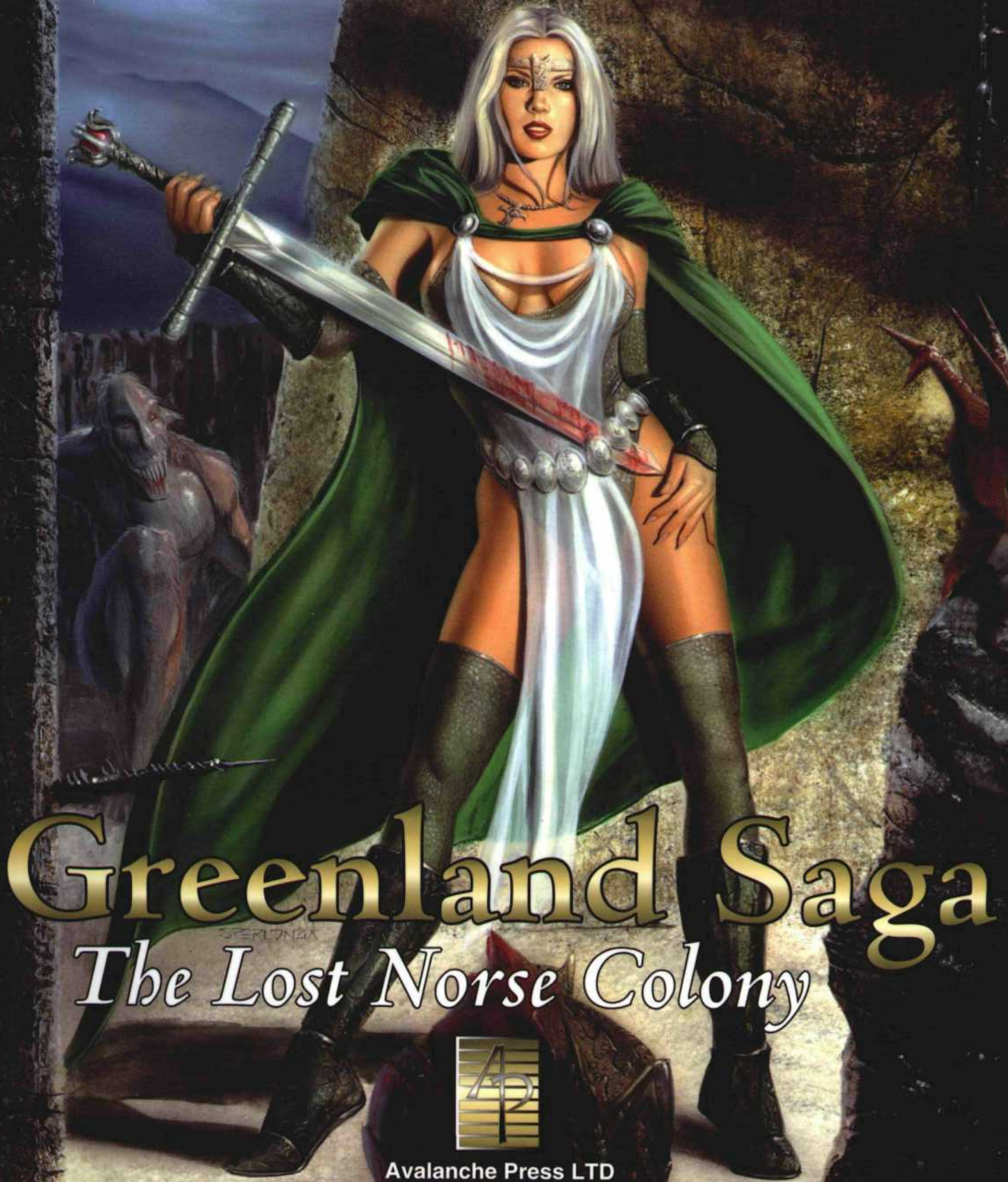


Requires the use of the Dungeons and Dragons® Player's Handbook,
Third Edition, published by Wizards of the Coast®



Greenland Saga

The Lost Norse Colony



Avalanche Press LTD

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The Lost Norse Colony

*An Adventure Module for Characters
of 2nd - 4th Level*

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Introduction

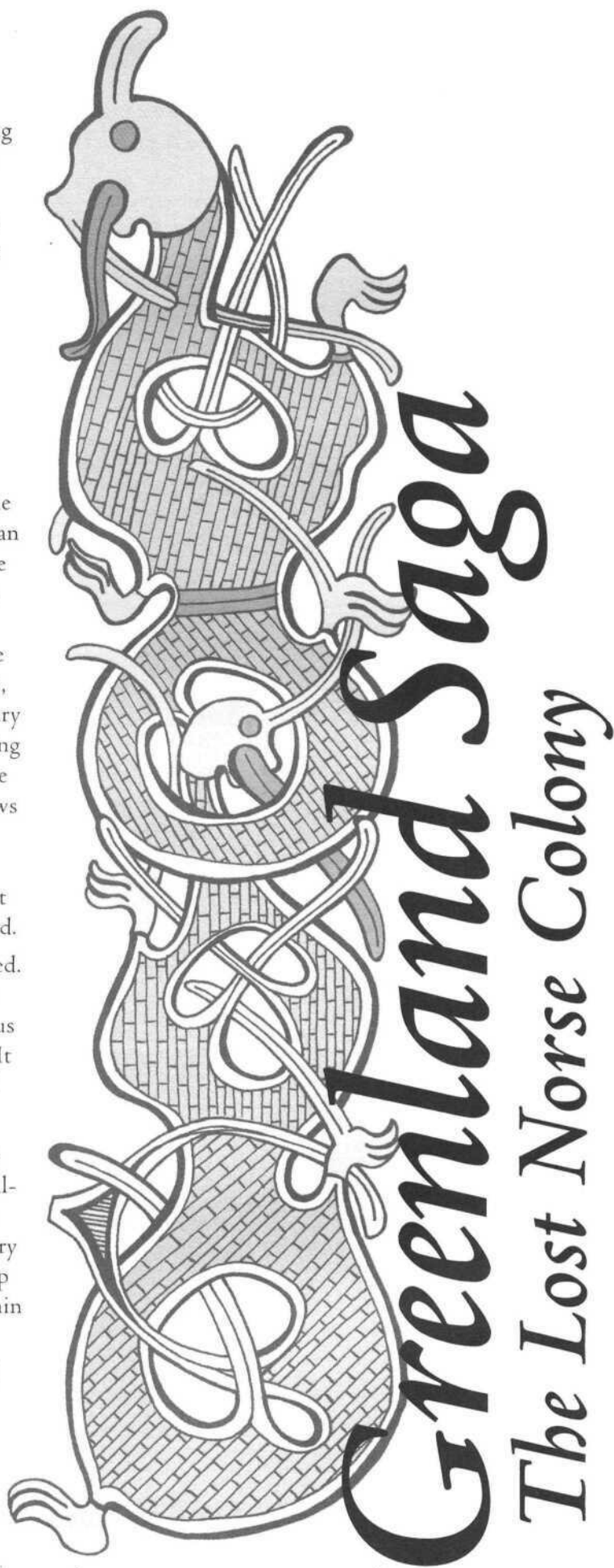
During the last decades of the first millennium, Viking adventurer Erik “The Red” Thorvaldsson sighted the massive, snow-covered island of Greenland. Erik, considered rough and violent even for a Viking, had a bad habit of killing people and being banished for the crime. First he had to leave his home in southern Norway, settling in Iceland. It wasn't long before he got angry and killed again, and had to depart his adopted home. Not allowed to return to either place for three years, he set sail for some islands an earlier seafarer had spotted west of Iceland.

Erik and his comrades found a large landmass with inhospitable, rocky shores. Sailing around it, they came to a series of fjords similar to those of their Norwegian homeland. Though Greenland is mostly known for the massive icecap covering almost all of the island, some areas experience warm summers, sport pasturage for livestock and contain small groves of trees. The Norse arrived during one of the Earth's periodic warm spells, and so the climate was less harsh than the 21st Century and certainly an improvement over Iceland. Erik's naming of “Greenland” represented an early form of real estate promotion, but he did indeed see green lands. Meadows could support sheep and cattle, and the nearby seas teemed with fish, seals, whales and sea cows. Norse settlers came to this new land and set up colonies that endured for almost 500 years. And then they disappeared.

Just what happened to the Greenlanders is still disputed. But the image of a small group of settlements on the fringe of the known world disappearing under mysterious circumstances is a powerful one in fantasy literature. It is a staple of the genre, and of fantasy game play, and now players can experience the original version.

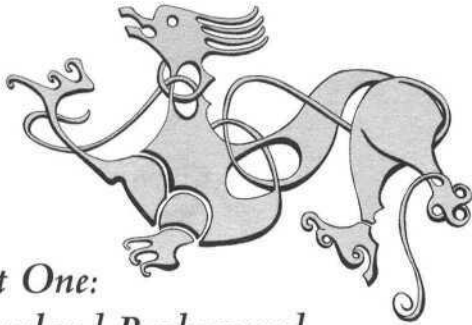
GREENLAND SAGA is an historical adventure for four to six 2nd through 4th-level characters, based on the still-unexplained disappearance of the Norse settlers. The material included will give you the information necessary to conduct the game, though players may want to stop reading after the “Background” section to help maintain the sense of adventure.

Norse belief includes a powerful sense of magic, and so magic-using characters would be appropriate for this adventure. However, the Greenlanders have been Christian for centuries and their faith frowns on displays of magical ability. This is very definitely a “low magic” setting. Non-human characters are also



not advisable; the adventure is designed for a small party of low-level western European characters.

At Avalanche Press, we firmly encourage you to use your own discretion when guiding players through an adventure rather than simply depending on the roll of the dice. To build an exciting story that keeps players interested, it is sometimes necessary to force the action. This adventure has several possible plot lines.



Part One: Greenland Background

Climate and Landscape

Most of Greenland is covered by a thick sheet of ice, and temperatures in the interior never climb above freezing. On the southwestern coast, where the Norse settled, summer temperatures rise to just above 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Winters are extremely cold, but the climate is still less harsh than that of Iceland. Rain falls sparsely, but as the Greenlanders grow few crops this is not a serious problem.

Greenland's predominant features are the bare mountains of gray granite that cover most of the country. Grass grows

in the southwest. Beaches are gravel rather than sand, and valleys often contain gravel beds as well. It is a beautiful landscape. North of the colony, the icecap approaches the sea until it merges into the Arctic ice. Temperatures are bitterly cold, but Eskimos live in this region.

Hunting and Wildlife

Hunting Greenland's abundant wildlife is the most important factor in the Norse colony's survival. Hunting parties of a half-dozen or so range hundreds of miles from the settlement in search of meat, fur and ivory. Using lessons learned the hard way or adopted from the Eskimos who began to filter into Greenland a little over two centuries ago, the Norse hunters coat themselves with a thick layer of animal fat to help fight off the intense cold. With heavy fur clothing and eye covers as protection against snow blindness, these hunting parties are as well-equipped to handle the severe cold as anyone in this age.

Fiercest among Greenland's animals is the polar bear, known as the Ice Bear to the Norse. The polar bear is a massive, fearless creature, weighing over 1,000 pounds when full-grown. These bears are sea-oriented creatures, rarely venturing more than 30 miles inland. They are extremely fast over short distances, and can run down a frightened caribou under the right circumstances. They are excellent swimmers and very strong, capable of grabbing a seal's nose and squeezing the 200-pound creature through a small breathing hole in the ice, crushing its bones in the process.

Norse hunters report cunning behavior from these predators. Polar bears have been observed picking up huge chunks of ice and smashing them down on the heads of hapless prey, or standing on their hind legs to throw pieces of ice at their victims. They stalk seals by filling in the seals' breathing holes in the ice, then guarding one remaining hole, knowing the seal must eventually poke its nose through the hole or suffocate. Polar bears will also camouflage themselves by packing snow on their black noses, the better to blend in with their surroundings.

Polar bears are loners. Males will fight one another savagely during their brief April mating season, but otherwise ignore others of their species. The bears will eat most anything, including dead polar bears and wood chips, and will stalk and kill humans. The Norse in turn hunt the polar bear both as a test of manhood and for its white coat, which fetches high prices from European traders. The only Arctic creature with an outside chance of

Cold and Exposure

The party's journey to Greenland takes place during the brief summer. There are no cold penalties in place in the settlement area. If the party ventures onto the icecap, treat this as extreme cold for purpose of determining Cold Dangers. Eskimos and Greenland Norse are exempt from cold checks (due to innate toughness not represented by the game stats, and lifelong experience on the island).

fighting off a polar bear attack is the walrus. A large bull walrus can weigh 2,700 pounds, and uses its mighty tusks to stab its enemies. But unless they feel threatened, walruses are not aggressive creatures. They feed on shellfish, which they dig up with their tusks, and need huge quantities to survive. They prefer shallow water, with rocks or ice nearby where they can haul themselves out of the water (again using their tusks) to rest. The walrus has gained an almost mystical standing among the Greenland Norse, and they consider walrus tusks and skulls to hold vast symbolic value.

Caribou feed in the meadows of Greenland's southwest, and the Norse hunt them. They are only found here during summer, as they migrate to winter grounds far to the west of the region the Norse call Markland. Following the caribou herds come packs of wolves. The wolves prey on weak caribou, and in hard times are even known to attack lone men.

Seals form an important part of the Norse diet, and the Greenlanders will take whales if they have the chance. However, the Greenlanders do very little hunting or fishing from boats or ships, and their whaling is usually limited to animals trapped in fjords. Mostly these are white whales, which grow up to 18 feet in length. Highly prized is the white whale's cousin, the narwhal, noted for its long and twisted tusk (up to ten feet in length). The narwhal is much less likely to enter the fjords, and will use its tusk to defend itself if attacked. The Greenlanders will not readily admit the source of these tusks, and claim that unicorns inhabit the inner regions of their island.

White falcons are another pricey export item, which the Greenlanders trap with large nets. They rarely engage in falconry themselves, as relying on an animal to do their killing for them does not appeal to their sense of honor.

Losing Their Religion

Christianity came to the Greenland Norse very early in the history of the settlements. Though nominally Christian, the Greenlanders have had no priests for several decades and thus most of them are unbaptised and have had no religious instruction. As a result, what beliefs they do hold have been passed down within the family rather than learned in church, and some Greenlanders have peculiar ideas. Following the usual practice in Iceland and Norway, Greenland priests celebrated the Mass in Latin, but spoke their sermon in the common language. Though not strictly within the bounds of Roman Catholic practice of the time, this was allowed

Playing a Cleric

Roman Catholic clergy, at least in theory, are substantially different than the clerics who inhabit fantasy campaigns. Unless the character has a history of non-clerical pursuits (a former soldier, perhaps, as in the example of St. Ignatius Loyola who founded the Society of Jesus) a cleric has no proficiency in the use of weapons or armor. Roman Catholic clergy and members of religious orders worship a God of peace and love, who has taught them to abhor the study of war. All races and classes of sentient being are potential worshippers, though any inhabitant of this period is unlikely to recognize anyone obviously not human as anything more than a clever animal.

Roman Catholic clerics also abhor magic, and have no spell-casting abilities. A very rare handful achieve such holiness that they wield spell-like abilities.

The church is at a low point in its history. Clerical training has deteriorated while corruption has thrived. A priest is expected to serve as spiritual guide to his flock, and Greenland is in desperate need of such guidance. Gentle persuasion is the weapon of choice for the cleric, backed by logical argument and religious intimidation. Any attempt to inflict bloodshed could well bring on insanity. Make the penalties for such behavior extremely harsh. Roman Catholics (like all major religions of this period) do not ordain women.

in the recently-pagan North to help cement the bonds between church and people. In Greenland, this instruction did give families some basis on which to teach their children about their faith. Lack of clergy has also meant lack of enforced tithes, and the Greenlanders do not miss this requirement.

Feeling abandoned by their church, some years ago the Greenlanders responded by smashing every church bell in the colony. Christian symbols retain their power, however, and the Greenlanders continue to bury their dead under crosses and will describe themselves as Christian if asked. However, this is a rapidly-thinning veneer over a despairing emptiness felt by many of the inhabitants.

In a habit shared with Norwegians and Icelanders, the Greenland Norse often carry small crucifixes about

Prayer Table

Each player character should have a designated religious affiliation. Msgr. Marcello is much more likely to recruit Roman Catholic adventurers, and highly unlikely to have signed up Jews, atheists, pagans or Moslems.

Roll one d20 and apply any modifiers. Prayer is answered on a result of 20 or greater. Remember that the people of this age do not believe in Santa Claus, and prayer should not be used to request goodies. Do not hesitate to punish blasphemous use of prayer (for example, if a player prays for a better sword or sexual prowess, subject his character to a string of bad luck). Rather, the people of this time pray simply for grace, that God will bestow favor on them. This has two possible effects: protection from evil, and a feeling of inner peace. Evil characters may not pray.

Modifiers:

- Roman Catholic character
- +1 request intercession of saint
- +1 character is lawful good
- +1 player confesses to Roman Catholic priest immediately before prayer
- +2 prayer is performed in a consecrated Roman Catholic church, cathedral or chapel
- 1 player character has harmed *any* human character/NPC
- 2 player character has harmed good character/NPC
- 3 praying without presence of Roman Catholic priest

Effects:

- Protection from evil. If a prayer attempt succeeds, overrule the dice on the character's next failed saving throw and declare it successful.
- Inner peace. If a prayer attempt succeeds, increase the character's Will modifier by +4 and Fortitude modifier by +1 for the remainder of the day. If a prayer attempt fails, increase the character's Will modifier by +1 for the remainder of the day.

with them for use in prayer, much like a modern rosary. These crosses are made especially for their owners, and terminate in a sharp point. When not being carried about, the owners jam them into a nearby wall (as most Greenland walls are made of wood or turf) for safe-keeping. As a personal token, these are buried with their

owner after death.

Priests are not considered vital to contracting a legal marriage in Greenland or anywhere else in Europe, though nobles usually marry before a clergyman. There are no nobles in Greenland. Greenlanders, like other northern peoples, consider a proper marriage to consist of an exchange of promises in front of witnesses. While a religious blessing on the union would be preferable, its lack does not invalidate marriage in the eyes of the Greenlanders.

As a forsaken spot, Greenland held a certain attraction for religious types. About 250 years ago, a Benedictine convent and an Augustinian monastery were founded in Greenland's Eastern Settlement. For over a century they were popular with those seeking isolation in which to pursue communion with God. With no new personnel coming from Europe and no practical way to recruit local monks or nuns, it is doubtful that either institution remains in operation.

Magic

One of Christianity's advantages in converting the Norse was its reliance on the power of spoken words, as when a priest's words convert bread and wine into flesh and blood. Pre-Christian Norse magic worked in a similar fashion, with spoken words and carved runes forming the basis of spells.

Norse magic is still practiced by some Greenlanders, who never fully abandoned the use of some ancient practices and tokens. Thor's hammer is still a common sign of power, and carved runes are still encountered. Sorcerers are not unknown, though they are rarely skilled in using the power of Norse magic. Most commonly, those practitioners hauled before courts have been caught using their powers for seduction of others' spouses or to achieve sexual prowess. The Greenlanders are a lusty people, there being little else to amuse them much of the year, and this use of magic is obvious to them. Vengeance against a disliked neighbor — bringing disease upon his cattle, for example — is also common.

Carving runes upon objects can have a magical effect, or at least so the Greenland Norse believe (as do their Scandinavian cousins, though the church has had more luck stamping out this belief in the mother country). For a detailed historical overview of runic magic as practiced by the Norse, see the RAGNAROK: TALES OF THE NORSE GODS module from Avalanche Press.

