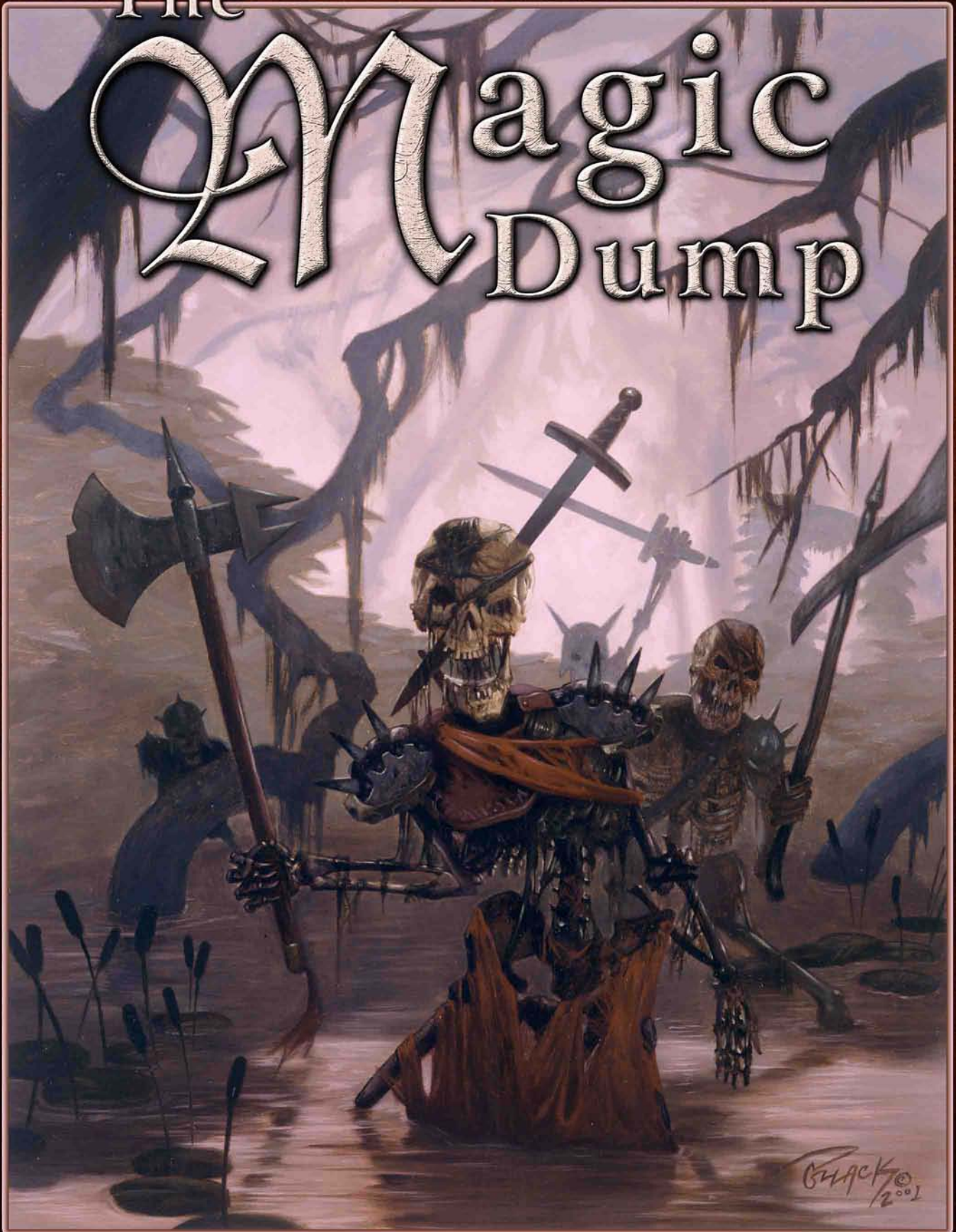




Requires the use of the Dungeons and Dragons® Player's Handbook, 3rd Edition
published by Wizards of the Coast®

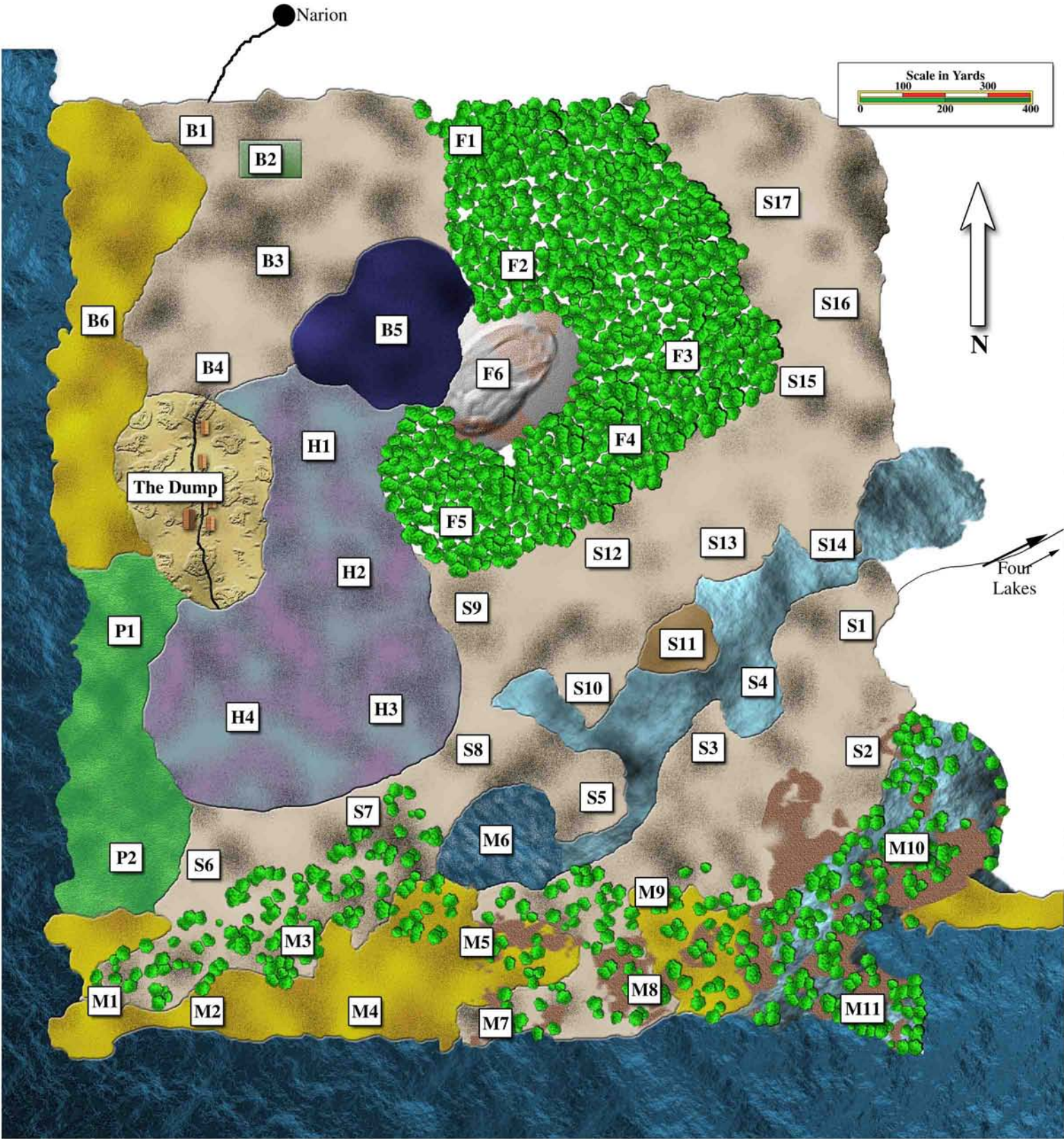


The Magic Dump



by Roland Janbergs

The Swamp



The Magic Dump

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Introduction



The Magic Dump is a fantasy role-playing adventure using the D20 system. This adventure is best suited for a party of 4 to 6 characters of 6th to 8th level. Each encounter possesses an overall rating called the encounter level. This estimates a given encounter's level of difficulty for a typical party of four adventurers.

Due to the nature of the obstacles, it is important to have a cleric in the party. The presence of someone familiar with wilderness survival, such as a barbarian, ranger or druid, may also be helpful.

The adventure revolves around the news that the intended bride of the ruler of Harwich, Greeley Prime, is missing. The Prime wants her back and is offering a 50,000 gold piece reward for her retrieval.

Preparation

You, as the Dungeon Master (DM), need a copy of *Dungeons and Dragons*® *Player's Handbook* to run this adventure. Text found on grey parchment is player information that should be paraphrased or read aloud to the players. Text in the sidebars contains important DM notes. Unless otherwise noted all map scales are 5 feet per square. Before running **The Magic Dump**, you should read the entire module to get an idea of the overall plot. Just before you play, you should also review the NPC and creature statistics to refresh your memory of their abilities.

Customization

The Magic Dump is designed to be easily adaptable to nearly any fantasy setting. The adventure is set within an area of temperate wilderness that includes mountains and forested terrain. The swamp surrounding the dump was magically created and so exists within this terrain without issue.

When placing **The Magic Dump** into your world, feel free to change town names and travel times to suit your needs. Remember that once you purchase this adventure, it is yours. Make any changes you feel fit, and have fun.

A Little History

Harwich

Magtun fell 350 years ago, leaving an awful lot of territory without a government. It was years before Selesun of Red Stone organized part of that area, declared himself the first Prime and created the Prime Guard. The land his hill tribes had conquered became the kingdom of Harwich, with its capital in the central plateau town of Four Lakes.

The hill tribes have never believed in organized government. They simply have taken what they need, be it conscripts, mates, or 'their share' of the crops.

The warrior class has always ruled Harwich through a war council called the Consortium. The best and strongest member of the Consortium becomes Prime, ruling the land through force of will and intimidation. The Prime holds the position as long as it can be defended from the rest of the Consortium, usually until a stronger, and often younger, sword usurps the Harwich throne. Anyone can be leader. Leadership changes tend to be sudden, and rule short.

The citizens of Harwich tolerate the situation because the constant striving produces great swordsmen. Their strength of arms protects the kingdom, keeping the borders safe from raiders—something that is really important with untamed lands all around. Nevertheless, while the interior knows peace, the bullying keeps the subjects from being truly content.

Cossor

Cossor was part of Harwich for the first eighty years. At that time, a set of settlers left Harwich to create a more egalitarian society. They moved to a southern island where the good farmland barely offset the constant stream of dangerous storms sweeping out of the ocean to hammer their land. In those first years they repeatedly appealed for help to Four Lakes and the Prime just laughed at them! He never sent that help, only troops to collect his tribute.

Over the course of time, other outlying areas grew strong enough to repel the "tax collectors" and created independent kingdoms or governments. Cossor, too, had had enough. If Harwich wasn't going to protect and support the settlers, then they would form their own kingdom and end the charade.





Introduction

But unlike the other areas, Harwich didn't see Cossor's farmer-soldiers as a serious threat. For the next two hundred years Harwich would raid Cossor to exact tribute. While Cossor occasionally won those battles, it was never enough to break completely free. Even to this day, Harwich claims Cossor as part of its territory.

The Magic Dump

Jack Trader lives in Harwich, but he has withdrawn from society. As a trader of broken and unwanted magics, he travels the continent buying what others will not have. Many call him 'Jack Fool' because of this, yet he makes a good living at it. He is able to resell some of the items at a tidy profit because unwanted side effects may be useful in different circumstances. However, he is also left with a lot of 'cursed' items that no one could possibly want.

Because he is known to have much magic, even if it is cursed, thieves are attracted to Jack's lands. Tired of defending his homestead, Jack built a protective magical swamp around his home. The unwanted magics have been added to the swamp as additional protection over the years. During that time, more than one rogue entered the swamp while Jack was traveling, but was never seen again. The Consortium expressed some concerns about this private sanctuary, but Jack pays his taxes and so he is largely left alone.

Others have tried to do what Jack does, but either they are not powerful enough wizards, not lucky enough, or not careful enough. In any case, Jack prospers while the others die.

The only people who care about what Jack is doing are the 200 citizens of the small town of Narion. At the northern edge of the swamp, they are often the 'beneficiaries' of magics that get out of hand. They still talk about the yellow snallygaster that showed up one day to eat several children. And they've lost the use of their cemetery because it is now inside the swamp, guarded by who knows what abominations.

As far as Narion is concerned, Jack bought this land, then filled it with monsters. At night he sends them in to attack the town hoping to get Narion to move. He deliberately boobytrapped the town's cemetery (inside the swamp) after he'd promised Narion a safe path to visit their ancestors. Either he's mad or really mean.

Jack claims that's just the way things worked out.

The Story

The current Prime of Harwich, Greeley Prime, has been in charge for almost seven years. He has maintained his position by keeping his opponents off balance, mostly because bouts of madness make Greeley quirky and unpredictable.

Greeley led the latest tax collection foray into Cossor himself. He wanted to inspect that part of 'his' kingdom. But during the 'negotiations', Greeley learned of King Edward's sister, Ianthe, and demanded to marry her as part of the taxes. Edward agreed.

Afterwards, Ianthe cursed her brother because he had no right, but she thought about it and decided that being the wife of the Prime might be a good thing for her precious Cossor. She could whisper in his ear to curtail the predations of the Guard. She might even be able to civilize that bunch of brigands.

On her arrival in Four Lakes, she met Greeley for the first time. She found him bright and insightful, but his mind wandered restlessly, and his actions were tinged with madness. While the marriage was being planned, she watched him kill trusted people, and saw that everyone was afraid to be around him. What was worse, it was clear this was just a marriage of convenience for him—he wanted to cement his claim on Cossor.

Determined to escape the marriage, Ianthe made a rope of bed sheets and fled the palace, dropping into a moat filled with monsters. These she managed to fight off, but not before she had been bitten—and poisoned—twice. She crawled up on the bank of the moat and collapsed.

Quentin Healer had reached an age where he was ready to marry, but he was too shy to approach the women to whom he was attracted. Then he saw a woman crawl out of the moat. Dark haired and pretty, she needed his help.

Quickly, Quentin administered the herbs and anti-venoms in his medical pouch. When he was sure she would survive, Quentin thought about taking her back into Four Lakes, but the bed sheets hanging on the tower convinced him that was a bad idea. He'd take her home instead.

There, she could recover, meet his father, and grow to appreciate what he'd done.





The Twisted Rooster

Harriet goes on to say;

The party is inside the Twisted Rooster, having dinner, when a Prime Guard soldier shuffles through the door. His shoulders are slumped in obvious boredom, but he dutifully removes a poster from a thick roll he is carrying. He makes a half-wave to Harriet tending the bar, then nails the poster to the wall with one solid blow. Job done, he repositions the remaining posters under his arm, and grunts goodbye as he slinks out the door.

If the party wanders over to read what he's delivered, they will see the poster below.

BRING ME HER CARCASS



50,000 GOLD PIECES

**TO THE PEOPLE WHO BRING BACK
IANTHE OF COSSOR AND HER ABDUCTOR.**

Harriet will see the party's interest and chuckle out loud. She'll call out to them,

"I know how that sounds, but trust me, Greeley wants his fiancée alive. He's just mad right now. He doesn't know if she was kidnapped, stolen or ran away. He wants her back to figure this out. He may kill her later, but you can bet he'll be unhappy if you do it for him. Although I'm sure the abductor can be dead or alive."

"They found a rope ladder hanging from the south tower. Greeley says someone climbed up and took Ianthe out. Whatever happened, she apparently wound up in the moat because the Prime Guard found hand and footprints where a woman crawled out of the water. I think it's obvious that Ianthe managed to swim the moat and fight off the moat monsters. It's not surprising they found blood in the sand as well, because the moat monsters usually don't let you live. Based on the blood, she must have been bitten. That means she's been poisoned, maybe with several different types of poison.

"On the other side of the moat, they found more footprints. They know it had to be a guy because the boot prints were hardly dainty. We don't know if he swam the moat too, but he must have applied anti-venom to neutralize the poisons and keep her alive. Guard says he put Ianthe onto a litter and dragged her off and I can't figure anyone taking a corpse. The trail heads south, directly to Jack Fool's swamp."

She then stares at the party, eyes twinkling, and says;

"I think Ianthe climbed down the wall herself and must have been running to someone. A lover? Haven't heard about a ransom note, but that doesn't mean there isn't one. Once Greeley figures it out, I bet he hangs another poster. In that case he'll also want a live carcass to torture.

"Anyway, all this was a week ago. Greeley sent two squads out after the guy who took her, but they haven't come back. Probably followed him into the swamp. Big mistake. Probably dead. I know it's a really bad idea to volunteer to go get her, and then fail, so they could still be wandering around, but I wouldn't hold my breath. That swamp is vicious. Greeley's supposed to send a third squad later this week."

It is two days travel to get to the swamp and an easy matter to get directions, hire a guide, or follow the trail.



Introduction

If they ask Harriet who lives in the swamp she answers:

“Just Jack, and his son Quentin Healer. Quentin’s probably the one who applied the anti-venom and took her there, because I heard a guard say that Jack Fool has been away for weeks. Besides, Quentin’s one of the few folks in these parts strong enough to pull that litter all that way without thinking about it.” She then smiles saying; “And he’s also good enough looking to catch the eye of any court lady.”

ability and do not blaze a trail, treat the swamp as a partial maze. The party may not wind up in the previous area if they attempt a return.

Flying and Mists

Much of the swamp is shrouded in mist. This limits visibility to 60 feet unless otherwise specified. These mists do not extend more than ten feet above the highest tree. The sun, in fact, is still there and shining. The flyer can see ocean beyond the mist to the south and west. There is a hill that sticks out of the mist to the north.

The mist ends at the edge of the swamp, so the surrounding plains are clear to see, as is the town of Nari on the swamp’s northern border.

Quentin’s Path

When Quentin brought Ianthe to the Dump he took the following route through the swamp: S1–S2–S3–S4 (swing)–P2–H4–Dump.

The route Quentin would take out of the swamp is short: Dump–B4–B3 (cave, East)–S13–S14.

Special Rules

Detecting Magic

The swamp was created by very powerful magic which will overpower most attempts to *detect magic* on items. Accordingly, whenever *detect magic* is cast, the first dwoemer detected (overwhelming transmutation aura) is the swamp.

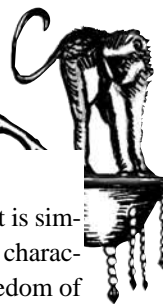
Dispelling Magic

Dispel Magic will not possibly work on the whole swamp, but it is possible to dispel certain aspects. If a *dispel magic* is cast, the DM might rule in several ways—one portion of the swamp reverts to dry land (and quickly gets flooded by the surrounding terrain), one magical item or creature gets affected, or some amount of vegetation is no longer magical. The dispel is versus a 14th level wizard (Jack).

Blazing a trail

The characters can blaze a trail as they progress. Or it is possible they have an ability or usable magic to insure they go in the exact direction they’d like. If they do not have such





Muck and Mire

Water, mud, and plant life will have a significant effect upon movement rates as well as combat and spellcasting. To determine your adjusted movement rate follow the following steps.

- determine the depth of water plus muck (note that muck depths are for a 200 lb character. Heavier PCs will sink proportionally deeper).
- take the base rate (after armor & encumbrance) and multiply by the movement rate factor from the chart below.
- Multiply the new movement rate by a further 3/4 if moving through thick weeds or brush.

Example

A typical human wearing plate mail is sloshing through 2 feet of water and 6 inches of muck. Multiply the initial movement rate (20 ft) by 3/8 (the character is up to the groin in water and muck). The resulting rate rounds off to 8 ft. If thick weeds are present (x3/4) the movement rate would only be 6 ft.

Underwater Activity

Sometimes, when the water becomes too deep, it is simply easier to swim or go underwater. Unless the characters have some sort of magic granting them freedom of movement—unlikely at this level—they suffer serious penalties for being underwater. Treat all characters as though they are under the effects of a *slow spell* (but assess a penalty of 4, rather than 2, to attack and damage rolls made with slashing and bludgeoning weapons). Additionally, bows, slings, and thrown weapons fail completely, and crossbows find their range increments reduced to 10% of normal. Spellcasters cannot cast spells that require verbal components. Fire-based spells will not function; electrical, gaseous, and sonic spells are restricted to short range, and function as burst spells even if they are normally rays, cones, or lines. Acid spells do half damage, and last only one round (even if the spell description says otherwise) before they are diluted by the water. Cold spells are also limited to short range, but their effects are otherwise unhindered. Dexterity checks, and any skill checks that are based on Dexterity, suffer a circumstance penalty of -2.

water level up to...		Movement Rate	Spell Failure	Bows	Melee Large	Melee Medium	Melee Small
Head	must be swimming (see underwater activity)						
Nose	bobbing arms over head-no verbal	1/10	50%*†	No Attacks	-4	-4	-4
Shoulder		1/6	20%	-3/-3	-4/-4	-3/-3	-3/-3
Chest		1/5	10%	-2/-2	-4/-4	-3/-3	-2/-2
Waist		1/4	5%	-1/-1	-4/-4	-3/-3	-2/-2
Hips		1/3	No effect	-1/-1	-3/-3	-2/-2	-1/-1
Groin		3/8	No effect	No effect	-3/-3	-2/-2	-1/-1
Mid-Thigh		1/2	No effect	No effect	-2/-2	-1/-1	No effect
Knee		3/8	No effect	No effect	-2/-2	-1/-1	No effect
Mid-Calf		7/8	No effect	No effect	-1/-1	No effect	No effect
Ankle		No effect	No effect	No effect	No effect	No effect	No effect

*The water hinders motion. Spells with Semantic component are affected by the limited range of motion. Also—target has cover if he is in water. Attack and damage penalties are assessed because the weapon may strike the water on its arc and sufficient power can't be brought to bear because the body is partially held. Also note: creatures lose one point of their dex bonus for every 2" of soft bottom. There is no additional penalty if the creature has no dex bonus.



The Swamp

Starting Points

Quentin and Ianthe's trail does in fact lead to Jack Fool's swamp. If the PCs choose to follow this trail start at Consortium Lake. There is a second route into the swamp from the town of Narion if for some reason the PCs choose to enter the swamp from this route start there. Please refer to the inside front cover for the relative locations of the swamp encounters.

Consortium Lake

You arrive at the swamp entrance late in the day. Since it's just after dusk with the moon rising late, it's going to be completely dark for a while. You think it best to continue in the morning when daylight will make tracking—and travel—easier. The darkness of the night is just an invitation to die horribly. You pitch your tents and post guard.

The night passes uneventfully.

In the morning, you can see you are next to a small lake that drains into the swamp. You look at the lake and you note that it is quite deep.

You see a pair of ruts heading southwest, toward the shallower part of the swamp. Numerous footprints follow the ruts into the swamp.

Taking horses into the swamp is probably a really bad idea. The horses can hurt themselves easily and might have to be abandoned. Anyone using a riding dog should know that St. Bernards hate water. A Newfoundland, however, would work well. A successful Track check (DC 20) reveals that a single humanoid entered the swamp first, likely pulling a sledge behind him. The bootprints are quite large indicating the individual was likely a human male or half-orc. The other footprints, also humanoid were made at a later time and number more than a dozen.

Narion

You are outside the swamp, in the town of Narion. It looks abandoned.

The town is not abandoned but is sparsely populated. Folks have been moving away for years, thanks mostly to the appearance of Jack Fool's swamp and the resulting desecration of their cemetery. An old trail leads south into the swamp. The townsfolk will warn the party members against taking the trail into the swamp.

The Eastern Swamp Lands

S1. Swamp Entrance

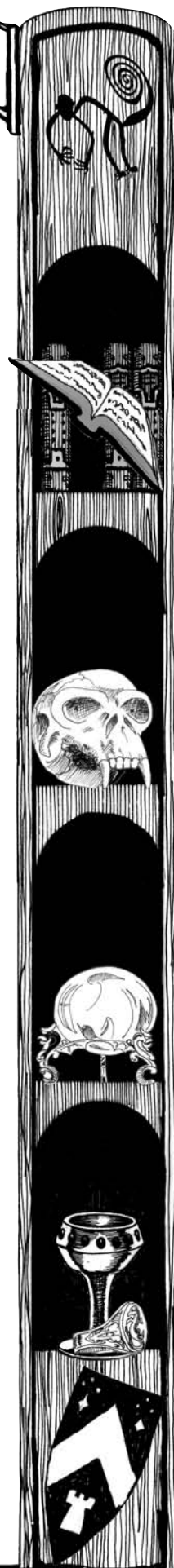
The road you have been following from the capital runs through grasslands punctuated by the occasional tree. The ruts of the improvised litter have been clear to follow, even without any tracking skill.

But now a thick stand of stunted pines, many with the needles stripped, heralds a change. Some of the pines have broken branches as if something heavy has pulled them down. In addition to the trees, the dry land has changed, turning soft and then swampy.

The air too has changed. The trees are filtering the sunlight and you can see thin streamers of mist woven amongst the branches.

The ruts you have been following still appear here and there in the softer mud, but have been obscured by many boot prints heading in the same direction.

In any event, you know in your heart that if the water gets any deeper it won't matter. For now there is still more firm ground than not. The tracks head southwest.



The Magic Dump



The tracks in the muck, heading southwest, are clearly those of the person pulling the litter plus a lot of prints from a few large groups of people (the two sets of guards and a group of other adventurers).

The party can probe the depth of the swamp with random branches pulled from the broken trees and safely navigate the deeper portions. If they don't probe, the lead party member will "discover" the foot-deep hole (hopefully not the gnome!). There is a slight water flow to the west, but it is hardly noticeable.

S2. Cantankerous

The trees are getting higher and less ragged. You see moss on all the surfaces, as well as clumps of vegetation hanging from some of the lower tree branches. The sun is visible, but only as a dim glow through the trees, frequently obscured by mist. There is enough moisture in the air to make you feel like it is raining, even if it isn't. The wetness is also making you miserable.





The Swamp

You are slogging through murky water that hides a thick layer of muck. Every step you take makes a loud smacking sound as your foot is removed from the mud and the surrounding water rushes in. Ahead of you is a single piece of land sticking out of the water.

The party is walking through six inches of water covering four inches of muck. Those without good boots have wet feet. If a PC is probing with a staff or the like, the party can avoid the sections where the water is a foot deep and more.

The muck is fairly deep (4") and pulling out a foot quickly can result in injury (Fort DC 12 or 1d2 damage from a sprain if a PC attempts to move faster than a walk).

As you slog along, you begin to see and smell parts of people—an arm floating, a leg in a tree, a hand and knee sticking out of a smallish opening in a tree. An occasional sword can be seen shimmering in the water too.

The party can easily determine that the pieces of anatomy belong to Prime guards by identifying shards of their uniforms.

The 'island' seems large enough to accommodate the whole party if they wish. When the first PCs approach the island, the water and muck ten feet in front of the 'island' starts to sport a very large pair of shoulders. They are brown and decorated with eelgrass. If the party allows the figure to rise, they see its shoulders are higher than its head, while the head itself is at least twice the size of a human. The creature rises from the muck and watches the party, not making any hostile moves. The island is gone, and Cantankerous stands before the party. If a PC tries to move around the monstrosity, he will move to block him.

If the party tries to parlay,

Cantankerous will ask, "Why youse visit my house?" If the party tells him they are following

- Ianthe—he'll look at the party stupidly. He doesn't know the name.
- Quentin—he'll look at the tracks left by the litter's passage and say "Too late. Quentin home now. Quentin make her better."
- Jack—he'll say "Jack not home."

Cantankerous likes Quentin and Jack, so any comment by the party that they intend to hurt either one will be taken badly. If the party is believed to be friends of theirs, he'll stay helpful, but it will be hard to convince him if any party member wears the livery of the Harwich Guard. If the party continues to engage him in conversation, his answers take the following forms:

- "Bad mans get away." Some of the guards are in the swamp. The number of footprints heading west is less than the number entering the area because they fought Cantankerous.
- He'll pull a four-fingered paw out of the water and count, "One... two..." he stops and looks puzzled. "Many. Been here many." (Many parties passed, he's killed many, he's liked many, he's been here many years).
- "Me live here."
- "Eat weeds."
- "Lots of bad things in the swamp. Me!"

Cantankerous is too stupid to pronounce his own name, but proud of the fact that Jack gave it to him. He will not leave this area; it is his home. If the encounter with Cantankerous was friendly, he will give the following warning as the party leaves: "Stay away from salt water that isn't salt". He will say no more.

Encounter Level 9

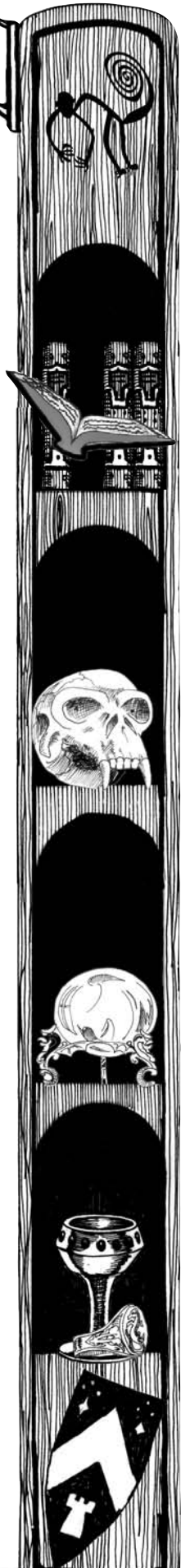
- 1 Cantankerous (hp 127)

S3. Jump Off Point

The ground has gotten somewhat drier, though areas of water still predominate. The average depth is only three inches and the ground underneath fairly solid. The sun is completely hidden. You have entered a world of mist. Ghostly arms, oddly coated cypress branches, reach for you from all directions. A puffy green-white growth coats the branches to twice their normal thickness. Below the growth, the mist condenses. Droplets fall from the branches making loud plopping noises.

