IM2 An Adventure for Immortal-Level Characters 9189

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®

Immortal Game Adventure

The Wrath of Olympus

by Robert J. Blake



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by Robert J. Blake



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PROLOGUE

The overriding goal of all Immortals is the preservation of the Prime Material Plane, a tenet that is not subject to interpretation or negotiation.

But there are some Immortals who choose not to heed such dictates, regardless of the logic involved. Seven such descended to the Prime and declared themselves the Olympians, patterning themselves after the Pantheon of ancient Greece. Immortals impersonating gods? Unheard of and, as will be seen, the dangerous consequences of their deed caused turmoil throughout the multiverse.

The day the impostors arrived on the Prime, they appeared before the bewildered populace of Corunglain, in the Republic of Darokin. They demanded worship and tribute, claiming it as their due right. And who could deny them, these god-like beings encased in dazzling white light and speaking with ringing voices?

So worship was made and tribute offered. In keeping with the roles they were assuming, the Immortals ascended a mountain in the Broken Lands, dubbed it "Mount Olympus," and set about making it a permanent home. The summit was sheathed in rolling thunder and billowing clouds, through which "Zeus" would occasionally hurl a thunderbolt at some hapless mortal. An enterprising cleric was always handy to rationalize this divine retribution against the sins of the victim, no matter how trivial or insignificant those sins were.

The ruler of Darokin made obeisance to the gods and consulted the oracles, seeking a reason for this calamity and guidance as to the best course of action. The gods remained silent. Sure in his heart he was being tested by his deities, he dispatched his army to drive off the intruders. Fully 3,000 armored elite marched off to do battle with the "Gods of Mount Olympus."

Incensed by the effrontery of these mortals, the fraudulent gods blasted the host with all their Immortal might. The flanks of the mountain were covered with slain warriors, like dead leaves drifted by wintry winds. Few lived to spread the news of the crushing defeat.

But the use of so much power on the Prime attracted the attention of other Immortals. Night, Hierarch of Entropy, and three Eternals of Entropy (Masauwu, Orcus, and Talitha) had long desired to hasten the advancement of their sponsored mortals to Immortality. To make room in the ranks of Immortals, they sought the removal of at least seven Immortals.

Their new Initiates would be brought along, eventually to replace the Immortals so removed. Since this would be a simple replacement, Night sees the project as furthering the goals of his sphere.

The dangerous tampering by the band of renegades calling themselves gods proved a stroke of good fortune for Entropy. They moved speedily to incarcerate the Immortals, but instead of bringing them to the Hierarchs for discipline, they made a few modifications to Olympus. It is now apparent that Night is intent on eliminating the Olympians directly on the Prime.

The Imprisonment of the Gods

Demons descended on the mountain and, with the help of a gluttonous jumper (see page 46), erected an encircling barrier composed of Time and Air around part of the palace. Inside, the impostors found their magic would not work, and all, save Athena, were quickly overwhelmed. She was not within the area enclosed by the barrier and fled, followed by Orcus and Talitha in hot pursuit.

The foolish Immortals were bound with chains to the mountain. The metal of the chains was unknown to them and they could not break it. A feeling of weakness and lethargy overcame them, as if the rock to which they were chained was sucking the power from their bodies.

Before leaving, Talitha released a tormentor upon them, a winged fury bearing the grinning visage of the Titan Prometheus. The demon repeatedly attacked the Immortals, ironically visiting on the Olympians the eternal punishment the real Zeus prescribed for the Titan.

The Flaw in the Plan

The Immortals of Entropy made a serious error in judgment in their haste to elevate their mortal candidates to Immortality. The Hierarchs ruled that open slaying of Immortals on the Prime, to be witnessed by mortal eyes, would eventually jeopardize the replenishment of the ranks of Immortals. What mortal would aspire to Immortality after observing such a thing, or even just hearing the tale? Clearly, this course of action is dangerous and must be halted....

Player Background

Having answered Terra's summons, it is puzzling that she now ignores your presence.

The Hierarch of the Sphere of Matter restlessly scans the void for...what? "Fear not," she murmurs. "In the troubles that have befallen you, I will lend what aid is possible. I sense you now realize the enormity of your actions, and I will protect you if you are sincere in your repentance. But I must know your refuge."

And then, ever so briefly, like a vague thought, a pinpoint of light flares in the vast expanse of blackness. Terra smiles, then turns to you. Her features reflect the solidity of Earth, the bloom of health, and the lack of any expression of apology for keeping low-ranked Immortals waiting on her doorstep.

"I desire that you put aside your personal projects for a time. An Empyreal calling herself Athena has been chased across the emptiness by someone or something. Though incredibly drained, she was able to send a plea, a call for help. Whatever pursues her is strong, totally shielded from my probes.

