‘3.) As always, *The Order* aims this to be an enjoyable experience. In spite of the cramped space {mumbles}, there will be breakfasts and dinners every day of the Symposium, and the whole thing will close out with our traditional banquet and door-prize drawing. Now I know that there are already rumors about what the door prizes will be, but I’m here to tell you right now that I personally guarantee that this year, everyone will stay confused until the prizes are awarded, and I do mean everyone!

‘There, with those things said, permit me to yield the stage to Lady Morgandella the Mighty, who will address us during this plenary session regarding one of the most dreaded of all of the un-living: *The Dracolich. Lady Morgandella...*’

As Lady Morgandella rises and moves to the podium, several young boys and girls move through the crowd

in jerkins and matching hose, distributing a handbill detailing the offerings for the Symposium. {Give PCs **Player Handout 2**} Several of the NPCs also move, shifting themselves quietly closer to the PCs, and beginning to murmur blandishments and ‘deals.’

“... so I do say, I’ve heard that there are wonderful magickal shoppes here in Ravens Bluff – I’d intended to spend some time in one of them.”

“...can’t possibly eat every meal in the wretched restaurant here, could I induce you to take me out for some local fare...”

“...so, what do you local boys do for fun... my goodness, I think I can guess, just looking at you...{giggle}”

“...Delighted to make your acquaintance, one of the finest cities I’ve ever had the pleasure to wrap my senses around, if I do say so myself, and I’d like to wrap more of them around more of it...”

“{to the most beautiful lady in the group, from a handsome man with a silver sheen to his skin, and silvery hair}... Hi there, I was hoping to be able to find my way out into the city. I was afraid of some type of restriction, however, I’m sure that we can work something out.”

etc.

The PCs may reply to these folk as they like, they may even attempt to listen to Morgandella’s speech, if they do, then make it up as you go along. They may also take the opportunity to sneak out of the Plenary completely.

Troubleshooting this encounter:

The most likely difficulty is that the PCs will feel trapped by the many NPCs and their interests. If it seems that this is occurring, use Bhupindar the Hoary to extricate them. He will approach the situation, a wide smile upon his face, and announce loudly enough to be heard – which will embarrass all the whisperers, “I knew I would see you again soon, my friends.” He will then strike up an inane conversation, as the others look resentfully at him, and slink away, back to their seats. Use this option only if it is clearly necessary to do so. If the PCs can strike some sort of balance between their own interests, the pursuit of the criminal(s) and a placation of the visitors, let them do so. Only if it is evident that they can’t, and that the players are getting flustered, should you call in the calvary – or in this case, Bhupindar.

Special Note: I have not noted the specific mages present here, primarily because every mage attending the Symposium is present. Refer to Personality Encounters in the section following for more information, everyone in the “mages” section is at this plenary, and every other general meeting.

Encounter Four [Stone Cold Corpses]

Please insert this encounter in a timely fashion. If the PCs are going at it, and by the end of the Symposium are questioning folk, or taking folk out to eat {you are on your own there}, then let the encounter slide, until the action slows down and people start getting uncertain. If on the other hand, the players are lost and confused, then have Jed come up to them immediately after they leave the Plenary. In any event. When it is appropriate a young man, whom someone may remember having seen down stairs, comes up to whichever PC looks the most approachable (or knocks on the door if they are in room 11,etc.)

The young man, scuffing his toe and looking every where but at you says, “ummm, Mr. Gladhand asked that I come get you, real quick like. I’m sorry to bother you and all... Please forgive me.” He looks himself over anxiously, as if to make certain he still IS himself.

If the PCs ask who Mr. Gladhand is, the boy [Davey] will tell them that he owns the Inn. If the PCs ask why Mr. Gladhand wants them, Davey will tell them that “it’s not really my place to say, but I think its due to Missy Sally, you know.” If the PCs ask who Missy Sally is, Davey will think really hard about how to answer the question safely, and finally announce “Dead.”

Once the PCs go with Davey, he will lead them down, take them into the kitchen, and then past the prep tables and pastry blocks, to the cold room, where a middle-aged man, with presently sagging laugh lines is standing wringing his hands. As soon as he sees the PCs, he will demand immediately “Who? Who would do this thing? And, when I can’t even call the city guard. They said they wouldn’t be coming, not while all of you were here, said you’d take care of it yourselves. I wonder why I even bid on it I do.” He bursts into tears.

The body, which is still in the cold room, as Mr. Gladhand hasn’t gotten up the strength to remove it yet, is headless, and the heart has been cut from the chest. Anyone who asks to make, and then makes, a spellcraft check will know that this helps prevent *speak with*

dead, resurrection, raise dead, and most other similar spells. If any such spells are tried, the resurrection survival for Sally is only 5%.

“It’s Sally it is,” Mr. Gladhand will announce when the corpse is brought forth. “Look at that ring, and its her dress, they didn’t even steal the ring. Who’d do a thing like this? Why would they do a thing like this? You will be catching them won’t you?” This last to the PCs.

If the PCs question Mr. Gladhand closely they can discover that Sally is a young woman who came to work during the prep time for this Symposium. While not a long-time employee, Sally was friendly, respectful, and well groomed. She was one of the only casual laborers that Mr. Gladhand has been considering keeping on beyond the time of the Symposium.

Other casual employees include: Hedwig the clerk, Alstophe the bell-hop, Monica the cook’s assistant, and Thomas, the roustabout. Of them all, the only other casual employee besides Sally that Mr. Gladhand was considering retaining was Alstophe. “He is a good humored lad, and he makes the customers laugh sometimes, nothing wrong with that.”

If asked what chores Sally performed, Mr. Gladhand will relate: “Well, sometimes she worked back here in the kitchen, but mostly she did cleaning stuff, both on the third floor and on the imperial floor, folks liked her, she did a good job, it seemed like the right idea.

If none of the PCs can removing Sally’s corpse from the cold room, Mr. Gladhand will send for Thomas. “I need you to go in there,” he will inform the muscular young man. “I need you to bring Sally back out with you, or what is left of her anyway.” Thomas will be most agitated, and when he actually sees Sally’s corpse, he will faint dead away. A couple of the kitchen workers, already agitated, will become more so. “Didn’t you know he was sweet on her.” One of them will scold Mr. Gladhand, who will only become more morose.

Clearly the young lady was murdered with a very sharp instrument, anyone with surgery or the equivalent can also determine that her heart was removed with a deboning knife.

Mr. Gladhand, hm F3: (see Room 12 in Personality Section).

Special Note: If any PC has *ESP* up, or is in some form of mind to mind contact with Thomas, they will see substantial turmoil in his mind, together with odd flashes or a red scaled humanoid face, just prior to his collapse. When he awakes, no such visions will still be present, nor does he know any such person.

Encounter Five [An Angry Mage]

Again, use judgement in when to introduce this encounter. If the PCs are trying things, asking questions, seeking answers, going to events, etc.; let them. If /when they seem hopelessly stuck, and are spinning their wheels or going around in circles, introduce this encounter. Whether it is at a meal, or in the middle of the day, it should get them moving again.

You are somewhat startled to see a dwarf, his immaculately clean beard tucked into his belt, and a turban wrapped around his head, approaching you, holding a goblet of water in one hand.

“Honorable ones!” he calls out to you as he draws nearer. “What sort of insanity is it that some of those upon your world practice? To defile that which is most rare, most precious, most blessed, in such a vile way... Why would any do such a thing. Further, what of those who sicken from it? In the name of the compassionate, the merciful, why?”

The Dwarven Mage will go on in this fashion for some time, occasionally shaking his glass of water for emphasis. When PCs manage to interrupt and ask what he is talking about, he will stare at them open mouthed and aghast for a moment, and finally continue incredulously:

“You do not know? It is so unimportant that you have not noticed? By the merciful, by the compassionate, one would think that it fell from the air, polluting the land. I speak of the water!” he shakes the glass, “the water!!!!

“You do not know? You do not realize that the water is tainted? That is full of the death? Any who drink of it may sicken – a sickness of the stomach, of the bowels – of the liver. Is there no medicine here? By the compassionate, the merciful – what type of world do you have?”

What all of this relates to of course, is that the water is tainted, something is wrong with the water... There are poisons, toxics, micro-organisms {the last being a phrase none at the conference except Elminster would know} in the water, and something must be causing it.

What is causing it is the fact that Sally’s head and heart were stuffed down the well and they are now decaying. Depending on how they pursue the information, the PCs may figure this out, or not. If they do figure it out, they can retrieve the partially decayed remains and either a: get a *raise dead* spell cast on Sally – successfully unless there is a dramatic reason for it to

fail {like the PCs are progressing too fast}, or *speak with dead*, gaining at least some helpful information.

Although no one else knows it, and Sally’s meager belongings were searched unsuccessfully for the cloak by other agents representing the lich of the sewers, the cloak is actually hidden in a barrel of olives scant feet from the well down which her remains were dropped.

Troubleshooting this Encounter:

There are only two possible problems here. One is that the PCs will essentially ignore the dwarf, using some random version of “shove off you” and never act on his clue, in this event, it’s their loss. If they miss the clue, do nothing to further advance it into their notice. The other problem is an attack on the mage. In that case, any local golems will activate to separate the combatants and take them to the Grand Masters.

The second problem is a bunch of PC dwarves wanting to be taught to be mages. Kursh is a sha’ir from Zakhara, where such things are possible, and he will not teach his craft to anyone.

See Room 3 in the Personality Section for stats.

Encounter Six [Assassins]

This encounter should take place at a strategically appropriate time, prior to the formal dinner on the 15th – particularly as the formal dinner climaxes this round of the event. The Sewer Lich has come to realize that there is another presence, inimical to his purposes, present in the conference. In an attempt to strike at that presence, or at least embarrass it, he is making a very serious attempt to assassinate at least one of its members.

Recognizing, as he does, the level of power present among those at the Symposium, he has decided to do his dirty work as effectively as possible. Therefore, he has decided to use a group of beings as assassins who owe him a favor, and are happy to get him on the “paid” list by pursuing his vendetta. Disguised impeccably as casual laborers coming in for the banquet, these beings are here only to kill. They understand that theirs may be a suicide mission, but honor demands that they carry it out.

Careful to catch one, or at most two, PCs apart from the others if at all possible, they attack – they will attack the whole group only if they have no choice, and no stratagem seems capable of separating potential victims away from their fellows. Under all circumstances, the group will avoid attacking the PCs on any floor except the first one (they want to avoid the golems).

Should the PCs have ESP or a psionic equivalent available, and capture prisoners, then they may be able to obtain some information by questioning them. Both the Rakasta and the Rakshasa are too honorable to willingly divulge information, however, they cannot avoid thinking about related topics when questioned. This method will yield sure knowledge that the assassins were sent, bound by their honor, by someone whom their tribe owes something. That person is odious in the minds of the cat-folk, but they will fulfill their obligation regardless. There is a whiff of dead flesh about the thoughts that the cat-folk think, and a name: Rembrold.

Tier One –

Rakasta Hatra Warriors (2): Int (Very/11); AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 22, 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3; Dmg *Kasa* claw/*Kasa* claw/bite for 1d4+1/1d4+1/1d4; SA if both *Kasa* claw attacks hit, then rake with both rear claws is possible for an additional 1d3/1d3; SD nil; MR none; SZ M; ML 12.

The Rakasta are non-magical cousins of the Rakshasa. These particular Hatra warriors and their tribe owe much to certain Rakshasa Rajahs, who themselves owe favors to the Sewer lich. There is no honorable retreat, as far as Rakasta warriors are concerned. They fight to the death. Each has two removable metal war claws (*Kasa*), and 4 gps.

Tier Two –

Rakasta Hatra Warriors (4): Int (Very/11); AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 22, 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3; Dmg *Kasa* claw/*Kasa* claw/bite for 1d4+1/1d4+1/1d4; SA if both *Kasa* claw attacks hit, then rake with both rear claws is possible for an additional 1d3/1d3; SD nil; MR none; SZ M; ML 13.

Tier Three –

Blevins the Rakshasa (1): Int Very/12; AL LE; AC -4; MV 15; HD 7; hp 42; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite for 1d3/1d3/1d4+1; SA illusion, spells; SD +1 or better weapon to hit, less than +3 weapon inflicts only ½ damage, spells; MR special; SZ M; ML 16.

Limited *ESP* allows illusionary disguise which is nearly impenetrable. The Rakshasa is immune to all spells below eighth level, except *bless* -- when it is cast on crossbow bolts, something that will kill one instantly.

Spells Blevins knows are cast at the 7th level of ability, and include the following {4,3,2,1}: *burning hands, cantrip, friends, magic missile; invisibility, knock, mirror image; dispel magic, lightning bolt; ice storm.*

Blevins is not happy about throwing away the lives of the Rakasta, and possibly himself, if he cannot escape. He is hopeful however that he may be able to. Honorable to the extreme, he will honor the agreement of his clan with Rembrold, regardless of consequences, however. Even if it kills him, and the others.

While disguised as a common laborer, and very capable of more elaborate schemes than the Rakasta alone would be, Blevins will drop the illusion -- when the actual combat begins.

Rakasta Hatra Warriors (2): Int Very/11; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 22, 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3; Dmg *Kasa* claw/*Kasa* claw/bite for 1d4+1/1d4+1/1d4; SA if both *Kasa* claw attacks hit, then rake with both rear claws is possible for an additional 1d3/1d3; SD nil; MR none; SZ M; ML 14.

Tier Four –

Blevins and Abdul the Rakshasas (2): Int Very/12; AL LE; AC -4; MV 15; HD 7; hp 42; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite for 1d3/1d3/1d4+1; SA illusion, spells; SD +1 or better weapon to hit, less than +3 weapon inflicts only ½ damage, spells; MR special; SZ M; ML 16.

Limited *ESP* allows illusionary disguise which is nearly impenetrable. The Rakshasa is immune to all spells below eighth level, except *bless* -- when it is cast on crossbow bolts, something that will kill one instantly.

Spells Blevins knows are cast at the 7th level of ability, and include the following {4,3,2,1}: *burning hands, cantrip, friends, magic missile; invisibility, knock, mirror image; dispel magic, lightning bolt; ice storm.*

Spells Abdul knows are cast at the 7th level of ability, and include the following {4,3,2,1}: *charm person, grease, sleep, spook; levitate, Melf's acid arrow, Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter; feign death, lightning bolt; fumble.*

Blevins is not happy about throwing away the lives of the Rakasta, and possibly himself, if he cannot escape. He is hopeful however that he may be able to. Honorable to the extreme, he will honor the agreement of his clan with Rembrold, regardless of consequences, however. Even if it kills him, and the others.