There is open water to the north and east, everything else is swamp.

A mass of footprints heads southwest. It looks like something large chased whoever made them.



The Magic Dump



The swamp water here is three inches deep, with dry spots and occasional 18" holes to sprain ankles in. The ground underneath is firmer, but still sports an inch of muck. A deep-water channel flows around the point of land at the north end of this area. The water in the channel gets quickly deeper (to ten feet). The flow in the channel is southwesterly. Water in this area is flowing northward, into the channel, but you have to stare at it to even notice.

The ruts and footprints the party has been following turn north. This is hard to notice (Track DC 20) because other footprints go in all directions.

There has been feverish activity all through this area. A large number of cypress trees are lying on their sides. Fresh axe marks appear on some of the medium-sized trunks. If the party looks around they can easily learn:

- there are vines hanging down from the trees, some of which have been cut off (to lash a raft)
- an 8' section and a 16' section of cypress seem to be missing (three 8' pieces of raft)
- there are marks on the northeast shore like something heavy (the raft) has been launched
- a small tree has been cut down as well and the leaves and bark stripped (1" width makes a good pole to push with.) Note: poling allows a movement rate of 15 ft. per round, plus/minus the current.

An efficient party, working together, can make a raft large enough to hold them in an hour. For horses, a much larger raft is needed. If the party starts hacking at tree trunks to make rafts or delays for any reason, they will attract quivlings.

Encounter Level 8

- 5 Quivlings (hp 22)

S4. Botany Bay

You are on a large bay of open water. Mist rising off the water leaves the far shore out of sight, though some kind of wall is barely visible looming over the western edge. The shoreline shows a large number of broken shells, but you don't see any live shellfish in the water. There are reeds and lily pads growing near the shore.

On the south shore, there is a tree that leans over the bay and has a rope swing hanging from it.

The bay bottom is 2" of muck; the water depth for the first several feet out from the shore does not exceed two feet. But it is slick and waders must save (Ref DC 15) or slide deeper into the water. Once beyond ten feet from shore, the bottom drops off and the water appears totally black. The water is deep enough that the party is limited to the shore unless they swim or build some kind of watercraft.

The rope swing (on the southern shore) hangs over the water. The tree supporting it is easy to climb (DC 8) and is leaning over the water at a 45 degree angle. The rope has a thin vine attached halfway up so that it can be pulled back to the tree. Anyone using the swing must make a Reflex save (DC 22) or slip off as his arc reaches the far side. They will then land in the water with a big splash. Anyone using it who shouts while swinging (cowabunga! Geronimo! etc) will disappear, winding up in P2. The litter used by Quentin has been abandoned here, and hidden under some bushes. (Spot DC 25 or Search DC 12).

S5. Wicken Fen

You are on a peninsula surrounded on every side but the northwest by deep water. The gnarled trees and bushes of the northwest give way to a taller stand of redwood here. Vegetation and wildlife abound. Older redwood stumps squat between the watery depressions. The mosses growing on the trees seem stringy, almost as if they are not getting enough moisture.

Standing just beyond a little hillock is a reptile colored like an alligator, but its upper torso is humanoid. It wears a silver collar and currently has its back to you. As you watch, it is chasing a squawking flock of Corvus (a type of crow) into the lower branches of the trees. Having missed, its right hand makes a small swinging motion of frustration towards its chest.

If the party attacks, Hector reaches to his collar and changes to the head of a dragon (green) and attacks with its breath weapon.

If the party parlays, Hector reaches to his collar and changes to the head of a human male. He speaks common. He longs to be free but tells the party that there is a spell that holds him in place. He will tell the party



The Swamp

that a raft has gone by two or three times in recent days, but only if the party feeds him.

To free Hector, the party has to get the collar off and it is only possible when Hector is wearing the alligator head (and if they do, the alligator head is the natural one). The collar's magic can't be dispelled, but it can be cut off—if Hector will let you get close with a sharp object. He should be very nervous about this.

Hector was someone's pet, but he suspects that someone isn't coming back because he's been alone too long. No, he doesn't know his owner's name. The owner never told it to him. Hector resents that he's been ignored for a long time. He'll shed 'crocodile tears' complaining that he still isn't free. If the party tries to leave without freeing him, he'll attack out of frustration (and stop if they agree to free him.)

Encounter Level 5

- Hector (hp 49)

S6. The Moors

Mangroves line the southern flank of this area and continue in an arc to the east. Pine Barrens are visible to the west.

Here chest-high (4') sea-grasses predominate in the south, but give way to freshwater rushes and equally tall moor-grass. The smell of the ocean is on the wind. The land here is more dry than wet, but the texture is spongy.

The party might notice (Track DC 15 or Spot DC 20) some tracks in the soft dirt. They belong to a large feline. When, or if, a party member stops to examine them, a yellowish form will leap out of the thick grass onto him. The mauicat attacks fiercely, but will flee if the PCs put up too much of a struggle. Better to run away and live to hunt another day.

The water here is flowing lazily in a southeasterly direction. The water is less than an inch deep.

If actively searching, there is a man-sized badger hole on the eastern side of this area (Search DC 15). If the party enters it they will find themselves inside a cave in area B3 if the tree in B3 is pointing west, otherwise it is just a badger hole.

Encounter Level 3

- 1 Mauicat (hp 26)



The Magic Dump

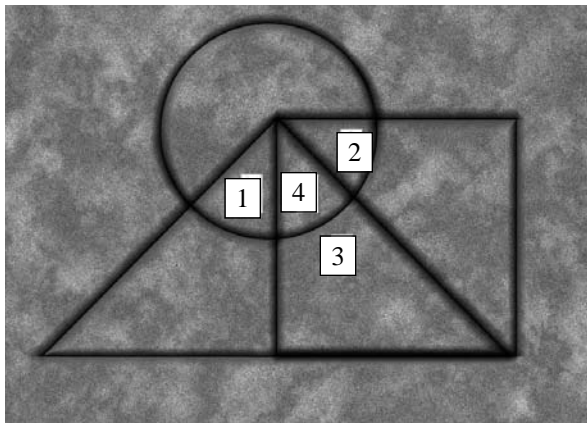


S7. Crop Circles

There is grassland to the north and east that transforms into something coarser here. You see thickened clumps of waist-high grass fighting with the occasional bush and tree for nutrients. These provide cover to a welter of small birds that flit from tree to tree. The trees become more common as you head westward toward apparently higher ground.

Underfoot it is spongy, but travel is not impeded.

As you move on, you see a dozen huge lily pads tossed into a pile near the mangroves in the southeast. In the center of the area are three huge symbols cut into the grass—an interlocking square, circle, and triangle. Four doors stand within the figures: One each within the intersection of two figures, and one within the intersection of all three figures.



The lily pads were used by a set of Prime guards to float into this area. The party can easily hear (Listen DC 12) the squad to the north. They can also find (Track DC 15) their tracks heading north. The guards seem to be arguing loudly.

There are four doorframes, each with a closed door, standing unsupported in the center of the geometric patterns. They are untrapped and unlocked. The doors are hinged to open in either direction, toward the south or toward the north. Looking through an open door shows a scene that is clearly somewhere else (read the description for that area).

Party members who try to go through the door will appear in the new area as soon as any part of them, or what they carry, crosses the threshold. They can be seen and heard by those left behind, but they will not see or hear the party until they too cross the threshold.

- 1 The triangle/circle door: M8 heading south, S13 heading north.
- 2 The square/circle door: S12 heading south, M5 heading north.
- 3 The square/triangle door: F3 heading to the south, M1 heading north.
- 4 The square/circle/triangle door: F6 in either direction.

Damaging any of the doors in any way causes the door to crumble into dust. If left open, the door automatically shuts after 5 rounds, as if a gentle wind blew it shut.

S8. The Mad Garden

You have come upon a maze of gnarled trees, stunted bushes and other devastated landscape. It looks very much like a garden gone evil or mad, then given too much water.

Filtered sun is shining through streamers of mist to reveal a scene of grasses and cattails surrounding small hummocks of land. The hummocks are large enough for two people to get out of the water on any one of them. Growing on most of the hummocks are bushes with tiny thorns and bright red or glossy black fruit.

There is a watercourse flowing from an area of purple flowers in the northwest to an arm of deep water in the east. The smell of brine wafts from the south while moor grass grows to the west. Swamp vegetation clumps both north and southeast. In the far southwest an arc of mangroves is visible.

The garden is mad. All of the bushes are sentient and flesh eating. There are tendrils hanging in all directions that can be used as whips to flay the skin of their prey. (Modos don't register as flesh.)

The bushes will allow themselves to be examined, hoping to draw the maximum number of party members into their area. They are much like raspberry bushes with long branches and barely visible thorns. The fruit is rock-hard even though it appears ripe. (On the ground are some fruits that have dropped off; These are also rock hard.) Once the party moves to leave, they will be attacked.

Observant PCs (Spot DC 18) might notice that the trees have underbrush growing around them that looks charred, as if multiple small fires occurred in this area



The Swamp

(due to the fireballs cast by NPCs going through this area previously).

The land around the hummocks carries water a good eight inches deep in most places, but with little mud underneath. Unexpected holes around the hummocks run as deep as three feet, so hopefully the party is using a stick to probe. The watercourse is narrow and two to four feet deep. If in the water, PCs will feel something bump their legs. [DM should make several die rolls, but there is nothing happening].

Stuck in the middle of the watercourse is a raft with three people on board—a paladin standing tall and shiny in the murk, a female spellcaster, and a female monk pushing on a pole trying to move the raft. The party is lawful good, on a mission to free the ‘princess’ (they call her that; she isn’t). They built the raft the day before in area S3. They’ve been lost and stuck since then. They will ask the party to help push them free, but will be unwilling to join forces unless the party is primarily lawful good.

Encounter Level 6

140 Flayfruit distributed throughout area.

Encounter Level 10 (unlikely hostile)

Laison d’Erlemont (hp 60)

Marianne von Stuttgarten (hp 36)

Gwendolyn of Kelde (hp 45)

S9. Loosestrife

Tucked between a forest to the north, hyacinths to the west, and open water to the southeast, lies this area of red, yellow and purple flowers. There is a garden to the southwest and a darker, more hummocky swamp with trees to the east.

The ground is spongy here, with varying amounts of water, but never exceeding five inches. The muck is barely a half-inch deep. What water there is, is barely flowing southward.

If the party makes a Listen roll (DC 21), they can hear a squad of Prime guards to the west.



The Magic Dump



diluted beer, but you could get drunk if you somehow downed five gallons of it. In the pool they can find something round barely sticking out of the water, if they move enough vegetation (Spot DC 15 or Search DC 10).

The round object turns out to be the top of a helmet. When PCs pull it up, it comes loose easily. A skull is still attached via chinstrap. “Be a good chap and pull the rest of me out too,” it will say.

Only if the party pulls him out will they figure out the skeleton is mostly lying down in knee-deep water. The head had been propped up on a submerged piece of wood that can’t be clearly seen through the murky water, but touch will reveal it easily. The rest of the body is wearing recognizable armor and livery, although the armor is rusted and the cloth & leather disintegrating. There are two rusty daggers and a spoon in the remnants of his backpack. The spoon is untarnished. The livery on the body is that of a Prime Guard. Half of the skeleton’s right leg is missing and looks like it was chopped off.

If the party helps Suroth, he goes on to say:

“I am Suroth and I came here five years ago because there was supposed to be great riches. Wonderful magics to steal. Now look at me! Guess that didn’t work out, huh?” He gives off a braying laugh. “Too much magic here. Couldn’t even die right.” He hiccups uncontrollably for a minute. “Not quite sporting, is it?”

“What killed me? Lads, I killed myself. Ugly brute told me to avoid brackish water and I ignored the warning. Found some lovely creatures, nay, some lovely creatures found me—burrowed into me. By the time I felt the pain it was too late. I tried to cut the leg off, figured I’ve got one more, but the buggers had gotten into my torso before I’d even started on the leg.

The skull is then racked by hysterical laughter, making you think he’s probably drunk. “I quaffed an elixir of health... but the magic works strange here. I died, but I didn’t die. I fell into the water and the buggers died. Most peculiar. The water smelled of beer and I’d assay the buggers don’t like beer. Glad you chaps found me, now chop-chop, do a dispel. I’ve been drunk long enough.”

S10. Cypress Garden

A small spit of land juts out into the deep water of this area from the north. The spit is covered with cypresses that spill over into the shallows. At the base of each tree there are rafts of greenery that undulate as the water moves. Hanging from the branches are thick beige whorls of moss.

There are places to put ashore to the east, southwest and north in addition to the spit, but getting there means swimming or floating on something. There is a strong flow of water from the northeast that continues south. A smaller flow of water from the west joins the southerly flow.

You see a ten-foot man-made wall that is just visible in the northeast.

The whole area smells of beer.

If the party tries to trace the beer smell, it is coming from the spit of land. They can find a small vegetation-covered pool that seems to be the source. If they move the vegetation and taste the water, it is badly



The Swamp

Possible actions:

- If the party casts *dispel magic* on him or turns him, he will turn to dust and drop into the water.
- If the party carries him, he'll sing to them off-key and threaten to beat them with his stumps until they do dispel him.
- If the party drops him back into the water, they'll hear a loud hiccup as the head splashes back in.

Peering over the wall you see a jeweled hilt sticking out of the peat just at the edge of visibility. On the wall itself, there is a lever with two positions; it is currently in the 'close' position. The other position is marked 'drain'.

Swamp lies west and north, while open water lies in the other directions.

Magical Object - *Spoon of Kalmuk*

Encounter Level 1

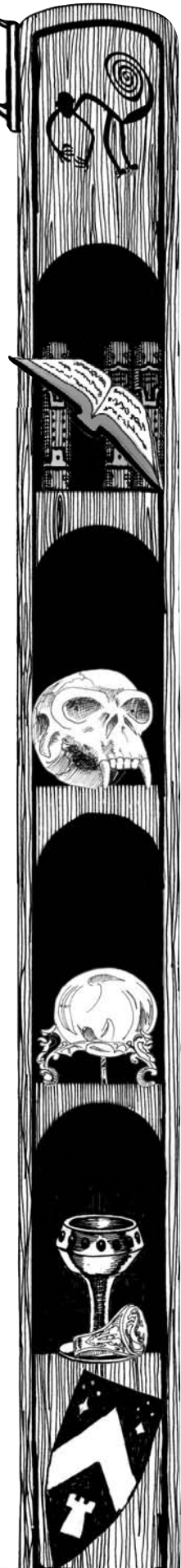
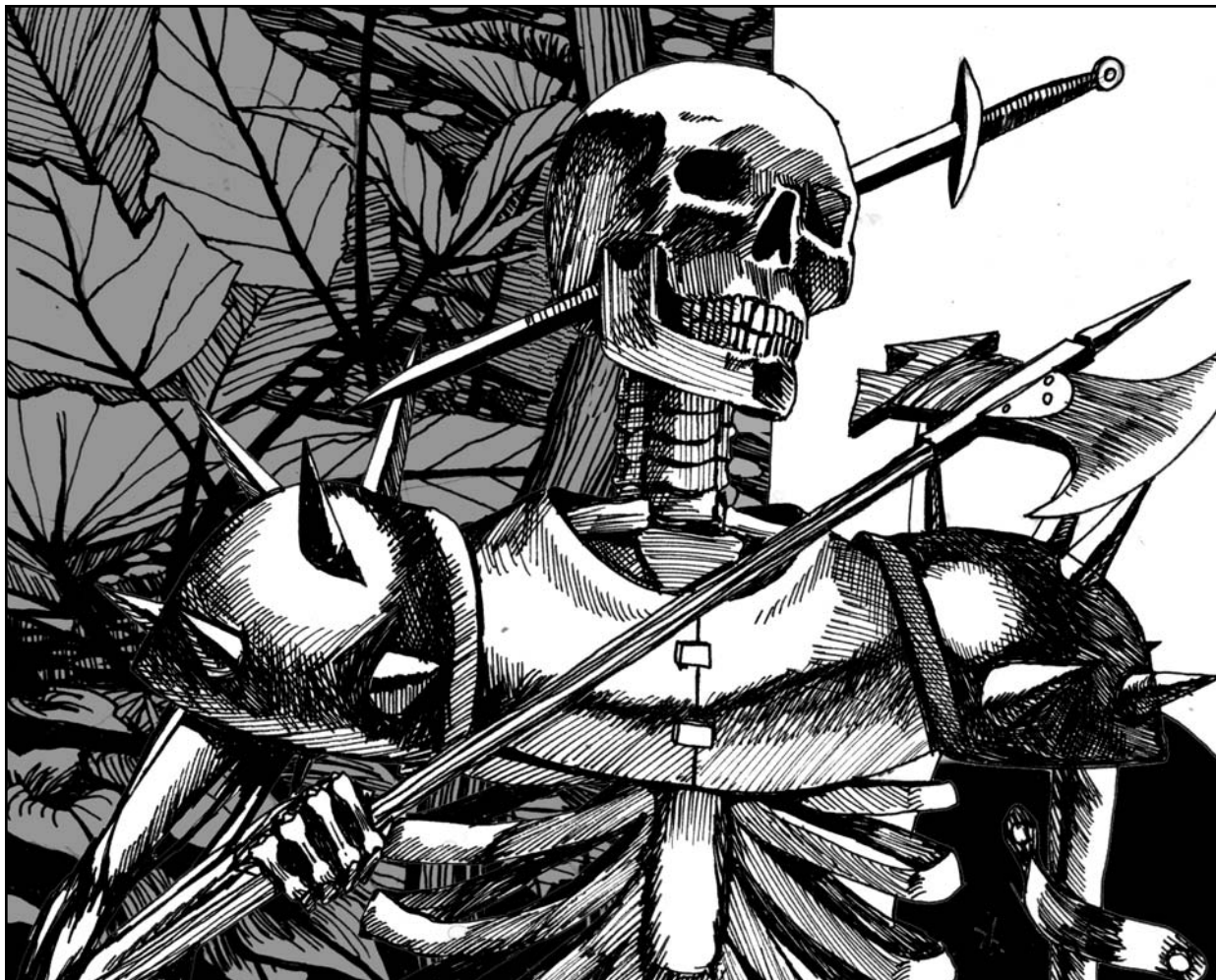
- Suroth (hp 13) (no attacks.)

S11. The Peat Bog

You are standing at the base of a ten-foot man-made wall. Inside the stone is a circle of peat that is giving off some kind of sour smelling gas.

The peat is not solid and behaves much like quicksand. A PC stepping on its surface will sink down roughly ten feet, and with no way to climb out, will probably drown.

If the party knocks a hole in the wall or flips the lever to 'drain,' there will be a deep rumbling and the wall will part (6' opening). The water will then rush out of the bog. As it drains, the peat will first slump, then 'wilt'. The sour smell gets strong enough to make eyes water. Finally, as the party watches, the peat will disintegrate and reveal that the bottom of the bog is carpeted with dozens of skeletons. One of the skeletons is quite large (perhaps originally an ogre or such) and has the sword hilt they'd seen sticking out of its



The Magic Dump



skull. As the party takes this in, the skeletons start to move. They get up, point to the party, pick up weapons, and begin to move toward them.

Encounter Level 9

- 40 Skeletons (hp 6 each)
- 1 Large Skeleton (hp 13)

Battling the skeletons:

The easiest thing to do is not to fight them. The swamp gas can be lit and act as a *fireball* (3d6 Ref DC 15 for half damage), possibly killing most of the skeletons in one action. If the party insists on running, the skeletons are relentless and will follow (even underwater to reappear some place shallower). If the party insists on fighting, they might be hard pressed.

The wall will constrain the swamp gas fireball, causing it to shoot straight up from the bog and out the door. It will not strike party members protected by the wall, but will strike anyone standing on the wall itself and those in front of the opening.

If the lever is pushed back to 'close,' the skeletons will slowly climb over the wall.

Once the skeletons are dead, the party can find dozens of rusty swords and daggers, including one +2 *weapon* and three +1 *weapons*. The DM should choose weapons appropriate to the party. The long sword stuck through the large skeleton is a +2 *keen long sword*.

S12. Green Slough

You are entering a region where the trees are taller and more varied. The cypress trees are giving way to oaks in the forest and they both easily reach forty feet in height. While there are gaps in the canopy, little sun filters through the mist.

Visibility is down to 30 feet. You see mosses hanging from the trees in large, ten-foot veils. Underneath the trees, giant ferns choke out all other vegetation. Small amounts of standing water can be seen in and around the ferns.

The cypresses get thicker towards the south, the oaks towards the north. Swamp vegetation goes east and west. There is a ten-foot man-made wall to the southeast.

The water in this area flows noticeably to the east. If the party heads east, into the water, they must make some kind of floatation device or swim.

The ferns provide little resistance if walking.

S13. Icky Swamp

Shallow water seems to lie everywhere, even under the large clumps of grass and cattails that predominate this landscape. The swamp continues northeast to southwest. Northwest is forest. South is open water.

There is a good-sized (3') bird watching you from a branch about twenty feet up in an oak tree. There is a nest higher in the tree with a second bird and two nestlings.

The water gets deeper in the southeastern sections, reaching mid-thigh in places on a human male.

The parrots are very protective of their nestlings and seek to drive the party off. They will not give chase out of the area.

There is also a man-sized badger hole to the west (Spot DC 16). If the party enters it they will find themselves inside a cave in area B3 if the tree in B3 is pointing east, otherwise it is just a badger hole.

Land Encounter Level 2

- 2 Flame Sisserou (hp 4 each)
- 2 Flame Sisserou nestlings (hp 2; no attacks)

S14. Daygo Swamp

The grasses hide all but the tallest party members as well as a good-sized section of open water bisecting the area. This watercourse has a good flow westward and runs 100 ft wide. Probing the watercourse shows it to be less than a foot deep.

You are on the west shore of Consortium Lake, where you camped before entering the swamp. Except for the lake, swamp lies in all directions.



The Swamp

S15. Fenway

Coarse clumps of grass punctuated by cattails crown every rise in this spongy, uneven area that seems to extend in most directions. Dark, open water lies to the southeast. To the west is forest.

Pieces of a traveled path arc from the southwest to the north, but this is clearly made by animal traffic, not human. Plants are sprouting in some of the worn areas.

The grasses here are mostly four to six feet tall.

In amongst the tall grasses there are tiny snakes. All but one can be avoided if the party stays on the trail. That one is a *polymorphed* abomination (see appendix). Once hit, he will change back into a large monstrous humanoid.

Land Encounter Level 5

- 6 Ground Vipers (hp 1)
- 1 Abomination (hp 45)

S16. Northeastern Swamp

The vegetation in this area doesn't rise above knee-level, and usually not even that high. There are trees to the west and you can see grassy plains to the east. The ground is spongy, but otherwise shows only traces of water. Swamp plants continue north and south.

S17. The Corner

To the west lies forest, while north and east plains can be seen through a haze. Clearly this is the end of the swamp.

While some wetland flora grow in the area, you have to go south to get back into real swamp. There isn't even any standing water here.

The North Bog

B1. The Pump

Here at the edge of the swamp, it is mostly dry and the swamp plants are short. You think you can see the town of Narion to the north. You see salt marsh to the west, trees to the south and a denser forest to the east.

There is a metal pipe sticking out of the ground with a movable handle on its side.

Magical item: *Sand Pump*

B2. Narion's Cemetery

You enter a spongy area encircled with large trees whose crowns meet, forming a leafy ceiling above. The area is overgrown with ivies and mosses that hang from the boughs like so much drapery. Beneath the trees it is spongy and thick with some kind of short vegetation. Sticking through the vegetation, there are a number of squat 'bumps'. You find it odd that the nearest bump seems to read 'Jeremiah Cooper.'

As you ponder the meaning of this, your mind hears, "Staaaay with usssss. Weee aaare loonelyyyy".

Being able to read Jeremiah seems to be a trick of the lighting, but as the party pulls at the greenery, fighting their way through the many layers of vegetation, they'll realize it is not a trick. They are looking at a plant-encrusted headstone. A memorial marker—and a cemetery.

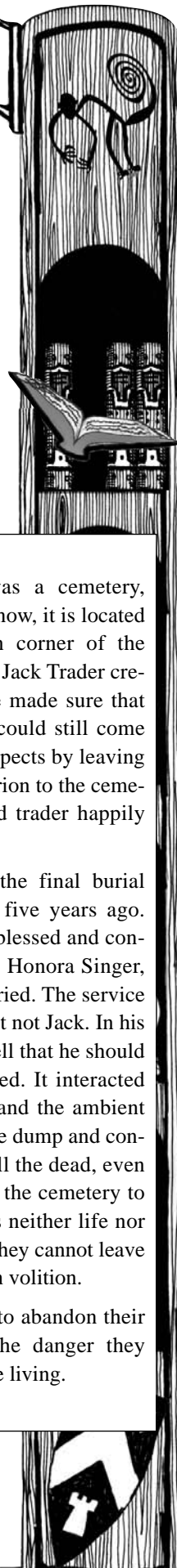
There are thirty-seven graves in all, but there is something unusual about three of them. Their stones are marked 'James Smith', 'Fred Farmer', and 'Honora

History/Lore

Years ago, this was a cemetery, nothing more. But, now, it is located in the northeastern corner of the magic dump. When Jack Trader created the swamp, he made sure that the local villagers could still come here to pay their respects by leaving a safe trail from Narion to the cemetery. Townsfolk and trader happily coexisted.

Priests performed the final burial service here about five years ago. They had properly blessed and consecrated the area as Honora Singer, Jack's wife, was buried. The service done, they'd left, but not Jack. In his grief, he wove a spell that he should never have attempted. It interacted with the blessings and the ambient magical forces in the dump and condemned the dead, all the dead, even the dead insects, in the cemetery to an eternity that was neither life nor death. Fortunately, they cannot leave the area of their own volition.

Narion was forced to abandon their ancestors due to the danger they now presented to the living.



The Magic Dump



Singer,' and the graves have been emptied. The dirt from those graves has been thrown about and the graves left open as though they were excavated in great haste and disregard. It is clear some time has passed since this happened. The countless rains since the violation have obliterated most of the traces, leaving only tiny soggy hills around the open graves.

If the party dallies in the cemetery, after another round the ground will erupt with a small number of green-gray hands reaching for the characters' feet (Save Ref DC 15). A failed save will indicate the PC has blundered into their midst resulting in 1d4 lonely dead attacking the PC. On a successful hit, the hand has grabbed the victim. In addition, a stench of putrefaction assaults the party, causing them to want to retch (see creature description). They can dance around the small number of hands, but other limbs will sprout from the other graves around them forcing additional saving throws to avoid being grabbed. Some of the limbs have no flesh on them at all; some are barely recognizable as hands—little more than stumps. A successful grab results in the leg being pulled underground. (Use grapple rules if a PC tries to struggle loose). While this is happening, the party hears;

“Dooooonn’tt goooo. Weeeee
nnnnneeeed youuuuuu...”

If both legs are being held/pulled the progression is knee-depth, hip-depth, chest, neck and buried—about fifteen inches per round. If only one leg is being pulled, the rate is halved. But note—the second leg will not go down voluntarily but may get bent upward. If the player isn't very flexible, he's not going to be happy with one knee at chest height. And he certainly isn't going to fight very well. Any player pulled underground will begin to suffocate as per the drowning rules.

If the party digs to get at the bodies, the undead residents and any victims may all be found six feet underground.

If *Ralph* is used, *Ralph* will glow a bright blue while he is in the cemetery. He will also sing. Stabbing into the ground with *Ralph* causes it to shake. Any touch of a skeletal hand by *Ralph* will vaporize the entire individual (both hands) and give off a bright flash.

Encounter Level 8

- 50 Lonely Dead (hp 16)
- 5 Necro-Woodpeckers (hp 6)





The Swamp

B3. Pointed Rock

You see trees to the north and dense forest to the east with a hill visible behind it. Southeast lie many small pools of water that join to create a dark lake in that direction. West lies salt marsh. In this direction, and to the south, there is tangled grass with clumps of cattails.

Fortunately, the ground is dry with only the occasional pool of water.

In the center of this region stands a 12-foot tree trunk balanced on the point of a natural outcropping of hard granite. The trunk is ten feet off the ground with a split fork at one end. The outcropping looks like rock, but it doesn't look natural. A cave is visible amongst the crevices.

The trunk is from a sturdy oak, odd because the nearest oaks are hundreds of yards to the east. The rock is magically-shaped granite. It is now vaguely pyramidal. If someone climbs the rock to get to the tree trunk, they will discover that it is perfectly balanced and the merest touch will allow it to be rotated on the point of the rock. (Balance check, DC 15, or take ten-foot falling damage because it will rotate unexpectedly.) The speed of rotation can not be varied; it performs one full rotation per round.

