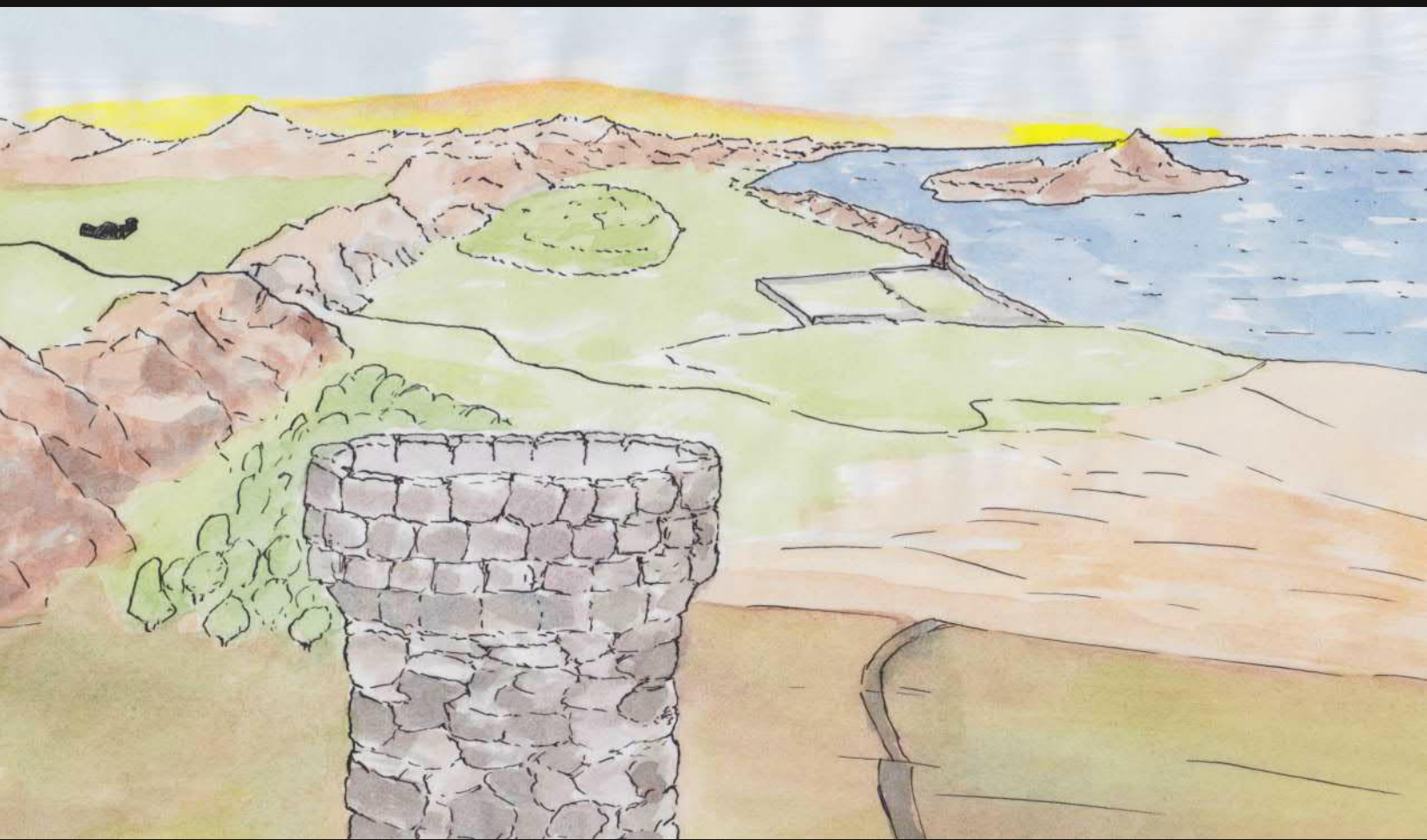


system agnostic

Caves of Kabash

A GENERIC SOURCE BOOK



Welcome to the City of Jarios in the region of Rios. Connected to the Sea of Artharon, the region of Braemyr lies to the north while across the mountains is the city of Tursen. The trade road to the south leads to Kettleim and an island in the sea is home to no one.

Build a one-shot or use this as a framework to build your own city. Leverage the named locations for more insidious plots for your players. If you know your game system and want a framework to connect modules together, then welcome to '*The Caves of Kabash*'.

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GENERAL FORMAT

This book is designed to act as a framework for world building. There are hooks contained throughout the text designed for additional storytelling material. Instead of dictating everything, I have designed this work with the assumption that you have other modules that you wish to connect together. It is under that assumption that I have written this book.

GENERAL RULES OF USE

Modify the material to suit the needs of your players at your gaming table. The material was written in a primarily game system agnostic way. You may need to modify the difficulty of encounters, change names of characters or places. The purpose of this work is to provide a starting point. Feel free to modify.

Go forth and create!

NPC ATTITUDE CHART

This numbered chart on the Inn pages shows general attitudes for several categories. These can apply to the inn owner or the general feel of the inn patrons. Use as a general guideline.

INN WHISPERS

The information in the section labeled 'Overheard Whispers' is optional. These are pieces of information which are overheard as players move about the inn. One can use them as adventure hooks or to lead players astray.

EXTRA NAMES

There are names of people and places scattered throughout the text. Feel free to modify or build upon them.

EXPANSION

There are connections to other locations. These locations are not mapped out, but they are named. Use these connections as points to expand the world. Add your own adventures or add to its surroundings!

REGION OVERVIEW



POINTS OF INTEREST

- Sea of Artharon
- Shaium River
- Shaium River Pass
- Maplesprings Mountains
- City of Jarios
- City of Tursen
- Region of Braemyr
- City of Kettleim
- Ruins
- Mines
- Abandoned Keep
- Swamps
- Old Watchtower
- Trade Road
- Region of Milios
- Western Lands
- Bandit Hills
- Blaewhyte Island

REGION DESCRIPTION

The coastal city of Jarios is the merchant center.

Providing a central location for goods it connects the ocean trade destinations to local towns and distant markets.

Traveling to the west, on the other side of the Maplesprings Mountains, lies the city of Tursen, a connection point for all western commerce. Slightly to the east of Tursen is an abandoned dwarven keep.

There are common camping sites which merchants and travelers use located along the river on either side of the

Shaium River Pass. An old location along the western edge of the mountains has yet to be explored. A mine entrance just to the south of that has not yet been mapped.

To the north lies the region of Braemyr and to the south lies the city of Kettleim. The Sea of Artharon provides ocean access. Blaewhyte Island, of nearly a day long travel, remains uninhabited. An old watchtower stands on a rocky outcropping along the southern trade road while bandits in the hills and lizardmen in the swamps provide constant traveling danger.

NOTES:

DANGERS AT EACH LOCATION

OLD WATCHTOWER

Grey ooze
Bats, common
Pit vipers
Gnolls
Cliffs

RUINS

Skeletons
Ghouls
Thieves
Hunters

MOUNTAIN PASS

Kobolds
Merchants
Thieves
Hunters
Bears

CAVES

Skeletons, kobolds
Skeletons, humans
Ghouls, kobolds
Other adventurers
Thieves
Acolytes
Hunters, exploring
Insect swarm

SWAMP

Lizardmen
Gnolls
Other adventurers
Insects
Snakes

Grey ooze
Bats
Pit vipers
Gnolls
Fire beetles
Crab spiders
Green slime
Heights

BANDIT ENCAMPMENT

Brigands
Pit vipers
Gnolls
Oil beetles
Bandits

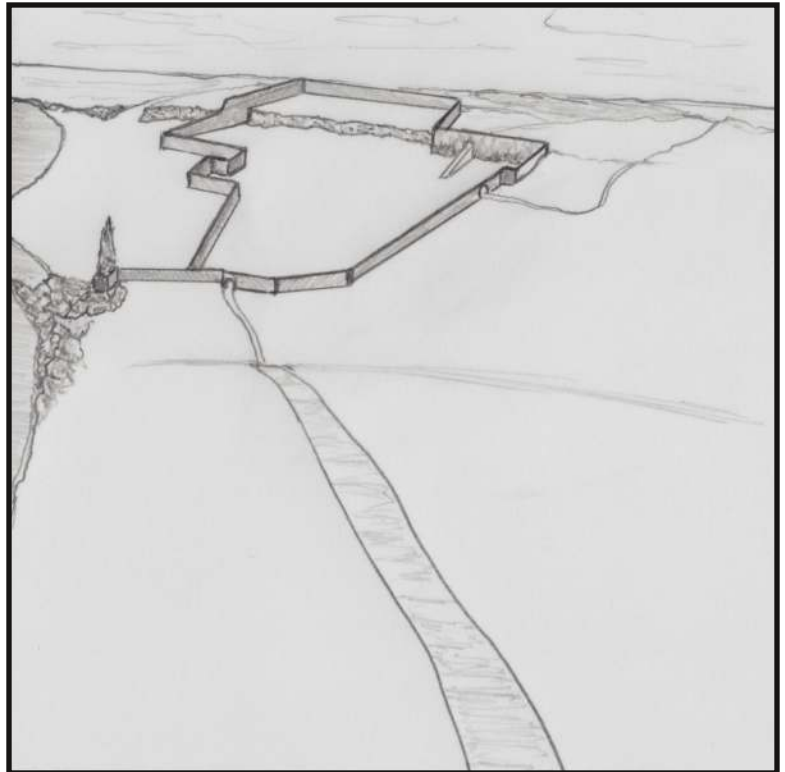
CITY OF JARIOS

DESCRIPTION OF CITY

A bustling port city on the Sea of Artharon in the region of Raios. With connecting trade routes between the city of Tursen to the west, Braemyr to the north and Kettleim to the south it has enjoyed years of prosperity until recently. Trade has been interrupted in the mountain pass. Packs of kobolds have attacked merchants and travelers alike. They seem to have been overtaken by hunger and fear. Hunters have seen them abandon their lair in the caves, yet no one knows why.

The city started as a small fort on top of a cliff connected only by one road, which is now called Ienwin Street. This street connects the old city to the docks while giving a solid view of the surrounding lands. In time, the city grew, walls were constructed.

The city has three distinct areas: old city (or the south-east portion also called the upper hill), lower side (associated with the docks) and the main city area. A city square and a market circle complete the main section of the city. A stone statue of a howling wolf's head sits atop a tower in the north-east section of the city. It faces the sea.



GUILDS AND POWER CENTERS

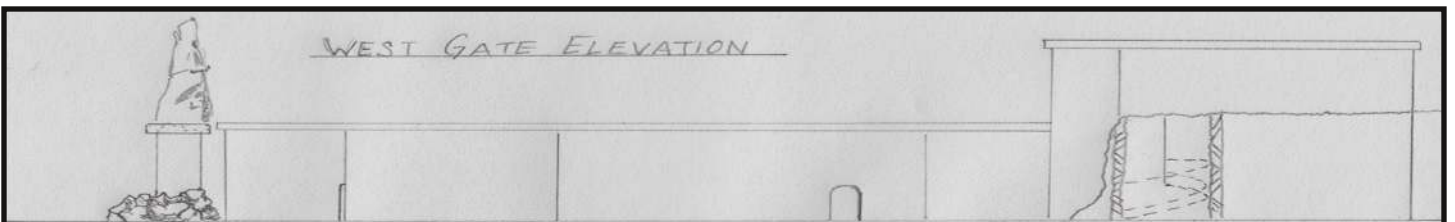
Guild	— Guild of Alaranine
Guild	— Guild of White Alderhollow
Guild	— Merchant Clan of Darov
Guild	— Elvan Guild of Aemlien
Guild	— Shipping Guild of Toracavo
Merchant	— Office of Lilmagaen
Merchant	— Office of the Goldenbane Stronghold
Merchant	— Consulate of Fortress Fariasuor
Mages	— Celestine Lernean

RELIGIONS

- Order of Aciathal
- Healers of River Mountain
- Secret Order of Winterbadgers Mountain
- Followers of Amladyin
- Gathering of Reahaven
- Children of Greyvale
- Perfections of Doeltarath
- Cult of Rulode
- Order of Silent Hazelvalley
- Gathering of Bardah
- Healers of Suaithtyvo

WEATHER AND ENVIRONMENT

Cold, damp winters followed by mud in the spring. Summer brings humidity with the heat. The only advantage is the incessant wind, to which only the birds and the ships give cheer. And the birds only on occasion.



CITY OF JARIOS

MAJOR ROADS IN CITY

Ienwin Lane connects the upper south-east portion of the city to the East gate continuing towards the docks.

Whitemounts Street begins at the North gate. It then travels through the city square and ends at the market circle.

Bridge Road starts at the southern end of the market circle, continues through the South gate, travels over Shaium River and continues southward into the region of Milios.

Dockcliff Road starts at the Hungry Nymph Inn, travels east until it reaches the rocks, turns south passing the docks proper, climbs the cliff and eventually joins Bridge Street heading south.

Lansa Lane runs north-south along the west face of the interior wall of the main section of the city, briefly touching the city square.

Stanmoor Street begins at the East gate in the lower section of the city and runs north until it reaches the base of the Howling Wolf statue.

Aishford Circle is a cluster of merchant homes in the lower half of the city.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Location	— Docks
Location	— Wolf Statue
Location	— East Gate
Location	— Market Circle
Scholarly Academy	— Scriptorium of Shalandia Quinrorer
Academy	— Sildidar Academy of Magical Studies
Library	— The Grande Calarlane Library of Jarios
Library	— Anvilriver Library of Magical Studies

GOVERNMENT

MERCHANT GUILD REPRESENTATIVES, MAGE REPRESENTATIVE, ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL

The primary power resides with the mages. Administrators would like more control over the city. The merchants provide the money in the form of tariffs. Without the merchants, there is no tax income. Without the city, there is no government nor guards for the trade caravans. Each side needs the other, but neither side likes the other. The mage representative usually has the deciding vote. This has led to the populace feeling as if the mages run the city.

HOW PLAYERS ARRIVE

THEY LIVE HERE

Perhaps they were born here. Or their parents lived in the country and moved into the city. For whatever reason, they now reside in the city of Jarios. This gives them inside knowledge of the city.

BY SEA

Perhaps as guest, sailor or traveler, they have arrived at the City of Jarios by ship. They know little about the city, though the lower portion will be familiar. They gain bonuses on merchant dealings and general maritime knowledge.

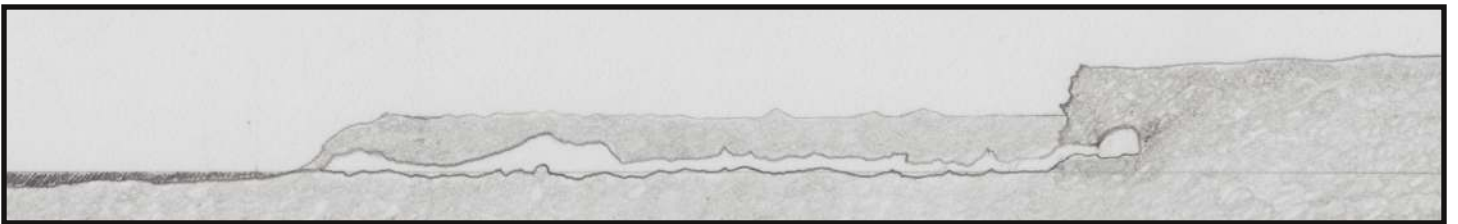
PASSING THROUGH

Jarios is known for its trade. It connects the western lands to the sea and is a major stop over point for the north-south trade route. Another visitor will not be noticed. Why this person is here is the mystery.

BY OFFICIAL REQUEST

Perhaps by bishop or government official. Maybe clan, guild or family member. This person was sent here for a purpose. Will their purpose be in conflict with the others?

UNDERGROUND MAP OF JARIOS



INN DESCRIPTION

A small inn with a large room, the food is of reasonable quality. An overcrowded main room is filled with customers milling about.

Smells of the kitchen permeate the place. Lamps scattered about the inn provide light, dishes being moved about can be heard throughout the inn.

Timbers push the ceiling upward and carved bones of a massive animal support thick wooden planks to create a bar in the middle of the room.

OWNER

Adwry Eaoer, a human male from the city Apricotriver Mines. He is an elementary reader and writer of air creatures. His hair is long champagne-brown, draped over his left shoulder, streaked with a light-green color.

He is wearing a snugly fitted olive-drab shirt and a clean apron. Under the apron is a slightly patched dark purple, stout linen vest. About his waist is a yellow belt with several small leather pouches attached to it.

ATTITUDES

GOVERNMENT	-4
PCS	-4
COUNTRY	+3
RELIGION	-5
WAR	+4
NEIGHBORS	-5
MONEY	+3
FIGHTER	-4
MAGE	+1
CLERIC	+3
FIST	+1
BLUDGEONING	-2
SWORD	+5
ARCHER	+5
MAGICIAN	-1
SHAMMAN	-4
HEALER	+4
BATTLE MAGE	+5
KNOWN DEITY	-1
LESSER DEITY	+3
KNOWN RELIGION	+2
LESSER RELIGION	+5

OVERHEARD WHISPERS

- Wysaiena Blaiemug will be helpful sometime next year
- Ragip was seeking a set of armor last year
- Scriptorium of Shalandia Quinrorer was seeking a set of boots last new moon
- Higeiisp Foxchest was dangerous last full moon
- Secret Order of Winterbadgers Mountain was helpful last full moon

INN DESCRIPTION

An inn which has had multiple expansions over the years. Several small main rooms along two stories, the food is of good quality. On a normal day, there are a comfortable number of people each room. Music can be heard now and then.

Smells of a passing food tray catch ones attention. Candles affixed to chandeliers provide cozy light. The occasional clank of a metal pot can be heard from the kitchen. Many small wooden pillars pepper the main room. Brass and oak create a bar in the middle of the room.

OWNER

A female dwarf by the name of Gulild Goldenguard is the principle owner of this inn. Of the Bronzeflower Stronghold in Greenarrows Mountains, from the House Rakain, mother of Abtor whom is a student of mannerisms of ocean creatures, Gulild is an elementary reader and writer of human languages.

She has a short brimmed hat with a leather band around it. There is a slight pulsing bright yellow glow about it. Her hair is shoulder length blue-violet. Being draped over her right shoulder, a leather cord braided into her hair, she is comfortable in her tight blouse. Over this, she is wearing a new looking dark-blue, well fitting linen corset. Slung over her opposite shoulder, is a dark purple, cloth bag. On her feet are natural brown colored calf height boots.

ATTITUDES

GOVERNMENT	-3
PCS	-2
COUNTRY	+5
RELIGION	-1
WAR	-2
NEIGHBORS	-1
MONEY	+4
FIGHTER	-5
MAGE	+5
CLERIC	+3
FIST	+4
BLUDGEONING	+3
SWORD	+4
ARCHER	-5
MAGICIAN	-5
SHAMMAN	+3
HEALER	+3
BATTLE MAGE	+5
KNOWN DEITY	-5
LESSER DEITY	+3
KNOWN RELIGION	+4
LESSER RELIGION	-5

OVERHEARD WHISPERS

- Order of Aciathal will be seeking someone during the next full moon
- Abtor is definitely seeking a necklace today
- Cult of Rulode will be dangerous soon
- Einaukrin Anvilriver Library will be helpful next winter
- Rinaish Meadowmoon will be seeking a ship soon

INN DESCRIPTION

An inn which has several wings, each containing a large main room. Known as a jovial place with good food, the number of patrons in each room is comfortable.

The customers of this inn are enjoying music performed by various musicians scattered throughout the inn. Smells from the kitchen are occasionally noticed.

In the front entrance, a fireplace warms the far wall. The sound of tankards can be heard from nearby rooms. Old timbers support the ceiling. Planks of oak create a bar on the near wall.

OWNER

A human named Rinaish Meadowmoon run this establishment. She grew up by the Evercastles Mountain Range and is a master animal trainer.

Wearing a lightly embroidered blouse, her hair is long, chestnut in color, being draped over her left shoulder. She is wearing an old blue-green, well fitting fur trimmed leather vest. Jewelry includes a simple necklace and hairpin.

Slung over her shoulder, is a fur trimmed cloth bag. About her waist rests a fiery copper-red leather belt with a small leather box attached to it.

ATTITUDES

GOVERNMENT	-1
PCS	-5
COUNTRY	-1
RELIGION	-4
WAR	-1
NEIGHBORS	+2
MONEY	+2
FIGHTER	-1
MAGE	+1
CLERIC	+2
FIST	+5
BLUDGEONING	-4
SWORD	+2
ARCHER	-3
MAGICIAN	+2
SHAMMAN	-2
HEALER	+4
BATTLE MAGE	+3
KNOWN DEITY	+4
LESSER DEITY	-5
KNOWN RELIGION	-5
LESSER RELIGION	+5

OVERHEARD WHISPERS

- Aleonithia Sildidar Academy was rather helpful today
- Office of Lilmagaen will be dangerous soon
- Perfections of Doeltarath was dangerous last year
- Guild of White Alderhollow was seeking a ring last year
- An unnamed merchant guild was definitely helpful today

INN DESCRIPTION

A large inn with a luxurious main room, the food is of good quality. Scattered throughout the main room, people are enjoying the music.

Whisks of cooked food intermingle with ale and laughter. Lamps scattered about the inn provide light, dishes being moved about in the kitchen can be heard in the main room.

Large beams support the ceiling and a solid wood bar occupies space in the middle of the room.

OWNER

Wysaiena Blaiemug, a female gnome of Clan Raupen, whom is a specialist in mountainous travel routes owns this establishment.

She has a cloth cap with flowers attached to one side. She is wearing a well-loved fur trimmed leather vest. Jewelry includes a set of earrings which have a slight, dull blue glow emanating from them, and a lace-and-leather choker.

Slung over her shoulder is a green, simply embroidered cloth bag which has a slight pulsing off-white glow. About her waist rests an ivory belt made of bronze rings and large pendants, with a short sword gently swinging about as she walks.

ATTITUDES

GOVERNMENT	+5
PCS	-5
COUNTRY	+3
RELIGION	-2
WAR	+3
NEIGHBORS	+4
MONEY	-1

FIGHTER	-5
MAGE	+3
CLERIC	-2

FIST	+4
BLUDGEONING	+1
SWORD	+3
ARCHER	-4

MAGICIAN	-3
SHAMMAN	-5
HEALER	-5
BATTLE MAGE	-5

KNOWN DEITY	-1
LESSER DEITY	+2
KNOWN RELIGION	-4
LESSER RELIGION	-1

OVERHEARD WHISPERS

- Grande Calarlane Library will be seeking an amulet sometime next year
- Order of Silent Hazelvalley will be helpful next summer
- Aleonithia Sildidar Academy will be dangerous next year
- Gulild Goldenguard was dangerous last year
- Stronghold in Four Bears Mountains was definitely helpful today

INN DESCRIPTION

An upscale tavern and inn located near the merchant quarter in the main city, it is a spacious inn with a luxurious main room, the food is of good quality.

An overcrowded main room, filled with customers, are quietly talking. Smells of the kitchen permeate the place. Scattered light from candles barely light the place, the occasional clank of a metal pot can be heard from the kitchen. Stone walls keeps the weather out and thick wood form a bar offset from the center of the room.

OWNER

The owner is a female dwarf named Santine Silverbeetle, an intermediate reader and writer of gnome, of the Brownbane Stronghold in Four Bears Mountains, from House Darov, mother of Drurik, whom is very knowledgeable in humanoids and giantkind.

She is wearing a sturdy, linen blouse. Over this she has a recently purchased light pink, cloth vest. Jewelry includes a leather upper armband, a simple necklace and a leather choker. The choker has a dull, pink glow competing for attention with the vest. Slung over her shoulder is a dark brown, fur trimmed leather bag. About her waist rests a deep black, brass accented leather belt with a short sword at the ready.

She is married into the Merchant Clan of Darov.

ATTITUDES

GOVERNMENT	+4
PCS	-1
COUNTRY	-1
RELIGION	+4
WAR	+4
NEIGHBORS	+5
MONEY	+2

FIGHTER	+2
MAGE	+1
CLERIC	-5

FIST	-3
BLUDGEONING	-2
SWORD	+3
ARCHER	-5

MAGICIAN	+2
SHAMMAN	-3
HEALER	-5
BATTLE MAGE	-2

KNOWN DEITY	-4
LESSER DEITY	+4
KNOWN RELIGION	+3
LESSER RELIGION	+4

OVERHEARD WHISPERS

- Clan Raupen is definitely seeking a scroll today
- Gathering of Reahaven will be helpful soon
- Some adventurer was slightly helpful last afternoon
- Clan Raupen was dangerous last new moon
- Gathering of Bardah will be seeking a brooch sometime next year

GUILD OF ALARANINE

A guild focused on maritime trade, it was founded long ago by a sea elf named Alaranine.

One of the most notable merchants of his time, he gave the sea elves the reputation they have today.

Today, traveling between port cities and the greater continent, they bring trade from far away lands. They are also very secretive.

Alaranine realized that knowledge would be the deciding factor to a successful merchant business. It is a guild attribute that survives to this day. He documented the trade winds, the ocean currents, used them to find the most efficient trade routes — then added magic.

Many a merchant vessel has tried to keep up with a sea elf ship. All have failed. Blending the ocean, the weather, the winds together into a single event called sailing, they maneuver their ships among the winds and are some of the fastest on the waters.

Their ships are made from elvan timber and dwarven metalwork. Some have even argued that each ship has been blessed by the gods themselves.

Every ship has a faint glow at night. Members can actually identify their ship by the distinct magical hue.

Twice a year, all sea elf ships disappear. A festival is what they claim. Others claim they visit the Abyss for their infernal power.

Few human merchants like the sea elves or their elite craft of sailing vessels.

MERCHANT CLAN OF DAROV

A dwarven clan business originating in the dwarven Dancing Greenwind Stronghold began moving their stronghold's goods to human cities a century ago.

They were one of the larger clans and when one moved, they all moved. The slow moving caravans of armored dwarfs left no speculation to what would happen to any would-be thieves.

Soon they were being requested by other clans to move their goods. Now they are known for bulk hauling of heavy goods from mountains and forests to trade cities the region over.

Each city has a clan member whom resides there and whom also acts as guild contact.

They work regularly with the Guild of Alaranine and White Alderhollow to move elvan timber to the shipwrights working on sea elf ships.

GUILD OF WHITE ALDERHOLLOW

What started as a group of elves exploring the forest turned into a guild moving goods between forests.

They discovered there was a need to move items made in these places and to deliver them safely to their destination. With that, they created the Guild of White Alderhollow. A guild focused on moving light weight goods between city and forest. Prices are reasonable, though don't expect them to travel over ocean nor plain. Forests and mountain edges are their purview.

SHIPPING GUILD OF TORACAVO

Part mercenary, part sea shipping. If there is battle they're there.

They prefer trade routes and projects with a certain "unknown element" to them. Goods arrive at their destinations, sometimes a bit battered, but arrive none-the-less.

Cities have used them to supply remote and dangerous outposts for years. Many of their members are from those remote outposts. If it needs to get there, this guild gets the contract.

MERCHANTS & GUILDS

CELESTINE LERNEAN

It is local lore that the city's stone statue is an actual celestial wolf entrapped in stone. There are even rumors that the city's mages are trying to free it. Such is the story that is told.

The mage's library is in the base of the old statue, a former look-out post for the old city before the walls were built.

The mage members of Celestine Lernean like to keep to themselves. Very few wear their official colors in public. How much knowledge they have of magic is unknown as few demonstrate their magic publicly. In spite of this, there is the occasional request from them to find something ... *unique*.

OFFICE OF LILMAGAEN

A gnome merchant occupies a little office tucked away in the Merchant's Quarter near Aishford Circle.

Normally wearing his yellow shirt and an apron, he is quick to discuss buying, selling or trading any small magical goods: jewelry, quills, stones, brooches. Occasionally a cloak or bracer. Nothing large, however. Shields and swords are not his thing.

He has few problems with thieves. No one is exactly sure why. It is thought that the office is in a pocket dimension which gets closed every night. There is also rumors of a stone gollum within arms reach should problems occur.

ELVAN GUILD OF AEMLIEN

Artisan made goods, jewelry, magical goods – anything small and expensive is what this guild moves.

Discrete travel is their expertise. Serving the nobles and merchants, they are not above using magical means to travel.

Notable for their disguise skills and discrete carrying of weapons, they prefer to blend in with the crowd, using magic when appropriate. Illusion, sleight of hand and teleportation are their stock and trade.

Some have called them 'thieves'. To this they take offense. Skill is different than integrity. They pride themselves on the later.

CONSULATE OF FORTRESS FARIASUOR

Every elvan forest fortress needs a trade consulate.

One week of journey on a good set of days, this elvan forest is south of Jarios. They work with the Elvan Guilds of Aemlien and White Alderhollow, and by extension, the Merchant Clan of Darov.

The office also provides a secondary service of matching open caravan capacity to goods needing transportation. Through this method, clients can get a competitive rate, though travel time is usually increased.

As the office works with a large number of caravans, security positions are sometimes available.

OFFICE OF THE GOLDENBANE STRONGHOLD

This office handles not just trade for the Stronghold of Goldenbane, but also for other dwarven, and sometimes not so dwarven, locations. Erit Stonefist, a casual reader and writer of gargoyles and their kind and whom has some knowledge of medicine, is the primary office holder of the Goldenbane Stronghold Trade Office.

Erit is from the family Trakil, a father of Truvan whom is an elementary reader and writer of deep earth dwarves. He wears a high-neck blue shirt with rolled up sleeves. His hair is trimmed with a deep crimson hue about it. Around his waist is a copper-brown braided leather belt and a small dagger in its sheath.

SILDIDAR ACADEMY OF MAGICAL STUDIES

Founded by the great mage-elf Aleonithia Sildidar of family Suenardel of the White Applewood Forest fortress Variamaedin, she was a student of mannerisms of unseen forces and whom, through the travels of the sea, became very knowledgeable in customs of a different lands.

She took this knowledge and wrote it down. She began teaching her shipmates. In time, as she aged, she established an academy in the city of Jarios. Located off the beaten path near the ocean, the massive rocks a short distance from a simple stone building, it has been teaching the basics of magical studies for over 500 years. Now run by graduates, all are welcome.

THE ANVILRIVER LIBRARY OF MAGICAL STUDIES

Located south of the market circle on Bridge Road, it is run by a persnickety dwarf. Regrettably, the library has been run well under her tutelage.

Einaukrin was an apprentice brewer whom learned a little about the general use and layout of sewers in her studies. Originally of the Dancing Copperwind Stronghold in Three Sleeping Wheelbarrows Mountains, she is of the family Orel and a mother of Baravak (whom is an apprentice merchant of general trade goods). Clean and organized, this library has become a required stop for anyone doing magical research.

She normally wears a small cap with several thin, silver chains attached to one side and a snugly fitting blouse. Her hair is short, tan in color with a leather braid down one side, the leather streaked with a purple color.

Over this, she wears a recently purchased medium brown, fur trimmed leather corset. About her waist rests an ivory belt with interlocking brass rings and a leather pouch.

THE GRANDE CALARLANE LIBRARY OF JARIOS

This grand library is housed in the old Aishemyse building. Located equidistant from the East gate, Ienwin Lane and the cliff face, it designates the area as affluent.

Full of mundane books, general research can be done here for a fee. Mages are looked down upon as they tend to be a distraction to people studying.

The building was originally two separate structures. An angular portion connecting these two buildings forming an east wing and a south wing. A small building on the premises serves as guest house. Cobblestone streets encircle the buildings. A reinforced iron rail fence protects the contents from the commoner.

ALCHEMIST YONORD NETILL OF CLAN MOUNTAINRIVERHOLLOW

Just inside the West gate, this building houses a halfling of the clan Mountainriverhollow whom discovered his interest in alchemy while adventuring.