Use of magic to influence others is considered a "black art" by the Greenlanders. Offenders are burned at the stake, though unlike the practice in the rest of Europe the northern peoples do not drug the convicted man or

woman before consigning them to the flames.

Food Sources and Livestock

Greenlanders are not able to raise substantial food crops during the island's brief growing season. They rely on a diet heavy in seal and dried fish. Their other dietary needs are supplied by dried seaweed (considered a delicacy), berries and edible plants. Grain does not ripen this far north, and even honey is scarce thanks to the lack of plant life to support large colonies of bees. Though they make weak fermented beverages from native berries, the Greenlanders import most of what they consider the most important part of their diet — mead and ale, and the malt, grain or honey used to make it.

All Greenland farms raise cows and sheep, though these are rarely eaten but instead provide a steady source of milk and wool. The summertime meadows provide plenty of forage plus dried grass for winter fodder. Livestock are an important symbol of wealth to the Greenlanders, and they take a special fondness in their animals, naming them and lavishing great care on them. Though the Greenlanders know of horses from stories, there are none in Greenland.

Despite living near abundant sources of cod, very valuable commodity in Europe, the Greenlanders do very little fishing. The nearby seas can become violent very quickly, and making a living by chancing them on a daily basis does not appear to them to be a rational wager. They take some fish for immediate use in the fjords, and do dry a little of it, but the Greenlanders are not fisherfolk.

Personal Hygiene

In keeping with their Norse ancestry, the Greenlanders are a clean people. Most farmsteads have a bathhouse attached or nearby, similar to a modern Finnish sauna. Steam rises from hot rocks dropped in a bucket of water, helping the bathers sweat profusely. They often follow a long session of this by plunging into a nearby pond, lake or stream to rinse clean in the frigid waters. The bathhouse is a social gathering spot, where neighbors sweat and gossip. Bathers are generally naked, and with a small population the Greenland Norse do not have the luxury of gender segregation. Men and women sweat together, though unrelated men and women are discouraged from doing so unless a chaperone is present. The frigid climate and isolation have protected the Greenlanders from most diseases, and even the dreaded bubonic plague has spared the colony. The black rat

The Flux

Life expectancy is not especially long, though a human can expect to live 70 or 80 years if they are fortunate enough to avoid disease. Most are not so fortunate.

Poor sanitation is a major factor in the rampant illness of the period, a point not understood by Europeans. As much as possible, player characters should not be allowed to use 21st-century knowledge to avoid 15th-century perils. Each time a character drinks water, roll one D20 and add the character's Fort modifier plus any modifiers from the Flux Table. All modifiers are cumulative. On a result of 4 or less, the character is afflicted by dysentery (known as "the flux").

Flux Table

- 1 water drawn from river, stream or lake in rural area.
- 2 water drawn from well in urban area.
- 2 farm or draft animals share water source.
- 4 water drawn from river in urban area.
- +4 water is mixed with wine.

cannot survive Greenland winters (though the people of this time have no understanding of disease vectors) and no infected sailor could survive the sea voyage of several weeks to land and infect the Greenlanders.

Dysentery, known to Europeans of this time as "the flux," is easy to contract from contaminated water, but Norse cleanliness makes this a fairly unusual condition. Living in isolation, the Greenlanders are usually able to draw their drinking water from springs or streams free of human or animal waste. However, hunters are known to contract the "walrus sickness" from eating raw meat, a painful intestinal disorder caused by parasites, which a later age will call trichinosis. Note that the people of this age are not aware of simple techniques like boiling water before drinking it, though they often mix their water with alcohol to achieve much the same effect.

The cold doesn't stop fleas and lice, which inhabit the Greenlanders just as they do everyone else of this period. Typhus, spread by lice, breaks out from time to time.

Weapons

Arquebuse

Gunpowder weapons are extremely rare among the Greenland Norse, who have an idea that such things exist thanks to contact with traders. However, they have no pressing need to purchase them (the primitive firearms of this era are not useful for hunting) and could not afford them if they did.

Crossbow

The crossbow has been used in Europe for centuries, and is familiar to the Greenland Norse but again is not very common among them. Repeating and small "hand" crossbows are fantasy items which should not be allowed in this setting. Characters also should not be allowed to fire a crossbow one-handed, no matter what their skill or strength.

Arquebuse

Damage: 1d12

Critical: x3

Range Increment: 50 ft.

Weight: 35 lb.

Special: A primitive hand-held firearm, the arquebuse takes five rounds to reload.

Ship's Cannon

Damage: 2d12

Critical: x3

Range Increment: 100 ft.

Weight: 1,000 lb.

Special: Mounted on a fixed carriage and manned by a crew of eight to ten.

Arrows and Crossbow Bolts

These are not destroyed when they hit a target; human flesh is extremely soft. However, they are likely to be warped beyond use or splintered by armor. Roll one d20 to recover an arrow or bolt from a body; on a result of 14 or better the projectile is usable. Hacking an arrow or bolt out of a body consumes one action. Player characters may not attempt to recover arrows or bolts from wounded of their own side.

Headache, skin rash and delirium accompanied by a very high fever last three or four days, after which the fever drops. Most victims whose fever breaks will survive, but are subject to relapse for the rest of their lives. About one in four of those infected by typhus typically die. Leprosy is also common in all the Nordic countries, and Greenland is no exception.

Language

While in fantasy tales all characters speak a common language, as in many things, real life is not this way. The Greenlanders speak a Norse dialect somewhat closer to the Old Norse of their Viking ancestors than the Norwegian spoken in Bergen (where the adventure begins). The two tongues are related enough to be mutually understandable if spoken slowly and clearly.

In the rest of the northern European world Latin serves as the language of scholarly discourse. Merchants usually rely on their native tongues and employ translators, though some use Latin as well. But few traders come to Greenland, and they would find few Latin-speakers there. Though Greenland had priests supposedly fluent in Latin, in practice few of them received useful training in the tongue outside the island's monastery. Some Greenlanders also have picked up smatterings of English and Portuguese (trade terms and obscenities).

Greenlanders are overwhelmingly illiterate. There is no need for written records in their colony, and with the harsh life they lead there is little time to waste on frivolous education. Runic inscriptions are still taught to a handful of privileged children, and while a bishop still sat in Gardar some priests taught very basic Latin reading skills to a few children. Some of these children still live in Greenland as adults, but their reading skills are rusty from disuse.

More Greenlanders speak the tongue of the Thule Eskimos than comprehend any other European language, but even this knowledge is severely limited. What little trade takes place with these enigmatic people is usually handled by primitive barter — each side lays out what it is offering, and gestures are used to reach agreement on exchanges. Norse-Eskimo relations are extremely hostile, and the two peoples are far more likely to fight than to talk on the rare occasions when they meet.

Life, War and Greenland

Greenlanders have not participated in open combat for centuries. Some of the early settlers and the next couple of generations participated in the last raids of the late

Viking era — loot from these expeditions still adorns some of the oldest farmsteads. Like all Nordic peoples of this era, the Greenlanders engage in feuding, and individual fights are fairly common. Swords are luxury items, and most of those owned by Greenlanders are ancient family heirlooms. As a result, the Greenland Norse prefer to arm themselves with weapons that can also give good service in hunting game — they are usually very good with the spear or bow. Iron knives are highly valued, and the Greenlanders especially prize the large heavy working knives popular across northern Europe — useful in countless farm tasks, but also a fearsome close-quarters weapon. Like most northern Europeans, they refer to these as “Finnish knives.”

Periodically Norse hunting parties clash with Eskimo hunters on the open ice, in battles that are usually fairly violent. With their iron weapons and a far more bloody-minded cultural heritage, the Norse usually win these skirmishes. Greenland’s isolation has also made it the target of English and Portuguese pirates, who have also plagued Iceland with their raids. The Greenlanders have fought these sea raiders, and again have usually come out ahead. Though the foreigners are better armed, they arrive exhausted from a pounding sea voyage to face the sons of Vikings determined to save their homes.

Life is harsh in Greenland, and like their Scandinavian cousins its people have developed a disdain for death as a result. Though not as obsessed as their ancestors with the hope to die sword in hand, the Greenlanders count death in battle as preferable to slow illness.

Clothing

Greenland styles have diverged somewhat from the northern European norm. Almost all clothes are woolen, and are dyed a variety of colors. Women wear dresses with full skirts and narrow waists, with long sleeves and deeply plunging necklines. In colder weather they don more woolens underneath, but in what passes for the Greenland summer they display a substantial amount of skin by European standards. Head coverings are practically universal — small round woolen caps, hoods attached to the woolen tunics, and the tall conical caps with streamers falling behind known as liripipes, which fell out of fashion in Europe centuries ago.

Men also go about clad in wool, wearing tunics belted at the waist over thick trousers. Like the women, they favor bright colors — with so little color in their environment for much of the year, they feel the need for contrast. Armor is known to the Greenlanders from their stories,

Water Sports

Northern Europeans had a definite fear of the water, and few swam. Sailors especially did not do so, believing that to learn this skill was to tempt fate at sea. And in the cold waters of the North Atlantic, an unprotected man would be dead in minutes anyway. Few NPCs in this adventure have the “swim” skill, and triple the cost of this skill for any Northern European (Norwegian, Swedish, English, German etc.) player characters. Byzantine characters may take this skill for free, as Byzantine children usually learned to swim before they walked (see *Last Days of Constantinople*, where even the prostitute NPCs can swim).

but only a handful of pieces remain as historical curiosities from the settlement period. True to their Norse heritage the Greenlanders practice with arms, but iron remains extremely difficult to obtain.

Diverting large amounts of metal to military hardware that might be used once in a generation is a luxury the Greenlanders cannot afford.

Women wear their hair long and usually braided. Men sport beards trimmed to medium length. Neither shave any parts of their body. Both sexes wear a minimum of jewelry.

Cash and the Economy

The Greenlanders know the concept of money, but use it rarely in dealings between themselves. A bewildering array of coins circulates in Greenland, remnants of Viking hoards and all manner of currency brought by European traders. No coins are minted in Greenland or Iceland, and though Greenland is nominally subject to the Norwegian crown, the gold Norwegian mark used in the mainland kingdom is rarely seen here.

Greenlanders are theoretically subject to fairly severe royal taxation, but the Norwegian government has been in disarray for decades and has made no attempt to collect from Greenland in several generations. When actually paid, the taxes must be in the form of cash, as is the case with the church’s tithe. In practice, both of these duties were usually paid in luxury items like unicorn (narwhal) tusks and white falcons, until they ceased

Gender and Reality

Fantasy games often describe a world of equality between men and women. While this may be a desirable utopia, it is in no way the reality of medieval Europe. Women in the pre-machine age are not the physical equals of men. Therefore, lower the strength score of female player characters by three, but never to less than three. Raise their constitution by one and dexterity by one. Life is not fair. Deal with it.

being paid altogether. Like the government, the Roman Catholic Church has seen no income from Greenland since the preceding century.

Trade and Foreign Contact

No ship has officially visited Greenland since 1406. Unofficially, two or three European vessels arrive every year. Norwegian law requires that ships trading with Greenland dock first at Bergen to pay taxes. Since Norwegian traders would face stiff punishment for flouting this law, they generally avoid Greenland. Others who never intend to visit Norway, chiefly English but also Hanseatic (German) merchants, make illegal journeys to the island.

The Greenlanders themselves build small ships based on the traditional Norse knarr, or trading vessel. A deep-hulled variant on the famed Viking raiders, this type of ship is capable of long-range voyages. These are open-decked except for small platforms at the bow and stern and clinker-built (each hull plank overlaps its neighbor). Lashings are made of whale baleen, and seal oil coats the hull in place of tar. Though the Greenlanders are familiar with the more modern ship designs of foreigners, they retain their open vessels as the most efficient for hauling large logs, the item most lacking in Greenland. Most Greenland ships are still steered by large steering oars fixed to either side of the stern, though one or two have been fitted with rudders copied from foreign trading vessels. Greenland-built ships do have an advantage of requiring only a small crew to operate efficiently. Not much larger than a whaleboat of later times, they can easily be sailed by a crew of a half-dozen.

Anxious to avoid Norwegian tax collectors, who seem to have forgotten Greenland, the Greenlanders usually

avoid the illegal voyage to Iceland (they would be required to sail across to Norway first, then back to Iceland). They do regularly cross the waters later known as the Davis Strait to Markland (Labrador) to cut timber, and sometimes to trap for furs.

The Holy Trinity: Race, Class and Gender

Like Iceland, Greenland has no formal feudal structure of titled nobility. The Greenlanders accepted the Norwegian king as their overlord in 1261, but did not import Norway's system of grants and titles. Greenland is governed by an alping, a meeting of family heads overseen by the lawspeaker. The lack of titles, however, does not mean the island is run democratically. Only the heads of certain old and powerful families may speak in the assembly, and the title of lawspeaker is also handed down by birthright, usually to the steadholder at Brattahild, Erik the Red's old farm.

Greenlanders have knowledge of what they consider outlandish peoples, the American Indians and Eskimos they call *Skraelings*. But that is as strange a folk as they are willing to accept. Non-human adventurers will not fit their view of the world, and are likely to be beaten to death on the docks of Bergen long before they reach Greenland. A superstitious lot, the crew of *Pride of Sphinx*, the ship which will take the party to the island, will not allow non-humans aboard.

A woman's place in Greenland is subservient to her closest male relative. However, women are held to have jurisdiction over what are seen as women's issues, and the exclusively male alping does not interfere. Only a council of elder women can condemn a woman to death for adultery, for example. Greenland women have comparatively greater influence than their European counterparts, and Norse stories include numerous strong female characters. For example, Erik the Red's daughter Freydis is said to have driven off a host of Skraelings single-handed. According to Erik's Saga, she bared her breasts to show contempt for her enemies and went berserk, the mystical state of Norse battle-madness, before slaying countless foes. However, another saga claims that Freydis' madness consisted of murdering most of her own party with an axe while they slept.

Thus, while Greenlandic women do not themselves go about armed or participate in hunts, the Greenlanders are disposed to accept armed female adventurers. They will accept a woman's leadership if she is of the proper Greenland family line, but are not likely to easily follow a foreign woman.

The Unipeds

After Leif Eriksson's successful voyage to Vínland, his brother Thorvald organized a new expedition. After exploring and gathering wild grain and grapes, Thorvald and his men ran into a group of nine natives, who they called *Skraelings* (difficult to translate; "wretches" or "whiners"), probably Micmac Indians. The Norsemen killed eight of them, but the last ran away.

Soon afterwards, Thorvald and his men were attacked by reinforcements summoned by the escaped *Skraeling*. According to *Eriks saga rauoa*, an authoritative medieval source, the attackers were Unipeds, who killed Thorvald with an arrow before they were driven off.

The Unipeds are savage beings, one-footed creatures who hop with great speed and have no concept of justice or mercy. They propel themselves on one thickly-muscled leg, and can maneuver with great quickness. They are faster and quicker than a human. They have two arms ending in well-articulated hands similar to a human's, but somewhat larger and tipped with powerful claws. A Uniped also boasts a mouth of large, sharp teeth, and Unipeds prefer to bite their victims to death in order to enjoy the taste of fresh blood.

Thick fur covers the Uniped's protective layer of blubber. They are impervious to cold, and occupy an environmental niche putting them in direct competition with the polar bear, another fierce Arctic predator. Some Uniped clans live in the forests of northernmost North America, but these are rare as human competition has driven them into ever more marginal lands. Unipeds are carnivores, and eat seals and caribou. Polar bears are highly sought as challenging prey, and Unipeds are thrilled at the opportunity of single combat with these creatures. Unipeds will also scavenge carrion. They do not swim well and dislike water. As a result they rarely attack whales, sea cows or other sea creatures.

Unipeds live in a loosely-organized tribal society, owing fealty to the largest and fiercest male Uniped, who rules with total authority and also fathers all Uniped young on his tribe's females. Periodically this dominant Uniped will be challenged for leadership, and a fight to the death will ensue. The winner then becomes the new chieftain, and may not be challenged again for two lunar cycles (to allow any wounds to heal; if the winner is still incapacitated at that point, he is obviously permanently disabled and thus unfit to rule).

Unipeds are capable of speech, which they use to torment their enemies with pointed insults. They hurl venomous epithets directed toward the victim's insecurities, and

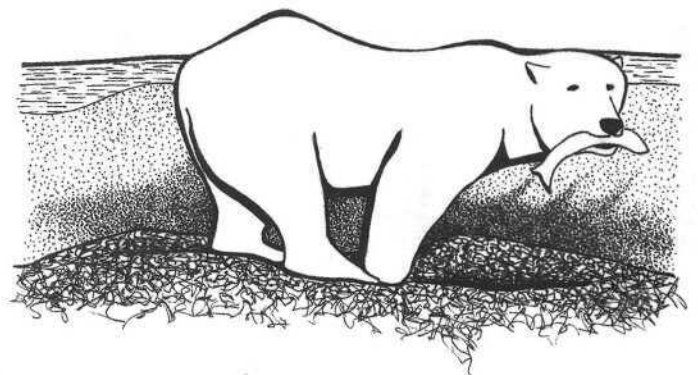
always in the language of the victim. Later scholars will come to believe that these creatures must have employed an empathic telepathy of some rudimentary sort. This ability gave them some very limited coordination in battle and allowed them to sense one another's presence and emotions. However, the sagas are very explicit in the Unipeds' use of language to communicate among themselves.

Unipeds are tool-users, but lack the social organization to manufacture sophisticated items themselves. Most of their weapons are seized from human enemies, as many Unipeds bear far too much hatred for mankind to allow them to trade with humans.

In a few scattered instances, Uniped and human have come to an understanding. Unipeds will tolerate small communities of humans, and even defend them against other humans, if the village will provide tribute in the form of living victims. The Unipeds do not particularly care whether the victims are from the collaborating village or if they are from some other group, though they prefer them young and tasty.

While individual Unipeds are much tougher opponents than the average human, they are on the decline and their race is dying out. Their inability to apply their intelligence to technological issues has put them at a serious disadvantage in competing with humans. Unipeds also breed very slowly, as a Uniped fetus gestates for over two years, and a Uniped female comes into season only once every five years and never delivers litters of multiple Unipups. Thus, while battles between humans and Unipeds usually result in far more human than Uniped dead, the one-footed creatures cannot sustain their losses.

Unipeds enjoy eating humans, best served while still alive, and also enslave them. After a successful raid on a human village, the Unipeds are known to take captives and keep them penned up much like cattle, hauling them out one at a time for slaughter as food. Slaves are worked hard, and seldom survive long, as the Uniped hatred for the species and desire to consume their flesh eventually overwhelms any appreciation for their usefulness as laborers.



**Monsignor Marcello
di San Dimas**
6th-Level Aristocrat
Papal Spymaster

Hit Points: 38

Initiative: +7
(Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 17 (+4 chain shirt;
not visible under robes)

Attacks: Dagger +5 melee

Damage: Dagger 1d4+1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6 (+2 Great
Fortitude), Ref +7,
Will +11

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con 15,
Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 18

Skills: Bluff +10 Diplomacy +10
Disguise +7 Innuendo +9
Forgery +7 Intimidate +6
Gather Info +14 Speak Language
Sense Motive +7

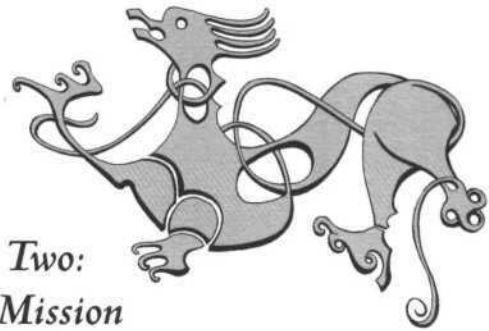
Feats: Great Fortitude Improved Initiative
Iron Will Lightning Reflexes

Challenge Rating: 8

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Language: Latin, Italian, French, Greek,
English, Turkish, Russian,
Polish, German.