The trunk is magically connected to the rock. No amount of pushing will topple the trunk. The direction of the split fork changes the nature of the cave interior.

The cave itself is ten feet in diameter and ten feet high, taking up most of the rock. If the party enters the cave, they will see daylight streaming in from the top of the cave—an exit to one of four places. They should be expecting to see tree trunk or cave roof there, but this is a magical teleport link to another area.

There are climbable handholds built into the granite walls. No climbing roll is necessary. Climbing out of the cave will take a person to another area: F6 if the tree trunk is pointing mostly north, S13 is east, M9 if south, and S6 if west.

PCs that climb will appear in the new area as soon as any part of them, or what they carry, exits the cave. PCs may return if they desire. The Trunk is initially pointed north unless Quentin is trying to impede the party in which case it will point west

B4. Cattails

In the southern part of this area are bushes and behind them a stand of trees. Hyacinths can be seen southeast and open water due east. To the west lies a salt marsh. Here, and to the north, tangled grasses and cattails grow intermingled. There is only the occasional pool of water.

A large granite outcropping sits in the middle of the cattails.

The outcropping is under some enchantments. Although it appears dry it acts like it is coated in grease and is quite hard to climb (DC 30). Of course climbing it will serve no purpose thanks to the mist covering the swamp. A large badger family lives in the bush area.

Encounter Level 4
8 Swamp Badgers (hp 6)

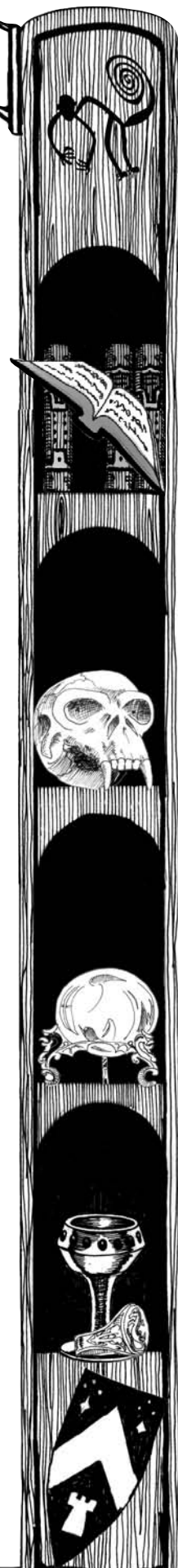
B5. The Black Pool

Before you lies a large pool of black water with thin streamers of mist rising off of it. The mist filters out any direct sunlight there might be, but it is not thick enough to prevent you from seeing the opposite shore.

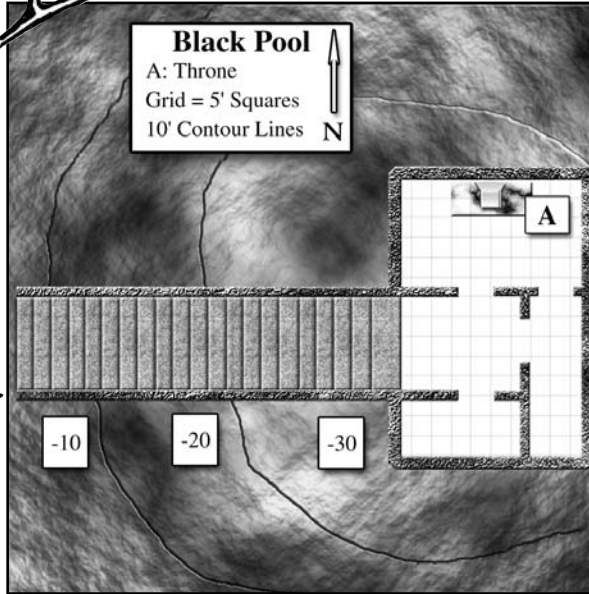
The water is perfectly still, and not marred with any debris on the surface though on the western edge of the pool, you do see two straight lines breaking the surface for about 100 feet each. Curiously, these lines are completely parallel.

To the east, the ground is steep and forested, swampland spreads in the other directions. While you see a lot of sedge and rushes in the north and west, to the south lies a large area of purple foliage.

PCs who probe with a stick or such find that the bottom slopes off quickly. A foot in, there doesn't seem to be any bottom at all. The water here is frigid, coming from a single spring in the northwestern corner of the pool. Anyone who enters into the water must make a Willpower check (DC 13) to remain there and will take 1d6 points of subdual damage each round because of hypothermia.. If they succumb to the cold,



The Magic Dump



As you uncover what appears to be a golden throne you are forced to remove multiple beams of wood that surround it, some of which appears to still be lashed to it. The rocks it is buried under are not from the palace walls. Clearly, the throne was brought here then deliberately buried.

Magical Item: *Throne of Music*

B6. Western Tidal Zone

The west coastal area fronts the ocean and has a strong salt smell. The area is drying because the tide is on the way out. Man-sized dunes studded with grasses are everywhere.

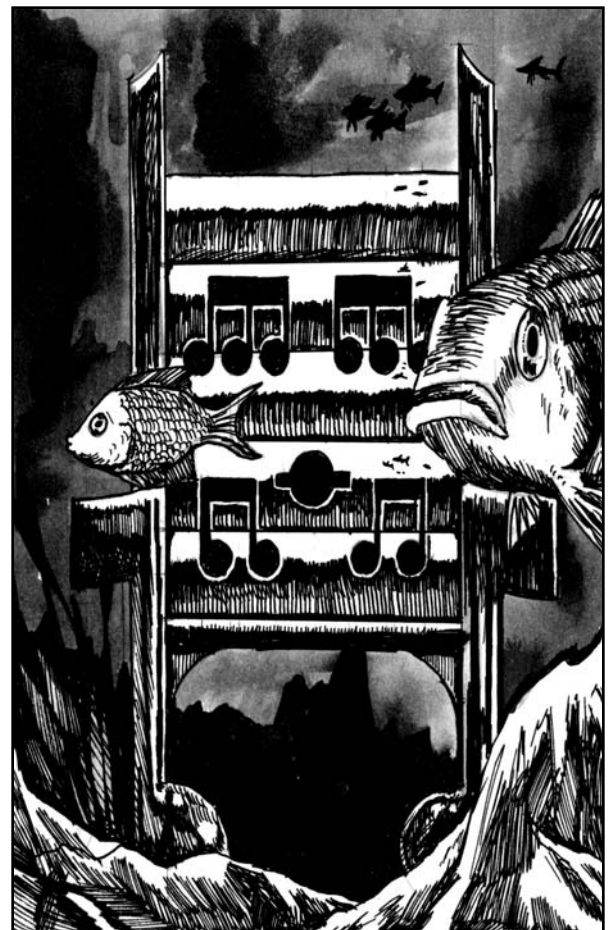
There are pine barrens to the south, but sturdier trees eastward with swamps and forests beyond. From the dunes you can make out the town of Narion not far to the northeast, across yet more swamp. The salt marsh continues north.

normal drowning rules from the point of unconsciousness apply.

The two parallel lines visible to the party are 25 feet apart and clearly man-made. Any closer inspection will reveal them to be unmortared stone walls that start a good distance from the shore and continue beneath the pool's surface. The walls have clearly been here a long time, judging by the vegetative growth on the rocks. If the party follows the walls beneath the surface, they will find that the walls slope downward with the land and discover the top of a broad stairway that goes down further.

In the depths of the pool lie the ruins of an ancient keep. There were four rooms in this keep, judging by the rubble left of the walls. The keep was apparently stripped before the pool formed because only the rubble remains. In the northernmost room, a search (DC 20) will reveal a yellowish glint beneath a pile of debris.

If they go after the object, the party needs to get thirty feet below the water surface and must move large stone chunks to free what lies below. The yellow is actually the top of a large throne rising from the floor of the old palace. The throne is gold plated and someone tried very hard to destroy it, because the golden areas show black scars, sword marks, and other abuse.





The Swamp

The Forest

F1. Psychedelic Forest

Oak and maple predominate, but thin as you go north; to the south is dense forest with rising terrain. You can catch glimpses of plains to the north/northwest. Underfoot it is dry, with occasional pools of stagnant water. Mushrooms seem to be everywhere.

Encounter Level 1

- Psychedelic Forest (CR 1)

As the PCs walk into the forest, a Fortitude save must be made (DC 15) as they inhale mushroom spores. If the saving throw is failed, they experience hallucinations for the next hour.

A fireball or equivalent will clear the air of spores for 30 minutes. If for some reason the party cuts and dries the mushrooms for later use, they discover (to their dismay) that the spores have become inert.

Hallucinations

Failing the saving throw can have twelve possible effects (roll d12) due to spores from the mushrooms:

1. Take off everything and throw it into swamp (clothes are creatures about to attack).
2. Paranoia—there's something in the water, the tree is moving, etc.
3. Cower whimpering.
4. Stare into nothingness.
5. Flee shrieking in random direction.
6. Pay rapt attention to closest person's belt buckle.
7. Thinks he can't breathe.
8. Skip around in little circles —"I'm four!"
9. Start climbing a tree —"I can fly!"
10. Talk about anything or everything. Can't stop.
11. Roll twice, ignoring duplicates.
12. DM choice.

F2. Forest North

There is a forest cluttered with undergrowth here. Although many different types of trees grow here, large oaks with massive trunks seem to predominate. The ground is mostly dry, though small patches of swampland exist. The water in the patches is stagnant and apparently the source of the large numbers of mosquitoes hovering around you.

Forest extends in all directions except the south, where a small hill can be seen. To the west, there appears to be standing water.

The largest of the oaks sits behind a small fetid pool smelling vaguely of rancid butter. There are no mosquitoes around the tree (Spot DC 10 to notice that the mosquitoes avoid the tree).

The mosquitoes act as a continuous *insect plague* spell.

A large smoky fire, *fireball*, or equivalent will clear the entire area of mosquitoes for one round while a stiff breeze will completely disperse them.

The tree has a man-sized gap between the halves of its massive trunk. It is dark and large enough to be entered. In the center of the darkness there are two round reddish objects peering at the party. If a PC tries to enter the tree, he encounters a tough membrane that exists across the opening in the tree. The PC can push on it and it will give slightly. [It will deform and bounce back with hammer blows. It can be cut with the point of a sword or dagger.] If cut, it will reform in 10 minutes if left alone.

If they cut the membrane and enter the tree, the inside of the tree can comfortably hold three people. Two more can be in the entryway and observe. The inner area has hundreds of small hiding places where great knots of the tree split and rejoin. In the center, rear of the tree, about five feet from the ground, there are two reddish orbs alternately pulsing, left, right, left, right.

Stashed within one of the small hiding places (Search DC 10), there is a grimy, moldy note with smudged writing. Once in the light the party will be able to read:

Johnny, the cow died. Father's been at it again. Meet me at Sebastian's.

Love, Lauren.



The Magic Dump



If any damage, even a scratch, is done to the heart, the party will hear a loud splintering sound followed quickly by a gout of sticky sap spraying throughout the inside of the trunk. PCs must make a reflex save to avoid the sap. Those within the tree can try to leap out at DC 15 or at DC 19 if someone is blocking the entrance. Those in the doorway, save at DC 11. The sap is sticky and removes any Dex bonuses until washed off. Two rounds later a spell goes off (see sidebar).

The mosquitoes are not immune to whatever spells are triggered by disrupting the heart.

F3. Pixieville

There is a forest cluttered with undergrowth. Many types of trees grow here but large oaks with massive trunks seem to predominate. The ground is very spongy, or even downright slippery, so you have a hard time finding good footing.

To the south there is a grove of oddly shaped trees, to the southwest a small hill overlooks them. There is swamp to the east, but relatively dry ground continues to the north.

As get your bearings, a voice from above says, "Can I watch?"

While the ground is slippery, the party should be able to navigate the terrain normally unless they try to run. In that case, they must

save (Reflex DC 15) or slide into a tree trunk or brambles at full speed (1d3 damage).

The voice is that of a small man-shaped creature with tiny wings, one of a pair that is sitting on a walkway going from oak to oak ten feet above the forest floor.

The two creatures are pixies. A third pixie, unbeknownst to the party, has already left to spread the news of visitors. The pixie goes on to say...

"This part of the forest has lots of quicksand! Some of it's in unexpected places. That's why we built this walkway, to avoid being sucked under. It's only one magic item of any kind to use the walkway. And the charge is two magic items if we have to save you from quicksand. Um, there's no charge if we're not successful." From the ground, the walkway looks narrow, but usable.

If the PCs choose not to use the walkways, the pixies will taunt them (especially the party members wearing 'tin cans'). They'll make bets on which is the first to sink and how long he'll burble in the muck. Should the party ignore the pixies and continue to walk, they will not find quicksand. They will, however, continue to be taunted.

If the PCs choose to pay the fee the pixies will let the party use the walkway and pass in peace. The two pixies will hold the items offered as the party leaves; They will hide them later when the party isn't watching.





The Swamp

They cast *detect magic* to make sure something of value was received.

If the party climbs into the trees without paying, the pixies will flee and all pixies in the area become hostile.

Encounter Level 6

- 2 Pixies (hp 3)

F3a. Pixie Walkways

You are ten feet above the ground clutter, standing on a narrow walkway attached to the oak you climbed. The walkways are built out of chunks of tree branches connected with knotted vines. The entire assembly looks rickety, except where it is tightly lashed to the trunk of a large oak.

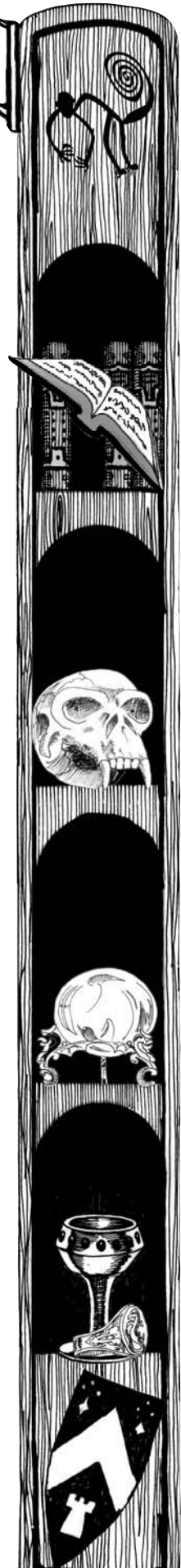
You can see movement in several places.

It is not possible to sneak onto the walkways without notice. The pixies know the party is there and the walkways creak as they bend under the weight of the party. The walkways are designed to take one foot tall

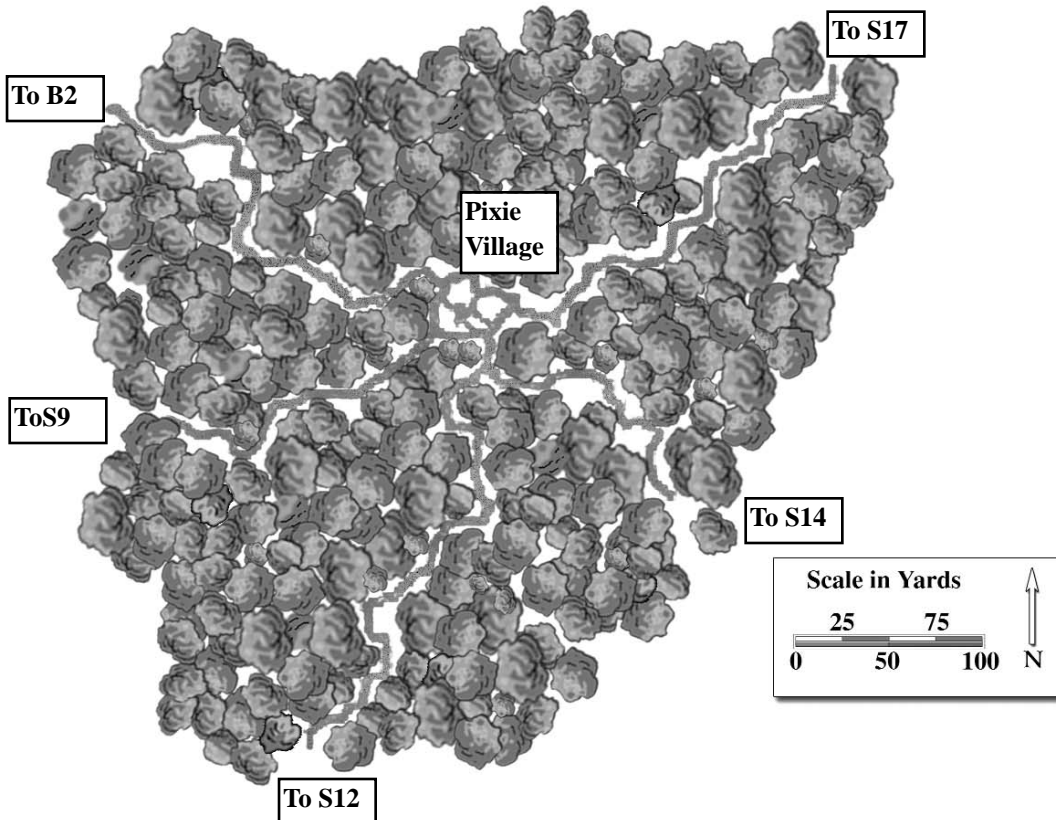
creatures that weigh barely ten pounds. The width of the walkway is about eight inches, walkable if careful (Balance check DC 10 and a Reflex save at DC 12 to catch yourself if you fall). There are two guide ropes on each side, eight inches and two feet above the way itself.

Even the lightest party members will cause the walkway to sag—but the guide ropes will now be at the right height. A 200-pound human in plate will cause it to sag so much that he'll have to "climb" to the next tree-anchorage. This will slow the party down to half-speed. There are trees every fifteen feet. Any segment of the walkway loaded with more than 600 pounds will break. Normal falling damage applies (15' drop).

The movement is the pixies sneaking about. Although the pixies are invisible, they occasionally brush a small branch or similar object allowing the PCs to become aware that there are more than just the two. If the party refused to pay the fee and climbs the walkway, the other pixies attack with bows and arrows. A third of the pixies are higher up in the oaks, shooting down on the party. If the fee was paid, the party notices pixies all about, but they are not threatening.



Pixie Trails



The Magic Dump



The pixie trails are star-shaped (point is facing south). They empty into the following regions: south—S12, southwest—S9, northwest—B2, north-east—S17, southeast—S14. In the center of the star is a tiny pixie village. The party will pass through it if they have to move from one leg of the star to another.

Encounter Level 12

- 15 Pixies (hp 3)

F3b. Pixie Village

Before you lies a cluster of five ancient oaks. Suspended in the center of their trunks is a large platform twenty feet across. On the platform are twenty-eight 18" tall thatched huts, several of which are showing lazy smoke rising from chimneys. You smell cooking vegetables.

There is movement among the buildings.

If the fee was paid an adult pixie will signal to the pixie children. These hide in the huts and peer out at the party, curious. If the fee was not paid, the children do not receive such a signal because the other pixies have been busy fighting the party. The children will attack as best as they are able. They are not very adept with the bow and arrow (-4 on attacks).

Examination of the huts will reveal stick furniture, woven rugs and hangings (and the occasional 4" high loom), and cook pots suspended above fires made on large flat stones. There is about 8 ounces of vegetable soup in each cook pot.

Previously traded items are woven into the bottom of the platform with vines. These include *4 random potions, a ring of delusion, eleven +1 arrows, three +1 crossbow bolts, and a +1 dagger.*

Encounter Level 9

- 21 Pixies (children—hp 1)

F4. The Grove

You have entered a quiet, peaceful area. You can see the top of a small hill to the northwest. The ground you walk on is dry with little underbrush. The trees in the grove are gnarly for their entire thirty-foot height. Each tree has grey fruit and a full crown of seven-pointed leaves that merges with the crowns of the other trees of the grove. As you watch, the leaves sway in a mesmerizing rhythm, as if a light wind was blowing through them, even though you are quite certain the air here is still.

There are no signs of wildlife; you aren't even hearing any birds.

If the PCs take a closer look at a tree (Spot DC 16), its bark is pulsing. If anyone touches a tree, read the following;

Touching the tree you find the bark warm. The touch also seems to cause the entire tree to 'shiver'. One by one, the entire grove picks up the motion of the first tree and shivers in unison. Suddenly you feel something graze the side of your head—a fist-sized fruit. Catching the motion, you turn in time to see a branch pull back and another fruit loosed in your direction. It looks like the other trees are about to do the same.

If someone picks up a fruit, it is also quite warm. There are thirty trees here spread over an area 100x100 yards.

Encounter Level 11

- 30 Shiver Me Timbers (hp 34)

F5. Grove South

The forest here is thin, but the trees themselves look strong and tall. They provide firm support in the ground so that spongy areas are limited to the occasional shallow pool. To the northwest is open water, while to the north a hill can be seen through gaps in the canopy.



The Swamp

To the west lie massive tracts of purple foliage with small gaps of water showing. To the south and southeast, there are cat-tail islands mixed with unusually thick clumps of vegetation surrounded by swamp.

A very large offal pile sits in front of you. This pile is six feet in height but no longer gives off much odor. Many dung beetles are working the pile and slowly reducing it.

If the party cuts into the pile, it must make a saving throw vs. (Fort DC 18) or spend a round retching. The smell is strong enough to make the PCs cry. But if they continue to dig into the pile, they will find a ring. Inventive players might bottle the stuff for later reuse!

Magic Ring—*Ring of Protection vs Stench.*

F6. The Island in the Swamp

You have reached the top of a hill in the interior of the swamp. You are above the mists. The ground here is remarkably dry, given the abundance of water you've passed through. The crest, just above the trees from the surrounding land, is grassy, and fairly flat with small rocky outcroppings. A circle of rocks at the summit contains the ashes of an old campfire.

Being taller than the surrounding areas, the hill affords a panoramic view. Surrounding you on three sloping sides you can see trees of various kinds, with oak and pine predominating. To the west, a fairly sharp cliff overlooks a large pool of oily black water. Visible in the pool are two straight lines that start at the western edge and go beneath the waters. You think you can see steps leading down into the water. The rest is mist.

Beyond the water lies ocean. About a mile to the north, you can see the crossroads in the center of Narion.

If the party tries to camp or explore, they find the hill is far larger than it first appears, continuing to the southeast. A surprisingly pretty grove with little underbrush lies in that direction. While there are pools to the north, there is debris on the forest floor that looks dry enough to use for a fire.

The campfire ashes hide a brown crystal. If a fire is started without discovering it, it will explode with a loud pop (no damage). The crystal is really just a piece of glass. It radiates magic simply from sitting in the swamp too long. It has no powers.

There is a man-sized badger hole to the south (Spot DC 13). If the party enters it they will find themselves inside a cave in area B3 if the tree in B3 is pointing north, otherwise it is just a badger hole.

Sea of Hyacinths

There is water underfoot here, usually calf-deep on an adult male human, though much deeper in spots. You are unable to see the water's surface, however, because the entire area is covered with hyacinths.

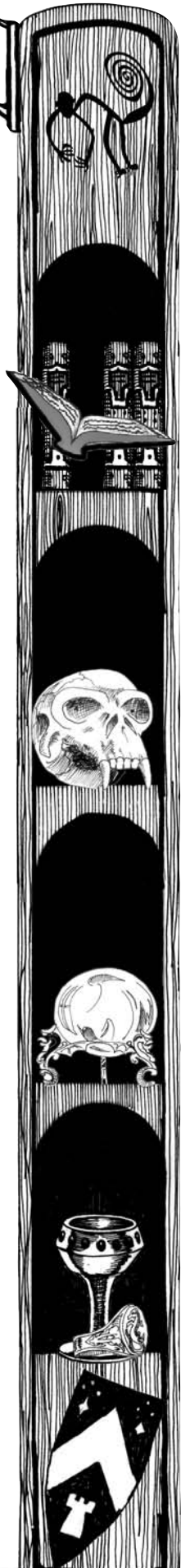
This is a land of blooming purple flowers sitting above the surface of flowing water. Underwater they have a rope-like stem with leaves. On the surface, each has a pad with spiky leaves sticking out of it. Above the surface, there is a 4" egg-shaped flower of many tiny blossoms.

While walking or probing the area the PCs discover

- the swamp-edge is only inches deep water, with an inch of muck. However, the land bottoms off quickly and the party will find itself in two-foot deep water in the first couple of steps.
- the water gets a lot deeper as the party goes west (three feet), and the water is cold.
- As they move along, the party will leave a 'wake' through the hyacinths.
- Once per area, a Ref check needs to be made (DC 10). If the check is failed, the party member trips and falls into and under the water and will need to roll against strength (DC 14) to pull himself out (or get the help of other party members). Normal drowning rules apply.

H1. Beaver Lodges

Amongst the hyacinths are large piles of sticks mud, and branches. There are tree trunks on the shore that look like they've been gnawed. Other whole areas are simply stumps.



The Magic Dump



There is movement among the hyacinths as you approach. But a loud splash brings the bulk of that movement to the end.

The hyacinths continue south, while there are trees to the west and forest to the east. Much of the north shows an open pool of water. A dam crosses the southern edge of the area.

This area of the swamp is home to beavers and the piles of sticks and mud are the lodges (there are 10 in all). If the party comes within twenty feet of any lodge, the pair of beavers from that lodge will threaten them. If they disturb the lodge in any way, the beavers will attack to defend the young inside.

Encounter Level 1

- 2 Beavers per lodge (hp 5 each)

After a short while, two gnomes will approach the party. They will advance slowly and amicably chat with the PCs about anything at all. Meanwhile, a third member of their crew is creeping about underwater (beneath the cover of the hyacinths) and stealing from the party members. If detected, the gnomes will flee to the southeastern-most beaver lodge, which is really their staging area. Each of the gnomes has a *ring of water breathing*, so they will feel safest underwater. If

cornered, they will fight, but not to the death.

Encounter Level 8

- 3 Gnomes (Gareth Weldon Icenogle Marpocket) (hp 31 each)

Note, the party cannot enter the dump from this area. Any attempt to travel in a westerly direction will land them in area B4. This is a magical effect of the swamp.

H2. Sea of Hyacinths

Aside from a noticeable channel of open water running from the northwest to the east, the area is covered in hyacinths, though you can see breaks to the east. There are multiple ripples in the hyacinths heading for the party from the north and east.

As the party crosses this area, they are attacked by an assassin vine that is lying in wait beneath the hyacinths. In addition to being strangled by the vine, the PCs face the danger of drowning.

Encounter Level 4

- 1 Underwater Assassin Vine (hp 30)

H3. Hyacinth Outflow

The usual sounds of thrumming insects and chirping birds you have grown accustomed too are suddenly drowned out by the sounds of splashing and guttural curses. Through the haze you can make out a group of muck covered soldiers.

The remnants of a squad of Prime guards are thrashing through the swamp here. They are cursing each other and stabbing angrily at the water. They'll happily take out their frustrations on the party.

The Prime Guards are not the only threat, however. The entire area is full of small fish called vine-eaters. If the party is on a raft they will be in for a surprise — the raft will soon fall to pieces. The vine-eaters will nibble at the raft bindings, causing the raft to turn into individual floating logs. This actually can make travel easier since the hyacinths provide less resistance. However, the single logs are prone to rotate. The party members can bal-





The Swamp

ance on a log if they wish (Balance DC 20) but any poling or sudden actions will require another roll. Each vine takes 10 points of damage to sever (Hardness 0, Break DC 15, 10 hp) The fish will cause some splashing as they attack the vines. If the party is in the water, they will attack anything vine-like, string on bags, ropes holding clothes together, anything. They generally will not bite people.

Encounter Level 8

- 30 Vine-eaters (hp 2 each)
- 1 Squad Leader (hp 35)
- 1 Squad Priest (hp 17)
- 2 Squad Archers (hp 18 each)
- 3 Squad Swordsmen (hp 14 each)

H4. Hyacinth Pool

The party can hear (Listen DC 22) some shouting to the east (a squad of Prime guards).

The sea of hyacinths here lies still and unbroken. To the east and northeast there are more hyacinths. To the west lie scrub pines. The north has free-standing trees, while south lie great islands of swamp plants surrounded by water.

The plants are floating on two to three feet of water. The strands of vegetation are tough and make the party members feel like they are about to trip.

The depth of the pool gets suddenly very shallow near the northwestern shore of the pool. There, the party will see a bunch of logs (former rafts) piled up next to a copse of trees. If they make a Search (DC 12) check while examining the hyacinths, they'll find that someone has gone through the plants very carefully, managing to only break a small number of the stems. That someone (Quentin) travelled from the western edge to the northern side and has been harvesting herbs.



Southern Marsh

M1. Holly Point

You have come upon a point of land jutting into the ocean. In fact you can see water both west and south. Plumes of spray are visible to the south and the crash of waves can be heard. The area is dotted with mangroves, some of which brave the ocean waters in the west.

To the north lie pine barrens, while swamp is northeast and the salt marsh continues east. The ground here is wet and slippery from the receding tide.

There seems to be motion among the mangroves.

The motion is due to the shambling mounds which attack as soon as they notice the party.

The sea grasses in the center of this area form a slippery slope that requires a person's attention to stay upright. As long as a party member is not in combat and does not try to move more than half speed, he can stand and move without a problem. If he gets into combat, he must save vs. Ref (DC 13) or fall and slide westward for five feet. Repeat the save each round for additional slides until one is made. If he takes an extraordinary action, such as a jump or twisting attack, another save must be made.

