

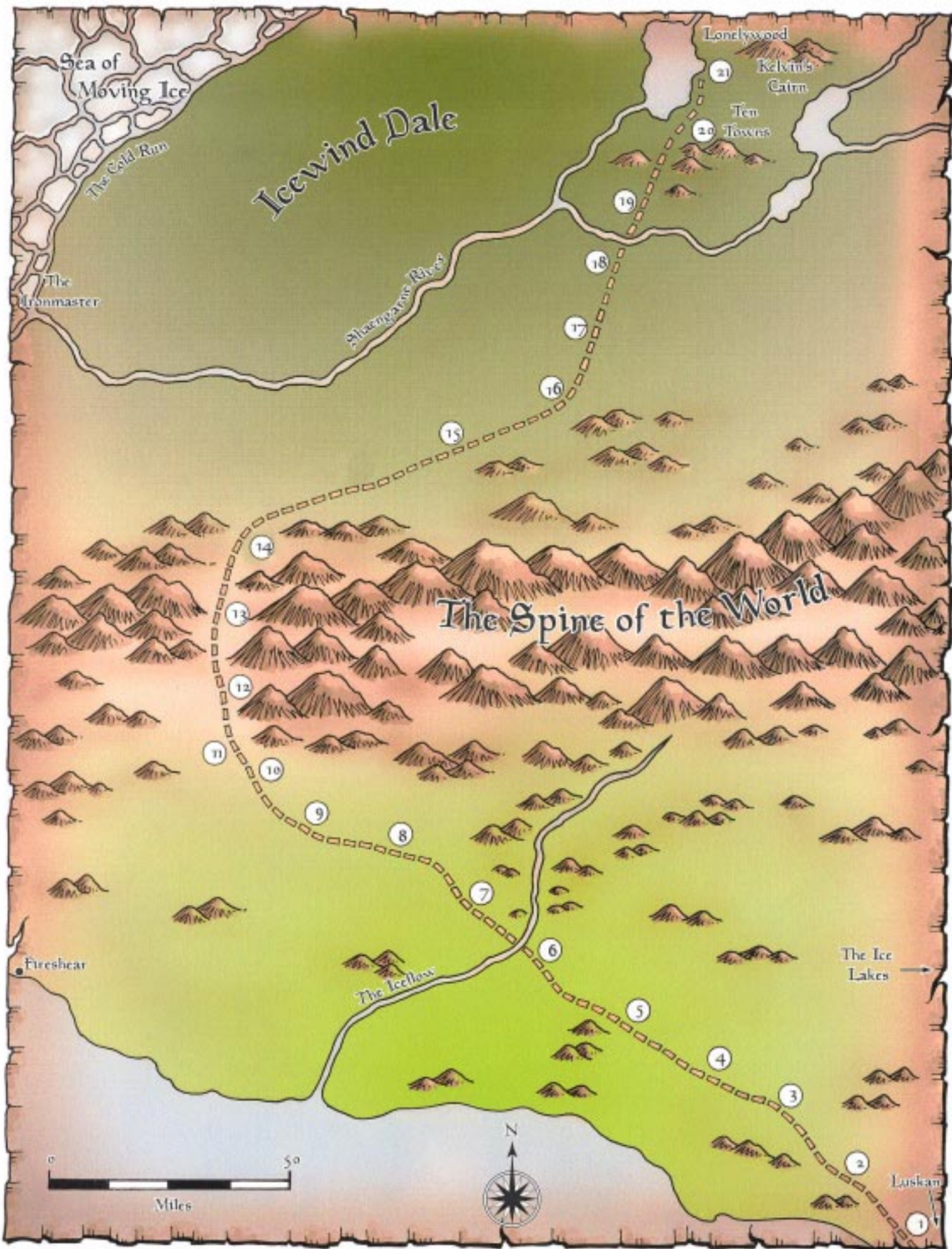
FORGOTTEN REALMS

ADVENTURE

The Accursed Tower



R.A. Salvatore & the Seven Swords



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons



The Accursed Tower

R. A. Salvatore and the Seven Swords

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Credits

Design: R. A. Salvatore, Mike Leger, Brian Newton, Tom Parker, David Salvatore, Gary Salvatore, and Jim Underdown

Development & Editing: Dale Donovan

Brand Manager: David Wise

Cover Art: Fred Fields

Interior Art: David A. Roach

Cartography: Dermis Kauth

Art Direction: Paul Hanchette

Graphic Design & Production: Dee Barnett

Typesetting: Eric Haddock

U.S., CANADA, ASIA,
PACIFIC, and LATIN AMERICA
Wizards of the Coast, Inc.
P.O. Box 707
Renton WA 98057-0707
(Questions?) +1-800-324-6496



EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS
Wizards of the Coast, Belgium
P.B. 34
2300 Turnhout
Belgium
+32-14-44-30-44

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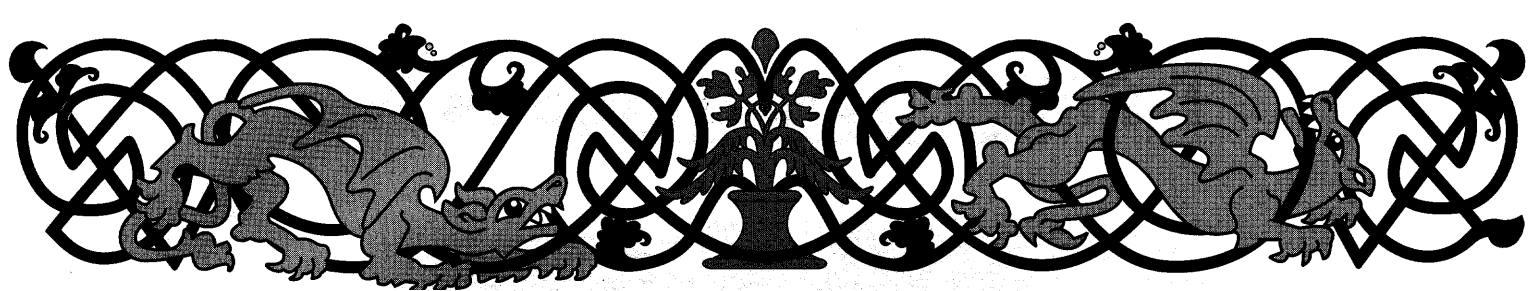
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Introduction

The pursuit of eternal life has ever been my quest.

How many friends have I driven away by my mad dreams? How many lovers have turned their backs on me in my time of greatest need? They claim that I am insane. They claim that my work is a perversion, that I will surely fail. I will succeed, I have no choice. My will is too strong to be stopped by mere death.

Even now, as close as I am, my prize continues to elude my grasp. All my waking hours are spent in study, poring over the tomes of the ancients in the hopes of finding the last ingredient that will end my torment and bring me life everlasting. But where is it?

It cannot end like this! I still have much to do, and all of my work cannot be for naught.

No. I cannot doubt myself now. I will take the steps necessary to complete my transformation.

Myrkul help me."

*—Excerpts from the diary of Damien Morienus,
former Overwizard of the Hosttower of the Arcane, North Spire*



The Accursed Tower is designed for three to six characters of 1st to 3rd level. The adventure is set in Icewind Dale around the great lake known as Maer Dualdon. The player characters (PCs) become the unwitting accomplices to a wizard as he searches for the tower and diary of a long-dead necromancer.

All that is needed to play this adventure are the core AD&D® rules (the Player's Handbook, DUNGEON MASTER® Guide, and the MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome), although, access to the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign setting box would add flavor to the adventure, as would the novels of The Icewind Dale Trilogy (*The Crystal Shard*, *Streams of Silver*, *The Halfling's Gem*), by R. A. Salvatore. The Dungeon Master (DM) may also wish to use *The Complete Book of Necromancers* (02151) when dealing with items found in the tower.

Adventure Summary

The Accursed Tower opens with the PCs in Luskan, the City of Sails, on the northern Sword Coast, with the player characters already in town. Perhaps the heroes are broke, or they may have come here looking for adventure. The PCs soon sign on as guards for a merchant going to Icewind Dale, with the prospect of very profitable but mysterious work when they get there. The journey over the mountains is both beautiful and dangerous.

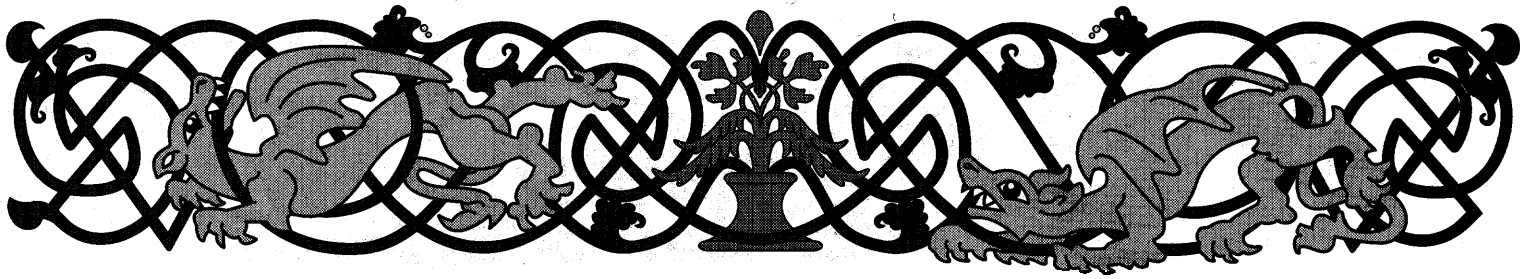
Soon after reaching their destination, the town of Targos, the merchant summons the PCs. He explains that he is, in reality, looking for the tower of a great mage who lived on the banks of the nearby lake. He offers the player characters a substantial share of any treasure found in the tower—with one exception.

Along the way, the PCs meet several interesting characters, including Regis the halfling, Drizzt Do'Urden (the famed drow ranger), and an old barbarian hermit-prince who is thought to have knowledge of the tower.

But the party has been duped: The "merchant" they're working for is actually an impostor who killed the real trader and has taken his place. This evil impostor is a mage himself and a member of the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan, a group of evil, power-hungry wizards. This mage hopes the PCs will find for him a vital piece of the secret formula to becoming a lich, a goal the mage of the tower also sought.

Will the PCs learn the truth in time and be able to stop the mage's scheme, or will they inadvertently aid this wicked man in his vile quest for unholy immortality?





Road to Icewind Dale



ur story begins with the PCs in Luskan, the City of Sails. They have been in town a short while. It's up to the DM to determine how the heroes came to be here: This area might be their home region, they could have been employed as caravan guards or been working aboard a ship, or some previous adventure may have brought the PCs here (for good or bad). They are staying at the Cutlass, a seedy inn on Half-Moon Street near the city's piers.

The story opens with the PCs coming down for breakfast. They see the innkeeper tacking up a notice on the door. Read or paraphrase the following:

As you make your way down for breakfast, trying not to disturb the drunks on the stairs, you notice the barkeep, Arumn Gardpeck, tacking something up on the door. The notice reads:

"Wanted: A group of skilled men-at-arms to accompany a merchant into grand adventure in the city Targos in exotic Icewind Dale. Pay will be commensurate with skill. Please see Master Pedywinkle, merchant to the Realms, currently staying in the Royal Arms outside the Winter Palace. Employment in Targos after the trip is also offered. Hurry! The adventure awaits!"

If the PCs decide not to go on the trip, the adventure is over before it begins. The insightful DM can arrange (through boredom or as the result of a barroom brawl, a mishandled romance, a misunderstanding with local law-enforcement authorities, or the like) that the PCs are more than happy to take up the offer of a chance to get out of town and even get paid for it.

If the players are curious about Master Pedywinkle, they can find out from various sources (including Arumn the barkeep) that he is a friendly merchant from Waterdeep who is often seen in town. He usually trades in small scrimshaw pieces made from the prized knucklehead trout found only in the lakes of Icewind Dale. He is also said to pay pretty well.

What the PCs don't know and cannot yet discover is that Pedywinkle is in fact Celerum the Black, former apprentice to the late Dendybar the Mottled, who was a past Overwizard of the North Spire of Luskan's notorious wizard guild and mercantile company, the Hosttower of the Arcane.

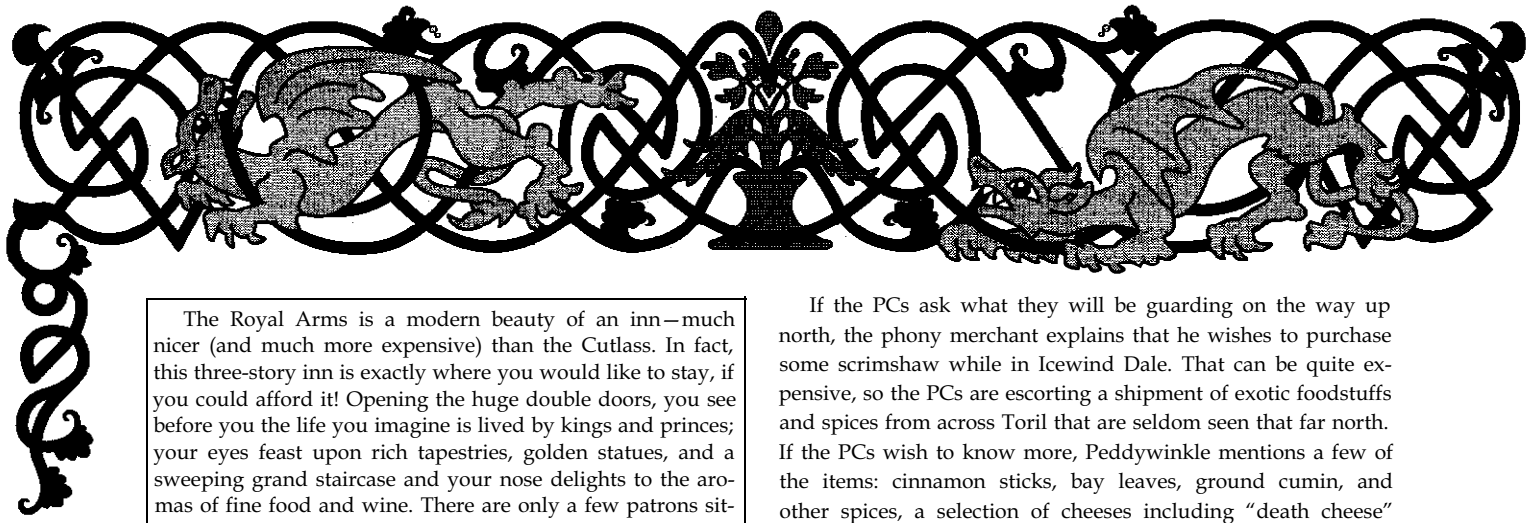
Celerum has been researching another of the Hosttower's former masters, Damien Morienus. Celerum has found out through his researches that Damien was obsessed with the necromantic arts and that he was believed to have been on track to create a recipe for lichdom. Rumors have it that Damien was unsuccessful with his attempt; the cause of the failure is unknown. One archive actually had a piece from his diary. (See the excerpt on page two.) This entry seems to indicate that Damien needed only one more ingredient to complete his fiendish recipe.

Celerum decided to take up Damien's failed quest, but first he needed the rest of Damien's diary, which, he thought, contains the formula. That is where Master Pedywinkle came in. He was indeed a merchant from Waterdeep, but Celerum killed him not long ago and has been using Pedywinkle's identity to continue his foul work, with the goal of traveling to Icewind Dale in search of Damien's diary.

The false Pedywinkle has narrowed the search down to one of the three lakes of Icewind Dale: Maer Dualdon. He believes that Damien's Tower fell or sunk into this lake long ago. He plans to use the PCs as his agents, in the hope that they'll find something to further his own quest for the tower and the diary.

When the PCs get to the Royal Arms, read the following:





The Royal Arms is a modern beauty of an inn—much nicer (and much more expensive) than the Cutlass. In fact, this three-story inn is exactly where you would like to stay, if you could afford it! Opening the huge double doors, you see before you the life you imagine is lived by kings and princes; your eyes feast upon rich tapestries, golden statues, and a sweeping grand staircase and your nose delights to the aromas of fine food and wine. There are only a few patrons sitting in the cozy dining area, and the barkeep glares at you from over his spectacles. It is fairly obvious to him that you won't be paying customers.

The Royal Arms is a truly beautiful inn, catering to traveling merchants and dignitaries. Few of the actual townsfolk can afford to stay here. The owner, Bartholomew Tidfigit, is a lifelong resident of Luskan and is very proud of his inn. Tall and lean, he looks more like a scholar than a barkeep. He's curt with the PCs, unless they come right to the point. If they ask about Peadywinkle, he points them to a regal-looking fellow in courtly dress and a handlebar mustache, who is sipping a cup of tea and eating a muffin. Bartholomew is not willing to answer any more of the PCs' questions, as he has an establishment to run and no time for smelly ruffians.

When the PCs approach Peadywinkle, read or paraphrase the following:

The man in the corner looks you over as you approach, as if to size you up. He motions for you to sit. "Good day, my friends. I assume that you are here in response to my post. Good. I truly want to get started right away. As you may remember, I stated that pay would be commensurate with skill. Exactly how many undertakings of this sort have you experienced?"

The heroes can bluff through this if they like. In reality, Peadywinkle is looking for inexperienced adventurers anyway. The more naive they are, the better for him. However it turns out, whatever their claims, Peadywinkle offers the PCs the same compensation. Once they are finished listing their qualifications, read the following:

"I see. Well, based on that I think I can afford to pay you each 50 gold pieces each once we reach Targos, plus supply your food and water for the journey. And if you are willing to stay on for a while, I could pay you a share of the profits from a few other ventures I have up there—and those could be quite substantial. I'm leaving in three hours. The journey to Icewind Dale takes approximately two tendays. Does that sound acceptable?"

Peadywinkle is willing to haggle about pay up to a maximum of 100 gp per PC for the trip, but he doesn't want to pay that much. (DMs should adjust the amount of gold offered to suit their own campaigns.)

If the PCs ask what they will be guarding on the way up north, the phony merchant explains that he wishes to purchase some scrimshaw while in Icewind Dale. That can be quite expensive, so the PCs are escorting a shipment of exotic foodstuffs and spices from across Toril that are seldom seen that far north. If the PCs wish to know more, Peadywinkle mentions a few of the items: cinnamon sticks, bay leaves, ground cumin, and other spices, a selection of cheeses including "death cheese" (made from catoblepas milk), and honeycombs fresh from beehives far to the south.

Leaving Luskan

When the PCs meet back at the Royal Arms, read the following. (Make sure that you speak very quickly, and don't let the PCs get a word in edgewise while you are giving Dell's speech.)

As you circle around the back of the Royal Arms, you see a middle-aged, black-haired man in leather armor harnessing a pair of horses to a large covered wagon. He eyes you suspiciously at first, then nods in greeting, and goes back to his work. Behind him you see a tall, brown-haired boy of about 16 years carrying a box of tools out of the stables, heading towards a second wagon. Seeing you, his face lights up in a wide grin, and he drops his box and approaches.

"Good morning, sirs (and ladies), you must be the grand adventurers that Master Peadywinkle told us would be guarding the caravan! I'm Dell. Dell Tannerson. That's my Uncle Rafferty over there. He's teaching me everything he knows about being a teamster, you know, and that's quite a lot I must tell you, although I fear it isn't nearly as exciting as what you do."

Shaking your hands vigorously and not letting you get a word in, he says, "Oh, the stories you have to tell must be full of wonder! Please you must share with me the tales of your adventures as soon as we are underway, or even show me some magic. I do love seeing magic, especially when it makes things disappear. I once saw someone make a horse disappear and then reappear again. That was amazing! I wonder how he did it—do you know? Oh well, I haven't the time to talk right now. I have to get back to work before Uncle Raff gets angry. It was very nice meeting you."

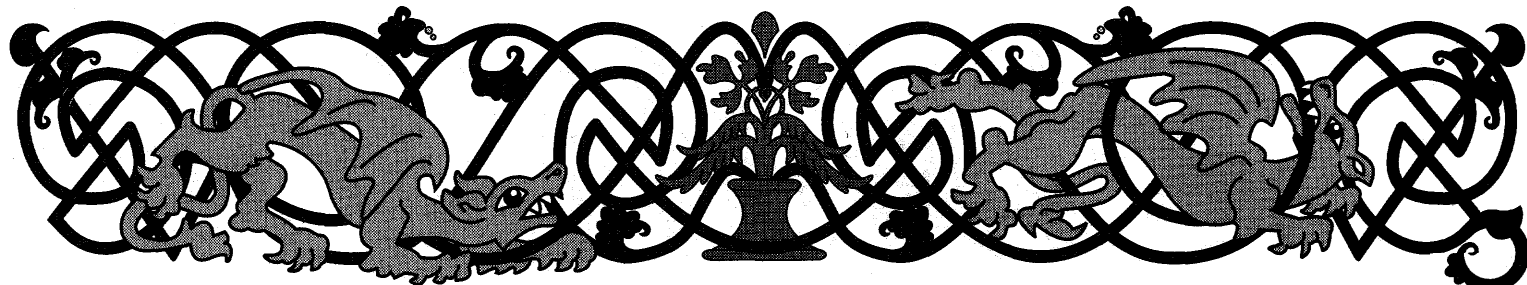
As you stand there in wonder as to how anyone could say that much in one breath, Dell picks up the box and heads toward the second wagon.