Special: Msgr. Marcello is the pope's spymaster. As such, he possesses an assassin's abilities of Sneak Attack, Death Attack and Poison Use as well as the saving throw bonus against poison. Though Marcello is a fanatic follower of the pope, his alignment is neutral rather than good, as over the years he has developed an ability to justify any act which advances his vision of the Roman Catholic Church.



Part Two:
The Mission

The adventure opens in Bergen, a Norwegian port with a large walled section of town for foreign merchants. It is the summer of 1454, more than a year since Constantinople fell to the Turks. The adventurers have been summoned by the enigmatic papal spymaster Monsignor Marcello di San Dimas. The monsignor is a cultured man, seemingly out of place in this rough commercial port city. But he is already known to the party, at least by reputation, as a wily master of intrigue. He will await the party in a small dining room in the local factory (as trading posts are known) of the House of Sphinx, an Italian firm.

Most of Bergen's foreign merchants are Germans and English, with only a smattering of Italians. The House of Sphinx is a marketing firm, thriving from handling a rich trade throughout the known world. House of Sphinx is not its formal name, but sailors and merchants all know it from its symbol, the carved head of the Egyptian sphinx. The sphinx is carved on the dining room's heavy wooden table, and adorns the single doorway. Outside the doorway stand a pair of young toughs, well-dressed in ornate Italian fashion but obviously armed underneath their fine lace.

Marcello will do his utmost to put the party at ease, ordering up food and drink, and discussing minor pleasantries with them. If any of the player characters have carried out missions for him before (perhaps entering the doomed city of Constantinople in search of the last Byzantine empress), he will thank them for their prior services. But now the pope has need of adventurers once again, brave souls chosen because they are tough, because they are adaptable, and because no one will miss them should they fail to return.

Pope Nicholas V has received a plea for aid from the Christian inhabitants of Greenland, an ice-covered wasteland far to the west of Norway, at the very edge of the known world. In sheltered valleys where grass grows to feed livestock, descendants of Norse colonists have maintained civilization for close to 500 years.

The Greenlanders have been without a bishop for decades, and desperately need one so that priests may

be consecrated and Christian worship continue. Though the diocese has rarely been vacant, for some time now it has been treated as a mere honorific and the bishop has been an absentee. No actual Bishop of Gardar (the Greenland title) has actually set foot on the island in almost 100 years.

But now the Greenlanders report themselves under attack by savage barbarians. People are disappearing, and there are no clergy to offer comfort in these trying times. Marcello will look out the room's large window and indicate the dark clouds overhead. The skies have been gloomy and the world a colder place ever since the infidel took Constantinople, he'll point out. These are not times in which to leave Christians stranded in the known world's coldest outpost. The party must aid the Greenlanders against their attackers, lend spiritual comfort, and bring back word of what is happening on the island.

The monsignor will read the party a letter from Pope Nicholas V, his patron. "Barbaric pagans came by the sea from the neighboring coasts," it reads, "and invaded the country, bringing low all the people established in this island with their bloody aggression, devastating their native land and its sacred edifices by fire and the sword."

Many Greenlanders have been enslaved, according to the lone report to escape the island. But the pope is not sure what he can do about this. "Touched as we are by the desires expressed by the indigenous people," he writes, "nevertheless We do not have at Our command sufficient information about the described situation."

This lack of information has led the monsignor to summon the adventurers. Given Marcello's vast but ill-defined powers and vindictive reputation, well-known to all the player characters, refusing the task would be most unwise. The monsignor is far too cultured a man to speak such threats openly. He expects the party to sail to Greenland and determine what is happening to the Greenlanders. If the Greenlanders need rescue from their attackers, the party is to do whatever they can to accomplish this. While the pope will attempt to raise a crusade to help the Greenlanders, if he could not convince the princes of Europe to defend Constantinople he is not likely to evoke much sympathy for Greenland. The player characters are likely to be the only help Greenland receives.

The plea sent to Nicholas also mentions that Greenland has been without religious comfort for decades. If the party contains a Roman Catholic cleric, there will be many tasks for him on the island — providing comfort, baptizing children, giving religious instruction, celebrating mass.

Elisabeth Camilla

7th-Level Aristocrat

Ruthless Merchant Princess

Hit Points: 49

Initiative: +8 (Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 14

Attacks: Dagger +10/+5 melee

Dagger +10/+5 ranged

Damage: Dagger 1d4+1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6 (+2 Great Fortitude), Ref +8, Will +7

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 19

Skills: Appraise +7 Bluff +15
Diplomacy +16 Forgery +17
Gather Info +12 Innuendo +4
Intimidate +10 Listen +12
Sense Motive +12

Feats: Great Fortitude Improved Initiative
Weapon Finesse Lightning Reflexes
(dagger)

Challenge Rating: 8

Alignment: Neutral

Language: Italian, English, French, Greek, Latin, German, Norwegian

Special: Elisabeth Camilla carries numerous daggers about her person, concealed in the many folds of her ornate costumes, and is quite skilled at throwing them.

Monsignor Marcello will actively recruit at least one cleric for the party, who will be expected to lead the Greenlanders back to proper practice. For a thousand years the church has held that no people should be allowed to lapse into pagan belief, and though these are hard times the pope does not aim to reverse that policy now. The party's cleric must see that mass is again celebrated

Roland of Abbeville
1st-Level Expert (Advocate)
Delusional Buffoon

Hit Points: 9

Initiative: 0

Speed: 10 ft.

AC: 8

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +3

Abilities: Str 9, Dex 8, Con 7,
Int 12, Wis 4, Cha 8

Skills: Profession -4

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Special: *Incontinence.* Roland soils himself regularly, causing him great embarrassment. If outside the Bergen jail, he will insist on changing his diaper at least once per day.

in Greenland. If strong-arm tactics are required, that is why the party contains members with combat skills. The monsignor will never directly order the party to use force to win religious arguments.

Once Marcello has finished laying out the papal mission, he will ask one of the guards to request the house's owner to join them. Unusual this far north, but less odd among Italian traders, the House of Sphinx is headed by a woman, Elisabeth Camilla. She is young but considered highly capable, and ruthless in advancing her commercial interests. She will appear very soon after the guard departs, a rather short but undeniably beautiful red-haired woman. In her wake will come several more strapping young men she calls her "entourage." Intensity radiates from her, and she is much more abrupt and focused than the genteel Marcello, moving directly to her offer with a speed verging on rudeness.

The church is broke, as any survivors of the suicide mission to Constantinople will readily understand. To arrange transportation for the party, Marcello has had to broker a deal with this hard-charging merchant princess. In past centuries, Greenland exported a variety of luxury goods to Europe. These have not been seen in Bergen for 30 years, and Elisabeth desires them for the booming Italian market. Growing cities need food, and the House of Sphinx is also looking for suppliers of dried codfish.

Elisabeth wants detailed information on the Greenland colony — its export potential, and the background of the leading citizens with whom she will have to deal. If the party is forced to rescue the Greenlanders, they are to use the resulting gratitude to extract from the islanders an agreement to deal exclusively with the House of Sphinx. She will provide a ship along with a crew, though she will readily admit that she is assigning her most expendable sailors to this mission.

Norwegian Soldier
2nd-Level Warrior

Bored Garrison Trooper

Hit Dice: 2d8

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 14 (+4 chain shirt)

Attacks: Longsword +3

Damage: Longsword 1d8 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 11, Con 10,
Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 9

Skills: None

Feats: Combat Reflexes

Challenge Rating: 2

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Language: Norwegian

Special: Norwegian soldiers guard the Bergen jail, or may appear through random encounter.

The leading trading combine in Greenland, Elisabeth states, is headed by Eugen the Preacher and his brothers Magnus and Thorvald. The brothers did little business in the wider North Atlantic market, but were known among those who dealt with them for fraudulent practices, shoddy merchandise and ridiculous boasting. Rivals would be attacked with vicious smear campaigns, with Eugen's minions spreading all manner of outrageous lies. The three underhanded traders have not been seen for many years and may be dead. The Norwegian crown has an outstanding warrant against Eugen the Preacher for stealing works of art from a collector named William the Coarse. As an incentive bonus, Elisabeth will mention that delivering him to Bergen's royal court will net the party a hefty 1,000 gold marks. Another 500 gold marks can be had for the safe return of the paintings. There are six of them, each marked on the back of the canvas with an osprey, the sign of William the Coarse's collection. The adventurers are free to keep the gold should they succeed.

One man who has been to Greenland is present in Bergen should the party wish to question him. Elisabeth and Marcello have both tried to wring information from him. The merchant princess is especially disgusted by this man, who appears to be utterly insane. This is Roland of Abbeville, who once served as Eugen the Preacher's advocate in Bergen. Royal investigators discovered that Roland had embezzled the money a client placed in escrow, and revoked his license to practice law. He then began showing odd behavior, and was thrown in the town jail while the local officials determined his mental fitness. Elisabeth believes that he is only pretending to be a lunatic, and in Norway mental illness is no excuse for crimes. Like many who have had dealings with the spiteful and petty disbarred lawyer, she is eager for Roland's execution.

If the party chooses to see Roland for themselves, they will find him in Bergen's jail, a short distance from the House of Sphinx but outside the trading compound's low wall. Elisabeth will detail one of her ever-present minions to guide them there, but will refuse to go herself. At the jail, the guards will spring immediately to obey the Sphinx retainer — Elisabeth's power and influence in Bergen are immense.

The jail is a low-slung, single-story stone building with a central guardroom, four cells along the walls and two holding pens cut into the bedrock below for especially dangerous prisoners. Like most medieval cities, Bergen jails people only while their trials are pending. Punishments are usually final — execution, maiming,

Sphinx Retainer
2nd-Level Warrior
Fawning Admirer

Hit Dice: 2d8+2
Initiative: +1
Speed: 30 ft.
AC: 15 (+4 chain shirt)
Attacks: Rapier +3
Damage: Rapier 1d6
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0
Abilities: Str 11, Dex 12, Con 14,
 Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 18

Skills: Perform +11 Jump +5
 Intimidate +9 Climb +4

Feats: Weapon Finesse Skill Focus
 (Rapier) (Perform)

Challenge Rating: 2
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral
Language: Italian, Norwegian

Special: Sphinx retainers protect the trading house, but otherwise are only found in the presence of Elisabeth Camilla. They are utterly devoted to her, to the point of obsession, and are likely to attack male characters they believe are attempting to seduce their mistress.

or a fine. Robbing a person of his or her freedom is considered cruel and unusual punishment. The state does not support its prisoners; when they can no longer pay for their meals, they are allowed to starve to death. Roland is an old man even for this time, well over 60. He is short and softly fat, with a fringe of scraggly gray hair around a bald pate covered with eczema scabs. He lies on a pile of moldering straw at the back of his cell. A thick, heavily-stained rag is wrapped around his waist; Roland suffers from incontinence. Periodically he shouts, "I am the pope of Greenland!" The retainer will explain that, as far as anyone can tell, Roland once confused a

Bergen Thug

1st-Level Commoner

Scum of the Earth

Hit Dice: 1d8+3

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 11

Attacks: Club +1 melee

Damage: Club 1d4 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 9, Con 10,
Int 7, Wis 5, Cha 8

Skills: None

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Language: Norwegian

Special: These small-time criminals only appear through random encounters.

Adventure Choices

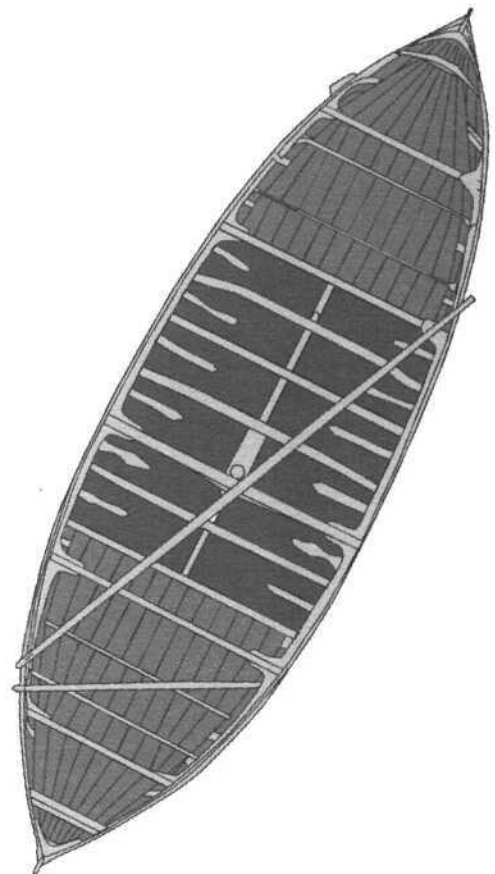
At this point, you should decide on the answer the player characters will find to the disappearances. GREENLAND SAGA is not a linear adventure; rather, there are multiple possible outcomes. Possible fates of the colonists are:

- *Option A.* With the connivance of the charlatan known as Eugen the Preacher, Unipeds are attacking and eating the Greenland Norse. This is a fairly grisly course for the adventure, but does assure lots of combat with ravenous monsters. If you do not choose this option, Unipeds will not appear in the adventure.

- *Option B.* Quietly, the only colony leader with vision and energy (Sigurd Thorvaldsdottir, who will be encountered at Gardar (see below)) has been recruiting the best and brightest Greenlanders for a new venture. As the climate worsens, she has found a new home for the Greenlanders in nearby North America.

- *Option C.* Portuguese slave traders working in concert with the charlatan Eugen the Preacher have taken them to a work camp in North America.

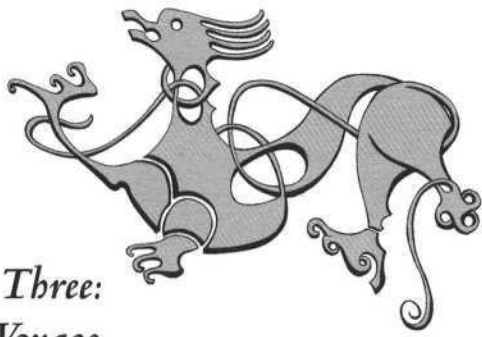
These paths may be intermingled, and doing so can yield some rewarding if complex story lines. See Plotline Combinations near the end of this book (you'll need to read the sections below for these to make sense).



French client's denunciation including the phrase *ponte*, or laying eggs, with *pontife*, or pope. He is very proud of his assumed title, and too ignorant to understand the insult.

Greenland's lawspeaker, according to Roland, is a man called Jøn Eugensson, son of Eugen the Preacher. Both are dependent on Roland's wise advice; without it, he believes the island's population is doomed. Jøn is an excellent leader, according to Roland, for he always follows the advocate's instructions to the letter. Roland will insist that there are no problems in Greenland, and the colony is in fact prospering and rapidly expanding thanks to his influence.

Having given little useful information, Roland will beg for money. Roland's wife, in whose name resides all of their money (including the missing escrow), refuses any more subsidies for his pathetic delusions. If any of the party attempt to give him charity, the Sphinx retainer will block the donation. Roland's death, he will explain, can only benefit human society and should not be delayed.



Part Three: The Voyage

Elisabeth Camilla will provide a small carrack, named *Pride of Sphinx*, and an undersized crew to sail her.

Pride of Sphinx displaces about 50 tons. She has two masts, each bearing a large lateen (triangular) sail. She is fully-decked, with her aftercastle (the last third of her 45-foot hull) raised about five feet from the main deck. She carries two cannon slightly forward of amidships, one on each side, with two more wooden guns for show on each broadside. In this age when seagoing cannon are still rare, the guns are on fixed carriages — to reload, a crewman must climb out onto a narrow platform under the cannon barrel and swab and reload the piece while dangling over the open sea. Thus they are only useful in quiet waters, at least after the first shot.

The crew sleeps on deck in hammocks, retreating into the hold in heavy weather. The weather deck covers an open hold, though there is an open lattice of planks at the keel to keep the cargo above the filthy water sloshing in the bilge. Sanitary needs are met by leaning over the side. Food (bread and meat which steadily deteriorates in quality as the voyage progresses) is issued to groups of three or four sailors and passengers, who in good weather cook it over small charcoal braziers on deck. Drinking water comes from large barrels known as butts.

Thorsen Narvald captains the ship. A weathered old salt, he is cynical but highly professional. Concerned for his ship and crew, he does not fancy this mission and hopes to conclude it with the least possible risk. His long and stringy hair, once blonde, is now an old man's yellow and his weathered skin speaks of many ocean voyages. A professional, Narvald's only concern is completing the voyage and collecting his pay.

As pilot, *Pride of Sphinx* has Vinegar Knud, so called for his habit of drinking vast amounts of sour wine. If the party demands to see his credentials, they will learn that Knud's royal charter does not allow him to guide a craft ferrying passengers. But he is the only pilot available in Bergen, according to Elisabeth, and royal inspectors are not likely to interfere with the powerful House of Sphinx.

Thorsen Narvald

4th-Level Expert (Sailor)
Captain, *Pride of Sphinx*

Hit Points: 22

Initiative: +6 (Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12

Attacks: Cutlass +4 melee

Damage: Cutlass 1d6 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +4

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 12,
Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 8

Skills: Balance +9 Climb +7
Knowledge Profession
(weather) +7 (sailor) +7

Feats: Alertness Improved Initiative

Challenge Rating: 3

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Special: Thorsen loves his ship, but little else. He will bitterly resist any venture that goes beyond the stipulations of his contract.

Drunken and inept, Knud is a terrible pilot and the shame of Elisabeth Camilla's service. Knud is fairly old for a Norwegian — well over 50 — and carries himself with an arrogance born of no obvious accomplishment. He limps from a terrible leg injury some years past, and will gladly tell tales of the many shipwrecks he has survived. Also, for no apparent reason, he will often list how much he has been paid for each prior voyage, and demand to know how much each member of the party and any nearby crewmen are being paid for their services. While he has taken many loads to and from Iceland, several times wading ashore amid the wreckage of ships driven on the island's rocky coasts, Knud has never been to Greenland. Sailing masters have spoken of the voyage for years, though, and he is confident that he can trace the path with no trouble.

If any members of the party have the least skill or experience at sea, Elisabeth will reduce *Pride of Sphinx's* crew accordingly to save on manpower costs. The

Vinegar Knud

1st-Level Expert (Navigator)
Pilot, *Pride of Sphinx*

Hit Points: 6

Initiative: -2 (drunkenness)

Speed: 10 ft.

AC: 8

Attacks: Cutlass -1 melee

Damage: Cutlass 1d6 -1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref -2, Will +1

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 7, Con 12,
Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 7

Skills: Balance +1 Climb +1
Knowledge Profession
(navigation) -2 (sailor) -3

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Special: Though hopelessly inept in his chosen profession and often drunk on vile, cheap wine, Knud has survived many a shipwreck. His amazing luck gives him better odds when making saving throws than his lack of ability might otherwise indicate. This also explains why sailors continue to serve aboard ships he pilots, despite his record of failure.

remainder of the crew — *Pride of Sphinx* requires 17 including captain and pilot — are the flotsam usually washed up in any busy commercial port. The House of Sphinx has obviously not bankrupted itself hiring sailors for the expedition. They represent a variety of nationalities, often reduced to communicating with one another by gesture, and are definitely far from a smoothly running unit. Utter mercenaries, they will prove most unwilling to perform any task beyond that for which they have signed on. The crew will not be a useful source of help during the mission to Greenland.

