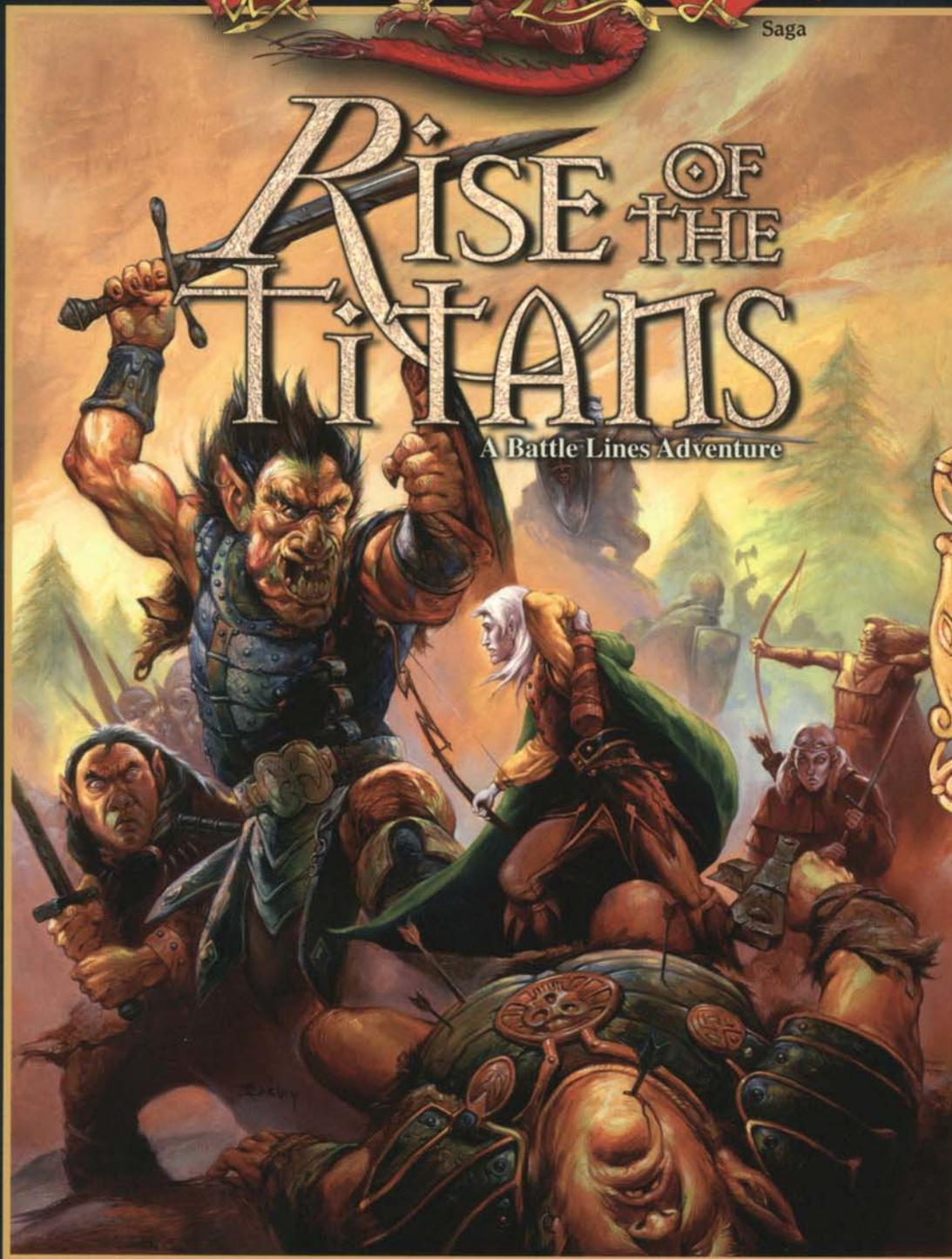


Advanced
Dungeons & Dragons[®]
Game

Dragon Lance[®]

Saga



RISE OF THE TITANS

A Battle Lines Adventure

RICHARD DAKAN

SAGA[®]
GAME RULES

SPELLCASTING

The type of magic used in the Fifth Age differs from that used before the Second Cataclysm. In the Fifth Age, each spellcaster shapes sorcery and to his or her individual style. On the other hand, the AD&D® magic rules leave little if any leeway for players to interpret existing spells, let alone make up new ones on the spur of the moment. How, then, are DMs supposed to apply the AD&D game rules to spellcasters in the Fifth Age? While we have no hard and fast answer to this question, we do have a few suggestions.

- ✦ The easiest method is to simply use the AD&D magic rules as they are—allow wizards and priests to cast spells normally. While this does not accurately represent the changes that the Second Cataclysm wrought on the world of Krynn, it does provide DMs and players with a familiar and comfortable magic system. Furthermore, by carefully selecting which particular spells heroes have access to, DMs can go a long way to giving the game a distinctly Fifth Age feel. In other words, feel free to stretch the normal boundaries of spell selection: Allow PCs access to spells they normally can't get (or deny them access to ones they can get) to bring home the point that things are just a little bit different in Ansalon these days.
- ✦ Or, DMs may free wizard and priest characters from the necessity of memorizing spells altogether. In this option, spellcasting PCs learn spells and keep spellbooks normally, but they can cast any of their spells at a moment's notice. This aids the DM in recreating the feel of Fifth Age magic; spellcasting heroes decide what spells they need only when the time arises to cast them. Meanwhile, players must keep careful track of how many spells of each particular level their PCs cast in a day. Spellcasters may never exceed the number of spells they would be able to cast using the normal AD&D rules (for example, a 4th-level mage could cast a total of three 1st-level and two 2nd-level spells).
- ✦ Finally, if the DM has access to a copy of the *PLAYER'S OPTION®: Spells & Magic* book, all spellcasters can be treated as channelers (described in Chapter 6: Magic). The channeler class represents the closest that AD&D rules come to matching the spellcasting process of Fifth Age sorcery and mysticism. Again, it is incumbent upon the DM to ensure that heroes and characters have access to spells that help recreate the possibilities and restrictions of their usual schools and spheres.



Whatever method DMs choose to give their DRAGONLANCE games the feel of the Fifth Age—whether it be one of those delineated above or a spell point system of their own devising—we encourage them to remain flexible in their rulings. In the end, no AD&D rules patch will perfectly recreate the SAGA® magic system (just as the SAGA rules can never completely reproduce the feel and style of AD&D magic). It is always more important for you and your players to have fun and enjoy your game than for you to follow exactly the letter of any set of rules.



A Battle Lines Adventure

RISE OF THE TITANS

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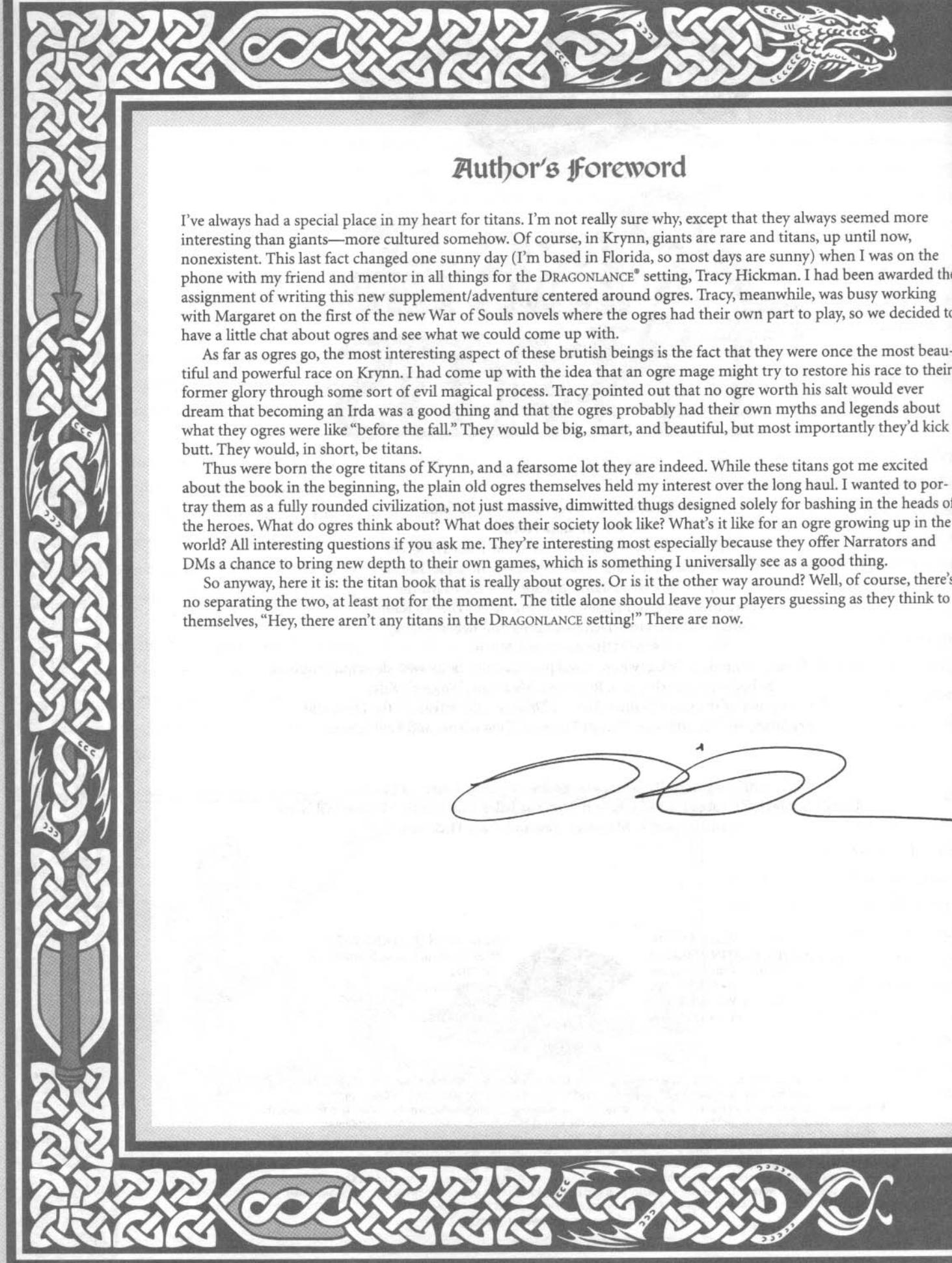
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Author's foreword

I've always had a special place in my heart for titans. I'm not really sure why, except that they always seemed more interesting than giants—more cultured somehow. Of course, in Krynn, giants are rare and titans, up until now, nonexistent. This last fact changed one sunny day (I'm based in Florida, so most days are sunny) when I was on the phone with my friend and mentor in all things for the DRAGONLANCE® setting, Tracy Hickman. I had been awarded the assignment of writing this new supplement/adventure centered around ogres. Tracy, meanwhile, was busy working with Margaret on the first of the new War of Souls novels where the ogres had their own part to play, so we decided to have a little chat about ogres and see what we could come up with.

As far as ogres go, the most interesting aspect of these brutish beings is the fact that they were once the most beautiful and powerful race on Krynn. I had come up with the idea that an ogre mage might try to restore his race to their former glory through some sort of evil magical process. Tracy pointed out that no ogre worth his salt would ever dream that becoming an Irda was a good thing and that the ogres probably had their own myths and legends about what they ogres were like "before the fall." They would be big, smart, and beautiful, but most importantly they'd kick butt. They would, in short, be titans.

Thus were born the ogre titans of Krynn, and a fearsome lot they are indeed. While these titans got me excited about the book in the beginning, the plain old ogres themselves held my interest over the long haul. I wanted to portray them as a fully rounded civilization, not just massive, dimwitted thugs designed solely for bashing in the heads of the heroes. What do ogres think about? What does their society look like? What's it like for an ogre growing up in the world? All interesting questions if you ask me. They're interesting most especially because they offer Narrators and DMs a chance to bring new depth to their own games, which is something I universally see as a good thing.

So anyway, here it is: the titan book that is really about ogres. Or is it the other way around? Well, of course, there's no separating the two, at least not for the moment. The title alone should leave your players guessing as they think to themselves, "Hey, there aren't any titans in the DRAGONLANCE setting!" There are now.

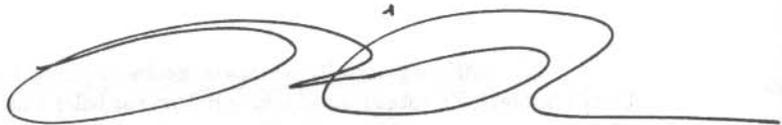




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Like stars in the sky, the watchers of the darkness were the mighty Ogres, building a nation of order and discipline. But their hungers consumed them, their greed and desire made them weak and ugly, and their appetites devoured them.

The humans rebelled against their cruelty and vengeance, and the Ogres fell from the grace of the gods.

—From the Book of the Irda, The Irda

The Ogres

It is my fervent hope that you who read this are children of a world ruled by ogres, the chosen of the great Darklady*. As I set pen to parchment, the destiny of the ogre peoples unfolds itself before my very eyes—a destiny that you no doubt are already living in. Let this work stand as an example of what we once were, recording our rise, fall, and eventual rebirth as a people. We must not forget where we were before and the depths to which we had sunk.

Now that the Age of Titans is upon us again, I present here a full and complete study of what life was truly like in the Age of Ogres. I lived my early years in the hard times of this age as a scion of a despised and ridiculed people. We still suffered under the Curse of Paladine when it opened, but then I discovered the secret of our

* Darklady is the ogre name for Takhisis.



A Note about the Rules

Throughout this book, game mechanics appear wherever the roleplaying situation calls for a specific rule. SAGA® game rules appear in the running text or paragraphs preceded by the leaf icon (♣), while rules for the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game appear either in color type within curved brackets {like this} or in a separate paragraph preceded by a dragon icon (🐉).

redemption. Here I present the story of that age and how it yielded to the Age of Titans.

I am Dauroth, and once I was what many called an ogre mage, in truth one of the most gifted and powerful of my time. I have studied the history of our people more extensively than any living being and am, without a doubt, the greatest authority on the ogres in the entire world. We shall come to my story in due course, but first we must know of the sad state of the ogres before I came to them.

—Excerpt from *The Ogres: An Authoritative Study* by Dauroth of Blöde

The Curse of Paladine

I am sure we have all heard the tale of the Curse a thousand times, but I shall retell it in brief for those readers who want the definitive version set down in writing. When the gods first created the world, each of the three great deities created one race. Takhisis, first in all things, created the ogres, a race of powerfully built, beautiful people who possessed great magic and wisdom. Paladine created elves, and Gilean created humans.

The ogres awoke first and became the rightful rulers of the world. They enslaved the humans to serve them and drove the hated elves off into their forest refuges. For thousands of years the ogre peoples ruled in peace and prosperity. They built marvelous cities high in the mountains of the world and mastered powerful magics. This time was truly the first Age of Titans.

The original ogres, or titans, were nothing like the misshapen and bestial creatures that so much of the world today has come to associate with the name. The titans were glorious beings, standing twice as tall as any of the lesser races and capable of defeating ten times their number in battle. Truly, no greater beings ever walked the world.

Out of jealousy and hate, the gods of Good and Neutrality set out to tear down the world Takhisis and the titans had built. They corrupted one of the titans, a wealthy landowner named Igraine. They caused him to set free his human slaves and, consequently, touched off rebellion among the millions of slaves who served the titans faithfully. Although the titans fought hard, treachery and the power of Paladine and his misguided followers overcame them.

As titan society collapsed and the world fell into barbarism, Paladine could not resist one final parting blow.

AGE OF TITANS ~

He cursed the titans to become just as degenerate and aimless as their civilization had become. In his words, "Let the Evil in their hearts be evident in their forms." This curse caused the finely sculpted forms of the titans to shrink and shrivel, becoming hunched and brutish. Thus were born the ogres whom so many people know today: dull-eyed louts who are a shadow of their former selves.

On the Diversity of OGREKIND

The Curse of Paladine struck us down, but not immediately. The cruel god of Good let our people suffer long and hard first. In fact, the original curse did not distort the titans themselves but rather their children. Each generation after the curse was but a shadow of the former generation. The titans tried to use their magic to save their offspring but to no avail. Within a few hundred years, they lost all but the barest vestiges of their original forms as well as most of their power.

Over the course of this period of degeneration, ogres split into several different breeds. The vast majority of ogres became the eight- or nine-foot-tall brutal and rough-hewn beings we normally associate with the name. At half the height of a titan and usually about a fifth of the intellectual prowess, these powerful beings still tower over most of the other races of Krynn. Even Paladine could not take away our basic strength.

Other, rarer breeds of ogres exist as well. The curse affected these descendants of various individual titans in special ways. One of these breeds is of course my own kind: the ogre magi. Some have claimed that the ogre

magi are closely related to the despised Irda, but I have found no truth in this (Irda and ogres are not related). The ogre magi descend from an individual titan named Treloran, one of the most powerful wizards to ever walk Krynn. Treloran's magic was so powerful that he shielded his children from Paladine's Curse, at least somewhat. Unfortunately, ogre-magi tend to be extremely rare, and few exist in my time.

Slightly more common are the giants, who descend from the great titan soldier Raunquar. His martial blood gave birth to creatures just as brutish and unintelligent as normal ogres. However, the giants have retained their forebear's size and strength, standing on average some sixteen feet tall. They have mostly retreated into the mountains and hills, hiding from the world like cowards. Paladine's Curse may have left them with Raunquar's size, but it took away every vestige of his courage and sense of duty. The deformed ettins and cyclopes are misshapen versions of their giant kindred and hardly worth discussing.

The hags or ogresses stand somewhere between the average ogre and the ogre-magi. Descended from a powerful wizard named Lurrhein, the hags could have retained as much power as the ogre magi were it not for the folly of their forebear. Lurrhein, discouraged by the effects of the Curse, lost her mind. She came to the insane conclusion that the reason for the curse was that ogres were trying too hard to expand their civilization and their minds. They needed to stop seeking change.

The Darklady was not amused with this attitude of capitulation towards Paladine (even if Lurrhein did not





The Truth about Titans

Transcriber's Note from Farana Silvertreth

Truly knowledgeable historians of Krynn know that Dauroth has played with the truth a little here. In the beginning of time, all ogres looked much like the Irda look today, which is to say, nothing like the titans of Dauroth's tale. Over the millennia, the ogres have developed their own myths and songs describing their long-lost glory. Like many myths, these stories have a grain of truth at their origin, but the authors have taken great poetic license to make their tales more compelling. The modern ogre would never think of the Irda when dreaming of former glories. In their eyes, the Irda are small, weak of the flesh, and generally unimpressive looking. Ogres appreciate strength, brutality, and the ability to tear one's enemies apart.

It should surprise no one that the ogres created their own perfect version of themselves and called them titans. The titans of legend never existed until Dauroth brought them into being. Dauroth undoubtedly took all the stories he had memorized as a child and gave them life. Whether or not the key to creating such a powerful magic transformation came from his own mind or from some malevolent outside force shall remain a mystery. The titans may never have existed in the past, but their current existence threatens everyone.

realize what she was doing) and therefore tore holes in the magical shield Lurrhein had created for her children. Consequently, they too became deformed, although in a manner different from most ogres. Thus were born the various breeds of hags: annis, greenhags, and sea hags—all descended from Lurrhein. They retain some of their progenitor's magical abilities, although not to the degree of the ogre magi.

Other strange breeds of ogres came into being as well, but most of them died out quickly, as they could not reproduce or they eventually disappeared into the greater ogre population because of inbreeding. For thousands of years, the ogres have bred true, perpetuating the legacy of the original titans in their corrupted blood, waiting for the day when a messiah would come along and restore them to their former glory.

The Two Realms

Ogre communities concentrated in two main regions of Ansalon: the mountain realm of Blöde and the tropical peninsula of Kern. Each realm offered something of value to its ogre inhabitants, although historians like me widely recognize that Blöde was always the superior of the two. In fact, the titans first awoke on the very mountain that now is the site of the city of Blöten, first city of the ogres and founded by the Darklady herself.

Even before the Curse of Paladine struck our people down, the ogres had divided into two separate realms. Relations between the two realms have sometimes been strained, but in general they have gotten along, recogniz-

ing that they had much in common with each other and that allies are important in a hostile world.

Recently the Khan of Kern, under the guidance of the grand wisdom of the titans, ceded control of his kingdom to the Chieftain of Blöde. For the first time in ages, the two realms stand united. Unfortunately, some malcontents disliked this change and several of Kern's clans rose in open rebellion. A brief but sadly bloody civil war ensued, during which the titans led the loyal ogres of Blöde and Kern to victory over the cowardly rebels. As of this writing, the civil war is over and all of Kern happily follows our will.

I shall begin my brief account of these two kingdoms with the lesser realm of Kern, which lies to the north of Blöde. I have taken the liberty of not only setting down the historical state of these realms before the return of the titans, but I have also noted what effects the titans have had on these realms in the few short years we have been back.

Kern

The realm of Kern occupies the Kern peninsula, surrounded by the Blood Sea of Istar, the Northern Courrain Ocean, and the Miremier Seas. The northernmost extension of the Khalkist Mountains defines the realm's southern border, providing a natural barrier with the realms of Neraka and Khur (the latter currently ruled by the dragon Malystrix).

Located so far north, Kern is constantly subjected to temperatures many consider oppressively hot. Certainly, the plains of Kern have seldom seen a flake of snow in all history, but they have had more than their share of rain. In ancient times, forests covered the entire region, but centuries of turning trees into lumber have left only two substantial wooded regions: one to the north, the other to the south.

The ogres of Kern live simpler lives than their cousins to the south. They do not live in great cities as do the ogres of Blöde, and they do not concern themselves with what is going on in the rest of the world unless it directly impacts their lives. Today that has changed somewhat as we titans bring all of ogrekind into the forefront of worldly events.

Ogre Politics in Kern

Traditionally, Kern politics have focused on family groups. Most settlements within Kern revolve around large family groups or clans. I have discovered that a typical settlement consists entirely of ogres related to one another in some fashion. These clan communities are the only social groupings ogres truly feel comfortable in. When marching into battle, whether under the Dragon Highlords in the War of the Lance or now under their Grand Khan and the titans, the ogres of Kern always form their regiments along clan lines. Each clan has stories, songs, and traditions, all of which relate histories of the various battles their clan has won down through the ages.

Before the titans, the clans led most of their lives as independent political entities and had little to do with the daily politics of the Kern government. Kern has no system of taxation yet, nor any other organized economy. Each clan scrounges, steals, hunts, or trades for what it

needs, and conflicts between neighboring clans occur frequently. The Grand Khan, nominal leader of the clans of Kern, is traditionally from the Kern clan. The Kern trace their lineage back to the ancient ogres and at one time held tremendous influence over the world. Until the arrival of the titans, the power of the Khans had slipped to almost nothing. The Grand Khan of Kern can make only one claim on his people: They must all answer him when he puts out a call to arms. The Khan also settles disputes between clans, although few communities choose to call upon his judicial powers. Ogres prefer to settle things their own way.

Even today, the Khan's most significant power is that he owns all the land in Kern not expressly owned by one of the many clans. Since the unclaimed land is of little value and ogres themselves do not farm or engage in any other agriculture yet, this claim has historically meant very little. Lately however, the current Khan discovered a way to use this power to his advantage. The town of Dragon's Point was home to the Klargh clan, all of whom mysteriously fell prey to a strange plague about a decade ago. No other clan would move into the area, fearing it cursed in some way. The Khan then claimed it for his own and promptly turned around and sold it to the minotaur kingdom of Mithas for a tidy sum and an annual tithe.

Evidently, the minotaurs desperately needed a reliable source of lumber for their ships and the Endscape woods in northern Kern were a perfect source. While I feel obligated to point out that the Khan could probably have made much more money by cutting the trees of Endscape and selling them to the minotaurs for a handsome profit, he was an ogre at the time. Ogres prefer to take quick and easy money since they are at heart lazy beings. Even so, the selling of ancestral ogre land angered many of the clans. Although the local ogres could do little about it, I fear that the seeds of rebellion were planted the day the minotaurs moved into Dragon's Point.

The Communities of Kern

Aside from Kern, very few large towns or cities exist in Kern, though this might change as we titans accomplish more of our goals. In general, each clan has a single settlement that they hold as their own. These towns normally have between fifty and two hundred family units living in them. Since the average ogre family consists of five individuals, most communities have a population of around five or six hundred. Most ogres in Kern live on the open grasslands, usually next to a river or other source of water. Ogre families live in large stone buildings with wooden roofs called longhouses. The typical longhouse consists of one main room where the family eats, sleeps, and keeps its hearth. Many houses have an additional private room or a cellar where they store food and precious goods. These longhouses are quite sturdy, and many have stood for several hundred years.

From what I understand, the head of the clan, or chieftain, usually has a much more elaborate home. Often the chieftain's home is built to accommodate the ruins of some ancient ogre building from the Age of Titans. The ogres have great reverence for their ancient past, and to live among the ruins is considered a great honor. The chieftain's longhouse always possesses at least two stories and serves as the center of government for

the community. The Hall of the Chieftain has a large reception area where the elders of the clan can come together and where the chief can preside over disputes between families. It also serves as a trophy room, showing captured booty as well as crudely rendered tapestries depicting the clan's past victories.

Although the ogres of Kern practice very little agriculture, they do domesticate animals, particularly dogs. The Kern love their dogs, and every family has at least a few of these bestial canines in their home. Trained hunting dogs are actually one of the few real products that the ogres can export to other lands. Hunters from Neraka, Malystryx's domain, and even Nordmaar and Estwilde will trade or pay good steel for a well-trained dog of Kern. The ogres seldom keep their dogs leashed up, and they tend to roam the area in packs. They never attack ogres of the clan, but strangers in the town may find themselves in a lot of trouble.

Although several breeds of dogs exist in Kern, the most common is the Carsh breed, an ogre name that simply means "hunter." These large dogs stand almost three feet high at the shoulder when fully grown and weigh over one hundred pounds. They are lean, muscular, and fast, with short, coarse brown or black fur. I hear that one of them can easily take down a human on its own, and in packs, they can tear a man to shreds in a few minutes.

Ogres are at heart scavengers, and most clans send out scavenging parties on a regular basis. These parties not only hunt wild game, but they attack fellow travelers, or even other ogres. Most of the scavenging parties bring large packs of tamed but savage dogs.

Town life centers on the scavenger and raiding parties and what they bring back. I have discovered that it is normal for a third of the population to be off hunting at any given time. Both male and female ogres participate





Ogre Clans of Kern

—a summarized excerpt from *Ogrekind*
by Trent Farlane

Although wars and cataclysms have wrought great change among the balance of power among the clans of Kern ogres, a few have still maintained a prominent position among the hierarchy of families. The greatest clan is, of course, the Kern clan. The Grand Khan usually comes from this clan. They live in Kernon and have several branches, which often causes conflict when the leadership of the nation is ever in question. (In the past, the Grand Khan has traditionally died in a battle or sortie. Although the Khan's son or daughter tends to become the next Khan, the challenges that occur before becoming a Khan can kill off weaker candidates.)

Other important or powerful ogre clans include the following: Darghen, Kreln, Reckt, and Grangh. The Darghen live on the northern coast of the Miremier near the ruins of Ghuth. Their leader is traditionally an ogre shaman, though an occasional ogre has risen to this position when that generation's shaman tends toward a physically weak disposition. While I was traveling through that area, I heard rumors that the current ogre shaman chieftain has found some artifact that might have come from ancient Istar. Unfortunately, I could not follow up on this story.

The clan of Kreln lives about twenty miles southwest of Hag's Dirk. They tend to pillage weaker villages nearby and protect their own village extremely well, and over the years, they have gained quite a few interesting relics. They graciously allowed me to see some of them. I must admit that I was impressed. They had several glain opals and many other gem types, a set of matching elven daggers that were undoubtedly magical, and an unusual silver flute, to name a few. The flute was completely untarnished, and when I asked to play

in the hunts. At least once a year the chieftain leads out a great hunt, where all but the sick, young, and feeble set out to accomplish some major raid. The ogres may be gone for up to a month, and during that time they will raid other communities as far away as the realms of Onysabet or Nightlund (although the target might be as close as another ogre clan a few miles away). When they return with their booty, the ogres hold a great feast, sing songs of the ancient days, get roaring drunk on potato liquor, and eat the flesh of their enemies. Only in these rare moments of victory do the ogres approach the greatness that was once theirs.

Blöde

Blöde is a very different place from Kern. Landscape, culture, and current politics all come together to make Blöde a more civilized place. Although this was not always the case, today all of Blöde's territory consists of mountains. The Khalkist Mountains have long sheltered the homes of the ogre people, and I have discovered that most of these ancient cities still house ogres to this day. Blöde's voracious western neighbor, Onysabet, has recently swallowed the fertile fields that long ago supported the slave-run farms that fed the ogres. Although

it, the clan leader looked uneasy and refused rather brusquely. I was sent on my way shortly after that. I can only assume that the flute has some interesting history behind it.

The Reckt clan lives near the battlesite of Stabbing. They tend to be powerful because of their militant watch over the area. Evidently, they have a terrible problem with undead rising from the fields of Stabbing and filtering into the nearby villages (including theirs). When I asked about why they have such a problem, I did not get much of an answer. The way I understand it, an ogre shaman was casting a spell just as the gods left. It went awry, and ever since then, the Reckt clan has been killing undead such as zombies, ghosts, and skeletons. The Reckt rose to power recently because they started using every ogre in the clan (including the weak ones that normally would stay behind) to fight these undead. Due to this and their higher-than-normal reproduction rate, the Reckts have made their services available to other outlying villages that have suffered from undead attacks.

Finally, the Grangh clan contains a set of ogre magi twins. The sisters gained their skills early in life and have been using them to both protect and defend their clan from others. From what I understand, each generation produces another set of ogre magi twins, some male and some female (or a mix). Consequently, their ability to send out a powerful mage with a hunting party and keep another powerful mage behind to defend the village has proven to be a winning strategy. This family lives about forty miles away from Dragon's Point and is fairly close to Arrowhead. Although I could not talk my way into the Grangh longhouse, I did discover that the twins have a comprehensive library. My guess is that the library is written entirely in the ogre tongue, however.

the ogres dream of retaking this historically ogre property, for now they remain safe and secure within their mountain cities.

The weather in Blöde is much cooler than that in Kern because of both its elevation and the fact that it lies farther south. Winters are relatively mild except in the higher peaks, which are covered in snow for most of the year. Blöde is not a fertile land. The mountainsides have mostly boulders, rocks, and thorny bushes upon them. A few valleys hidden deep within the mountain ranges host forests and some arable land. The ogres live entirely in cities, all of them much larger than what one would find in Kern. The cities generally rest on plateaus but some of them are simply built up along the side of the mountain.

Hundreds of generations of ogres living in the same mountains have created a network of rough mountain paths that crisscross the entire realm. The ogres use these trails both to trade among the various cities of Blöde and to march forth on their frequent raiding and scavenging expeditions. Furthermore, the ancient ogres cut their own roads and tunnels into these mountains, many of which are still in use to this day. Consequently, the Khalkist Mountains within Blöde itself are some of the most easily negotiated peaks on the continent, as long as you stick to the well-traveled paths.

Now more than ever, Blöde is a nation on the move. The whole realm is filled with a fighting fervor and a pride that no ogre has felt since the First Age. The titans have rejuvenated the ogres and given them hope of recovering their lost glory. Although ogres are simple folk, they tend to be quite tenacious when given the proper motivation. Under their new leadership, they feel confident of eventual victory over all their foes, and one day I hope they prove themselves worthy of becoming titans themselves. Ogres move from one city to another, transporting manufactured goods, training for the long marches to come, or mustering in their legions. Messengers are always on the run, carrying the most recent proclamations from the great titans.

Ogre Neighborhoods in Blöde

In my experience, the ogres of Blöde have always taken themselves a little more seriously than their cousins in Kern. In Blöde, almost every ogre lives within one of the ancient ogre settlements, whereas the ogres of Kern have had to find their own way in the world outside of Kernen. In Blöde, ogres feel some responsibility to try and live up to the glory of their ancestors even if the best they can hope for is to be a pale imitation of the original. Thus, they crowd into the great ruins that are their cities, live in festering, unsanitary conditions, and play at being civilized.

Unfortunately, their base natures and relatively low intelligence mean that they are little more than sad mockeries. The family is not nearly as important in Blöde as it is in Kern. Crammed into overcrowded cities, the lines between one family and another tend to blur. The ogres find little privacy, and neighbors tend to share with or steal from each other on a regular basis, even when it comes to mates and raising children. The basic unit in Blöde politics and society is not so much the family but the neighborhood. These neighborhoods represent the old districts of the ancient cities where hundreds of ogres squeeze together just to lie where they think they should in their ancestral homes. Neighborhoods can become quite insular and rivalries between them often erupt into violence. Ogres stick to their own areas of the city and the few public places where all are welcome. Everyone knows everyone else in a neighborhood, and strangers are definitely not welcome.

The neighborhoods of Blöde's cities serve much the same function that clans do in Kern. Neighborhoods send out communal raiding parties on expeditions that usually last months at a time. This not only alleviates crowding, but also helps secure food and trade goods for the neighborhood as a whole. While the ogres value private property, they do not really expect to keep anything for long. Neighbors often pick up anything that is not chained to the floor and take it for their own. While this leads to frequent good-natured brawls, no one much minds.

Until recently, the neighborhoods were relatively autonomous groups. They fought with other neighborhoods in the city during times of peace and joined to defend the city as a whole to defend it from invaders. City loyalty is still very important to the neighborhoods, even if they do not actually get along with their neighbors. The whole city comes together a few times a year



for communal festivals, and every few years cities usually hold a great communal raid where they join forces and set out in search of booty and slaves.

Recently, Donnag and I have begun to change how neighborhoods see themselves. We have fired up the ogres of Blöde and unified them as nothing else could. We have put a halt to the feuds between neighborhoods. Now titans under Donnag's command organize the ogres into regiments based on the neighborhoods, and ogres who once would kill each other for walking down the wrong street now fight side by side in the new army. We seek to forge an ordered, disciplined urban society from the chaos that has ruled life in Blöde for as long as anyone can remember. It looks as if we might succeed.

High Politics in Blöde

Politics in Blöde has always been more about the office than the man (or ogre). In Kern, the Khan holds his title through familial connections and tradition. In Blöde, whoever controls the city of Blöten has always been acknowledged as the nominal head of the entire realm. The ogres of Blöde attach special significance to their ancient capital. Tradition has always maintained that Blöten is the birthplace of the ogre peoples and is thus home to its greatest rulers. Although no longer a very religious people, the ogres still feel that whoever controls this sacred place must somehow have the blessing of Takhisis.

So, for the rest of the ogres of Blöde, choosing a chieftain is easy. They pay fealty to whoever commands the Chieftain's Manor, the tower in the center of Blöten. Although slightly more centralized than the Kern government, the government has not heavily influenced the ogres for a long time. Every city must send an annual tithe to the chieftain, which supposedly amounts to one tenth of all booty taken during that year's raids. In prac-



tice, most ogres cannot even figure out what one tenth of their booty might be, and if they can, they realize that they do not want to give it up. Thus, while every city makes some show of paying tribute, the amount actually sent to Blöten amounts to very little.

In times of war or national emergency, the chieftain also has the power to command each city to send warriors to serve under the chieftain's command. Most recently, the ogres have fought protracted conflicts against both the Dark Knights in Neraka and Onysablet's forces in the New Swamp. In both cases, they lost. The main reason for this is that while many ogres answered the call to arms, few of them stayed around once the fighting turned ugly. Some simply went home once they filled their packs with all the booty they could carry. Others bristled under the orders of the chieftain and his commanders and fought in their own way. Their more organized foes thus easily forced the ogres back into their mountains and the entire province of Blödehelm was lost.

Each city chooses its own leaders, or Wardens, from the most powerful neighborhoods. These Wardens have little responsibility or power other than what they can forcibly hold for themselves. They collect the meager tributes and send them onto Blöten, and they make sure enough ogres report for duty when the Chieftain musters the army for the national defense. In most cases, the Warden also collects a tax for himself. The rest of the neighborhoods pay the tax only because they know that none of them are strong enough to oppose the Warden. Should the Warden ever show signs of weakness, another leader from another neighborhood acts by first ousting the failing leader and then assuming power.

This same selection process holds true within Blöten as well. The fight for the Chieftain's Manor House and the nominal rule of the realm has often turned bloody. Chieftain Donnag's power was on the decline, weakened by his continued losses to Onysablet, Neraka, and even the dwarves of Thoradin. I came on the scene just in time. By transforming into a titan, Donnag has assured his supremacy in Blöde and now helps me build a new world order for all ogres.

Ogres and Mountains

Ogres love mountains. The ancient ogres built magnificent cities high in the mountains of Ansalon so that they could look down on the rest of creation from their lofty perch. Although I have some texts that declare the early ogres famous for their conceit and hubris, it should surprise no one that these ancient ogres with their powers and rank in the world saw it only fitting that they lived in the heavens. Of course, the ogres of old had something very important that allowed them to build such wonderful cities: slaves. The ogres have never been farmers or workers. From the earliest days of recorded history, the ogres held slaves, mostly humans, who gathered their food, mined their ore, and performed every other menial task imaginable. This left the ogres free to pursue more appropriate, lofty pursuits such as art, music, literature, and, most importantly, magic.

After the fall of ogrekind, the ogres remained in the mountains, although they had no slaves or magic. The fallen ogres made the transition from masters to predators and scavengers. They remained in the mountains

not to be closer to the gods but for protection. With their great strength and resilience, the ogres could live the harsh life of a mountain dweller without too many difficulties. Other races had a hard time scaling the mountains, and no army could effectively move through the peaks as well as the ogres (except dwarves who moved under the peaks). The mountains offered safety and shelter from a world that was no longer theirs to command as it had once been.

As ogre populations grew over the years, the ancient mountain homes grew crowded beyond their capacity. As predators, the ogres relied primarily on what they could steal from others. By the laws of nature, a given environment can support only so many predators. Some of the ogres decided to move on, emigrating to other mountain ranges and, for the first time, down into the fields and valleys below. Ogres settled the hot and humid land of Kern. While the ancient ogres had maintained outposts and keeps on the Kern peninsula (principally for managing their slaves there), ogres had not lived in the region in a long while. The great ogre migration drove off hundreds of thousands of human residents, many of whom became meals for the new residents.

Since those times, the mountain ogres of Blöde and the plains ogres of Kern have drifted apart. Although the two nations have never lost contact and still trade with one another, I have seen that a definite difference exists between the two realms. The ogres of Blöde view Kern as a backward, somewhat savage (a relative term for ogres) place. The Kern ogres view the denizens of Blöde as haughty and pretentious. It is interesting to note that, while the vast majority of Kern ogres live in the open, the capitol of Kern remains Kernen, an ancient ogre city in the mountains. In our hearts, the ogres (and titans) of Kern still respect our mountain roots and accord great reverence to the capital city.

Ogre Festivals

Ogres have little in the way of organized religion anymore. Although local shamans serve some of the purposes of priests, the ogres abandoned religion long ago. Cursed as they were by the gods, the ogres found little use for actually worshiping them. Consequently, the ogres needed to find some other way to fill the need for ritual they felt deep within them. Thus the festivals were born.

Ogre festivals vary greatly from community to community. Within Kern, each clan has its own festival traditions. Usually the festivals are rather impromptu events, held after a particularly successful raid or a great victory in battle. Other communities have developed rigid schedules of festivals, based on the turning of seasons or the anniversaries of important events. Up until the return of the titans, no nationwide, mandated festivals like the one taking place in Kernen occurred. We hope to change all that, knowing that festivals serve an important role in keeping ogre society together.

The singing of songs and the telling of tales are both important aspects of the festival, almost as important as eating and drinking. The storytelling can go on for hours, often with ogres that were present at a particular battle telling their own versions of the same events. The ogres love to listen to tales of violence and depravity, never growing tired of hearing the same bloody acts

described repeatedly. Until recently, the ogres usually told tales of events that happened in the lifetime of the ogre speaking. The devotees of the titans have modified that by telling tales of the ancient titans to help reinforce the titan power base in the minds of the population.

It is normal for ogre festivals to include the ritual slaying of prisoners taken in battle. Some communities hold their own version of gladiatorial games, while others simply slaughter the prisoners outright. In either case, the ogres feast upon the recently defeated as part of the festival, thus proving their superiority over their rivals.

Ogre Shamans

Although the ancient ogres had magicians as powerful as any race, they lost most of that ability when Paladine's Curse gradually transformed them into the powerful but slow-witted monsters they are today. Still, some ogres have retained a small aptitude for magic. The more powerful and extremely rare ogre-magi possess abilities to rival any modern-day spellcaster. Ogre shamans, those ogres born with more intelligence and a natural born feel for the magical arts, are more common.

Nearly every sizable ogre community has at least one shaman. In fact, I have noticed that many shamans lead their clans and are the most respected ogres in existence. Unlike human or elven spellcasters who tend to forgo physical training in order to pursue their magical arts, shamans tend to be very physical, rough-and-tumble ogres. A shaman rarely masters more than one sphere of magic, limited as they are by both native ability and the mental resolve to study. Shamans use magic on a purely instinctual level. From an early age, they find that they can do things other ogres cannot, and over time, this ability develops through occasional use.

Ogre shamans usually rule a community because they are the toughest ogres in town. They know how to fight and scavenge as well as anyone and their magic only helps them achieve their goals more effectively. Most shamans collect a devoted band of followers who gladly obey his or her commands. In return, the shaman leads his or her followers after some of the best booty to be found. Made confident by their magic, shamans will raid far from home and other ogres will follow them, emboldened by the shaman's wonderful tricks. Nothing spurs a group of ogres into battle faster than watching their shaman cast forth sheets of fire or lightning from his or her hands.

In addition to being spellcasters and warriors, I have seen that shamans also tend to be great storytellers. Since most ogres are awed and even a little frightened by magic (although they would never admit such a fear), they will easily believe any tale of magical prowess a shaman might tell them. Not only do shamans relate their own deeds and accomplishments, but they also speak of the great shamans of the past, including the ancient ogres. In fact, the shamans have played a large role in emphasizing the true size, ferocity, and magical prowess of the legendary titans.

Ogres and Outsiders

Ogres hate other races. It is a simple fact and one that is unavoidable among my former kind. Ogres grow up with

a horrible inferiority complex, and their life is a series of contradictions. On the one hand, they are just about the biggest, strongest, toughest race on Krynn. On the other hand, they are one of the least accomplished civilized races. Once they were the chosen of Takhisis, masters of all they surveyed, and visions of beauty. Now they are universally hated, ugly, and barely considered intelligent by the rest of the races. A certain amount of resentment is only natural.

In their heart of hearts, every ogre would prefer it if none of the other races were around. As it is, they realize that in some cases they have to learn to get along with others, or at least a few of them. The ogres know that given their lack of intelligent leaders, they have to follow others to greater glories. Thus, ogre soldiers have in the past served in the armies of Evil on many occasions, most recently in the service of the Dragon Highlords during the War of the Lance. When no such charismatic Evil force exists to command their allegiance, the ogres fall back on their old ways: raiding and scavenging.

The ogres of Blöde trade with their human neighbors to the east: the nomads of Khur. The only thing an ogre respects is strength, and the men and women of Khur have plenty of that. As long as their trading partners show no signs of weakness, the ogres deal with them fairly. Any sign that the trading partner fears the ogre elicits nothing but scorn and, in all likelihood, the ogre will simply take what he or she wants through force. Outsiders who repeatedly show a strong backbone will eventually earn respect and even friendship from an ogre. While ogres always think lowly of other races, they do occasionally make exceptions for individuals.

All of these ways of thinking have begun to change with the coming of the titans. We provide that spark of ambition and intelligent leadership that ogre society has lacked for so long. For the first time in many years, the ogres can follow one of their own to greater glories. Furthermore, we play on the innate racism that all ogres possess. I want my followers to put the other races of the world into the right perspective: They can serve as slaves to our greater glory. Although foreign trade provides Blöde with a few valuable products for the moment, I have gradually begun to reduce the amount of legal trade. Ultimately, I plan for ogrekind to get what it needs through the old-fashioned methods: conquering the lesser races and pillaging of their belongings. Once we have accomplished this, the lesser races can take up the reins of their former enslavement and produce what we titans and our ogre brethren need.

Ogre Battle Tactics

Ogres love to fight. They fight for their food, money, and fun. Ogres judge the success of a raid not just by the booty gathered but by the quality of the slaughter that accompanied it. Ogres especially like to fight weaker opponents, although they do not shy away from fighting a larger foe (however, not many things are larger than an ogre). Traditionally, ogres employ very simple weapons that they can either make for themselves or steal from others. Spiked clubs are especially popular among ogres of all regions. These nasty weapons usually measure some five or six feet in length and are little more than a tree branch with ten-inch iron



spikes driven through one end. When they can get their hands on them, ogres also like steel maces, axes, and spears, although few ogre artisans make such weapons. In addition to their club or other weapon, most ogres carry a long knife or dagger. This is usually used as a tool for skinning captives, cutting meat, and other utilitarian purposes.

In battle, ogres charge their enemy with gleeful abandon and blood lust. In the past, few ogres trained formally for combat. They relied on their massive strength and toughness, combined with wild but powerful attacks, to blow through any opposition. Regretably, ogres are not particularly adept at teamwork or fighting as a unit. Even when part of a larger force, ogres traditionally rush forward in a mob and strike at whatever they come across. They make up for their lack of tactics through sheer ferocity. Even when their weapons break or they get wounded, ogres keep on fighting to the end. Until recently, this technique worked well for them.

Outside of the actual fight, ogres often have more concern for their own fate. Fearless in battle, the thought of torture or imprisonment terrifies most ogres. Any situation where they no longer have control makes them ill at ease.

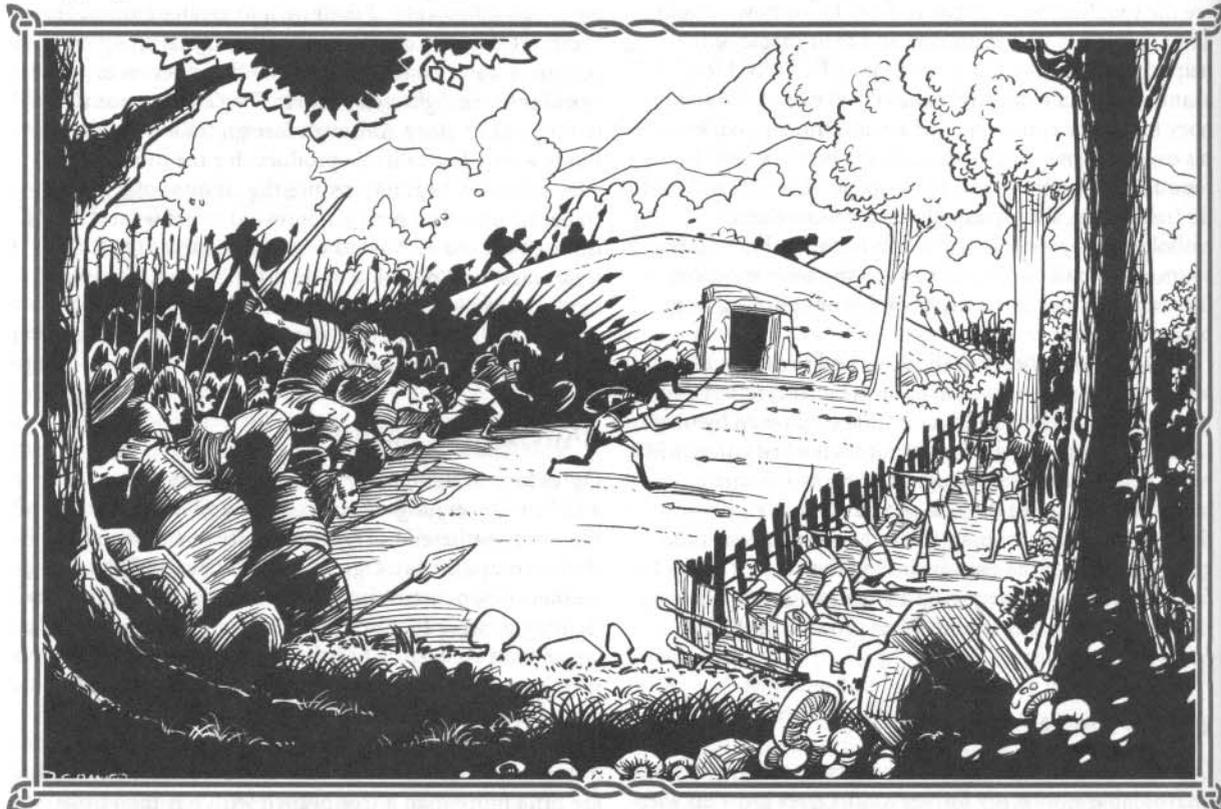
Recently, we have begun to break all of these old habits. We train the ogre armies like real soldiers. The ogres, used to their easygoing life styles and free-form fighting style, do not like all of the harsh training methods we subject them to, even if it means they will have a greater amount of success in the long term. Because of their resistance, it has taken a long time to train the ogres to fight like a civilized army. However, those regiments that do pass muster are some of the best-equipped, best-trained, and most fearsome soldiers on Krynn. The biggest problem we have as of this writing is making enough ogre-sized arms and armor to equip the new

armies. Ogres have no tradition of metal or leatherworking, so we have to rely on the small force of titans, the occasional rare blacksmith or leatherworker, and slave labor. It takes a long while for a slave to make a good quality ogre-sized sword and as of yet my fellow titans and have equipped only a fraction of their troops with these modern weapons.

Hill Giants of the Khalkists

I close with a brief note about the tribes of hill giants who live in the Khalkist Mountains and therefore have regular interactions with the two ogre realms. Giants are relatively rare among ogrekind and they tend to be reclusive. When giants breed, they always produce giants. Additionally, ogre offspring can sometimes turn out to be giants as well, which is a very unwelcome nativity among most ogre communities. Ogre parents usually expose the baby and let it die rather than raise it as their own. If a group of hill giants lives nearby, the ogres leave the newborn giant in the wilderness near its own kind. More compassionate than their ogre cousins, the giants always take such foundlings in and raise them as part of the family.

The Khalkists Mountains have sheltered hill giants for thousands of years. The giants live primarily through foraging, hunting, and occasionally herding. They are omnivores, content to live on fish and vegetation but happy enough to get a nice goat, goblin, or even bear to roast for dinner. Like most hill giants, they generally prefer to keep to themselves. Unlike many hill giants, the tribes of the Khalkists are in fact very religious and even superstitious beings. Their religion revolves primarily around the worship of nature as a destructive force. They make offerings to their deity in the form of both animal sacrifices and the performance of ritual songs and even



dances (a giant dance has been known to set off avalanches in the winter months).

Surprisingly, given their rather dim intelligence, the hill giants of the Khalkists are also very accomplished wood workers. Although most giants live in caves and never build any lasting structures, they create large, intricately carved totem poles. The giants fell the largest tree in area, then spend months covering it with carvings depicting various spirits and images of their nature god. They then place these poles in places they hold holy, using them as focus points for religious activity. Few outsiders have ever seen these poles since the giants usually place them high in the mountains where no one else would dare go.

Part of the reason the giants can so successfully stay aloof from the rest of the world includes their ability to travel where others cannot. Hill giants have some trails through the mountains, but for the most part, they simply climb wherever they have to go. Despite their great size, or maybe because of it, the giants are tremendously gifted climbers. Their strong hands may be too large to find the tiny crevices smaller climbers rely upon, but they are strong enough to dig into the mountainside and make new, giant-sized grips.

When intruders threaten their territory, the giants like to use their mountains as weapons. For example, they often hurl boulders, cause avalanches, and throw their enemy off the side of a nearby cliff. Although they forged an agreement with us that allows us to use the Giant's Road, we do not stray too far from the road for fear of breaking this lucrative alliance before we are ready to do so. Since the giants have no real leader or central authority to lead them, they probably will not close the road unless we actually make a move against them. However, it never hurts to be patient and move when we are completely prepared.