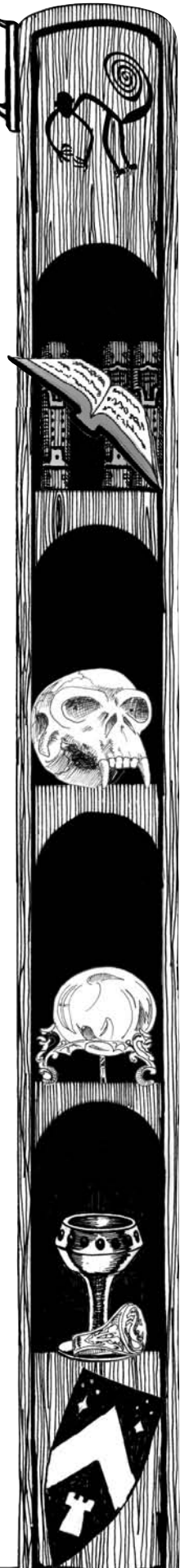
If a PC slides into the ocean, it is not very deep at the edge but there is some chance the wave action will batter him on the rocks (Fort DC 13 or 1d4 damage). Roll for one wave each round until the player is out of the surf.

The point is named for a number of holly bushes in the area. If a sliding party member tries to grab at vegetation, there is a 25% chance a holly bush will be the target. The sharp leaves of the holly inflict 1 point of damage in addition to anything else that occurs. To grab vegetation, a successful grapple must be rolled. To continue holding the holly, a Strength check (DC 8) is required.

Encounter Level 9

- 2 Shambling mounds (hp 60)

Note: The shambling mounds have no difficulty maintaining their balance and need not make rolls.



The Magic Dump



M2. Turtle Bay

You have entered an area that smells of ocean. There is a chain of mangroves separating this place from the swampland to the north. To the south, there is a breakwater about 200 feet into the ocean that protects the sandy beach from the crashing waves. In fact, in the bay itself there is hardly a ripple. You can even see sandy bottom where the eelgrass doesn't grow. You can also follow some of the large turtles as they swim in the waters.

In between the bay and the mangroves is a salt marsh consisting of large flat islands separated by fordable streams of water flowing into the bay. Three foot tall marsh grasses and reeds anchor the fine white sand in the islands. Coarser marsh-grass continues west and east.

A thick chain of mangroves separates the swampland to the north from the salt marshes here. This marsh runs east and west.

The water flows due south, into the ocean. The flow is contained in myriad small streamlets that seem to be collecting the water out of the spongy swamp to the north. The depth of the water is under an inch. The bottom is firm.

The turtles are no threat and are quite tasty.

M3. The Bracken

This area is overgrown with thorny bushes growing in mud. Towering over everything are mangroves. The forest becomes denser as you look south.

There is swamp to the north and west, and salt marsh south. There is the smell of brine in the air, but it doesn't come from the ocean, it comes from the east.

The thorns of the bushes are not a problem as long as the PC is careful. If someone falls into a bush, or rushes through a bush without taking precautions, the thorns will inflict 1 point of damage (except on druids.)

Hidden underneath the foliage of the bushes are a number of unusual plants called Amorino. Each has a rust-colored bloom that is shaped like a heart on a stem ending in three large leaves. If such a flower is picked, save vs Will (DC 20) or that creature will fall in love with the first creature seen, regardless of sex—an enchantment only broken with a *remove curse* or *limited wish* or equivalent. In this state, the creature will do anything to protect what it loves, even at the cost of its own life. Possible conflicts are too dangerous for the love interest, even wielding weapons is undesirable!

M4. West Salt Marsh

Mangroves surround the area, but mostly this is salt marsh islands shepherding the inland waters to the ocean in the south. A strong flow comes from the northeast, splits into many branches each of which find the sea.

No branch is deeper than a foot, though the mud below is also a foot deep. The salt marsh continues east and west. If the party goes northeast, seeking the water source, they will discover the Brackish tidal basin (M6).

M5. Admixture

In this region, the land undergoes many changes. The salt marsh of the west gives way to swamp in the north and east. South lies a thick stand of sword-scarred mangroves.

The swamp borders deeper water to the north and comprises thousands of khaki lily pads, each six feet in diameter, floating on fairly shallow water. On the lily pads are tiny (1") and similarly colored frogs busily snapping up insects—until you arrive. They turn to face you, and puff up to twice their size to scare you. (It doesn't work.)

The foot-deep water has no noticeable flow. The footing underneath is muddy but solid.

The lily pads are capable of supporting a 300-pound adventurer (including equipment) without sinking, but will sink like a rock if even one ounce more is added. (Spot DC 21 to notice some are missing—the guards used them to float downstream.). They are also immune to fire.



The Swamp

The frogs will hold their puffed-up state while they feel they are threatened, for hours if necessary. If the party sits down and ignores them, they will relax, then start raiding the party's food supply. Once a party member gets up, or makes a sudden move, they'll puff up again. If a PC strikes one of the frogs, he will likely be surprised when it explodes. Note: the cute little exploding frog will likely detonate all the other frogs in its vicinity creating an impressive, albeit deadly, chain reaction.

Encounter Level 10

- 100 Firecracker Coqui (hp 1 each)

M6. Brackish Tidal Basin

The water here is murky and brackish, and the basin itself smells strongly of ocean. The mangroves that dot this area look sickly, almost as if they are only making a half-hearted attempt at establishing a foothold. A thick mist hovers about twenty feet above the basin, but seems afraid to touch the water and so does not obscure your view.

Larger, healthier mangroves can be seen in a dense arc to the west and south. To the southwest, there is sea grass waving in the tidal flow. To the north and southeast are numerous cattails and mixed freshwater swamp vegetation. To the east you can see open water.

There is a slight breeze from the southwest.

If the party is walking, the ground underwater is firm enough that they do not sink in. The immediate edge of the basin is six inches deep and falls off so fast that the slope is slippery (DC 16 Ref to avoid slipping). The remainder of the basin is deep, two to three feet at the edges going to five feet in the center. The water is flowing into the area from the deep swamp to the east and makes a leisurely counterclockwise swirl around the deepest section of the basin. If the party looks for it, they can see there is some outflow of water to the southwest.

When the party enters this area, they will attract the attention of the boreworms that live all through this basin. The boreworm requires salt (water, blood) to survive, but not too much. They can not live in either fresh water or salt water, only in the conditions this basin or a creature's blood supply provides. They attack by bur-



The Magic Dump



rowing into a victim. They are virtually invisible while in the brackish water (Spot DC 30), and hard to notice when they first attach (Wis DC 15).

Boreworms need to be cut out before they damage something important and the cutting itself causes additional damage to the host. Once they start burrowing they are visible as a lump under the skin and any small edged weapon can be used to kill or remove them (no attack roll necessary) automatically while doing normal damage to the character.

If the *Spoon of Kalmuk* is used in this water, the entire brine pool will turn to fresh water in about five minutes. This will kill all remaining boreworms in the water. While the water becomes fresh, it is vile tasting and gives off a rotting odor.

If the party searches for treasure in the basin, they will find fragments of skeletons from the worm's previous victims, but the moving water and murkiness make it difficult to find much. For each hour of searching, the party will find 20 bones or pieces of bones, one weapon (usually a well-rusted sword or dagger), three metal objects (e.g. rusted lantern, key, belt buckle) and three coins (copper, silver, gold). Every time the area is entered there will be 15 more worms, unless the spoon has been used.

Encounter Level 1

- 15 Boreworms (hp 1)

M7. South Coast

A dark, forbidding forest of mangroves stands in a foot of salt water. The trees are so closely packed that vision is limited to ten feet.

There are fierce breakers along the coast, but the mangroves protect the party from them. Incoming wave action causes the water to vary from one foot deep in a trough, to 18" in depth at the crest of a wave. As the water flows out, they will notice a pull toward the ocean. The mangrove roots provide fairly good footing.

The forest is so dense that speed is one-quarter normal.

The density also means darkvision or a lantern are necessary to navigate through the forest in some places. Such instances are of short duration and the party may simply bull its way through.

If the party insists on heading south into the breakers, they will see them one round before they reach them. If they continue on, they will have to make a Fort roll

(DC 18) to keep from being hammered by the water for 1d3 damage. Anyone hit by the waves must make a Reflex save (DC 15) or be swept into the ocean.

M8. East Salt Marsh

This is a small salt marsh surrounded by tight knots of mangroves on all sides except the south, which is open ocean. A beach graces the shoreline. The remains of a campfire and many crab carapaces attest to a good time had by someone.

The shoreline has both plovers and herons.

The mangroves have created a barrier island. Water depth behind the island is only four to six inches. The mangrove roots provide good footing.

There are breakers hammering a strip of rocks just in front of the beach. These rocks continue into the water for several hundred yards. The beach itself is a large dry area on which the party can rest.

M9. The Mangrove Edge

This area consists of three distinct bands: a land of lily pads and cattails in the north which seems to have been shredded (a path of destruction leads southwest), a band of mangroves in the middle and salt marsh in the south. The mangroves continue east, the marsh south, and the swamp west and north.

A strange "huynh-huynh-huh-HUH-heeeee" call comes from the mangroves.

The shredding was caused by the Prime guards when they came by here. Judging by the damage, they are getting mad and frustrated.

The water is about eight inches deep with little noticeable flow. The footing underneath is solid, except in the northern band, where there is an inch of decayed matter under water.

There is a pair of snallygasters hiding amongst the trees looking for prey. When the party happens by, they try to use their flyby attack and improved grab abilities to pick up the smallest party member. If successful, they will fly with him to a nest in the Eastern Forest (M10).



The Swamp

There is a man-sized badger hole to the north (Spot DC 14). If the party enters it they will find themselves inside a cave in area B3 if the tree in B3 is pointing south, otherwise it is just a badger hole.

Encounter Level 6

- 2 Snallygasters (hp 33, 31)

M10. Mangrove Forest

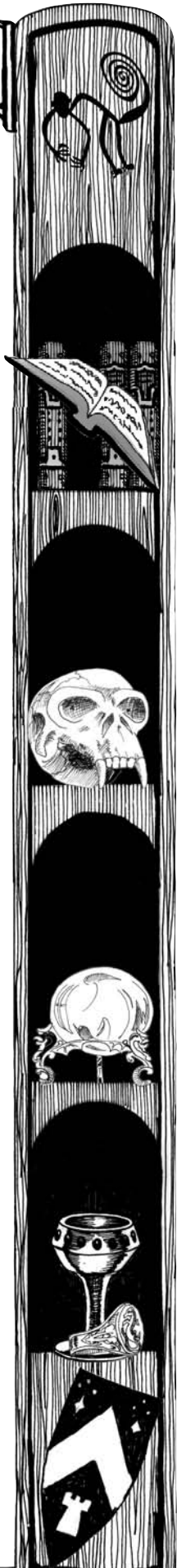
Between the swamps to the west and the plains to the east is a mangrove forest that starts here and continues southwest to the ocean. The mangrove forest breaks the force of the waves and you can tell that the tide is going out.

As you look at the trees, something swings down from the branches above and looks at you. It is an ape. You can hear more apes following. The smell is horrific.

The mangrove forest breaks the force of the waves. The party is standing in three inches of water that swells to about five inches with each incoming wave. If the party insists on heading south into the breakers, they will wind up in the ocean.

There are two snallygaster nests; each is hidden 40 feet up in a tree. A roll (Spot DC 20) must be made to find each snallygaster nest in the crown of its particular tree. The skunk apes are creeping about in the hopes of snatching a snallygaster egg if an opportune moment arises. If the party tries to climb the tree to reach a kidnapped PC, they will first have to overcome the apes. If a PC manages to approach the nest, the snallygaster on guard will snatch another PC, possibly the one climbing, and take them to the second nest deeper in the forest (closer to the breakers).

In the first snallygaster nest there are a large chair (upside down), two pews from a local church (complete with Hymnals marked Church of Moradin, Narion), three fence rails, a pair of matched stools, a wagon wheel and a miserable looking glareyon with three eggs attached to its legs, throat and belly. The glareyon hisses feebly at any party member delivered there but can not attack.



The Magic Dump



Pine Barrens

P1. North Pine Barrens

This area has fairly solid ground with only an occasional pool of water. The landscape is dominated by scrub pine reaching not more than six feet in height. There are a good number of bushes beneath the pines.

You can feel a good breeze off the ocean to the west. To the east lie hyacinths, north lies salt marsh, while the barrens continue south.

As you enter, there is movement from the right. Three boar burst from the bushes.

These cranky animals dislike being disturbed and will charge anyone who ventures into their feeding grounds.

Encounter Level 5

- 3 Boar (hp 22)

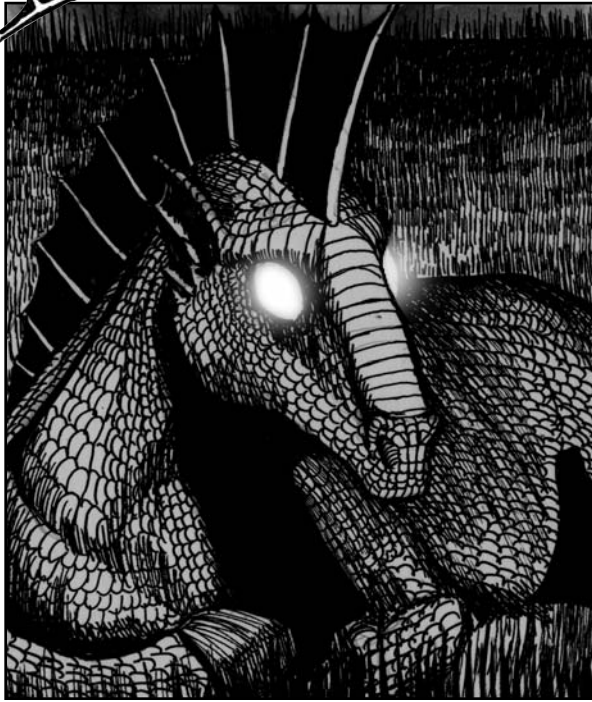
P2. South Pine Barrens

This area has fairly solid footing with stiff grasses covering the ground. There is only an occasional pool of water. The landscape is dominated by scrub pine reaching not more than six feet in height.

You can feel a good breeze off the ocean to the west. To the east and south lie grasses and swamp with mangroves beyond. The pine barrens continue north.

The grass (called cutleaf—see appendix) is stiff and unyielding. The party quickly realizes that it is walking on the equivalent of daggers and their boots are being shredded (eventually water starts to enter their boots.) With a little effort, the cutleaf grass can be cut free and used as a dagger—if the base is properly wrapped to protect the wielder.

Anyone arriving here via the rope swing (see area S4) lands in a tiny clearing in the grass (Spot DC 15 to notice the clearing). The cutleaf to the northeast is flexible. (Quentin has applied an herb that allowed his passage while carrying Ianthe.)



If released, the glareyon will attack (at -4 attack bonus because it is weakened).

In the second nest, there are hundreds of shell fragments, some still attached to human bones. In addition, there are a large rag doll, a shovel, and a driftwood carving of a seagull.

Encounter Level 6

- 3 Skunk Apes (hp 24, 22, and 19)
- 1 Snallygaster (hp 32)

M11. Southern Mangroves

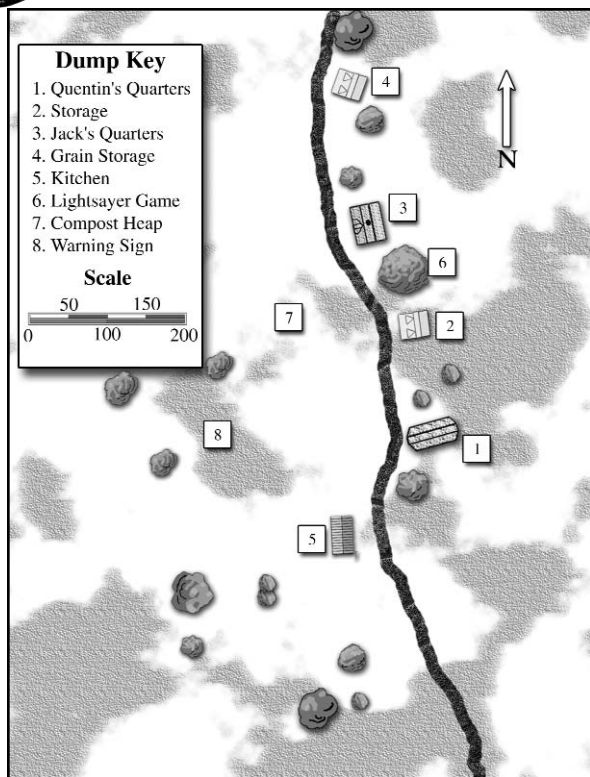
The ocean is crashing at the southern end of this forest. Oblivious, a herd of horses is grazing on the low-lying brush scattered amid the mangroves. Those of you who know horses, know that this brush isn't right for them and would probably make them sick. Those of you who know creatures know these aren't horses.

These creatures are not horses, but glareyons. The beasts charge in the party's direction as soon as they enter the area. If the party runs, the glareyons will follow. The glareyons are intelligent enough to try to trap the party between themselves and the breakers.

Encounter Level 5

- 6 Glareyons (hp 22 each)

The Magic Dump



Quentin Healer

Quentin Healer is currently out collecting firewood. He will return to the Dump after 5 minutes or 10 rounds if the PCs create a disturbance (i.e. a loud battle, activating the helm, starting a fire, etc.). He will ask the party to leave, but take no aggressive actions (he is a pacifist;—see appendix). If the PCs ask his help, he will provide healing and medicines in the hopes they will leave that much sooner. If attacked he will defend himself (subdual damage only) and whistle sharply for the Modos. If he sees any of his possessions, or Ianthe, being carried off, he'll also whistle for the Modos. Treat Quentin as immature—he's just rescued a fair damsel and is hopeful she'll be grateful. He won't want the party to take her.

Encounter Level 10

- Quentin Healer (hp 135)
- 2 Modos (hp 74 and 60)

Forbiddance

Quentin Healer has cast *forbiddance* on several areas of the Dump proper (where noted). Because Quentin is

lawful/good, player characters that are chaotic or evil must save vs. Will (DC19) or take 3d6 damage and be denied entry. Players that are chaotic-evil must save vs. Will (DC 19) or take 6d6 damage and are denied entry.

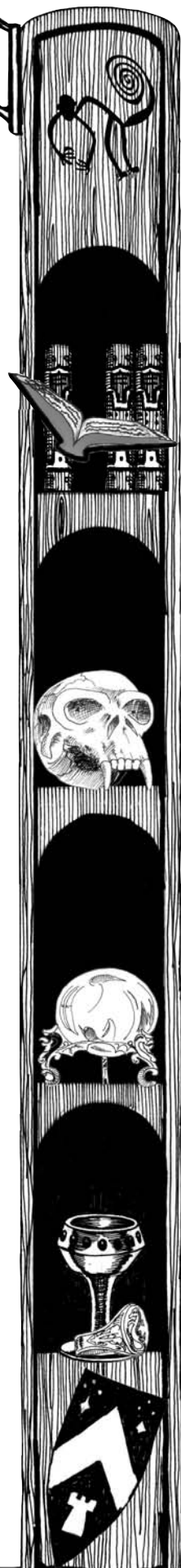
PCs that make their save may enter, but will feel uneasy and tense while in the area. PCs who fail automatically fail all future saving throws to enter. Each of the *forbiddance* areas is wholly separate, so a failure in one area does not prevent entry into another.

Magic Dump

You push through a copse of trees and come upon a good-sized grassy clearing. The ground here is dry and firm and surrounded by dense vegetation. A sprinkling of other trees dots the landscape.

Five small buildings with thatched roofs are strewn about. All are painted the same non-descript tan color.

A well-worn path runs up the center of the clearing, exiting to the north and south.



The Magic Dump



Four of the buildings stand on the east side of the path at irregular intervals. A large compost heap is visible to the west of the trail, and just behind the second house stands a large and strange-looking tree, with a game board on a pedestal beneath it. Various black and white pieces still stand on the board, but you can see more objects scattered about the pedestal's base. The house to the west of the path sports a stained glass window. The aroma of turnip and bean soup emanates from this building which stands next to a clear 'Warning' sign.

An odd-looking reptile with a blue beak can be seen scuttling through the underbrush towards you.

The party can choose to approach any of the five buildings. All doors are closed but not locked or trapped. All windows, except the stained glass, are frosted to provide light but not a view.

The party can also approach the game board or the compost heap. As they go further into the complex they will see warning signs reading "dangerous magic; 100 ft radius" and the party can see a small table 150 feet in that direction.

The scuttling reptiles are Blue Beaks and act as a pack of watchdogs.

Encounter Level 6

- 12 Blue Beaks (hp 7 ea.)

D1a. Building 1: Quentin's Bedroom

Forbiddance on this room

You have entered a twenty five by sixty foot building with large front windows without curtains. You are in a room that runs the width of the building and is about ten feet deep. To your left, in front of the windows, in row upon row, are small pots with different kinds of plants, usually only growing a small number of inches in height. Some of these plants are recognizable as cooking herbs, but a few of the others are not. Four are clearly labeled—cinsal, wastril, coltsfoot, and fly-flee.

Across from the door, and to your right, there is a small dresser with a box on top of it. Next to it is a sagging cot. You can tell by the way that the straw of the mattress has been spread that someone large has been sleeping here. At the end of the bed, a door leads into a back room.

To identify the herbs (see appendix) requires a knowledge (nature) roll (DC 25). The dresser contains:

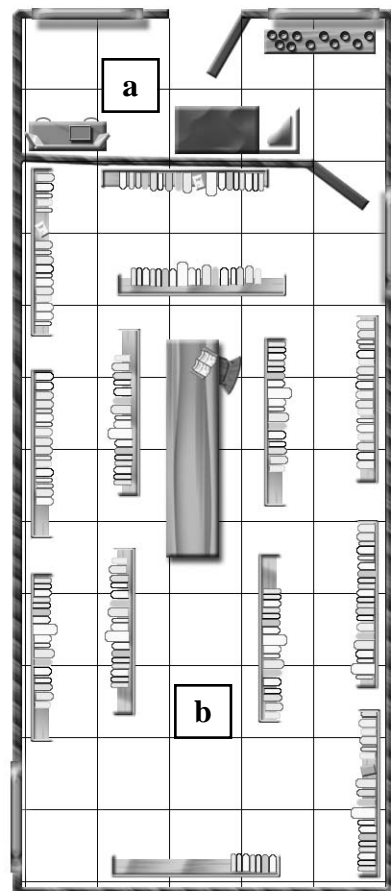
Top drawer—a half-dozen sleeveless shirts, size XXL.

Second drawer—a variety of pants are in this drawer, most are cut-off shorts, but several winter pairs are also stored. The waists are really narrow.

Bottom drawer—a set of muddy boots, twice as large as the average foot in the party. The bottom of the drawer is covered with dried mud. A dozen empty pots lie amid the debris as well.

If they examine the box, they will find various well-used gardening tools. Most still bear the dirt of their last use.

Building 1: Quentin's Quarters





Magic Dump

D1b. Building 1: Back/Library

The back room of this building is twenty-five by fifty feet and is obviously a library. Shelves line every inch of the walls that the door and windows do not occupy.

As you enter, a dozen books fall off the shelves.

The party may make a Spot (DC 12) roll to note that there is no place to sit in this room, nor any furniture at all.

The books that fall off are animated objects and will await the party's next action. If the party enters the room, even to pick up the fallen books, the books will become airborne and attack.

The books on the shelves are of mundane topics: "Who's Who in Four Lakes", "Zen and the Art of Wagon Wheels", "Opportunities in Apprenticeship". People taking any of these off the shelf and opening them will be stung when the book they are reading slaps itself closed-slamming fingers or nose in the process. (Save vs Ref at DC 13, 1d3-1 damage). At that point that book will take off as well and join the other twelve.

Books taken out of the room and opened there may be read normally.

There are several books on herbs that can be used to identify the four mentioned in Quentin's room (D1).

Encounter Level 6

- 12 Guardians of the Library (hp 2)

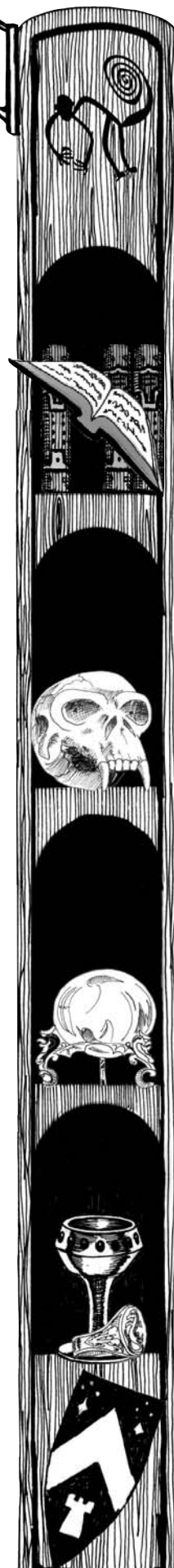
D2. Building 2: Storage Room

<Forbiddance on this room.>

The door to this thirty by thirty foot building opens inward to a slight purple glow and a fairly loud hum, both emanating from a badly weathered 'Cask 'n' Flagon' sign. It sits on top of a mound of shattered objects to the left, beckoning for business of some kind, but what?

The room occupies the whole building and looks to be some kind of storage room. It is filled with junk, mostly unidentifiable, but the junk that isn't piled haphazardly in the corner mound has all been lovingly placed on shelves. It has importance to someone.

Beneath the shelves lining the right-hand wall, a human female lies sleeping on a cot.



The Magic Dump



If a PC picks up any object, his reward is a shower of Light Roaches that drop out and skitter away. Random beams of light play on every wall until, two by two, they became dark again. There are even some hidden under Ianthe.

A search of the room (DC 12 per item) will turn up the following Magical Items:

First shelf

- *Greaves of Thunder*
- *Ezekiel's Pot*
- *Dust of Stiffening*
- *Magic sizing dust*

Second shelf

- A small silver urn (non-magical, worth 100 gps)
- *Auto-grinder*
- *Azure Globes of Agony*
- *Chalice of Ironspear Rain*

Standing on the floor next to Ianthe's cot:

- *Lute of tangling*

In the "trash pile"

- *Amulet of Humor*
- *Cask 'n' Flagon Sign*
- *Comb of Entanglement*
- *Figurine of Wondrous Power: Ant*
- *Yul's Hairbrush*
- *Mirror of Reflection*
- *Needles of Rapid Knitting*
- *Quill of Dictation*
- *Ring of Brave Front*
- *Spool of Endless Thread*
- *Shepherd's Staff*
- *Soothsayer's Habit*

Ianthe is unconscious and lying on a cot, has long brown hair, and is wearing a riding outfit. Quentin has already neutralized the poisons she received in her escape from Harwich, but only rest will restore her Strength and Constitution. She is presently sedated with her left shoulder heavily bandaged. She will remain unconscious for the duration of the adventure unless the party takes extra-ordinary actions to wake her.

Awakened, she will be antsy and want to leave the room (*forbiddance* effect). She will slowly, physically check out each of her limbs and grunt in some pain when she uses the left shoulder, then declare her fitness and get out of the cot. She will then ask to continue the discussion outside—the room gives her the creeps.

She will ask the party where they are. Upon being told about the swamp, she will ask for the loan of a sword

and request the party's help in her return to Cossor.

She has no knowledge of her rescuer (Quentin), and her last memory is of a pair of boots walking up to her as she passed out. She had originally thought the Prime Guard had found her because she had not planned on meeting anyone. She will happily tell her story (see introduction) if it will help convince the party to aid her. At this point the party should go through a decision process—do they take her back for the reward or do they offer to help her return to Cossor? A paladin would do his best to protect her; evil characters would want the money. If the party argues this out in front of her, a sense motive roll (DC 15) will reveal a change of expression in Ianthe's face (her resolve to escape).

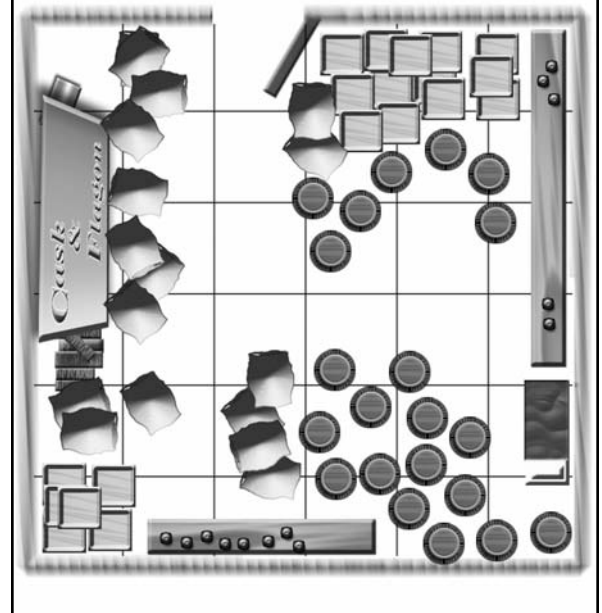
Cossor is poor, so Ianthe will not offer the party any money to just let her go. She will use the party to get out of the swamp, then if the opportunity arises she will flee. If she gets a sword, she'll kill anyone who gets in her way, but only after she is safely out of the swamp. She is sure that returning to Four Lakes is death and fighting the party is preferable to fighting the whole of Greeley's guard, though she will avoid fighting the party if she can.