A student of the language of orcs, he normally wears a light wool burgundy shirt. His hair is trimmed amber-red. He has a new looking silk vest worn over an old shirt. Jewelry includes an engraved ring and a bronze bracelet which has a slight, dull dark-green glow.

About his waist is a sapphire accented leather belt which has a faint blue glow emanating from it. A small dagger rests in a sheath on his belt, completing his attire.

SCRIPTORIUM OF SHALANDIA QUINRORER

If you turn north after entering the West gate, then travel for three buildings, looking closely, there is a small building resting among the others.

Shalandia Quinrorer is an older woman with a good dose of elf blood. No one knows her true age, though it is widely assumed to be far older than to be believed.

Most believe she was an adventurer in her youth, though she denies such things. Her past remains a mystery. Even the mages do not know her true name. What or whom she is hiding from is not known, though she has never run out of money.

She normally wears a sturdy, linen blouse. Her hair is of medium length sapphire-blue in color, braided to one side and tied with a dragon-leather cord. She has a well-loved deep black oversized fur vest that she keeps near to her at all times.

Slung over her shoulder, is a heavily embroidered cloth bag which has a slight green glow emanating from it. About her waist rests a dark-blue simple cloth belt which has a barely perceptible deep purple glow surrounding it. A small curved blade in a sheath is always within arms reach.

Scrolls line the shelves, barrister-like bookcases facing inwards form a barrier between the outside world and her world. A small panther statuette rests within pouncing distance of any visitor. The statuette seems to watch all visitors.

Here, you can have a custom scroll created – for a fee.

SCROLLSHOP: BRUENAN WHISTLEFORGER

A gnome by the name of Bruenan Whistleforger of Clan Ralrik established this scrollshop a number of years ago. Tired of sailing the seas, he decided to settle down.

Always a collector of scrolls, he was able to make some extra money through purchase and barter of scrolls. He decided to turn it into a business.

Located near the docks, a simple building surrounded by warehouses is the home of this business.

He maintains very little inventory and product turn over is high. Merchants and ship captains alike value his merchandise.

A shrewd negotiator, he is always looking to purchase or trade a scroll.

He likes wearing a sturdy, linen light-blue shirt with rolled up sleeves and an apron. His hair is black, intermingled with a fiery blue color, is pulled back and gathered with a silver clasp. Tattered almond in color, a well fitting leather and wool vest with plenty of pockets, in addition to the apron, provides for a moving workshop.

On his feet are chestnut-brown colored fur trimmed boots which have a solid off-white glow about them.

SCROLLSHOP: HIGEIIISP FOXCHEST

This scrollshop is shared with a bookbinder. It is located at the base of the inner walls immediately inside the North gate. It is often joked that at the end of Lansa Lane lies a scrollshop. What others joke about, Foxchest planned.

One of the busiest scrollshops around, she is the first place an adventuring party visits when they have extra scrolls. She knows this. With the never ending supply of scrolls and the need for gold, her prices are, shall we say, competitive.

Adventurers know they are not getting the best price for their scrolls. From their point of view, they don't need the scrolls and they do need the gold. Higeiisp isn't a fan of barter. Her prices are cheap and she knows it.

A human with short, yellow-blonde hair braided down the center, she has on a plaited dress, with an off-white cloth corset. The corset has a slight glow.

Slung over her shoulder, is a dull red, cloth bag trimmed in leather. On her feet are green colored wooden shoes.

BOOKBINDER OF CHAMPROD AERINYL

When mages need the finest of books for their libraries, the visit Aerinyl.

Inside the city walls, this quiet half-elf assembles some of the finest books and journals the city has to offer. Originally from the elvan fortress Voralithvo, his father was an adventurer whom married into the house of Nuorunillorien. He grew up in the human-named Indigo Mahoganybridge forest, but his human blood was too strong. And so he to began adventuring.

Widely assumed to be an accomplished mage, he doesn't speak much of his time adventuring. Only that he "travel'd about a bit". Nor does he sell magical supplies, though he has a few about.

Whether his books are magical or not, one can speculate. Expect his books to fetch a high price and survive most any environment an adventurer can put it through. This is the go-to place for the working adventurer.

RAGIP'S CHAOS LIBRARY

If you need a collection of random knowledge, bits of history, pieces of statues, portions of scrolls, pages from unknown books then Ragips Chaos Library is the place to visit. A mighty-sized orc made his name protecting caravans. In time, the city administrators decided they wanted him to stay near the city gates. When they learned that he had a collection of random stuff that needed a home, they found their opportunity.

They offered him a small building of what used to be a guard house in the very corner of the city's walls. This house became known as Ragip's Chaos Library. Located at the very south-west corner of the city, and behind several houses, it became his home. Ragip is still very active in security so his hours vary.

ORDER OF ACIATHAL

An informal gathering of wood cutters and cabinetmakers transformed itself into a lover of the forest. More than simple appreciation, the gatherers upheld the belief that the forest was a Living Creature.

Now sworn to protect the forest, they will use only timber harvested under their own rules and regulations.

HEALERS OF RIVER MOUNTAIN

A collection of lunatics. The mountain does not exist. The river has yet to be found.

Regrettably, they actually heal.

Accepting donations in the small bath house converted to a healing center, adventurers tolerate the lecture of their bad adventuring ways by the healing circle in exchange for another adventure.

This batch of crazy people will accept plants and fresh flowers as gifts during various times of the year.

SECRET ORDER OF WINTERBADGERS MOUNTAIN

This order of merchants and noblemen are of the strong impression the city is being run incorrectly.

A small membership, of various degrees of integrity, this small group looks to increase its influence over the city through any means possible.

GATHERING OF BARDAH

A fellowship of commoners, this group meets once a week. They are not much for magic nor deities. A few bad apples in the mix, they go about thinking of a better way to live their lives.

HEALERS OF SUAITHYVO

A mixed membership whose only common traits is the belief of fixing the harms of this world through healing.

The tradition to which they uphold themselves to is many generations old. A merging of elder elf, dwarf and human traditions, it is a blending of all things healing. Ones whom are called to adventuring from this group are usually non-violent as a general way of solving problems.

FOLLOWERS OF AMLADTYIN

They believe in a god named 'Amladt' whom was broken into pieces by the celestial gods as punishment for challenging them. These pieces were believed to have been scattered among the heavens and contain great power.

They are of the belief that if they gathered all of these pieces, they could reform Amladt, saving the world and challenging the gods in the process. Though not adventuring by nature, some of them will. They make good clerics and wish for evil to be vanquished from this world.

ORDER OF SILENT HAZELVALLEY

Strict orderliness will make the world safe. This ideal is at the core of their belief. Less a religion and more a club, the Order of Silent Hazelvalley attracts merchants, soldiers and ship captains into their ranks. On occasion, they have been known to finance an expedition to remove a chaotic influence from this world.

PERFECTIONS OF DOELTARATH

Generally from the working class, members of Perfections of Doeltarath compare themselves to Doeltarath herself whom was pious to the point of creating a transcending religion. Occasionally prone to adventuring, they dislike any instrument which strikes blood, nor are they adventuring for the financial rewards. They are there to learn about themselves within the Universe.

GATHERING OF REAHAVEN

More of a seasonal festival than a religious following. Sounds of cheerful calls to "the Gathering" are commonly issued as salutations among unofficial members.

Membership does not include any fees nor attendance of any meetings. A way of life for some, simply a festival to others. The event of Reahaven echos among artists citywide.

CULT OF RULODE

A dark cult whose acts of ritual slaughter have caught the attention of both city officials and its citizens. They survive by remaining underground, both physically and conceptually.

Moving about the coves and tunnels beneath the city, they connect themselves to each other moving about their illicit wares.

Some tunnels they dug themselves, others they hid with false walls. There are more connections under the city than what is known. The members of this cult are vaster than they initially appear.

CHILDREN OF GREYVALE

They are of the opinion that they are descended from an ancient mage-king whom ruled this part of the land. Unsatisfied with the incompetent leadership of the city Administrator, they seek complete control over the city. They feel that they rightly own all of the Administrator's rights to rule the city due to their heritage.

LANDS TO THE NORTH

To the north lies the region of Braemyr. It is sandwiched between ocean and mountain, a thin strip of land mostly known for its trade road running along the ocean.

LANDS TO THE SOUTH

An agricultural region of Milios lies the largest city, Kettleim.

A vast city full of delights and toxins, if you have a fantasy, it probably lives there. Odd creatures from unknown lands traverse the streets. Magical creatures barter with commoners over items found nowhere else. It is a spectacular visage on continual display.

LANDS TO THE WEST

The small city of Tursen rests along the Shaium River with the mountains as backdrop. Less than a day's journey to either the old dwarven keep or the campsite outside of the pass, Tursen has grown over the years.

The city is less grandeur and more of an over sized town. Traders and merchants move through the city on a daily basis. Supplies for the traders themselves are of in as much demand as the goods that they bring. This city has an economy based on resupplying merchants. If it's common and needed, Tursen probably has it.

OCEAN TRAVEL

The City of Jarios lives on the Sea of Artharon. A slightly turbulent sea connecting to a much larger ocean.

The city got an economic foothold more by way of accident than by design as this was the only area at the time which was not in warfare.

Supplies were needed for the war by all sides. Less than an ideal section of beach, the land worked well enough. Simple docks were built, a town established. Today, this area lives on as an apolitical port of merchants with seafaring connections to the greater continent.

ISLAND OF BLAEWHYTE

Slightly to the north-east of Jarios is the Island of Blaewhyte. Not much is known about this island. A large, mountainous section of dirt, plants and danger. The locals avoid the island at all cost. What danger lie here, no one knows.

ABANDONED DWARVEN MINE

Less fortress, more mine entrance. This was supposed to be a grandiose city-fortress of dwarven decadence. It was abandoned with haste.

MOUNTAIN RANGE

The mountain range, locally called 'Maplewood Springs', runs in a general north-east to south-west direction. Dotted with abandoned mines, it is mostly home to monstrous creatures. Few civilized creatures risk the hazards of mountainous travel.

Actively patrolled and defended, the Shaium River Pass is the only passable route through the mountains.

ABANDONED MOUNTAIN SITE

To the south-west lies an abandoned mining site with an associated camp to the western edge of the mountain. Nothing is known about this, nor is it on any maps.

The climb can be from any side, though each has its own problems. The north face rises up into a sheer cliff at its height and is, for all practical purposes, impossible to climb. The south face is the easiest. It is also the longest. It is accessible from the swamps which have their own problems. The western face is a difficult climb. The east face is a very steep climb, but accessible with time and energy. There is a lightly used path which the gnolls use on occasion to attack travelers on the trade road. Once having arrived, the area is roughly divided into two sections: the lower level and the upper level.

The lower level is the main level. It houses a disheveled lean-to on the west edge, a simple fire pit and a ramp with three branches: a central path to the watchtower, a western branch to some boulders and an eastern branch which leads to a small rock shelf. There are large boulders jutting upwards blocking clear line of sight across the area. Wind cuts across the mountains occasionally turning up dust. Smells can be brought up from the surrounding hills.

Flattening out, the lower level has a slight incline northward. There is a small pathway on the eastern edge which leads downward, eventually reaching the north-south trade road. On the southern edge, large rocks tower into the sky, blocking the view of incoming traffic onto this level.

The upper level contains the tower and is accessible from several locations: the ramp, climbing boulders or from the rock shelf. The boulders contain PIT VIPERS and will attack any objects attempting to climb or land on the boulders. The rock shelf is on the eastern branch of the ramp. It is about twelve feet from the lower ground level and six feet below the upper ground level.

The ramp itself winds around boulders leading to the upper level, approximately a twenty foot rise. Interrupting the climb are large boulders, several of which contain GREY OOZE .

The upper tier is a flattened space, its rock used to build the tower itself. Gusts of wind will catch the unwary, the view spectacular, and the gnolls living in the tower displeased with visitors.

The watchtower stands on the northern edge of the upper level. The base is slightly wider at the bottom with a nominal diameter of 60 feet. A spiraling staircase winds upwards in a counter-clockwise fashion. Gnolls make little nests in the stairway by piling logs and other debris onto the stairs, each forming a small terrace to call their own.

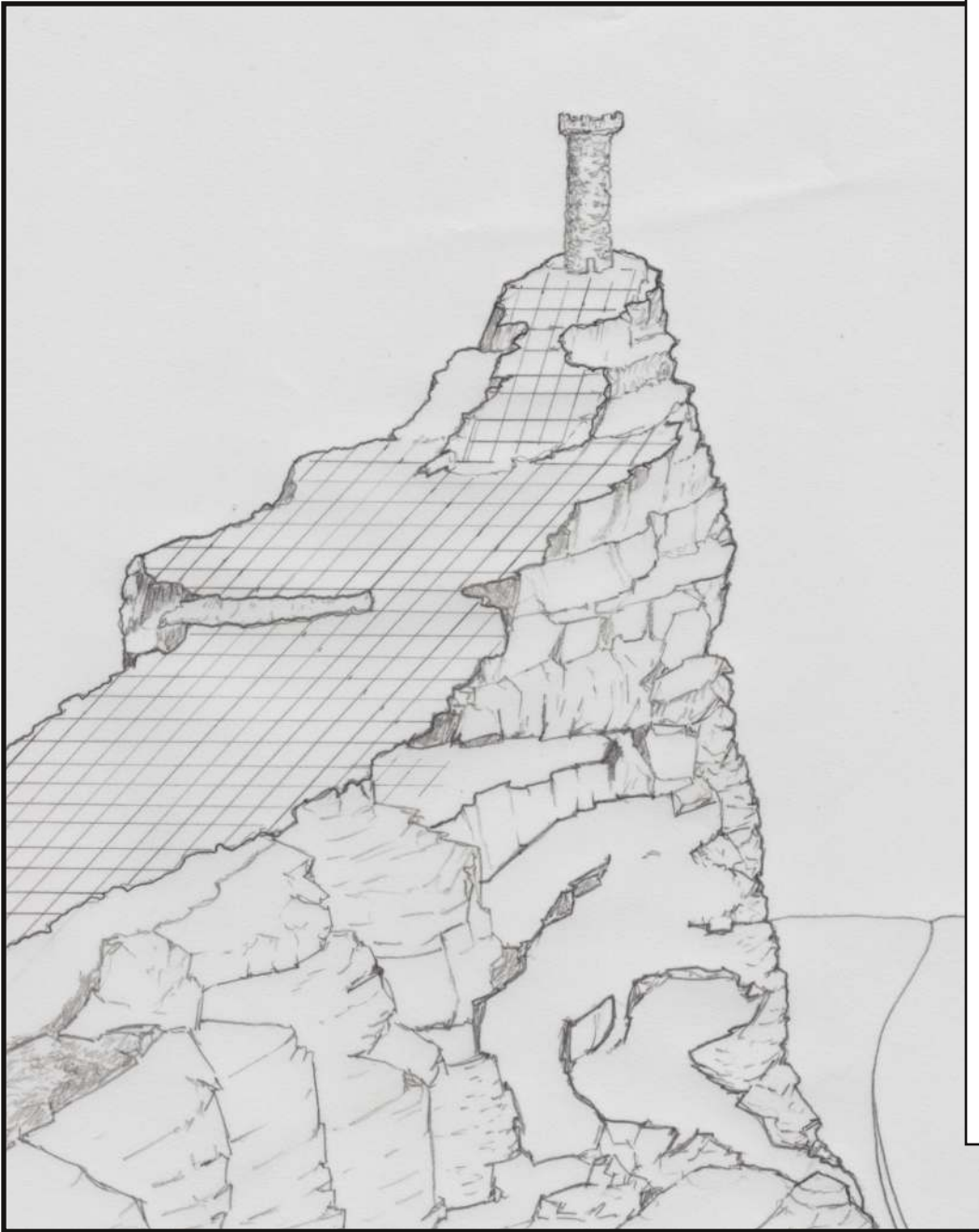
Navigating these collections of gnolls, bedding and debris leads to the top of the watchtower. Glimpses of the sky can be seen as stones have been knocked out or have fallen out over the years as one climbs the tower. Upon reaching the top, gusts of wind pull at the clothing. The view is as far as the Sea of Artharon to the north, the entire Maplesprings Mountain Range to the west and the hills of Burlin. A small forest can be seen slightly past the hills to the east. The region of Milios lies to the south.

The tower will provide shelter from wind and rain, although there is no heat source. The lean-to will keep some rain out. The tower is repairable (see "Towers" OSE p. 136). The diameter of the tower is approx. 60 feet while the total height is approx. 80 feet. About a third of the tower is in need of repair. The estimated cost of repair is 27,720 gp.

CALCULATIONS BOX

<i>Cost new of tower (OSE p. 136)</i>	
<i>Large tower with 30' base</i>	= 30,000 gp
<i>Double the cost for a 60' base</i>	= 60,000 gp
<i>Additional 10' height</i>	= 200 gp x 60
<i>Additional 10' height</i>	= 200 gp x 60
<i>Total cost new tower</i>	= 84,000 gp
<i>Reduced to 30% for repairs</i>	= 25,200 gp
<i>Add 10% for difficult location</i>	= 27,720 gp

OLD WATCHTOWER

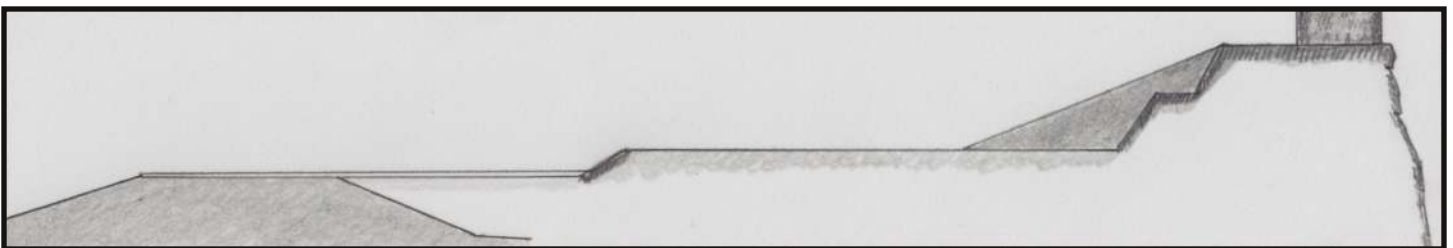


An old watchtower belonging to a collapsed empire, stands defying the wind at the edge of a rocky outcropping. The people of Jarios being reminded of a time when they were occupied, the tower has long since been abandoned and is in need of repair.

It would seem to make a nice fortress until one realizes there is no supply line. The only travel routes to the tower is through the swamp or by climbing a steep trail on the east face.

Now home to grey ooze, bats and gnolls, it is no longer of value to the inhabitants of Jarios.

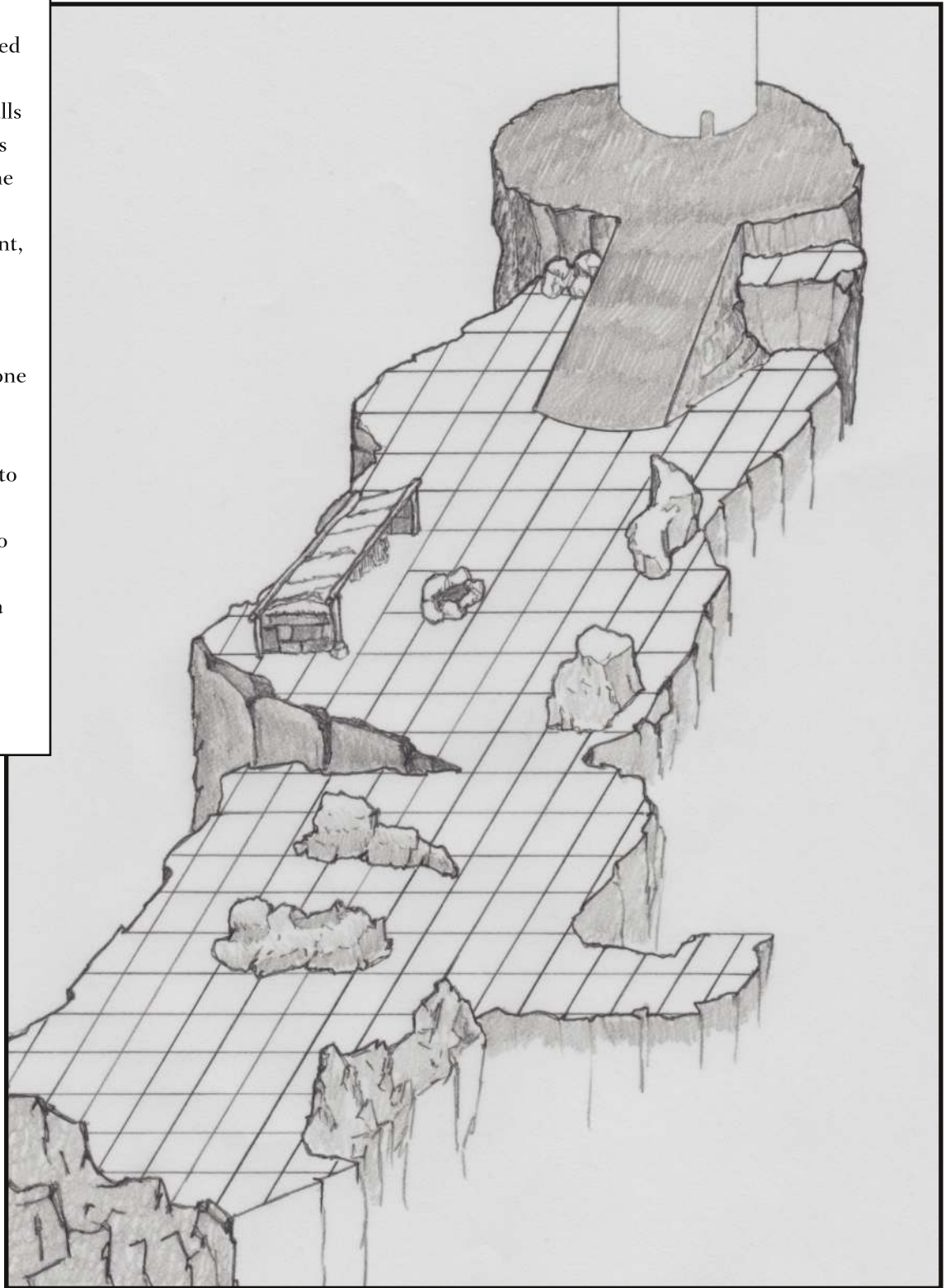
There are four major components to the old watchtower: the rocky outcropping, a lower level, an upper level and the tower itself.



Located on a rock outcropping, a dilapidated stone tower reaches skyward. It's circular walls having huge gaps, stones having tumbled down the cliff face.

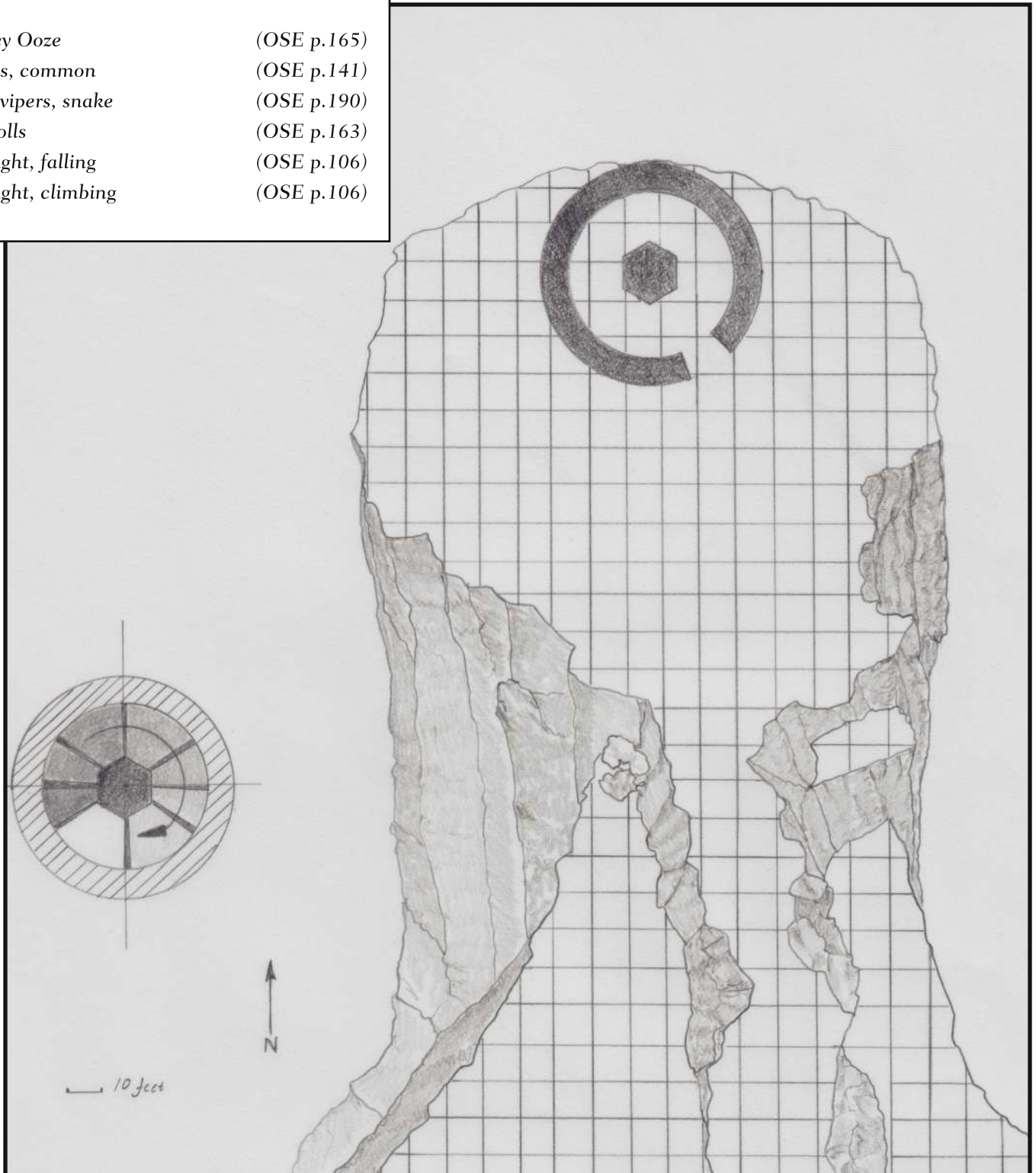
Home to many a rodent, it can barely remain upright under its own weight.

From atop the tower one can view the entire landscape below. The distant Sea of Artharon to the Maplesprings Mountain range. Hills to the east show a small column of smoke from a small encampment, a small patch of forest beyond that.



HAZARDS

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| Grey Ooze | (OSE p.165) |
| Bats, common | (OSE p.141) |
| Pit vipers, snake | (OSE p.190) |
| Gnolls | (OSE p.163) |
| Height, falling | (OSE p.106) |
| Height, climbing | (OSE p.106) |



A quiet space between rock and river, the north-west road parallels the river to its source in the western lands, the mountains cut from a millennia of flowing water. The mountains are draped in spruce, pine and fern.

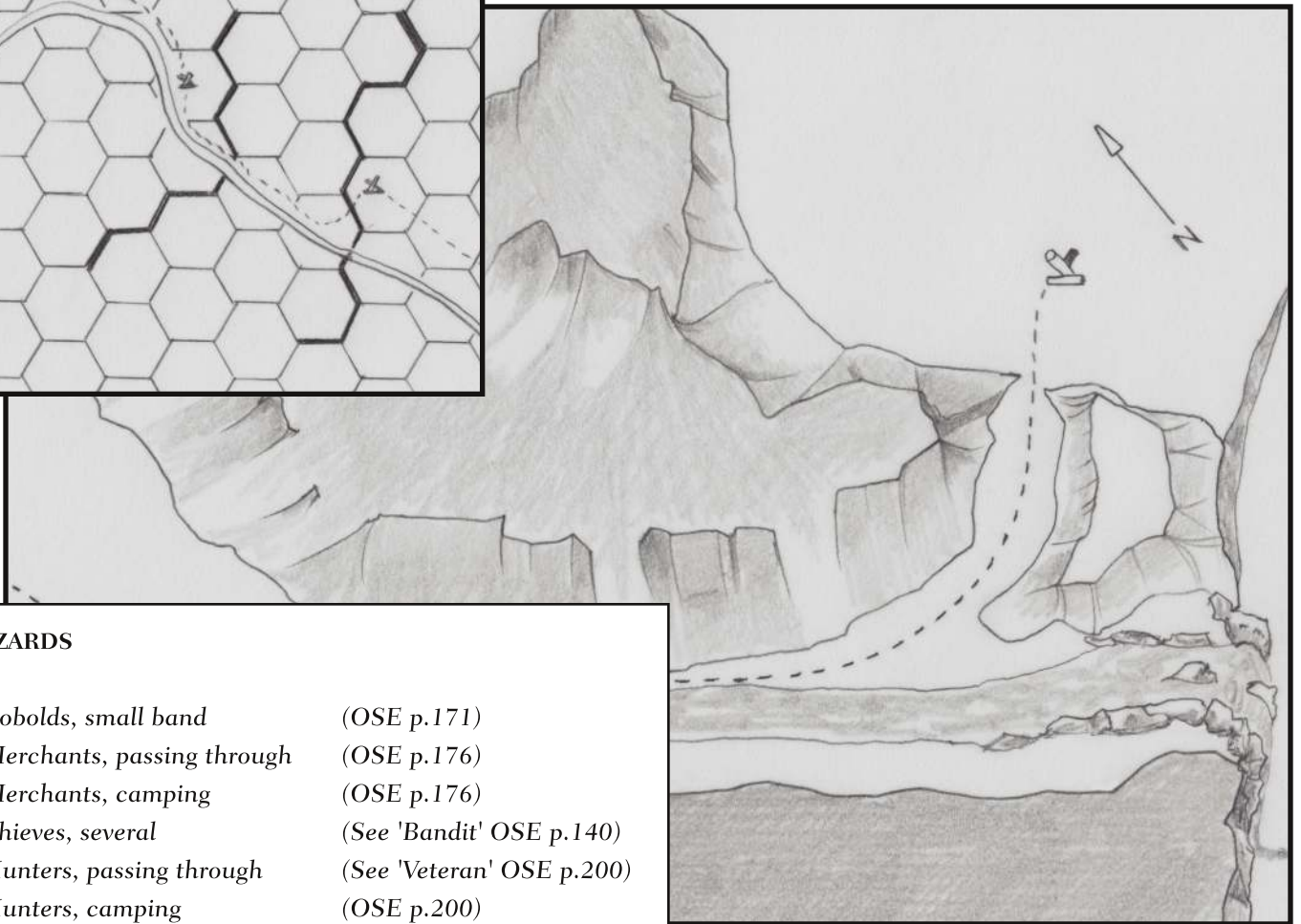
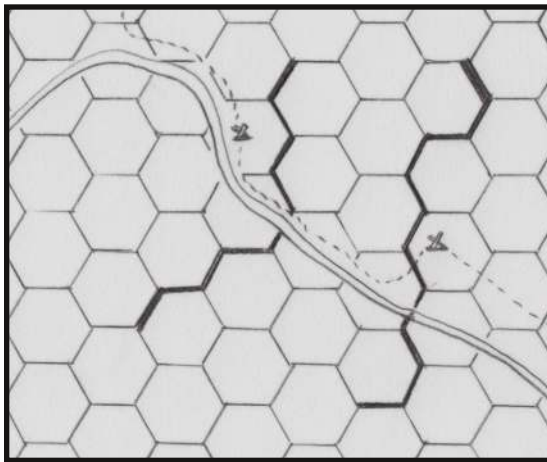
Grey granite form solid walls of natural stone, the occasional tree puncturing its armor. The air is crisp, the mountains channeling the winds. Cool water flows over the rocks, reminding travelers why they left the city. Clouds cut across the narrow opening of blue sky above. An eagle coasts along the wind.