"Be aware that her flight is part of strange and ultimately dangerous occurrences on the Prime. Her claim that she is Athena is false, but she is at least showing some repentance for her actions by making her whereabouts known to me with a last burst of power.

"The errant Empyreal has sought sanctuary on the planet Coriopt in the Outer Plane of Kryla. However, Kryla cannot be reached astrally. It is necessary to first go to the adjoining plane of Rylum to seek the boundary with Kryla. Find this pretender and bring her to me for censure."

Notes for the Dungeon Master

The Characters

This adventure is designed for four or five Temporals, levels one or two. There should be one from each sphere. There are six pregenerated characters in the Reference Section (center pull-out) who may be used to fill out the party if you do not have enough PCs of Immortal status in your campaign.

If five PCs are desired, an extra Immortal of Thought could prove useful.



Travel

The PCs will probably travel in their normal forms (physical forms are necessary to complete all phases of the adventure) and remain visible (to keep their Anti-Magic in effect). The walking rate is 120′ (40′) and the nonmagical flying rate 360′ (120′). Your players may choose other means, and you may have to adjust the details of some encounters, reactions, etc. to account for the characters' actions.

Astral and Ethereal Travel

The player characters must travel to many planes to complete this adventure. The adventure begins on the Home Plane of Terra, the Hierarch of the Sphere of Matter. The first leg is another outer plane called Rylum. From there the party may travel to yet another outer plane (Tempus in part 3) or to the Elemental Plane of Earth (part 2).

From the Plane of Earth, the adventure leads to either a PC's Home Plane, or to Tempus (part 3), if they have not been there yet. The final destination is the Prime Plane.

For the purposes of this adventure, it is assumed that none of the characters have ever visited any of the outer planes involved in this adventure (except, of course, a PC's Home Plane). The best means of travel in the Astral Plane is to use *astral teleport*, which all Initiates learn before becoming Novice Temporals. However, the characters only have a general knowledge of the location of the outer planes they seek, so *astral teleport* will only get them close. Some nonmagical travel is still required.

The Astral and Ethereal Planes exhibit a neutral bias to all spheres, thus the regeneration of Power, ability scores, and hit points all occur at the rate of 1 point per turn.

Random encounters in the Astral and Ethereal Planes are covered in the Pull-out Section. You should spend some time before the adventure to create the parties of mortal adventurers that may be encountered. If at all possible, these should be keyed to your campaign (i.e., the adventuring parties are composed of actual NPCs in your world).

Getting Started

"Before you leave," continues Terra, "be aware that you journey to unusual and dangerous planes of existence. Rylum is tetraspacial, thus you may not use your power to create magic. Those of you who could cast spells as mortals may do so on Rylum, but only by the mortal means of memorization. Magic does not function on Rylum as you might expect, therefore the aid of a native mage might prove helpful. Other aspects of your Power and Aura will still function.

"Of greater concern is Kryla. It is a trispace, and magic simply does not work. Be careful, lest you be trapped there. The impostor Athena must have used a gate between Rylum and Kryla. Find this gate, then guard it in some fashion to ensure your return."

Travel to Rylum

Terra provides complete directions for astral travel to Rylum. Once there, the characters are on their own.

Consult the Astral Random Encounter Table for possible encounters en route. Make three checks (at start of travel, near the middle, and at the end).

Chapter 1: Athena's Refuge

Magic Use

Rylum is tetraspacial, thus only memorized magic functions here. This means that characters who were capable of using magic as mortals may do so in the standard way of memorizing spells. The players of these characters should refer to the sheet that lists the mortal character's last level and statistics before becoming an Initiate.

As stated earlier, planar access spells do not work here, as the characters will discover if they cast *gate*. Access points to planes that bound with Rylum are physical portals created by the magic of this place.

The Situation

Terra was correct in that Athena used a *gate* between Rylum and her chosen sanctuary, the planet Coriopt in the Plane of Krylа.

However, Athena did not cast the spell *gate*. The normal planar travel spells (other than to the Astral Plane) simply do not work on Rylum. Having visited here before, she knew exactly where a portal to Krylа existed.

Unfortunately for Athena, Orcus also knew of this *gate*. He is aware of another plane adjacent to both Rylum and Krylа, a very nasty place called Pyts. Orcus found the door to Krylа and concealed it by piling an entire volcano on top of it. Then he opened one to Pyts in the same location. Orcus is trying to force anyone going to Krylа to pass through Pyts first. Thus Orcus's followers have ample time to enter Krylа and remove Athena to the Prime for Night's brand of Immortal Justice.