Rafferty Tannerson, hm F2: AC 8 (leather); MV 12; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (club); SZ M (5' 9" tall); ML elite (14); Int average (9); AL NG; XP 35.

Personality: Gruff, abrupt.

Dell Tannerson, hm F0: AC 10; MV 12; hp 5; SZ M (5' 11" tall); ML steady (12); Int average (8); AL NG; XP 15.

Personality: Open, trusting, outgoing (to the point of being annoying).



Draft Horses (4): AC :7 MV 12; HD 3; hp 20 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1, Dmg 1d3 (bite); SZ L; ML unsteady (6); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 65.

Rafferty is teaching his nephew to be a teamster and he hopes Dell carries on in his footsteps (if only he can keep his head in his work and not get all mixed up with dragons and faeries). Raff has a very low opinion of adventurers, thinking them likely to run off at the first sign of anything more interesting or exciting than guarding the caravan. He keeps mostly to himself during the trip and has little desire for conversation. Dell, however, pesters the PCs constantly for as many stories of adventure as they are willing to tell: the wilder and more exaggerated, the better.

When the heroes are ready to go, read the following:

After a few minutes, the horses are attached to the wagons and the supplies are loaded. You then see Master Peddywinkle come around the corner toward you. "Ah my friends, I see you are punctual. I like that. Everything seems to be in order here, so take your positions and let us be on our way." With that, he climbs up into the back of the first wagon and drops the flap.

The Journey

A long trip lies ahead for the small caravan, and it can be as exciting and dangerous as the DM chooses. If the PCs are 1st level or if the players seem to be in a hurry to reach Icewind Dale, a random encounter or two and perhaps a broken wagon wheel can be all the excitement that the heroes encounter. If the PCs have more experience (and hit points) under their belts, the DM can expand this section of the adventure. A few suggestions to do just that follow.

Weather

It's spring (Tarsakh) of 1369 DR, when the adventure begins, but winter's teeth can still bite this far north, especially in the mountains. It remains to the DM to decide if any major storms strike the region during the course of the scenario, but a snow squall while the heroes are trying to get the wagons through the pass in the Spine of the World Mountains can add a level of excitement to the scenario that doesn't come in the usual form of some creature trying to kill the PCs with a sharp implement. This type of danger can be especially important with low-level characters, when challenging them without the risk of slaughtering the entire party is tricky at best.

The default weather for this scenario is daytime temperatures in the 40s (degrees Fahrenheit) and nighttime lows in the 20s, with a blustery wind during the day that (fortunately for the PCs) dies down once the sun sets. Characters who take reasonable precautions in dressing for the weather should have few problems unless they get wet or somehow lose their gear. This

section assumes the PCs have adequate protective gear; if such is not the case, double the penalties listed below.

For DMs who want more realism, determine the general weather conditions and consult the chart below for possible effects on the PCs. Note that temperatures drop as elevation is gained. In other words, it's colder up in the mountain pass than on either side of the mountains.

High winds also make it feel colder than it is; this windchill effect can be achieved by invoking the next colder temperature range (rather than the actual temperature) if the PCs encounter winds of more than 20 mph. All temperatures are in Fahrenheit degrees.

Table 1: Penalties from Cold Temperatures

Temp.	Str	Dex	Con	MV	Attack
-40 or below	-1	-4	-1	¼	-4
-39 to -30	-1	-3	-1	1/3	-3
-29 to -20	0	-2	0	2/3	-2
-19 to -10	0	-1	0	2/3	-1
-9 to 0	0	-1	0	2/3	0
1 to 20	0	0	0	¾	0
21 or above	0	0	0	Full	0

Other Hazards

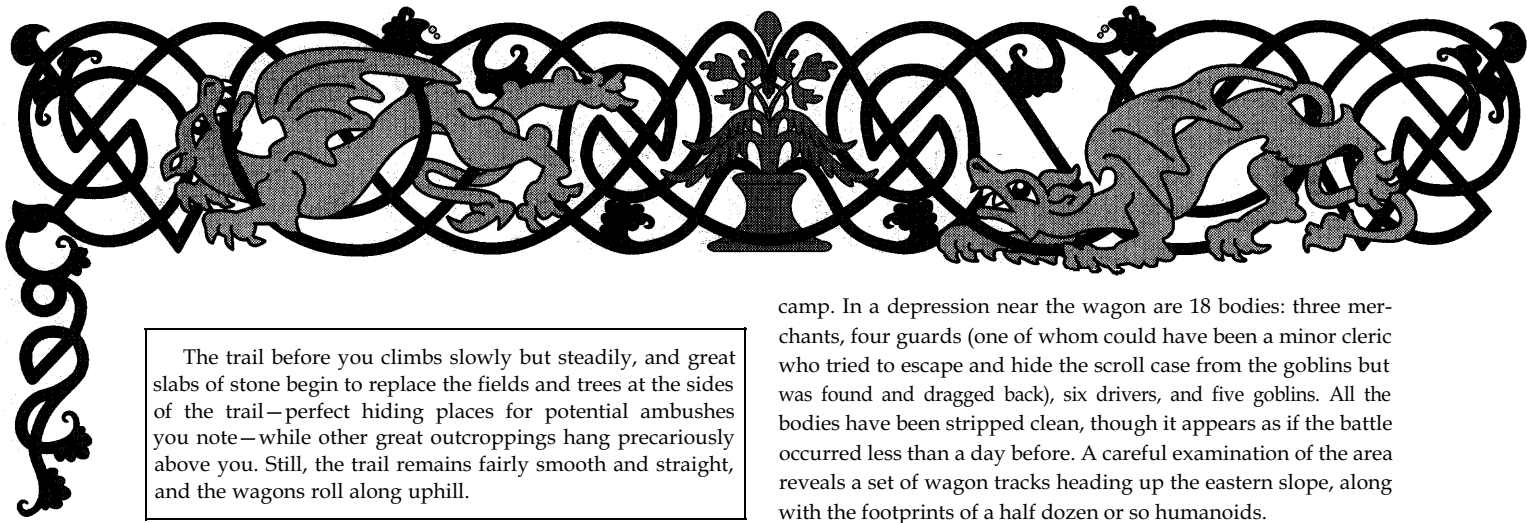
Other dangers or mere inconveniences that the caravan might encounter include one or both of the wagons getting stuck in the spring mud (Strength total of 24 or higher needed to pull the wagon free with the horses' help), a wagon's wheel shattering (carpentry NWP to fix; if no PC can fix it, Raff and Dell do so, but it takes 1d3+1 hours), one of the horses pulling up lame (reduce all wagons' movement by half or one wagon falls far behind the other), the path could be blocked by a fallen tree or (in higher elevations) a snow drift (1d3+1 hours to clear the path), or Raff or (more likely) Dell suffering some amusing mishap or minor injury (details left to the DM's discretion).

On the Road

The caravan spends 21 days on the road between Luskan and Targos. The first 11 days of travel, south of the Spine of the World Mountains are fairly easy traveling, over well-cut roads, through tamed forests, and along cultivated fields. During this part of the journey, the DM need roll for random encounters only once every day if the heroes stay on the road. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 on 1d10. If an encounter is indicated, there is a 50% chance that it will occur during the day (consult Random Encounters Table 2-A). Any roll on percentile dice over 50% indicates that the encounter occurs at night (see Random Encounters Table 2-B). If the heroes leave the road for more than an hour, roll for encounters twice per day until they regain the road.

During these 11 days, the DM should point out to the players that the mountains loom larger and larger as the heroes travel. On the morning of the twelfth day out from Luskan, read





The trail before you climbs slowly but steadily, and great slabs of stone begin to replace the fields and trees at the sides of the trail—perfect hiding places for potential ambushes you note—while other great outcroppings hang precariously above you. Still, the trail remains fairly smooth and straight, and the wagons roll along uphill.

The next three days (the twelfth day through the fourteenth) the heroes spend is the most difficult and dangerous part of the entire trip. The DM should roll for encounters twice a day, again 1d10, with a roll of 1 or 2 indicating an encounter. The first encounter (if any) takes place while the caravan is on the move during the day (Table 2-A), the second while the party has set camp for the night (Table 2-B), and so on.

Also, during the thirteenth day of the journey, the party has the following encounter.

Encounter in the Pass

The North/South Pass is the primary land route between Luskan and Ten-Towns. It is also the highest elevation traveled by the merchant caravans. It takes the caravan three full days to cross through the mountains.

As you start your climb to the pass, you notice that the slopes are sparsely covered with trees, mostly pines. Mountain laurel flourishes here, forming a never-ending carpet across the slopes. Where the flora fails to find a foothold, the ground is strewn with huge rock formations. The highest slopes are covered with snow and topped by white clouds.

At the end of the group's second day in the pass, the thirteenth day, Peddywinkle calls for the camp to be set on the eastern side of the pass near a shallow pool amidst some trees.

Once the camp is set, anyone near the northwest side of the pool has a 15% chance (if replenishing the caravan's water supply at the pool, this is automatic) of noticing what looks to be a bone partially buried about two feet from the pool's edge. If the PCs retrieve this item, they find that it is actually a scroll case containing one priest scroll with nine spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds X 2*, *detect magic*, *endure cold X 2*, *light*; 2nd level—*obscurement*, *slow poison*, and *water breathing*. The scroll case seems to have been buried recently, as it bears no marks of enduring much of the region's harsh weather. This case is a mystery left for the DM to explore. It could have belonged to a member of the slain caravan (see below), or it could be here for an entirely different reason.

If none of the player characters investigate the surrounding area, Dell finds the remains of a destroyed wagon just north of the

camp. In a depression near the wagon are 18 bodies: three merchants, four guards (one of whom could have been a minor cleric who tried to escape and hide the scroll case from the goblins but was found and dragged back), six drivers, and five goblins. All the bodies have been stripped clean, though it appears as if the battle occurred less than a day before. A careful examination of the area reveals a set of wagon tracks heading up the eastern slope, along with the footprints of a half dozen or so humanoids.

The Goblin Camp

If the party follows the tracks, read the following:

As you ascend the slopes, you are amazed at the sheer volume of mountain laurel. Someone, even a giant, could easily hide amidst the leafy growth! The wagon tracks remain clear, as the passage of the obviously heavy cart has cut a swath through the tangle. After ascending about 120 feet, you see that the tracks lead to a clearing amidst the laurel.

As the party approaches the clearing there is a 25% chance (45% for elves) that they hear an apparent argument. If the party isn't successful, then they hear the noise once they are within 90 feet of the goblin camp. Once the party approaches, they can veer off to the north or south as well as continue following the tracks. The goblins are totally unaware of anyone approaching, for it is very uncommon to have more than one caravan moving through the pass within such a short time span.

The goblin encampment is set up as such: three covered wagons in a semicircle with a small campfire at the center. Three goblins, dressed in hides, stand alongside wagon number one, arguing over some of the garments of their victims. Near the campfire is an ogre mumbling to itself while quaffing ale from a large keg. There is another, empty keg lying near him. If anyone in the party understands the ogre's language, or if they simply pay close attention to the brute's manner of speaking (slurring every word), they come to the conclusion that this creature is very drunk.

Inside wagon number two is a goblin busy prying at loose floorboards.

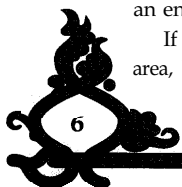
Wagon number three has been destroyed and rummaging through the remains is a lone goblin.


About 30 feet southeast of the wagons is a pool of water about four feet deep, 20 feet in diameter, and surrounded by overgrowth and laurel. Here the goblin leader, wearing chain mail with a fine-looking silver-inlaid short sword and an archer with a short bow, ten arrows, and a dagger refresh themselves from the pool.

Goblins (5): AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short swords); SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); Int low (5); AL LE; XP 15.

Goblin leader: AC 5 (chain mail); MV 6; HD 1; hp 8; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); SZ S (4'); ML average (10); Int low (7); AL LE; XP 35.

Goblin archer: AC 5 (chain mail); MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5;





THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (flight arrow) or 1d4 (dagger); SZ S (4'); ML average (10); Int low (6); AL LE; XP 35.

Ogre: AC 5 (8 due to intoxication); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 18; THAC0 17 (19 due to intoxication); #AT 1; Dmg 1d10+2 (fists); SW +3 to AC and -2 to attack due to intoxication; SZ L (9'); ML fearless (20) due to intoxication; Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270.

If the party attacks at this time, they surprise their foes as they catch the camp's members totally unawares. Also, if the goblin leader and the archer are not attacked at the same time as the rest of the camp, the archer tries to hide in the rocks on the northwest side of the pool and snipe at the PCs with his bow. The leader hides near the pool underneath the overhanging growth on the northern bank. Any player within 30 feet of the pool hears him splashing in the shallow water. The leader joins in the fighting if things are going well for his minions. If not, he tries to slip away.

If the party decides to watch and wait, inform them that as the night approaches, the goblins appear to become more alert and active. It is obvious that goblins prefer the night.

In searching the caravan, the party finds three small chests. Chest number one contains rabbit furs worth 20 gp; chest two contains scrimshaw worth 17 gp, and chest number three contains two *potions of healing* and one silver ring worth 15 gp. Hidden under the floorboards of wagon one is a pouch containing 5 gp, 10 sp, and a wizard's scroll with five spells: 1st— *charm person, detect magic, hypnotism, light, sleep*. These wagons, as well as the wagon (and bodies) found earlier belonged to Atremus Bellwether's caravan, a common (though unlucky) trader in the region. Unless the DM decides otherwise, the identity of Atremus and his slain companions (perhaps the PCs knew one or more of the slain guards) remains a mystery, as the goblins have done a fine job of ransacking the wagons and destroying any records Atremus may have kept.

On the morning of Day 15, as the caravan comes through the mountains and into Icewind Dale, read the following:

As suddenly as the mountains began, three mornings past, they now end, and all the northland opens wide before you, as if you have emerged from a dim tunnel into a bright sun. Waist-high brown-and-green grass covers the tundra before you, the sudden and almost explosive spring growth that marks this forlorn land. The vista before you seems almost completely flat, not a mountain or a hillock to be seen, offering an unbroken view to the horizon.

But as much as your view has widened with your leaving the mountains, your hearing seems to diminish, for a mournful, monotonous, and continuous wind thrums in your ears, a constant background noise that forces you to raise your voice even to converse with your companions.

Six days of travel brings the caravan into the fairly secure region of Ten-Towns. During this time, the DM should roll for an encounter once per day, with a roll of 1 on 1d10 indicating an encounter, again with an even chance of the encounter occurring

during the day or night.

On the afternoon of the 20th day, read the following:

The wagons roll across a small bridge, a small but swift-moving river rushing by beneath.

"The Shaengarne tributary!" Master Peddywinkle cries, obviously overjoyed. "Almost there! We'll see the peak of Kelvin's Cairn, the lone mountain in these parts, before the dusk, and tomorrow we'll see the walls of Bryn Shander, or maybe Targos itself!"

By the end of the 20th day, the PCs do indeed see the snowy summit of Kelvin's Cairn, and on the 21st day, they'll pass to the west of the walled town of Bryn Shander that sits atop a hill. There are no random encounters from this point on, for they are now within the region of Ten-Towns, as close to civilization as one can be north of the Spine of the World Mountains.

Random Encounter Tables

Table 2-A (Day encounters—1d8)

1—Wounded yeti. The yeti was wounded in a fight earlier in the day it's met. The party discovers a trail of blood that crosses their path. If the party follows the blood they come across the yeti trying to hide. The yeti will not attack the party, but if forced to defend itself, it does so. Since the yeti is already wounded from another fight, its XP value is only 270.

Yeti (1): AC 6; MV 15; HD 4+4; hp 30 (15 wounded); THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/1d6 (claw/claw); SA squeeze; SZ L (8' tall); ML unsteady (7); Int average (9); AL N; XP 270.

Note: On a roll of a 20 the victim is pulled into a hug for 2d8 points of damage; any opponent surprised by the yeti must attempt a saving throw vs. paralyzation or be paralyzed for three rounds, having looked into the icy blue depths of the yeti's eyes.

2—Scouting party #1. The group consists of four orcs and a gnoll. The group attacks the party, believing they have found an easy target.

Orcs (4): AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); SW -1 to attacks and morale in sunlight; SZ M (6' tall); ML steady (11); Int average (8); AL LE; XP 15.

Gnoll (1): AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9; HD 2; hp 13; THAC0 19; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); SZ L (71/2' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (5); AL LE; XP 35.

Notes: If the gnoll is killed before any of the orcs, they surrender or flee. The orcs have a total of 3 gp and the gnoll has 4 gp.



3—Hungry bear. This bear is not particularly interested in the party, except that the aroma of the caravan's food is drawing it near. The bear's only concern is the food, but if attacked, it fights back.

Brown bear: AC 6; MV 12; HD 5+5; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 3; 1d6/1d6/1d8 (claw/claw/bite); SA hug; SZ L (9' tall); ML average (9); Int semi- (3); AL N; XP 420.

Notes: On a roll of 18 or better the bear hugs its victim for 2d6 points of damage. The bear also fights until it's reduced to -10 hp.

4—Wild horses. The party sees a herd of the wild, shaggy horses that live this far north running on open ground.

Wild horses (18): AC 7; MV 24; HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (bite); SZ L; ML unsteady (5); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 35.

5—Insane ogre. This ogre attacks the party on sight, despite the odds, because a rabid wolf bit it and its mind is half-gone. Slaying the poor thing may be justified but may not be the right thing for Good-aligned PCs to do.

Ogre: AC 5; MV 9, HD 4+1; hp 24, THAC0 17; #AT 1, Dmg 1d10+2 (fist); SZ L (9' tall), ML fearless from madness (20), Int low (5), AL CE; XP 270.

6—Scouting party #2. This scouting party consists of four goblins and a bugbear. They ambush the party along the road.

Goblins (4): AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); SW -1 to attack in sunlight; SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); Int low (6); AL CE; XP 15.

Bugbear: AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+2 (axe); SA +2 damage due to strength; SZ L (7' tall); ML steady (12); Int average (8); AL CE; XP 120.

7—Destroyed caravan. A caravan was ambushed by hobgoblins, and the wagons were pulled off the road to be looted. There was a battle that at least three beings didn't survive (two goblins, one dwarven warrior; any dwarf PCs have a 5% chance of knowing this dwarf, whose name was Regbald Stonethrower).





8—Frost lizards (2). These magical lizard creatures attack on sight; they concentrate on the horses.

AC 6; MV 9 glide on snow or ice 12; HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4 X 2 (claw X 2); SA Glide; Spit ice ball (10' range, one every other round for 1d8 points of damage; attempt a saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage); SD invisible on snow when not moving; SZ S (3') ML steady (12); Int semi- (3); AL N; XP 65 each.

Table 2-B (Night Encounters—1d8)

1—Owl, giant. The giant owl is out hunting. The owl attacks the group if any member of the group is less than 4' tall or if the group has a small animal such as a dog (or a familiar).

Giant owl: AC 6; MV 3, Fl 18 (E), HD 4; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d4+1 (claw/claw/bite), SA -6 penalty to surprise; SZ L, ML steady (11), Int semi- (2); AL N; XP 270.

2—Pair of wolves. The pair is hunting and catches the smell of the group's food or the horses. The wolves stay outside of the light of the campfire, waiting for it to burn low. If it does, they'll move in, looking for some food to grab and run off with. If none is available, they'll attack one of the horses.

Wolves (2): AC 7; MV 18; HD 3; hp 15 each; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 (bite); SZ S (3'-4'); ML average (10); Int low (5); AL N; XP 65.

3—Giant lynx. These creatures are out hunting. Being cunning predators, they do not attack so large a party right away. They use their wits and plaintive sounds to try to lure a single PC away from the safety of the fire. If the odds turn against them, the pair retreats into the darkness.

Giant lynx (2): AC 6; MV 12; HD 12+2; hp 14 each; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d2 (claw/claw/bite); SA rake, surprise; SD hide in shadows, detect traps; SZ M (4½' tall); ML average (11); Int very (12); AL N, XP 175.