Final Words

I sincerely hope that this thumbnail sketch of the ogre race at the dawn of the Age of Titans has given you, the reader, a good sense of where we come from. Should history proceed as I think it will, all these facts will become mere historical curiosities—images of a by-gone era. I firmly believe that, were it not for the return of the titans to Krynn, the ogre peoples would remain inflexible in their ways and exactly as I have described them here. Fortunately, we have avoided that sad fate.

The Story of Dauroth

I, Hundjal, present here what I consider the greatest story of our time. I have had the great honor and pleasure to study at the feet of this great being, who is the first of the new titans: Dauroth. A noble, even humble person, Dauroth refused to spend time writing any sort of autobiographical treatise. After more than a little pleading on my part, he agreed to allow me, his foremost student, to write this brief account of his life and accomplishments to date. It is my profound hope that these words, written at the beginning of Dauroth's new life as a titan, shall serve as a record for the ages. Countless generations to come will read them and know the truth about this great ogre who brought our people out of despair and into our rightful place as the masters of Krynn.



Dauroth's Dream

Today the ogre kingdoms of Blöde and Kern are but shadows of their former selves. Both have lost significant territory to dragons and to more powerful neighbors. They are very different from the ogres of legend, who wielded powerful magic, possessed great beauty, held humans as slaves, and were the chosen of Takhisis. Now a single ogre has come who hopes to change the course of ogrekind's demise. His name is Dauroth and he is a scion of that rarest breed of ogres: the ogre magi. As an ogre mage, Dauroth was far removed from the base and brutal existence of most ogres. Today, his intellect far exceeds most ogres (or most humans or elves for that matter). As the name ogre mage would suggest, Dauroth is indeed a spellcaster, and a very good one at that. While ogre-mage magic differs slightly from other magic practiced on Krynn in this new age, it is still quite powerful. Moreover, Dauroth has found an earth-shattering new use for his magical abilities.

For most of his seventy years of life, Dauroth has dreamed of the past glories of the ogre race. When still a child, he had already memorized all of the ancient ogre songs and myths about their glorious past and the treachery of the foul and despised Igraine. His life-long quest has been to find a way to restore his people to their former stature. He firmly believes that the ogres were born to rule the world and all the lives within it. Were it not for the curse of Igraine, ogrekind would rule Ansalon and all of Krynn today. No dragon, no matter how great, could have stood up to the power and majesty of a true ogre, or as they have become known in ogre lore: titans.

The ancient songs described the titans as large, powerful, beautiful beings. Dauroth knew, however, that these qualities did not make the titans masters of all they surveyed. It was their magic and their devotion to the great goddess Takhisis that put them at the pinnacle of existence. Titan magics could level mountains, dry seas, and raze cities. If Dauroth could only uncover the secrets



of that ancient titan magic, he would hold in his hands the key to the salvation of the ogre race. Dauroth devoted much of his youth and early adulthood to studying at the feet of other ogre magi (those few he could find), learning all he could about the secret history of the titans. When he had exhausted what others had to teach him, he moved on to his own experiments. Although he mastered many powerful spells, none of them approached the legendary magic of the titans.

Then came the Summer of Chaos and the end of the Fourth Age, as humans and elves reckon it. The dawning of the Fifth Age left Dauroth as confused and hopeless as most of Krynn. His magic no longer worked, and years of research and learning suddenly became useless. In the blindness of his agony and despair, Dauroth destroyed his magical laboratory and wandered off into the wilderness to die. There, on the brink of death from starvation and exhaustion, Dauroth had his vision.

As Dauroth tells the tale, one of the great titans of old appeared to him as a guide. Over the course of seven days and nights, this shimmering spirit of long-dead glories revealed to Dauroth the secrets of the new magic in Krynn. More importantly, the titan spirit revealed to Dauroth the reason he had thus far failed to reproduce titanic magic. In order to wield such great power, one must first become a titan.

Dauroth's Discovery

Thus armed with the new magic of Krynn, Dauroth returned from the wilderness and began his research anew. However, he had a very definite goal in mind. As the spirit had instructed him, Dauroth began searching for a way to become not an ogre mage wielding titan magic, but an actual titan. Dauroth traveled the ancient ogre ruins in Kern and Blöde as well as other lost places throughout the continent, learning many forgotten facts about his ancient ancestors. All the while he carried out a series of experiments involving hundreds of ogres and other beings. Many of his subjects failed to survive the magical experiments; however, Dauroth knew that these sacrifices were made for the good of the ogre race.

Eventually, Dauroth settled into an ancient ogre stronghold several days from Blöten. Here Dauroth entered the final phase of his great research project. Finally, he had discovered the missing ingredient in all of his previous experiments. The process of becoming a titan required the blood of the titan's most hated enemies: elves. Dauroth had by this time attracted a small following of ogres who would gladly do his bidding. They acquired several dozen elves from the border of Silvanesti (Alhana's scouts, as it turned out) and brought them back alive to Dauroth's citadel.

There, in the restored glory of an ancient ogre citadel, Dauroth made his dream come true. Over the course of three days, he performed the magical rituals he had so carefully designed. The ogre mage sacrificed ten elven prisoners and drained of every drop of their blood into a steaming cauldron infused with the power of his magic. Then, with the power of the ancient titans upon him, Dauroth submerged himself in the boiling bath of elven blood. The pain was such that he burst forth a moment later, but the ritual had worked. The first of the new titans was reborn.

The fearsome ogre mage had been transformed into a giant paragon of beauty. Standing over fifteen feet in height, the blue-skinned titan's magnificent visage stunned his followers. He now had pointy ears, sharp teeth, and piercing black eyes, all set against a handsome, smooth-skinned face. He had the physique of a warrior; his muscles were hard as stone, yet supple and ready for action like some great hunting beast. Truly, no being so magnificent had walked the earth since the Age of Dreams. More important than how he looked was how he felt, though. Dauroth could feel the magical energies of the titans swirling around within him. Now he felt that the power of the Darklady's chosen was his at last. He would become the ogre messiah, leading all his people back to their former glory.

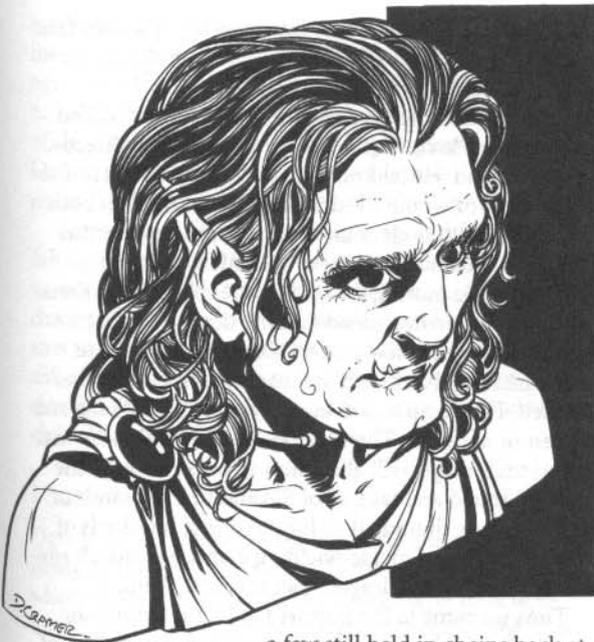
Over the next few months, Dauroth experimented with his new body and his new powers. He began to transform the lands around his keep into a vision of dark beauty. The citadel was transformed overnight to its vanished stateliness. The valley below began to bloom with vegetation long unseen in Blöde: flowers, fruit-bearing trees, and vines heavy with ripe berries. Then came the hidden disaster that Dauroth shared with no one. One morning, he felt the power begin to fade away from him. Terrible pains wracked his muscles and putrid boils began to fester on his skin. The magical transformation was coming undone. He locked himself away and worked feverishly to halt the process. He discovered that an additional bath of elven blood restored him to his full might.

The ogre mage researched the matter for the next year. He transformed several other ogres into titans and then watched as they degenerated into horrible, misshapen beasts many times more horrifying than their original ogre form. Through careful experimentation, Dauroth learned that it was not necessary to completely repeat the transformation ritual to retain one's new titan form. Regular doses of a magical brew consisting of elven blood and other ingredients from the transmogrifying bath could keep a titan healthy and in full form. Now that this obstacle to success had been overcome, Dauroth could proceed with his grand designs for all ogrekind.

Dauroth's Destiny

Rumors of Dauroth's experiments had circulated throughout Blöde and even into Kern over the past year. Dauroth had kept his activities to himself, and only one person in the entire kingdom outside of Dauroth's citadel knew what the ogre mage was up to: Chief Donnag, ruler of Blöde. Dauroth had approached the Chieftain for permission to occupy the ancient ogre citadel that would become his laboratory. Donnag had been skeptical, but when Dauroth revealed his grand scheme, the fire of ambition began to burn in Donnag's heart. He shared Dauroth's vision and longed for the return of the titans.

Now that Dauroth had perfected his transformation technique, he used magic to return to Blöten and Chief Donnag unseen. Donnag was amazed to behold Dauroth's new form and felt so overcome that he agreed to swear eternal loyalty to Dauroth in return for having the transformation process performed upon him. In an inner chamber within Donnag's hall, the ogre titan installed the magical apparatuses necessary for the transformation. Using the last of his captured elves (except for



a few still held in chains back at his citadel), Dauroth performed the three-day ritual and transformed the chieftain of Blöde into a titan.

Donnag, now Dauroth's staunch ally, did not possess all of the magical abilities of the ogre mage, but the transformation did change his life immensely. In the boiling cauldron, his intellect and strength increased. The simple but cunning ogre chieftain became a cruelly brilliant titan with powers new and amazing to him. Under Dauroth's instructions, he revealed himself to the people in his new form. Every ogre who saw him bowed down in awe before this legend come to life. The age of titans had returned and soon the entire world would kneel as well. The usually fractious ogres of Blöde rallied behind their transformed chieftain. They all dreamed of undergoing such a change themselves, and Donnag promised that, one day, their dreams would come true.

Now Dauroth revealed the plan he wished Donnag to put into effect. First of all, unless they captured a large number of elves very soon, Donnag would revert back to his old ogre form. Dauroth told Donnag that to continue to appease the Darklady, they needed to make regular sacrifices of elves, drinking their blood in a toast to her. If they desired to transform more ogres into titans, they would need many more elves. Preparations began for a great invasion. Dauroth would enslave all of Silvanesti, just as the titans of old had once held the humans as slaves. Secondly, once they had enough elves, they could add more titans to their forces, which would help the ogres resist further Dark Knight incursions. At that time, the Dark Knights had not been actively moving against them, but Dauroth foresaw a time when the Knights would attempt to make their push into the mountains again.

Donnag immediately led a raid against the elves loyal to Alhana Starbreeze who sat in camp outside Silvanesti's magic shield. Using only nets and clubs, the ogre raiding party captured scores of elves and brought them back to Blöten. Alhana had been totally surprised by the attack, but now that she knew the ogres threatened her flank, she and Silvanoshei took steps to defend against future attacks. The capture of the elves allowed Dauroth to continue with his plan. He proceeded to transform half a

dozen of the more powerful ogre neighborhood and clan leaders into titans, assuring not only their loyalty but the loyalty of their followers as well. Meanwhile, a call went out throughout Blöde, Kern, and even to the minotaur pirates of the Blood Sea Isles: Chief Donnag would pay good money for live elves.

The seven titans under Dauroth's command began training an army for the next stage of their plans: invasion. Dauroth knew that Alhana was preparing for future raids by ogres, but she could not guess that the ogres were actually planning a full-scale war. Dauroth needed ten elves for every ogre he wanted to turn into a titan, plus additional living elves for brewing the sustaining elixir. Currently, not enough elves lived in all Krynn to transform every ogre, but that did not matter. Once Dauroth created a nation of a few thousand titans, organized under his rule, no force on Krynn could stop him—not the Dark Knights or even Malystryx.

A War of Enslavement

The ogre army marshaled in Blöde and trained under the leadership of the titan chieftains. The sight of the titans inspired the ogres as nothing else ever had. They would follow these living legends into the mouth of Chaos himself if the titans demanded it of them. However, the titans had less lofty goals. They needed elves, and Alhana controlled the only sizable force of elves within easy reach. The titans would need to increase their own numbers before attacking Qualinost or trying to overcome the magical shield around Silvanesti. Thus, Alhana's elven court in exile made the perfect target.

The titan Donnag led the ogre army, with five of the other titans serving as his brigade commanders. A force of nearly a thousand ogres stole down from the mountains and advanced upon Alhana's timber fortified camp outside of Silvanesti. Although ready to ward off any conceivable ogre raid, Alhana was not prepared for this full-scale attack. Even so, she rallied her troops (which included various members of the Legion of Steel) and put up a strong defense. Were it not for a combination of titan magic and the increased intellectual ability of the titan generals, Alhana would probably have defeated the ogre army.

As it turned out, Alhana's staunch defense and quick thinking kept the elven lines from breaking into a disorganized rout. When the ogres mysteriously withdrew without pressing their advantage, the elves at first cheered for their leader. Then, when they went searching for the bodies of their fallen and wounded comrades, they made a horrible realization. No bodies remained, and Alhana's troops did not find much elven blood. The ogres had not been killing their comrades but capturing them. The bestial attackers had abducted hundreds of elves and their trails led straight back to Blöde.

The Age of Titans

Donnag withdrew his army in the middle of battle for the simple reason that the ogres already had more prisoners than they could easily handle. Not only did they capture most of the elven scouts and pickets, but they also subdued many other elven warriors in battle. Though the elves put up a fierce fight and many ogres





died in the battle, these deaths meant little to the titans, who were elated at the fine haul their expedition had netted. Bound and bagged, they dragged the elves back to Blöde and Dauroth's laboratories.

Meanwhile word reached Kern of the strange goings on in Blöde. Emissaries from the Khan of Kern came demanding answers only to be struck dumb at the sight of the titans who greeted them. With a new supply of elven blood that would last him months if not a year or two, Dauroth set about consolidating his control over the ogre kingdoms. Much of Blöde now swore loyalty to the titans, so now it was time to extend his influence to Kern.

The ogres of Blöde always held those of Kern in slight regard, thinking them somehow more savage. This feeling of superiority only increased when the titans came to power. Many were resentful at the idea of any ogre from Kern receiving the gift of transformation before every ogre in Blöde ascended to that glorious state. Dauroth overrode these objections, knowing that for his dream to succeed he would need all of ogrekind united under his banner. Dauroth agreed to transform the Khan of Kern and several of his chieftains into titans as well, but he stipulated several conditions. The Khan swore fealty not only to Dauroth but to Donnag as well, effectively making Kern subordinate to Blöde for the first time in its history. The Khan readily agreed to any conditions, so envious was he of the titans' power.

Some Kern chieftains who were not invited to become titans rebelled at the thought of Kern ever subordinating itself to Blöde. They broke out in open rebellion, declaring that the Khan had given up his mandate to rule. The Khan returned with several other titans and an army of ogres from Blöde. Under the leadership of the titans, the Blöde troops put down the Kern rebellion in a series of bloody, mostly one-sided battles. Although it took over a year for the titans to solidify their position, they eventually succeeded in halting the rebellion and driving the few remaining revolutionaries into the wilderness.

In the wake of rebellion, Kern has settled back into its old patterns. The only difference is that now the various loyal chiefs and clan heads pay homage to a titan Khan instead of an ogre Khan. The Khan in turn pays homage, but no tithe, to the titans of Blöde. Many ogres in Kern have become as caught up in the excitement of the living titans as the ogres of Blöde have. Others remain blasé about the whole process and are content to live their brutal lives as they always have. A few still bristle under the rule of Blöde, but now they keep such feelings to themselves.

Dauroth anticipated rebellion from the ogres of Kern, although he did not think it would take so long to suppress it. All the while, he continued to allow only a few ogres at a time to make the step from ogre to titan. He limited the transformation only to those he thought truly worthy of such a great gift. Dauroth wanted to keep titan numbers low at first to ensure that he always had firm control over all of them. He had a detailed and complex plan for the future of titans and did not want anyone disrupting it. Part of the reason the rebellion in Kern lasted as long as it did was that Dauroth gave strict instructions to the titans about what was and what was not an acceptable risk in battle so that they would survive each skirmish. He believes that the common ogre

needs to think that titans are invulnerable. If a titan falls in battle, it could have disastrous effects on the public image Dauroth wants to cultivate.

At the end of the ogre rebellion, Dauroth solidified his position. He controlled, either directly or indirectly, all of ogrekind. He had now created a total of thirty-five titans, most of whom lived in Blöde and served as both heads of the Blöde clans and leaders of the ogre army. The army itself had become a well-oiled fighting machine while putting down the ogre rebellion in Kern. Now, with his army trained and the titan generals comfortable with their new powers, Dauroth prepares to once again step forth into the world and make his presence felt. First, he plans to take possession of Alhana and the rest of her elves. Then he feels confident that his mastery of titan magic will allow him to burst through the puny elf-shield and take all of Silvanesti. Thousands of captured elves should allow him to create hundreds of titans. An army of magic-wielding giants will match anything Neraka or the dragons can throw at them.

Thus we come to the moment at hand. I must stop my tale, for the future remains unwritten. The armies of the titans mass in the mountains of Blöde and all of Silvanesti no doubt trembles in fear of our impending invasion. The forces of history have been unleashed and there is no stopping them now. The Age of Titans has begun.

Ogre Life Cycles

An ogre, like any living being, is born, comes of age, grows old, and dies. In the course of those years, he or she might see much of the world, vanquish many enemies and feast on their bones, or the ogre might never venture more than a few miles beyond his or her home. Nevertheless, my kin share a few aspects of life that one might safely say are universal. Naturally enough, a few stray fellows do not follow the course I, Dauroth, shall set down momentarily, but I believe that the aberrations or exceptions prove the rule.

As we have seen, the societies of Kern and Blöde differ significantly in many areas. Even so, both cultures maintain the same fundamental qualities in their cycle of life. Of course, I have delved into the matter extensively and found other indications that the simple, base rituals of the modern ogre do indeed derive from the more sophisticated practices of our titan forebears. Thus, in some small way the ogres persevere in the face of Paladine's Curse.

Birth

The birth of a young ogre is a happy occasion. Ogres are not particularly fertile folk, certainly more so than elves, but less so than humans. We are by nature predators, and any educated person can tell you that the ratio between predator and prey favors the latter so that the former might hunt in a land of plenty. The average ogress carries her child for a year and a half before giving birth. Few of them bear more than two "normal" children during their lifetime.

Newborn ogres do not receive a name for the first year of their life. Immediately after the birthing process ends, the village or neighborhood shaman examines the child to determine if it is healthy and of full ogre blood. Over the course of the young one's first year, the shaman visits

the child regularly to look for any signs of deviation from the norm. The Curse plagues ogrekind to this day, so no ogre mother can ever be sure that she is giving birth to a full-blooded member of her race. If the child shows signs of aberration—towards being a hag or giant—it is ritually blessed and then exposed in the wilderness. There it is either taken up by one of its own kind or left to nature.

After a year, if the shaman judges the child to be of full ogre blood, he or she blesses the child and gives it a name. Shamans alone have the right to bestow names to children, although in many cases I suspect that the parents might influence the process in some way. Once the child is named, it ceases to be the sole concern of the mother. Now both mother and father take custody of the child and its rearing.

Youth

Ogre youths spend most of their time either learning by doing or serving their elders. In richer communities where slaves are common, the young ogres have few cares. Their leisure activities prepare them for the lives they will lead as adults. They wrestle and brawl with one another, hunt small animals, play at raiding caravans, and generally learn how to manage slaves. In poorer communities, the children end up doing much of the work otherwise done by slaves such as preparing food and serving the adults.

Weapons are a way of life for both male and female children. In most places, the weapon of choice is either a club or a piece of wood shaped like a sword (which is just a more refined club). Children fight with one another all the time, and most of a child's life is spent with bruises, sprains, or broken bones somewhere on the body. Ogres in general, and children in particular, heal very quickly and have such a high tolerance for pain that none of this seems to bother them much.

The duty of disciplining a child and making sure he or she grows up to become a fully developed and integral part of ogre society falls not upon just the parents and immediate family, but the whole tribe or neighborhood. Children must always obey the orders of any adult, a fact they learn early on unless they enjoy getting knocked around a great deal. Young ogres recently passed into adulthood take special pleasure in disciplining the young since the memories of their own years of obedience are still fresh.

Adulthood

Becoming an adult is the most important event in an ogre's life. Adulthood for the ogres is not so much a matter of age as it is a measure of strength and ability. An adult is expected to contribute to the defense, prosperity, and glory of the tribe or neighborhood. In simpler terms, it means the ogre is expected to participate in the great raids that are the basis of ogre society.

The process of becoming an adult is both ritualistic and yet unpredictable. The ogres do not tell their young what it takes to become an adult, nor do they explain how the ritual works. Part of the process of becoming an adult ogre includes getting out there and asking for what you want. Once an ogre grows large enough and strong enough that he thinks he is an adult, he can then

demand that he be recognized as such. He approaches either his father, mother, or a community elder and proclaims that he is an adult. The elder agrees that this might be true and calls together a group of adults to test the would-be adult.

The ritual begins with a round of teasing and insults aimed at the would-be adult. The community elders berate the young ogre mercilessly, calling out his every fault and ensuring him that he is much too young and weak to take his place among the adults. Ogre culture does not value the ability to hold one's tongue in the face of such verbal attacks. The young ogre should be ready to give as good as he gets or better, insulting and berating each of the elders in turn. While ogres may not be known for their literary products, they are famous for their sharp and rather obscene tongues.

The young ogre's goal, although he does not realize it, is to taunt the assembled ogres until one or more of them cannot take it anymore and the verbal contest becomes physical. The elder ogres, one by one, engage in brief bouts of fisticuffs or wrestling with the youth. Even for a child who grew up playing such games, this ordeal should push him to his limits. The adult ogres want to tire him out and beat him down. Although self-confidence and bravery are important traits in any ogre, it is also important to learn that you cannot win every fight. Finally, when the young ogre can take no more and calls for mercy, the combat ends. Whether or not the young one can proceed with the rites of passage depends upon how much of a fight he put up.

Those who pass these first tests enter the more formalized aspects of the rites. The community shaman pays the young one a visit at his home (and usually helps tend to any wounds he received during the communal beating). The shaman questions the youth for several hours, making sure that the young ogre has a firm grasp on his place in ogre culture and what it means to be an adult. Here the shaman emphasizes the concepts so important to any ogre. First, ogres must dedicate themselves to increasing their fame and fortune and that of their tribe or neighborhood. Second, ogres must never show any respect or reverence for the base peoples of the world (humans, elves, dwarves, and goblins, for example). They are animals and treacherous beasts—the servants of Paladine (except the goblins)—and therefore not good for anything but killing. Finally, the ogre must dedicate himself to the Darklady and her chosen servants, the ogres (and by extension, the titans).

This conversation proves most dull for the average ogre, who knows all these things and has no trouble repeating them. However, the true purpose of the interview is for the shaman's benefit alone. During the questioning, the shaman examines the ogre closely, both mentally and, more importantly, spiritually. Through this ritual discourse, the shaman determines if the ogre is indeed one of that rare breed that has the ability to become a shaman. If that proves to be the case, the shaman takes the ogre under her wing and begins the long process of training him to use his special gift.

For the vast majority of ogres who do not become shamans, the next and final step towards achieving adulthood lies in participating in their first raid. Of course, it often takes months for the ogre community to get around





to organizing another of these raids, so the young one continues to languish in the gray zone between childhood and adulthood. When the raid finally takes place, young ogres seeking adult status are expected to be in the forefront of the battle. Only by drawing the blood of the enemy does an ogre truly enter adult society. The more bloody and profitable the ogre's kill, the more auspicious his or her entry is. While veteran ogres are among the most deadly warriors on Krynn, there is something particularly dangerous about a young ogre in the frenzy of trying to become an adult. With so much to prove and their whole future on the line, they become berserkers, which are a valuable asset in any ogre war band.

Having proven himself worthy of the name, the new adult ogre is expected to lay out a feast in his own honor once the raiding party returns home. This feast usually costs the ogre every bit of his share of the booty, but all ogres relish laying forth as great a table as possible for their coming-of-age fête. The young ogre tells tall tales of recent adventures, gets roaring drunk on whatever spirits are at hand, and eventually passes out with his new comrades in arms. The next day, it is time to get on with life, and every young adult's first priority almost immediately becomes finding a mate.

Marriage

Love among ogres is a curious thing. Although the rest of the world considers them foul-looking creatures, the ogres themselves do not feel this way, at least not for the most part. Although ogres readily acknowledge that a titan is much more handsome than they are, that does not mean that they each cannot be happy with an ogre mate that the rest of Ansalon would consider sickeningly homely. Unlike many societies, not many differences exist between male and female ogres in ogre communities. Whenever possible, slaves (usually goblins) do most of the "household work" such as cooking and the limited amount of cleaning ogres engage in. Male and female ogres concern themselves either with planning and executing raids or enjoying the spoils of successful outings.

Courtship between ogres is usually one part attraction, one part respect, and one part brawl. In order for one ogre to find another attractive, there has to be something for him or her to latch onto that makes the ogre worthy of their affection. Very strong ogres, skilled warriors, able hunters, great story tellers, and even quality weapons makers (a rare vocation indeed) all make good potential husbands or wives. Those with no outstanding attributes usually end up sleeping their night alone or wedding some other insignificant ogre. Ogres need to feel pride in their mate to be happy.

Once two ogres get that special feeling, the courtship ritual is quick and bloody. Rather than exchanging kisses and gifts, two ogres in their passion usually exchange flirtatious punches and kicks with an occasional clubbing thrown in. The object here is not to defeat your would-be mate but rather to get him or her suitably riled up. It begins with a quick jab as the two pass in the street, but over the course of the next few weeks, it develops into full-fledged fighting. Finally, usually after some drunken feast, the holds in a wrestling match turn into the gropes of lovers. Soon afterwards, the couple calls upon the shaman to perform the ceremony of unity.

Ogres marry only out of love and affection, never for "political" or "family" concerns. This is simply an expression of the independent spirit that makes ogre culture so great. No ogre likes to be told what to do, especially when it comes to matters of the heart. In fact, the culture finds the whole concept of arranging marriages or interfering in the ways of the young to be anathema (although admittedly few ogres would use that word). More formalized cultures, where the parents try to control their children's natural desires, seem barbaric and foolish to the plain-thinking ogres.

The actual marriage ceremony, like all important ogre events, centers on a feast and a brief blessing by the shaman. The blessing calls for strong healthy children and includes praises to the Darklady and the everpresent curses towards Paladine. Afterward, the two ogres combine their fortunes and usually set up a home together, living in the abode of whichever ogre has more space. Then it is time to start having children and thus perpetuate the cycle of life.

Old Age and Death

Few ogres wish to live to a ripe old age and die in their sleep. Luckily for them, few get the chance. Though they are the toughest warriors in the world, they still suffer their share of casualties in the course of their battle-filled existence. After all, an ogre is happiest when defeating an enemy and taking custody of his or her property. However, some escape death until they are too old and frail to fight any longer.

Ogre society is not particularly kind to its elderly population, especially those who lose the ability to fend for themselves. Elder ogres are respected for their power, wealth, and accomplishments. Those elderly who have none of these three things also have no respect and tend to lead lonely lives. Many end up leaving the community altogether and living out the rest of their lives in seclusion in the wilderness. Fortunately, most ogres retain enough of their strength in their old age to still be of some service. Even a "feeble" ogre is usually still stronger and tougher than most humans or elves. They often serve as guards for the supply caravans during raids or as overseers of any prisoners that get caught, thus continuing to contribute as best they can until they die.

When an ogre succumbs to death's call, her property goes to the mate. If there is no living mate, then the property gets divided among the children, who usually end up fighting over it for days or even weeks before the dust finally settles and all is made well. Ogres who die in the field are usually left to rot where they fell, especially if it was in enemy territory. For all their love of battle, ogres dislike handling their own dead. Furthermore, they believe that leaving a rotting corpse among the enemy will spread fear and even disease, and thus the ogre can continue to harm her foes, even in death.

Ogres that die at home get buried somewhere outside of the village or city. The ogres do not have set graveyards but rather use anywhere that is convenient. Since the vast majority of ogres die while away from home, finding a place for the few domestic deaths seldom proves difficult. The ogres do little to remember their dead in the way of monuments or grave markers. They usually come together to drink and tell stories about the

dearly departed, especially if she was well respected within the community. Traditionally, when a particularly inspiring ogre leader dies, the community shaman names the next child of the same sex for that leader so that her memory and fighting spirit can continue to serve the community for many years to come.

The Anatomy of Ogre Titans

Dauroth's research into the ancient ogre legends, coupled with the vision that came to him in the wilderness, led him to create the ogre titan race. Although Dauroth claims otherwise, ogre titans have never walked the face of Krynn in all its history. Dauroth has created an entirely new form of Evil, and he does not even realize it. Perhaps the spirit that came to him in the wilderness was simply a manifestation of Dauroth's own inner desires. On the other hand, the spirit could be some real force for Evil that taught Dauroth the secrets of "titan magic" for the sole purpose of bringing chaos and discord to Krynn. The truth may remain an eternal mystery, but the existence of ogre titans presents a very real threat.

The Transformation

Transforming an ogre into an ogre titan requires a great deal of blood—fresh, pure, elven blood to be exact. Dauroth's spirit mentor was quite specific on this point, and although he has tried to find substitutes, the ogre-titan mage learned that only elven blood will suffice. Half-elf blood proves as useless as human or dwarven blood. As far as he can determine, the nationality (Silvanesti, Quilnesti, or Kagonesti) does not matter, although he never had a chance to experiment with sea elves. The blood must come from the bodies no more than three hours before the ritual of transformation takes place. Transforming an adult ogre requires the blood of ten adult elves, which is a hefty volume that the sorcerer gathers in a specially prepared iron cauldron.

The cauldron serves as the focus of the entire transformation ritual. Placed over burning pitch, the blood begins to boil. Dauroth enhances the blood with a number of other ingredients, mostly special plants and some ground minerals, such as quartz from the Valley of Crystal (see *The Odyssey of Gilthanas* for more information on this valley), and gemstones. Infusing the cauldron with transformation magic requires that Dauroth be fully rested before the ritual begins. It takes all the magical energy he can summon to infuse the boiling brew with the power of "long-dead titans." In fact, Dauroth unknowingly summons the spirits of all manner of dead beings, from elves to humans, to ogres. The "titan magic" uses the spiritual energy of these souls to transform the figure in the cauldron.

With the cauldron properly prepared and infused, the would-be titan steps into the boiling brew, submerging their body completely in the viscous liquid. At that instant, Dauroth unleashes the magical forces he has penned up around the room. The transformation takes place instantaneously and causes severe pain. The ogre's body absorbs the blood mixture straight into his or her pores. A blinding flash of light accompanied by the cries of the souls used in the magical ritual fills the room. The ogre titan steps forth with a new, much more powerful body.

A typical ogre titan stands just over fifteen feet tall. He or she has blue skin, pure as a clear summer's day, stretched tightly over a powerful, very muscular frame. The titan's hands are well articulated and capable of delicate manipulations with sharp claws at the tip of each finger. These claws can easily shred flesh and even puncture steel. A five-inch, forward-hooking black bone spike protrudes from the titan's elbows, working as natural weapons that are devastating in close combat. The titan's head and facial features resemble those of a half-elf; they have an elven beauty without the delicate and fragile lines of most elves. The almond-shaped eyes are usually a pale yellow and seem to glow with an eerie inner light. The titan's mouth, comely when closed, reveals a double row of shark-like teeth when open. Titans prefer to eat their meals while the food still breathes.

Although dramatic, the physical transformation from titan to ogre is only part of Dauroth's ritual. The new titan's mind changes as profoundly as his or her body. Infused with the wisdom and clarity of the "ancient titan" (in reality the souls captured by Dauroth's necromancy), the titan gains a clarity of thought and insight undreamed of by most modern-day ogres. In most cases, the titan's new intellect doubles or even triples their pre-transformation mental capacity. Suddenly a whole new world of thought opens up to them. The titan mind can absorb vast quantities of information with great alacrity. Most new titans spend their first few weeks of life not by exercising their amazing new bodies but by exercising their minds. Dauroth keeps a specially chosen library of books on hand for just this reason.

Once the new titans have harnessed their bodies and minds, a final challenge remains. The greatest prize of all awaits them: titan magic. Every titan possesses the potential to work magic somewhat. All titans have a few basic magical abilities that they share. His titan muse also revealed to Dauroth a whole way to gain spell energy that remains unique to titans. Of course, even with their great intelligence, it still takes time to master the mysteries of magic, and most titans (with the exception of Dauroth) are not very proficient with more complex forms of magic yet. Of course, an ogre mage transformed into a titan would have a significant advantage in this area, just as Dauroth did. However, Dauroth has shown no interest in ever transforming any of his ogre mage brethren into titans.

Titan Powers

All titans have the following supernatural and magical abilities available to them from the moment they are "reborn." These powers do not require memorization or spell points to use although some of them have limitations of their own. Should a titan ever fully degenerate (see below) they immediately lose all of these abilities.

Heightened Senses

Becoming a titan heightens the ogre's senses to an incredible degree. The titan can now make out the smallest details up to half a mile away. They hear absolutely everything that goes on in their vicinity and can discern events as well as any bloodhound. Their senses of taste and touch are also quite refined. Consequently, these senses are considered acute {checks related to these senses gain a



+2 bonus). The downside of all this is that titans tend to be quite sensitive to their surroundings. Foul smells offend them, unpleasant sounds grate on their nerves, and they cannot stomach the kind of bland food that most ogres survive on. All this makes it somewhat difficult for the refined titan to live among the coarse ogres, but they can manage if they have to (which they do, for now). Also, any actions related to negative sensory situations (such as a spell that uses an abominable stench to cause retching or incapacitation to foes) are one degree more difficult {checks or saving throws related to the situation and the offended sense suffer a -2 penalty}.

Inscrutable Intellect

The average intellect has a hard time understanding the complexities of the titan mind. So complete is Dauroth's transformation process that even the modes of thinking change. This change has the outward effect of making the titans seem much smarter and more quick-witted than before. On the inside, it makes it extremely hard for nontitans to read a titan's mind. Humans, elves, and other mundane races cannot use any magical powers to read or somehow alter a titan's thoughts unless they can muster the additional spell energy to get past the initial confusion their thought processes can cause (add 10 to the difficulty of the spell and spell point cost). {Mind-affecting or -reading spells (with the exception of illusions) with no saving throws gain a saving throw vs. spell, and those with saving throws allow the titan to make a saving throw with a +5 bonus.} This includes efforts to magically charm, confuse, or otherwise interfere with the titan's thought process. However, a titan is capable of understanding the thoughts of lesser races if they possess mind-altering magics.

Titan Language

The new titans of Krynn all know the ancient tongue of the long-dead titans of old. This knowledge comes to them upon transformation and they always speak in it when talking to one another. In fact, Dauroth invented the entire language himself and has worked it into the ritual so that upon transformation the new titan immediately gains full knowledge of it. This not only sets them apart from the common ogre, it ensures that no one can eavesdrop on their conversations. The language, like titan thoughts, is difficult for nontitans to understand. Even magical spells designed to translate foreign tongues have an added difficulty of 10 points {-5 penalty to any checks or saving throws relating to understanding the titan language; spells with no saving throws gain one to negate}.

Awe-Inspiring Presence

The titans hold within them the very essence of the first-born ogres (or so they think). Others cannot help but notice this profoundly powerful aura that surrounds them. Ogres are, of course, especially susceptible to the presence of titans. Any ogre or half-ogre within fifty yards is subject to the titan's majesty. They must make a *challenging Spirit* action {Wisdom check at -2 penalty} to avoid becoming totally speechless by the titan's presence. The awe-inspired ogre will do anything they can to please the titan while in his or her presence, and even

after the titan moves on, the ogre will retain positive feelings towards them.

Other races do not feel the same awe towards titans that ogres do. However, they cannot help but feel the menace and Evil that writhes within the heart of every titan. These other races must make an *average Spirit* check {Wisdom check} whenever directly challenged by a titan. Failure means they lose their next action and must continue to make Spirit actions {Wisdom checks} until they succeed before they take any action other than running away.

Stone and Steel Shaping

The titans of old built marvelous, beautiful cities high in the mountains of Ansalon. To this day ogres inhabit the ancient ruins of these once majestic buildings. Legend has it that the ancient ogres could shape stone and iron with their bare hands as easily as a potter works with clay. Historians might argue against this, but there is no doubt that the modern-day titans are capable of such wonders. Titans can infuse their hands with magical energy, allowing them to bend and shape any kind of stone or metal with ease. This takes a fair amount of concentration, and titans cannot use it in combat. However, it does allow them to fashion finely crafted arms and armor for themselves without the need of a forge. The manipulations can be quite fine, down to putting a razor-sharp edge on a sword or creating a minutely detailed bas relief on their new palace home. Stone shaping takes a lot out of a titan, and they must rest at least an hour for every hour that they use the ability.

Undead Magical Batteries

All titans gain the ability to drain the Physique of an undead creature {hit points}, automatically causing the undead to crumble to dust. Titans can affect only undead whose Physique score is less than their own Spirit (or Essence) score {undead creatures of less than 20 hit points}. If a titan was once an ogre mage or ogre shaman, the titan can then double the points drained and use these points to cast spells of any school or sphere normally available to him or her. {The ogre titan gains up to a total of three extra spells of any level, so long as they equal less than 10 total levels and can normally be cast by him or her. For every two hit points drained, the titan gains one spell level that he or she can use. Example: Clanne drains an 18 hit point undead monster and gains 9 spell levels to use at her discretion. She decides to cast one second-level spell (2), one sixth-level spell (6), and one first-level spell (1), which adds up to 9 spell levels.} So far, only Dauroth can perform this feat. The extra spell points gained can be used for lasting enchantments {spell durations act as the spell description states they do}. If a titan doesn't use the extra spell points during the next twenty-four hours, they drain away at the rate of 10 spell points per hour. {Under AD&D rules, titans can accumulate a maximum of 10 spell levels at a time. Any drain attacks that occur after a titan has gained the maximum number of levels merely destroy the undead creature.}

Additionally, Dauroth and other former ogre mages or ogre shamans can cast group spells (as detailed in *Heroes of Sorcery*) with any spell points or Physique energy that other titans possess or drain from undead. {The ogre-mage titan combines spell levels available using a *combine*

spell variant. This variant is similar to the *combine* spell in all ways except for the fact that it allows the caster to “harvest” the collected spell levels from other titans and make them available to him or her for the duration of the spell.) In cases where the titan drained an undead of Physique {hit points}, he or she also doubles the score to determine how many extra spell points {spell levels} he or she gains. The former ogre shaman or ogre mage can gain access to this power {see above}.

Soul Blast

Although not every titan is a student of titan magic yet, Dauroth has taught them this one simple, yet deadly, application of their innate magical abilities. The soul blast, like all titan magic, draws upon the spirits of the dead for power. The soul blast allows the titans to transform some of their own strength into a blast of destructive energy. Titans sacrifice some of their own health, augmenting it with titan magic and sending it flying at their enemies {similar to the *magic missile* spell}. The blast can attack targets up to and including artillery range. It automatically hits unless the target has some form of magical protection. It causes two points of damage for every point of damage the titan suffers {causes 4 points of damage per every 2 hit points spent; the ogre titan must spend a minimum of 2 hit points each time this ability is used}. Armor does not block any of this damage. Obviously, titans would not want to use this attack throughout a battle, but it can be a potent weapon if used carefully.

Maintaining the State of Grace

Titans possess a great deal of power, and few beings on Krynn besides the Great Dragons themselves would not think twice before battling such creatures. However, Dauroth’s transformation process is not without flaws. Despite all of his best efforts, the transformation does not affect an ogre permanently. About a month after the transformation ritual, ogres start to feel horrible muscle pains and have mind-splitting headaches. A few days later, they will start to physically change, becoming stooped over. Their skin will break out in boils and pustules, thick coarse hair will sprout in random patches, and their features will become misshapen and abominable. Within five days, the titan will have become a monster and lost all of its titan powers and intellect. The mutated creature will be an outcast even among other ogres. This painful process is called “the degeneration” and titans fear it more than anything in the world.

Fortunately for him and his kind, Dauroth has found a solution to this problem. One way to avoid the degeneration is to repeat the transformation process. This will restore the titan’s status, but it requires the blood of ten more elves. Since the ogres have a hard time finding volunteers among the elves to help make titans, this is quite a waste. However, Dauroth came up with a method for holding the degeneration at bay. By taking monthly doses of a magical elixir made from elven blood and infused with titan magic, a titan can retain his or her form indefinitely.

The sustaining elixir needs to be consumed during the new moon and requires the blood of but a single elf. More importantly, the blood does not all have to come from the same elf, so it is possible to maintain a number

of elven prisoners and drain them of only part of their blood supply each month. Only Dauroth knows how to create the sustaining elixir, but it stores well and can be used up to a year after it is bottled. Dauroth’s stranglehold on the elixir ensures that all of the titans remain loyal to him for fear that they will degenerate.

☛ **Ogre titans: Adults of various demeanors, Masters.** Co 10, Ph 40, In 10 (100), Es 10, Dmg +15 (titan sword), Def -2 or -7 (plate), also drain (undead Physique for spell points), geomancy (stone and metal shaping), missile weapons, sorcery (at least one school) and mysticism (as code allows), and thrown weapons.

☛ **Ogre titans: AC 5 or -2 (plate); MV 20; HD 13+1; hp 90 each; THAC0 7; #AT 1 (titan sword); Dmg 2d6+8 (Str bonus); SA wizard spells as 12th-level mage, drain undead hp for extra spells, 25% chance of priest spells as 12th-level priest, can shape stone and metal, fear or awe aura similar to dragon; SZ L (15’ tall); ML fearless (20); Int genius (17); AL LE; XP 10,000 (unarmored) or 11,000 (armored) each.**

Ogre and Half-Ogre Characters

Most players probably think of ogres as foes their heroes must vanquish in the pursuit of their quests. However, ogres are people, too, and it is entirely possible for players to create ogre heroes and have a good time doing so. Of course, players need to check with the Narrator first to make sure that playing such a despicable creature is acceptable. Half-ogres, who are normally cast out from most ogre communities, make more logical choices as hero roles since they often end up living outside of the ogre kingdoms. The players might even wish to create a group of heroes composed entirely of ogres and thus undergo a very different kind of roleplaying experience. Such a group would have an especially interesting time completing the adventure within this book.

The Heroic Ogre

Ogre heroes generally come from either Blöde or Kern, the two main population centers in Ansalon. Ogres from Blöde tend to be a little more cosmopolitan (if such a word truly can be applied to ogres). The ogres of Blöde live in cities and have social groups based around neighborhoods within those cities. Consequently, they have more of a civilized veneer than their counterparts from Kern. Kern ogres lead a more rustic life and are accustomed to hunting and living off the land.

Most ogres stay close to home except when they go out on scavenging or raiding expeditions. The kind of ogre who would set out to live the life of a hero, carrying out quests and other heroic deeds, tends to be rare and is viewed with much skepticism by their own kind. Those ogres that do become heroes tend to cut themselves off from their family and friends so that they can journey across the land seeking fame and fortune (especially the latter). Should they return home with a wagon full of booty or a necklace of elf heads, their kith and kin forgive everything in hopes that the hero might share some of his or her good fortune with them. A wandering hero



who tries to come home without such booty had better expect a very poor reception.

The average ogre stands between eight and nine feet tall. They have yellowish skin, usually marred by various blotches, pustules, and other deformities. Sometimes lean, sometimes fat, ogres are always very strong and very dense. Their basic toughness makes them very hard to kill. This amazing strength is offset by a less than noteworthy intellect. Much of their mental problem stems from not using their brain. Ogres rely on their brute power so much that they never really develop their minds.

Ogres from Blöde tend to wear died leather and rough wool clothing under heavy hide pelts designed to keep out the mountain cold. The ogres of Kern usually wear simple leather or hide garments designed to stay cool in the oppressive heat of their kingdom. Ogres like jewelry, principally because it allows them to keep valuables on their person at all times. Ear rings, nose rings, necklaces, and bracers are all popular accessories among ogres of both nations. Tattooing and ritual scarification are also very popular among the ogres as ways to display their clan or neighborhood allegiances.

Traveling ogres often pick up a strange mixture of clothing, arms, and armor. They generally prefer leather armor or the appropriate thickness of hides and furs that duplicate leather armor's protective qualities. For weapons, ogres use whatever lies at hand, which most often includes great clubs or hammers. When they can get their hands on large swords and shield, ogres are more than happy to use them (although most shields have handles too small for ogre hands).

Roleplaying

The greatest challenge for a player when playing an ogre is overcoming the stereotype that ogres are big, dumb brutes. While ogres are not particularly bright and certainly possess great strength, there is no reason to play them as oafs or fools. Ogres tend to act in a simple, straightforward manner. They always seek the easiest solution to a problem and find elementary answers where folk that are more intelligent get caught up in all sorts of complications. Ogres also have a great deal of common sense and no social inhibitors to keep them from saying what they really think. In this respect, they are rather childlike, although certainly not childish when it comes to things like fighting and protecting themselves.

Ogres also have the ability to form very powerful bonds of friendship and family. The clans of Kern and neighborhoods of Blöde are both tremendously strong social groupings. Ogres gladly give their lives for the greater good of their clan. Ogre heroes can form similar bonds with fellow heroes, becoming incredibly devoted. Because of their great size, ogres fear very little. Nothing shy of a dragon is likely to cause an ogre to run in fear, and even a dragon won't drive ogres away when close friends need them.

Of course, ogres have a hard time forming such friendships with non-ogres. Generally, ogres hate every other race on Krynn, and this feeling is pretty much mutual. Ogres have a special antipathy for elves, and individuals from the two races almost never get along. The most recent notable exception occurred during the Summer of Chaos when ogres and elves banded together

to fight off the minions of Chaos. Ogres find dwarves equally unfriendly, chiefly because the two mountain-dwelling races have a history of fighting over territory. Unlike their situation with elves, though, ogres tend to have a grudging respect for dwarves. Ogres come close to feeling neutral about humans. They feel that most humans are simply too weak to be anything other than slaves, but that a few rise to a respectable level. Kender and gnomes are simply too annoying to give much thought to other than where to hit them first. Ogres feel uncomfortable around centaurs, since they're not sure what to make of them. Of all the races, ogres get along with minotaurs best of all, appreciating their strength and military ethic.

The Heroic Half-Ogre

Half-ogres are caught between two worlds: As the child of one human and one ogre parent, they are accepted by neither race. Unlike half-elves, who have a chance at passing for human, half-ogres are always readily recognizable for what they are. Humans find them disgusting and usually consider them as Evil while ogres view them as weak, sickly, and unfit to bear the name ogre. Both races tolerate the existence of such creatures, up to a point, but both would rather see them gone.

Actually, half-ogres are usually a relatively healthy mix of the two races, incorporating much of the ogre's strength with the flexible intelligence of humans. This is not to say that half-ogres can ever be as smart as the wisest of humans, but little difference exists between the average half-ogre's intellect and that of most humans.

Half-ogres stand an average of seven feet in height, although some can be quite larger. They have the bulky muscular build of an ogre, but tend towards fat (a trait from their human side). Skin color tends towards basic ogre yellow but can vary widely depending on the parentage. Although ugly by any standard, half-ogres do not appear as monstrous as normal ogres.

Half-ogres dress according to the fashion of whatever society they live in. Usually their clothes do not fit well since they are too small for ogre garments and too large for those made by human tailors. Consequently, many half-ogres end up making their own clothes, though few of them have any real talent for this.

Roleplaying

In general, there are two kinds of half-ogres: the bitter ones and the ones with low self-esteem. Bitter half-ogres resent the hard knocks life has given them. They tend to have fierce tempers and make enemies very quickly. Fortunately for them, they are also usually stronger than anyone else within a hundred miles, so none of their enemies cause them too much trouble. This last statement is true only in human communities, though. Bitter half-ogres in ogre realms have to keep their mouth shut if they want to live long. They usually turn to thievery as an outlet for their penned-up anger.

Half-ogres with low self-esteem feel a need to prove to the world that they really are worth something. They constantly try to fit in with whatever group they live with. Thus, they become more of an ogre than most ogres or more humans than most humans. They help

others, are always the first to volunteer, and generally try as best they can to make everyone like them. Sadly, these tactics seldom work since the half-ogre tends to come across as annoying rather than helpful, but sometimes a half-ogre can win over a few friends to make his or her life more palatable.

Ogres and Half-Ogres as Heroes in the SAGA Rules

The most important thing about ogres is that they are big and strong. An ogre hero must have Strength and Endurance scores of at least 8. On the down side, ogres are not too quick when it comes to mental activity. Consequently, the player must limit the hero's Reason score to a 4 or less or choose a code of "B" or lower in that ability. Ogres are not the best conversationalists and do not get along with others well. Players can limit the hero's Presence score to 4 or less go no higher than a "B" code in this ability.

Half-ogre heroes must have Strength and Endurance scores of at least 8 since they have their ogre parent's strength to a substantial degree. They must also have an "A" code in at least one of these abilities. Since neither ogres or humans accept them, half-ogres have a maximum Presence score of 5. Finally, half-ogres can never have a Reason or Spirit code higher than "B."

Half-ogres can assume any of the roles their characteristics qualify them for with some important exceptions. Half-ogres can never join any of the Knightly orders nor can they assume any of the sorcery- or mysticism-related roles. They can be ogre raiders or Kern rebels, but they cannot be shamans or soldiers of the titans.

Advantages: Because of their great strength and size, ogres have several advantages over smaller, punier races. First, once the player completes character generation and all the cards have been assigned, the hero automatically gains 1 point of Strength. This means the ogre's Strength will either be 10 or 11. Additionally, ogres can use all normal two-handed weapons with just one hand with no penalty. Finally, ogres are always trump when making any noncombat Strength actions such as lifting heavy objects.

Half-ogres have the same fighting spirit that ogres do. Consequently, when the hero's hand is reduced to zero cards in melee combat, the player must turn over a Fate Card. If it is a Shields (♣) card, the player can choose to draw a new hand of three cards and continue the battle. After the battle, the hero falls unconscious. If the second hand is depleted, the hero dies.

Disadvantages: Ogres are not very good at figuring things out, for the most part. Likewise, they are not very good at relating to other people, especially non-ogres (who tend to avoid them on general principal). Ogres never receive a trump bonus for any Reason actions or for any Presence actions targeted at non-ogres, unless the action involves threatening the target in some way. Finally, the ogre kingdoms are not wealthy lands. Therefore, an ogre's wealth score is always two points lower than his or her social status would normally merit (thus commoners, peasants, and slaves all have a wealth score of 1).

Half-ogres find sorcery and mysticism challenging, so they never progress above a "B" code in these arts.

Ogres and Half-Ogres as Heroes in the AD&D Rules

Ogres and half-ogres have been explored as player character races in *The Complete Book of Humanoids*. However, for ease of use, the following brief information has been provided for Narrators and players.

Ability Score Adjustments and Ranges:

Ogres: +2 Str, +2 Con, -2 Int, -2 Cha

Half-Ogres: +1 Str, +1 Con, -1 Int, -1 Cha

Ability	Minimum	Maximum
Str	16/14	20/18
Dex	2/3	8/12
Con	14/14	20/19
Int	2/3	8/12
Wis	2/2	9/12
Cha	2/2	8/8

Class Restrictions: Ogres can achieve a maximum level of 12 in the fighter class and 3 in the shaman kit. Half-ogres have the ability to reach a maximum level of 12 in the fighter class and 4 in the shaman kit (also witch doctor kit, if available).

Hit Dice: Ogres and half-ogres receive hit dice by class and receive 4 bonus points at first level.

Natural Armor Class: Ogres have a natural armor class of 5, while half-ogres have an AC of 8.

Secondary Skills: Ogres and half-ogres gain secondary skills as appropriate for their class or kit.

Weapon Proficiencies: Ogres and half-ogres can use the club, halberd, spear, two-handed sword, and voulge.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Ogres and half-ogres have the nonweapon proficiencies Drinking, Eating, Fire-building, Hunting, Intimidation, Religion, and Tracking.

Special Benefits: Ogres and half-ogres gain the benefits of their class or kit.