Arrival on the Plane of Rylum

Viewed from the Astral Plane, Rylum is a large, pinkish bubble, indicating that its dominant element is Fire. Bias is standard (friendly to the Sphere of Energy, neutral toward Matter and Time, hostile to Thought).

It is daylight on the planet Simoom in the Plane of Rylum. The sun is a huge ball of fire: very close, very bright, and very hot. The PCs arrive in the middle of a dry lake ringed by volcanoes. (Refer to the map on page 5.)

A *wish* indicates the proper direction of travel, but it is not necessary. There are two roads—actually dry stream beds leading from the extinct lake—both of which lead to the same place. The characters may walk or use nonmagical flying abilities for movement; *gaseous form* does not function.

The Isiidi

These humanoids are the dominant race on Simoom, but they are little known outside Rylum since they do not have the means to leave. Only stray references to Isiidi may be gleaned from Immortals who have traveled widely in the outer planes.

The fiery nature of their home plane, and Simoom in particular, has caused the race to evolve into creatures capable of surviving extreme heat. They are taller than humans, averaging seven feet in height. Their skin is a thick, brownish hide equivalent to AC 0.

All Isiidi have the following innate abilities: produce fire (as the druid spell on page 15 of D&D® Companion Set Players Book, once per turn), fire breath (as the artifact power [page 52 of D&D Master DM's Book], three time a day), and blasting (as the artifact power [page 51 of D&D Master DM's Book], once per day).

The society of the Isiidi is similar to that of some human enclaves on the Prime. The government may best be described as a Confederacy, though relations between the states are as fiery as the planet.

Foodstuffs are the primary commodity, the most important of these being the grain of the blaze plant, the staple food of the planet.

Water is very scarce on Simoom. Most states have a few well-guarded community wells, though these occasionally go dry, resulting in public unrest. The state of Pyros, however, enjoys unlimited water from a massive underground lake. Pyros's treasury is well maintained by selling water to states experiencing water shortages. Water also figures prominently in all matters of diplomacy, and is frequently a major cause of interstate wars and intrastate power struggles.

Adventuring Isiidi are limited to the fighter, magic-user, and thief classes. Fighters and thieves operate as their human counterparts. The high natural Armor Class of Isiidi forced metalsmiths to develop an alloy capable of cutting their tough hide. The weapons carried by Isiidi are more than razor sharp; all Isiidi fighters who face non-Isiidi receive +3 to hit and +6 to damage.

Magic-users cannot cast any spells based on water; that knowledge is simply not available. However, they have developed fire-based spells to a high art, capable of adjusting the range and area of effect of *fire ball* and similar spells to a fine degree.

Random Encounters on Simoom

Check every other turn for a random encounter. The PCs need information about this place, so it is to be expected they will interact with the beings they meet.

Simoom Random Encounter Table

D20 Roll	Creatures Encountered	Book and Page
1-6	Merchant Party	—
7-12	1d4 Red Dragons	B28
13-17	1d4 + 1 Isiidi Adventurers	—
18-19	1d4 Helions	C40
20	1d6 Fire Elementals	C40

Random Encounter Explanations

Isiidi merchant party: The group is composed of 1d3 merchants guarded by 2d4 + 2 men-at-arms. The goods are carried in wagons pulled by two lizards, the equivalent of oxen. The merchants are neutral in their attitude toward strangers, but quite willing to answer any questions the PCs may ask.

