

Written by Lee Scolin

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Encounter 1: By the light of the silvery moon.....

Type: Puzzle/Combat (Divine specific)

Terrain: Dungeon cavern

The focus of this encounter is an ancient shrine to the Reaver, Vangal built by what is now a long dead tribe of Manticora. The Manticora were culled by a nearby civilisation (now dead also), but in their dying hour they asked their Patron God to curse their killers. Vangal was more than happy to oblige and the civilisation died as a result of famine and civil war. he also left a curse on the shrine, ensuring that it would always provide him with more souls.

When running this encounter make sure the PCs know something is wrong with the area by having them come across diseased bodies in adjacent rooms and hallways and perhaps the skeletons of past adventurers that succumbed to the shrines *bloodlust* tangled together having killed each other. The smell of rotting flesh and spilled blood is prevalent throughout this area also. It would also be preferable to run this at night, on a full moon especially.

Situated in this small cavern is what seems to be nothing more than 4 rotting and rusted battle-axes propped up against each other on top of a pile of skulls and bones. A shaft in the ceiling allows sunlight/moonlight to fall directly on it. The air is thick with flies and other biting insects and the stench makes your gorge rise. Lying on the floor are the remains of several humanoids that seem to have died fighting one another.

Every full moon, it is infused with some of Vangals divinity which is released as a plague to everything within 100ft. A **Fort save (DC 10)** is required to stave off this infection. For every point the save is failed however, the character receives a random disease.

Every other night, as long as some degree of moonlight hits the shrine, all within the chamber at that time are subject to the shrines second curse, *bloodlust*. Every creature in the chamber at that time must succeed at a **Will save (DC 12)** or fight amongst themselves until either they or everything else in the chamber dies.

If a successful **Spot check** is made (**DC 12**) this information can be found etched into the blades of the axes in Vangals Tongue (a **Decipher Script** roll can be made at **DC 15**) describing these two curses. There are also details on what happens to those that attempt to destroy the shrine, again written in Vangals Tongue (same DC)

If the Spot check is successful, read the following:

On closer inspection of the axes and bones, you see writing etched onto the rusted steel of the blades as well as pictograms. The language is hard to make out and certainly not Ledeon. The pictograms you can make out include what seems to be the cycle of one of Scarns two moons, a group of indistinguishable humanoids fighting each other and a large faceless winged being with scythes in place of its hands.

If there is a member of the party able to read Vangals Tongue or decipher it, read the following:

It would seem that what you have found is an ancient shrine dedicated to the Reaver, Vangal, built by what presumably is now a long dead tribe of Manticora. Reading more, you find what seems to be a crude poem.

“From dusk till dawn shall my revenge transpire,
Against all those who did conspire.
A pox on thee on every fat moon,
T’ was my sister allowed this boon.
Between then and now however,
Bloodlust reigns forever and ever.
A warning to those that would dare defile,
Abraxas is waiting, forever servile.”

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A **Knowledge (Religion) check** can be made (**DC15**) to find out about the curses and also that, should the shrine be disturbed in any way other than being covered (i.e taken to bits), Abraxas, one of Vangals dreaded Blade Demons, will be summoned to kill the defilers. Abraxas appears to the left of the shrine and attacks without hesitation. He disappears as soon as all within the chamber are dead.

The only way to stop these events from happening is to somehow block the moonlight that hits the shrine, either by covering the shrine itself or by blocking the shaft in the ceiling.

If the PCs disturb the shrine, read the following:

As the remains of the shrine collapse onto the bloodstained floor a figure materialises just to the left of where it once stood, as its form solidifies the creature stretches its ragged, leathery wings and turns its faceless, smoking visage upon you. As it speaks it unfurls the scythe like appendages that are its hands and advances upon you.
“Fool defilers! I am Abraxas, I am your death! The Reaver will devour what I leave of your souls!”

Encounter Consequences

This encounter is really just to illustrate the effect a God can have on Scarn. There should be enough information available for the PCs to deal with the shrine without getting killed. However, if they are stubborn, over zealous, or just like ignoring warnings then they will probably die at Abraxas` “hands”.

Note: This encounter was inspired by an original idea by Gareman (many thanks)

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Encounter 2: A Brewers Fair

Type: Roleplaying/Combat (Divine specific – Enkili)

Terrain: Forest

This is a complex encounter, with the outcome depending on several factors. Be sure to read the entire thing thoroughly.

The following encounter involves a troupe of Brewer Gnomes that have run afoul of the local Spider-eye Goblins. The Goblins have raided some of the Gnomes various ales as they were doing their yearly ingredient harvesting and at the time the Party comes across them, they are drowning their sorrows and looking for revenge. Unfortunately for the PCs, they may very well end up being the ones to bear the brunt of it. The combat will come in the form of the PCs helping the gnomes get their ale back from the Goblins.

The most prominent Gnomes in this troupe are:

Golquin Boon: The unofficial leader of the troupe, Golquin is the oldest of the Gnomes and the most experienced Brewer. He is at his most malevolent when the PCs first meet him although he will hide it well under a veneer of hospitality. His intentions are to press the PCs into service for a day by ensuring they lose the drinking competition he invites them to take part in. If they win however, then he will happily hand over Feniols Moon Cat, Phagus with orders to curse them at the most inopportune and then return. He is always dressed in the brightest clothing (a mix of reds, pinks and yellows) and wears a ridiculous cone cap that sags down the full left hand side of his face.

Hestia Boon: Golquins spouse, Hestia is busy brewing when the PCs arrive. Just like the rest of the Troupe, Hestia is deeply hurt that the Goblins have stolen her precious ale and, although hesitant, goes along with Golquin in trapping the PCs into retrieving the ale. Hestia is wearing a heavy leather apron and gloves over her lime green and neon pink dress. She also has an enormous yellow bow through her hair.

Feniol: The closest thing the troupe has to a religious leader, Feniol exhorts Enkilis name in all that he does and dedicates most of their marathon binges in his name, as chaos invariably ensues once they are well under way. Although not a true Cleric of Enkili, Feniol is no less as dedicated to Enkili than any other Priest and with his limited spellcasting ability he ensures his Troupe are taken care of. If it is possible, Feniol is even more enraged about the Goblins attack, and gladly goes along with Golquins ruse, providing Golquin with the means to exact revenge on the PCs lest they actually win the competition – Phagus, Feniols Moon Cat

The encounter starts with the PCs travelling through a forest (ideally on the way to the Dungeon) and with both a **Spot and Listen check (DC 8)**.

If both checks fail: Then the Party completely misses this encounter, but the chances of this happening are miniscule.

If only the Listen check is successful read the following:

As you travel through the forest, the sound of leaves crunching under foot is interrupted by a loud bang and a burst of high pitched maniacal laughter.

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If only the Spot check is successful read the following:

As you travel through the forest, the bright sunlight seeping through the canopy several metres ahead explodes into a rain of multi-coloured sparks which fall lightly to the ground. Seconds later you see a pillar of black smoke rise above the thick bushes ahead of you.

If both checks succeed read the following:

As you travel through the forest, the sound of leaves crunching under foot is interrupted by a loud bang and the bright sunlight seeping through the canopy several metres ahead explodes into a rain of multi-coloured sparks which fall lightly to the ground. Seconds later you see a pillar of black smoke rise above the thick bushes ahead of you accompanied by a burst of high pitched maniacal laughter.

What follows assumes the PCs are curious enough to investigate. One of the stills has just exploded, an event the gnomes find extremely amusing, as several of them have been covered in the multi-coloured, sickly-sweet smelling, viscous liquid.

As the PCs approach, read the following:

Hacking your way through the brush and scrub, your eyes stinging from the black smoke and your nostrils burning from the sickly-sweet smell, you eventually enter a small woodland glade. The sight that greets your eyes is possibly the last thing you ever expected and soon the uncomfortable sensations the smoke caused are completely forgotten – There are about a dozen short gnomish creatures, dressed in the most garish colours you have ever seen, milling around several large wood and steel drums. The drums have a complex series of pipes and valves leading from one another and several smoking jugs lie atop a large banquet table. The creatures can be seen adding various strange ingredients to the drums and seem oblivious to your presence. The cause of the explosion and laughter is visible from where you are standing also – one of the drums is lying in pieces and several of the “gnomes” are being helped up off the ground by their comrades, broad smiles playing across their faces. The rest of the creatures seem to be in varying states of inebriation, with their flushed cheeks redder than their boots and lying slumped against trees and rocks. Its not long before you are noticed however, as, on by one, their large lamp like eyes turn to gaze at the tall strangers in their midst. The laughter comes to a halt and soon the only sounds are the hissing and bubbling of the contents of the large drums, belching oddly coloured smoke into the forest canopy

As long as the PCs do not react violently at this moment, Golquin will smile and immediately greet the PCs with a shout of “**Drinking competition!**” which rouses those Gnomes that are not already in a stupor to roar in appreciation as they begin to clear a table and set up the first round of drinks.

If they do act in a hostile manner however, Golquin will defend what is left of the Troupes ale to the death, as will every other Gnome there.

The PCs can of course refuse the competition. If this is the case then the Gnomes will tirade them with taunts, focusing on subjects such as their manhood and their obvious cowardice.

If the players are suspicious of what they see and the gnomes in general, have them make a **Sense Motive check (DC 20)** although a **Spot check (DC 13)** should be made even if they are not.

If the Sense Motive check is a success: The players will realise that the Gnomes smiles are put on and that the Gnomes are by no means as happy as they make out.

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If the Spot check is a success: The players will notice that the Gnomes are trying to hide injuries under their clothing, as if ashamed of them.

Should the players broach either subject have them make a **Diplomacy check (DC 15)** with the following modifiers:

The Party was initially hostile	-10
The Party includes any Half-Orcs	-2
The Party makes insulting comments about the Gnomes state of inebriation	-5
The Party includes any Elves	+2
The Party shows any obvious worship to Enkili	+5

If the Diplomacy check fails: Golquin will, in his happiest voice, explain that brewing ale is a dangerous business, and that they don't really like to socialise but as it's a Holy Day for them (a total lie) they can make an exception.

If the Diplomacy check succeeds: The Gnomes will look shiftily at each other and quietly ignore the questions asked, Hestia however bursts into tears and throws herself into brewing, whereas Golquin and Feniol will mutter silently under their breath until Golquin finally approaches the PCs, introduces himself, and explains about the raid.

If the PCs don't offer their help, the drinking competition goes ahead anyway. Treat this as if neither the Sense Motive nor the Spot check were successful.

Should the PCs offer their help (Golquin will not ask for it): He readily accepts and postpones the drinking competition until they return. He tells them that the Goblins headed *insert appropriate direction* with their ill-gotten gains, thanking them all the while. Feniol shouts to the heavens, thanking Enkili for sending them and in stark contrast to their earlier reaction all the Gnomes cry and laugh in jubilation as they realise that their precious ales are about to be returned to them. The PCs are hailed as heroes as they are herded off in the direction of the Goblins.

If you imagine the send off Dorothy received from the Munchkins in The Wizard of Oz, this should give you a good idea of how to describe the Gnomes reaction, as it is very similar.

Read the following:

With the cheers of Golquin and his troupe along with Feniols shouts of "Praise be Enkili, who forever watches over us!" ringing in your ears you make off through the trees in the Goblins direction. After a few minutes there seems to be no sign of their passing until you stumble, literally, over one of them lying face first in the forest floor, with what can only be a large jug of ale in each of its 4 clawed hands. Gazing around you notice that there are 4 more of these motionless forms lying around in various states of inebriation amongst two of the now familiar stills, and it isn't until two of them get to their feet to approach you that you come to your senses and ready yourself for a fight, and an easy one at that it would seem.

The five Goblins obviously could not stomach the ale they stole and are the worse for wear as a result (-2 to all their attacks). This is not meant to be a hard fight and should ideally be over in a couple of rounds with the PCs arriving back at the glade after about 5-10 minutes of leaving with the drums in tow.