Special Hindrances: Ogres and half-ogres suffer damage as large creatures. They have attack roll penalties





when fighting gnomes (-4 for ogres and half-ogres) and dwarves (-4 for ogres and -2 for half-ogres).

The Raider

Ogres do not produce much on their own. Most of their goods come from what they can scavenge, hunt, or steal from others. Every year, groups of ogres set out from their homes to search the nearby lands for prey and goods. Sometimes this means armed raids on human, elven, dwarven, and goblin lands. Other times it means going to a neighboring group of ogres. These bands of scavengers can travel hundreds, even thousands of miles. They return only when their packs cannot hold any more or when they are having a hard time controlling their captive slaves. They then live off of their booty for the rest of the year, trading it to other ogres for food and services and thus fueling the ogre economy.

These raiders have to possess a mixture of skills in order to succeed in their vocation. First, they must know how to fight when the time comes, but this is easy for most ogres since they all grow up fighting to one degree or another. More importantly, raiders learn to work well in the wilderness since they need to live off the land and track their prey. Raiders thrive through the effective use of ambushes and have the patience to wait for days until their prey (sentient or animal) falls into their trap. Finally, the raiders have to possess enough endurance to travel for miles carrying booty on their backs.

Roleplaying

Raiders tend to be strong silent types who let their actions speak for them. Although deadly opponents in battle, they are about as far from any of the Knightly orders as anyone carrying arms can get. Raiders never attack when the odds are against them, and they prefer to ambush their opponents whenever possible. This tendency carries over into their daily life as well; raiders never let anyone know what they are thinking or planning.

As scavengers, raiders also never let anything go to waste. They are almost as bad as kender when it comes to collecting and “acquiring” all manner of seemingly worthless items. A raider never throws anything away unless he or she needs to make room for something better. Also like a kender, they take anything that is not bolted down. But they have no illusions about the fact that they are stealing. Most people are nowhere near big enough to make the ogre give the stolen property back.

Raiders do not really get along with anyone except each other. However, they have a high tolerance for otherwise annoying situations, such as working with non-ogres. As long as they get booty at some point, the raider can put up with hanging around a bunch of weakling non-ogres, at least for a time.

☛ Raider Role

Because raiders spend so much time hunting one form of prey or another and searching for valuable items, all raiders have a Perception of at least 6 with an ability code of “C” or better. Since they spend little time contemplating matters other than where to get their hands on some more booty, a raider never has a Spirit code higher than “D.”

Advantages: These tricky, backstabbing ogres have a talent for ambushing and using this to their own advantage. Any action involved in setting an ambush or hiding in wait for prey or gaining surprise is automatically trump. Additionally, when a raider succeeds in surprising his or her foe, all of the actions for the surprise attack are trump. Raiders are also good at noticing when someone has laid a trap for them and receive a trump bonus whenever attempting to avoid a surprise.

Disadvantages: Raiders do not get along well with others, even with other ogres. Consequently, raiders never receive any sort of trump bonus when dealing with other ogres in a social way. This includes all Presence actions except those used to resist the effects of mysticism. Since raiders spend so much of their time in the wilderness, they tend to lose their edge when in cities (even raiders from the very urban realm of Blöde). The myriad sights and sounds tend to overwhelm them, and thus a raider never receives trump bonuses while inside the city.

☛ Raider Kit

Raiders are ogre fighters who have specialized survival skills.

Secondary Skills: Raiders may have secondary skills such as hunter, trader, and trapper.

Weapon Proficiencies: Raiders have the same range of weapon proficiencies as ogres do.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: In addition to the proficiencies given to ogres and half-ogres, raiders gain Set Snares and Survival.

Special Benefits: Raiders gain a +2 bonus to surprise attempts when laying traps or setting up an ambush. They also gain a +2 bonus to avoid being surprised.

Special Hindrances: Raiders don’t get along with others, so they receive a -2 penalty to all checks dealing with interactions.

Races: Only ogres or half-ogres can use this kit.

The Ogre Shaman

Not all ogres live their lives confined to the physical plane. In every sizable ogre community, at least one ogre develops the ability to use magic in one form or another. Dauroth and his apprentice speak about shamans somewhat in his treatise. Most shamans assume some sort of leadership role within their community, but occasionally one ventures off on personal spiritual matters.

Because of their low Reason score or code, ogre shamans tend to learn from the path of mysticism rather than from sorcery. Occasionally a shaman shows particular ability with sorcery, but such cases are rather rare. Shamans skilled in sorcery tend to specialize in offensively oriented spheres such as electromancy or pyromancy. Ogres skilled in mysticism can learn from any sphere but tend to prefer the more active spheres of alteration, channeling, or necromancy.

Roleplaying

Shamans command great respect among ogres of all kinds. Although few ogres understand magic, all of them respect and fear its power. An ogre capable of wielding such power always has a place in any community. Once an ogre demonstrates shaman abilities, he or she immediately becomes a valuable resource for the clan or neighborhood. Shamans tend to have a very high opinion of themselves and look down on all others, even their clan leaders (if they themselves do not hold such a position of authority).

Those few shamans who leave ogre lands to seek adventure abroad are usually of a more introspective bent (at least for an ogre). Perhaps they seek some key to increasing their own power. More likely, they feel that their magic combined with their brute strength will protect them no matter what trouble they get into. Either way, a shaman always acts with full confidence in his or her abilities. They have a hard time taking orders from anyone and always try to assume the leadership role within any group.

One big difference between ogre shamans and the spellcasters of other races is that ogre shamans never shrink from physical conflict. They are almost always just as well trained in combat as the toughest ogre warriors, and they relish a good fight as much as the next ogre. Just because a shaman has cast all of his magic for the day does not mean he's out of the fight. With his meager collection of spells, he's probably more dangerous with a sword.

☛ Ogre Shaman Role

Ogre shaman heroes must assume the role at character creation. They must choose one type of magic; they cannot learn both sorcery and mysticism. Only full-blooded ogres can take this role.

Advantages: In addition to their magic, shamans enjoy the benefit of being respected by all ogres. Any Presence action a shaman makes directed towards other ogres is always considered trump.



Disadvantages: Shamans tend to teach themselves magic and therefore have little or no formal training. As a result shamans have trouble creating more difficult spells. A shaman can never cast a spell with an element that has a difficulty rating of 5. This means that the invocation can never be instant, the range can never be artillery, the duration can never be one hour, the area can never be a crowd or large house and the effect can never be +/-15 to +/-20.

☛ Ogre Shaman Kit

Ogre shamans are ogres or half-ogres who have the ability to cast lower-level priest spells.

Secondary Skills: Shamans can have any skills normal to ogres and half-ogres. They may choose one of the following, as well: farmer, fisher, or scribe (ogre language).

Weapon Proficiencies: Shamans have the same range of weapon proficiencies that ogres and half-ogres do.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: In addition to the proficiencies given to ogres and half-ogres, shamans gain one of the following: Spellcraft, Reading/Writing, Religion, Herbalism, Fishing, or Weather Sense.

Special Benefits: Shamans gain a +2 bonus to any interactions with other ogres.

Special Hindrances: Due to the advancement limitations listed under the ogre and half-ogre heroes (see above), they can learn only first- and second-level spells.

Races: Only ogres or half-ogres can use this kit.

The Kern Rebel

Several years ago, the Khan of Kern ceded his kingdom to Donnag, Chieftain of Blöde, as a direct result of pressure from the titans. Many Kernish clans did not relish the thought of paying tribute to Blöde and made their feelings known with sword and fire. The titans eventually put down the Kernish civil war, killing or capturing most of the rebel clans. However, a die-hard cadre of rebels remains free and continues to wage a guerrilla war against the titans and their ogre followers.

Ogre heroes can assume the role of Kern rebel after character creation. The rebels come from all walks of life and are united in their hatred for the titans and the desire to see Kern free of Blöde's control. They live in





secret outposts throughout the Kern peninsula, usually in cave complexes that once housed goblins or other nefarious folk. The rebels make frequent raids against the titan-held communities (which comprise ninety-nine percent of Kern today).

There has even been talk of bringing in outside help of one sort or another, such as the Knights of Takhisis or one of the Great Dragons. Of all the ogres, the rebels are the most willing to cooperate with outsiders of any kind, chiefly because there are so few ogres left willing to help them.

Roleplaying

The rebels have become adept at hiding their true feelings from the rest of the world, allowing them to infiltrate ogre communities and learn valuable information about the titans and their plans. Constantly paranoid, the rebels have had to repress their natural ogre tendency to lash out and fight anything they hate. They have learned the hard way that uncontrolled violence is a good way to get killed and does little to harm the titans.

Undercover rebels live in constant fear of being discovered. They are very suspicious and do not open up easily to others. They tend to act just like every other ogre, even more so to avoid arousing the suspicions of their enemies. Rebels who operate as guerrillas in the field tend to be fired up by their own rhetoric. Like all radical true believers, they think that they are totally in the right and that their enemy (the titans) is the very embodiment of everything that is wrong in society. The field rebels gladly spout their party line to anyone willing to listen.

Outsiders find the rebels much more accommodating than any other ogres. The rebels realize that while they might dislike the company of non-ogres, they have to get help from somewhere. Moreover, the rebels know that the titans and “loyal” ogres hate non-ogres with an unrestrained passion. Therefore, it is very unlikely that any non-ogre is actually working for the enemy.

☛ Kern Rebel Role

Ogre rebels are all veterans of the war and thus have a lot of experience fighting. All rebels must have “B” ability codes in both Strength and Endurance. Additionally, they have to have a certain level of fighting spirit that provides them with the will to keep on in the seemingly hopeless battle against the titans. All rebels must have a Spirit score of at least 5.

Advantages: The rebels are fueled by their hatred for the titans and the ogres of Blöde. Whenever the rebels fight a soldier ogre in the service of the titans, they receive a trump bonus on all of their attacks in hand-to-hand combat. Their zeal also makes them partially immune to the effects of a titan’s awe inspiring presence, giving them a trump bonus when resisting the titan’s aura.

Disadvantages: The titans have ordered all rebels to be killed on sight. Should any loyal ogres ever discover that the hero is a rebel, they attack him or her immediately. Unfortunately, because of their belief in their own rhetoric, Kern rebels never gain a trump bonus when attempting to interact with other nonrebel ogres. Additionally, if rebels find themselves in a situation where

they could possibly defend the rebellion, they must succeed at an *average Spirit* action to remain silent. No trumps are allowed on this latter action.

☛ Kern Rebel Kit

Kern rebels are ogres or half-ogres fighters who are resisting the rule of the titans.

Secondary Skills: Rebels can have any skills normal to ogres and half-ogres.

Weapon Proficiencies: Rebels have the same range of weapon proficiencies as ogres and half-ogres do. They can also choose to specialize in one weapon of their choice.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: In addition to the proficiencies given to ogres and half-ogres, rebels gain Survival and Endurance.

Special Benefits: Rebels gain a +2 bonus to their attack and damage rolls when fighting against titan troops. They also have a 75% chance of resisting the awe that titans instill in other ogres.

Special Hindrances: When interacting with nonrebel ogres, rebels suffer a -2 penalty to any checks that occur. They also must succeed at a Wisdom check to avoid defending the rebellion or fighting over it whenever it is called into question.

Races: Only ogres or half-ogres can use this kit.

Soldier of the Titans

Recently the titans have begun training the ogres to fight with discipline and strategy rather than as armed mobs. Although few ogres like the idea of committing themselves to months of dull training, the awe they feel for the titans draws them into the army’s growing ranks. The training regimen these soldiers undergo is unlike anything the ogres have known since the Age of Dreams. Every day they march in formation, practice changing formations, learn to dig entrenchments, lay siege to fortified positions, and train with advanced weapons and armor.

The soldiers of the titans have a new sense of purpose and self-esteem long absent from ogre culture. The training transforms them from crude, vicious bullies to skilled, vicious warriors. Although the level of training does not approach the expertise of the Knight of Solamnia or Takhisis, they still represent a formidable force. What they lack in finesse they make up for with their great strength and resilience.

Not all soldiers have to fight in the ranks. The more promising trainees often get chosen for special duties, including spying, leading goblin levies, or carrying out secret missions. These select troops find themselves traveling all over the ogre lands and beyond in the service of their titan masters.

Roleplaying

Soldiers of the titans have a strong sense of self-confidence. They know that they are now among the toughest soldiers on Krynn and that they can go toe to toe with anyone who crosses their path. At the same time, they have learned to respect the martial capabilities of their foes, particularly the various highly trained Knightly orders. While they do not cling to Knightly ideals of honor and fair play, they do feel comfortable enough in

their own abilities to admit that their opponents have certain strengths.

These tough-as-nails ogres also feel a sense of superiority to all ogres who have not enlisted in the army. They swagger down city streets, expecting everyone to get out of their way (which they usually do). They respect only other soldiers, their superior officers, and, of course, shamans. Even these haughty professionals still feel awe in the face of magical forces.

Unlike most ogres, soldiers wear very specific and (by ogre standards) smartly tailored uniforms. Different regiments have different colors, but most soldiers wear black chainmail or studded leather and carry both a long sword and three or four javelins. Some special units may equip themselves with giant two-handed swords or axes or various kinds of pole-arms. The soldiers have learned to take care of their equipment, and they take great pride in keeping it well oiled and rust free.

♣ Soldier of the Titans Role

Since all soldiers receive a great deal of training, heroes who assume this role must have ability codes of at least "A" in both Strength and Endurance and an ability code of at least "C" in Dexterity and Agility. They cannot have a Reason or Spirit code higher than "C."

Advantages: In addition to all the nice armor and weapons they have access to, soldiers of the titans have their training to rely upon. Ogre soldiers receive an automatic trump bonus on all attacks when fighting in formation. This means that there needs to be at least five ogre soldiers present and they must form up in some sort of formation (a line, a square, a column, and so on). Even out of formation, the training serves the ogres well. Once per combat the soldier can make a *challenging Spirit* action to see if his or her next attack is automatically trump.

Disadvantages: Soldiers have learned to take orders and are not comfortable acting on their own initiative. Soldiers can never be group leaders (unless the Narrator specifies that the soldier is an officer of some kind). Whenever they are involved in a combat without a leader figure directing their actions, none of their attacks are ever trump.

♣ Soldier of the Titans Kit

Soldiers are ogre fighters who have learned group fighting skills.

Secondary Skills: Soldiers can have any skills normal to ogres. In addition, they have a 50% chance to gain one of the following skills: armorer, leather worker, or weaponsmith.

Weapon Proficiencies: Soldiers have the same range of weapon proficiencies as ogres do, with the addition of javelin.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: In addition to the proficiencies given to ogres and half-ogres, soldiers gain one of the following: Blacksmithing, Leatherworking, Armorer, or Weaponsmithing.

Special Benefits: Soldiers gain a +2 bonus to their attack rolls when fighting with at least five other titan soldiers. Once per combat, if a soldier rolls a natural 20 on his or her attack roll, he or she gains double damage for that attack and the next one (only if the attack successfully hits).

Special Hindrances: Soldiers lack the initiative to lead a group of heroes. Additionally, they must choose a hero that they will listen to for combat commands. When combat begins, soldiers can roll initiative as normal. However, they never go before their chosen leader's initiative. Additionally, the chosen hero must give a command or the soldier hero will either attack only when he or she is attacked or defend the chosen leader when the leader suffers an attack.

Races: Only ogres can use this kit.

Ogre Magic Items

The ogres are not known for their magical prowess, but they still possess some items of power, usually created by their shamans. More recently, the titans have been creating their own magic items and distributing them among the ogres, particularly those in Blöde. In the following passages, Dauroth describes some of the more common items found in ogre hands. Most of these are sized for ogres, so lesser beings might have trouble using them for that reason. In general, however, their magic is not ogre-specific unless otherwise noted.

Bottle of Fog

The honorable paths of the human Knights have no place in ogre thinking. Why give your enemy any advantage at all? If you can surprise him, by all means do so. That means you're just that much quicker to coming to blows with him. This is especially true when facing nasty little elves and their twittering bows. Ogres seldom employ missile weapons, and when they do, it is not usually to great effect. In a long-range duel, their great size just makes them bigger targets. Up close and personal, their size is often an unbeatable asset.

The bottle of fog, a simple item created by ogre shamans the world over, allows raiding ogres to both gain surprise and avoid enemy ranged weapons. Breaking the seal unleashes a magical fog that rolls forth with great speed in a ninety-degree angle from the bottle.

The ogres release the fog and wait five minutes for it to reach its full spread then charge forward, killing anything smaller than ogre sized that gets in their way. The fog lasts for one hour but can be dispelled by a particularly strong wind—especially a magical one.

♣ This cone of fog extends out to far missile range and at its farthest extreme measures that same distance. No being can see in the fog farther than five feet, even when he or she possesses acute vision.

♣ This cone of fog extends out for three hundred yards, and at its furthest extreme measures that same distance. Best of all, at least when elves are concerned, no being can see in the fog farther than five feet, even with infravision. The ogres release the fog, wait five minutes for it to reach its full spread, then charge straight forward, killing anything smaller than ogre sized that gets in their way. The fog lasts for one hour but can be dispelled by a particularly strong wind—especially a magical one. This item is worth 250 XP.



Charm of Running

With the newly centralized government in place in Blöten, maintaining communication between the various cities has become vital. Ogre messengers, an innovation of the titans, are trained and equipped to run the entire distance between cities without stopping. Although durable creatures by any account, this is still a feat that would normally be beyond the capacity of any normal ogre. To solve this problem, the titans have created simple charms that prevent the wearer from tiring. The messengers wear these around their necks, and the magical energy stored therein alleviates tired muscles, keeps the wearer from getting winded, and even helps them digest food better. The messengers eat as they run, and as long as they wear the necklace, they are fine. As soon as they take it off, they usually fall into a deep sleep, possibly even a coma. Thus most never take the charms off. The long-term effects of wearing the charms remain unknown.

- This charm allows the user to continually make successful Endurance or Physique actions when performing physical exertions. However, any creatures or spells that drain the user's Endurance or Physique act normally, bringing the wearer of the charm to a lower level of Endurance or Physique. Once the wearer takes off the charm, his or her Endurance or Physique is instantly reduced to 1 and all actions, including mental ones, become more difficult. For each hour spent in exertion that normally requires at least average Endurance or Physique actions, the wearer gains another point added to the difficulty of any actions that occur after the wearer takes the charm off. This penalty is cumulative and does not go away until the wearer sleeps for at least eight hours. Lost Endurance or Physique points are regained at a rate of 1 point per hour of inactivity after the user has slept. If Narrators don't want to keep track of this, they can simply make any actions automatically impossible after the charm is taken off.
- The wearer can perform any physical exertions for long periods of time without needing to make ability checks or saving throws to prevent fatigue. However, once the user takes the charm off, his or her Constitution or Strength (whichever seems appropriate to the Narrator) immediately decreases to 1 point. All actions are performed with a penalty of -1 per hour spent in exertion until the user sleeps for at least eight hours. Once the wearer has slept, he or she can regain lost ability points at a rate of 1 point per hour of inactivity. This item is worth 500 XP.

Collar of the Hounds

The shamans of Kern first developed these tough leather collars to help train the famous hunting dogs of Kern. When placed around a dog or wolf's neck and activated with the appropriate command word, the collar forces the wearer to obey the owner's commands. The dog obeys only the commands of whoever activated the collar, but it does so willingly and without malice. Of course, it can only follow commands that it understands. Most dogs cannot learn more than a few simple things like "fetch," "attack," and "heel."

Interestingly, the collar also has an effect when placed on sentient beings such as goblins, humans, or elves. While it does not control the wearer's thoughts, it does provide them with a small jolt of pain whenever they refuse to obey any one-word commands given to them by the ogre. In Blöde, many neighborhoods use these collars on particularly recalcitrant slaves.

- Wearers automatically suffer 3 damage points whenever they fail to obey a simple command that they fully understand. To set the collar properly, the one putting it on the wearer must succeed at an easy Spirit (Presence) action to get past the wearer's resistance.
- Wearers suffer 1d4 points of damage whenever they fail to obey a simple command that they understand. When the collar is first put on, wearers can attempt a saving throw vs. spell to see if the collar's magic takes effect. This item is worth 1,000 XP.

Gauntlets of the Mountains

The ogres of Blöde first created these gauntlets ages ago to help them better maneuver through their mountainous homeland. The gauntlets represent the basic ogre approach to dealing with any problem: brute strength over subtlety. Instead of creating a glove that would allow the ogre to move like a spider up and down vertical surfaces, the ogres created gauntlets that would give their hands enough strength to literally dig into solid rock and create handholds where none existed before.

These gloves are made of tough leather—often the tanned hide of some victim of the ogres. The tips of the fingers consist of steel, resembling thimbles, but they usually end in short, sharp spikes. While wearing the glove, the ogre's hands become powerful enough to crush rock and break bone. This allows the ogre to climb walls with relative ease, just as if he or she were ascending a ladder. Furthermore, since it leaves holes, it is easier for others to follow his or her path. The gloves also make the ogre especially deadly in hand-to-hand combat where he or she can simply grab opponents and squeeze, causing significant damage.

- Wearing the gauntlets increases the ogre's hand Strength (Physique) to 20 for all actions using just the hands (punching does not count but grabbing does).
- The user's hand strength is increased to 21. This item is worth 750 XP.

Helm of the Titans

Ogre armies have never been known for their discipline or the ability to execute complicated (or even simple) tactical maneuvers. With the return of the titans, I saw the need for more discipline. While the titans have proven adept at leading ogres in battle, the ogres themselves still lack some of the ability of their betters. For now, the titans cannot be everywhere, and these devices allow the ogres to partially make up for the lack of a titan to lead them.

The helmet, sized to a normal ogre's head, consists of intricately carved bronze that is inlaid with images of the titans and Takhisis. The device must be attuned to a specific user, but all titans and most shamans can perform the necessary rituals for re-attuning the helm to a new owner. The wearer must then individually contact every ogre sol-

dier he plans on leading in battle, up to a maximum of one hundred ogres. After the one hundred ogres have been contacted, the ogre leader is ready to use the helm in battle.

Once the battle begins, the ogre can use the helm to send his very thoughts to any of the attuned soldiers. Thus, he can immediately direct and control their movements with ease. He can send thoughts to individual ogres or to the whole group. Those under the helm's influence hear the thoughts as a normal voice and immediately feel not only obligated, but also eager to follow the leader's commands. Thus the leader can ensure that the ogres perform their assigned tasks in the battle rather than allowing themselves the luxury of being distracted by loot or an easy kill that does not serve the greater good.

- ☛ The helm allows the user to use mentalism to automatically communicate with his or her troops.
- ☛ This item works similarly to the *helm of telepathy*, but it has an extended range. Those using it must speak briefly with each person that they wish to communicate with (see above). The helm is worth 3,000 XP.

Road Block

The road block is a favorite item for ogres on raids, particularly because it can be used so effectively to surprise a target. The device is simply a twenty-foot-long rope, as simple as any common length of hemp in the land. An ogre shaman enchants the rope with a one-use magical spell that any ogre can activate if he knows the correct trigger word. To use the rope effectively, it must be strung out across the ground in a relatively straight line, although there can be some gentle curves. Ogres usually bury the rope just below the surface of a roadway, preferably at a narrow point where mountains or thick woods are to one or both sides.

The ogres lie in ambush, waiting for a likely group of travelers to come along. Just before the prey reaches the hidden rope, the ogre leader activates the magic item. Suddenly the earth around the rope erupts forth and in a matter of seconds creates a ten-foot high wall of rock and dirt all along the length of the rope. This effectively blocks the road, and the attacking ogres swarm in, catching their prey against the wall and butchering them. Ogres on campaign also use these items to create simple fortifications for their army camps or when laying siege to an enemy position.

- ☛ Sorcerers who use geomancy or some other type of magic to remove or change the wall in the first five minutes of its existence must add an opposition of 5 points to their spell because of the wall's inherent magic. After five minutes, the wall is completely normal. A mishap causes a random magical effect to occur.
- ☛ This wall is a completely normal except that it takes five rounds before the last of the magical energy fades. Until it does, the magic of the wall interferes with spells, causing a possible surge much like *Nahal's reckless dweomer* does (see the *Tome of Magic*). This item is worth 250 XP.

Spear of Punishment

In general, the ogres like to kill their enemies outright. However, sometimes they prefer to teach them a lesson that

hopefully the victim will never forget. This treatment is reserved for those who have shown themselves to be annoying or offensive to the ogres in some way. A famous example focuses on a group of heroes that raided up and down the Kingdom of Blöde, freeing slaves and killing scores of ogres. When the Blöde ogres finally tracked the invaders down, they surrounded and disarmed them. Then they took out the spear of punishment and stabbed each of them three times: once in each arm and once in the gut. None of these wounds were fatal, but all of them quite painful. The true punishment lay in the magic of the spear: None of these wounds would ever truly heal.

Spears of punishment are quite rare and are items created by the ancient ogres or recently manufactured by the titans. Made of solid steel and inlaid with bronze and silver depictions of Takhisis, the spearhead is one foot long and has jagged, tooth-like edges. It can be used quite effectively as a weapon, but it is seldom wielded in combat because of its rarity and value. Ogres usually use the spear to punish prisoners for their sins, marking them forever as enemies of the ogres and usually crippling them in the process. While blood from the wound does stop flowing, damage to muscle and nerves never goes away completely. The victim constantly suffers from the pain of the wound, no matter what kind of aid, magical or otherwise, is given to the cut. This pain does lessen over the years, but even just before the victim's death, he or she should be feeling phantom twinges of pain at least a couple of times each day.

- ☛ Anyone wounded by the spear loses one card from their hand until they can rest long enough to heal the wound normally. Magic does not affect wounds inflicted by these spears. Once the wound is fully healed, the victim can recover the card, but he or she feels the wound constantly.
- ☛ This spear possess the magical properties of a sword of wounding. This item is worth 4,400 XP.

Truth Talisman

The ogre shamans have been making truth talismans for centuries as a means of ensuring justice when crimes are committed among the ogres. The talisman can come in many shapes and designs, depending on the individual tastes of the ogre responsible for its creation. Usually the talisman is made of precious metal and hangs from a cord woven from the hair of defeated enemies (elf hair is particularly prized). Severing the cord deprives the talisman of its power.

While wearing the talisman, it becomes almost impossible for the person to tell any false statement. The wearer can be as evasive and misleading as they wish, but he or she cannot make any directly false statements. The shamans use the talisman only in the direst of circumstances since it implies that the wearer's words cannot be trusted. Few ogres willingly submit to wearing the talisman because of the shame attached to it.

- ☛ The wearer must tell the truth unless he or she makes a successful *impossible Presence* action.
- ☛ A successful saving throw vs. spell with a -6 penalty allows the wearer to avoid telling the truth. This item is worth 2,000 XP.



INTRODUCTION



have always prided myself on being a fair master." Igraine saw, finally, some emotion on the face of the slave, a flitting feeling that he didn't know human faces well enough to recognize, but perhaps he could guess.

"A fair master," he repeated more firmly. "Harsh, but fair. My laws are harsh, but none of my slaves can say they don't know them. Therefore, if they break them and are punished, it is their own fault."

—Igraine speaks to Eadamm the slave, The Irda

This section summarizes the adventure and provides pregenerated heroes that the Narrator and players can use to get started quickly. Narrators should read through the whole adventure before starting game play, however.

Starting the Adventure

Narrators can introduce this adventure to the heroes in many ways. If the players use the pregenerated heroes, then it's fairly easy to get started. However, if the heroes are coming from another part of Ansalon, Narrators might need to do a little more work. Here are some of the ways that Narrators can introduce this adventure:

- The heroes hear that the Knights of Solamnia or the Legion of Steel is looking for some good people for a job in Nordmaar. The pay is excellent for the job. The Narrator can provide as many details as necessary to get the players interested in this job.
- If the heroes are coming from *The Sylvan Veil*, then they can actually travel to Jennison before Alhana's main party leaves the Silvanesti Forest area. Then they'll simply be waiting for the elves. The Narrator might need to adjust some of the opening text.
- If the heroes have any connections with Sanction, Qualinost, or Palanthas, then they might be assigned to find out what the Silvanesti elves want from the Knights of Solamnia and the Legion of Steel. They could work for a completely different faction.

Adventure Summary

The heroes begin in the town of Jennison in Nordmaar. They have been assigned to escort the elven emissaries for a meeting with the Knights of Solamnia and the local Legion of Steel representatives. However, they discover that during the elves' transit, the seagoers suffered a raid upon their ships. Only one of the three warships makes it to the port, and the heroes have the opportunity to discover more about the other two ships.

After learning that the elves on the captured ships were taken in irons by the minotaur pirates, the heroes must discover the whereabouts of these elves. By asking around, they discover that the elves are most likely being held at Dragon's Point. Once they travel there, the heroes discover that the elves have been sent on to Kernen, the capital city of Kern.

On their way to Kernen, the heroes meet ogre rebels who dislike the idea that Kern is subservient to Blöde. The heroes can gain the aid of the rebels to get to Kernen. Once there, they find that the city is in the midst of a festival. While this makes it easier for them to get around, gathering information as to the elves' whereabouts could be difficult. If they befriended the ogre rebels, they can seek out a contact in the city. Otherwise, they can learn the information they seek from other slaves. In short, the heroes discover that the elves were being held in the palace of Kernen. Upon visiting the palace, they learn that the Khan of Kernen is not there, that certain ogres are being chosen to transform into huge, blue-skinned beings called ogre titans, and that the elves have been sent to Blöten. The heroes also have an opportunity to learn of the Giant's Road, which is a path that leads through the mountains to Blöde.

Eventually, they reach the kingdom of Blöde, where they can learn all kinds of information in Hatl, Blöten, and Giant's Hall. They can find out more about the ogre titans and their war plans, learn about the location of the elves, and discover that the titans have their share of internal enemies among the ogre populations of both Kern and Blöde. They can also stumble across some smaller subplots that might bring them back to Blöde later. Ultimately, the heroes need to head to the Valley of the Titans, where Daurroth and his apprentice make their home. The heroes might find themselves pushed to their utmost when they face both titans during their stay in the valley.

Once they defeat both of the titans, the heroes can free the elves and accompany them back to Jennison. Though the trip back is long and arduous, they receive a warm welcome and a congratulations on a job well done from the people there.

Choosing Heroes

Rise of the Titans can easily accommodate any group of experienced heroes. The only real requirement is that they are willing to risk their lives for the greater purpose of saving the elven ambassadors and thus help cement an alliance between the forces of Good in the north and Alhana's elves in the south. The hazards inherent in this adventure call for experienced heroes who can handle tough foes in combat. Likewise, they should have the good sense and ability to avoid combat when possible. For example, the ability to sneak past guards can prove to be more useful than the ability to beat them into submission. The heroes should also have some magic weapons (to help against the powerful titans) and at least one potent spellcaster. If preferred, they can use some of the pregenerated heroes presented next.



Colin Dinx

Description	Human male (civilized), mercenary warrior role	
Demeanor	Resourceful (2)	
Nature	Curious (2)	
Reputation	Champion (Quests 9, Hand 5)	
Social status	Gentry (Wealth 6)	
Agility	7C Reason	6D
Dexterity	6B Perception	7C
Endurance	8B Spirit	3X
Strength	9A Presence	5C
Melee weapon	Longsword of renown (+11), mace of renown (+11)	
Missile weapon	Light crossbow (+3)	
Armor	Scale mail (-4)	
Shield	Target (-3/+2)	

Colin Dinx, male human F9: AC 5 (scale mail, shield); MV 12; hp 87; THAC0 12 (11 Str bonus, 9 longsword +2 or mace +2); #AT 1 (longsword +2, mace +2, or light crossbow); Dmg 1d8+5 or 1d6+6 or 1d4; SZ M (6'3" tall); Str 18 (35), Dex 13, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL NG.

"Who would have ever thought that I would get involved in a job for something besides money? I've been fighting for my room and board since I could lift a sword and swing it and that's pretty much how I figured I was going to die. Well, I was almost right. Although I was born in Nordmaar, I've traveled all over and fought most anything you care to think of in the past twenty years.

I've had my brushes with death, but never anything as close as when a blasted Knight of Takhisis skewered me on his lance.

"I thought I was done for sure. The Knights of Solamnia who had hired my assistance just left me to die. Their "honor" and "codes" probably don't extend to saving a mercenary's life. Luckily, one of my fellow "hirelings" turned out to be a member of the Legion of Steel. He patched me up, nursed me back to health, and helped me get out of there alive. I owe him my life. Now I've pledged to serve the Legion for a year in order to repay their kindness.

"I'm glad they assigned me to work with my friend and savior, Geoff Trundle. He's not only a helpful guy, but his magic has gotten us out of more than one mess. This current job we're doing should be a piece of cake. We've come back to my home turf of Nordmaar, and all we have to do is escort some elves across friendly territory. It may not be exciting, but mercenary work seldom is. In the meantime, I'll help out however Geoff wants me to."

Appearance

Tall, broad, and barrel chested, Colin is an imposing figure, especially when decked out in his high-quality, polished scale mail. He never wears a helmet in battle and keeps his head shaven whenever possible. Often he will paint his bare scalp to resemble a skull or some sort of demonic face, just to throw his enemies off balance for a moment.

Roleplaying

Colin grew up in a rough-and-tumble environment and has gained a rather blunt tongue because of this. He also takes every advantage given to him in any set of circumstances. While he prefers to face his opponents in physical combat, he knows when it's better to use guile to get out of or into a situation. Due to his experience as a mercenary, Colin has learned to take friends where he can get them. However, he is not quick to trust people. Colin became a mercenary mainly to see what he could see out in the wide world of Krynn, so he's always open to new experiences.

Game Information

As a mercenary warrior, Colin knows how to look for weaknesses in an opponent. Once per combat he can make an *average Perception* action {Intelligence check}. Success means that all he cards he plays for melee combat actions are considered trump {gains a +4 bonus to strike with his sword or mace}. The battle must already be in progress before Colin can use this ability, and he cannot use it if his foes surprise him, if he is waiting in ambush, or if he faces an invisible opponent.

Colin's rather gruff appearance and mannerisms leave an ill taste in many people's mouths. Therefore, he receives no trump bonus for Presence actions except to resist mysticism {loses the benefit of Charisma adjustments}.





• Geoff Trundle

Description	Human male (civilized), warrior-sorcerer role		
Demeanor	Brave (2†)		
Nature	Purposeful (5♣)		
Reputation	Champion (Quests 10, Hand 5)		
Social Status	Guildsman (Wealth 5)		
Agility	6C	Reason	9A (81)
Dexterity	5C	Perception	6C
Endurance	6B	Spirit	5C
Strength	7A	Presence	6B
Melee weapon	Mace of fame (+13)		
Missile weapon	None		
Armor	Scale mail of renown (-8)		
Shield	None		

➤ Geoff Trundle, male human F7/M5: AC 3 (scale mail +2); MV 12; hp 35; THAC0 14 (11 mace +3); #AT 1 (mace +3); Dmg 1d6+4; SA wizard spells (choose from *Player's Handbook*); SZ M (5'4" tall); Str 14, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 11, Cha 12; AL NG.

"I guess I'm what you call a natural-born wizard, or at least that's what all my teachers have said. Apparently, other folks take years to learn to channel their inner energies and make magic. For me it was always just a part of life. Everyone and their mother thought I should become a trained magician, if only so I could learn to stop setting things on fire in my sleep. I went to the

classes, I learned the tricks, and I hated every minute of it. You see, I'm a scrapper—I always have been—and I wanted to get out where the action was.

"So like most strong-willed kids who don't get what they want at home, I ran away at the ripe old age of seventeen, an adult by most people's standards (but not according to my parents). It didn't take long for me to hook up with the Legion of Steel. I hid my magical skills from them, and they trained me to fight like I'd always wanted. Only when I was going toe to toe with some brute from Neraka and losing did I reveal my hidden talents. He burst into flames, I got out alive, and everyone else knew I was a wizard.

"Ever since then, I've been using magic and my strong right arm to serve the Legion. Recently I helped save this mercenary named Colin—a nice guy once you get to know him. He's agreed to help us out for a year as repayment for me saving his life. I'm glad of it, too. He's a good man to have at your back and we work well together. He, a few others, and I are in Nordmaar to escort some elven ambassadors from down south to some meeting. It should be no problem."

Appearance

Maybe a few inches short for a warrior, Colin makes up for his smaller stature by being quite tough and strong. He has not one ounce of fat on his body, and he knows how to handle himself well in any fight. He wears his long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, and he sports a close-trimmed beard. The overall impression that he gives is that of a handsome man always ready for action.

Roleplaying

Geoff never hesitates to wade into battle, even though he has several good spells that he can use to even out the odds from afar. He is quick to survey a situation and make a decision about what course of action to take regarding it. He also points out the bonuses and drawbacks to any plan another person puts forth, but he does so with tact and an ease of manner that never makes the person feel defensive (unless that is the person's nature, of course).

Game Information

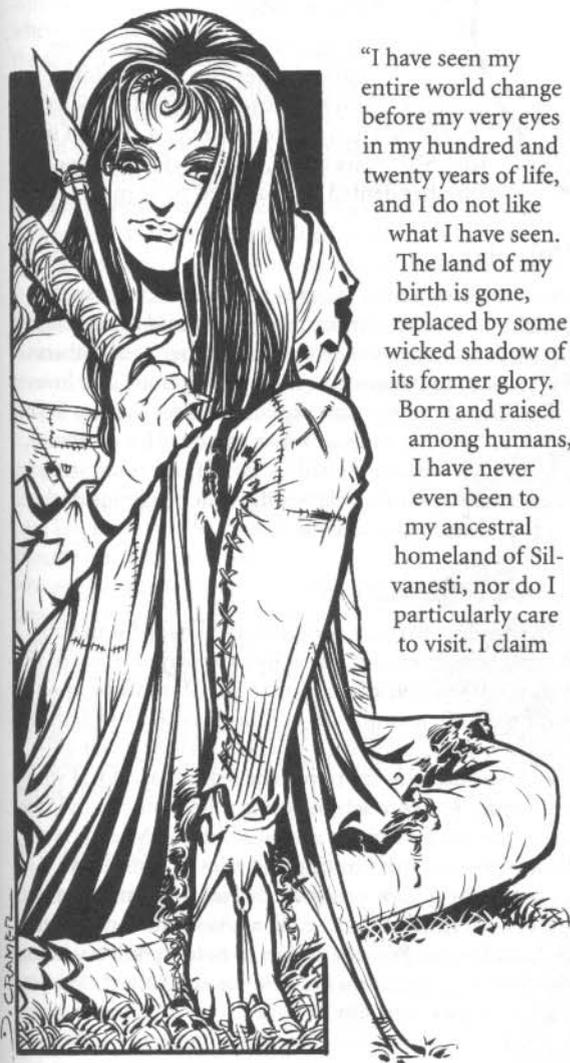
As a warrior-sorcerer, Geoff receives a trump bonus any time he uses a spell in combat to either harm his foes or help his own side {concentrates well enough that he receives a 50% chance to continue casting a spell if wounded by an attack}. Because he is accustomed to using his magic for distance attacks, he never receives a trump bonus for thrown or missile weapons {suffers a -4 penalty to attack made using these types of weapons}. Also, he cannot use a shield because he needs his hands free to work his magic. He can use the schools of aeromancy, geomancy, and pyromancy.

☛ Tereeshi Nor

Description	Female half-elf (Silvanesti) Legionnaire Scout role		
Demeanor	Aggressive (7†)		
Nature	Rash (6☾)		
Reputation	Champion (Quests 9, Hand 5)		
Social Status	Commoner (Wealth 3)		
Agility	7B	Reason	7B (49)
Dexterity	9B	Perception	8A
Endurance	5D	Spirit	6B (36)
Strength	5B	Presence	4D
Melee weapon	Short sword of fame (+9)		
Missile weapon	Longbow of renown (+10)		
Armor	Leather (-2)		
Shield	None		

☛ Tereeshi Nor, female half-elf T7/P6/M6: AC 2 (Dex bonus, leather); MV 12; hp 31; THACO 17 (14 *short sword* +3, 13 *longbow* +2 and Dex bonus); #AT 1 (*short sword* +3) or 2 (*longbow* +2); Dmg 1d6+3; SA spells (choose from *Player's Handbook*), thief skills; SZ M (5'9" tall); Str 10, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 8; AL LG.

Thief Abilities: PP 0, OL 45, F/RT 25, MS 85, HS 80, DN 70, CW 95, RL 35.



"I have seen my entire world change before my very eyes in my hundred and twenty years of life, and I do not like what I have seen. The land of my birth is gone, replaced by some wicked shadow of its former glory. Born and raised among humans, I have never even been to my ancestral homeland of Silvanesti, nor do I particularly care to visit. I claim

no relation to people who would wall themselves up and hide from the world's troubles.

"I have seen my full human brothers and sisters grow old and die, and I have cared for their grandchildren as if they were my own. Now they too have died and only I am left, and my human family is lost to the world. In their memory, I have devoted my life to restoring this world to what it once was and, for now, that means working with the Legion of Steel.

"I work with the Legion not for any great purpose or lofty ideal. I work with them to exterminate the Evil that plagues my beautiful world. I'm no Knight; I don't issue formal challenges and fight duels. I see no honor in Evil. It is a disease that begs to be eliminated for all time. A dagger in the back works just as well or better than an "honorable duel."

"This current assignment from the Legion to escort Silvanesti ambassadors intrigues me. I always relish a chance to meet with my elven kin, if only to remind myself how annoying they can be. Still, I sense some sort of new Evil brewing to the south, and these elves might point me towards it."

Appearance

Tereeshi is a tall, thin, beautiful woman who appears to be in her late thirties. She wears her brown hair long to cover her pointy ears—the only sign that she is of elven blood. She wears earth tones and dark greens to help her hide in the wild all the better.

Roleplaying

Although humans heavily influenced Tereeshi's childhood, she somehow has the same disdain that full-blooded elves possess—except she has turned it towards her elven brethren. Although she has lived quite a while, she still makes quite a few choices that are not thought out well and often include great risk. However, she feels that she must take risks to rid the world of the Evil that dwells like a festering pustule upon its beauty. She has seen many die over the years, and she knows that death is an inevitable part of the cycle of life.

Game Information

As a Legionnaire scout, Tereeshi receives a trump bonus to hide and track in nature {+4 bonus to tracking attempts and ability to hide in shadows as per thief skills} and has no restrictions when assuming false roles {+4 bonus to disguise attempts}. She is also quite a skilled assassin and ambusher, and she automatically receives a trump bonus whenever trying to surprise an opponent {opponents suffer a -2 penalty to surprise attempts}. She receives no trump bonus on Presence actions that involve leadership attempts {gains no benefits from Charisma and suffers a -4 penalty to rolls involving Charisma and interaction} and if the Dark Knights ever capture her, she will most certainly do or say something that will lead to her death. She possesses knowledge of the school of spectramancy and the sphere of healing, and she has acute vision and hearing, which reduces the difficulty of actions using these senses by one degree {see the *Player's Handbook* for half-elf abilities}.





if we wanted to put food on the table. Then it became the challenge of taking down the biggest deer or keeping a pack of wolves from getting at our sheep. Then, when I was old enough and skilled enough to head off on my own, I set out for bigger game.

"I've hunted my way back and forth across this continent, always searching for the next great challenge. I've never bagged a dragon or anything as grand as that, but I did take down a behir once. Now that's quite a story. See this? That's one of its teeth. The necklace has a tooth from each of my greatest kills.

"Sometimes, like now, I help the Legion of Steel. From my point of view, they make a whole lot more sense than any of these other groups, especially the Dark Knights (who seem pretty unbalanced and obsessed as far as I'm concerned). Hunting doesn't pay real well, so doing occasional jobs for the Legion helps keep my weapons and armor in good repair and a roof over my head. It's also taken me to places I'd never dreamed I'd get to. I'm always up for any chance to go somewhere different and hunt new prey."

Appearance

Meegin is a tough woman in her early thirties. She stands almost six feet tall and has closely cropped black hair, which she usually keeps under a cloth of some sort. She wears tough, reliable clothing underneath her dented and battered plate mail.

Meegin Kundel

Description	Female human (civilized), adventurous warrior role		
Demeanor	Opinionated (8●)		
Nature	Stubborn (4●)		
Reputation	Champion (Quests 10, Hand 5)		
Social Status	Guildsman (Wealth 5)		
Agility	8B	Reason	4D
Dexterity	7A	Perception	7B
Endurance	9B	Spirit	3X
Strength	7A	Presence	6C
Melee weapon	Billhook of distinction (+9)		
Missile weapon	Heavy crossbow (+7)		
Armor	Plate of distinction (-7)		
Shield	None		

➤ **Meegin Kundel, female human F10:** AC 1 (Dex bonus, *plate mail* +1); MV 12; hp 95; THAC0 11 (10 *spetum* +1); #AT 1 (*spetum* +1) or 1/2 (heavy crossbow); Dmg 1d6+2 or 1d4+1; SZ M (5'7" tall); Str 14, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 12; AL N.

"For me, the joy of hunting is the competition between woman and beast. Some people call it inhumane or cruel, but I say it's the way of the world: kill or be killed. I've hunted since I was a child back in Ergoth. We had to

Roleplaying

Meegin comes across as a practical, yet very outspoken woman to those she meets. She isn't afraid to state her opinion, and once she gets an idea in her head, others find it hard to persuade her of other options. She loves to tell stories about her past expeditions, yet she also knows when to hold her tongue. When faced with a challenge, she meets it without flinching. In fact, she often seeks these challenges out—especially if the challenge deals with a creature unknown to her.

Game Information

As a traveling woman, Meegin has a knack for making friends with common folk. Any card played in social situations with people of guildsman social status or lower is automatically trump {she gains a +4 bonus to Charisma checks when dealing with working class or lower citizens}. She can also try to pass herself off as a local with an *average Presence* action {gains a +2 bonus to disguise attempts when acting as a local resident}. Meegin is a little obsessed with hunting and tries to take every opportunity to face new foes, particularly those she has never even heard of before. As a result, she must succeed at a *challenging Presence* action to hold herself back from confronting a situation if a new foe is involved {Wisdom check with a -2 penalty}.

☛ Groller Dagmar

Description	Male half-ogre	
Demeanor	Simple (6 [[orbs]])	
Nature	Observant (6 [[orbs]])	
Reputation	Champion (Quests 8, Hand 5)	
Social status	Peasant (Wealth 2)	
Agility	5C	Reason 4D
Dexterity	6C	Perception 7B
Endurance	8C	Spirit 6C
Strength	11A	Presence 4X
Melee weapon	Warhammer (+9)	
Missile weapon	None	
Armor	Leather (-2)	
Shield	None	

☛ **Groller Dagmar, male half-ogre** F8: AC 6 (leather, natural armor class 8); MV 12; hp 79; THAC0 10 (Str bonus); #AT 1 (warhammer); Dmg 1d4+7; SW takes damage as large creature, attack penalty of -2 vs. dwarves and -4 vs. gnomes; SZ M (7'3" tall); Str 18 (00), Dex 11, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8; AL NG.

“...”

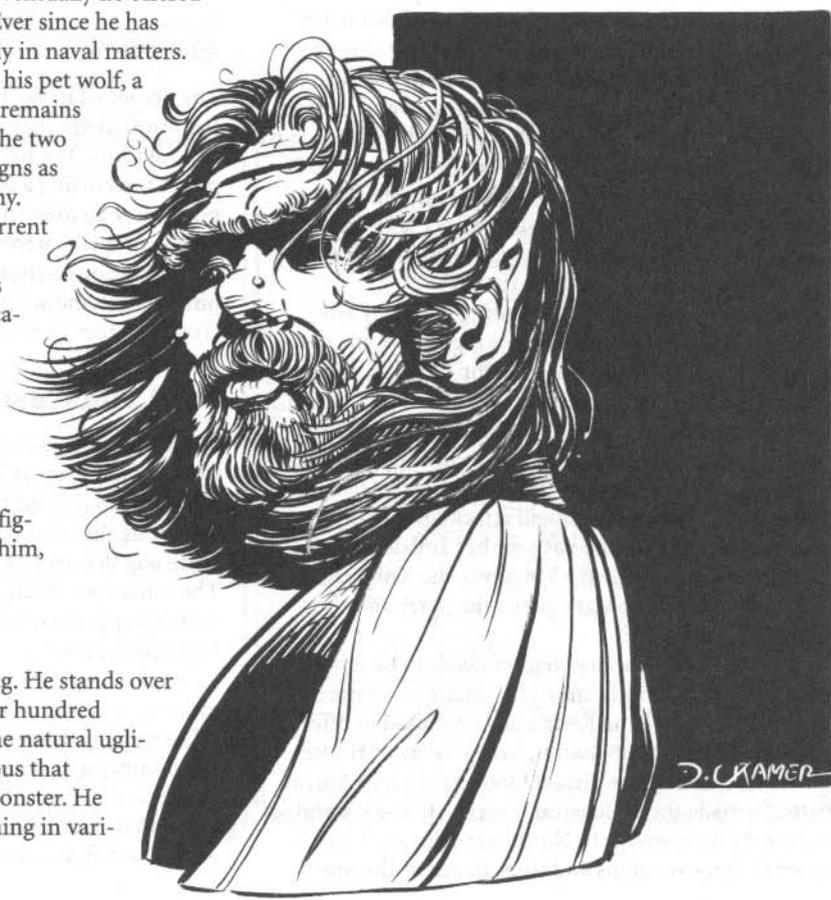
Groller does not talk often, and he lost his hearing after a green dragon attacked and killed his family. Half ogre and half human, Groller has never really fit in anywhere. He discovered that he had a certain affinity for the sea and made his living as a sailor for quite a while after the death of his family. As luck would have it, a group of heroes hired him to help crew their ship, which served as a good distraction from the nightmares of his family's death. Doing good rather than just getting by in life really appealed to Groller, and eventually he offered his services to the Legion of Steel. Ever since he has served the Legion off and on, mostly in naval matters.

His only steadfast companion is his pet wolf, a red-furred beast named Fury. Fury remains fanatically loyal to his master, and the two communicate using some simple signs as well as a kind of mysterious empathy.

Groller also has some idea of current happenings within the ogre kingdoms. Although he has not seen his ogre kin since he was young, he occasionally visits Kern as part of his voyages. He knows that recently some sort of civil war embroiled Kern and that rumors abound of some new gods walking among them. Since he can't read or write, Groller sometimes has a hard time figuring out what is going on around him, but he does his best.

Appearance

Groller is large and, well, frightening. He stands over seven feet tall and easily weighs four hundred pounds. He has inherited a lot of the natural ugliness of ogres, but he is not so hideous that people assume he's some kind of monster. He wears dirty, but tough, leather clothing in various shades of brown.



Roleplaying

Though Groller remains mute most of the time, he does occasionally speak (though slowly, as he did before he lost his hearing), and he can read lips well enough to understand what is being said to him. His lack of hearing is a barrier to the world around him, but Groller patiently works with that disability. Due to the loss of his wife and child, Groller understands that some forces cannot be vanquished by outright force of arms, though he doesn't hold back from using his strength when the occasion calls for it.

Game Information

Groller can't hear and thus cannot succeed at any actions {checks} involving this sense. However, Groller has very acute senses of smell and eyesight. All Perception actions involving these senses have a difficulty one step lower than normal {gains a +2 bonus to relevant Intelligence checks}.

Any heroes or characters traveling with Groller for several days and who have a Spirit code of at least B can establish an empathic link with Groller, allowing them to communicate simple ideas to one another when they can see each other. Otherwise, it requires a successful *average Perception* action for anyone to talk with Groller via signs or for him to communicate with others.

- ☛ **Fury: Wolf.** Co 9, Ph 9, In 8, Es 8, Dmg +5, Def -3, also acute sense (smell).
- ☛ **Fury:** AC 7; MV 18; HD 3; hp 23; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SD +1 vs. charm; SZ S (4' long); Int exceptional (16); AL N.



ACT ONE



t is not treasonous for me to increase the production of my holdings tenfold," Igraine argued. "It is not heretical to treat my slaves with kindness if they work twice as hard."

"And this is the philosophy of 'choice' you espouse?" Narran prompted. "What you call 'free will'?"