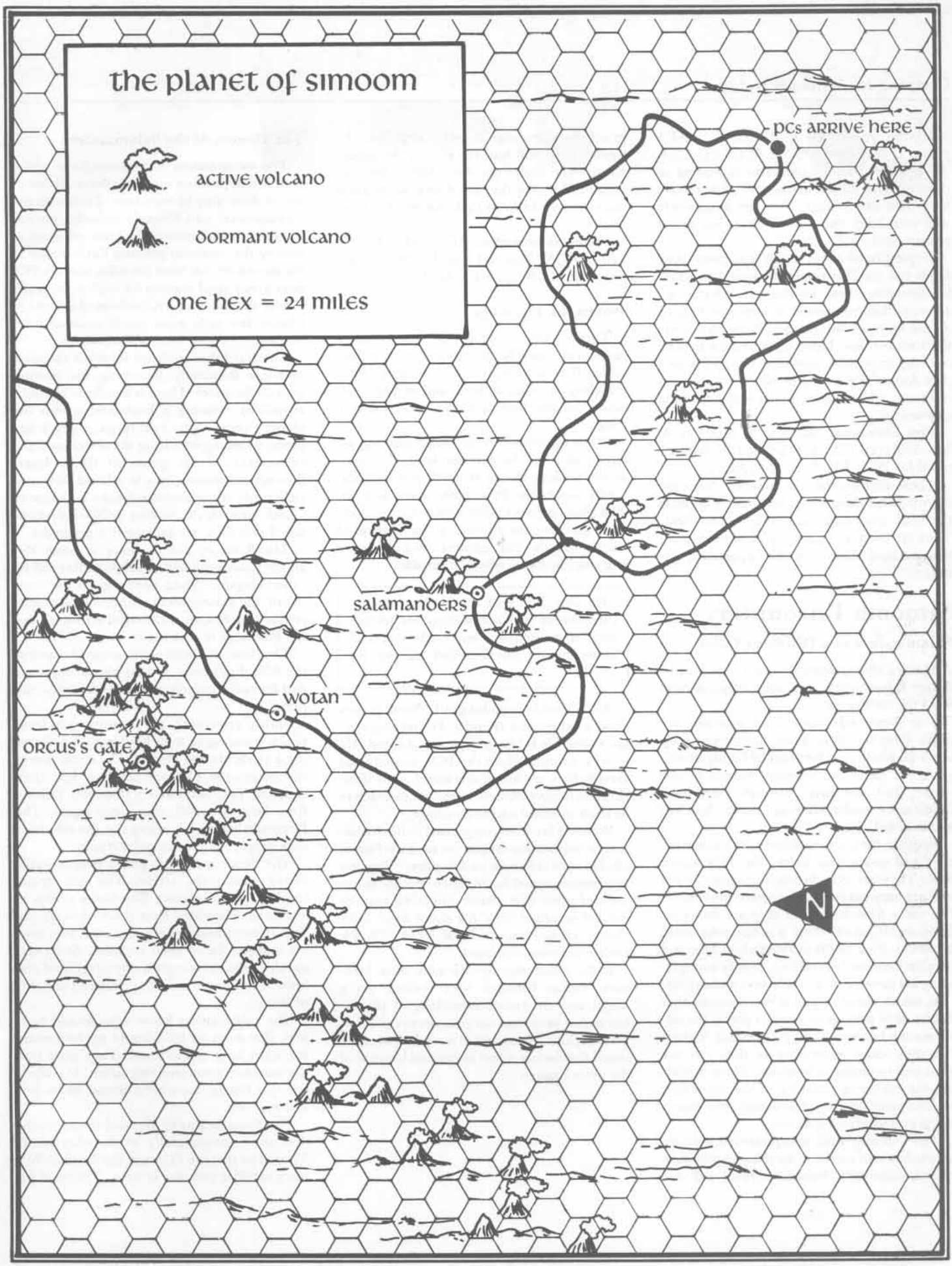
Red dragon: AC −1; HD 10; MV 90′ (30′) Flying 240′ (80′); AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1d8/1d8/4d8; Save F10; ML 10; Int 9; AL C

Small red dragons are quite common on Simoom. The Isiidi are partially immune to their breath (maximum of 10 points, save for half damage). There are large and huge specimens, though they stay far removed from settled areas and are so seldom seen as to be solely a matter of legends. The small ones are considered a nuisance.

Any red dragons encountered cannot talk and therefore cannot use spells. They are only interested in food and treasure, but will not attack anyone who puts on a show of force.

Isiidi adventurers: If more than one group is encountered, the first is a mixed group of fighters, magic-users, and thieves. Their intent is to take the PCs for whatever they can. The magic-users refuse to divulge any information about magic use on this plane. The thieves are surly and the fighters openly antagonistic.

The second group is of similar makeup, though these NPCs act very differently. The magic-users are willing to explain how they cast tiny fire balls, but they have no knowledge about traveling to other planes. They suggest the PCs find a mage named Wotan, who has always been interested in such matters.



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Helion: AC 1; HD 9; MV 90′ (30′); AT 1 grasp; D 2d8; Save F9; ML 9; Int 15; AL L

These are friendly creatures appearing as rings of flame 20 feet in diameter. They move by rolling like a hoop. They get along quite well with Isiidi and salamanders, but detest red dragons.

If questioned about magic and gates, they freely tell the PCs where the portal to Kryla is, directing them to the gate Orcus destroyed, then re-opened to Pyts (the helions do not know of the change). If the characters work some magic based on water, the helions are very impressed, almost as if the PCs used Awe Aura. The creatures are hard to get rid of in any event and try to tag along after the characters.

Fire Elemental: AC 5 to 2; HD 1 to 8; MV 360′ (120′); AT 1; D 1d2 to 1d8; Save F1 to F8 (as HD); ML 9; Int 3-6; AL N

These are the clowns of Simoom. None are known to be dangerous, but that is because the Isiidi are totally immune to their heat. They are the gypsies of the planet, even practicing a little thievery if the opportunity exists.