Notes: If a lynx strikes with both of its front paws it receives a rake from its rear claws, doing 1d3/1d3 points of damage; a lynx surprises its victim on a 1-5 on a d10.

A lynx has a 90% chance of hiding in shadows and can detect traps at 75%.

4—Hoar foxes. These white-furred arctic animals attack the group on sight. They try to get into the camp as fast as possible.

Hoar foxes (2): AC 6; MV 15; HD 2; hp 10, 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (bite); SA breath weapon; SD immune to cold-based attacks; SW double damage from fire; SZ S (3' long); ML unsteady (5); Int semi- (2); AL N; XP 120.

Notes: The hoar fox has a breath weapon, a cone of cold air, causing 2d6 points of damage with a range of 30' that is only wide enough to catch one victim; attempt a saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage.

5—Raiding party. This party consists of two gnolls and four orcs. The gnolls stay back and fire their bows (each gnoll has 12 arrows) into the camp, while the goblins charge. The group has a total of 9 gp on them.

Gnolls (2): AC 8; MV 9; HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (flight arrow), SZ L (71/2' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (5); AL LE; XP 35.

Orcs (4): AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); SW -1 penalty to attacks and morale in sunlight; SZ M (6' tall); ML steady (11); Int average (8); AL LE; XP 15.

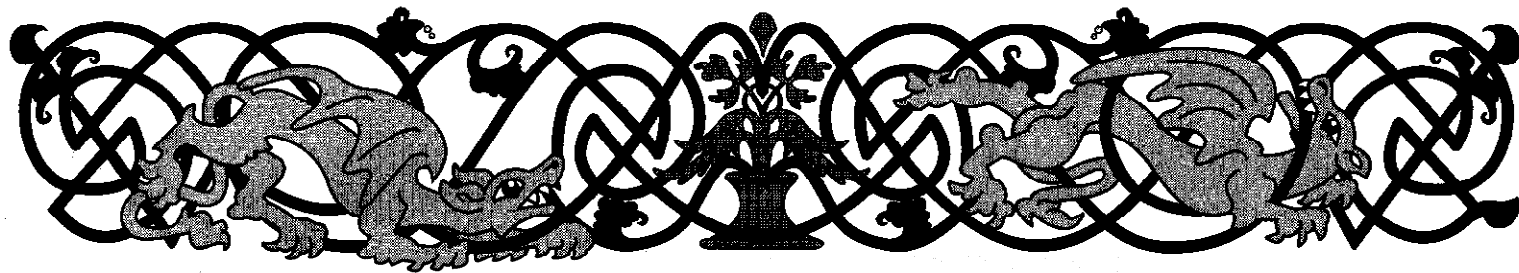
6—Hungry bear. (Same as Day Encounter #3).

7—Frost man. This magical human-like being is curious about the group and he stays on the camp's outskirts at night trying not to be noticed. If not chased off, he'll follow the group until they reach civilization. He'll run off if threatened, though this means the PCs lose a potential future ally.

Frost man: AC 5; MV 12; HD 4; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1, Dmg 1d8 (battle axe); SA ice blast (cone of icy mist 35' long and 10' wide as its widest; 3d6 points of damage, attempt a saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage); ML steady (12); Int average (10); AL LN; XP 420.

8—Scouting party #2. (Same as Day Encounter #6).





Targos and Beyond



Allow the PCs a chance to rest and recuperate if needed once they reach the safety of the town. If they suffered an undue number of random encounters on their journey here, Peddywinkle arranges for local healers to minister to the PCs; after all, he has further plans for them. When the party reaches Targos, read or paraphrase the following:

At long last you have reached your destination, the fishing town of Targos, one of the Ten-Towns of Icewind Dale. Peddywinkle guides the caravan to the Wolf's Pelt Inn. "I leave you in the capable hands of Master Kalas Winters," he says. "He will show you to your rooms; I've already arranged for them. I have business elsewhere."

The inn is full of hardy lake folk with watchful eyes and leathery skin, people who obviously spend their days out of doors. They glance occasionally in your direction, but they don't seem particularly interested in you.

If the PCs (with Raff and Dell) attempt to make conversation with the locals they are met with slight indifference; although, a few ales do quite a bit to loosen the tongues of the simple, hardy folk who manage to make a living here. The locals have some knowledge of Peddywinkle, as he has been on the lake every spring over the last few years.

The Wolf's Pelt Inn

This one-story, 40-foot by 80-foot structure faces the lake so that the fishermen see the front door and the widow's walk patio as they dock their boats. The inn appears run down, but this is more a matter of the incredibly harsh weather of the region than any lack of attention by the proprietors.

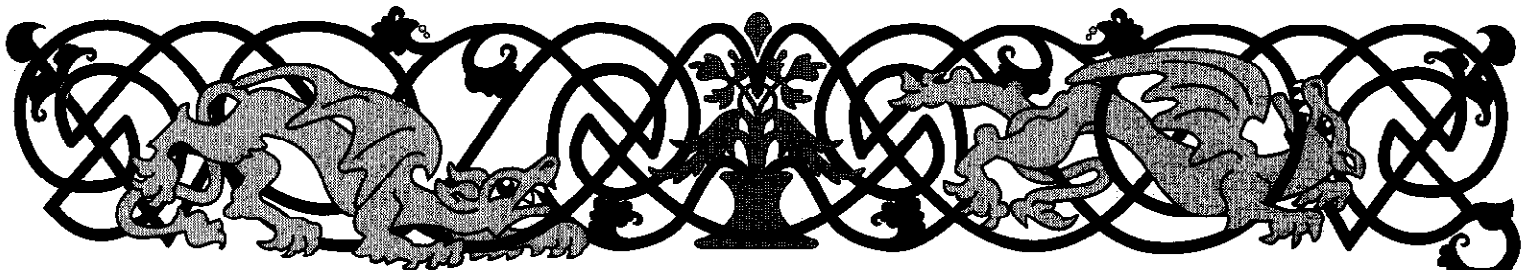
Kalas is 39 years old, 6' 3", and 215 lbs., with reddish brown hair, rich brown eyes, and a full beard. His dull green and brown clothes are well worn. On the index finger of his left hand he wears a thin gold ring (*ring of protection* +2) and he is also carrying a *dagger* +2, but he also keeps his *long sword* +1 under the bar in case of emergencies. Kalas is very polite to his customers and gladly shares a tale of adventure with anybody.

Kalas Winters, hm F5 (owner/innkeeper): AC 8; MV 12; hp 42; THAC0 16 (15 *long sword* +1, 14 *dagger* +2); #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 (*long sword* +1), 1d4+2 (*dagger* +2); SZ M (6' 3"); ML elite (14); Int very (11); AL CG; XP 420.
Special Equipment: *ring of protection* +2, *long sword* +1, *dagger* +2.

Beartrid is 34 years old, 5' 4", 130 lbs., with long black hair and brown eyes. She usually fills the room with her loud, boisterous voice. She is attractive (Charisma 16) and often flirts in a friendly manner. She makes it a point to greet every patron, but she tries to stay near the kitchen as much as possible to keep an eye on her daughter.

Beartrid Winters hf F0 (owner's wife/hostess): AC 10; MV 12; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (pan); SZ M (5' 4"); ML steady (11); Int very (12); AL LG; XP 15.

Sims is 13 years old, 5' 8", and 127 lbs., with short black hair and his family's trademark brown eyes. Sims always looks out for his mother and sister. He vigorously defends both at the slightest



hint of an insult because he is trying to prove to his father that he is old enough to be called a man. He carries a dagger that his father gave to him for his 13th birthday last month.

Sims Winters hm F0 (owner's son/cook): AC 10; MV 12; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SZ M (5' 8"); ML elite (13); Int average (9); AL N; XP 15.

Dorothy is 17 years old, 5' 5", and 110 lbs. Dorothy is a strong-willed individual, who tries to get whatever she wants, which is the reason her father and mother put her to work back in the kitchen. Still, she tries to sneak out if she can. She has long black hair, huge brown eyes, and she's quite attractive (Charisma 17).

Dorothy Winters hf F0 (owner's daughter/cook): AC 7 (Dexterity 17); MV 12; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (knife); SZ M (5' 5"); ML steady (12); Int average (10); AL LG; XP 15.

Tairis is 18 years old, 5' 6", and 145 lbs., with long reddish blonde hair and blue eyes. She works behind the bar, but comes out to wait on tables, if necessary. Though not particularly attractive or good at conversation, Tairis gladly flirts, as she's looking for a good husband.

Tairis hf F0 (barmaid): AC 10; MV 12; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (knife); SZ M (5' 6"); ML steady (11); Int average (9); AL CG; XP 15.

Parcilla is 20 years old, 5' tall, and 107 lbs., with short blonde hair and green eyes. Parcilla waits on the tables, often calling on Tairis to come and help her, even if the inn isn't particularly busy. She handles her duties absently and not very well, possessing an air of superiority for Parcilla believes that she deserves a far better lot in this wretched life. She wears a small gold ring on the ring finger of her left hand (which is actually *ring of protection +1* that her late fiance gave her before the cold waters of Maer Dualdon took him in a sudden and violent storm).

Secure behind a wall of anger, Parcilla acts cold to the every one and is particularly sharp-tongued to anyone who tries to flirt with her. Her Charisma is 11, due more to her attitude than her respectable looks.

Parcilla hf F0 (waitress): AC 8; MV 12; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (knife); SZ M (5'); ML steady (12); Int low (7); AL N; XP 15.
Special Equipment: ring of protection +1.

The Rooms

Bar room. This room is filled with smoke and the loud voices of fishermen and travelers. There is a warm glow from the large

hearth in the center of the north wall. The bar is located next to the fireplace in the northwest corner of the room. Although the room is almost always filled near to capacity, the PCs can usually find an empty table.

Common room. The party can stay in the common room for 5 sp/night each. This room contains 26 cots, 16 of which are already occupied. As the party enters the room they detect the faint smells of sweat and woodsmoke, but the room is clean. The hearth provides most of the light, but there are a few candles about, though Kalas frowns on their use, fearing a fire.

Private rooms. These three rooms each contain two beds and cost 1 gp/night per bed. As a PC enters these rooms he notices that incense is burning on the bureau in the center of the north wall. The beds are also on the north wall: one in the northeast corner and one in the northwest corner, and there is a table in the southwest corner.

Storage room. This room is where most of the preserved foods are kept (salted meat, cheeses, etc.)

Kitchen. This room is where the owners' children usually work.

The Offer is Made

Not long after dinner, Raff excuses himself and Dell; they're off to get some much-needed rest. Dell goes reluctantly, as he'd prefer to stay with the PCs. After they've gone; Peddywinkle returns and joins them. If asked about how his "business" went, he'll be evasive for a few minutes but then confides something. Read or paraphrase the following:

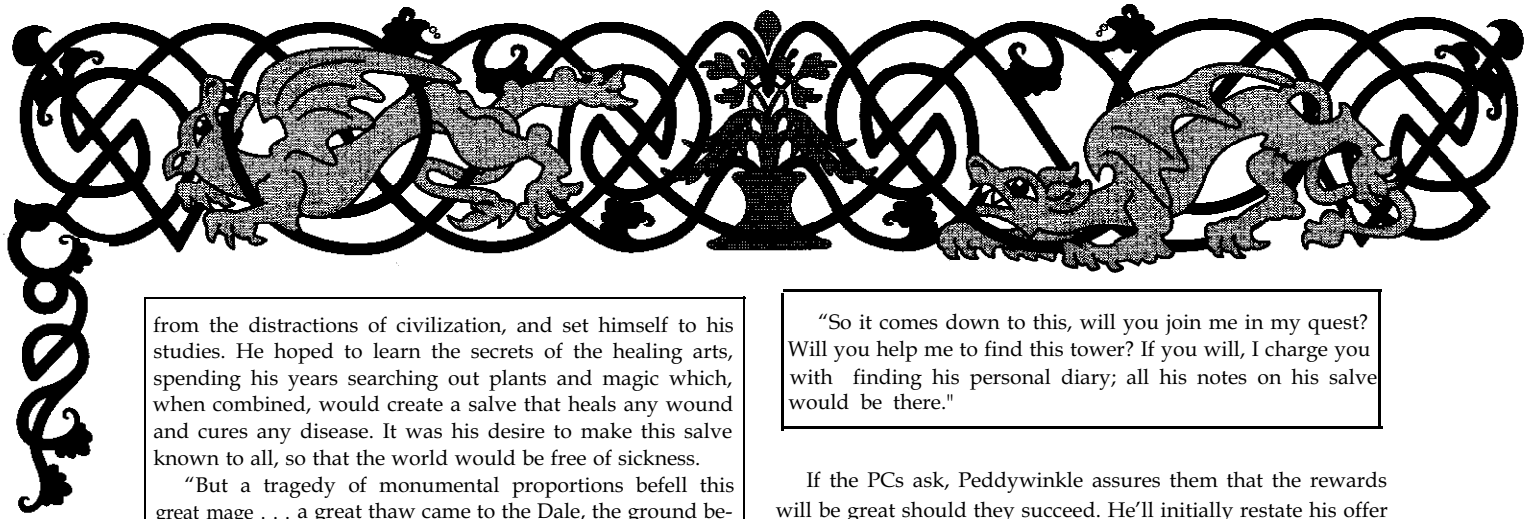
"All right, I can see that you are even smarter than I thought. I tell you this in confidence and in the hope you'll help me with something: a mission I have for you. You see, a great mage's tower once stood on the far shore of the lake you saw earlier. It later sunk or collapsed. I have studied this area and I am sure that I know where the castle fell. I hope you'll help me find this place. If you do, I will reward you greatly. Perhaps an even split? Fifty percent for me and fifty percent for your group!"

If the PCs express interest, Peddywinkle weaves the following tale about the tower and its builder and former resident, Damien Morienus.

"Many years ago, when these lands were still untamed, a wizard of great renown came to Icewind Dale to make it his home. He brought with him only his craft and his wife. His name was Damien Morienus; perhaps you have heard of him? No? Ah well, it is of no matter for if we are successful here, the entire world will soon know his great name.

"Damien was a conjuror of goodly conscience and he wanted to leave something behind for the world that had treated him so well. So he created a great tower here, far





from the distractions of civilization, and set himself to his studies. He hoped to learn the secrets of the healing arts, spending his years searching out plants and magic which, when combined, would create a salve that heals any wound and cures any disease. It was his desire to make this salve known to all, so that the world would be free of sickness.

"But a tragedy of monumental proportions befell this great mage . . . a great thaw came to the Dale, the ground beneath his home subsided, and his tower fell into the lake. Damien was never heard from again, and I believe that he died in the tower that fateful day, and with him went his salve's formula.

"For five years now I have made it my quest to find the tower and recover his formula. That is my true reason for coming here and that is why I have brought you with me, to help me find the tower of Damien Morienus."

Peddywinkle pauses and draws a deep breath, trying to read the PCs about whether they buy his story. If the PCs ask questions, Peddywinkle interrupts with the following:

"Everything that I know about Damien started with a piece of paper that I found many years ago. It seemed to be a page from a diary—it talked about missing one piece of a puzzle. I later found out that it was a page from Damien's own diary. The page piqued my curiosity so that I went on a quest to find out everything that I could about this mysterious mage. Did you know that he was a member of the Hosttower in Luskan? Yes, he was indeed. It was there that the gracious mages allowed me to study this great man. So anyway, um . . . what was your question again?"

Peddywinkle has information on the following topics ready for the PCs to ask about.

Tower: Through extensive research, Peddywinkle has narrowed the possible places down to one: Maer Dualdon.

Salve: The salve is most likely gone, but Peddywinkle hopes that the diary with the formula may have survived.

Diary: The diary is what he is looking for. It could look like anything, but it should be written in some type of code that Peddywinkle should be able to figure out.

Wife: Peddywinkle has little information on Damien's wife, other than she came north with him and that the local barbarians speak of her as kind, generous, and a gifted herbalist and healer.

Peddywinkle's motive: He chuckles and responds that there is some money to be made of course, but he assures the PCs that he is wealthy enough already.

Once the PCs have finished asking their questions, read the following:

"So it comes down to this, will you join me in my quest? Will you help me to find this tower? If you will, I charge you with finding his personal diary; all his notes on his salve would be there."

If the PCs ask, Peddywinkle assures them that the rewards will be great should they succeed. He'll initially restate his offer of a 50/50 split of any treasure taken from the tower, with the noted exception that he alone gains any and all information regarding the diary and the "salve." Peddywinkle is willing to haggle, within reason. He'll go as far as a 70/30 deal in favor of the PCs if he must, but he'll remain adamant on the issue of the diary and the salve formula.

Finally, as the PCs are ready to leave, Peddywinkle gives this last bit of advice:

"I do have one last bit of advice for you. When Damien made the Dale his home, he was most unwelcome. This was a savage land and the locals were unused to magic. Some thought him a demon and he was seldom able to leave his tower through conventional means. So you would do well to take the local folklore about Damien with a grain of salt. It is possible that the tales will be less than kind.

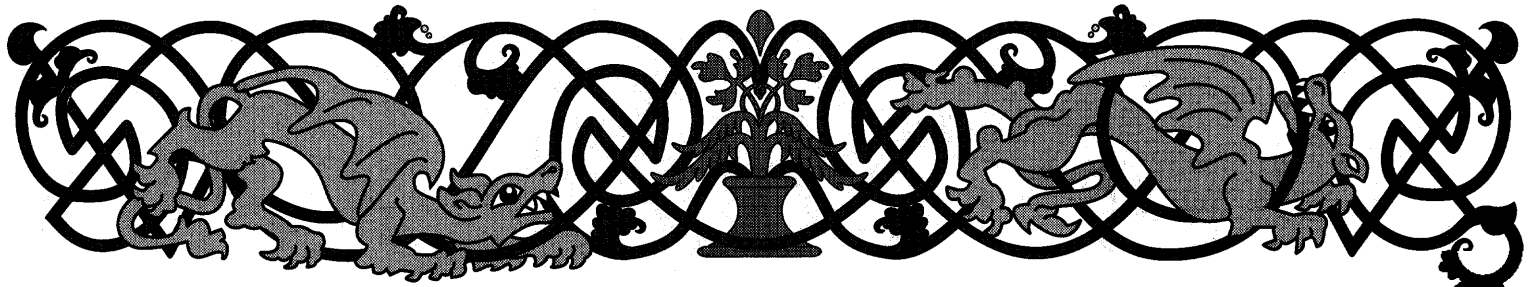
"A nearby halfling scrimshaw carver might be able to help you get started. He buys his knucklehead from an ancient barbarian who lives in the wilds. He has said this barbarian might remember the old tales that could tell us where Damien's tower once stood. The carver lives in Lonelywood, and his name is Regis."

To find Regis, the party must travel to Lonelywood. They can make this journey either by foot or by borrowing one of Peddywinkle's wagons. If they choose the latter, Dell hears of it, and he asks to accompany the PCs (without Raff's knowledge). In either case, the journey proves easy, without any encounters (unless the DM determines otherwise).

Meeting with Regis

In the small village of Lonelywood, the local shops abound with various carvings of knucklehead trout. There is, however, one shop whose wares appear more lifelike, appealing, and more skillfully crafted than the others. This is the Bone Works, owned by one Regis, a short halfling (barely three feet high) with curly-fluff brown hair and a belly that hangs far over his worn leather belt.

The sly halfling is at first a bit elusive regarding the whereabouts of the barbarian. He does not however pass up an opportunity to miss out on a little hard work and cold traveling, not when he can get the PCs to do it for him. Regis currently is in need of some very large knucklehead for some commissioned



carving work he has on order. He knows that the barbarian has access to the best knucklehead ever found. Regis offers the party a chance to meet the barbarian in question in exchange for their trading and hauling back to him some knucklehead that the barbarian has.

“The barbarian lives on the Sea of Moving Ice,” Regis explains. “Finding him is no easy task. More often than not, he finds me. I came to know him in just such a manner, when the man found me, half frozen and lost. The man nursed me back to health, and taught me the ancient carving techniques that few other carvers practice. From time to time, I go out onto the ice to trade stock goods for his carvings, or knucklehead for my own work. The barbarian always seems to have the largest knuckleheads. I spent most of two summers with the man, and he took good care to keep me fed and warm. I got the distinct feeling that he was lonely. His language is his own—even the other barbarians in the region have a hard time understanding him.

“I always use a guide to lead me to and from the Sea of Moving Ice. I can put you in touch with this guide, and start you on your way to the old barbarian. . . if you agree to perform this errand for me.”