"We have grown hard in our ways," Igraine responded, loudly and proudly enough that no one doubted his belief in his words. "We are selfish while espousing order and obedience. Enslaved by our needs. In doing so, we have grown cold and hollow. We decay day by day, and the ugliness that fills begins to show outside."

—Igraine speaks to those who charge him with treason and heresy, The Irda

The story begins with the heroes in the port town of Jennison, which lies on the southeastern coast of Nordmaar. The heroes are there at the request of either the Legion of Steel or the Knights of Solamnia. Both orders have met together, along with the king of Nordmaar, to discuss the future of Alhana Starbreeze and her renegade Silvanesti elves. Alhana seeks assistance from the Knights in her effort to penetrate the mystic shield surrounding Silvanesti. The Knights hope to persuade Alhana to give up the impossible task of breaching the shield and instead bring her army north to help strengthen defenses against Neraka. They have heard several rumors that the Dark Knights might begin an offensive soon. In return, they promise to help the elven resistance once they have neutralized any threat that may come from Neraka or determined that the rumors are not true.

Alhana has no interest in sending her army anywhere. The ogres have been attacking her people outside the Silvanesti Shield. Fortunately for Alhana and her followers, the ogres have been fighting a civil war, which has caused them to attack only sporadically. However, now that they have settled their internal disputes, the ogres are marshalling their forces against the elves again. Alhana fears that the ogres will attack her before she can penetrate the shield. She has sent her ambassadors to Nordmaar to persuade the kingdom, the Knights, and the Legion to declare war against the ogres and thus help her.

Obviously, a lot of negotiation needs to be done. Alhana sent a relatively large diplomatic party north to Nordmaar, where King Kerian had promised to offer support. The elven emissaries, led by Teilas of House Advocate (who claims distant blood relation to Alhana herself), made the treacherous journey to the sea and set sail on the long voyage to Nordmaar. Although it consisted of three warships and three dozen of the most

experienced elven warriors available (including Rythas Starbreeze, another cousin of Alhana's), the diplomatic convoy fell prey to a small pirate fleet as it crossed the waters between the ogre realm of Kern and the minotaur island of Saifhum.

The minotaur raiders set upon the ships and captured two of them after fierce fighting. The third ship, badly mauled in the attack, caught a friendly wind and slipped free of the buccaneers. As the wind swept them away, the fleeing elves caught sight of their fellow Silvanesti being put in chains and transferred to the pirate flagship. A few days later, the elven ship reached Jennison, where our story begins. The heroes have been hired to escort the elves to North Keep, the capital of Nordmaar.

Scene One: Ill Tidings

At the beginning of this scene, the players should have some time to familiarize themselves with their heroes (if they're using the pregenerated ones). Allow them to role-play for several minutes so that they can get the feel of how their group is going to work together.

If the heroes have arrived from another location in an ongoing campaign, they have nine days to explore the city before the events in this scene take place. The Narrator should take this opportunity to integrate the introductory elements of this adventure and can even allow the heroes to participate in a localized mini-adventure or two.

Overview

The heroes sit in the Lost Anchor, an inn on the wharf in Jennison, where they await the arrival of the elven ambassadors. The heroes receive word that the coastal patrol is escorting a severely damaged elven ship into port. They go to meet it, and find that they and its crew barely escaped a ferocious pirate attack. By asking around the port city, the heroes can learn about the pirates' base and where they need to go to rescue the elves.

First Impressions

You sit within the shade of an open-walled inn on the wharf in Jennison. A light breeze blowing off the ocean does little to disrupt the oppressive humidity and swarming flies that populate the area. Today marks the tenth day that you have waited for the elven emissaries. The innkeeper, polite as always, also seems rather smug as he takes yet another of your silver pieces in payment for your drinks.

As the sleepy afternoon gives way to a slightly cooler evening, you hear a cry from the wharf. You have heard this cry many times before, of course; the harbormaster is announcing that a ship has entered the harbor. Perhaps this time the ship will bring in the elves you're waiting for so that you can finally move on towards North Keep. As you watch, though, you spy two ships entering the

THE OGRES OF KERN

harbor. You clearly recognize one of them as being a coastal patrol ship for the kingdom of Nordmaar. It tows a battered vessel that lies low in the water.

If the heroes investigate, they discover that the crew of the coastal patrol ship also operates the broken and battered elven ship. Should they continue to watch the spectacle, though, a sailor wanders into the inn and talks about the ship within hearing of the heroes. The heroes recognize the name of the elven ship, *Zephyr's Song*, as one of the three ships they were supposed to meet at Jennison.

The Story Begins

On closer inspection of the ship, they see obvious signs that the ship has suffered through some rough times. The sails are torn and tattered, with evidence of recent patches in several locations. The same holds true for the hull, which is pocked with arrow and ballista holes as well as a large tear on the port side, which looks to be the result of a glancing blow from a ram. Portions of the ship also show signs of charring, probably from flaming missiles of some sort. The ship lists dangerously to port, indicating that she is probably taking on water and that the crew must be constantly bailing out the hold out just to keep afloat.

The elven crew of the ship is exhausted after three days of fleeing the minotaur attack. Most of them have collapsed into unconsciousness on the deck or in the quarters below. Only the ship's captain is in good enough shape to greet the heroes. His name is Rythas Starbreeze and he greets the heroes with weary resignation and explains that the pirates attacked them as his ship rounded the cape of Kern. He offers to explain the rest once he has seen his crew properly attended to.

Rythas's Tale

The heroes may want to help the wounded and weary elves off the ship and into rooms at local inns. Then they can talk to Rythas and find out what happened. If they don't help out, they can easily find out where he is staying and request to speak to him.

☛ **Rythas Starbreeze:** *Silvanesti elf adult male, serious demeanor, Champion.* Co 8, Ph 7, In 7, Es 9, Dmg +9 (spear of fame), Def 0 (common clothing).

☛ **Rythas Starbreeze, male elf** F10: AC 6 (Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 88; THAC0 11 (8 *spear* +3); #AT 1 (*spear* +3); Dmg 1d6+3; SZ M (5'9" tall); ML steady (11); Str 14, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 18; AL CG.

The elven captain tells his tale as he thirstily drinks down whatever water or ale is put before him. Read aloud or paraphrase the following:

"We set out over a month ago to make the journey around the Desolation, across the Blood Sea, and on to Nordmaar. We expected trouble, and we were ready for it. We had two elven sorcerers in our small fleet of three ships, including my cousin, Ambassador Teilas. They used their magic to create favorable winds and hide us from the dragon's scouts. When we rounded the cape of Kern, we thought we were going to make it after all, though some of us had entertained doubts all along.

"Then they set upon us like hounds on a fox. We were only three days out of Jennison and we had let our guard down. Five black ships out of the Blood Sea Isles bore down on us from the west, filled with minotaurs. We gave them a fight, but their numbers overwhelmed us. Two of the ships pinned the *Eagle's Flight* between them and swarmed all over her before the guards could stop them. Another two pulled the same maneuver on the *Willow's Song*, only they cracked her hull while doing it. The fifth ship tried to ram us, but failed to score a solid hit. After a few exchanges of missiles our sorcerer whipped up a wind to carry us away while becalming our pursuer.

"As I looked back, I saw that the other two ships were lost. The minotaurs were rounding up the crews and clapping them in irons. I could see Teilas himself, bound and bleeding, being hustled onto one of the pirate ships. I don't know how many died in the fighting, but I saw with my own eyes that they must have captured at least two dozen elves. The ambassadors are gone—



prisoners of the cursed Blood Sea pirates. I don't even know where to begin looking for them."

Further Investigations

Rythas does not have much more to tell the heroes. He says that no one on his ship has any authority to negotiate, and unless Teilas and the other elven diplomats somehow escape the clutches of the pirates, no negotiations can occur. Only five elves escaped the minotaur attack, and none of them can help in a rescue attempt. Rythas asks the heroes to do whatever they can to save both the ambassadors and the negotiations.

To rescue Teilas and his companions, the heroes need to figure out where exactly they are. The most obvious source of information is the Nordmaar coastal patrol ship that brought the elven ship into the harbor. Lain Fris, a distinguished, gray-bearded human sailor in his late fifties, commands the Jennison patrol flotilla and gladly answers any of the heroes' questions. He says that the Blood Sea pirates seldom raid this close to the coast of Nordmaar and that when they do, they rarely attack well-armed convoys. Captain Fris has not recently seen an elven ship in these waters and suspects that the possibility of taking such a prize tempted the minotaurs. Getting five pirate captains to work together in such close coordination must have taken some doing as well.

❖ **Captain Lain Fris:** *Human adult male, independent demeanor, Champion.* Co 8, Ph 7, In 5, Es 7, Dmg +2 (scimitar of distinction), Def -2 (leather).

➤ **Captain Lain Fris, male human F9:** AC 8 (leather); MV 12; hp 73; THAC0 12 (11 Str bonus, 10 scimitar +1); #AT 1 (scimitar +1); Dmg 1d8+2; SZ M (5'9" tall); ML steady (11); Str 17, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 15; AL LN.

Fris, like everyone else in Jennison, knows that the pirates probably based their operations from one of the Blood Sea Isles. Minotaurs seldom take prisoners, but from the elf's story, it sounds like they went out of their way to take as many elves prisoner as possible. Perhaps they intend to sell them as slaves. If that is the case, the minotaurs probably took their captives back to the Blood Sea Isles, where certain minotaurs are known to run slave markets. Fris knows little of where such slave markets are located, but he suggests that the heroes inquire along the waterfront at some of the less savory inns and pubs.

Pell the Wicked

Asking around among the local sailors, the heroes discover the name Pell the Wicked. Rumor has it that Pell knows more about the minotaurs pirates and their ways than anyone in Nordmaar. Some even say he once served with the foul pirates and earned their respect. These days Pell spends most of his time in his small home just a few blocks off the docks. The ramshackle building stinks of rotting fish and other more unpleasant things. A knock on the door elicits a loud admonition to get lost. Pell does not like visitors. Only promises of money or drink convince him to ask the heroes to step inside.

The inside of the one-room house smells even worse than the outside. Pell rests in one corner, propped against a pile of filthy rags and an old sea chest. He has scraggly, unkempt black hair, shot through with streaks of gray and a bushy beard that, at first glance, seems to have various insects crawling through it. Pell was once a mountain of a man, probably standing close to seven feet tall. However, the loss of his legs, which end above where his knees once were, has left him crippled, angry, and depressed.

Up until a year ago, he served with the minotaur pirates as both a sailor and a soldier. Although stronger than most humans, Pell's great strength only barely passed inspection under his minotaur captain. The minotaurs took him on only because he could slip into human ports without drawing too much attention and pick up information about which ships carried the richest cargo. Also, he has never met his match when it comes to skill with the thrown blade. Pell might even draw attention to this point by pinning a cockroach to the wall across the room with a flick of a knife he had hidden up his sleeve.

A further bribe of ale or grog will get the following information:

Pell takes a swig and wipes his mouth with the back of his dirty hand. "The minotaurs always took their prisoners to the free port of Dragon's Point. If ye want to find out what happened to yer fancy friends, go there and find the market. Like as not, they're on the sale block. I'd go with ye to help talk ye past the minotaurs, but, as y'can see, I'm a bit down on m'luck. I've a few debts to settle, too," he mentions with a slow wink.

Pell will gladly come along as a guide if the heroes offer him a large payment. He has a pair of crutches that allow him to move about, albeit slowly. Pell has much to offer, including how to talk one's way past the minotaur pirates who patrol the waters around the isle of Kern.

❖ **Pell the Wicked:** *Human adult male, cunning demeanor, Rabble.* Co 7, Ph 4, In 6, Es 5, Dmg +2 (dagger), Def -2 (leather).

➤ **Pell the Wicked, male human F5:** AC 8 (leather); MV 3; hp 31; THAC0 16; #AT 1 (dagger); Dmg 1d4; SZ M (5'4" tall); ML steady (11); Str 12, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 9, Cha 8; AL CN.

Outcome

The heroes now have a new mission: Save the elves from the minotaur slave market at Dragon's Point. The only hard part is finding a way to a city located in the ogre kingdom of Kern. A logical way to get there is by ship, as Pell suggests if given the opportunity. Should the heroes search for a likely ship, go to the beginning of Scene Two. Otherwise, the heroes can head out on foot and possibly meet several Dark Knights along the way. If the latter is the case, Narrators should plot out a few possible side adventures before the next session.

Scene Two:

Journey to Dragon's Point

The heroes can ask around town for a ship to take them to Dragon's Point. Once they find one they like (they discover only three to choose from), they set sail on a dangerous voyage that leads to an encounter with a minotaur pirate vessel. Otherwise, if they decide to head out on foot (or by horse), they face a long, treacherous journey, which most likely means that they reach Dragon's Point after the elves have been sold off as slaves. Narrators should note that they need to create some interesting encounters if the heroes travel along the coast on foot or by horseback.

First Impressions

The heroes have only a few options when it comes to finding transport to Dragon's Point:

- ❖ The heroes find that most of the captains refuse to have anything to do with the heroes, since they have no wish to travel to Dragon's Point. However, three captains don't turn down the heroes outright.
- ❖ The heroes could send word to the king of Nordmaar, requesting that a ship from the coastal patrol take them to Dragon's Point. The king agrees, but this takes precious time during which the ambassadors could be sold off as slaves or worse.
- ❖ The heroes can try to buy their ship. If the heroes have someone wealthy in their group, this may work.

Most groups have to rely on one of the three captains who agree to make the trip to Dragon's Point. The first, and seemingly best, offer comes from Captain Chakes, owner and commander of the merchant ship *Stormfront*. Chakes has a large ship with an experienced crew. He claims to have journeyed to Dragon's Point on many occasions and agrees to take the heroes for a reasonable price. If the heroes ask around about Chakes, they find that no one knows much about him and that few trust him. He refuses to drink with any of the other sailors and tends to leave and arrive at strange times and on a moment's notice.

- ❖ **Captain Chakes:** *Human adult male, treacherous demeanor, Adventurer.* Co 6, Ph 7, In 6, Es 4, Dmg +4 (cutlass), Def -2 (leather).
- ❖ **Captain Chakes, male human F4:** AC 8 (leather); MV 12; hp 29; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (cutlass); Dmg 1d8; SZ M (5'5" tall); ML average (10); Str 15, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 12; AL CE; XP 120.

The second option is an old fishing boat called the *Sea Rose*, captained and owned by an old salt named Hannat. Hannat was born and raised in Jennison and claims to have fished waters from one end of Ansalon to the other. He says he'll slip right into Dragon's Point harbor with nary a pirate taking notice of him. No one around the wharf has a bad thing to say about old Hannat. The harbormaster admits that he has suspected Hannat of smuggling now and again, but that's more to his credit as a sailor than a mark against him.

- ❖ **Captain Hannat:** *Human adult male, reserved demeanor, Rabble.* Co 6, Ph 5, In 7, Es 6 Dmg +2 (dagger), Def -1 (heavy cloth).

- ❖ **Captain Hannat, male human F1:** AC 7 (padded armor, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1 (dagger); Dmg 1d4; SZ M (5'6" tall); ML steady (11); Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL CG.

The final option comes from a brash young woman named Genna, who has just taken command of the merchant ship the *Swan*. Without a doubt, the *Swan* is one of the fastest ships in port right now (since the elven ship is so badly damaged). Captain Genna inherited the ship from her father, who recently died of disease. She grew up working the ship, along with her two brothers and three sisters who comprise part of the ship's crew. If the heroes offer good money, she agrees to take them to Dragon's Point. The wharf community expresses some reservations about Genna because of her inexperience, but everyone has wonderful things to say about her father.

- ❖ **Captain Genna:** *Human adult female, honorable demeanor, Adventurer.* Co 7, Ph 6, In 6, Es 7, Dmg +6 (broadsword), Def -2 (leather).
- ❖ **Captain Genna, female human F4:** AC 6 (leather, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 33; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (broadsword); Dmg 2d4; SZ M (5'7" tall); ML steady (11); Str 15, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 17; AL NG.

Should Pell be accompanying the heroes, he recommends the latter two captains over the first one. He doesn't trust Captain Chakes one bit, but he won't explain why.

The Story Continues

What happens next depends on whom the heroes hired to bring them to Dragon's Point. The voyage to Dragon's Point should take only four or five days, depending on prevailing winds. (Narrators can draw a Fate Card to determine the time spent on the ship. A red or white aura indicates that the ship takes only four days to get to Dragon's Point. {Narrators can roll 1d10. A result of 6 or less means it takes four days to travel.}) Three days out from Jennison, about mid-day, the lookout cries out that another ship approaches. The black spot on the horizon gradually grows larger until it is clearly identifiable as a minotaur corsair.

Each captain reacts to the pirates differently. Captain Chakes of the *Stormfront* orders the heroes to hide below decks (if they are not already doing so). The captain then strikes his sails and waits for the pirate ship to maneuver broadside to her. Chakes greets the minotaurs in their own tongue. Unless the heroes have specifically acted to make themselves aware of what is going on the *Stormfront's* deck, they have no idea what is happening. Narrators can ask for *average Agility (Perception)* actions to move about silently (opposed by a minotaur) and *aver-*



age Perception actions to hear what is going on. (Successful Dexterity or Move Silently checks can bring the heroes into a good position to overhear the conversation without making noise, and successful Intelligence or Detect Noise checks allows them to see if they can hear what is being said.) Captain Chakes tries to sell the heroes to the minotaurs. If they don't overhear this, the heroes are surprised when the minotaurs come below to take them. Otherwise, the heroes can maneuver into ambush positions when the minotaurs climb down the hatch.

Captain Hannat's small fishing vessel has only one cabin, which Hannat graciously allows the heroes to use as they see fit. When Hannat spies the minotaur corsair on the horizon, he instructs the heroes to hide below in the cabin. When the minotaurs draw abreast of the *Sea Rose*, Hannat calls out to them in their own language. They seem to know him. He tosses a small pouch of coins to the captain of the pirate ship. This appeases the minotaurs, who sail on. The rest of the voyage to Dragon's Point passes without incident.

Captain Genna of the *Swan* wants to try and outrun the pirates. However, if Pell is on board, he offers to talk to the minotaurs. It is up to the heroes which course they take. Running seems to work at first, but then the ship hits a patch of bad wind and the minotaurs start closing in. Unless the heroes use magic to create a favorable wind or speed their ship in another manner, they have to fight the minotaurs. If the heroes let Pell talk to the pirates, he convinces them to let the ship go. Pell still knows the secret signs and codes of the minotaurs. He later tells the heroes that he assured the pirates that the *Swan* was actually a smuggling ship working in the pay of Emperor Chot Es-Kalin of Mithas, the ruler of the minotaurs. No minotaur would dare attack a ship sailing under the Emperor's protection.

✦ **Sailors (12):** *Human adults of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 6, Ph 6, In 5, Es 5, Dmg +2 (dagger) or +4 (cutlass), Def -2 (leather).

✦ **Minotaur pirates (15):** *Adult male minotaurs of various nasty demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 9, In 5, Es 5, Dmg +7 (broad axe), Def 0 (common clothing).

✦ **Sailors, male humans F3 (12):** AC 8 (leather); MV 12; hp 20 each; THAC0 18; #AT 1 (dagger or cutlass); Dmg 1d4+1 or 1d8+1; SZ M (5'7" tall); ML steady (11); Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 11; AL varies.

✦ **Minotaur pirates, minotaurs F6 (15):** AC 6; MV 12; hp 54 each; THAC0 15 (14 Str bonus); #AT 1 (battle-axe); Dmg 1d8+1; SZ M (7'6" tall); ML elite (13, +3 in combat); Str 17, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 11; AL CG; XP 270 each.

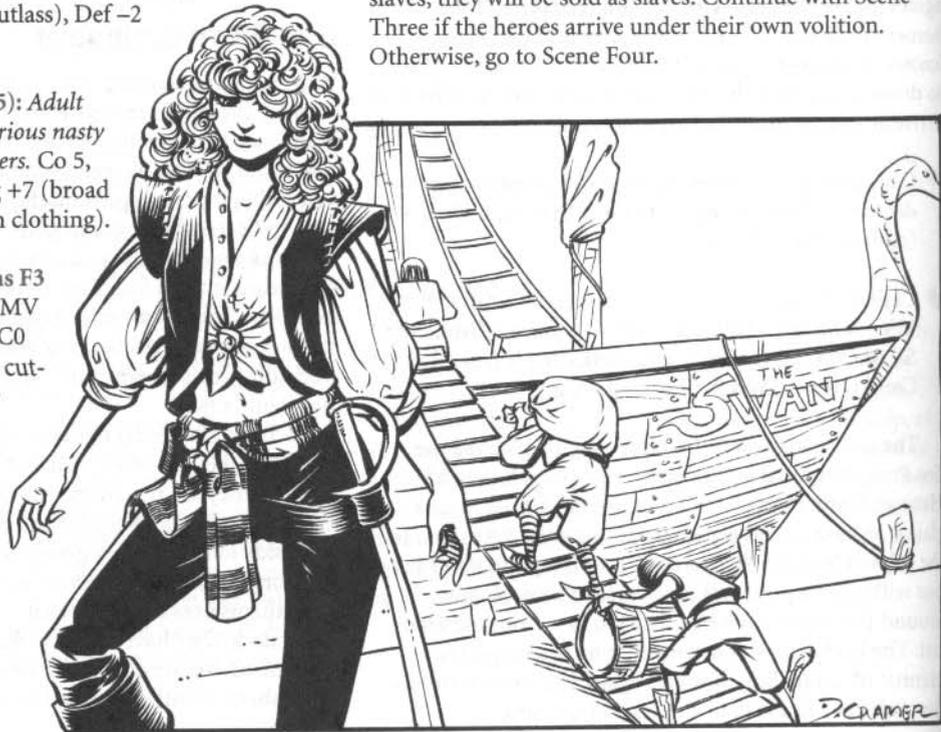
The Path of Most Resistance

If the heroes leave Jennison via horseback or foot and follow the coastline, it takes about seventeen days to reach Hangman Harbor (thirty-four days walking), barring incidents. If Narrators plan ahead, they can be prepared for the possibility that the heroes don't take a ship to Dragon's Point. If the material they come up with isn't used this time, Narrators can always use it later in the campaign.

During the trip, the heroes must travel through the swampland of Mohrlex the black dragon. They could have a chance encounter with him, or they can merely encounter the lesser lifeforms present in the swamp. Once they reach Hangman Harbor, the heroes can try to take a ship or continue to travel by land. However, if the heroes try to enter the town of Hangman Harbor, they discover that Dark Knights control it. Narrators can come up with some interesting mini-adventures in that area, or they can simply give the heroes a little grief from the Dark Knights. If the heroes choose to continue on land, it takes ten days of riding to get to Dragon's Point from Hangman Harbor (or twenty days if walking). Along the way, they might encounter some of the Kern ogres or their villages (see earlier in this book for information about this area).

Outcome

By the end, the heroes are either prisoner's of the minotaurs or on their way to Dragon's Point. If the heroes are prisoners, the Narrator needs to add details about how they escape from their captors. On the plus side, they will be taken to Dragon's Point, only instead of trying to free slaves, they will be sold as slaves. Continue with Scene Three if the heroes arrive under their own volition. Otherwise, go to Scene Four.



Scene Three: Dragon's Point

The heroes explore the minotaur town of Dragon's Point and encounter some of the town's inhabitants as they search for the captured elves.

First Impressions

If they approach from the sea, the first part of Dragon's Point the heroes see is the harbor:

A collection of ramshackle wooden buildings line the harbor, interspersed with great stone warehouses. None of the wooden buildings look like they could stand up to a stiff breeze. You can see several minotaurs moving lumber from inside one of the warehouses and onto a nearby ship. Five other ships rest at dock, some unloading supplies while others take on lumber. From what you can tell, Dragon's Point proper lies well beyond the dock area.

If they come from the land, Narrators can start the heroes with "The Story Continues."

The Story Continues

The town of Dragon's Point actually lies several dozen miles inland. It was an abandoned ogre settlement that the minotaurs of Mithas have recently taken over. After depleting their own scant resources, the minotaurs needed a reliable source of timber for their ships. Endscape Woods on the northern tip of the Kern peninsula looked to be the obvious choice. The Grand Khan of Kern ceded the abandoned village to the minotaurs in return for an annual tribute.

The minotaurs have inhabited Dragon's Point for less than ten years, but in that time they have made some major changes. First, they built a small harbor on the coast of the Blood Sea of Istar. The small harbor community, connected by a well-traveled dirt road to the main city of Dragon's Point, has no name of its own, and most of its residents simply refer to it as "Dragon's Point Harbor" or "the harbor." Here, not only minotaur ships but also any brave travelers are welcome.

Ogres, goblins, and wild humans live on the harbor, and moneyed minotaurs run the port. As one might expect from such residents, it is a den of thieves, pirates, and rogues where the law holds little sway. As long as no one disrupts the steady flow of lumber from Endscape to the shipyards of Mithas, the minotaurs do not care about what goes on there. Humans and dwarves come to the city often, and no one thinks twice about the heroes unless they appear obviously out of place. Even kender sometimes show up in Dragon's Point, and while not welcome, they do not arouse any suspicion.

The minotaurs have military patrols that regularly move up and down the road to the harbor, making sure that no ogre rebels raid the lucrative highway. The patrols usually consist of six well-armed minotaurs. They might stop and question the heroes about their business, especially if the heroes look in any way suspicious. The best way for the heroes to avoid unwanted scrutiny is to pretend they are selling one or more of their comrades at

the slave market. Should the heroes somehow tip off the minotaurs that they have no legitimate business here, they might end up in the slave pits themselves.

- ☛ **Minotaur patrol (6):** *Adult minotaurs of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 9, In 5, Es 5, Dmg +7 (longsword), Def -3 (chainmail).
- ☛ **Minotaur patrol F6 (6):** AC 2 (chainmail); MV 12; hp 57 each; THAC0 15 (14 Str bonus); #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1d8+3; SZ M (7'9" tall); ML elite (13; +3 in combat); Str 18 (13), Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL CG; XP 270 each.

The town of Dragon's Point consists mostly of simple stone and wooden homes. The only remnant of the bygone glory of the ancient ogre settlement that once stood here is a blasted and crumbling tower. Still, the ancient tower is nothing but a shell of cracked, black marble. The new owners have begun to dismantle the ancient structure for building materials, much to the dismay of the local ogre population. For two years, the minotaurs have been constructing an amphitheater in which to hold games and gladiatorial combat. Although not finished, the amphitheater opened last month. Every two weeks, minotaurs crowd into its black marble walls to watch slaves fight each other or wild beasts to the death.

The second largest structure in town is the slave market, a large granite and wood building that sprawls in the center of town. Since so much of the lumber business depends on slave labor, this market has become by far the largest of its kind in Western Ansalon. Ogres, minotaurs, and even humans from Saifhum come to the market to buy slaves for their various nefarious purposes. The market pays good money for slaves of all types, and most of the minotaur pirates bring their captives to Dragon's Point for sale. The building itself is simply a wide-open space with a roof to keep off the sun and rain. Columns run in rows on the inside, not only supporting the roof, but holding manacles for displaying slaves as well. A raised dais against one wall serves as the site of the actual auctions, which take place almost daily. Below are scores of cells where slaves bide their time until someone purchases them.

The rich minotaur merchants and mill owners prefer not to live within the hot, humid confines of the city itself. Most minotaurs own large plantations or manor houses outside of the city. These luxuriously appointed villas house a family of minotaurs and several slaves. A typical minotaur mansion has its own heavily guarded and fortified wall just as a precaution against possible raids by the rebel ogres that still lurk about in the wilderness of Kern. The minotaurs employ only minotaur guards in their own homes, not wanting to risk the possibility of ogre treachery. Attacks by rebel ogres have lessened of late, but they remain a very real danger.

With a population of several hundred, the heroes have plenty of room to hide in Dragon's Point. Those humans and other races who make Dragon's Point their home live in one run-down neighborhood relatively close to the center of town. They have simple clapboard huts that barely keep the rain out and offer no protection



from the stinging insects that hover over the city like a cloud. A few decrepit taverns service the population of this human settlement, mostly providing homemade rotgut distilled from locally grown potatoes. The minotaurs and ogres hardly ever venture into this human ghetto, and the heroes can find relative safety and anonymity here. Pell can tell them about the place if he's still with them or they can simply follow the humans. If they begin to ask questions in this area, go to "Information Gathering."

Anywhere else in town, the residents treat the heroes as second-class citizens (unless one of them is a minotaur). Minotaurs and ogres push past them in the street, even shoving them into the mud, without a glance of acknowledgment. They often ignore any attempts by the heroes to make conversation, forcing the heroes to repeat themselves four or five times before even deigning to notice them. Then, in all likelihood, the minotaur or ogre tells the hero to shove off. Kender find life here especially hard, since one of the favorite local games, "Kick the Kender," is not a pleasant or even particularly interesting experience.

Encounters in Dragon's Point

To simulate the chance encounters heroes might have while scoping out the town, the Narrator can randomly determine encounters for each hour the heroes wander by drawing a Fate Card {roll 1d10}:

Result	Encounter
1-3	Kick the Kender
4-6	An Ogre Dispute
7-10	Minotaur Patrol

Kick the Kender

The heroes hear the noise of a screeching kender several seconds before they see what is causing it to make noises like that. When they do, they see three minotaurs racing after a weaving-and-dodging, yet battered, female kender. Just before the heroes have a chance to intercede, one of the minotaurs edges forward and boots the kender high up into the air. Amazingly, through the pain of what must have been a mighty blow, the kender twists in mid-air and lands with a deft roll. She picks herself up almost immediately and attempts to duck behind a nearby ogre.

The Narrators should allow the heroes to prevent this from continuing, though they will certainly draw attention to themselves. If they do this in a clever way (such as claiming that the kender stole something of theirs and they want to reclaim it "privately"), the Narrator should call for opposed actions of average difficulty {saving throw vs. spell} to see if the minotaurs decide to stop. If the heroes fail, the minotaurs call a nearby patrol into play (see "Minotaur Patrol"). Otherwise, the minotaurs leave the area, looking for other sport.

If the heroes decide simply to defend the kender outright, the three minotaurs attack, which earns the scrutiny of a nearby minotaur patrol. (Use "Minotaur Patrol" from this point on.)

If the heroes ever catch up with the kender (allow for normal actions to track her), she thanks them and

attempts to "find" an item that the heroes own (an *average Perception (Dexterity)* action allows the hero to notice the attempt {the kender makes a Pick Pockets roll}). She leaves them as quickly as possible

☛ **Softtread:** *Adult female determined demeanor, Rabble.* Co 8, Ph 4, In 7, Es 5, Dmg +1 (stiletto), Def -2 (leather), also missile weapons.

☛ **Softtread, female kender H1:** AC 5 (leather, Dex bonus); MV 6; HD 1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1 (dagger); Dmg 1d4; SA thieving skills; SZ M (3'7" tall); ML fearless (20); Str 12, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 11; AL CN.

Thief Abilities: PP 35, OL 35, F/RT 10, MS 35, HS 35, DN 25, CW 45, RL 5.

This encounter can occur several times, though the kender can vary in gender and demeanor.

An Ogre Dispute

As the heroes wander, they come across a couple of minotaur merchants arguing loudly with a couple of ogres. The ogres are brandishing a broken weapon of some sort and shouting about the poor quality of the merchants' wares. The two minotaurs stand patiently waiting for their chance to yell back. Meanwhile, a couple of humans are coming out of the shop, oblivious to the argument. Allow the heroes to make *average Perception* actions {Wisdom check} to see if they notice how the ogre is raising the broken weapon up as if to knock it on the noggin of one of the humans. If one hero succeeds, he or she can yell a warning or otherwise distract the ogres and prevent the human from certain injury (or even death). Of course, that brings the wrath of the ogres down upon the heroes' heads. Running or fighting are both options, but the latter causes a minotaur patrol to come forth (see "Minotaur Patrol").

☛ **Two ogres:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +5 (broken weapon or bare hands), Def -3, also thrown weapons.

☛ **Ogres (2):** AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (bare hands or broken weapon); Dmg 1d10; SZ M (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CG; XP 270.

Treat as "no encounter" if it results again.

Minotaur Patrol

The heroes always have a chance to run into a minotaur patrol as they wander Dragon's Point. If they've already drawn attention to themselves for a different reason (such as "Kick the Kender" or "An Ogre Dispute"), then 1-10+3 minotaurs wearing similar armor immediately attack them. They will attempt to subdue the heroes, but if half their number falls in combat, they'll start striking to kill.

If the heroes simply fall within sight of a minotaur patrol, they must make *easy Presence* actions {Charisma check} to appear like they have legitimate (at least to minotaurs) business in Dragon's Point. If they fail, then

the minotaurs approach the heroes and start asking questions about what they're doing in Dragon's Point. A successful *average Presence (Spirit)* action (saving throw vs. spell) allows the heroes to fool the minotaurs, or if the players roleplay the situation well, the Narrator need not call for this action.

☛ **Minotaur patrol:** *Adult minotaurs of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 9, In 5, Es 5, Dmg +7 (longsword), Def -3 (chainmail).

☛ **Minotaur patrol (F6):** AC 2 (chainmail); MV 12; hp 57 each; THACO 15 (13 Str bonus); #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1d8+3; SZ M (7'10" tall); ML elite (13; +3 in combat); Str 18 (57), Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL CG; XP 270 each.

If the heroes are captured, they find themselves in the slave market.

Information Gathering

A few questions around the human ghetto gives the heroes information they need to know about the slave market. After the first few minutes they ask around the local taverns and stores, they see a woman wearing leather armor and a dark cloak gracefully winding her way over to them. Her long, platinum blond hair peeks out from under a blue silk scarf that is held in place by a steel band that rests lightly on her delicate brow. She introduces herself as Demitria and asks if they need help getting around Dragon's Point. Allow the heroes to interact with her before relating the information below. They should find her quite friendly.

☛ **Demitria:** *Human adult female, observant demeanor, Champion*.* Co 8, Ph 6, In 7, Es 7, Dmg +6 (dagger of renown), Def -2 (leather of distinction).

☛ **Demitria female human T7:** AC 5 (*leather+1*); MV 12; hp 43; THACO 17; #AT 1 (*dagger+2*); Dmg 1d4+2; SA *thieving skills, backstab x3*; SZ M (5'7" tall); ML elite (13); Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 17; AL CE.

Thief Abilities: PP 35, OL 35, F/RT 5, MS 80, HS 75, DN 55, CW 80, RL 30.

*Demitria is actually a spy who works for a master that she will never reveal. Her job takes her all over Ansalon under various guises, some of them as humans and others as elves. Her current mission is to find out about the ogre rebellion (which is why she knows so much about the slave auctions). She has even made an acquaintance out of the slave master here, though she won't reveal this to the heroes. Narrators should feel free to use her for their own ends and choose her master or mistress.

The heroes *can* learn the following information from Demitria. She will not travel with the heroes, however. She claims she has business to take care of that evening before she leaves the next day. Narrators should, if possible, roleplay the exchange:

- ☛ The market holds slave auctions once a week, but the slave master is on duty every day to buy new slaves for the weekly auction.
- ☛ Anyone who wishes to sell a slave must first register the slave with the slave master or one of his assistants. The slave master conducts all of the auctions and takes twenty percent of the sale price. The new owners may take possession of the slaves immediately, or they may leave the slave in the dungeons for up to three days after purchase.
- ☛ No one the heroes can talk to (including Demitria) knows anything about the elven ambassadors or indeed elves at all. Many of them have never seen an elf, although they do know that the slave master has announced that he will personally pay quite well for any elven slaves brought to him.
- ☛ Demitria asks her nearby contacts (a couple of dangerous-looking local mercenaries) and discovers that elven slaves have not gone on the market in recent years. That's not terribly strange since elves seldom make their way to the slave markets anyway and when they do no one much cares for them because they are not good workers.
- ☛ The best time to enter the dungeon is at night. Only a few torches light the market, and two bored minotaurs stand guard at the stairs throughout the evening. (Demitria casually tells them that she found this out from a contact of hers the other night, although this is a lie. She has checked out the place herself.) The only trouble these guards have had in the past is with drunken minotaurs who get it in their heads that they have to buy a slave right away. No one has ever tried to break into the dungeon before, only to break out of it.

Outcome

Once the heroes have determined where the slave market is (either by finding it on their own or by being dragged there by minotaurs), continue with Scene Four.

Additionally, both Lighttread and Demitria can cross paths with the heroes again. In the case of the former, Lighttread bumps into them in almost any jail and helps them escape (if the Narrator desires). Demitria can either provide them with useful information later (posing as a merchant or in another disguise), or flee from them if they recognize her when she doesn't want them to. In this latter case, she could lead the heroes to a location or event that will help forward a current adventure, and then she can disappear.



Scene Four: Slave Pits

The heroes must penetrate the slave market and discover the fate of the elven ambassadors. There, they might also make an important ally. If they arrive as captives, they don't see much of the exterior of the slave market before they're taken to central processing.

First Impressions

Once the heroes find the slave market, they should enter it with a minimum amount of trouble. When the heroes enter the market, however, things might become more difficult. Those who are arriving as captives should get a general sense of what the place looks like, then the Narrator should continue with "Central Processing." Otherwise, read aloud or paraphrase the following once they enter the market:

The slave market building has no walls—just columns and a roof. A raised stone platform sits at one end: the site of the weekly auctions, no doubt. Currently, the market is quiet and empty.

The slaves reside in dungeons beneath the market floor. As the heroes snoop around the market, they easily notice a set of stairs behind the dais that lead down into the ground. A pair of minotaurs stand lazily on guard over the stairway, and the heroes can just make out a large set of heavy wooden doors at the bottom of the stairway. The door leads to the dungeons as well as the treasury and records office for the market. If the heroes want to find out what happened to the elven ambassadors, they have to find a way to get down there.

The Story Continues

If the heroes learned that entering the slaves' cells is easier at night (see Scene Three) and decide to act on that information, continue with this scene as it is written. Otherwise, if they attempt to break in during the day, Narrators should make the heroes' actions one degree more difficult, as well as add the possibility that a minotaur patrol arrives on the scene.

The doorway at the bottom of the stairs is locked. A large iron bar runs across the two doors on the outside. This bar keeps prisoners locked securely inside, but the heroes can remove it easily. The latch also has a sturdy lock, which provides more of a challenge. Breaking the sturdy, steel-reinforced doors is beyond the strength of any normal person unless they have magical assistance. The heroes may pick the lock if they have a set of tools, which requires a successful *challenging Dexterity* action {Open Locks check with a -10% penalty}. If they succeed, the heroes can enter the dungeon.

Two additional guards prowl the dungeon below, making sure the slaves do not do anything they shouldn't. These minotaurs carry whips with which to punish the slaves, as well as hand axes in case things get too far out of hand. Should the heroes try to break down the door into the dungeon, the two guards come running. If the heroes enter more stealthily, the guards are on patrol.

The Narrator can feel free to spring them on the heroes at any time, but one of them should probably be patrolling the main cellblock while the other guards the prisoners in the special cells. (Use the following descriptions for all of the minotaur guards.)

- **Minotaur guards:** *Adult minotaurs of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 9, In 5, Es 5, Dmg +6 (battle-ax)/ +2 (hand ax), Def -3 (chain-mail).
- **Minotaur guards F6:** AC 2 (chainmail); MV 12; hp 57 each; THAC0 15 (14 Str bonus); #AT 1 (battle-ax or throwing ax); Dmg 1d8+3 or 1d6+3; ML elite (13, +3 if in combat); SZ M (7'9" tall); Str 18 (13), Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL CG; XP 270.

Central Processing

Central processing is a large room where the slave master corrals slaves before sending them up for sale and where he first processes incoming slaves. Two dozen sets of manacles hang along one wall of the room. The opposite has a large, heavy wooden table and chair where the slave master sits to review his new charges. Lanterns hang from the ceiling and along the walls, making this one of the best-lit rooms in the dungeon. At night only a few of the many lanterns are lit. A door leads off from the central processing room.

If the minotaurs bring the heroes here to sell them in the slave auction, read the following aloud after briefly describing the room to the players:

Your captors shove you into the room, and stand back as a minotaur with a large book and quill pen leaps out of the way.

"Hold, you oafs! Treat the merchandise with respect or I'll be forced to lower the price!" another minotaur growls from the nearby table.

Several minotaur guards come forward.

The guards are going to put the heroes into manacles. Allow them to take any actions that they wish, but one minotaur is present for each hero. Additionally, the heroes' captors and several civilian minotaurs stand ready to help subdue the heroes, which brings the total of two foes for every hero. If the heroes allow themselves to be put into manacles, continue with the following text:

"Let's see what we have today." The minotaur with the book moves around the room, starting with two humans standing on the other side of the room from you. "Ah, a matched pair. Should I keep you together or sell you separately?" he ponders aloud.

"They're trouble together," one of the minotaurs near the exit proclaims gruffly.

"Really, Takan? A shame, that. Separate it is." He moves back to his table, dips the quill into the inkwell, and scratches something into the book with the quill. "Takan, do you agree that they'll both make good manual laborers. They look strong."

"Yes, they've both got strength. I think the female could match her brother. They gave us trouble."



“So noted. They look to be in good shape despite that. Hardy folk, eh?” Without waiting for an answer, the minotaur states, “Well, these two should fetch you a good price. The Emperor is looking for some hardy laborers. His representative should take them off our hands in three days.”

Kezar continues around the room, making comments similar to the one above. The Narrator is encouraged to roleplay this scene out entirely. Once the last hero has been noted in Kezar’s book, the guards begin taking the new slaves into the cells one by one. Once there, the Narrator should allow the heroes to interact with the brother and sister (who are their cellmates) and come up with a plan to escape. If the heroes are slow to do this, the brother and sister (Wilfrid and Jocelyn Whitewren of Jennison) can prod the heroes into an appropriate set of actions. Use Colin’s stats for Wilfrid and Jocelyn.

♣ **Kezar:** *Adult minotaur of purposeful demeanor, Champion.* Co 5, Ph 9, In 8, Es 5, Dmg +6 (battle-ax), Def -3 (chainmail).

♣ **Kezar, male minotaur F8:** AC 2 (chainmail); MV 12; hp 68; THAC0 13 (11 Str bonus); #AT 1 (battle-ax or throwing ax); Dmg 1d8+3 or 1d6+3; ML elite (13, +3 if in combat); SZ M (7’11” tall); Str 18 (71), Dex 15, Con 13, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL CG; XP 420.

The Slave Master’s Office

The door from central processing leads to the slave master’s office, a room that is always kept locked. Only the slave master has a key to the steel door, which the heroes cannot break down without magical assistance of

some sort. The heroes can pick the lock with a successful *challenging Agility* action {Open Locks check with a -10% penalty}.

Inside all is dark, but a strong odor of sweet-smelling incense immediately assaults them. Inside, the three lamps on the walls and one on the desk are unlit. The room contains a large wooden desk with a stout, minotaur-sized wooden chair facing the doorway. The spacious room has fine carpets and luxurious silk tapestries hanging on the walls (all depicting minotaur battle scenes). The wall behind the desk consists entirely of small cubbyholes containing hundreds of scrolls: the slave master’s records.

The wall of records behind the desk takes about an hour to search through. A successful *challenging Reason* action {Intelligence check with a -2 penalty} cuts this time in half. Since the records are written partially in the minotaur language and partially in Common (the latter mostly for the number notation), the heroes need to make *Reason* actions to decipher the following facts:

- ♣ **Easy Success:** The heroes discover that the elven ambassadors did indeed come through these slave markets only three days ago. The slave master bought them outright and paid a great deal for each of them (the equivalent of 1,000 steel pieces).
- ♣ **Average Success:** They were not put on the auction block for public sale.
- ♣ **Challenging Success:** The records indicate that the money for the sale came from the Emperor of Mithas himself.
- ♣ **Daunting Success:** The elves were sent on to Kernen, the capitol of Kern, and they are now the property of the Great Khan.

If Pell is with the group, he knows enough about minotaur handwriting to decrease the difficulty by one degree. It is important that the heroes learn all of this information, so Narrators should provide the heroes with opportunities to gain it. If all else fails, and if a hero fashions a divination spell or spends several hours deciphering the appropriate scrolls, the Narrator can lower the difficulty of the actions by a degree or two.

The Cells

The two hallways leading from the central processing chamber stand at opposite ends of the same hallway, which gives access to the main cellblock. In the dimly lit, foul-smelling recesses of the slave pit, two dozen wretched captives languish in three different cells. The prisoners are mostly humans and all have broken spirits. They live on a watery gruel served twice a day and share a communal bucket of water. This is where the heroes end up if they are captured.

The Special Cells

Just off the main cell block is another locked steel door. One of the guards has a key to this room, but lacking that, the heroes can succeed at a *challenging Agility* action [Open Locks check with a -10% penalty] to open it without the key. Beyond this door is a damp, nasty-smelling chamber that stinks to high heaven of ogres. Inside, ten small cells line the walls, eight of which hold ogres in chains. A guard sits in the room, looking bored—until the heroes arrive.

The ogres start to hoot and holler as soon as the heroes enter, hoping that someone has come to rescue them. The minotaur immediately attacks without asking any questions, hurling a hand ax at the first person through the door and then charging with his large battle-ax. Once the heroes defeat him, they have a chance to better survey the room. The ogres cry out, begging to be released. They swear that they will reward the heroes well and that they will help them however they can. All the ogres were one-time rebels who the Khan gave to the minotaurs to take care of. They will be sold off to work as slaves back in the Blood Isles, but the slave master is trying to figure out a way to get them out of town without anyone seeing them. The local ogre clans would not like the idea of selling any ogre, even a rebel, as a slave to the minotaurs.

One of the ogres, a large, particularly ugly specimen, says something intelligent enough to get the heroes' attention. He is Horagh, a leader of the ogre rebellion that just ended a few months ago. He promises the heroes that he can help them escape the city, or even go anywhere else, if they let him go. The heroes should realize that, if Horagh speaks the truth, he might be a valuable ally. They might know by now that the trail of the abducted elves leads to the capital city of Kernen. If not, Horagh can tell them that captured elves are always taken to Kernen, though he doesn't know why. If asked, Horagh can tell them a little about the ogre rebellion:

- Many of the clans went into rebellion two years ago when the Great Khan of Kern declared that Kern was now merely a protectorate of Blöde and that the clans of Kern must now provide soldiers for Blöde's army. The rebellion has all but failed thanks in large part to the titans.
- The titans were the legendary founders of the ogre race and first born of the gods. The ancient titans displeased the great goddess Takhisis and as punishment were stripped of their beauty and power, becoming the ogres of today. Now rumor has it that the titans have returned.
- Certainly, these beings resemble the titans of legend. These blue-skinned giants led the armies of Blöde when they put down the rebellion. None of the rebel ogres present have actually seen a titan, but they have all heard tales of how the titans used powerful magic and great strength to smite the rebel armies.
- The rebels deny the right of the titans to claim rule over the ogres just as they deny the right of Blöde to claim power over Kern.
- Horagh can help them get to the city of Kernen.

• **Horagh:** *Adult male ogre, motivated demeanor, Champion.* Co 5, Ph 15, In 5, Es 5, Dmg +5 (unarmed), Def -3 (leather), also thrown weapons.

• **Ogre prisoners:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +5 (unarmed), Def -3 (leather), also thrown weapons.

• **Horagh (ogre):** AC 5 (leather); MV 9; HD 5+1; hp 40; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; ML steady (11); SZ L (9'3" tall); Int average (10); AL CN.

• **Ogres (2):** AC 5 (leather); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; ML steady (11); SZ L (9' tall); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 270.

If the heroes don't rescue Horagh and his troop, they discover later that someone else did. (Demitria's business included gaining information about the ogre rebellion, so she let them free if they would answer her questions. However, she appeared in a different guise to them, so the heroes shouldn't make the connection.)

Outcome

The heroes are either heading out to Kernen on their own or with guides. If Horagh doesn't accompany them, they must prove themselves loyal to the ogre cause. If not, they now have to find their own way to the city of Kernen and, hopefully, the elven ambassadors. Continue with Scene Five.

Scene Five: The Last Rebels

Journeying across the grasslands of Kern, the heroes encounter a band of rebel ogres. Once they prove their worth, the heroes gain important information and unusual allies. If the heroes travel with Horagh and company, they reach the rebel encampment with no problem. If they travel alone, the rebels find them and they might have a rougher time of it.

First Impressions

As you travel, you note that the plains of Kernen are very wet; it must be the rainy season. No markers point the way to a destination, although since you are traveling through ogre territory, that's not hard to believe. Even with the constant trickle of rain, the humidity mixed with the heat feel oppressive.

Much of the land about you seems desolate and uninhabited, but, occasionally in the distance, you hear the sounds of dogs barking. Underlying the baying, however, is the menacing sound of ogre laughter.

The heroes have arrived on the wet, fetid plains of Kernen in the middle of the rainy season. The roads are not much more than dirt (or mud, in this case) paths. The ogres who live here have neither the money nor the will to build roads, and all of them know how to get anywhere they might want to go. If the ogres are with the heroes, they seem well accustomed to these discomforts, but the heroes probably are not.

The Story Continues

As the heroes head southwest towards Kernen, they pass within a few miles of several different ogre communities. As they move by one, they run the risk of encountering scavenging parties. It is up to the Narrator to determine when and how these encounters occur. The scavenger parties are made up of hunters, and they can move quite stealthily when they choose to, so they might even surprise the heroes. If Horagh and the rebel ogres travel with the heroes, they help the party avoid the scavenger parties.

- **Ogre scavenger party:** *Ten adult ogres of various demeanors, Novices.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +6 (oversized clubs), Def -3 (heavy hide and leather armor), also thrown weapons.
- **Six hunting dogs:** *Hostile animals.* Co 6, Ph 5, In 2, Es 2, Dmg +3, Def -2, also acute senses (hearing and smell) and charge.
- **Hunting dogs (6):** AC 6; MV 12; HD 2+2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 2d4; SZ M (5' long); ML steady (11); Int semi (3); AL N; XP 65 each.
- **Ogre scavenger party (10):** AC 5 (leather armor); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (oversized clubs); Dmg 1d6+6; SZ L (9' tall); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 270 each.

The Rebels

All told, the journey to the rebel hideout takes close to three weeks of hard marching. The ogre rebels have made a base camp just over the border into Malystrix's domain at the northern tip of the Khalkist Mountains. The camp actually consists of a network of caves that the ogres liberated from some goblins and then enlarged for their own purposes. The only approach to the caves lies through a long, narrow canyon that the rebels watch very carefully.

If Horagh does not accompany the heroes, the heroes have no reason to look for the rebel hideout. In that case, the Narrator should arrange for the rebels to find them. As the heroes approach the Kernen Woods and the foothills of the Khalkists, the ogre scavenger parties begin to grow more numerous. At one point, a particularly large group catches the heroes' trail and sets upon them. Luckily for the heroes, the rebels (with the addition of newly escaped Horagh) have in turn been hunting the scavenging party. The rebels come to the heroes' aid and help defeat the scavengers and their dogs. The ogre rebels claim all of the booty and are prepared to claim the heroes as well. The heroes need to convince the rebels of a good reason to spare their lives.

A successful *challenging Presence* action {Charisma check with a -2 penalty} convinces the ogres agree to think it over and escort the heroes, blindfolded if possible, back to their secret base. The heroes may have to prove themselves right where they are as opposed to back at the base if the Narrator feels this makes more sense. It takes half a day to reach the ogre hideout.