Golquin and his troupe are ecstatic on the PCs return heaping praise on the PCs and jumping for joy. Should the drinking competition go ahead, the result could be drastically different from what it might have been had they not helped them recover their ale. *The Drinking Competition takes the form of the second outcome.*

If they refuse to take part in the competition, Golquin and the other Gnomes will happily send them on their way, gifting each of them with a waterskin filled with *Pond Scum Stout*.

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If neither the Sense Motive nor the Spot check are successful: In this case, Golquin sees the PCs as a means to exact some measure of revenge on the world by cursing these intruders by using their own trusting nature. *The Drinking Competition takes the form of the first outcome.*

The Drinking Competition: Regardless of whether they help the Gnomes out or not, Golquin will ask one of the PCs to step forward and take a seat at the now prepared table. Golquin sits at the other end and they each have a tankard of brightly coloured ale set down in front of them. He explains that the competition will involve drinking five tankards of ale, with the last one still sober being named the winner and the prize being the service of a member of either party for one full day. In the event of a tie, the winner will be decided by chance (the toss of a coin).

There are two possible outcomes –

1. If they did not get the drums of ale back for the Gnomes, for whatever reason, Golquin will try to make ensure that his competitor is not a Dwarf, as all five rounds will be *Silver Moon Ale* (Fort save DC 14 or pass out, each additional tankard imbibed requires another save, and increases the DC by +1). With Golquin being immune to its effects, he will ham it up and pretend to get a little tipsy about 3 rounds in. A **Sense Motive check DC 20** will allow the players to realise this.

Should Golquin win: The Gnomes cheer loudly, Hestia runs over and plants a big kiss on his cheek and Feniol begins another zealous rant in Enkilis name. He then puts the loser to work as soon as he wakes up (about 2 minutes later). This will involve manual labour and the collecting of normally hard to reach ingredients for the Gnomes.

If the PCs refuse to go along with the result: Golquin and his troupe will become outraged and begin threatening the life of their *helpless* (make sure the PCs know this) companion. If pressed, the Gnomes are prepared to fight over this matter mainly because they were so riled up to begin with.

In the event of a tie: Golquin produces a shiny gold coin from his clothing and throws it into the air shouting “Feathers!” and watches it land on the table. The coin indeed lands with the feather side showing which brings forth gasps from the Gnomes and a look of surprise clouds Golquins face (*this again has been rigged, this time in the PCs favour, a **Sense motive check DC 20** will reveal that the gasps and looks are not genuine, and if questioned about it Golquin will tell them that they deserve to win after successfully downing some of their strongest ale*). Feniol comes forward at this point carrying a bright white cat and holds it out to the winner, he neither looks at nor says anything to the PC as he does this and once the cat is in the PCs hands he turns and sits down at one of the tables.

Phagus has orders to curse the lucky “winner” (the curse being up to the individual GM) at the worst possible moment and then teleport back to the troupe who will by then have moved away from the glade.

Read the following:

With the cat firmly within your grasp and Feniol making his way sullenly over to one of the tables, Golquin gestures you and your companions over to the edge of the glade, in a low whisper he says

“That there cat you’ve got is Phagus, Feniols Moon Cat. He’s loathe to part with it, but you won fair an’ square. Over the next day, should it be required, ol’ Phagus here will bless one o’ ye and then come back to us. T’was a real pleasure playing wich ye. Enkili guide ye”

And with that the old Gnome makes his way back into the glade and begins drinking straight from one of the drums.

It takes several minutes for the sounds of the newly started revel to fade into the background but it is eventually replaced with the more familiar sounds of the forest.

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2. If they did help Golquin and brought back at least one drum, Golquin will play fair and use ordinary ale for all five rounds (Fort save DC 8 or become inebriated, each additional tankard imbibed requires another save, and increases the DC by +1, when the save DC increases to 11 failure indicates the recipient has passed out). Golquin is not immune to this ale and so is subject to the Fort saves.

Should Golquin win: The Gnomes cheer loudly, Hestia runs over and plants a big kiss on his cheek and Feniol begins another zealous rant in Enkilis name. He then puts the loser to work immediately, or as soon as he wakes up (about 2 minutes later). This will involve manual labour and the collecting of normally hard to reach ingredients for the Gnomes.

If the PCs refuse to go along with the result: Golquin and his troupe will become outraged and begin ranting about betrayal and deceit. Golquin will calm down however and remind the Gnomes about the help the PCs gave them and as a result they should still be rewarded. Golquin has Feniol hand over Phagus with instructions to curse them. **See Option 1's "In the event of a tie" and read the text.**

In the event of a tie: Golquin produces a shiny gold coin from his clothing and throws it into the air shouting "Feathers!" and watches it land on the table. The coin indeed lands with the feather side showing which brings forth gasps from the Gnomes and a look of surprise clouds Golquins face (*this again has been rigged, this time in the PCs favour, a **Sense motive check DC 20** will reveal that the gasps and looks are not genuine, and if questioned about it Golquin will tell them that they deserve to win after successfully downing some of their strongest ale*). Feniol comes forward at this point carrying a bright white cat and holds it out to the winner, he neither looks at nor says anything to the PC as he does this and once the cat is in the PCs hands he turns and sits down at one of the tables. **Read the text from Option 1's "In the event of a tie".**

Should the PC win: In this case, the Gnomes cheer and laugh at Golquins expense and congratulate the PC with hearty slaps on the back and kisses from the female members. Golquin himself (when awake) will congratulate the winner and call Feniol forward who then hands Phagus over to the winner. *Phagus this time has orders to bless the winner when he needs it the most and then return.* **Read the text from Option 1's "In the event of a tie".**

Encounter Consequences:

The PCs are either going to leave with friends or enemies in this encounter. If they leave with friends then it's possible the gnomes will supply the PCs with their brews in the future. If they leave with enemies however, The PCs may well be at risk of being terrorised by the mischievous gnomes and their alcoholic brews. Phagus could well be the Parties saving grace or its demise, depending on how the encounter went. Always remember the chaotic nature of the Gnomes, their attitudes and demeanours can and will change at the slightest provocation.

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Encounter 3: Nightmares and Dreamscapes

Type: Roleplaying/Combat (Divine Specific – Erias)

Terrain: Dungeon

Niamanusha Rhemian and his wife Celeste were once great explorers, having travelled the length and breadth of both Termana and Ghelspad. They arrived at these shores some twenty years before, having been intrigued by the rumours and stories they had heard about the dungeon. And once they found it, for this pair of Urian Elves it was an adventure just too tempting to pass up. At dawn on Grim Day 128 AV they entered. They never left.

The reason they have yet still to leave is this – Niamanusha and his wife had superb imaginations. Being long lived Elves, Urian and both explorers and artists in their own right their dreams were works of art in themselves, and this attracted the Dream folk of Erias' Dreamlands. For years the Dream folk fed unnoticed and freely but as with all things something went wrong. **(For the sake of the campaign, I have decided to make the Dream folks Dream feasting ability deal temporary ability damage instead of permanent drain. I have also decided that although the victims do have nightmares when the Dream folk feed, they will not be aware that they have been assaulted. This ruling is only for the duration of this encounter however).**

The Dream folk got carried away and gorged themselves on what was a banquet of exquisite dreaming, sending Celeste into insanity while she and her husband were exploring the Dungeon. Eventually, Niamanusha himself had to put her out of her misery, but not before gleaning the knowledge of whom and what had done this. Having barricaded himself in a room within the Dungeon complex, Niamanusha watches over the remains of his wife, himself now mad with sleep deprivation, and waits for death, determined not to give those that killed his wife any more sustenance. He has already fought them off more than once with his skill at the arcane arts. This has not had the desired affect however. Although the Dream folk are indeed starving due to Niamanushas stubbornness they themselves are slipping into madness, and with Niamanushas magical attacks on them one of their number has become a Dreamwrack, forever reliving the most terrible moments of Niamanushas descent into madness.

Niamanusha has barricaded himself within a room at the end of a corridor; the only entrance is the door he has barricaded. He lives off of the rats and insects that wander in through the holes in the wall and the door and drinks water from a small crack in the ceiling. His insanity takes the form of extreme paranoia and hallucinations – everyone that approaches will be mistaken for one of the Dream folk and he thinks his wife is still alive, talking to her and looking after her as if she were an invalid.

When the PCs approach the barricaded door read the following:

You turn *insert appropriate direction* and begin making your way down a damp, badly paved corridor. Cobwebs and debris litter the floor and ceiling and there is a constant drip which soon grates on your already frayed nerves. Rats scamper from your torchlight back into the shadows, leaving the refuse they were feeding on behind. The corridor ends at a battered, closed wooden door. There is an iron ring handle and no obvious lock.

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Have the Party make **Listen checks (DC 12)** once they reach the door. **If successful Read the following text:**

Carefully placing your ear(s) to the door, you can just make out a soft muttering coming from the other side. Neither the tone nor language can be identified although it is definitely coming from an intelligent source. Being this close to the door allows you also to smell the stench emanating from the room, a smell that was undetectable before, the smell of urine and faeces. It's strong enough to make your eyes water.

Should the Party try to open the door they will find it apparently locked. **This will go unnoticed by Niamanusha, but should they push the door, bang on it or talk through it then read the following text:**

As you *insert appropriate action*, the muttering abruptly stops replaced by what sounds like furniture being dragged up to and against the door as on more than one occasion you see the door jar as a result of something impacting on the other side.
"YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TO SLEEP, YOU HEAR ME!" a maniacal voice screams through the door "I'LL WATCH ALL YOU GODSPAWN BASTARDS STARVE BEFORE I SLEEP AGAIN!"
The voice drops low again and resumes its muttering, and starts to pace quickly from one side of the room to another.
Moments later it picks up again, this time as an anguished cry.
"YOU GET AWAY FROM HER! BASTARDS! YOU STAY AWAY FROM MY BELOVED! I'LL KILL YOU! DO YOU HEAR! ALL OF YOU! GET AWAY FROM HER!"
The outburst is followed by a crash and a roar of anger and then, suddenly, it goes quiet again.

Under no circumstances will Niamanusha open the door of his own accord, regardless of what is said by the Party. He thinks they are manifestations of his wife's killers and is determined not to give in. At the same moment the Dreamwrack that has been tormenting him appears, looking like him, and relives the merciful killing of his wife. Should the Party attempt to push open the door have them make a **Strength check (DC 18) with every extra member after the first up to a maximum of 3 adding a synergy bonus of +2 to the roll.** Taking 20 for this action is allowed, however Niamanusha will be shouting expletives throughout and getting ready to attack (treat this as him getting a natural 20 for the first round initiative roll).

When they are finally successful read the following text:

The door seems to be barricaded on the other side as, when you push it in, there is a loud scraping of wood on stone and several pieces of wooden debris falls through the widening crack. The nauseating smell gets worse and the light buzzing of flies can be heard over the screams of the man within. No sooner have you opened the door wide enough to get in than a man wearing rags with hair down to his ankles and nails turned talons spins around away from a mouldy skeleton and lunges at you from the filth ridden sewer that is the room.
"DIEDIEDIEDIEDIEDIEDIEDIE!" he screams, his lungs almost bursting with effort.

There is really not much the PCs can do here other than defend themselves, as Niamanusha is too far gone to think they are anything other than his tormentors. Try to stress however than he is obviously insane, as this might prompt the PCs to use non-lethal force and subdue him rather than kill him, or perhaps not.