The road narrows as it twists and turns, maneuvering

around boulders. Chipmunks dart among the rocks. The odd kobold skeleton can be found, discarded along the road.

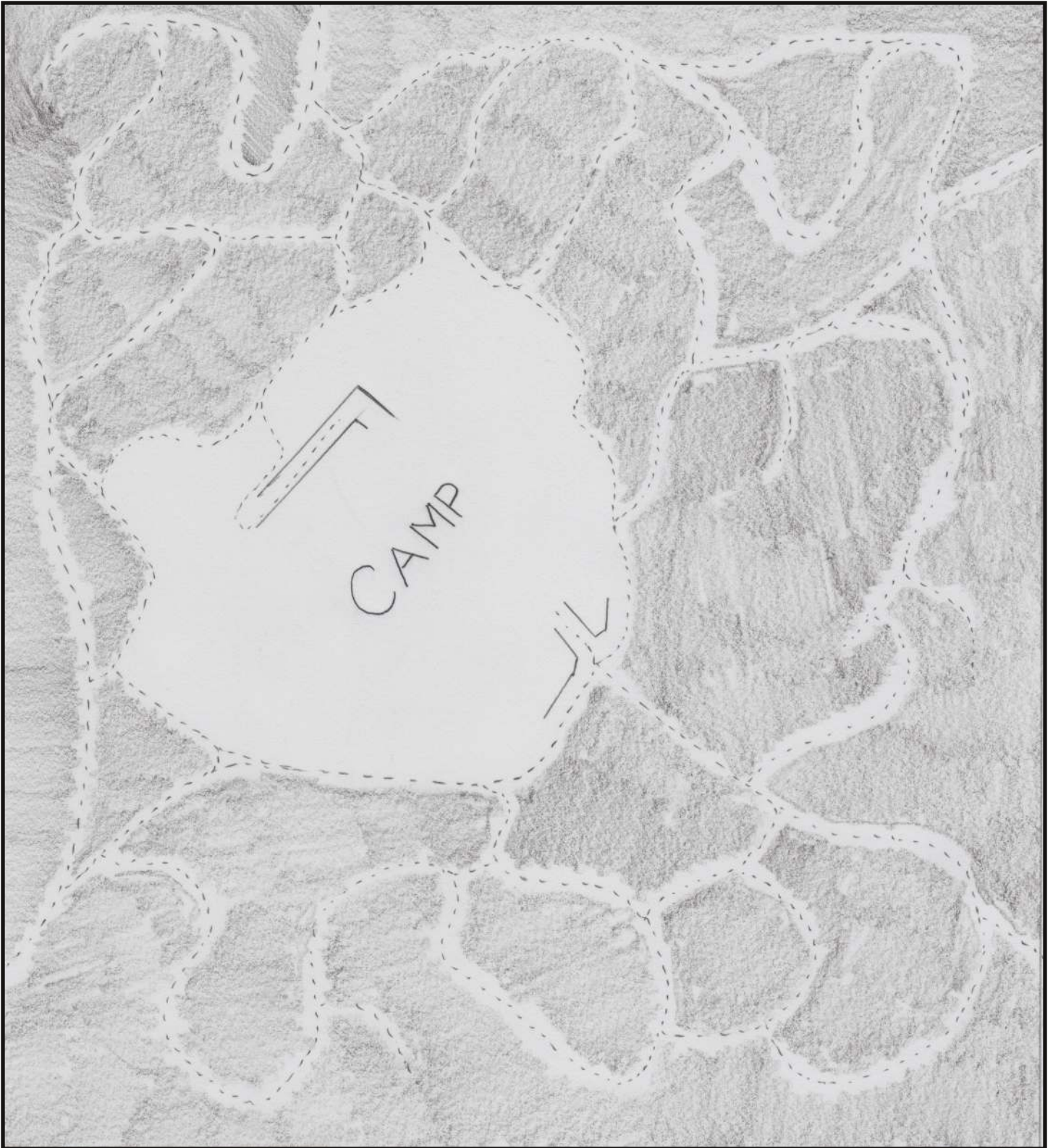
Several portions of the road show signs of repair. Gullies filled in with rock, washouts blocked by timber and stone. Signs of black bear, deer and rabbit mark the trail.

Storyteller Note: Not all encounters need to be hostile. Thieves might just be passing through or sharing the same campsite. Black bears usually do not attack. Hunters might be injured from fighting kobolds.

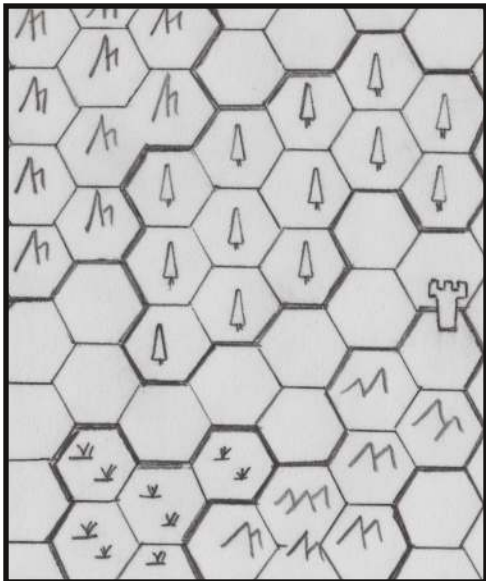


HAZARDS

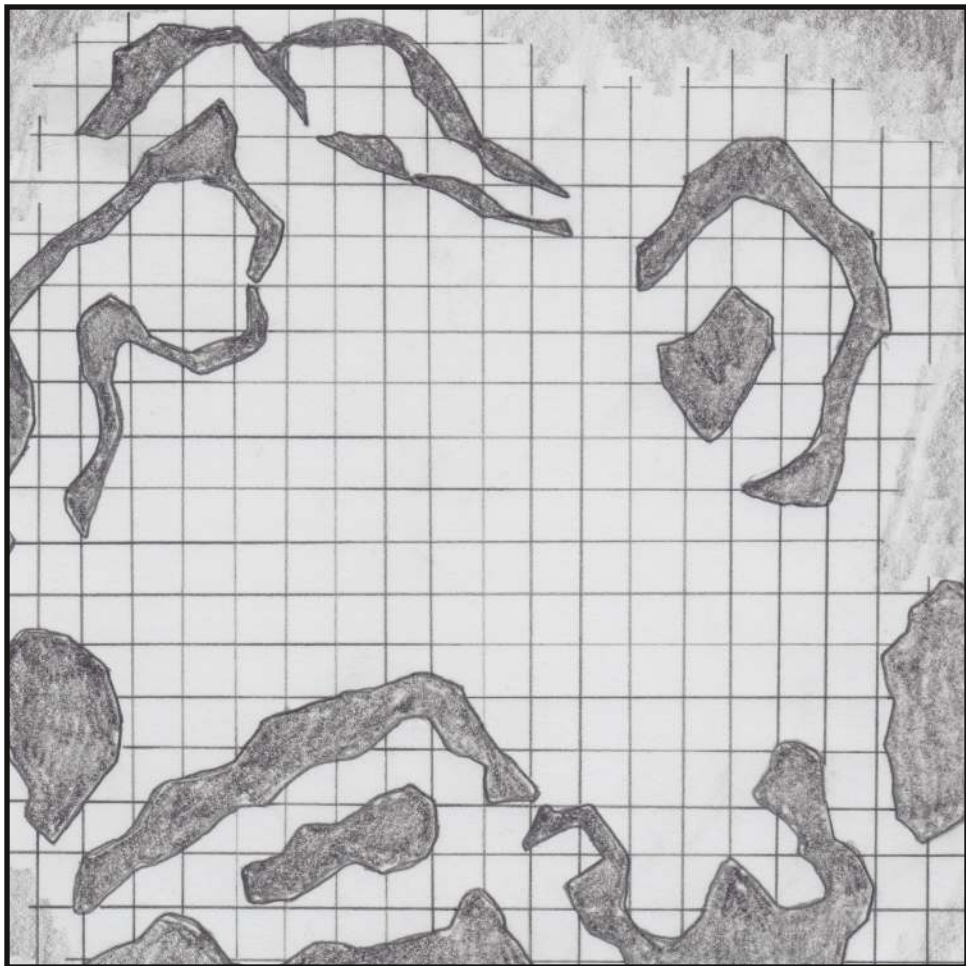
<i>Kobolds, small band</i>	(OSE p.171)
<i>Merchants, passing through</i>	(OSE p.176)
<i>Merchants, camping</i>	(OSE p.176)
<i>Thieves, several</i>	(See 'Bandit' OSE p.140)
<i>Hunters, passing through</i>	(See 'Veteran' OSE p.200)
<i>Hunters, camping</i>	(OSE p.200)
<i>Bear, black</i>	(OSE p.142)



HAZARDS	
<i>Kobolds, small band</i>	(OSE p.171)
<i>Lizardmen</i>	(OSE p.173)
<i>Gnolls</i>	(OSE p.163)
<i>Other adventurers</i>	(OSE p.212)
<i>Insect swarm</i>	(OSE p.170)
<i>Thieves, several</i>	(See 'Bandit' OSE p.140)
<i>Hunters, camping</i>	(OSE p.200)
<i>Bear, black</i>	(OSE p.142)
<i>Snake, sea</i>	(OSE p.190)
<i>Leech, giant</i>	(OSE p.171)



PRIMARY ENCAMPMENT for LIZARDMEN



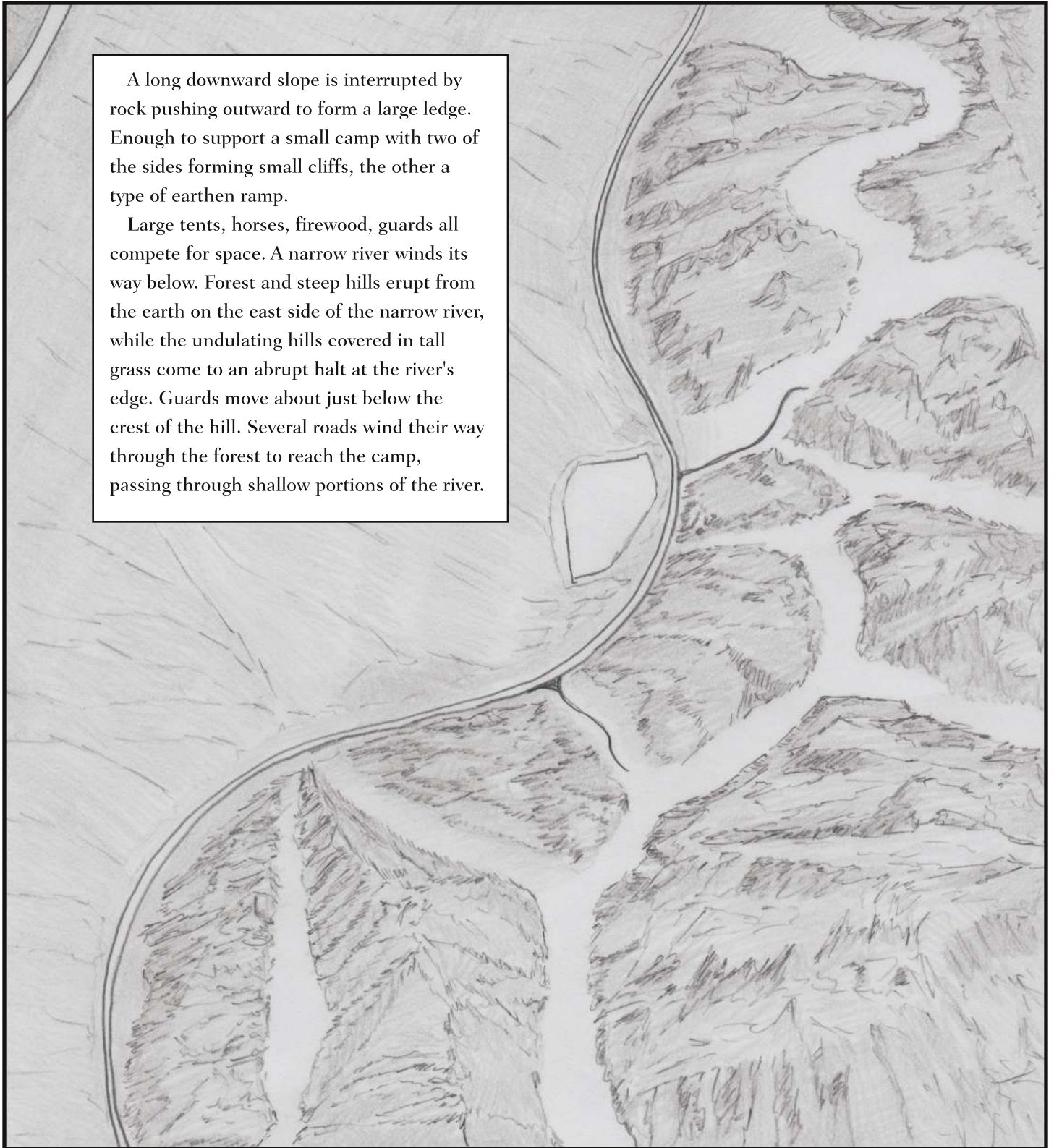
Granite from eons old push upwards through the marsh. Dirt trapped between the talons of rock form an island of dry ground.

Moving about are multiple lizardmen. Some are on guard duty, some are cooking, others are moving supplies. A short observation yields others moving in and out of the rocky spikes, their camps intermingled with the rock.

The lizardmen know their swamp and will investigate any campfire in the area. Ambushing one or two adventurers is the most common result of a found campsite.

A long downward slope is interrupted by rock pushing outward to form a large ledge. Enough to support a small camp with two of the sides forming small cliffs, the other a type of earthen ramp.

Large tents, horses, firewood, guards all compete for space. A narrow river winds its way below. Forest and steep hills erupt from the earth on the east side of the narrow river, while the undulating hills covered in tall grass come to an abrupt halt at the river's edge. Guards move about just below the crest of the hill. Several roads wind their way through the forest to reach the camp, passing through shallow portions of the river.



**HAZARDS**

<i>Brigands</i>	(OSE p.144)
<i>Berserker</i>	(OSE p.143)
<i>Pit vipers (near river)</i>	(OSE p.190)
<i>Gnoll party</i>	(OSE p.163)
<i>Oil beetle</i>	(OSE p.143)
<i>Other adventurers</i>	(OSE p.212)
<i>Bandits</i>	(OSE p.140)
<i>Acolyte (on road)</i>	(OSE p.140)
<i>Insect swarm</i>	(OSE p.170)
<i>Hunters, camping</i>	(OSE p.200)
<i>Gargoyle (see note)</i>	(OSE p.161)

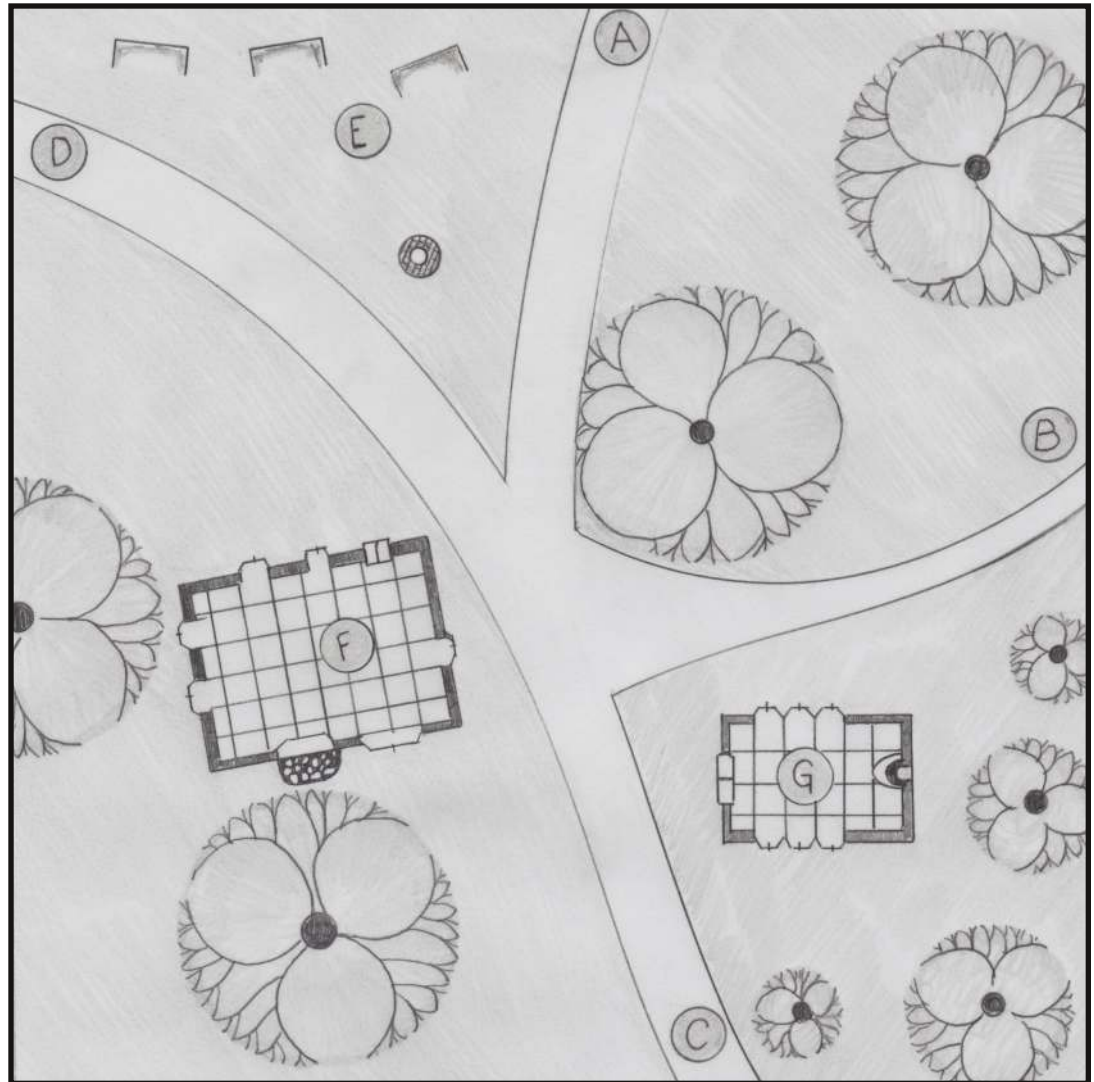
A few minutes of observation will reveal several lookouts on both sides of the river, each with a horn to sound the alarm.

If the observers are good, they might notice that a rocky outcropping looks a little like a gargoyle. If they have a full moon, they might notice him flying about, observing the bandits. (Whom was it in town that spoke the language of gargoyles again?)

GENERAL AREA

Dense forest yields to brown decay. Trees attempt to grow – and fail. Their brown leaves unable to support life. Shrubs have given up, while brambles intertwine with dead vegetation. A circle of lifeless abyss circles an area centered on a well. The radius of decay is 75 yards.

Birds visit for only a moment, then promptly fly away.



HAZARDS

- Skeletons* (OSE p.189)
- Ghouls* (OSE p.161)
- Other adventurers* (OSE p.212)
- Thieves* (OSE p.140)
- Acolyte (on road)* (OSE p.140)
- Hunters, camping* (OSE p.200)

LOCATIONS

- A - Old trade road north
- B - Path to other camping locations
- C - Old trade road south
- D - Road to human mine entrance
- E - Remains of lean-tos
- F - Old inn
- G - Old church

DESCRIPTIONS

INN

A two story building rests at the intersection of the mine path and the old trade road. The ground floor is made of stone, windows mostly intact, doors broken. The roof has collapsed, the second floor is mostly useable.

Inside is barren. Fresh charcoal resides in the fireplace. The building will provide basic shelter. (Optional encounter: ghouls, zombies or skeletons.)

CHURCH

A simple church emanating a sense of dread. A hastily built *sign* (see next page) is posted between building and road.

WELL WITH ROAD SIGNS

A common well is at the intersection of the mine path and the old trade road. A bucket and moldy rope is nearby. Should anyone drink from the well, a *save vs poison* roll is required (OSE p.105) as the well is contaminated.

Additionally, a curse has been placed upon the area, the well being the center.

A weather beaten post with signs point in different directions: Mines, Braemyr, Jarios.

THE CURSE

Maegothi's curse is the remains of a spell. The purpose of the spell was to pull all living energy within a radius into the spell caster. The by-product is an area which is much closer to a spiritually arcane realm. In order to remove the curse, a high level cleric or qualified mage will need to cast "*Remove Curse*" (OSE p.71 or p.88 respectively). Expect the deity whom is associated with the realm to intervene.

Any humanoids whom remain in the area for an extended time must make a *save vs paralysis* (OSE p.105). Those that fail and continue to remain in the area must make a *save vs death* (OSE p.105) or be turned into a ghoul or zombie, storyteller discretion. Those that rest in the area overnight must make both rolls. Curse only affects humanoids within a 100 yard radius of the well.

ROADS

Historically, the trade road passed through this intersection. A well was dug and buildings built. To the north-west, a cart path leads to the entrance of the mines. Immediately to the east is an overgrown wagon trail which leads to a meadow.

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EVENTS

APPROACHING LEAN-TO

Any humanoids who approach the remains of the shelters must roll a

surprise check (OSE p.114) as multiple SKELETONS push their way up through the top soil to attack the interlopers.

ENTERING THE INN

Optional encounter either on the ground or second floor. Also, a simple cellar in the building could exist. The inn acts as a shelter from the weather to lure the players into a staying the night, allowing the curse to take affect.

ENTERING THE CHURCH

Inside the floor is painted black, dark blood velvet colored cloth attempt to cover the windows. All furniture has been removed. Poorly constructed timbers are fashioned together to form a series of steps, a blood and paint effigy to an unknown deity rests on a large field stone.

It is then the players realize that the curtains were not moving due to wind, but due to GHOULS. The ghouls then attack the players.

MOVING ABOUT THE AREA

Nothing attacks the players. It is very quiet, the air dense and still.

VISITING THE MEADOW

This area is beyond reach of the curse and so it is safe to camp here. There are locations which show signs of frequent use. A small stream is at the far end of the meadow. It is not cursed.

SIGN POSTED OUTSIDE OF CHURCH

Daeinaen Maegothi of family Naarilar of the Red Myrtlewood Forest fortress Arithfaeva, whom had knowledge of arcane lands was adventuring with her friends. They heard rumors of a dwarven fortress named 'Sleeping Everflower' having found a forbidden temple deep underground. Shortly after finding this buried temple, the dwarves abandoned their fortress, to which a dwarven cleric wrote: "The earth had no love for it. For it consumed it itself ... the temple so dark, the claws of the abyss reached up from within the rock to which it sat and pulled it into the mountain to bury it." Standing outside an abandoned fortress, they wondered if this was the one from the legends. They ventured inside.

Maneuvering through the corridors and old rooms, they eventually found the mines themselves. They mapped and navigated the mines, fighting off the strange creatures which replaced the dwarves in these spaces. Eventually they found earth. Dirt. That which did not belong. A tunnel was dug into this soil.

The tunnel was partially supported by carved marble pillars. The tunnel terminated at an interior door. A bronze and wood set of doors. Inside a room preserved. Pitched at an angle, the room was what the Elvan tomes spoke of – a place for connecting to the gods themselves. What Daeinaen didn't tell her friends was the deity was not of the creative sort.

They prepared and cast a spell of summoning to the great forest god of old. Or so they thought. She twisted it, returning the temple to its true self, a Deity of death. She pulled the life energy out of all living things in that room - herself included.

She pulled all the life energy within reach to gain for herself, a life without end. To escape death. To that end, she succeeded. No longer living, she was now undead, unable to die.

There was a catch.

The deity didn't tell her that her new existence required a continual supply of new life energy to maintain herself. This created thirst. A thirst for energy of all living things. This energy she craved — she demanded! Her thirst must be fulfilled!

Transformed into a reflection of the evil deity she summoned, sacrificing her group in the process.

She stumbled away, leaving her dead companions behind. She stumbled down the tunnels and roamed. Through the mines and into the caves, consuming all living things in her path. Eventually she emerged into the harsh sunlight of day.

The thirst remained.

But she could smell. She could sense life. East she went, east towards the village.

When she arrived at this village she cast a spell. What it was no one knows for certain. What she left behind was a portal to an unknown arcane land. The effects are still attached to this land today. To the unlucky person reading this, leave. Leave now. Don't return.

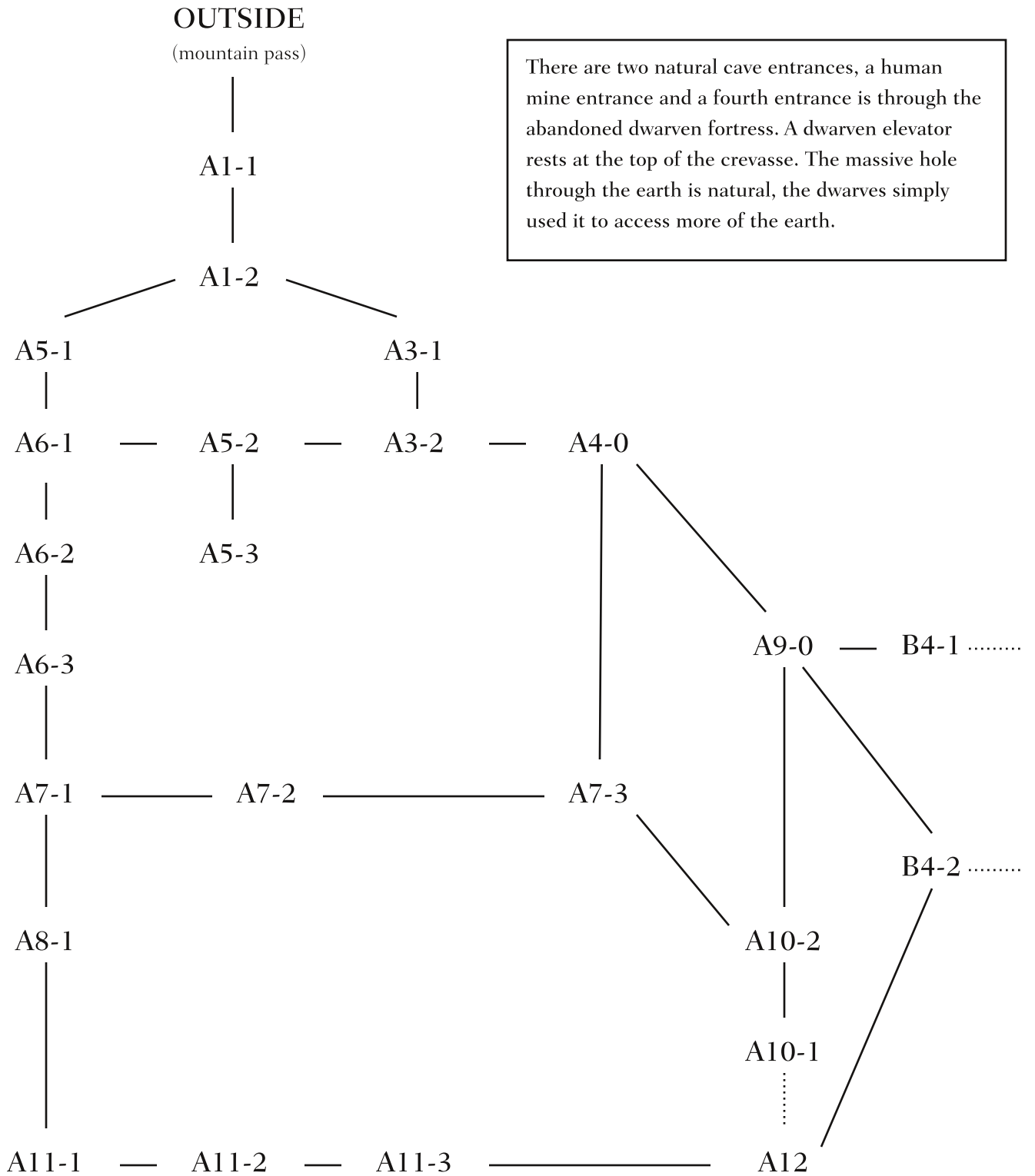
<p>MOUNTAIN PASS ENTRANCE</p> <p>A natural opening beneath an outcropping of rock yields many muddy clawed foot prints along the dirt path leading up to it.</p> <p>As one steps into the opening, a slight breeze can be felt. Narrow and tall, the passageway winds about until it expands outward to present the travelers with multiple traveling directions.</p>	<p>DWARVEN MINE ENTRANCE</p> <p>What can be seen from the bottom of the crevasse is some kind of dwarven elevator: large, oak, iron and chain. It does not appear to be working.</p> <p>If the players arrive from within the dwarven fort (not included in this material), the elevator can be used to reach the different levels of the mine.</p>	<p>HUMAN MINE ENTRANCE</p> <p>A simple passage cut into the mountain, strong timbers holding the mountain in stalemate, the tunnel is wide enough for a small cart. As one moves into the mountain, small rooms with moldy supplies can be found.</p> <p>The tunnel opens into a large, natural cavern. An exit on the far wall is a downward sloping passage, into blackness.</p>	<p>NATURAL CAVE ENTRANCE</p> <p>Trees and shrubs hide a secret, a hole in the earth about 5 foot wide and 30 feet deep.</p> <p>Water slowly travels down the walls to reach the rock floor. Stalactites and stalagmites block the view for a moment, then reveal a large cavern. In the distance a small bridge can be seen, a river flowing gracefully below it.</p>
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HAZARDS	
<i>Skeletons, kobolds</i>	<i>(OSE p.189)</i>
<i>Skeletons, humans</i>	<i>(OSE p.189)</i>
<i>Ghouls, kobolds</i>	<i>(OSE p.161)</i>
<i>Other adventurers</i>	<i>(OSE p.212)</i>
<i>Thieves</i>	<i>(OSE p.140)</i>
<i>Acolytes, cleansing area</i>	<i>(OSE p.140)</i>
<i>Hunters, exploring</i>	<i>(OSE p.200)</i>
<i>Insect swarm</i>	<i>(OSE p.170)</i>
<i>Grey Ooze</i>	<i>(OSE p.165)</i>
<i>Bats, common</i>	<i>(OSE p.141)</i>
<i>Pit vipers, snake</i>	<i>(OSE p.190)</i>
<i>Gnolls</i>	<i>(OSE p.163)</i>
<i>Fire beetles</i>	<i>(OSE p.143)</i>
<i>Crab spiders</i>	<i>(OSE p.192)</i>
<i>Green slime</i>	<i>(OSE p.166)</i>
<i>Height, falling</i>	<i>(OSE p.106)</i>
<i>Height, climbing</i>	<i>(OSE p.106)</i>

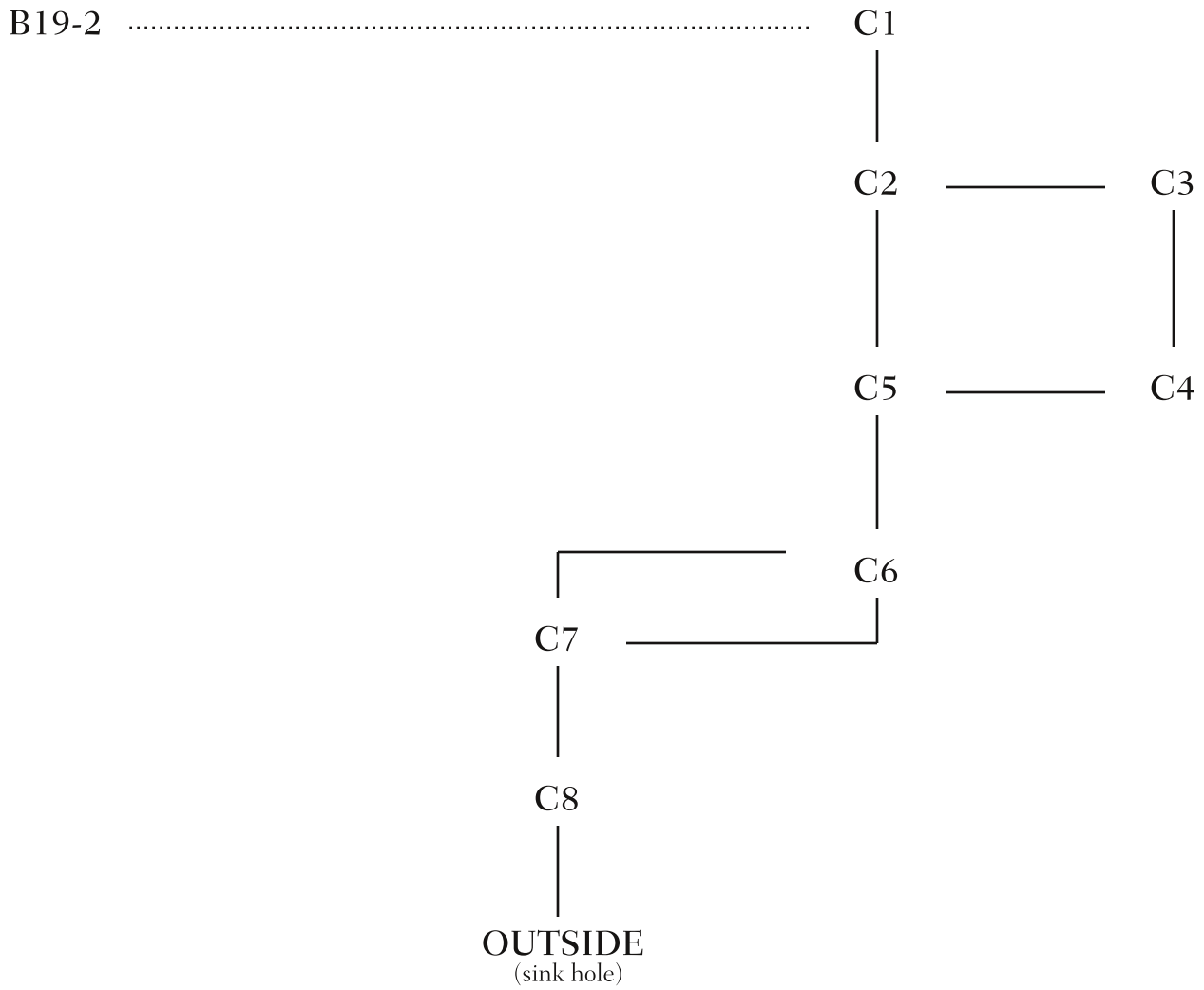
OVERVIEW

The remains of corpses litter the cave and mine complex. Kobold, dwarven miners, human hunters and adventurers. All dead or decaying. The unlucky ones are still on this earth in this dead form turned into skeletons, ghouls, or zombies, cursed to roam the tunnels they were killed in, all linger about, the effects of spectres (OSE p.191) found on some of these now infernal creatures. The spiders and beetles eat well.