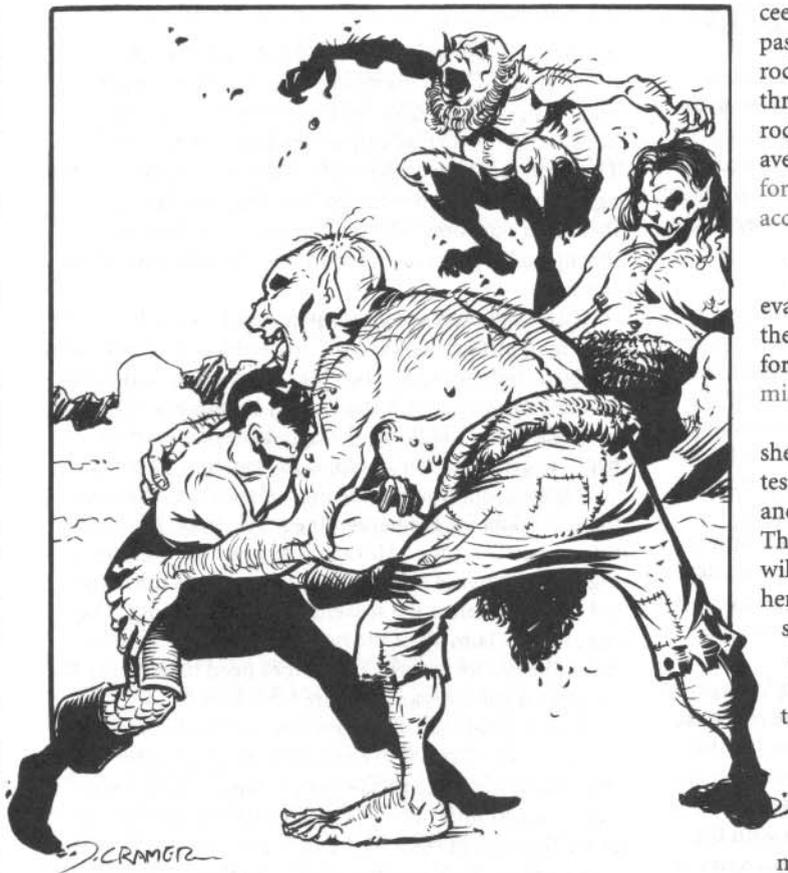
- **Ogre rebel party:** *Ten adult ogres of various demeanors, Novices.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +6 (clubs), Def -3 (heavy hide and leather armor), also thrown weapons.
- **Ogre rebel party (10):** AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (clubs); Dmg 1d6+6; SZ M (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CN.

Whether escorted in by Horagh or brought in under guard, the heroes make their way into the rebel ogre cave network. The caves stretch back into the mountains for miles and even the ogres have not explored the full extent of them. They offer a cool relief from the oppressive heat outside, but they stink of stale ogre flesh and other nasty odors. Most of the caves serve as living quarters for the ogres and are filled with hay bedding, bones from old meals, and other personal effects. Periodic fires provide a dim light that is all the ogres require to make their way through the maze of tunnels and chambers.

The heroes end up in a large, irregularly shaped cavern, where darkness hides the corners and ceiling. This area is the main meeting hall for the rebels, where the heroes have to prove themselves worthy. Even with Horagh vouching for them, the ogres do not trust the heroes completely. Without Horagh's word, they do not trust them at all. For the rebels to accept the heroes as comrades in arms, at least one of the heroes will have to go through an ogre test of loyalty.

The test itself consists of abusing the toughest hero (or heroes, if several seem interested) in the group with a





series of drinking bouts, wrestling matches, and other painful tests of will. For the ogres, these tests are all in good fun, but for the hero they probably prove life threatening. The chosen hero must succeed at a number of Endurance and Strength actions to pass the test. The Narrator should decide exact number and type based on just how tough the hero really is, although a few examples have been outlined below:

- ☞ **Arm-Wrestling Contest:** A huge ogre steps forward to face a hero in an arm-wrestling contest. The chosen hero must succeed at two out of three *average Strength (Strength)* actions to win {Strength checks where the one who rolls closest to his or her own Strength score while remaining under the score wins}.
- ☞ **A Race of Stamina:** A lean, yet tall ogre challenges a hero to run up and down the canyon until one of them drops. The chosen hero must succeed at two out of three *average Endurance (Endurance)* actions {Constitution checks where the one who rolls closest to his or her own Constitution score while remaining under the score wins} to beat his or her opponent.
- ☞ **A Feat of Agility:** An ogre speaks to a hero and explains this contest. The ogre will throw rocks at the hero, and the hero must dodge them until the stack of rocks is gone. Draw a Fate Card {roll 1d10} to determine how many rocks the ogre has. If the hero suc-

ceeds at dodging most of them and doesn't pass out from wounds taken by being hit (each rock causes Dmg +8 {1d10+6} due to the thrower's Strength score), he or she wins. Each rock throw requires the hero to succeed at an average Agility action {Dexterity check}. {Perform normal combat actions, taking into account any relevant proficiencies.}

Narrators should add two points to the relevant ability score of the champion to reflect their expertise with the form of test being performed {each ability score is at a 17 minimum}.

If the chosen hero fails at the first test, he or she can attempt to redeem himself in the next test. However, if another failure results, another hero should step forward and succeed. The ogres love to perform these tests, so they will continue to do them for as long as the heroes want to persist. The moment a hero succeeds at a test, though, the party can stop. Any heroes who succeed gain the respect of the rebels. Those who failed or didn't even try are ignored.

The heroes gain some benefits for suffering through these hardships. The ogres eagerly tell them about their revolution and why they hate their Khan so vehemently. Allow the heroes to roleplay with the ogres to gain all of the following knowledge:

- ☞ They have no explicit knowledge of what has become of the elves. However, if the Khan wants the elves sent to Kernen for some reason, it is probably at the request of Chief Donnag of Blöde.
- ☞ The rebels do not believe that these creatures are actually the titans of old. Rather, they suspect that it is some sort of trick, probably the work of the Knights of Takhisis.
- ☞ The Knights have already made serious incursions into both Kern and Blöde, but the ogres have held the current borders for some time. Perhaps the wily Knights have decided to try a more subtle approach.

The heroes will also learn about the same things mentioned in the scene before (from Horagh). Also, the ogres gladly help the heroes if it means somehow disrupting the plans of the Great Khan or his master Donnag of Blöde.

Outcome

The heroes now have some valuable allies that can help them travel into Kernen. Horagh now accompanies the heroes for the rest of their journey to the ogre capital. He knows the name of someone within the city who might help them. Continue with Scene Six.

Scene Six: The City of Kernén

The heroes arrive at Kernén and see that the city is the site of a festival in full swing. Kernén offers a number of dangers and distractions for the heroes as they attempt to find their contact and rescue the elves.

First Impressions

After about a week of tramping through the Kernén Woods, you finally come to the base of the Khalkist Mountains near the city of Kernén. As the trees thin out, the air grows somewhat cooler. From the forest's edge, you can look up and see the majestic, snow-capped peaks of the mountains. There, nestled against the side of one of the largest peaks, you can just make out the towers of Kernén.

A small keep at the base of Mount Kernén marks the beginning of one of the few roads in the realm. More of a wide trail, this path leads from the watch keep up over half a mile to the city itself in a series of long switchbacks. Ogre guards staff the keep and the road itself is well traveled.

The Story Continues

Horagh suggests another, harder way up to the city. Another path comes up the side of the mountain about half a mile east of the keep. Using it requires the group to climb in several places, but they should get to the city walls unnoticed.

Horagh urges the heroes to wait until night before beginning the climb since during the day they will be exposed to anyone looking up towards the city. The pathway lies hidden from view behind brush and vines that cover the lower parts of the mountain. He reveals the small trail, which looks more like a slightly inclined natural ladder than any kind of footpath. Horagh begins climbing and urges the heroes to follow. The climb takes two hours and is quite exhausting. The heroes must each make an *average Agility action* {Dexterity check or Climb Walls roll} to scale the cliff without falling. Tying the group together prevents any serious danger from such a fall. Using any sort of tools as climbing aids reduces the difficulty to easy.

Trying to march up the road to Kernén is suicide during the day, since hundreds of ogres pass up and down its length every hour. At night, they have a better chance of avoiding patrols, which is not to say that they have a good chance. Unless the heroes use magic or some other means to conceal themselves, they encounter at least one squad of ogre guards. Should a fight ensue and things start to go badly for them, the ogres try to blow a warning trumpet. Then the heroes are in real trouble as guards and guard dogs swarm out of both the keep below and the city above.

☛ Ten ogre guards: *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Novices*. Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +6 (oversized clubs), Def -3 (heavy hide and leather armor), also thrown weapons.

☛ Hunting dogs: *Hostile animals*. Co 6, Ph 5, In 2, Es 2, Dmg +3, Def -2, also acute senses (hearing and smell) and charge.

☛ Ogre guards (10): AC 5 (leather armor); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THACO 17; #AT 1 (oversized clubs); Dmg 1d8+6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 270 each.

☛ Hunting dogs: AC 6; MV 12; HD 2+2; hp 16 each; THACO 19; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 2d4; SZ M (5' long); ML steady (11); Int semi (3); AL N; XP 65 each.

If the ogres knock the heroes into unconsciousness, they will take one look at the elves in the party and decide that it would be good to send the whole party to their Khan. If this is the case, go to "Outcome." If no elves are present, the heroes go to the Slave Quarter.

The City of Kernén

The ancient walls of Kernén now rise before you. Though they once consisted of white marble, the fifty foot walls are now discolored and crumbling. The ogres apparently no longer have the skills to keep the wall in good repair, but the ancient ogres built their cities to last and this one has.

You can just make out the faded bas-reliefs that once covered the walls, now nearly sanded smooth by the wind and thousands of years of erosion.

If they don't climb the wall, non-ogre heroes need to look for some other way in. Traveling through the front gate is nearly impossible. Only ogres ever enter Kernén.

For those who cannot climb the wall or make their way past the guards, another option exists. The water supply for the city comes from an underground spring within the walls, Horagh tells them. This spring supplies water for several wells throughout Kernén as well as a stream that flows through an aqueduct into the mountains. The aqueduct once extended down through the forest and into the plains, supplying water to other ogre communities.

Today all that remains is a section of pipe protruding from under the northern face of the city wall. Horagh points this out to the heroes. They need to climb down thirty feet to get to the opening, which is clogged with various plants and debris. The water is quite cold but does not flow as strongly as it once did. The heroes can safely crawl through the pipe (which is too small for an ogre) and up into the city's sewer system. The only danger comes from some rather large rats that have made their home in the pipe system. Heroes must succeed at *average Perception actions* {Intelligence or relevant proficiency checks} to notice the rats before the rats come close. The rats will not attack unless one hero looks weak or has open wounds.

☛ Giant sewer rats: *Hostile animals*. Co 6, Ph 2, In 2, Es 2, Dmg +2, Def -1, also infect.

☛ Giant sewer rats: AC 7; MV 12, Sw 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 each; THACO 20; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 1d3; ML unsteady (5); SA disease; SZ T (2" long); Int semi (3); AL NE; XP 15 each.



Special Abilities: Heroes have a 5% chance per wound to become diseased. The disease doesn't affect heroes if they succeed at saves vs. poison.

The aqueduct opens into an underground cistern. Twenty feet above, the heroes can see the opening of a public well. The walls are slick with water but roughly hewn, so it is possible for a nimble hero to climb them with a successful *challenging Agility* action {Climb Walls check}. The others could then climb up the rope attached to the bucket at the head of the well.

Horagh does not enter the city with the heroes. His face is too well known in certain circles and someone could spot him. He wishes the heroes good luck in whatever it is they are trying to do and asks them to stick a knife in the Khan's fat belly if they see him. He also tells the heroes about Raungh, a rebel ogre who still lives within the city walls. He currently works as a butcher. He will recognize the charms the rebels give the heroes before leave-taking and will help them, especially if they mention Horagh's name. Raungh lives in a building just south of the Plaza of Spilt Blood.

Inside the City

Behind the black, crumbling walls lays the city of Kernen in all its faded glory. Every one of the ancient buildings of Kern stands as a single piece of stone. No seams or building blocks mar the smooth surface of these eternally stable stone buildings. You can barely tell that in its glory days, the city might have shined forth against the moun-

tains in multi-hued glory, but today the colors have faded. Thousands of years of dirt, smoke, and the erosive force of biting winds have turned the entire city to a uniform dull gray.

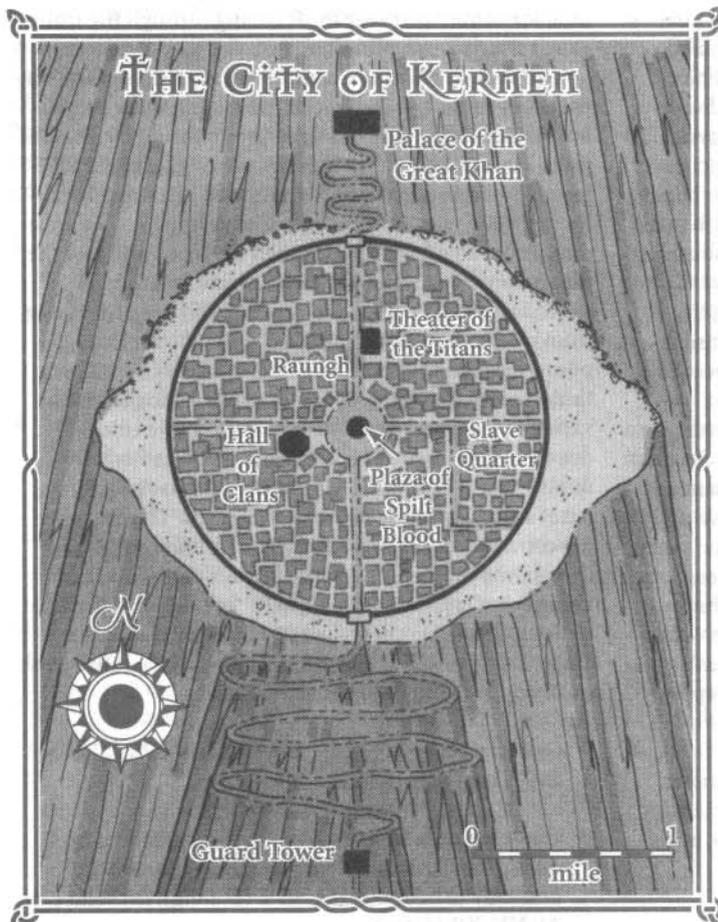
The architecture of the city appears quite delicate. The ancient ogres appear to have been very accomplished artisans, and they covered their buildings with beautiful architectural details. Thin, graceful towers twist up into the sky. Exquisitely laid out basilicas and public market places, accented with perfectly smooth columns and intricately carved bronze doors, offer public places for the residents to meet and discuss issues of the day. The homes are airy, usually consisting of two or three stories, and enclose a private garden area. Unfortunately, most of this beauty is now lost under centuries of muck. The city is no longer beautiful, but one can easily see that it once was, a fact that makes walking its streets even more disturbing.

Kernen, like Blöten to the south, was once a crown jewel of the ancient ogres. In ancient times, the ogres fashioned the city from the living rock of the mountain, cutting and shaping the stone to fit the form of their dream. Although the architecture is structurally very resilient, it is certainly not what most outsiders would expect of an ogre city.

Ogres have inhabited Kernen for all of its existence. Although the current inhabitants do not have the intellect, imagination, or ability to maintain the beautiful city as it deserves, they still treasure what they have. No ogre would willingly destroy a building built by the ancient ogres. Thus, the city's basic layout has changed very little over the millennia. Natural disaster and erosion have toppled many of the more delicate structures, but most of the homes, shops, and public places remain much as they always were. Of course, the population increased significantly over the years, and now ogres live in quarters their ancient ancestors would have thought fit only for animals.

It is a great honor to live in Kernen, and ogres crowd into every available corner. Keep in mind also that the modern ogre is somewhat larger than his ancient ancestors, making the spaces seem even more confined. This overcrowding serves only to heighten the filth and disrepair of the city. While the ogres keep slaves to clean up after them, neither the masters nor the slaves themselves care much for cleaning. Ogres are accustomed to living among garbage, bones, and filth that would make a human sick and probably cause an elf to pass out.

As the heroes make their way through the city, emphasize the contrast between the beautiful but ruined buildings and the stench and filth which surround them. The festival only serves to heighten this problem since drunken ogres stumble through the streets, not caring where they collapse in a stinking heap. The Narrator might call





for occasional *average Endurance* actions (Constitution checks) for the heroes to avoid retching at some of the sights and smells of the city.

The following sections provide some descriptions of various locations in Kernen. For encounters, go to “The Festival of Kernen.” If the heroes near the Plaza of Spilt Blood and are searching for Raungh, go to “Finding Raungh the Butcher.”

The Plaza of Spilt Blood

The ancient ogres called the Plaza of Spilt Blood the Plaza of Arts, but the ogres have long forgotten this more civilized name. When not hosting a market, the plaza is the scene of bloody confrontations between ogres in gladiatorial combat. The ogres follow a very simple code of law. When one ogre feels another ogre has wronged them, they call the offender out to single combat. By tradition, these combats occur at the base of the great pillar in the center of the plaza. The two ogres square off without any weapons, usually surrounded by a crowd of cheering onlookers. They then go at it until one of them either admits he or she was wrong or lies dead on the stone. With so many ogres living in such close quarters, these conflicts occur frequently enough that one deadly battle occurs at least once each day.

The plaza is the axis around which all of the city’s social and political life revolves. All the main thoroughfares radiate out from the plaza, so any road the heroes might follow eventually gets them to the plaza. During normal times, the plaza hosts open markets at which the local ogres can meet and trade items they have stolen or scavenged from outside the city. Almost every ogre not in

the direct employ of the Khan spends a good deal of time outside the city on raiding expeditions. Once they have a good collection of booty, they return home and trade for food, liquor, and other trinkets, all at the Plaza of Spilt Blood.

Narrators can read the following description when the heroes see the plaza for the first time:

The Plaza measures just over two hundred yards in diameter—a huge empty space in the otherwise crowded city. The floor of the plaza is perfectly smooth stone caked with grit and grime. A hundred-foot tall marble column stands in the center of the plaza. It once supported a statue of some sort, but the statue is long gone. Now only pigeons and other birds sit atop its crown.

If one could scrape away the filth, one would see a beautiful series of carvings and colored stones decorate the entire floor of the plaza, but no one has seen through the dirt of ages in many centuries.

During the festival, the plaza has been replaced by a kind of ogre fair. Great tables host free food and drink imported from Blöde. Makeshift stages support singers and storytellers telling tales of the great titans. Particularly popular right now is an ogre from Blöde who is relating tales of the recent rebellion and how the foul, disloyal ogres fell before the titans.

Venturing too far out into the sea of celebrating ogres is a bad idea. The party goes on late into the night and never really stops. The heroes are certainly better off trying to maneuver through the area at night when plenty of shadows can hide them and when the ogres are utterly



intoxicated. The Narrator should emphasize the great danger and terror that the heroes feel as they sneak among thousands of brutal ogres. One false move—one sign that non-ogres are in the plaza—and the heroes are doomed.

The Theater of the Titans

The Theater of the Titans once housed the ancient ogre Theater of Magical Sciences, where the old ones gathered to display and debate magical innovations. For thousands of years, the theater has been in disrepair and it housed poor ogre families who could find nowhere else to live but still relished the fact that they could call Kernen home. The titans of Blöde ordered the structure cleared of residents, cleaned up, and put into use again, now as the Theater of the Titans. Loyal ogres from Blöde and Kern sing songs and tell tales here of the great titans and their return, usually accompanying the performance with a recreation of great battles (in which the ogre performers slay live opponents, usually human and goblin slaves).

The ogres of Kernen have come to greatly enjoy these weekly performances, and they crowd into the stone seats of the open-air theater. Of course, the quarters are quite cramped since the seats were designed to accommodate the smaller ogres of old, a fact that seems lost on most of the current residents. Behind the stage is a doorway in the ground, leading down to the inner workings of the theater. Below the theater are pens for holding slaves, changing rooms, and various rusted and useless stage machines that the ancient ogres once used in their displays. More importantly, a passageway leads directly to the palace. The ancient rulers used it to travel to the theater and avoid the crowds outside.

Late at night, the theater stands empty. No one guards the entrance to the rooms under the theater, but two guards stand at the doors to the palace passageway. These loyal, well-trained ogres have not succumbed to the temptations of the festival. The heroes must subdue them in some way to gain entrance to the passageway. One of the guards has a set of keys that will open the large bronze doors.

The thirty-foot wide, fifteen-foot high passageway is dusty and dark, although lamps hang from hooks every ten feet. Decorative paintings of forest and mountain scenes cover the walls, barely visible under layers of dirt and soot. All told, the passage runs for nearly half a mile, coming up in an audience chamber beneath the palace. Four ogre soldiers guard the other end of the passage: two inside the tunnel and two in the palace on the other side of the door. The guards have several lamps, so the heroes can see their light from a distance. Of course, the guards can also see any light source approaching down the passage. Use the description of the guards at the beginning of this scene.

The Slave Quarter

The Slave Quarter is located on the edge of town and consists of several dozen large decrepit buildings that the ancient ogres once used to store livestock. Today, the Khan keeps the public slaves here. The majority of slaves are goblins and goblin kind, although a substantial minority of humans and even the occasional dwarf or

minotaur are there. Individual clan leaders can come to the Slave Quarter and “borrow” slaves for a short period. Life for these poor wretches is hard, but the ogres feed and clothe them to keep their strength and health up.

If the heroes show up here, they can meet a dwarf at the latrine alongside one of the buildings. If they remain well-hidden and whisper gently, the heroes can find out that no elves are in this area. Should the heroes fall into ogre hands, they will likely be brought here. Narrators should allow clever escape plans to work. If an elf is among the party, the ogres take the whole group to the Khan’s palace (see “Outcome”).

The Hall of Clans

Several hundred yards east of the Plaza of Spilt Blood sits the Hall of Clans, an octagonal stone building that once housed an ancient ogre museum. Now the heads of the ogre clans of Kern meet here every year to pay tribute to the Khan and discuss their problems and complaints. They also plan many of the large-scale extraterritorial raids from this building. The Khan recently ordered the building painted white with blue trim: the only such building in the city. One of the titans has begun to paint a huge portrait of Dauroth, Donnag, and the Khan on the building’s facade. Unfinished, the mural shows simply the outlines of giant, blue-skinned figures.

The Festival of Kernen

As the heroes arrive inside the city of Kernen, they cannot help but notice that the whole populace seems caught up in a giant party of some sort. All day and late into the night the sounds, smells, and sights of partying ogres assail the heroes. Ogres wander the streets during the day, joking with each other, singing bawdy songs, and devouring seemingly endless quantities of rancid-smelling meat. By nightfall, drunken ogres lie passed out in the streets, and the sound of thousands of snoring ogres echoes through the night. In other parts of the city the party continues, with roughly played music, gambling, and frequent drunken brawls.

The festival lasts for three days, and the heroes come to town on the first night. Most of that time, the streets echo with the songs of drunken ogres who stumble about making absolute fools of themselves. Large groups gather in squares to hear the most famous tales of the titans told by singers from Blöde. Mixed in with these famous tales are new stories, tales of the return of the titans, and the future glory of the ogres.

All of this combines to make it both easier and more dangerous for the heroes to move about the city. A lot of ogres are active, but none of them pay much attention to what is going on around them. If the heroes keep to the shadows, they can avoid most trouble. They might stumble over a drunken ogre or two who have passed out in an alley. Use the descriptions below for any encounters with tipsy ogres, and use the descriptions at the beginning of the scene for any encounters with ogre guards.

- **Festive ogres:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors (intoxicated)*, *Adventurers*. Co 5 (3*), Ph 13, In 3 (2*), Es 6, Dmg +3 (unarmed), Def -3 (hides), also thrown weapons.



➤ **Festive ogres:** AC 8*; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 26 each; THAC0 18*; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SZ M (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 175 each.

Note: These ogres are affected by the amount of alcohol they have consumed.

Although most of the ogres are celebrating, the heroes may find themselves in a situation that calls for quick thinking. Narrators can choose these encounters from the chart below, or they can determine the result randomly by picking a Fate Card (roll 1d10):

Result	Encounter
1-3	So You Want to Be a Slave?
4-6	A Night at the Theater
7-10	Tipsy Ogres

So You Want to Be a Slave?

Unless one of the heroes succeeds at an *average Perception* action {Intelligence or relevant proficiency or skill check}, they all walk into the midst of a chained slave caravan. The ogres directing it see the heroes and immediately attack to subdue them. The heroes have five minutes of undisturbed combat exchanges before other ogres jump in to help the slavers (at the rate of two ogres per minute{round} thereafter). If captured, the heroes are taken to the Slave Quarter.

A Night at the Theater

This encounter occurs only at night. If it results during the day, the Narrator can redraw, choose it to be “no encounter,” or take this opportunity to describe the Theater of the Titans.

As the heroes near the corner of a street (preferably near the Theater of the Titans), a large throng of ogres pushes by, pulling them into the flow of the crowd. If the heroes attempt to get out, the ogres notice them for the time being. However, make it clear to the heroes that the ogres are taking no notice of them. Eventually, the crowd moves into the open-air theater known as the Theater of the Titans (see the appropriate section below for a description). The heroes can take this opportunity to leave unnoticed, if they wish. Otherwise, they can watch the show begin. Read aloud or paraphrase the following:

Suddenly the ogres grow quiet as three figures painted in blue step into the theater. One brandishes a staff, another holds a scroll, and the third waves a sword in the air. The ogre holding the scroll proclaims, “I foresee a time when our heirs will no longer possess the beauty that we do. They will live in chaos and spawn further misshapen progeny. However, in the darkest times, the light of the titans will again shine. With guidance from these future titans, ogres will become the superior race!”

This sets off a great cheer from the audience, which settles into silence again as the sword-bearing ogre waves his weapon over his head. “Let us leave a legacy for which the great Dauroth may bring our poor ogres back into the light. Let him know that he will again find a way to slay his oppressors.”

With these words, the staff-wielding ogre pushes a bedraggled human toward the ogre with the sword. The human attempts to leap away, but a mighty thwack of the

Dauroth's Strategy: festivals

Traditionally, the Great Khan would declare a feast day every eight or nine months, sometimes waiting as long as fifteen or sixteen months if times were tough. Ever since the Khan bowed in fealty to Donnag of Blöde, though, the festivals have occurred much more frequently. Lately, the Khan has declared a feast every month since the rebellion ended. In fact this feast is a little early—the last one ended only three weeks ago.

The Khan can afford so many festivals because Dauroth wants them to take place. The festivals center on the songs and legends of the titans. Dauroth has ordered barrels of ale and other intoxicants, as well as food and other festival necessities. Most importantly, however, he has sent many ogres who are fully devoted to the titans. These devotees help organize and run the festivals, all the while preaching about the return of the titans and the bright, bloody future of the ogre race.

The plan works perfectly. The ogres of Kernon, like all ogres, appreciate free food and drink, and they love to tell stories of the great old days. Fundamentally lazy people, the ogres like it when others do things for them.

staff leaves him dizzy. Then, with a vicious strike, the sword-wielding ogre kills the human.

The “actors” continue in this vein, proclaiming the glories of the ancient ogres and how they will be seen again in the form of the titans. The ogres are so completely enthralled with the spectacle that they pay no attention to the heroes.

If the heroes make *challenging Perception* actions, they can see a well-dressed ogre sitting in a place of honor in the theater. Should they decide to stay through the whole performance, the heroes can note that this ogre goes onstage to speak with the performers for a few moments and then enters the backstage area. If they stay for another thirty minutes (they'll need to make successful *average Perception* actions {Intelligence checks} to find a good, hidden spot to do so or get confronted with lingering ogres), they see the actors and several other ogres leave the backstage area, but the well-dressed ogre never comes back out. (This ogre is Kourrul from Scene Seven.)

Tipsy Ogres

As the heroes make their way through the city, allow them to attempt *easy Perception* actions {Intelligence checks with a +2 bonus}. Those who succeed know to stand still while a bunch of tipsy ogres amble by. Those who don't find themselves walking right into them. This latter case brings the ogres' attentions down on the heroes. If the heroes run quickly enough or do something clever (these ogres are completely inebriated), they can avoid a drunken brawl. Otherwise, the ogres attempt to slam the heroes, which draws attention to them from other sources.

The heroes should have no problem defeating the ogres, but they should hide the bodies well unless they want to alarm the city guard.



Finding Raungh the Butcher

Finding Raungh's butcher shop requires the heroes to follow the main street leading south out of the Plaza of Spilt Blood. Raungh's large corner shop is a hundred yards up the thoroughfare on the right. The smell of roasting meat is almost good enough to overcome the general stench of the city, but not quite. The building, like all structures in Kernen, is a single piece of stone molded right out of the mountain. The glass of the windows shattered long ago, and now these open holes allow the smoke and smells from the inside to escape into the street. Unidentifiable haunches of meat hang in the windows as display. An *average Reason* action {Intelligence or relevant proficiency check} reveals that some are animals like boars and sheep while others are definitely humans and other bipedal beings. The building has a stout wooden door that is almost never closed.

Inside, Raungh does most of his own butchering. His sons and daughters hunt for the family business and spend most of their time out of the city. They bring back their catches for Raungh to skin and cure or cook. Ogres will eat any sort of meat they can get their teeth into, although they prefer sentient beings over mere animals.

Raungh works late into the night, so he might be awake when the heroes find him. The festival is doing wonders for his business, and he does not want to fall behind on his orders. Late at night, Raungh locks the door. The heroes can still slip in through the open windows, but this tactic immediately attracts the attention of Raungh's two great hounds, which will set upon the heroes in a snarling fury. A few moments later, Raungh comes out from the back room, wielding an ogre-sized meat cleaver. Use the description at the beginning of the scene for the dogs.

☛ **Raungh the Butcher:** *Adult male ogre, scheming demeanor, Champion.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 5, Es 6, Dmg +5 (cleaver), Def -1 (leather apron), also thrown weapons.

☛ **Raungh the Butcher (ogre):** AC 6; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 33; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (cleaver); Dmg 1d8+7; SZ M (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 270 each.

The heroes need to identify themselves very quickly to avoid having Raungh and his hounds attack. Once they prove their friendship to the ogre rebellion, Raungh grudgingly takes them into the back where no one will see them. Raungh is a burly, tough old ogre who smells of fresh blood and rotting meat. Most of his teeth have fallen out, and one of his eyes is a pale, milky white. Raungh obviously resents the heroes but helps them out of duty to the cause. The heroes must ask him questions if they want his help. He answers in short, often-rude sentences. Raungh knows the following information that the heroes might find useful:

☛ Although he has no specific knowledge of the elves the heroes seek, he does know that he has not received elf meat of any kind for over two years. Previously, he had at least an elf or two every few months to sell in his shop.

- ☛ Caravans from the rest of Kern carrying secret cargo constantly arrive at the Khan's palace above the city. Rumor has it that the caravans carry slaves and captured rebels to some horrible fate beneath the palace. Certainly, no one sent to the palace in chains ever returns. The only place to find any real answers to what happened to the elves is in the palace. If the Khan has the elves, that's where they are.
- ☛ Getting into the palace is hard even for an ogre, much less non-ogres. However, the heroes can attempt to sneak in through the ancient passageway below the Theater of the Titans. It was walled off ages ago, but rumor has it that the servants of the titans have opened it up again.
- ☛ Raungh despises Blöde and the so-called titans. He once saw the Great Khan from a distance in his "new form" as a titan. He describes a tall (even by ogre standards), blue-skinned figure who looked "nothin' like any proper ogre, I tell you."
- ☛ Blöde and the Blöde sympathizers are paying for all of these festivals. Raungh can tell the heroes that the food and drink comes up the Giant's Road, a secret path through the Khalkist Mountains known only to ogres. Raungh can tell the heroes how to find the Giant's Road. (See Act Two.)

Raungh does nothing more than give the heroes information. He refuses to risk himself or his family in any way. He does not even allow the heroes to stay in his house for more than the time it takes to talk with them. The heroes may wish to head to the Theater of the Titans right away, or they might try to wait until tomorrow. If they choose the latter, they need to find a place to hide for the night. Remember that Kernen is a very crowded place, and the heroes will find few empty buildings. If they don't succeed at a *daunting Perception* check {saving throw vs. spell with a -4 penalty}, they cannot find a place to stay. However, the sewers are always an option—if they are willing to set a guard against the rats and if they can find a dry spot (successful *average Perception* action {Intelligence check}).

Outcome

The heroes now know of the secret tunnel leading from the Theater of the Titans into the Khan's Palace. If not, they should know about the presence of the elves at the palace. The next logical step is to head to the palace in hopes of finding the slaves (Scene Seven). Whether they use the tunnel or try some other means of entry is up to them. Narrators should be prepared for the heroes to bluff their way up to the palace, and this is handled in the next scene. If the heroes are captured at any point and the party contains at least one elf, the ogres decide to send the group to their Khan. They will be escorted to the slave quarters at the palace.

Scene Seven: The Palace of the Great Khan

The heroes infiltrate the palace, searching for the trail of the abducted elves. By questioning the local lord of the keep they can find the answers they seek: The captured elves went south to Blöde.

First Impressions

As an ancient seat of power for the ogres, the Palace of the Great Khan is the most impressive building in all of Kern. Built into the side of the mountain one quarter of a mile up from Kern, it looms over the city, emphasizing the importance of the person that lives there. Like the city below, the ancient ogres carved the palace from the living rock of the mountain, which is a seamless wall of nearly indestructible rock. Graceful, spiraling towers once climbed high into the heavens from the impregnable base of the palace, but many of these have cracked and crumbled over the years. The high-walled palace once glittered and glowed from the stunning shades of color that adorned its towers, but they have now universally faded to a dull gray. Although it has aged much, the sprawling palace still impresses all who look upon it.

Despite its size, only a small number of ogres live in the palace. The Khan himself spends little time here these days, especially since the war against the Silvanesti elves began. When the heroes arrive, the Khan is in the south, leading a large contingent of Kern ogres down to Blöde at the request of Donnag. While he is away, the Khan's brother Kourrul holds sway in the palace. Kourrul is an ogre mage of some repute and is next in line to become a titan himself. He has not fallen completely under Dauroth's influence. He still schemes for his own personal advantage and hopes to one day supplant his brother and possibly even Donnag as the supreme ogre titan in the land.

With the Khan away, Kourrul presides over a skeleton court. In addition to him, only a few dozen other ogres are in the entire palace. The ogres do not fear an invasion or attack so they see no need for large numbers of guards. Plus, if trouble ever does rear its ugly head, a city full of thousands of ogres is just half a mile away and will gladly give their lives should Kourrul demand it in the name of the titans. The small number of ogres works to the heroes' advantage in trying to discover what became of the elven ambassadors.

When describing rooms within the palace emphasize the ancient, empty feel of the place. The entire palace is cold and drafty. Some places are in fact downright windy. The ogres leave lamps lit in only a few of the rooms, making the palace all the more dark and foreboding. Another important difference the heroes will note is that, unlike the city below, the palace is very clean. Even in its run-down state, the halls tend to be free of dust and dirt. The ancient paintings and carvings that decorate the rooms have been cleaned of years of dirt, revealing hauntingly beautiful landscapes and wilderness scenes. Equally significant is the fact that for the first time, the heroes find themselves in an ogre-controlled place that does not stink of unwashed ogres and rotten meat.

This atmosphere of cleanliness stems from the sensitive sense of smell possessed by all titans. The Khan finds the odors of the average ogre dwelling almost unbearable and demands that the palace be kept clean of such filth. The hatred of foul odors also helps explain why the Khan spends so much of his time in Blöde, where the cleanliness demands of the titans are better met.

The heroes probably enter the palace through the theater passage. If so they begin in the lower audience chamber where the tunnel enters the palace. If the heroes never made contact with the ogre rebels or Raungh or decide to find their own way into the palace, they have to face several obstacles. The main doors into and out of the palace are always kept locked. Twelve ogre guards constantly patrol the outside of the palace. They are divided into pairs—each with a team of three to four guard dogs. These professional soldier ogres wear well-made red leather armor and carry solid steel spears.

- ❖ **Palace guards:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 14, In 4, Es 6, Dmg +11 (longswords)/+7 (javelins)/+8 (spears), Def -3 (leather armor), also thrown weapons.
- ❖ **Guard dogs:** *Hostile animals.* Co 6, Ph 5, In 2, Es 2, Dmg +3, Def -2, also acute senses (hearing and smell) and charge.
- **Palace guards:** AC 5 (leather); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 32 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (longswords or javelins or spears); Dmg 1d8+6 or 1d6 or 1d6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 270 each.
- **Guard dogs:** AC 6; MV 12; HD 2+2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 2d4; SZ M (5' long); ML steady (11); Int semi (3); AL N; XP 65 each.

The great steel doors of the palace open only from within, where four more ogre guards wait. Furthermore, five ogres armed with javelins wait in each of the towers overlooking the front courtyard. They have good cover and are expert marksmen. The heroes will need to have some sort of good plan to get past these guards. On the plus side, should they overcome all twenty-six guards and the dozen or so guard dogs, they will have taken care of a good portion of the palace guard currently on duty. Another dozen ogre guards are stationed throughout the palace, as well (see area descriptions below). All of the guards shout loud enough to send up a warning cry through the entire palace. The heroes should be especially careful that no one escapes to get help from the city below. If that happens, thousands of angry (if somewhat drunk) ogres climb the mountain to defend their Khan's home.

The Story Continues

The palace is a large structure, but most of it stands empty, particularly when the Khan is not in residence. Below are descriptions for the key locations within the palace and a general map of the occupied floors of the palace. Although Narrators can draw on the encounter chart provided within this scene to help add action to the rooms not described below, they should feel free to





extrapolate further on what lies in the upper heights and lower reaches of the palace. Many rooms on the map are not marked and described because they stand empty.

The Ground Floor

The ground floor is the largest and most populated area of the palace. All of the official functions of the Khan take place on the ground floor, as well as guard housing and more menial tasks such as food preparation. Below are descriptions of the most important rooms. The Narrator should feel free to flesh out the rest of the floor, including the kitchen, servants quarters, and other menial rooms.

Entrance Chamber

Four ogre soldiers stand guard in the room. Read or paraphrase the following, adjusting as necessary:

The high-ceilinged formal entrance chamber lies mostly in shadow, with only a few dim braziers providing illumination. Like all the rooms in the palace, the walls are covered with ancient, faded paintings of wilderness scenes.

Guards' Quarters

Just off the entrance chamber is a whole wing devoted to the palace guard. Forty rooms around a central mess hall and gathering place provide housing for the hundred or so guards normally on duty in the palace. The Khan took many of his guards with him, so currently only sixty-four ogre soldiers are in residence, half of whom currently stand on guard duty.

Throne Room/Banquet Hall

Read the following aloud, adjusting as necessary:

This dark room measures over two hundred feet to a side and has fifty-foot high ceilings. A raised dais sits at the far end of the hall, upon which sits an oversized throne inlaid with gold and precious gems.

With the Khan gone, this room is entirely dark. The throne is a new addition—a gift from Dauroth. Heroes might note, with a successful *easy Perception* action {Intelligence check with a +2 bonus}, that the throne is too big even for an ogre to sit in comfortably.

The Khan's Private Chamber

The Khan used to live on the second floor of the palace, but when he transformed into a titan, he found that the ceilings on the upper floors were too low for him. This series of chambers once served as the palace library and art gallery, but all the books and paintings disappeared centuries ago. The solid wooden doors leading to the chamber are kept locked at all times and four guards stand outside them, ordered to let no one, not even the Khan's brother, into the room. Picking the lock requires a successful *challenging Dexterity* action {Open Locks attempt}. Breaking them down requires a successful *daunting Strength* action {Bend Bars check}. Read aloud or paraphrase the following:

Inside the doors is the sitting room: a large, airy room with just a single, huge stone chair. The walls have all been painted white. Another set of wooden doors occupies the opposite wall from where the heroes enter. The private room has the faint odor of sweet-smelling incense and is stuffed full of various ornaments. A huge bed that is large enough for several ogres, with room to spare, dominates the center of the room.

Here the Khan receives important guests and conducts private meetings. He had the walls painted white in preparation for new murals depicting the Khan's victories in battle.

The Second Floor

The second floor once housed the Khan's private quarters and rooms for his family members and wives. Since the Khan moved to more spacious accommodations on the ground floor, a large portion of the second floor now stands empty. The rest of the rooms house the Khan's extended family and various important clan leaders from across Kern. Only a half dozen or so ogres currently reside here, and all of them are sound asleep late at night. During the day they meet with Kourrul or, more likely, head down to the city to enjoy the festival.

Two guards patrol the second floor at all times.

Courtier Chambers

Once the heroes enter these rooms, read aloud or paraphrase the following:

These spacious rooms contain comfortable but relatively crude furniture sized for normal ogres. Luxurious by ogre standards, the squalid rooms still retain a large measure of filth. All of the rooms have crudely painted portraits of the new Khan hanging in them. The portrait shows a handsome, blue-skinned man with pointed ears, wearing a jewel-encrusted steel crown.

Each room houses one ogre courtier. The heroes can easily take the sleeping courtiers by surprise. The courtiers wear finely woven clothing and are armed with two and a half-foot "daggers" (they're small by ogre standards) imported from Blöde. Under threat of torture, they can tell the heroes that a group of elves did come in not too many weeks ago (about the right time for the elven ambassadors) and that they were taken to the dungeons below. They also know the location of the Giant's Road, although the heroes will have to know about the road to question the ogres about it.

☛ Courtiers: *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Rabble.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 5, Es 6, Dmg +3 (large knife), Def -1 (padded cloth), also thrown weapons.

☛ Courtiers: AC 6 (padded armor); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 31 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (large knife); Dmg 1d6+6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CN; XP 270 each.

Watchtowers

The entrances to the two watchtowers are on the second floor. Spiral staircases lead up another level to enclosed turrets that look out over the front courtyard of the palace. Each houses five ogre guards who stand on watch looking for signs of any threat approaching up the palace road. In fact, usually only one of the guards busily keeps watch while the others amuse themselves with telling tales and playing simple games.

Kourrul's Chambers

The Khan's brother Kourrul wanted to take over the Khan's old rooms when he moved out, but the titan forbade it, thinking it unseemly. Not daring to defy his brother, Kourrul maintains a suite of rooms opposite the empty royal chambers. Two guards stand by the entrance at all times. The door is locked from the inside, but a successful *average Dexterity* action {Open Locks check} will pick the lock and a *challenging Strength* action {Bend Bars check} will break it.

The outer chamber is the mage's laboratory. Read aloud the following:

Dried herbs, animal skins, and jars full of strange substances line shelves on every wall and hang from the ceiling. The odor of all these strange items is powerful but not entirely unpleasant.

Here Kourrul works with his ingredients creating herbal remedies, poisons, and other alchemical combinations. Kourrul is an accomplished ogre mage, and he is more skilled than most ogres can ever dream of becoming. He was once the power behind his brother's throne, but ever since the Khan became a titan, Kourrul's position has fallen dramatically. Dauroth is unlikely to ever grant the mage titan status for fear that the talented herbalist might figure out some way to duplicate the elf-blood elixir.

The inner chamber holds Kourrul's rather squalid sleeping quarters. He lives in the traditional state of ogre filth. His brother never visits him because of the powerful odors coming from the laboratory, smells that also mask the stench of the mage's private quarters. Kourrul sleeps on a leather bed made from human and dwarf skin, which is stuffed with elven hair. (Elven hair is quite a prize among ogres.) Kourrul is a scrawny, weak ogre who defends himself with his magic and calls for guards for assistance. However, the mage is at heart a coward and surrenders once things look hopeless. Kourrul has at his side a titan-made and enchanted short sword. A human could easily wield the finely wrought blade as a two-handed weapon {*two-handed sword* +1}. The enchantment and fine workmanship give the weapon a damage value of +12 (base +7 for a longsword and an additional +5 for the enchantment).

☛ **Kourrul:** *Adult ogre mage, treacherous demeanor, Champion.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 6, Es 7, Dmg +12 (titan longsword of fame), Def -2 (leather), also aeromancy, alteration, cryomancy, regeneration, spectramancy, and thrown weapons.

☛ **Kourrul (ogre mage):** AC 4 (leather); MV 9, Fl 15 (B); hp 35; THAC0 15 (12 *longsword* +3); #AT 1 (*long sword* +3); Dmg 1d6+9; SA spells, +1 on morale; SZ M (10' tall); ML steady (11); Int high (13); AL LE; XP 650.

Special Abilities: Spells—*fly* (12 turns), invisible, *darkness* 10' radius, *polymorph* to a human or similar bipedal creature, regenerate one hit point per round, *charm person* 1/day, *sleep* 1/day, *gaseous form* 1/day, *cone of cold* 60 feet long with a terminal diameter of 20 feet that inflicts 8d8 points of damage (save vs. spell for half damage) 1/day.

A little motivated questioning by the heroes gets Kourrul to reveal a lot of important information. He tells the heroes all they want to know as long as they promise to spare his life. He makes any Knights in the group swear on their honor not to harm him further. With a little roleplaying, the players can have their heroes find out the following information (Narrators should note that not all of the information need come out if the players don't "earn" it by roleplaying):

- ☛ The elven prisoners were in the dungeons, but he sent them on to Blöde, to the great titan mage Dauroth.
- ☛ Dauroth is a powerful titan in the service of Chief Donnag of Blöde, the supreme titan.
- ☛ Kourrul believes that the amount of magic that Dauroth probably wields will most certainly burn him out in the long run. After all, only the most accomplished of mages can handle such great forces, and Dauroth is not that accomplished. (He says this with venomous glee.)



- ⌘ Donnag has ordered that all elves be sent to Blöde. He does not know what Dauroth does with the elves, but he is certain that their fate is not pleasant. He suspects that the elves have something to do with the transformation of ogres into titans.
- ⌘ The particular elves the heroes seek were sent south to Blöde in a military convoy about two weeks ago. (The Narrator may need to modify this period depending on the heroes' actions.) The convoy consisted mostly of Kern ogres who were being called up to serve in the Blöde army in the escalating war with the elves.
- ⌘ Seventeen elves came from other parts of the realm, in addition to the dozen elves the heroes seek. All twenty-nine of them were sent to Dauroth in chains. The ogre armies should easily reach Blöten within forty days.
- ⌘ The ancient titans were the original ogres (nothing like those weak Irda). Their spirits have returned and are transforming worthy ogres back into their ancestral form. At the moment, few ogres have proven themselves worthy of the transformation.
- ⌘ The titans despise the elves for some reason because they have recently ordered a war against Alhana Starbreeze and her elves as well as announced their intention to conquer all of Silvanesti.
- ⌘ Kourrul can tell the heroes about the Giant's Road and where to find it (see Act Two).
- ⌘ The sorcerer Dauroth does not live in the capital of Blöten, but he is rumored to have a private keep somewhere near the city. He also spends a lot of time in Giant's Hall and Hatl.
- ⌘ All of Blöde prepares for the war and the elves have all probably died already.

Once they finish with him, the heroes should tie him up in some way to prevent him from alerting the guards. If they think to ask about where the places that Kourrul mentioned are located, he can provide them with a crude map. Now they know where they need to go to find the lost elves: Blöde.

The Lower Level

As mentioned earlier, the heroes are most likely to enter the palace through the passage leading from the Theater of the Titans. In this case, begin with the lower audience hall.

The Lower Audience Hall

Read the following aloud or paraphrase, adjusting as necessary:

The partially rounded room is well lit and clean. A massive, fading mural extends around the rounded section of the room, showing a cityscape of Kernen as it once existed in the glory days of the ogres. Tiny blue-skinned beings walk the streets of the great city. A raised dais sits empty in the center of the room, obviously meant to support a throne. Lamps hanging from fixtures placed around the room provide plenty of light.

Attentive heroes who succeed at *easy Perception* actions {Intelligence checks with a +2 bonus} may note that the ogres portrayed here appear to be human-sized rather than giant-sized. Two ogres guards remain on duty in the hall at all times, while two more guards stand on the other side of the secret door.

The Slave Quarters

An entire wing of the lower level is devoted to the palace slaves. There are ten cells, each with a stout wooden door held fast from the outside by a large iron bar and a padlock. Altogether twenty slaves currently reside in the palace. During the night, the ogres lock all of the slaves in their cells, and four ogre guards stand watch over the area.

The slaves can tell the heroes some important information about both the elven ambassadors and the titans. Narrators should allow interaction between the prisoners and the heroes to occur so that the heroes gain this information by roleplaying:

- ⌘ The ambassadors passed through here about two weeks ago (the Narrator may need to modify this period depending on the heroes' actions).
- ⌘ The ogre masters emptied out two of the slave quarters, forcing some of the cells to become even more cramped. They then filled the two cells with about a dozen rather ragged looking elves. The elves sat there for several days, while the ogres fed them well and never forced them to work in the palace.
- ⌘ Just a few nights ago, the ogres brought in another group of elves, perhaps fifteen or twenty of them.
- ⌘ The next morning they marched all of the elves out to the front of the palace in chains, where they joined a large caravan of ogre soldiers and volunteers for the war against the elves. The column set off through the city, presumably headed for Blöde. The Khan's brother, Kourrul probably knows more.
- ⌘ The slaves also know of the titans, having seen two of them. They describe the titans as beautiful yet terrifying, fifteen-foot tall, blue-skinned creatures. The Great Khan himself went to Blöde about two years ago and came back transformed into a titan, or so the other ogres claim.
- ⌘ Ever since the transformation, the Khan has demanded that the palace be kept spotless, something no ogre had ever required before. In fact, he quadrupled the number of palace slaves just to make sure everything is kept clean.
- ⌘ A second titan came several months later and stayed for a short time. Rumor has it that he was here to help put down some sort of ogre civil war.
- ⌘ Some of the slaves can tell the heroes about the Giant's Road since they traveled it to get to Kernen.

Chance Meetings in the Palace

When the heroes enter areas that have not been detailed above, the Narrator can choose from the following encounters or determine them randomly by drawing a Fate Card {roll 1d10}.

Result	Encounter
1-6	A Vision of the Past
7-9	An Ogre Child
10	A Hidden Cache of Booty

A Vision of the Past

As the heroes enter the hallway or empty room, those with Spirit scores of 7 or better {Wisdom score of 14 or better} see a glimmering of the past. Each time this result is encountered, the heroes see something slightly different, but each scene involves a blue-skinned humanoid with silver eyes and dark or silver hair. The figures are about six feet in height, and they are usually engaged in various aspects of their normal routine, such as talking with others, writing on parchment, weaving tapestries, painting, or whatever else seems appropriate. The vision is slightly transparent and lasts only a few minutes. The heroes cannot interact with the images in any way; in fact, they can walk through them. Since most ogres don't have the appropriate scores to see the visions, they don't know of them. However, the Khan knows of them (as he has seen them), but he has not yet decided what to do about them.

If Narrators wish, they can add a few images that might lead to more adventures in this area. Here is a jumping point to start from:

You see a regally dressed ancient ogre move into the room followed by three human attendants. As soon as the door is closed, the leader turns and backhands a female human so hard that she slumps onto the floor. He then reaches into the folds of her robes and yanks out a beautiful golden amulet set with glain opals. Holding it up, he speaks with a frown to the two other human attendants and gestures with the amulet. The remaining male human looks fearful, while the conscious female throws a dagger and hits the ogre so well that the blue-skinned being dies instantly. The last things you see before the scene shimmers away is the female grabbing the amulet and leaving the room while the male picks up the unconscious female and follows.

An Ogre Child

When the heroes enter an empty room or hallway, a four-foot tall ogre child runs into them, knocking one of the heroes to the ground. The other heroes can attempt to grab the child by succeeding at an *average Agility* action, followed by a *challenging Strength* action to maintain the hold {Dexterity check plus a Strength check with a -2 penalty}. If they let the child go, she doesn't raise an alarm.

♣ **Naggan:** *Young ogre, independent demeanor, Rabble.* Co 5, Ph 6, In 3, Es 6, Dmg 0 (unarmed), Def -3 (leather and hides), also thrown weapons.

♣ **Naggan:** AC 5 (leather and hides); MV 9; HD 2+1; hp 13; THAC0 20; #AT 1 (unarmed); Dmg 1d4; SZ M (4' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (6); AL CN.

Should the heroes keep the child near, they can find out the following information from her:

♣ Her name is Naggan. Her father is the Khan. The Khan doesn't like her anymore. Her mother is dead.

♣ She runs down passages to prove to herself that she is fast. Kourrul tells her not to, but she does it anyway. Kourrul really doesn't like her.

The child doesn't tell them much more than this, but she does ask to be let go. If the heroes try to keep her with them or attempt to tie her up, the child manifests a wild talent for pyromancy and burns the nearest hero. She then tries to run away again. The heroes can let her go, in which case she still doesn't mention them to anyone. They can capture her again (use the actions listed above for guidelines). Young Naggan asks if they can help her leave the palace. She wants to run outside.