Pride of Sphinx is not built for transporting horses, though temporary stalls could be rigged for one or two. The North

Atlantic passage is very rough and very long, usually over two weeks, and horses do not survive it very well.

The passage itself takes about three weeks, but there is little adventuring opportunity. It is a rough voyage, with heavy seas and thick fog. And this is summertime. In winter things are far worse. Eventually lookouts will sight the massive granite mountains of Greenland, and *Pride of Sphinx* will turn southward and sail along the rocky coast. When the southern tip is reached, the ship will follow around the curve of Cape Farewell, Greenland's southern point. A few miles north of the cape begin the fjords along which the Norse have settled. It may also happen that the drunken Knud crash-lands the party far away from the settlement, and finding the way there will occupy time and reveal some of the information the mission seeks.

Sphinx Sailor

1st-Level Expert (Sailor)
The Dregs of Bergen

Hit Dice: 1d6+1

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 11

Attacks: Cutlass +0 melee

Damage: Cutlass 1d6

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +1

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 13, Con 12,
Int 11, Wis 9, Cha 6

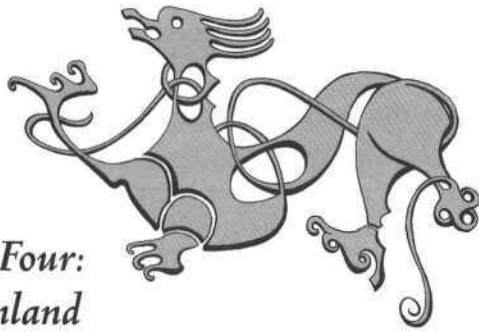
Skills: Balance +7 Climb +4
Profession (Sailor) +2 Jump +4

Feats: Dodge

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Language: Varies. Very few Sphinx sailors speak the same language.



Part Four: Greenland

Msgr. Marcello and Elisabeth Camilla will have recommended a number of locations for searches. The first obvious landfall is along Ketilsfjord, where the ancient farm known as Herjolfsnes and the Augustinian monastery are located.

The Monastery

High atop a ridge overlooking Ketilsfjord, the southernmost of the deep fjords in the settled area, lies a heavy stone monastery. It is a forbidding sight, with snow-capped mountains behind and the dark blue waters of the fjord lapping against the rocks below. The monastery can only be approached by sailing further up the fjord behind it, and walking overland to its main gate.

A gray granite wall surrounds the fortified tower and a handful of other stone buildings. Only one opening is visible, a gate with heavy wooden doors. They are barred from the inside, but a heavy wooden door-knocker dangles from a rope frame for the use of visitors. Pounding on the gates will cause them to open slowly after a suitable delay.

The gates open to reveal the monastery's lone occupant, a small and bent bearded man with a shining bald dome framed by scraggly gray hair. Though human, he looks very much like a gnome out of Norse mythology and is very angry at the disturbance. He wears a monk's gray cassock, tied around his waist with a frayed rope, and fingerless gloves on his hands. In a nervous gesture, his greasy fingers continually smear his shabby clothes. This is Karlsefni Steam-Breath, the monastery's sole occupant.

The monastery is several centuries old, and held Augustinian monks who cherished its isolation at the very edge of the known world. Like most Christian monks, the brothers labored, collecting sheep and wool from Greenland farmers to spin rough cloth. Though they copied books, this was always a sideline among the largely illiterate Greenlanders, performed mostly as a ritual task.

With some bitterness, Karlsefni will conduct the party to the monastery's scriptorium, where he spends almost all of his time. In the corner of the scriptorium stands a clay-lined barrel from which smoldering bits of trash lend the only warmth to the cold stone room. There are numerous

Karlsefni Steam-Breath

1st-Level Commoner

Wretched Dung-Boy

Hit Points: 8

Initiative: -1 (degenerate)

Speed: 10 ft.

AC: 9

Attacks: Rotten Stick 0 (It's the thought that counts)

Damage: Rotten Stick 0

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -2, Will -3

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 7, Con 10,
Int 8, Wis 6, Cha 5

Skills: None

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Language: Greenlandic

Special: *Pig Latin.* Karlsefni will claim that he also speaks Latin, having been taught by the monks, but merely mouths gibberish phrases. *Illiteracy.* Karlsefni cannot read or write, and is incapable of learning to do so.

working tables for the monks, but most are covered with dust. The walls are covered by stacks of wooden cases, in which pigeonholes hold parchment scrolls. This is Karlsefni's lifetime achievement — the history of human conflict. But if any of the party convince Karlsefni to allow them to examine a scroll (he is ferociously protective of them), they will find almost all of them covered with scrawled gibberish. Buried deep under them is a Latin document in a more learned hand. This one lies flat, with a leather binding protecting its handful of pages. It is the account of the monastery's last days, penned by an elderly monk. It will yield little information of direct use, but will give hints of strange and fell beasts on the ice if Unipeds are about. It will also tell how the colonists turned against the church, angry over their abandonment. According to the long-dead monk, Brother Stefan, Eugen the Preacher and his niece led separate anti-Christian campaigns. This is the sort of document Monsignor Marcello would prize greatly.

Random Encounter Tables

Non-player characters randomly encountered in GREENLAND SAGA never carry treasure about with them.

Bergen Docks

Percentage	Number and Type
01-20	1d4 Norwegian soldiers, on patrol for strangers.
21-30	1d8 Local toughs, seeking robbery victims.
51-100	1d6 drunken sailors looking for trouble.

Greenland Ice

01-30	1 polar bear, hungry and frustrated.
31-70	1d8 Eskimo hunters.
71-100	1d4 male Unipeds (treat as No Event if Unipeds not in play).

Markland Forest

01-20	1d6 Portuguese slavers.
21-80	1d8 Micmac Indians
81-100	1d4 male Unipeds (treat as No Event if Unipeds not in play).

Since Brother Stefan's death, Karlsefni has been alone and has come more than slightly unhinged. He rants about the betrayal of Eduard the Corsican, but can't give the party a coherent explanation of where Eduard went or why his departure represents treason. It is not particularly clear whether Eduard even exists: foreigners are extremely rare in Greenland. Any day now, Karlsefni swears, French friends will come and join him in his work, giving new life to his project. Karlsefni clearly has had some dealings with outsiders, but cannot define who the French might be, where France is found, or what sort of aid these imaginary friends will bring.

If the party contains a Catholic clergyman, Karlsefni will react with deep-seated hostility. Though he wears the remnants of a monk's robe, Karlsefni is not an Augustinian nor is he a member of any other holy order. He has no right to inhabit the monastery, and fears eviction. Even worse, he is terrified that his precious scrolls will be cast

out of the scriptorium to melt when the cold Greenland rains eventually fall.

Assurance that the party has not come to reclaim the monastery will go far to soothe Karlsefni's terror, though it will not make him any more pleasant. If the party questions Karlsefni, they will find that he subsists off a stockpile of food stored in the monastery. Periodically, farmers arrive to replenish the hoard: with the Augustinians having died out, the colony's stoutest buildings make effective warehouses. If the party encounters any of these people, the Norse will explain that they don't mind Karlsefni filching enough to survive. Like most medieval peoples, the Greenland Norse believe the insane to be touched by God. According to Karlsefni, they consider him holy and support his great project.

Karlsefni is angry with his benefactors, though since Karlsefni is angry with the entire world this should not be surprising. The stocks of food are dwindling. More and more of the farmers who had been using the monastery to store their surplus — and thus support Karlsefni and his project — have stopped coming with fresh supplies. Karlsefni suspects that his benefactors have been killed or lured away by evil shipbuilders, for whom he has an irrational hatred.

An inspection of the monastery will more or less support Karlsefni's version of events, stripped of its paranoid elements. There is no evidence of any other inhabitants; the monk's cells have been empty for years and are covered in dust. Dried-out remnants of years-old straw still litter a few. Mass has not been celebrated in the chapel in at least a decade, and the work areas where monks wove their rough homespun also show signs of long-term neglect with the looms and spindles in poor repair. Only one of the warehouses, used by the monks to store their wool and cloth, shows signs of human work. It is clean, and holds a small stack of dried cod and a barrel of the dried seaweed the Norse love so dearly.

As a young man, Karlsefni served the last few monks as dung-boy, shoveling out the sheep pens and collecting food from nearby farmers as tribute to the monastery. No new monks came from Europe, and gradually the order ceased to function. Once the abbot died, the remaining monks could not draw new initiates from the local population. Karlsefni saw brothers work in the scriptorium and so he mimics their efforts, though he is illiterate and cannot actually form or read words. This story will only become evident under repeated questioning, something with which the party may not wish to waste time.

The closest farm lies at the foot of the ridge, on the

side of the rise away from the ocean. Karlsefni will tell the party, if asked, that it is held by a young man named Ulf Olesson and his family. Karlsefni is not sure how many children or retainers this includes, but is very angry that Ulf has made no deliveries at all this summer.

The valley behind the monastery is green, with many large gray rocks peeking through the turf. A path leads from the monastery gate to Ulf's farm, which is about 500 yards away and screened by a small grove of scrub trees. The main building is a solid house built of logs; their size reveals that they could not have grown in Greenland. A turf (solid chunks of sod used like bricks) barn is attached. Trimmed grass covers the roof. No sheep are evident, though there is a pen for them.

Options A and C

If you chose Option A (Uniped attack) or Option C (slave traders), the party finds the following:

The farm appears uninhabited — no smoke comes from its chimney, and there are no people about. Calls will go unanswered. On approach, it is immediately obvious that there has been trouble. The farmhouse's wooden door has been smashed. Within, there are broken bits of a table and benches and smashed crockery.

A seemingly complete inventory of a farm family's belongings is strewn about the interior of the house. If Unipeds attacked, there will be blood on the walls, but not if slave traders came. In either case, there are no bodies to be found.

A trail snakes away overland around the head of the fjord. If Unipeds attacked, it becomes impossible to follow once it reaches the gravel fields at the base of the glaciers. If slave traders snatched the people, it ends at the fjord's headwaters.

Option B

If you chose Option B for the fate of Greenlanders (peaceful evacuation), the party finds the following:

The farm appears uninhabited — no smoke comes from its chimney, and there are no people about. Calls will go unanswered. Inside, all is in order — benches alongside a table with a neat cloth on it, rough clayware bowls on the cloth and a spray of what once must have been flowers in a clay vase in the center. A set of iron-bladed tools — shearing knife, axe, tongs — lies carefully stacked near the door. A pair of clean iron cooking pots are stacked next to the heavy stone fireplace, which has been swept clean of ashes.

Jøn Eugensson

3rd-level Aristocrat Craven Lawspeaker

Hit Points: 14

Initiative: -2 (cowardice)

Speed: 10 ft.

AC: 8

Attacks: Longsword +1

Damage: Longsword 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort -1, Ref 0,
Will -1 (cowardice)

Abilities: Str 9, Dex 8, Con 7,
Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 7

Skills: Escape Artist +4 Forgery +6
Gather Info +1 Sense Motive +1

Feats: Dodge Run
Track

Challenge Rating: 2

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Language: Greenlandic, Latin

Special: *Literacy.* Jøn is one of the few literate Greenlanders.

The second, sleeping, room lies through an open doorway. There is a bedframe on the floor with a heavy woolen bolster on it, clean and neatly tucked in. A child's bedroll lies at the foot of the bed, alongside a handful of carved wooden animals. A wooden chest holds woolen clothing in both adult and children's sizes.

The barn is similarly cleaned and abandoned. No animals are evident, though there is room for several dozen sheep. A hayrick holds some of what is obviously last year's crop. No people or animals are anywhere to be found; an apparently complete set of possessions is also on hand, though there are no weapons present.

Gardar, Seat of Bishops

At the head of Einarsfjord, the fifth of the deep fjords, lies the center of the Greenland colony, the farm known as Gardar. Gardar lies on an isthmus between two

Risto of Turku

6th-Level Double Expert (merchant, sailor)

Finnish Fishmonger

Hit Points: 36

Initiative: +6 (Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12

Attacks: Longsword +6
Finnish Knife +6

Damage: Longsword 1d8+2
Finnish Knife 1d4+2

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +4,
Will +6

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15,
Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 10

Skills: Appraise +11 Bluff +9
Diplomacy +9 Forgery +11
Gather Info +9 Intimidate +9
Listen +10 Sense Motive +10
Speak Language

Feats: Great Fortitude Improved Initiative
Lightning Reflexes Toughness

Challenge Rating: 8

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Language: Finnish, Latin, Italian,
Norwegian, German

Special: *Critical Hit.* Like his minions, Risto achieves a Critical Hit on a result of 18 through 20 with all weapons. He is very fond of the Critical Hit.

fjords, and is a short walk from the sixth and final deep fjord, Eiriksfjord. The farm lies on a small plain, one of Greenland's few stretches of flat land. The farm is therefore much larger than most, and includes a festal hall. It is also the site of the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, an impressive sandstone church and the seat of Greenland's bishop. Near the church are a number of remarkably large barns and warehouses, where in past years the people brought their tithes. These now stand empty for the most part.

A small trading caravel lies anchored just off the beach. If the party hails its crew, the sailors will reply in truly execrable Latin that they are Finnish traders come in search of dried cod; their ship is the *Jatkosotka* from Turku. They have not found good business. Their leader, the crew will report, is at the main farm building.

Rowing to shore, the party can beach its boat on the gravel lining the water's edge. The farm buildings are about 100 yards up the slope from the beach. Like most Norse farms in the region, the buildings are made of thick blocks of turf, with a turf roof. A well-made stone facade decorates the main building. Several barns are nearby, but unlike most Greenland farms these are not attached to the main building.

As the party approaches the building, a weak and trembling voice will inquire as to their identity. Slowly, shyly, a slight figure wearing a thick woolen tunic will come out of the very old and highly polished heavy wooden double doors. This is Jøn Eugensson, current lawspeaker of the Greenland Norse. Afraid of his own shadow, Jøn is reluctant to speak with strangers, but will become slightly more open once the party enters the main hall.

This, Jøn will announce proudly, is where Greenland's Alping meets. A sort of governing council, with every adult male a member, the Alping sets broad policy goals for the islanders and also serves as the ultimate dispenser of justice. As lawspeaker, Jøn presents information to the council, serving as both prosecutor and defense counsel for trials. The lawspeaker usually has great individual influence by nature of the office, but it is immediately obvious that a spineless cretin like Jøn would have little if any moral authority.

Jøn will make grandiose but patently absurd claims about the size of the Greenland settlement, claiming over 10,000 active participants in the last Alping. Quick observation will show that at most 200 people might with effort squeeze into the hall; perhaps that many more could overhear discussions while lurking outside. According to Jøn, all is well in the colony and all Greenlanders accounted for. There are no problems, and in fact the colony continues to prosper. While the Greenlanders suffer, their lawspeaker is oblivious.

Visiting Gardar is *Jatkosotka's* master, Risto of Turku, a fairly cut-throat Finnish trader with a penchant for quoting Scripture. Risto, a 40ish man with a shock of unruly blond hair, is not very tall but obviously muscular. He is richly dressed in the latest Italian fashion, an odd appearance among Greenland's Viking-era architecture. Jøn is clearly terrified of Risto, and will take every

opportunity to urge him to leave Greenland. Risto feels the Greenlanders have lured him to their island under false pretenses, as he has been unable to fill his hold with the trade goods apparently promised by some of Jòn's associates. Though Jòn's terror makes his story difficult to follow, he argues that he has no control over these associates and bears no responsibility for whatever claims they might have made.

As the party may come to learn later, Jòn does nothing without the approval of his father, Eugen the Preacher. If he has lured Risto to Greenland, in all likelihood Eugen has some nefarious scheme in mind, probably involving stealing from the Finn. They will soon learn that provoking Risto is most unwise.

Risto does not shout or otherwise appear angry, which in his case only makes him seem more dangerous. However, as he has no complaint against the adventurers, he will gladly tell them what he has seen should they ask. As a competitor to Elisabeth Camilla, he will not be pleased should he learn of the party's commercial interest in Greenland, but will not rage or become angry. Rather, he will bide his time and strike when the party is most vulnerable. He will instantly recognize Pride of Sphinx when he sees the ship or hears her name.

If the party does not tip their hand, Risto will tell them that he has been up and down every fjord in the Eastern Settlement and found a number of farms unoccupied. Even where people still inhabit their farms, he reports, they seem frightened but can't quite define their fear. Risto has been able to acquire only a small amount of dried cod and one barrel of fish oil — even at the working farmsteads, the people have never fished very much. Greenlanders whose names Jòn insists he does not recognize told Risto he would obtain a steady source of fish and oil. This annoys Risto, who does not care how the Greenlanders run their farms, as long as they provide the goods he's traveled far to purchase.

Risto is also incensed that two of his crewmen, a pair of German brothers, jumped ship at Gardar. He insists on their return, and accuses Jòn of involvement in the crime. Should Risto catch either brother, he will promptly invoke the proper legal punishment for desertion and hang them from the small ship's yardarm. The Finnish merchant will pay a hefty bounty if these two are returned to his custody, and impress this upon the adventurers.

Risto's description of the abandoned farms varies depending on the option chosen. If the Norse are leaving peacefully or being taken by slave traders, Risto will tell the party that his men have found little disturbed at

Sigurd Thorvaldsdottir

5th-Level Aristocrat/2nd-Level Sorceress

Crusader for Justice

Hit Points: 50

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12

Attacks: Finnish Knife +4

Damage: Finnish Knife 1d4+1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +3,
Will +9 (Iron Will)

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 15, Con 14,
Int 19, Wis 15, Cha 20

Skills: Bluff +15 Diplomacy +15
Innuendo +12 Sense Motive +12

Feats: Endurance Iron Will

Spells: Arcane Mark Detect Magic
Daze Ray of Frost
Dancing Lights Obscuring Mist
Chill Touch

Challenge Rating: 7

Alignment: Lawful Good

Language: Greenlandic

the empty farmsteads. The people seem to have quietly packed a small number of precious belongings and left quickly but without panic. If slave traders came, there has been more disturbance at the farms, and if Unipeds attacked the destruction has been wholesale.

Whatever result is selected, Risto and his crew have found none of the Greenland-built ships usually bobbing in the fjords. Greenlanders have been making fewer voyages in recent years, but the Finn expected to see at least one or two of their ships.

Gardar Farm appears to be in working order. There is a large flock of sheep, but no cattle in evidence. Managing the farm is Jòn's cousin, Sigurd Thorvaldsdottir, for the pitiable lawspeaker is not capable of making decisions. Sigurd is everything that her cousin is not — a tall, beautiful woman of sharp mind and immense presence. She wears the typical Greenland outfit of close-fitting

Finnish Sailor

1st-Level Expert (Sailor)

Minions of Risto

Hit Dice: 1d6+1

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12

Attacks: Cutlass +1 melee
Finnish Knife +2 melee

Damage: Cutlass 1d6 +2
Finnish Knife 1d4 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +2

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12,
Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 9

Skills: Balance +6 Climb +5
Profession (Sailor) +7 Intimidate +3
Spot +4

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Language: Finnish

Special: *Critical Hit.* Risto has made the Critical Hit a centerpiece of his philosophy. Therefore, the Finns achieve a Critical Hit on a result of 18 through 20.

green blouse with generously deep neckline over a full skirt, and wears it very well. A striking blonde, she looks very much like a mythical Valkyrie. Trade goods are normally stored at Gardar, she will tell the party, but several years ago a decline in their arrival became apparent. In her father's time, cattle grazed very profitably, but since her childhood the growing season has shortened just enough to reduce the available pasturage.