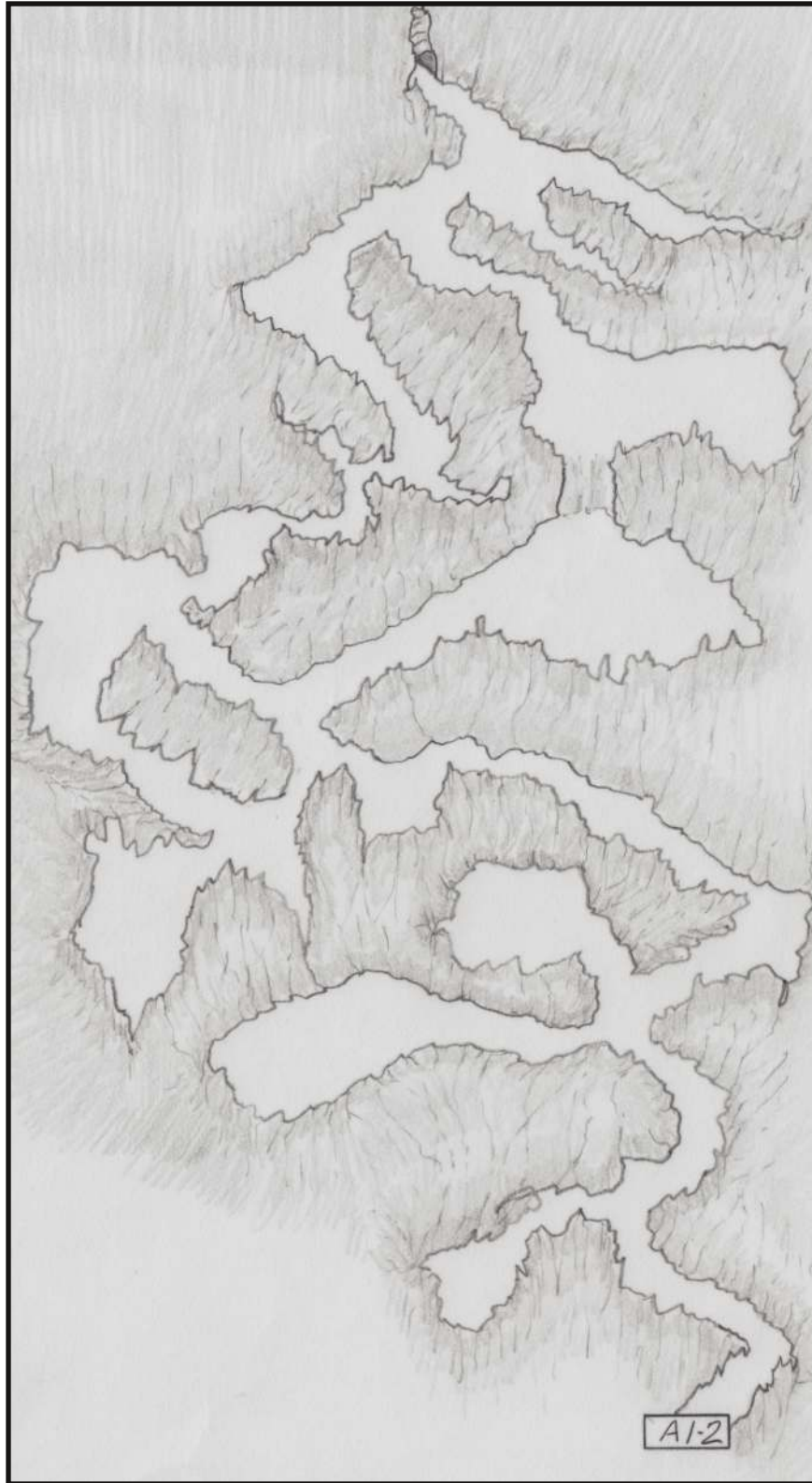
As players move about the complex, they may find abandoned kobold lairs or stashes of supplies by adventurers whom no longer need them. Muddy footprints show fear in the few places that you can find them.



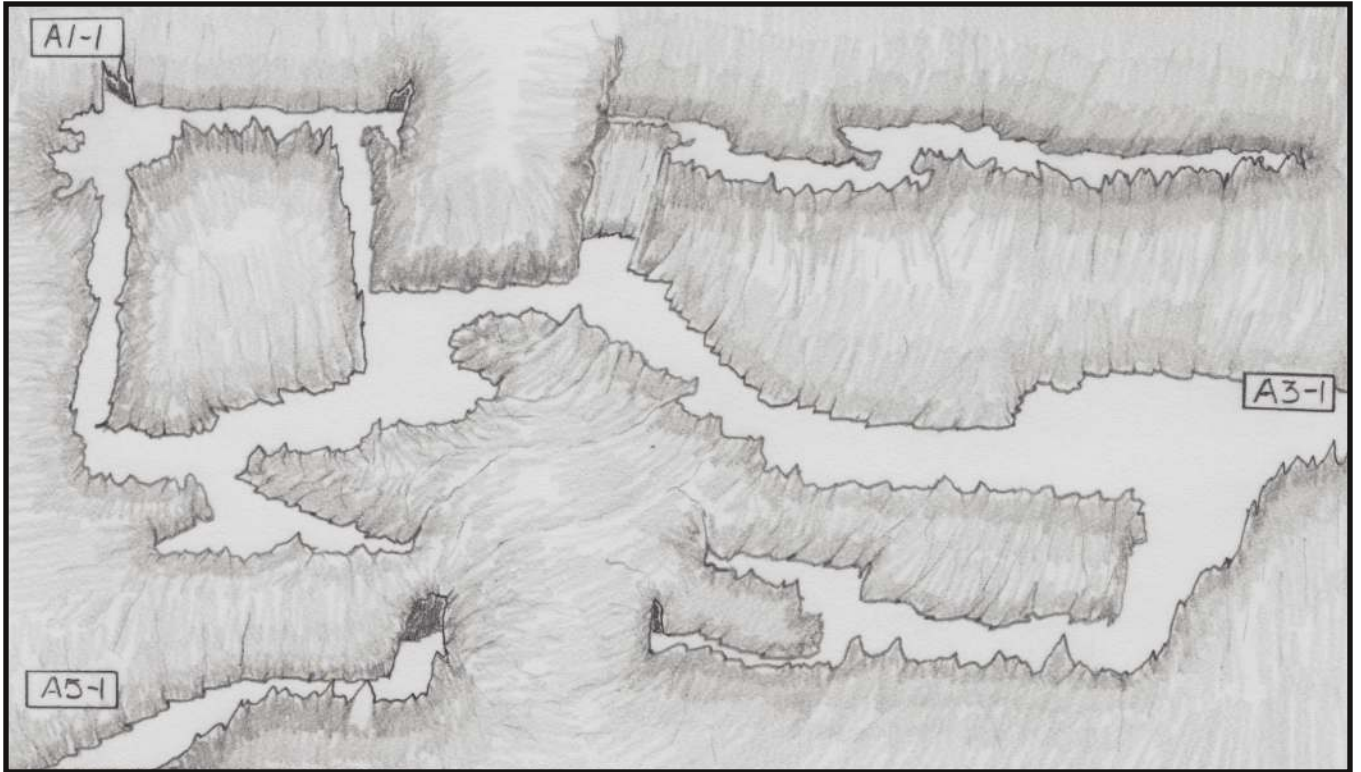
There are two natural cave entrances, a human mine entrance and a fourth entrance is through the abandoned dwarven fortress. A dwarven elevator rests at the top of the crevasse. The massive hole through the earth is natural, the dwarves simply used it to access more of the earth.



A1-1



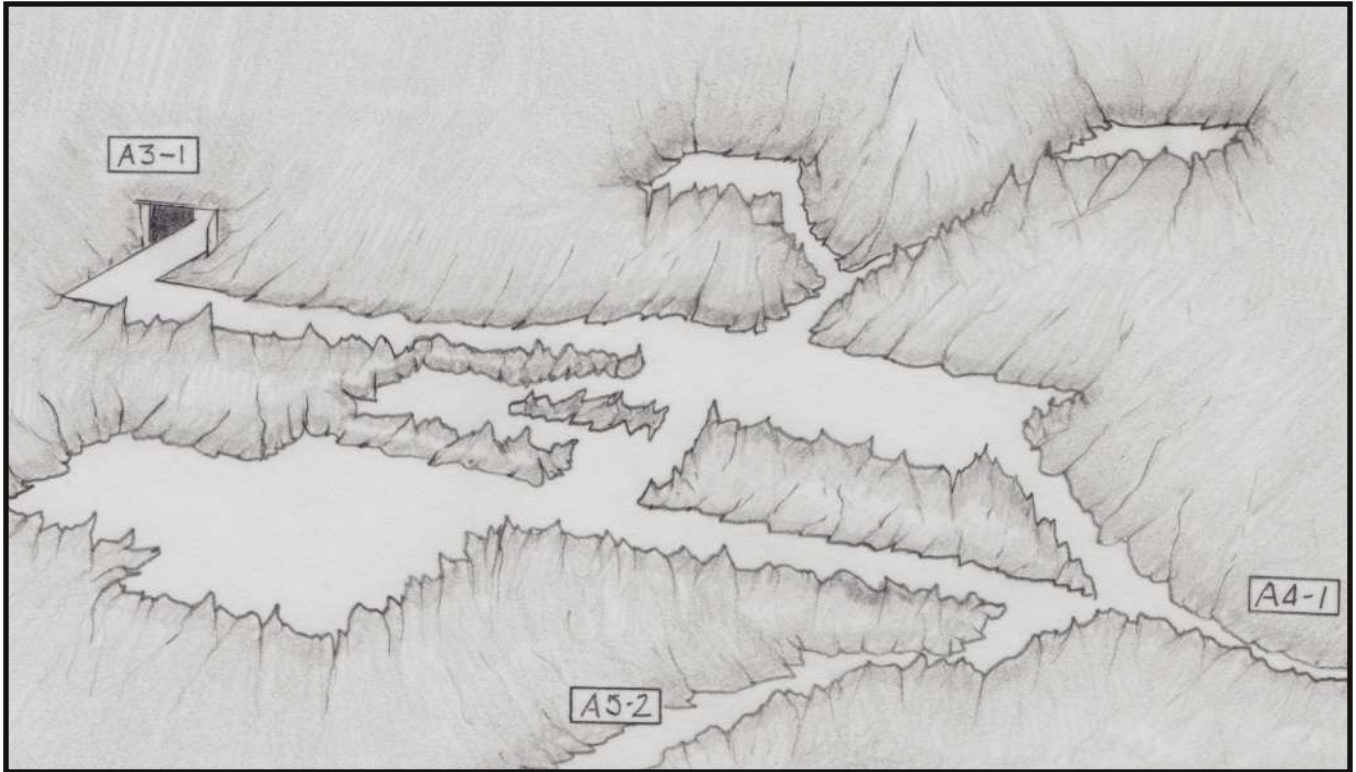
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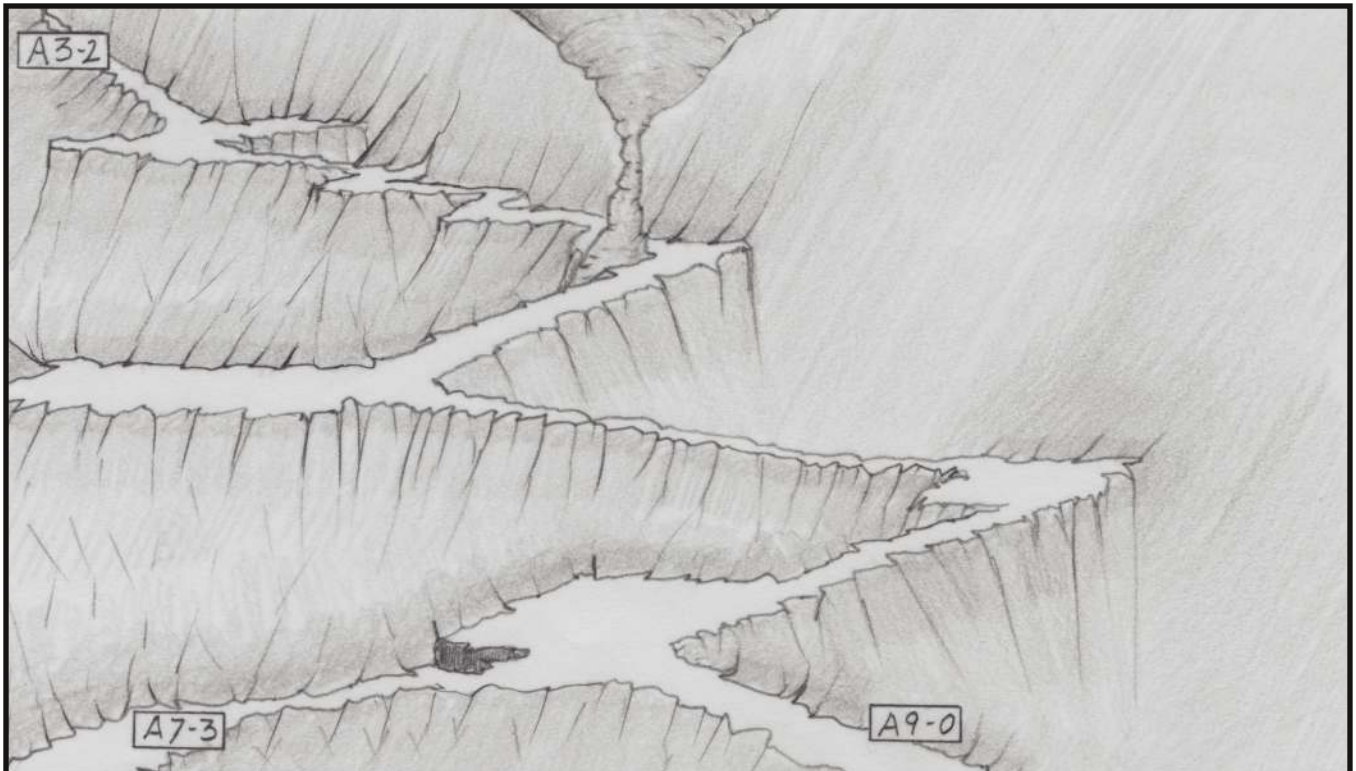
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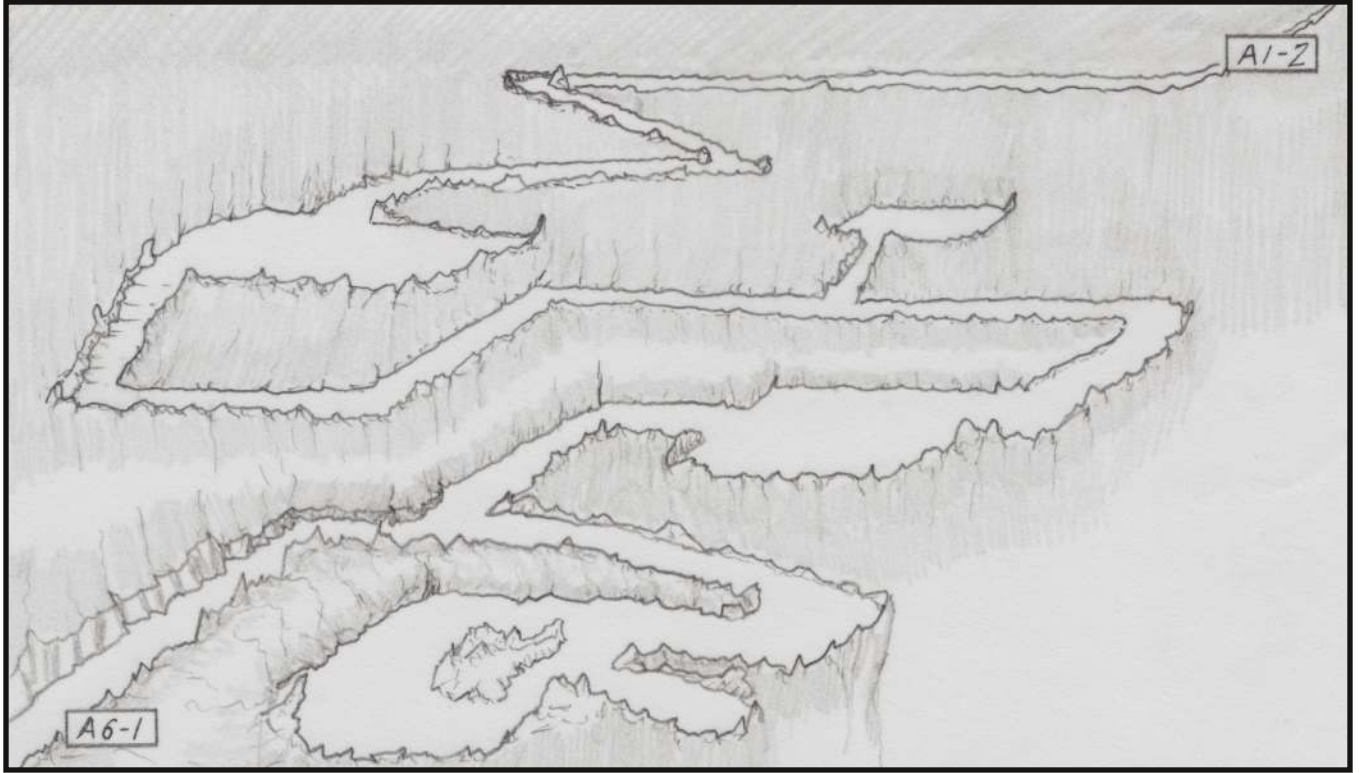
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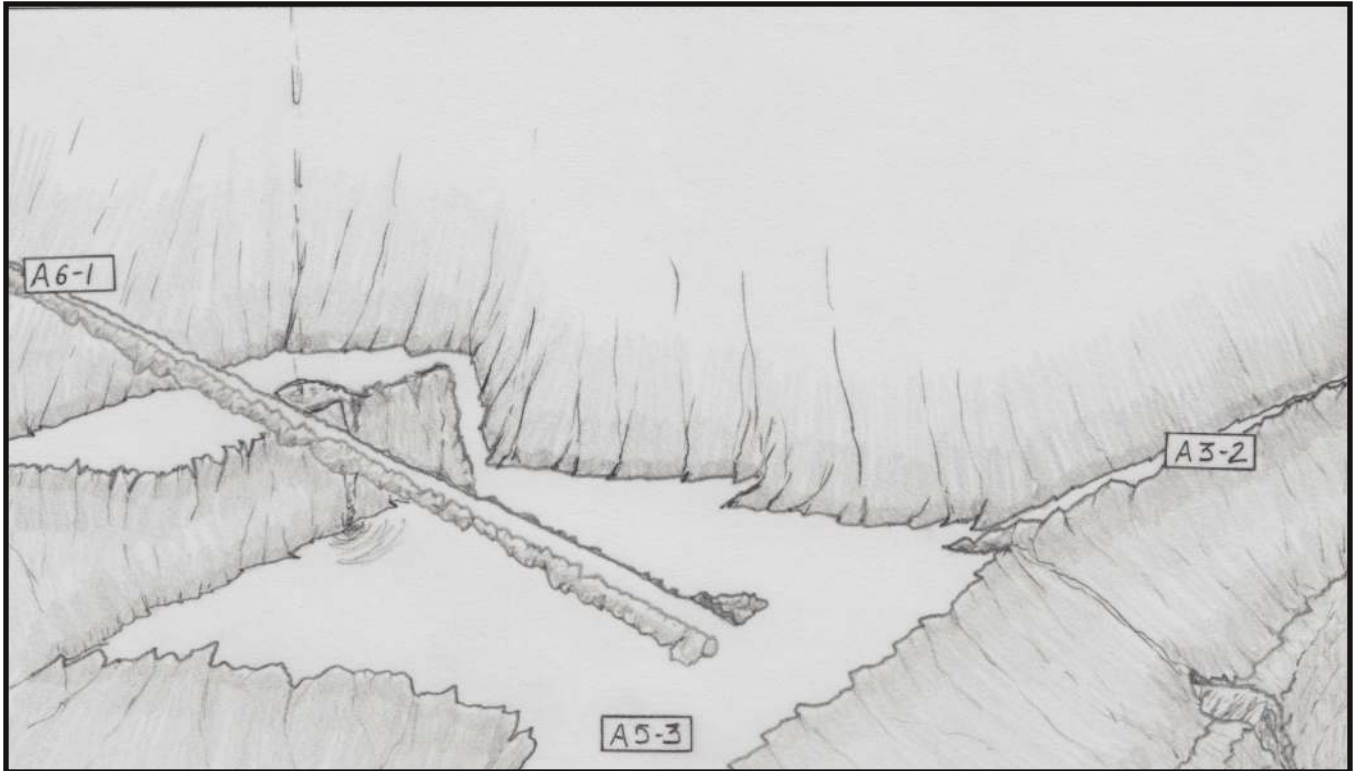
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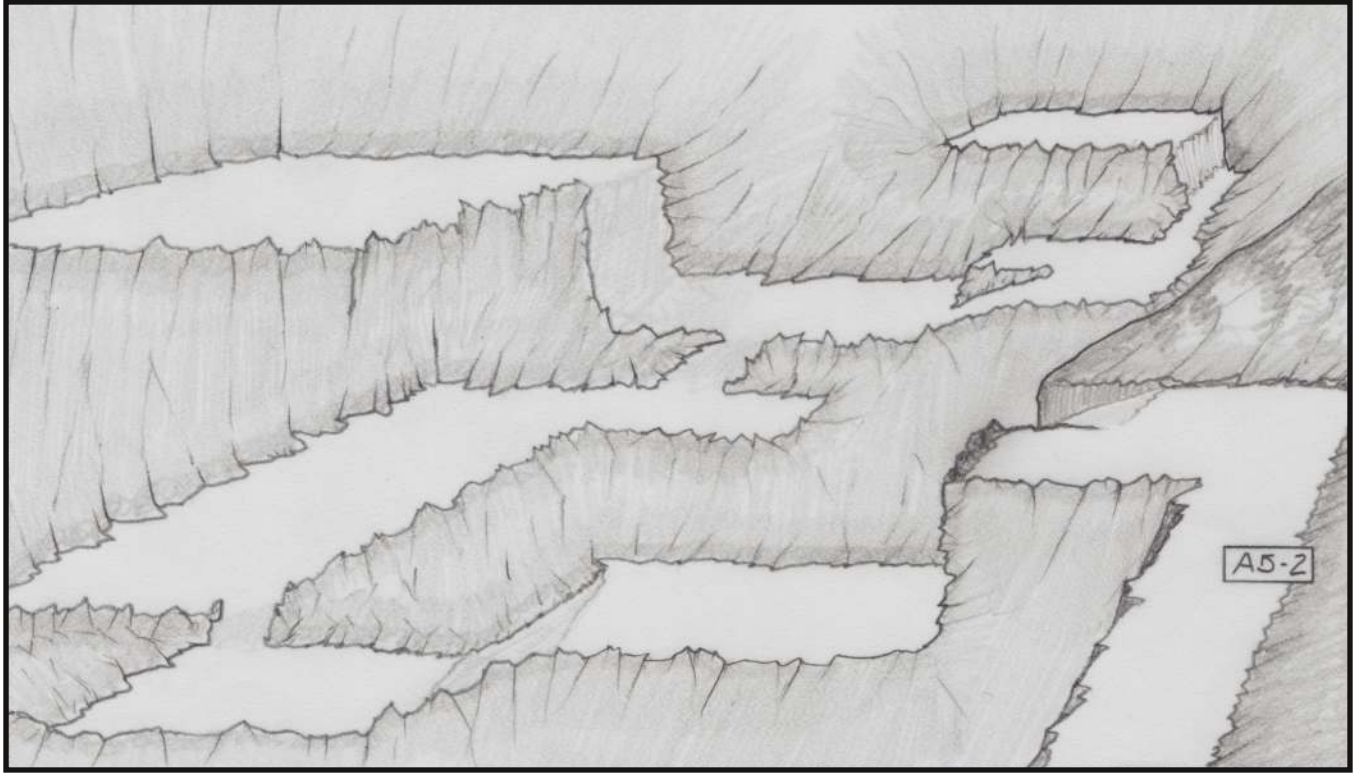
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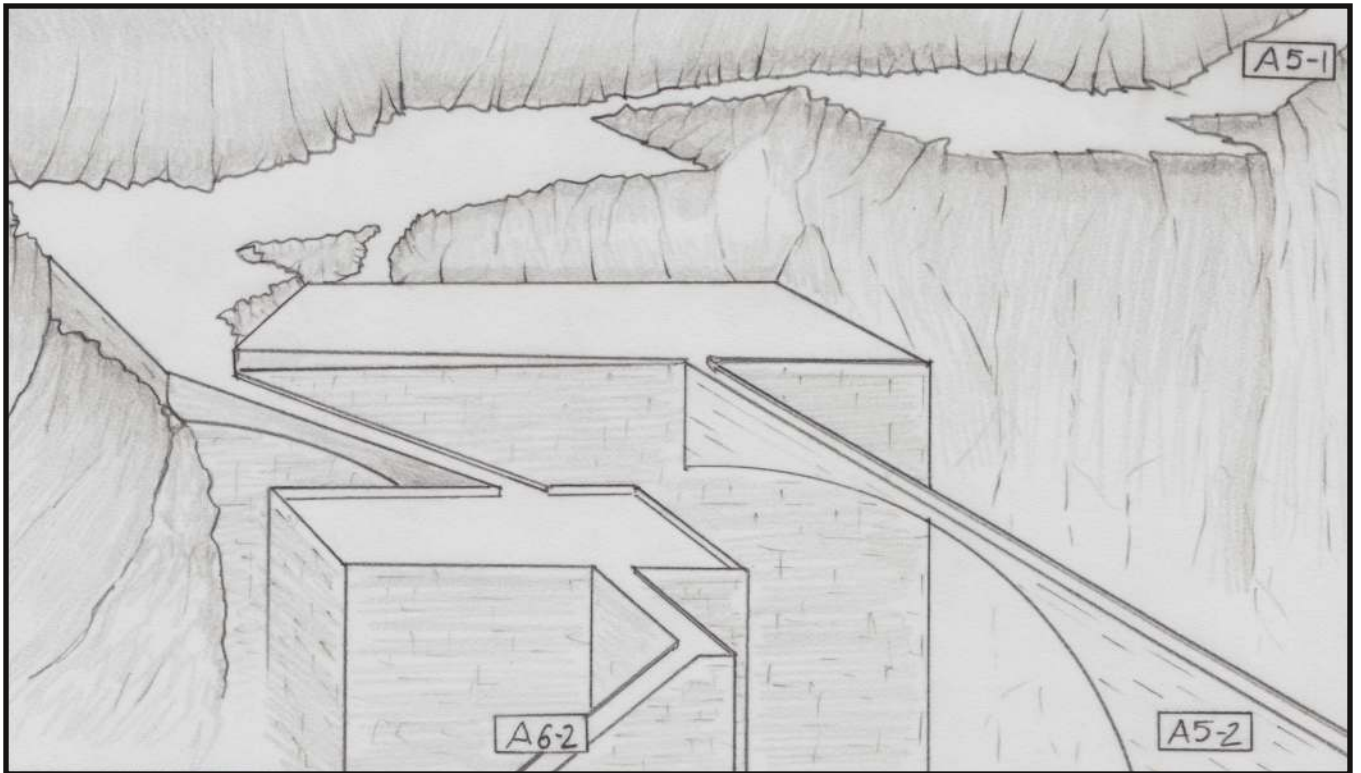
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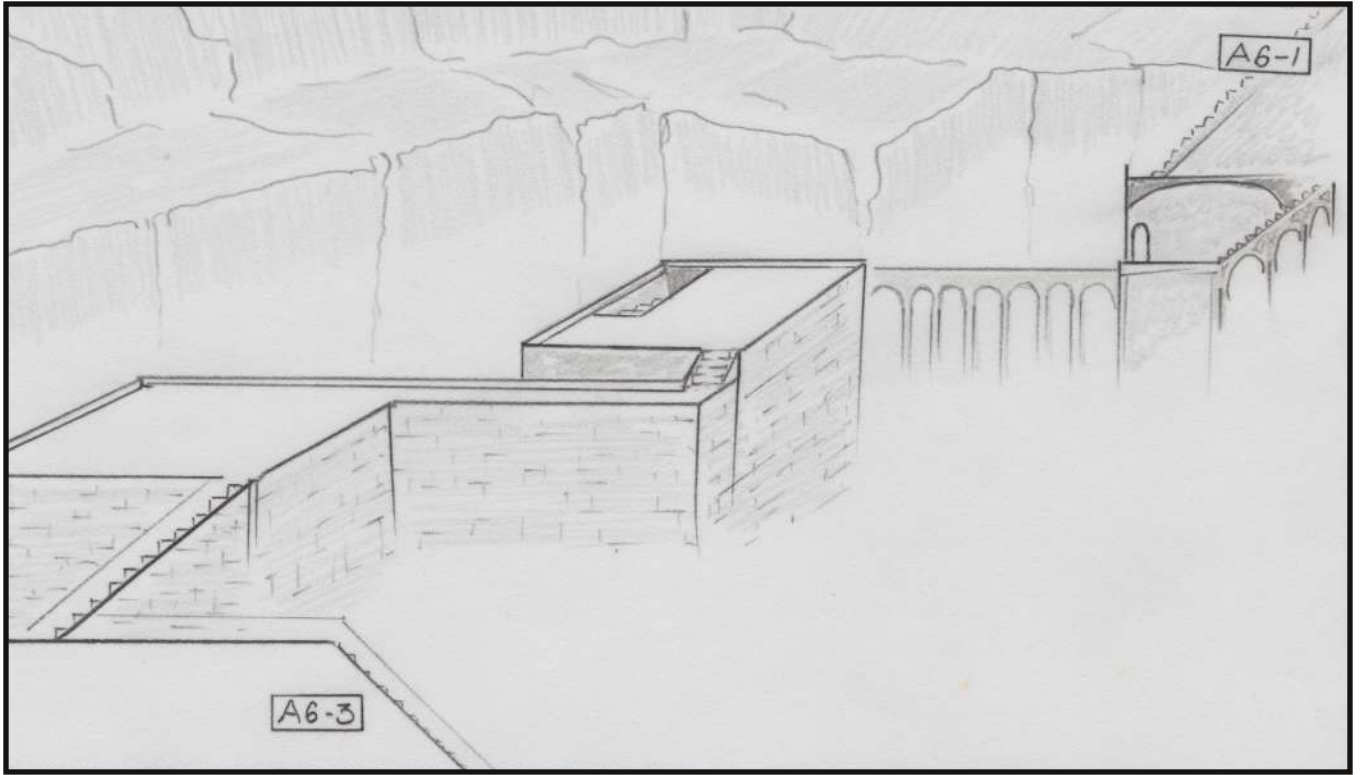
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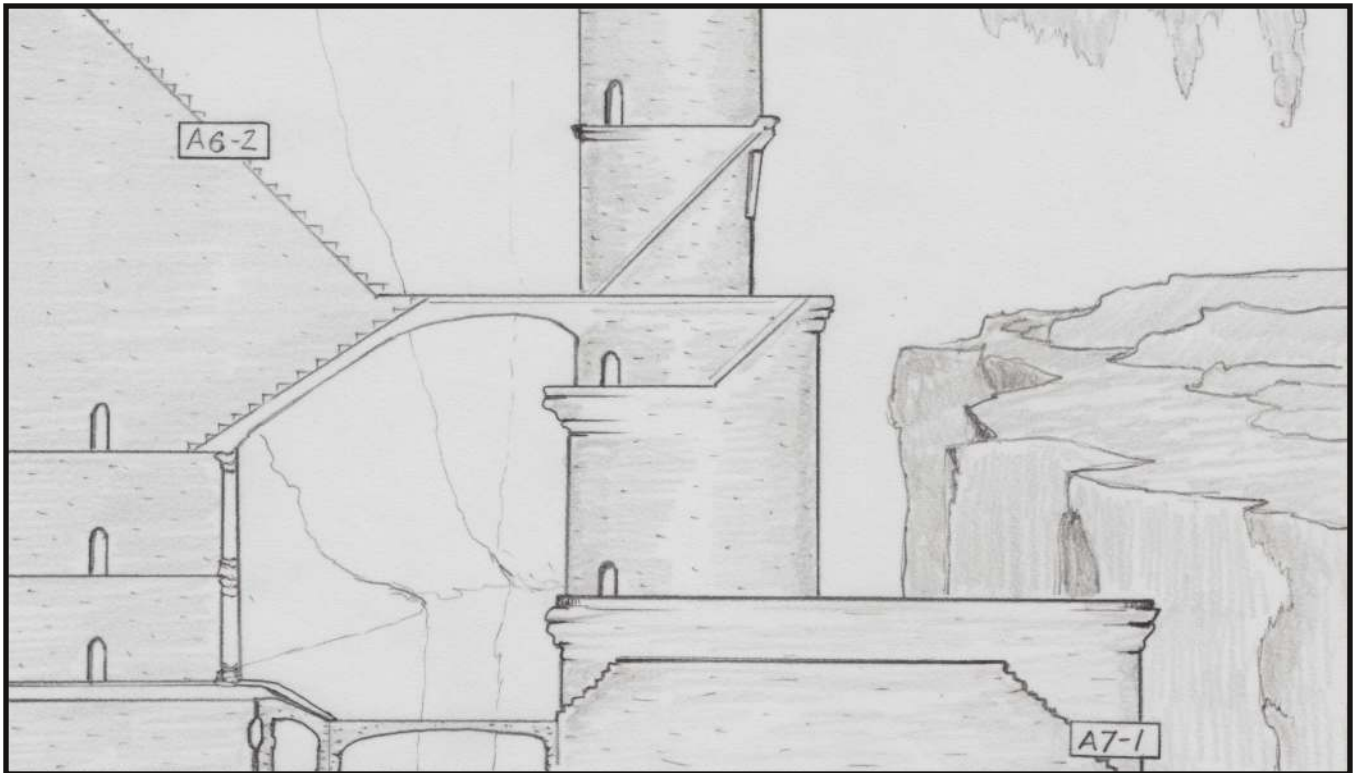
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A6-2