This encounter occurs only once. Treat as "no encounter" if it results again.

A Hidden Cache of Booty

This encounter occurs only once and only when the heroes enter an empty room at night. Otherwise, it is treated as "no encounter."

Once the heroes enter the darkened room, a quick scuffling echoes, and a tall, stooped figure brushes by them and races away. The heroes can choose to chase him, but they'll end up tangling with some guards if they're not careful. The ogre was a guard, and he returns to his companions.

If the heroes explore the room, they can perform successful *challenging Perception* actions {detect concealed door} to find that a wall seems to be jutting out at an odd angle. Upon further exploration, they discover that the wall panel actually opens out to reveal a hidden compartment. Inside the compartment are several weapons, a pile of coinage from different parts of Ansalon, and a few interesting trinkets and baubles. The list is as follows:

- ♣ Longsword of renown {*longsword* +2}
- ♣ Mace of fame {*mace* +4}
- ♣ Staff of renown {*staff* +2}
- ♣ Ring of feather falling (this trinket activates when its wearer falls more than five feet and prevents damage from falling)
- ♣ Enough money to temporarily raise the wealth status of one hero by two points for five wealth actions or until a mishap occurs, whichever comes first {524 steel pieces, 15 gold pieces, and 73 copper pieces}. If divided, the heroes each receive a bonus of +2 to their next wealth action.

The Narrator should feel free to add any other magic items or artifacts to this stash. This encounter provides an excellent opportunity to puzzle the players and their heroes with an unusual gnome device, as well.

Outcome

One way or another, the heroes learn that the elves were in the palace and have since been sent on to Blöde. They need to make their way out of the palace and out of Kernen and then head south. They probably have heard of the Giant's Road from someone and will realize that it is the quickest, if most dangerous, path for making the journey to Blöde. The chase continues in Act Two!



ACT TWO

The slave named Eadammm was unlike any human in Jyrbian's experience. He had never seen one who bore himself with such pride and audacity. He had none of the hunched look of a slave waiting for the next command. He stood tall, shoulders back, and his gaze met Jyrbian's squarely, without flinching.

—Jyrbian the ancient ogre meets Eadammm the human slave, *The Irda*

Narrators should review the material presented at the beginning of the book so that they can easily drop in information about the ogres and the titans where necessary.

Scene One: The Giant's Road

The heroes must travel south into Blöde. If they know about the Giant's Road, they can travel down this secret ogre highway. However, other options exist, though each has its own dangers.

First Impressions

The rainy weather that has plagued you for much of your journey through Kern leaves as you ascend into the Khalkist Mountains. The air up here is crisp and cool, and vision is unimpaired to the horizon. On beautiful days like this, one can understand why the ancient ogres chose to live among such majestic scenery.

The heroes must have decided by now how to get south into Blöde. At first glance, it appears that the fastest way includes cutting through the plains of Neraka. The dangers inherent in such an undertaking should be obvious, however. Neraka stands ready for combat. Or, the heroes could choose to travel through the plains of Khur on the opposite side of the Khalkist Mountains. Here the heroes will encounter any number of threats from goblins, dracnians, and even red dragons. The ogres have another, faster means of traveling between the two realms, though. The Giant's Road is one of the best-kept secrets in Krynn.

The Story Continues

If the heroes choose to follow the Giant's Road, its beginning is hidden high up in the mountains about two miles south of the city of Kernen. A large cave mouth lies halfway up the gradually sloping mountain. No guards patrol the road; the ogres leave most of the policing to the hill giants.

The cave mouth appears entirely natural and unremarkable, roughly hewn and fifty feet high. Inside, all is

Travel Chart

Location	Heroes*	Ogres*
Kernen to Blöten (off the Giant's Road)	94 days	NA
Giant's Road	28 days	36 days
From Road to Blöten	9 days	12 days
Total Giant's Road	23 days	36 days

* Approximate days if traveling with some forced marching; adjust for bad weather as necessary. Due to the enchantment on the Giant's Road, heroes move more quickly and can sustain a schedule of forced marching every other day with no penalties. Use the quick marching rules in *Heroes of Steel* if the heroes quick march every day {use normal forced march rules}.

dark and the heroes can feel a strong wind blowing past them into the cave. This entrance leads to a twelve-mile long tunnel that angles up into the Khalkist Mountains. The walls and floor of the tunnel are perfectly smooth although the heroes can see occasional cracks and minor cave-ins. In some places, rather haphazard arrangements of timber and stones hold up places that seem on the verge of total collapse.

Should the heroes decide to follow a different path than the Giant's Road, consult the Travel Times chart to help you figure out how long it will take them to get to Blöde. Narrators who wish to be generous can remind the heroes that time is short, and a trip through rough mountains will be long. If they decide to travel a different path despite this, then the Narrator can use the encounters below (and in Scene Two of this act) to help pass the time.

Traveling the Road

This first leg of their journey south should be relatively uneventful. They might, if the Narrator wishes, encounter a band of ogres on their way to Kernen (see "Encounters on the Road"). The heroes may either hide in the shadows among the various side caves, stalagmites and other debris, or they can face the ogres in combat. All ogres on the road attack the heroes.

The other end of the tunnel lets out onto a stone road that winds through the mountains as far as the eye can see. The heroes have traveled up over a mile into the mountains and the air is thin and cold up here. The rest of the journey south is mostly on high mountain roads such as this one. Occasionally, trails branch off into the surrounding mountains, used chiefly by the giants. Heroes who make *average Perception* actions {Wisdom or relevant proficiency checks} notice the larger-than-ogre footprints on these dirt trails. Eleven more tunnels parallel the road as well, ranging in length from half a mile to over thirty miles in length. All of the tunnels are merely extensions of existing cave systems and offer plenty of nooks and small caves for the heroes to hide in.

In some places, the road deteriorates into a rough dirt trail. Although somewhat narrow by ogre standards, the

MOUNTAINS OF BLÖDE

smaller travelers find these trails quite broad and comfortable. The heroes notice several places where landslides seem to have covered the trail with debris. Most of the landslides have been cleared. Here, successful *average Perception* checks {Wisdom or relevant proficient checks} reveal more giant-sized footprints. Unbeknownst to the heroes, the giants watch them almost every step of the way down the road. They are waiting to see what the heroes do. Although the treaty with Blöde makes it clear that only ogres and giants may use the road, the hill giants do not want a conflict until they know what the heroes are up to and what they are capable of.

Friend or Foe?

The hill giants have never before seen a group of well-armed non-ogres marching on the Giant's Road, and the sight has aroused their curiosity. Occasionally, a few shackled slaves escape a caravan and the giants round them up and either give them back to the ogres or eat them. Of late, however, the giants have begun to chafe under the new titan leadership in Blöde. The titans want the giants to come down out of the mountains and join their cousins in the war against the elves. They have even made noises about claiming the whole Giant's Road and surrounding territory as part of Blöde and thus attempting to force the giants to provide troops for the war effort. The giants do not approve.

One day as the heroes travel the road, they round a bend in a particularly thin, treacherous part of the path only to find the way blocked by fallen rocks. Climbing over the rocks looks dangerous, but possible. Just as the heroes prepare to circumvent the obstruction, they hear the thundering of giant footsteps. One hill giant appears behind the rocks, peering at the heroes. Two others come down the mountainside, half sliding and half running down through the trees. Another climbs up from below, easily ascending the sheer cliff face. Two others run up behind the heroes. Giants, wearing crudely fashioned animal skins and holding boulders and trees as weapons, surround them.

❖ **Six hill giants:** *Adult giants of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 6, Ph 38, In 3, Es 4, Dmg +10 (tree)/+8 (boulder), Def -4 (common clothing), also melee weapons and thrown weapons.

➤ **Hill giants (6):** AC 5; MV 12; HD 12+1-2; hp 80 each; THACO 9; #AT 1 (tree club or boulder); Dmg 2d6+7 (Str bonus) or 2d8; SZ M (16' tall); ML elite (13); Int low (6); AL CE; XP 3,000 each.

One of the giants, the leader, addresses the heroes in a deep, booming voice. "What have we here? What tiny beings are so brave as to openly walk the Giant's Road?" The heroes now have a chance to talk their way past the giants. Otherwise, they have to try and fight their way through (an unpleasant proposition). The giants want to find out what the heroes are doing, where they are going, and what they hope to accomplish. Although not terribly intelligent, the giants have their own brand of wisdom,

and they will not believe any obviously false tales. They know that outsiders should not know that the road exists and that non-ogres have no business traveling between Kern and Blöde. As the giants question the heroes, they have a threatening tone but also make it clear that the heroes might go free if they adequately explain themselves.

The Narrator can call for *average Presence* actions {Charisma checks} from the heroes, but ultimately their fates rest in the story they choose to tell. The giants want to be sure that the heroes have no hostile intentions towards them. They care little for the ogres but generally abide by their agreement with them. However, they hate the new titans and if the heroes reveal that they have hostile intentions towards the blue bullies, the giants become more sympathetic. Pleas that they need to rescue their elven friends meet with mixed reactions. The giants care little for elves and their haughty ways (not that any of them have ever even seen an elf outside of an ogre slave caravan). Should the heroes convince the giants of their intentions, the giants grunt in acknowledgment and then clear the path for the heroes and send them on their way. If not, the heroes are in for quite a fight.

If a fight ensues, the heroes might drive the giants off with a few quick and powerful attacks. The giants are not accustomed to having prey fight back, and they retreat if they start to take serious wounds. Of course, the heroes will now spend the rest of the journey being harassed by thrown boulders, rockslides, and other dangers.

Encounters on the Road

If Narrators wish to spice up the heroes' journey, they can always throw in an ogre patrol or two. The ogre patrols consist of professional soldiers from Blöde, who



Legends and Lore: The Giant's Road

Most of the world has never heard of the Giant's Road. Many of the hill- and mountain-dwelling folk from in and around the Khalkist Mountains have heard legends about it, but none have ever dared to seek it out. The legends tell of a great stone highway carved into the living rock of the mountains. Legend maintains that only the hill giants of the Khalkists use this road, killing any others who dare set foot on it.

The legends are in part true. A road does run all the way from just outside Kernén to the heart of Blöde. The ancient ogres built the road as a means of secure travel and kept its existence a secret from the other races. They called the road the Pathway of Heaven because only the blessed could walk upon it (in other words, ogres) and because they placed some minor enchantment upon it to speed the traveler on and help reduce the strain of walking so far. Today, much of the road has fallen into disrepair, but the ogres still use it to travel between the two kingdoms. In some places, the road is little more than a mountain trail. However, some of the great ancient achievements still stand, including a number of long tunnels that cut straight through some of the more formidable peaks, and the enchantment placed upon it seems to work, if sporadically at times. A normal band of ogres can make the

650-mile trip in about forty days. If the ogres wish to set up a schedule of forced marching interspersed with normal walking, they can reach Blöten with few problems in about thirty days. Even in winter when the heavy snows come, the roads remain mostly clear, thanks in large part to the giants.

Giants frequent the Giant's Road. Hill giants are distant cousins of the ogres, and the two races do not always get along with one another. The Khalkist Mountains house one of the larger concentrations of hill giants on Krynn. They prefer to be left alone and will not attack unless forced to defend themselves. Long ago, the Chieftain of Blöde and the hill giants signed a treaty allowing equal access to the ancient ogre road. The ogres would allow the giants to live in peace and use the road if the giants would in turn make sure the road stayed clear and passable year round. The agreement has remained in place ever since.

Today the road sees more use than ever before. As the only link between the two ogre kingdoms, traders and scavengers from both kingdoms travel it constantly. Furthermore, the titans have made great use of the road as well, sending troops to Kern to put down the ogre rebellion and bringing volunteers back to fight in the battle against Silvanesti. In fact, the ogres in Blöde now call the path the Titan's Road, although the name has not yet become common among the people who use it.

are armed and armored appropriately and ready for a fight. The ogres tread the road confidently but not foolishly. They are on the lookout for any signs of trouble, particularly rebel ogres. They might surprise the heroes if the group has not taken proper precautions. Heroes traveling without an advance scout must succeed at a *challenging Perception* action {Intelligence check with a -2 penalty} to avoid being surprised.

- **Ogre patrol:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +7 (longswords)/+2 (javelins), Def -3 (leather), also thrown weapons.
- **Ogre patrol:** AC 5 (leather); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (longswords or javelins); Dmg 1d8+6 or 1d6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270 each.

Some examples of how to make the encounters different from the normal patrols are described below:

Escaped Slave Variant: Allow the heroes to perform a *challenging Perception* action {Intelligence check with a -2 penalty}. Those who succeed spot the hand of a sleeping slave who has hidden himself off the road behind a couple of rocks. If they awaken the slave, they discover that he escaped from an ogre caravan that passed through here on its way to Kernén. He has been making his way back to Blöde so that he can escape back to the Plains of Dust (or some other destination). The Narrator should feel free to reintroduce a past character here or simply create a new character that can serve other ends (such as spy on the party for the Dark Knights, assist the party for his own reasons, and so on). The Narrator can even foreshadow the party's next adventure by providing

the slave with a few interesting rumors.

Party Delivery Variant: The heroes encounter a caravan headed from Blöde to Kernén carrying the supplies for yet another festival of titans. The caravan consists of six ogres attended by two dozen goblin bearers carrying the food and drink. In truth, the goblins themselves are part of the festivities, although they don't know it. Once in Kernén they will either be killed and butchered or forced to fight in the Theater of the Titans as part of various historical reenactments. The caravan makes a lot of noise as it travels, what with the goblins constantly complaining and the ogres repeatedly threatening them with bodily harm. The goblins are sick of this job and will stand by and cheer if the heroes decide to attack the ogre guards. They might even lend a hand, swinging haunches of meat like clubs and throwing barrels of ale. Once the rescue is over, the Narrator can have the goblins offer to escort the heroes to Blöde, or the goblins can simply make off with a lot of food back the way they came.

- **Twenty-four goblin slaves:** *Adult goblins of various demeanors, Rabble.* Co 4, Ph 3, In 4, Es 5, Dmg 0 (unarmed), Def 0 (common clothing), also melee weapons and missile weapons.
- **Goblin slaves (24):** AC 10; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 0; SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); Int low (6); AL LE; XP 15 each.

Outcome

The whole journey should take at least two weeks. At the end of it all, the heroes travel through one final tunnel and come out in Blöde. Now they have to decide how to get to Blöten. Go to Scene Two.

Scene Two: The Great Nation of Blöde

The heroes spend the rest of the adventure within the borders of Blöde. This scene describes the difficulties of traveling through that hostile country and some of the encounters the heroes might face on the way. Narrators can consult this scene whenever the heroes move from place to place in Blöde.

First Impressions

The heroes have several possible destinations to choose from while in Blöde. Their primary goal remains to rescue the elven ambassadors, but the new threat of the titans probably interests them as well. They should have learned that the elves were taken to Blöten, the capital and home of Chief Donnag. They may have also learned that the Chieftain's court sorcerer, Daurath, is using the elves for some purpose. To save the elves, the heroes must find Daurath's secret laboratory hidden within the mountains of Blöde. The heroes can find this information, or at least a piece of it, in a couple of places: Blöten, the army's marshaling area near the ruins of Hatl, or in the central slave markets at Giant's Hall.

Of course, the heroes might never have heard of any places where the elves might be besides Blöten. Any Blöde ogre the heroes capture or question tells the heroes that the ogre army under the leadership of Donnag and Daurath himself is currently gathering in the ruins of the ancient city of Hatl. The heroes will have to do some investigating and twist a few arms to get the answers they seek, but they should eventually discover the fate of the elves by traveling to at least two of the locations.

The Story Continues

A network of rough mountain passes, trails, and even the occasional road links all of the ogre communities of Blöde together. The ogres themselves have no problem moving along these trails, but races that are more diminutive might find the rocky paths challenging.

Additionally, Narrators can set up several encounters (perhaps one each day, for example) to add excitement to the journey. To help with this, an encounter chart has been included below. Narrators can choose an encounter or draw a Fate Card {roll 1d10} to determine an encounter randomly.

Result	Encounter
1-3	Messengers
4-6	Ogre Patrol
7-9	Monster of the Day
10	Mountain Dwarf Raiders

Messengers

With the newly centralized government in place in Blöten, maintaining communication between the various cities has become vital. Ogre messengers are an innovation of the titans. These ogres are trained and equipped with magic charms that allow them to run the entire distance between cities without stopping. The charm works

just as well for humans and other intelligent beings. The wearer needs no sleep, rest, and never gets winded. However, removing the charm (which is simply a bronze carving of a titan's head about six inches in diameter), causes the hero to feel the effects of all that exertion immediately. Additionally, the charm has a limited amount of charges (1-10) and cannot be recharged.

Should the heroes encounter one of these messengers, the messenger does not stop. The description of the messenger is provided below should the heroes decide to battle the messenger.

☛ **Ogre messenger:** *Adult ogre, purposeful demeanor, Adventurer.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 4, Es 6, Dmg: +5 (short sword), Def -3 (leather), also thrown weapons.

☛ **Ogre messenger:** AC 5 (leather); MV 12; HD 4+1; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (short sword); Dmg 1d6+6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270.

Ogre Patrol

Donnag has patrols constantly watching all of the roads in Blöde, and they're mainly on the lookout for draconians, goblins, and other undesirables. The patrols consist of teams of five ogres and a pack of three hunting dogs imported from Kern. The patrols carry javelins—a new weapon for ogres—but one they are quickly becoming quite proficient with.

☛ **Five ogres:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +7 (longswords)/+2 (javelins), Def -5 (leather), also thrown weapons.

☛ **Three hunting dogs:** *Hostile animals.* Co 6, Ph 5, In 2, Es 2, Dmg +3, Def -2, also acute senses (hearing and smell) and charge.

☛ **Ogres (5):** AC 4 (leather); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (longswords or javelins); Dmg 1d8+6 or 1d6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270 each.

☛ **Hunting dogs (3):** AC 6; MV 12; HD 2+2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 2d4; SZ M (5' long); Int semi (3); ML steady (11); AL N; XP 65 each.

Monster of the Day

A number of different unpleasant creatures make their home in Blöde, including the following: behirs, bugbears, wolves, and even the occasional pack of draconians. Narrators should consult the *Book of the Fifth Age*, *The Bestiary*, or the *MONSTROUS MANUAL*™ for creature descriptions.

Mountain Dwarf Raiders

The nearby dwarven kingdom of Thoradin does not get along with the ogres of Blöde at all. Severus Stonehand, High Thane of Thoradin has decided to find out just what the ogres are up to. Rumor has it that the ogres have some new leader who is organizing them into a powerful army. If true, this cannot be anything but bad news for the dwarves. Severus sent out several teams of



dwarves to discover the truth of these rumors and possibly cause a little trouble while they are at it.

The dwarven raiders have only recently penetrated the Blöde frontier. They have spent the last few weeks keeping a low profile, hiding and watching the comings and goings of various ogres. They are more than a little shaken by what they have seen. Never before have the ogres shown such discipline. Nor did they ever wear such finely made uniforms, armor, and weapons. Something is definitely going on here. The dwarves have at their disposal a very accurate, if somewhat ancient, map of Blöde that shows all of the old roads and major settlements.

The dwarves watch over the heroes as they proceed down one of the ogre trails. Depending on how the heroes look, the dwarves either try to surprise them or simply call out to them. The former course is only warranted if the heroes appear to be in league with the ogres for some reason (unlikely, but possible, depending on what cover story the heroes are using). Two dozen mountain dwarves are in the raiding party under the leadership Durn Ironspark. They are skeptical of the heroes at first but happily share information with them once they are sure of the heroes' motives.

The dwarves know the location of every major city in Blöde, but they do not know of Dauroth's valley. They have not seen a titan nor do they know much about these creatures. They know nothing of elves and care even less. They have been as far as Blöten, where they saw a number of supply and slave caravans headed off in all directions. They know that Giant's Hall is now a central



Travel Chart*

	Giant's Road	Blöten	Giant's Hall	Hatl
Giant's Road	0	9	6	7
Blöten	9	0	7	7
Giant's Hall	6	7	0	5
Hatl	7	7	5	0

* The numbers signify how many days of travel the heroes face. These times assume that the heroes use the same network of trails the ogres use. If the heroes try to find their own way through the mountains, the travel times are quadrupled and the Narrator should call for a number of average Agility actions {Dexterity or relevant proficiency checks} to ensure safe mountain climbing by the heroes.

training area for slaves and hope to try and rescue some dwarves if possible. They tell the heroes that Giant's Hall is the only city in Blöde where non-ogres can legally walk the streets. If the Narrator feels the heroes need a little extra muscle, the heroes might convince several of the dwarves to join them on their mission. Of course, the dwarves will not risk their lives to rescue elves, but they will help to uncover the truth about the titans.

- ♣ **Durn Ironspark:** *Adult male dwarf, cautious demeanor, Master.* Co 6, Ph 8, In 6, Es 4, Dmg +6 (battle-ax), Def -3 (chainmail), also missile weapons.
- ♣ **Durn Ironspark, male dwarf F11:** AC 5 (chainmail); MV 6; hp 101; THAC0 10 (9 Str bonus); #AT 1 (battle-ax); Dmg 1d8+2; SZ S (4'9" tall); ML steady (11); Str 18, Dex 11, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL N.

Twenty-four dwarves: *Adult dwarves of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 6, Ph 7, In 6, Es 4, Dmg +6 (battle-axes), Def -3 (chainmail), also missile weapons.

Dwarves, male and female F3 (24): AC 5 (chainmail); MV 6; hp 18 each; THAC0 18 (17 Str bonus); #AT 1 (battle-ax); Dmg 1d8+2; SZ S (4'9" tall); ML steady (11); Str 18, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 9; AL N.

Outcome

From here, the heroes can journey anywhere: Giant's Hall, Hatl, or Blöten. The dwarves provide a source of information about where these places are and can tell the heroes why they might be important, although the heroes can find out sketchier information from a captured ogre. The Narrator will want to refer to this scene again any time the heroes travel from one location to another.

- ♣ Go to Scene Three if the heroes travel to Giant's Hall.
- ♣ Continue with Scene Four if the heroes go to Hatl.
- ♣ Turn to Scene Five should the heroes head toward Blöten.

Scene Three: Giant's Hall

The heroes journey to Giant's Hall to discover the fate of slaves within the realm and meet some humans who might tell them more about the titans and their plans.

First Impressions

Giant's Hall sits nestled between three mountains, and six paths allow entrance into the valley where the city sits. As you round a bend of the mountain, the whole city spreads out before you. On a guess, it appears that some eight thousand ogres and several hundred outsiders make their home here.

The city itself is laid out in a triangle, its edges protected by thirty-foot high, fifteen-foot thick stone walls. Fifty-foot towers guard each of the vertices of the triangle and rise up from the center of each wall, making six towers in all. The city consists entirely of old stone buildings. On some buildings, makeshift wooden roofs have replaced the originals. You cannot help but notice a strange little community consisting of wood and stone shacks. It stands out quite well from the rest of the city, especially since it lies outside the stone walls of the city.

When the heroes look a bit more, they notice the great hall, which is so famous among ogres, standing in the center of the city. It, like the city itself, is a triangle. Stone runs about two hundred feet long on each side and it stands sixty feet tall. Five levels of windows pierce the side of the building, with numerous skylights in the roof providing adequate light and ventilation for the monolithic structure. The rest of the city lies spread out around the Giant's Hall and consist mostly of two and three story buildings into which ogres cram themselves. Outside of the city lays a small settlement consisting of about one hundred crudely built stone and wood buildings. These are the homes or temporary residences of the few non-ogres allowed to live in Blöde. Even from a distance, sharp-sighted heroes notice that non-ogres are moving about the streets of this wooden hamlet in the shadow of the great stone wall.

The Story Continues

The streets of Giant's Hall are narrow and crowded. Ogres constantly travel between neighborhoods and the Great Hall in the center of town. They push the heroes aside, shove them, or even kick them without giving it a second thought. Most non-ogres who come to Giant's Hall expect this sort of treatment, but the heroes might be put off by it. Not many guards or soldiers are in town—at least none that are on duty. Still, if the heroes act suspicious in some manner, they catch the attention of a city patrol. Unless the heroes give a good explanation for themselves and their behavior, the guards try to arrest them. Arresting them means confiscating all their property and then selling them into slavery. Ogres are known for their swift, if totally unfair, justice. (See "Ogre Confrontation," below.)

The heroes should also stick to the main streets of Giant's Hall that lead to the Great Hall and the open market that surrounds it. The rest of the city consists of the various neighborhoods of Giant's Hall. Every neigh-

borhood has a number of particularly large and tough ogres who stand guard at the streets that allow entrance to the neighborhood. Anyone who does not live there had better have a good reason for trying to come in unless they want trouble from the guards. Unless some ogre has, for some reason, specifically invited the heroes into the neighborhood, they will not be allowed in. Any attempt to force their way through brings dozens of ogres from the neighborhood rushing to the defense.

The Great Hall

Located in the exact center of town, the five-story Great Hall is also the center of communal life within the city. Here, once every week or two, the ogres hold their great slave auctions. It also serves as a center of government, a marketplace, a law court, and a place for ogres to join and share stories, meals, and drink. These days it is also a popular site for servants of the titans to preach Dauroth's message to the masses.

The building itself mimics the general outline of the city: a great triangular structure with the same angles and orientation as the city walls. The lower level of the hall consists of an arcade of worn columns and arches providing scores of entries into the main space. Inside the hall is one giant, open space, reaching up over seventy feet to a stone roof. Delicate windows line the walls, the glass long gone, but still providing light and air. The ceiling boasts a beautiful mural that now lies hidden under thousands of years of dirt and soot.

The hall is always open and something is always going on here, whether it be games of chance, some sort of ogre legal drama (which involves a lot of fighting and very little debating), or just ogres relaxing. On slave market days, the heroes can even see some foreigners from the Village buying and selling slaves.

The Hall of Slaves

This long, flat, windowless building is nearly indistinguishable from the other structures that surround the plaza of the Great Hall. It is notable only because when occupied, two uniformed ogre guards stand on duty outside the door at all times. The heavy steel door is always kept locked. Inside is a dank, dirty hundred by two hundred-foot room with chains along every wall. The center of the room holds various implements of torture, whips, and other paraphernalia used to train slaves.

Goblins of one sort or another comprise the majority of the hall's residents and right now, about twenty such slaves hang from the walls. Two male dwarves who fell prey to an ogre raiding party are here. Questioning the guards or either of the male prisoners reveals that some elves were here, but they went on to Blöde about a week ago (although it's hard to keep track of time in this windowless prison).

The Village

The small collection of wooden buildings outside the city walls houses the local expatriate community, known in these parts as the Village. It consists mostly of humans from Khur and other even less savory places. A few minotaurs live here as well, along with the occasional dwarf and even, very rarely, a kender or two. At one time,



outsiders could technically travel anywhere in Blöde, although few took advantage of this freedom. As a major trading center located relatively close to the border with Khur, Giant's Hall has always been a logical place for outsiders to gather. Chief Donnag made this logic into law last year. Now non-ogres (except slaves, of course) are not permitted anywhere in Blöde aside from Giant's Hall and the road leading to it from Khur. Once the ogres begin expanding their territory (which they plan to do in the next few years), Giant's Hall will become a restricted area as well, and the non-ogre allies and merchants will be forced to move outside of Blöde proper.

The heroes never need to enter Giant's Hall. They can find most of the information they seek inside the Village, where they can meet some of the less-than-savory folks who make their living by consorting with ogres.

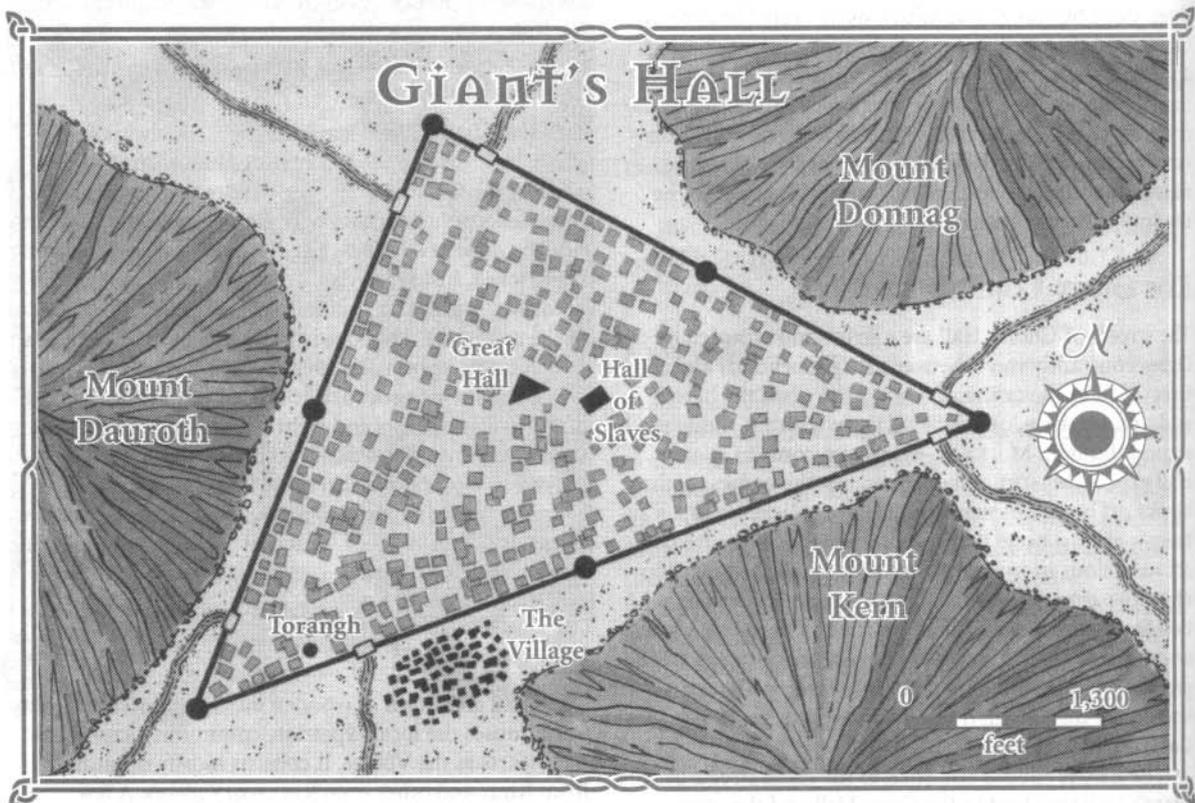
If the heroes look around the Village, they discover that cheap and ramshackle inns comprise ten of the hundred odd buildings in the village. Still, they provide better shelter and more comfortable beds than the heroes have seen in a long while. Many of the other buildings stand empty for much of the year or are shared homes that a number of different traders take turns using throughout the course of the trading season. Also, a combination general store and blacksmith provides travelers with new horseshoes, food, and other travel necessities. The ogres do not allow the blacksmith to manufacture weapons, but he can make repairs.

Men and women from Khur make up the vast majority of residents in the Village. They and their ancestors have traded with Blöde for centuries. The Khurish traders provide the ogres with slaves, diamonds, and

spices (now in more demand than ever since the titans came to power). In return, they usually take either hard steel or weapons and armor the ogres stole from the bodies of their victims. When the heroes deal with the residents of the Village, the Narrator should remember that none of them have any particular ill feelings towards the ogres. Trade with Blöde is the source of their income, and they will not do anything to disrupt that trade or their own position.

The Villagers look at the heroes with a skeptical eye. Although no one reports them to the ogre authorities, no one trusts them either. The heroes are welcome to drink and stay in any of the inns, but the hospitality leaves something to be desired. The innkeeper casually asks the heroes where they are from and what they have to trade. Word spreads quickly if the heroes do not have a good cover story. Once the Villagers peg the heroes as outsiders or troublemakers, they become fair game to every cutthroat and villain in town.

Unless they first establish themselves as legitimate traders, questions about missing elves and titans earn the heroes nothing but dirty looks. Of course, if the heroes flash enough steel about the place, they might find some people more willing to talk, but they also attract other kinds of attention. Heroes need to make *challenging Presence* actions (Charisma or relevant proficiency checks with a -2 penalty) to win over the local populace. The Narrator should require the player to describe exactly how the hero is trying to win them over. Buying drinks, telling jokes, and talking about the spice trade are all valid approaches (as are many others). Complaining about titans, calling for the freeing of the slaves, and



other such noble callings are not. The latter tactics might well attract attention from the ogre authorities.

Once the heroes establish their credentials with the rough characters living in the Village, they can start searching for some answers. The favorite pastimes in the Village are drinking and gambling, particularly the latter. Asking around (in a surreptitious manner) lets the heroes discover that few people in town know answers to some of the heroes' questions.

Gorthas Half-Elven

Casual questions about elves lead the heroes to a roguish half-elf named Gorthas. One of the innkeepers can direct the heroes to him or they might simply find him drinking in one of the inns. If Gorthas learns that the heroes are looking for elves, he may even approach them and offer to sell his services and information. Gorthas trades in diamonds, gems, and whatever else he can find. He is a thief and a robber—an outcast born to a human mother who was long ago seduced by a very drunk Silvanesti elf. Gorthas has seen much of Kryn and made enemies wherever he went. In Blöde, he has finally found a home where everyone is worse than he is, and he revels in playing the part of the saint.

☛ **Gorthas Half-Elven:** *Adult male half-elf, treacherous demeanor, Champion.* Co 8, Ph 7, In 8, Es 5, Dmg +7 (longsword), Def -2 (leather), also thrown weapons.

☛ **Gorthas Half-Elven, male half-elf F10:** AC 6 (leather); MV 12; hp 67; THAC0 11 (10 Dex bonus); #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1d8; SZ M (5'7" tall); ML steady (11); Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 11; AL NE; XP 2,000.

Gorthas is rough and wild haired, wearing patched and torn leather clothing and carrying a well-used but quite sharp sword. His voice is rough and deep, the product of a cutthroat's blade that did not quite reach its mark. He plays the wizened adventurer, making fun of the heroes for all the things they do wrong and acting as if he were their only hope left in the world. He offers to help them find their elven friends if they pay him enough. They can find out the following from him:

- ☛ He recently saw a group of elves being taken toward Hatl, which is unusual since most elves are taken to Blöten. Gorthas does not pass on that he was the one who sold these six elves to the ogres last week.
- ☛ If the heroes want to see a titan, they should go to Hatl. At least a dozen of the ogre-masters are there readying the army for its invasion of Silvanesti.
- ☛ The titans really are quite impressive, handsome, and terrifying—all at once. They wear suits of black and gold armor, wield great swords that would cut an ogre in half, and supposedly work magic as well.
- ☛ Oddly enough, from the little Gorthas has seen, the titans do not really like the ogres all that much. They keep their quarters well away from those of their followers and never take meals with the common ogres. Also, ogres in the presence of a titan tend to behave more, well, civilized. They clean up after themselves and even wash!



Gorthas can be a valuable ally for the heroes as long as they watch him very carefully and keep him thinking that helping them will make him rich. Although he knows that ogres wouldn't blink before killing him, if the situation is highly in his favor, he would consider betraying the heroes once things start to look bad. He knows his way around the whole kingdom and is very adept at avoiding ogre patrols. Unfortunately, he does not know where Dauroth's valley is, though he has contacts in other parts of the kingdom who might help them.

Further Encounters in Giant's Hall

As the heroes wander the city, the Narrator can use the following encounters to add some verve to the adventure. These encounters can draw the heroes from one location to another or simply introduce a new character or problem. Narrators can choose from the encounters described or they can generate the results randomly by drawing a Fate Card [roll 1d10] for every day the heroes remain in the area.

Result	Encounter
1-3	Torangh Half-Ogre or Gorthas Half-Elven
4-6	Rumors
7-8	Ogre Confrontation
9-10	Slave Break-Out

Use the following descriptions for any patrols that come across the heroes:

☛ **Ogre patrol:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 3, Es 6, Dmg +7 (longswords)/+2 (javelins), Def -3 (leather), also thrown weapons.

- **Ogre patrol:** AC 5 (leather); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (longswords or javelins); Dmg 1d8+6 (Str bonus) or 1d6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270 each.

Tororgh Half-Ogre or Gorthas Half-Elven

If the heroes are wandering through Giant's Hall, they can meet Tororgh Half-Ogre (described below). Should this encounter occur in the Village, they have a chance meeting with Gorthas Half-Elven (described above). If the heroes have already met Gorthas, then this is "no encounter."

As the heroes pass through the crowded city, one of the residents bumps into them and stops. Read aloud or paraphrase the following:

The ogre grunts out, "Hey! You disgusting humans should watch where you walk."

Immediately, another ogre stops and backhands the first ogre. "You know this trash, Half-Ogre?" he asks threateningly.

The half-ogre, who looks remarkably like a normal ogre, immediately backs down and mutters, "No. Forgive my behavior." He stalks away, grumbling about something while the other ogre looks at you threateningly.

Heroes who succeed at *challenging Perception* actions {Detect Noise rolls} can hear the word "rebellion" among the words Tororgh grumbles. If they decide to follow him, they can learn which neighborhood he lives in but cannot pass any further. The heroes can bump into him again when he tries once more to perform the errand that brought him out of his neighborhood, or they can come up with a plan to sneak into the neighborhood.

If the heroes come up with a clever plan to attempt to contact Tororgh in his neighborhood, or if they bump into him again and persuade him to listen to them, they can learn more about him. At first, he is suspicious and asks more questions than he answers, but with good roleplaying (or successful *average Presence* actions {Charisma or related proficiency check}), the heroes can learn more about the city from him. He doesn't know about elves, but he can give them whatever knowledge the Narrator deems necessary to keep the heroes on track.

- **Tororgh Half-Ogre:** *Adult male half-ogre, resourceful demeanor, Adventurer.* Co 4, Ph 10, In 5, Es 6, Dmg +4 (cudgel), Def -3 (leather), also thrown weapons.
- **Tororgh Half-Ogre, male half-ogre F8:** AC 6 (leather); MV 9; hp 58; THAC0 13; #AT 1 (unarmed); Dmg 1d10; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL N.

If the heroes ask around the Village or simply watch and listen (see "Rumors"), they can learn that the half-ogre's name is Tororgh. Tororgh lives in a small house just inside the city's walls. Although half-ogre by blood, he looks like a normal, if somewhat small, full-blooded ogre. Because of his small size, Tororgh has lived most of his life in Giant's Hall as the butt of cruel jokes and discrimination from the rest of the population. He seldom

accompanies the other members of his neighborhood on raiding parties or scavenging expeditions. Life has made Tororgh a very bitter ogre. He is so bitter, in fact, that he joined the ogre rebellion in Kern. Throughout the two-year civil war, Tororgh provided his friends to the north with information about the comings and goings of ogre armies and supply caravans. Now, with the rebellion all but dead, Tororgh is looking for other ways to lash out at the ogres of Blöde.

The encounter with Tororgh can occur more than once. Narrators should change the circumstances of the meeting each time, however. Tororgh could even accompany the heroes away from Giant's Hall should the role-playing warrant it.

Rumors

As the heroes pass through the streets of Giant's Hall or the Village, they can hear snippets of the following information. Narrators can choose the information or determine it randomly by drawing a Fate Card {roll 1d10}. Any rumors overheard in the Village should be stated in such a way that the person relating them is retelling something he or she overheard while in the city. Additionally, this is a good opportunity for Narrators to provide information that the heroes may not have learned but that they need to know to continue the adventure.

- 1 Tororgh Half-Ogre has finally wandered outside his neighborhood today. What is he up to?
- 2 The slaves seem rather rebellious recently.
- 3 Donnag and his cronie Dauroth have this unusual "taste" for elves of late. Granted, elves are a rare treat for ogres, but he's hogging them all!
- 4 If heard in the Village: It seems unusual that the ogres are so determined to capture elves when the two races fought side-by-side during the Chaos War. This only serves to show you that Evil turns in on itself! If heard in the city: Those elves deserve to be captured and eaten! They blocked off prime land from us ogres!
- 5 Donnag has been transformed into something else—supposedly a titan from the early days of ogre civilization. He wishes to rename the city Titan's Hall.
- 6 The Knights of Takhisis must be up to something truly Evil. They haven't attempted to capture more ogre territory recently.
- 7 Some ogre shamans have been receiving unusual items from Hogan Bight in Sanction.
- 8 Surely this Dauroth fellow will one day use too much magic and simply explode.
- 9 The black dragon overlord Sable has some truly nasty border patrols on her land.
- 10 The ogres of Kern should not be allowed to stand on an even basis with the Blöde ogres! They're stupid, backward ogres with no sense of the importance of the ogre race.

Ogre Confrontation

As the heroes move through the city, they come to the attention of an ogre patrol. If they cannot explain themselves convincingly (a successful *average Presence* action {Charisma or related proficiency check} convinces the patrol), they find themselves facing several ogres who wish to arrest them, confiscate their property, and sell

Legends of Lore: Giant's Hall

The name Giant's Hall actually dates back to a time before giants ever walked the face of Krynn. The ancient ogres who founded the city named it in honor of the three giant mountains that surround the settlement. In a certain light and from a certain angle, the profile of each of the mountains looks somewhat like that of a humanoid or ogre figure. The center of the city has always been a large public space on a site dedicated to Takhisis, providing a meeting hall where the community would come together for political discussions, theatrical performances, and festivals. As is the way of such things, this great hall came to be identified with the grand natural monuments that surrounded it. Thus Giant's Hall was born and grew into one of the great cities of the ogre kingdoms.

Dauroth has ordered that the city's name be changed to Titan's Hall. The official reasoning behind this is that Titan's Hall was in fact the original name of the city but the fallen ogres transformed it into something less dignified through their own ignorance. Although the story is a complete fabrication, the ogres believe what the titans tell them and thus some of them have begun calling the city Titan's Hall. Still, most have trouble remembering the change in the face of a lifetime spent using the original name.

Entrance into Giant's Hall is possible only through one of the three great gates, one per side. Towers overlook the heavy steel gates and watchful guards keep an eye on everyone who comes and goes. Non-ogres may enter the city during the day if they have business there but none may enter after nightfall or stay the night. Of course, some non-ogres live in Giant's Hall twenty-four hours a day: slaves. All ogre cities have had their slave

markets since the ancient days, when the any kind of menial task was left for the lesser beings. Without their slaves, the cities would probably crumble around them or become smothered in garbage and filth. Although there are many times more ogres than slaves, what slaves they do have they work very hard.

Recently Donnag ordered that all slave trade and training take place only in Giant's Hall. This again is part of the general plan to cleanse Blöde of all foreign influences. Donnag feels that unbroken slaves do not have the right to lay eyes upon the beautiful and noble cities of the titans. Therefore, all new slaves are automatically sent to Giant's Hall for proper training in their duties. Those who show too much rebellious spirit or display a lack of respect are either broken of these bad habits or butchered for their owner's dinner. Consequently, the great hall now overflows with slaves captured in various raids. Goblins comprise the vast majority of ogre slaves, but there are some humans, dwarves, and even minotaurs that receive training until they either submit or die.

All slaves in Blöde must carry the mark of approval from the trainers in Giant's Hall. The trainers brand approved slaves on their foreheads with a simple circle. Most slaves also wear an iron collar around their necks with a loop attached to it for easy restraining by the slave's owner. Almost every neighborhood in Blöde has a number of communal slaves that are responsible for keeping houses in good repair, preparing meals, doing a little cleaning, and, most importantly, catering to an ogre. Some of the more wealthy ogres keep personal slaves as well, who serve much the same functions. When a slave grows too old, becomes ill, or gets injured, his or her owner usually eats the poor sod (well cooked and usually in a stew of some sort) and buys a new one.

them as slaves. Resisting results in combat. If the heroes allow themselves to be captured, they are taken to the Hall of Slaves, kept in a holding pen for a day until they can be processed (those who seem especially violent find themselves thrown into some wall manacles), and then "broken" and eventually branded. The Narrator should allow clever escape plans to succeed (with appropriate actions {checks}). You may wish to integrate "Slave Break-Out," into their possibilities for escape.

Slave Break-Out

Although this encounter occurs as a side event, the Narrator can allow it to become the focus of the heroes' time in Giant's Hall. A wise goblin from Sikk'et Hul (in Ergoth) named Smeran has succeeded in using his small grasp at geomancy to form a secret nook within the walls of the Hall of Slaves. When the heroes enter the city, he is hiding within this nook, trying to make the cavity bigger so that he can easily break through the thin film of stone that remains. Each night he tells his goblin cohorts how far he has proceeded via a small set of breathing holes on the wall. Should the heroes get captured, they have one night in which to free themselves on their own (and learn that no elves are in the building), and then the break-out occurs the next night.

In the event the heroes don't break out, they first learn

of the break-out when a couple of angry dwarven slaves yell and point to where several goblins used to be. The heroes can immediately head over there and discover the hole in the wall that leads to the outside, or they can watch as the guards move over to investigate. This should provide the heroes with an opportunity to escape. Narrators should allow clever plans to succeed, with appropriate actions {checks} thrown in to see if their plan comes together.

If the heroes never enter the Hall of Slaves, they hear about a break-out at some point during their stay. Narrators can increase the frequency of ogre patrols in this case. If one of the heroes befriends a goblin, the Narrator can allow the heroes to learn of the goblin break-out.

- ☛ **Smeran:** *Adult male goblin, practical demeanor, Adventurer.* Co 4, Ph 3, In 5 (25), Es 6, Dmg 0 (unarmed), Def 0 (rags), also missile weapons and sorcery (geomancy).
- ☛ **Goblins:** *Adult goblins of various demeanors, Rabble.* Co 4, Ph 3, In 4, Es 5, Dmg +3, Def -2, also missile weapons.
- ☛ **Smeran:** AC 10; MV 6; HD 4+1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 0; SA *stone shape* spell; SZ S (4' tall); ML steady (11); Int average (10); AL LE.



☛ Goblins: AC 10; MV 6; HD 4+1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 0; SZ S (4' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL LE.

Outcome

Explorations of Giant's Hall provide the heroes with only a few clues but they can experience the ogre way of living up close. From here, the heroes can move on to Hatl (Scene Four), Blöten (Scene Five), or even Dauroth's valley (Act Three)—if they know the way. Transitions from one location to another should go through Scene Two.

Scene Four: Hatl, A City Reborn

In the ruins of an ancient ogre city, the heroes get their first look at a real titan. They also learn of the true fate of elves that fall into the hands of the ogres. All the while, the ogre army lies spread out before them, preparing for battle.

First Impressions

Before you spreads a city of tents and the campfires of thousands of ogres. Each camp has a perfect formation, and each campfire lies within a specific distance from the next one, with few exceptions. These exceptions occur because of rocks and broken foundations that could be the ruins of an ancient city.

Built on an ogre-made plateau that extends out from the side of a mountain, the city is little more than a large field broken up by rocks that, on closer examination, prove to be the ruins of buildings. Most of the homes consist of nothing more than broken foundations. A few larger buildings remain slightly more intact: empty, roofless shells, crumbling empty towers, pieces of columns and architectural decorations organized in neat but meaningless rows by the ogre clean-up crew. The camps are arranged in perfect formation, with tents set up in perfectly straight rows, five ogres to a tent.

The tent city is organized according to battalions of two hundred ogres, which are based on the neighborhoods from which the various ogres were recruited. Each battalion is responsible for cooking its own food, maintaining its weapons and armor, and keeping its portion of the encampment clean. In the center of the huge camp lays a huge open space that the ogres have cleared of all rocks, ruins, and other impediments. This three-hundred-yard square field is the training grounds where the titans are training their followers to fight like a real army.

The Story Continues

Obviously, going into Hatl is the last things the heroes want to do unless they find it necessary. Fortunately for them, they can learn a fair amount from afar—possibly by questioning a captured ogre or two. The titan's chose Hatl as a training ground because, like Giant's Hall and Blöten, ogres can access it easily from all over the realm. The heroes can approach Hatl from one of six different

trails. Along the slope of the mountainside above Hatl, the ground offers perfect terrain for hiding out from the ogres below: rocks, thick shrubs, caves, and large outcroppings. The heroes can find several places that look down on the army encampment and offer a perfect view of all the activities there. Narrators may wish to call for *average Perception* actions {Intelligence or relevant proficiency checks} to see if they find a good spot. Otherwise, the heroes are oblivious to the possibilities.

Heroes find that attempting to enter the grounds itself is much more difficult. Ogres guard every path leading into the camp, and the terrain has no place to hide. Although each battalion possesses a number of slaves assigned, the heroes find no non-ogre population to hide among here, though some humans serve the titans. As soon as any ogre spots the heroes, the alarm goes up and troops turn out in the hundreds to hunt the heroes down. The group will need to maneuver quite stealthily through the camp to avoid arousing notice, which is a *daunting Agility* action {Dexterity or relevant proficiency or skill check}.

Moving about the region of Hatl at any time during the day is quite dangerous. Ogre soldiers march and patrol constantly, performing exhausting exercises and walking or jogging for miles on the various trails



leading into and out of Hatl. At night, however, the camp falls into a deep silence. Only the occasional dice game or storytelling session breaks the sound of the ogres snoring away after training all day to the point of exhaustion. The heroes might even slip past the tired guards (all stealth actions are one degree easier {gain a +2 or 10% bonus}).

Hatl Headquarters

The titan generals have made camp in an area somewhat removed uphill and upwind from the general ogre camp. Even though the ogres are as clean as they can ever be, the titans' heightened senses still find their odor unpleasant, especially when exposed to it for long periods of time. Three titans currently reside in Hatl, each with his or her own large tent. These tents are much nicer than the crude animal skin tents the ogres dwell in. They consist of a tough but light silk and have been dyed bright red with black trim. The titans spaced their three tents out evenly around the base of what looks like the beginning of a large circular tower.

The tower is a completely new building that the titans are constructing using the ancient stones of Hatl. The titans themselves are utilizing their magical stoneshaping ability. When complete, the tower will stand over two hundred feet tall and provide housing for up to six titans in the comfort and luxury they expect. Every day, at least one of the three titans works on the tower, a sight that never fails to inspire awe in the ogre army spread out below the tower. The rest of the titans spend their days training the ogres to fight like a civilized army.

The three titans currently present are Fernog, Donnag's brother, and two of Dauroth's most loyal apprentices, Olagh and Demestrang. The latter two have shown remarkable talent for the working of titan magic although as of yet Dauroth has not taught them very much. Fernog has quite a capable military mind (at least now that he's a titan he does) and takes most of the responsibility for training the army here at Hatl.

Escaped Slave

During the first evening, something interesting occurs. Down in the camp, the ogre population sleeps off their exhaustion after a hard day's work (something rather foreign to the ogre temperament). Heroes watching the camp who succeed at an *average Perception* action {Intelligence or relevant proficiency check} notice a small figure slipping past the guards and heading directly up into the hills towards them. He is one of Olagh's body slaves who slipped free of his chains moments earlier. Unfortunately for the slave and the heroes, his owner soon discovers what his slave has accomplished.

The heroes have an opportunity to help this poor man or they can leave him be. A few minutes after he flees the camp, the heroes see a titan (Olagh) emerge from the tent, look around the ground, and then start to follow the slave's trail up into the hills. Embarrassed that one of his slaves escaped from right under his very nose, the titan does not call for assistance. Unless the heroes intervene in some fashion, the titan quickly recaptures the slave and brings him back to his tent. There he kills the disobedient slave as a lesson to the three others he

keeps with him. Of course, these slaves must clean up after the death, so they get the point easily.

The slave's name is Felin, a merchant who escaped Onysablet's realm only to be captured by ogres three years ago. He served the Chieftain in Blöten before eventually finding himself in the service of the titan Olagh. He knows his way around Blöten and has some general knowledge of the area, titans, and even Dauroth. The titans keep their slaves relatively well fed and certainly very clean, so Felin is actually in good shape. He will gladly help the heroes in any way he can if they rescue him from Olagh. With the titan's superior senses, though, the heroes might have a hard time helping Felin. The slave has about a five-minute head start on the titan, but he has left a trail of footprints Olagh can follow with ease.

☛ *Felin: Adult male human, reserved demeanor, Novice.* Co 7, Ph 5, In 6, Es 8, Dmg 0 (unarmed), Def 0 (common clothing), also missile weapons.