Abdul on the other hand is more down to earth. He is doing what he has to, but he feels no requirement of honor or law to do so. He is not here to fulfill the rajah's debt, but rather because the rajah ordered him to be here, and it is better for him right now to belong to the rajah's court. He will not hesitate to use *Feign death*, in hopes of being able to sneak away later, if he feels that all is lost.

While disguised as common laborers, and very capable of more elaborate schemes than the Rakasta alone would be, Blevins and Abdul will drop the illusion -- when the actual combat begins.

Rakasta Hatra Warriors (2): Int Very/11; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 22, 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3; Dmg *Kasa* claw/*Kasa* claw/bite for 1d4+1/1d4+1/1d4; SA if both *Kasa* claw attacks hit, then rake with both rear claws is possible for an additional 1d3/1d3; SD nil; MR none; SZ M; ML 14.

Tier Five –

Sir Artus Claraus the Rakshasa Ruhk (1): Int High/14; AL LE; AC -5; MV 18; HD 8+16; hp 62; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite 1d6/1d6/2d5; SA Illusions, spells; SD +2 or better weapons to hit, less than +4 weapons inflict only ½ damage, spells; MR special; SZ M; ML 18.

Limited *ESP* allows illusionary disguise which is nearly impenetrable. The Rakshasa is immune to all spells below eighth level, except *bless* -- when it is cast on crossbow bolts, something that will kill one instantly.

Spells Sir Artus Claraus knows are cast at 9th level of ability, and include the following: {4,3,2,1} *cantrip*, *hypnotism*, *phantasmal force*, *ventriloquism*; *blind*, *improved phantasmal force*, *stinking cloud*; *fireball*, *lightning bolt*; *illusionary wall*.

Artus Claraus is a wide-eyed fanatic, a well meaning one {by his race's standards} perhaps, but a wide-eyed fanatic. He knows that he is but the instrument of the gods' wills in this issue, and acts accordingly. He will spend his own life, and the lives of the two lesser Rakshasa with him recklessly, if in so doing he can accomplish his goal of paying his rajah's debt to Rembrold.

In addition to his very expensive clothing, which involve a lot of cloth of gold, Artus also has 2 potions of extra-healing. Given the opportunity, he will not hesitate to quaff them, and continue the fight.

Blevins and Abdul the Rakshasas (2): Int Very/12; AL LE; AC -4; MV 15; HD 7; hp 42; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite for 1d3/1d3/1d4+1; SA illusion, spells; SD +1 or better weapons to hit, less than +3 weapons inflicts only ½ damage, spells; MR special; SZ M; ML 16.

Limited *ESP* allows illusionary disguise which is nearly impenetrable. The Rakshasa is immune to all spells below eighth level, except *bless* -- when it is cast on crossbow bolts, something that will kill one instantly.

Spells Blevins knows are cast at the 7th level of ability, and include the following {4,3,2,1}: *burning*

hands, *cantrip*, *friends*, *magic missile*; *invisibility*, *knock*, *mirror image*; *dispel magic*, *lightning bolt*; *ice storm*.

Spells Abdul knows are cast at the 7th level of ability, and include the following {4,3,2,1}: *charm person*, *grease*, *sleep*, *spook*; *levitate*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter*; *feign death*, *lightning bolt*; *fumble*.

Able between them to make elaborate plans, the Rakshasa will act with due deliberation and caution -- their goal being to eliminate at least one PC, if they can manage it through lack of caution or arrogance on the part of the PCs.

Encounter Seven [The Banquet]

This encounter is the final encounter of the round. If the PCs have managed to find the cloak already, perhaps as a result of finding the missing parts from Sally -- and using some sort of *speak with dead* -- then the banquet may be rather bland for them, unless they are deeply into character. Providing that they haven't already found the cloak, it will be an exciting ending for the round.

Allow the players to role-play the opening moments, as those from the Symposium gather. Depending on time remaining, sketch in -- or play out -- the opening remarks, and describe - or skim over - the wonderful foods and rich desserts that fill the tables. Part way through the meal, regardless, one of the few remaining servants -- one Thomas -- will cart in a brand new cask of pickled olives, and stave in the top, as he begins to replenish the dishes of olives, his head will wrinkle in puzzlement, and he will glance up several times at the owner -- Mr Gladhand -- who is watching from the side. Finally he will sidle off to talk to him.

What is in the barrel of course is the cloak. The banquet will be interrupted, while the cloak is drawn out, soaking wet with brine, and examined by all and the sundry. Elminster will look at the ceiling as Mordenkainen attempts to explain that this is a missing cloak, accidentally dropped by an associate of his... The PCs can tell that not everyone in the room is buying the explanation. From the dais, they can all feel Paragon's eyes burning into them -- the unspoken question being -- and how long till you find the book?

Special note: The cloak also has a talisman of proof against detection and location pinned to it. This talisman is especially powerful, and has prevented any

of the spells used to try to find or retrieve the cloak from functioning.

After this scene, the characters will be rewarded for finding the cloak. The group will get the following items to divide amongst themselves: 2 *daggers* +1, +2 vs *non-spellcasters*, a pair of *bracers of defense* AC 7, a *ring of protection* +2, and two *potions of healing*.

Finish of the Round – timeline encounters.

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.

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.

For each clue listed on the clue summary which is found: 50 xp
(Max xp = 700)

Defeating the Rakshasha forces: Tier 1: 100 xp
Tier 2: 200 xp
Tier 3: 400 xp
Tier 4: 600 xp
Tier 4: 800 xp

Roleplaying Experience: 0-1,000 xp

Total Possible Experience: 1,800 xp

For Tier 2: 1,900 xp
For Tier 3: 2,100 xp
For Tier 4: 2,300 xp
For Tier 5: 2,500 xp

Treasure Summary

No treasure this round. The adventure is not over yet.

Round One Clue Summary

Most, but not all of the clues below are recapitulated from elsewhere - read this text carefully for those clues that are only listed here.

The following is a listing of the available clues – do not subtract from this list, since part of the individual scoring is based on them – however, feel free to add to this list if it is necessary to get the characters on track.

Encounter 2.

- The discovery that *Dwawmij's instant summons* is incapable of recovering the items should indicate that they are either completely destroyed, protected, or off the plane.
- The maid entered the room, this can only be gained via close questioning of the golems..
- The maid took the cloak “for cleaning,” this can only be gained via close questioning of the golems.
- Mordenkainen cannot find the items using his *crystal ball* either, this will only be gained if scrying is inquired about. This also indicates that the items are somehow protected from detection, or are out of phase with this reality.
- The ultimate clue here in Encounter 2 is found by closely examining Mysterio's body, and finding the pin prick from the tiny dart (it is on the inner side of the arm. Any person with a healing proficiency will recognize it as a dart wound, not a spider bite, as Mysterio thinks it is. Making a healing proficiency check enables the character to also recognize that the particular puffing of the wound indicates a Drowan sleep poison was administered. A Drow or half-Drow character does not need to make a healing proficiency roll once they have seen the wound, or had it pointed out to them.

Encounter 4.

- Through questioning Mr. Gladhand, the PCs can discover that Sally was a casual worker, hired for the event. She seems so competent though, that Mr. Gladhand was going to keep her.
- Through listening, the PCs can discover that Thomas “was sweet” on Sally.
- If there is mind contact ongoing with Thomas, the PC will see substantial turmoil in his mind, together with odd flashes of a red scaled humanoid face (Rembrold)

Encounter 5.

- The water is tainted, and may cause illness. A clever PC should inquire about checking the well, to see what is causing the taint. If they do so, they will find the missing... parts...
- Having regained the head and heart, a *speak with dead* is possible. If no one in the party is capable - then they may be able to use the Seer from the personality encounters.
- Using *speak with dead*, the PCs should be able to discover Rembrold's name.
- Using *speak with dead*, the PCs should be able to discover that the cloak is hidden in a barrel of pickled olives, presently in the kitchen until it is served.

Encounter 6.

- Trying to capture someone alive is definitely a lead in to a clue.
- Questioning any prisoner while probing their mind in one fasion or another – perhaps using Agatha or the Seer in some manner if no PC has an applicable power – will enable the PCs to get some clearer information about Rembrold, and his desire to tweak the nose of the establishment. They will also realize that the cat-folk owe him a favor.

Impendant Symposium

A Living City Mages Only Tournament
Second of two interlocking rounds.

By Reynolds Jones

Blurb: A prestigious mages' conference is being held in Ravens Bluff. Wizards from across the planes are in attendance to discuss the finer points of the Art. You have been asked to attend as guides and possible bodyguards. This event is open to wizard and bard characters, and to priests of Azuth who can cast wizard spells. Non-wizard characters would not be hired and therefore cannot be played.

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

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

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

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

Tier Structure

Add the levels of the PCs to determine which tier they are on. For multi-class and dual-class characters, take the highest level and add one for each additional class. Tiered events and foes are marked throughout the text.

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

Special Instructions

1.) This tournament is a mages only event. Any character may participate if the character is:

- A specialist or generalist magic user.
- A multi-classed character, one of whose classes is a magic user.
- A priest or priestess of a god or goddess that grants its followers magical spells, such as Mystra.
- A dual classed character, whose present functionary and primary class is a magic-using one.
- A bard, or a demi-human equivalent, such as a gnomish professor, etc.

2.) This is the first of two interconnected rounds. Depending on where this is being run, it may be partial or full advancement to a second round at the same convention, or at a different convention.

3.) Time-line encounters occur, either as a result of specific actions on the part of the PCs, or at set intervals according to internal game time, or external real time. Each encounter explains in [brackets] near the beginning, exactly what triggers that particular encounter. Time-line encounters are linear, but they are the only linear part of this tournament, and should be laid lightly atop everything else that is going on, in as appropriate a manner as possible to the ongoing role-playing.

Special Note for judges: Do not read the introduction or distribute the handout, until all players have read a blurb introducing their character to other characters. Make note of what level of detail regarding the character's persona is included. If the "blurb" is too vague in your judgement to allow you to judge the player's role-play of the character, request clarification – if the player refuses to give such clarification, you should so note next to their name on the Score sheet.

Players Introduction:

Give out **Player Handout Numbers One and Two**.

You were all pleasantly surprised to receive invitation to the upcoming Symposium being sponsored by the Order of the Eternals – a trans-dimensional magic user's guild of extraordinary power. Little did you know how little time you would spend trading secrets with fellow practitioners, and how much time you would spend playing detective. It seems that some people can't keep their hands off other people's things, and they also attend symposiums. As soon as you checked in at the Inn a couple of days ago, the registrar sent you directly to the heads of the guild – a bit of a shock. There you learned that the items had been stolen out of one of the High Master's rooms, while his servant slept only a few feet away. The two items in question, a traveling spell book and a cloak of the art, needed to be found, and the thieves punished.

Not as easy as it sounds. Even after determining that the servant had been put under by the use of some sort of powerful sleep poison, the investigation remained very difficult. The only potential suspect, or source of information, a young woman seen by the golems on the Imperial floor leaving Paragon's suite, found dead in the meat locker. Her head and heart later found in the well, and only found because of the

help of a magi from some water poor world or other who was upset that the water was impure. Then, in the midst of the festivities, an attempt to assassinate some of the local magi who were functioning as the investigators (perhaps even someone at this table), made by snarling cat-people. All of this culminating in the unexpected finding of the cloak of the art, still in the Inn and hidden well.

One item down, one item to go, and a murderer. Of course you have no idea who the perpetrator(s) is (are), so catching him/her (them) may be harder, and if you don't ... the reputation of Ravens Bluff is going to remain pretty besmirched to a number of powerful people from a number of worlds. Honor demands his/her (their) capture.

DM Introduction:

This tournament's information is set up in sections:

Timeline Encounters. These are the encounters that occur as you progress through the tournament. For example, encounter one is "Masked Ball."

Clues. This is a listing of the various clues and where they should be found. Much of this section is redundant, but is included as a convenience for the DM. Some of the clues here are not included in encounter text. Read this listing thoroughly.

Personality Encounters. This section contains the detailing of the various major NPCs, both those at the symposium and those serving in the Inn in various capacities – including the criminals. These are found in the section of material common to both rounds.

Area descriptions. This is a detailing of various things in/at various locations in the Inn, its cellars, and those parts of the Ravens Bluff sewers that connect to it. These are found in the section of material common to both rounds.

Maps. This section contains detailed maps of the four levels of the Inn, and an additional map of the cellars and connected section of the sewers. These are found in the section of material common to both rounds.

Scoring. See the scoring section at the very end for scoring round two. This applies only to the premier at Knight Games 1998. Other conventions do not need the scoring section and should ignore it.

DM Information regarding the situation:

When "The Order" decided to hold its symposium in Ravens Bluff, it had a number of reasons besides the

dismally average Inn in which it ended up, at inflated prices. Ravens Bluff has seen a remarkable concentration of magic – both in the abilities of spell-casters, and in the presence of items of power over the last few decades. Therefore, while regular symposium activities proceeded, it was the intention of the leadership of "The Order" to take a long, experienced gander at the effects such "over-exposure" to the Art might have on a mundane populace. Therefore, the bid from the Glittering Star Inn "won" the Symposium, to the great surprise of its owners and managers, who had submitted a bid pro-forma, knowing that they were hopelessly outclassed by the establishments on a dozen different planes.

On the 7th, a full week before the Symposium began, the leading Luminaries of "The Order," two from the Realms, and two from elsewhere, arrived with their personal servants, and took over the 4th "Imperial" floor of the Inn. There early, so they said, to direct preparations for the Symposium and to find some method of accommodating the number of powerful, finicky magi expected for the event in the inadequate space provided. What went unsaid was they were also there to surreptitiously start looking around the city.

As early as the morning of the 12th mages started arriving for the event. The pitifully small number that had reserved early (or with sufficient bribes) repaired to their rooms to freshen up, while the greater number looked with mixed apprehension and bemusement at the type of common room accommodations they had not been to enjoy since their earliest days out adventuring – and some, not even then.

It was during the evening of the 13th, the day before the symposium's beginning, that the hubris, so common of powerful magi, struck. Trusting in the golems, and the efficiency of their own servants, the four arch-magi, seeing that all was in order and believing themselves to be so much held in awe by both their fellow magi and by the local populace that there could not possibly be a danger to their persons or possessions, went together with a local chaperone, out for a night on the town.

When they returned, all seemed in order, until they repaired to their various suites. To his horror Paragon the Purple - representative of the Magi of the world of Aphonion - discovered that his suite had been ransacked, and both his *cloak of the art*, and traveling spell book were missing.

Immediately Paragon reconvened the group of his fellows, and they planned through the remainder of the night. Neither the book or the cloak are of overwhelming power, particularly given the aforementioned concentration of magic in the immediate area. The principle of the thing however demands that some real effort be made to regain the items in question and punish the thieves. The problem is that no one has any concept of how the theft occurred, or who might

have committed it. The items were in Paragon's locked room (Ste. 18), and nothing triggered the four golems in the main space of the fourth floor, awakened the servant who was sleeping on furs in the room, or set off the wards that Paragon left behind to prevent *teleport* and similar spells from functioning. The group gave consideration to the possibility of an other-planar being *gating* in, but there is no evidence of the type of stial damage that remains behind after such a *gate*.