The trading combine of Eugen, Magnus and Thorvald has been out of business for at least a decade, Sigurd will report, after many of its people were buried by an avalanche. Eugen the Preacher still lives at the settlement's oldest farm, Brattahild, together with a small handful of degenerate, sycophantic followers. Magnus and Thorvald both disappeared several years ago. Sigurd

believes that her father went mad and fled into the island's icy interior, searching for gold.

Whatever is happening to the Greenland Norse, Jøn is terrified and will insist at first that nothing is wrong, but if anything is happening it is not his fault. Sigurd's reaction to the disappearances varies depending on the option chosen. If there is a peaceful withdrawal, she is behind it and is selecting the best and brightest of her people to found the new colony. She will tell the party she has no idea what might be making her people disappear. Sigurd is a utopian, with a vision of a fresh start in a new land. Much as she loves her island, she longs to live among trees.

Sigurd's intelligence and beauty have long made her stand out among her fellow Greenlanders. Over the years this has given her an arrogant turn of mind. She does not suffer fools easily, and reacts with ill-concealed contempt to what she considers silly questions or statements. There are many frustrated suitors among the Greenlanders who will bitterly claim that she considers herself too good for any of them. They're right, but so is she.

She is the strongest sorceress left on the island, the only Norse magic-user of any appreciable power. Though she seems an exception among the addled inhabitants of Greenland, she is also somewhat unbalanced. Linking her people's glorious past with Greenland's warmer days, she has turned to the old Norse religion. She secretly believes that she is a Valkyrie, with a divine mission from Odin to save her people. Though Sigurd is no friend to Eugen the Preacher, she scorns Christianity and will use her considerable persuasive powers to oppose the party's missionary attempts. Drop hints of her magical abilities, but this is not information she will share easily with outsiders.

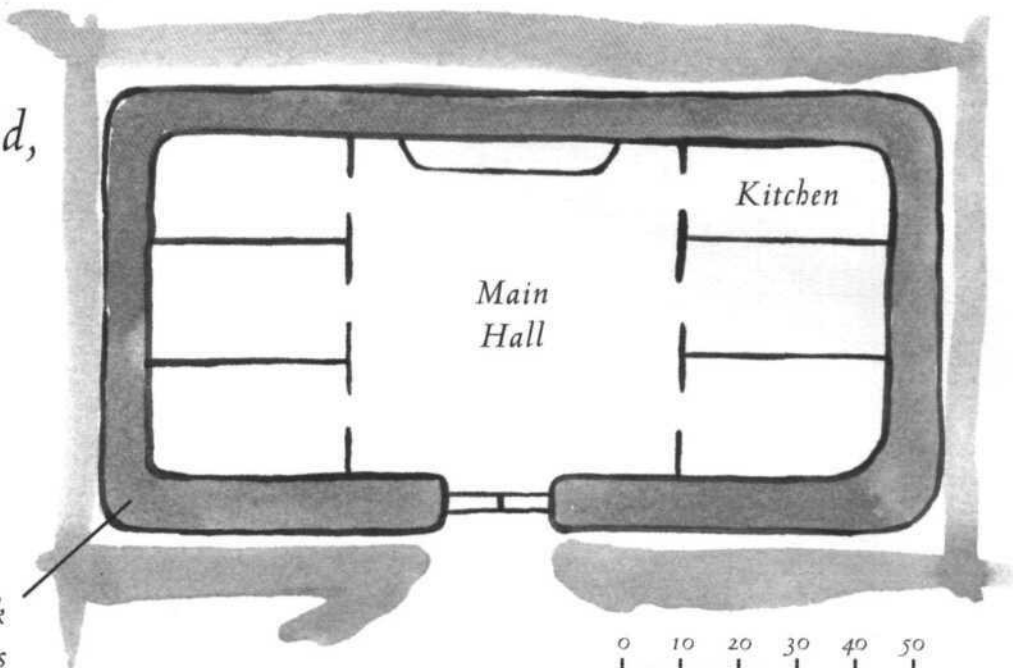
Should you choose to combine story options, note that Sigurd acquires even greater importance to the story (see Plotline Combinations). Under the evacuation option, even moreso when used in combination with the others, Sigurd's messianic complex is a key driving force to the adventure. This is probably a delusion, but you may wish to make her secret identity as a Valkyrie a reality that the party has a hard time accepting — after all, many Greenlanders labor under severe delusions.

If slave traders or Unipeds have attacked the colony, Sigurd will have a fairly good idea that some outside agency is at work, and will have seen a pattern. The slave traders only attack isolated farms where no witnesses can relate what happened. These sites are also always within easy reach of the sea.

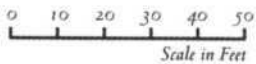
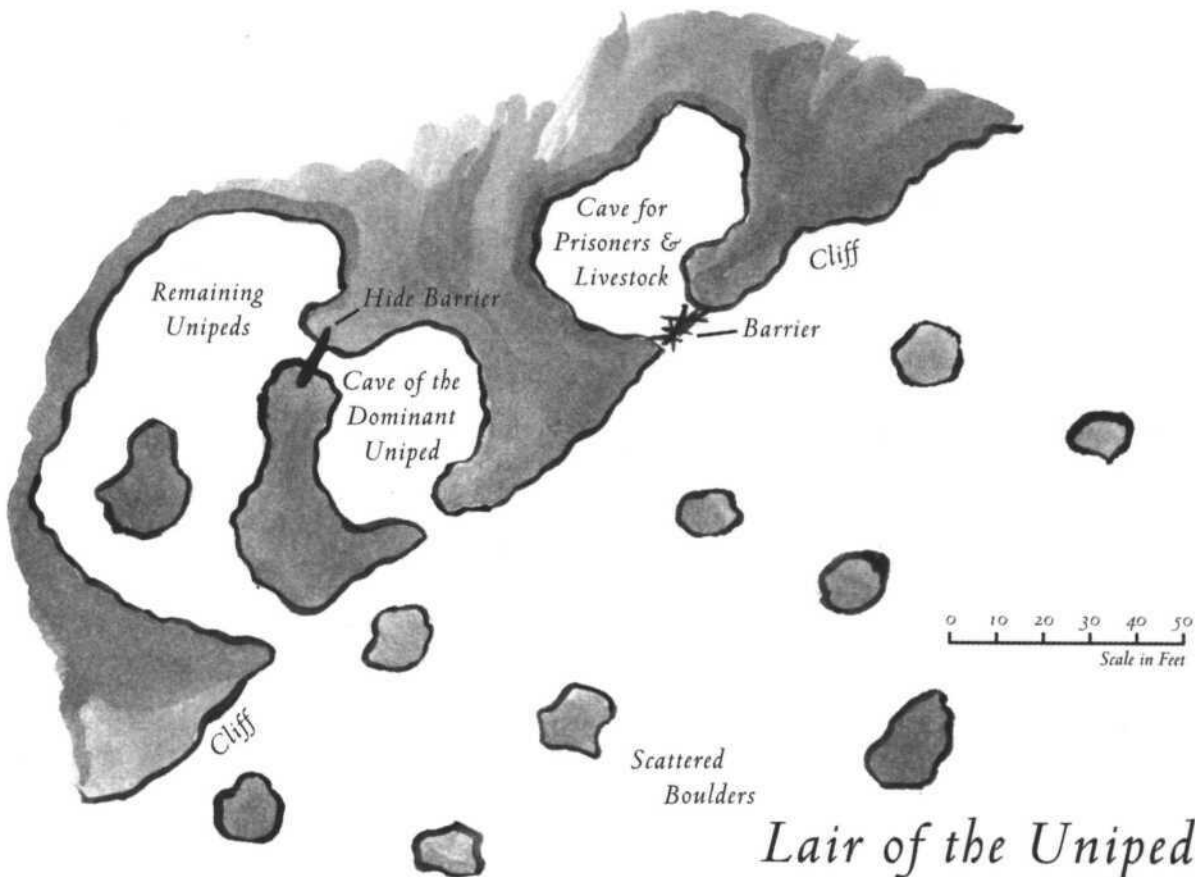
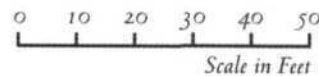
If Unipeds are at fault, Sigurd will have noticed that while



*Brattabild,
Hall of
Heroes*

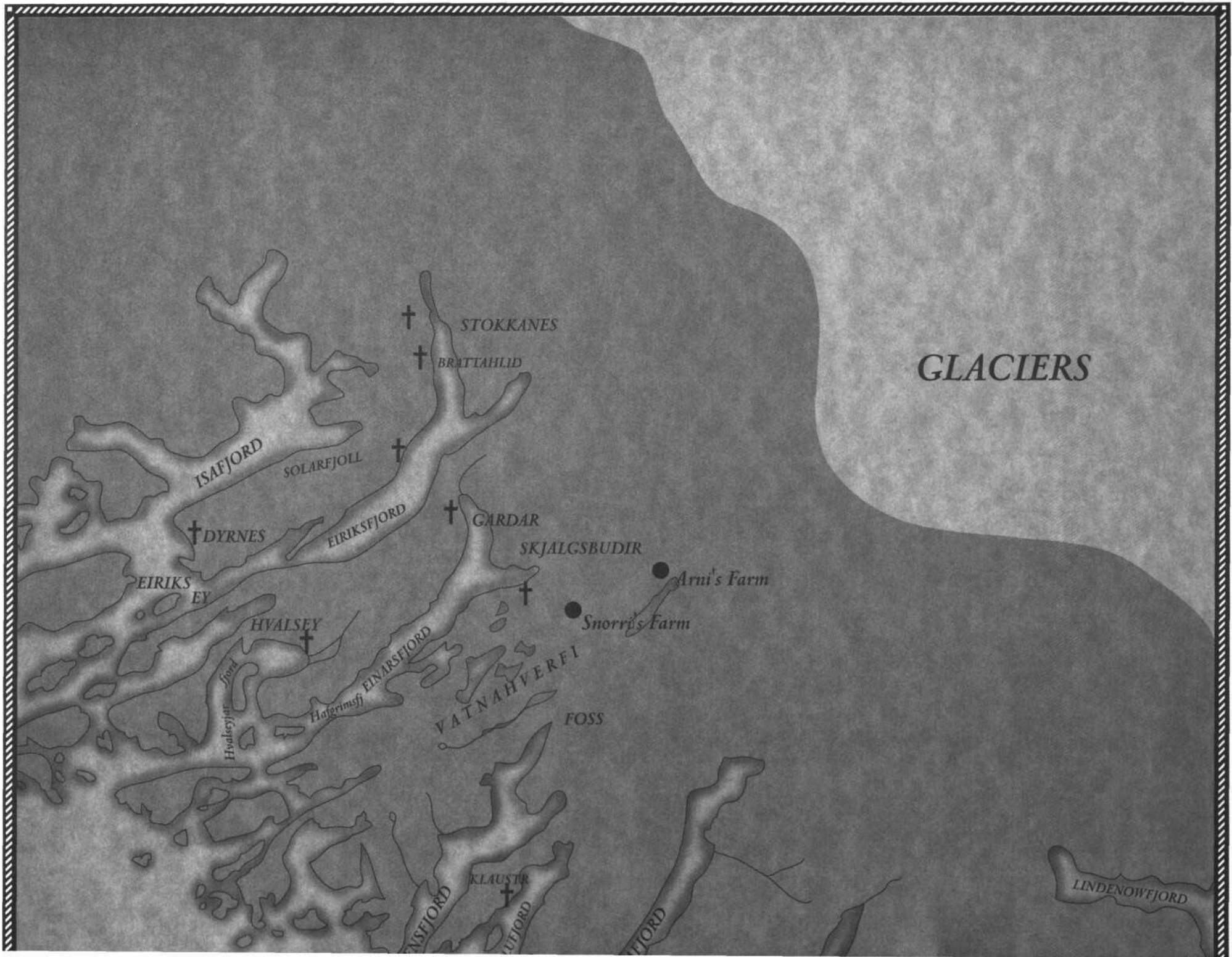


*Very Thick
Turf Walls*



Lair of the Unipeds





GLACIERS

STOKKANES

BRATTAHLID

ISAFJORD

SOLARFJOLL

† DYRNES

ERIKSFJORD

† GARDAR

SKJALGSBUDIR

Arni's Farm

EIRIKS EY

HVALSEY

† Snorri's Farm

Hvalseyjar
Jord

Hagerimsfj

EINARSFJORD

VATNAHVERFI

FOSS

† KLAUSTR

LINDENOWFJORD

NSFJORD

UBJORD

FJORD

HVARF

HERJOLFSNES

KLAUSTER

Monastery

Ulf's Farm

SOLVADAL

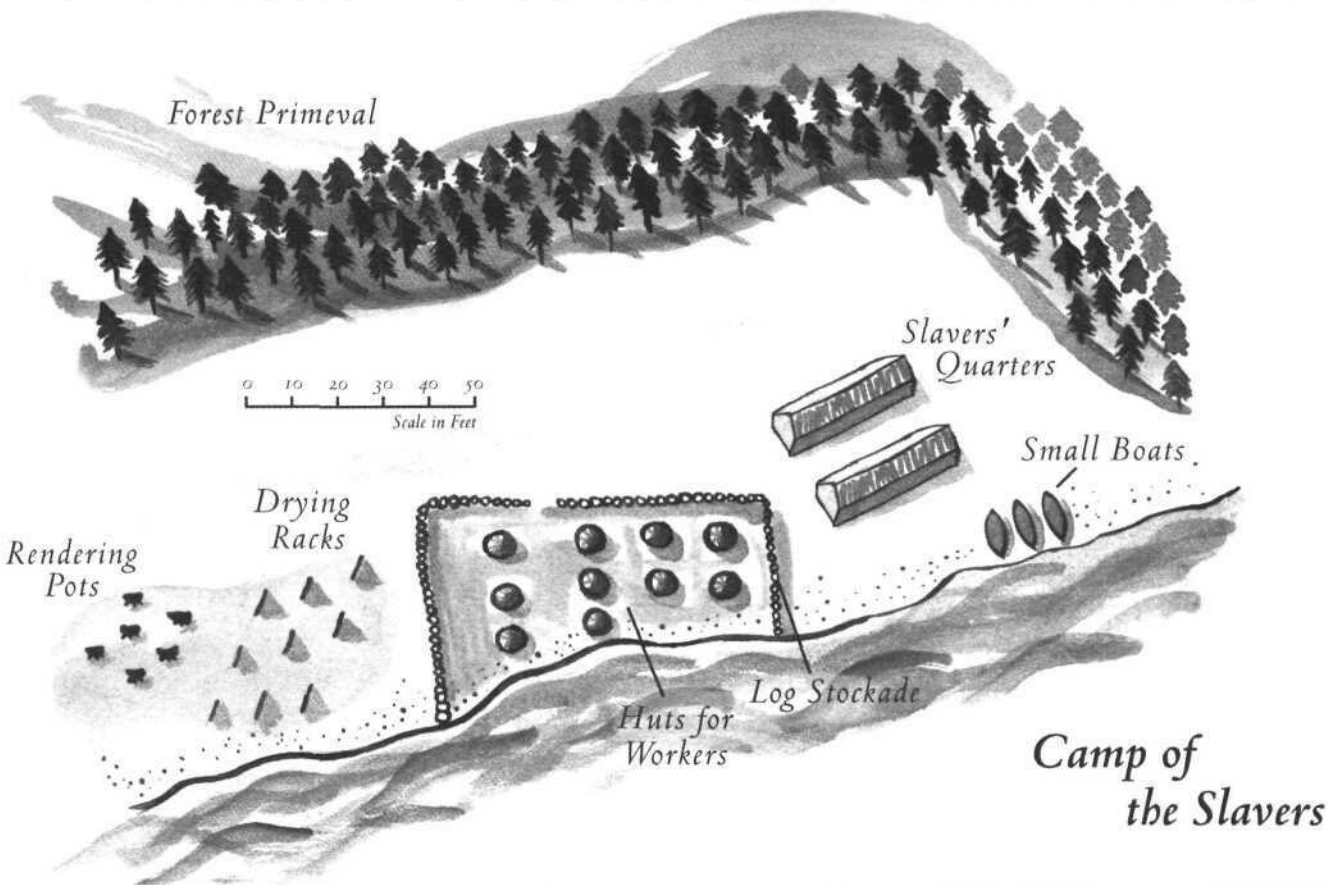
HERJOLFSFJORD

TOELFJORD

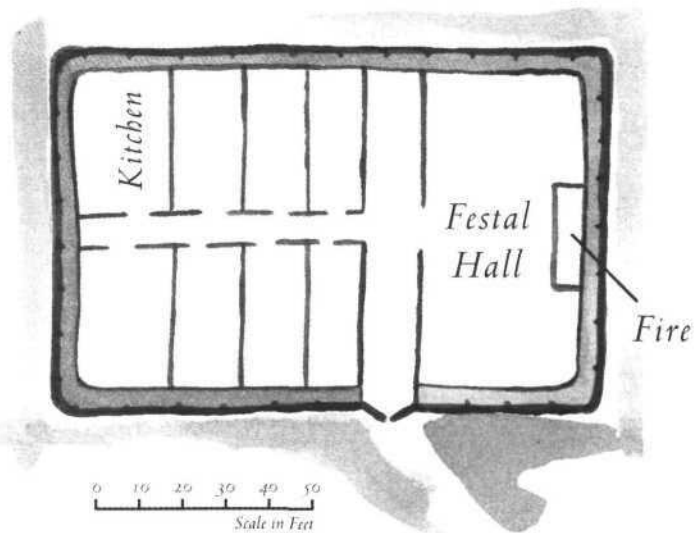
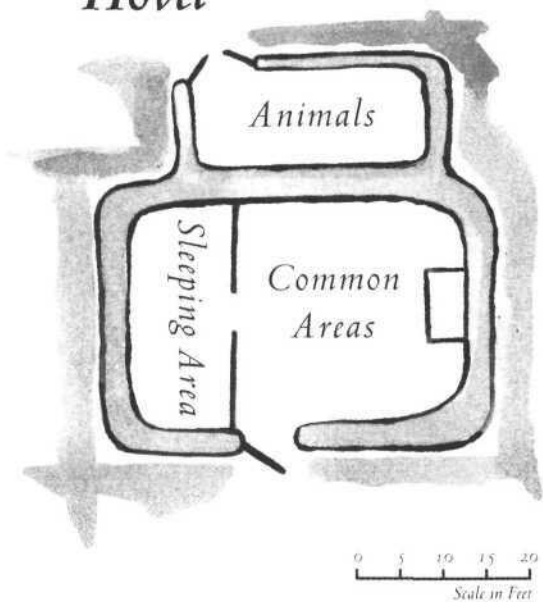
PRINS CHRISTIANS SUND

CAPE
FAREWELL

The **EASTERN
SETTLEMENTS**



Snorri's Hovel



*Gardar,
Seat of Bishops*



these farms are also usually isolated, they are generally inland, those closest to the glaciers behind the colonized area. Also, those taken are generally the colony's most religious-minded and its most independent thinkers. She has also noticed that all serious enemies of Eugen the Preacher are now gone. Sigurd has little regard for her uncle, but holds the traditional respect for the male head of her family. If plotlines are combined, Sigurd may be preparing her people for battle against invaders. In this case, Gardar will have a surprising number of large young men and women toiling about. Jòn is oblivious to any such preparations.