☛ *Olagh: Adult male titan, cruel demeanor, Master.* Co 10, Ph 40, In 10 (100), Es 10, Dmg +15 (titan sword), Def -2 (common clothing), also drain (undead Physique for spell points), geomancy (stone and metal shaping), missile weapons, sorcery (electromancy, pyromancy, transmutation), and thrown weapons.

☛ *Felin, male human F2:* AC 10; MV 12; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2; SZ M (5'8" tall); ML average (10); Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 15; AL NG.

☛ *Olagh (ogre-titan):* AC 5; MV 20; HD 13+1; hp 90; THAC0 7; #AT 1 (titan sword); Dmg 2d6+8 (Str bonus); SA wizard spells as 12th-level mage, drain undead hp for extra spells, 25% chance of priest spells as 12th-level priest, can shape stone and metal, fear or awe aura similar to dragon; SZ L (15' tall); ML fearless (20); Int genius (17); AL LE; XP 10,000.

This might be the first time the heroes have a chance to get a close look at one of these blue-skinned giants. Olagh is not dressed in his full armor, but rather a loose-fitting robe. He carries an eight-foot-long double-edged sword in his hand, which gives off a soft glow in the night (actually a light spell that Olagh cast on the sword to help in his search). The light reveals the titan's powerful frame and surprisingly graceful movements. He moves up the mountainside easily and with great assurance. Unless the heroes do something fast, he will catch up to Felin in mere minutes.

The heroes have several options here. They can opt to fight Olagh, a dangerous but feasible course of action. They are far enough away from the main camp that no one will immediately respond to any calls for help that the titan might make. Confronted by a rag-tag group of mere humans and other non-ogres, the titan will not bother to call for assistance right away in any event. He will rely on his own strength and innate powers to overcome the heroes. (Narrators should be sure to read up on all the titan powers described in the beginning of this





book.) Should the heroes overcome the titan, they still need to figure out how to hide a fifteen-foot tall body.

The heroes might also decide to hide Felin from the titan. Using some sort of magical spell is probably the best way of achieving this, but the heroes should have a fair chance of success if they come up with a good plan. Remember that Olagh's enhanced senses make it easy for him to follow footprints and even scents in his search. Any nonmagical means of hiding Felin and the rest of the group generally requires a successful action of *daunting* difficulty {impose a -4 penalty on rolls}. After half an hour of searching, Olagh gives up and returns to his tent to get some sleep before Dauroth arrives in the morning.

If he survives, Felin can tell the heroes the following information, which should be roleplayed out:

- ✧ The great titan sorcerer Dauroth is supposed to arrive tomorrow morning to give the blessing of the titans to the army at Hatl.
- ✧ Dauroth supplies all of the titans with some sort of drink that they partake of every night, and his master's supply is starting to run low.
- ✧ He has never been to Dauroth's keep, but he has heard that it lies near Blöten. Only one way allows entrance to the valley where it is located, which is a place called the Valley of Titans.
- ✧ Only titans may enter the valley, but Dauroth receives regular shipments of supplies and slaves from Blöten.

Felin offers his services to the heroes if they will eventually help him escape from Blöde. The heroes can either wait around and watch Dauroth's arrival the next day or flee right now. Felin votes for fleeing, but he follows the heroes' lead.

Dauroth's Ritual

This part of the scene takes place the first day the heroes spend scouting Hatl after rescuing Felin (or letting him die). The Narrator can also run the scene if the heroes come only during the day for a brief look at the army's camp. It is an important but not crucial scene; the heroes can still complete their quest without ever witnessing the ritual, but they might never fully understand what's truly going on.

This scene requires the Narrator to describe several events while the heroes watch. While it is important for them to see what happens, the Narrator should do everything he or she can to keep the heroes involved. Call for *Perception* actions to notice little details, and repeatedly ask the heroes what they are doing. A wandering ogre patrol can always come across them to spice things up a little.

The morning after Felin's escape, any heroes looking down from their lofty heights notice the lead titan Fernog moving through the camp and calling all the regiments out onto the training field. Meanwhile, if Olagh did not return the night before, the third titan, Demestrang, searches out among the neighboring hills for her missing companion. She does not have much time to search; Dauroth is about to arrive, and she needs to be present. Should Olagh have survived, he and Demestrang assist in preparing the camp for Dauroth. Read aloud or paraphrase the following:

Once the entire army is lined up on the field, dressed in full battle regalia, one of them moves to the center of the field. The regiments form a square around the center of the field, all looking in at the blue-skinned titan. He watches the sun for a moment or two and then begins to

sing an ancient ogre battle hymn. Soon the whole army sings along with him, their powerful, rough voices rolling through the surrounding mountains.

The song is very simple: a twenty minute recitation of all the ways in which the ogres can and will kill their enemies ranging from simply running them through with a sword to more inventive and torturous methods. The ogres seem to really enjoy the song and get louder and louder as it progresses until they are shouting the last few minutes. When the song ends, a resounding and heart-stopping war cry emanates from the five thousand assembled soldiers. Read aloud the following:

The central titan raises his hand for silence. Then he points to the exact center of the field and a ribbon of fire jets forth from his extended finger. Where it strikes the ground, the flames begin to leap up as if igniting a pile of dry wood, although nothing is there. A moment later, the titan lowers his hand, but the blazing bonfire without fuel continues to rage in the center of the field, growing larger with each passing second. The assembled ogres strain their necks to get a better view and softly murmur in wonder.

Suddenly the flames explode outwards, engulfing Fernog and forcing the closest rank of ogres to step back in fright. When the flames clear, the titan remains where he was, unhurt. Another titan stands where the fire started burning initially.

In the center of the army now stands Dauroth, the great titan sorcerer. Dauroth is a particularly large specimen of titan, standing eighteen feet tall with an extremely broad, muscular build. His long, blue-black hair is tied back in a braid that reaches down to the small of his back. He wears a suit of brightly polished golden armor, molded to resemble the muscles of his body. A nine-foot sword in a jewel-encrusted sheath hangs at his side. He smiles broadly, revealing a row of razor sharp teeth. Next to him is a large steel chest and, of most interest to the heroes, six elves, three male and three female, wearing silken white robes. After relating this information to the heroes [and the name of the titan, if Felin is present], read or paraphrase the following:

The assembled army falls to its knees before the great sorcerer, and even the other titans lower themselves to one knee. The newly arrived titan speaks in the tongue of the ogres and his voice booms across the mountains with preternatural volume. He praises the army for their hard work and promises them great glories to come. "Soon you will be called upon to fight against that most cursed of ancient enemies, the chosen of Paladine, the elves!"

A great cheer goes up through the ogre host. In recognition of the great war to come, Dauroth declares that he has brought an offering to the spirits of the ancient titans. He gestures to the elves.

From a distance, it is hard to say whether or not these are the same elves the heroes seek (they aren't). Narrators should call for *challenging Perception* actions {Intelligence or relevant proficiency checks with -2 penalties} to see if the heroes can determine the elves' identities.

The elves stand perfectly still in their white robes, staring with dead eyes straight ahead. They seem to take no notice of what is going on around them. In fact, throughout the rest of the ceremony they act like zombies, thanks to a combination of drugs and mental conditioning Dauroth subjected them to before teleporting here. Any attempt to rescue the elves from the ceremony results in certain death for the heroes. The Narrator should take great care to point out that the five thousand well-trained ogres stand ready to tear interfering heroes limb from limb.

Dauroth proceeds with the ritual, a process that takes close to an hour to complete. While the ogre army watches, entranced by what they see, Dauroth ritually sacrifices each of the elves to the ancient titan spirits. Dauroth reveals a special instrument of his own design, a three-foot long "dagger" that literally drinks the blood of its victims. This magical weapon ensures that Dauroth does not waste a drop of precious elven blood. With one stab, the weapon begins its grisly work. The heroes might notice with a successful *challenging Perception* action {Intelligence or relevant proficiency check with a -2 penalty} that although Dauroth kills all of the elves with the knife, no blood is spilled. After he slays each elf, Dauroth inserts the blade into a large, barrel-shaped steel container that he takes out of the chest. This barrel holds the blood absorbed by the dagger.

With each sacrifice, the assembled ogres cheer lustily. Dauroth lifts each dead body over his head in triumph and then throws it into the horde of ogres for them to do with as they please. The ogres love this and order breaks down a little as they fight over the right to have a piece of the victim for their own. Once the ritual is complete, Dauroth leads the ogres in the singing of another song, this one much like the chorus that opened the ritual. At its climax, Dauroth and the other three (or two) titans step to the center of the circle where a sphere of flame spreads out from Dauroth and engulfs them. When it is gone so are they. The ogres, fired with fervor from the ritual, quickly disperse back into their regiments and prepare for another day of training.

Dauroth has come to Hatl for two reasons. First, he needs to refill the supply of elixir for the three titans assembled here. Secondly, he wishes to choose a personal bodyguard for himself and his valley. For a long while he has lived in the valley alone except for his experiments and his apprentice. Now, as his presence becomes better known in the world, Dauroth has decided to take steps to ensure that he is adequately protected. He plans to choose a regiment from Hatl to act as his personal army.

After the ritual, Dauroth and the titans teleported to Fernog's tent. There, Dauroth now prepares the elixir to divide it among his loyal followers. If Olagh is still missing, Dauroth expresses his anger and orders a team of ogres to scour the surrounding countryside and find him. Once they see this happen, the heroes should probably take it as their cue to get out of there. If Olagh yet lives, Dauroth calmly does his business and then goes to watch the ogres train. After about an hour, he makes a big show of choosing one of the regiments as his guard (the best in the army). The regiment bows down before their new commander and swears ultimate loyalty to him in the ogre tongue. The regiment then runs back and



starts to break down their section of the camp. An hour later, they march west out of Hatl, headed towards Blöten and ultimately Dauroth's valley.

Dauroth uses his magic to return home, although he does not use the flashy fireball technique (that's a little extra flare designed to impress the ogre crowd). The heroes can follow the regiment all the way to Blöten and from there to Dauroth's valley. Capturing one of the other ogres from the army or any messenger leaving Hatl allows the heroes to ascertain what the regiment is up to and where it is going.

❖ **Ogre soldiers:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 4, Es 6, Dmg +7 (longswords)/+2 (javelins), Def -4 (chainmail).

➤ **Ogre soldiers:** AC 3 (chainmail); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 tall; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (longswords or javelins); Dmg 1d8+6 or 1d6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270 each.

Further Encounters in Hatl Region

The information presented above should give Narrators enough to work with in a general sense. Heroes should learn of the titans and their army, as well as get a glimpse of one of them. However, to add more action to this scene, the following encounters have been added.

Visions of the Past

The heroes have entered an area that once contained ancient ogres and human slaves (see the sidebar in this scene for more information). Since this area was so rich with ogre life and human tragedy, certain vestiges remain that the heroes can grasp in different ways. If the heroes sleep, they can each experience the same blood-filled dream from the viewpoint of an ogre or human on the eve that the slaves revolted. If they don't camp anywhere in the area, then those with Spirit codes of "B" or better {Wisdom score of 16 or better} can experience a waking dream where they see the once-beautiful ogres being chased down by humans right where the heroes stand. Narrators should feel free to seed these dreams with adventure hooks.

This encounter can occur several times and include several different visions or dreams that reflect directly upon the area that the heroes stand.

Ogre Patrol

As the heroes move about, they come across an ogre patrol. If they aren't surprised (use normal rules to determine this), the heroes can choose to hide if they have nearby cover. Otherwise, they need to defend themselves from attack. This encounter can occur several times, and it provides the heroes an excellent opportunity to capture an ogre.

Outcome

The heroes now know what Dauroth looks like and what becomes of captured elves: They are murdered in cold blood. From here, the heroes can go on to either Giant's Hall (Scene Three) or Blöten (Scene Five). If they follow

Legends and Lore: Hatl

Hatl was once a thriving city of the arts. Long ago, some of the greatest ogre painters and sculptors studied alongside wizards skilled in the creative application of magical energies. Hatl not only served as a symbol of the highest achievements of the ogres but also became a sign of their decadence. Hatl produced no goods or services for trade, but it instead relied entirely upon a large human slave population to provide for its needs. When the human slave revolt overthrew ancient ogre society and brought the curse of Paladine down on them, Hatl was one of the first cities the angry slaves destroyed.

The ruins of Hatl have remained mostly abandoned ever since. Small communities of ogres have lived here from time to time, as well as goblins, and even draconians. When Dauroth transformed Donag into a titan a little over two years ago, one of the first orders the new chieftain issued was that Hatl be cleared of all squatters and unwanted residents. He declared that the titans would rebuild the city to its former glory. An army of ogres and slaves moved in and cleaned up the ruined city, cutting away intruding foliage, running off some vagrant goblins, and scrubbing the ruins clean of thousands of years of dirt and neglect.

Today, little remains of the once-glorious city. It now serves as a large military camp for training ogre soldiers. Each regiment, which consists of three battalions, practices on the field in shifts, two or three regiments at a time. Much of the time is spent marching back and forth in formation, something the ogres absolutely despise but which they are getting used to. For weeks at a time, the ogres will march, wheel, change formation, quickstep, charge, and withdraw. A human army might well have mastered these techniques by now, but the ogre minds are slow to grasp such complicated concepts. Still, they have learned quite a bit, and the sight of such giant warriors moving with trained precision should be enough to frighten any soldier.

They also train with the new weapons and armor of the ogre army: spear, sword, and shield. The ogres wear uniforms, which is another first for the ogre armies. Each ogre wears a hard leather suit of black armor trimmed with red and accented with metal plate to protect vital areas like the heart, throat, and groin. The ogres mark the shoulder plates with signs individual to each battalion or regiment, usually crude drawings consisting of paint made from blood and crushed berries. Each regiment also has its own banner, again painted in the colors of the regiment.

Dauroth's chosen regiment, it goes to Blöten and then on to Dauroth's Valley (Act Three). Any transitions you need for heroes' journey to another location can be found in Scene Two.

Scene Five: Blöten, A City of Titans

The heroes survey the great city of Blöten, capital of the kingdom of Blöde. Although journeying into the city may prove too dangerous, the heroes can pick up the trail of a supply caravan headed for Dauroth's Valley, which leads to the elves themselves.

First Impressions

The city rests on top of a high plateau that stands over a mile and a half in elevation. The plateau is perfectly flat, which is a geological anomaly in the otherwise rugged mountains of the Khalkists. The city is laid out as a perfect square, about three miles to a side. A thick curtain wall that is thirty feet thick and eighty feet high surrounds Blöten. In some places, the wall has now crumbled and collapsed and a mile-long section along the north face is gone completely. The battlements along the top of the wall are all crumbling and look unsafe. In addition to the numerous holes in the wall, one giant gateway opens into the city.

The battlements are indeed unsafe; no ogres dare set foot up there for fear of collapsing stonework collapsing.

The Story Continues

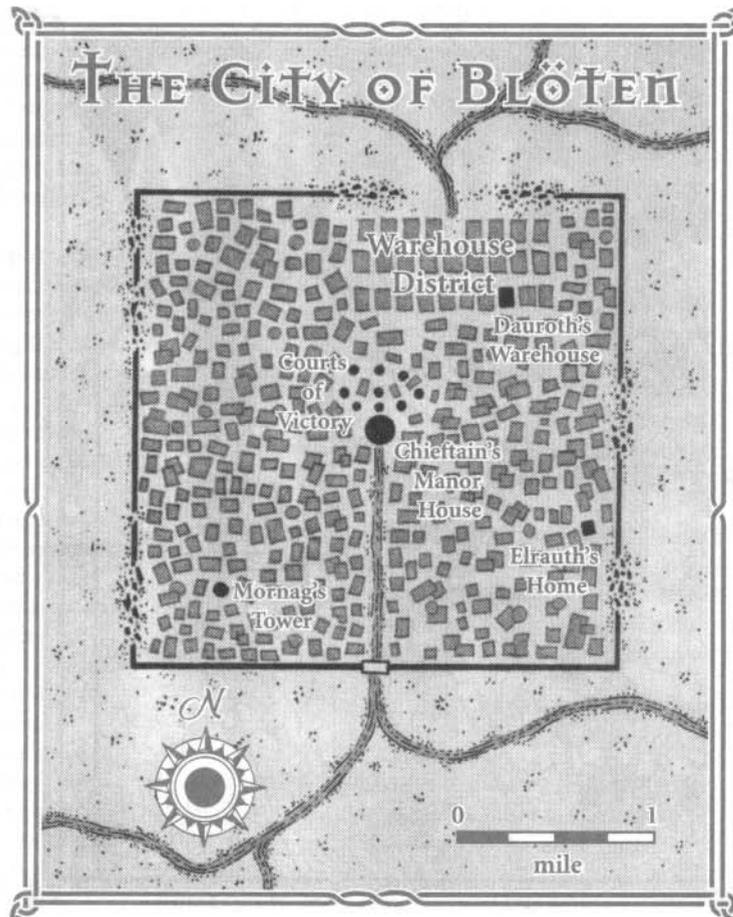
Blöten is the greatest ogre city still standing today. It has always been a seat of power for the ogres, and now its residents plan for it to be the capital of the entire world. The titans have begun to rebuild and restore the crumbling city to its former glory. Everywhere the heroes go, they see slaves cleaning walls and applying fresh coats of paint. The titans themselves are rebuilding the walls and ruined buildings of the once proud city, which was known in ancient times for its graceful towers and open public spaces. In a few more years, Blöten may well become one of the most beautiful cities on Krynn—as well as home to one of the world's greatest Evil empires.

The heroes first have to come up with a plan to scout around Blöten without being seen. No free non-ogres can enter Blöten or even come near it, and all slaves must be kept in chains. Unless the heroes have a good disguise, they cannot approach the city during the day without some sort of magical aid or they will be challenged by the ogre guards. (If they haven't learned this before approaching the city, Narrators might have a friendly character tell them or allow the heroes to watch as a human merchant caravan is turned away. Several main roads lead up the side of the plateau, but ogre soldiers guard every road, and the barren countryside does not offer much in the way of cover. The sides of the plateau

are steep but not impossible to climb. Anyone attempting to scale the mountainside during the day risks the very likely possibility that someone up top or down below notices them. Narrators can call for *challenging* or *daunting* actions {apply -2 or -4 penalties to relevant ability or proficiency checks} if the heroes choose to use anything but disguise to enter the city during the day. All heroes must succeed at the actions or several ogres attempt to deal with them. Disguise attempts should start at average difficulty (with opposition from the ogres' Intellect scores) and go up from there, depending on how clever the plan is and whether or not magic is used to enhance the disguises. {Relevant ability checks or proficiency checks start with no bonus or penalty, but gain penalties if the attempt realistically isn't going to fool anyone. Ogres should make Intelligence checks to see if the disguise takes them in.}

- **Ogre soldiers:** *Adult ogres of various demeanors, Adventurers.* Co 5, Ph 13, In 4, Es 6, Dmg +7 (longswords)/+2 (javelins), Def -4 (chainmail).
- **Ogre soldiers:** AC 3 (chainmail); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30 tall; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (longswords or javelins); Dmg 1d8+6 or 1d6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 270 each.

At night, the heroes have a better chance of approaching unseen. The trails are not well lit, and few ogres travel out of the city at night (although there is always some traffic). The guards watch for anything unusual,



and the heroes must make a successful *average Agility (Intellect)* action to avoid the watchers at the top of the plateau {saving throw vs. spell or Hide in Shadows roll with a -2 or 10% penalty, respectively}. Once on the plateau proper, the heroes can stick to the shadows at the base of the city wall and remain relatively safe. The entryway surrounding the main gate has a number of torches providing plenty of light for the two dozen ogre soldiers on duty there at all times. Sneaking past them without some magical aid is an *impossible Agility (Intellect)* action {saving throw vs. spell or Hide in Shadows roll with a -4 penalty or -20% penalty, respectively}. Narrators can lower this difficulty depending on how well the heroes prepare before attempting to sneak past (and the number of spells or spell points used to disguise themselves). The difficulty should never become less than an *average* difficulty {it should not gain a bonus} unless the heroes become invisible.

If the heroes decide to enter the city through the mile-long gap in the wall, go to "The Warehouse District," below.

Chieftain's Manor House

At the center of the town sits the largest tower of them all. The tower originally marked the supposed birthplace of the first ogres. After the fall of the ancient ogres, the original purpose of the building became lost in the dim-witted minds of the fallen ogres. Not wanting to let such a fine building go to waste, the ogres moved in and made it into a residence for their chieftain. Ever since, the ogres of Blöten have used the tower as the manor house for

their chieftain. Now it is the home of the Great Donnag, chief of all the titans.

The tower stands 220 feet tall, making it the tallest building in Blöten. Donnag recently ordered the entire surface of the smooth, round tower painted a bright white. Tapestries and banners hang from its windows, some of them thirty feet high, proclaiming the glory of the titans and the coming age of ogre vindication. Inside the building is the audience hall where normal ogres may meet with and ask favors of the titans. The rest of the building is limited to titans only, with Donnag himself living at the top of the tower. Currently four titans live here, although normally it houses up to ten (and their entourage of slaves and servants).

Donnag is not currently in residence, nor is the Great Khan of Kern (who spends much of his time here). They and several other titans are currently with the ogre army to the south, initiating the war against the Silvanesti. Even with its main residents gone, a lot of business still takes place within the tower. Dozens of ogre soldiers stand guard outside the structure, and dozens more watch over the first floor entrances from the inside. Dauroth has placed a number of magical seals upon the tower, preventing spellcasters from using any sort of teleportation to enter the tower or transformation magic to alter its shape.

Courts of Victory

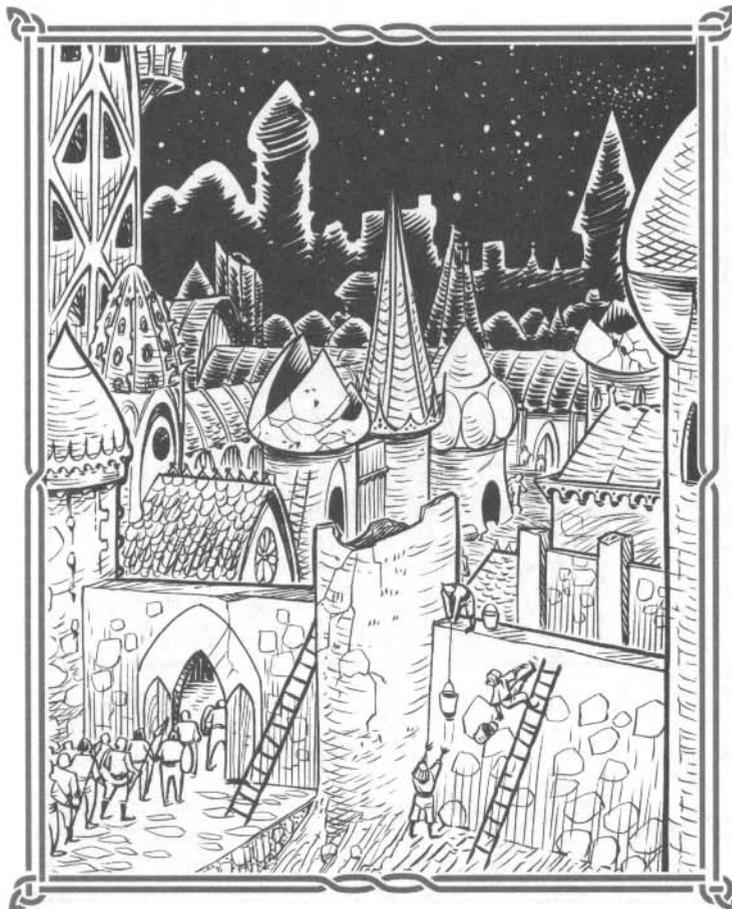
Just a few hundred yards from the Chieftain's Manor lie the Courts of Victory, a complex of small towers and open pavilions that once hosted artistic festivals and

other cultural events. Now it is the scene of debauchery, gambling, excessive drinking, and constant street brawls: everything an ogre could ask for when looking for a good time. Dauroth keeps his followers happy by providing them with food and drink.

Mornag's Tower

Located in the southern end of the city, Mornag's Tower is home to the oldest ogre shaman currently alive: Mornag the Blind. At least ninety years old, Mornag is a devoted worshiper of Takhisis who has preached the path of Evil in Blöten since his early teens. At one time, thousands attended his sermons. Now only a few come to hear his wisdom, but all respect him. He loathes the titans and thinks their beliefs perverted. He also firmly believes that Dauroth's magic is too strong and will one day be his undoing.

Because the population has so much affection for him, the titans have not moved against him, although if he continues to speak out against them, he will probably die of some "illness" before too long. If the heroes find Mornag, he might point them to the warehouse district for information on Dauroth's supply routes.



The Warehouse District

The Blöde Warehouse District offers some important clues about where Dauroth's Valley lies. The heroes can learn about the importance of the supply runs from the escaped slave Felin (Scene Four) or possibly from Mornag or Elrauth. The warehouse district is the easiest area of Blöten for the heroes to infiltrate, and a little snooping around reveals Dauroth's warehouse and thus the key to finding his valley. Any of the same actions [checks] mentioned earlier for sneaking past the ogre guards are lowered by one degree {gain a +2 bonus or penalties are lower by 2 points or 10%}. Read aloud or paraphrase the following, adjusting as necessary:

Around the corner on the north wall of the city lays a mile-long section of missing wall. Lit by sporadic torches and guarded by a few dozen ogres spread out over the whole mile of the gap, the warehouse district contains warehouses of new construction. Made in the last year, the simple stone buildings stand in neat rows, each structure a hundred yards long and twenty-five yards wide.

Something is always happening in the Warehouse District. During the day, streams of slaves under the watchful eyes of ogre guards move in and out of the city. The average slave can carry about a quarter of what an ogre could, but ogres do not like heavy lifting. It takes a lot of salted pork and hard tack to keep an ogre soldier fed. Consequently, the armies constantly need new supplies in order to avoid mutiny or desertion. Blöten is the central transfer point for goods coming into the city to be distributed among the various regiments and armies posted throughout the realm.

Each warehouse contains supplies and weapons for a specific destination. Keeping track of where everything is supposed to go is a complicated job and well beyond the mental capabilities of most ogres. Thus, during the day, a titan oversees all the activity in the warehouse district. He has developed a simple system of symbols to help the ogres and slaves keep track of eventual destinations.

Every warehouse has the symbol denoting its assigned destination painted ten feet tall along every outer wall. Likewise, the titan has every barrel, box, and bag marked with the appropriate symbol so the workers always know where each item should go. Just looking around a little, the heroes should piece this together. If they pull aside a slave and get him or her to talk, he or she explains the system to them. Thus, all the heroes need to do is figure out which symbol belongs to Dauroth and then wait for a caravan to carry out parcels bearing that symbol.

Even at night, a fair amount of activity takes place in the Warehouse District. Ogres order slaves about, shifting and rearranging boxes. The entire area is poorly lit however, and the heroes have plenty of places to hide in. The Narrator should call for periodic *average Agility* (Intellect) actions {saving throws vs. spell or Hide in



Shadows roll} to allow the heroes to avoid the ogres still on duty. Remember that several dozen guards are spread out through the area. As the heroes work their way through the warehouses, looking for some sign that leads to Dauroth, describe the different symbols painted on the walls and goods. Most of the symbols are simple icons that appeal to ogre sensitivities: daggers, skulls, mountains, towers, drops of blood, shields, spears, and so forth.

Among these, one particular sign might stand out: a solid black circle surrounded by another circle. This is the only sign that does not resemble a specific corporeal object. The Narrator should not point this difference out to the players but rather let them figure it out for themselves. If that does not attract their attention to the right warehouse, the heroes must search through each in turn. This takes several hours, but once they find Dauroth's, they will have a good idea that it belongs to him.

The warehouses as a rule do not have locked doors. In fact, most of them leave the wide, wooden doors open to facilitate easier entry and exit. Dauroth's warehouse has closed and, surprisingly, locked doors. Picking the simple lock requires a successful *average Dexterity* action {Open Locks roll}.

Dauroth's Supplies

Inside the large warehouse, the heroes find only a few items. Most warehouses have hundreds of boxes or other containers filled with supplies. Here they find a few dozen boxes of such supplies, three barrels of stolen dwarf spirits, and cages. Ten steel cages hold a variety of



different animals from all over Ansalon: a giant baboon, a baby mandibear, a mountain lion, a wild boar, a young wolf, an axebeak, a strider lizard, and two large constrictor snakes. (The Narrator should refer to *The Bestiary*, or they can use other appropriate creatures from *The Book of the Fifth Age* [use the *MONSTROUS MANUAL™* tome or substitute other appropriate creatures]. All of the creatures seem unhappy but sedate. They are fed every day with food laced with a special drug to keep them docile during travel. Dauroth uses the animals in his various magical experiments and has a standing order for all interesting creatures to be brought to him.

If the heroes just cannot figure out that this warehouse belongs to Dauroth then the Narrator can help them along by providing a knowledgeable slave willing to pass on this valuable tidbit to them. If the heroes spent any time watching the comings and goings from Blöten, they saw that all of the caravans consisted of teams of slaves carrying boxes on their backs. Invariably, all the boxes had the same symbol. Now all they have to do is wait for a caravan carrying these boxes (it will be hard to miss the animals) and follow it wherever it goes.

As it turns out, the heroes do not have to wait long. The next day the caravan assembles: a team of two dozen ogre soldiers watching over about a hundred slaves acting as bearers. Each cage requires four men to carry it, and the rest concern themselves with the other boxes of food and spirits. If the heroes have secreted themselves in a safe place to watch the caravans leave the city, they catch sight of Dauroth's supply train heading off into the mountains to the west. Following the caravan is easy, since it leaves an easy to follow trail of footprints and exotic animal leavings. Within a few days, the heroes will be in Dauroth's domain.

The Ogre Mage in Hiding

While ogre mages are rare, Dauroth is not the only such individual active in Blöde; there is also Elrauth. Elrauth is an ogre mage every bit as ambitious and intelligent as Dauroth was. He discovered what Dauroth had accomplished and hoped to join forces with his fellow mage. Dauroth rebuffed him, ordering him banished from ogre lands. Dauroth fears that another titan created from ogre mage stock could challenge his power. Elrauth, disguised as a normal ogre, slipped back into Blöten and has been trying to discover Dauroth's secrets and may undermine his work. Although the heroes probably never meet Elrauth, if they do, he can tell them the location of Dauroth's valley and might even help them hunt the titan down.

Encounters in Blöten

If the heroes stay outside or even inside Blöten long enough, they might encounter any number of things, including some of the people described above. Narrators can choose one of the following encounters to happen as the heroes near a logical place for it to happen or adjust the text slightly after drawing a Fate Card to determine an encounter randomly. These encounters can occur every six hours or whenever the heroes risk detection to accomplish something.

Result	Encounter
1–2	Rumors
3–4	Elrauth Approaches
5–6	Mornag Leaves His Tower
7–10	Guard Patrol

Rumors

If the heroes wander the city, Narrators can use the following chart to supply a few interesting rumors to the heroes. Narrators can flesh them out as they wish. They can even take this opportunity to set up the next adventure the heroes go on after this one! Either choose one or draw a Fate Card randomly [roll 1d10]:

- 1 The Knights of Solamnia are followers of dead gods! Eventually we'll smash their measly castles and make them all slaves to the will of the ogres and the titans!
- 2 Donnag nears the Silvanesti Forest. His forces will overwhelm the elves soon! The elf witch in charge of them will surely die! Her puny son will become a slave to Chieftain Donnag!
- 3 The Dark Knights are up to something. They haven't plagued our borders in months.
- 4 Donnag and his lackey Dauroth have started setting up some kind of elf camp in the mountains. Who knows why?
- 5 A strange book was found near Giant's Hall recently. The ogre who found it promptly lost it before he could take it to Dauroth or Donnag.
- 6 The dragon Sable has sent a force of vile creatures to a location near Takar. Ogres near there are suffering from a strange plague.
- 7 Some Khurish traders found a strange boat near Khuri-Khan. It disappeared the morning after they found it.
- 8 Mornag's muttering about Dauroth and the titans again. If he keeps spouting off about them, he's going to die soon. I can't believe that Dauroth's magic and Donnag's might will cause us all to die!
- 9 A messenger from the lord of Sanction died trying to get into this city to talk to Donnag. Puny human. She had a bag full of strange crystals.
- 10 A painted elf has been hanging around outside the city, but nobody has been able to catch her. She disappears when our hunting parties near her. Surely, when Donnag returns, he will set a clever trap for her. Stupid elves. It must be one of those nature-loving elves who live in the forest with the wild animals.

Elrauth Approaches

If drawn more than once, treat as "no encounter." As the heroes wander the Warehouse District or the city, the ogre Elrauth sees through their disguise in some manner. (If invisible, he picks them out by accident when using mentalism [some form of divination magic].) At an opportune moment, he introduces himself in undertones, acting as if he is just lingering to tighten his belt. Based on their location and actions during the past few minutes or so, Elrauth simply asks them what they're up to, or asks if they are foes of the titans. He might even go so far as to state that *he* is a foe of the titans so as to gain their trust initially. Narrators should choose the best approach based on what has worked in the past for their

groups of heroes. Allow for plenty of roleplaying in this encounter so that the heroes can find out whatever information Elrauth might have that they still lack.

☛ **Elrauth:** *Adult ogre mage, conniving demeanor, Master.* Co 5, Ph 17, In 8, Es 8, Dmg +6 (broadsword), Def -3 (leather), also aeromancy, alteration, cryomancy, regeneration, spectramancy, and thrown weapons.

☛ **Elrauth (ogre mage):** AC 4 (leather); MV 9, fly 15 (B); hp 35; THAC0 15; #AT 1 (broadsword); Dmg 2d4; SA spells, +1 on morale; SZ M (10' tall); ML elite (13); Int highly (13); AL LE; XP 650.

Special Abilities: Spells—fly (12 turns), invisible, darkness 10' radius, polymorph to a human or similar bipedal creature, regenerate one hit point per round, charm person 1/day, sleep 1/day, gaseous form 1/day, cone of cold 60 feet long with a terminal diameter of 20 feet that inflicts 8d8 points of damage (save vs. spell for half damage) 1/day.

Mornag Leaves His Tower

If the heroes haven't already encountered Mornag, they meet him in the Warehouse District, where he is regaling some of the ogres nearby about the dangers of allowing monsters like the titans rule their lives. Narrators can play this scene up as a humorous one, with Mornag using incomplete sentences and many full-body gestures to try to get his point across through his rage at the titans. If the heroes wait for him to finish (which won't take long since a nearby titan will shoo him away from the area within two minutes), they can follow him back to his tower or waylay him in one of the dark streets leading away from the Warehouse District. Mornag dislikes non-ogres, but if the heroes are persuasive or have good disguises, allow the players to roleplay a bit. They might gain important information about Dauroth's valley in this manner. This encounter can occur several times or can result in a guard patrol, depending on the frequency at which it shows up during play.

☛ **Mornag:** *Adult ogre shaman, inspiring demeanor, Master.* Co 3, Ph 11, In 6 (36), Es 9, Dmg +5 (short sword), Def -3 (leather and hides), also sorcery (divination).

☛ **Mornag:** AC 5 (leather and hides); MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (short sword); Dmg 1d6+6; SZ L (9' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (7); AL CE; XP 420.

Guard Patrol

Most patrols consist of about two to five ogres, though more may arrive, depending on where this encounter takes place. This encounter can occur more than once.



Legends and Lore: Blöten

The ancient ogres nicknamed Blöten the City of Towers. Even today, those same towers are still prominent around the city. Every noble or even moderately wealthy family in ancient times built a tower as a symbol of their status. Thus, even the smallest private homes had at least a small tower reaching twenty or thirty feet into the sky. The larger towers stand between a hundred and fifty and two hundred feet in height, particularly those on the Chieftain's Manor House, the Courts of Victory, and other important public buildings. All told, the city has a little more than five hundred towers.

During important festivals, the ancient ogres would light signal fires on the top of every tower, making the whole city glow in the night. Today, most of the towers have fallen into disrepair. Although spires of stone still protrude into the air from every corner, most of them are hollow and crumbling ruins. Only a few of the larger towers remain in use, but the titans have begun a program to restore the beautiful spires to their former glory.

Outcome

The heroes may never enter much of Blöten, but they probably do go to the Warehouse District in order to trace the flow of supplies to Dauroth's valley. From here, the heroes can go directly to Dauroth's valley (and the next Act). If they fail to discover the right warehouse and have not yet been to Hatl, they might go there and thus eventually follow Dauroth's chosen regiment back to the valley (Scene Four). They could also head back to Giant's Hall (Scene Three) where the Narrator can introduce a group of elven prisoners that the heroes can follow into the valley. Transitions from one locale to another are described in Scene Two.



ACT THREE



he council judged him guilty of treason and heresy for his teaching," Jyrbian stated. Everlyn's deep-green complexion seemed waxy in the dim light. "Treason."

"Yes. But there were many who supported him, and they've fled north with him, to safety. I've come to take you along."

Everlyn's gaze drifted past Jyrbian, in the direction of the group of slaves. "Leave here?" she whispered.

"Everlyn, it's no longer safe here. This is the first place the king's soldiers will look for your father."

—Jyrbian tells Everlyn about the verdict against Igraine, *The Irda*

The heroes should, by now, know to head toward Dauroth's valley to seek the missing elves. They have a chance to make some new friends and fight a very dangerous foe before they meet Dauroth.

Scene One: Into Dauroth's Domain

By one means or another, the heroes make their way to the secret valley where Dauroth keeps his citadel and conducts his experiments. They must work their way through the valley until they find the home of the great titan sorcerer himself.

First Impressions

Dauroth's valley lies only two dozen miles west of the city of Blöten, but the journey to it may cause the heroes to believe that they are stepping into another world. Dozens of trails lead from Blöten to locations throughout the realm. Several of these trails head west, and one of these trails slopes gradually downward while the rest tend to slope up into the surrounding mountains. The downward sloping trail gradually turns southward, eventually leading to the tower of Tarn (now controlled by Onysablet the black dragon). Just as the trail begins to run south, about five miles from Blöten, a smaller trail, hardly noticeable, branches off to the west. Only this path leads into the Valley of the Titans (Dauroth's valley). Even noticing the path without some previous directions or hint of its location requires a *challenging Perception* action. Otherwise, increase the difficulty by one degree [base Intelligence check includes a -2 penalty; otherwise, the penalty becomes -4].

The trail winds through the countryside for another fifteen miles or so, which is an easy hike compared to most trails. For the last half mile, it gradually slopes

upwards and then, as the heroes crest a rise, suddenly they see the whole valley before them. The verdant forest of pines looks as though it has stood here for all eternity, and it stretches as far as the eye can see. Birds flit between trees, and the heroes catch occasional glimpses through the forest of a river or stream running its course down through the valley. Truly, the sight is as idyllic and peaceful as any elven wood and certainly much more soothing than anything the heroes have seen for a long time. The road runs down this hill about half a mile and then disappears into the woods.

The Story Continues

As the heroes no doubt suspect, the valley is not the peaceful place it appears at first glance. For a titan or even an ogre, the valley can be quite a lovely place to visit. Other visitors will have more problems.

What happens next depends on whom the heroes followed into the valley, if anyone. Heroes who followed Dauroth's chosen regiment from Hatl need to take special precautions while they follow the troop of six hundred ogres. Their task is made easier by the fact that it is hard to disguise the tracks of that many ogres.

Once the regiment arrives, they set up camp in the half-mile area of clear space outside of the forest proper. Until they receive further orders, the regiment remains in camp here. The heroes must find a way to sneak past these guards in order to make their way into the valley proper.

The heroes find it easier to follow the small supply caravan from Blöten. The caravan arrives in advance of the soldiers it is meant to supply (the regiment remained in Blöten for several days before moving on to the Valley of the Titans), so the heroes do not have any problems with the ogre regiment should they follow the caravan. The caravan drops off its supplies at the edge of the forest then beats a hasty retreat, not even pausing to rest. The heroes can easily avoid discovery and wait for the now-empty caravan to head back to Blöten.

Finally, if the heroes simply struck out on their own to find the valley, the Narrator can choose to have the heroes arrive before the caravan, during the caravan's stay, before the regiment, during the regiment's stay, or after the regiment leaves. Should the caravan or regiment be in transit during the heroes' arrival, the Narrator can choose to have the heroes make *average* or *easy Perception* actions {Intelligence or relevant checks, possibly with a +2 bonus} to discover the presence of the caravan or ogre soldiers. Should all of the heroes fail, some ogres in the caravan or regiment could detect the heroes' presence. Each hero needs to succeed at an *average Intellect (Agility)* action or be spotted {Hide in Shadows or relevant check with a -2 penalty}. The heroes' best chance for survival involves eluding pursuit and avoiding battle, which nice Narrators should make clear to the heroes. If a battle ensues, the ogres call for assistance and receive it within three minutes {rounds}.

Once the method of arrival has been taken into account, the Narrator can read the following aloud, adjusting as necessary:

VALLEY OF THE TITANS

The journey through the forest starts out quite pleasantly. The air is cool and gentle, the forest smells wonderful, and the sun is shining. The obvious course to take is the smooth, well-paved road that winds in among the trees.

The road allows for quick and easy walking and is broken up periodically by small footbridges where a brook or stream cuts through the path of the road. Of course, walking the stone road also leaves the heroes wide out in the open and easy prey for anything sneaking after them. Excluding any time taken to deal with the various encounters along the way (see below), walking to the end of the road takes five hours, averaging about three miles an hour.

Cautious heroes might take to the woods. Traveling off the road is much slower since they need to wade through a lot of undergrowth. Heroes wishing to travel stealthily must move even slower, avoiding crashing through bushes or snapping too many dry twigs. Moving all the way to the end of the forest through the undergrowth takes almost fifteen hours, not including breaks for resting and dealing with various threats that present themselves along the way.

Encounters in the Forest

At various points in the forest, unpaved hunting tracks branch off from the road and plunge into the forest. An *average Perception* action {Intelligence or relevant check} lets the heroes notice tracks from a very large pair of

boots. Since ogres do not normally wear shoes and these feet look big even for an ogre, the heroes can safely assume the prints belong to a titan. The hunting trails lead off into the forest, but not to any particularly interesting location. Should the heroes follow one, they find some beautiful natural wonder like a cold water spring or a lovely forest glen, or they come across patrols or several owlbears. Narrators can choose from the following encounters or draw a Fate Card to determine the encounters randomly {roll 1d10}.

Result	Encounter
1-2	Cold-Water Spring
3-4	Owlbears
5-8	Patrols
9-10	The Degenerates

Cold-Water Spring

An unusual rock formation juts from the ground here and forms a very small cliff face of about five feet in height. The rock consists mainly of red-brown rock, but it also contains several layers of grey stone speckled with small red garnets. Part of the rock is darker than the rest since water currently trickles from it and runs down and along the mini-cliff's base (which consists of more dark red rock) and sinks into the soil beneath the gnarled roots of a pine tree.

If the heroes test the water, they find it delicious, cold, and utterly drinkable. It takes several minutes to refill waterskins, but the spring provides such good water that





it doesn't taste stale even after several days. If Narrators wish, the water can even possess magical properties of some sort. Examples include replenishing lost spell points {allows a spellcaster to recast a spell cast earlier that day}, healing wounds, causing a magical effect such as the ability to see in the gloom for a day or being able to communicate with a specific animal, and so on.

This encounter can occur more than once and take on forms such as streams or waterfalls, but it shouldn't always result in magical effects.

Owlbears

As the heroes push through a dense brace of pines, allow them to perform an *average Perception* action {Intelligence or relevant check}. Successful heroes hear the growl of a nearby owlbear. It detects them quickly and hoots and whistles, calling its nearby companion into combat. If the heroes defend themselves well and kill the owlbears, the first time they do so, they discover a young owlbear nearby. What will the heroes do with a young owlbear? They can attempt to befriend it with animism spells {*charm monster*} or simply kill it. Narrators should be prepared to have the heroes keep the owlbear for a time, but should not have any qualms about allowing its ferocious nature to win through as it ages.

- ☛ Two owlbears: *Animal*. Co 6, Ph 17, In 3, Es 5, Dmg +12, Def -3, also crush.
- ☛ Young owlbear: *Animal*. Co 6, Ph 9, In 3, Es 5, Dmg +12, Def -3.
- ☛ Owlbears (2): AC 5; MV 12; HD 5+2; hp 38 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6; SA hug attack occurs if a claw hits with

a roll of 18 or better, causing 2d8 points of damage per round until either the victim or owlbear dies; SZL (8' long); ML steady (11); Int low (6); AL N; XP 420 each

- ☛ Young owlbear: AC 5; MV 12; HD 3; hp 20; THAC0 15; #AT 3 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6; SZ M (5'); Int low (6); AL N.

This encounter can occur more than once, but the young owlbear is present only during the first encounter.

Patrols

Dauroth does not really expect anyone to enter his realm unannounced. Few outside of the ogre realms even know of his existence, and certainly none of them even know that this valley exists. All the same, he does have a few regular patrols that keep an eye on his forest kingdom for him. As a rule, Dauroth allows very few sentient beings to witness what goes on within his sanctum sanctorum. He has one titan apprentice who has free run of the valley. All others, even Chief Donnag, may enter only with Dauroth's permission. Usually he teleports them into the citadel directly rather than making them walk all the way.

A powerful necromancer and private individual, Dauroth came to the logical conclusion when he needed guards for his forest: the undead. Dauroth sent for a contingent of ogres to act as guards. He purposefully chose soldiers who would not be terribly missed should they disappear. He then promptly killed the lot of them, stripped them of their flesh, and created a guard force of ogre skeleton warriors. These tireless guardians are stationed throughout the forest and patrol its roads and pathways. It is inevitable that the heroes run across one of these contingents at some point.

The skeletons have very simple orders: Kill anyone who does not know the safety word. The degenerate ogres know the word (it is the ogre word for "kiss" something no intruder would ever think of). Otherwise, the heroes are in for a fight. The skeletons wear helms and leather breastplates bearing the circle within a circle sign of Dau-roth and carry great, jagged edged swords. The armor is more for dramatic effect than actual protection. They fight, as do all undead, until they cannot fight any more.

☛ **Ogre skeletons:** *Undead*. Co 3, Ph 20, In 4, Es 4, Dmg +6, Def -4, also immune to mentalism and poison, resistant to edged weapons.

☛ **Ogre skeletons:** AC 5; MV 9; HD 6; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+6; SD immune to *fear*, *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells, immune to poison, suffers half damage from edged weapons; SZ L (9'); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 975 each.

The Degenerates

As the heroes move through the woods, they catch the smell of burning wood and cooking meat. A pathway leading off the road heads towards the source of these odors, and an *average Perception* action [Intelligence or relevant check] catches the faint murmur of voices coming from down the path. Investigation reveals that a small group of hovels lies no more than two hundred yards from the main road. Four ramshackle wood huts surround a central fire pit. The heroes see four disgusting creatures sitting around the fire roasting some sort of meat, chatting in the language of ogres.

The creatures look like very large ogres at first glance. However, close inspection reveals that even by ogre standards, these creatures look foul. They sit

hunched forward, with prodigious humps angled skyward. Their skin is cracked, leathery, and gray, and is covered with irregular patches of thick, black hair. Boils and pustules cover them, leaking slimy clear fluid and giving off an awful stench. The skin on their ogre-like faces is drawn back tightly against the skull in a permanent grimace, giving them a skeletal appearance and displaying rows of rotting yellow teeth. Their clawed, misshapen hands look deadly enough in combat but are awkward when handling even the simplest tool. These are degenerate titans.

The heroes need to succeed at *average Agility (Intellect)* actions [saving throws vs. spell] to avoid alerting the degenerates to their position. The former titans immediately turn on the heroes and challenge them. In guttural voices speaking barely understandable Common, they ask the heroes who they are and what they are doing here. They do not think that anyone can enter the valley without Dau-roth's permission, so they are unwilling to start a fight until they are sure of themselves. Here the heroes have a chance to talk their way out of a fight and maybe gain something valuable from the exchange.

☛ **Four degenerate titans:** *Adult males of various demeanors, Champions*. Co 3, Ph 34, In 4, Es 3, Dmg +7 (oversized clubs), Def -3, also thrown weapons.

☛ **Degenerate titans (4):** AC 4; MV 9; HD 7+7; hp 56 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+8 (Str bonus); SZ L (11' tall); ML steady (11); Int average (10); AL CE; XP 650 each.

The degenerates were among the first ogres that Dau-roth experimented on when creating the sustaining elixir



for the titans. Each of them underwent a ritual similar to those who are now titans, but all of them degenerated almost immediately. Dauroth then discarded them, although he commanded that they remain in his service. He allows them to live in the relative peace of the valley, far removed from any other ogres. He has hinted that some day he might undo their degeneration and transform them into actual titans.

For the last few months, the degenerates have slowly come to the realization that Dauroth does not intend to change them back. They willingly talk to the heroes and even explain their situation as long as the heroes do not let on at first that they do not work for Dauroth. The heroes can learn about the sustaining elixir made from elf blood and the fact that without it the titans revert into these horrible, relatively powerless monsters. If the heroes play their cards right, they might even convince the degenerates to help them overthrow Dauroth. Of course, should the heroes slip up, the creatures attack them mercilessly.

This encounter occurs only once. Treat as “no encounter” if it results again.

The Hunter

The heroes hear a crashing in the woods nearby. A moment later, a pack of three owlbears come lurching out of the brush at a full run. (Use the earlier description for statistics.) For a terrifying moment, it seems that the beasts are charging the heroes. In fact, they are running for their lives. Give the heroes one combat exchange to react to what they perceive to be an attack. They may have time to notice that one of the owlbears has a tremendous gash down its left side while another has a ten-foot long spear sticking out of its flank. This requires successful *challenging Perception* actions on the part of

the heroes, though {Intelligence or other relevant checks}.

Then, moving with surprising grace and silence for his size, a titan bursts onto the scene. Hundjal, Dauroth's apprentice, is taking a break from his studies to do a little hunting. The titan is a credit to his kind—tall, extremely muscular, and extraordinarily intelligent. He wears only a simple pair of silken trousers, fine leather boots (each taking the better part of a whole cow to make), and a belt from which hangs a sheathed, seven-foot long sword. He wears no shirt or helmet, revealing his smooth, broad, blue muscular chest, and his long, black hair is tied back in a ponytail. In his left hand, he carries two stout pikes, and in his right hand, he holds a third that he is preparing to throw at the retreating owlbears.

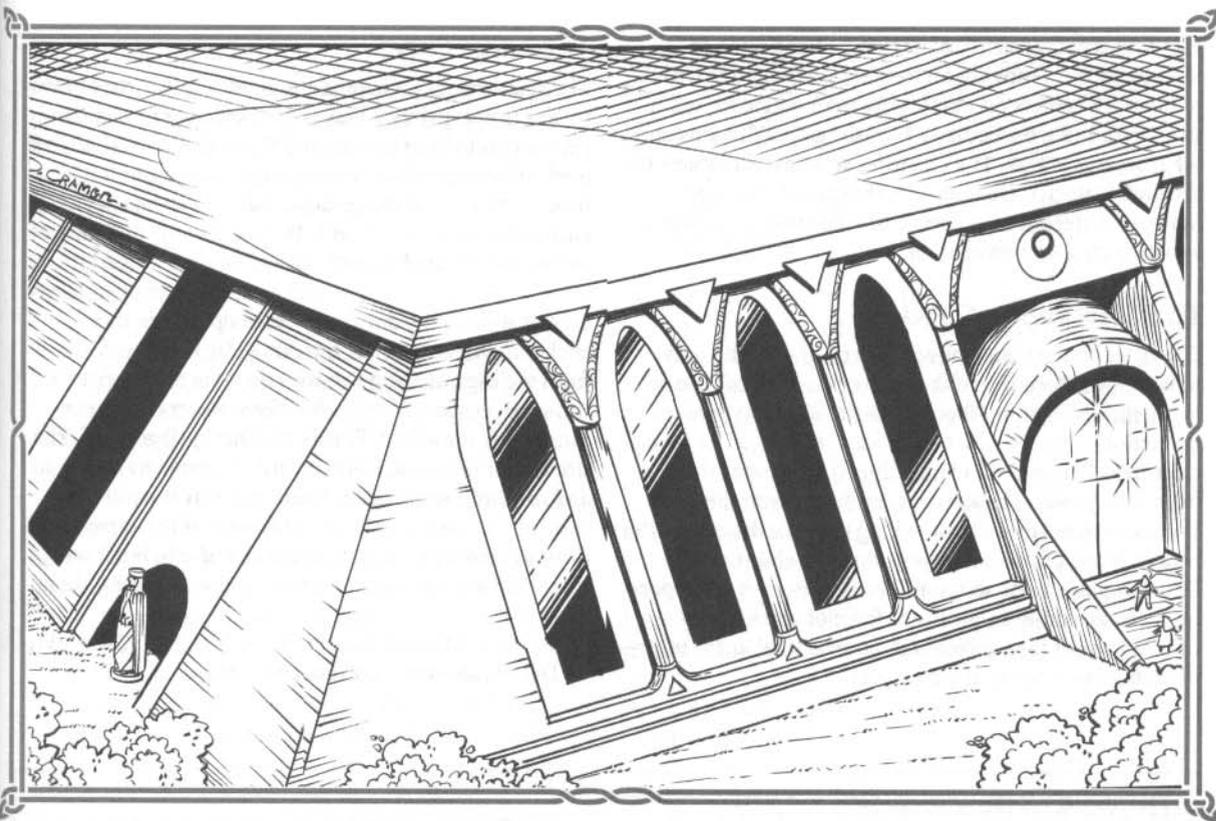
He does not even deign to notice the heroes until he makes his throw. The spear flashes through the air, through an owlbear, and into the ground, pinning the skewered beast. Then he notices that the heroes are not ogres and that they wear no chains. He lets the other two beasts go as he turns his attention to them. Hundjal assumes that the heroes are here with permission. How else could they have gotten into the valley? He eyes them suspiciously and then, in a deep booming voice, asks them who they are. Remember that the heroes are now in range of the titan's awe-inspiring presence.