If the PCs kill him: This is, ironically, the easiest resolution to the encounter as Niamanusha's death ensures the Dream folks demise. Having spent so long feeding off of his dreams, no others will suffice anymore and so the Dream folk will starve. The Dreamwrack will at last be satisfied and leave peacefully, the dream that created it finally having been fulfilled. But the Dream folk will be furious, for their fate has been sealed and although they are too weak to enter the Material

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Plane they will work their revenge in different ways – For the next two nights, before they finally succumb to the ravages of starvation they will haunt the PCs dreams. **Treat this as the PCs suffering the effects of a *nightmare* with no save. The nightmare can take any form you wish, but should include the following text spoken by the Dream folk to the dreamer:**

“YOU FOOLS! You do not realise what you have done. We, the Children of Erias, are doomed to waste away due to your rash, impatient actions. What a waste of an imagination. May you dream no longer, mortals. May you only suffer nightmare.”

Read the following text regardless of whether they kill or subdue Niamanusha:

As the dead/unconscious form of the mad man crumples to the floor you get your first chance to take a good look at his living quarters and are thoroughly disgusted by it. The remains of hundreds of rats and large insects litter the floor and it seems he used the room as a toilet as well. Flies buzz in small clouds in various areas of the room where the refuse is most concentrated and you notice what seems to be a mouldy skeleton propped up against the back wall. Closer inspection of the man reveals sharply pointed ears underneath his tangled and matted hair, this man is an elf!

Fort saves (DC 12) must be made upon entering the room or the PCs are *nauseated* for their entire stay within this room and for 1d4 rounds after they leave.

A Spot check (DC 12) will reveal that the skeleton and Niamanusha wear identical platinum rings on their wedding fingers. The engraving on the inside of the ring is in Elven and says:

“For my wife/husband, may we never be parted in this world or the next.”

If the PCs knock him unconscious or otherwise subdue him: If he can speak Niamanusha will hurl obscenities in every language he knows (see his stat block) and ramble on about the PCs being murderers and foul Godspawn torturers. He will give absolutely no information about the past or who he was shouting at and any attempts to question him will be answered with the questioning PC being spat at in the face.

If he ends up unconscious, he immediately begins to suffer from night terrors as the Dream folk begin an immediate feeding frenzy. Niamanusha will not wake up for 8 hours, no matter how much effort is put into awakening him.

The PCs can take them with him, as the Dream folk and the Dreamwrack will follow Niamanusha. He does however refuse point blank to sleep, and as he is an elf, cannot be made to magically. The only way to have him rest is to knock him out.

If the PCs are still with Niamanusha 10 minutes after they knock him, out read the following:

As you rest/walk a group of figures begin to materialise in front of you. It takes a moment, but you finally notice that although they are wearing rich, luxurious clothing, the people in them are invisible. Strange winged animals and other shapes whiz around them and the room/corridor begins to coalesce into a mishmash of shapes and colours. The voice you hear does not come from any of them but instead sounds distant and isolated, as if from far away.

“We thank you, kind mortals, for finally allowing Niamanusha a well earned rest and for giving us the chance to finally feed. We beg you to allow him to live. If he were to die it would mean our end, as we are hopelessly addicted to his exquisite dreaming. We mean you no harm and have learned well from our mistakes, for you see Niamanushas condition is a direct result of our greed and for that we must atone lest Erias, our patron, becomes displeased with us.”

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The Dream folk are happy to answer any and all questions relating to Niamanusha and his wife. They will explain about their moment of weakness and the mercy killing of Niamanusha's wife, the creation of the Dreamwrack when Niamanusha tried to destroy them using his spells, and that they were dying of starvation due to his stubbornness not to rest. If asked, they will also explain about the appearance of the Dreamwrack when the PCs first arrived at the door as well as the form it takes. Now that the Dream folk have had a chance to feed they will defend Niamanusha's life to their own death, although they will do everything they can to persuade the PCs to keep him alive, even offering to watch over him and attempt to mend his damaged psyche if they are loathe to take him with them.

Encounter Consequences:

If Niamanusha dies, the PCs will have a couple of days inconvenience and perhaps some guilt of their actions, and that's about it. Should Niamanusha survive and they take him with them, they will suffer all sorts of problems as he will ruthlessly attack them at every opportunity, trying to get back to the remains of his wife. They can of course bring the grisly remains with them, which will appease Niamanusha somewhat, but not enough to stem his rampant paranoia.

The Dream folk will never appear again however, as they will focus their efforts on attempting to mend the damage they have caused, which are in vain unfortunately, although the Dreamwrack will make an appearance every so often when Niamanusha gets particularly anxious and go through Celestes last moments at Niamanusha's hands, which will in turn send Niamanusha into fits of rage.

Only a *Heal* cast upon Niamanusha will mend his shattered psyche and should that ever happen the PCs will have made a very grateful, very loyal, friend.

If left in his room, Niamanusha will continue his pitiful existence until he dies of old age some 600 years later, his phantoms long dead and replaced with new imaginary ones.

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Encounter 4: To save the children...

Type: Puzzle/Combat (Divine specific- Belsameth)

Terrain: Dungeon

It is recommended that this encounter be located in the same general vicinity as “By the light of the silvery moon...”

For a time, before they were eventually culled, the Manticora of the region were involved in a Jihad with a cult of Belsamites that were attempting to establish a church in the area, specifically the tunnel complex the Manticora were using as their den. Eventually the Manticora overwhelmed the invaders, but not before the Slayer had a chance to leave a few surprises for the upstart followers of her Brother.

Moon Daemons.

These monsters waged a guerrilla war for several years before they were eventually destroyed, but not before subjecting several Manticora to Belsameths Curse, Lycanthropy.

This is the story of one such victim...

It did not take long for Brukas to realise she had become inflicted with the Slayers Curse, she and other members of her Pride had been badly wounded during the last Moon Daemon ambush and it had already shown up in some of the other victims. She was not about to suffer the same fate as them, for the Patriarch takes a dim view of Heresy. What was worse, however, was that two of her surviving cubs were displaying signs of the Curse also, and so had to share her fate. Brukas was determined not to bring any more shame on her Pride.

At the dead of night, while what was left of her Pride and the rest of the Tribe were out hunting, she and her cubs crept deeper into the Tribes den, there she found a small chamber and after throttling her own cubs, she hung herself using the spiked chain she carried to battle.

When her Pride eventually found her Brukas' children had become Unholy Children, creatures hell-bent on gaining revenge for their mother's act of infanticide, and so they sealed the chamber up and moved to another part of the complex.

The years rolled on and the makeshift wall fell into disrepair until, finally, a small earth tremor sent what was left of it crashing to the ground, allowing unsuspecting adventurers to discover its secrets...

Read the following text on the PCs approach to the chamber:

Making your way down the corridor you begin to notice the temperature dip and by the time you reach a rubble strewn doorway your breath is coming out in frosty clouds. Hugging your arms to your chest you look over the stone debris and peer into the darkness of the chamber beyond until a shrill cry breaks the silence, echoing down the corridor.
It takes a few seconds before you realise the cry is that of a child!

Very little can be made out by standing outside the chamber, as the bodies are in the top left corner of the room, only by entering the chamber will the source of the noise be found. The room is bare except for the remains of the children lying underneath what's left of their hanged mother.

If the Party investigates the noise and enters the chamber, read the following text:

The cries continue as you step through into the dark chamber, if it's possible it seems to get colder. You take a moment to let your senses become adjusted to the new light conditions and wish you hadn't for hanging in the corner, a rusted piece of spiked chain wrapped around its neck are the remains of a leonine humanoid and below its dangling feet, wrapped in a filthy piece of sodden sackcloth, two infants cry.
They have wild manes of hair and flat noses, piercing yellow eyes and tiny sharp teeth fill their mouths.

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If the Party has already encountered the shrine detailed in “**By the light of a silvery moon..**” allow them **Spot checks (DC 13)** to identify the remains and the infants as those belonging to the Manticora detailed on said shrine.

Successful **Intelligence checks (DC 12)** will allow the PCs to realise that the children cannot have been in the chamber as long as the remains.

The infants are using their Smile of Innocence ability to mask their true appearance. A successful **Spot check (DC 16)** will reveal that the infants are not blowing clouds of frosted breath into the air with their cries.

Should the Party interact with the infants IN ANY WAY, read the following text:

As you *insert appropriate action*, the screaming infants fade from view in front of your eyes, leaving behind desiccated husks, their tiny faces in a perpetual, skeletal, grin. Horrified, you take an involuntary step back only to see a pair of translucent, emaciated, infants float from up from beneath the corpses, naked but for scraps of rotted cloth diaper. Their twisted little faces are swelled and purple, their throats livid with evidence of choking. Their eyes glare at you in hatred, a jarring contrast to the cooing, chortles and occasional crying they emit. “Mama?” they coo in unison “Why did you hurt us Mama? We didn’t mean to change, we couldn’t help it. The Moon made us do it. Please Mama, WHY DID YOU HURT US!”

The Unholy Children attack using their Dread Presence, Frost Touch and Frost Breath. If defeated they return the next night, just as before, to continue asking their mother why she hurt them. They will not pursue the Party if they leave the chamber. The only way to truly lay them to rest is to cast *Speak with Dead* on the mothers remains to find the answers and relay that information to the children, who will then complete their journey onto their afterlife.

Encounter Consequences:

Depending on the strength of the Parties that come across it this encounter may be a permanent feature of the dungeon for some time. The Party may even decide to wall the chamber up again, to prevent others from being duped or attacked by the Unholy Children. There is no obvious solution to this encounter, instead it relies on the PCs intuitiveness and that they have the means to cast the spell required. It may be that it takes some time for this encounter to be solved, or a quick thinking Party may solve it first time, either way will work.

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Encounter 5: A day in the strife.

Type: Roleplaying (Divine specific – Enkili)

Terrain: Dungeon

Lorelianna has, since her inception at the fall of Mesos, cultivated chaos and discord wherever she has went. Being one of the first Strife Elementals to come into being, she sees her creation as an indirect result of Enkilis involvement surrounding the Divine war and has shown her gratitude by becoming one of his Faithful. Her travels have lead her far and wide, and now she finds herself near a settlement called *insert appropriate location*, a settlement in much need of her influence it would seem. All she needs do now is ingratiate herself with the locals and....what's this? An expedition to a Dungeon? This may well be the opportunity she has been waiting for. If only she could pity the poor gullible fools.

Lorelianna will engineer a meeting between herself and the Party while they are travelling through the Dungeon, preferably just after they have already had a dangerous and violent encounter, as that will dissuade the PCs from being actively hostile. She will be found in the guise of a Halfling Rogue, wounded by the same creatures that the Party has just encountered. **My suggestion is a Rat Swarm (Cr 2).**

Read the following text when the PCs approach Lorelianna:

Up ahead, through the dim torch light, you see a huddled figure on the stone floor. It does not seem to be moving, but gives off a low groan just as you stop. Nursing the wounds of your encounter with the rats, you are all too aware this could be some kind of trap. It's almost as if the figure has read your thoughts when it pleads in a soft female voice.
"Please....help me. The rats...they....urgh"
The small form shudders, unable to finish its sentence and its then you notice the small line of blood slowly flowing away from it.

Should the PCs approach they will find Lorelianna wounded and bleeding, but not dying. If they help her by making a **Heal check (DC 10)** she comes round and thanks them.

Read the following text:

Bending over the small form you cautiously turn it over, revealing the fair features of a female Halfling. She looks badly injured and after your careful administrations she finally awakens.
"Who...who are you? RATS! Are they gone? I thought I was going to die, oh thank you!"
Getting up on to her feet, she sways unsteadily and then recovers her posture before continuing
"I'm Lorelianna, my travelling companions and I have been lost down here for days and now I've lost them. You haven't seen them have you? No I don't suppose you would have. Would you be so kind as to help me get back to the surface? Perhaps I might meet my companions up there?"
A sad smile plays across her features as she obviously tries to put on a brave face on her predicament.

If asked, (and she probably will be), her travelling companions are as follows:

Duriad – A Dwarven Paladin from Hedrad (a bit on the stuffy side)

Nathan Cromwell – A Human Coreanic Cleric from Fangsfall (an insufferable bore who seems to find fault in everything Lorelianna does)

Neb-Abui – A Forsaken Elf Wizard that's fresh out of the Phylactric Vault.