If the party agrees to the task, give them the following instructions. If the party does not agree, the halfling lifts from his tunic a necklace upon which hangs a ruby crystal. He toys with it, and twists it about as a young girl does with her hair. He again recounts that he needs someone to perform this errand, and that since they are so interested in finding the barbarian, they would be perfect for the job. In fact, this would be a win-win solution for all parties involved. The necklace is magical in nature and assists in bringing people around to Regis’ point of view. All party members attempt a saving throw vs. spell with a -4 penalty. Those who do save are ignorant of the pendant’s effects. Those who fail to save see the logic in the halfling’s argument, and may try to convince reluctant PCs.

“You will need to travel two days onto the Sea of Moving Ice, due north, and head for a place called Lone Tree. Camp there for what may be most of a tenday. I will contact my guide friend, and have him meet you there. You should do and act in whatever manner he instructs. I personally vouch for his abilities and character. There is no better guide in all the realms than my friend, Drizzt.”

Regis also gives the party a scroll containing many symbols and pictographs. The party is instructed to give this to the barbarian, should they find him. The writings are a list of what Regis is looking for. Secondary skills are useless in trying to read the message; only a *comprehend languages* spell deciphers the ancient tongue.

Regis is willing to lend some necessities for the journey, an

ice shelter, some warm woolens, and some firebrandy.

Give the party a chance to pick up any items in town that they deem necessary to their journey. Once they head out, they should be discouraged from turning back. During the nighttime hours the party should hear the baying of wolves, and occasionally they should hear some sort of ungodly howl, one like they have never heard before.

The party finds the travel to Lone Tree difficult, (especially if nobody brought, bought, or made snowshoes—if so, reduce movement by half), but not impossible. Once the party reaches Lone Tree—obvious because it is the only tree visible beyond the forest they have recently left—they have two days in which to rest and camp.

The area around the tree has been built up with blocks of cut ice, and it is fairly easy to make a viable shelter here. In several spots around the camp, five-foot high iron bars with several cross bars are visible. If the party explores these further, they discover that these are actually handles, which, with some effort, open to reveal larders containing dung fuel, preserved food, blankets, etc. Somebody has additionally spread a fair amount of moss on the ground here, and it makes an excellent insulation against the cold of the ground.

Wolf Attack

During the late-night hours of the second day of camping, the wind picks up to a blustery gale.

If the PCs have a guard outside the shelter, she hears howling mixed with the blustering wind.

After a few minutes almost a dozen forms can be seen moving toward the shelter, bodies low to the ground. They seem to be wolves. If the guard shouts a warning, move immediately to the encounter.

If there is no guard outside the shelter, read the following:

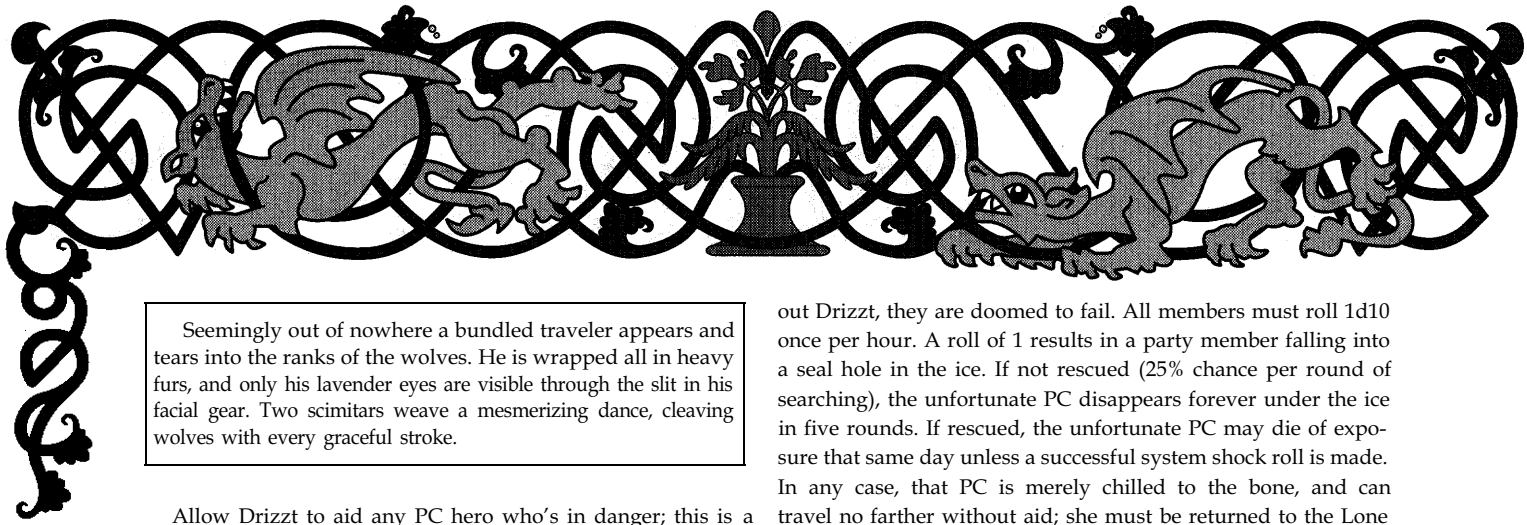
The sound of wolves breaks through the howling wind. Faintly at first, then sounding right outside the shelter. If they get to the food, they’ll not leave any!

Wild Dogs (10): AC 7; MV 15; HD 1+1; hp 9 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (bite); SZ S (4’); ML unsteady (6); Int semi- (3); AL N; XP 35.

The dogs’ thick fur and massive bone structure make them seem very wolflike.

Two rounds into the encounter, the PCs’ guide, Drizzt, makes his appearance. Read or paraphrase the following:





Seemingly out of nowhere a bundled traveler appears and tears into the ranks of the wolves. He is wrapped all in heavy furs, and only his lavender eyes are visible through the slit in his facial gear. Two scimitars weave a mesmerizing dance, cleaving wolves with every graceful stroke.

Allow Drizzt to aid any PC hero who's in danger; this is a battle the heroes should win for themselves, however.

After the fight, Drizzt immediately tends to the wounded. He has two *potions of healing* that he is willing to give the PCs. While bandaging the PCs, he explains that he is Drizzt Do'Urden, friend to Regis. He has been asked to guide them out onto the Sea of Moving Ice.

Once back inside the shelter to wait out the windstorm, Drizzt takes up a position in one of the corners and appears to nod off. (Drizzt is actually putting up a facade to learn about the kind of people the PCs are; they are totally unable to surprise or take advantage of the drow.)

The wild wind dies down at dawn, and once the party awakens, Drizzt removes his headgear. If the PCs look closely at their guide, they see a figure perhaps 5' 6" (5' 4" actually), with a slim but strong build, long, smoothly flowing white hair, ebon skin, and the aforementioned lavender eyes.

The PCs may be stunned or upset at a drow suddenly revealing itself in their midst. Drizzt attempts to convince the party that he is not of the same ilk as his brethren. If the party does not respond well, he tries to reason with them that Regis sent him as their guide, and that they are putting their mission in grave jeopardy by continuing on a course of intolerance with him. If the party becomes outright hostile, Drizzt calls for Guenhwyvar. If the party attacks, Drizzt drops a globe of *darkness* around himself and outlines several of the party members in *faerie fire*. Drizzt talks calmly the whole time, while subduing (using the flats of his blades) the entire party. Drizzt fights until the entire party is unconscious. He then tends their wounds, binds the PCs, and when they awaken he attempts once again to convince them of his desire for peace.

The Sea of Moving Ice

The trail to the Sea of Moving Ice leads through a rough glacial pass. When the party emerges on the other side of the glacier, they are astonished at the beauty of the view.

The sunlight is nearly blinding on the barren ice field. Blue and silver sparkles dance in front of the PCs' eyes, and the travelers suffer a 50% penalty to their range of vision if nothing is done to protect their eyes from the glare. If asked, Drizzt suggests some charcoal or ashes from a fire smudged beneath and around their eyes to help reduce the glare. There are abundant snowdrifts, and the going is slow and treacherous.

If the party chose to go out onto the Sea of Moving Ice with-

out Drizzt, they are doomed to fail. All members must roll 1d10 once per hour. A roll of 1 results in a party member falling into a seal hole in the ice. If not rescued (25% chance per round of searching), the unfortunate PC disappears forever under the ice in five rounds. If rescued, the unfortunate PC may die of exposure that same day unless a successful system shock roll is made. In any case, that PC is merely chilled to the bone, and can travel no farther without aid; she must be returned to the Lone Tree shelter (it's the nearest place) as soon as possible. If this is not done, the party's movement rate is cut to half normal, and the soaked PC must make additional system shock rolls for each day she goes without shelter with a cumulative -20% penalty, beginning on the second day.

The party travels for two days out onto the ice floes. Drizzt eventually chooses a place to wait, explaining that the ancient barbarian will find them. Let the PCs discuss the situation for a few moments, then read or paraphrase the following:

Suddenly rising up in the midst of the party, right out of the snow, is a huge barbarian warrior. He is dressed all in white bear skins and the skull and upper jaw of the great white bear adorn his head. He stands some seven feet tall and is obviously very powerful. His hair is almost pure white, except for one spot where there appears to be a handful of blonde strands braided into his white locks. Across his back is an enormous two-handed great axe, the handle of which is inlaid with many intricate carvings and the head of which appears to be obsidian. Around his neck is a silver necklace, a pendant in the center depicts an elk doing battle with a bear. He is carrying a great sack in his left hand, and in his right is a 12-foot hunting spear.

Kinnuki, hm F13/C4: AC -1 (*bracers* AC 2, *Dex*); MV 15; hp 96; THAC0 8 (4 *Str* and *great axe* +2); #AT 2; Dmg 2d6+6 (*Str* and *great axe* +2); SZ L (7' tall/360 lbs.); ML fearless (20); AL CG; XP 5,000. S 18/89, D 17, C16, I14, W16, Ch 15.

Notes: Ring of elemental command (water) allows movement through solid ice, acts as ring of warmth; pendant imbues wearer with ability to detect animals in a 120-foot radius.

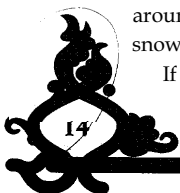
Personality: Kind, helpful.

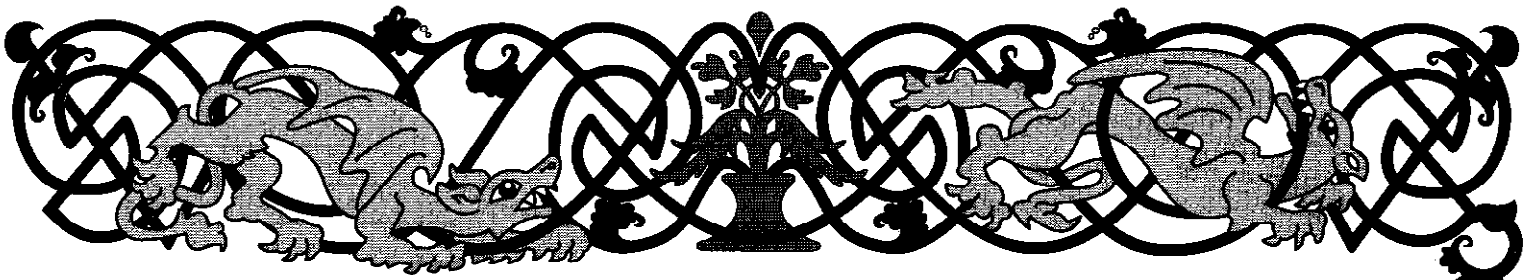
Special Equipment: *great axe* +2, *spear* +1, *bracers of defense* AC 2, *ring of elemental command* (water).

Spells (5/4): 1st— *bless*, *cure light wounds* X3, *purify food and drink*; 2nd— *augury*, *hold person*, *produce flame*, *slow poison*.

Drizzt acts as an interpreter for the party. He introduces Kinnuki and attempts to convey the PCs' names to the old man.

Once the old man removes his outer wraps, it is apparent that he is quite old. His skin is loose on his well-muscle frame. Age spots give his skin the appearance of an even darker tan. Except for his obvious physical signs of aging, the barbarian appears quite adept at caring for himself.





Kinnuki first wants to complete any business dealings that Regis has sent with the party. He removes from the sack five of the largest (now frozen) knucklehead trout you have ever seen, worth a small fortune even before being carved. As he is sorting through his pack, one of the PCs may notice an exquisitely carved image of a woman. It is yellowed with age, but the detail on it is so lifelike that the figure appears almost to be breathing. The woman depicted in the carving is Kinnuki's late daughter, Jukini. She died several years ago from a raging fever. Now, Kinnuki is the last of his people, and he chooses that his life will be lived as his tribe lived theirs: on the ice.

If the party asks about Damien's tower, the old man relates to the party, through Drizzt, how the tower sank into the mud during the Great Thaw. Once the tower stood majestically over the great forked tree of Mituki, the legendary barbarian hero of the Fox and Sky. By his description, the tree must be at least 60 feet high. As the tundra turned mysteriously to water and mud, the tower sunk from sight. As it did, the great tree bent back toward the tower, away from the lake, as if the very hand of Mituki were burying the wretched thing.

If asked, Kinnuki speaks of the tales of Damien. The legends say he was an evil wizard, dabbling with things man was not meant to know. Damien's wife, Mathilda, was kind and caring though, helping Kinnuki's tribe with healing and compassion. Of this Great Thaw, Kinnuki says little other than the fact that it took most of this tribe from him when an ice floe broke up beneath them, drowning over a score of people. Kinnuki managed to save Jukini from the ice-cold water, but she died a few days later.

Kinnuki offers to accompany the party back to Lone Tree, as he has some matters to take care of near there. He helps prepare a good meal of caribou venison and fish, and then beds down for the night.

The next morning, they begin the two-day journey back to Lone Tree. With Drizzt and Kinnuki to guide them, they have no encounters (the monsters know better). Upon reaching Lone Tree, Kinnuki bids the PCs farewell and asks that they remember him if they ever again venture onto the moving ice.

Drizzt stays with the party until they reach the outskirts of Lonelywood, then bids them farewell and seemingly melts into the tundra background.

Return to Regis

Ever curious, Regis asks them what they have learned about the tower. This is to prompt the PCs to relate something about the great forked tree. Regis doesn't know about any forked tree, but he does know about one old, huge, bent oak among the other, younger trees of the forest. It is near the great druid circle. There is a festival held there every summer.

The tree can't be seen from the lake however, because it is lying almost on its side near to the ground. There is a lot of pine growth around the tree and many tundra laurels, which makes moving about there difficult. The druids promote the growth of

the laurels, as it helps keep the locals away from their sacred circle.

Following Regis' directions, in a few days the heroes find the old tree without much difficulty. Once in the general area, several infrequently used paths become evident. Any rangers, druids, or other wilderness-oriented PCs can find these trails automatically; other PCs can find them with successful Wisdom checks (or dumb luck).

If the PCs want to return to Peddywinkle with what they've learned rather than head directly for the old oak, skip the section titled "Peddywinkle Again."

Into the Forest

Following Regis's directions, the heroes eventually find a depression of sorts, grown over with small pine trees and bushes. On the edge of the clearing is a huge oak tree, leaning over, toward the depression. It is here that all those years ago, the great Tower of Damien sank into the mud.

The tree that they have been told about had two great limbs, looking almost like a slingshot. Unfortunately, one of great limbs broke off long ago in a terrible storm. Observant PCs can notice the wound on the tree if they examine the old oak closely.

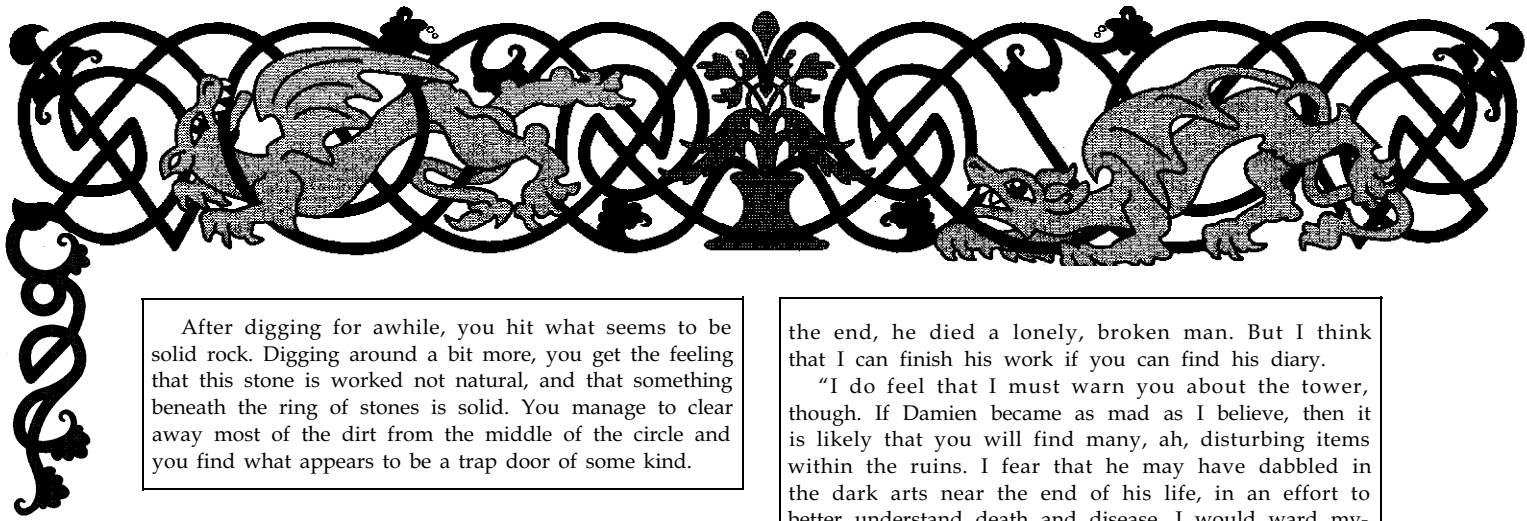
In the years that have followed, the depression has filled in with detritus, shallow-rooted trees, and bushes. If the PCs search the area, they find the druid circle that Regis told them about. If they dig within the ring, they hit solid (worked) stone. Further excavation reveals the trap door (about 3' below the surface of the depression) leading down into the tower complex.

When the PCs reach this point, read the following:

Your efforts have led you to a depression in the earth, about 150 feet in diameter and filled with small pines and large bushes. On the edge of the depression is a huge, single-limbed ancient oak tree, bent over at a sharp angle towards the bowl-like depression.

Scattered throughout the area are large standing stones, about two feet across and about two feet high. Some are partially overgrown while others are broken, and all are weather-beaten. The stones form a circle roughly 20 feet across.

The stones are, of course, the crenellations of the tower that sunk underground. If they dig in the center of the ring for at least two turns, the heroes find the trap door. When they reach the stone top of the tower, read the following:



After digging for awhile, you hit what seems to be solid rock. Digging around a bit more, you get the feeling that this stone is worked not natural, and that something beneath the ring of stones is solid. You manage to clear away most of the dirt from the middle of the circle and you find what appears to be a trap door of some kind.

Now that they have found the trap door, a new challenge arises. The seams of the trap door have frozen and the stone has become hopelessly stuck. The only way to open it is with brute force. A few well-placed hammer or mace blows should do the trick. (Inflicting 20 points of damage on the trap door with bludgeoning weapons is sufficient.)

Unfortunately, it also collapses that part of the roof and anyone within ten feet of the trap door falls into the room below, taking 1d6 points of falling damage. At this point, the PCs are ready to explore Damien's complex.

Peddywinkle Again

If the PCs go back to Peddywinkle before they discover the tower, they find him in his room, poring over some old books. He is not particularly happy with the PCs, figuring from their absence that they deserted him and his cause. Once they convince him otherwise and inform him of their progress, he spins the rest of his half-truth for the PCs in order to gain their full cooperation. Read the following:

You find Peddywinkle sitting in his room, reading some old tomes. He looks up wearily as you enter and his eyes narrow as he sees you. "Well? What is it? Can't you see that I am busy?"

Give the PCs a minute to explain what they have found. When this occurs, Peddywinkle's face literally beams with joy, and he becomes much more attentive to their story. After they have told Peddywinkle where the tower is hidden, he tells the PCs exactly what he is after. Read the following:

"My friends, I am extremely pleased with your work thus far. You have gone beyond my expectations. You have shown yourselves to be quick thinking and resourceful, and for that you have my admiration.

"Now we come to the tower, and it is time I tell you the rest of the story. As I have told you, Damien was a great humanitarian and a highly skilled wizard. Unfortunately though, his inability to create the healing salve drove him into a deep depression, from which I fear he never recovered. His wife soon left him and he became a miserable hermit.

"His quest for the universal healing salve ended in bitter defeat and it drove him quite mad, I believe. In

the end, he died a lonely, broken man. But I think that I can finish his work if you can find his diary.