Quite flummoxed by all this, the quartet decided that it was necessary to use locals to search out the problem and punish the thieves. Several puissant locals had already been invited to the event, offered free admission in exchange for such duties as were necessary—chaperoning and the like—and had accepted the invitation. Their duties would be expanded to pursuing and punishing those responsible for the theft. In exchange, they would be given honorary associate memberships in “The Order,” a commendation for service (quickly arranged for) from the City Council, and the recovered items, to keep for their own.

The Crime:

As the Arch-Magi themselves observed, there has been a lot of magic concentrated in this city for some time. A result has been that most of the local citizenry, and all of the local mages, have lost a great deal of any former awe that they might have felt when dealing with powerful users of magic, and others of mystical power. An additional result has been that while the average housewife still doesn't use *unseen servant* to wash the dishes and make the beds, there are a fair number of low level practitioners, hedge witches, and lower order warlocks scattered about, particularly among the young. The city takes little official notice of them, after all, with the number of mega-powerful adventurers that make their homes locally, such dabblers hardly constitute a threat. All of which is somewhat resented by the dabblers themselves. They would like training, patrons, wealth, all the other things that their better educated, higher class, upper echelon “cousins” seem to enjoy as a result of “The Art.”

Rarely indeed are a people so discontent, without some demagogue coming to exploit them. Enter Rembrold the Grey, called by some of the few who know him “The Sewer Lich.” It was some time ago that Rembrold recognized what a tremendous untapped resource the armies of dispossessed young people represented. Rembrold takes the cream, the best of the lost youth enter his service long before their displacement is even noticed by the authorities and the orphanages so generously supported by the powerful adventurers afore-mentioned.

Deep beneath the city, beneath even the clogged sewer lines which so often the City Council debates the

cleaning of, in his lair, Rembrold sustains, trains, and controls an unsuspected cadre of embittered young mages, thieves, and the occasional psionicist. He treasures them, teaches them, and in general cares for them far more than their blood parents ever did. He also carefully reinforces their resentment of those above, who have so crassly denied them the birthright of their natural gift. They in turn control a network of less fortunate urchins, street people, and beggars throughout the city. The thief's guild knows that its beggars division is infiltrated by someone, but cannot seem to do anything about it, and it will hardly discuss it lightly with outsiders.

When Rembrold heard about the Symposium being held by “The Order of the Eternals,” he immediately saw an opportunity to gain new items of significant power, and tweak the nose of those who, when he was young, had rejected him, even as they now reject his charges. Preparations for the theft were accomplished with relative ease. Members of the outermost circle of Rembrold's group were insinuated among those casual laborers hired by the Inn as additions to its own regular force of employees, to prepare for and serve at the symposium. Perforce, these temporary employees were introduced to the golems, who were directed to recognize their activities, unless they did something suspicious; and then to make note of unusual behavior only if no explanation was proffered.

When, on the evening of the 13th, one of these false temporary employees, Sally, observed the entire cadre of Arch-Magi from the 4th floor suites leaving for the evening, she immediately sent a confederate to alert her outside contact, and proceeded to the 4th floor, ostensibly to dust. In the process of “dusting,” she was able to lean over near the keyhole into Suite 18, and seeing Paragon's single accompanying servant sleeping on the floor, she fired a tiny dart with Drowan sleep poison through the keyhole, scoring a hit on exposed skin. Confidently, she entered the suite, and opened the glass-steel window to allow another accomplice, Bruce, this one from Rembrold's inner circle, to grapple the frame, climb up, and enter.

Together, the two quickly searched the room. Only two items showed up as being magical, and both were too bulky for the outside accomplice to climb back down with. Therefore, she took the cloak, concealed the book in it, and left the chamber. Mindful of the golems' instructions, she loudly proclaimed that the cloak needed cleaning, and quickly departed the floor, with the book concealed beneath it.

As is so often true, there has been no easy way to conceal or remove the cloak. By being extraordinarily cautious, Sally was able to get herself and the item down into the cellar, and from there to the few blocked off sections of the sewer to which they connect. However, she was not able to get out with it, as there

are no connections to the surface or to the deeper sewers, and therefore she hid it in the cellar, in the bottom of a barrel of pickled olives, while she herself returned to work in the Inn. Subsequently, intrepid adventurers were able to recover the cloak – although it may be some time before it is de-scented, so to speak.

The book, on the other hand, has been altered in outward appearance, and now waits for follower of Rembrold's who will be at the Symposium under an assumed name. This follower, now styling himself Hildrik the Frisky, will be standing for a quite dead Master of The Order, and will be using Common Room 9 after the evening of the 16th, arriving just in time for timeline encounter one. The book is an extra-dimensional pocket under Common Room bed 8. A pocket that only Hildrik can trigger, and that only Hildrik now knows about, since it was created, and the book placed in it, via a special version of *imbue spell ability* used on Thomas along with the *geas* used to force him to slay Sally. Thomas is a simple young lad, quite innocent of any wrongful intent, who does not remember any of what he has done.

Special Note to the DM

Most encounters in this part of the module are standardized, although a few are tiered. The reason that, unlike many Living City Events, most encounters are standardized, is because this is a “whodunit.” The majority of the tournament is role-playing, not combat, and there is no reason, for example, that the clerks encountered in encounter one, and the magi encountered in encounter two should ever be different than they are presented. It is ludicrous to imagine 10th level clerks, and equally ludicrous to imagine the arch-magi of worlds being reduced to 5th level, in order to accommodate a group of 3rd level characters, who for some unknown reason decide to try to kill them.

Timeline Encounters

Encounter One: [The Masked Ball]

The majority of the symposium drones on. Very few of the attendees have any inkling that anything might be amiss, and are going on about their business. Tonight is the night of the masked ball. It is also the night when the last few attendees have straggled in, and the only night when a few local magi, not otherwise invited (unlike yourselves) will be permitted in to bask in the presence of their betters.

You are amazed at the transformation that Mr. Gladhands, the Inn's owner, has managed to perform in the Inn's dining room, considering the conditions under which he is working, with his murdered worker and so forth. The lighting is dim, almost romantic. The tables are covered with festive clothes. There is a buffet set up along the north wall of the room, and masked, elegantly garbed and/or costumed folk move about. It is impossible to tell which magi is which under these circumstances. It is evident however that every one of the regular attendees is present.

The elegant salad; the gorgeous crown roasts, garnished with rings of green onion and red pepper; the rebaked potatoes; the perfect loaves of bread, all of them call out to you for consumption. Servers in tall cook's hats stand ready to carve, toss, and serve. At the end of the buffet a small bar has been arranged, with a single bar-keeper waiting upon your pleasure.

Determine what each PC is eating, if anything. Make notes to yourself which PCs partook of the salad or the onion garnish. Allow roleplay to continue for 5 minutes real time, then ask anyone who partook of the salad or ate any of the garnishes on the roasts to make a saving throw. Those who fail are affected by *dissension's feast*. Also affected are two of the NPCs: Bhupindar the hoary and Mme Trafford.

The spell was cast on the onions as they were being cut, by a priest resting near the kitchen door of the Inn. The priest, in his turn, was under a *geas* from Rembrold, the Sewer Lich. Mr. Gladhands has no suspicion whatever that anything is amiss.

Suddenly the theatrical voice of Bhupindar the hoary rises above the normal din. “Madame, I must protest your outrageous statement most assiduously.”

A second passes before Mme. Trafford answers, her voice unusually shrill. “And you sir, I find your dress offensive. It is no wonder that you believe my love potions do not work, no one could possibly find you attractive, no matter what potions you used. After all, your breath alone would dispel the effects at a distance of 60 paces.”

“My breath Madame? My breath? It does not even begin to compare to your clothing, how did you manage to select such hideous material? Even a color-blind man would never select that pattern.”

“Pattern....” Mme's voice drifts off into strangled mutterings.

At this point, if any PCs who had partaken of the salad or onion garnish failed their saves, instruct them that they find x (x being another player character) incredibly annoying, and are moved to so inform x at once. This bickering should continue until the spell is either

dispelled, or the character is in some way sedated or held until the spell wears off in 1 hour and 50 minutes.

Without intervention by the PCs, after 5 additional rounds of insults being exchanged, Bhupindar will finally lose it, luckily also losing the ability to cast spells due to incapacitating rage. He will draw his dagger and plunge it into Mme Trafford's bosom, inflicting 3 points of damage. This will finally attract the attention of the Grand Masters, who up until this point had been ignoring the situation, assuming it would pass. Even as Mme Trafford grabs for a steak knife to return the favor, one of the masked grand masters casts *hold person* on her, while a second masked grand master casts *hold person* on him. Both automatically fail their saving throws.

Assuming that the PCs intervene earlier than this, and do so verbally, they will simply draw all the ire of both NPCs to themselves.

The use of a *detect magic* spell cast on the food will reveal the presence of Enchantment/Charm, and Alteration magic on the onion, whether in the salad or used as a cooked garnish on the roast. *Dispel magic* spells will succeed (roll some dice behind the screen, but the roll succeeds, regardless of the numbers actually rolled), likewise *hold person* will hold either of the two, and so forth.

After the incident is resolved, Elminster will approach the apparent leader of the PCs in the guise of a warrior in foil armor. Leaning over, the Sage will whisper, "Hurry your investigation if you can, it seems to me that we have an actual enemy here. It is possible that the theft was not simple convenience, as we had thought. Please take especial care to guarantee that you are safe yourselves, I would hate to see any of our intrepids slain on our behalf."

A *detect magic* spell cast on the food before anyone partook will reveal the enchantment/charm alteration magic and can abort this entire encounter via a *dispel magic*.

Persons:

Bhupindar the Hoary, hm W(I)16: see personality encounters for details.

Mme Viavia Trafford, hf Apothecary 12: see personality encounters for details.

Encounter Two: [Love Potion #9]

Still chatting and nibbling, the magi start moving toward the stairs to the third floor, where Mme. Trafford is going to be lecturing on the creation of love potions and applying them. Certain raucous jokes

start making the rounds as the crowd moves up the stairs. Most people don't really believe that there was an "incident" involving Mme Trafford and one of the male guests, although someone will suggest loudly that it was probably a lover's quarrel if not a piece of theater. The wag will then suggest that if someone has been able to claim Mme.'s attention for himself, obviously her potions work, at least on her.

On the third floor everyone will sort out to a seat, or a standing position. The few additional mages who are attending from the locality also sort themselves out to a comfortable position. Mme.'s voice, now colored with an unusual accent that was not obvious before, during her argument with Bhupindar, starts to speak about the use of rose-water and mandrake root in the formation of such potions.

Servants follow the magi up the steps and set up the usual table of refreshments, courtesy of the house – pitchers of scented and lightly flavored water, and sliced sweet-breads. Quietly they then depart.

Detect magic spells will reveal nothing unusual about the refreshments, but *detect poison* will, as one of the pitchers, containing lemon water, has been poisoned. The poison is a slow acting one, which will not kill, or even incapacitate completely. Instead, the poison will cause increasing gastro-intestinal distress, nausea, and vertigo for 12 hours, starting 2 hours after consumption. If the poison is not detected and neutralized, please alter Encounter three to reflect the two magi (Larry the Luxurious and Barrymore the Sage) who are affected by the liquid.

If the poison is detected, then it is a fairly simple matter to trace the water, via the servant who delivered it, back to the kitchen, and find the remains of the fruit that were pressed for addition to the water. Anything more than a cursory examination will reveal the fact that the lemons were poisoned. A close examination, perhaps by a mage-thief, will also reveal how (injection of the poison through the stem).

Appropriate application of spells may allow the PCs to also determine that the person injecting the poison was Thomas – who is a roustabout and general laborer for Mr. Gladhands, who owns the inn. *Locate object* will allow the characters to find the emptied bulb of poison used, it has been discarded in the midden heap.

Should Thomas be checked with, he will declare that he never did any such thing. He will stick to this story absolutely, and *detect lie* will tell PCs that he is indeed telling the truth. *Know alignment* or *detect evil* will show Thomas to be lawful good, (non-evil to the latter spell). If *ESP* is used, flashes of a red-scaled humanoid figure bending over and staring Thomas in the eyes, its lips moving will be evident to the PCs. A character using one of these spells and having the

ability to read lips will be able to watch the red-scaled creature say commandingly “now do as I have said, and then forget that we have ever spoken, that is my *geas* to you.”

Simple questioning will get Thomas to tell PCs where he lives, in a single room over a small shop in the poor quarter of the city. He goes home every night, normally after work, now after the symposium closes for the day. Rembrold is now finished with Thomas, having first gotten him to kill his lady love, and now having had him poison the water, he fears that his enemies will have Thomas followed, so he will not approach him any further. The PCs may reason out the idea that Thomas’ usefulness to their enemy is over, or they may not. They may waste resources having him watched. If they choose to do so, then so be it. At the PCs request Mr. Gladhands will also be willing to suspend Thomas until the symposium is over.

Encounter three: [Sacred MoonFlower]

Remember to apply the sick magi if the poison was never detected. Alter the encounter accordingly.

Mme Trafford completes her lecture after about an hour and a half, during which she brewed a simple aphrodisiac on the stage in front of all of you while talking. A moment later, with the foil breastplate still covering the chest of his robes, Elminster takes the stage.

“Brothers and Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must now ask that those of you who are not invited guests of the order to follow Magister Mordenkainen to the front door.” Dropping a half mask, Mordenkainen starts to walk toward the stairs. Elminster continues: “We thank you for attending, and would graciously consider your applications should you decide to seek membership in the Order of the Eternals, have a wonderful remainder of the night, perhaps what you have learned from Mme Trafford might still come in useful - eh?”

Mordenkainen leads the rest of the magi away, and returns a few minutes afterwards, with a nod to Elminster.

“Now then, to a most magical moment.” Elminster declares. He makes a long slow circle with his right hand through the air. A portal, sided and roofed by rune carved lintels twined with leafy vines heavy with grapes appears. “Come, all ye 30 (adjust this up to 31 if there are 7 PCs or down to 28 or 29 if there are less than 6 PCs) let us go and harvest the most sacred Moonflower that is slated for harvest this year.”

Turning, Elminster trots through the mystical portal without hesitation.

The simple action of a PC counting the number of people entering the portal, will tell them that something is amiss. There are actually 32 (also adjusted according to the number of PCs).