Not one of these people are real, they are all just names of past victims and she only uses them to give her story a bit of credit. She herself is pretending to be an "entrepreneur" (a rogue) and

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will tell them anything she thinks they want to hear. Her story for the group being here is that they are looking for *insert appropriate item/person/etc.*

A **Sense Motive check (DC 20)** will reveal that not everything she says is the truth, but she will swear by it all, even going so far as to challenging the PC that calls her a liar (which she hopes will happen as that will give her just the right excuse to cause a split in the party).

She doesn't know much about the dungeon, although having her give them tips on my other encounters might help.

Lorelianna would much rather travel with the PCs through the Dungeon than having them leave her, as her aim is to gain their trust and have them take her back to *insert appropriate location* where she can cause the most havoc. She will aid them as much as she can bear to if she thinks this is what will happen, although at every opportunity she will sow discord amongst them at appropriate times.

If they don't help she will curse her luck and approach a different party under a different guise ending this encounter for this Party. *I recommend that should the PCs not do anything to help her, the GM running this encounter give it to a different GM on another table to run. This should be done twice only (after 3 failed attempts, even Lorelianna gives up and moves on). Loreliannas three different guises have been included in this encounter; please adjust the text to reflect each guise.*

Encounter Consequences:

This is a good opportunity for the PCs to gain a bit of "help" with their exploration of the Dungeon, and should be made to feel that Lorelianna is a boon to the party. A smart PC will soon realise however that they are prone to getting into more trouble as NPCs react a little more negatively than they would have and even the PCs are a bit more confrontational. Make all the Will saves the Party needs to make against Loreliannas abilities for them and never let on what you're doing as this will hopefully keep them from thinking something is wrong too early.

Should Lorelianna actually reach the settlement things will get very difficult for the population as differing opinions will now be aired without concern for others, squabbles about resources will come up and the people in charge will have their leadership skills questioned.

WHEN Lorelianna is finally found for what she really is, she will flee, take the guise of a peasant and then disappear. This hopefully won't happen until she has had a chance to really stir things up for the people of the settlement.

Be creative with Lorelianna, she has the potential to bring out the worst, and best in people, and this may well be a good thing for the settlement.

Then again, maybe not 😊.

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Encounter 6: Hell hath no fury...

Type: Combat (Divine specific – Idra)

Terrain: Dungeon

Once a beautiful, deadly, Danashee, Phaedra stalked the forests and woods of her homeland mercilessly. Seducing, killing and devouring her prey, Phaedra soon gained a reputation and also a nickname – The Wood Witch. Eventually, mothers would tell their children that if they didn't behave the Wood Witch would creep out of the forest and take them away.

And so it came to pass that Phaedra's forest was skirted round instead of passed through which was not at all what the Danashee wanted. Phaedra needed to kill, it's what satisfied her the most, and so she came up with a ruse...

It took decades of patience and feeding off of the indigenous animals and creatures of the forest, but eventually the Wood Witch was all but forgotten and Phaedra, Priestess of Idra, arrived in the area to bring joy and love to the region.

The ruse worked quite well as men, and women, would creep out at night to visit her. Most returned, but the occasional few didn't, and of course no-one would admit that their partners or sons or daughters would ever think of going to see that Courtesan of the Forest and so they were assumed to have been killed by the predators of the region.

How right they were.

It was only a matter of time before Idra took matters into her own hands. Unable to let this blasphemous activity carry on in her name, Idra visited Phaedra in the guise of a young woman seeking the Facts of Life and not until Phaedra made to kill her did she reveal her true self and deal Phaedra a piece of poetic justice.

Today, Phaedra is a shadow of what she once was. Now counted among the numbers of Sundered Women, she has been cast out of her forest and lives within a large cavern. Perhaps the cruellest aspect of the curse Idra placed upon her is that she still believes she is in her forest, although she is well aware of what she is. Any adventurer that happens upon her had best remember the old saying "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" for to spurn Phaedra is to provoke Hell itself.

The first time the Party comes into contact with Phaedra will be by hearing her sing. Although no longer able to dominate hapless victims, it is still hauntingly beautiful.

Read the following text:

The corridor you are walking down begins to get uneven until the cut stone gives way to natural rock. The air gets humid and soon moisture is building up in the hollow of your neck and in the folds of your clothes. After some time the tunnel opens out into a large cavern filled with many stalactites and stalagmites, some distance away, over the beautiful singing you can hear the roar of a waterfall....wait...yes you can definitely hear someone singing in there, and it sounds like nothing you have ever heard before. It's a sad, haunting melody that brings a tear to even the most hardened eye.

If the Party ventures further into the cavern, read the following text:

Picking your way through the forest of rock you make your way closer to the source of the enchanting song until, after some time, your efforts are rewarded as you reach the shore of a large and foul smelling lake. Before you is the lovely form of a naked woman on the other side using the waterfall cascading into it to bathe. Even above the roar of foaming water you can hear her voice, although it seems she has not seen, nor heard, you.

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The lake is a putrid cesspit, used by Phaedra to dispose of her kills, among other things. Anyone swimming in it must succeed at a **Fort save (DC 14)** or risk contracting *filth fever*. The other inherent danger of the lake is the colony of *Bloodbloater Oozes* (Fiend Folio, pg 16) that has taken up residence due to the amount of carrion in the water. Phaedra has used her Monster Empathy ability to befriend the Oozes and so they will defend her if required. The Oozes will attack intruders only on her instructions.

The only way to attract Phaedra's attention is to enter the lake, which the players may not want to do. Only by being able to shout over the roaring waterfall will Phaedra take notice and if they can't do that and don't want to enter the water they are pretty much not going to meet her (which is a good thing really).

If the PCs manage to attract her attention without entering the lake read the following text:

The lithe figure of the naked woman turns round, obviously startled, and looks in your direction. Even from where you are standing you can make out the wide grin that appears on her face as she frantically beckons you across to her side of the lake, her body moving in a slow, seductive, dance.

This is all Phaedra will do until the PCs get to her side of the lake. She will not answer any questions, instead pretending not to make out anything that's said. Phaedra will writhe seductively; hoping the males in the party will react favourably and begin to make their way across. Remember, Phaedra thinks that they are all in the middle of her forest, and does not see the lake as anything but crystal clear.

If the PCs enter the lake, read the following text:

Wading into the foul smelling and oily water you can't help but retch at the smell and the sight of its contents. Floating around in the water are the remains of many animals, and other, less recognizable things, as well as what seems to be waste material of several sorts. Keeping your eyes on the lovely figure of the woman in an attempt to keep your mind off what you are walking in, you are sure you spot movement off to your left near the center of the lake.

Fort saves (DC 15) must be made to avoid becoming *nauseated*. This lasts until they have managed to wash off the scum from their clothes and bodies.

The movement at the centre is the colony of *Bloodbloater Oozes*, should PCs investigate they will not find anything as the Oozes are staying away until Phaedra calls for them.

When the PCs reach the other side read the following text:

Scrambling out of the filth encrusted water, you shake yourselves off vigorously, still retching at the thought of what you just swam through, and stand at the bottom of the waterfall and the lithe form of the naked beauty. At least she was beautiful from a distance, what stands before you now is a woman scarred by violence. Deep wounds mar her flesh as she bathes, and with every movement they rejoin and more appear. She stops dancing/turns and looks at you, seemingly gauging your reaction, which is one of shock and her face contorts in rage. "SOMETHING WRONG?!" She screams in your face, spittle landing on your cheeks "AM I NOT WHAT YOU WERE EXPECTING?! HOW DARE YOU COME INTO MY FOREST AND INSULT ME WITH THOSE LOOKS OF DISGUST!" She begins to flail her arms wildly as she continues "IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT BASTARD DAUGHTER OF TANIL COULDN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I WAS DOING! WHY SHOULD I BE CURSED FOR DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY?! I SHOULDN'T! BUT YOU **WILL!**" And without warning the obviously insane woman leaps at you.

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The PCs don't have much choice here but to defend themselves, as Phaedra's only intent is to kill them and eat them. Should Phaedra die, the Oozes will no longer hesitate to attack any living thing that enters the lake. That also goes for the *Piercer* (see below) if it is still alive as well.

If the PCs turn to leave, read the following text:

Turning to leave and looking forward to breathing fresh air again the naked figure stops dancing/singing and instead starts hurling insults in your direction.
"WHATS WRONG WITH YOU?! DON'T YOU LIKE ME?! AM I NOT ATTRACTIVE?!" She screams, the shrill cry carrying over even the crashing roar of the waterfall "THAT'S IT ISN'T IT! YOU THINK I'M UGLY! CURSE YOU AND THAT BASTARD DAUGHTER OF TANIL! YOU'LL ALL PAY DO YOU HEAR ME! I'LL MAKE YOU PAY"
Stopping to take a deep breath, she jumps into the water and begins to swim swiftly in your direction, followed closely by what looks like dozens of tiny disks of translucent jelly.

The PCs will have 2 rounds before Phaedra reaches the shore, however this time will be spent avoiding the *Piercer* (*Tome of Horrors pg 214*) that is lurking just above them and has been waiting for Phaedra's order to drop on a random PC. As soon as Phaedra hits the water the *Piercer* will come crashing down and unless a **Listen check (DC 16)** is made, the PCs will be caught completely by surprise.
The *Bloodbloater Oozes* will not leave the water, instead attacking anyone that enters.

If Phaedra reaches the shore before the PCs leave, read the following text:

Leaping out of the water, the naked woman rushes towards you her face now twisted in rage, what's even more shocking is that, with every movement, deep wounds appear in her flesh. They do not bleed however, rejoining and splitting in different places every time she moves.
You don't have time to question this bizarre sight however as she bears down upon you, her claws outstretched.

Phaedra will fight to the death, although she will not pursue foes past her "forest". Even with Phaedra dead, the Oozes in the lake will continue to attack anything living that enters.

Encounter Consequences:

This encounter is nothing more than a trap. It's entirely possible that the PCs leave without dealing or defeating Phaedra, and that's fine. It just means that some other Party will have to do it at another time. There's no chance of any kind of parlay with Phaedra as she is too far gone to allow it, although casting *Speak with Dead* after her death will reveal why she is there.
The lake can contain anything that fits with the scenario.

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Encounter 7: The quick and the dead.

Type: Roleplaying/Combat (Divine specific – Nemorga)

Terrain: Dungeon

Even those races now thought to be Titanspawn can, and do, worship Gods. One such example is the Ga'at Tribe of Kobolds that once populated the lower reaches of the Dungeon.

They were stumbled upon by a travelling Nemorgan missionary called Yaotzin quite accidentally as he was being pursued by the Manticora on the levels above.

Yaotzin saw these primitive beings as perfect choices for converts and so began, after a shaky start, to teach them Nemorgan doctrine. The years rolled on and soon the Kobolds gave up their worship of Ancestors in favour of a more tangible, more accessible Deity and instead of moving on, Yaotzin decided to stay and be the tribes spiritual leader.

Decades passed and life, while tough, was bearable until some tribe members began disappearing. Yaotzin was called upon to find out what was happening and so with a group of guards and his faith, Yaotzin did his duty and went looking for his wayward flock.

He never found them, and he himself never returned.

The survivors that made it back gave conflicting reports about what attacked them and killed their brothers and their spiritual leader. What they were sure of was that Nemorga had sent it to pass judgment over them, who else but he would send such and thing and why else would it set upon Yaotzin so doggedly. The weeks that passed were the last the tribe ever saw as "Neemooga" (which is what their nemesis came to be called near the end) devoured the entire Kobold population; indeed the last few that remained actually gave themselves to "Neemooga" willingly, assuming that this is what their God wished of them.

Centuries later the Ga'at Tribes village lies in ruins with "Neemooga" being its only resident and the access tunnels having long caved in. All "Neemooga" needs now is for curious adventurers to find it.