Simoom Encounters

Salamanders of a Different Color

Shortly after passing the path junction, 10 flame salamanders are seen approaching from the northwest.

The flame salamanders of Simoom are quite different from their counterparts on other planes in that they can be highly intelligent. All speak the common tongue of this planet and use first- through third-level magic-user spells, though none that are water-based.

Because they are intelligent, the salamanders will not attack unless the PCs attack first. They act very much like learned men and are very curious about where the characters came from and what they are doing on Simoom. If asked where a magic-user could be found, they mention Wotan by name and give his location (see below), grossly exaggerating his prowess as a magic-user and savant.

If asked about a portal on Simoom that might allow passage to another plane, the salamanders become more guarded. It is obvious they know something of this, but are reluctant to reveal its location. These portals are the exclusive province of the intelligent salamanders on this planet and they guard the portal locations jealously.

The PCs may want to explain that they are on a mission of mercy in an effort to persuade the salamanders. Aura use (Awe) will not grant the knowledge the PCs seek, but the salamanders will lead the PCs to the portal. Even while under the Aura effect, they act troubled by what they are doing, so strong is their resolve to keep their knowledge from others.

Flame salamander: AC 2; HD 8; MV 120′ (40′); AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1d4/1d4/1d8; Save F8; ML 8; Int 3-18; AL N

Wotan the Firemage

This encounter gives the characters a chance to enter Kryla directly, rather than taking the door constructed by Orcus. After traveling 20 miles, an Isiidi and six flame salamanders step from behind a small volcanic cone.

While impressed by the characters' apparent comfort in the extreme heat, the Isiidi shows no fear. Wotan is very territorial and boldly blocks the PCs' path, arms akimbo. The salamanders cluster about him, expectantly watching the characters. Small wisps of smoke wreath their features. Wotan's voice crackles like flame when he speaks.

> "Ho now. You walk the lands of Wotan, Firemage of the Isiidi, without his permission. Your intentions and a tithe you shall freely give to travel farther, or face his wrath."

Aside from being a bit gruff, Wotan is very good natured and friendly. He willingly relates what life is like on Simoom if asked. He is very curious about the PCs, astutely observing they are not of this world, even if the characters have by now disguised themselves as Isiidi or other native creatures.

Wotan is favorably impressed if the characters perform some magic. Ice magic is best of all, for none is known on this plane. The best impression would be to teach Wotan an ice spell of some sort. Some tinkering may be needed to adapt it to this plane (base 50% chance of success, modified by +10% for each subsequent attempt).

If the characters openly state their business, Wotan becomes very excited. As a magic-user he knows something of planes, but he has never had the courage to travel beyond Rylum. He knows of a method of plane travel that he has never attempted because of the great danger.

The Dances of the Salamanders

The salamanders of Simoom have many dances that produce magical effects. Either of two of these may be used here. Decide on the salamanders' and Wotan's attitudes toward the PCs. If the meeting has proved unsatisfactory, the creatures perform Earthshaker. If the encounter has been friendly, and the PCs have given good reasons for wishing to reach Kryla, the salamanders perform the Road of Flame, but only after much coaxing from Wotan.

The Earthshaker dance involves the salamanders frantically thumping the ground with all their feet. There is a definite rhythm, essentially creating a harmonic within the planet's crust. After two turns, a crack appears, widening rapidly in the direction of the characters. Great gouts of flame burst through, showering lava in a band 30 feet to either side of the crevasse (make a Dexterity Check for each PC, rolling 3d20—half damage if save fails, no damage if it succeeds).

The Road of Flame dance is more elegantly choreographed, if salamanders can be called elegant. When Wotan gives the command, the salamanders refuse, a look of desperate concern on their reptilian faces. But the Firemage is adamant.