"I do feel that I must warn you about the tower, though. If Damien became as mad as I believe, then it is likely that you will find many, ah, disturbing items within the ruins. I fear that he may have dabbled in the dark arts near the end of his life, in an effort to better understand death and disease. I would ward myself accordingly, if I were you.

"So, how are you set for supplies? Do you need anything before entering the tower?"

Peddywinkle gives the PCs up to 75 gp to buy whatever they need in town. He also gives the PCs a rendering of Damien's personal sigil (a highly stylized letter "M"). He claims that the sigil should be on the diary.

The Truth of the Accursed Tower

Damien Morienus did indeed come to Icewind Dale about a century ago to finish his research, but that research had little to do with any healing salve. A necromancer, Damien came to Ten-Towns in search of seclusion.

Damien chose an area of great natural power and transformed great spires of stone into a magnificent set of towers. The local barbarian tribes also knew this area of power and it was used as a holy place (as the druids continue to do to this day).

When Damien, full of magical powers, appeared on the scene, he convinced the primitive barbarians that he was an earth god (by transforming the rocks into a tower complex). Thereafter, Damien sometimes took aged, dying barbarians into his tower, where he performed all types of grisly experiments on them.

The barbarians were afraid of angering the "god" and so did nothing. Damien continued to take in the old and dying for many months.

Finally, Kinnuki (yes, he's that old and stays alive through barbarian magic and sheer force of will) came to confront Damien, but the wizard was away, and Kinnuki instead spoke with Mathilda—the beginning of the relationship that would produce a child, Jukini, and would take Mathilda forever from the arms of Damien Morienus.

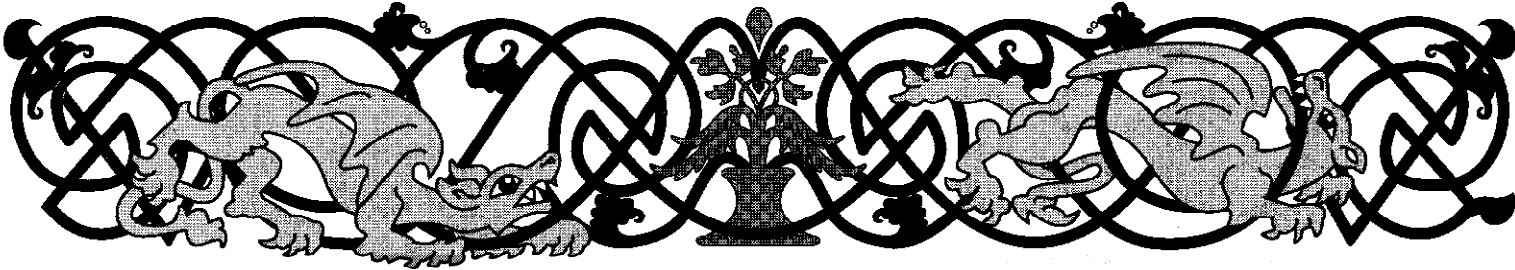
Mathilda had not married an evil, obsessed necromancer. He had fallen in love with Damien, an intelligent but driven man. Over the years Damien's dabbings in dark magic twisted him, and a lust for power replaced his love for his wife.

Regardless, the man Damien had become was far from happy with losing his wife—a wound more to his pride than to his icy heart. Even worse, the stealing of Mathilda by the barbarian prince proved a great distraction to the wizard, one he and his research could ill afford. In rage and frustration, he went to his summoning room and conjured two of the greatest demons ever to roam the darker planes. These he sent out to destroy the barbarian and his deceitful wife.

The demons searched far and wide for years for the barbarian, but so great was Kinnuki's skill in the snowlands that they could not find him. Whenever they thought that they had him, he and his family slipped through their grasp. So the demons decided to even the odds . . . they used their *hellfire* to melt all the snow. This event came to be known as the Great Thaw by the people of Icewind Dale, and most never learned the truth of it, believing it to be a natural event. Unfortunately for Damien, so great was the demons' ire at being eluded by the barbarian, that they melted too much snow, flooding the tundra and causing the permafrost below the tower to soften. It was then that the tower slowly sank into the earth, never to be seen again. It was during this time that the demons' plan worked to a degree. The ice floe broke up beneath Kinnuki's whole extended-family clan, and only he and Jukini survived.

When Damien's home went down, one of the towers broke off at the first floor and slowly fell, intact, onto its side, the mushy ground keeping it from collapsing from the impact. The sinking broke the magic circle that was used to control the demons. Sensing their freedom, the demons abandoned their quest and came back looking for Damien. He could have fled using his magic, except that his left arm had been shattered in the tower's fall and hung limp at his side. When the demons found Damien, he was trapped in his meditation chamber. They sucked the life energy from the mage, causing him to become an undead crypt thing.





The Accursed Tower

The PCs now begin the most difficult phase of the adventure. They may not be able to fully explore the complex in one fell swoop. Allow them the chance to rest and recover spells and hit points, assuming of course they take common-sense precautions such as securing a defensible location, setting guards, shielding the light of any fires they build from attracting attention to them, etc. DMs should adjust the encounters within the tower complex to match their PC parties. The designers cannot customize these encounters to ensure that your PCs are challenged but not slaughtered herein; only the DM can do that. The players' enjoyment of this adventure now rests firmly in the DM's hands.

1. Conjuring Room

As you clear away the dirt and rock to see what you have struck beneath the stone circle, a telltale groan from beneath your feet alerts you to what is happening. The stone gives way and as you tumble, you get the sensation of falling through thin sheets of cloth, which cling to your face and other areas of exposed skin. As you regain your feet, the only light you detect is that filtering through from above. All around you hangs thick webs, and the smells of stale air, damp earth, and ancient dust assault your noses.

The thin "clothes" are really a thick buildup of cobwebs, as no one has entered this room in nearly a century. The cobwebs can be cleared away by hand or burned, but they are highly flammable and burn in a burst of flame that engulfs the room, causing 1d4 points of fire damage to anyone caught in the burst. If a flaming, uncovered light source such as a torch is used here, read section A. If a lantern or light spell is used, read section B.

A.

As you strike flint to steel and light your torch, you suddenly realize that the webbing is more flammable than you thought. When the flame touches the webs, it quickly spreads and a great ball of fire engulfs the room. A quick flash and shouts and curses from below assault members of the party still outside the hole.

B.

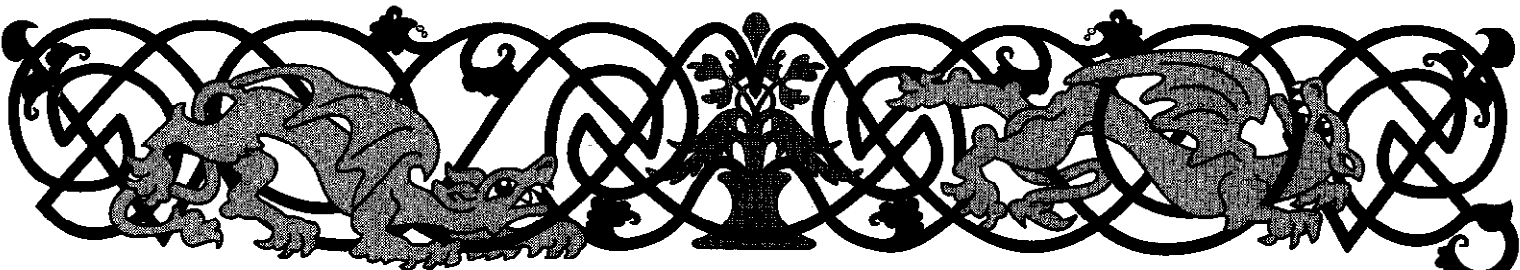
You see that the "clothes" are only cobwebs, but the build-up is so thick that you can see clearly to only about five feet. The room is circular and seems about 25 feet in diameter, with what resembles a large iron cauldron resting in the middle of the floor. A heavy layer of dust covers all surfaces, including the remains of what could have been an ornate chair five feet to the north of the cauldron.

A magical circle is etched into the floor around the cauldron, but the dust makes it hard to see. An elf character has a 3-in-6 chance of noticing it while other characters have a 2-in-6 chance as long as they are within ten feet of the circle.

Any character who makes a successful Spellcraft proficiency check realizes that this is a circle of protection and that this must have been a conjuring or summoning room.

When any character contacts the circle, (wiping away the dust, touching it in any way, or





simply crossing it to investigate the cauldron), a programmed illusion is triggered. All characters in the room must attempt a saving throw vs. spell. If the save is successful, the character sees nothing, but to those who fail, read or paraphrase the following.

A low growl emanates from the cauldron, followed by the wailing cries of myriad tortured souls. The cries grow louder until they are near deafening, then all is silent. Just when it appears safe, a great column of flame erupts from the cauldron, striking the ceiling and rolling along it in all directions. Peering into the flame you see that a form is taking shape. As the flames recede to about six feet in height, a winged demon with a powerful, thick torso rises up from the fire, looking down on you with hate-filled eyes and swinging a menacing sword with one great clawed limb. Finally pointing at you with his free hand, he speaks. "Infidels . . . defilers of the sacred circle. You go against the Master's wishes and attempt to steal his secrets of death; for that crime, consider your lives forfeit to the Lords of the Abyss." The demon then grasps his sword with both hands and attacks.

The illusion proceeds to kill the entire party in horrible, painful ways—at least that's what the victims perceive.

Characters who successfully save against the illusion watch as their companions react in horror, unable to take their eyes off the cauldron. If they attempt to wake the victims of the illusion, the affected characters only see their friends with grisly wounds, clutching at their clothing and asking, "Why didn't you help me?" before they are themselves struck down. The death is imaginary and any character under the illusion's influence awakens in 1d3 turns.

There is a trap door in the southeastern section of the floor. It is also covered by dust making it very difficult to find (treat as a concealed door). A 5-foot-spiral stairway can be found beyond the door.

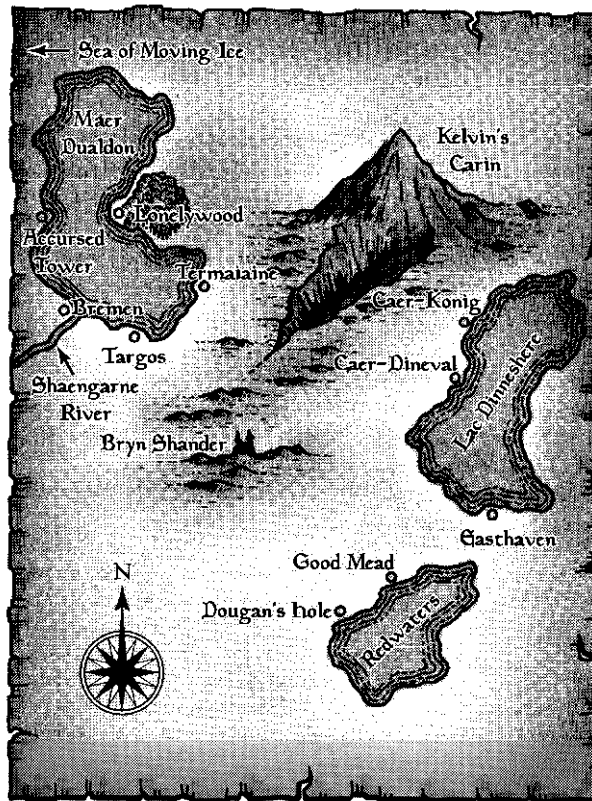
2. Hidden Room

The spiral stair descends ten feet into a 10-foot X 15-foot room. The cobwebs, though not as thick as in the upper chamber, assure you that nothing has used these stairs in a very long time.

The room is empty, except for a broken skull on the floor and a door at north end the west wall.

The broken skull is an animated undead. When the PCs cross the room, the skull shakes and rolls across the floor in an attempt to attack by biting at their ankles. The skull is harmless and may either be ignored or dispatched.

Broken skeleton skull: AC 8; MV 2; HD 1-1; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 0; Dmg 1; SZ S (1'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 7.



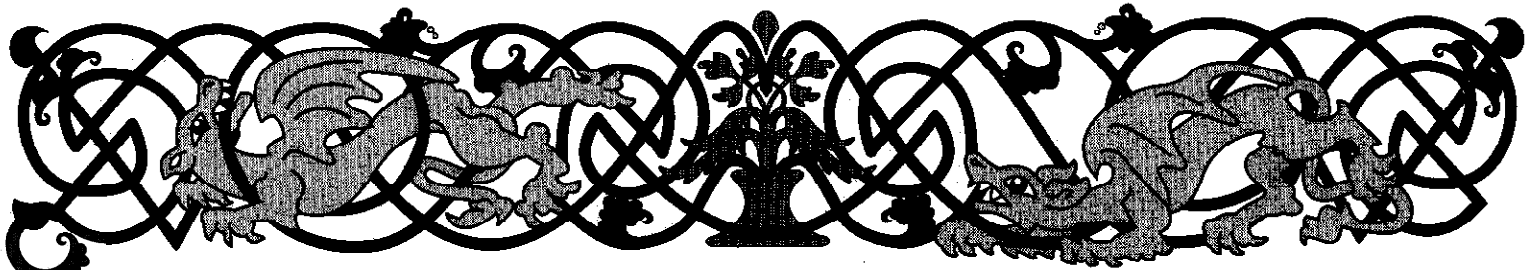
3. Master Bedroom

When entering this room, the first thing you notice is a large four-poster bed resting against the southern wall. The canopy and drapes have long since rotted away, only to be replaced with an almost lace-work pattern of cobwebs. The mattress is rotten and moldy and its supports have rotted through. Immediately to your right stands a door. A large wardrobe rests against the north wall adjacent to the door. There is a window in this room, on the west wall, almost directly across from the door you just exited. An old writing desk rests against the wall to the right of this window. The window is fully blocked by earth, an amount of which has slipped through, forming a pile on the floor under the opening. You also notice that the door through which you entered the room becomes virtually undetectable when closed.

The secret door, if allowed to close, can be opened by a small latch four feet high where the north wall meets this one.

On the desk, buried beneath the dust, lies a quill and old parchments, molded over and unreadable. Inspecting the desk PCs notice there are three drawers, one each on the left, center, and right. All three are locked. The center drawer contains a needle trap that does one point of damage and victims must attempt a saving throw vs. poison or suffer a -1 attack penalty when using a weapon in that hand, and a -5% penalty





to thieving abilities requiring the use of both hands, for a 24-hour period due to the weakened poison.

The left drawer contains a book of vellum paper that is moldy and useless.

The right drawer holds a small mahogany coffer containing a writing set consisting of three (tarnished) silver-tipped quills and three ink jars of fine crystal worth 16 gp. The ink within these has dried up.

The center drawer contains a silver letter opener, three sticks of sealing wax, and a silver signet ring worth a total worth of 12 gp. All the silver in this drawer is badly tarnished as well.

The wardrobe holds several moth-eaten robes of no value, an old cloak, and a pair of (human-sized) traveling boots. The boots can be salvaged if needed. Behind the robes is a miniature flesh golem, approximately four feet tall.

If the players inspect the wardrobe carefully, pushing the robes to see behind them, read the following:

Pushing aside the old robes, you notice a 4-foot-high dust-covered statue maintaining a silent vigil. You are startled to see that the statue has bright, shiny eyes and they are focused on you. You are even more surprised as the "statue" jumps forward and attempts to pummel you with its small fists.

Mini Flesh Golem: AC 9; MV 6; HD 3; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/1d6 (fist/fist); SD electrical attacks heal 1 hit point/Hit Die of spell; SZ S (4'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 175.

Notes: This construct is not a true golem and can be hit by normal weapons.

Behind the door adjacent to the secret door is a descending staircase.

4. Parlor

Descending the staircase from the bedroom, you enter from the northeast corner of what appears to have been a richly decorated sitting room, approximately 20 feet by 30 feet. Remnants of tapestries adorn the walls and tattered, rotten furniture lies about the room. There is a door centered on the north wall, and windows in the north, northwest, southwest, and southeast areas of the room. The southwest window looks out into darkness instead of the usual wall of dirt.

Any investigation of the room uncovers a gold earring crafted into a crescent moon worth 12 gp. Again, the door leads to a descending staircase.

Southwest window

Looking out the window you see a sprawling cavern, eerily lit by florescent lichen. The tower you are in is embedded or half-buried in the northwest wall of this cave. There is about a 10-foot drop to the cavern floor from here. To the south, you see a fallen tower that is partially submerged below the cavern's muddy floor. To the northeast, the cavern wall runs east and south. Large roots and stalactites hang from the cavern roof, engulfed by enormous webs. Parts of the another roof can be seen buried beneath the north wall.

The only way the party can access the fallen-tower portion of the complex is by exiting this window.

5. Guard Post

This room served as a guard post for the main tower. There were normally six guards stationed here at all times. When the tower fell, all six here at the time died.

If the players investigate, the bones arise as the skeletons attack the PCs.

Skeletons (6): AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (rusty short swords); SD half damage from slashing/piercing weapons; immune to sleep, charm, hold, and cold-based spells; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; SZ M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.

This room contains no treasure, just six ruined short swords and scraps of leather armor.

Devious DMs might note which PCs (if any) are wounded by the skeletons' rusty weapons. Unless such wounds are carefully cleaned and dressed, serious infections could develop. A *cure disease* spell eliminates any such infections.

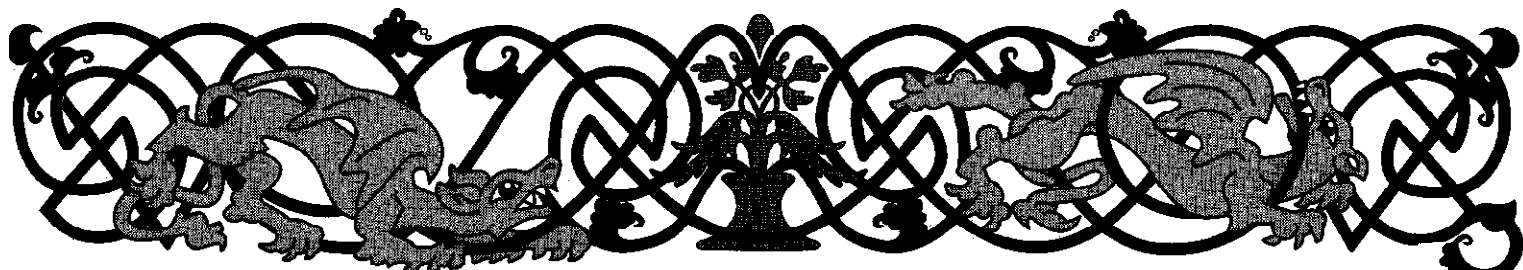
6. Library

A thick rug covers the floor and a large window is centered on the north wall. Books are scattered about the room, but many still hold their places on the shelves. The center of the room is occupied with an overturned jumble of furniture.

The door to this room is trapped, but it is not locked. A pressure plate is located in front of the fireplace. When stepped on with more than 35 pounds of pressure, the door closes and is secured on the other side by a falling iron bar. Once the bar is in place, a *magic mouth* effect placed on a picture over the mantle begins screaming "Thieves!" for five rounds.

The only way to open the door is with a knock spell or to break it down. The door (and the badly rusted iron bar behind





it) can withstand 20 structural points of damage before collapsing.

This room contains books on almost every subject, but most have been destroyed by water or mold. A few books on the shelves, relating to local wildlife are still readable and are worth 5 gp to a local sage. (Regis might purchase these, for example.)

A secret door is located on the west wall behind the bookcase. Only removing a book labeled, *Secret Doors and Big Explosive Traps* opens it. The door opens as soon as the book is removed, but the trap is not triggered until a PC enters the secret room. A *glyph* on the floor then discharges and cause 2d4 points of fire damage to the PC who triggered the trap.

The room contains what is left of Damien's treasury. He spent most of his wealth in his effort to attain lichdom. Four varnished wooden chests here contain:

Chest one: 500 cp;

Chest two: A pale-blue quartz worth 10 gp, an empty ivory scroll tube with gold-plated end caps worth 55 gp;

Chest three: A gold quill-pen case with a scene of Maer Dualdon chased on it and emblazoned with the initials "MM" worth 10 gp, a ruined silk dress (worthless), a gold-handled comb and brush set worth 20 gp, a polished silver mirror worth 15 gp, ruined vellum stationary, a set of heart-shaped golden earrings worth 5 gp, a ruined cloak with a salvageable clasp of knucklehead-trout bone with a carving of the great forked tree worth 3 gp.

Chest four: 97 gp.

Another book of interest here is a trap from Damien's day. It is labeled *Poisons and Known Antidotes*. When a player opens this book, a large spider leaps from the book and attacks.

Spider, large: AC 8; MV 6 (15 web); HD 1+1; hp 6; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA type A poison; Size S (2'); ML unsteady (7); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 175.