"Neemooga" is a larger than average *Gelatinous Cube* and has been roaming the caves and tunnels of the Ga'at village since it stumbled upon it all those centuries ago. With the Kobolds being simple creatures, and Yaotzin being the most powerful creature they had at that point seen, they assumed that nothing short of Yaotzins God Nemorga could kill him, and so came to the conclusion that "Neemooga" had been sent to right some wrong they, or Yaotzin had done. Being an almost perfect predator to the Kobolds, they could almost be forgiven for making that assumption, had they survived. The suicidal acts that were common towards the end were again due to the Kobolds misunderstanding the situation, thinking that Nemorga had decided that their time in the physical world should come to an end they would just allow it to roll right over them. The *Cube* now eats anything it finds and since there are no more Kobolds, its diet is now made up of mostly rats and insects.

The encounter starts with the players falling through a weak floor, one level above the village.

Read the following text:

As you travel down the corridor, stepping lightly over some loose debris, you begin to hear a disconcerting creaking coming from the floor. As you pause to try and listen closer the floor gives in completely and collapses underneath you!

Ref saves (DC 25) should be made in order to jump to safety (the save is high because we really want those PCs down there, don't we ☺). The rest of the encounter assumes they failed the save.

Read the following text:

Picking yourselves up off of the floor and dusting yourselves off, you wait a couple of minutes to let the rest of the dust settle before looking around. The hole you fell through has disappeared, blocked by an immense pile of rock and stone, it would seem this won't be your way out. The only way out seemingly, is straight ahead of through a pitch black, damp, smelly tunnel.

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Without light, or the ability to see in total darkness, the PCs are going to have a hard time finding their way out of the maze that makes up the Ga'at village. The PCs have landed in what use to be an access tunnel and when they decide to follow it **read the following text:**

Eventually the tunnel widens out into a large, natural cavern. The floor is covered in what looks like decaying, 4ft tall, mud huts. Debris litters the "streets" of what you assume to be an ancient village although there certainly seems to be no sign of life. Indeed it looks like whoever lived here left along time ago, and in a hurry.

The walls of the cavern are dotted with holes and alcoves and near the centre is a large landmark which you cannot make out at this distance.

A **Spot check (DC 12)** will reveal that EVERYTHING is covered in a thick, clear, flaky, film (this is the residue left in Neemoogas passing).

Make sure to convey to the Party how eerie the village is e.g. reptilian looking dolls left in the street, centuries old meals left uneaten, craft work unfinished and still on the forge/wheel/table etc. Have them make **Listen checks (DC variable)** to hear disembodied echoing cries and screams, with no fix on direction. They will also find entire sets of small clothing left randomly all over the village, with no sign of remains, as well as small weapons and armour.

Once they have begun to make their way through the village have them make **Spot checks (DC 15)**, if successful they will see that above almost every door way is a pictogram of a closed book with a longsword passing through it like a bookmark (with a successful **Knowledge (religion) check (DC 12)** they will know it is the official mark of Nemorga. The Kobolds thought it would keep death away to have it over their door).

Should the PCs reach the landmark **read the following text:**

Picking your way through this dead village, you make for the tall dark shape ahead. As you get closer it seems to be some sort of statue with a dwelling behind it. The building behind has been built to suit something larger than the other inhabitants of the village, in fact it looks something like an abode built for a human, or other similar sized humanoid race.

Moving closer you notice something strange, both the statue and the building seem to be out of focus, rubbing your eyes you look again but to no avail.

The reason they can't focus on the statue is because "Neemooga" is currently standing in front of it. **Spot checks (DC 15)** will reveal the "wall of quivering, transparent protoplasm". If the PCs continue to move closer they PC in front will become engulfed (no save).

Regardless of whether they move or not, they have 1 round before "Neemooga" attacks them.

Fast thinking PCs will soon realise that the Ooze moves a lot slower than they do (hopefully, Dwarves with heavy armour on are in for a bit of a shock) and so should be able to out manoeuvre it and outrun it. There really is no hiding place as "Neemooga" can pretty much fit into any space they can, although it can't climb which may be their saving grace should they retreat to the higher holes in the cavern wall. If the PCs don't take "Neemooga" on face to face this could easily turn into a game of cat and mouse, and at some point let them find out the creature cannot climb, as that is their biggest hint for their escape.

If they manage to defeat "Neemooga", the statue behind it is one of Nemorga (again a **Knowledge (religion) check (DC 12)** will allow the PCs to recognise it) and the building is obviously their place of worship.

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A successful **Spot check (DC 15)** will reveal a number of scrawled passages on the base of the statue in very bad Ledean. A **Decipher Script check (DC 20)** must be made to make any sense of them:-

“Neemooga fageev uss, wees noo not what we doo rong”

“Wees not want oo go ewey”

“Hot mus wees doo oo stop uu”

“Wees unnersand noo, wees cum oo uu noo Neemooga”

A **Search check (DC 15)** of the building will reveal a few Ledean texts (mainly about Nemorgan doctrine) which crumble to dust in their hands, as well as a vestry in the back suitable for a person their size along with various luxury items, such as a long useless Lantern and a now solid inkpot with a quill firmly stuck in it.

The only way out of the village is via one of the holes in the cavern wall. The holes were originally home to a colony of *Cave Morays* that are now long dead. Some of these holes are far reaching and extend both up to the level above and into various other sections of this level. Any PC of Medium size can crawl through them although they will need to shed any medium or heavy armour they are wearing. Small PCs can fit through as long as they are not wearing heavy armour.

Encounter Consequences:

Note: The details of the village are deliberately vague to allow the GM running this to be as descriptive as he/she wishes to be. No map is supplied because it allows the encounter to be integrated easily into the Dungeon.

The PCs should come out with at least some idea of the tragedy that befell the Ga'at tribe, although it's certainly possible that they run away from "Neemooga" as soon as they realise what it is and don't look back.

I have supplied extracts from Yaotzins journal that should be strewn about his chambers. This will give the PCs an inkling into the past events of the village.

Written by Lee Scolin

Free to use as long as you keep original credits. D20 specific terms are a property of Wizards of the Coast. Scarred Lands Specific terms are a property of White Wolf Games Studio.

My refuge from the storm two nights ago has done me more harm than good. If I knew then what I know now I would never have stopped, not even to shelter from the Storm Goddesses wrath.

The Manticora that hold sway over this territory and the caves I am currently hiding in have ruthlessly hounded me and it only my faith in my Lord Nemorga, the Keeper that I prevail against their assaults. How much longer I can continue to hold them back however is another matter, but I hold faith with Nemorga that he has me here for a reason.

On the morrow I shall travel further into the caves. Perhaps my salvation lies within rather than without.

I have lost all track of time. I no longer know day from night anymore since I have not seen a sunrise in what must be many days. I barely have the strength to pen this journal of my travels never mind continuing further into the earth. May Nemorga guide my soul, for I no longer know where I am headed.

SALVATION! I am saved! Praise be Nemorga who guides all our souls in this life and the next! A village! Who would have guessed! A village all the way down here! Praise Nemorga!

Written by Lee Scolin

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I Yaotzin Priest and faithful of Memorga, have finally found my purpose in this life. These reptilian barbarians, these Kobolds as they call themselves, have for too long gone without the direction of a God. It is time they gave up their foolish practice of Ancestor worship and begin their journey to spiritual enlightenment through Memorgas Doctrine with me as their spiritual leader. I must be wary however, for my last foray into their village ended in near disaster as I obviously insulted them, how I still do not know but I shall endeavour to make amends. Their souls depend on it!

For a species so primitive they are very curious and open to new ways of thinking. It has been but one half a decade and already I have several converts to Memorgas Doctrine. All that must be done now is to show the Chief Herato and his witch a display of power that not even their ancestors could hope to accomplish. I shall pray to Memorga for guidance on his matter as soon as I lay my quill down. This must succeed, cant the fools realise that!

It has been, by my reckoning, twenty years since I discovered the Ga'at tribe and saved their souls from oblivion but I have yet to come across a situation as troubling as the one I am faced with now. My flock are disappearing, all we find when we look for those missing are their clothing which is covered in a clear viscous fluid and any weapons or tools they had with them at the time. There are no bodies or even remains. This is seriously undermining my position within the tribe and I must resolve it as quickly as I can. I have therefore asked Herato to allow me the use of some of his guard in order that I might seek out the missing villagers and prove that I and Memorga are worthy of their faith. I leave tonight.

Written by Lee Scolin

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Encounter 8: Absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Type: Combat (Divine specific – Vangal)

Terrain: Dungeon

Karnak, the runt of his Pride, was ruthlessly bullied, beaten and tormented all his life. Instead of owning slaves, his Pride used him instead, saying he was not worthy of hunting or even of mating. He did not know respite until the Heretics showed up and attempted to build a Temple to their Goddess within the Manticoras territory.

Even then he was told he could not fight, instead he was put to the same duties the Tribes slaves were. It wasn't until a particularly brutal beating from one of the wounded almost killed Karnak that he began to question his role within the Tribe, and that question was answered in his dreams by The Slayer.

The Tribe didn't even notice Karnak had been missing for two days when he returned to them, nor did they notice that he took his beatings and ridicule without flinching, what they did notice was that the Invaders were slowly gaining ground and seemed to know every move the Tribe made. More and more Manticora died in ambushes and still the Tribe was none the wiser, until Karnak was seen leaving the Tribes territory by what he thought was an unconscious male. When he returned he was greeted by the Patriarch, the Shaman and several other males and tortured until the truth came forth from his lips.

That night, under the darkness of the new moon, Karnak was burned at the stake until he was naught but a blackened husk with the Shaman chanting the Litanies of Vangal throughout, only stopping when Karnak arose once more as a Burned One and was driven out of the Tribes territory.

Karnak now haunts the Belsamite temple he once helped, forever lamenting his actions and forever in agony, his one, all consuming thought to burn all that lives.

This is a tough encounter, and there is every chance more than one member of the Party will die if they decide to stay and fight Karnak. His Immolation ability is particularly deadly and should be used only once during the encounter, as even this one use will probably kill the unfortunate victim (of course, if the PCs are stupid, you think they can handle it, or just don't mind multiple PC deaths, by all means use Karnak to his full potential).

This encounter starts with the PCs approaching the ruins of the Belsamite Temple, and right from the start the PCs will know something is wrong.

Read the following text:

The stench of burnt wood and scorched stone fills the air as you reach a large pair of blackened and burnt wooden doors. They hang from their rusted hinges and smoke billows out from the room beyond clogging your throat and stinging your eyes.

Have the Party make Listen checks (DC 12), if successful read the following text;

As you stand at the entrance holding a pieces of cloth to your faces to stop the smoke from clogging your senses, you are sure you can hear a faint moaning from inside as if someone were suffering great pain.

This is Karnak, suffering greatly as a result of his transformation. Should the Party enter the temple he will fall to the ground and pretend to be badly burned, attacking the first PC that approaches him.

Written by Lee Scolin

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When the Party enters the Temple read the following text;

Stepping through the burnt doors and into the chamber you see that it is some sort of temple, with Pillars running down its length and what seems to be an alter with a statue behind it at the far end. The entire room seems to have been consumed in fire as everything is either smouldering or blackened. Soot covers the floor in a thick carpet and as you step forward it spills into the air around you. As the soot settles back onto the floor you notice a figure lying on its side before you, obviously badly burned as you can smell the stench of burnt flesh emanating from it. It gives off a moan of pain and then goes silent once more.

If the Party or a PC approaches Karnak read the following text

Stepping carefully through the thick carpet of soot and avoiding the smouldering rubble, you cautiously approach the badly burnt figure. Getting closer you see that the poor man is so badly burned that his skull is showing, as are numerous other bones through his blackened skin. He shudders in pain and gives off another moan as you finally reach him, and then with one swift move is up on his feet and upon you, his eyeless skull leering at you in a perpetual grin, his wicked black claws outstretched and a piercing cry issuing forth from his scorched mouth.