The additional 2 are actually Histachii Yuan-ti that Rembrold was able to obtain from an ally of his. The two are charged only with interrupting the ritual of the flower cutting, they have no thought for their own safety. They have sat quietly through the entirety of the lecture by Mme Trafford, and now are attempting to accompany all of the actual mages into the pocket dimension where Elminster keeps his Moonflowers. Each has a small golden sythe beneath its robes. As soon as they are close enough to the flowers, both will leap forward, hacking great swathes of the plants down. This will interrupt not only this harvest, but all similar harvests for 6-24 years, depending on how quickly the PCs react. (6 years per round of life) After 4 rounds, Elminster will have been able to get all of his compatriots out of the line of fire, and will *lightning bolt* the two, killing them instantly, if they haven’t already been dealt with.

If the PCs do count, realize that something is amiss, and move to stop it, the result will depend on what they do.

If they cry out, or otherwise verbalize their concern, the two yuan-ti will break into a run, dashing through the gate and toward the flowers. Elminster will not be able to get in line for a spell until they have cut a single moonflower with their golden scythes - unfortunately the one slated for this year’s harvest – therefore, on the second round, he will *magic missile* both of them, killing them instantly, through the doorway.

If the PCs attempt to approach the intruders themselves (which ones are intruders can be determined by such spells as *detect evil*, *know alignment*, *ESP*, etc – though robed and masked, the intent of the two is obvious) it is easy to “sneak up” as it were, on them. Physical attacks or spells can then be used to take the yuan-ti down, or capture them, before they do any damage to the moonflowers.

If the yuan-ti are captured, they will not willingly speak of their master, but any number of spells may expedite their answers. Torture will, of course, have no effect, as they are more than willing to die for their masters and for Rembrold. Information that they have includes Rembrold’s name, though not where he dwells, since they do not know. It also includes their mission (destroy the moonflowers). They even know why they have been sent to do this. (distract them from the book).

Histachii, yuan-ti (2): Int (low/8); AL CE; AC 8; MV 12; HD 2+2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite 1d2/1d2/1d3; SA see below; SD see below; MR see below; Sz M; ML 16.

Once per day the histachii can berserk for 2-12 rounds, gaining +2 to hit rolls. Histachii are immune to all types of *hold* and *charm* spells. Both speak the common tongue, though only in short hissing sentences. If unmasked the histachii are scaled with small yellow-green scales, which bestows their normal AC of 8.

Encounter Four: [Breakfast]

*P*The mood as you enter the dining hall this morning is somewhat more tense than it has been prior. Too many things have happened. Even those who would prefer to think that nothing is wrong have become convinced that there is something that is not right, even if they cannot determine exactly what it is. Conversation is muted, all about the room.

As you take your usual seats, and are almost immediately approached by the cadaverous figure of Dr. Grant Van Ruch. He sits down on the one open chair at your table without any invitation.

“It is an undead you know.” He declares without preamble. *“It has to be.”* That said, he gestures to the waitress to serve him a hearty portion of breakfast. Idly he passes a small ivory talisman over the meal, and then tucks in with gusto, belying his emaciated form.

Dr. Van Ruch is determined that the present difficulties (the details of which he is not yet aware of) must be the work of an undead. To Grant Van Ruch, every evil must be the work of an undead. He is a polished speaker however, and treats each instance individually, so very few of those who talk to him without knowing his history realize how obsessed he is.

In this particular case, Dr. Van Ruch will not comment further, unless the PCs (whom he gathers are performing the investigations) ask him questions. Of course, in order to ask him questions successfully, the PCs must also feed him information to use in determining his answers.

If the PCs do feed him information and ask questions, Dr. Ruch can and will be glad to tell them the following:

- 1.) The person who is responsible is allied with yuan-ti, which do not ally themselves with living men.
- 2.) Nearly any living thief, working for a living master would have stripped all the money and other

valuable possessions, not just the books from Paragon the purple’s room. The servant of an undead, whether living or not him/her self would have a very specific goal, and would not deviate – the dead are not imaginative.

- 3.) Obviously the enemy is a spell-caster. This limits him/her/it to one of three types of undead: lich, vampire, or greater mummy. No other spell casters of sufficient power to matter exist. Certainly none that could *geas* anyone, and *geas* has been described if not named by the PCs.
- 4.) In any of the above cases it is unlikely that the enemy himself has done anything directly.
- 5.) If the thief was not able to get the cloak out, and had to conceal it in the Inn, the same is probably true of the book. It has not yet been taken out in all likelihood, and the various attacks are distractions.

Dr. Grant Van Ruch, hm W(N - deathslayer kit)16: AL NG; AC 6; MV 12; hp 48; THAC0 15 (13 vs. Vampires); #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff; SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Assume Van Ruch has appropriate spells and items for his profession and speciality. He should not get into a fight anyway.

Dr. Van Ruch is an intense, driven man. He was a scholar and a lay-healer prior to the death of his parents to a vampire. This occurrence drove him to become the “Vampire-Killer of Sigil”, and he has neither wavered, nor looked back. Although he has continued to concentrate on the killing of vampires, he has also done in-depth scholarly work regarding nearly all other forms of major undead. When discussing his subject he has a compelling, charismatic style which leaves some listeners feeling as dazed as they would be if they had been hypnotized. When talking about other subjects, Dr. Van Ruch is an engaging and enjoyable conversationalist. His obsession with the elimination of undead will always eventually surface however, if a conversation continues for long enough.

Van Ruch is not staying at this inn, he is staying down the street. He booked late, and there was no room for him (or so he was told). Really Mr. Gladhands did not want him here, since he is pretty spooky.

Troubleshooting this encounter: If the PCs have already sought out Dr. Van Ruch on their own and conversed with him, they should have then gained the same information as given here, and they should not have this encounter.

Encounter Five: [Philosopher's Stone]

You trudge back to the meeting hall, ready to hear the lecture of Dr. John Dee, from some planet called Earth. A distinguished looking gentlemen in an unusual doublet and colorful pantaloons, with an oddly shaped wand sticking out of his sash, he takes the stand even as you enter the room.

“Brothers in the... and sisters, I mean... in the Order. It is a great pleasure indeed for me to be upon this handsome world, and speak to you regarding the subject of the philosopher's stone.

“I feel, and I am sure that you will agree, that the philosopher's stone is by its nature and essence magic itself...”

The man continues speaking, as the rest of you scan the room for any possible problems.

This is the first time that the PCs have been present with the full attendance of the symposium - unmasked and visible in this round.

Detect evil will not show anyone as being evil, nor will *know alignment*, for the first twenty minutes (game time) of the lecture, until the esteemed Dr. takes out a case of glass-steel and opens it, revealing 3 vials of powder.

“...This then is the famed philosopher's stone, the physical basis of all the hype and talk you have heard.” He flips open the box. “Any of you adequately versed in the arts magical can create this simple substance (waving what looks like a cookery recipe), but what value does it and the gold it creates hold, compared to the purified spiritual essence of your magic?...”

At this point a *detect evil*, a *know alignment*, a *true seeing*, etc. will clearly reveal an awfully evil (CE) presence in the room, and moving rapidly toward the open case. A gust of cold air sweeps through the room, the candles gutter, even the windows dim. Shadows fill the room, and some of them sweep rapidly down on the open case (if the PCs did not call out to Dee, if they did, it has been slammed shut, and a mighty howling of anguish breaks the air – before unseen foes fade into sight, ripping at Dee), the vials of powder in the case are lifted out, and all present have a fleeting glimpse of dog-like things picking the vials up in their mouths and turning to flee, before again they become one with the shadows.

A group of Vorr, conjured and bound by an obscure ritual that Rembrold found in an ancient labyrinth, have come on his behalf, using their special thief abilities, in order to steal the philosopher's stone

for him, as yet another way of tweaking the noses of the “establishment.”

Up until the theft itself, the Vorr were utilizing a special version of their shadow form ability. Once they steal the vials however, they are restricted to their hide in shadows and move silently.

Normally clever plans, like blocking the stairs (NPCs can help with this if asked) will be adequate to pen the Vorr in, since they need to find a physical way back to the ground floor in order to flee. If the stairs are not blocked by the third round after the beginning of the encounter, then the Vorr are down the stairs and away.

The Vorr are canny enough to make use of the various NPCs and PCs in such a way as to make area effect magic deadly for others as well as themselves. Likewise, they will try to separate. If they are trapped, they will attack the most powerful of their opponents in unison, attempting to drag down/kill him/her. In so doing, they will drop the vials out of their mouths. If the vials are recovered and locked away then, they will simply attempt to escape.

Once the Vorr are locked in physical combat, they become fully visible. NPC mages will target them with *magic missile* spells if they have any, until dead – unless instructed otherwise.

Banishing type spells may send the Vorr back to their home plane – with or without the vials of philosopher's stone, depending on whether said vials were in their mouths at the time. A turn of special will cause them to flee to the edge of the room furthest from the cleric who turned them. Other magics and items that effect other planar beings will have appropriate effects.

The Vorr are of low intelligence, but capable of speech, in crude simple phrases and sentences. They will happily tell the players (if captured and threatened, or compelled by magic), that they were ordered to steal the stone by Rembrold. If asked what he looks like they will say – “like a tanar'ri, or at least, like some tanar'ri, all red scales and stuff, but probably human underneath.” If asked where he lives, they inform the PCs that he lives “below the below.” If asked if they know the way there, they will laugh (like a hyena) and say “no, we came and went from our plane when we went to him, and to you. If asked how they were to deliver the stone to him, they will say “he will summon us again, if we live.” Most importantly, if asked about the book, the Vorr will laugh and say “Still here, we think – at least more or less.” Nothing can get them to reveal more on that question.

Vorr (3): Int (low/7); AL CE; AC 6; MV 15; HD 3+4; hp 20, 16, 14; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite for 1d3/1d3/2d4; SA Knockdown, thief abilities; SD Shadow form, surprised only on a 1; MR nil; S (3.5 feet); ML n/a.

The Vorr appear to be 3 ½ foot at the shoulders Hyenas with bristly grey fur. Surprised only on a 1, the Vorr attack as a pack. If the Vorr's bite hits by a margin of 4 or more, the target is dragged to the ground. A prone character is attacked with a bonus of +4 to hit and they suffer a -4 to their own attacks, unless they spend a round getting to their feet. Vorr have a 60% chance of moving silently, and a 50% chance of hiding in shadows normally. Once per night (special - 24 hr. period for this tourney) Vorr can take shadow form, which makes them 75% invisible, and impossible to strike with physical attacks -- although it also prevents them from hitting. Light spells targeted on a Vorr in shadow will knock it back to normal state, and blind it for 1-3 rounds - no save.]

Encounter six: [Closing Dinner]

Though strained, you suspect, a bit more than a normal dinner for this august association, everyone is politely making their way through the meal in preparation to leave. You see a number of spells cast surreptitiously on the food and drink. Several people are also obviously making preparations for an early departure, even before the closing plenaries. Still, there are chuckles and occasional laughter. The toasts are rather amusing, and often turn to the unfortunate occurrences of the symposium.

After the main course is consumed, and before the dessert, several attendees make their excuses and head to their rooms to pack.

This is the point in time that astute PCs may be able to catch the runner whom has been sent by Rembrold to collect the book. They will find Hildrik the Frisky is one of those packing in the Common Room, and if they are observing by an indirect manner (he is not foolish enough to do such a thing with people watching openly) he will reach under the bed, into a small extra-dimensional space suspended there, and take out a book, which he will quickly stuff in his pack. He then turns to leave.

If Hildrik the Frisky (or rather the person imitating Hildrik the Frisky) is stopped, the book may be taken from him after a brief scuffle. If he is not stopped, then by the final encounter at the closing plenary – he and the book are gone, back to Rembrold.

Tier One:

Hildrik the Frisky (actually Vonn Noishe), hm W4: AL N(e); AC 8 (dex); MV 12; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Magic Items: none (the *book of spells* when leaving)

Spells: First Level: ~~change-self~~, *sleep*, *magic missile* Second Level: *invisibility*, *web*.

Hildrik is a young mage, tossed out of his home for a simple prank, whom Rembrold has completely suborned. He is on his way to becoming genuinely evil, although he is not yet there, and could be reformed, he is 16 years old.

Tier Two:

Hildrik the Frisky (actually Vonn Noishe), hm W6: AL N(e); AC 8 (dex); MV 12; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Magic Items: none (the *book of spells* when leaving)

Spells: First Level: ~~change-self~~, *sleep*, *magic missile* (x2) Second Level: *invisibility*, *web* Third Level: *fireball*, *suggestion*.

Hildrik is a young mage, tossed out of his home for a simple prank, whom Rembrold has completely suborned. He is on his way to becoming genuinely evil, although he is not yet there, and could be reformed, he is 16 years old.

Tier Three:

Hildrik the Frisky (actually Vonn Noishe), hm W8: AL N(e); AC 8 (dex); MV 12; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Magic Items: none (the *book of spells* when leaving)

Spells: First Level: ~~change-self~~, *sleep*, *magic missile* (x2) Second Level: *invisibility*, *web* (x2) Third Level: *fireball*, *suggestion*, *wraith form* Fourth Level: *dimension door*, *minor globe of invulnerability*.

Hildrik is a young mage, tossed out of his home for a simple prank, whom Rembrold has completely suborned. He is well on his way to becoming genuinely evil, although he is not yet there, and could still be reformed, he is 18 years old.

Tier Four:

Hildrik the Frisky (actually Vonn Noishe), hm W10: AL N(e); AC 5 (*bracers*, dex); MV 12; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Magic Items: *bracers of defense* AC 6, (and the *book of spells* when leaving)

Spells: First Level: ~~change-self~~, *sleep*, *magic missile* (x2) Second Level: *invisibility*, *spectral hand*, *web* (x2) Third Level: *fireball*, *suggestion*, *wraith form* Fourth Level: *dimension door*, *minor globe of*

invulnerability Fifth Level: *Bigby's interposing hand, shadow door*.

Hildrik is a young mage, tossed out of his home for a simple prank, whom Rembrold has completely suborned. He is well on his way to becoming genuinely evil, although he is not yet there, and could still be reformed, he is 18 years old. Given any opportunity, Hildrik will use his spells to escape. His primary purpose is to return to his master with the goods.

Tier Five:

The rest of the summoned Vorr pack is present in this encounter, ready to sell themselves dearly while giving Hildrik time to make good his escape with spells. Additionally, it is probably necessary to capture Hildrik alive, since his *contingency* will *teleport* him to a safe house in the lower quarter if he is killed, there to await recovery by other agents of Rembrold's. (Note: If he is slain and teleported, it is now possible to trace the book with any divination or other spell normally capable of so tracing it, so the PCs may be able to find him before Rembrold's people get there, and recover the book.