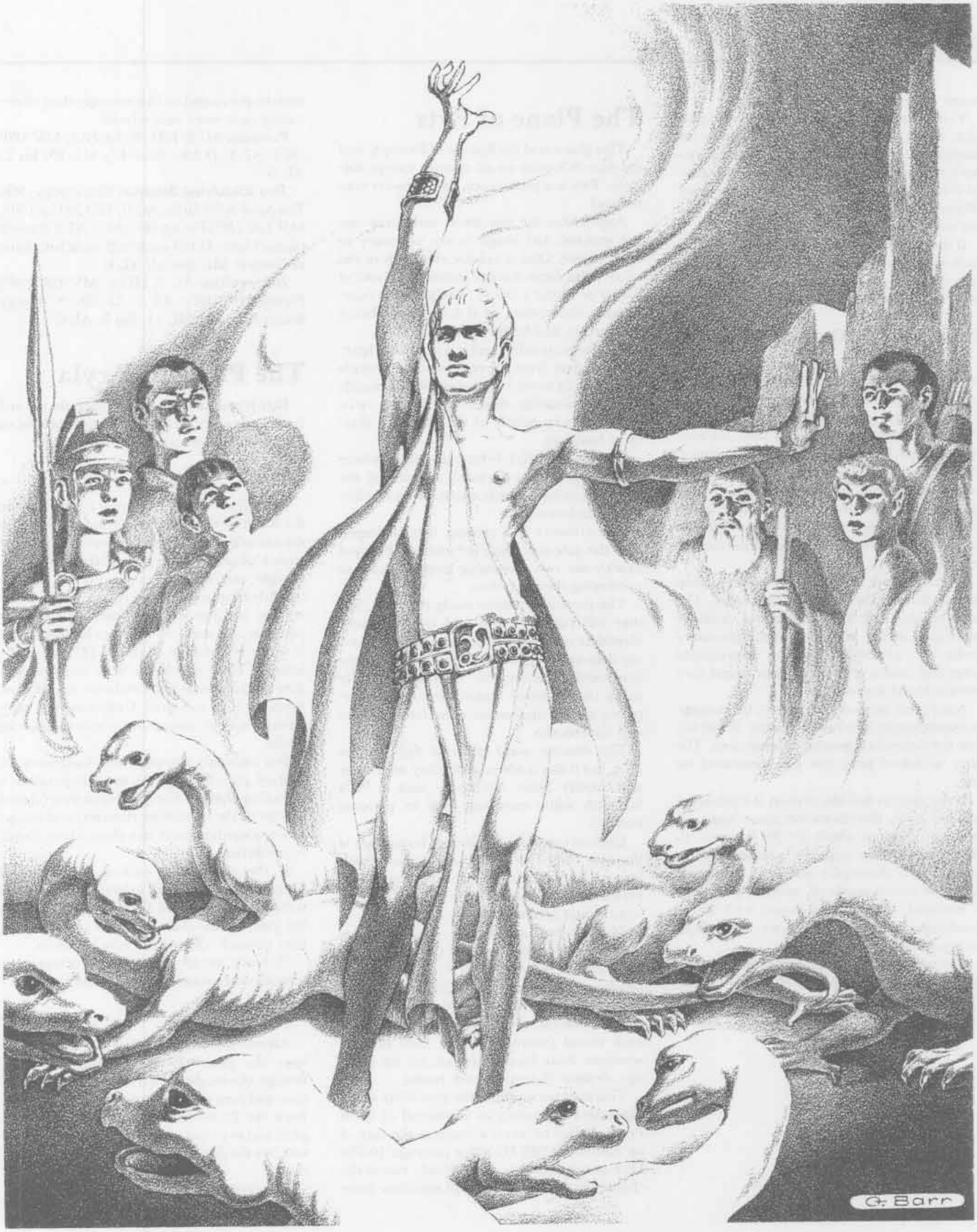
The Road of Flame opens a corridor across the fifth dimension, a door appearing at its end for each boundary that exists within the plane.

Slowly, reluctantly, the creatures join front claws, standing on their hind legs while forming a circle around Wotan. The circle moves clockwise, the dancers bending low then standing tall, the circle's diameter pulsing from large to small, then large again. The Firemage begins a keening cry, the salamanders supplying a basso counterpoint.

The dance quickens, and a ring of flame forms within the circle. The fire grows brighter, more intense. The dance ceases as Wotan is obliterated by a sheet of white hot fire. If the characters peer into this fire, they see a short, flame-lined corridor. At its end are three doors: one gray, one silver, and one brown. Before them lie the cindered remains of Wotan.

The salamanders knew what would happen, that even an Isiidi could not withstand the white heat of the Road. They stare into the corridor, some weeping steam. It is obvious that Wotan was a great friend whose loss is deeply felt.

The flame begins to die, and the salamanders stare meaningfully at the characters. They hope that the PCs take the Road so Wotan's sacrifice was not in vain. The road re-


G. Barr

mains for one day.

The characters should definitely role-play here, doing whatever they can to comfort the salamanders, perhaps even recovering Wotan's remains for resurrection, or proper burial if none of the characters have *raise dead*. (*Raise dead* magic works on Isiidi, and Wotan will indeed come back to life.)

If the characters take the Road, it is a short walk to the doors. They are a type of *gate*; the gray door is Pyts, the brown is Kryla, and the silver is the Astral Plane (see page 7).