A *Detect evil* will reveal him to be evil (he is LE).

If the Party attacks Karnak from a distance he leaps up and attacks them. He will also do this if the PCs take more than a minute to decide whether they should approach or not, or if they try and skirt around him to get further into the temple. The only way they will not meet him in combat is if they leave as soon as they see him *Change the above description to suit*.

During the attack, have the PCs make a **Spot check (DC 15)** to catch a glimpse of a pictogram branded on to Karnaks body, a split shield dripping blood. A **Knowledge (religion) check (DC 15)** will reveal it to be Vangals symbol, and if that's successful another **Knowledge (Religion) check (DC 20)** can be made to realise what Karnak is.

Karnak will not leave his prison, although he will not make this obvious as the Party may attempt to use it to their advantage. Instead he will try to bring them further into the temple so that it is more difficult to escape. If there are any obvious Clerics in the party he will attack them, ignoring all others and attempt to *Immolate* them.

The statue is of Belsameth in her Hag guise and the alter is covered in soot and dried blood, a **Knowledge (religion) check (DC 12)** will identify the statue as such.

There are several blackened skeletons dotted about the temple as well, Karnaks past victims. The only exit into or out of the temple is through the set of doors the Party entered.

Encounter consequences:

This is a very straight forward, yet deadly encounter. If the Party is a suspicious one however, they may get the drop on him or have a better chance of escape. As I said before Karnaks *Immolation* ability is a deadly one and should be used only if either the PCs can handle it or you want a PC death, as one will certainly follow.

The Party will undoubtedly be no match for Karnak, yet, and so he may well become the focus of their efforts for some time, particularly if he guards something they want.

Written by Lee Scolin

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Encounter 9: A pound of flesh for your sins.

Type: Roleplaying/Puzzle (Divine specific- Belsameth)

Terrain: Dungeon

Belsameth is never one to refuse a chance to gain souls, indeed none of the Gods are although some use more insidious means than others, and so when an over zealous Priestess “blessed” the three doors into her domain The Slayer was more than happy to grant her servant the boons she asked for.

Acting now as a twisted doorman, Azeraphael welcomes all curious explorers to her private quarters and personal Shrine allowing them to cross the thresholds, for a price of course.

The encounter begins when the Party approach the three doors. Each door is identical save for a rune branded into the wood and coloured in blood. The runes are as follows (from left to right):

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. A Crescent Moon- | The Mark of Change/Lycanthropy |
| 2. A Theatrical Happy/Sad Mask- | The Mark of Insight/Madness |
| 3. A Skull- | The Mark of Life after Death/Undeath |

Read the following text:

The corridor you are in begins to get darker as you continue down it, even the light emanating from your torch seems to dim somewhat, and so you slow your pace somewhat and begin to peer cautiously ahead, ready for any signs of ambush or other nasty surprise. Nothing happens however and you are forced to stop as you reach the end of the corridor, three wooden doors side by side blocking your way forward.

Closer inspection reveals the three runes; the doors cannot be opened by any other means than those described below.

If a PC or PCs approach any of the doors, read the following text,

As you step carefully towards the door you are startled by the sudden appearance of a twisted mockery of the female form. The creature that now stands before you has the torso of an attractive Elven female and the torso of a giant cricket, a harp made from bones and tendons is clutched in her talons and she plays a haunting tune as she addresses you. “Welcome, bold explorers to the demesnes of Azeraphael, yours truly” She bows politely and continues, the hypnotic tones from her harp accentuating her voice beautifully “I am not here to harm you, I am but a means to go forward. Crossing any of these thresholds bears a price you see, a price in flesh.” The music begins to get faster, almost in time with your quickening pulse as she says the word you least wanted to hear, a wicked smile crossing her lips as she does so. “Yours. One pound to be exact and then you may pass through any door of your choosing. A word of warning though mortal, to cheat the Slayer of her due is to risk her blessing and unless you are one of her faithful, you do not want that”.

Should the PCs ask Azeraphael where they should put the flesh she will merely hold out her hand without saying a word, a hungry grin on her lips.

Azeraphael will not try and stop the PCs from any action other than a deliberate attempt to break open the doors and an attack upon her person, she will engage in small talk if they so desire.

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Answers to possible questions are as follows:

Who are you? “I am Azeraphael, once a Priestess of my Lady Belsameth and now her everlasting servant. The architect of the doors and the Marks upon them.”

What are you? As above.

Why are you here? “This is the task assigned to me by my Lady Belsameth and it is her wish that I do this for as long as it is required.”

How long have you been doing this? “The Slarecians were still a threat to my Lady and had yet to capture her Daughter when I designed and built my doors and by the time the Gods had decided to initiate their war with them I had been in my Mistress’ service for several decades.”

Any and all questions about Drendari and the Slarecians will be met with silence.

Why did you design the doors? “To better serve my Mistress and to provide her with entertainment and sport”

What do the Marks do? “Revealing that would spoil the game mortal, try one and see”

If the PCs give Azeraphael what she wants:

If they give her the amount she has asked for they take 1d6 points of damage and lose 1 temporary point of Con with no saving throw and may open any door they choose without further penalty.

If they try and cheat her they may attempt a **Fort save (DC 10)** and if successful they will not lose the point of Con but instead suffer the full effects of crossing the threshold of their choice. They take 1d4 points of damage regardless of whether they make the save or not.

If the PCs open the door without giving Azeraphael a pound of flesh:

Azeraphael will not stop them from doing this as they will suffer the full effects of crossing the threshold **without a saving throw.**

When the PCs approach the door read the following text,

As you step forward tentatively towards the doors, Azeraphael clears her throat and addresses you once again.

“Before you go through there is one more thing you should know. Each rune is a Mark of the Aspects of Belsameth.” She points to the brand of the crescent moon

“This is the Mark of Change.” Her hand moves to the mask.

“This is the Mark of Insight.” Finally her hand points to the skull.

“And this is the Mark of Life after Death. Each one of these Marks is a blessing of Belsameth, praise be her name and only those deserving shall receive this boon once they cross one of the three thresholds you see before you.” Azeraphaels eyes shine in the torchlight as she finishes her speech and in them you see malice and hate reflected back at you.

Only those PCs that tried to cheat Azeraphael or didn’t give her anything suffer the effects of the Marks. The “blessings” are as follows:

The **Mark of Change** bestows Lycanthropy to those that walk through the door unless a **Fort save (DC 14)** can be made. For those that gave Azeraphael nothing, they receive no save. The form of Lycanthropy is dependant on whether they are Lawful, Neutral or Chaotic.

Lawful PCs become **Wererats.**

Neutral PCs become **Wereboars**

Chaotic PCs become **Werewolves**

Written by Lee Scolin

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PCs afflicted will suffer nightmares for the last three days before the full moon, these nightmares are, depending on the form of lycanthropy, either terribly violent (wererat and werewolf) or bizarre reincarnation type dreams (wereboar).

The **Mark of Insight** renders those that cross the threshold *insane* unless a **Will save (DC 14)** is successful. For those that gave Azeraphael nothing, they receive no save.

The **Mark of Life after Death** is the most insidious as it does not take affect until after the PC dies. Should the PC die, twenty four hours later he/she rises again as an *Alley Reaper* hell bent on avenging itself on its companions unless a **Will save (DC 14)** is made at the time he crosses the threshold.

All the saves above must be made without the PCs knowledge. Once all the PCs have stepped through a door Azeraphael will disappear and will not be seen again by these particular PCs. Should these PCs come this way again they will find the doors open and they may pass through them without incident.

Encounter consequences:

In all likelihood the PCs will leave this encounter with a small amount of damage and a loss to their Con stat for 24 hours. This will hopefully not hinder them too much. Azeraphael is not there to fight but will defend herself if attacked. Make any conversation they have with her a polite one as she is there to trick the PCs into thinking they can get away with not paying the tithe and thus suffer the effects of one of the Marks with no chance of saving themselves.

All of the "blessings" are severe and it should be made clear through good use of Azeraphael that not paying the tithe, in one form or another, is a very bad idea.

I Strongly urge the GM who runs this encounter to read through the section of the MM about afflicted Lycanthropy, just in case.

Written by Lee Scolin

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Encounter 10: Storm in a tea cup.

Type: Hazard (Divine specific – Enkili)

Terrain: Dungeon

Very rarely does a God become so outraged that his wrath warps reality but when it does it can take any form imaginable. One such case came about just after Enkili was given back his Godlike abilities, abilities that Mesos stripped from him and whose defeat granted their return.

Humiliated and enraged, Enkili shook the heavens and the seas with a storm even Lethene, Dame of Storms, would have been envious of. This storm lasted several months and even as his anger finally ebbed the storm continued in the most unlikely places. Now, in remote locations across Scarn the remnants of this storm are still raging, with some of the locals defying logic or explanation.

This encounter deals with one of the more outlandish locations - a series of caverns hundreds of feet below sea level.

The location of the storm is as erratic as the storm itself, it constantly moves throughout a series of caverns within the dungeon complex. There are times it manifests in more than one cavern at the same time and there are also instances when the storm is completely absent. The storm is usually of the normal type with deafening peals of thunder, raging winds, arcs and bolts of lightning every few seconds and pelting rain. Curiously the cavern complex never seems to flood. Where does all the water go?

There is a 25% chance that a cavern the PCs approach will be occupied by the storm. If they travel through the cavern complex without ever coming across it, the last cavern they enter will have a 100% chance of containing the storm.

Every round a PC spends in the storm (wherever it may be) roll a D% and look up the result on the following table:

01-15	The rain stops and the storm becomes electrical. Have the PCs make Ref saves and regardless of the result describe the bolts of lightning narrowly missing them by inches.
16-20	The storm drops to floor level and visibility becomes 0. Everything is considered to now have 50% concealment. Lightning crackles all around the PCs.
21-30	Static electricity builds up and anyone touching anything but the ground receives 1d6 points of non-lethal damage from the shock. The PCs hair stands on end and metal objects become slightly magnetic, attracting other metal objects that come within 6 inches of them.
31-35	The storm abates and sunshine fills the room inexplicably, the sound of birds singing can be heard faintly and a cool breeze can be felt carrying the smell of grass.
36-50	Nothing happens and the storm continues as normal.
51-60	It starts to rain frogs/cats/dogs/fish. These animals die upon hitting the cavern floor and any PC that cannot or does not take shelter takes 1d6 points of non-lethal damage every round they spend in this freak occurrence.
61-65	The result of last rounds roll stands for this round as well. If this is the first roll see the result 36-50.
66-70	The Lightning takes on the form of a <i>colour spray (DC 10)</i> .
71-75	Another storm, identical to this one, manifests in a random cavern. Should the new storm abate, do not roll again as it has ran its course.
76-90	The peals of thunder are replaced with female maniacal laughter, Will saves (DC 10) must be made in order to resist being <i>shaken</i> .
90-99	The storm moves to another cavern within the complex.
00	The storm moves and takes the PCs with it. An Intuit Direction check (DC 15) is needed for the PCs to realise anything is wrong.

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Encounter Consequences:

There is no explanation of why or how this storm got here, and the PCs should never really be able to find out. It should remain a perplexing mystery and a testament to the fickle nature of the Gods. If you wish to give the PCs an inkling into its origin you could have them recognise the maniacal laughter or have strange natural rock formations take the shape of Enkilis symbol. Use the rules for low visibility and ranged combat modifiers for the high winds while the PCs are in the storm. The storm can reach any level of ferocity and you are encouraged to make it as easy or as hard for them as you wish. Feel free to combine this encounter with any other encounters you deem suitable.

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Encounter 11: And love conquers all.

Type: Roleplaying (Divine specific – Idra)

Terrain: Dungeon.