Encounter Level 10 (if wakened and armed)

- Ianthe of Cossor (hp 42)

Note: As the days pass Ianthe's Strength and Constitution scores will increase as she regains her health.

Building 2: Storeroom





The Magic Dump

D3a. Building 3: Visiting Room

This twenty five by thirty foot room sits off of a small entrance foyer and is a comfortable sitting area. There is a fireplace with stacked wood just waiting to be lit. There are eight overstuffed chairs strewn about the room, some with little tables alongside. There is a thick woven rug that covers the whole thirty-foot length of the room to keep the feet of any chair-sitters warm.

The walls are decorated with portraits of various kings and queens, some of whom you think you recognize. Two, Gelmar of Kalmuk and Rinson III of Freehold have little silver tags with their names. Next to the door hangs a little bell with a heavily wrapped clapper.

A bedroom is visible in the adjacent room.

If the party checks behind the pictures, Rinson's has a note scrawled on the back of the canvas "Parricide and imposter."

The Chime is a tiny bronze bell with a clapper. If the clapper is unwrapped and allowed to strike the side, the *Open* spell is cast. Range is 45'. This would have mostly been used to uncork bottles of wine, or unseal mail being read.

Magical object: *Chime of Opening*

D3b. Building 3: Jack's Room

<Forbiddance on this room.>

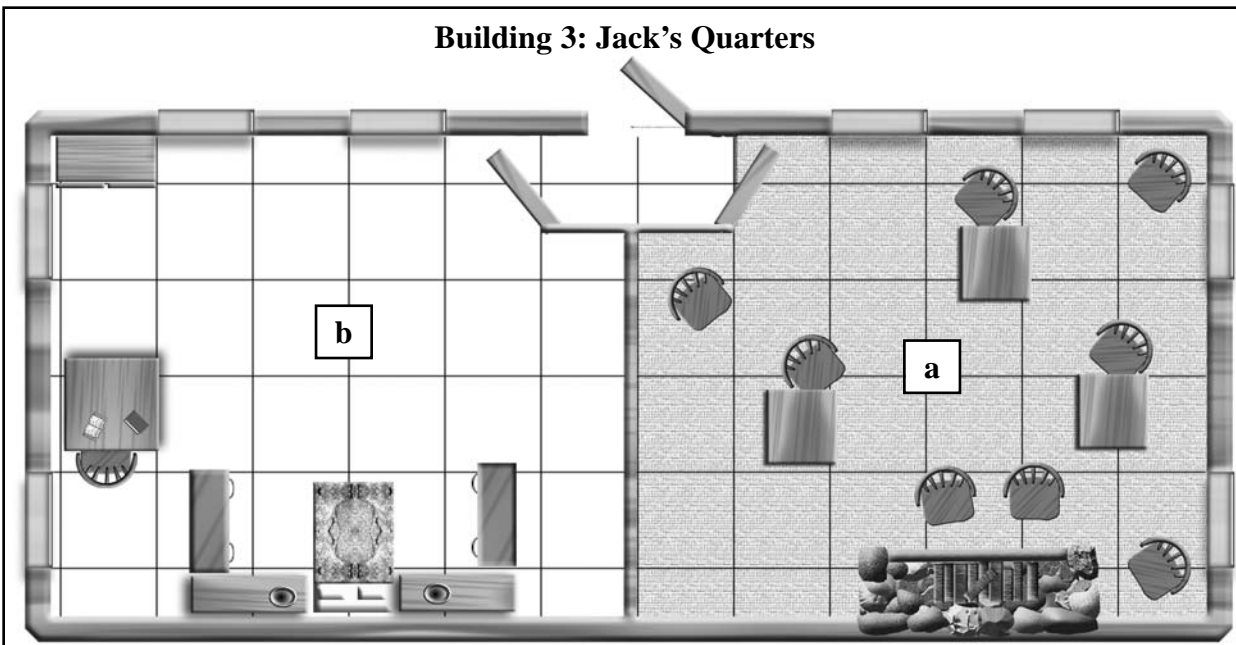
This twenty five by thirty foot room also can be accessed from the entrance foyer and is a bedroom. There is a large bed with two goose down pillows centered on the back wall. On either side there is a four-drawer bureau with a small table making an L. On each table stands an empty washbasin, while next to each is a white enameled chamber pot. The right hand table also has a shaving kit and a small book titled 'Dark Obsession.'

There is a small table with a rocking chair in front of the window on the right. On the table is the clutter of a dirty mug, an ashtray, an unlit pipe, a prism and a quill. To the left there is a large wardrobe. A tapestry of a fox hunt hangs on the back wall, behind the bed. The left wall displays a number of honors conferred upon a Jack Trader by various kingdoms, none of them Harwich.

Next to the door, the portrait of a young woman in a flowing white dress smiles down upon the room. With her is an older and shorter man. He has tangled gray hair and a pipe clenched between his teeth. It is impossible to tell what color his eyes are but they shade to a greyish-brown. He looks spry beneath his ill-fitting clothing. The plaque on the portrait reads Jack and Honora.



Building 3: Jack's Quarters



The Magic Dump



The bureaus are his and hers and full of their clothes. The wardrobe has more women's clothing.

The woman's clothes look like they've been there for years. When the party opens the second drawer (sweaters) a number of moths go flying out. The top drawer has corsets and the *wonder corset*.

In the man's bottom drawer, there are three cloaks. The third is the *cloak of height*.

The book is a fantasy novel about a group of adventurers hunting for a fugitive in a swamp.

Magical objects:

- *Jack's Pipe*
- *Prism of Reading*
- *Cloak of Height*
- *Wonder Corset*
- *Quill of Infinite Ink*

D4a. Building 4: Grain Storage Room

This large room (nearly thirty by thirty feet) is cluttered with foodstuffs. There are stacks of burlap sacks marked rice, flour, wheat, barley, and hops. There are barrels marked with Pellinger's Best, Crow's Ale, and cider. And two entire corners are filled with potatoes and apples. On a long shelf on the back wall are many small boxes each neatly labeled with a spice. You see rosemary, tarragon, dill, basil, comfrey, thyme, fennel, cinnamon, parsley, chives, and sage.

The aromas of the room tell you the food is not spoiled.

A narrow path leads through the foodstuffs to a bedroom in the back. The whole is thirty by thirty with the bedroom taking up a 10x10 area.

The food is in fact all edible and decent quality. If the party searches, the tools to open barrels and sacks of grains are available in the room. Each package is filled with what it says it is. Pellinger's is reputed to be one of the best ales. If the party tries it, they like it.

The party can also find a small wooden chest among the foodstuffs that has in it a number of leather items: reins, a whip, several bridles, and multiple pieces of raw, unworked leather. In the box, there is a knife the size of a penknife. It is really sharp.

Magical object: *Knife of Sundering*.

D4b. Building 4: Guestroom

The ten foot by ten foot bedroom has a big heavy bed under a set of windows, but the bed is unmade and has no mattress. Under the bed is a thick woolen rug and to the left stands a wardrobe.

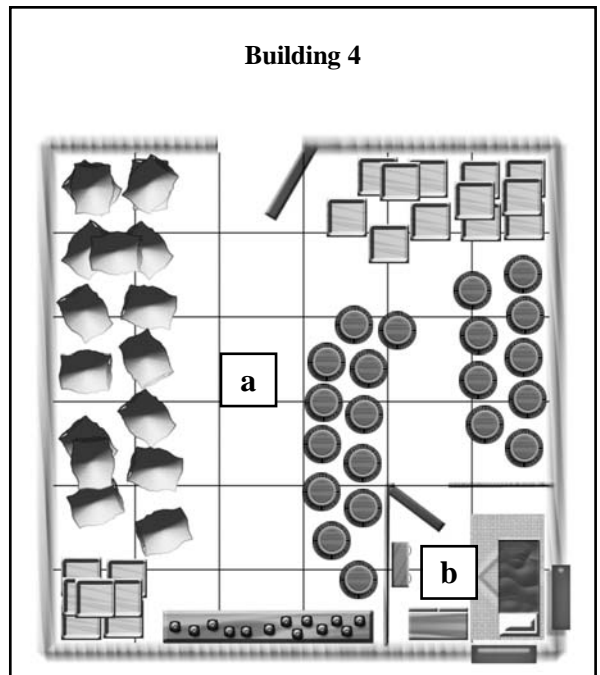
There is also a single bureau, but you can see from where you stand that some of the drawers are partially open. It is obvious the bureau is empty.

If the party tries to open the wardrobe, before any hands close on the latch, the voice of an elderly woman breaks the silence in the room. "Ah, ah, ah. You didn't say 'may I.' Didn't your father teach you any manners, young [man]?" The voice seems to come from, or from inside, the wardrobe. "Now get your hands off me and ask the right way or I'll scream!"

The wardrobe will refuse to open up unless addressed properly. What works: Something like "Oh, great and most wonderful keeper of marvelous and beautiful things. I humbly request that you grant us access into your realm," or other ingratiating request. If the PCs suck up to the wardrobe, she (it) will purr in matronly approval: "Now that's much better. You can have an-ee-thing you want, dear child."

There are five items inside, the largest of which is a bejeweled sword in its scabbard. Panpipes lie on a shelf above the sword, as does a small book in the back cor-

Building 4





The Magic Dump

ner of the shelf (Spot DC 12). Two ruby slippers sit on the bottom of the wardrobe. All of these are sentient objects that will speak with one another and the party. They like to bicker and will try to get the PCs to judge which of them is most magnificent (the DM will probably be talking to himself here). They have no attacks.

Magical Items:

- *Ralph*
- *Panpipes of Arguing*
- *Ruby Slipper (left)*
- *Ruby Slipper (right)*
- *Wardrobe*
- *Book of Naming*

D5a. Building 5: Front Room

The large (forty by twenty five feet) main room of this building is illuminated in a strange but pleasant kaleidoscope of colors coming from the windows of stained glass. In front of the windows, hanging cheeses and cured hams look strange in their 'bath' of color, but they still smell fresh. Below them a crate of apples awaits, but in the light it is hard to say if they are red or green.

The window itself shows a picture of a red dragon being chased by a scribe wielding nothing more than a clove of garlic. The scribe looks triumphant. The dragon annoyed. An artisan of Brewers Green has signed the lower corner of this work. A date next to his signature indicates the window is 22 years old.

A rack of kitchen tools hangs on the right side of the fireplace; it includes ladles and stirrers. Next to that is a cupboard with bowls clearly visible. In the base of the cupboard are bottles of fresh cider. A table and four chairs are next to the cupboard. Overflowing shelves of small salt and pepper shakers line the side wall above the table. There is a door to a back room on the other side of the table. It is closed.

The sound of soup bubbling catches your attention. Glowing embers are heating a large black cook pot in the hearth.

The smells wafting from the pot are delicious, causing the party to inhale deeply. (Save vs. Will at DC 13)

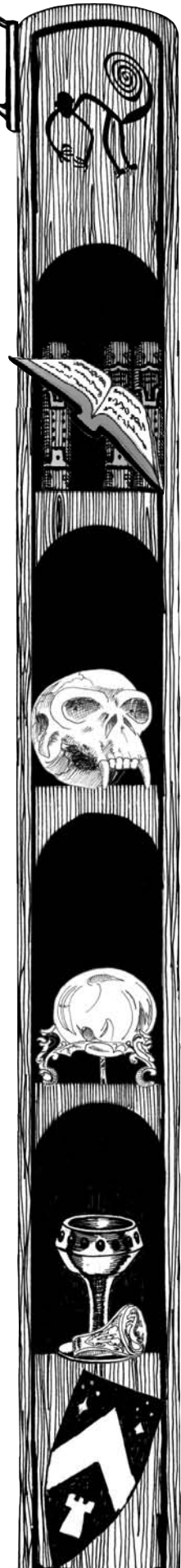
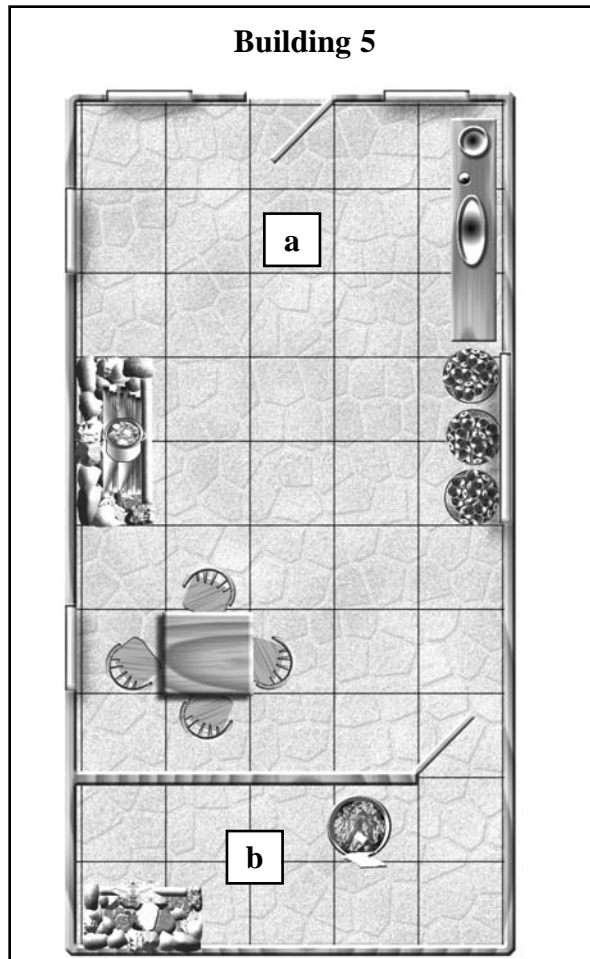
Those who fail have their mouths start to water in anticipation. Their stomachs loudly announce hunger.

If they lift the lid, they'll see a thick broth simmering. The smells quickly make the party even hungrier (Save vs. Will, DC 18). If they taste the soup or any of the food, it is quite tasty and fresh.

The table is set for the number of people in the party, almost as if they've been expected. The table is magical, creating the dishes/soup bowls necessary for the next use. It can tell the number of people coming and creates that many dishes and bowls. Once created, these are non-magical and permanent. Once used and no longer necessary, the table will walk into the next room, dump everything into the sink, and return with a newly created set. Unfortunately, no utensils are created, so the party will have to improvise.

Magical Items:

- *Black Cook Pot*
- *Embers of Romance*
- *Table of Infinite Dishes*



The Magic Dump



D5b. Building 5: Washroom

The back room is ten by twenty-five feet and quite cluttered. There are stacks of towels, soaps and wash basins. One is overflowing with dishes that look like they have been used for the soup. Great pitchers full of water are ready to wash those dishes, but the water is cold and no fire burns in the fireplace. It looks like the room has needed to be cleaned up for some time.

About half the pieces are underneath the game board, removed from play. These have been tossed into a silverish helmet upside down under the game table. The helm has a lot of tarnish on it.

The tree is an ironwood, tough to chop down, but it makes for very good quarterstaves (treat as masterwork). The wood does not burn and it requires a magically sharpened edge to cut them.

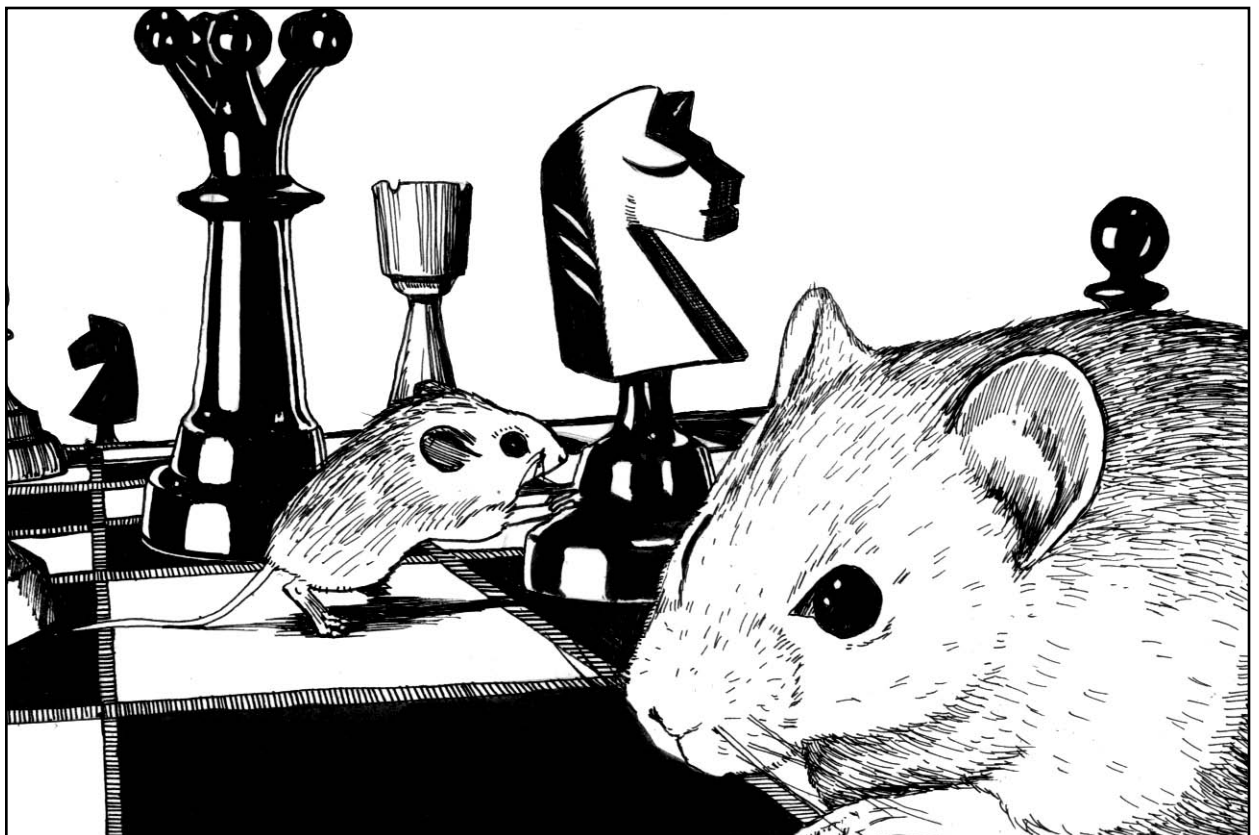
The game is called Lightsayer—a chess-like game with pieces called regent, usurper, siege engine, cleric, serf, squire, and knight.

D6. Lightsayer Game Board

Between the second and third buildings stands a lone tree—a variety that you have not seen thus far in your wanderings through the swamp. It has a dull grey bark with leaves shaped like daggers. Easily sixty feet tall, it provides a shady area, in which someone has set up a game board on a pedestal. There are two chairs, one on each side of the pedestal for the players of the game. Black and white pieces appear on the board, as if play has been interrupted unexpectedly and someone is to return to finish the game.

If the party touches the pieces on the game board, two mice will run up the pedestal and present themselves to the players. They will sit at the edge of the board, look at the person who's turn they think it is, and await for instructions from that player—if he's in the chair. If the instruction is a legal move, the mice will move the game piece. The two mice will each go to one side of the piece and struggle to lift it into the air, then stagger to the new location. The mice will be mad if not allowed to move the pieces and chitter at the person who makes a move without them. If for some reason the PCs attack the mice, they are CR 0, AC 19, and have 1 hp. They are no threat to the party.

Magical Item: *Helm of Figurine Summoning*



The Magic Dump



Polishing the helm results in a bright green beacon flashing into the sky. The party has a couple of rounds to anticipate. In the first round, from the north, the bellows of two large beasts echo through the clearing. In the second round, the party realizes that the creatures have to be large, because the ground trembles at their approach. Then, with all the delicacy of a mammoth in heat, two large lizards burst into the clearing in what seems a total eagerness to get to the table, and their lunch, first.

Encounter Level 6

- 2 Modos “Fuzzy” and “Mittens” (hp 74 and 60)

D7. Compost Heap

Opposite the second building stands a person-high pile of rinds, cores, and moldy food that covers a radius of ten feet. A cloud of flies is busily flying about. The odor of rotting food permeates the area, but the light breezes of the day keep the odor from becoming overbearing. The pile is making a thrumming sound.

A green and purple songbird flits by, lands in the large tree and gargles mockingly in your direction.

The thrumming is from the umberpedes hidden in the compost. If the party sits and watches the pile, they will detect movements (spot DC 12) underneath the

vegetable matter. The umberpedes will only attack the party if they are disturbed or if a party member is bleeding. Any blood will attract all of them, so the first party member taking damage will get inundated.

Encounter Level 5

- 10 Umberpedes (hp 4)

D8. The Amulet

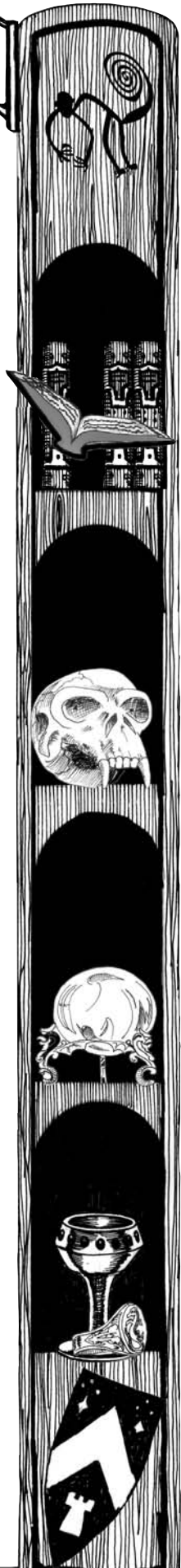
There’s a clearing in the dump with warning signs all around. The warning signs say “dangerous magic; 100 ft radius.” Clearly visible in this area is a small table with something golden lying on it.

Lying on the table is an *amulet of opening*. It unfastens all non-magical fasteners in a 10’ radius. All locks open, doors open, belts unbuckle, potion stoppers pop off (and potions spill/mix if you aren’t careful), necklace and pin clasps unhook, clothing becomes unbuttoned, knots become untied, etc. etc. etc. Even things which only loosely fit the description of a fastener become undone (rings slide off).

This effect is continuous and can not be turned off, except temporarily by *dispel magic*

Note that mechanical traps would get triggered, and weapons slip out of hands. It could be useful if anyone can figure out how to carry it in a way that doesn’t totally disrupt the party.

Magical Item: *Amulet of Opening*



Conclusion



Leaving the Dump

How things play out as the party leaves the magic dump depends upon a number of factors: Is Ianthe with them? Is she conscious? Is she willing? What is Quentin up to?

Starting with the simplest scenario and working up...

Ianthe is not with the party

The party must find their own path out of the swamp, Quentin is not interested in helping. He will ask the party to give back any items he knows were taken, but will not actively try to retrieve them.

Ianthe is dead by the party's hand

If Quentin is still alive, he will try to stay ahead of the party and throw up roadblocks, turning on all the swamp defenses to attack the party on sight, starting with sending the modos after the party. Quentin will not pursue the party beyond the swamp.

If Ianthe is with the party but is left unconscious

The party will have to improvise some method of carrying Ianthe. This method has to be flexible enough to

If Quentin is Dead!

(a.k.a. Jack's Wrath)

Jack can use the *Brooch of Monitoring* to see what happens to Quentin. If Quentin has been killed, the party will meet Jack as they return to Four Lakes. Worse, if they go back into the swamp to avoid the soldiers, Jack will challenge them there with help from Cantankerous and possibly other creatures in the swamp. He will be mad beyond reasoning, unless the party immediately brings Quentin back to life (or at least has a plan that is believable).

Encounter Level 16

- Jack Fool (hp 55)

keep her head above water at all times, even when that water is four feet deep. A fireman's carry does not accomplish this and can not be done for extended periods without harming the person being carried. Strapping her to a litter is probably best.

To minimize the impact on party defenses, this litter will probably be pulled by one person instead of carried by two (or more). That person will tire eventually (FORT DC 15 once per hour) and will need to rest for an hour, minimum.

If Quentin is still on good terms with the party, he will advise against moving her in this state.

If the party insists on doing so

anyway, Quentin will offer to come along to keep her alive. Before leaving the dump, he will ask the party to let him administer additional medicines that will make the traveling easier on her. If this is done, the

medicines will cause Ianthe to wake in one hour's time.

Quentin will also volunteer to lead the party out of the swamp. His choice of route will be deliberately long: south along the coast, through every one of the mangrove areas and finally north to the exit. He does this to insure she wakes up inside the swamp.

Quentin will not pull the litter because it is a bad idea to move Ianthe in this state and he will not be responsible for her death.

If Quentin is still alive and not with the party, he will try to stay ahead of the party and throw up roadblocks, turning on all the swamp defenses to attack the party on sight, starting with sending the modos after the party. These creatures will not harm Ianthe.

If Ianthe is awake

A lot depends on what the party has said in her presence. If Ianthe thinks the party is about to take her back to Harwich, it will be her intent to escape — but only after the party gets her safely through the swamp. (Though if the opportunity presents itself in the swamp, it may be too good to pass up.) She will ask to carry a sword to help 'defend the party,' and she'll intend to use it to fight her way free once the swamp is exited. If no sword is provided, and there are dropped swords anywhere along their path, she will move to grab one and wield it. The party will have to take this from her by force (though she will try to convince them it is ok for her to have it, can't they see it helps to have her wield this?)

If Ianthe feels the party is going to take her back to Cossor or set her free, she will accompany them willingly. She will test the party by asking for a sword. She will say this is to help fight their way out of the swamp. If the party refuses this request at all, or hesitates, she will leave the party as soon as she can after the swamp is exited, regardless of their stated intentions. Providing her a sword increases her trust that the party is telling her the truth.

If Quentin is alive, he will want to come along. He will aid any escape attempt by Ianthe, even to the point of giving up his own life.

If the party declines Quentin's offer to come along, he'll stay in the vicinity of the traveling party, setting traps to slow them down and sending creatures the party's way.



Conclusion

Exiting the Swamp

The Ambush

Along the northern edge of the swamp, Narion Road heads toward Four Lakes. The road from Consortium Lake meets this road about a mile from the swamp. At that juncture of roads, there is a small pond, where an ambush has been set up to make sure travelers do not try to sneak Ianthe into Cossorton. (Fifteen miles later this road splits into one going to Four Lakes and another going to the docks of the Cossorton ferry.) The set of prime guards will be arrayed with fighters near the junction, archers 60 feet to the side, and the squad leader and a cleric about 100 feet behind. They also have a sorcerer about 100 feet to the north. She looks like she is standing among some rushes. She is actually 'flying' just above the water surface. Party members trying to reach her will be slogging through a foot of water with a lot of plant matter in the way as well—meaning slow going and the loss of any Dexterity bonus to AC. The sorcerer will wait until an attacker tries to close before going higher and out of reach of the sword.

If the party tries to leave and if Ianthe is with the party—the guards will get greedy and decide they should turn Ianthe in—it means promotions for them, good standing with Greeley, and a lot of gold pieces. (Ianthe will ask the party to give her a sword, especially if the battle starts going badly. If the party does give her a sword, and the battle is won, Ianthe will then refuse to go with the party. And she may be more formidable than the guards were!)