The Doorway of Orcus

There is another interplanar portal available besides the Road of Flame. The characters may be directed here by helions (see Random Encounters) or find it on their own if the salamanders with Wotan were not convinced to perform the Road of Flame dance. Tucked away in the mountains, amid smoking volcanic cones, a cave opens into the side of a volcano. The heat is more intense in the cave than outside, more than even Isiidi can tolerate, though it poses no problems for Immortals.

A passageway leads downward on a steep incline toward the center of the cone. The heat builds, and the PCs should consider some kind of fire protection if the necessary spells are available. Anyone unprotected takes 2d6 points of damage each round they remain in the tunnel.

After three turns of movement, the passage is almost totally blocked by rubble. Right before the debris is a grayish colored door. The door is indeed gray, not just discolored by ash.

If the players feel the cave-in is concealing another door, the characters must make an average Wisdom check (+30 bonus). To move the rubble requires another Ability Score check (Strength) with a +10 bonus. After the rock is removed, another gray door is revealed. This one is coated with ash—brushing it reveals the door's true, light brown coloring.

Proceed with the appropriate section depending on which door the characters open: the gray leads to Pyts while the brown leads to Kryla.

The Plane of Pyts

This plane is of the Sphere of Entropy, and the bias is hostile to all spheres except Entropy. Pyts is a pentaspace, so all powers may be used.

Any *wishes* the characters make here are not granted, but magic is not necessary to open a *gate*. One is readily visible from the entry point from Rylum (either the Road of Flame or Orcus's Door). The portal is occasionally obliterated, as if a veil were being whipped to and fro by the wind.

But the air is calm, and it is very dark here. Natural fires from several crevices provide enough light to see two queues of humanoids winding steadily down paths that twist through rocky rubble at the base of a shattered building.

The queues end before the gate, where something slithers forward and wraps the lead humanoid of each queue in an audibly slurpy embrace.

The creature is a protean that is draped over the gate and being fed undead. Perched nearby are two screaming demons that are overseeing the operation.

The protean is almost ready to divide, but that will take 30 turns and the encounter should be resolved before then. The screaming demons' assignment is to protect the protean until it has divided. They will do so by using their *control undead* ability to interpose a mass of undead between the characters and the amoeba.

The demons want to avoid fighting the PCs, but if this is not possible they use Power and Ability Score attacks to suck a PC's Strength while engaging him in physical combat.

Undead can drain levels from Immortals at the rate of 1 HD per level drained. Such losses can be easily recouped by using *restore*. The undead are equivalent to wraiths and attack in waves of 20.

Two hundred wraiths may seem an overwhelming force, but consider that at worst an Immortal of the Sphere of Thought, by expending 112 Power Points, can *turn undead* as a 24th-level cleric for three turns (30 rounds) and can turn 6d6 Hit Dice of undead each round (average 21 Hit Dice or four wraiths). Four Immortals can, on the average, destroy 16 wraiths each round.

This does not consider the possibility of the characters expending an additional 12 to 96 Power Points to create a bonus to the *turn* of an additional 3d6 Hit Dice (average 10 Hit Dice or two wraiths). Even if only two of the characters did this they could *turn* four more wraiths per round on the average, thus eliminating each wave as it attacks.

Protean: AC 8; HD 30 (hp 240); MV 120′ (30′); AT 1; D 3d6; Save F7; ML 10; Int 2; AL N

Two screaming demons: SP Entropy; RK Temporal A-M 50%; AC 0; HD 20 (hp 100); MV 120′ (40′) Flying 180′ (60′); AT 2 claws/2 talons/1 bite; D 1d4 each/1d8 each/1d6; Save as Novice; ML special; AL C

200 wraiths: AC 3; HD 4; MV 120′ (40′) Flying 240′ (80′); AT 1; D 1d6 + energy drain; Save F4; ML 11; Int 7; AL C

The Plane of Kryla

Bias is standard on Kryla (friendly toward Immortals of the Sphere of Matter, neutral to Energy and Thought, hostile to Time).

Arrival

Regardless of the gate used (from Pyts or the Road of Flame), the characters arrive on the surface of the planet Coriopt on a narrow stretch of beach bordering a lake. Though it is night, the twin moons provide ample light (slightly brighter than the full moon the players are familiar with). Whatever creatures populate this area, none are to be seen now. If they entered from Pyts, the PCs face a dilemma. They should be very much aware that certain unsavory creatures may follow them through the gate. Unfortunately, they have no way of closing it now that they are in Kryla.

But suddenly the problem disappears. A protean pops through the magical portal in a slithering charge. The gate snaps shut (closed by one of the screaming demons) and disappears, stranding them in a place where magic is ineffectual.