Sigurd will not think highly of the foreign adventurers who've come to Greenland to profit from her people's misery, whatever option is in force. Obtaining her advice and aid will not be easy — the party will have to convince her that they are genuinely interested in investigating and putting a stop to these strange attacks. She will only offer assistance in the cases of Uniped or slave trader attack — if she is behind the disappearances, she will remain coldly aloof.

Jòn will suggest the party look in the Vatnahverfi District, a short sail or march from Gardar and one of the most thickly-settled areas. If there is any trouble — which Jòn disputes — it would obviously affect that region. This suggestion will earn Jòn a sharp glare from Sigurd, under which he will wither. She will reluctantly agree that there are many fine farms there, to which Jòn will add that some of Greenland's best furs and falcons come from there. This time she will tell Jòn to shut his mouth. She will not explain any more to the party.

Eiriksfjord

Well-known to traders is the sixth fjord, known as Eiriksfjord. At the head of the fjord, on the northern shore, lies the most important farmstead in Greenland, Brattahild. Founded by Erik the Red, it occupies a beautiful sloping site with great views of the fjord and the nearby mountains.

Brattahild is actually a compound of three farms, each on a small rise within sight of the other two. Between them is a wet and boggy patch where cranberries grow. The farm closest to the fjord is the largest, and is the headquarters of Eugen the Preacher. All three farms consist of large turf farm buildings with attached barns. In contrast to other farms the party might visit, there are a large number of livestock present, chiefly sheep and goats. There are a small handful of cows, but no horses.

Eugen the Preacher

8th-Level Aristocrat

Pseudo-Religious Charlatan

Hit Points: 55

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12

Attacks: Longsword +6 melee

Damage: Longsword 1d8+1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +5

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 12,
Int 18, Wis 9, Cha 18

Skills: Bluff +15 Diplomacy +15
Escape Artist +7 Forgery +14
Gather Info +15 Intimidate +14
Disguise +15 Perform
Sense Motive +10 (Preach) +15

Feats: Dodge Alertness
Leadership

Challenge Rating: 8

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Language: Greenlandic, Norwegian,
German, Latin, English

Eugen the Preacher is a tall, charismatic man with gray hair. Though his talk almost always turns to business, without fail he will place this in a religious context. He has mastered the art of the apology, and begs pardon for all and every occurrence. Eugen sees himself as a Christ-like figure, forced to take the world's sins upon his shoulders, and feeds off his followers' approval of this sacrifice. The party may notice that while Eugen talks of sacrifice constantly, he does not actually do without comfort. Brattahild's main hall is furnished in the latest northern European fashion, with heavy tapestries and a fair amount of gold fixtures. A series of very nice paintings adorn the walls of the festal hall, each including the likeness of a bearded Scottish warrior. The hall has a massive rock fireplace on one end and a long, heavy wooden table running down the middle plus benches along the walls.

Brand the Friendless

1st-level Commoner
Mindless Sycophant

Hit Points: 4
Initiative: -1
Speed: 20 ft.
AC: 9
Attacks: Longsword -1 melee
Damage: Longsword 1d8-1
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort -1, Ref -1, Will -3
Abilities: Str 9, Dex 8, Con 9,
Int 8, Wis 4, Cha 6
Skills: Listen
Feats: Run

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Language: Greenlandic

Special: Illiteracy. Brand cannot read or write, and is incapable of learning to do so.

Eugen

dresses well, in stark contrast to his grubby companions, and drinks imported wine as opposed to the raw home-made alcohol swilled by the hangers-on. While he has no formal education, his vastly greater experience of the wider world has given him a practical knowledge unrivaled by the other Greenlanders. He has used his influence to place his son Jøn in the lawspeaker's post, as he can better wield power through a malleable weakling. Jøn is purely Eugen's creature, though he is never called on to perform evil acts — more from Eugen's contempt for his weakness than from any fatherly devotion. Eugen has no respect for family ties, though he is more than willing to use them to his own profit. Long ago, he cheated his brothers Magnus and Thorvald of their share of the family enterprise.

According to Eugen, the community of the faithful is the essence of religious faith. All of one's action in life, especially one's business

dealings, must be "for the faith." By living for the faith, the faith itself grows, bringing salvation to the faithful. The Roman Catholic Church lacked this faith, Eugen explains, and this is why it abandoned Greenland. Eugen helped free his native land to follow a truer faith by organizing the destruction of church bells, the most powerful symbol of Christianity on the island.

Missing from this equation is any clear definition of just what "the faith" is supposed to be, though Eugen's followers seem to have missed this. The act of belief is more important than the belief itself. Though Eugen is careful never to state so himself, his followers will define acts "for the faith" as those which profit Eugen's business interests. While the symbolic act of breaking

the church bells brought

Anders Silver Bags

1st-Level Commoner
Cbeerful Dupe

Hit Points: 8
Initiative: -1
Speed: 20 ft.
AC: 9
Attacks: Longsword +0 melee
Damage: Longsword 1d8
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort -1, Ref -1, Will -1
Abilities: Str 10, Dex 8, Con 9,
Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 10
Skills: Professional
Farmer (+4) Listen +3

Feats: Endurance

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Language: Greenlandic

Special: Illiteracy. Anders cannot read or write, though he could learn to do so with intensive teaching. Gullibility. Add +5 to any bluff attempt against Anders that includes the phrase "for the faith." Anders will believe most anything if it is "for the good of the faith." Alignment. Though a minion of a truly evil man, Anders follows him out of hopeless naiveté. Freed of Eugen's influence, he could easily be turned to good.

Egbert of Schälke
1st-Level Expert (Sailor)
Self-Righteous Convert

Hit Points: 6
Initiative: -2 (drunkenness)
Speed: 30 ft.
AC: 10
Attacks: Club +0 melee
Damage: Club 1d4
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0
Abilities: Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12,
Int 8, Wis 6, Cha 9
Skills: Perform -5
Feats: None
Challenge Rating: 1
Alignment: Chaotic Evil
Language: German

Special: Though once a member of *Jatkosotka's* crew, Egbert does not enjoy the Finnish sailor's luck with a Critical Hit. He believes himself to be a great singer, but his drunken bellowing is really quite painful to endure.

Eugen little direct profit (he did sell some of the scrap metal), it removed the last vestige of competing spiritual power.

If the party contains a cleric, Eugen will seethe with resentment. His inane theology may impress his ragged band of followers, but it cannot stand up to the slightest scrutiny by a trained religious mind. Eugen will dodge any public debate with a Roman Catholic cleric, but will quickly set one or more of his followers to murder the cleric by stealth. It will be important to Eugen that the cleric die before revealing the utter inanity of Eugen's belief system.

Though Eugen's greed is readily apparent to outlanders, his followers seem taken in by a pseudo-religious fervor. With no actual, ordained clergy serving the colony for decades, Eugen has been able to bamboozle the more weak-minded among the Greenlanders. Like all humans,

the Greenlanders have a spiritual need, and with no established church to fulfill this aching emptiness, Eugen has been able to prey on them. Thanks to 500 years of inbreeding with little new blood entering the settlement, the Greenland Norse produce far more than their fair share of the mentally feeble. This is the pool from which Eugen recruits.

Eugen's followers describe themselves as the Five Hundred Select, though there are only a small handful of them. No women are present, and the men of the Five Hundred speak often of sex and women in crude and sophomoric terms. However, if any female adventurers or NPCs come to Brattahild with the party the

Rüdiger Gislisson
1st-Level Expert (Artisan)
Talentless Hobby Artist

Hit Points: 5
Initiative: 0
Speed: 20 ft.
AC: 10
Attacks: Club +8 melee
Damage: Club 1d4
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort -1, Ref +0, Will +2
Abilities: Str 10, Dex 11, Con 9,
Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 1
Skills: Appraise +1 Forgery +12
Innuendo +2 Pick Pocket
Hide +4
Feats: Run

Challenge Rating: 1
Alignment: Chaotic Evil
Language: Greenlandic, Italian

Special: Rüdiger feels compelled to steal, and then claim that the item is his. This especially applies to artwork. He is deeply deluded, and may actually believe that he is not a thief, but simply appropriates what is his by right. His ability to create forgeries is an aspect of his psychological disorder: he does not believe them to be forgeries, but original work. Eugen the Preacher is aware of this rare talent and the delusion hiding it.

men of the Five Hundred will show themselves to be painfully shy around them. While the rest of the Greenland Norse continue their forebears' habits of regular bathing and saunas, the Five Hundred are noticeably rank — some would say even gamey. Their clothes are filthy, their bodies unwashed, and assorted practice weapons litter the ground where the Five Hundred have been playing at war, their usual pastime.

Loudest among the Five Hundred is Brand the Friendless, a small, dark and bitter man of indeterminate age. His whiny voice grates on the ears, and breaks like a teenager's when Brand becomes agitated — which is most of the time. Brand carries a vicious hatred of all foreigners, for they have insulted the inherent goodness of Eugen. They must be made to pay. Brand makes no secret of his

Rainulf the Knife

5th-Level Fighter
German Mercenary

Hit Points: 60
Initiative: +5
Speed: 20 ft.
AC: 21 (+8 plate mail, +2 steel shield)
Attacks: Great Sword +9 melee
 Crossbow +4 ranged
Damage: Great Sword 2d6 +4
 Crossbow 1d10 +0
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +4
Abilities: Str 18, Dex 19, Con 19,
 Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 11
Skills: Appraise +8 Knowledge
 Bluff +2 (Mathematics) +8
 Balance +6 Diplomacy +0
 Sense Motive +2 Gather Info +2
Feats: Weapon Focus Point Blank Shot
 (Great Sword) Dirty Fighting
 Monkey Grip Combat Reflexes
 (Great Sword) Alertness
Challenge Rating: 6
Alignment: Neutral
Language: German

Dulmo of Schälke

1st-Level Expert (Sailor)
Self-Righteous Convert

Hit Points: 6
Initiative: -2 (drunkenness)
Speed: 30 ft.
AC: 10
Attacks: Club +0 melee
Damage: Club 1d4
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort +1, Ref +0,
 Will -3
Abilities: Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12,
 Int 8, Wis 6, Cha 8
Skills: Pickpocket +4 Hide +4
Feats: None
Challenge Rating: 1
Alignment: Chaotic Evil
Language: German
Special: Egbert's younger, stupider brother.
 The two are inseparable.

spite, loudly calling for the death of all who oppose Eugen. A twisted soul, the hate pours off of him in an almost physical wave of loathing. He will attempt to murder any member of the party he finds alone.

Anders Silver Bags, a pudgy and jovial middle-aged man, seems out of place in this perverse little compound. Formerly a well-to-do farmer with extensive holdings near Gardar, his is the money behind Eugen's commune. He is blissfully unaware of Eugen's oily double-dealing, and will be genuinely shocked if confronted by evidence of deceit. Like Brand, he truly believes he is following the path of righteousness. Officially second only to Eugen, he wields little authority. More influential is Rüdiger Gisliison, a would-be painter. Older than any of the other men present, he suffers from an insatiable need to take things which are not his. During Eugen's last trading mission to Bergen, Rüdiger snatched William the Coarse's paintings. This pseudo-artist has no loyalty and if caught will claim he only

copied the art, that Eugen committed the theft. Unlike the others, Rüdiger does not really believe Eugen's prattle. The paintings themselves adorn the walls of Brattahild's main hall, and Eugen praises them highly, calling them Rüdiger's work of course. Rüdiger, he states, is the greatest artist on the planet and Greenland is lucky to have him.

Two new recruits round out the visible members of the Five Hundred, a pair of German brothers who jumped ship from the *Jatkosotka*. Egbert and Dulmo of Schälke will defend Eugen with all the fury of new converts, and will bitterly resist a return to Risto of Turku's ship. Short, blond Germans, the two are surprisingly fat for having just sailed the North Atlantic. They drink heavily, and are usually inebriated. If caught and pressured, the two will confess that Jøn Eugensson enticed them to desert to Eugen's team. If Risto is present for this confession, the Finn will quickly return to Gardar to calmly and deliberately kill the craven lawspeaker.

Five Hundred Member

1st-Level Commoner
Deluded Fool

Hit Dice: 1d4

Initiative: -2

Speed: 20 ft.

AC: 8

Attacks: None

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -2, Will -2

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 7, Con 10,
Int 8, Wis 7, Cha 8

Skills: Knowledge (The Faith) +2
Listen +2

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Language: Greenlandic

Special: These represent any extra members of the Five Hundred you feel are necessary. Note that they have not yet become evil, but will surely do so after enough exposure to the mewlings of Eugen the Preacher.

Eskimo Warrior

1st-Level Warrior

Scorned Skraeling

Hit Dice: 1d8 +7

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 10

Attacks: Longspear +1 melee

Damage: Longspear 1d6 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +0

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 11, Con 18,
Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 8

Skills: Hide +3
Intuit Direction +6
Move Silently +5
Animal Empathy +4 (see notes)

Feats: Endurance
Toughness

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Neutral Good

Language: Eskimo

Special: *Eskimo Skills:* Arctic life has given the average Eskimo an impressive array of skills for survival in harsh climates. However, the Animal Empathy skill only applies to Arctic animals, not European imports like dogs. Likewise, an Eskimo could not use the Intuit Direction skill in another environment (only likely if this adventure is combined with others).

Just as Eugen apologizes readily for all slights, real or imagined, so do the Five Hundred demand that outsiders apologize repeatedly and profusely for insulting Eugen's honor. Eugen himself will never demand satisfaction, but his followers will continually challenge members of the party whether any insult has been offered or not. Should the party attempt to remain at Brattahild for any length of time, they will find themselves beset by constant demands to defend themselves. However, in common with their type in all societies, the Five Hundred have far more talk than fight in them, and will usually back down from combat

least initially) unless they displease Eugen. The charlatan's minions are not alarmed by the disappearances — while the Five Hundred spew lies readily and often, they are not particularly good at it. Except for the oblivious Anders, all of the Five Hundred are aware of their leader's connection to the evil outsiders, and all approve (with the exception of Rainulf, who doesn't care where his pay comes from). If the party has the opportunity to wring truthful answers from a member of the Five Hundred, the wretch will give out the details of the arrangement (see "Lair of the Uniped" or "The Slavers" below for more on this connection). If the party hires Rainulf away from Eugen, he will not volunteer any information but will freely answer questions if asked. If you chose the peaceful flight option, Sigurd has no use for her uncle and his sniveling minions. They will be left on the island to fend for themselves and die a lonely, bitter death. Knowing that Eugen will only attempt to warp her operation to his own personal gain, Sigurd has been proceeding in secrecy chiefly to keep him out of the migration.

If the party asks too many questions, or is taking too obvious a role in solving the disappearances, Eugen will sense a threat to his twisted little empire. Once the party is at a farmstead away from Brattahild, Eugen will target it for Uniped attack if that option is chosen. If the slave traders are lurking about, Eugen might set the Five Hundred to fall on the party during a vulnerable moment, or call in the slavers to assist. However, in this age before modern telecommunications and with no magical ability to send messages over long distances, coordinating an attack with the slavers will be very difficult.

Eugen is just as curious as the party to discover the reason for the disappearances if he is not an underlying cause of them. Change can equal profit for the entrepreneur, and if his neighbors are vanishing Eugen wants his cut. If Sigurd is behind the flight, Eugen will aid the party in learning the reasons and keep very close watch on their progress so as to make use of any knowledge gleaned.

Vatnahverfi District

Sailing up Einarsfjord, there is evidence of numerous homesteads. Some are occupied, some are not. About halfway up the fjord, the southern bank flattens out into a beautiful plain dotted with small lakes. This is known to the Greenlanders as the Vatnahverfi district.

Just up from the water lies a small and rather ramshackle farmstead. The barn adjoins the dwelling, and the roof of the combined structure slopes down to the ground

Snorri Bjarnesson

1st-Level Commoner

Norse Trash

Hit Points: 5

Initiative: -2

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 8

Attacks: Longsword +0 melee

Damage: Longsword 1d8 -1 (rust)

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref -2, Will -3

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 6, Con 12,
Int 8, Wis 4, Cha 5

Skills: None

Feats: Endurance

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Language: Greenlandic

Special: *Illiteracy.* Snorri cannot read or write, and is incapable of learning to do so. Snorri bears an implacable hatred for anyone who can write. *The Rusty Scabbard.* If Snorri (or anyone else) tries to draw his sword, they must first make a skill check with a difficulty of 12. This consumes one entire action. *Stench Attack.* Characters who grapple with Snorri must make a saving throw as against poison (contact DC 16). Failure results in uncontrollable vomiting which prevents any action for the next three rounds.

so that the sparse cover of meadow grass and flowers stretches up onto the top of the home. The flowers atop the roof are uniformly brown and wilted. Though the views of the region are breathtakingly beautiful, this farm is most unpleasant to behold and the smell of rotting garbage is strong.

Piles of small bones, probably from seals and caribou, are strewn on the ground in front of the home as are all manner of trash and garbage. The small number of sheep wander about without any apparent tending, passing in and out of a broken gate to their nearby pen. Pools of rainwater mixed with sheep dung add to the aroma.

If the party attempts to leave without examining the home, one of the shutters will open to emit to contents of a slop jar, hurled into the yard to join the other debris.

Katrina Jorgisdottir

1st-Level Commoner

Norse Trash

Hit Points: 4

Initiative: -2

Speed: 20 ft.

AC: 8

Attacks: none

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort -2, Ref -2, Will -3

Abilities: Str 8/13, Dex 7, Con 7,
Int 11, Wis 5, Cha 6/14
(see notes)

Skills: none

Feats: none

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Language: Greenlandic

Special: *Barbarian Rage.* For a period of three days, every 28 days, Katrina is able to invoke barbarian-like rage. During this period, her strength increases to 13 and she is also able to use the Improved Bull Rush feat. *Changing Charisma.* Katrina actually cleans up quite nicely - her charisma rises considerably if she is bathed and out of the presence of Snorri. *Illiteracy.* Katrina cannot read or write, though she could learn to do so with intensive teaching. *Lust:* Katrina is consumed by lust for any male of reasonable age and appearance who is not Snorri. This obsession rules her actions.

Calling to the home, or pounding on its tilting, broken door, will bring forth the owner, Snorri Bjarnesson, and his long-time companion, Katrina Jorgisdottir.

Snorri is belligerent and crude, demanding to know why there are outsiders on his farm. He is short and very stocky, with scraggly blond hair and a moth-eaten beard. He wears a sweat-stained gray woolen tunic, and even in the coolness of the Greenland summer he is sweating noticeably. The stench arising from Snorri is powerful, rising over the already rank smell of the badly-kept farm and enough to nauseate those of weak constitutions.

A typical bully, Snorri is a coward at heart and will back down quickly when confronted. He will bluster loudly

and often, but avoid actual physical conflict at all costs. As Katrina's family apparently disowned her even before the disappearances began, he is able to indulge his need for power by smacking her, though he lacks the courage to do so in front of visitors. She is no shrinking victim, however, and regularly strikes Snorri even in front of others, with equally little provocation. If the party contains a cleric, these two are clearly in need of whatever aid he can offer.

Katrina is tall like most Greenland Norse, but very thin. She is almost as filthy as Snorri. Her high-pitched, screeching voice grates on the ears, and she complains constantly and bitterly about the farm, the weather, the imposition caused by visitors and most of all about Snorri. She wears a brightly-colored woolen Greenlandic blouse. If Snorri is not watching, she "accidentally" allows this to fall open as she leans over near male members of the party, exposing her small and very dirty breasts.