Several years ago an old Druid by the name of Omadan cared for the region, keeping the indigenous animals and plants safe from the various goblinoid tribes that would otherwise have stripped the land of their presence. He spent much of his life dedicated to this and chose to do without the trappings and other distractions that a normal life would bring with them and as a result never looked or found love.

Love found him however.

In several areas of his guarded land he chose to *awake* one creature in order to help him defend the region more efficiently. The animals, now imbued with an almost human intelligence, would come to him and warn him of the goblinoids movements in time for him to react quickly enough to pre-empt their efforts. One such animal was a young fox vixen who, after a years service, found she was falling I love with her master. Such a relationship was impossible and the young fox knew this and despaired. Her melancholy became so sever she grew ill and would have died if Idra had not taken notice of her plight.

Unable to watch while a being so full of love yet unable to consummate it suffered, Idra reached a solution; The vixen would at night become a beautiful, sensual woman and remain a fox during the day thus allowing her to show her love to the old man and allow him to taste the pleasures life had to offer while not neglecting his duties.

At first Omadan was quite taken aback when this beautiful young woman turned up at his door one night, he was sure it was some trick or witchcraft but the vixen made sure his doubts were eased and he never questioned her after their first liaison. This continued for many years and the couple fell deeply in love, although Omadan was forever curious as to his partners whereabouts during the day he had learned not to question her about it. Nothing this perfect lasts forever alas and, sensing that his days were about to come to an end, Omadan moved himself to a cavern near his home to die.

Grief stricken at the news, the vixen finally revealed her true nature to Omadan who, while shocked, was grateful. He thanked the Gods for allowing their love to exist and passed into the next life a happy man. The vixen to this day watches over her lovers remains, forever in mourning for her one true love.

This is actually two encounters in one; should the PCs arrive during the day, they will be greeted by the vixen and at night by the beautiful woman. I shall therefore write two versions that you can use depending on the time of day the Party encounters her.

Should the PCs encounter the vixen during the day read the following,

The relative silence of your journey through the dank corridor is shattered by a high pitched barking coming from up ahead. The noise is deafening but only due to the acoustics of the corridor. Whatever is making that racket is not happy.

If they investigate further read the following; If not the encounter ends.

Treading carefully through the gloom, the torchlight creating dancing shadows on the walls you approach the noise. Putting your hands to your ears to stop them from pounding you come across a fox, standing over the long dead remains of what looks like a human, barking at you with all its might. Teeth bared and its hackles up it looks ready for a fight should you step any closer.

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A **Spot check (DC 12)** will allow the PCs to notice Omadans gnarled staff propped up against the wall; a further **Spot check (DC 15)** will let the PCs notice intricate markings on the staff and a **Knowledge (religion) check (DC 12)** will identify those marks as symbols of Denev.

Should the Party ignore the fox's warning and continue towards the remains or go to pick up the staff, read the following text.

Ignoring the fox and moving closer the beast astounds you by replacing its loud bark with a just as loud shout. Although unable to identify the language it is using, you can tell the fox is female and undoubtedly intelligent. It now begins taking a step towards you, all the while screaming words in a foreign tongue at the top of its lungs.

The vixen will fight to the death to protect the sanctity of her lover's remains, which will no doubt be an easy fight for the Party. It isn't difficult for them to realise however that this is no ordinary fox and so hopefully it will not come to a fight.

Comprehend Languages will be needed to translate what the fox says as it does not speak Ledean only Titan Speech (Denev) and Middle Elven, unless there is an Elf present however. The fox is currently speaking Titan Speech (Denev), as that is the language it is most comfortable with.

If the Party remains where they are for more than a minute and there is an Elf present, read the following text.

As you are talking amongst yourselves in an attempt to figure out how to handle the situation, the fox takes a step forward and looks directly at *insert Elf PCs name*. It seems to take a deep breath before astounding you all as it begins addressing *insert Elf PCs name* in his/her native tongue. "Why is one of the Fair Race here? What do you want of Omadan? Is the need for him that great that he is to be disturbed from his well-earned rest?" Your astounded silence is almost deafening.

The fox will address only the Elf and will ignore any questions coming from anyone else. It will not allow the PCs to disturb Omadans or remains, barking at any who do. If they persist the fox will eventually attack them. A successful **Diplomacy check (DC 20)** (or **Wild Empathy check (DC 20)** in the case of a Druid) is required in order for it to allow them to disturb Omadan or for the Party to talk the fox into going with them and/or taking Omadans remains away to be properly buried.

If the PCs do not move and there is not an Elf in the Party then the fox will continue to try and be as intimidating as possible. The PCs may try to use the **Diplomacy** skill, or if there is a Druid in the Party, his **Wild Empathy** ability (**both DCs 20**) with the following modifiers.

There is fresh blood on any of the Party.	-2
A member of the Party is a Half-Orc.	-5
The Party is planning on how best to kill the fox (and not talking quietly).	-10
Any of the Party members are wearing furs.	-5
A member of the Party is displaying signs of being a Druid/Denev worshipper.	+5
There is a Half-Elf in the Party.	+5

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The Party mentions Denev in a respectful or agreeable tone.	+10
The Party has recently killed any Goblinoids.	+10

Once the roll has been made check the result against the following:

0-19	The fox attacks, fighting to the death.
20-24	The fox stops barking and eyes the Party suspiciously. It will not speak however, but will let them look over Omadans remains as long as they are respectful and do not disturb anything too much.
25-34	The fox stops barking and settles down against the remains of Omadan. Should they address it directly it will answer them, and answer their questions, otherwise it will stay silent.
35-49	The fox stops barking and asks <i>“What do you want of Omadan? Is the need for him that great that he is to be disturbed from his well-earned rest?”</i> It will talk freely to them.
50+	The fox stops barking, trots forward and asks as above. It will also talk freely to them and try to be as helpful and as accommodating as possible. It will also respond favourably to any suggestions they have about moving Omadans remains to receive a proper burial and leaving with them. It will not leave Omadans remains alone.

Here are the answers to what I think are going to be the most common questions asked of the fox:

“How is it you can speak?”	“My beloved Omadan granted me intelligence and the ability to converse with him”
“Who Is Omadan?”	“He was my lover, my beloved and guardian of this region”
“Your....lover?”	:she laughs: “Idra granted me a human body to consummate our love. Only when the sun sleeps do I assume that form however”
“Are the remains Omadans?”	“Yes, my beloved died many years ago and I still grieve for him”
“Was Omadan a Druid?”	“A what? He was my world, and I and this region were his”

The only way the fox will allow Omadans remains to be disturbed is if the Party was monumentally successful in its attempt to calm it.

Should the PCs encounter the woman during the night read the following,

The relative silence of your journey through the dank corridor is interrupted by the sounds of wracked sobbing coming from up ahead. The noise is accentuated due to the acoustics of the corridor otherwise it would have gone unheard. Whatever is making that pitiful noise is not happy.

If they investigate further read the following; If not the encounter ends.

Treading carefully through the gloom, the torchlight creating dancing shadows on the walls you approach the sobbing you come across a young woman, completely naked, lying across the remains of what could have been a human. The sobbing echoes down the corridor behind you and she seems completely unaware of your presence, her attention focused on her grieving.

Written by Lee Scolin

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A **Spot check (DC 12)** will allow the PCs to notice Omadans gnarled staff propped up against the wall; a further **Spot check (DC 15)** will let the PCs notice intricate markings on the staff and a **Knowledge (religion) check (DC 12)** will identify those marks as symbols of Denev.

It's entirely likely that the PCs will want to question her and should they interrupt her grieving she will be startled and shrink into a corner, staring at the intruders, eyes wide, and with a terrified look on her face.

In order for the PCs to get any sense out of her they will need to make a **Diplomacy check** with the following modifiers:

There is a PC with a Charisma score less than 8.	-2
A member of the Party is a Half-Orc.	-5
The Party is planning on how best to kill the woman (and not talking quietly).	-10
Any of the Party members are wearing furs.	-5
There is a PC with a Charisma score greater than 14.	+2
A member of the Party is displaying signs of being a Druid/Denev worshipper.	+5
There is a Half-Elf in the Party.	+5
The Party mentions Denev in a respectful or agreeable tone.	+10
The Party consists of at least one Elf.	+10/Elf

Once the roll has been made check the result against the following:

0-24	There is no obvious change in the womans behaviour. Should the PCs try to disturb the remains of Omadan the woman will attack them ferociously.
25-39	The woman will relax and ask them <i>What do you want of Omadan? Is the need for him that great that he is to be disturbed from his well-earned rest?</i> ". She will answer any and all of their questions but will politely refuse any suggestions of either herself or Omadans remains leaving with the PCs. If they persist she will get angry and demand they leave. If the PCs are not careful this will degenerate into a fight.
40+	The woman will relax and ask them <i>What do you want of Omadan? Is the need for him that great that he is to be disturbed from his well-earned rest?</i> ". She will answer any and all of their questions and listen to any suggestions they have about moving Omadans remains in order to bury them properly and leaving with the PCs. She will not leave Omadans remains alone.

Here are the answers to what I think are going to be the most common questions asked of the fox:

"Who are you?"	"I am Omadans lover."
"What is your name?"	"Name? I don't understand. I am a fox."
"A...fox?"	:she laughs: "This is not my true form. I am only like this during the time the sun sleeps. When the suns awake I am a fox."
"How did this happen?"	"The Goddess Idra took pity and blessed me with this form so that I could consummate my love for Omadan"
"Are the remains Omadans?"	"Yes, my beloved died many years ago and I still grieve for him"

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“Was Omadan a Druid?”

“A what? He was my world, and I and this region were his”

Encounter Consequences:

This encounter can be easily manipulated either way. You can engineer it so that the Party has no other choice to fight the fox/woman (by having ugly PCs, a Half-Orc etc) or you can go the other way and ensure they have recently killed Goblinoids or having the Party consist of at least one Elf.

This encounter is not meant to burden the PCs with another hanger on, it is intended to illustrate the fickle nature of Idra. The Goddess did not think past the consequences of her initial action – letting the fox consummate her love for Omadan, and now the fox is suffering more than she would have had Idra not intervened. Try to convey this in the roleplaying of the fox, in either form, and allow the PCs to find out the fox’s background if they are suitably successful in their diplomacy.

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Encounter 12: The purple people eater.

Type: Hazard (Divine specific – Erias)

Terrain: Dungeon

In a world filled with the works of Gods the line between what is and what isn't becomes blurred, as shown in this sorry tale;

Whilst making their way back home from a particularly taxing vision quest Zontorra and his cabal of Lotus eaters decide to take shelter from the harsh winter climate in an old ruin. After a few hours rest his companions decide to explore the ruin and disappear into its depths. Having waited some fifteen minutes for their return Zontorra decides to go and look for his wayward followers only to find them, eventually, fast asleep inside a cavern which is covered in a bright purple moss. He himself, as he enters the colourful room, begins to feel weary and quickly wakes them all and ushers them out of the room and back up to the ruin.

After several hours of heated and excitable discussion the Lotus eaters come to the conclusion that the ruin must have at one time been an ancient seat of Erias worship, with the moss covered room being used the same way they use the Lotus plant and so, in a moment of fatal misinterpretation, they decide to experiment with the room hoping to receive a vision from their Patron God.

They never wake up.

The moss is a huge patch of *Purple Moss* that has grown in this chamber for centuries feeding off of rodents and vermin, and the occasional Erias worshipper.

Anyone within 10ft of the moss will detect a sweet odour emanating from it. Anyone entering the room, which glows a dull purple due to the natural light the moss produces and looks like it has been carpeted and wallpapered with the stuff, must succeed at a **Fort save (DC 12)** or succumb to the smell and fall asleep for 1d6x10 minutes. A victim that falls asleep is quickly covered by the moss. It takes 5 minutes to cover a creature of Diminutive or smaller size and an additional 5 minutes for each size larger than Diminutive. A creature so covered takes suffocation damage (see Core Rulebook II, Chapter 3). Slain victims are digested in 2d4 hours by acidic secretions from the moss. The moss can be cleared by a healthy application of fire.