Notes: Any hero bitten must attempt a saving throw vs. poison with a +2 bonus or suffer 15 hit points of damage, one point per round for 15 rounds.

The book is hollow. The spider was reduced in size and placed in temporal stasis. The spider returned to full size and animated once the book was opened.

7. Guest Room

Rotted tapestries line the walls and furniture is scattered about this 15-foot by 10-foot room. An iron chest sits in the southeast corner.

This room was once occupied by Yarmuth the Brown, a cleric of since-dead god, Myrkul, whom Damien brought to the tower to consult on the subject of death. Yarmuth was in this room when the tower complex sunk and met with an untimely death when he tried to usurp control from the mage's

Captain of the Guard. Yarmuth was quickly subdued and dropped into the pit (**Room 23**) from the trap door in the guardroom (**Room 12**) on the third level.

Before he died, Yarmuth cursed the tower, forbidding anyone to find rest in death here, to live on forever as undead. Fortunately for the PCs, this curse no longer affects anyone dying in the tower (unless the DM determines otherwise).

The iron chest is trapped with a *glyph*. Anyone opening it takes 1d4 hit points of fire damage. The chest contains a mace +1, a scroll with four clerical spells (*cure light wounds X 2, continual light, speak with dead*), and two rubies (50 gp each).

8. Guest Room

Broken furniture lies about this room covered with cobwebs and a century of dust.

Buried within the furniture is an old (enchanted to prevent decay) tapestry depicting the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan worth 250 gp to the right customer (the Hosttower has few fans in the region beyond its own members).

9. Guard Captain's Room

You enter a 15-foot-square room with tattered tapestries on the east and west walls. A large, ornate shield hangs on the north wall. The room is furnished with a bed, an iron chest, and a desk. An armored skeleton sits on the edge of the desk, its bony legs crossed, its grinning face staring right at you.

This was the room of Damien's former Captain of the Guard. The chest contains worthless personal items. The rusted shield is not usable for combat.

The skeleton of the captain, Derek, had always been conceited. He'll sit there, even waving the party in, his head bobbing in a silent chuckle. Then he'll go to work on the party with his magical broad sword. If the PCs haven't yet encountered the Hall Armor (**Room 10** below), it comes to Derek's aid.

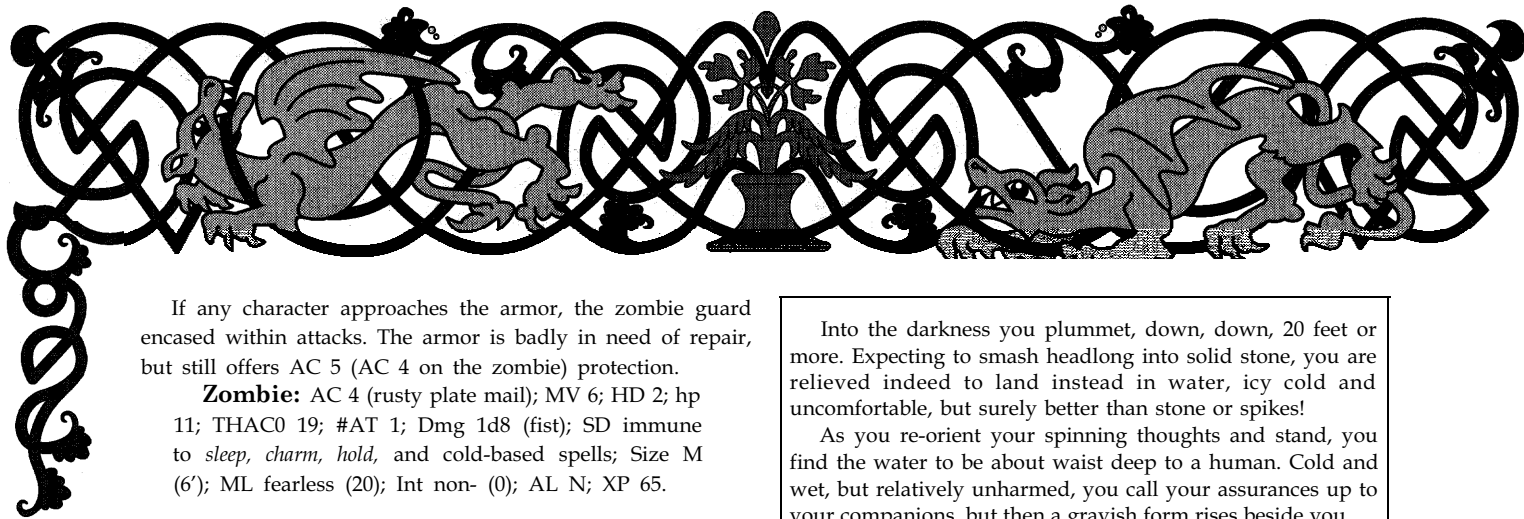
Derek, Captain of the Guard (skeleton, unique):

AC 4 (+1 chain); MV 6; HD 4; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4+1 (*broad sword* +1); SD piercing and slashing weapons do half damage.; immune to *sleep, hold, charm* and cold-based spells; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; SZ M (6' 6"); ML fearless (20); Int low (5); AL N; XP 650.

10. Hall Armor

An old suit of rusted plate mail stands in the corner of this hallway. This passage is clear of cobwebs.





If any character approaches the armor, the zombie guard encased within attacks. The armor is badly in need of repair, but still offers AC 5 (AC 4 on the zombie) protection.

Zombie: AC 4 (rusty plate mail); MV 6; HD 2; hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (fist); SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; Size M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.

11. Old Guard Room

Cobwebs and dust covers the broken furniture and debris lies scattered all about this room. You see through some metal bars in the wall into a hallway to the south with an iron-bound wooden door. A weapons rack holding a long sword sits against the wall. This room appears to have once been a guardroom.

The weapons rack is in reality a mimic. The long sword is stuck to the mimic and is a *long sword* +1.

Starved mimic: AC 7; MV 3; HD 7 (currently 4); hp 20; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4 (smash); SA glue, -4 to surprise; SD camouflage, immune to acid; Size L (8'); ML champion (15); Int average (9); AL N; XP 270.

Notes: The mimic covers itself with a glue-like substance. Any creature or item that touches a mimic is held fast. Alcohol weakens the glue in three rounds, enabling the character to break free, or the character may attempt to make an Open Doors roll to break free. Only one attempt may be made per character, and no other action, offensive or defensive, may be performed during the round that the attempt is being made. A mimic may neutralize its glue at will; the glue dissolves five rounds after the mimic dies.

12. Trapped Hallway

The door opens to a 5-foot-wide hallway that runs ten feet to the south, and ends in a door.

The floor of this hallway was once a useful trap for dropping unwanted visitors into a 20-foot pit. The floor is now rotted and unable to hold any weight. An area 1-foot-wide runs around the entire hallway, providing a safe walkway.

Unless the lead characters state that they are exploring the floor carefully and discover the walkway (25% chance), they fall through as soon as they enter the hall. (See **Room 23**.)

Characters in the second rank or near the walls can attempt to save vs. petrification to avoid falling into the pit.

Read to falling PCs (then go to **Room 23**):

Into the darkness you plummet, down, down, 20 feet or more. Expecting to smash headlong into solid stone, you are relieved indeed to land instead in water, icy cold and uncomfortable, but surely better than stone or spikes!

As you re-orient your spinning thoughts and stand, you find the water to be about waist deep to a human. Cold and wet, but relatively unharmed, you call your assurances up to your companions, but then a grayish form rises beside you.

13. Hallway

This hallway runs the length of the complex. There is a door on the north wall and three on the south. A window at the end of the hall allows you to see into the cavern beyond, but it is too small to climb through. Collapsed stairs to the west lead to a hole in the floor.

To continue down from the broken stairway in the west and gain access to the first floor, the PCs have to drop down ten feet somehow (ropes, etc.).

14. Laboratory

The door to this room is locked and is also protected by a *glyph*. Like the other *glyphs* here, its magic is greatly diminished and does 1d4 points of electrical damage.

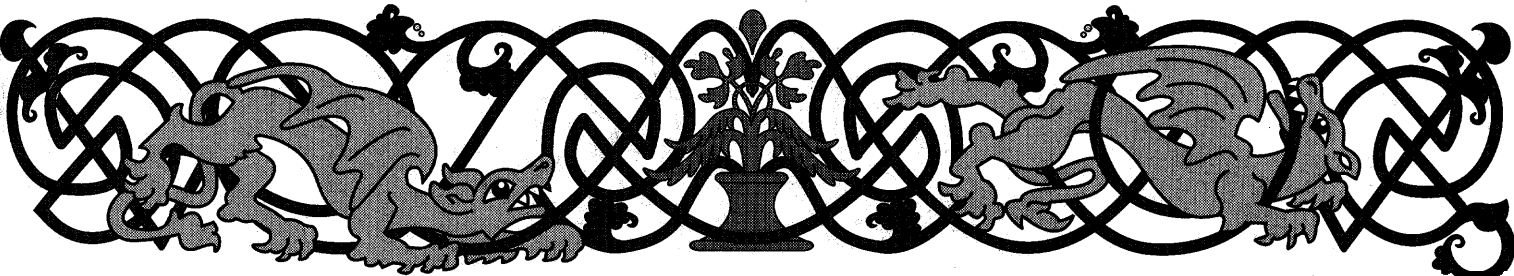
Two long tables stand in the center of the room. Shattered glass and broken lab equipment are scattered throughout the room. Shelves line the walls, some with jars still intact, with strange writing on their labels. Other shelves stand bare, their jars smashed on the floor below. There is a door centered on the north wall and also one on the east just north of your door. The west wall has a table against it, its contents covered by a blanket, buried in dust and webs.

The lab equipment is useless due to the effects of time. If anyone rolls a successful Spellcraft check, or a thief makes a successful Reads Language roll, they discern that the jars' contents were various body parts: eyeballs, glands, organs, etc. Nothing of value remains here.

The door on the east wall leads to a cold-storage locker where larger body parts such as limbs were kept. The magic that made the room cold has long since diminished and all that is left are bones and a horrible stench. When this door is opened all PCs in the lab must attempt a saving throw vs. petrification or vomit violently for two rounds.

On the table against the west wall is a miniature flesh golem that attacks if its covering is removed. The golem was here to be repaired and has only one arm, allowing it only one attack per round.





Mini Flesh Golem: AC 9; MV 6; HD 3; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (fist); SD electrical attacks heal 1 hit point per hit die of spell; SZ S (4'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 175.

Notes: This is not a true golem and can be hit by normal weapons.

The north door is trapped and when opened, a small, barbed javelin fires from the wall opposite the door, inflicting 1d4 of damage with a successful attack roll. An 8-foot-chain is attached to the javelin and fastened to a heavy stone block. As soon as the javelin fires, the block rotates and drops into a 10-foot pit, pulling the victim with it (**Room 20a**). The back of the falling block, which the falling PC sees all too clearly, is studded with six 1-foot-long spikes. The falling PC should roll a 1d6 to determine how many spikes he hits (1d4 damage per spike).

If the PC survives the fall, go to **Room 20a** and read the boxed text.

15. Barracks

Broken furniture lies about the room. A fireplace occupies the west wall, with a shield hanging above its mantle. As you enter, skeletons crawl out of the ashes in the fireplace, rise up, and attack.

Skeletons (1 per PC): AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; THAC0 19; hp 6 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (claw); SD piercing and slashing weapons do half damage; immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; Size M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.

This room housed the castle guards, who apparently believe they are still on duty. A tarnished silver goblet (worth 15 gp) is among the debris in the room. If the party searches the room, each PC has a 20% chance to find some loose coins. Roll 1d6 to determine type: 1-3 = 1d12 cp, 4-5 = 1d6 sp, and 6 = 1d4 gp. The hanging shield is a medium shield +1.

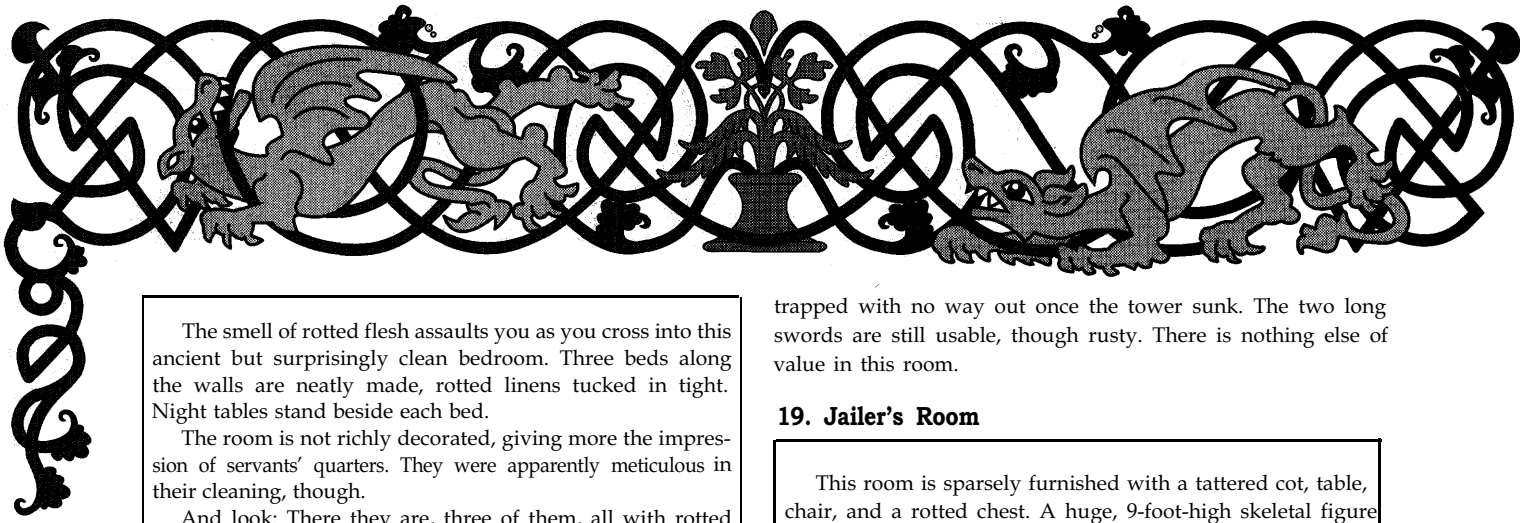
16. Servants' Room

The door to this room is locked or barricaded.

This was the servants' quarters. The three women barricaded themselves in after the tower fell—when undead things began roaming the halls. They are here still, hiding behind the old, rotted beds.

The PCs must break down the door (10 structural points of damage) to get in.





The smell of rotted flesh assaults you as you cross into this ancient but surprisingly clean bedroom. Three beds along the walls are neatly made, rotted linens tucked in tight. Night tables stand beside each bed.

The room is not richly decorated, giving more the impression of servants' quarters. They were apparently meticulous in their cleaning, though.

And look: There they are, three of them, all with rotted flesh hanging loosely from ancient bones, rising up to greet you from behind their beds.

Zombies (3): AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (fist); SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold*, and cold-based spells; Size M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.

There is nothing of value in this room.

17. Servants' Room

The door opens into a room thick with cobwebs and dust. The old rotted furniture shows that it was once living quarters for minor members of the household, likely servants. The southwestern corner wall is partially collapsed, with mud and rock mixing with debris.

If the PCs search, three zombie cats attack them.

Zombie cats (3): AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (claws); SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold, death magic, poison*, and cold-based spells; Size S (28); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.

18. Lieutenant's and Sergeant's Room

This room is filled with cobwebs covering battered furniture. As you enter and peer around a small alcove, you see two armored corpses slumped against the walls, each with the other's sword through its belly.

Even as you watch, the corpses open their empty eyesockets and climb to their feet, coming at you with arms outstretched, apparently oblivious to the weapons set in their midsections.

Zombies (2): AC 6 (rusty chain mail); MV 6; HD 2; Hp 15 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (fist); SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold*, cold-based spells; Size M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 75.

This room once housed the lieutenant and sergeant of the guard. They killed each other in a fit of madness from being

trapped with no way out once the tower sunk. The two long swords are still usable, though rusty. There is nothing else of value in this room.

19. Jailer's Room

This room is sparsely furnished with a tattered cot, table, chair, and a rotted chest. A huge, 9-foot-high skeletal figure sits slumped over the table.

The skeleton is that of an ogre, the jailer who was trapped here when the tower sank. Once he ran out of food, he survived by dining on his prisoners. He does not attack until someone enters the holding cells or when the magic mouth (Room 20) is triggered. There is nothing of value in this room.

Monster skeleton: AC 6; MV 12; HD 6; hp 27; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 (great axe) or 1d8 (punch); SD immune to all *sleep, charm, hold*, and cold-based spells; edged or piercing weapons inflict only half damage; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; SZ L (10'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 650.

20. Holding Cells

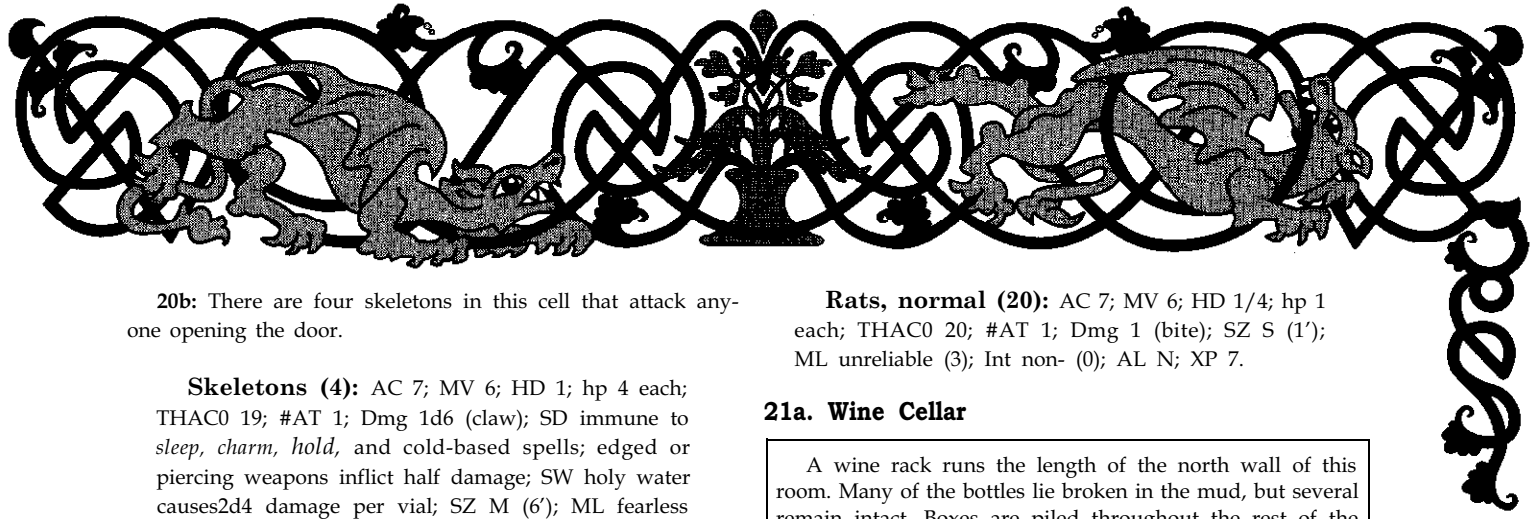
Three heavy wooden doors with barred windows can be seen through the thick cobwebs here.

A pedestal stands in the southeast corner obscured from vision by the thick webs. On the pedestal is the key to the cells. If anyone opens a cell door by any means other than the key, a magic mouth is triggered, screaming "Escape!" for five rounds.

20a: The north door is locked. This room is the landing area for the trap in **Room 14**. If the PC survives the fall, read the following:

Through the pain, you try to orient yourself to your new surroundings. Sitting against the back wall of this small cell is a skeleton—an all-too-familiar barbed javelin protruding from its rib cage. It offers no sympathy for your plight before attacking you.

Skeleton: AC 7; MV 6; HD 1; hp 4; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (claw); SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold*, and cold-base spells; edged or piercing weapons inflict half damage; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; SZ M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.



20b: There are four skeletons in this cell that attack anyone opening the door.

Skeletons (4): AC 7; MV 6; HD 1; hp 4 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (claw); SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; edged or piercing weapons inflict half damage; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; SZ M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.

20c: Same as 20b.

Rats, normal (20): AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/4; hp 1 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1 (bite); SZ S (1'); ML unreliable (3); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 7.

21a. Wine Cellar

A wine rack runs the length of the north wall of this room. Many of the bottles lie broken in the mud, but several remain intact. Boxes are piled throughout the rest of the cluttered room.