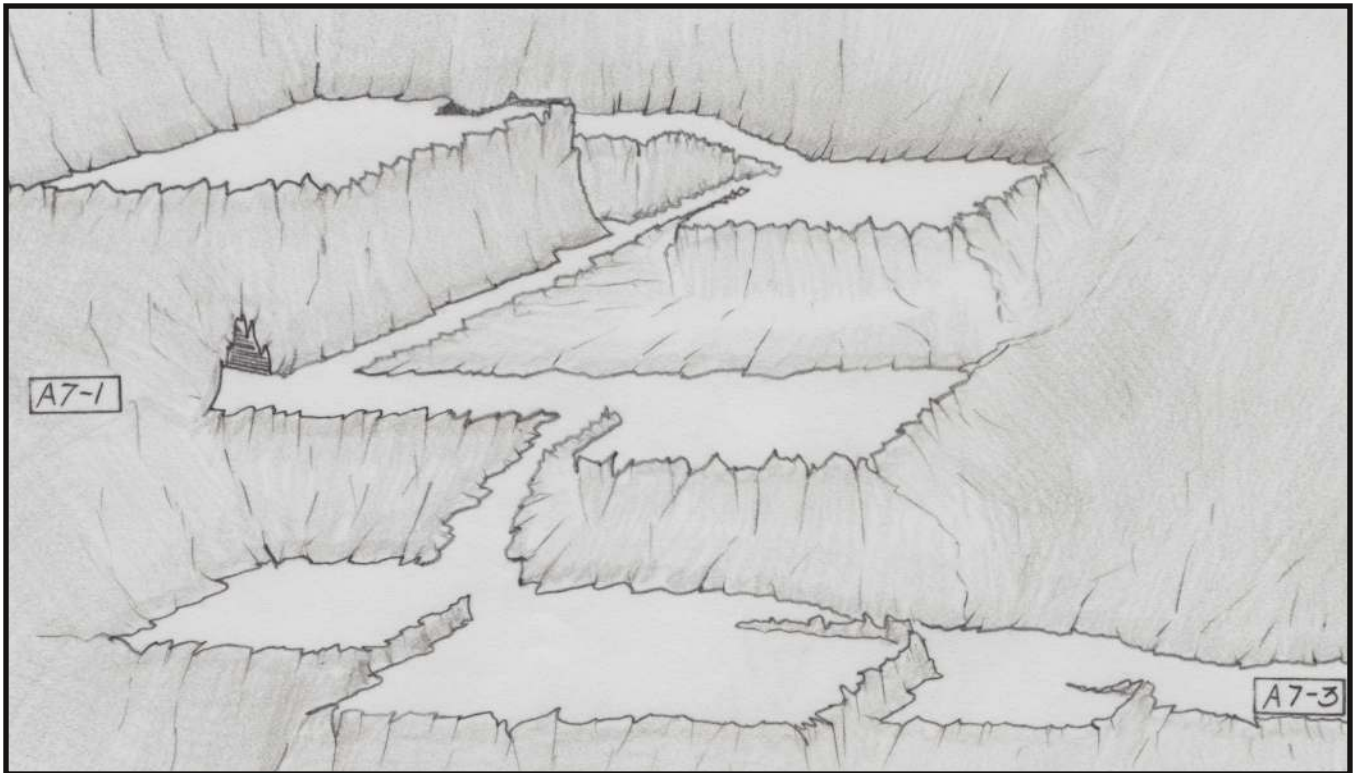
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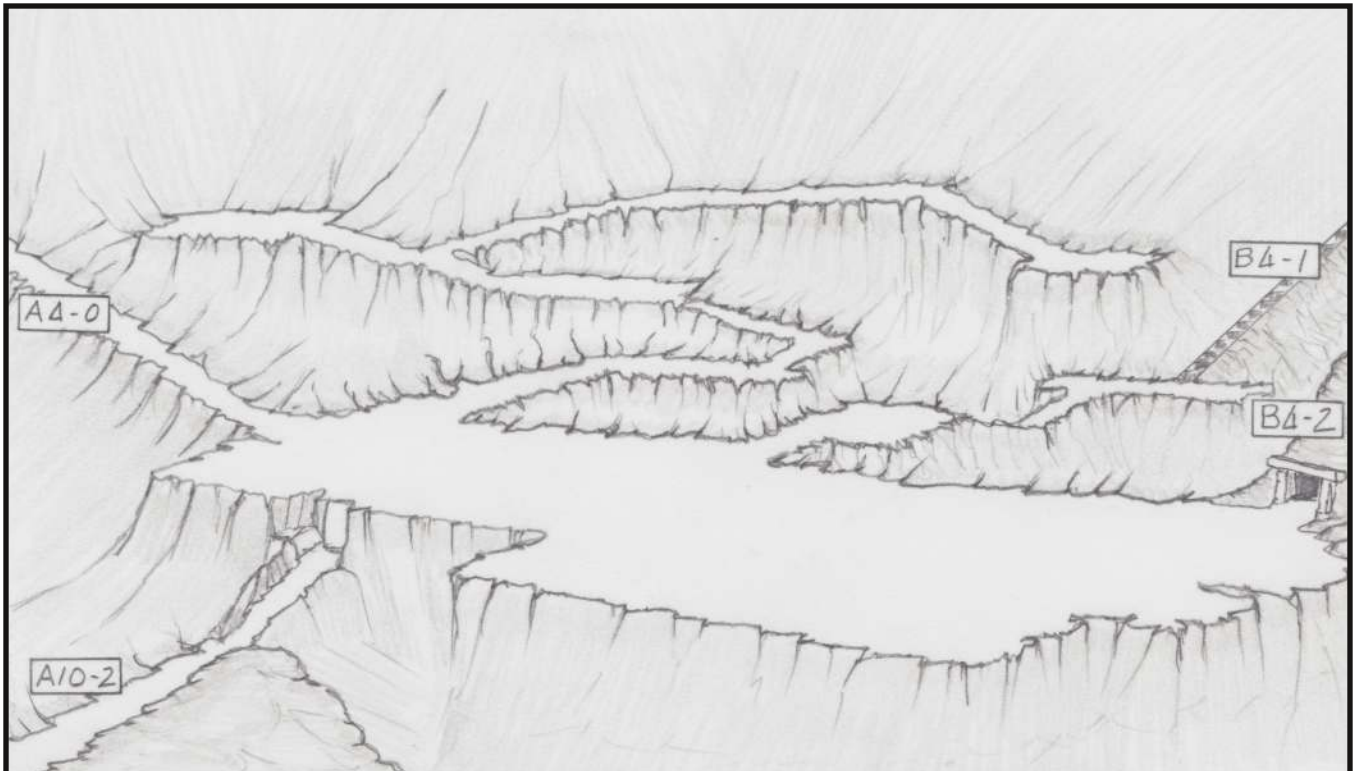
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A7-3



A9-0



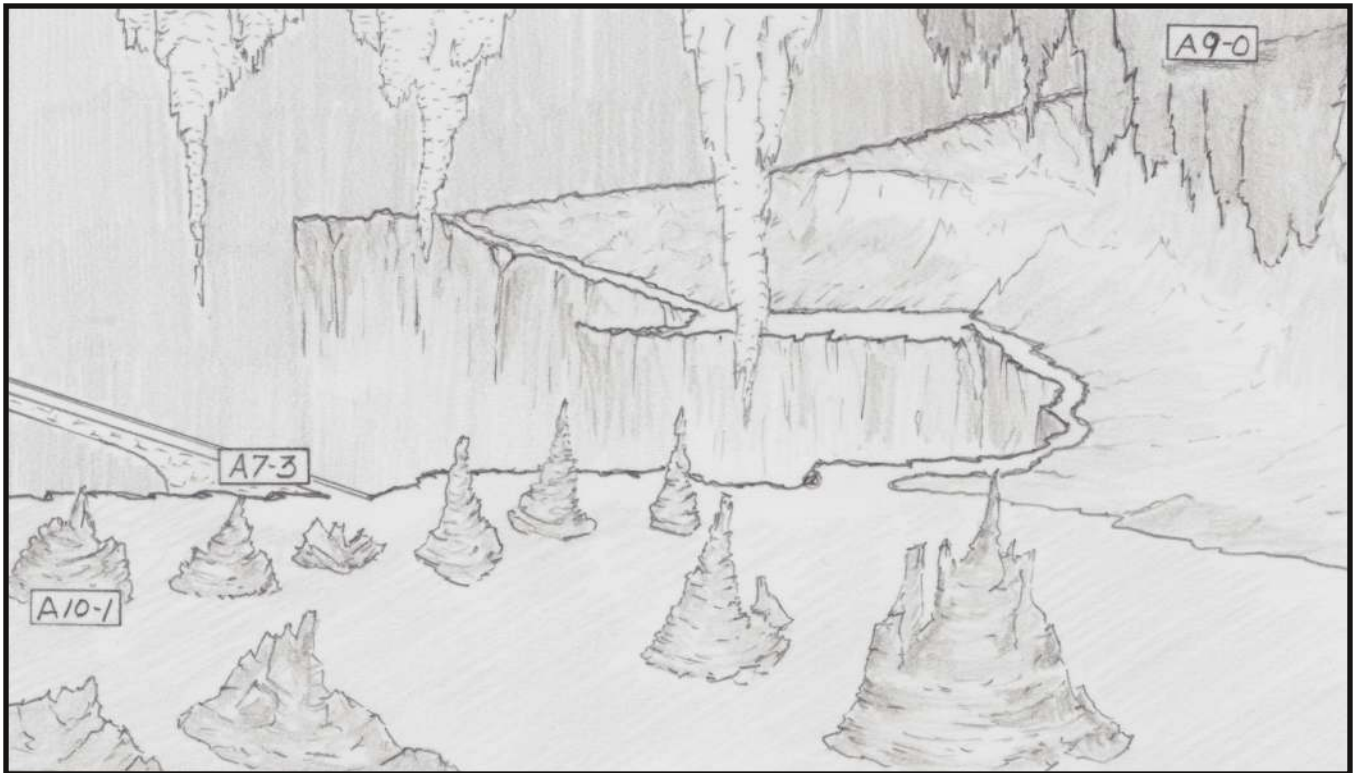
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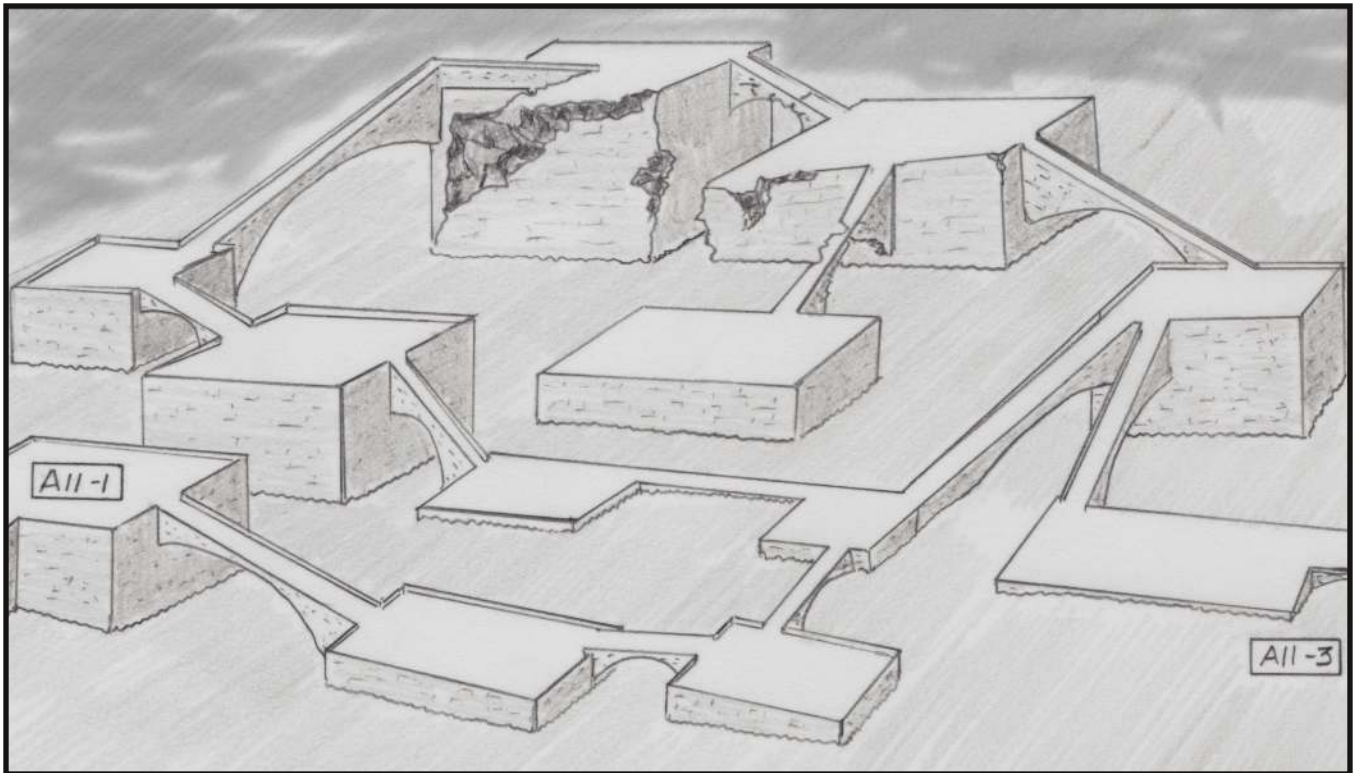
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A11-1