Hildrik the Frisky (actually Vonn Noishe), hm W12: AL N(e); AC 5 (*bracers, dex*); MV 12; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (*dagger*); SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Magic Items: *bracers of defense* AC 6, (and the *book of spells* when leaving)

Spells: First Level: ~~*change-self*~~, *sleep, magic missile (x2)* Second Level: *invisibility, spectral hand, web (x2)* Third Level: *fireball, suggestion, vampiric touch, wraith form* Fourth Level: *curse, dimension door, Evard's black tentacles, minor globe of invulnerability* Fifth Level: *Bigby's interposing hand, cone of cold, conjure elemental (air), shadow door* Sixth Level: ~~*contingency*~~.

Hildrik is a young mage, tossed out of his home for a simple prank, whom Rembrold has completely suborned. He is well on his way to becoming genuinely evil, although he is not yet there, and could still be reformed, he is 19 years old. Reform will be complicated by the fact that he has agreed to allow his master to make him a Vassilich (a lower level lich under his master's complete control -- particularly as his master will hold his phylactery.) Given any opportunity, Hildrik will use his spells to escape. His primary purpose is to return to his master with the goods.

Vorr (3): Int (low/7); AL CE; AC 6; MV 15; HD 3+4; hp 20, 16, 14; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg claw/claw/bite for 1d3/1d3/2d4; SA Knockdown, thief abilities; SD Shadow form, surprised only on a 1; MR nil; S (3.5 feet); ML n/a.

The Vorr appear to be 3 ½ foot at the shoulders Hyenas with bristly grey fur. Surprised only on a 1, the Vorr attack as a pack. If the Vorr's bite hits by a margin of 4 or more, the target is dragged to the ground. A prone character is attacked with a bonus of +4 to hit and they suffer a -4 to their own attacks, unless they spend a round getting to their feet. Vorr have a 60% chance of moving silently, and a 50% chance of hiding in shadows normally. Once per night (special - 24 hr. period for this tourney) Vorr can take shadow form, which makes them 75% invisible, and impossible to strike with physical attacks -- although it also prevents them from hitting. Light spells targeted on a Vorr in shadow will knock it back to normal state, and blind it for 1-3 rounds - no save. These Vorr will sell their own lives to give Hildrik the time to escape.

Encounter Seven: [Final Plenary]

If the PCs failed to capture Hildrik and/or prevent his departure with the scroll, or follow his teleportation if they were tier 5 and killed him, then he and the book are gone, back to Rembrold. In that event, give a nice description of the dinner, and encourage role-play, the goal being to minimize the amount short the slot runs. Then have a simple manifestation of laughter running from high above over the whole gathering, and a distant voice saying "Maybe you'll catch me next time, slackers."

Needless to say, this is for dramatic reasons, and no efforts to follow the voice, use umpteen spells to determine from whence it comes (the PCs if they are not slow already realize it is from somewhere below the sewers, although not where), or otherwise trace, track, follow, or whatever the speaker to its lair.

If on the other hand, the PCs succeeded in stopping Rembrold's servant from leaving with the book, then each will find a single white carnation on his/her chair, when they appear for the partially deserted plenary. The note with the carnation on the chair of the leader says only "I will try again, not so easily will you be rid of me." (All notations regarding dramatic appropriateness listed above also apply.)

In this latter case, Elminster will finally explain all that has happened, give an appropriate door prize, and officially present the PCs with the book, and honorary associate memberships in the Order of the Eternals.

Finish

Experience Point Summary

Experience is calculated as follows for Living City events.

3. Sum the experience listed below for objectives.
4. 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.

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.

For each clue listed on the clue summary which is found: 50 xp
(Max xp = 600)

Defeating the Vorr in Enc. 5 300 xp
Defeating Hildrik the Frisky and preventing him from getting away with the book
Tier 1: 100 xp
Tier 2: 200 xp
Tier 3: 400 xp
Tier 4: 600 xp
Tier 4: 800 xp

Roleplaying Experience: 0-800 xp

Total Possible Experience: 1,800 xp

For Tier 2: 1,900 xp
For Tier 3: 2,100 xp
For Tier 4: 2,300 xp
For Tier 5: 2,500 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.

Reward for finding the cloak (Rd 1) and the book (Rd 2):

- 2 daggers +1, +2 vs non-spellcasters
- a pair of bracers of defense AC 7
- a ring of protection +2
- two potions of healing.
- Traveling spellbook containing the following spells: 3 spells at first, second, and third level from allowed spell sourcebooks (*Player's Handbook*, *Tome of Magic*)—character's choice, but the choices must be written on the cert before leaving the table

and do not change after that—and the three spells described below: Ignore, Sharpen, and Nystul's crystal dirk. These three special spells cannot be cast by anyone other than the possessor of the book. They cannot be copied to any other spellbook, thus they cannot be traded to any other being. If the owner trades the book, he no longer can memorize the spells.

Spectrum 1998 ONLY:

One character gets to keep the *cloak of the art*, as chosen by the scoring system attached to the adventure.

Fame Award

None. All the people who might talk about this live ... elsewhere.

Spell Descriptions:

Spell Name: Ignore
Level: 1
School: Enchantment/Charm
Range: 0
Duration: 1 turn per level
Area of Effect: Caster
Components: Verbal and Somatic
Casting Time: 1

Through the use of the spell, caster becomes totally unnoticeable to onlookers. The spell must be cast out of view of the onlookers. The magic of the spell causes the eyes of another to simply glide past the individual without acknowledging their presence. As long as the character does nothing to bring attention to himself, such as a violent act against or in the view of an onlooker, he can move about without fear of discovery by others. Note that creatures with a special reason to notice the target of this spell, such as the target being a species enemy, can make a saving throw vs spells to notice the target. Also, if the target would stand out (such as a troll walking through a village), any onlooker gets a saving throw vs spells to notice the target.

Spell Name: Sharpen
(Alteration)
Level 1
Range: Touch
Components: V,S
Casting Time: 3
Duration: 1rd/level
Area of Effect: 2 weapons/level
Saving Throw: None

An enterprising wizard who lived near a castle gate came up with this spell. It sharpens and straightens edges in weapons, clearing normal dents and nicks out.

The edges will have normal sharpness, not conferring any bonus to damage or attack rolls. Blunt weapons are not affected by this spell, although piercing weapons are.

Spell Name: Nystul's Crystal Dirk
(Conjuration, Evocation)

Level 3

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 3

Duration: 3 rds +1 rd/level

Area of Effect: summons 1 dirk

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a weapon composed of material from the quasi-elemental plane of mineral, strongly infused with energy drawn from the Positive Material plane. The dirk is fairly magical, granting a +1 bonus to attack rolls. The dirk inflicts 1d4+2 points of damage when it hits. Against undead and monsters from the lower Outer Planes, the dirk inflicts 1d4+3 points of damage. If the dirk scores maximum damage, the monster is paralyzed until the end of the round following the dirk strike, unless it makes its saving throw versus spell. The material component is a tiny dagger made of lead crystal worth at least 350 gp.

Round Two Clues:

Most, but not all of the clues below are recapitulated from elsewhere - read this text carefully for those clues that are only listed here.

The following is a listing of the available clues - do not subtract from this list, since part of the individualized scoring is based on them.

Enc. 1.

- Since *dissension's feast* is a clerical spell, this indicates that either a: the villain is a mage/cleric, is in league with a cleric, or has charmed/geased, etc. a cleric. Magi who can figure out via *detect magic* what schools of magic are present may mention *dissension's feast* as a possibility.

Enc. 2.

- The poison can be followed up to Thomas, and it can be determined with a lot of work that Thomas was probably geased. He is more than willing to tell people where he lives.

Enc. 3.

- It is easy to determine that there is a problem coming up, simply by counting the people entering Elminster's gate.
- By capturing one of the yuan-ti alive and questioning it one can determine that the villain is deep under ground.

Enc. 4.

- By listening to and working with Dr. Van Ruch, it is possible to determine that the villain is undead – not surprising considering that it lives underground.
- It is possible by listening to determine that the book is still here, or at least is likely to be.
- Who is going to get the book out? It almost has to be one of the attendees. This might lead to closer watching.

Enc. 5.

- The shadows give away the forthcoming theft of the *philosopher's stone*.
- The Vorr, if captured, will give up the name of their master.

- The Vorr, if captured, will give up the general location of their master when they say “below the below.”

- The Vorr, if captured and questioned strenuously, will tell the PCs that the book is still here.

Enc. 6.

- People leaving early should be watched, simply because there has been a crime and they are leaving early.

Impendant Symposium

A Living City Mages Only Tournament

**Material needed for both rounds
(maps and descriptions of the Inn and personalities at the
conference)**

By Reynolds Jones

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Personality Encounters

The following list is composed of all of the major characters that one might encounter inside the Glittering Star Inn. The list does not include effects and animated objects such as the Golems that are location based. The list has been created according to the Room number, starting with those in the Common room. A notation is included for each person as to whether they are renting a room {if so which room} or are in the Common Room.

Stats for many of these beings are not provided. They are not needed, so why burden you? Assume that all spellcasters can ward off one or more attacks with stonesskin, ironguard, or whatever. Assume they can all teleport or summon assistance by spell. Assume they are all at least AC 0, and have magical items to protect them and to inflict harm on their foes. Attacking anyone during the scenario (except the villains) is a crime, and PCs should know better. Assume that wizards will fight to subdue the offensive PCs and turn them over to the City Watch, not kill them. Finally, assume that the wizards have spells that fit their personality as described, so illusionists who like to have fun carry illusion spells to make fun with.

Common Room 1:

Bhupindar the Hoary, hm W(D)16: AL NG.

Special Power/Skills: +1 to save vs. illusions, victims of his illusions roll saves at -1. May never learn or use Necromancy, Invocation/Evocation spells or Abjurations. May cast an additional bonus spell for each spell level each day, as long as the bonus spells studied are illusions.

Bhupindar is an older mage, a specialist in illusion -- with the heart of an actor. He will even share with those who capture his heart as "fine younger folk" that he never intended to become a mighty illusionist, he started the study of illusion on the theory that it would help him in his theater work. It did, but it also eventually took him away from that theater work. Bhupindar is generous to those who themselves harbor generosity in their souls, but he still loves a good act, and a good scene, and can easily be egged into creating either. He tends to exaggerate his motions, and speak in a loud "Shakespearean voice."

Bernard the Parrot (AKA Bernard the Newt): Int Semi; AL N; AC 7; MV 1, fl 27 (C); HD ½; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg peck for 1d2; SA nil; SD nil; MR 5%; SZ S; ML 10.

Common Room 2:

Larry the Luxurious, hm W(C)15: AL CG.

Special Power/Skills: +1 to save vs conjuration/summoning spells, or against any attacks made by summoned creatures. All opponents are -1 to save vs. conjuration/summoning spells. 1 additional spell per level - taken from Conjuration sphere.

Larry, nicknamed the Luxurious by nearly all who know him, for the extravagant manner in which he lives (albeit he works hard in order to afford it) is distinguished looking and does not wear the normal clothing of a mage, but rather dresses in attire more foppish than any noble. He is, quite simply, a very surface person, with very little interest in anything below the surface of anyone. He is duly horrified at being stuck in the common room, particularly "next to that crazy old man," but he is doing his best to put up with it.

Common Room 3:

Shakerly, em W(e-air)13: AL LG.

Special Power/Skills: +1 to save vs elemental air spells, an additional +1 save vs elemental air spells cast by non air elementalists. Once per day can cast 1 memorized spell from elemental air as if 1d4 levels higher. Must declare this intention immediately before casting spell. Range, duration, area of effect, and damage are affected. Memorizes one additional spell per spell level, as long as it relates to elemental air.

Shakerly is here because it is appropriate for him to be here. Shakerly governs each and every part of his life with reason and duty. He is a paid member of the Order of the Eternals, with his membership being one of the things that the king for whom he works provides him. Since it is provided by his employer, he takes it very seriously. Every tri-year therefore, he attends the Symposium, wherever it is held, and however difficult it is to reach. Shakerly is a quiet man, a serious scholar, and will discuss his field, and the related fields in magic as long as anyone will listen. He is also prone to whipping out the woodcuts of his wife and three children. Over-all a nice kind of guy.

Common Room 4:

Barrymore the Sage, hm Sage (specialist on arcane practices): AL LN (G).

Special Power/Skills: Base 17 to answer questions about arcane practices if the question is general; 15 if

the question is specific; or 13 if the question is exacting. If Barrymore attempts to answer any question for the PCs at the Inn, it will be further reduced by -6, because he didn't bring his library along, only a couple of treasured books. {Questions he would be able to answer, without his library, include "what sort of magic user would be most likely to have the head and heart of a victim removed and cast down a well – answer – necromancer. Other questions should be answered by the DM according to appropriateness. In no regard should Barrymore have other direct clues, beyond the one given above, but he can answer general questions that someone might use to find other clues, if the DM thinks it is appropriate.}

Barrymore is a sage regarding arcane matters at a large University. He is here to listen, and see what new information he can learn. He is a witty, kind, erudite older man, who is prone to inviting young people to share a meal, and will talk to anyone, particularly if they remind him of his grandchildren. His appearance is extremely sage like, except that his clothing, while not fancy, is immaculately clean and pressed.

Common Room 5:

Gabriela the Seer, hf Seer 10: AL NG.

Special Power/Skills: usage of both wizard's and cleric's divinatory spells, +1 wizard's divinatory spell per spell level as a bonus, +1 against other casters' divinatory magic, others are at -1 against divinatory spells cast by the seer. Additionally, the seer has the power of prophecy, which means she can interpret the riddles of divinatory magic in a comprehensible form.

Gabriela's raven hair is streaked with white at both temples. She wears it either drawn back in a simple silver comb, or loose. Her gowns are flowing, floor length garments of silk and velvet. Her jewelry is delicate woven strands of silver, set with tiny gemmed chips. A breastplate of the stuff is matched by fingerless gloves of it upon either hand, and a silver net in her hair.

Gabriela is friendly, though over-dramatic. She will be glad to help in whatever way she can, if the PCs express some kind of distress to her.

Special note: Gabriela can be important. Other than her dramatic style of dress -- which is not so unusual in this crowd -- she does nothing that causes her to stand out. However, if the PCs find the head, and question it with her using her *Speak with Dead* spell, they may be able to find out something important. *Augury* also may, if worded correctly, reveal the forthcoming attack by the assassins, as may some of her other spells. She is a good friend for the PCs to cultivate.

Common Room 6:

Macaulay Dewduster, hm B12: AL LG.

Macaulay does very well for himself, all things considered. He is particularly interested in the magical parts of his skills, so here he is studying. He is polite, and always telling excellent jokes, at which he laughs along with everyone else. He is not above poking fun at himself, but never pokes fun at others. Imperfect music is something he cannot abide however, he will stalk out of the room where someone who he regards as "unprofessional" is performing.

Common Room 7:

Lady Angelica Garpingwel, hf W 14 (patrician kit): AL LG.