If a PC attempts to disturb the bottles in any way, a poltergeist reacts by snuffing out all torches, each in succession (describe a cold breeze sweeping through the area). The spirit then uses the cartons and barrel pieces in the storeroom, and the pots and pans hanging above the table, as missiles to try and scare off the intruders. If the fight takes place in total darkness, the party will not see the incoming missiles but can hear them whistling by and smashing against the walls. Any person struck by an object suffers no damage but must attempt a saving throw vs. spell or flee in terror in a random direction for 2d4 rounds before recovering. There is a 50% chance that the victim drops whatever he was holding immediately (remember that the floor is very soft and may swallow anything dropped onto it). If a successful save is made, that PC is immune to any subsequent fear attempts by the poltergeist.

There is nothing of value here (except 15 bottles of ancient wine that have long turned to vinegar—and thus can be quite effective against the sundew in Room 23).

Poltergeist: AC 10; MV 6; HD 1/2; Hp 3; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg Nil; SA *fear*; SD *invisibility*; -4 to be hit, silver or magical weapons to hit, turn as ghoul; SZ M (6'); Int low (7); ML average (10); AL LE; XP 120.

Ground Floor

The ground floor of the main building has been slowly filling up with the mud of the cavern bottom. The mud is approximately one foot deep, reducing movement by half. Total darkness engulfs this level and a dank, mildewy smell assaults the nose. Cobwebs fill the entire level and if any torch passes within one foot of the webs an entire 15-foot area quickly ignites and vanishes, filling the air with floating strand-remnants.

Note that there is no access to the large, overturned tower from this main area.

When the heroes come down through the hole into **Area 26**, read the following:

The sound of your feet pulling free from the muddy floor disturbs the silence as you struggle to keep your balance. Dusty web strands constantly brush against your face, like hungry spirits grasping at your flesh. To the west, you see a tunnel barely more than a crawlway, twisting through the muddy earth. To the east, you see a clearer opening, a door, and the familiar stone walls of the keep, though the mud, like that here, has claimed the floor.

If the PCs choose to go west, into the crawlway, to investigate, go to **Room 26**.

21. Kitchen

As you enter this room, you hear soft scraping sounds from all around you. A heavy, long table stands along the east wall of this room. The hanging racks above it contain rusted pots and pans. A huge oven rests against the west wall. Shelves on the south wall are stacked with shattered pottery and dishes that haven't yet fallen to the floor. There is a door on the north wall.

In this room are 20 normal rats scurrying about. They flee if disturbed by the heroes.

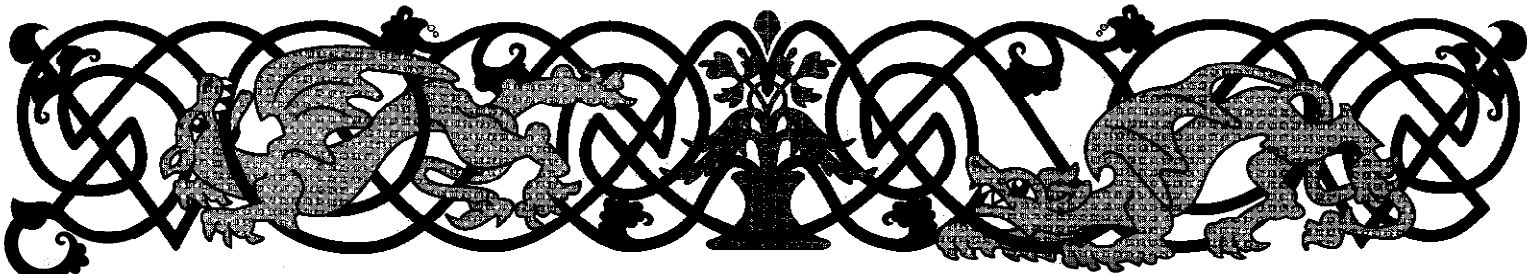
22. Barracks

This room stood as a guard post for the main entrance. The room contains old rotted bedding, a table, and three chairs. An empty weapons' rack rests on the north wall and several murder holes are along the southern wall, looking out into the entrance hall. The shutters on the window of the east wall are rotted away, allowing the earth to claim about half the room in waist-deep sludge.

If the PCs investigate the sludge, two skeletons submerged there attack them.

Skeletons (2): AC 7; MV 6; HD 1; hp 4, 6; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (claw); SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; edged or piercing weapons inflict half damage; SW holy water causes 2d4 damage per vial; SZ M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int non- (0); AL N; XP 65.





23. Ghoul Room

This room is accessed through a secret door or by falling through the trapped floor in **Room 12**. The room is filled with three feet of muddy water. Should the room be entered through the secret door, the water spills out. Anyone within ten feet of the door must attempt a successful Dexterity check or fall as the water rushes past him. This room is the resting place of a ghoulish creature who once was known as Yarmuth the Brown, a cleric of Myrkul. The hungry ghoulish creature attacks the first person it encounters and continues feasting upon that person even if the PC is paralyzed, unconscious, or dead; even if all the other PCs are attacking the ghoulish creature!

If the PCs initially enter this room through the secret door, read the following:

As you open the door a torrent of muddy water spills into the hall. Regaining your balance, you smell the stench of rotting flesh. Peering into the shadows, you lock eyes with two burning points of light. With a feral growl, the ghoulish creature reaches for your throat.

Yarmuth (ghoul): AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; Hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3 X 2/1d6 (claw X 2/bite); SA paralyzation; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; *SW protection from evil* keeps the ghoulish creature completely at bay; SZ M (5'); ML steady (11); Int low (6); AL CE; XP 175.

24. Main Entrance

The remains of two great oaken doors, once the main entry of the structure, have long ago lost the battle against the pervasive mud, and now a huge mound of wet earth forms a huge, semicircular hill from the doors into the center of the room. A smell of rot permeates the room. In the southeastern corner you can see what may be some rusted armor and a pile of rags nearly completely swallowed by the mudslide.

Sundew (modified): AC 7; MV 1; HD 4; Hp 18; # AT 1d6; Dmg 1 (acid tendrils); SA PCs are -1 to hit, suffocation; SD missiles and fire-based attacks do half damage; Size M (3'); ML fearless (20); Int semi- (3); AL N; XP 650.

Notes: For every three tendrils that strike a victim, that person suffers a cumulative -1 penalty on their attack rolls. Any "20" on an attack roll by the sundew signifies that the tendril has struck the face of its victim and the sap from the tendril clogs the nose and mouth causing suffocation in 1d4+4 rounds. Vinegar or alcohol (such as wine) dissolves the sap.

The two oak doors have long since rotted away and allowed the mud to claim most of this room.

A subterranean sundew attacks anyone approaching within five feet of the southeastern corner. The sundew appears to be

a pile of rags from a distance. Rusted pieces armor may be seen nearly entirely covered in the mud near the rags with a successful Wisdom check. Buried beneath the creature in two feet of mud are three short swords, three (human- or elf-sized) suits of ring mail, and matching helms. All items are rusted beyond use except for one short sword that appears untouched by the passage and wear of time. It is a *short sword +1*.

25. Dining Room

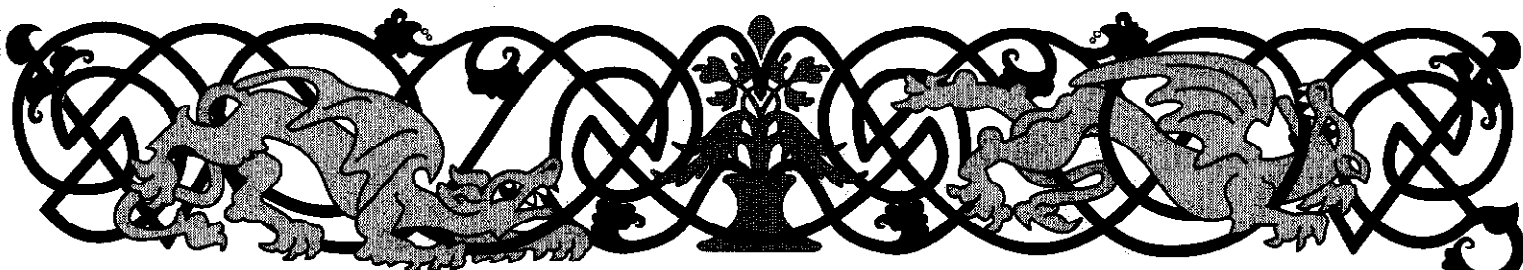
The long table lined by benches here shows that this was once the common dining hall of the household. Cobwebs hang from the ancient chandelier in the middle of the ceiling all the way to the center of the table. One of the benches has been turned on its side and angled by the mudflow, so that the far end protrudes from the slop, rising higher than the table's top.

This room contains rotted dining furniture. The silver tableware lies buried beneath the mud. Should anyone search, there is a 25% chance of finding a fork, spoon, or knife worth three silver pieces each (up to ten valuable items maximum), or a worthless piece of a shattered ceramic plate. The chandelier is rusted and not of any immediate value. It can be salvaged, however, though it is quite cumbersome, weighing more than 60 pounds. With a little polish and a lot of effort, it could bring between 25 and 50 gp at market in Targos.

26. Buried Room

Peering through the rubble, you see that the mud has fully claimed this area, which was probably once the base of a tower. A narrow crawlway winds through the seemingly solid mud, with pieces of furniture—the leg of a chair, the edge of a table, protruding at irregular intervals.

This room was indeed the base of the high tower. When the catastrophe struck, this tower snapped off at the second level, filling this room with debris, rubble, and mud. The narrow twisting crawlway (approximately four feet by four feet) through this room leads nowhere, and any character moving along it must do so with extreme care, making a successful Dexterity roll or causing a partial collapse of the unstable mud (1d4 damage). Any character foolish enough to purposely disturb the caked mud and debris, digging to widen the crawlway or, perhaps, to heighten it, causes a complete collapse of the surroundings, burying anyone within a 10-foot radius under tons of mud and debris. Buried characters must attempt a saving throw vs. petrification to avoid being fully buried in the collapse, where they die of suffocation unless rescued in a number of rounds equal to their Constitutions score. Those successfully who save manage somehow to avoid the brunt of the cave-in, but they instead take 2d4 points of damage.



27. The Cavern

The only way players can get into the cavern is through the southwest window of **Room 4**.

The Fallen Tower

The only way to enter this tower is from the south, where the tower broke off from the main structure. The tower, which seems more like a tunnel now, runs from south to north. Although some of the tower's structure was compromised by the earth's subsidence, the building is still fairly intact—thanks to the cushioning of the vast amounts of mud during the Great Thaw and the complex's subsidence—except that now it is lying flat. There are no windows in this tower.

28. Entrance, Level One

Coming around the base of the broken tower, you see before you a rectangular room with an arching ceiling—obviously the curving wall when the tower was standing upright. Below you, though, the floor does not curve, as mud filled the lower portion and then hardened, forming an earthen floor. Running along the wall/ceiling above you are remnants of a stone stairway, spiraling along the left wall to an opening 15 feet up on the north wall (which was once the ceiling).

29. Level Two

The opening to this room leads to a hallway five feet high by ten feet wide. The stone stairs continue their way about the outer way, descending, inverted, to the north below you. You can continue that way, but only because the staircase was enclosed, giving you what were previously the walls and the ceiling to lean against.

To continue exploring this level, you must first cross a small pit, five feet wide by five feet deep, though the wall across it is ten feet high. Beyond that wall, you see a ten feet wide by five feet high corridor running to the east. There is an opening on the floor down the corridor, about 15 feet from your present position, and another five feet beyond that is a door set in the ceiling.

Because the staircase has been flipped to its side, PCs walking down the stairs and using the walls for support actually step on the risers between steps.

30. Sitting Room

Webs fill the chamber: a dark, uninviting hole.

This room was used as a sitting room but all within is destroyed. A torch can be used to clear away the webs safely, revealing broken, unremarkable furniture. A tarnished silver tea set worth 23 gp is buried in the rubble.

31. Empty room

The contents of this room litter the floor, holding down the door (which opens upward into the room). A combined strength of 22 is needed to open the door. This room is empty but for dried mud and wrecked furniture.

32. Level Three, Hallway

After descending to the end of the stairs you enter the bottom of a pit ten feet wide and five feet across, and at least 20 feet deep. Looking up you see a door on the east wall in front of you, about 15 feet up. Looking higher, to the top of the west wall (for the east wall goes all the way to the curving ceiling), you see a ledge with rubble resting on it.

The PCs enter the hallway on the southern end of the third level. If the party climbs onto the ledge, they note the broken rungs of a ladder on the south wall. Three feet in from the ledge is a door on the floor, partially covered by rubble. On the north wall approximately six feet up is an opening with the remains of a broken ladder attached to the wall. In this corner of the ledge the wall had given in and there is much debris forming a sort of walkway right up to the opening. Buried and trapped within this debris is a gargoyle. Once kept as a guard for the chamber above, this creature is still alive and full of fight. Though the debris hopelessly traps it, it attack anyone attempting to enter through the opening on the north wall leading to the next room. Anyone inspecting the rubble from a distance has a 10% chance of spotting what looks like a stone statue.

Gargoyle: AC 5; MV Nil; HD 4+4; Hp 26; THAC0 15; #AT 4; Dmg 1d3 X 2/1d6/1d4 (claw X 2/bite/horn) SD + 1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M (6' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 420.

Notes: Bite and horn attack allowed only if both claw attacks are successful and the creature is thus able to pull the victim to it.

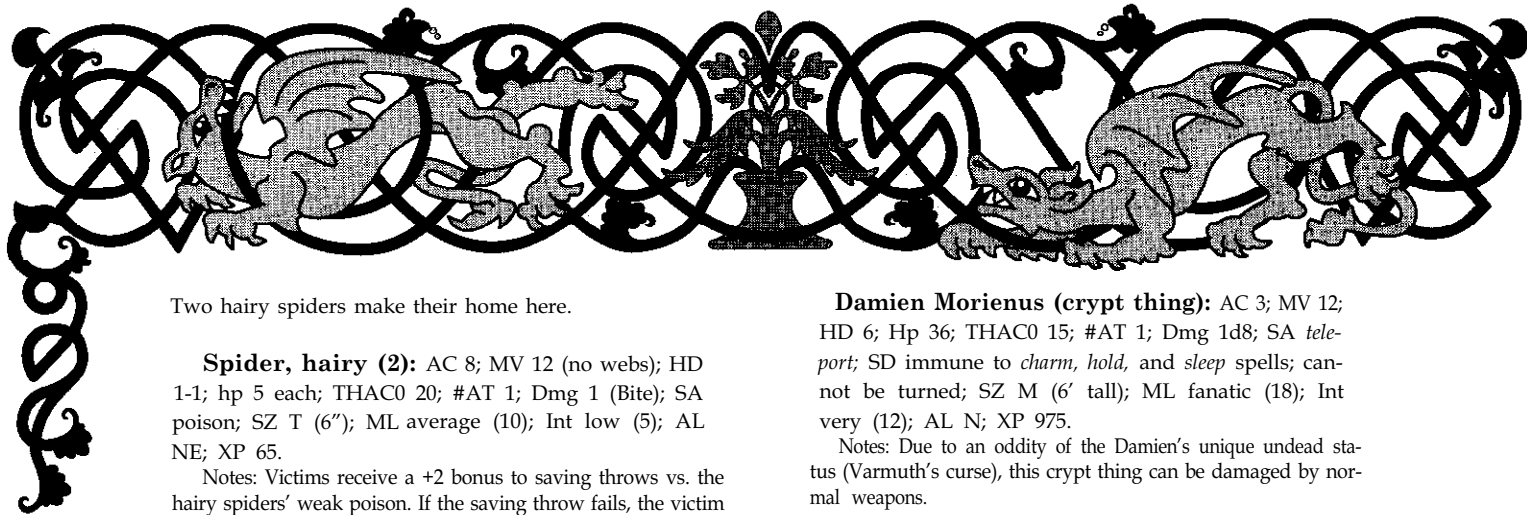
If none of the PCs noticed and subsequently inspected the statue, read the following as they attempt to move through the north door:

An explosion of debris beside you startles you, and you turn even as a leering, stony face snarls at you, clawed hands swinging wildly, trying to grab you.

33. Guest Room

Ruined furniture lays smashed on the floor 20 feet down. There appears to be nothing of value in this room.





Two hairy spiders make their home here.

Spider, hairy (2): AC 8; MV 12 (no webs); HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1 (Bite); SA poison; SZ T (6"); ML average (10); Int low (5); AL NE; XP 65.

Notes: Victims receive a +2 bonus to saving throws vs. the hairy spiders' weak poison. If the saving throw fails, the victim suffers -1 attack and AC penalties plus a -3 penalty to Dexterity. These effects begin one round after the bite and last for 1d4+1 rounds thereafter.

34. Sleeping Chamber

Broken furniture, mud, and assorted debris litters the bottom of this crescent-shaped room. Tattered tapestries hang at weird angles from the walls.

This chamber served as a sleeping chamber for Damien when he was too tired to return to his master bedroom. There is a jeweled (ruby) *dagger* +1 buried in the remains of the bed. Damien kept it under his pillow.

35. Antechamber

The door opens high on the southern wall near the ceiling. Below you is a pool of mud that stretches across the entire floor. A ladder, (walkway), of questionable construction is located to your right about 8-10 feet below you, running the breadth of the room to a door on the north wall.

The entrance to this room is up on the wall about 18 feet from a pool of mud that covers the entire floor. This pool is five feet deep at its deepest point. A twisted and damaged ladder spans the room from this wall to a closed trap door on the opposite wall. The ladder is eight feet above the mud, and is still sturdy enough to use.

36. Meditation Room

From the conical shape of the room, you can tell that this was once the top floor of the tower. The remains of this fire-blackened room have been utterly destroyed. A lone skeletal figure, clothed in a flowing black robe, sits cross-legged on the sloping floor in the center of the room, an ancient tome in its bony hands.

This was Damien's meditation room, where he conjured the demons to hunt down his adulterous wife. When the complex sunk, the circle of protection was broken, along with Damien's left arm. The demons returned and slew him. Damien rose as a crypt thing due to Varmuth's curse. Damien holds the book Peddywinkle is searching for.

Damien Morienus (crypt thing): AC 3; MV 12; HD 6; Hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA *teleport*; SD immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells; cannot be turned; SZ M (6' tall); ML fanatic (18); Int very (12); AL N; XP 975.

Notes: Due to an oddity of the Damien's unique undead status (Varmuth's curse), this crypt thing can be damaged by normal weapons.

Damien's first action is to attempt a powerful form of *teleport* on the entire party. Each member must attempt a saving throw vs. spell or be instantly teleported away. The DM can randomly determine location and distance (from 100 feet to 1,000 feet), or, for convenience of play, can use Table 3, rolling 1d10. Anyone teleported are never sent into solid matter, but may find himself or herself underwater or high in the air.

In addition, Damien has perfected this ability, in conjunction with a simple illusion, so that anyone who fails to save, to those who do save, appears to disintegrate, with skin and tissue becoming translucent to the bone, and then the whole of the PC falling to dust.

Table 3: Damien's Teleport Table

1. Room 35	6. Room 20b
2. Room 11	7. Room 08
3. Room 06	8. Top of oak tree
4. Room 14 (on trap)	9. Room 34
5. Room 32	10. Standing stones

The DM can assume all the PCs who fail their saves are teleported to the same location, unless the DM decides to separate the party members. If this is done, be aware that lone PCs are much more vulnerable to dangers of every kind.

PCs who successfully save are free to engage Damien in combat; Damien can use the *teleport* stunt only once, so he'll close to melee in the following round, trying to rake a PC with a bony claw for 1d8 points of damage. Note that Damien cannot be turned by a cleric, but he can be struck by nonmagical weapons (he's not a "normal" crypt thing since Varmuth's curse and the demons who killed both affected his current status).

Treasure

The Diary of Damien Morienus: This personal diary of the evil necromancer does indeed bear a stylized capital "M" on its cover. It's of black leather, about 11" high by 7" wide by 3" thick. In it are his personal musings (written in arcane script that is decipherable with a *read magic* spell), on the nature of life and death, his quest for power and lichdom, and an incomplete formula for concocting the necessary potion to become a lich. Finding this specific passage requires a mage to study the book for 4d12 hours.

Damien's corpse also wears a *robe of eyes* (see the DMG, page 236), and a matching emerald ring on each hand. Each ring is worth 200 gp.



Conclusion

There are several ways to end the adventure, depending on the actions of the PCs. If the PCs defeat Damien, get the book, and simply give it to Pedywinkle, he brings them up to his room, thanks them for the book, asks for his agreed-upon share of the treasure, and sincerely waits to hear the PCs' tale of their adventure. He does not attack the PCs unless the PCs initiate hostilities.