A11-2



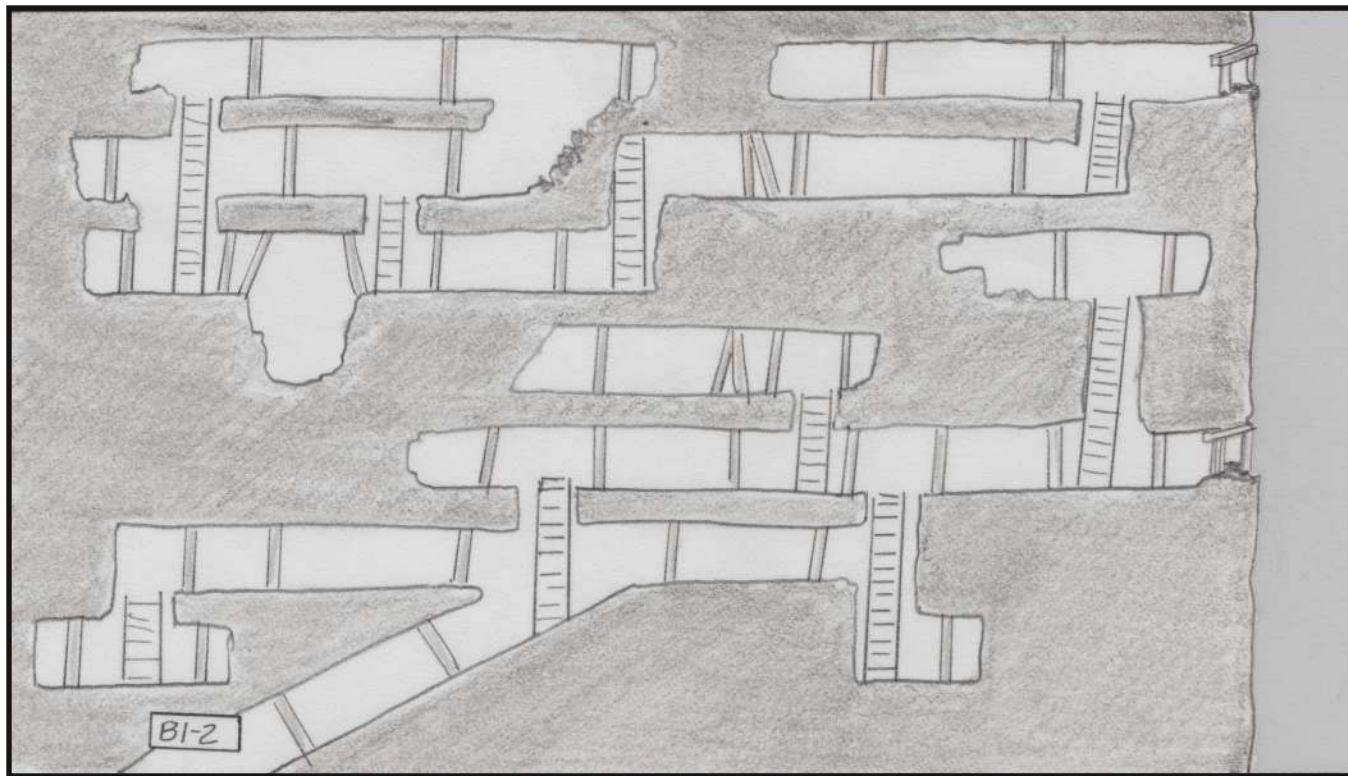
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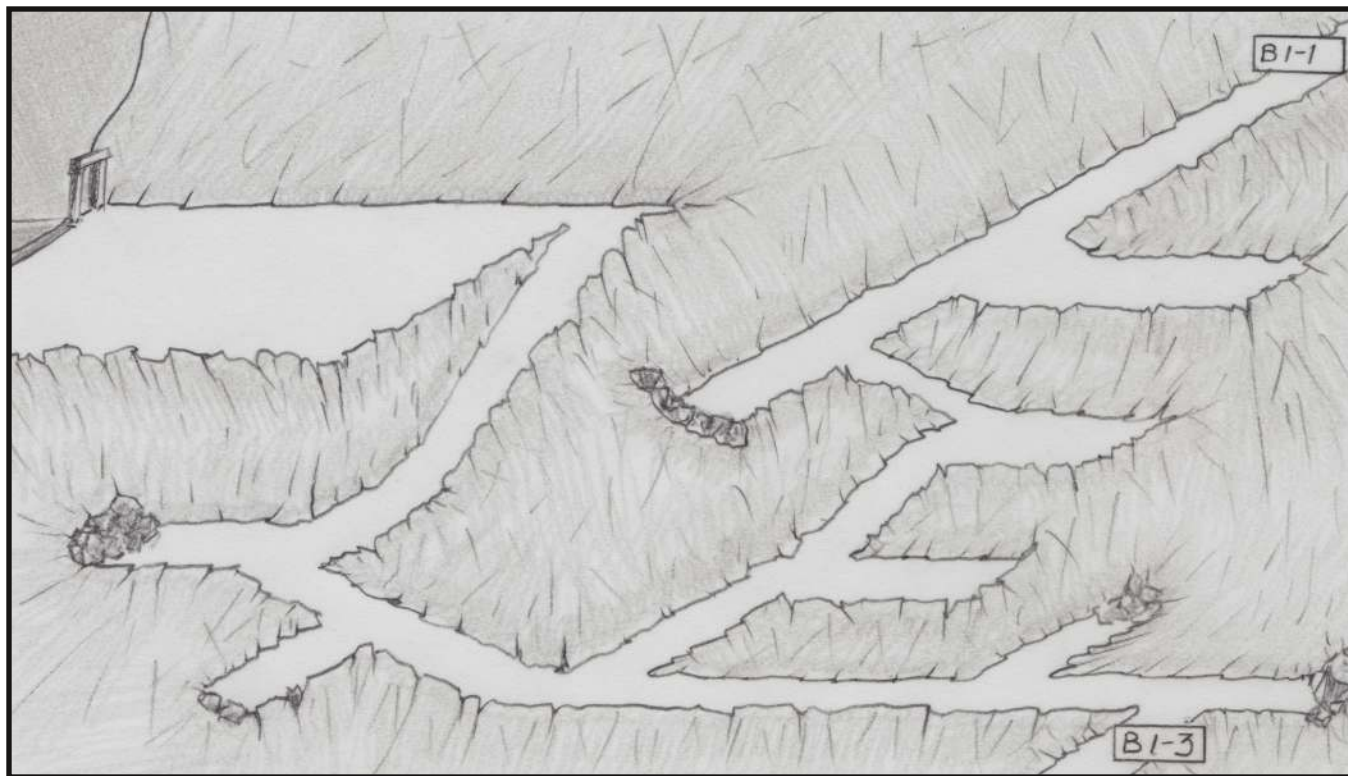
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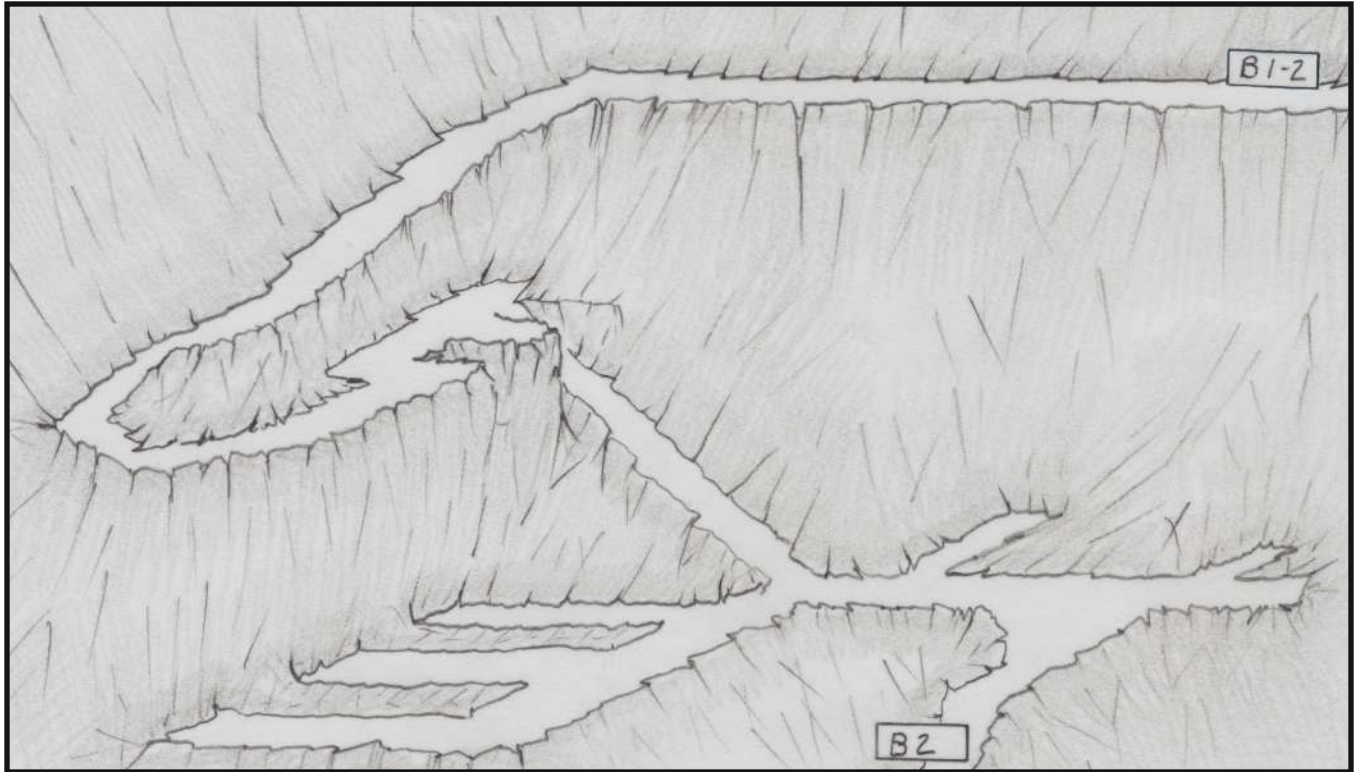
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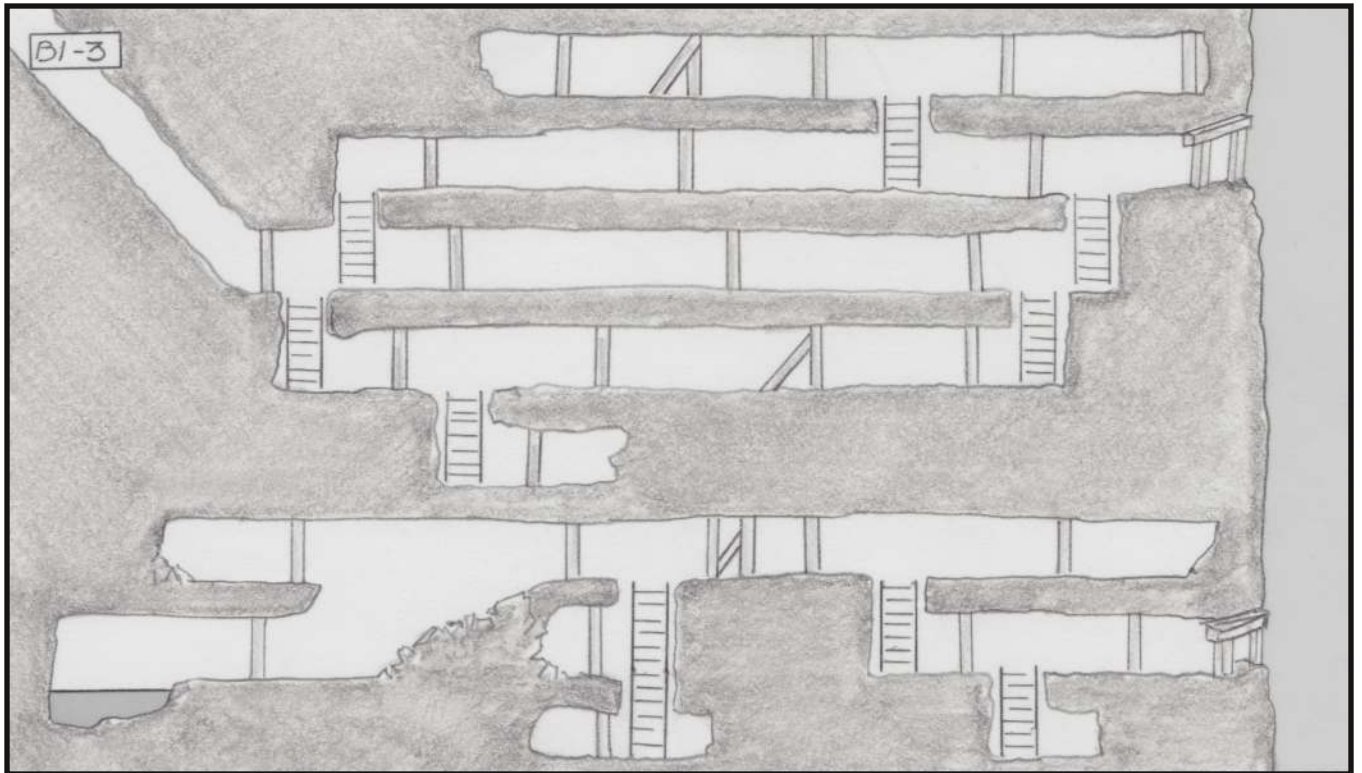
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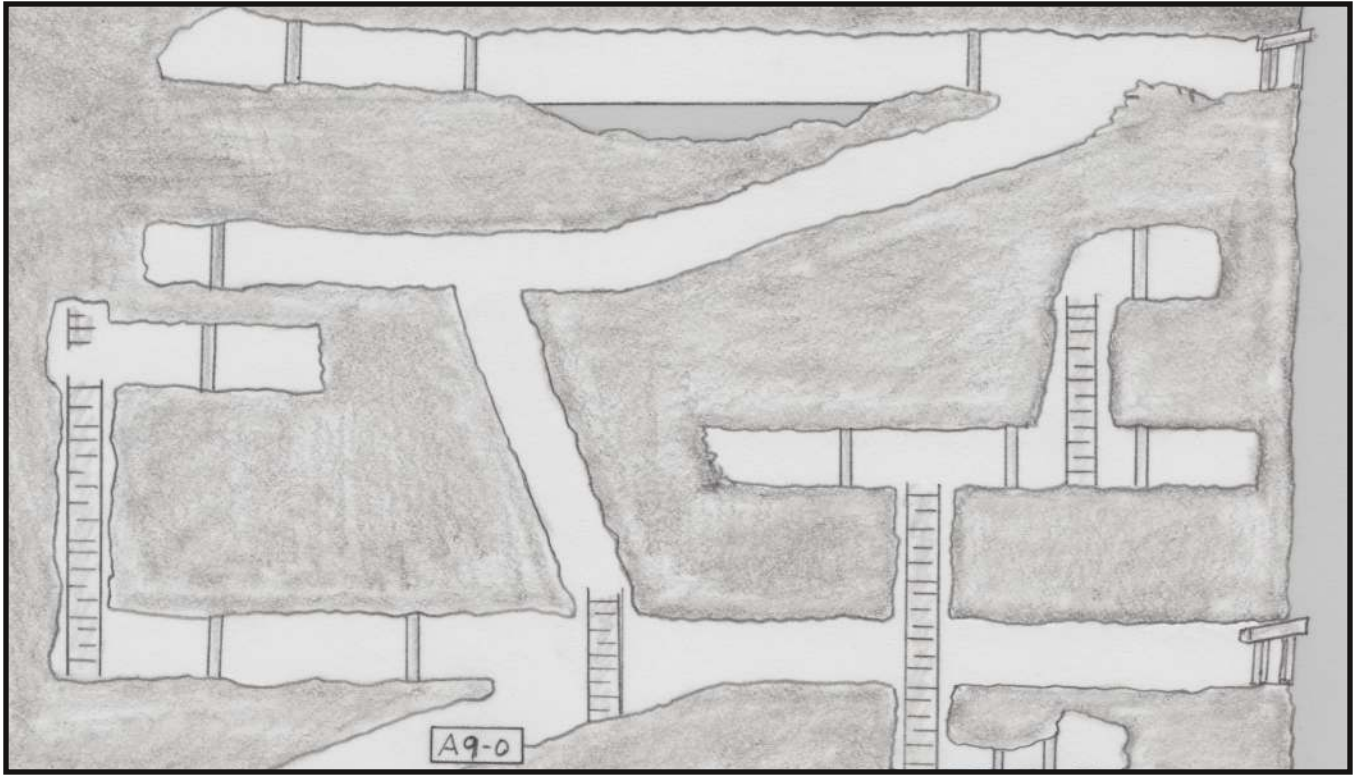
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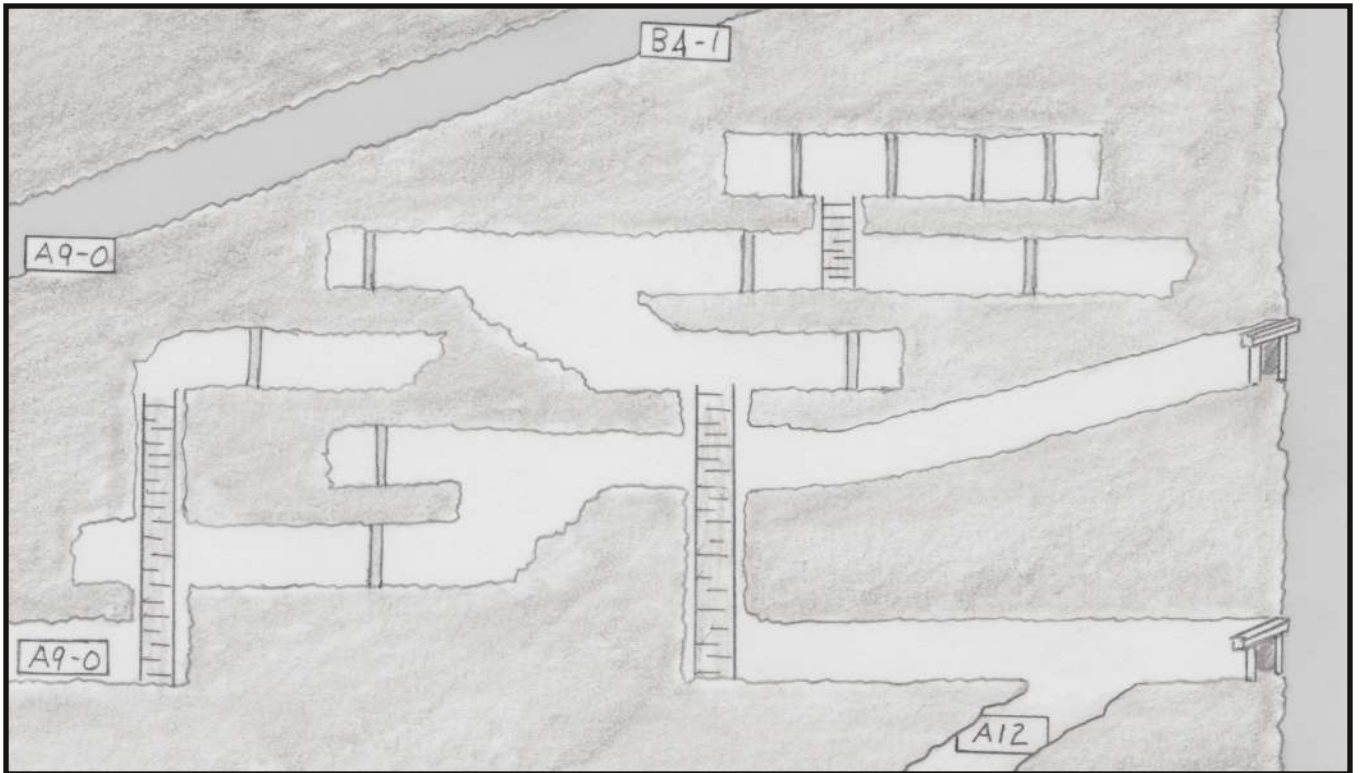
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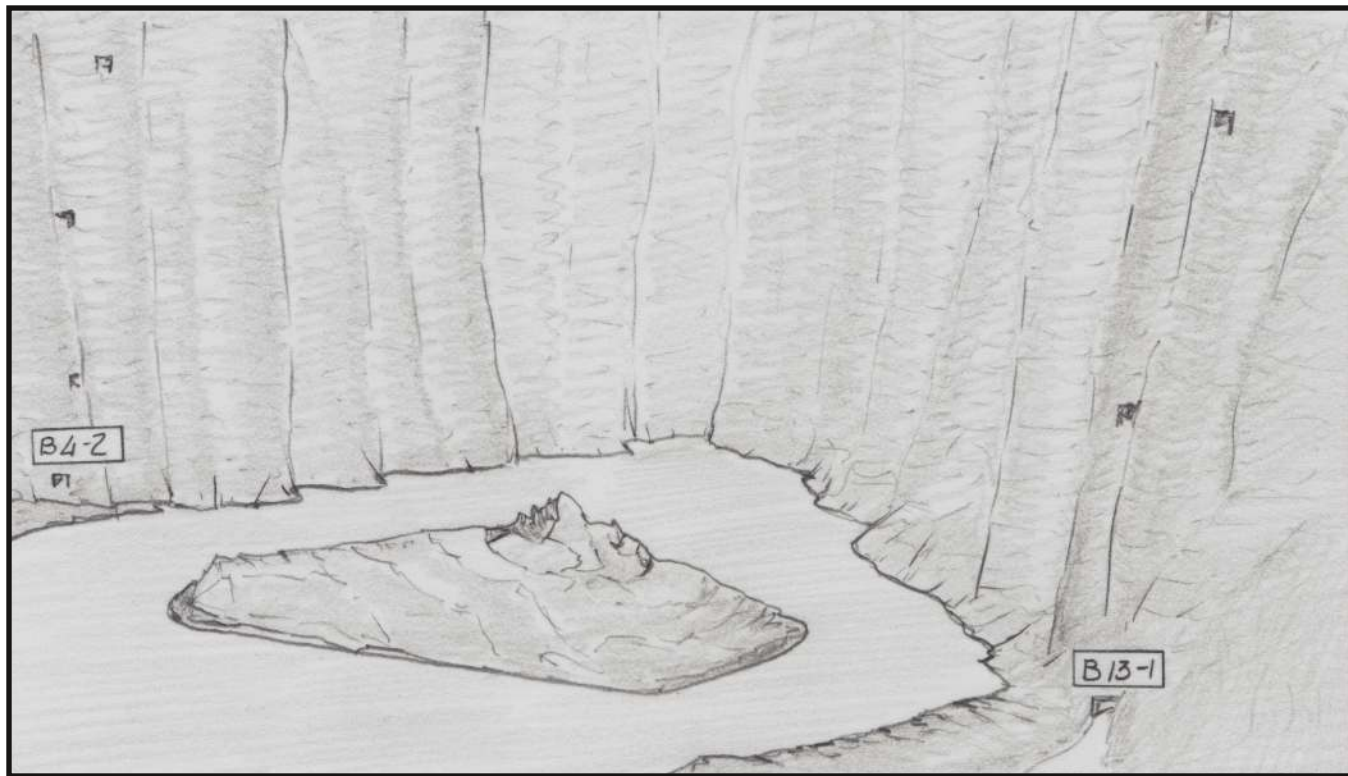
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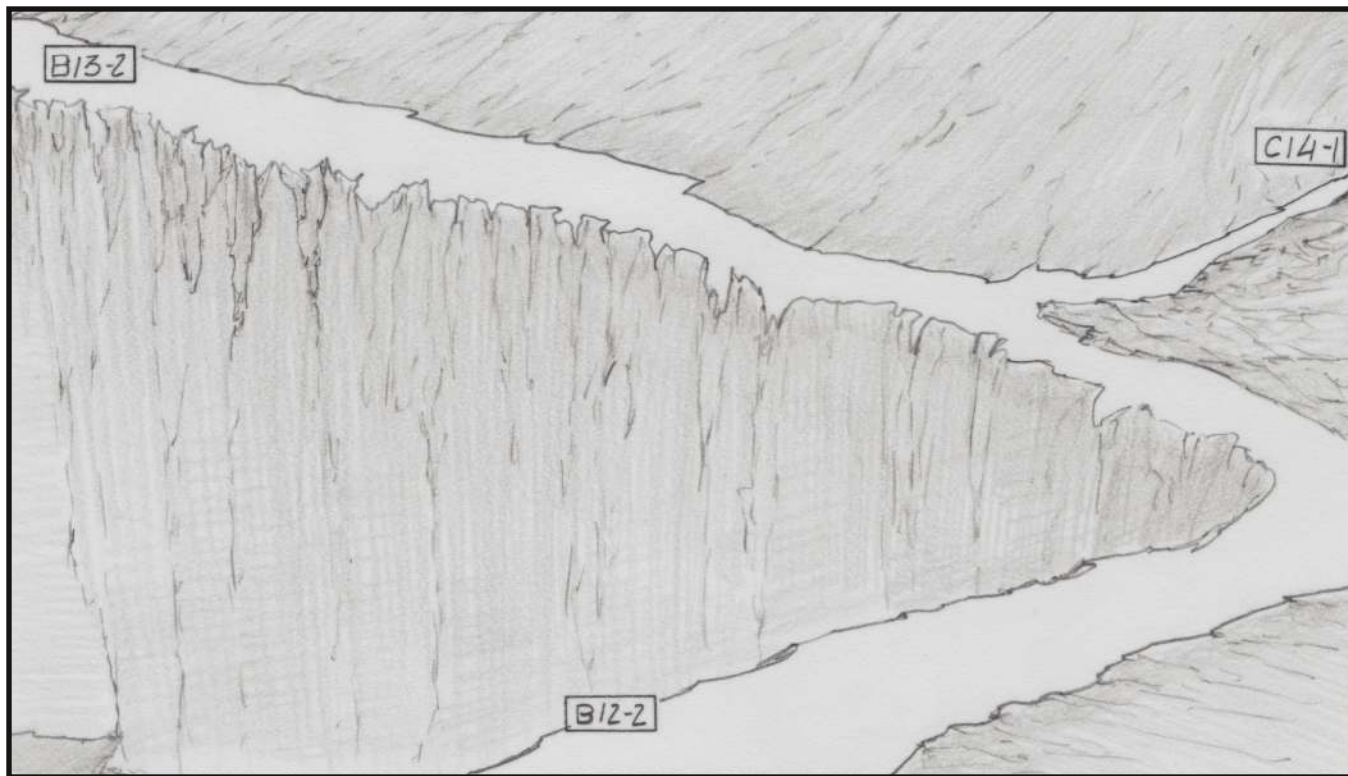
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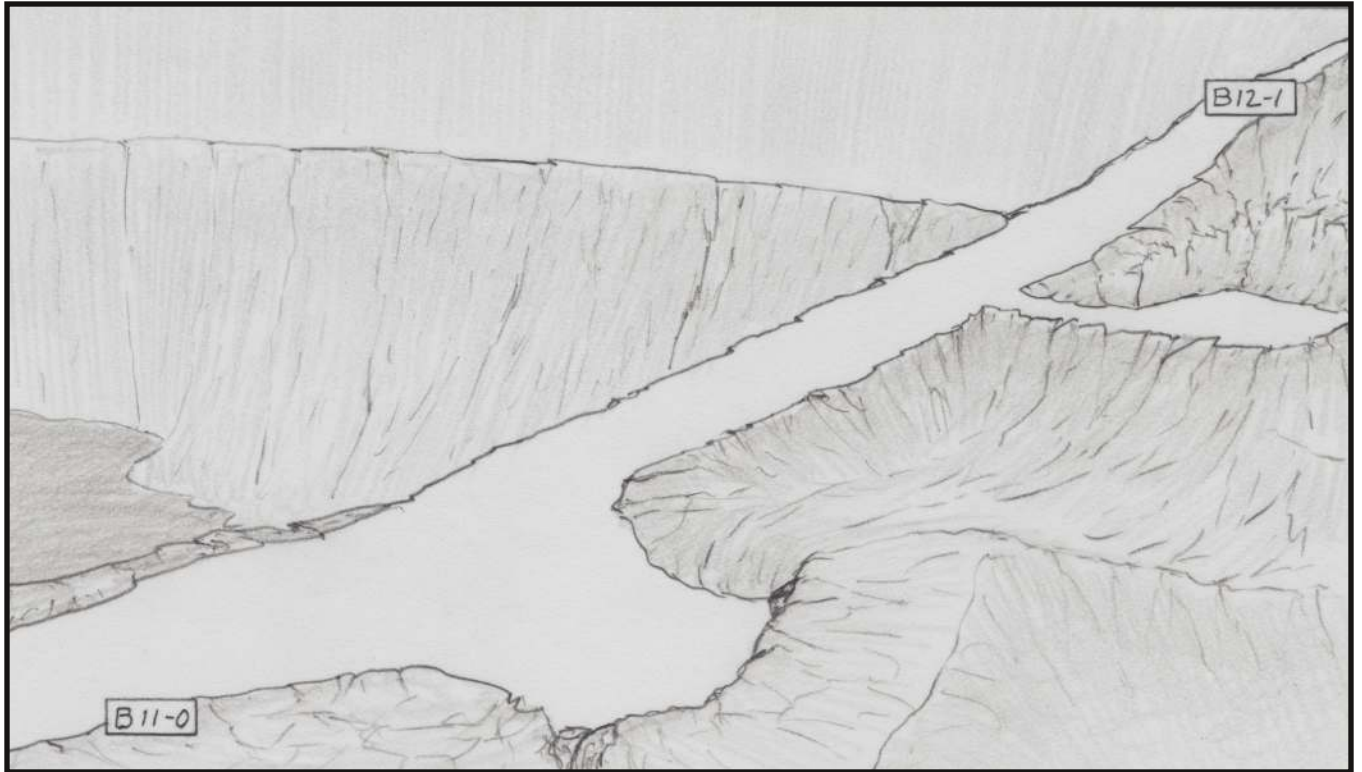
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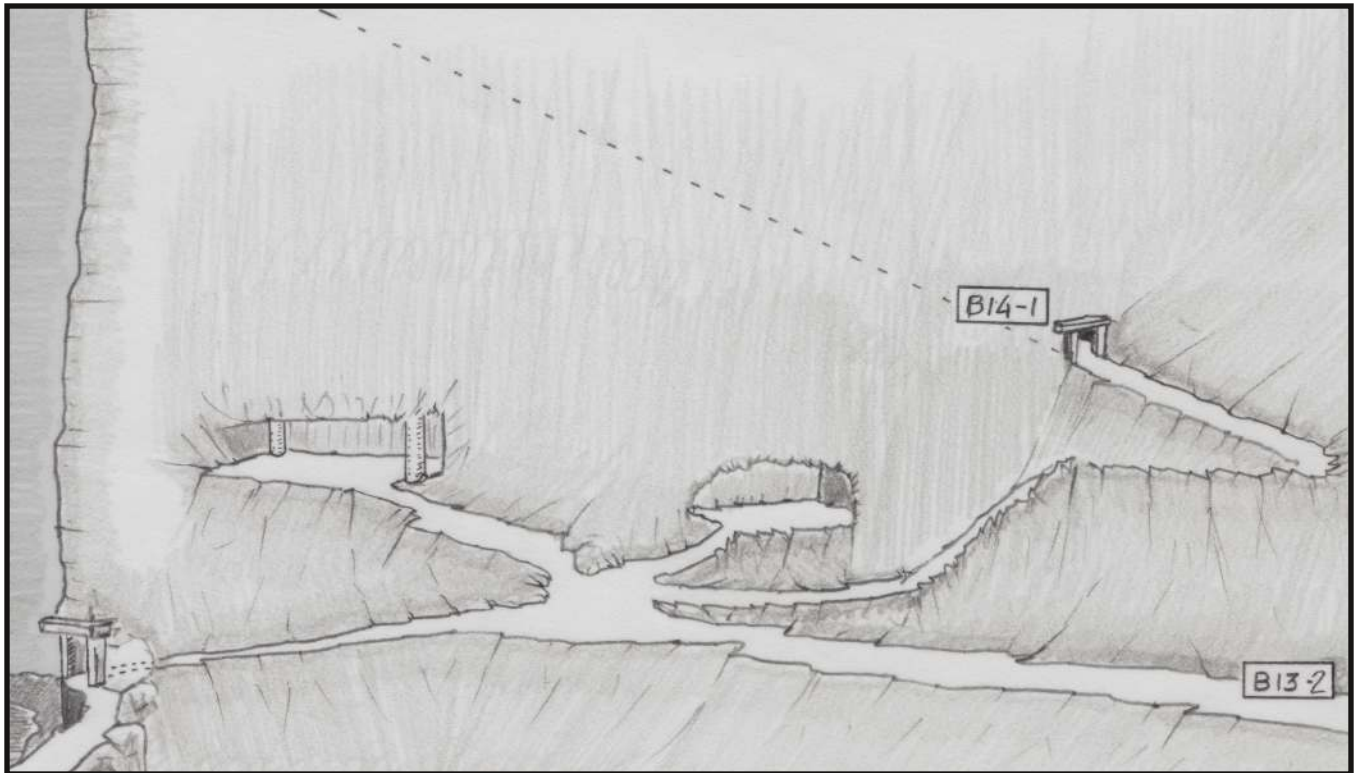
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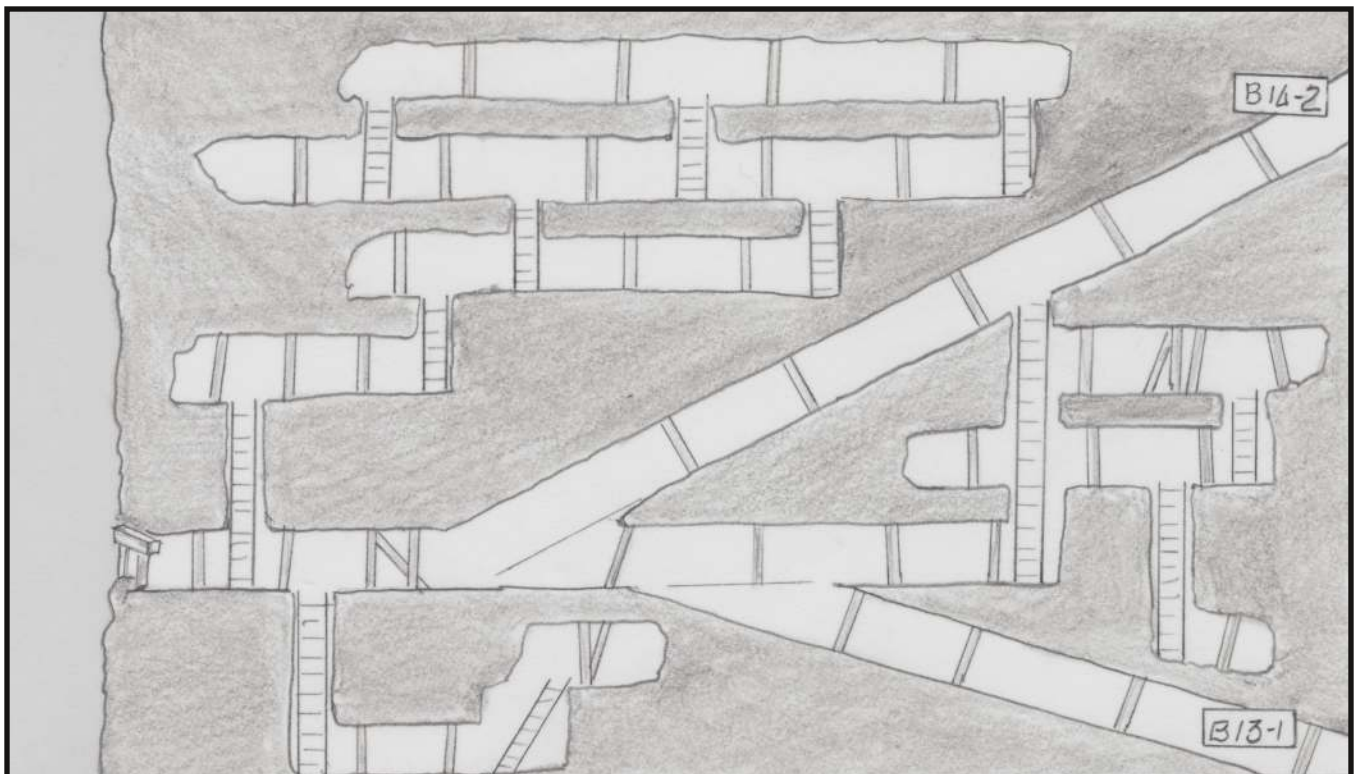
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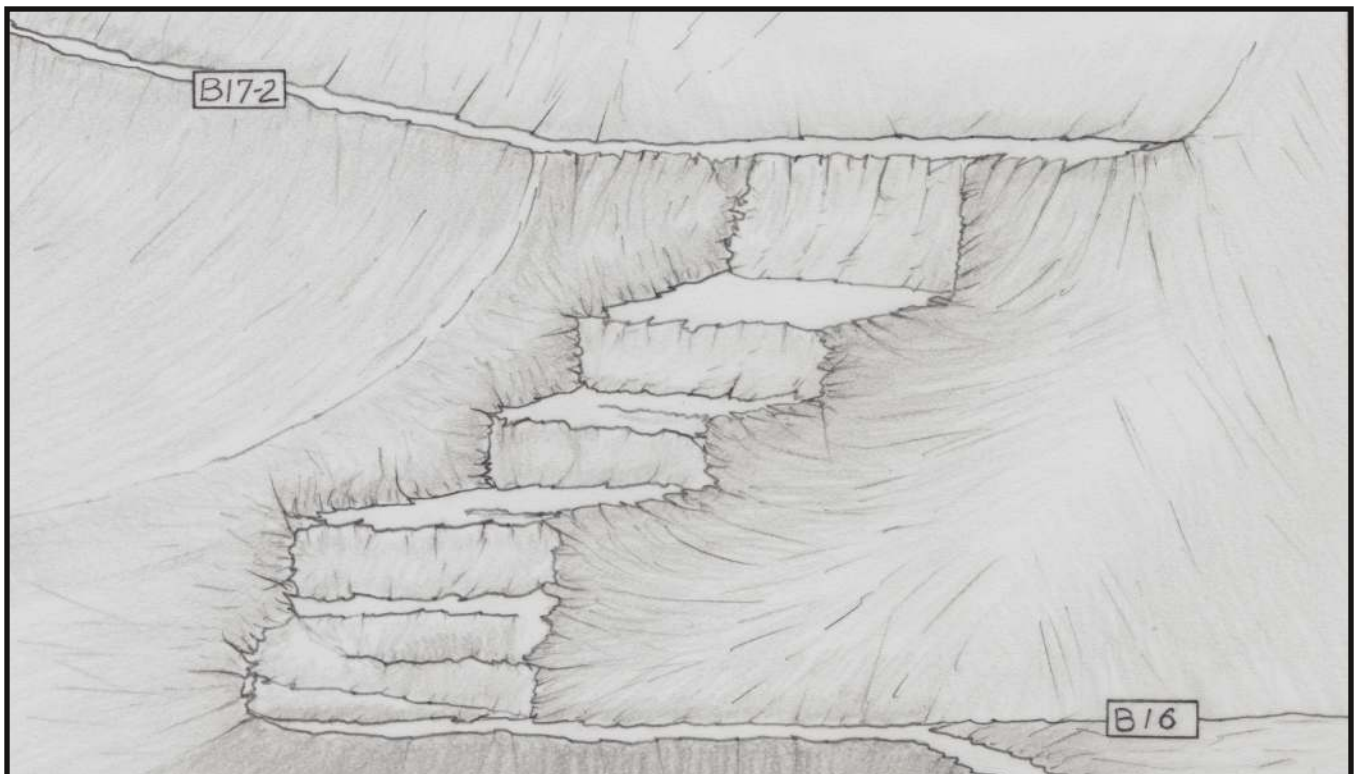
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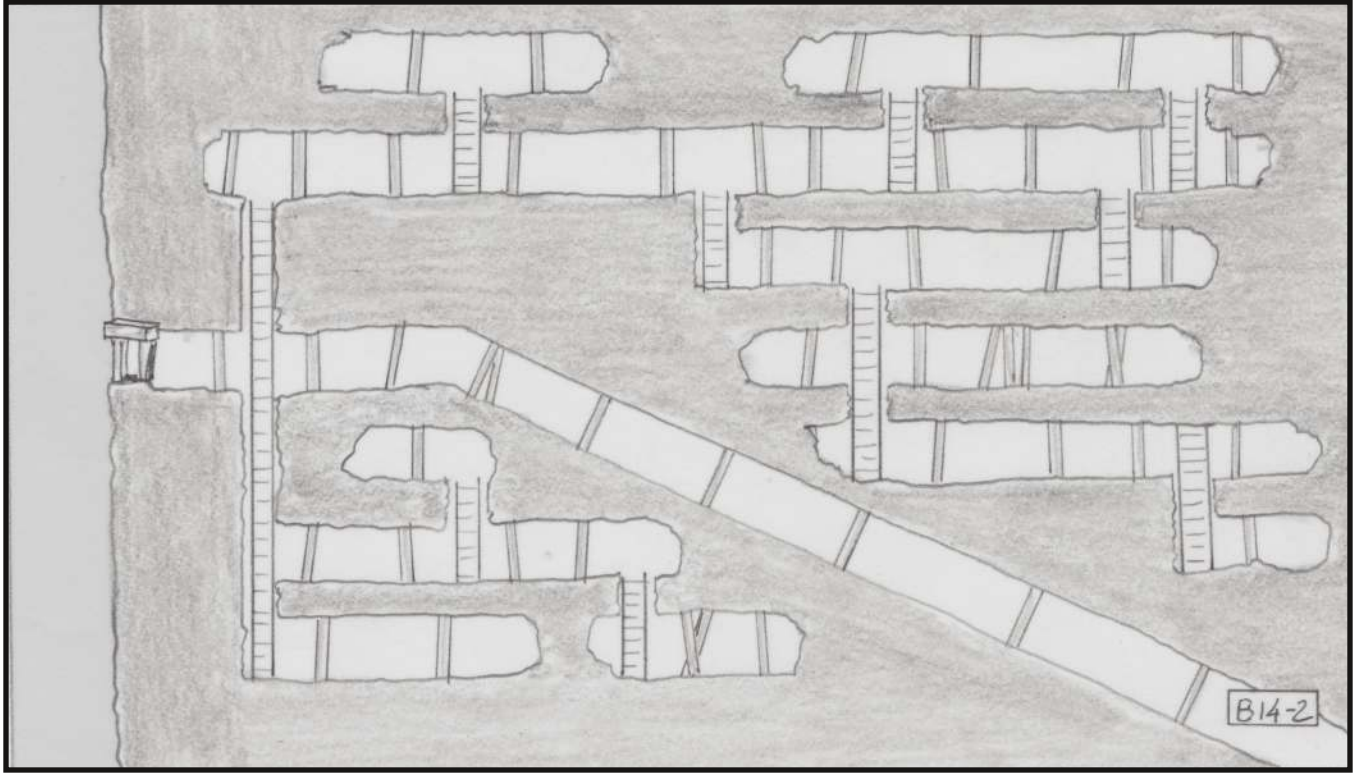
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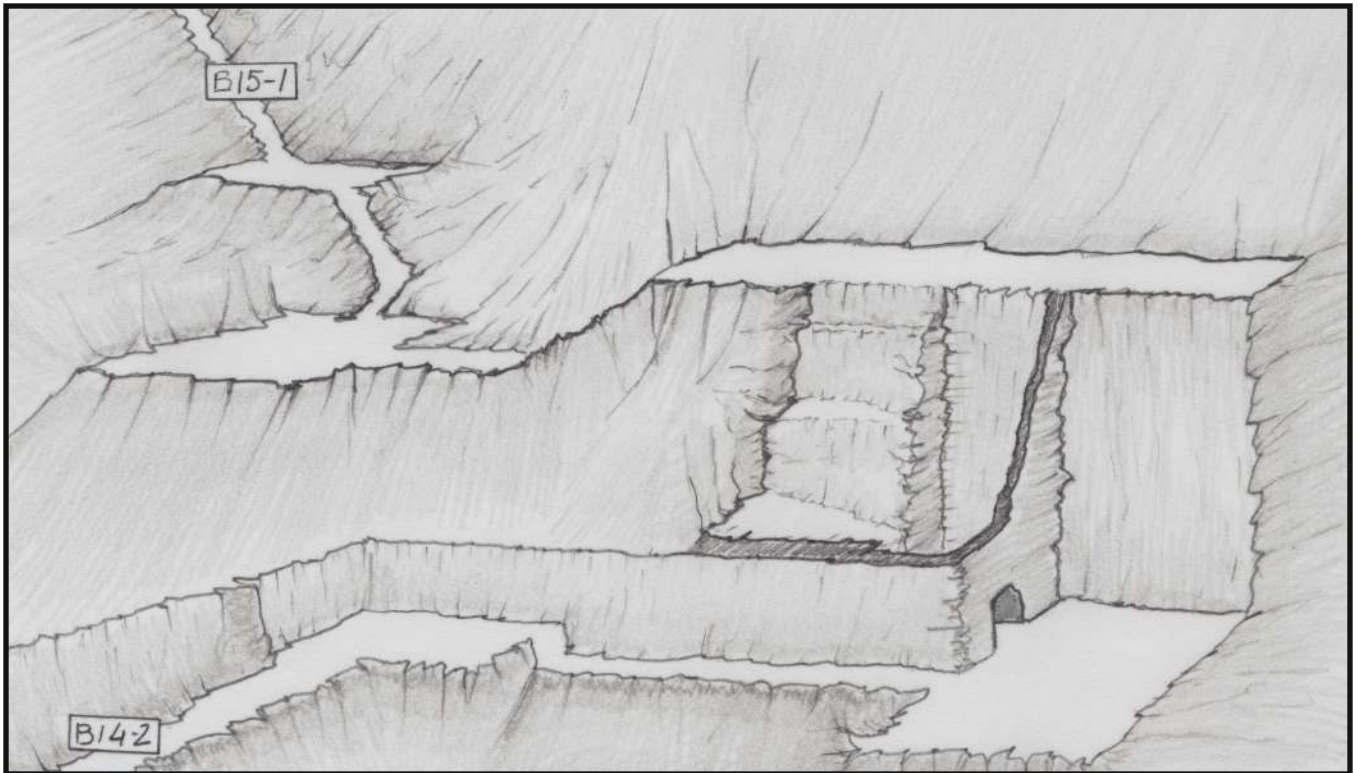
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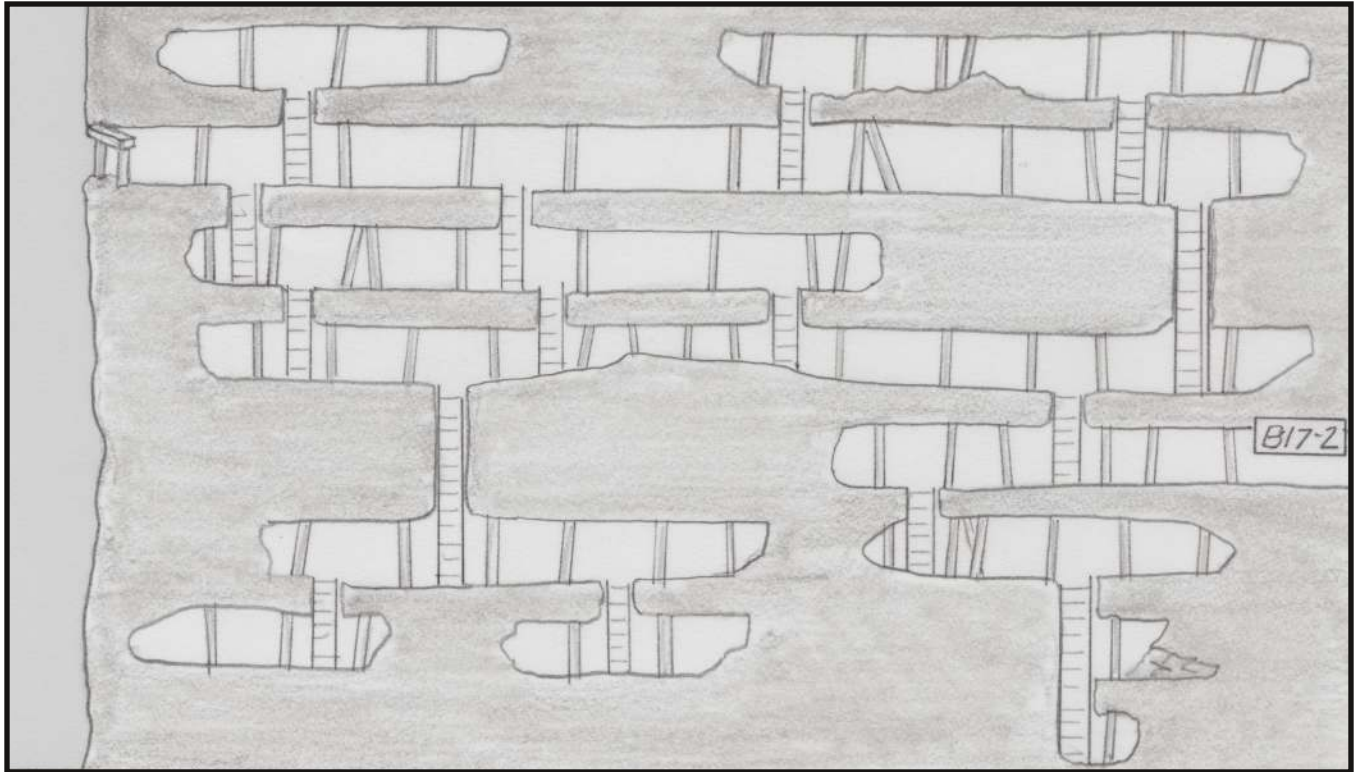
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B16