The pair will reluctantly invite the party into their farmhouse, which if anything is even more filthy inside. A very smoky fire sputters in a small hearth. As the party seat themselves amid the broken farm implements, Katrina will bring them earthenware cups half-filled with a weak drink made of fermented berries, and display her wares at all opportunities. Meanwhile, the slightly-drunk Snorri will tell the tale of their oppression.

Taking a rusted sword from a place of honor over their hearth, Snorri will describe how their attackers came in the dead of night. They broke into the stable and stole several sheep, but fled at hearing Snorri's battle-cry. Katrina will offer to show the damage to one of the male members of the party. Alone, of course.

Striding forth into the night, his mighty sword hewing down foes, Snorri spread death about him like Thor himself. Giant were the enemies of Snorri, huge hulking shapes. Frost giants, perhaps. Many a warrior challenged the awesome power of Snorri, only to be overthrown and cast into eternal darkness. Skalds will sing of Snorri's victory for generations to come, he will assure the adventurers.

Observation will show that Snorri's sword is rusted and has not been drawn from its scabbard in many years. If the party examines the farmstead, they will find footprints in the muck showing that many beings passed by, but no evidence of an epic battle. Or any other struggle.

If the party has the opportunity to examine the farm without interference from Snorri or Katrina, they will find several recently-buried caches of coins. There are many types of currency present. Hidden under some

dung and straw in the stable are a number of iron tools and implements — very valuable in Greenland. It is a fair haul of treasure, and under duress Snorri or Katrina may admit that they have been looting nearby empty farms after their inhabitants have disappeared.

If you chose the Uniped or slave trade options, Katrina will reveal — but only in an intimate naked moment with a handsome male adventurer — that the attackers caught Snorri and Katrina while they slept. For reasons she does not understand, they insulted the pair and then left. She saw no one, but if Unipeds are the mystery of choice the insults were quite pointed and made her cry. The adventurers may deduce that the attackers simply found the couple too repulsive to be worth capturing. If the Norse are peacefully leaving Greenland, they are abandoning Snorri and Katrina with it and these two will never disappear.

If Unipeds or slave traders are involved in the adventure, the looting engaged in by Snorri and Katrina will not please Eugen and the Five Hundred. Looting abandoned farms is an activity reserved for the faithful. Snorri and Katrina have earned themselves a spot at the next Uniped feast or on the next slave ship.

Snorri, reluctantly, will show the adventurers the invaders' path. It leads over some low hills behind Snorri's farm, through meadows and past small wooded groves. If the party looks closely, they may notice that here and everywhere else on Greenland a number of the trees seem to be dying.

The next farm over from Snorri's along the path belongs to Arni Ice-Farer, according to Snorri a despicable blight on humanity. Snorri will not venture close to Arni's farmhouse, but will inform the party that Arni is a lying, lazy braggart out only for his own fame and fortune. If Katrina has come along, she will be very eager to visit Arni's farm, something Snorri will strictly forbid.

Katrina is quite eager to pay her respects to Arni, and has apparently attempted to do so repeatedly in the past.

If the party approaches the farm, they will find a well-ordered house built of thick turf. There is a barn separated from the main building, along with a bathhouse. There are no farm animals evident, but there is a man inside the barn working to clean several animal skins.

Arni will apologize for his covering of blood and guts, and plunge his naked upper body into a nearby barrel of water to get rid of the worst of the reek before greeting the party. He is a large and very muscular Greenlander in his late 20's, with long blonde hair cascading down his back and a full beard. His effect on women (and men

Arni Ice-Farer

4th-Level Ranger

Greenland's Bravest Son

Hit Points: 54

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 16

Attacks: Boar Spear +8 melee
Welsh
Longbow +7 ranged

Damage: Boar Spear 1d8 +2
Welsh Longbow 1d10 +4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +0

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 16, Con 18,
Int 14, Wis 9, Cha 20

Skills: Animal Empathy +12 Hide +10
Intuit Direction +6 Listen +6
Wilderness Lore +10 Search +9

Feats: Point Blank Shot Precise Shot
Rapid Shot

Challenge Rating: 5

Alignment: Lawful Good

Language: Greenlandic, Latin, Eskimo

Special: *Literacy.* Arni can read Latin. *Welsh Longbow.* A weapon Arni acquired in trade, this is the famous weapon that ended the knight's reign on the battlefield. It fires the "clothyrd shaft," a 3-foot arrow that will pierce armor at 300 feet. Its range increment is 100 feet.

of the proper persuasion) is profound, but Arni is utterly oblivious to this. He will explain that he recently returned from a hunting expedition into the Greenland wilderness, and needed to cure his latest catch as quickly as possible.

Donning a tunic, Arni will invite the party into his home and distribute drinking horns of imported mead. It is a well-furnished and clean farmhouse, with many fine animal skins adorning the walls — polar bear, Arctic fox, and others. Arni is well-off by Greenland standards, trading his fine catches for all manner of European luxury goods. His table is equipped with plates and cups — unusual in Greenland — and he is

Uniped Male, Adult

Loathsome Predator

Hit Dice: 4d10+4

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 15

Attacks: Bite +6 melee
Claws +2 melee

Damage: Bite 1d8 +5
Claw 1d4 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +2

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 14, Con 12,
Int 11, Wis 9, Cha 5

Skills: Listen +2
Spot +3

Feats: Endurance

Challenge Rating: 3

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Special: *Verbal Abuse:* Unipeds possess a crude sort of empathic telepathy, which they use to insult their enemies in combat, dredging up the victim's deepest shame or fear as a distraction. The target must make a Will saving throw (DC 12). If the saving throw fails, the target is stunned for one round. A stunned character may take no actions and suffers a +2 bonus for any attacks against him. A Uniped may make one verbal abuse attack per round, but the DC level is reduced by one for each subsequent attack against the same target.

Weapons: Unipeds do not manufacture weapons, but will occasionally take them from fallen enemies or in tribute from human collaborators.

one of the few literate Greenlanders. Arni is a friendly, amiable sort, though completely obsessed with tracking and killing animals. He also captures the fine white gyrfalcons of Greenland, stalking and netting them. Arni is the only Greenlander the party will meet who actually trains falcons for hunting, and is the only falconer on the island as far as he knows.

The party's mission will intrigue Arni, as he has found his Greenland home stifling to his ambitions. He has already tracked and killed the most challenging prey in

the region, and longs for greater adventure. If there are invaders about, he has seen no sign of this, but was out hunting for many weeks. When last he took a load of furs to Gardar for trade, Jòn Eugensson gave him no indication of any trouble. The honest Arni can't believe that Jòn would steer him wrong.

Being an open and guileless sort, Arni will sheepishly admit Sigurd's reason for animosity if questioned: the two were once betrothed, but Arni refused to give up his long, solitary hunts on the ice. Sigurd took this as an insult, and believes it to be because her father went insane. Arni never thought things through that far — he only wanted to keep hunting, and fears marriage as a restriction on his freedom. He's not entirely comfortable with Sigurd's neo-paganism, but is not one given to theological debate.

The idea of invaders will excite Arni, who longs for the thrill of battle. If Sigurd is organizing a peaceful departure, she has left Arni behind because of her grudge against him. If the party already knows of the Unipeds, Arni will be most eager to stalk and kill them. He will have seen evidence of ghastly killings on the ice, and give the party his opinion that a new predator has indeed entered the region.

If slavers have struck Greenland, Arni will have seen no evidence of their attacks. Spending long stretches in the wilderness, usually by himself, Arni has little contact with his neighbors. Many of the Norse consider this highly dangerous behavior — the Arctic does not forgive mistakes, and an injured hunter is food for scavengers. Both the Greenlanders and the Eskimos hunt in small groups, but Arni scorns this reliance on others.

Arni also dislikes the Five Hundred, mocking them for their reliance on talk rather than action. As a result, he would be at the top of Eugen's "hit list," if only he were ever on his farm to be targeted. A party of adventurers who have crossed the ocean to seek new experiences will appeal to Arni, and he will provide whatever help he can. He is intimately familiar with the region, and is also one of the few Greenlanders who speaks the convoluted and alien Eskimo tongue fluently.

Shipwreck!

Vinegar Knud is a raving incompetent at the tiller of *Pride of Sphinx*, and will eventually pile her up on some of the many rocks jutting into Greenland's fjords. If the party uses the ship incessantly for local travel, Knud will have more opportunities to wreck the ship. Rather than placing this at the whim of a die roll, use your discretion as to how and when you want to toughen the party's task.

There are still other methods of returning to Norway — finding and using one of the Greenland-built ships secreted away by Sigurd or booking passage on the Finnish *Jatkosotka*. The party might also manage to board and capture the slave trader *Devir*, if that option is in play.

Wrecking the ship on the voyage to Greenland could end the adventure rather prematurely. But if you want to make the party walk to the settlement, let Knud smash the ship on the rocky coast south or east of the Eastern Settlement. Later, if the party becomes too reliant on the easy transportation up and down the fjords provided by *Pride of Sphinx*, this is another opportunity for Knud to do what he does best.

Regardless of the damage inflicted on *Pride of Sphinx*, Vinegar Knud will always survive. His kind always elude the consequences of their incompetence. The rest of the crew will not be so fortunate — such is the danger of trusting Knud as pilot. Only some of them will make it ashore; decide how many sailors the party will need to accomplish their mission. More of them will be necessary if slavers are involved, fewer if the Norse are leaving Greenland by choice.

Attack of the Eskimo

Along the western coast of Greenland, Eskimo settlements are found in sheltered locations. Physically, the Eskimos are among the toughest people on the planet, capable of enduring extreme temperatures and physical hardships. What Eskimos consider “sheltered” is therefore relative.

Unlike the picture of peaceful Arctic people drawn by wistful 21st-Century activists, the Eskimos of this time are a tough and warlike people. They skirmish continually with Norse hunting parties, though they have never launched a full-scale invasion of the Greenland settlement. A handful of Eskimo bands will trade with Norse hunting parties on occasion, but they are a small minority. The Eskimos do not like the Norse, and their hatred is warmly returned.

You may wish to unleash an Eskimo attack to increase the adventure’s hacking and slashing quotient. It may be used in conjunction with any of the options chosen before play began. If Unipeds are about, the Eskimos know of them and despise them. They will not, however, ally themselves with either Norse or Uniped.

The Eskimos will come in a silent but merciless wave, driving Norse farmers before them. Norse livestock have no value for them as booty, and so they slaughter animals left at farms they overrun. The Eskimos are

Uniped Female, Adult

Loathsome Predator

Hit Dice: 4d8+3

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12

Attacks: Bite +4 melee
Claws +1 melee

Damage: Bite 1d6 +5
Claw 1d4 +0

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 15, Con 14,
Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 5

Skills: Spot +3

Feats: Endurance

Challenge Rating: 2

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Special: Female unipeds are smaller than the male, but meaner-tempered. The DC for their verbal abuse attacks begins at 14.

very poorly armed, most of them lacking iron weapons and making do with bone-tipped spears. They have bows, but these lack the range or power of Norse weapons. But the Eskimos boast incredible physical toughness, and magic-users of their own.

Eskimos do not live in tribes, but rather in family units. They do not have permanent chiefs, but instead choose a man with practical experience to lead them in group efforts, such as hunting and battle. Killing this temporary leader will have little effect on Eskimo morale. A people who routinely send their elderly out to sea on ice floes is not one easily demoralized by casualties in battle.

The Eskimos use their famous igloos only as travel shelters, living in skin tents during summer and stone or turf houses during winter. They worship Sedna the sea goddess, and believe that sea animals like the seal, walrus and whale have especially powerful spirits which must be placated if the animal is killed by man. Certain internal organs, especially the animal’s bladder, must be

Dominant Uniped Male

Loathsome Leader

Hit Dice: 5d10+4

Initiative: +4

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 1

Attacks: Bite +8 melee
Claws +3 melee
Longsword +1 melee

Damage: Bite 1d10 +5
Claw 1d6 +1
Longsword 1d8 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +4

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 16, Con 16,
Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 4

Skills: Listen +3
Spot +4

Feats: Endurance

Challenge Rating: 5

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Special: The dominant Uniped has a longsword provided by Eugen the Preacher, but no training in its use. Unipeds may not make both claw and weapon attacks in the same round. The DC for the dominant Uniped's verbal abuse attacks is 13 (reflecting his greater spite).

cast into the sea. By slaughtering these creatures without making sacrifice to their spirits, the Eskimos believe the Norse have brought the wrath of the gods to Greenland. By killing the Norse, they can appease this divine anger and stop the relentless advance of the ice pack.

An Eskimo war party will consist of 10 to 15 male warriors and two or three angakoks, as they call their sorcerers. Eskimo magic is limited in its power, but frightens the Norse due to its alien origin. It is especially useful in controlling the weather, and the Eskimos may launch their assault under the cover of a storm. European, Norse and Eskimo magic come from such different traditions that counterspells have no effect.

The Eskimos are bent on taking captives as slaves, and on killing as many Norse as possible both to reduce

competition for the island's dwindling resources and to satisfy their goddess. They will kill men, women and children without discrimination.

Their language is incredibly complex, with multiple words for Arctic conditions but none for many concepts central to European thinking. It is unintelligible to the Norse, as are European languages to them. So different are these civilizations that even magical means will not allow one side to understand the other. There is little room for compromise, as the Eskimos wish the Norse off the island and the Norse are not willing to give it to them, even if they are planning to leave voluntarily.

As the initial target for the Eskimo attack, choose a site which will quickly bring the party into play. As the Eskimos have far greater mobility on the snow and ice than the Norse, they are capable of launching their attack at any point. Their homes are on the western coast 150 miles or so north of the settlement, so they will eventually return to the coastal route on their journey homeward.

Note that Eskimo attack can also be used to obscure the true nature of the difficulties afflicting Greenland, if you feel the players are unraveling the mystery sooner than you would prefer.

Lair of the Unipeds

This segment should only be used if you chose the Uniped Option.

These are Ice Unipeds, occupying a lair in a series of caves on the eastern coast about 50 miles east of the Norse colony. The Unipeds had no contact with the Norse settlements until their latest rounds of attacks began. Previously they were content to prey on the Eskimos. Increasingly cold weather has driven the Eskimos further to the south, and pulled the Unipeds south as well. The presence of Norse hunting parties alerted these vile predators to another potential food source.

At some point early in the Unipeds' lust for Norse flesh, they came into contact with Eugen the Preacher. As is often the case, evil tends to evil, and it was perhaps inevitable that these two should join forces. Eugen is selecting the targets for the Unipeds to attack, sending out his minions from the Five Hundred to mark the farms for sacrifice. Though Unipeds will often seize weapons from their human enemies, the lust for killing usually causes them to leave all belongings behind. Eugen's minions follow behind them, thoroughly looting the farm and carrying off anything of value to Eugen's compound at Brattahild.

In exchange, Eugen has provided the Unipeds with weapons, and promised a steady flow of victims. It is

not especially profitable, but very popular with the Five Hundred as it has allowed them to target their enemies for extermination. Those who ridiculed or slighted the Five Hundred, especially those who have mocked Eugen's faith, have found themselves featured on Uniped menus. This arrangement has gone on for several years now, and hundreds have been consumed.

Unipeds always attack by night. As the first step in a Uniped attack, one of the Five Hundred will leave a bloody piece of a sheep's carcass somewhere near the targeted farm. The sharp Uniped sense of smell will lead them to the carcass. As they have no way of knowing where in the colony a farm might be targeted, it may take them several nights to find it. Almost every adult Uniped participates in the attack, but as this is a small and dwindling clan there are only four to six attackers.

One of the largest Unipeds will then smash through the farmhouse door by lowering its head and springing at the door at great speed. The others will follow through the opening, terrorizing the inhabitants. If any resistance is offered, the Unipeds will be overcome by bloodlust and kill everyone in the home. If not, they will herd the humans and any farm animals back to the Uniped lair, for consumption at leisure. Any corpses will also be carried off, with surviving humans forced to do the heavy lifting.

Uniped assaults come on the night of the new moon, when the skies are at their darkest. Sometimes the attack is delayed by up to several days if the one-legged killing machines had trouble finding the marked farm. In keeping with their agreement, the Unipeds only attack enough farms per lunar cycle to yield 10 to 12 victims — they also do not want to overly cull their new herd, taking only what they need to sustain themselves. The player characters' actions will largely determine if and how they come to meet the Unipeds. The Five Hundred do their best to remove evidence of Uniped attacks, trampling or brushing away Uniped tracks. But skilled trackers might still find a trail leading to the Uniped lair. Or the party might shadow the Five Hundred as they mark the next victim.

The party might find itself the victim of Uniped attack if they run afoul of the bitter middle-aged men of the Five Hundred. Or if they learn how the farm to be attacked is marked, they might set themselves up as victims. If action seems to be lagging, feel free to cheat and send forth Unipeds to attack the farm where the party is staying. The player characters will then have the opportunity to follow the Uniped raiders back to their lair.

Unipup Spawn of Evil

Hit Dice: 2d8

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft.

AC: 10

Attacks: Bite +2 melee

Damage: Bite 1d6 +1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 9, Con 6,
Int 4, Wis 2, Cha 3

Skills: None

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 2

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Special: Unipups are even uglier than their elders. They cannot use weapons, and have no special empathic verbal abuse abilities. They will attack and attempt to eat any living being they spot, unless restrained by the clan's females.

The path leads over ice fields and along the gravel coast. Even in summer, the weather will grow noticeably colder thanks to the nearby glaciers. The Unipeds set a harsh pace, as they spring along without seeming to tire. There may be evidence left along the way of children, the elderly or the infirm unable to match the speed of this death march and consumed in place. Unipeds are very messy creatures.

The journey will take three or four days to complete even at a hard pace. Along the way, the party may encounter polar bear attacks. The bears have not fared well with the new competition for food, and though they do not often attack humans they are desperate.

Unipeds have no notion of camouflage, and unless the party runs into some of the creatures outside their lair, they will immediately recognize when they have arrived. Human and animal bones lie stacked haphazardly outside the cave mouths. There are three openings evident, the rightmost of which is covered by a mesh of whalebones

João Fernandez

6th-Level Double Expert (Sailor, Merchant)

Pitiless Slave Trader

Hit Points: 41
Initiative: +3
Speed: 30 ft.
AC: 18
Attacks: Longsword +6 melee
Damage: Longsword 1d8 +2
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +7
Abilities: Str 15, Dex 16, Con 12,
Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 15

Skills: Appraise +13 Balance +11
Bluff +11 Diplomacy +11
Disguise +11 Forgery +13
Gather Info +11 Intimidate +11
Listen +11 Sense Motive +11
Speak Language

Feats: Alertness Lightning Reflexes
Toughness Iron Will

Challenge Rating: 5

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Language: Portuguese, Italian,
English, German, French,
Norwegian, Latin,
Greenlandic

Special: *Alignment.* Though João's trade would be abhorrent to politically correct denizens of the 21st Century, it is a perfectly legal profession in these times. His evil nature comes from his willingness to slaughter those who stand in his way, not because of his enslaving others.

and pieces of driftwood. The human captives are kept here in wretched conditions, and are periodically thrown pieces of raw seal to sustain themselves. A single Uniped is always on guard immediately outside the cave mouth.

At random intervals, the Unipeds release one or two captives to perform tasks for them — feeding and watering the other captives or cleaning the caves. They verbally abuse these captives mercilessly, using their innate talent to full extent. In exchange for their work, the captives are exempt from being chosen for the next

meal. Unipeds feed on a captive human every third or fourth day — varying the routine in order to maximize the victims' distress. They supplement their diet with caribou, seals and bears they hunt, and with farm animals taken from the human settlement.