The lady will treat politely with any who approach her. If she is questioned about the crime, either obliquely - or directly, she will become quite focused. "Someone was murdered? Is that what you are trying to pussy-foot around, or something was stolen? Out with it there, I am hardly the enemy." If the PCs share what has occurred with her, or a version of it, Lady Garpingwel becomes fascinated. She is a long time amateur sleuth, and enjoys a good mystery. If the PCs befriend Lady Garpingwel, and are having a tough time of it, use her to, in her usual friendly if acerbic way, deliver a clue to put them back on track. "Surely you don't think the girl did it herself? Never, someone else is involved!" or "Someone is using charm spells mighty casually, that's what I would say – someone was charmed to kill her." or "missing, what do you mean missing? If something was misplaced in a gathering of powerful mages this size, half of them would have found it by now with this spell or that, and if it were stolen, it'd be back here by now, and the thieves would be bemoaning their fate... unless, the thief had a lot of magic too."

Common Room 8-10

These rooms are still empty, the mages who are assigned them are not reserved until the night of the 16th for the masked ball.

Room 1:

Eoline (Bonded Kindred of Ararin Cloudwalker), em F8/W8: AL (NG).

Eoline has been bonded to Ararin since his own early puberty. His devotion to the great dragon is unsurpassed. Additionally, the half-dragon son that

Ararin seeks to recover is Eoline's grandson, for Ararin paid his beloved kindred the rare honor of mating with his daughter. Eoline is therefore also attending the lectures, and getting as much out of them as he can. He doesn't care much for the idea of undead though, and had hoped to hear something more positive.]

Alarin Cloudwalker (of Clan Brightscale, Ambassador to Clan Bloodtide) ("Al"), Sliver Dragon m W19 (casts at 27th): AL (LG); AC-7; MV 9, fl 30 (C), jp 3; hp 95; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8+16/1d8+16/5d6; Sa breath weapon, spells; SD spells, powers; MR 85%; SZ M (as man) or G (as dragon); ML 19.

Magic Items: *Staff of the Magi* (charges; 19), *Traveling Spell Book*

Spells: first level: *charm person, read magic* (x2) second level: *ESP* (x2), *ray of enfeeblement* third level: *clairaudience, clairvoyance, wizard sight* fourth level: *detect scrying, minor spell turning, polymorph* other fifth level: *feeblemind* (x2) sixth level: *anti-magic shell, geas* seventh level: *spell turning*

Special Power/Skills: Breath Weapons: {Cone of Cold (16d10+8, save verse Breath Weapon for half) or Cloud of Paralyzation (save verse Breath Weapon or be paralyzed for 8+1d8 minutes). Usable 3 times a day, split between the two types as necessary}

Communicate with Intelligent Creatures: 56%, Polymorph Self {x3 per day}, Cloud Walk {can walk on clouds or mist as though solid ground }, at will, feather fall {x2 per day}, wall of fog {x1 per day}, control winds {x3 per day}, control weather {x1 per day}, reverse gravity {x1 per day}

This aging Silver dragon has come to this conference for a very specific reason. He is the father of a now deceased half-dragon. As a result he has developed a substantial interest in methods of bringing back the dead. He presently maintains his son's body in stasis at his lair, but he views that state as a truly hopeless one if he cannot determine a method of bringing the beloved child back to life. As a long time, dues-paying member of the Order of the Eternals, he decided to attend one of the normally ignored symposiums, and see if there wasn't anything he could learn, as such magics are usually outside the Draconian scope.

Calling himself "Al," and constantly maintaining a half-elvish appearance, Ambassador Cloudwalker will seem vague if asked to describe his own antecedents. He has no wish to alarm the locals, or endanger himself or his bond kindred. Elminster of Shadowdale is aware of who and what "Al" really is, but is honoring the dragon's request that the information not be revealed to anyone, except under the most extraordinary circumstances.

Room 2:

Zaknafein Olorin, e(Drow)m, W(T) 18: AL (LN).

Special Power/Skills: -4 to opponents surprise rolls if alone (-2 if barrier in the way is moved), *dancing lights, fairy fire, darkness, levitate, know alignment, and detect magic* once per day/each, 80% Magic Resistance, 90% resistant to *Sleep* and *Charm* Spells, *Infravision* 90', +1 To Hit with short or long swords, +1 To Hit with bows, Detect secret door 1 in 6 or 2 in 6 if actively searching, Detect concealed door 3 in 6, +1 to save vs. Alterations, victims of his alterations roll saves at -1. May never learn or use Abjuration or Necromancy spells. May cast an additional bonus spell for each spell level each day, as long as the bonus spells studied are alterations.

Tall and thin, like his race are tend to be, Zaknafein would not be considered imposing if not for being a Drow. He is quiet, and attentive to even the smallest detail. When he does speak, it is barely above a whisper, but tends to be succinct and sharply to the point. Zaknafein was born a commoner. Luckily for him, a Matron Mother sponsored him for the Academy, and adopted him into her house. Not one for drawing attention to himself, Zaknafein refrains from using his talent for magic as much as possible when he is outside the protective walls of his house's compound.

Room 3:

Kursh Do Ran (Grinds the Sand), dm W(Sha'ir)14: AL (LN).

Spells: Can have Gen summon any spell (125% - 10%/lvl of spell, -30% if Priest Spell, -10%/each repeated attempt per day; a roll of 90+ is always a failure, a roll of 100 adds 1d10 to the time of search), Time of search: 1d6 rounds plus 1 round/lvl of spell if of "common knowledge", 1d6 turns + 1 turn/lvl of spell if spell level is higher than 7th or of priest magic, 1d6 hours + 1 hour/lvl of spell if spell is of "special knowledge"(Evard's, Mordenkainens, Bigby's, etc.)

Special Power/Skills: Magic Item Failure 20% (includes Sha'ir abilities), -4 to be hit by Ogres, Ogre-Magi, Giants and Titans, *Infravision* 60', Detect depth underground 3 in 6, Detect grade of slope in passage 5 in 6, Detect new tunnel/passage construction 5 in 6, Detect sliding/shifting walls or rooms 4 in 6, Detect stonework traps, pits, and deadfalls 3 in 6, Summon Gen Familiar, Recognize Genie Magic/Construction.70%, Call Upon the Jann 70%, +2 (+4 vs. Earth) save vs. Elemental attacks, Elemental attacks are -2(-4 for Earth) to hit plus all damage is reduced by 2(4 for Earth) points/die (min. 1), Call Genie 70%, Create Genie Prison

Loud, and free to speak his mind, Kursh is nevertheless a child of his culture. Make no mistake he is not a braggart, or liar, however he is prone to firm exclamations. Kursh is firmly rooted in his “worship” of the elements and genie-kind. It is rare when he willingly does anything that might be mistaken as an insult to his patron “servants.” This does not prevent him from asserting his power though. He is always willing to send Lil’ Mountain of to fetch this spell or that, but never over taxingly.

Lil’ Mountain, Kursh Do Ran’s Daolanin Familiar (Earth Gen): AL (CN).

Special Power/Skills: Infravision 300', Detect danger aimed at Kursh 14 in 20 (just that there is danger to Kursh, not any other specifics)

Much like his master, Lil Mountain is quick to speak and speak whatever he wants at that. The main difference is that Lil’ Mountain has no reason to even think of being polite to anyone except for more powerful geniekind. And even then, he will push the boundaries as far as he can. Lil’ Mountain is big for his kind. He stands 1'3" tall and ways near 80 lbs. He has nearly mahogany colored skin with coal black hair. Unfortunately for Kursh he is seldom in better than a gloomy mood.

Room 4:

Lady Darra de Aerindale, Dowager Duchess, hf W15: AL LN.

Special Power/Skills: A halo of immaterial eyes, with differently colored irises constantly circle the Duchess’ head, preventing anything visible or invisible from surprising her, except from a well arranged ambush.

Lady Darra dresses immaculately in expensive and exquisite violet robes, and wears just the right touch of jewelry at all times. She is careful to never allow anyone to see her disheveled or unprepared. She is genteel, haughty, very proper, and sometimes seems humorless. She considers magic an intellectual exercise, and will chat over it endlessly. She has a soft spot for children and child-like adults, as well as talking animals (one of which she has with her).

Happy for many years in the Kingdom of Stream’s End, on Aphonion, with her late husband, Lord Darius, Darra nevertheless is originally from Greyhawk. She is older than she appears, having used three potions of longevity -- and a dye bottle -- to preserve her looks. Her life may well have helped make her dour. Unwelcome in her own home, she found a new life on Aphonion, but most of those with whom she surrounded herself have now died; her adopted son Paramecium the Ferret -- of old age (although some

argue that he was assumed into the heavens to become god of the ferrets); her husband Larius – in battle just recently; and so forth. At 78 years old, Darra is largely alone again. She has substantial satisfaction in the feats that she and her husband have accomplished, but she is not ready to toddle off to the old age home yet. So here she is, hoping to learn something new, and share her own knowledge -- if of course anyone is interested.

Piron the Ferret: Int (average/9); AL CG; AC 4 (natural 6 plus training and dexterity); MV 15; HD 1; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg bite for 1 or tiny sword for 1-2; SA nil; SD fast-talk and flee; MR nil; SZ S; ML 12.

Piron is the great-great-great-great-great... grand-nephew of Paramecium the Ferret {AKA: The Sweet Fluffy God of Swift Death} and will be glad to tell you so. He is an unusual Ferret with both thumbs and a voice. He talks fast, walks fast, and lives fast. This is his first adventure out with Mamma Darra {as he calls her privately}. He is hoping to find something as exciting to do as Great... Uncle Paramecium did the first time he was out with Darra and her friends. So far though, he’s just gotten to guard the room, eat mice, and threaten the desk-manager with serious damage to his nose if Mamma’s room wasn’t produced real fast!

Room 5:

Pasha Grimvold, hf, W(N)14: AL LE.

Pasha hails from Barovia in RavenLoft. She dresses in Black robes trimmed with silver and constantly dripping faux blood to match her blood red lips, which are quite startling against her bone-white skin. Pasha is quite self-centered, expecting attention from others and praise for any ideas she comes up with. Not being as intelligent as most Wizards, she is blocked from higher level spells, but that does not stop her from expecting effusive honors for what she can do. While she is partially interested in this Symposium because of its concentration on Necromancy, she is really here because she is thinking of a permanent escape from the midst... She would like to live in Ravens Bluff.]

Room 6:

Sizzle, hf W(el-f)19: AL CN.

Special Powers/Skills: May memorize one additional spell per level as long as one of the spells in the level is from the element of specialization. Gain a +2 bonus saving against spells based in the element to which the Sizzle is aligned. Others save against Sizzle’s fire spells at -2. Once per day may cast any “fire” based spell at +1d4 levels. Does not have to concentrate to

maintain control of summoned Elementals of fire after 15th level.

Sizzle makes some people nervous, however, really, she is no trouble. For example, she is no danger to this fine establishment! She is also no danger to her fellow Magi attending this Symposium, providing none of them are aligned with water!, er, no danger at all. Sizzle dresses very flamboyantly in red and gold, flashing gems woven into her auburn hair. No matter what else goes on, Sizzle wows them.]

Room 8:

Mme Viavia Trafford, hf Apothecary 12: AL NG.

Magic Items: Aphrodisiac (10 doses)

Special Power/Skills: the ability to concoct potions, lotions, powders, ointments, etc., both magical and non-magical types. Spells cast by Mme Trafford have a 15% chance of failure.

Mme Trafford dresses in patterned, draping gowns, with many bangles on her wrists and ankles and great hoop ear-rings. Her overcloak is as pure white as her hair. She is exquisitely made-up, including painted nails. She speaks breathlessly, and always seems eager to answer any question that is put to her. She offers hospitality as soon as anyone knocks on the door of her chamber, and is free with advice, and knowledge – as long as the questions are within her area of expertise.]

Room 9:

Agatha the Hollyphant: Int Genius; AL NG; AC -4; MV 9, fl 36 (B); HD 6+6; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg type for 1d3; SA Trumpet; SD See below; MR 60%; SZ S; ML 17.

Agatha is a tiny, golden-furred elephant, 2 feet long with shining white wings. She is a friend of Morgan's {see **Time-line encounter 2**} Agatha acts like a little old school marm in many ways, and will scold a wrong-doer unmercifully - in her kind, gentle manner.

Agatha can automatically *detect evil* within a 20 yard range. Three times per day she can trumpet, choosing any of the following effects: a blast as a *horn of blasting*; a call that acts as *drums of deafening* in a cone 70' long by 30 wide; or a fan-shaped shower of *sun sparkles* 50' by 20'. *Sun-sparkles* are motes of positive energy, inflicting 8d6+8 to fiends, undead and supernatural evil – save vs. breath to half. Additionally, Agatha can use the following spell-like powers one at a time, at will: *cure serious wounds* {2/day}, *light*, *protection from evil* {2/day}, and *teleport without error*. Once per day they can call a *flame strike*, *heal*,

raise dead, and use *banishment*. Hollyphants are considered 16th-level for casting purposes.

The magical tusks of the hollyphant protect it from all disease and poison. Its shimmering coat acts as a *globe of invulnerability*, and it can be hit only by +1 or better weapons, and can *gate* with a 50% chance of success. Agatha will *gate* if she feels it necessary, causing another {statistically identical} hollyphant to appear {If Agatha is under player attack, her *gates* succeed automatically, as, if necessary do those of her responding allies.}.

Morgandella, hf W24: AL NG.

Special Power/Skills: Morgandella is a hunter of evil dragons. While not particularly a friend of good dragons, she is on neutral footing with most of them. The Dragon-Mage attending the Symposium is known to her.

Morgandella is slightly worried, and has also thrown up her own *Stoneskin* {first 14 attacks}. She affects an air of calm, but if she is questioned by the PCs away from the other Grand Masters, she will whisper to them that she is sure that it must be one of the people at the seminar, who else could it be?

Room 10:

Mysterio, hm W6: AL LG.

This self-named youth is quite depressed, as he feels that he failed his master horribly. Normally he is as upbeat as one could be. He has gone a long way in only a few years under Paragon's tutelage, and he knows it. There are very few young men, anywhere near his youth that can boast as much proficiency in the art magical.

Paragon the Purple, hm W15: AL LG.

Special Power/Skills: Paragon is a politician in his own world, being the suzerain of a substantial fief.

Normally not terribly paranoid, this incident has badly shaken Paragon, as is obvious both by his spell choice, and by his pre-casting of the spell *stoneskin* {first 10 attacks}. Additionally, where he is normally effuse and erudite, at the moment he is just rattled, and his comments are brief, and to the point.

Room 11:

Mordenkainen hm W16: AL N.

Special Power/Skills: Mordenkainen is excellent at disguising himself, when he wishes, as either an elderly and not terribly successful merchant, or a middle-aged politician.