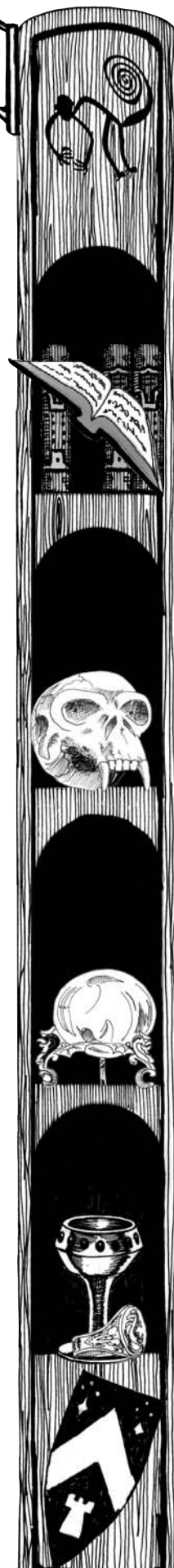
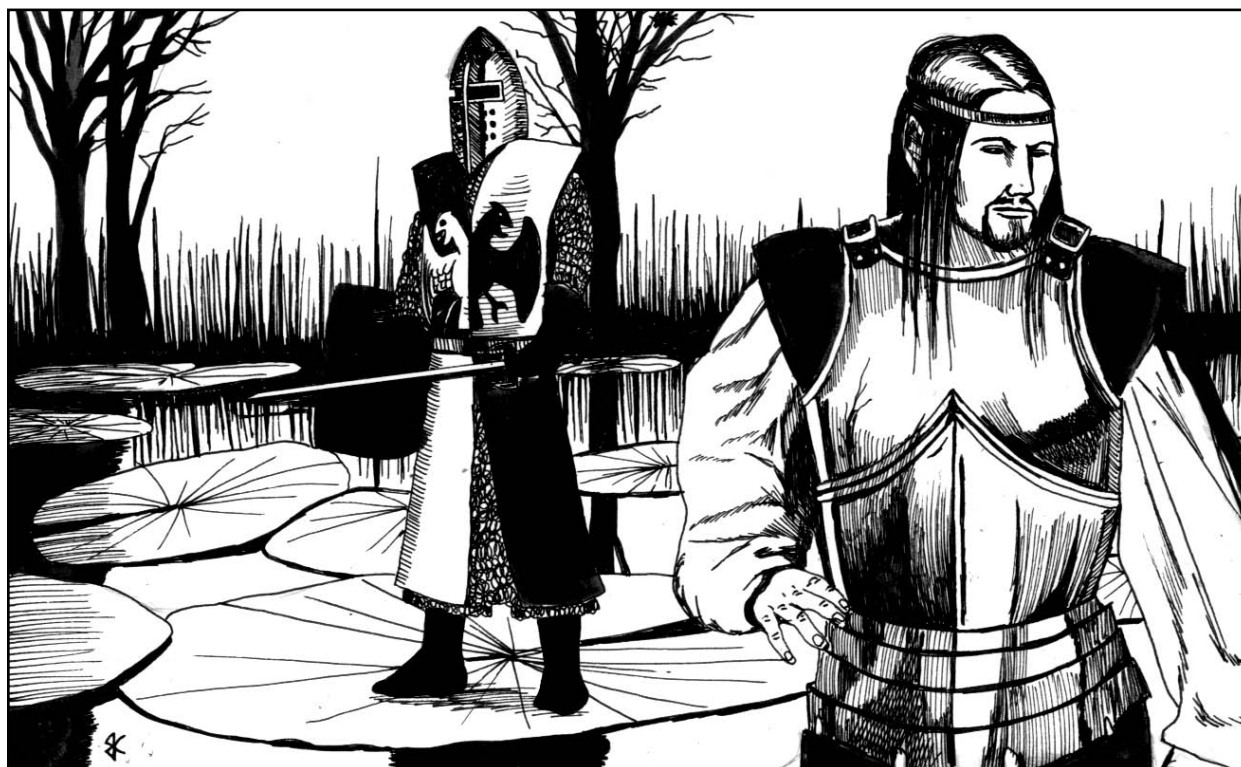
If Quentin is with the party—the guards will decide Quentin started all this trouble and arrest him.

If neither is with the party—the squad will want to see what magic items have been found. They'll decide whether to turn the party in as common thieves, or let them pass if they pay some taxes.

If the party retreats, the guards will give chase.

Encounter Level 10

- 1 Squad Leader (hp 42)
- 1 Squad Priest (hp 29)
- 1 Squad Sorcerer (hp13)
- 4 Squad Archers (hp 27)
- 7 Squad Swordsmen (hp 27)



The Magic Dump



After the battle

Once the battle with Greeley's troops is played out the adventure is essentially over. How it goes from here depends on many factors. The following sections detail likely end results and detail possible follow-up adventures that the party may attempt.

If elements of the patrol escaped

The Guard will be alerted in the next two days. The party will be described to Greeley and wanted posters will be issued in the amount of 50 gold pieces for each party member, dead or alive. Promotions have also been promised to any squad leaders if they bring the party's sorry hides back to Four Lakes. Greeley has also promised to invent something novel to do with the party's carcasses. He will ignore this if Ianthe is returned to him.

There are no repercussions if the patrol has been wiped out. No one lived to point fingers at the party.

Ianthe is taken to Four Lakes

If Ianthe has a sword, she will fight the party (to the death—she does not want to go back there!)

Otherwise, during the two days travel Ianthe will try to escape or if that's impossible, talk the party into letting her go.

If Ianthe is returned dead, Greeley will call out the Guard and have the party arrested. They will be tortured, several times, over the course of two weeks. At that point they will be thrown out of town and told never to come back.

If the party returns Ianthe alive to Four Lakes, the reward of 50,000 gps will be paid as promised. Greeley Prime will hold a great banquet and arrange a parade through the town in the party's honor. And he'll invite them to be his guests at the wedding. If Quentin is returned to Four Lakes, dead or alive, Greeley will add 5,000 more gold pieces to his payment. The marriage is a public ceremony. Anyone making a Spot roll (DC 10) will note Ianthe's eyes look glazed and her body shows no fluidity of movement. She won't be seen again.

<Further adventure: the party attempts to rescue Ianthe from her room in the tower.>

<Further adventure: if Quentin is not taken to Harwich: Quentin is about to mount a desperate rescue. Jack asks the party's help in finding/stopping Quentin.>

Ianthe is taken to Cossor

Ianthe will tell the party that there will be little or no reward for doing this. It will be a hard journey and they'll certainly be risking their lives. But she will be grateful. Quentin will go along.

<Further adventure: the trip back to Cossorton. The party has to be wary of Guards and other people who might want the reward. Because the ferry will be watched closely, they will need to get her to the coast and buy passage with privateers. No one knows if the privateers can be trusted because 50000 gold is a lot of money. The privateers might even be able to buy amnesty from Greeley.>

Ianthe goes her own way

She will thank the party and tell them that they can always get help and shelter in Cossorton. They should feel free to look her up, go see King Edward himself, or failing that his advisor Harald Dragoon. She'll try to slip through the Guard cordon in disguise to get back to Cossorton. The party shouldn't worry about her. She'll be fine and Quentin will go with her.

<Further adventure: Jack seeks the party out to say that Ianthe and Quentin have been captured by Guards on the way to Cossorton. Jack asks for the party's help saving them from execution.>

<Further adventure: Jack seeks the party out to say that Quentin has been captured by Guards on the way to Cossorton. Jack asks for the party's help. Apparently, Ianthe made it to Cossor and is leading an army against Four Lakes. Most of the Guard has gone south to fight, so the cells can be stormed by a small, determined group to free him.>

<Further adventure: Quentin and Ianthe hired pirates to take them to Cossorton. The boat sank in a bad storm. Jack asks the party for help in finding his son.>

Guards at the exit arrest the party

The party is thrown into the dungeon and forgotten. The guards claim any rewards that are due.



Appendix

NPCs

Cantankerous

CR 9; Huge Monstrous Humanoid; HD 15d8+60; hp 127; Init -1; Spd 30 ft., Swim 30 ft.; AC 17 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +10 natural); Melee 2 Claws +20 (1d8+9), Bite +18 (1d8+7); Face/Reach 10 ft. x 10 ft./10 ft.; SA Rend (2d8 + 12) SQ Scent; AL CN; SV Fort +13, Ref +4, Will +5; Str 30, Dex 8, Con 18, Int 4, Wis 11, Cha 7.

Skills and Feats: Spot +4, Listen +8, Swim +20; Cleave, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Sunder.

Possessions: None

Description: The creature is ugly with a capital Ugh! His shoulders are higher than his head, and his head is more than twice the size of a human adults head. He has greyish skin like that of an elephant and enormous reach. Cantankerous is 15 feet tall and almost three tons.

Years ago, Jack took a small lizard and enchanted it. The huge amphibian that resulted was moody and suspicious-traits that made him very useful in guarding the swamp's eastern entrance.

Motivation: Over the years Cantankerous developed a relationship with Jack, who took an interest in the amphibian, talked to it for hours, and gave it purpose. Cantankerous is very proud that he has a relationship with Jack and even prouder that Jack named him, even if he has trouble pronouncing the name. Cantankerous is fiercely loyal to Jack, and by extension Quentin, and takes his guarding role seriously. However, being of low intelligence, he can be fooled as to a person's intent. Cantankerous is quick to anger and befriend. The belligerent are killed, but smooth-talkers will fool him—if they realize their advantage quickly enough.

Quote: "My name is Can... Cankrus... Tank. Jack name me!"

Combat Tactics: The favorite tactic of Cantankerous is to hit an opponent with both front claws. If the opponent is knocked down, then simply pressing him into the muck will be enough - he'll have a tough time pulling himself out of the muck and will start drowning (normal rules apply, but only a number of rounds equal to the victim's Con rather than the usual twice, as the three-ton weight squeezes the air out of the party member's chest). If the opponent is hit with both claws, then rending damage will also be done. Cantankerous will fixate on the nearest party member, and only move on once

that person is no longer moving or has been torn to shreds. The bite is used to harass the other party members and keep them from helping the current victim.

Gareth Weldon Icenogle Marpocket

Male Gnome Ftr2/Rog3 CR 5; Small Humanoid (Gnome); HD 2d10+4/3d6+6; hp 31; Init +4; Spd 20 ft.; AC 15 (+1 size, +4 Dex); Melee Shortsword +5 (1d6+2/crit 19-20 x2), Dagger +4 (1d4 +1/crit19-20 x2); Ranged Shortbow (1d6/crit x3); SA Gnome traits, spells; SQ Gnome traits, speak with animals; AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Climb +7, Diplomacy +6, Disable Device +6, Hide +8, Decipher Script +6, Innuendo +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Open Lock +6, Perform +6, Pick Pockets +6, Search +7, Speak Language (Common, Gnome, Elven), Spot +6, Tumble +6; Improved Disarm, Ambidexterity, Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse (short sword), Point Blank Shot, Two Weapon Fighting.

Possessions: Most in SE beaver lodge: 3 sets Thieves' tools, hat with a feather in it, +2 *Leather Armor*, 50' rope, bull's eye lantern, tinderbox, 3 pairs of high soft boots, many large sacks, backpack, 5 short swords, 4 bows, 6 daggers, 2 iron spikes, books: recent history, goblin anatomy, glowing purple rock (magical, no other properties), 4 gems (yellow, blue, red, black) valued at 50 gp each, water skin, wineskin, 5 cp, 95 sp, 20 gp

Spells Prepared: 0-level *dancing lights*, *ghost sound*, *prestidigitation*.

Description: A set of three gnomes (3'9", 45 pounds), all with the same name and stats. They call each other "Guppy," "Joshua," and "Guenter." They are wearing swatches of beaver fur on their shoulders to keep the beaver from attacking them

Motivation: The gnomes stay alive by theft. They've come to the Magic Dump for the reward money and the prospect of magic items to sell, but they found the task too dangerous. Happily, many searchers are expected, so the gnomes set up shop in this relatively safe area and have been preying on the passer-by ever since. In general, they will steal, but not so much that the theft is immediately noticeable. They would prefer to take some items and disappear underwater and into their lodge before the theft is noticed. They will fight only if there is no other choice.



The Magic Dump



It takes almost three hours for the gnomes to recite their family lineage. Starting with father Weldon, and grandfather Icenogle, over three hundred generations are lovingly described and their memories kept alive. The current generation is the epitome of all those learned generations—a generation of culture, as adept at reading and diplomacy as they are in the tools of survival (thievery and the sword).

The gnomes are thoughtful and amuse themselves with witty repartee. They seek knowledge above all and like to liberate books and scrolls from boors more than anything else. Failing that, getting the money to buy such items to take back to their family is paramount.

Quote: “We are Renaissance men.”

Combat Tactics: The gnomes prefer stealth and will try to escape the party underwater rather than to engage them. However, if they are cornered or forced into engagement, they will use both a short sword and their dagger. They will fight just long enough to be sure they can get away, then do so. But they won’t run away individually. They will stay around until it is clear all three can escape.

If possible they will try to distract their opponents to create the chance to escape. This includes cutting straps to make armor unhinge, cutting belts to make trousers fall, tossing mud onto the visors of a helm to obscure vision, and so on.

Gwendolyn of Kelde

Female Elven Monk 7; CR 7; Medium size Humanoid (Elf); HD 7d8+14; HP 45; Init +4 (dex); Spd 50 ft.; AC 17 (+4 dex, +1 monk bonus, +2 Wis bonus); Atk Melee Kama +9 melee (1d6+4, crit x2), or unarmed +9/+6 (1d8), Ranged Shuriken +9 (1d4, crit x2), unarmed +5/+2 (1d8+4); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft./5 ft.; SA Unarmed Strike, stunning attack, improved trip; SQ Evasion, still mind, slow fall, purity of body, wholeness of body, leap of the clouds; AI LG; SV Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +7; Abilities: Str 18, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Balance +7, Climb +7, Concentrate +5, Escape Artist +13, Arcane Knowledge +4, Listen +7, Move Silently +8, Ride +5, Swim +6, Tumble +7, Use Rope +6, Wilderness Lore +3, Speak Language (Common, elven, terran, gnome); ambidextrous, combat reflexes, deflect arrows, improved trip, power attack.

Possessions: Kama, Shuriken, *potion of water breathing*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*.

Description: A quiet life in Hanratty’s Crossing was disrupted the day Laison rode into town on his white

charger. That was over a year ago, and Gwendolyn found herself immediately swept into the paladin’s orbit. Volunteering to help him when he said he could use additional warriors, she was pleased when he asked her to showcase her abilities. Unlike the boys in town, Laison praised her. This immediately gained him Gwendolyn’s loyalty.

That loyalty changed over the year to something more. While Gwendolyn sees herself as the power behind the paladin, considering herself as good, as strong, as able as Laison, she hasn’t yet realized that she has feelings for him.

Portray Gwendolyn as firm and loyal. She will work hard to insure that her party, and Laison, succeed. Unlike the paladin, she is willing to stray from the straight and narrow if it helps her party. Her strength is a quiet one. She is secure in her abilities and willing to take chances without being foolhardy. However, if Laison is in trouble, such restraint may be lost. Gwendolyn enjoys being out in nature.

Motivation: Part of Laison’s party, she follows him because she loves what he represents—a force of good. And she has always wanted to do good and has been doing so more often with Laison. She is worried about Ianthe because Gwendolyn was taken from her childhood home against her will.

Quote: “Someone has to keep the paladin in his place.”

Combat Tactics: Thrown shirukens open the battle as she closes. Gwendolyn will then employ unarmed attacks against lightly armored foes and the improved trip feat against heavily armored foes.

Hector

CR 6; Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid; HD 6d8+18; hp 39; Init +1; Spd 20 ft., Swim 30 ft.; AC 15 (+1 Dex, +4 natural); Melee Tails Slap +9 (1d12+6) and one of the following Bite +9 (1d8+6) or Gore +7 (1d8+5) depending upon which head is used.; SA Cone of Acid 1/day (30 ft. cone 4d6 damage Ref save DC16 for half damage); SQ Polymorph head (free action); AL N; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 19, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Hide +8, Listen +5, Spot +6.

Possessions: Collar

Description: A cross between an alligator and a humanoid, Hector is just under six feet tall. He wears a collar that has four studs. Each stud is used to create a different head on the alligator torso. The type of attack he makes is head dependent.

Appendix

A friend of Jack's, Jeffy of Whistle, saw what Jack had done with Cantankerous and had decided a reptilian watchdog was a good idea. But he would go one better by adding more intelligence. Spells were cast, and the result was Hector. Jeffy, however, found Hector uncontrollable and dumped him in Jack's swamp. Because Jack didn't want Hector roaming around, causing trouble, Jeffy put a magical collar on Hector to keep him on his peninsula, but like everything else in the swamp, the collar had side effects. Hector soon figured out the collar's use.

Motivation: Hector is intelligent and wants to get out of this area of the swamp in the worst way. He's a hunter and likes to hunt but he's been in this area so long that the area has been hunted out. Desperate to leave, he'll do anything to get out of here, including killing a party so that he can use their possessions to attack the collar that keeps him here.

Quote: "Help me. Save me. I'll kill you."

Combat Tactics: Hector's first response is to damage the party while they are still bunched up. He takes a deep breath, switches to the green dragon head and exhales. The breath weapon should spread damage throughout the party and even the odds a little bit. He then switches to the boar head and repeatedly charges the more damaged party members to cut down the number of opponents.

If the party is winning the battle, he'll change back to the dragon head, pretending to get ready to use the breath weapon again (he knows it is just once per day) and bite the nearest opponent at the last instant instead. He will go last in that round. Once he is severely damaged, he will switch back to the alligator head and dive into and under the water. Should the party follow him into this realm, they may find party members pulled under water one at a time. Vanquished party members are "planted" in the muck to hold them in place underwater while Hector hunts the next victim.

Notes: All forms (Tail Slap); Gator head (bite); Dragon head (Bite or Breath Weapon), Boar (Gore), Human (no attack but required to speak common).

Ianthe of Cossor

Female Human Ftr12/Sor1: CR 13; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 12d10+12/1d4+1; hp 81 (42); Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (+5 Dex); Melee Longsword +15/+10/+5 (1d8+4/crit 17-20 x2) or *Longsword +11/+6/+1 (1d8/crit17-20 x2); SQ



Spells; AL LG; SV Fort +9 (+5)*, Ref +9, Will +7; Str 14 (6)*, Dex 20, Con 12 (4)*, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 15.

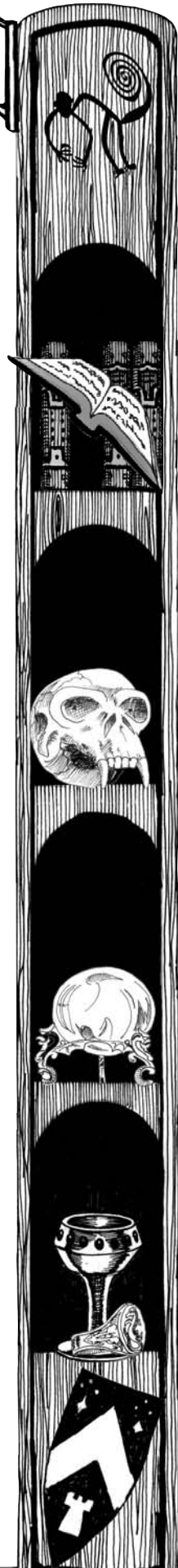
*Under the influence of poison. Ianthe has suffered temporary ability damage which will heal at the rate of one point per day.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Climb +8, Jump +2, Hide +5, Knowledge (Nature) +6, Listen +9, Move Silently +5, Read Lips +3, Search +3, Ride +10, Speak Language (Common), Spot +9, Tumble +5, Use Rope +5, Wilderness Lore +1; Blind Fight, Combat Reflexes, Expertise, Focus: Longsword, Improved Crit: Longsword, Specialized: Longsword.

Possessions: None

Spells Known: 0th- Detect Magic, Light, Mage Hand, Read Magic; 1st- Shield, Mage Armor

Description: Ianthe (pronounced "eye-ann-thee") may be the sister of King Edward, but she is not a dainty creature only suitable for gracing Cossor's court. Cossor's famous Harald Dragoon has been training her. In fact, she may become the next dragoon—a role that requires great skill with sword, riding, and mounted combat. She is 5'2", 110 pounds with brown eyes and long brown hair. She is just twenty years old.



The Magic Dump



Ianthe was brought up in The Shambles, the poorest district of Cossor's capital. Her father hired himself out as a fisher, while the rest of the family gleaned what they could from farmer's fields while avoiding the predations of Harwich's Guard. They were not always successful; Ianthe's sister Jaclyn was taken by one raiding party and never seen again. The constant raids made Ianthe fiercely loyal to Cossor in spite of the early poverty, and very determined to break Cossor out of the unending cycle of raids from the stronger neighbor kingdom. Her luck turned when the Cossor militia took an interest in her, one of their adopted 'street rats.' They taught her to survive and they taught her to fight. Harald Dragoon himself saw to her swordsmanship. And then her brother Edward became King.

Ianthe can be hot-tempered when Cossor is threatened or insulted and has little patience with people who are not as fervently pro-Cossor as she is. She can be both sweet and scheming. When in trouble, she'll trust her sword over diplomacy, but she is not boastful of her skills. Ianthe will simply dismantle her opponent and move on, taking no particular pleasure in what was done, but doing it out of perceived necessity. She will also feel no remorse for actions she deems necessary. In addition, Ianthe is very protective of young girls because of what she imagines the raiders did with her sister.

Motivation: Ianthe is a super-patriot and will do anything for her kingdom of Cossor, even go marry the devil Greeley. However, she found out that Greeley was only intending to marry her to assert a claim to Cossor's throne once King Edward died—and Greeley was intending to hasten that demise by sending in assassins after the wedding. His goal was reunification, pure and simple. Ianthe will not go back to Four Lakes willingly to be part of a plan that re-absorbs Cossor.

Quote: "A bad day in Cossorton is better than the best day anywhere else."

Combat Tactics: While Ianthe is proficient at other weapons, she prefers a sword. While she has been trained to fight on horseback, she prefers the more certain perch of her own feet. Her normal approach is to press the attack on a single foe, vanquish him, then move on to the next as quickly as possible. A foe who falls unconscious will not be dispatched, because he is no longer a threat. He can be dealt with later, if necessary. (Please remember Ianthe is probably trying to escape, so knocking down all opposition and giving herself a clear path to escape is sufficient.)

Jack Trader

Male Human Wiz14/Ftr2: CR 16; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 14d4+2d10; hp 55; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+2 Dex, +2 *ring of protection*, +4 *bracers of armor*); Melee Quarterstaff +8/+3 (1d6-1), +2 *Longsword* +10/+5 (1d8+1/crit 17-20); SA Spells; AL NG; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +8; Str 9, Dex 15, Con 11, Int 20, Wis 8, Cha 9.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +18, Appraise +16, Concentration +19, Handle Animal +3, Heal +3, Knowledge (Arcana) +22, Listen +3, Ride +6, Speak Language (Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Orc), Spellcraft +24, Spot +2, Swim -1, Wilderness Lore +2; Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Craft Rod, Craft Staff, Craft Wand, Enlarge Spell, Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell, Skill Focus (Appraise), Spell Focus (Conjuration).

Possessions: +2 *Ring of Protection* +4 *Bracers of Armor* +2 *Keen Longsword*, *Brooch of Monitoring*, *Ring of Invisibility*, 21000 gp value of assorted gems.

Spells Prepared: 0-det. *Magic*, det. *Poison*, **ray of frost*, *read magic*; 1-comprehend languages, *identify*, **mage armor*, **mage armor*; 2-**fog cloud*, *shatter*, *magic missile (silent)*, *magic missile (silent)*; 3-**phantom steed*, **sleet storm*, **stinking cloud*, **web (silent)*; 4-**summon monster IV*, **solid fog*, *gaseous form (silent)*, **summon monster III (silent)*, 5-*teleport*, *ice storm (silent)*, **summon monster IV (silent)*; 6-**cloud-kill (silent)*, *analyze dweomer*, *legend lore*; 7-**acid fog (silent)*, **summon monster VII*

*=*conjuration spell DC+2*; (silent)=*spells moved up one level, no verbal component*

Description: Jack is 5'4" with grey hair and indeterminate eyes. Wiry and weathered, and on the wrong side of fifty, Jack is a keen evaluator of people he meets. This helps in his favorite pastime, trading, because a perceived weakness can be used, or a character trait offer up insights as to needs that might be exploited.

Jack cares about people and does not consider his trading exploitation. Instead he is performing a service by collecting unwanted magic and distributing it to other places where it can perform a useful function. He enjoys travel enough that he goes on month-long trips to other kingdoms, but he also enjoys his solitude. Between trips he is home at the dump for months at a time, puttering around with the collected magics, putting them to use, identifying abilities and hidden traits, removing bad aspects, and ultimately deciding where the magic would be of the most use.

Appendix



Motivation: Jack is a firm believer that if the world leaves him alone, he'll leave the world alone—especially the 'anarchy' in Harwich. The only exception to this wish is the joy he finds shopping and trading for magic items. This allows him to travel a bit and to try out the ingenious inventions of others, even if they didn't quite come out right.

Five years ago, Jack lost his wife Honora in a botched robbery. His only child, Quentin, means the world to him and is all he has left. If something were to befall Quentin, Jack's despair would know no bounds.

Jack will not be at the swamp during the adventure, but if Quentin is killed, he will note Quentin's passing via the Brooch of Monitoring and fly into an uncontrolled rage over the death of his only son.

Jack will *teleport* back to the area and then attack the party with every means at his disposal. The party can stop the attacks if it offers to bring his son back to life in some fashion.

Quote: "One man's trash is another man's treasure."

Combat Tactics: Jack always has a mage armor spell running and a phantom steed available.

He carries a lot of no-verbal component spells; combined with the *invisibility ring*, he can attack, resume invisibility, move, and repeat the process. Acid fog, ice storm and cloudkill are his first attacks. Thereafter he uses magic missiles and summoned creatures against the opponents who got out of the area of effects.

Laison d'Erlemont

Male Human Pal7: CR 7; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 7d10+14; hp 60; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 20 (+9 *magic plate*, +1); Melee +2 *Greatsword* +13/+8 (2d6+8/crit 19-20 x2), +1 *Mace* +12/+7 (1d8+5); SA Spells; SQ *Detect Evil*, *Divine Grace*, *Lay on Hands*, *Divine Health*, *Aura of Courage*, *Smite Evil*, *Remove Disease* (2/week), *Turn Undead*, *Special Mount* (Heavy Warhorse); AL LG; SV Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +7; Str 19, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +7, Handle Animal +8, Heal +6, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +3, Ride +6, Spot +3; Combat Reflexes, Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave.

Possessions: +1 Plate armor, +2 Greatsword, +1 Mace (shatterspike),

Spells Prepared: (none remaining)

Description: Laison is filled with pride that he was born the son of a noble paladin wed to a princess. His family crest, a white dove flying with blue and yellow ribbons, means as much to him as any medal or badge of honor. He prefers to always have at least one squire or servant (an aide) nearby. He deems this as much a necessity of station as a warhorse and armor. He is aware that others are watching him and that it is expected of him to act with an air of nobility.

Laison is a strong, quiet, charismatic leader who listens attentively to everyone before making his decisions known. He prefers diplomacy above all else, probably due to his good nature. He relies on his charisma to bridge all rifts. In the event that violence is the only option, Laison will flatly assure his opponents that it is he who will be the last one standing.

Portray Laison as a strong, kind-hearted, conscientious leader. He is ever gracious and considerate of others. He is obedient toward superiors (within reason) and tolerant of lessors. His primary interest and love is the tactics used in the art of diplomacy and in warfare. Ever the ladies' man, he hopes one day to wed and maintain the tradition of d'Erlemont paladins established by his father, Jerté.

Motivation: A paladin's place is at the head of the line of people volunteering to rescue a missing woman because that is what a paladin does. After the rescue, Laison will evaluate if bringing Ianthe back to Harwich is the right thing—but rescue first. Being lost in this accursed swamp has been inconvenient for the rescue plans, but Laison has found enough evil in the swamp to have made the trip worthwhile in any event.

The Magic Dump



Laison will not travel with any character of evil alignment under any circumstances.

Quote: “The opposite of Evil is Truth. Goodness describes the sensation of bringing Evil into the light.”

Combat Tactics: Honorable combat is paramount. Given the need for battle, Laison will be in the front line wielding his great sword or shatterspike to protect the rest of his party. He will prefer death to the dishonor of having defended them poorly. If the opponent surrenders, he will accept the surrender. If the opponent runs away, he will let the opponent go as long as the threat isn't evil.

Marianne von Stuttengarten

Female Elf Wiz7: CR 7; Medium-size Humanoid (Elf); HD 7d4+21; hp36; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Bracers of Armor); Melee Quarterstaff +2 (1d6-1); Ranged Shortbow +5 (1d6/crit x3); SA Spells; SQ Elven Traits, Toad Familiar (speak with type); AL LG; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +5; Str 8, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 19, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +14, Balance +3, Concentration +13, Knowledge (Arcana) +14, Listen +4, Scry +10, Search +7, Sense Motive +1, Speak Language (Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Goblin, Sylvan), Spellcraft +8, Spot +4, Swim +1; Scribe Scroll, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Craft Ward.

Notes: Familiar-toad.

Possessions: Quarterstaff, Shortbow, +2 Bracers of Armor

Spells Prepared: 0 - (3) *det. Magic, read magic, ray of frost*; 1 - *grease, mage armor, obscuring mist*, (2) *monster summoning I*, (2) *magic missile*; 2 - *mage armor (extended)*, (2) *summon swarm, monster summoning II, darkness 20'*; 3 - (4) *lightning bolt*; 4 - (2) *evard's black tentacles, monster summoning IV*

Description: Marianne had lead a quiet life learning spells from her mentor, Silda. Abandoned by her parents as an infant, the sheltered life of the wizard's tower was all she knew—until Laison's party came along, killed a wyvern in a very bloody fight, and then prevailed upon Silda to have Marianne join the party. A magic user was needed. Silda had said it was time for her to see the world, to stretch her training, and so had agreed. She was to go along.

Marianne is quiet and mousy. She prefers to be unnoticed and has found that being around both Laison and Gwendolyn is perfect. Laison always surges to the fore to deal with strangers or even danger. Gwendolyn

takes the lead while they are searching, then stays at Laison's side to defend him. Marianne can just sit back and summon them help as needed.

Portray Marianne in as unassuming a manner as possible. She will let the others negotiate, be noticed, and deal with any outsiders. Only when the party is threatened will she react with magic, and probably with some regrets, as this will cause people to notice her. When they remember to include her in their discussions, she will gently chide her party to make sure she is protected at all times.

Motivation: Part of Laison's party, she follows wherever he leads. Mostly this is because she has learned he goes to regions, like the swamp, where she can find many new creatures that she can later try to conjure with her spell craft. She is loyal to Laison.

During quiet times, even after a battle, Marianne will examine new creatures to learn things as Silda had asked her to do. She considers going into the swamp a real adventure and a perfect chance for learning.

Quote: “If I'm fighting with weapons, someone made a mistake!”