The central cave houses the dominant Uniped, an exceedingly large and ugly creature. The rest of the clan resides in the leftmost cave. The Unipeds sleep a lot, and enjoy tormenting their captives with insults. Otherwise, they spend their time looking rather bored and talking in their guttural Uniped language about humans and animals they wish to kill.

To rescue the captives, the party will have to get past the Uniped on guard and either spirit the people away without alerting the others or somehow defeat or incapacitate the entire clan. The clan consists of its leader, three young male Unipeds, six females and about a dozen pups. Once past the Unipeds, it is a long walk back to the settlement with exhausted and probably injured settlers. Note that Vinegar Knud is probably not capable of navigating *Pride of Sphinx* very close to the Arctic icepack.

If the Uniped and slave trader options are used in concert, a second clan of Unipeds exists in Vinland, near the slaver camp. These Unipeds are larger, more numerous and considerably smarter than their Greenland cousins. They inhabit a forest glen, and keep their captives in a pen made of crudely felled trees (Unipeds do not use tools to chop down trees, but instead ram them repeatedly with their heads until they fall). Multiple guards surround both this lair and the slave pen. The forest clan includes 12 to 15 male Unipeds, two dozen females and about 40 yammering Unipups.

The Slavers

This segment should only be used if you chose the slave trader option.

Trade in human cargo is an ancient tradition, though it has gained new impetus in the last century. Portugal has taken a lead in this area, first in the sale of Moslem prisoners of war to Venice to work that republic's sugar plantations. In the last few years, Portuguese slave traders have also begun to import small numbers of Africans to perform agricultural work in both Portugal and the Atlantic islands ruled by that kingdom.

Skin color has not become the key issue in determining who can be enslaved that it will be in the future. Religion is the deciding factor — it is considered sinful to enslave other Christians and a serious crime indeed. But in the far northern reaches of the Atlantic,

Portuguese law is far away and easily ignored.

For the last decade or so, Portuguese fishermen have discovered incredibly rich fishing grounds off the coast of a large continent south of Greenland. They have not considered this new land remarkable; after all, the ancient Greeks told of lands across the Atlantic. The abundance of the highly-sought cod is miraculous. In the shallows that later peoples will call the Georges and Newfoundland Banks, fishermen catch cod with unbaited hooks or by knocking them on the head with a club and hauling them aboard. The fish appear in such huge numbers that it seems one could walk across them.

This is a secret worth protecting, and though the Portuguese crown is aware of the new lands beyond the fishing grounds it has kept this information out of public view. Those involved in the trade are eager to keep it secret, and thus they turned to a source of labor they could obtain nearby without embarrassing questions. The Greenlanders are being taken to the island later folk will call Nova Scotia, and their ancestors knew as Vinland. There, they toil incessantly rendering cod livers for their oil, gutting and cleaning cod to lay them on drying racks, and loading this produce aboard ship for transport back to Europe.

A single ship, the *Devir*, has been responsible for snatching Greenlanders and carrying them off to work in this operation. Her captain, João Fernandez, is an explorer, merchant and slave trader well-known throughout the North Atlantic. *Devir* carries a crew of about 40, considerably more than are needed to man the ship. The extra manpower comes in handy when subduing new victims. These are evil men by the standards of their day — not because they enslave people, but because they enslave people who are nominally Christian.

If pressed on this point, João will argue that his actions are well-grounded in Portuguese and other European law. By smashing their church bells and failing to baptize their children, the Greenlanders turned their back on Christianity. They are apostates, not subject to any of the protections afforded Christians. There is no legal or moral barrier to forcing them to labor for the benefit of real Christians.

As in the Uniped option, João cannot easily raid the Greenlanders without help from collaborators ashore. Those who have tried the direct assault option in the past, chiefly English pirates, have been defeated. The Greenlanders don't get to fight very often, and relish the opportunity.

Eugen the Preacher, a former North Atlantic trader

Portuguese Slaver

1st-Level Expert (Sailor)

The Fernandez Gang

Hit Dice: 1d6+1

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 11

Attacks: Cutlass +0 melee

Damage: Cutlass 1d6 +0

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +3

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 12, Con 12,
Int 11, Wis 9, Cha 9

Skills: Balance +5 Climb +4

Profession (Sailor) +14 Jump +4

Feats: Endurance

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Language: Varies (not all are
actually Portuguese)

himself, is an old business associate of João and helps target isolated farms in exchange for cash payment. Members of the Five Hundred, supplemented by João's bruisers, fall on the farmers in the dead of night and carry away all the able-bodied. The non-able-bodied are also carried away, but afterwards tossed overboard. Though the Five Hundred have to be aware of what happens to the sick, the very old or the very young, Eugen shields them from direct confrontation with their evil deeds. Like schoolyard bullies, much of their toughness is purely talk designed to convince themselves of its truth.

There are only so many fjords in the settled area, so you may want the party to simply spot the slavers and their ship. Other methods of learning the truth could include breaking a member of the Five Hundred to force a confession or stalking the Five Hundred on one of their raids. If the party gets close to the truth, or simply annoys Eugen, he may set his associates to attack them.

Micmac Warrior

1st-Level Warrior

Scorned Skraeling

Hit Dice: 1d8 +2

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 10

Attacks: Longspear +2 melee

Damage: Longspear 1d6+2

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +2

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 11, Con 10,
Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Animal Empathy +2 Hide +4
Intuit Direction +4 Move Silently
+6

Feats: Endurance Mobility
Toughness

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Neutral Good

Language: Delaware

Special: Micmac warriors only appear through random encounters.

Rescue of the captured Greenlanders is trickier than breaking them free of the Unipeds. Though the slavers are not nearly as tough as the one-footed beings, the party will have to find where they are being taken. North America is vast: locating João's fish factory by chance is impossible. Instead the party will have to either shadow *Devir* back to its lair, or find someone who knows and sweat the information out of him.

Vinegar Knud, if he has not yet managed to destroy *Pride of Sphinx*, will be at a distinct disadvantage in a high seas pursuit. Given good weather and a lot of luck (once again, feel free to cheat) he might pull it off. The party will stand a better chance of beating this information out of a *Devir* crewman, or Eugen himself (as a former mariner, Eugen is capable of navigating to Vinland). They might also capture *Devir* and seize her charts, or steal them from the caravel.

Should the party locate the slavers' lair, the next obvious

step is to liberate the captives. *Devir* has struck the Greenland settlement many times already, and hundreds of Greenlanders toil in harsh conditions. The party has several options. They could use *Pride of Sphinx*, if she is still afloat. Risto of Turku has no moral qualms about slavery, but is frustrated by his lack of profit on this journey and could easily be bribed to participate in an assault on the Portuguese. He will want his pick of any spoils, plus cash or other valuables in advance. Sigurd Thorvaldsdottir could be convinced to assist in raising cash to pay Risto, and her cousin Jøn will gladly help if Risto has not killed him (in order to be rid of the Finn that much faster). Sigurd could also help in locate a Greenland-built ship. Though an experienced crew will be hard to come by, if *Pride of Sphinx* has been destroyed by Vinegar Knud's incompetence there should be some surviving crewmen including her hardened captain.

Once the site's location has been determined and transportation obtained, the party will face a well-guarded facility. The slavers are using the well-protected harbor that later inhabitants will call Louisbourg, on the northern end of Nova Scotia. It is a heavily-wooded area, with huge trees coming down to a narrow beach. The slavers have cleared about five or six acres for their facility. There are about 200 slaves present, held in a wooden stockade near the water's edge. The rendering fires and drying racks are along the beach, outside the stockade. About two dozen slavers are stationed here permanently, and about two dozen more fishermen sleep in shelters outside the stockade at night, rowing out to the fishing banks at dawn.

The fishermen work all summer, and in early fall a series of ships arrive to take them and their produce back to Portugal. Not wishing to feed and house their captives through the winter, João and his men will massacre them and return home as well. Come spring, they will harvest more unwilling workers from Greenland.

Sigurd's Journey

This segment should only be used if you chose the peaceful abandonment option.

Sigurd is organizing the voyages to Vinland from her father's farmstead in the area known as the Middle Settlement, about 20 miles north of Brattahild. Here ships can be loaded in some secrecy, and it is the most logical jumping-off point for the Norse route to the New World. The Norse prefer to skirt the coasts and icepacks between Greenland and the islands to the west rather than risk the direct passage across the stormy and unpredictable Labrador Sea southwest of Greenland.

There are several Greenland-built ships run up on the gravel shingle below Thorvald's farm. Sigurd's collaborators are loading them with supplies, chiefly food and iron tools. Large numbers of livestock are also held at the farm, though these will be limited in practice to breeding stock when the ships depart.

Sigurd foresees several stages to the journey. Greenland no longer possesses enough cargo capacity to move the 2,000 settlers or so she wishes to recruit in one convoy. This will leave about 1,000 people or less in the Eastern Settlement, chiefly the degenerates, insane and criminal elements who will probably die out rather quickly when the colony is shorn of its most productive members. The first convoy has already taken advance parties to begin clearing land and settling affairs with the *Skraelings*. Given the Norse way, "settling affairs" is likely to include a healthy dose of violence.

As in the other options, the party can learn of the evacuation through a number of routes. If they earn the trust of Sigurd, she may seek their aid. Eugen and the Five Hundred will attempt to foil her plan, and she may ask the party to help her fend off their interference. But Sigurd has little faith in the competence of anyone else, understandable given the people she's known all her life, and may instead try to set the party against Eugen without revealing the real reason.

The party may be able to track the disappeared over the ice to the Middle Settlement. It is not a long journey, a hard day's walk with an early start and rapid pace, but does go over some very rough terrain. Those making the journey have taken very little with them.

If confronted, Sigurd will describe her plan as the last, best hope for her people's survival. Greenland has been growing steadily colder. Every summer, the ice retreats a little bit less than it did the year before. Icebergs and bits of pack ice clog the nearby seas a day or so later in the season each year. Cattle have become more difficult to feed on the reduced forage grown in Greenland's meadows. Even some of the trees seem to be dying.

For centuries, the Greenlanders have journeyed to the territory they call Markland and come back with shiploads of prime timber. Sagas tell of even better lands to the south of Markland. The Norse never seriously considered moving their colony before, as the *Skraelings* defended their lands with insane fury and the small hunting and logging parties could not stand up against them. But experience has shown one Norse warrior, even unarmored, to be worth several *Skraelings* in battle. A force of several hundred adult Norse should be able

Greenlandic Peasant 1st-Level Commoner Hopeful Dreamer

Hit Dice: 1d10

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft.

AC: 10

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +1

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 10, Con 12,
Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 12

Skills: Animal Empathy
Wilderness Lore

Feats: None

Challenge Rating: 1

Alignment: Neutral Good

Language: Greenlandic

to carve out a colony site, Sigurd believes.

In prior years, the Norse could always return to Greenland. Though Greenland is a hard land, its meadows and sheltered fjords were a good home to the Norse and they loved their island. But as the world grows colder, many feel they could soon find themselves living among the eternal ice. It is time for them to go.

The idea of peaceful co-habitation with the *Skraelings* in some multi-cultural utopia of mutual respect is utterly alien to the Greenland Norse, as it would be to the Micmac Indians living in Markland or Vinland. The Norse aim to seize the lands they want, and exterminate or subjugate any present inhabitants. The Micmac would agree wholeheartedly that cooperation is ridiculous, and do their best to throw the invaders back into the sea. On top of this is Sigurd's return to paganism; she has yet to make many converts, but Christian feeling is weak among the Greenlanders and time is on her side.

The player characters will have to decide how this fits with their directives from Marcello and Elisabeth. Should

Sigurd, the Valkyrie
Pagan Demigoddess
Norse Avenger

Hit Points: 76
Initiative: +8
Speed: 40 ft.
AC: 22 (chainmail singlet, chainmail stockings)
Attacks: Longsword +7 melee
Damage: Longsword 1d8+6
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Saves: Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +10
Abilities: Str 19, Dex 22, Con 18, Int 19, Wis 19, Cha 24

Skills: Bluff +18 Concentration +10
Diplomacy +11 Handle Animal +8
Innuendo +11 Intimidate +18
Ride +10 Intuit Direction +5
Sense Motive +6

Feats: Ambidexterity Deflect Arrows
Endurance

Spells: Arcane Mark Detect Magic
Daze Ray of Frost
Dancing Lights Obscuring Mist
Chill Touch Resist Elements
Cone of Cold Control Weather
Spell Turning

Challenge Rating: 9

Alignment: Lawful Good

Language: Greenlandic, Norwegian, German, English

Special: Sigurd only appears in this form (see cover illustration) as part of a combined plotline, if you choose to do so. As she is a figure out of the Norse mythos, her magic cannot repel that of Eskimo Angakoks. Note that although Sigurd can ride, there are no horses in Greenland.

and if the adventurers have failed to complete their mission a trip to a new world might look inviting.

Plotline Combinations

The three options listed for Norse disappearance are not mutually exclusive. Some guidelines for combining them follow.

• *Combination #1. Unipeds and Slavers.*

The slavers are cooperating with a clan of Unipeds living in Vinland. In exchange for immunity from Uniped attacks, the slavers give the Unipeds all of the slaves who have been worked past the point of usefulness. Over time the slavers have gained insight into Uniped psychology, such as it is, and this has given them the ability to manipulate the Unipeds.

When the slavers started taking Greenlanders, they also encountered the Greenland Unipeds. Early on they discerned that the Greenland Unipeds lived in a state of unspoken fear because of the worsening weather. The slavers fed this fear through guile and rumor, and soon had the Unipeds, believing that all the humans and other animals on Greenland would freeze to death. The Unipeds would be left without amusing prey or food, in that order. This set off a wave of vicious Uniped attacks on the Norse farms.

The canny slavers offered the Unipeds a way out.

"Gather up as many humans as possible and let us take some for ourselves, and when the humans are all gone we'll take you in our ship to Vinland, where Unipeds live in luxury and abundance." Using their empathic ability, the Unipeds sensed the truth in this offer and are eagerly doing the slavers' bidding. Every time they attack a settlement they carry off some victims, and leave one or two of their number behind to guard some captive humans until the slavers take them away. This gives the party the possibility of encountering Unipeds and slavers at the same time, in obvious alliance with each other.

Even though Eugen is dealing with both the Unipeds and the slavers, he and the rest of the Five Hundred have no idea that the Unipeds and slavers are in league with each other, or even know of each other's existence.

• *Combination #2. Unipeds and Peaceful Evacuation.*

The start of the Uniped attacks has convinced Sigurd that the colony is doomed. She therefore organizes the flight to Vinland. However, the proud Viking heritage that suffuses her entire being makes an ignominious retreat unconscionable. Yes, there is nothing left here for her people, but far better to meet the enemy in a final

the Norse simply be left to their plan? If so, should the party lie to its patrons, and allow them to live in peace? If the party impresses Sigurd, she may invite them to join the expedition. This would be in direct violation of the papal mission, and utter anathema to any cleric in the party, but would place make retribution from Monsignor Marcello highly unlikely. Both the papal spymaster and the ruthless merchant princess are formidable enemies,

battle and destroy them, that songs of victory may be sung as the Greenland peaks disappear over the horizon for the last time.

She has selected a few men and one or two women she believes are up to the task of fighting the Unipeds and is training them for battle. She desperately wants Arni Ice-Farer at her side among these champions, but her pride is such that she can't bring herself to approach him. He is therefore unaware of both the evacuation and the coming battle against the Unipeds. If the player characters can convince Arni to come to Sigurd and ask to join her group, she will accept enthusiastically and invite the party along for the final battle as well — a great reward, by her measure. If the expedition is successful, Sigurd will reveal all the details of the evacuation to Arni and ask him to marry her so that together they may explore the vast new frontiers of Vinland, and adorn their hall with the pelts of strange beasts. Arni will accept, and the party will be invited to attend a wedding in Vinland, where Sigurd and Arni will adopt them into the community.

• *Combination #3. Slavers and Peaceful Evacuation.*

The slavers have been abducting the majority of Greenlanders. Sigurd learned of this, and began her evacuation to keep the slavers from taking the best and the brightest. She established a secret base in Vinland near the slavers' camp. Should the party gain Sigurd's trust, or provoke her into open conflict, she will reveal that she really is a Valkyrie sent by Odin to save the Greenland Norse and establish them in a new land. She manipulated Eugen into smashing the island's church bells: Odin demanded the destruction of Christianity in this distant outpost, where the upstart religion's greater power could be thwarted. Sigurd trains the evacuees in the arts of war so that they can rescue their brethren. She has also revived the old Norse religion, and banned Christianity.

Leave hanging the question of just how deeply deluded Sigurd might be. She believes herself to be a Norse demigoddess, and projects the belief convincingly enough to have won over a small band of devoted followers. But drop hints that she might simply be a beautiful and persuasive woman with unresolved personal issues.

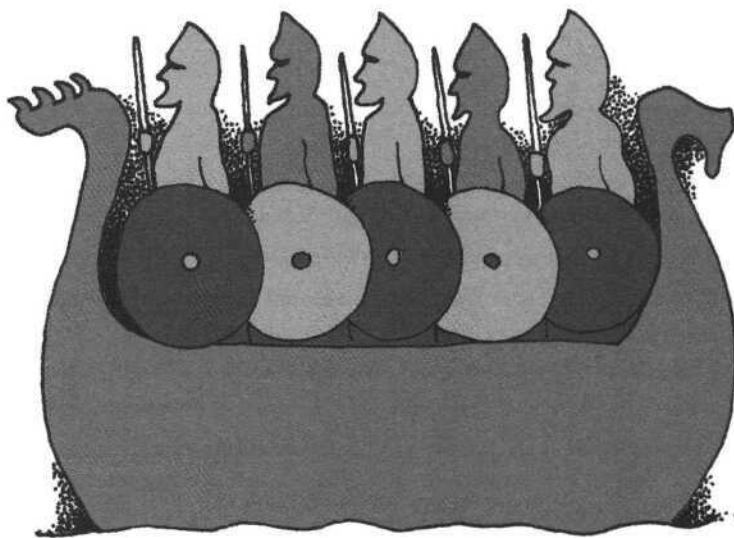
You may have to lead the party by the nose to follow Sigurd to Vinland. There they will find Sigurd's base and her band of warriors. These men and women will welcome the party warmly and invite them to join in the glorious rescue of the slaves.

This should present an unusual dilemma to the player

characters. These people are worse than pagans in the eyes of the church — they are renegade Christians who have embraced the old faith, and they are led by a pagan demigoddess. They plan to kill a camp full of Catholic Portuguese and turn the Christian slaves there into pagans. And yet, the Portuguese are indeed criminal slavers and have been massacring the Greenlanders the party has been sent here to protect. Any clerics in the party should argue that a man or woman's soul is infinitely more important than their body — far better to die a wretched Christian than to live a free pagan. Any course that crosses Sigurd's utopian vision will earn the party undying enmity from a reborn Valkyrie (at least in her own mind) and her neo-Viking warband.

• *Combination #4. Unipeds, Slavers and Peaceful Evacuation.*

Combine #1 and #3. The Vinland Uniped lair lies close to the slavers' camp. Unless the party finds this lair and kills the Unipeds before attempting to free the slaves, the Unipeds will defend the slaver camp. No fools, the Unipeds will protect their food supply. Potentially, the player characters, Sigurd the Valkyrie and her Greenland Norse warriors could end up in a climactic battle with the Unipeds and the slavers. If the party got to Vinland with the help of Risto, after the battle the wily Finn may decide to enslave the lot of them and put them to work gutting codfish.



*Historical Notes can be found on our web site:
www.avalanche.com*

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