Mordenkainen is chief steward for this year's Symposium, and so this incident bears a special horror for him. Mordenkainen has always been strong willed (stubborn his detractors say), and ultimately, holding the symposium here was his decision. Therefore, he has additional reasons, which remain unsaid, for wanting to keep the incident under wraps.

Mordenkainen has a contingency spell in place, which gates him to his home castle on Greyhawk, should something untoward happen that reduces his hit points below 1/3.

Phoebus, liardman male F10: AL N; AC 3 (*bracers of defense*, AC 3); MV12; hp 104; THAC0 11 (8 due to strength, 7 if also using trident or sword); #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6+8 (trident) or 1d8+7 (long sword); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (?); ML 17.

Magic Items: *long sword +1*; *trident +1*; *bracers of defense AC 3*; *small bag of holding*; *ring of fire resistance*; 2 *figurines of wondrous powers* (golden lions)

Phoebus is presently a lizard man, but certainly was not always one. Originally a fighter, Phoebus rose to 10th level before being slain in combat. A cleric being unavailable, a druid was prevailed upon to perform a reincarnation. Phoebus returned in the body of a lizard man. He is a source of wonderment to many in his home world of Greyhawk. He is intelligent, can speak several languages, is good natured, and tactful. He is tolerant of others, though his patience is not endless.

Room 12:

Mr. Gladhand, hm F3: AL LN.

Mr. Gladhand owns the Glittering Star Inn. He is a gregarious, friendly man -- who is a bit overwhelmed by everything going on during this symposium. He

maintains his own room on the top floor, it is the smallest room there is on the floor, but he keeps it as a perk for the length of time that he has struggled since buying the Inn, and the profit that he has slowly begun to accumulate. Mr. Gladhand is not a bad person, just an absorbed one, who sometimes pursues the letter of the law, rather than the spirit, in his constant pursuit of more and more "custom" in his inn.]

Room 13:

Elminster of Shadowdale, hm W26: AL CG.

Special Power/Skills: magic, monsters, history and genealogy

Elminster is being as cautious as he always is. It is caution that has kept him alive for many decades longer than otherwise would have been the case. His *stoneskin* protects him from the first 15 hits. Additionally, he has a *chain contingency* in effect, which, the moment his stoneskins have been reduced by half, or he has taken more than a single point of damage, will, without another segment passing *teleport* him away to safety, and automatically apply *globe of invulnerability* to him, as well as casting *non-detection*.

Elminster is reserving judgement at this point. It is exactly this sort of thing that Elminster wanted other mages to see for themselves. Magic is simply too common hereabouts. As always, Elminster is friendly, though a bit curmudgeonly. He is glad to be in the thick of things, happy to see the PCs {always nice to see nice young folk coming up in the craft}, and perhaps just a little more friendly, if pretty young women happen to be among those young folk.

End of personality encounters

Area Encounters:

For each encounter area, you should also consult personality encounters above, NPCs already described are not repeated here.

Each of the statue markings on the maps, including the two on the 2nd floor, the two on the third floor, and the 4 on the 4th floor denotes a golem. These golems were brought by the Grand Masters of The Order to maintain control and prevent participants from unduly hurting each other on the convention floors – as well as to deter theft, etc.

The golems have been directed to intervene if they see thievery (they are only golems, so it has to be pretty

blatant) and to prevent physical or magical conflict between participants. If they see someone without the special alchemical liquid which has been used to mark participants and servants, then they are to escort, or failing that seize the person(s) and bring them, safely down to registration. If persons whom they are attempting to escort/seize, or persons whom they are attempting to intervene with, evidence force sufficient to harm the golems, then the golems are permitted to use whatever force is necessary to pacify them. Unlike most golems, these are capable of simple verbal communications, on the level of "come" or "stop."

The golems do not enter the first floor, except to bring unregistered guests down. Unless they are triggered, they simply stand as still as ornaments, but they are watching.

Iron Golem (8 total: 2 on the 2nd and 3rd floors, 4 on the 4th floor): Int (non); AL ; AC 3; MV 6; HD 18; hp 80; THACO 3; #AT 1; Dmg type for 4d10; SA see below; SD see below; MR nil/see below; SZ L (10'); ML n/a.

The golem is immune to weapons of less than +3 enchantment, regardless of the level of those wielding the weapons. Magical electrical attacks *slow* the golem for 3 rounds, magical fire attacks heal it 1 pt per die of potential damage, all other spells have no effect whatever. Iron golems are subject to rust monster attacks. On the 2nd round, and every 7th round thereafter, the golem breathes a cloud of poisonous gas, those in a 10' radius in front of the golem must save vs. poison or die.

First floor appearance:

The entire first floor is set up to offer as many open spaces as possible. The Lobby is largely glass walled, with places to sit, stairs up, and a partially glassed in registration booth off to the side. The Dining Room is set up with tables and chairs on a light wood floor. Only the kitchen is smaller, and it is immaculately clean. The triple width fireplace boasts several bread ovens, counters are placed everywhere, and a covered cap to the well allows a bucket to be let down for water. The pantry is well stuffed with food, and contains steps down to the cellar.

2nd floor:

The central corridor is pillared and quite open, though the south T is narrower, and contains stairs, both up and down. The individual rooms are quite luxurious, each with its own window. There is a Common Room set up with cots near the fireplace on the north end of the corridor. Beds should be counted from the top left, as if you were reading.

3rd floor:

A huge pillared hall, many small workstations, with tiny desks and chairs have been arranged on the floor of the room. A raised dais contains several chairs, and a throne. There are 4 fountains, with running water, behind the dais, directly in front of an entire wall of windows.

4th floor:

This is the "Imperial level," or so Mr. Gladhand likes to style it. He resides in room 12, the smallest room,

himself. The rest of the floor is taken up with elegant suites for patrons. Each has a double-wide glass-steel window, and a washing room, at the least, three of the suites even have additional closets and private fireplaces.

The Cellar.

The cellar opened out into the larger Ravens Bluff underworld, at one time. Mr. Gladhand closed up all the entrances when he took over however. Used mortar and brick, and sometimes stones and sheets of tin, to seal off the less elegant past. He has retained the section just below his Inn open however, for storage. Here he stores wheels of cheese, barrels of ale and pickles and olives and dried fruit, etc. He keeps a good store of rat poison, so except for creaking from above, and the need to take a light, there isn't anything to fear when you visit the cellar with the dust bunnies.

PLAYER HANDOUT1

FELLOW MAGI

You are invited to join us for a Four day Symposium, exploring the nature of the Arts Magickal: Legerdemain, Sorcery and Necromancy; Alchemy and the Philosopher's Stone; The Planes Beyond, beside, and below!!!

This four day symposium is being hosted by the Order of the Eternals, and will be held at the widely respected GLITTERING STAR INN here in Ravens Bluff.

Speakers will include Magisters of the calibre of Elminster of Shadowdale and Khelbun 'Blackstaff' Arunsun. Plenaries begin at the 8th bell of the 14th day, this very month.

Due to the notice which you have received due to your substantial endeavors in furthering the cause of the Art, this invitation is being extended to you to join this August gathering of masters free of any charge.

Be it known however, that the majority of the attendees will be of foreign background and practices. At the request of the Ravens Bluff City Council therefore, heavy restrictions are being put on the movements of most of the Magi outside of the Inn. As locals known to the city, and in exchange for the waiving of substantial participatory fees, you will be expected to shoulder reasonable responsibilities in assisting staff with any problems that may arise, and in chaperoning any of our guests who receive permission to leave the grounds.

On behalf of the Order, and with the blessings of the City Council, I look forward to meeting with you, and others from your charming planet. I hope you will enjoy our symposium.

I remain, for the Order,

Paragon the Purple

Paragon the Purple – representative of all Aphonion Magi to the Order

PLAYER HANDOUT 2

General Schedule of Events, 1238th Tri-annual Symposium
Sponsored by The Order of the Eternals
at:
The Glittering Star Inn
Ravens Bluff – The Realms

The 8th Bell of the 14th Plenaries: Opening remarks by Mordenkainen of Greyhawk, facilitator; and Elminster of Shadowdale, host.

Plenary lecture: Toward an Understanding of the Mechanisms Leading to the Creation of the Draco-Lich. Lady Morgandella the Mighty of Sretsam.

1st Bell of the 15th: Breakfast in the Hall.

2nd Bell: Opening lecture: Necromancy: The Blackest Art. Paragon the Purple of Aphonion.

7th Bell: Dinner in the Dining Room (formal attire, please)

8th Bell: Lecture: Creation of the Lich. Dr. Grant Van Ruch of Sigil.

1st Bell of the 16th: Breakfast in the Hall.

2nd Bell: Opening lecture: Endless Legions: Pros and Cons when Considering the Summoning of Supernatural Entities Elminster of Shadowdale, The Realms.

7th Bell: Masked Costume ball in the Dining Room (no scrying, please).

9th Bell: A Discussion of Love Potions and Making Them. Mme. Trafford.

Midnight: Harvesting of the Sacred Moonflower – may be harvested only once per hundred years, per flower. Elminster of Shadowdale directs this priceless harvest.

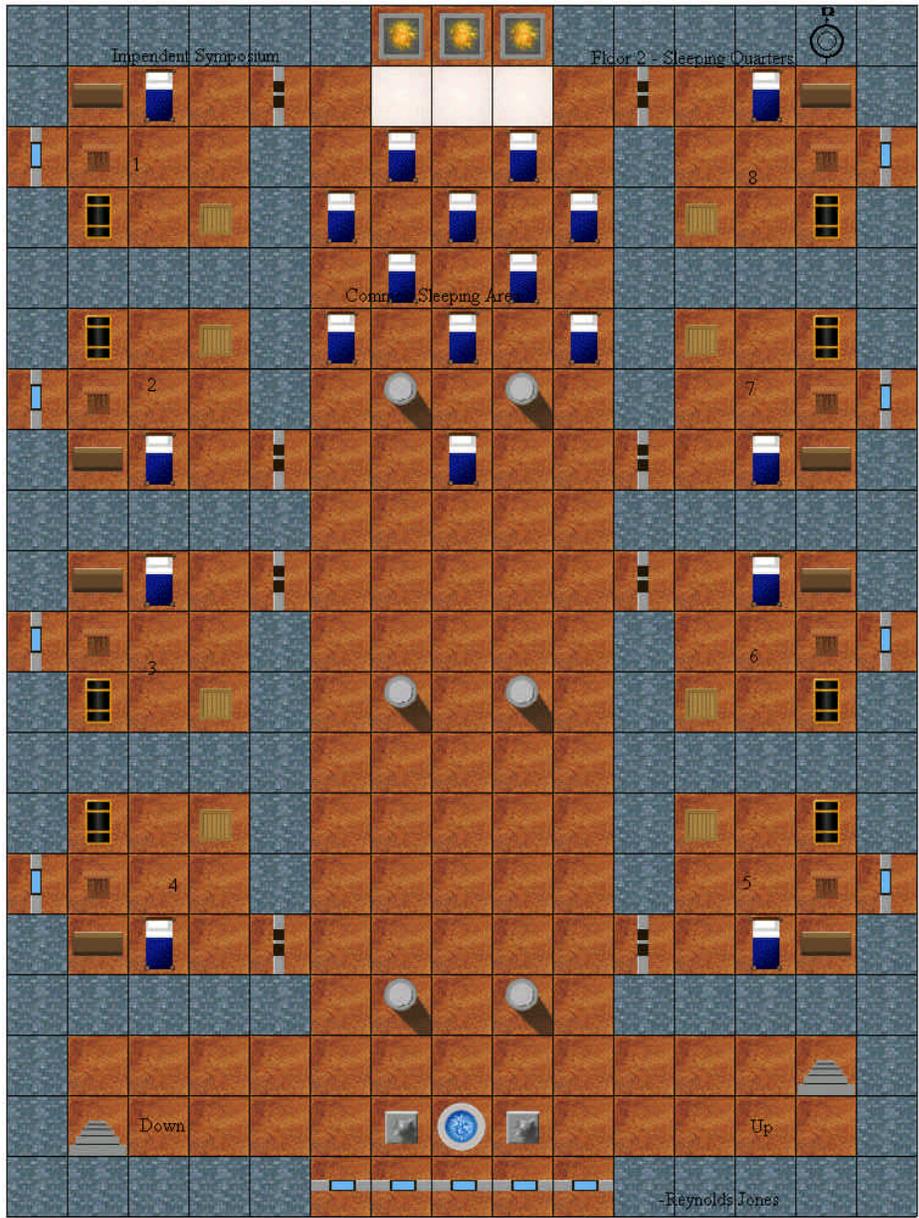
1st Bell of the 17th: Breakfast in the Hall.

2nd Bell: Opening Lecture: Magic: The True Philosopher's Stone Dr. John Dee, Earth.

7th Bell: Dinner in the Dining Room (informal).

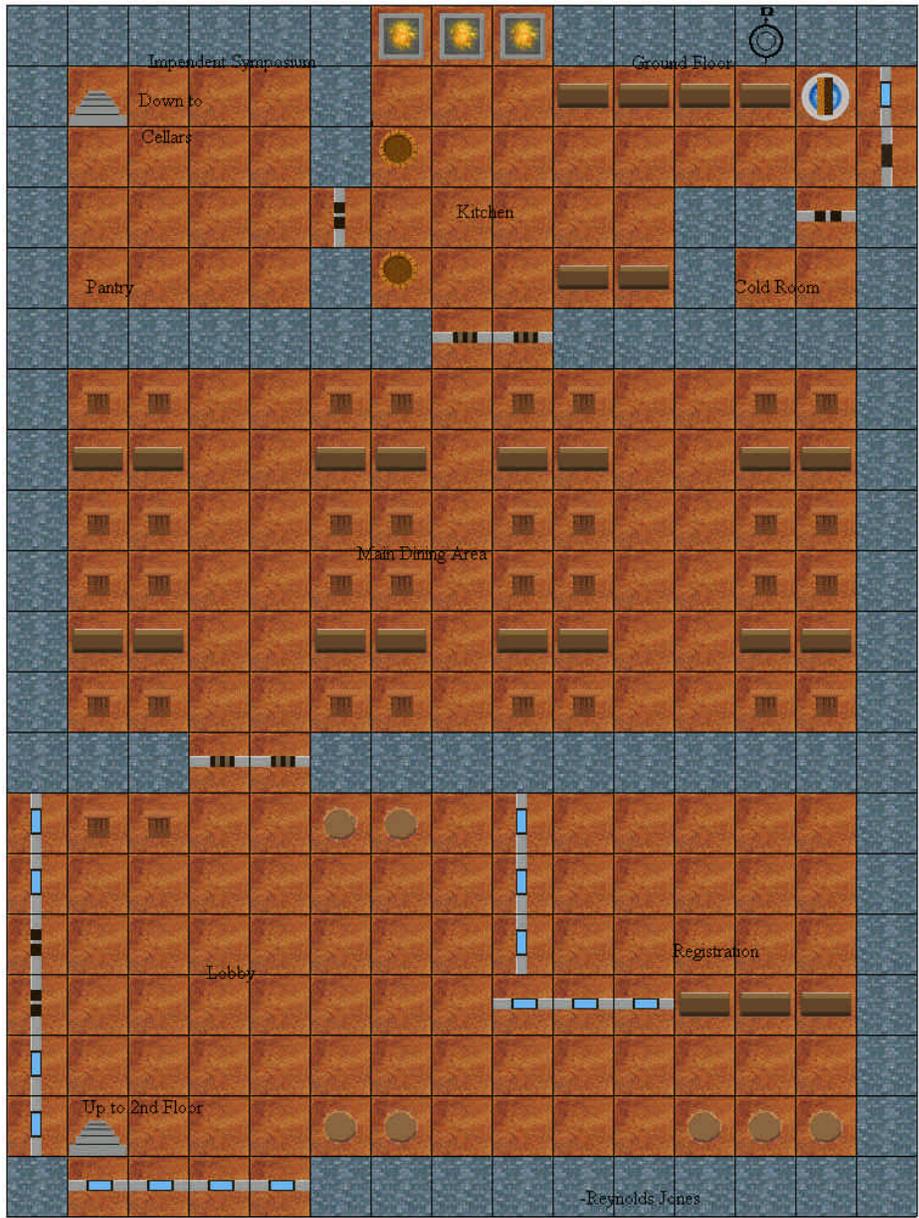
8th Bell: Closing Plenaries: Remarks by Elminster of Shadowdale and prizes.