- Hundjal: *Adult male titan, vain demeanor, Master*. Co 10, Ph 40, In 10 (100), Es 10, Dmg +15 (titan sword), Def -2 (common clothing), also drain (undead Physique for spell points), geomancy (stone and metal shaping), missile weapons, sorcery (electromancy, enchantment, pyromancy), and thrown weapons.
- Hundjal (ogre-titan): AC 5; MV 20; HD 13+1; hp 90; THAC0 7; #AT 1 (titan sword); Dmg 2d6+8 (Str bonus); SA wizard spells as 12th-level mage, drain undead hp for extra spells, 25% chance of priest spells as 12th-level priest, can shape stone and metal, fear or awe aura similar to dragon; SZ L (15' tall); ML fearless (20); Int genius (17); AL LE; XP 10,000.

It is unlikely that the heroes talk their way past Hundjal. With his preternatural senses and high intelligence, Hundjal will likely spot immediately any nervousness or discomfort that the heroes feel. Whenever the heroes lie, they must succeed at a *daunting Presence* action {Charisma or relevant check with a -4 penalty} to fool the titan. Hundjal plays along with the heroes for a little, letting them spin a tale long enough for him to hang them by. His tone is always one of a bemused adult talking to a group of three-year-olds playing at war. He never has any doubt that he can destroy the intruders at will.

Unless the heroes agree to surrender their weapons and come back to Dauroth's citadel under guard, Hundjal eventually attacks them. He prefers to disable them so that Dauroth can question them at his leisure. He uses a combination of magic and brute force to first deprive the heroes of their weapons and then force them into submission. Of course, should the fight turn against him, he tries to kill the heroes or even flee—if he has to.





Outcome

Hopefully, having overcome all of the obstacles, including a titan, the heroes can now make their way through the forest to the citadel of Dauroth. Since they encountered Hundjal, they are now either prisoners or they must hurry before Dauroth realizes that his apprentice has been gone too long. As the road clears before them, suddenly the heroes see a strange sight spread out before them: a zoo.

Scene Two: Dauroth's Menagerie

The heroes explore the compound outside of Dauroth's citadel and discover a number of cages containing various wild animals and strange creatures. With a little creative thinking and some deal making, they can earn themselves some allies in the upcoming fight against Dauroth.

First Impressions

The forest ends abruptly, its edge kept carefully manicured by Dauroth's servants. A plain of lush grass slopes away from the forest's edge, climbing up a gentle hill to Dauroth's citadel. From the edge of the forest, you can see the half mile or so to the top of the hill where a square, white stone building dominates the scenery. The road continues up the hill, apparently right to the building's front gate. The Khalkist Mountains loom in the background, a reminder of the dark territory that surrounds this beautiful, yet deadly valley.

Flawless white walls glisten in the sun, standing about eighty feet high. The front of the citadel holds a pair of golden doors forty feet tall and twenty feet wide. The rest

of the facade has decorative columns interspersed with tall, thin windows stretching from about fifteen feet off the ground to ten feet from the roof.

Closer examination reveals that the windows are perfectly reflective from the outside, allowing those inside to look out, but outsiders cannot look in.

The two long sides of the rectangular building have regular windows as well, separated by twenty-foot tall alcoves, each of which contains a blue stone statue of a titan in full battle regalia. Each statue is unique and exquisitely sculpted. The statues wear golden armor and hold steel weapons. The rear facade of the house continues this line of statues and windows, but two smaller doors breaks up the facade, and each is made of polished bronze and stands twenty feet high and eight feet wide.

The Story Continues

While the dazzling white building is the first sight to grab the heroes' attention, their vision should quickly focus on the numerous structures that surround the citadel. Lined up along the road and spread out irregularly around the grounds surrounding the citadel sit a number of low, white stone buildings. As the heroes approach, they hear the sounds of animals and the occasional moan slipping down from the top of the hill. Closer examination reveals that the small outbuildings are cages. Each cage measures thirty feet square, with three thick stone walls and one wall consisting entirely of two-inch-thick steel bars with a locked gate. Behind the citadel are four larger cages, each is a hundred feet square and boasts seven-inch-thick steel bars.

Dauroth's fine titan sensibilities prevent him from keeping such creatures within his actual home—the stench would be too great. He keeps the cage dwellers for



his various experiments. Now that he has perfected the titan form, he is moving on to other investigations. Most of his work centers on developing titan magic for offensive capabilities, particularly for use against dragons and other fearsome foes. The creatures serve as test targets for Dauroth's magics. He is also working on designing a titan-sized steed for his people to ride upon—perhaps a variation of a wyvern or tylor.

The Creatures in Cages

The cages all have enchanted locks on them. The only way to open them is to either overcome Dauroth's locking spell, which adds 10 points to the difficulty level of any action [cage has *wizard lock* cast upon it]. The flying creatures all have their wings clipped to prevent them from flying away. The sentient creatures, even the hags and goblins, are more than willing to make deals with the heroes. None of them have any illusions about what Dauroth plans to do to them. The heroes have an opportunity to assemble a significant force of allies if they choose to avail themselves of it. See the sidebar for information about each of the creatures.

The Large Cages

The four large cages behind the citadel hold three of Dauroth's greatest prizes. These large creatures are very dangerous pets to keep around and Dauroth knows this. That is why their cages have several extra precautions built into them. First of all, the cage doors have much heavier enchanted locks, which adds 16 points to the difficulty of any action directed toward the lock or door [the cage has *wizard lock* cast upon it, as well as *sepia snake sigil*]. However, as soon as the door to the cage opens, another enchantment is set off. A shrieking alarm echoes forth from the cage, alerting Dauroth that one of his prizes is trying to escape [*alarm spell*]. The sorcerer comes running, ready for a fight. Finally, another spell goes off. The stone floor of the cage immediately transforms into mud and then into stone again, holding the creature in place [*transmute rock to mud spell*]. All three of the current residents are strong enough to break out of this, but it will take them a few rounds of straining and thrashing about.

- ☛ **Wyvern: Monster.** Co 12, Ph 28, In 4, Es 7, Dmg +11, Def -4, also dive, poison, and swoop.

Minor Creatures in the Cages

The following creatures can be found in the smaller cages of the menagerie. Some descriptions of the animal's or monster's behavior or reactions follow each set of game details.

- ☛ **Darken Owl: Aerial mount.** Co 12, Ph 18, In 8, Es 9, Dmg +7, Def -2, also acute sense (vision), mentalism, sensitivity, and swoop.
- ☛ **Darken Owl: AC 6; MV 3, fly 18 (E); HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 3 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d4+1; SA totally silent flight gives victims a -6 penalty to surprise, infravision 120', swoop attack from height of 50 feet or more adds +2 bonus to attack roll and causes double damage, can use ESP spell at will; SZ L (10' long); ML champion (15); Int champion (15); AL NG; XP 420.**

The Darken owl attempts to sense the heroes' intentions and can be swayed to help them. If it escapes, it can be used in future adventures when the heroes need a flying mount. However, they will need to venture to the Darken Wood to find it.

- ☛ **Three Baaz draconians: Animal.** Co 8, Ph 6, In 6, Es 7, Dmg +6, Def -3, also death throes, glide, and pounce.
- ☛ **Baaz draconians (3): AC 4; MV 6, glide 18; HD 2; hp 15 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1 (claws or fangs or by weapon); Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 1d4; SA death throes causes the Baaz to turn to stone (successful Dexterity check with a -3 penalty allows melee weapon to remain free of the stone) and crumble to dust 1d4 rounds later; SZ M (5'5" tall); ML elite (13); Int average (8); AL LE; XP 175.**

The Baaz are more than likely going to help the heroes if the heroes release them. However, if the heroes ask for something that will take more than an hour, the Baaz appear reluctant to aid them. If asked, they explain that they have no wish to linger. Narrators can base the Baaz' final decision on how well the players roleplay this situation out.

- ☛ **Two greenhags: Nonhuman.** Co 6, Ph 27, In 6, Es 9, Dmg +8, Def -6, also acute sense (hearing, sight, and smell) and camouflage.
- ☛ **Greenhags (2): AC -2; MV 12, Sw 12; HD 9; hp 65 each; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d2+6 (Str bonus); SA change self at will; MR 35%; SZ M (5' tall); ML fanatic (17); Int very (11); AL NE; XP 4,000.**

The greenhags, being tricky creatures, change into beautiful young women within moments of the arrival of the heroes. Dauroth, knowing that hags can create stronger magical effects when together, put them in separate cages and spread them apart from one another. The hags haven't seen humans around (or other races that the party might contain) and know of Dauroth's dislike of them, so they immediately try to dupe the heroes into letting them go. Heroes who succeed at a *desperate Perception (Coordination)* action [saving throw vs. spell] can catch a glimpse of the women before they change, but not enough to get more than an impression of a sickly green, withered person. If the heroes free them and even begin to ask the hags for aid, the hags accept—for the time being. They exchange several glances during the rest of the adventure, and then, if the heroes seem about to fail,

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leave. If the heroes succeed, the hags take advantage of them the moment they settle down to rest. If the heroes catch onto the fact that the hags aren't what they seem and allow the hags to find this out, then the greenhags simply turn invisible and leave the area.

♣ **Hippogriff: Aerial mount.** Co 18, Ph 15, In 2, Es 5, Dmg +11, Def -3.

♣ **Hippogriff:** AC 5; MV 18, Fl 36 (C,D); HD 3+3; hp 25; THACO 17; #AT 3 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d10; SZ L (10' long); ML average (9); Int semi (2); AL N; XP 175.

The hippogriff is decidedly angry about being caged and has no qualms about taking this anger out on the heroes or other nearby creatures. The heroes can perform an *average Reason* action {Wisdom or relevant check} to realize that releasing this animal may cause initial problems

♣ **Ten Goblins: Nonhuman.** Co 4, Ph 3, In 4, Es 5, Dmg +3, Def -2, also melee weapons and missile weapons.

♣ **Goblins (10):** AC 10; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4 each; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); Int average (9); AL LE; XP 15.

The goblins have all been caged together and were rather crowded. If released, they spend several minutes pushing and shoving their way out. Should the heroes think to ask a boon *before* they open the door, the gob-

lins will perform it, but probably not as well as the heroes want. They will also scatter as quickly as possible after performing it or they'll leave before finishing it if the boon takes more than ten minutes.

♣ **Giant lizard: Animal.** Co 8, Ph 10, In 1, Es 1, Dmg +4, Def -3, also swallow whole.

♣ **Giant lizard:** AC 5; MV 15 (8 for the first hour of release); HD 3+1; hp 22; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA an attack roll of 20 means the victim is trapped by the lizard's mouth and suffers double damage; SZ H (15' tall); ML average (9); Int non (0); AL N; XP 175.

The giant lizard has lived in a cage smaller than half its length for enough time that it doesn't move very quickly upon being released. As a result, once out of its cage, it slowly wanders away from the area and back into the forest. Should the heroes approach it too closely, it hisses and snaps its head in their direction.

♣ **Tractor worm: Animal.** Co 3, Ph 24, In 1, Es 5, Dmg +4, Def -4.

♣ **Tractor worm:** AC 2; MV 6; HD 8; hp 61; THACO 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SZ L (10' tall); ML fearless (19); Int non (0); AL N; XP 650.

The tractor worm, which has not been fed well for several weeks, sluggishly wriggles out of its cage, seeking food. It seems to know the way to the soil of the forest. If the heroes stand in its way, they should be prepared for the worm to attack.

♣ **Wyvern:** AC 3; MV 6, fly 24 (E); HD 7+7; hp 52; THACO 13; #AT 2 (bite/sting); Dmg 2d8/1d6; SA poison stinger; SZ G (35' long); ML very steady (14); Int low (6); AL N; XP 1,400.

The wyvern has its deadly tail covered in a tough leather hood to prevent him from stinging anyone. Like all the special creatures, Dauroth keeps the wyvern drugged and docile. When the heroes find the beast, it is asleep and will remain so unless attacked or someone opens the cage (thus setting off the alarm). The creature then goes wild and attacks anything nearby. If the green dragon is free (see below), he can calm the wyvern down and convince it to fight alongside the heroes. However, only the dragon can communicate effectively with the wild winged beast.

♣ **Tylor: Monster.** Co 8, Ph 35, In 6 (36), Es 8, Dmg +15, Def -8, also camouflage, pounce, and sorcery (hyromancy).

♣ **Tylor:** AC -3; MV 15; HD 6d12+7; hp 70; THACO 8; #AT 2 (tail/bite); Dmg 1d10/1d20; SA fear radius 60 yards, wizard spells (2/2/2), priest spells (2/2/1), resistance to acid breath (-3 modifier to save); MR 17%; SZ L (65' long); ML fanatic (16); Int very (12); AL LG; XP 13,000.





Dauroth has high hopes for his captive tylor. He treats the beast quite well and hopes to some day win it over to his side. For its part, the tylor plays along but plans to turn on his captor at its earliest opportunity. Dauroth realizes this, and thus the giant, wingless dragon remains in a cage. The tylor's camouflage works so well that the heroes might think the cage empty at first. The tylor itself is probably asleep, a result of the drugs Dauroth gives it with every meal. By waking the beast up, the heroes can convince it to help them against Dauroth in exchange for freedom. The tylor will follow the green dragon's lead in this matter.

☛ *Yindylyrrus: A juvenile male green dragon, malicious demeanor.* Co 9, Ph 45, In 10, Es 10, Dmg +16, Def -10, also buffet, charge, dive, dragonawe, dragon breath, mysticism (channeling), sorcery (electromancy, spectramancy, and transmutation), swallow whole, and swoop.

☛ *Yindylyrrus:* AC 0; MV 9, Fl 30 (C), swim 9; HD 13; hp 97; THAC0 7; #AT 2 (claw/claw/bite); Dmg 1d8/1d8/1d20; SA wizard spells (1), chlorine gas breath weapon 50' long, 40' wide, 30' high; SZ L (80' long); ML elite (16); Int very (12); AL LE; XP 11,000.

Yindylyrrus is a young green dragon who fell victim to one of Dauroth's more ingenious traps. Dauroth lured the dragon into his clutches using a complicated magical illusion incorporating auditory and olfactory elements, as well as visual ones. Thinking he had easy prey within his clutches, Yindylyrrus found himself suddenly caught in an enchanted net, and a moment later a blast of magical energy knocked him unconscious. A team of fifty ogre skeletons dragged the unconscious dragon back to Dauroth's citadel and into the specially prepared cage.

Dauroth keeps the green dragon muzzled and sedated at all times. Dauroth carefully opened up the living dragon and removed the poison gas generating glands within it. Deprived of his only distance weapon, the dragon waits behind its bars plotting revenge. The dragon eats nothing but a special high protein gruel laced with drugs to inhibit the creature's aggressiveness. Unbeknownst to Dauroth, the dragon has developed a tolerance for the drug and is at his full potency. For the moment, he keeps this fact to himself, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

The muzzle prevents the dragon from speaking with the heroes, but it can communicate by nodding its head. The muzzle has the same kind of magic locks that hold the lesser cages shut. The dragon agrees to help the heroes against Dauroth in exchange for its freedom—an agreement he will honor. He wants to destroy his tormentor and then escape.

Other Areas Outside the Citadel

In addition to the cages, several other buildings are scattered around the outskirts of the citadel. All of them consist of the same white stone as the rest of the compound (although none of them gleam quite as bright as the citadel itself). Dauroth allows his undead servants to use these buildings.

Hall of Skeletons

Dauroth prefers the company of undead to most ogres. They are quiet, act obedient and, amazingly enough, smell better. The Hall of Skeletons is a long, thin stone building located behind the citadel near the large cages. Here Dauroth turns loyal ogres into even more loyal skeleton warriors. The building has a single twenty-foot-tall iron door. Inside the dim building, some light enters through windows in the roof. Ten-foot high alcoves line both sides of the wall, and each houses an ogre skeleton warrior. These skeletons serve as Dauroth's reserve force that he calls upon in case of emergencies. All told, fifty such warriors stand silent and waiting until they hear their master's voice. At the rear of the building stand three large stone tubs with steel covers. Inside each are thousands of flesh-eating beetles. Dauroth uses these chambers to strip the flesh from ogres before animating their skeletons.

The skeleton warriors do not react to anything unless someone tries to attack them or otherwise disrupts their repose. Even then, the skeletons act only to defend themselves individually. If the heroes are lucky and careful, they will never have to worry about this reserve army of undead, nearly unstoppable warriors.

Work Building

In addition to guarding the citadel, the skeletons also do yard work (just one of the many advantages of undead servants). This small stone building contains tools for trimming the grass and keeping the various bushes and ornamental trees perfectly groomed. The building also contains food (mostly grains and dried meats) for feeding the various creatures in Dauroth's menagerie.

☛ *Ogre skeletons: Undead.* Co 3, Ph 20, In 4, Es 4, Dmg +6, Def -4, also immune to mentalism and poison, resistant to edged weapons.

☛ *Ogre skeletons:* AC 5; MV 9; HD 6; hp 30 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+6; SD immune to fear, *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells, immune to poison, suffers only half damage from edged weapons; SZ L (9' tall); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 975 each.

Outcome

The heroes do not have an unlimited amount of time to wander through the cages and make deals with captive creatures. After their encounter with Dauroth's apprentice, it is only a matter of time before the master starts to wonder why his fellow titan has not returned from hunting. Dauroth sends two of his servant skeletons to find the missing titan. The heroes probably do not see the skeletons depart or leave, but after an hour or so, they return with the news of Hundjal's death. All told, the heroes have four hours from the time they kill Hundjal to the moment Dauroth learns of his death and begins searching for them. Using his magic, the titan finds the heroes in less than half an hour. Then he comes looking for blood.

Otherwise, not many things can stop the heroes from searching through the cages. Dauroth's patrols guard the forest and, quite honestly, Dauroth does not expect any intruders. While surprised that the heroes have found

him, he has no qualms about executing them quickly and painfully. The final showdown with Dauroth might well happen outside of the citadel rather than within it. If so, go to the section "Final Showdown" in Scene Three. Otherwise, when the heroes are ready to enter the citadel, start at the beginning of Scene Three.

Scene Three: Dauroth's Citadel

The heroes explore Dauroth's citadel, and if they haven't done so already, face the master himself. Below the citadel, the heroes find not only the elven prisoners they have sought for so long, but also Dauroth's entire reserve supply of sustaining elixir.

First Impressions

Read the following the moment the heroes approach one of the citadel's doors:

Before you stands an enormous door with a handle well above reach. The rest of the building looks similarly large, which could lead the observer to believe that giants live within.

The Story Concludes

The front and rear doors of the citadel are not locked, and the heroes can easily open them, if they can reach that high. The handles for the doors are affixed eleven feet up the doorway. Prying open the door requires a successful *challenging Strength* action {Strength or relevant check with a -2 penalty}. Inside, the heroes may be surprised to find that this building possesses only two stories. The ceilings throughout the first floor are a little less than forty feet high, while on the second floor they are about twenty feet high. The bright, clean white walls resemble the outside walls, although they do not sparkle as much.

Every room has at least one tall window, the glass of which Dauroth has magically hardened to iron toughness. Not many decorations clutter the area, as Dauroth has a very spartan taste. Some rooms have a deep blue trim and many of the interior doorways are fashioned from rare and expensive woods. As with the outer doors, the heroes have to contend with ten-foot-high door latches inside as well. As the heroes move through the building, remember that everything reflects the fact that an eighteen-foot tall titan lives here.

While his current studies have his full attention, any loud noise, such as breaking down a door or trying to smash a window, alerts Dauroth to their presence. The titan comes running, pausing only to pick up a weapon on the way (see "The Final Showdown," below). The undead servants stationed throughout the citadel do not leave their posts unless Dauroth orders them to or the heroes decide to attack them. If they are quiet and careful, the heroes might have time to search through much of the building before alerting Dauroth to their presence.

The Ground Floor

Servants are stationed at each of the doors throughout this level of the citadel.

☛ **Ogre skeletons:** *Undead*. Co 3, Ph 20, In 4, Es 4, Dmg +6, Def -4, also immune to mentalism and poison, resistant to edged weapons.

☛ **Ogre skeletons:** AC 5; MV 9; HD 6; hp 30 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+6; SD immune to *fear*, *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells, immune to poison, suffers only half damage from edged weapons; SZ L (9' tall); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 975 each.

Entrance Hall

The front door opens into a grand reception area. The few times Dauroth has received non-ogres here, this is the only room they ever saw. Designed to impress, the room is kept spotless at all times. The white marble floors shine and are polished so well that heroes can see their reflections. Gold-framed mirrors line the walls, separated by alcoves containing statues of titans in various athletic and combative poses. Crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling, casting a magical glow over the entire room. At the far end of the hall sits Dauroth's throne, a twenty-foot-high chair which is made entirely of bones. Close inspection shows that they are in fact elf bones.

Garden

The center of the house opens to the sky and contains a private garden where Dauroth goes for a little peace and quiet now and then. The rectangular garden consists of stone pathways cutting through beds of multi-colored flowers. A blue stone fountain in the center of the garden bubbles forth cool, clear water from an underground spring (which supplies water to the entire structure). Skeletal servants keep the garden perfectly manicured, and enchantments keep the flowers blooming at all times. In fact, due to the enchantments, every one of the plants in the garden is quite poisonous. Even the pollen from the flowers causes severe itching and allergic reactions. Heroes who enter the garden soon find themselves sneezing, their eyes watering, and any exposed skin starting to itch. They suffer a -2 penalty on all actions for the next half hour {-1 penalty}. Actually eating one of the flowers or plants (an unlikely course of action, admittedly) requires a successful *daunting Endurance* action {saving throw vs. poison} to avoid near-instant death.

Dining Hall

To the heroes, every room in the citadel seems grand, but by titan standards, the dining hall is quite modest. White stone walls and a blue stone floor are the only decorations in this room, aside from enchanted crystals in the shape of flames that light the room. Light also enters via the large windows on one side of the room. A titan-sized wooden table dominates the hall, measuring 150 feet in length and 25 feet in width. Eight huge wooden chairs surround the table, three along each side and two at each end. Dauroth seldom entertains, and when he does so, only titans are invited.



Gallery

This well-lit corner room lies just off the entrance hall and is one of the few rooms Dauroth invites ogre guests into. The white walls and pale blue marble floor accent the intricately woven tapestries that hang on the walls. Most of these tapestries appear to be quite old, with ancient stains, holes, and frayed edges. They portray titans doing battle with and defeating all manner of foes from elves and humans to dragons. Dauroth claims these tapestries date back to the Age of Dreams and the original titans. In fact, he created them himself to add credence to his claims.

Sitting Room

The sitting room is one of the most well-lit and pleasant places in the citadel. Dauroth has installed a hardwood floor here, accented with finely woven and subtly hued rugs. The room contains eight titan-sized wood and leather chairs (each about twelve feet tall), which look quite comfortable. The chairs are arranged around an opaque blue crystal sphere of about three feet in diameter. Dauroth takes special pride in this sphere, one of his more ingenious enchantments. Enchanted with titan magic, the sphere has the power to create illusions much like spectramancy. Once a user is properly attuned to the sphere (as only Dauroth and Hundjal are at this time), he or she can mentally command the sphere to create any illusion they want within the confines of the room.

Often Dauroth and Hundjal use the sphere to recreate the ancient stories of the titans they know and love so well. Other times they use it to transform the setting of the room into a forest, a high mountain peak, or some other place. The sphere is also a powerful tool for planning battles and other operations, allowing Dauroth to fight battles over and over until he has the perfect plan. Should the heroes decide to steal the sphere, they might, with several months and a magical laboratory, discover how to use the illusory orb.

Teaching Room

This large stone room lacks much of the beauty and luxury of the rest of the citadel. Here Dauroth instructs titans in the secrets of titan magic and using their titan powers. A long, twelve-foot-high wooden workbench runs along one wall, covered with various half-formed stone sculptures and steel weapons and armor. In the center of the room is a large block of pure white stone that stands eighteen feet tall. It vaguely resembles a humanoid form. Close examination reveals no sign of any chisel marks or other sculpting tools. In fact, the heroes find no tools of any kind in the room. A ten-foot-high pile of two-inch-thick steel plates, each ten feet square, sits in one corner.

A titan-sized black iron door stands in the middle of one wall. Only Dauroth ever uses this door, and he keeps a magical alarm and lock on it at all times. While clearly it is a door, the heroes see no handle or any visible hinges. Breaking down or opening the door through any means involves adding 16 points to the difficulty of any action {*wizard lock spell* and *sepia snake sigil spell* combination}. (For example, breaking it down physically starts at an *average Strength* action (8 points) and is resisted by

the 16 points, which brings the total difficulty up to 24 (*impossible*). Any attempt to open the door physically or a failed attempt to open it magically sets off an alarm {*alarm spell*}. A loud screeching sound echoes through the palace, drawing the immediate attention of eight skeleton warriors and Dauroth himself.

Rear Entry Hall

The rear hall is designed for servants to bring items in and out of the citadel without disturbing the main residence areas. Although the door is made for titan use, it magically opens for any of Dauroth's servants. Otherwise, it is kept locked and requires a battering ram to open. Heroes might try some form of transmutation spell to gain entry, but Dauroth has warded it (and the whole citadel) against such attacks, which adds 10 points of resistance to any spell directed at it {*wizard lock*}. The entry hall itself is merely a bare room with two skeletal ogres on guard. They do not attack unless ordered to do so.

Kitchen

The kitchen is unique among the rooms in the citadel in that it is proportioned for use by ogre skeletons rather than titans. The countertops are lower, the door handles more easily accessible, although the ceiling still stands twenty feet overhead to allow titans comfortable access if necessary. Five skeleton servants stand constantly on duty within the kitchen, ready to serve their master as ordered. Dauroth has turned the undead creatures into quite passable cooks, although he sometimes takes a hand in the final preparation of important meals. The kitchen centers on a wood-burning hearth where most of the cooking takes place. The large pantry contains dried meats of various types and several barrels of fine dwarven spirits (Dauroth never drinks elven wine and eats only meat). Hundjal or Dauroth kill most of the food personally when they go hunting in the forest, though, if they are too busy, skeletal warriors perform this task.

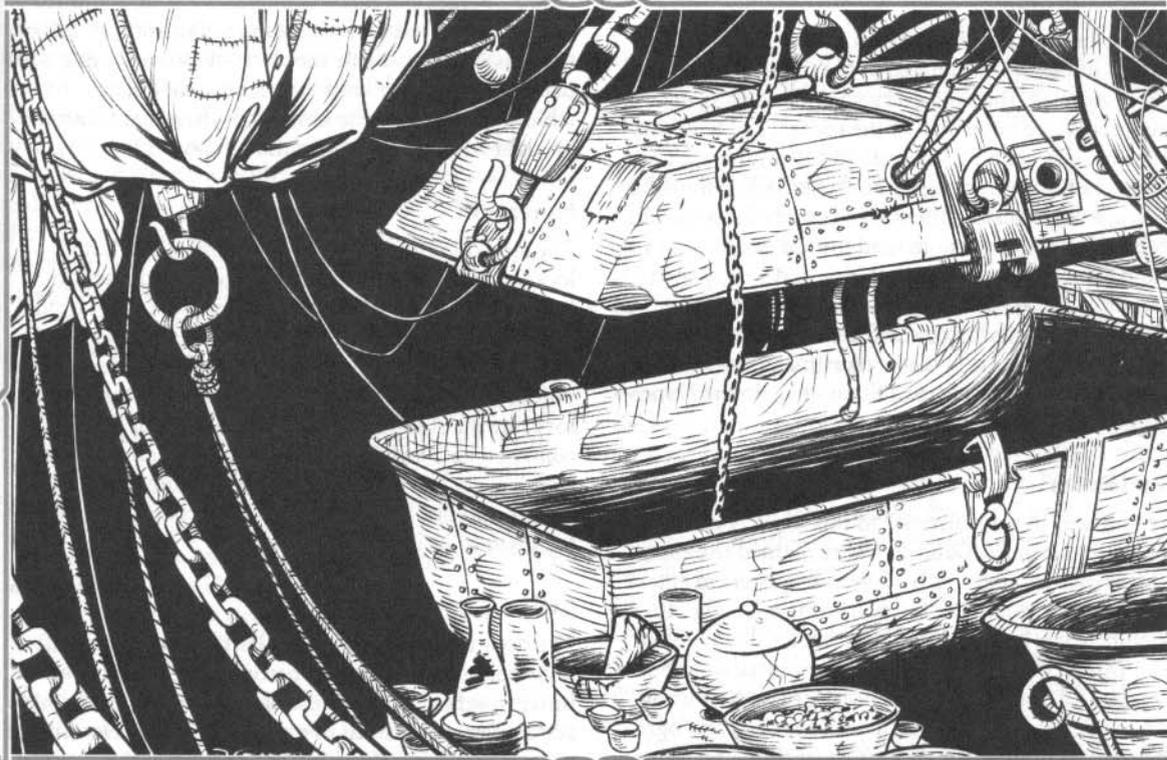
Hundjal's Quarters

The only way to enter Hundjal's rooms is through the outer door at the rear of the citadel. Dauroth alone has unlimited access to the citadel proper, and when he wants privacy, Hundjal must confine himself to his rooms. The rooms are quite spacious but sparsely furnished. The outer room holds a desk and chair, which he keeps perfectly clean, and a rack of titan-sized weapons and armor. Magical crystal lamps provide light for this room and the bedroom beyond. The bedroom contains one large, titan-sized bed stuffed with the feathers of several thousand birds. A large, gold-embossed wooden chest standing six feet tall is also here. It is unlocked and contains several dozen changes of clothes and a large bag containing a small fortune in gemstones (in case Hundjal ever has to buy something, which is a rare occurrence).

Guest Chambers

Both of these rooms contain a single titan-sized bed and a large, empty wooden chest. Dauroth uses these rooms to house the occasional guest and any titans who are studying under him. Right now, they stand empty and remain spotless.





Dauroth's Chambers

Dauroth has the entire top floor of the citadel to himself, and no one may enter this area. A pair of spectres guard the stairway leading up to the second floor. They do not allow anyone to pass by without starting a fight.

- ☛ Two spectres: *Undead*. Co 15, Ph 6, In 7, Es 8, Dmg +4, Def -4, also drain (Endurance), incorporeal, and immune to mentalism, normal weapons, and poison.
- ☛ Spectres (2): AC 2; MV 15, fly 30 (B); HD 7+3; hp 45 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA energy drain (loses two levels); SD +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells, immune to poison and paralyzation attacks; SZ M (6' tall); ML champion (15); Int high (13); AL LE; XP 3,000 each.

Foyer

This sunlit entry hall is bare of any furnishings except for four more tapestries much like those in the gallery. Two golden-embossed doors lead out of the room, both sized to a titan and magically locked. The enchantment causes 10 points of resistance to be added to any action against it {*wizard lock spell*}.

Dauroth's Private Chambers

This large rectangular room is where Dauroth spends much of his leisure time. He practices his magic and the use of his weapons, plays games of chess with himself, and relaxes in this area. The entire wall looking out over the garden is perfectly clear (although from the garden it appears like a normal stone wall). This both floods the room with light and gives Dauroth a lovely view. Racks

of weapons line the wall opposite the doorway through which the heroes enter. The rack holds titan-sized swords, axes, spears, and halberds. All of the weapons have enchantments on them, giving each one a +5 damage bonus over and above their normal rating [+3 bonus to attack and damage rolls].

Spread out through the rest of the room are various titan-sized couches, chairs, and tables. What looks to be an oversized flute rests on one of the tables. Apparently, Dauroth enjoys playing a little music now and then. Despite the size of the furniture, the room seems sparsely furnished for its size. In fact, Dauroth has very little leisure time, and he scarcely spends any time here. The door leading into Dauroth's quarters has an enchanted lock identical to those that lead into this room.

Dauroth's Quarters

A huge bed dominates the room, measuring twenty-five feet square. Opposite the bed is a full-length, twenty-foot tall mirror framed in gold. Six eight-foot-tall chests line another wall. None of them are locked, and they all contain different pieces of clothing for Dauroth. In the bottom of one of the chests rests a large bag containing several hundred gemstones and pieces of human-sized jewelry: enough to ransom a king. The door leading into the private dining area is not locked.

Private Dining Area

Dauroth takes most of his meals in private in this sparsely furnished room. A nine-foot-tall stone table dominates the room with but a single titan-sized chair. Dauroth has enchanted the table so that it teleports finished dishes from the kitchen below directly to the table. The skeleton chefs have a small bell they can ring to alert Dauroth that his meal is ready.



Library and Study

Dauroth intends for this huge room to serve as the archives of the new conquests of the titans. A detailed map of Ansalon, showing every village and path, extends across the entire outer wall of the room. (The windows on the outside are false. Dauroth put them there for the sake of continuity of design.) Bookshelves line the other walls, although most of them stand empty for now. The few books within this room tend toward huge, leather-bound affairs, usually three feet high and weighing at least fifty pounds. Dauroth and his apprentices have transcribed various histories of Krynn and many of the ogre myths into these books. Unfortunately, since they are written in the language of titans, they do the heroes little good.

Secret Room

The only way to gain entrance to this room is via teleportation. Furthermore, Dauroth has enchanted the entire room to disrupt attempts by other spellcasters to enter the room. As a result, the difficulty of teleporting into the room increases by two steps {20% chance that the spell fails}. Inside, Dauroth keeps all of his journals and books of magic. All of the secrets of creating titans and using titan magic are written here, in both the titan and ogre languages. (In case Dauroth ever degenerates, he wants to be able to read the books so that he can turn himself into a titan once more.) The secret room also contains a year's supply of sustaining elixir, which is Dauroth's personal cache in case something goes wrong.

Down Below

Unless described otherwise, one skeletal ogre stands in front of each door.

Entry Chamber

This simple room is much like all the rest below the palace: Cold, grey stone walls hold enchanted crystal globes that provide light whenever Dauroth wishes. The heroes have to provide their own light source. The chamber has no furnishings or accouterments of any type. Two skeletal warriors stand guard, and they attack anyone who enters the room besides Dauroth.

Dauroth's Laboratory

A perfectly circular room with a domed roof, this laboratory is where Dauroth conducts many of his more private experiments. In the center of the room sits a twenty-by-ten-foot steel vat. A lid for the vat hangs suspended from the roof by sturdy chains. The smell of blood mixed with incense and burned flesh permeates the air. The vat is the transformation chamber Dauroth uses to create titans and some of his other monstrosities (there is an identical set up in the chieftain's residence in Blöten). The vat is currently empty, but the heroes can detect a dried, rusty red residue which can be only blood.

A circular steel table sits to the side of the vat. A clear, crystal bottle about three feet tall and two feet wide at its base rests on top of a flat, black stone. Other brass and stone containers rest on the table, containing a variety of herbs, unidentifiable liquids, and foul-looking pastes.

Nearby, heroes can find a funnel and a wide-mouthed container that has blood stains in it. Dauroth uses all of these materials to create the elven-blood sustaining elixir that allows titans to keep their form. Underneath the table, the heroes see the same large chest that Dauroth brought with him to Hatl, although now it is empty.

Storeroom

The steel door to this important room is magically locked (adds 16 points to the difficulty of the action {*wizard lock* and *sepia snake sigil* combination}). Inside, shelves rest on supports every few feet up to the twenty-foot-high ceiling and extend back for a ten more. Crystal bottles just like the one on the table back in the laboratory line the storeroom, and fully two-thirds of them contain a dark red liquid. The heroes can and should smash every last bottle. If they do not know what they have found or did not break into this room, the elves can tell them of its importance.

Cells

The door to the cells is heavily barred and locked, but only from the outside. The heroes must first remove the heavy iron bar that locks the door, a *challenging Strength* action. Then they must overcome the magical lock in the normal matter for the other lesser doors in the citadel. After that, they discover what they have come looking for: elves.

In fact, they have found several hundred elves. The huge room is lined with cages, twenty-one or twenty-two elves crammed into each. Six skeletal warriors guard the room on the inside and immediately attack the heroes. The skeletons have keys to the cells (Dauroth does not like to come in here because of the smell). In a few minutes, the heroes can free exactly three hundred and forty-two elven prisoners, taken from all over Ansalon. They are universally sick and tired, many of them having had some of their blood drained from them in the past week. The ambassadors the heroes seek are among the living and all are quite thankful to the heroes. Read the following aloud if the heroes find the elves before the final showdown occurs:

An almost emaciated male elf with lackluster hair steps forward and bows. "I am Ambassador Teilas. We are in your debt. However, the master of this manor is still about, and we should leave quickly. I and some others have meager skills in magic, so we can aid the escape in that regard."

Several other elves step forward and bow. They look much healthier than Teilas.

A total of thirty elves have various skills in sorcery and mysticism. Between them all, they can cast good spells in just about any school or sphere of magic. Narrators should allow the players to utilize this resource as necessary, with some guidance. For example, if the heroes come up with an idea to perform a group casting of teleport, then look over the spell mechanics and verify that it can indeed take everyone out. If it doesn't seem like it can work, then point out that it could take some of the group, but not all. {Narrators can choose to have the elves have just about any spell memorized that the heroes might

need (limited to the *Player's Handbook*, if necessary), set up a random roll system to see if the named spell is available, or set up a detailed list beforehand. If the Narrator wishes to roll randomly, set up something similar to this: first-level spells have 100% chance of being available, second-level spells have a 90% chance of being available, third-level spells have an 80% chance of being available, and so on.) If the heroes want to leave before the final showdown is played out, then that fine. They can also use the battery of elven spellcasters to back them up in the final showdown, as well.

If the heroes free the elves after the final showdown with Dauroth occurs, then read the following:

An almost emaciated male elf with lackluster hair steps forward and bows. "I am Ambassador Teilas. We are in your debt. Let us leave this terrible place and return to our duties. If you can escort us to the coast, I can send word for a nearby elven vessel to come and pick us up. I and some others have meager skills in magic, so we can aid the escape from Blöde in that regard."

Several other elves step forward and bow. They look much healthier than Teilas.

In both instances, Teilas is unhealthy because he has been foregoing a good portion of his meager rations for others who are drained of their blood, and he also steps forward to have his blood drained by Dauroth before others can be chosen. Dauroth has seen this tendency to protect the others for what it is, and he has recently started to refuse to choose Teilas for blood-letting again. The titan finds it amusing to watch the pained expression on Teilas's face when the elf realizes that he can no longer protect his fellows.

The elves can explain to the heroes that Dauroth uses their blood for turning ogres into titans and for creating

some sort of potion that the titans must drink every month. Now all that is left is figuring out a way to get close to four hundred elves out of Blöde. In the center of the room are several barrels filled with dried meat and fish, enough food to feed the elves for two weeks.

Final Showdown

At some point, the heroes will fight Dauroth. This is a dangerous undertaking, to say the least. Dauroth is by far the strongest and most powerful of all the titans. The heroes might have seen him from afar at Hatl, but up close he is even more impressive. Eighteen feet tall, weighing close to a thousand pounds, and strong enough to crush a man into jelly with his bare hands, Dauroth is the final challenge for the heroes. Unless they have powerful magical weapons or some help, it is unlikely that they can defeat the titan in single combat. Fortunately, several allies can assist them in their endeavor, the most valuable of which is the young green dragon Yindylyrrus and the elven spellcasters, if available. Narrators should ensure that any characters present do not steal the thunder from the heroes, however. They are there merely to distract the titan from doing its full damaging abilities to any one hero (thereby possibly knocking him or her unconscious).

In battle Dauroth wields a twenty-foot-long solid steel enchanted halberd. As he swings it through the air, it leaves a trail of blue energy that burns into the target upon contact. In Dauroth's hands, the weapon has a damage modifier of +18 [+9]. Fortunately, unless Dauroth has taken time to prepare, he does not wear any armor. Clad in a pair of red silken pants and a supple leather tunic, Dauroth has a defense rating of -5 [AC 5]. If he has a chance to prepare, the titan's golden enchanted armor gives him a defense rating of -10 [AC -2].



Even more deadly than his hand-to-hand prowess is his magic. Dauroth has mastered both sorcery (enchantment, summoning, and transmutation) and mysticism (channeling, necromancy, and spiritualism) {prefers the schools of Enchantment/Charm, Conjunction/Summoning, Alteration, and Necromancy and spheres of Summoning, Protection, and Necromancy}. However, Dauroth's powers are much greater than that of a normal spellcaster. Shortly after transforming into a titan (but after he discovered he needed to use the sustaining elixir to maintain the form), he discovered that the undead hold great power for him. Merely by touching an undead, he can drain it of its physical durability (Physique {Constitution}) and use the energy as spell points. See the section on "Undead Magic Batteries" earlier in this book for more details. At this point, only Dauroth has learned the secrets of this powerful magical art although he has begun teaching it to his apprentice and to Donnag. If the confrontation occurs near skeletons, Dauroth will drain them. He also calls for more to join him in battle. One more skeleton should arrive each combat exchange [round] after the fourth one.

- **Dauroth: Adult male titan mage, megalomaniac demeanor, Legend.** Ag 8B, Dx 8A, St 20A, En 25A, Re 12A (144), Pe 10A, Sp 12A (144), Pr 10A, Dmg +18 (halberd of legend), Def -5 (common clothing) or -10 (plate), also drain (undead Physique for spell points), geomancy (stone and metal shaping), missile weapons, sorcery (electromancy, enchantment, pyromancy), and thrown weapons.
- **Dauroth (ogre-titan mage):** AC 5 or -2 (plate armor); MV 20; HD 16+1; hp 120; THAC0 5; #AT 1 (halberd +5); Dmg 1d10+11; SA priest spells as 15th-level priest, wizards spells as 12-level wizard, drain undead hp for extra spells, 25% chance of priest spells as 12th-level priest, can shape stone and metal, fear or awe aura similar to dragon; SZ L (18' tall); ML fearless (20); Int supra-genius (20); AL LE; XP 14,000.
- **Ogre skeletons: Undead.** Co 3, Ph 20, In 4, Es 4, Dmg +6, Def -4, also immune to mentalism and poison, resistant to edged weapons.
- **Ogre skeletons:** AC 5; MV 9; HD 6; hp 30 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+6; SD immune to *fear*, *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells, immune to poison, suffers only half damage from edged weapons; SZ L (9' tall); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 975 each.

In battle, Dauroth concerns himself chiefly with the dragon and any other larger threats before turning to the heroes. That, of course, changes should the heroes seriously harm him. If the battle starts to turn against him, Dauroth uses his magic to cover his escape. Dauroth always keeps enough spell points in reserve to teleport to safety should things grow desperate. The odds are that, unless the heroes strike a quick and lucky blow, Dauroth escapes. However, his spell transports him all the way to Blöten and therefore the heroes have some time to do some damage before he makes his way back home. It will take him a day to recu-

perate, more than enough time to rescue the elves and make a run for it. If the Narrator wishes a greater sense of closure, he or she can allow the heroes to "kill" Dauroth. This event is actually what is known as an obscure death, for Dauroth may show up in later DRAGONLANCE products. Read or paraphrase the following aloud when Dauroth has only 5 points of Endurance left. If an ogre skeleton stands nearby, he first reaches over to drain it; however, this touch is only a dramatic addition to Dauroth's performance, so it's not necessary:

Dauroth staggers back and slowly slumps to the floor, his eyes unseeing. His form begins to glow, and magical energy fizzles over the surface of his body. The energy sparks out and becomes brighter and brighter, and the hissing noise of its play over the titan's body becomes louder and louder. Suddenly, the magical energy explodes brilliantly and a clap of what seems like thunder deafens you.

It takes the heroes about a minute to fully recover their eyesight after the brilliance of the explosion. When they can see, they discover nothing but a scorch mark where Dauroth had fallen. Allow them to assume that Dauroth's magic destroyed him.

What really happened is that Dauroth, knowing that someone (even another titan) might eventually try to destroy him, had set up a net of spells that would take effect should a specific set of circumstances take place. First, he had Hundjal enchant a ring with a harmless but pretty electrical spell much like that described above {*enchant an item* with an electrical variation of the *dancing lights* spell and a brief *light* spell cast on the watchers' eyes, along with Dauroth's *permanency* spell}. Then, while the watchers were blind, an enchantment already in place teleported him to Donnag's private chambers {*contingency* spell with *teleport* spell}. He did this so that those who killed him believed him to be dead, which means that their guard is down and that he can rest and heal, if necessary.

If the elves are free when this final scene occurs, Ambassador Teilas steps forward and thanks the heroes.

"Your presence and actions here have helped us immensely. You have the eternal gratitude of the Silvanesti elves. Should you ever find yourself in need, do not hesitate to ask a Silvanesti elf for aid. I shall spread the word among those elves that I know so that your selflessness is well-known among my people."

Teilas bows and steps back into the group of elves.

Outcome

Allow the heroes to begin planning their escape from Blöde. Once they have come up with a good plan, continue with the Epilogue. It contains several options for the heroes and guides the Narrator through several possible results.



adamm had been drawn and quartered. Then came a sound like nothing Khallayne had ever heard in her life, like nothing she would ever hear again. It was dim at first, but building, surging, a hum that

became a song that became a fire that became an explosion, rage and fear and horror too long suppressed, pain too long endured.

The slaves were rising up. The sound was their fury, all of them, as if someone had passed a signal. They were turning on their masters, on their guards.

*—An ancient ogre watches the slaves revolt,
The Irda*

Now that the heroes have found the elves and defeated Dauroth, they still need to escape ogre territory. If the heroes made allies with the degenerates, the ogres can tell the heroes of a steep but usable mountain path that leads out of the valley behind Dauroth's citadel. The Narrator might also let one of the elves relate this information, explaining that he was brought into the valley via this path. The trail leads the heroes out of the valley and they can follow it west out of the Khalkist Mountains. Unfortunately, that puts them in Onysabet's great swamp. Their best bet is probably to try and cross the swamp and make their way to the New Sea and on to Schallsea and the Citadel of Light. Or, they could head south towards Silvanesti, but they should know by now that at least one ogre army is down there somewhere. How hard this journey ends up being is up to the Narrator.

Once the heroes escort the elves to a point where they part ways with Ambassador Teilas (which might occur all the way back in Jennison), read the following, adjusting as necessary:

"My friends," the ambassador begins, "your valor and skill has freed us from the great Evil that has grown in the ogre mountains. At one point, they may have helped us fight off a greater Evil, that of the minions of Chaos, but clearly they do not remember that there are greater foes out there than us. I fully intend to speak with the Knights of Solamnia and the Legion of Steel to see what aid they can give us against this new menace to the elven culture. Thanks to your aid, new hope exists for the Silvanesti."

He pulls a simple pendant out from his robes and hands it to you. "If you are ever in need of aid, my friends, do not hesitate to call upon a nearby Silvanesti elf for help. This pendant represents my first ambassadorial success, and when you show it, every Silvanesti elf will recognize that you gave great aid to a Silvanesti elf in need. They will do their best to help you out of whatever situation you find yourself in. Use it wisely."

The pendant is a simple gold circle with a small ruby set into its center. If the heroes use it wisely, they can gain help from Silvanesti elves many times in the future. If they use it for frivolous or Evil purposes, the elf spreads the word that it has been used badly, and it disappears from the heroes within a month's time.

If the heroes failed to save the elves and the ambassador, then they are free to go onto their next assignment. However, the Narrator should set up some tense situations with the Knights of Solamnia and the Legion of Steel that reflect the heroes' failure to aid the elves.

Where to Go Next

The heroes might have put quite a dent in Dauroth's plans for the titan race. By freeing the captured elves and possibly destroying the supply of elixir, the heroes have ensured that Dauroth cannot adequately supply all of the existing titans for the next few months. As a result, more than half of them become degenerates. Meanwhile, Donnag and his troops prepare to invade Silvanesti only to discover that the world is much more complicated than they had originally imagined. The War of Souls is about to engulf Krynn, and they must modify their plans accordingly. Thanks to the heroes, the age of titans has been put on hold, but the secret of creating titans from ogres has not been lost. This threat will rear its head again.

In the meantime, the heroes might wish to go back to various places in the ogre realms to investigate some mysteries that were sprinkled throughout the adventure. Here are some other adventure hooks, as well:

- ✧ The Silvanesti elves could certainly use some aid against the ogre forces that are settling on their border. Perhaps the heroes can provide this aid.
- ✧ Onysabet the Black has set up some of her own patrols along the Silvanesti and Blöde borders. They seem to be spreading an unusual plague. Perhaps the heroes should go figure out what is causing this illness.
- ✧ Lord Governor Hogan Bight is looking for some troops to fill the Sanction Guard. They cannot be affiliated with the Dark Knights, obviously. Perhaps the heroes might want to see why Bight is looking for more forces. They might find themselves on the forefront of the battles in the War of Souls!
- ✧ The Legion of Steel needs some instructors for their settlement in the Dragon Isles. (See *Wings of Fury* for more information.) If the heroes accept, they might experience some sea adventures before getting to the islands, and once there, they could find themselves in an interesting situation: The Legion of Steel recently discovered that a Dark Knight had infiltrated the Legion's operation here. Are there more Dark Knights here? If so, can the heroes find them?
- ✧ Rumors from Nordmaar declare that some fire dragons have been breeding. The Legion or Knights of Solamnia could hire the heroes to discover whether this is true or not. If it is, what will the heroes do about it? If not, why did this rumor come into existence?



RISE OF THE TITANS

RICHARD DAKAN

EVIL GROWS IN THE HEART OF THE OGRE LANDS



During the Age of Dreams, ogres were beautiful creatures who built fantastic cities and ruled over the greatest civilization on all of Krynn. They eventually fell prey to their own decadence—their culture collapsed into barbarism while the ogres themselves degenerated into their current repulsive forms. Recently, however, a new form of ogre has emerged. These titans are gigantic, highly intelligent creatures who claim to hold the key to regaining the ogres' lost beauty and power. Already the titans have begun to reclaim their former position in Ansalon through conquest and slavery!

Rise of the Titans contains detailed accounts of ogre culture, describes the countries of Blöde and Kern, provides new hero roles, and introduces rules for playing ogre heroes. It also presents an adventure that takes your heroes deep into the ogre realms to rescue kidnapped Silvanesti diplomats and prevent the titans from spreading their evil across the face of Ansalon.

Featuring a story concept by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman

Rise of the Titans is the second in the Battle Lines series of adventures that tie in with the War of Souls novel series. This adventure is playable with the SAGA® game rules introduced in the DRAGONLANCE®: FIFTH AGE® boxed set and with the AD&D® game as well.

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