Combat Tactics: Marianne prefers to let others do her fighting. When her party engages, she takes a few steps backwards and summons something large to protect her (celestial black bears, celestial lion). She will prefer to call up multiple creatures in the first rounds to insure she has a number of defenders to slow down possible threats. While these defend her, she starts throwing up other creatures as quickly as possible. The second or third round will have celestial eagles to disrupt the spellcasters opposing her party.

Marianne is conscious that the paladin does not want evil spells cast in his vicinity. So while she can summon fiendish and dire creatures, she would rather not. If the DM allows, substitute celestial creatures for the fiendish ones usually allowed by the summon spell. For example, a celestial gorilla would replace the fiendish gorilla that is specified in the summon III list.

Quentin Healer

Male Human Clr12: CR 12; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 12d8+64; hp135; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Melee Heavy Mace +13/+8 (1d8+4/crit x2); SA Turn undead; AL CG; SV Fort +13, Ref +4, Will +11; Str 18, Dex 10, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Heal +12, Knowledge (region) +5, Listen +6, Ride +1, Profession (herbalist) +5, Spellcraft +2, Spot +6; Brew Potion, Endurance, Extra



Appendix

Turning, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus Heal, Toughness.

Possessions: Ring of Sustenance, Periapt of Health, Brooch of Monitoring, Potion of Cure Light Wounds, Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds.

Spells Known: 0-create water, (2) detect magic, detect poison, mending, read magic; 1-Cure light wounds, deathwatch, detect evil, obscuring mist, endure elements, (2) cure moderate wounds*, sanctuary; 2-remove paralysis, shield other, silence, (2) lesser restoration, endurance; 3-cure serious wounds*, (2) magic vestment, remove blindness/deafness, remove disease, remove curse; 4-cure critical wounds*, neutralize poison, (2) giant vermin, 5-break enchantment, ethereal jaunt, raise dead; 6-etherealness, heal*, word of recall. *Denotes domain spell (Good and Healing).*

Description: 6'1" and 230 pounds. His chest and torso are V-shaped. Blond hair and blue-grey eyes, he prefers to wear clothes that show off his musculature. He has a black bag in which he carries his drugs and herbs.

Motivation: Quentin is shy and just happened to see Ianthe escaping as she struggled to crawl out of the moat. He decided that he could endear himself to her by saving her, so he applied his anti-venoms and took her home. He's waiting for her to wake up naturally rather than force her awake with spells. If the party should wake her and insist on taking her away, Quentin will suggest they shouldn't, "She shouldn't be traveling in her condition. I only moved her to get her someplace safe." He'll also ask to go along to "help the party avoid some of the traps in the swamp" but he won't show them any of the shortcuts. He will also try to free Ianthe by getting her a sword.

Quentin is obedient of his father's requests, but starting to chafe at some of the restraints. He travels on his own to other kingdoms, yet Jack still dominates Quentin when they are in the same room, and expects Quentin to toe whatever line Jack sets.

Combat Tactics: Quentin killed a man years ago and refuses to take lives today, at least by his own hand. All damage he deals while defending himself (even with his mace) will be subdual damage only. In addition, he will take no action against the party unless first attacked.

Quentin's first response will be to whistle for the Modos, then use etherealness or ethereal jaunt to get away from the party (Single round for both). Being basically immature, he'll use his escape to harry the party as it tries to leave the swamp. He will turn on swamp defenses to attack the party on sight. These

defenses do not include the NPCs, except for Cantankerous and Hector. If possible, he'll loose the skeleton horde as well.

Suroth

CR 1; Medium-size Undead; HD 2d12; hp13; Init +1; Spd 0 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 natural); SQ Undead immunities; AL CN; SV Fort -, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 12, Con -, Int 14, Wis 6, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Listen +3, Spot +2.

Possessions: Spoon of Kalmuk

Description: Talkative drunk bones—a skeleton missing a leg. The head is also detached.

Suroth made a lousy Prime Guard because his head was always into finding things that he could steal. The thefts were never large enough for anyone to notice, nor was he ever caught, but the greed was enough to cause him to volunteer to take a tax bill to Jack Trader's swamp. He'd heard about the piles of gold there.

Suroth had started out with a squad of eight, but the infernal creature at the entrance killed most of his troop and drove the others, including Suroth, deeper into the swamp. For days he had wandered aimlessly, dodging creatures and traps, until he'd wound up in the brine pool and in mortal danger.

The elixir of health he'd carried had been provided by some kind of witch in Harport. Suroth hadn't intended to ever use it, but it was an emergency. He thought he was dying. He drank, and felt the magic. The worms went crazy and stripped him of all his flesh before he could even think about countering the effects in any way. He blames the swamp.

Motivation: Suroth is tired of being a pile of dead, drunk bones and simply wishes to die.

Quote: "I just want to die. Please."

Combat Tactics: None.

Creatures

Abomination

CR 4; Large Aberration; HD 6d8+18; hp 45; Init +4; Spd 20 ft., Swim 40 ft.; AC ; Melee Bite +8 (1d8+3 + poison), Falchion +7 (2d4+4/crit 18-20); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft. (coiled)/10 ft.; SA Poison (DC 17 Fort) 1d6 init + secondary temp Dex damage, Spell-like abilities; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +4; Str 16, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 8.



The Magic Dump

Skills and Feats: Listen +6, Spot +4; Lightning Reflexes.

Spell-like ability to cause fear, deeper darkness, entangle, neutralize poison, suggestion, polymorph other into viper 1/day.

Six feet tall, it looks like a green-brown snake with human arms. The human arms are wielding a falchion.

Beaver

CR 1/3; Small Animal (Aquatic); HD 1d8+1; hp5; Init +3; Spd 15 ft., Swim 30 ft.; AC 15 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +1 natural); Melee Bite +3 (1d4), Tailslap +2 (1d6); SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 2, Wis -, Cha -.

Skills and Feats: Listen +3, Spot +6, Swim +15.

Usually crepuscular, come out at dusk and dawn.

Climate/Terrain: Shallow ponds, streams or brooks in temperate regions

Organization: pairs of beavers per lodge, d10 lodges

Treasure: None

Combat: All invaders are perceived as danger. One beaver is always on watch and will warn all the beaver in the area that a threat exists with a slap of the tail. At that point, the beaver head for their lodges at top speed. If a lodge contains young, the beaver will defend it vigorously. Otherwise they usually avoid conflict.

Advancement: None

Blue Beaks

CR 1/2; Small Beast; HD 1d10+2; hp 7; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., Climb 30 ft.; AC 17 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +3 natural); Melee Bite +5 (1d4+1); SA Lowlight vision; SQ Chameleon Skin; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 5.

Skills and Feats: Balance +10, Climb +12, Hide +13, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Spot +4; Weapon Finesse (Bite).

Description: Any three-tone whistle sequence gets answered in kind and the reptiles respond like a called dog, tails wagging. Each is about the size of a large iguana, with dimpled green flesh. They have a blue-green crest and a bright blue beak about three inches long.

Climate/Terrain: Temperate lowlands

Organization: pack of 1d10+6

Treasure: None



Combat: The pack is loyal to the lead blue beak, or to a master (e.g. Quentin). It protects its territory by charging fiercely at an unwanted guests. If the creature allows itself to be driven off, the attack continues until the home ground has been defended and the creature is clearly leaving. The home ground will not be left to pursue. If the creature stands it's ground or attacks, then the waves of blue beaks start biting at any exposed flesh. Good jumpers, they show a preference for tearing at an opponent's face and throat.

Advancement: None

Boar

CR 2; Medium-size Animal; HD 3d8+9; hp22; Init +0; Spd 40 ft.; AC 16 (+6 natural); Melee Gore +4 (1d8+3); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft./5ft.; SA Ferocity; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 4.

Skills and Feats: Listen +7, Spot +5.

Four feet long, three feet high. Bad-tempered.

Boreworms

CR 1/3; Fine Vermin; HD 1/3d8; hp 1; Init +1; Spd 5 ft., Swim 10 ft.; AC 19 (+8 size, +1 Dex); Melee Bite +3 (1); Face/Reach 0 ft. x 0 ft./0 ft.; SA Boring each round inside 1 damage; SQ Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 1, Dex 13, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills and Feats: Hide +8, Move Silently +4.



Appendix

Look like thick earthworms, blood red in color. Like the earthworm, there's no distinguishable head or tail. They are about three inches in length.

Climate/Terrain: Brackish water; the boreworm needs a source of both fresh water and salt water

Organization: Colony 1-100.

Treasure: Standard, at the bottom of the pool.

Combat: The initial attack is similar to that of the leech; the boreworm uses scent to detect salts emanating from creatures in the water. The worm swims up to the intended victim and gets access to some exposed skin. The initial bite delivers an anesthetic so that the victim does not notice what happens next, the head burrows into the bloodstream of the host and the slender body follows. Once the whole worm is in, the back end of the worm secretes a coagulant that seals the worm into the host. The worm starts to feed on the host. The discomfort of the blockage is the first thing the host notices.

Advancement: None

Firecracker Coqui

CR 1/2; Diminutive Animal; HD 1/4d10; hp 1; Init +1; Spd 5 ft., Swim 20 ft.; AC 15 (+4 size, +1 Dex); Face/Reach 1 ft. x 1 ft./0 ft.; SA Firecracker (1d6 fire damage, 20 ft. radius save Ref DC 16 1/2 damage); SQ Lowlight Vision, Puff; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1; Str 1, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 4.

Description: These tiny, brown frogs are mostly harmless, and if threatened will puff up to intimidate the perceived foe. To a human, the effect is somewhat comical rather than scary!

Climate/Terrain: Warm marsh or aquatic

Organization: None, d20/100 square feet of lily pads

Treasure: None

Combat: None, but if damaged and killed, these explode as a small *fireball*. Unfortunately, they are not immune to their fire, so an explosive chain reaction results. They go off like a string of firecrackers. Explosions have radius of 20 ft. and do 1d6 damage. There are 1d6 coqui near any party member.

Advancement: None

Flame Sisserou

CR 1; Small Magical Beast; HD 1d10; hp 4; Init +2; Spd 10 ft., Fly 40 ft. (Average); AC 13 (+1 size, +2 Dex); Melee Bite +1 (1d4-2); SA Cone of Flame (20 ft. cone 2d8 DC 14 once every 1d4 rounds Ref save

for 1/2 damage); SQ Fire immunity; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 6, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Listen +5, Spot +4; Weapon finesse (Bite).

Description: A greenish parrot with brown and red trim with a circle of ochre highlights around the eye. A very small beak and two huge feathers trailing from the back of the head give it an ungainly appearance. Its immune to its own fire only.

Climate/Terrain: Warm or temperate forest

Organization: d2 adults plus 3 nestlings

Treasure: None

Combat: The sisserou will interpose itself between any threat and its nestlings. The bird will then fly towards the enemy and let go its blast of flame hoping to drive the intruders off. While the bird recharges its flame, it flies back into position for the next pass.

Advancement: 1/2 HD (nestling, Small-sized, 1'), 2-3 HD (elder, Medium, 4')

Flayfruit

CR 1/2; Small Plant; HD 1d10; hp 5; Init +1; Spd 0 ft.; AC 15 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +3 natural); Melee 1d4 Tendrils +2 (1d4); SQ Plant immunities, blindsight; AL N; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 8, Cha 2.

Description: Raspberry-like bushes with long tendrils, tiny thorns, and rock-hard fruit. When they attack, the bushes started to whip their tendrils at the unfortunate souls in their presence. They are flayed alive by the thorny branches and stoned to death by the rock-hard fruit. It is hard to even retrieve the bodies lest the rest of the party meet the same fate. Each bush has a 15-foot diameter.

Climate/Terrain: Sunny areas of non-tundra regions with access to water

Organization: None

Treasure: None

Combat: The bush will take no action until the victim is well inside its reach. At that point its limbs will start to whip all the way right, then all the way left. This pulls in the tendrils to a 10' radius on a medium sized plant even if the bush covers a larger area. Creatures within that 10' radius get raked by the small thorns and hard fruit. The bush only stops whipping when all living creatures are out of reach. New roots then visi-



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bly grow (10" per round) into any protein sources within the coverage area to digest them.

Advancement: 2-3 HD (Large-size, 10' reach)

Glareyon

CR 1; Large Magical Beast; HD 3d10+6; hp 22; Init +1; Spd 60 ft.; AC 15 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +5 natural); Melee 2 hooves +3 melee (1d6+5), bite +3 (1d4 +3); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 10 ft./5 ft.; SQ Lantern eyes; AL LE; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +3; Str 20, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Description On close inspection, this is a horse-shaped reptile with eyes like lanterns (they actually project light as a bullseye lantern). Familiar to scouts from Harwich as mounts for a special Guard unit; they hiss like snakes. Sends a shiver up a PC's spine.

Climate/Terrain: All temperate terrain, preferring grasslands

Organization: Herd of d20 females and single male

Treasure: None

Combat: Territorial, the glareyon attack anything that encroaches into their area. The herd charges, attacking by rearing up and striking with the hooves. Unlike horses, glareyon are not adverse to stepping on creatures that have fallen at their feet, using their weight to grind victims into pulp.

Smaller victims may also be pre-emptively swallowed, but only if no threat is presented.

Advancement: None

Ground Viper

CR 1/3; Tiny Animal; HD 1/4d8; hp 1; Init +3; Spd 15 ft., Swim 15 ft., Climb 15 ft.; AC 17 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural); Melee Bite +5 (Poison); Face/Reach 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 ft. (coiled)/0 ft.; SA Poison (Fort DC 11 1d6 init & secondary temp Con); SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 6, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 2.

Skills and Feats: Balance +11, Climb +12, Hide +18, Listen +8, Spot +8; Weapon Finesse (bite).

Guardians of the Library

CR 1/2; Tiny Construct (Books); HD 1/2d10; hp 2; Init +2; Spd 5 ft., Fly 20 ft. (Average); AC 14 (+2 size, +2 Dex); Melee Slam +1 (1d3-1); Face/Reach 2 1/2 ft. x 2 1/2 ft./0 ft.; SQ Construct (Hardness 0); AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will -5; Str 8, Dex 15, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Description: They flap their front and back covers like birds. The books then attack by flying straight

into party members and delivering blows (crush).

Light Roach

CR 1/3; Fine Vermin; HD 1/8d8; hp 1; Init +4; Spd 20 ft., Fly 10 ft. (Average), Climb 10 ft.; AC 23 (+8 size, +4 Dex, +1 natural); Melee Bite +3 (1); Face/Reach 0 ft. x 0 ft./0 ft.; SA Light projection; SQ Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +0; Str 1, Dex 18, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: Hide +10, Move Silently +10.

Description A roach-like creature with its eyes lighting a path like two tiny bulls-eye lanterns.

Climate/Terrain: Inside buildings

Organization: colony, 1-1000

Treasure: None

Combat: Do not attack unless disturbed. Will bite and try to run away.

Advancement: None

Lonely Dead

CR 1/3; Medium-size Undead; HD 2d12+3; hp 16; Init +1; Spd 0 ft.; AC 15 (+1 Dex, +4 natural); Melee 2 Hands +9 (No damage); SA Improved Grab, Stench (DC 13); SQ Undead; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 24, Dex 12, Con -, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: Hide +10, Listen +6, Spot +6; Toughness.

Description The lonely dead are non-mobile undead. You have to come to the cemetery to get caught. If the PCs leave the cemetery, they will not be chased. Of the 34 graves in the cemetery, many have multiple bodies buried in them. Lonely dead are essentially very strong skeletons that have kept their memories and have become lonely for living companionship.

Climate/Terrain: Any properly enchanted cemetery.

Organization: d100, one leader. This group is led by a corpse named Willard.

Treasure: Standard. Many of these undead were buried with trinkets from their everyday life. These trinkets, while interesting, are hardly treasures.

Combat: The lonely dead hide in the dirt of its grave until the unwary victim passes near or over it. Then, in a sudden rush, it thrusts its hands through the soil to grab the victim's legs and drag the unsuspecting person into the ground.

Advancement: None



Appendix

Maulcat

CR 3; Medium-size Animal; HD 4d8+8; hp26; Init +3; Spd 40 ft., Climb 20 ft.; AC 15 (+3 Dex, +2 natural); Melee Bite +3 (1d6+4), 2 Claws +5 (1d4+3); SA Pounce, improved grab, Rake (2d4+6); SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 18, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Balance +10, Climb +9, Hide +8*, Jump +9, Listen +6, Move Silently +9, Spot +5. *Notes:* *(+4 Bonus in Swamp); Able to move at full rate in swamp.

Description: Solitary puma-like feline, six foot length, 175 pounds. Large paws adapted to walking over marshy ground.

Climate/Terrain: Warm and temperate regions, preferring plains

Organization: Solitary or pair

Treasure: None

Combat: The preferred attack is to pounce on a victim, bite its throat and crush the larynx, suffocating the victim. Against larger parties, the maulcat will seek to isolate a victim, pounce on it to latch on, then use its hind legs to rake at the victim. The raking is intended to damage the victim enough that it dies while the maulcat disappears into the bush.

Advancement: 5-6 HD (Large)

Modos (“Fuzzy and Mittens”)

CR 4; Huge Beast; HD 6d10+30; hp65; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 17 (-2 size, Dex +1, natural +8); Melee Bite +15 (2d6+13), Gore +13 (2d6+13); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 30 ft./10 ft.; SA Multiattack,; SQ Lowlight vision 60', scent; AL N; SV Fort +15, Ref +6, Will +0; Str 27, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 6, Wis 6, Cha 5.

Description: The reptiles are omnivores, a little over twice man-height, and of a mottled green-brown color. They have eyes as big as saucers, three large horns, and a mouth that seemingly goes all the way around the head. On their backs is mounted some kind of saddle, held in place by a single leather strap along with a set of leather reins.

Their hide is still clay/stone-like and tough to penetrate. They are heavy enough that the ground shakes as they approach. They are gentle enough that they will take a blue beak in their mouths and carry it to safety. The larger of the two has a visible nametag with the name ‘Fuzzy’ on it (he isn’t). The slightly smaller one is tagged with ‘Mittens’.

They are eager to gulp down whomever they see, but can be controlled:

- If the person is asleep, they’ll ignore him.
- Awake they can be controlled by any action that says the controller is boss (think of how you would issue a command to a dog). In that event they will pause, purr, and allow the controller to issue a fairly complex command. They will follow that command verbatim. Only one command may be running at any one time.
- In case of conflicting commands, they follow the last one (or Quentin’s if one is his.)
- If ridden, they will allow the rider to give commands, but if the rider gets off, they will wander off unless the rider gets in front of them and confronts them. Only Quentin can call them back.

They are able to worry a branch off a sixty-foot elm by standing on their hind legs. When they ‘talk’ to a person they make a sound like ‘Woorhwhaaaaak?’ If denied a meal, the lizards will chuff resentment and flop onto the ground, to act miserable—like a small child that didn’t get its way.

When the modos take full damage, they revert to figurine state with the damage visible. One day later, the figures may be cast onto the ground and the modos will reappear in full health. The stone figurines themselves may be destroyed with 10 hit points of damage.

History: Jeffy Modo of Whistle gave the figurines to Jack Trader. Jack didn’t know what to call the beasts, so he just said they were Modo’s. The name stuck. They are a pair of malformed clay figurines that can turn into very large reptilian creatures when tossed onto the ground. Trouble is, in the dump, the limited duration spell never ran out.

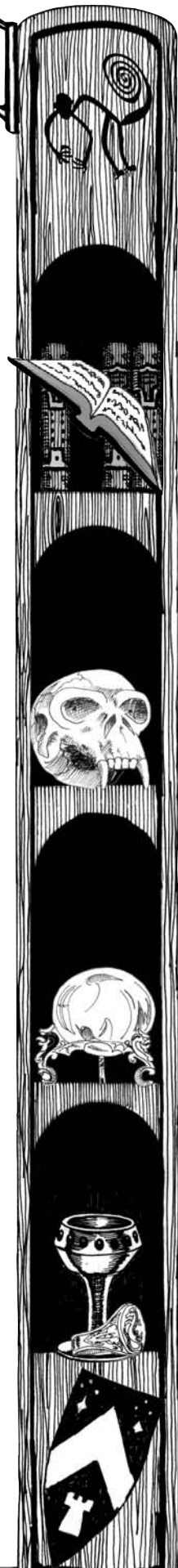
To ride: Any pushing motion on the head while the modo is controlled will cause it to squat down and be mountable. A gentle tap on either side or use of the reins suffices to get it going or turn it. If the modo is ever without a rider, it will leave and return to just north of the clearing. Modos aren’t very fast. Horse riding skill works with Modos.

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: None, 2 creatures

Treasure: None

Combat: A modo starts its attack with an untrammelled rush. It will run directly at its victim. If the victim turns to flee, the modo will try to grab the victim with its mouth and swallow it whole. If the victim stands and fights, the modo will run over and through



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it, using its three horns as lances, shredding both armor and bone. Once vanquished, the victim also gets swallowed.

Advancement: None

Necro Woodpecker

CR 1/6; Tiny Undead; HD 1/2d12+3; hp 6; Init -1; Spd 10 ft., Fly 30 ft. (Poor); AC 11 (+2 size, -1 Dex); Melee Peck +2 (1d3); Face/Reach 2.5 ft. x 2.5 ft./0 ft.; SQ Undead, partial actions only; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +2; Str 9, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: Toughness.

Description: Black and white with red crests, but about half the feathers are missing. They are awkward flyers.

Climate/Terrain: Any properly enchanted cemetery

Organization: 2d6 appearing

Treasure: None

Combat: Attracted by large shiny objects, they will fly to such things (e.g. armor), find purchase on a ridge or strap or belt and start a rat-a-tat. Because they are not living, they don't need to worry about damaging their brains and will happily open up a square inch of armor per round. If there is already a hole (example: for a strap or a breastplate) they'll happily enlarge the hole, oftentimes cutting a vital strap that was holding things together.

These woodpeckers have a 10% chance their heads will be knocked off by the force of their attack. In that case, the rest of the bird will sit where it is. If brushed off, it will fly aimlessly until it encounters a trunk, limb or bush to sit on.

Advancement: None

Pixies

CR 4; Small Fey; HD 1d6; hp3; Init +4; Spd 20 ft., Fly 60 ft. (Good); AC 16 (+1 size, +4 Dex, +1 natural); Melee Dagger +5 (1d4-2); Ranged Composite Short Bow +6 (1d6); SA Spell-like abilities, special arrows; SQ SR 16, natural invisibility; AL NG; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +4; Str 7, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +7, Concentration +4, Craft (bridge) +7, Escape Artist +8, Heal +6, Hide +12, Listen +8, Move Silently +8, Ride +8, Search +9, Sense Motive +6, Spot +8; Dodge, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Finesse (Dagger), Weapon Finesse (Short Bow).

About one foot tall, they are capable of flight, but appear humanoid otherwise. They prefer to fight from afar with bows rather than engage in hand to hand combat. If caught on a branch with an opponent, they will lean backward inviting an attack, and fall off during the swing, hoping the opponent totters over the edge with them (save vs. Ref).

Pixies enjoy taking advantage of greedy adventurers. If the party exhibits no greed and acts in a humorous way, the pixies may tell them the truth. Treasure 50% goods, 50% items.

Quivlings

CR 2; Large Plant; 4d8; HP 18; Init +5 (+1 dex, +4 improved initiative); Spd 20 ft; AC 14 (-1 size, +1 dex, +4 natural); Atk slam +5 melee (1d8+4); Face/Reach 5 ft by 10 ft./5 ft.; SA: none; SQ: plant, immune cold, electric; AI N; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4; Abilities Str 18, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 11; Skills: none; Feats: improved initiative.

Description: These ten-foot tall creatures look like stripped off crowns of trees that have been glued together and given life. The green-white fuzz on them seems to be moving. The shape of the creature seems to change as it's being watched as well.

Climate/Terrain: Temperate swamp with cypress

Organization: None, d12 appearing

Treasure: None

Combat: These creatures are not interested in living beings, only the armor they wear and the metal they carry. Quivlings head toward such metal and sweep their appendages into it, slamming the wearer and hoping to cause the metal to shatter. They will do so repeatedly until all metal items (armor, weapons, coins, broaches, etc) lie on the ground to feed the quivling young. Any metal object touching them may become brittle (Fort save DC 10 for magic items) and shatter.

Advancement: 1-3 HD (Medium-sized, young), 5-6 HD (Huge, adult)

Shambling Mound

CR 6; Large Plant; HD 8d8+24; hp60; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 20 (-1 size, +11 natural); Melee 2 slams +10 (2d6+5); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft./10 ft.; SA Improved grab, constrict 2d6+7; SQ Plant, electricity, immunity, fire resistance 30; AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +2; Str 21, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 9.

Skills and Feats: Hide +0*, Listen +4, Move Silently +4.



Appendix

Notes: *Shamblers receive a +12 bonus to Hide checks in swampy or forested areas.

Shiver Me Timbers

CR 3; Huge Plant; HD 4d10+12; hp 34; Init +2; Spd 0 ft.; AC 18 (-2 size, +10 natural); Melee Slam +4 (2d6+4); Ranged Fruit +2 (1d6+4 70' Range); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft./15 ft.; SA Duodecahedron Fruit; SQ Plant, Fire Vulnerability, Half Damage from piercing, Blindsight; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 19, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 6.

Description: The grove of trees is sentient and tolerant of trespassers, but actively dislikes being touched. The lack of birds and squirrels is a clear indication of the trees' accurate aim with their fruit.

Climate/Terrain: Temperate Forested

Organization: a grove of d100

Treasure: None

Combat: The grove watches any incursion into it. If the visit is short, nothing happens. Staying more than three rounds causes the branches of the trees to bend back and their duodecahedron fruit to be thrown at the intruder(s) with uncanny accuracy. The trees do not stop 'stoning' the intruder until it is clear the creature is dead and will be fertilizing the grove.

Duodecahedron Fruit (Ex): The fruit of the Shiver Me Timbers. Pry the halves of the fruit's shell apart with a dagger, and it explodes. Each of the twenty sides of the fruit will fly away (30 ft. range) in the direction they are pointed regardless of any wind present. Where they encounter flesh, they plow into it and through it (1d6 pieces through the holder!). Where they encounter the ground (or armor) they plant themselves. Those that are shot into the air could be borne away by the wind, but in the still air they simply make a parabolic trajectory. Each piece does 2d4 damage (save Ref DC12 for half damage)

Advancement: 2-3 HD (Sapling, Medium-size), 5-7 HD (adult, Huge)

Skeleton

CR 1/3; Medium-size Undead; HD 1d12; hp 6; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 natural); Melee 2 Claws +0 (1d4) or longsword +0 (1d8/crit 19-20); SQ Undead, immunities; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skeleton (Large)

CR 1; Large Undead; HD 2d12; hp 13; Init +5; Spd 40 ft.; AC 14 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural); Melee 2 Claws +2 (1d6+2) or longsword +2 (1d8+2/crit 19-20); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft./10 ft.; SQ Undead, Immunities; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 14, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skills and Feats: Improved Initiative.

Skunkape

CR 3; Large Animal; HD 4d8+4; hp 22; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., Climb 30 ft.; AC 15 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +3 natural); Melee 2 Claws +4 (1d6+5), Bite +2 (1d6+2); SA Rend (2d6+10), Stench; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 20, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +18, Listen +6, Spot +6.

Description: These creatures are basically standard apes with a rude surprise. They are fond of Snallygaster eggs.

Climate/Terrain: Warm forest

Organization: Company of 2d4

Treasure: None

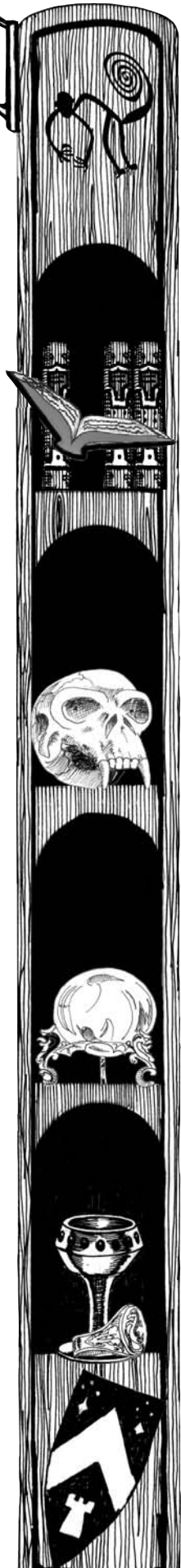
Combat: These annoying creatures make nuisances of themselves until either the party gives them something shiny or until someone strikes them with a weapon. Upon being struck, the striker gets sprayed. If the skunkape strikes with both claw attacks, it will rend the victim, tearing them limb from limb, tossing each piece in a random direction. Once all the limbs are removed, the torso itself is thrown into the air to land where it will. The apes will retrieve some of the pieces for a meal once the battle is over.

Stench (Ex): Upon being struck a skunkape showers his attacker with a nauseating spray. Those who fail a reflex save (DC 15) are struck. The victim and anyone nearby (20 ft.) must make a Fortitude save (DC 12) or be wracked with nausea and suffering a -2 circumstance penalty to all attacks, saves, and skill checks. The effect lasts for one day or until he takes a ten-minute bath in salt water.