Glittering Star Inn, Floor 2 – Sleeping Quarters

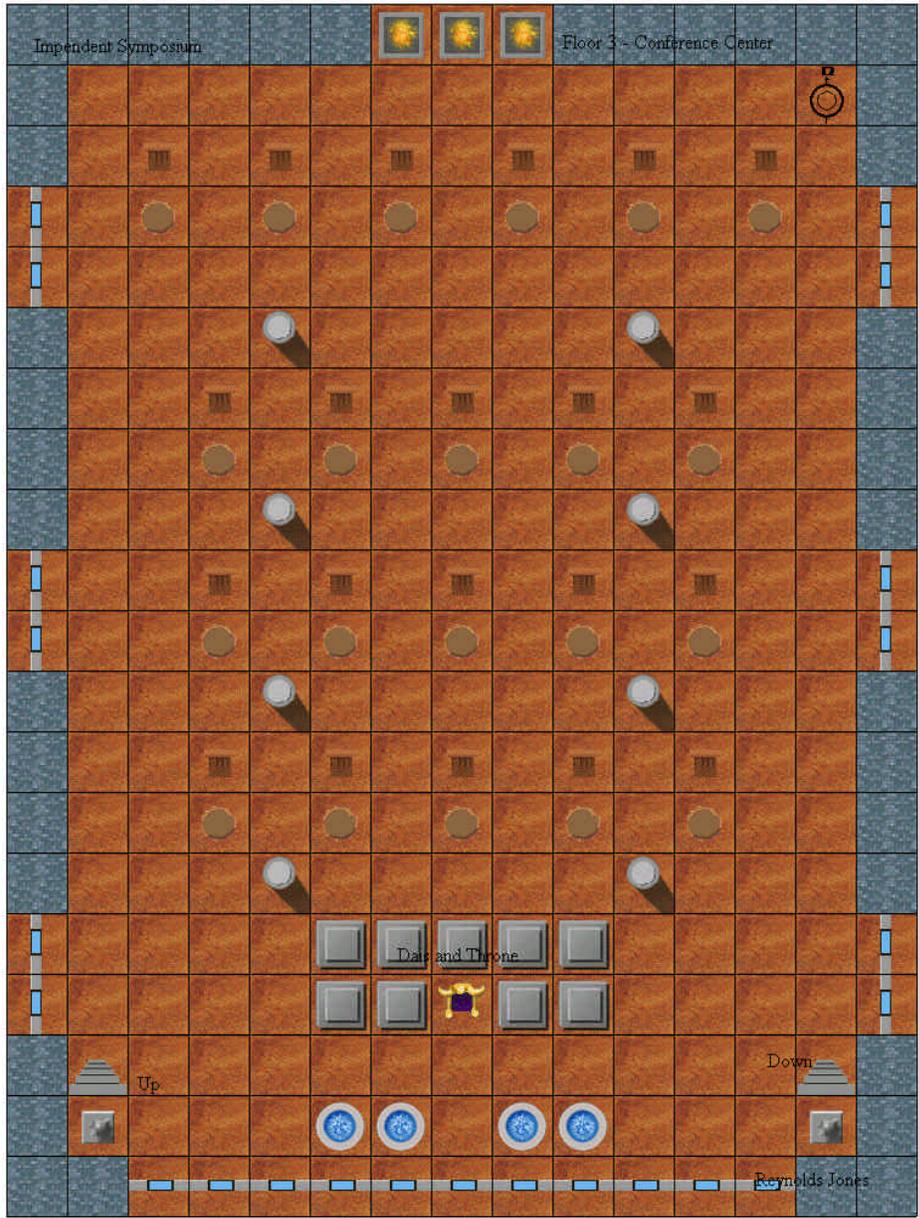


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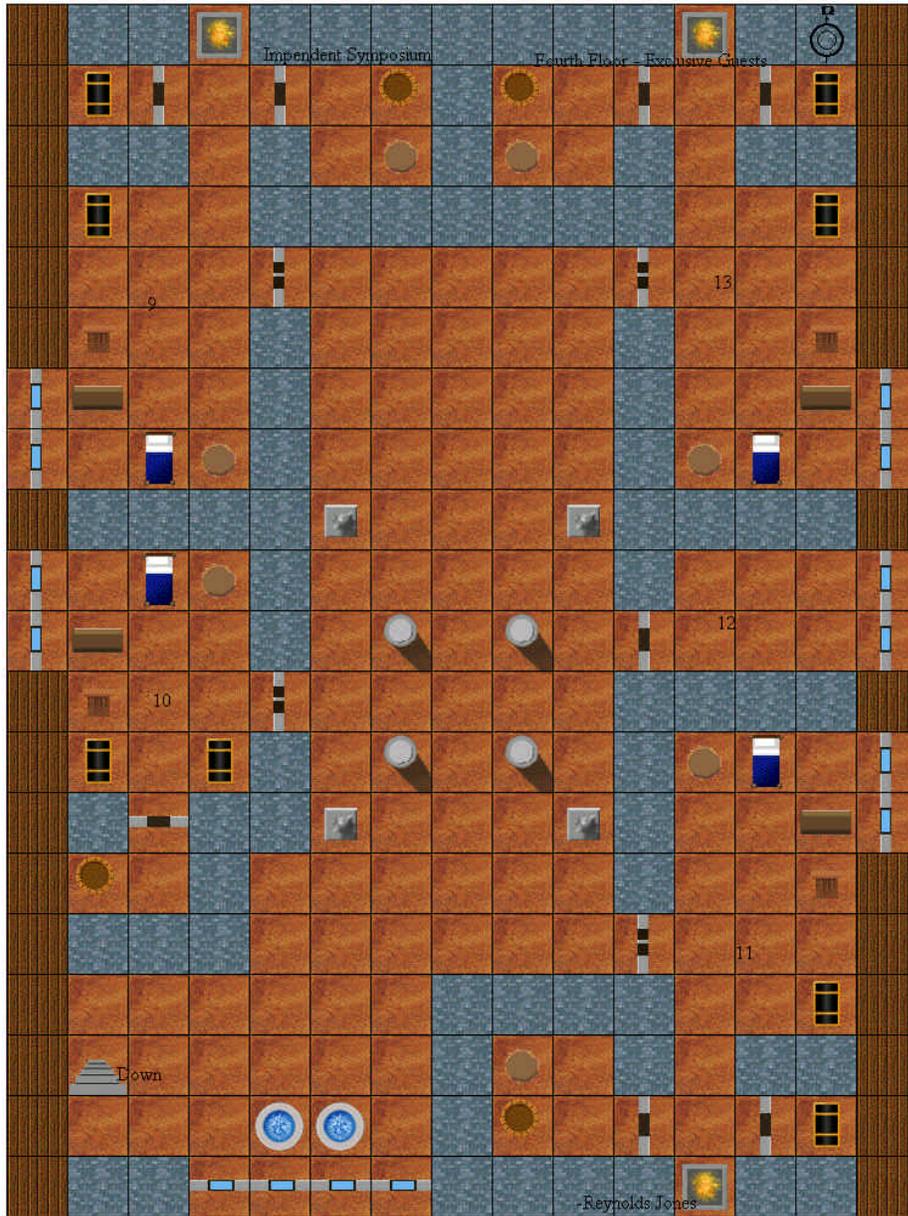
Glittering Star Inn, Floor 1 – Ground Floor



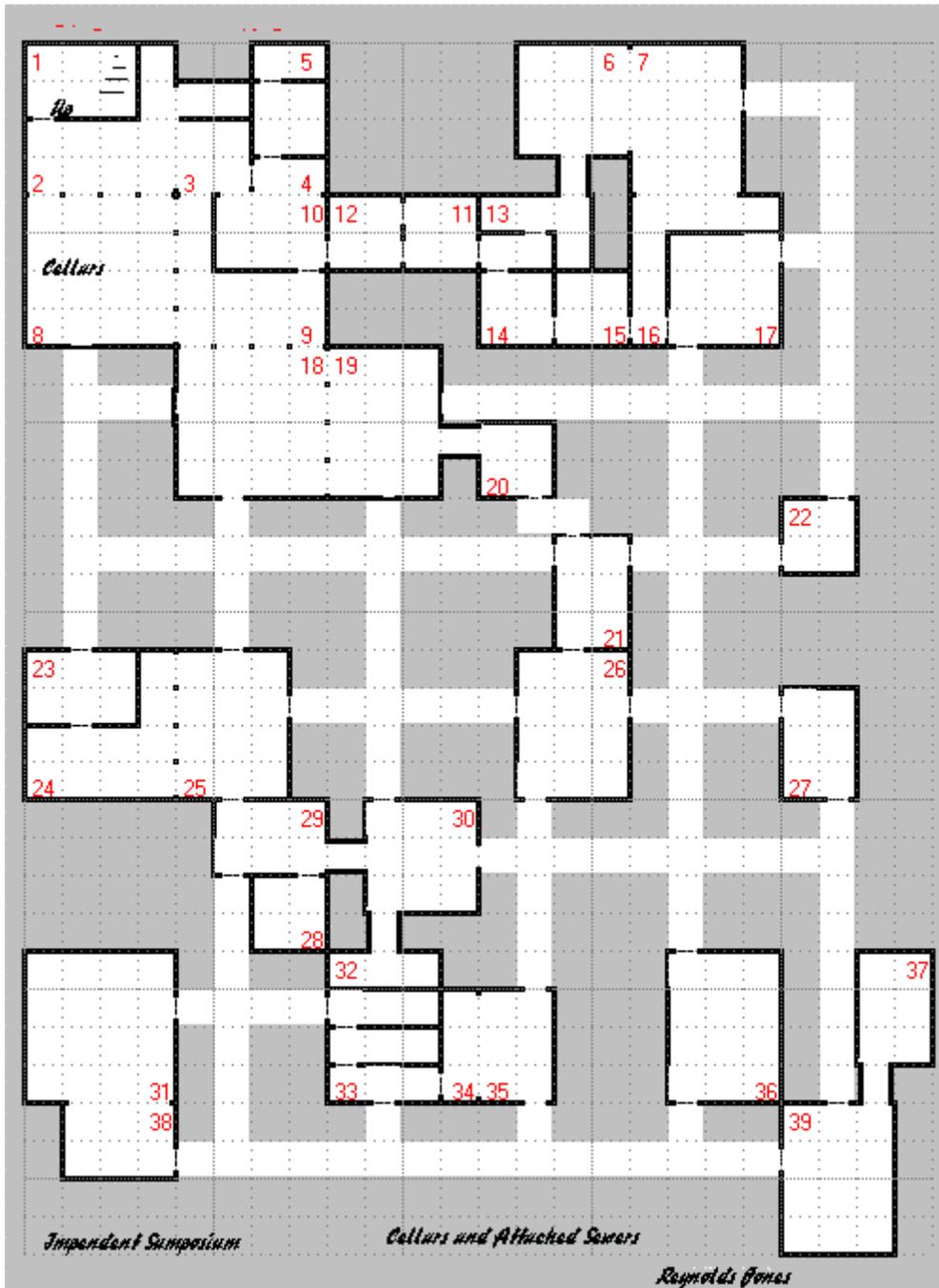
Glittering Star Inn, Floor 3 – Meeting Rooms



Glittering Star Inn, Floor 4 – Expensive Guests



Glittering Star Inn, Cellars



Knight Games 1998 Individual Scoring:

You are asked to score each PC on the sheets, and submit said sheets, together with all other more standard scoring material, to headquarters at the end of the event. If you fail to submit this additional documentation, you deny your players the opportunity of winning the on-site overall prize. This applies only to the premier at Knight Games 1998. Other conventions do not need the scoring section and should ignore it.

Use the scoring worksheet to follow. Fill in each characters name, and then the player name.

- For each clue that a character suggests the course of action leading to, or takes action leading to, assign that character and player two points.
- (Round one only): For the two especially difficult clues, the finding of the wound on Mysterio and suggesting the questioning of any prisoners in encounter six while an *ESP* or other similar spell or ability is in effect, assign that character and player four points.
- For each and every plausible, but futile course of action suggested or embarked on, assign the character and player 1 point.
- To the player who best plays his/her character according to her/his initial description of that character - assign 5 points as a table bonus.
- Next to each entry, on the bonus 1 line, note how many points overall the player had in standard scoring for the table (player votes on the scoring packet).
- Next to each entry, on the bonus 2 line, note how many points you gave the player in standard scoring for the table (judge vote on the scoring packet).

Character Name _____

Player Name _____

Points Scored _____ Bonus No. 1 _____ Bonus No. 2 _____

Was the character's "blurb" sufficient to allow good judgement (yes – no)?

Did the player role-play well in your judgement? (Yes – no)?

Character Name _____

Player Name _____

Points Scored _____ Bonus No. 1 _____ Bonus No. 2 _____

Was the character's "blurb" sufficient to allow good judgement (yes – no)?

Did the player role-play well in your judgement? (Yes – no)?

Character Name _____

Player Name _____

Points Scored _____ Bonus No. 1 _____ Bonus No. 2 _____

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