Should the PCs discover the ruse or decide to attack Pedywinkle in order to keep him from getting the book from them, he fights, but only for one round. He then opts either to cast *color spray* on the PCs, take the book, and make his getaway while *invisible*, or he'll duck under a table in the main room of the inn and use his *hat of disguise* if he feels he can't get the book away from the heroes now.

If the PCs manage to prevent Pedywinkle's escape, he'll fight as best he can. As Pedywinkle is a wily man, he'll have cast his *shield* and *obscure alignment* spells on himself just before the PCs arrive—just in case things go against him and a fight breaks out. He'll use his spells and his wand to give himself an opportunity to escape, as noted above. He'll not cast his *fireball* spell indoors however (at least not while he's still indoors). It's his last-resort weapon. Note he's not above using a wounded PC (or NPC) as a hostage until he can use his magic to cover his escape.

If Raff and Dell are still around, they too can play a part in the adventure's finale. Pedywinkle charmed the suspicious Raff some time ago, and the gruff man acts accordingly. Dell is simply too naive to have perceived the truth, and he'll act as Raff instructs unless he's ordered to fight or otherwise harm the PCs, at which time he'll hesitate and finally begin questioning exactly what's going on here.

If the PCs never figure out Pedywinkle's ruse, the DM has a decision to make. Either the "merchant" can become a sort of patron for the PCs, equipping them and sending them off on various "missions" for him, or Drizzt can alert the PCs a few weeks later, once he's backtracked the story Pedywinkle told the PCs and found it to be false.

If both the PCs and Pedywinkle survive the fight for the book (regardless of who ends up in possession of it), the mage considers the PCs his prime enemies, as they're aware of his ruse. The PCs had best keep looking over their shoulders for one angry mage. This is also true if the PCs find the book and simply flee with it.

Continuing the Adventure

Regardless of the resolution of the Pedywinkle/Celerum issue, PCs who survived the scenario have numerous options before them. DMs should gauge the players' interests, and develop the following avenues to continue the PCs' adventures in the Savage Frontier.

If the PCs did exceptionally well in this scenario, they impress Regis the halfling enough that he'll consider them to perform future "errands" for him. These errands could lead the PCs across the Northlands and into any number of dangers. While Icewind Dale itself is secure, Regis and the other heroes of the region may have enemies lurking nearby—enemies who might want to take out their aggressions on the new "friends" of Regis and company.

If the PCs handle themselves well in the presence of Drizzt, he too may strike up a relationship with them, especially if any rangers or worshipers of Mielikki are among the characters. If the heroes perform their "missions" well over time, Drizzt might recommend them as "special operatives" to Lady Hope Alustriel, leader of the new confederacy of Northern cities known as Luruar. This would likely entail a journey to Alustriel's home city of Silvermoon and much risk, intrigue, and reward if the PCs are up to the task. Drizzt could do the same for the PCs if they're more interested in visiting Mithral Hall.

As noted above, if Pedywinkle fooled the PCs and the DM likes the heroes (unknowingly) working for a less-than-honest patron, Pedywinkle could draw them further into his web by performing less and less scrupulous deeds on his behalf. He knows that the PCs may eventually find him out, but he hopes by then that he's gotten them to do several disreputable deeds that, if the PCs' friends and allies were to find out about (Regis, Kinnuki, Drizzt, etc.), would ruin their reputations and perhaps endanger their lives. Using this threat, he'll try to keep them under his thumb. Discovering the evil mage's true plans could make for an exciting long-term campaign.

Adventure Seeds

Below are listed several adventure seeds can be developed into short scenarios.

There's rumored to be an ice troll's lair elsewhere in the vast cavern where the PCs found Damien's sunken tower. With the tower now empty, the ice troll moves in. This brings more monsters in from the wilderness or up from the Underdark to take the ice troll's place in the cavern.

The druids who revere the "stone circle" the PCs discovered to be the crenellations atop Damien's tower are quite upset by the PCs' disturbance of their holy site. They demand the PCs undertake a mission on their behalf to "restore" the holiness of the site. They charge the PCs with finding and returning to the druids the mythical *seven seedlings of the verdant*

sages, the immature (in all senses) offspring of the seven wisest treants in all the Northlands.

Kinnuki the barbarian prince disappears and Regis asks the PCs to find him. A large band of humanoids have captured the huge barbarian after he was badly mauled in battle by some mysterious beast. The humanoids know of Kinnuki and are afraid to kill him for fear his spirit will hunt them down after his death. They do keep him prisoner, however. The PCs must find him, help him escape from the humanoids, and track down the beast that wounded the barbarian in the first place.

Perhaps linked to the idea above, some powerful humanoid (DMs should choose a being that could give the PCs a tough battle by itself) is organizing the humanoid races and clans in and around Icewind Dale. These beings become much more dangerous and aggressive when organized. The PCs must find out who's behind this alliance and somehow disrupt it.

One of Celerum's rivals in the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan has been secretly trying to determine the object of the wily mage's recent activities. This Kaladar the Cruel (NE hem W6) has learned that Celerum seeks Damien's tower and that he's hired some adventurers to find it for him. Kaladar suspects that Celerum is impersonating some-

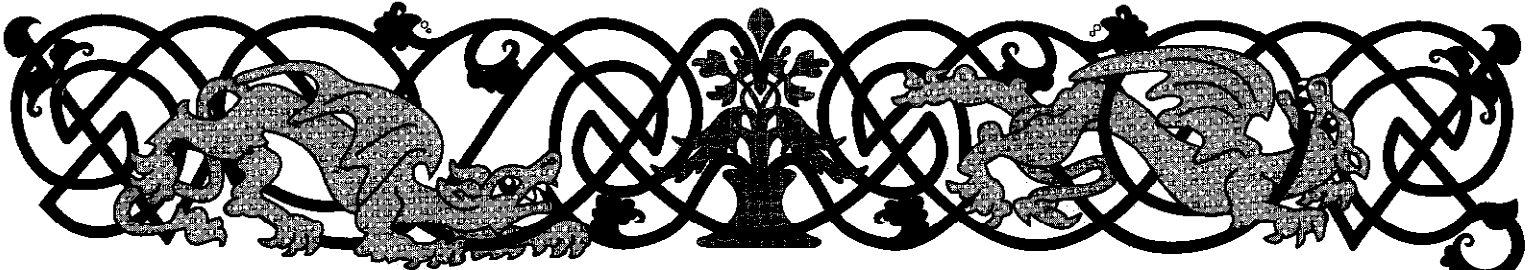
one, but doesn't know whom. After the PCs' exploration of the tower, Kaladar's spies inform him of the heroes' activities. He soon arrives on the scene (in his own disguise of course; he uses the *alter self* spell to appear as a human "advance agent" for a traveling group of entertainers which is actually his band of thugs, thieves, and assassins not far behind him).

After observing the PCs for a time (in which time his band of followers arrives), he tries to get one character away from the party on some pretense (romance, a job offer, etc.), and questions him or her. He'll use magic (*charm person*) or force, if all else fails. If the PCs know of "Pedywinkle's" ruse, they must decide whether to work with the mage's rival to gain revenge. If the PCs remain unaware of the truth surrounding their merchant friend, Kaladar's actions might be the trigger that finally opens the PCs' eyes.

Celerum and the Hosttower

If and when the PCs determine the truth about Pedywinkle/Celerum, they should also learn (or at least hear about) the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan, a mercantile company and "guild" of evil mages to which both





Celerum and Kaladar belong. The Arcane Brotherhood, as the members of the Hosttower call themselves, have much power in Luskan.

The Hosttower itself is a magically raised stone structure that resembles a giant tree with spread, upright limbs. Its central spire rises above the four surrounding towers, each at one of the cardinal points of the compass: the North Tower, for example) are of equal height and bristles with lesser spires, balconies, and branching turrets. The Hosttower is a vast treasure house of spell books and magical knowledge that's guarded by basilisks, stone golems, the mages themselves, and their most devious and deadly spells and traps. Few nonmembers ever pass beyond the ground floor's public-access area.

From this huge entry chamber, access to the upper levels is restricted (both by mundane guards and magical spells). A long, central spiral stair leads upward. This staircase opens to various meeting rooms, storage areas, and spell-casting chambers. Above these are kitchens, laboratories, more storerooms, lecture halls, and the personal chambers of the lesser wizards. These minor mages gain membership by pledging fealty to the Archmage Arcane of the Hosttower and usually one of the powerful mages that runs one of the lesser spires.

The upper reaches of the central spire is occupied by the Archmage Arcane of the Hosttower, Queltar Thaeloon (LE hm W22; Dex 18, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 16), and each of the four other spires is home to a mage referred to as an Overwizard charged with a specific area of Faerûn. These Overwizards maintain a network of mundane and magical spies throughout "their" region to track events and people of interest to mages in general and evil power-mongers such as themselves in particular.

The current Overwizards are: Master of the North Spire, Jaluth "Snakeface" Alaerth (CE hf W19; Dex 18, Int 18, Cha 17), who's cursed to have serpents erupt from her lovely face when angry or upset; Master of the East Spire, Ornar of the Claw (CE hm W20; Int 18, Wis 18); Overwizard of the South Spire, Deltagar Zelhund (LE hm W21); and the Overwizard of the West Spire, Eltuth Oyim (NE hm W19; Str 17, Dex 17, Int 18 Cha 16).

Of course, these mages are not included here to be foes for your low-level PCs, but are listed simply to supply DMs with some information on exactly who runs things within the Hosttower and in Luskan.

The lesser mages and other NPC personnel of the Hosttower remain for the DM to create, if the Hosttower is to become a major part of his or her campaign. As noted with the relationship of Celerum and Kaladar, rivalries between even relatively minor wizards are rife throughout the Hosttower as one Overwizard (and his minions) plots to steal the secrets or powers of another, while they all try to undermine the authority of the Archmage Arcane, in order

to take the position for themselves. The Hosttower can be a major force for evil in any Northlands campaign and serves as an excellent counterpoint to the various tribes of humanoids and assorted monstrous creatures that pose the other primary threat to this inhospitable, barely civilized land.

Any PCs (especially wizards, specialty mages, and bards) who are active in the North and have affiliations with the Harpers, Drizzt and his friends, or Lady Hope Alustriel and the lands of Luruar are quite likely to attract the attention of the Hosttower's forces at some point, especially if the PCs manage to dispatch Peddywinkle/Celerum. Such an act on the part of the heroes certainly calls for some form of retribution, doesn't it?

Reference Materials

If the DM plans to run any campaign centered in or near Luskan or Icewind Dale, the boxed set, *The North* (TSR 01142), and the accessory, *Volo's Guide to the North* (TSR 09393) are heartily recommended.





Appendix: NPCs

Celerum the Black (Peddywinkle), hm M5: AC 3 (*bracers* AC 5, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 17; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff); SZ M (6', 170 lb.); ML champion (16); AL CE.

S 10, D 16, C 14, I 18, W 17, Ch 11.

Special Equipment: *hat of disguise*, *wand of magic missiles* (25 charges), *bracers of defense* AC 5.

Spells: (4/2/1): 1st— *color spray*, *detect undead*, *grease*, *shield*; 2nd— *invisibility*, *obscure alignment*; 3rd— *fireball*.

Description: Celerum is 35 years old, 6' 2" tall, and thin. He has blond hair and piercing blue eyes. Celerum dresses in a jet-black robe of the finest weave with a jewel-inlaid gold belt.

Personality: Celerum is arrogant, cold, and calculating. He is completely amoral and will do anything that furthers his own ends.

History: While researching spells for the late Dendybar the Mottled, Celerum came across excerpts from the diary of Damien Morienus. The diary contained references to some type of potion of great power but failed to describe the process of making it. Intrigued, Celerum delved deeper into the archives of the Hosttower, eventually discovering that Damien had a research tower somewhere in Icewind Dale. He also discovered that Damien, a former master of the North Spire himself, was actually working on a recipe for lichdom but had not completed it before he mysteriously disappeared with his tower. The tower's disappearance also coincided with a period of the Dale's history called the Great Thaw. Finding no further reference to Damien, Celerum decided to search for himself.

Celerum traveled throughout Icewind Dale with a friendly merchant, Boswell C. Peddywinkle. Peddywinkle had been traveling to the Dale for years, trading in the valuable scrimshaw, and who had an impressive network already set up for fishing on the lakes. Seeing this as an opportunity too good to pass up, Celerum killed Peddywinkle along the road and, using his *hat of disguise*, has assumed the merchant's identity.

Merchant Persona: Boswell C. Peddywinkle

Description: Boswell is 5' 4" and quite pudgy, with a regal look to him. He is around 50 years old, with a great handlebar mustache and bright blue eyes. He has very little hair left and what is there is pure white. He is dressed in rich courtly dress.

Personality: Peddywinkle is very friendly, outgoing, and talkative. He delights in the telling of fanciful stories about his exploits such as when he acquired a very rare bauble that was a gift from the beautiful queen of Salsa, who, by the way, was quite smitten with him.

Long-term goal: Peddywinkle/Celerum wants Damien's diary. If the PCs prevent him from getting it,

he'll pursue them wherever they go, using his spells, his *hat of disguise*, and his money (good for hiring thugs, intelligent monsters, or thieves) either to get the book if the PCs have it or for revenge if they destroyed it (or otherwise kept it from him). If the PCs foil his plan, they'll earn themselves a long-term foe in Celerum, and perhaps all of the forces of the Hosttower of Luskan.

Drizzt Do'Urden, drow m, R16: AC -8 (*mithral chain* +4, Dex); MV 12; hp 92; THAC0 5; #AT 9/2; Dmg 1d8+7/1d8+5; SA *dancing lights*, *faerie fire*, *darkness*, *levitation*, *know alignment*, *detect magic*; SZ M (5' 4'); ML fearless (19); AL CG.

S 13, D 20, C 15, I 17, W 17, Ch 14.

Ranger abilities: MS 99, HS 99, DN 60, CW 99.

Special Equipment: *mithral chain mail* +4, *frostbrand* +3 *scimitar* (Icingdeath), *defender* +5 *scimitar* (Twin-kle), *figurine of wondrous power: onyx panther* (Guenhyvar).

Priest spells: (3/3/3); Drizzt is a follower of Mielikki): 1st— *animal friendship*, *entangle*, *pass without trace*; 2nd— *charm mammal*, *speak with animals*, *warp wood*; 3rd— *hold animals*, *snare*, *spike growth*.

Description: Drizzt's white hair is long, flowing, and silky smooth. His ebon-skinned features are sharp but perfectly proportioned. Most striking of all are his eyes, violet in hue.

Personality: Drizzt is reserved around strangers, quietly observing newcomers from the perimeter of their conversation. Although he is always wary, fearing the worst when dealing with strangers, he happily accepts new friends provided he is convinced they accept him for who he is and share his viewpoint on morality. Any attitude of bullying or bringing grief to others without justification invokes the drow ranger's wrath.

Regis, ham T7: AC 4 (leather, Dex); MV 12; hp 35; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S (3'); ML elite (13) AL NG.

Special Equipment: +2 *luck stone*, *ruby pendant of beguiling* (acts as a *rod of beguiling*), and a *mace* +2.

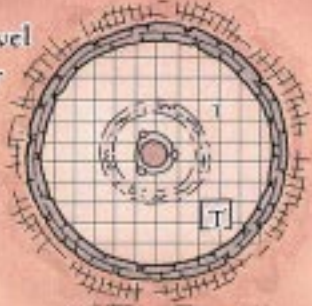
S 10, D 17, C 15, I 13, W 15, C 15.

Description: Regis is barely 3' tall with curly brown hair and a belly that hangs far over his belt.

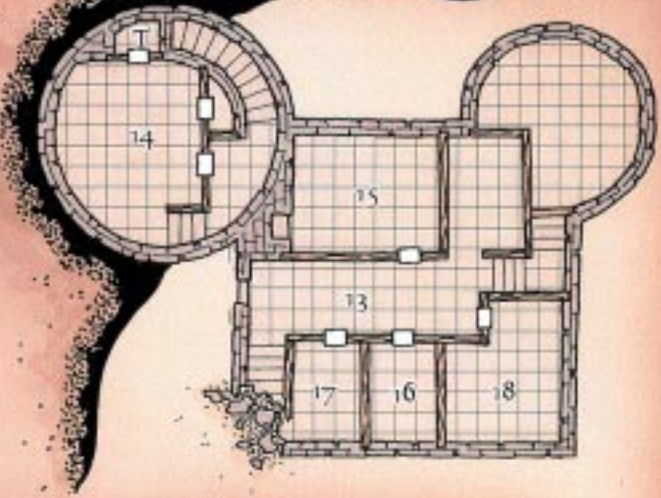
Thief abilities: PP 50, OL 50, F/RT 55, MS 60, HS 80, DN 35, CW 70, RL 10.

Personality: Regis is good-natured though lazy, and not malicious in the least. He's quite sly and enjoying "fooling the fools" every once in a while. When the chips are down, his friends can count on Regis to come through for them.

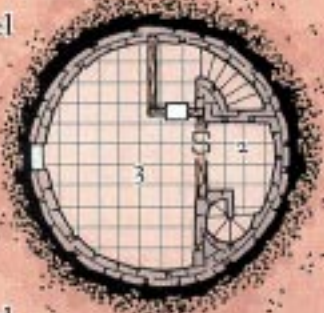
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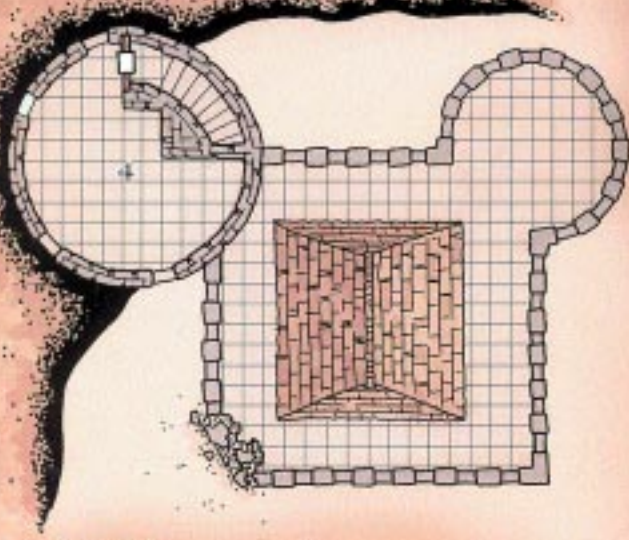
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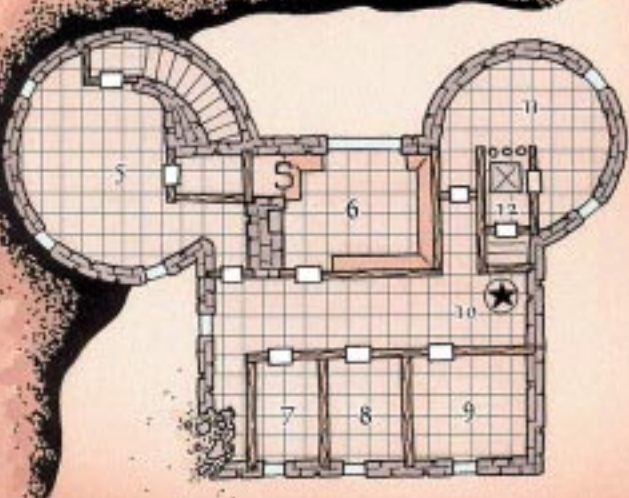
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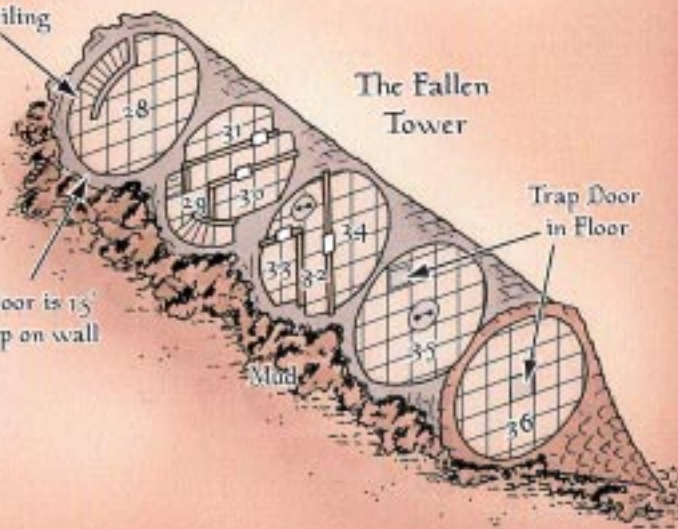


Trap Door
in Ceiling

Door is 15'
up on wall

The Fallen Tower

Trap Door
in Floor



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