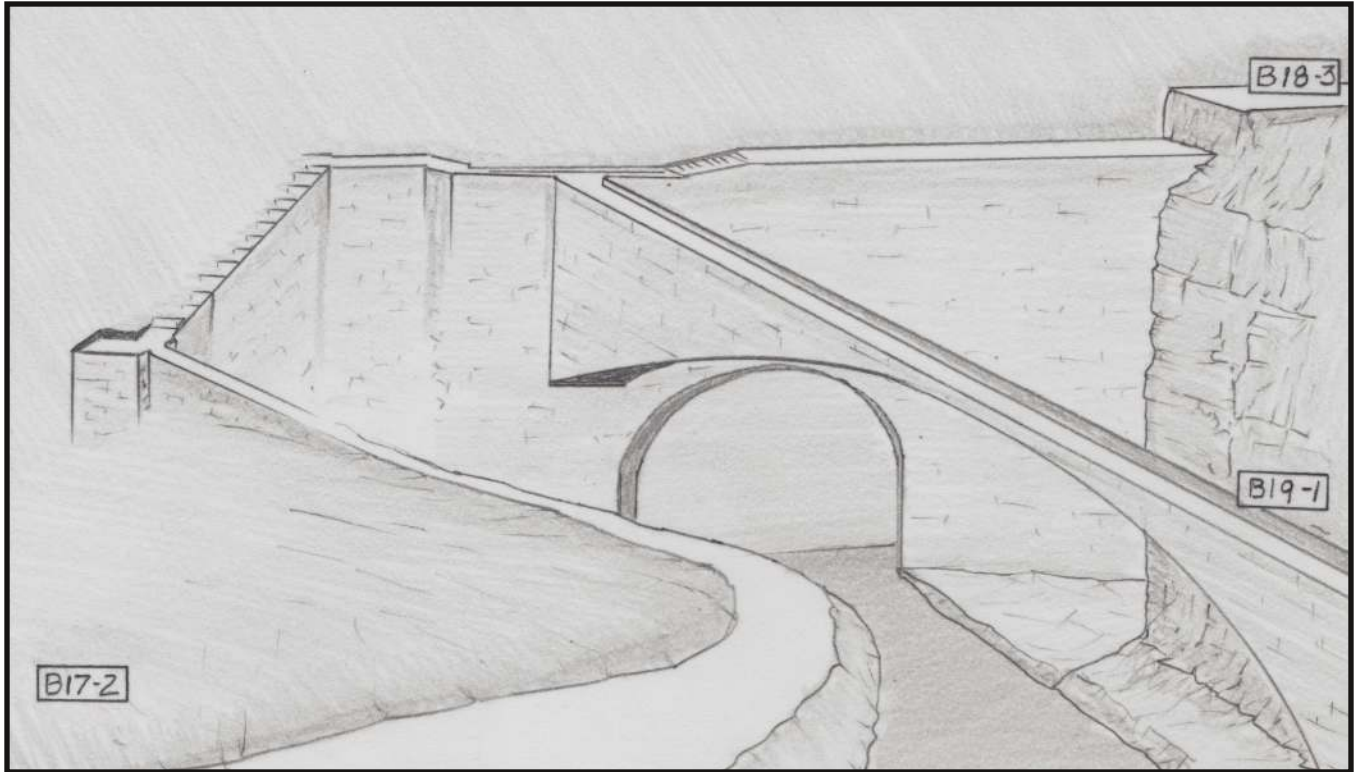
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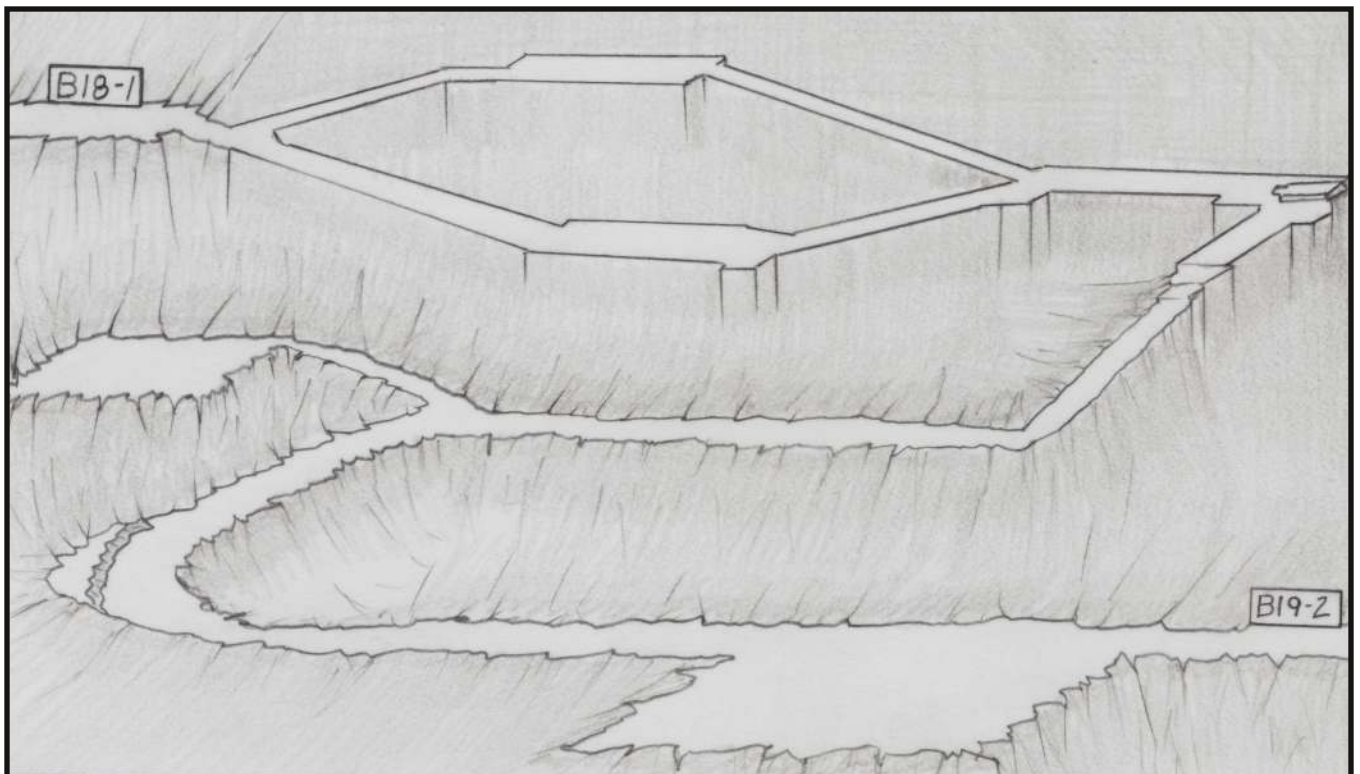
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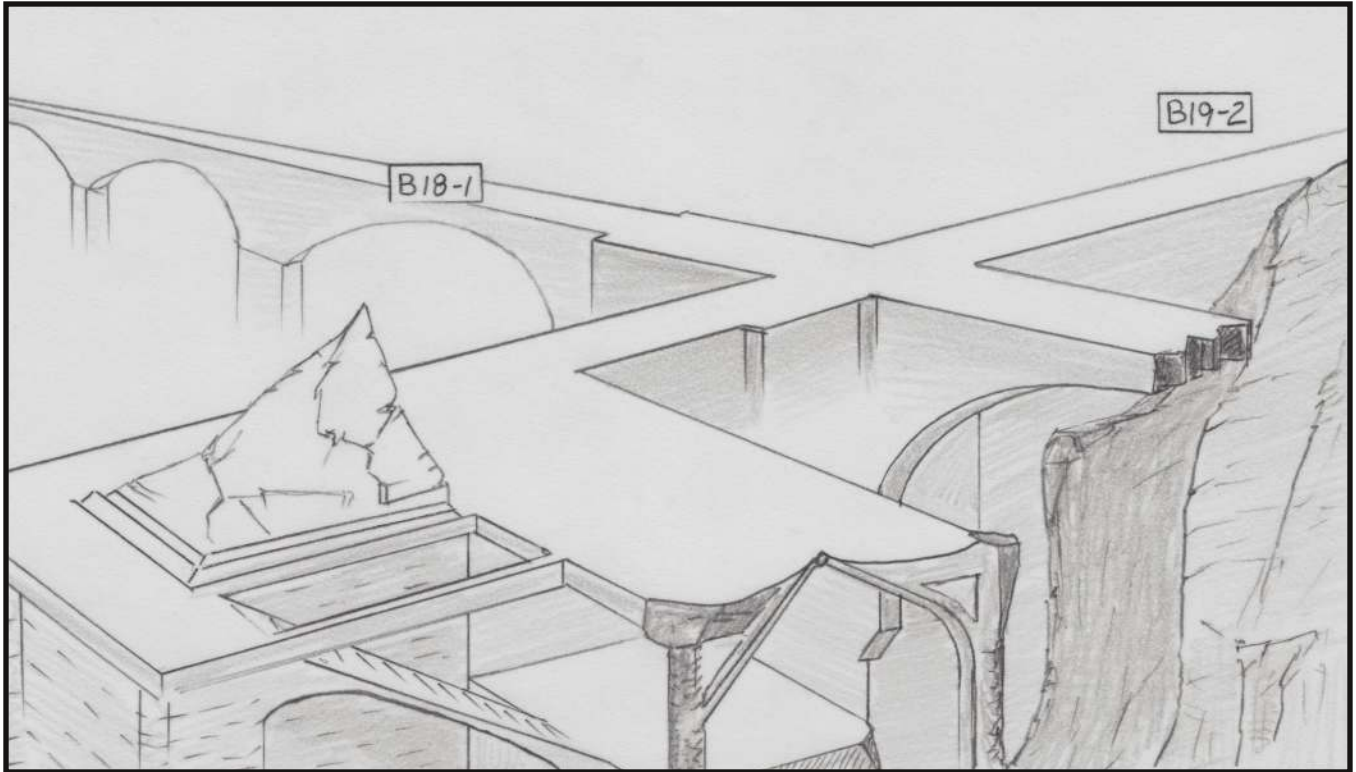
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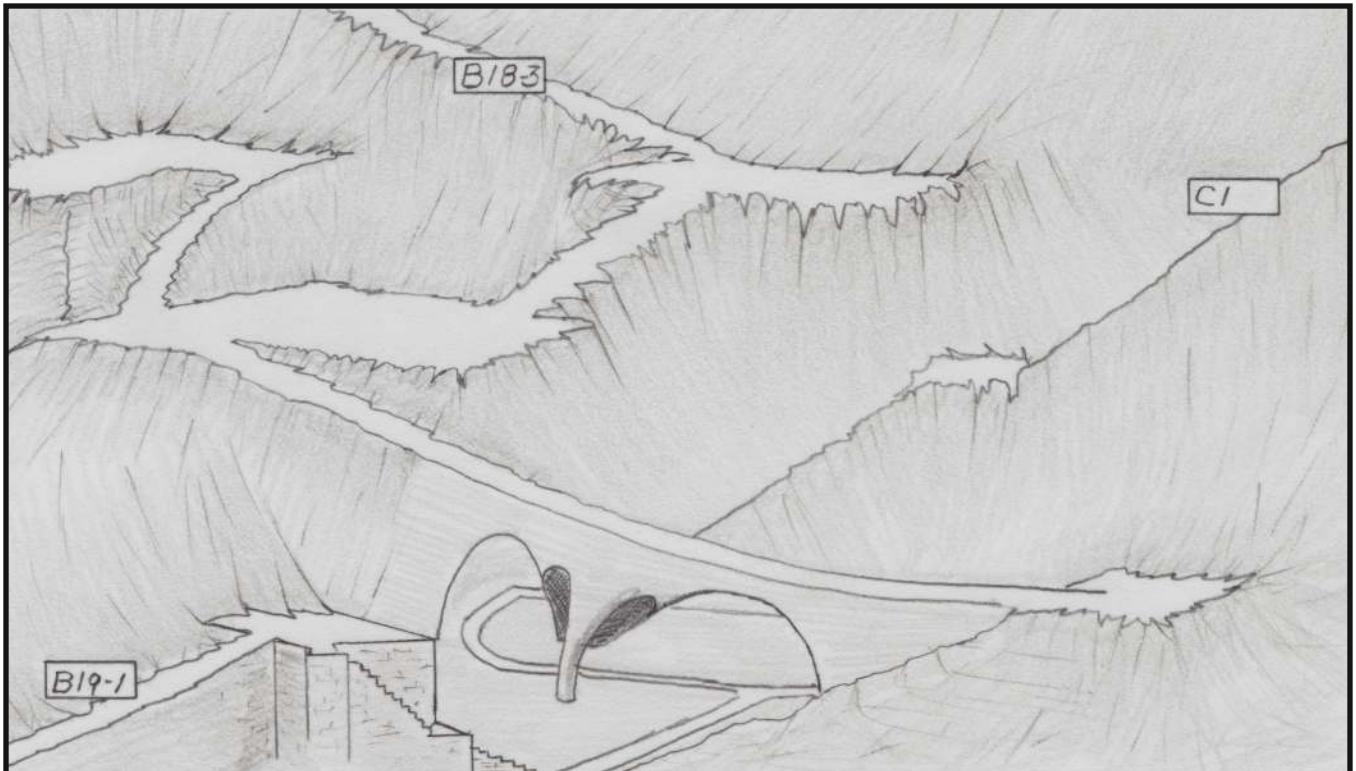
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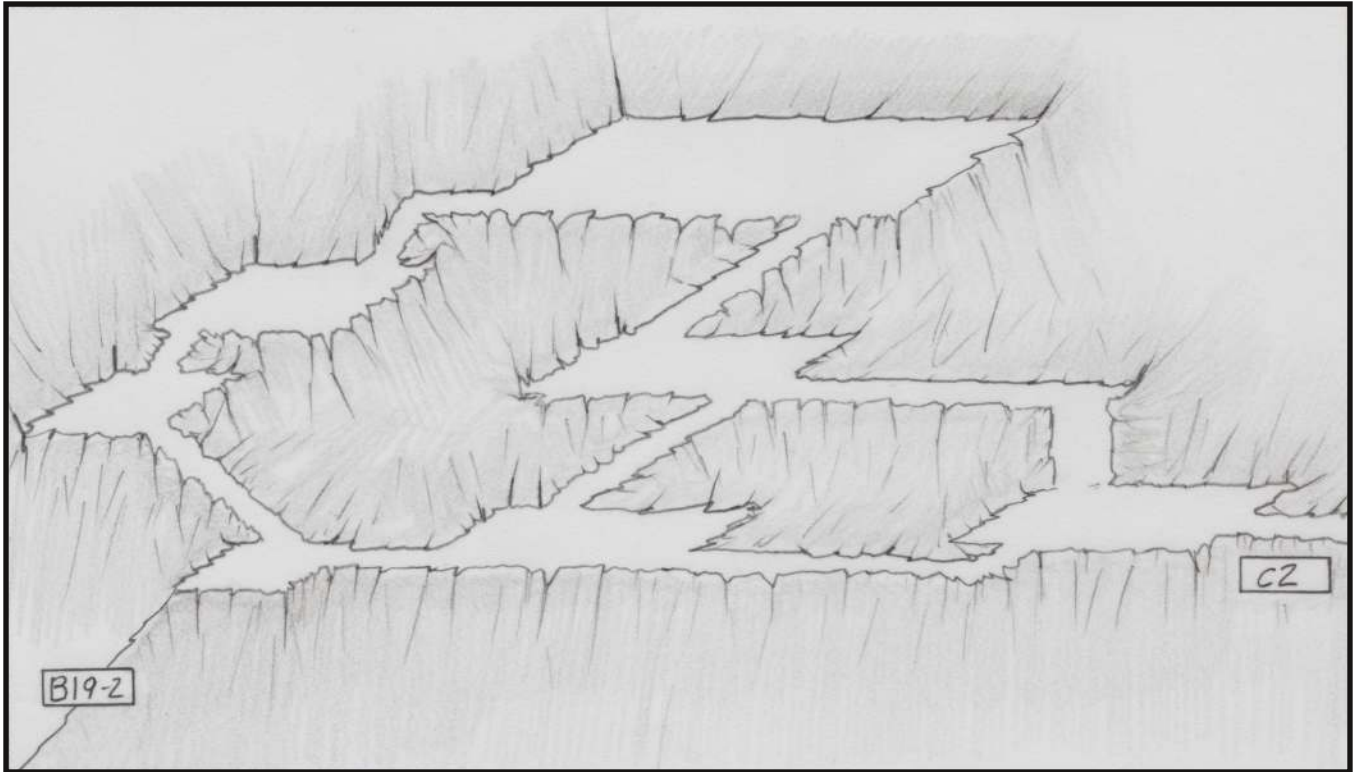
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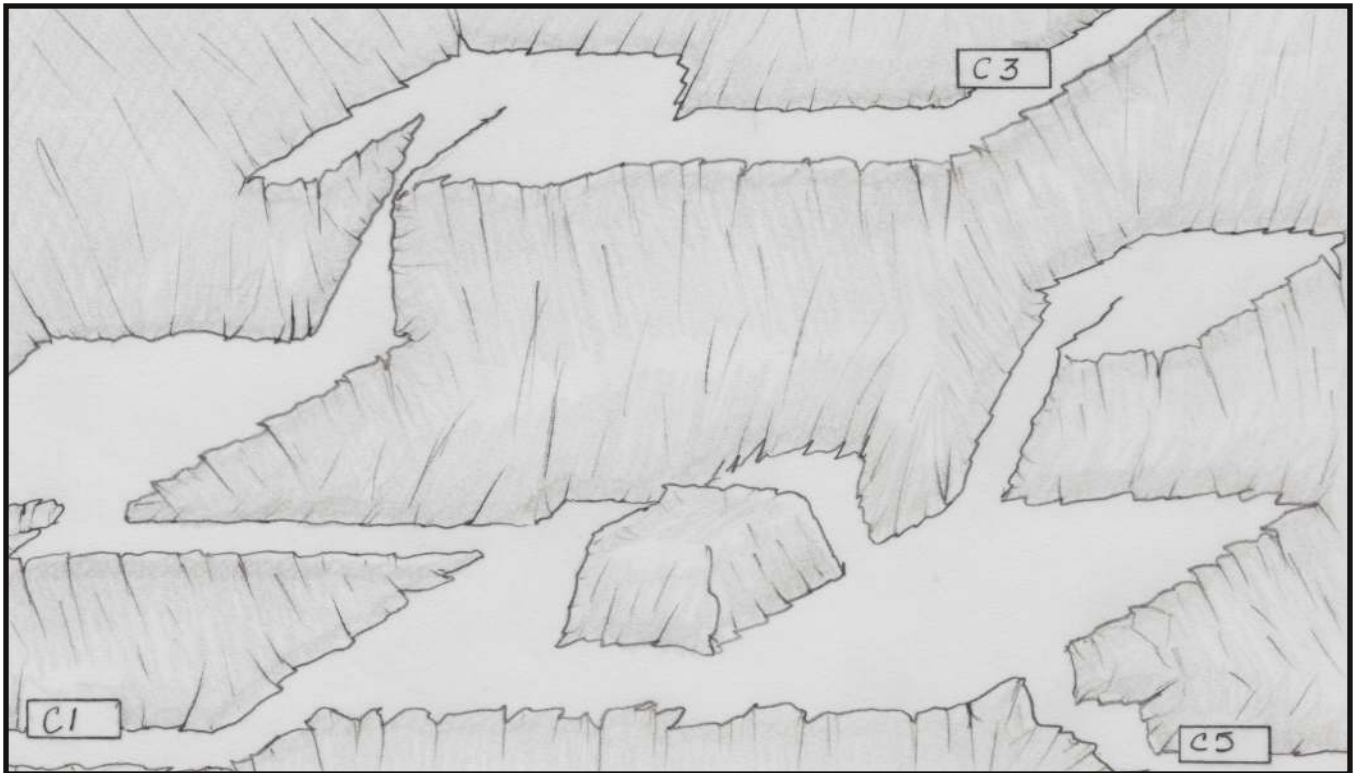
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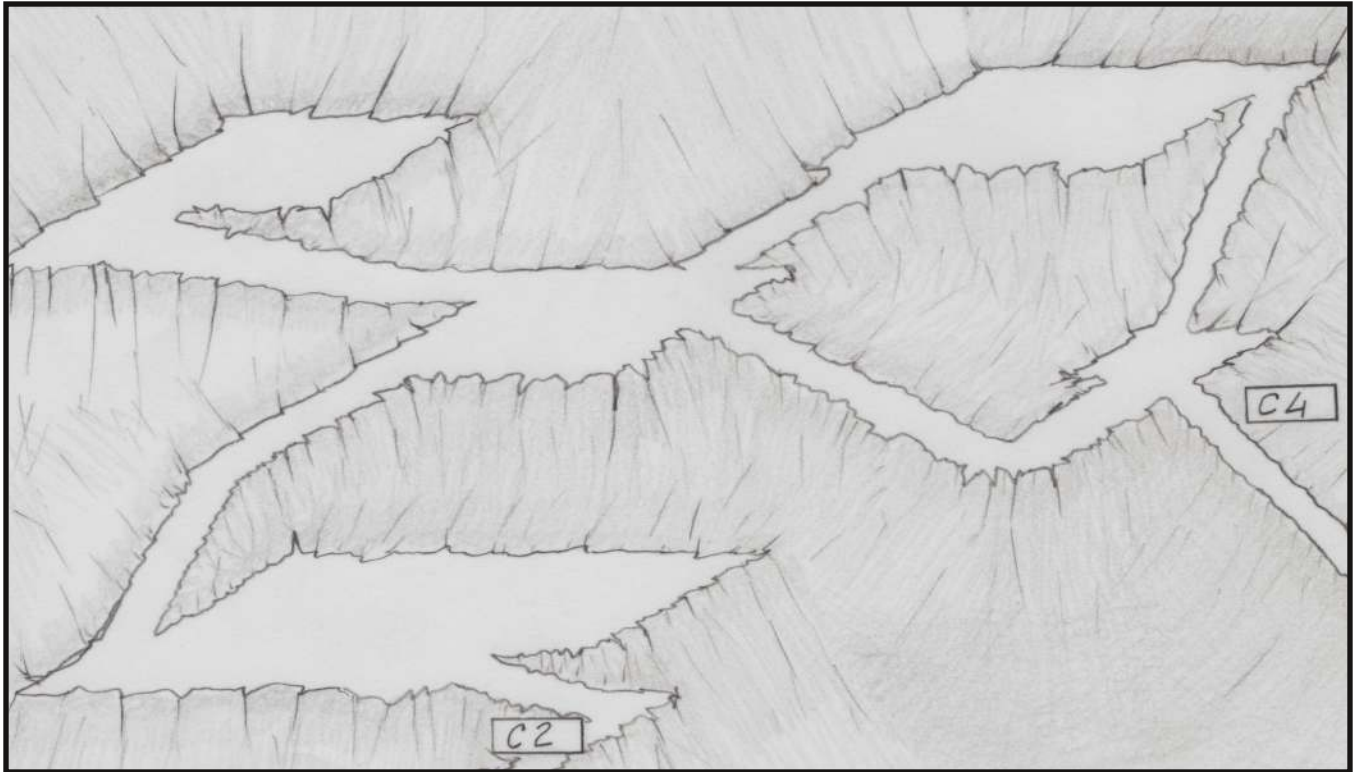
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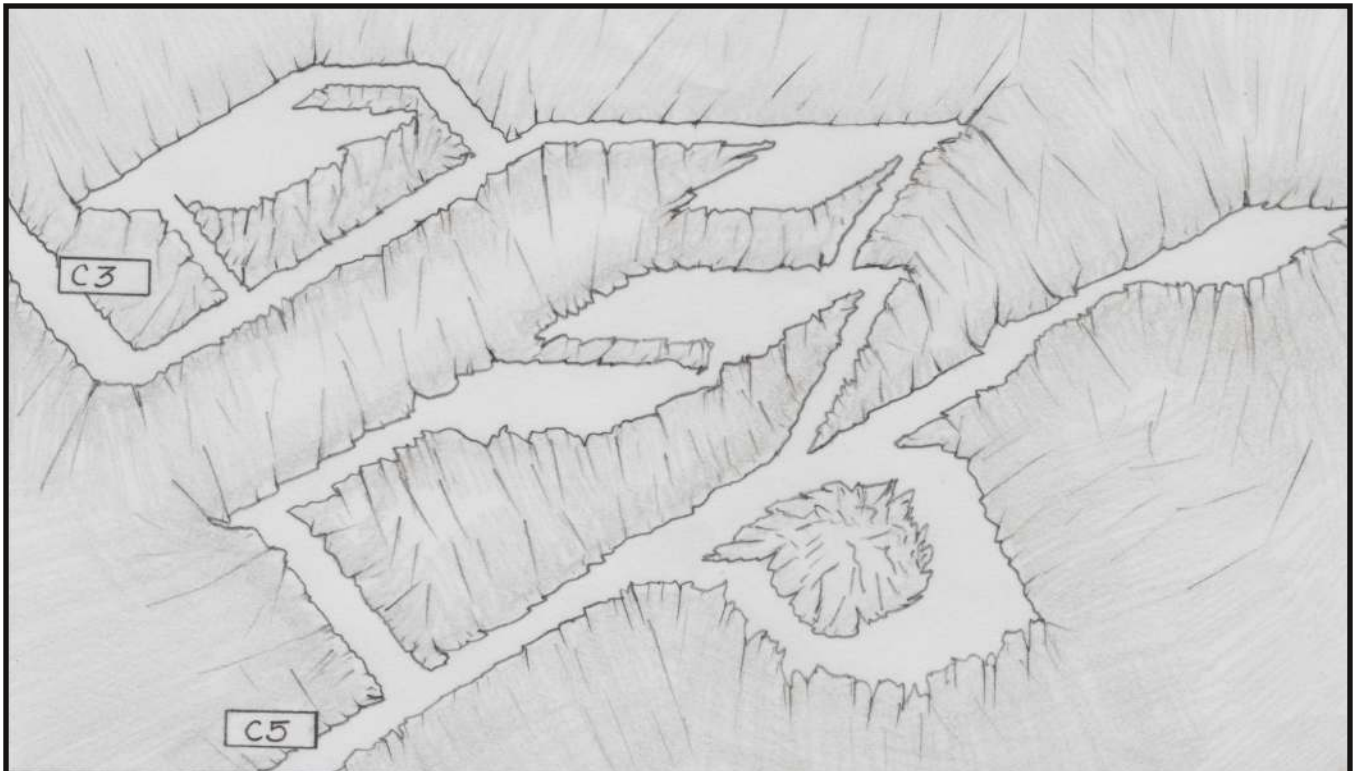
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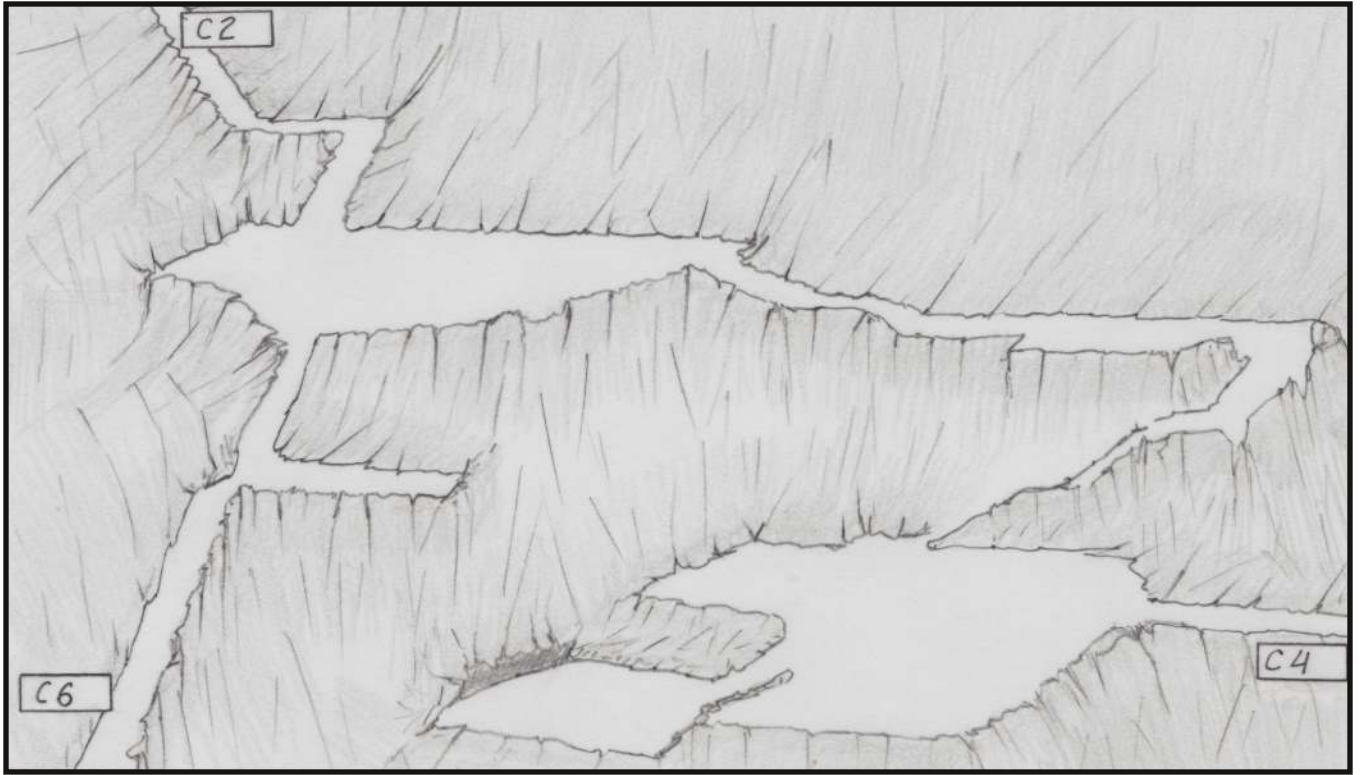
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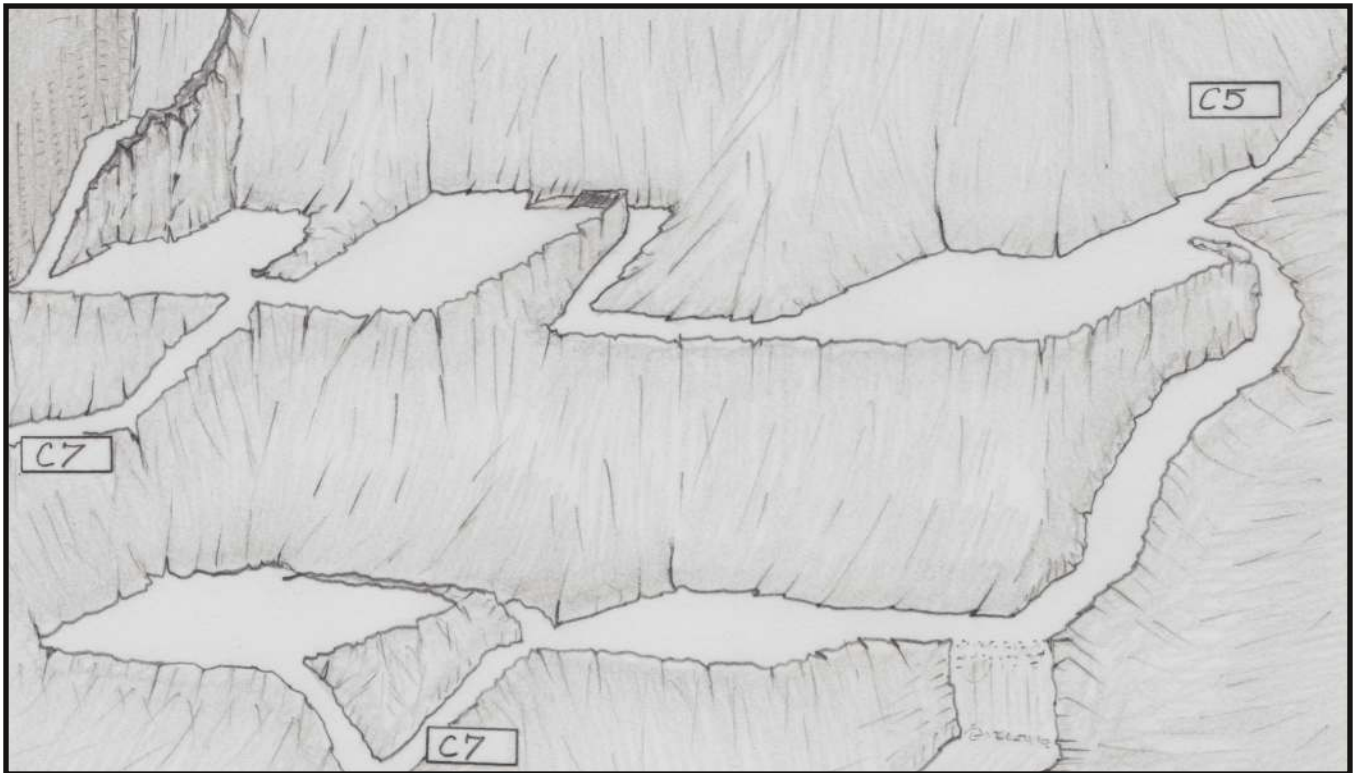
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C5