Advancement: 2-3 HD (Medium-sized), 5-6 HD (Large)

Snallygaster

CR 4; Large Magical Beast; HD 5d10+5; hp 32; Init +5; Spd 10 ft., Fly 120 ft. (Perfect); AC 17 (-1 size, +5 Dex, +3 natural); Melee 2 Claws +8 (1d6+4), Bite +3 (1d6+2); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 10 ft./5 ft.; SA Improved



The Magic Dump



Grab; SQ Spell-like effects; AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +9, Will +3; Str 18, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Flyby Attack.

Spells-Like effects—darkness, scare, telekinesis at will; 1/day stinking cloud

Description: It has four legs, two wings and a beak. It usually, but not always, comes out after dark and carries off man-sized creatures. They especially like horses, but it takes three to carry one. Sometimes the snallygaster will take a large piece of furniture instead if it is trying to build a nest. Mostly, it moves so fast that nobody realizes it is there and the owners are left wondering where their cow or sofa is.

Some people say it isn't a bird at all, but some kind of ghost that is just playing around. The best protection is a seven-pointed star on the things you want to save.

Snallygasters are immune to skunkape aromas.

Climate/Terrain: Temperate forest

Organization: Solitary

Treasure: 50% goods, 50% items, 100% coins

Combat: The snallygaster swoops down on victims that come close to its nest. The smallest or most exposed target is snatched and taken away. On returning to the nest, the prey is held down by the fore claws while a very sticky egg is laid on top of him. This egg is 3' long and the snallygaster will roll the victim around with the egg until he's good and stuck.

Advancement: 2-3 HD (Small-sized, youth), 4-6 HD (Medium, adult)

Squad Archer

Male Human Ftr3; CR 3; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 3d10+6; hp 27; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC +17 (banded mail +6, Dex +1); Melee Longsword +6 (1d8/crit 19-20); Ranged Longbow +6 (1d8/crit x3); AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +0, Ride +0, Jump +0; Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Longbow).

Possessions: Banded mail, longbow, masterwork longsword.

Squad Leader

Male Human Ftr5; CR 5; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 5d10+10; hp 42; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC 20 (+7 half plate, +3 large metal shield); Melee

Longsword +10 (1d8+5/crit 19-20); Ranged Longbow +6 (1d8/crit x3); AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +2; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +5, Jump +5, Ride +0; Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Leadership, Power attack, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword).

Possessions: +1 Large metal shield, masterwork longsword, potion of cure moderate wounds.

Squad Priest

Female Human Clr4; CR 4; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 4d8+8; hp29; Init -1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 19 (+7 half plate, +2 large metal shield); Melee Morningstar +5 (1d8+1); Ranged Light Crossbow +2 (1d8/crit 19-20); SA Spells; SQ Turn Undead; AL LG; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +7; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +9, Spellcraft +7; Brew Potion, Leadership, Scribe Scroll.

Possessions: half-plate, large metal shield, light crossbow, masterwork morningstar, scroll of obscuring mist, scroll sanctuary.

Spells Known: (5/5/4) 0—Cure Light Wounds (2), Detect Magic, Detect Poison (2) 1st—Bless, Cause Fear, Doom, Magic Weapon, Summon Monster I. 2nd—Aid, Bull's Strength, Delay Poison, Hold Person.

Squad Sorcerer

Female Human Sor4; CR 4; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 4d4+4; hp 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 bracers); Melee Quarterstaff +2 (1d8+10); AL CN; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +8; Alertness, Combat Casting, Toughness.

Spells Known: (7/7/3) 0—daze, detect magic, light, mending, ray of frost, read magic 1st—magic missile (2d4+2), mage armor, sleep 2nd—web

Possessions: bracers of +2, potion cure light wounds, scroll fly, scroll web, ward of magic missile.

Squad Swordsmen

Male Human Ftr3; CR 3; Medium-size Humanoid (Human); HD 3d10+6; hp 27; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC +19 (banded mail +6, Dex +1, Large Shield +2); Melee Longsword +7 (1d8+2/crit 19-20); Ranged Longbow +5 (1d8/crit x3); AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +1;



Appendix

Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +0, Ride +0, Jump +0; Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Longsword).

Possessions: barded mail, large metal shield*, long-bow, masterwork longsword.

Swamp Badger

CR 1/2; Tiny Animal; HD 1d8+2; hp6; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., Burrow 10 ft.; AC 15 (+2 size, +3 Dex); Melee 2 Claws +5 (1d2-1), Bite +0 (1d3-1); Face/Reach 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 ft./0 ft.; SA Rage; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +4; Str 8, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Escape artist +7, Listen +4, Spot +4; Weapon finesse (bite, claw).

Umberpede

CR 1/2; Small Vermin; HD 1d8; hp 4; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 14 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +1 natural); Melee Bite +6 (1d4+1); SA Poison (DC 13 1d2 initial & secondary Dex damage.); SQ Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 10, Int -, Wis 12, Cha 3.

Skills and Feats: Climb +8, Hide +10, Spot +6; Weapon Finesse (Bite).

These brown multi-legged vermin live in the compost heap. When bothered, they will explode from the compost heap in a blizzard of legs. Umberpedes are slightly larger than a squirrel and usually have several broken legs. They make a thrumming noise when eating.

Climate/Terrain: Temperate climate, any offal pile

Organization: None, d6 appearing per 200 cubic feet

Treasure: None

Combat: When they burst out of the pile, it will be directly at whatever attracted or disturbed them. Pincer jaws will grab at the victim, piercing the skin to deliver their poisons. If possible, the umberpede will crawl into the clothing to continue its attack.

Advancement: None.

Underwater Assassin Vine

CR 3; Large Plant; HD 4d8+12; hp30; Init +0; Spd 0 ft.; AC 15 (-1 size, +6 natural); Melee Slam +7 (1d6+7); Face/Reach 5 ft. x 5 ft./10 ft. (20 with vine); SA Improved grab, constrict (1d6+7); SQ Blindsight, camouflage, cold & fire resistance 20, electricity immunities; AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 20, Dex 10, Con 16, Int -, Wis 13, Cha 9.

Description: The aquatic version of an assassin vine.

Vine Eaters

CR 1/4; Tiny Animal; HD 1/2d8; hp2; Init +2; Spd 0 ft., Swim 30 ft.; AC 14 (+2 size, +2 Dex); Melee Bite +4 (1); Face/Reach 2 1/2 ft. x 2 1/2 ft./0 ft.; SQ Lowlight Vision; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 3, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills and Feats: Weapon Finesse (Bite).

Description: A gar-like fish that likes to eat vines, or anything vine-like (laces, ropes, etc.)

Climate Terrain: Any temperate fresh water.

Organization: Schools of 2d20 fish.

Combat: Not hostile.

Advancement: None.

Exotic Plants

Cinsal

Herb—used to slow metabolic rate (stems blood flow). Aids any attempt at first aid (Heal +10). 30 applications in Quentin's garden.

Coltsfoot

Herb—antiseptic, heals one point of damage for every wound application. Second application to same wound has no effect. There are 50 applications in Quentin's garden.

Cutleaf

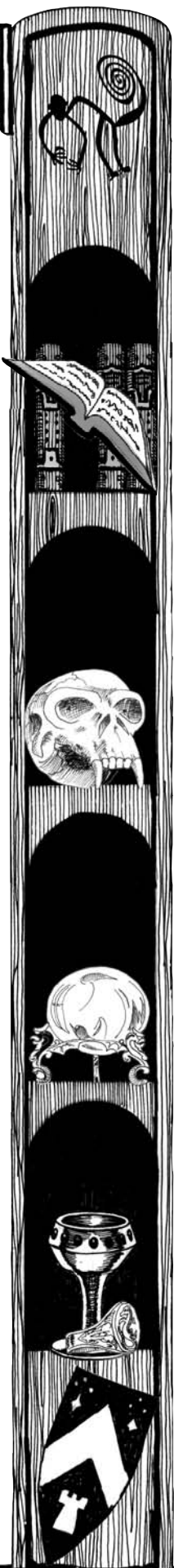
Very hard, sharp, and grasslike. Nourishes self from bodily fluids (grows one foot every time it extracts blood (cuts into boots Ref save DC 10)

Flyflee

herb—used as an insect repellent; protection against any nonintelligent insect. 100 doses available each lasting one day.

Wastril

herb—for the next five minutes; the user can not be killed. Once the five minutes expire, the effects of any poisons or hit point losses are felt. If still alive, the person will be unconscious for the next 72 hours. (5 applications can be harvested in Quentin's garden.)



The Magic Dump



Magical Items

The Magical Items that Jack has collected are in fact all accidents and cannot be recreated.

Amulet of Humor

Looks like a small golden mask-face smiling, hanging on a golden chain. Wearing this amulet causes anything you say to sound funny to other folks. Anything, even serious topics. And you can't take it off without a remove curse. CL 9; MP 1000 gp.

Amulet of Opening

It unfastens All non-magical fasteners in a 10' radius. All locks open, doors open, belts unbuckle, potion stoppers pop off and the potions spill/mix, necklace and pin clasps unhook, clothing becomes unbuttoned, knots become untied, etc. etc. etc. Even things which only loosely fit the description of a fastener become undone (rings slide off), mechanical traps get triggered, and weapons slide out of hands. This effect is continuous and can not be turned off, except temporarily by *dispel magic* (DC 25). CL 14; MP 1500 gp.

Auto-Grinder

A brownish box with interlocked blades inside and a black button outside. The button activates the grinder for 5 minutes. It was intended to automatically grab the nearest small things and grind them up. Unfortunately, there may be no small things nearby and it may go after fingers instead. If turned on in the storage room, it will fly to the shelf, knock over the silver urn (or some other object on the shelf) and vacuum up a light roach. It then grinds it up. If there is nothing small nearby, it will fly to the nearest person's hand (not the activator's), pull that hand in and grind it up. (Reflex save DC 12 to avoid) After the grinding is finished, it turns itself off automatically. Damage caused is 1d10 per round of grinding. If the hand is pulled out it will continue the pursuit until it is either disabled (20 hp damage taken) or the grinding finished (20 hp damage done). CL 10; MP 800 gp.

Azure Globes of Agony

These two bluish balls have no effect apart, but anyone touching both at the same time will take what feels to him like 10 points of damage per round. And he can't let go (Will DC 25). This damage accumulates normally until all hit points are exhausted and the person goes unconscious. Observers will see no damage to the holder, nor is there any. The balls are playing with the holder's mind. The party will hear his screams, however. The victim lets go once unconscious. (This can be

used as a weapon if two characters manage to each touch one globe to a victim.) CL 17; MP 2400 gp.

Black Cook Pot

This magical device is always full with tasty soup, but always the same turnip and bean soup. The soup is always just warm enough to eat; not too hot, not too cold. The pot itself however is hard to transport without spilling but can be used to spill out five gallons of soup a round. While traveling, the smells are overpowering and distracting as it being transported (save vs. WILL, DC 13 every 10 minutes or feel hunger pains). Even the horses may get into the soup another horse is carrying. The pot is the temperature of the soup—hot to the touch, but not hot enough to burn. CL 8; MP 1100 gp.

Book of Naming

Animated object with no attacks. In a ponderous voice, a little book in the far corner of the wardrobe says, "Irrelevant drivel. This incessant chatter curdles my pages." Funny thing is that it won't ever shut up, but can be used for partial identifies. Any item placed on the book will result in the book saying, "I know what that is. It's a <title of object>." The book does not give abilities, just titles. For example, the sword in the wardrobe is "Just Ralph." CL 10; MP 10000 gp.

Cask 'n' Flagon Sign

Battered silverish sign with mounts still visible. Something akin to glowing glass (neon) tubes embedded in the front. The purple glow shows that there is still some life in the old sign. If the sign is thrown into a pool of water, the light shoots out in all directions for a distance of twenty feet or to the edge of the pool. All in the area of effect will take electrical damage of 2d10 (half if save, Ref, DC 18). The sign will then cease to glow. CL 5; MP 50 gp.

Chalice of Ironspear Rain

A stemmed goblet of clear green glass. Adding water to it causes a magical rain that does damage as if iron spears are falling from the sky. As the *Ice Storm* spell, but 7d6 damage, instead. Usable once per day at 30' radius. Range is zero, so the caster is always included. CL 8; MP 1000 gp.

Chime of Opening

This is a tiny bronze bell. If the clapper is unwrapped and the chime used, then the equivalent of the 0-level magic user spell *Open* is cast. CL 3; MP 800 gp.



Appendix

Cloak of Height

This brown human-sized cloak makes you appear a foot taller than anyone else in the room. A gnome can still go into a gnome-sized hole. People will wonder how he did that. CL 8; MP 500 gp.

Comb of Entanglement

Bright pinkish wood. Don't brush your hair with this. A serious hair cut might be necessary. CL 9; MP 800 gp.

Dust of Stiffening

A grey bag with dust inside. The dust can only be used on plant material. This substance causes any plant-like material it comes in contact with to stiffen into metallic hardness. Used on a living plant, it would kill it (or that portion of a larger plant). Cast on a branch cut from a tree, the entire branch could be wielded as a sword-like object. The leaves of the branch all become knife-edges. But wielding it is difficult because the wielder lacks proficiency. The dusted weapon loses pieces, every use. So the first use does 4d4 damage, then 3d4, 2d4, 1d4, and then is useless.

Four pouches exist. Each pouch converts roughly a three-foot branch into a weapon. CL 8; MP 2,500 gp.

Embers of Romance

A set of magical items that are decorative coals. They glow like embers and give the illusion of a rosy fireplace without giving off any heat. CL 7; MP 1,200 gp.

Ezekiel's Pot

Unremarkable small brown pot. Pot is empty when cool, but a shimmering can be seen inside. If a small fire is made under this pot, it boils over. A swamp spreads from the pot in all directions, eventually reaching a square mile in size. By adding a permanency spell on top of what was created, Jack was able to make the swamp the party is presently in. Small mounds of dirt will crumble into the swamp. Larger features would wear down eventually unless buttressed by a granite base or held together by roots. Jack was given the pot because no one would ever want a swamp. If something else is put in the pot and then the pot placed on the fire, the something else is forcibly ejected (3 foot radius) prior to the boil over effect. Anyone within 10 feet takes 1d6 damage if liquid (half if save, Ref DC 20), 2d6 if solids. CL 12; MP 2,400 gp.

Figurine of Wondrous Power: Ant

Like all the other wondrous figurines, but it summons not a giant ant, just an ant. CL 11; MP 1,000 gp.

Greaves of Thunder

Use them to deafen your opponents if you plan things right. (You have to clap both greaves together.) And your party members might not like not being able to communicate. If used outside, deafness for 6 rounds results (half save, Fort DC 18). If used inside, the deafness lasts for one hour. CL 7; MP 3000 gp.

Helm of Figurine Summoning

Polishing the helm results in a bright green beacon flashing into the sky. Indoors, the beacon will shine through the roof of the house on its way up (300 feet total). The beacon calls any activated figurines of wondrous power within a square mile radius. It does not control them in any way. CL 12; MP 3,000 gp.

Jack's Pipe

Jack is known to have sported a magical pipe from which wisps of smoke/mist emanated. These mists betray the smoker's emotions. When angry/aggressive, the mists make darting movements toward the target of the emotion. When loving, they embrace the target. When confused, they mill about in uncertainty. This pipe is responsible for the mists above the swamp; each lighting causes more to show up. CL 9; MP 1,000 gp.

Knife of Sundering

This knife cuts through inanimate objects as though they were butter. Against an inanimate object, treat this knife as a +3 dagger that does 4d6+3 damage per strike. If used against an animate foe the knife acts as a normal dagger but ignores armor (touch attack). The only serious drawback is that if the dagger is used against anything living, all combat damage goes to the wielder. CL 8; MP 20,000 gp.

Lute of Tangling

A magical item that traps the fingers of the user until that person stops struggling. When he or she relaxes, the hand is let go. It is gold plated. CL 6; MP 500 gp.

Magic Sizing Dust

A grey bag with dust inside. This bag of dust automatically resizes any non-magical cloth or clothing item to fit the sprinkler. 10 applications. CL 9; MP 800 gp.

Mirror of Reflection

This hand mirror shows the holder what he thinks he looks like, not what he actually looks like or what he wants to look like. (An anorexic would actually see themselves as fat.) CL 12; MP 800 gp.



The Magic Dump



Needles of Rapid Knitting

Steel. Once held in the hands with wool, these needles start to knit, rapidly. In fact, the knitting is so rapid that the user's hands burn taking 1d6 damage per round held. If they continue to be held, the wool catches fire in three rounds. CL 8; MP 300 gp.

Panpipes of Arguing

Animated object with no attacks. The panpipes just like to argue. "You should listen to yourself! You're not called a cup-bored for nothing." CL 7; MP 600 gp.

Prism of Reading

Narrow gold edged triangular piece of clear quartz measuring one by three inches. Allows the user to read any written language one word at a time by placing the prism over the text CL 12; MP 12,000 gp.

Quill of Dictation

A bright red feather. This writing instrument writes whatever the owner says, in proto-Orcish. Anyone capable of reading Orc will see that it is related, but only get the gist of what is written (25% chance error). CL 4; MP 900 gp.

Quill of Infinite Ink

Parchment-colored feather that writes without needing to be replenished. Sadly, the ink is always the color of the parchment. CL 4; MP 800 gp.

Ralph

+1 (+3) *longsword of undead slaying*. The sword has the spirit of a six-year-old. It can be pouty and rude, but it can also be convinced to do things. It has a face on the pommel until someone tries to pick up the sword. Then the bodiless shadow of a face becomes a reflection moving along the blade, dancing to the motion of an unseen master. As a hand reaches out, the face 'runs' away disappearing up into the scabbard.

The sword has a golden hilt. It is both beautiful and thinks it is beautiful. It especially likes being polished. The sword will not appreciate being called it. "It? She called me it! Twice. What am I, chopped liver? I've got a perfectly good name I'll have you know; It's 'Ralph', and don't you forget it."

In the presence of undead, the entire sword will glow blue. It works as a *sword of undead slaying* and receives an additional +2 circumstance bonus to attack and damage rolls. (Target must make a Fortitude save at DC20 or be destroyed). But it also has another special feature—if it ever gets bloodied, it disappears for

an entire melee round to wash itself off. It will then reappear in the wielder's hand and complain about being misused. Whenever an undead is slain by Ralph, he gives out a bright blue flash. (Note: Undead do not bleed). Ralph does not know he is a sword of undead slaying. His abilities are Intelligence 12, Wisdom 7, and Charisma 6. He communicates by speech and telepathy. Ralph is Neutral Good in alignment. Ralph can intuit direction and detect undead at will. His ego is 13.

History: Jeffy Modo of Whistle gave it to Jack Trader. Modo got the sword when its previous owner died. The man's wife told a story about ten owners, ten deaths, all when using Ralph. Modo dislikes swords, preferring magic, and didn't want to be responsible when he sold it, so he passed it on to Jack almost immediately. He did spend some time trying to figure Ralph out first, to get the spells and the history. What he learned was that the creator was trying to make one weapon to fight all of his fears—the kinds of things that his magic couldn't easily deal with. Well, if you think about it, most people's fears are things from their childhood—bleeding to death, snallygasters that snatch children and bogeymen that won't die. What came out wasn't what the creator wanted and it had too much of a child in it to suit him.

Where Ralph goes when bloodied: Ralph knows only that it is cold there, and dark. He knows he's safe there and the water cleanses him. He will tell his new 'owner' that he can be asked to go wait there and he'll be good and do it. Then when he's wanted, he can be called and will be back in the owner's hand in an instant—a way to be armed even when appearing not to be. CL 13; MP 5,000 gp.

Ring of Brave Front

(The coward's ring). It causes any witness to interpret the wearer's actions in the best possible manner with respect to the wearer's bravery. It also leaves any witnesses vulnerable to suggestion on how to interpret actions as being brave. "Honest—I was running to the rear to attack some orcs that had flanked us!" would be believed even if no orcs were in sight. No saving throw, but SR applies normally. CL 7; MP 12,000 gp.

Ring of Protection-Stench

The party could have used this golden ring before going into the dung pile. Adds +4 to saving throws when saving against smells associated with putrefaction. CL 6; MP 2,000 gp.



Appendix

Ruby Slipper (Left)

Animated object with no attacks. Acts like a movie star. She's obviously much better than the right slipper, "Looks like she doesn't even know which side the buckle goes." CL 12; MP 400 gp.

Ruby Slipper (Right)

Animated object with no attacks. Pouty and jealous of the other slipper. A little shabbier. "I wish I had a foot of my own so that I could kick her!" CL 12; MP 300 gp.

Sand Pump

This item appears to be nothing more than a metal cylinder sticking into the ground (to a depth of twenty feet). There is a wooden handle, about three feet long, attached to the side via some kind of metal hinge. When the handle is moved up and down, the first activation will make a hollow sucking sound come out of the pipe. The second activation will deliver a bucketful of good, clean sand. The sand is also magical and a bucketful can be used to dry up one cubic foot of water. CL 9; MP 15,000 gp.

Shepherd's Staff

Driftwood cane four feet in length with a crook at the end. Allows command of livestock animals as per the *dominate animal* spell. Allows user to know the location of all creatures in his care. User becomes irate at the suggestion that any creature in his care be harmed in any way. CL 5; MP 1000 gp.

Soothsayer's Habit

Plain, olive in color. Causes the wearer to always say what is on his mind. Can not hold anything back! CL 14; MP 15000 gp.

Spool of Endless Thread

Just what it sounds like. Could be useful in finding one's way around a maze. Thread color is bright yellow. CL 6; MP 2000 gp.

Spoon of Kalmuk

The spoon had been wrapped in a brown cloth once. At least the cloth is brown now, though that could be an effect of the water. There's a symbol on the cloth that looks like it might have been the crest of the House of Kalmuk. At least it looks like the crest, it's pretty worn. When the spoon is stuck into a fluid you get something better, but of worse quality. Salt water become brackish. Brackish water becomes drinkable (but sour) water. Water becomes a lousy beer. Beer becomes a cheap wine. Wine becomes terrible brandy. CL 10; MP 4,000 gp.

Table of Infinite Dishes

An animate construct, it will sense when the eaters are done and take the dirty non-magical dishes into the back room to be dumped into a large washbasin, then return with a new set of dishes. (The cupboard is filled with the same dishes. They've been cleared and stacked by someone.) CL 11; MP 2,300 gp.

The Throne of Music

This object is the throne from one of the mythical houses of Magtun. The sides are shaped like two outwardly facing notes. The back is flat across, and atop the base portion of the notes, a membrane of gold provides the sitting area. The membrane does not look solid enough to bear weight, but it will hold.

The person sitting in the chair can play any musical instrument in a way that controls emotions (fear, happiness, guilt, pleasure, need, etc.) Save vs. Will (DC 25). The player decides what emotion he'd like to cause and his playing then evokes that emotion in all creatures within 100' capable of hearing or feeling vibrations in the air. But the person using the magic may go mad (hearing discordant music in his head) after each use, save vs. Will (DC 13). The madness will last until a save against Will (DC 30) is made. One roll per day. The throne weighs nearly two tons. CL 3; MP 50,000 gp.

Wardrobe

Animated object with no attacks. The wardrobe is the queen bee. She'll lament that no one calls her and she despises the five items inside her:

- "Oh, ho! Ungrateful wretch. Who is it that's kept you warm and dry all this time?"
- "At least I can be useful without being dreary."
- "You've always annoyed me."
- "'Bout time! 'Bout time! I hope they take you. I'll be glad to get rid of you and your snootiness. Every day you've been here, I've had indigestion!"

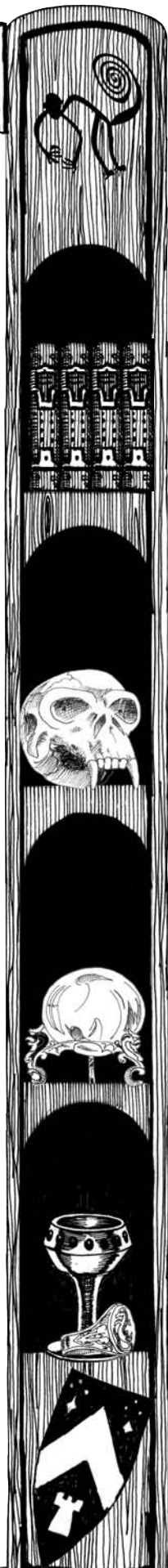
CL 9; MP 900 gp.

Wonder Corset

Increases the wearer's bust line by two cup sizes. White. CL 7; MP 500 gp.

Yul's Hairbrush

Dark, almost black wood with stiff brown bristles. Picks up all the loose hairs while brushing, also a good fraction of the attached ones; but without pain. Will not pull up a swath of hair—just keeps thinning the hair until it is all gone. CL 6; MP 400 gp.



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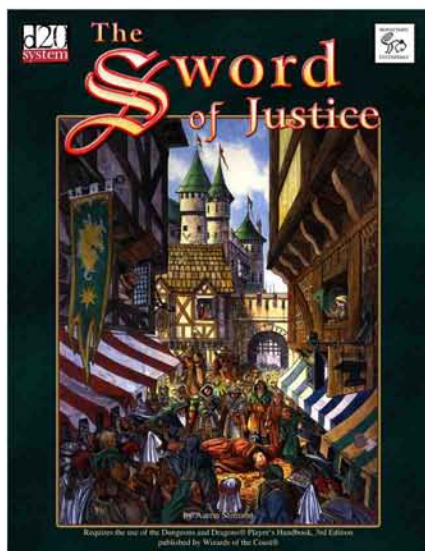
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And in its wake will come danger, suspicion, and tragedy. In this first adventure in the cursed land of Tieros, you will be forced to work together in a race against time to find critical answers in a crowded, diverse, and paranoid city. Answers that will satisfy the Dark Guard and the Cult of Justice. Answers that will save your necks from the gallows.

The Sword of Justice introduces Tieros, a land cursed by the acts of an ancient hero, bound by a common fate, and diverse in culture and belief. In this adventure you will become familiar with an exotic new PC race, the dangers of practicing magic in Tieros, the fanatical Cult of Justice who worships Law itself, and the ubiquitous Dark Guard, the military power the protects and enforces the peace.

Will you survive your first adventure in Tieros, or will it claim your life?

MKY 1112

Without warning, a mysterious and deadly storm rolls in from the horizon, mercilessly striking the peaceful fishing village of Thrund. Clearly unnatural in origin, the terrifying storm seems directed by some malignant will, and rumors spread like wildfire, speaking of an ancient curse resurrected, a curse whose origins lie more than five hundred years in the past.

You have only a few days to unravel the tangled skein of rumor and legend in order to piece together the source of this unnatural storm, for as each night passes, the storm grows stronger and stronger, threatening to bring the village crashing into the sea. Can you discover the source of this storm, and find a way to stop it, this time forever?

Song of Storms is the first adventure to take place in the wild, dangerous region known as the Stormlands. It takes the heroes into the heart of the Stormlands, a land where the Old Ways clash with the new, where the gods still walk the land and involve themselves with the affairs of mortals, and where the land itself can be the greatest enemy of all.

Song of Storms is a d20 fantasy adventure for seventh to eighth level characters.

MKY 1113



The Magic Dump is based on a swords and sorcery fantasy novel, Dark Obsession by Roland Janbergs and Carl Edlund. (<http://www.purrrfectpair.com/DO>)

In the free port of Blackpool, Contract is everything, and a ship's master makes his name and reputation by adhering to it. The opposite, 'breaking Contract' and going back on one's word, quickly translates into a life of quiet desperation, poverty and even enslavement for a master and his crew.

Now a priest of the trusted Vow is accusing Margot Master of breaking Contract because he refuses to enslave a young girl for the priest's unknown purposes - an enslavement that stands against everything the Vow means to the seventeen kingdoms of Luria.

To clear his name, Margot has to run, little realizing that he is now tangled in a web of events that span the kingdoms and threaten the very fabric of society. Only the intervention of two women, one representing a civilization he doesn't understand, the other (Ianthe) caught in the middle of a war, can stop the ripples of destruction being set in motion.

Bring Me Her Carcass!

Welcome to the Magic Dump, but please be careful. All may not be what you'd expect. After all, the monsters here steal church furniture, while the frogs explode. Alligators come with four heads, and innocent little birds turn ferocious.

Please don't try to keep the people living in the cemetery buried. They have lots of room to share and are only looking for new friends – like you. Meanwhile the bellows you hear come from a creature named "Mittens;" a creature that would be happy to have you for lunch.

Other than that, the Magic Dump is just like any other place that contains a pile of magic items that nobody wants.



The Magic Dump is an outdoor module for a party of 6th to 8th level adventurers. Staged in the swamp, it is also a partial maze featuring a myriad of new magic items and original creatures.

WANTED



IANTHE OF COSSOR

Against the panorama of this strange and forbidding region is Greeley, the enigmatic Prime of Harwich. He is storming around his castle bellowing "Bring me her carcass" every time someone mentions his bride-to-be. Ianthe' has gone missing and is apparently inside the swamp. His desire for her is so strong that he's offering 50,000 gold pieces for anyone brave enough to bring her back. Their wedding was supposed to end an ages old war.

He wants her, but why is the wanted poster so crudely worded? Is the Prime mad, in either sense of the word, or does he have something else in mind for his fiancée?

Ask yourself which is stranger, the kingdom or its swamp?



Magic Dump

MKY1111

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