Underneath the carpet of moss can be found the remains of Zontorra and his Lotus eaters. A **Spot check (DC 16)** must be made successfully in order to see their bleached bones and clothing.

Encounter Consequences:

This encounter merely highlights the inherent dangers of putting too much faith in the Gods. They are not responsible for everything that goes on in the world, only most of it. This encounter could prove a Party killer should everyone fail their save yet it isn't meant to be so I would recommend that the Party involved have at least one Party member able to make the save.

Don't forget to describe the moss' movement when a prospective victim falls asleep, it may be slow, but it's still a lot faster than many other moss' around!

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Journal of Zontorra Gaanon

2nd Taniday of Enker A.V. 139

It has been decided that on the morrow we set off on our journey to find ourselves. I and my five fellow Lotus Eaters intend to journey the length and breadth of Ghelspad and Termana in search of new ways to reach the Dream realms of our Patron, Erias. We have become bored with the Drug Dens of Shelzar and long to find other means with which to enhance our dreaming.

3rd Hedraday of Corer A.V. 139

The visions have become stronger since our crossing onto the crimson waters of the Blood Sea. Fragmented though they are, they leave us all soaked in cold sweat and with a hunger that I fear would shame even the Glutton himself. Our captain has noticed that our daily rations have increased and has asked me to pay more for the crossing into Termana, something I am more than happy to do, as the alternative is drowning or worse in the Blood Sea.

For effect I recommend splashing this with red, to simulate the crimson spray from the Blood Sea.

3rd Charday of Corer A.V. 139

I write this from what is left of the "Liberation". Our visions on that accursed craft were the result of an infestation of Blood Barnacles that had attached themselves to the hull of the vessel and which sent her crew and Ramirez, one of my fellow Lotus Eaters, mad. The survivors are now at the mercy of the Blood Sea, floating on the debris of the ruined "Liberation". May Erias grant us a swift death while we dream.

For effect I recommend soaking this with red, to simulate the crimson spray from the Blood Sea.

2nd Belsaday of Belsamer A.V. 139

Dry land at long last! Erias has surely heard our prayers and delivered us from a fate worse than any death!

Although much of my journal has been lost to the Blood Sea, I shall continue to mark the passing of days and events as we travel the lands in search of our goal. Many of the survivors from the "Liberation" did not survive the Seas cruel nature and it is only by Erias' will that I and my fellows have managed to come this far. We do not as yet know where we are, but the air is fresh and our feet are on solid ground so at the moment we really do not care.

Tonights dreaming will be the best we will have had in months.

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1st Vandalay of Hedrer A.V. 139

Winter is upon us. Having lived in Shelzar for so long, I now realise how much of a sheltered life we led there. None of us had ever seen snow before and now we are wading ankle deep through it.

There was never a moment that I thought a situation worse than being stranded on the Blood Sea could ever arise but here it is. Our rations have almost ran out, our clothing is light and cannot keep out the biting cold, in fact my hands are numbing just writing this. What is worse is that our supply of the lotus leaf has finally run out. Despair is slowly creeping up on me as I had thought we would have reached a town where we could have restocked by now but I must be strong for my comrades, our wellbeing is now my responsibility and I cannot fail them, or Erias.

We have seen a structure up ahead of us which we hope will give us some respite from this weather.

May Erias keep us safe from harm, and deliver us unto the Dreaming.

2nd Corday of Hedrer A.V. 139

The excitement is almost too much to bear. We think we have found an ancient form of Dream Inducement buried underneath the ruins we have sheltered in.

There is a chamber below us covered in a luminescent purple moss which gives off the sweetest smell, a smell that induces a very deep sleep, deeper even than the lotus leaf ever achieved. I have yet to experience this as it was my comrades who found the chamber first but we intend to go back and fully immerse ourselves in the experience.

Imagine, a new way to reach the Dreaming. Could the moss be an ancient equivalent to our Lotus leaf?

These questions will have to wait 'till after I have dreamed.

Praise Erias for leading us here. This could very well herald a new era in Dreaming.

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Encounter 13: For whom the bell tolls.

Type: Puzzle/Combat (Divine specific- Nemorga)

Terrain: Dungeon

I suggest this encounter be positioned close to Encounter 7: The quick and the dead, as it is directly related. The best way to introduce this is to either have the PCs fall through the floor here and find their way to the village after this encounter, or have one of the Cave Moray tunnels lead here.

In the years before Yaotzins arrival and their conversion to the religion of Nemorga the Ga'at tribe of Kobolds ate their dead, believing that they would inherit the strengths of those they ate and setting free their spirits to allow them to join their ancestors. This practice was the first thing that changed until the spiritual guidance of Yaotzin and was replaced with what became known as the Death Knell, a huge iron bell situated in the middle of the tribes new graveyard.

With each death the tribe would gather round the bell with the corpse(s), which were shrouded in white gauze, underneath it. Yaotzin would then invoke Nemorgas name as he struck the bell, once for each corpse, and they would then be buried next to their fellows.

It took several years of persuasion and more than a little blood for the tribe to accept that this was a better and more fulfilling way to send their dead on to the afterlife but accept it they did, right up to their extinction at the hands of "Neemooga".

What the Kobolds never found out was that Yaotzin survived them, after a fashion. During the last Death Knell (which was done without the rest of the tribe), as Yaotzin was sending those guards that were helping him find the cause of the disappearing Kobolds and who had in turn been killed by the cube onto the afterlife, "Neemooga" happened to enter the graveyard and it proceeded to kill everyone present, including Yaotzin, before he was able to complete the ceremony.

Having conducted this ceremony for almost twenty years Yaotzin had come to believe in its authenticity as much as the Kobolds and so was unable to let go of life until those souls that were deserving could enter Nemorgas Limbo. He became a *Haunt*, an undead creature whose only purpose was to complete the ritual. Unfortunately he had become incorporeal which meant he could not strike the bell and thus became trapped, forever mourning the loss of his flock and his inability to save them.

Yaotzin needs a corporeal body to posses in order for him to strike the bell 4 times (once for him and another 3 times for the guards that died). Once this is done he can pass on to Nemorgas Limbo with a clear conscience.

All the passages surrounding and leading up to the graveyard are covered in the clear, flaky film that is also so prolific in the village. Spot checks need not be made, although the PCs may not realise what it is if they have not been to the village yet.

On the Parties approach to the graveyard, read the following text,

The corridor ahead opens out into a larger room, a much larger room it would seem and as you peer in through the torchlight you can see the shapes of gravestones sticking out of the soft earth that makes up the floor of the cavern. The air is moist and smells damp, but there is no sound save for your own breathing

The Party will not be able to see the bell yet as it is in the centre of the cavern.

If the Party turns back at this point the encounter ends.

Should the Party enter the room they will be unable to read the names on the gravestones, but if a **Decipher Script check (DC 16)** is made then the word **Ga'at** can be made out on EVERY gravestone. All of the graves are very old and have multitudes of mosses and lichens growing on them as well as other weeds growing up from the earthen floor. Do not forget to mention that everything has a layer of the clear, flaky film on it.

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When the Party is within sight of the Bell, read the following text,

Stepping carefully through the graves a shape slowly comes into the light of your torches, at first you are at a loss as to what it is but upon stepping closer you see that it is a great bell, some fifteen feet high supported by great beams of wood embedded firmly into the ground. Upon its surface are numerous pictograms and what looks like a very basic form of writing. Underneath lies the remains of 2 small bodies wrapped in rotten soiled gauze. Two more bodies lie beside the bell; these are not covered in gauze and seem to be of differing race with one being a small bipedal reptilian and the other being of Human origin. The human remains holds a large hammer in its hands and everything is covered in the same clear film that is so prolific throughout this entire area. As you look upon the scene laid out before you a ghostly wailing begins to emanate from the humans remains and a ghostly translucent figure rises up out of them, its eyes bulge from its sockets and its hair hangs in clotted ropes. The remains of its robes flutter in a nonexistent breeze as it hurls itself towards you, its ragged claws outstretched.

Yaotzin will concentrate on one PC, using his Dexterity damaging attack until that PC is rendered helpless at which point he will then attempt to his *Malevolence* ability to possess the helpless victim. Unless the PCs possess at least one magic weapon they do not stand much of a chance if they stand their ground. Should they run Yaotzin will give chase until they are more than 60 feet away from the bell, at which point he will give up the chase and return to his body. If they manage to defeat Yaotzin, he will reform in a week at full strength.

The pictograms and writing on the bell describe what it is used for and with a successful **Decipher Script check (DC 15)** the ceremony surrounding the bell can be revealed from them. A search of Yaotzins remains will reveal Nemorgas symbol (a closed book with a sword through it as a bookmark) on his robes and a holy symbol. *Note to Hugh: Feel free to add whatever treasure you deem suitable.*

In the event that a PC does become possessed by Yaotzin, read the following text,

The relentless onslaught of your attacker overcomes *insert appropriate name* and he/she falls to the ground, a look of panic still in his/her eyes. With a roar of triumph, the ghostly form falls onto *insert appropriate name* and disappears into him/her. There is a moment of terrible silence and then *insert appropriate name* stands up and brushes him/herself off and looks at you with eyes that are not his/her own. "Please, I do not wish to harm this body nor you" Your companion pleads, his/her arms outstretched towards you. "I beg that you help me finish what I started. Please, help me to bury what is left of the Ga'at Kobolds and my own corpse"

Yaotzin, through his victims body, will answer every question put to him truthfully. He has assumed the rest of the tribe has been killed by the cube, and should he be proven right (the Party will have had to have been to the village beforehand to do this) he will weep uncontrollably for several minutes as a wave of grief takes hold.

Should the Party demand the return of their companion and refuse to help Yaotzin he will, in desperation, threaten the life of the PC he possesses and will not back down under any circumstances. If forced out (see his Vulnerability in his stat block), he will attack someone else. Yaotzin will not rest until he completes the ceremony he started all those years ago and in the unlikely event they manage to restrain his victims body and take him away from the grave he will, at every opportunity, attempt to make his way back to the graveyard with a corporeal, humanoid, body.

If they agree to help him, he will be unable to contain his delight and shower them in praise. He then will go on to describe what is required:

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1. Both his and the remaining Kobolds corpse must be wrapped in white gauze (this can be found either in the villages church or they can use the excess from the corpses that lie underneath the bell).
2. All the bodies must be laid out underneath the bell.
3. Yaotzin then picks up his holy symbol and the hammer and proceeds with the ceremony, exulting Nemorgas name and asking him to receive these souls into his Limbo. He rings the bell 4 times after he finishes the eulogy.
4. All the bodies must now be buried and gravestones placed to mark them. the gravestones can be found in a pile near the wall of the cavern.

Once all the above is done Yaotzin thanks the PCs and with tears streaming down his eyes he lets go of the body he possesses and dissipates into the air. Those that make a **Spot check (DC 25)** will see a faint outline of a large cloaked figure wielding a scythe behind Yaotzin as he gives up the possessed PC. The figure disappears along with Yaotzin.

The victim of the possession will be at a disadvantage for a while (his Dex will be 3 and he will regain the lost points at a rate of 1/hour) but will otherwise be unharmed.

Encounter Consequences:

The solution to this encounter may well elude the PCs for some time, and without major magics Yaotzin will prove to be a thorn in their side for some time. No PCs should end up dead as a result of this encounter unless they attack the PC that becomes possessed by Yaotzin, which is something you should be prepared for.

This is also a very good way for the PCs to learn about the Ga'at tribe either before or after they visit the village and it will fill them in on a lot of details that they would otherwise never have found out. Feel free to add whatever depth you deem appropriate to Yaotzin, giving him whatever background best fits the campaign.