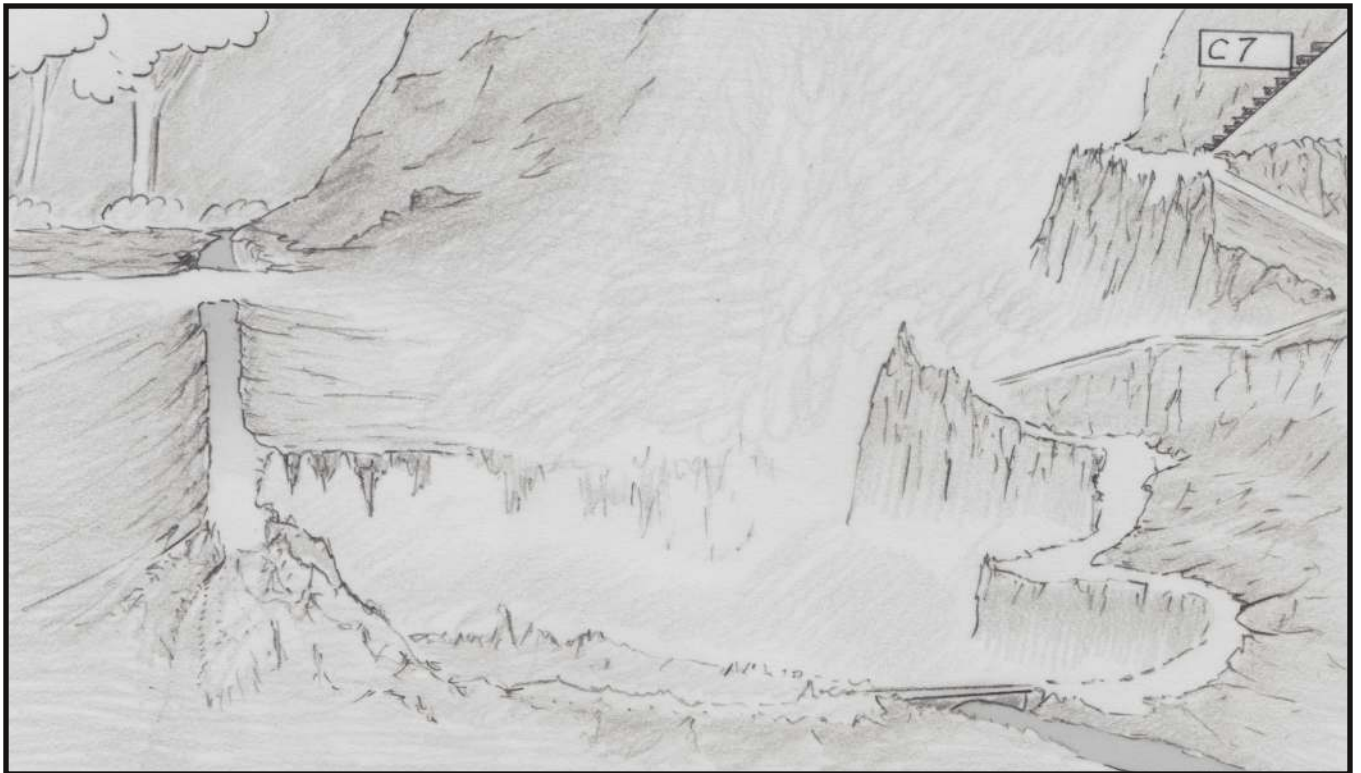
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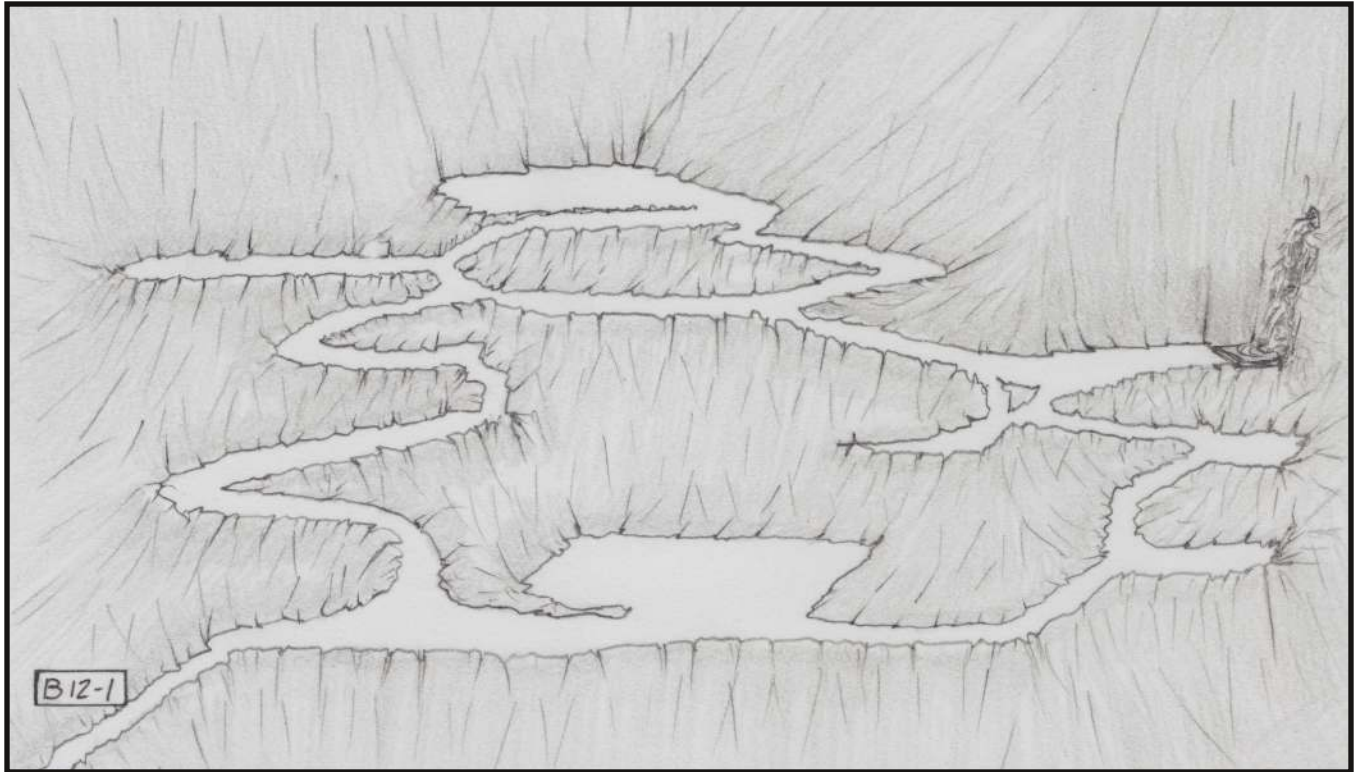
C7



C8



C14-1



THE TEMPLE

OVERVIEW

The dwarven road cuts into the tops of age old stalagmites, as it travels along the top of the cavern. Below, the occasional trail to a water source or another trail for a minecart can be seen, the glows of fungus filling the space.

The dwarves maintained this cavern space. They looked after the lichen and fungus. The result is an eerie glow of purple, blue, green and yellow-orange pocketing the space below.

The dwarven made stone road continues along its downward slope, a ramp to the left disappears into the darkness, ahead a rough hewn hole in the wall pulses

violet, white and deep blue in an strange, nebulous way.

Looking into this archway, the road abruptly stops. Revealed is a ledge overhanging a 70 foot drop. Another 70 or so feet above is the ceiling, curved downwards like an upside-down bowl, the rocks and boulders wedged between ceiling and cavern wall, a cylindrical shaft cut into the earth itself.

As one looks about, the wall of magic is nearly 5 feet thick. Its source of power unknown. Below, strange geometric shapes create shadows which dance in time with the magic. Squares, circles, columns. White and gold. Black and bronze. They form some kind of shape far below.

The road to the left is special purpose built. Not for mining, but for access. It weaves along, creating a path. Some areas cut into, other areas filled in. Hastily made, it functions as a clear path to the bottom of the arcane pit.

Runes glow. Each rune mounted on a pair of stone pillars. Together, the runes form a type of arch, the magical wall flowing over them, creating a type of tunnel into the magically protected space.

THE TEMPLE INTERIOR

The center of this space rests the altar itself. Nearly 30 feet in diameter each layer of stone adds a foot of height. Each layer of stone is of a different material: granite, black opal, obsidian and white marble with gold inlay, the pillars of polished black diopside, blend themselves into a single structure. The roof of this structure is bone cut from an unknown creature, a single spine segment split lengthwise.

The floor of this altar is flat and polished. Inlay of gold symbols around the edge, the lines cut into the center are filled with crushed sapphire and emerald, melted and fused into place by arcane energy.

Players whom stop onto this altar hear voices of anguish coming from all around them: "Leave!", "Pain..", "Betrayed!", "Hate!"

As the players move about the altar, the voices inside their heads get louder. Eventually swirls of magic energy form around them, then collapse into physical form.

CONFRONTATION

The deceased party of adventurers manifest themselves to the players. Dialog may commence as they may talk their way through the situation to a successful result or the players may decide to attack the manifestations.

The party of deceased adventurers will need to be adjusted by the storyteller based on the players. The cleric most likely will not be a part of this group as she was the one whom is now roaming the earth as undead.

The deceased group of adventurers may be at a lower hit

point value due to player party limitations.

As a general rule, they will de-manifest themselves when the players leave the altar area. This area is designated by the storyteller. The ghosts may then recharge themselves at the storyteller's discretion.

REWARD

The successful result of this confrontation will lead to gold, several magic weapons and a 'plot point' item. What these items are will vary with the degree of difficulty of the confrontation and the storyteller's opinion. The location of the rewards will be located under the floor of the top-level of the altar.

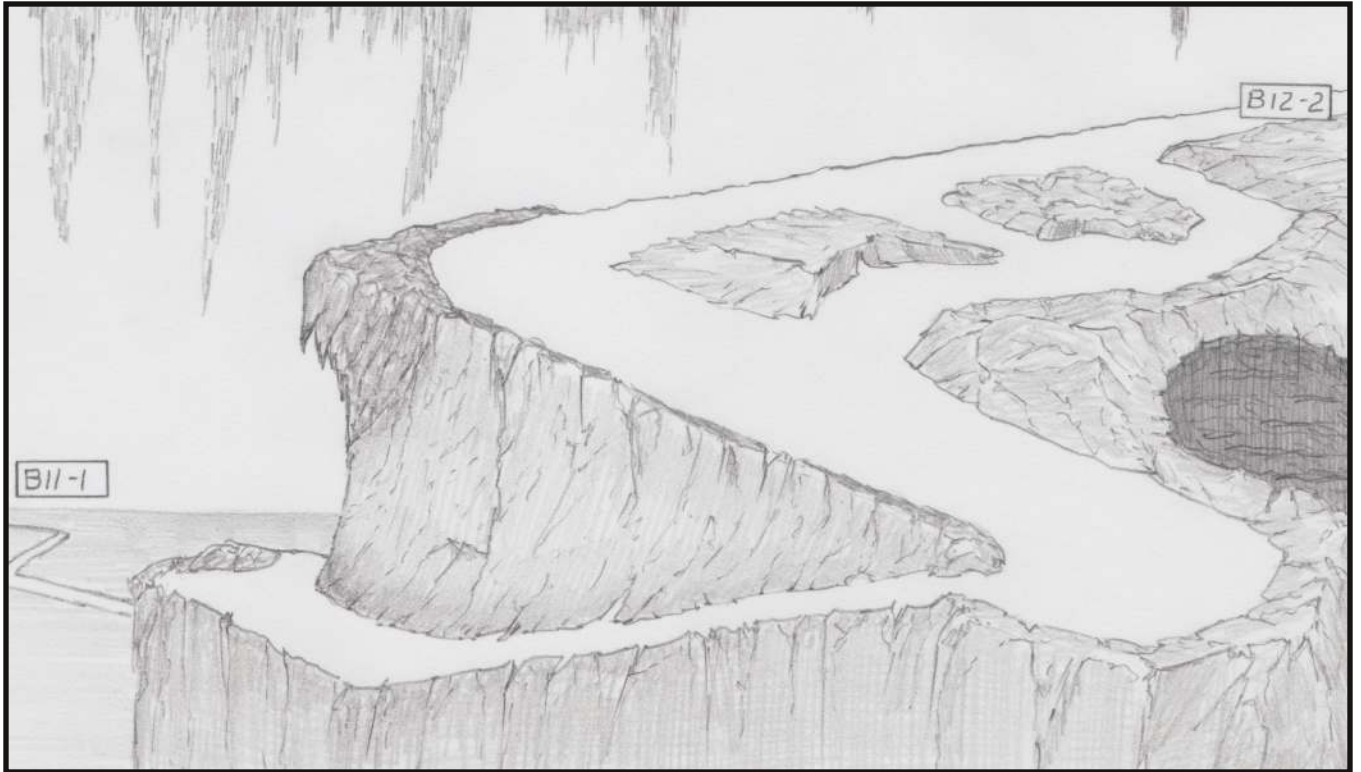
Upon successful result, at either the verbal request of the leader of the ghosts or the death of the final one, magic outlines itself on the top of the floor. A rectangular shape approx. 6 feet wide, 2 feet deep and 2 1/2 feet tall moves upwards through the floor into the airspace above it. It will pass through all obstructions as it is in ethereal space.

Once the spectral chest is above ground, it will manifest itself. The lock can be disabled by use of a key which is recovered from one of the ghosts (or given to the players by the ghost, or the key may be found along the way) or the chest may not, at the storyteller's discretion, have a lock.

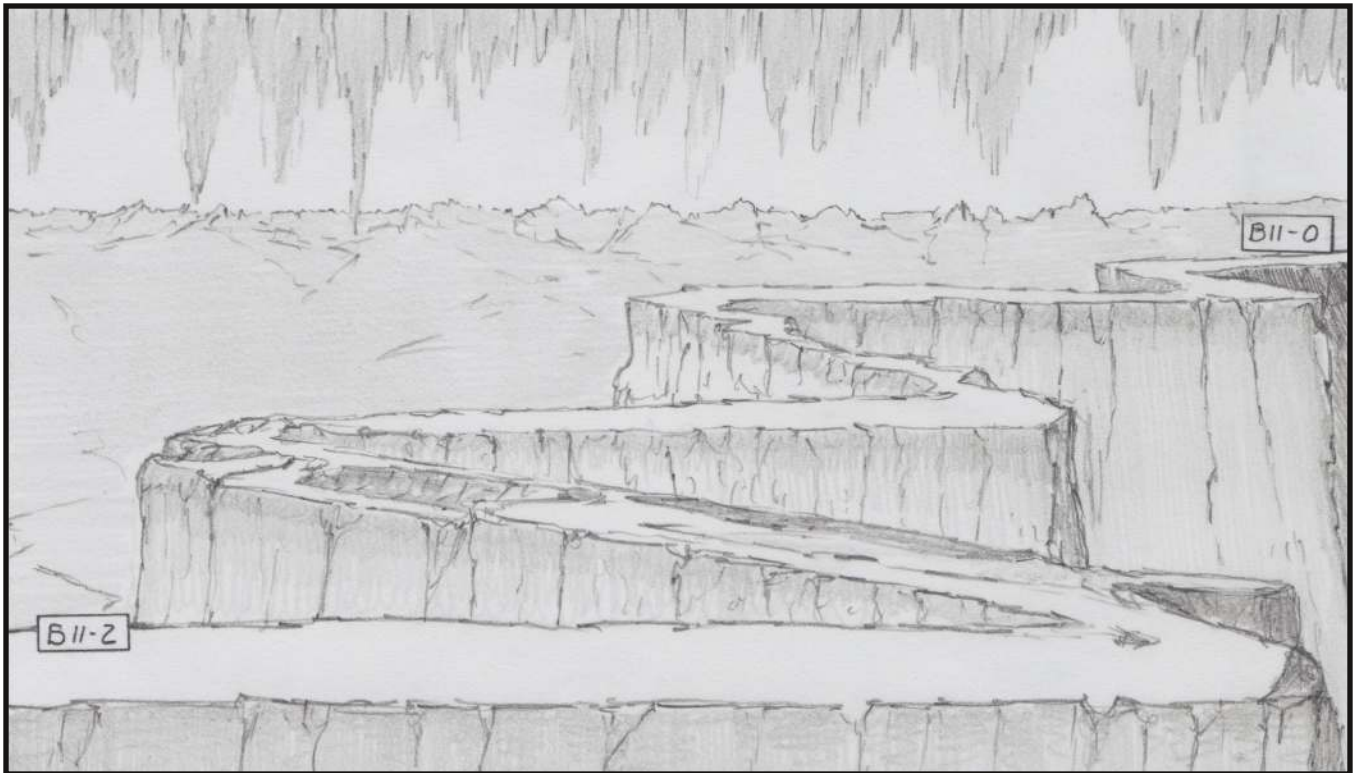
Inside of this enchanted chest lies the rewards for the players. Once the players have retrieved all of the objects inside the chest, the chest dissipates.

At this point, the magic walls begin to shudder as the magic loses its form. The players only have a few moments before the roof collapses.

B11-0



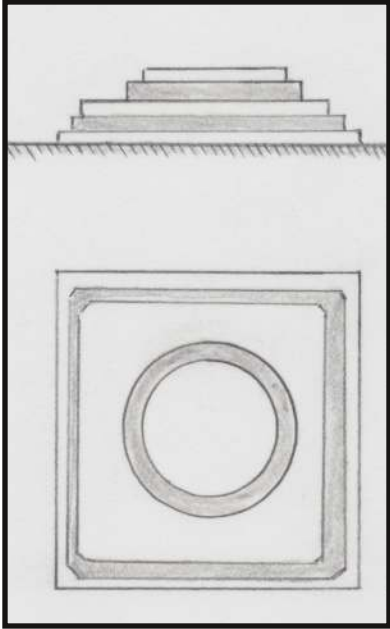
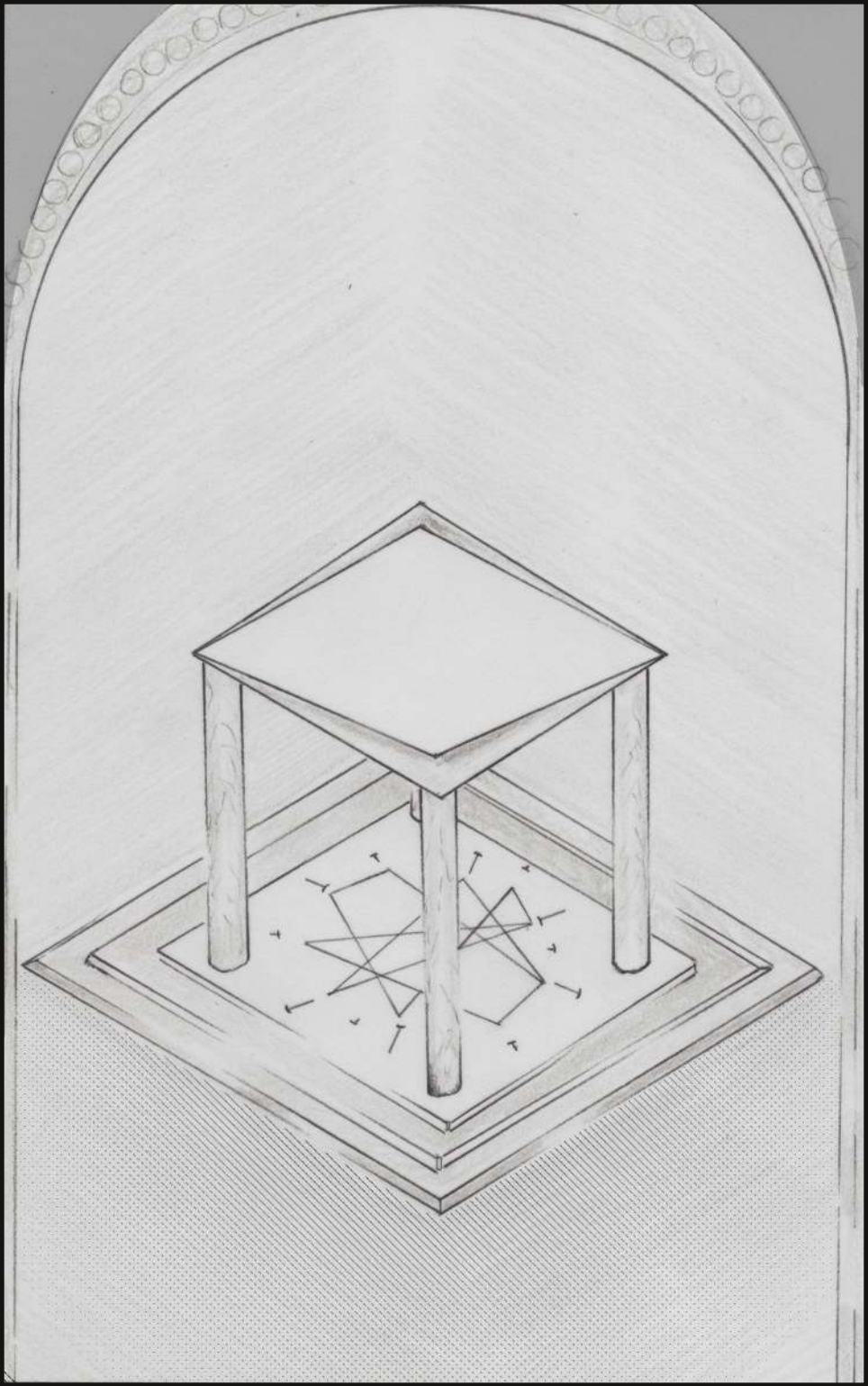
B11-1



B11-2



THE TEMPLE



THE RETURN

Once the players confront the ghosts and the temple walls disintegrate, the players will then need to find a way out of the complex.

The monsters will still be moving about, the undead will still attack.

§

CONCLUSION

I would like to thank you for reading this book. It is not as detailed as some other books on the subject. I left it in framework form to allow its use in multiple systems as well as to make it easy to add new or custom components.

It is my hope that with this framework you can embellish with your own flavor and to make it yours.

Please take the portions of this work that you want and leave out the parts you don't like.

If the cave complex is too big, have a few cave-ins and make it smaller. Want a larger cave complex? Mix and match the components together. Even add a few of your own.

With the open ended connections to other cities and regions, the names of forests and strongholds, it is hoped that you will be able to use this material to build a unique world for your players to explore.

All the best! Now go forth and create!

- the author

Caves of Kabash

A macro-designed cave system connected to a cursed remains of a fledgling village residing within a day's journey to the coastal city of Jarios, while the only mountain pass in the area is being attacked by kobolds. Just another day for our adventurers.

Welcome to the City of Jarios in the region of Rios. Connected to the Sea of Artharon, the region of Braemyr lies to the north while across the mountains is the city of Tursen. The trade road to the south leads to Kettleim and an island in the sea is home to no one.

This city is home to five noteworthy inns, multiple guilds, almost a dozen religious groups and one persnickety dwarf whom runs the 'Anvilriver Library of Magical Studies'. The regional city became the supply point in a long forgotten war and is now the primary connection point between the western lands and the ocean going vessels whom request their cargo.

Arrive by trade road or ship. Explore the swamps or traverse the mountains. Bandits on the trade roads roam free, while the rumors of an abandoned dwarven fortress circulate among the inn patrons. Just avoid the caves at all cost. Of those that enter, few return.

Build a one-shot or use this as a framework to build your own city. Leverage the named locations for more insidious plots for your players. If you know your game system and want a framework to connect modules together, then welcome to 'The Caves of Kabash'.