If the characters walked the Road of Flame, that portal still exists. However, the screaming demons on Pyts, peeking through the *gate*, see the characters and prod the protean through, closing the *gate* behind it.

To battle the protean, the characters must use physical means or Power attacks.

Athena

Athena has taken shelter in a small cave near the gates. She is a handsome lady, though obviously a warrior. Her dented armor and torn raiment indicate that her flight from the Prime to Rylum was not without peril and even her sanctuary isn't safe. At her feet lies the lifeless form of a whispering demon.

She prides herself in her warrior abilities,

and feels fully capable of protecting herself. Hearing the approach of more footsteps, she levels her spear, still dripping with hot demon-ichor, at the characters. Her expression is weary but defiant.

> "So there are more of you! Come on, then. Your demons may have my friends, but you will never have me!"

The PCs should not fight Athena; after all, they have been charged by Terra to bring her back. And this lady doesn't seem repentant in the least. The PCs must be extremely persuasive to get Athena to lower her guard (consider all she has been through).

If the PCs are not persuasive enough (or if they lose patience), then some form of unarmed combat would be best here, just enough to overpower and disarm her.

Once this is done, the characters must convince Athena they are not demons and indeed have been sent by Terra to aid her. She is very distrustful, but can be persuaded by detailing their conversation with Terra and also swearing on their honor they mean her no harm.

Once the PCs have gained Athena's trust, she may tell the PCs the following in answer to appropriate questions. You may want to prompt the players to ask questions—they should get this information now.

The band of Immortals masquerading as gods went back to the Prime on a lark, ignoring all the admonitions they had received as Novices. Such a hands-off attitude made no sense to them; would it not be more expeditious for Immortals to take the course of the Prime into their own hands to insure that foolish mortals could not damage it?

They chose to emulate, at least in appearance and name, gods they had admired, gods that would be respected...and feared. The scope of the project? To eventually control all of the Prime.

They had expected some remonstrance from other Immortals, especially the Hierarchs of their Spheres. They were prepared for a summons, confident the logic of their project would justify their actions. But they had not foreseen such swift retribution from fellow Immortals, and they were most surprised that Night himself would come after them.

The palaces they had so laboriously constructed on their Mount Olympus were laid waste by demons seemingly beyond number. A strange, colorless barrier was erected. Suddenly the Immortals' magic no longer worked. Then came the bindings, with chains that sapped power. And finally the winged fury, to provide torment and entertainment while the Immortals died.

Athena was not within the area compassed by the barrier when it was erected. Hiding amongst the remnants of the palace, she witnessed the events described above, trying to decide if she should flee or fight. The appearance of Orcus decided the question, and off she flew through the planes. She had a reasonable lead, and as the chase progressed through many planes, Orcus and another Immortal named Talitha gave up and left her in peace.

This explains the intentions of the maverick Immortals and the strange events on the Prime that Terra alluded to, but it certainly does not account for Entropy's behavior. Why has Night taken matters into his own hands, when a crime of this magnitude is surely a matter for all the Hierarchs?

Talitha's Arrogance

When the characters are through questioning Athena, a chuckle is heard from the direction of the *gate*. A tall brunette strides purposefully towards the cave mouth, and, though carrying a double-bitted axe, shows no intention of using it. From Athena's blanched features it is apparent that she knows this being. Addressing the PCs she says:

> "I am known as Talitha. I've no quarrel with you, though your interests and mine are doubtless different. I have come for the whimpering girl, so step aside.
>
> "That's right, Lokena. Hide behind your friends! 'Tis a wonder you ever slipped your diapers, let alone attained the rank you have. What a fool your sponsor was. What poor taste! Come now with me. Your shackles await, as ordered by your Hierarch, Terra."

Talitha: SP Entropy; RK Eternal 2; PP 7,000; A-M 80%; AC −7; HD 37 (540 hp); MV universal; AT 1 + Power or Magic; D 14d6 + special; Int 80; AL C

Lokena is "Athena's" real name. The characters should not allow her to go with Talitha. They should also surmise that Terra would never make such a pronouncement. Talitha has no intention of fighting a superior force, so if she cannot cajole the characters into releasing Lokena, she will acknowledge they have won a tactical victory.

But Talitha's haughtiness knows no bounds. In a rash act of defiance, she pulls a hand-sized metal rectangle from a pouch and hurls it at the characters' feet.

> "Never let it be said that we Immortals of Entropy do not give other spheres a sporting chance. Ponder this, striplings, and decipher it if you can. If you are good, you may solve the puzzle and perhaps even foil our project. But I heartily doubt it."

Show the players the illustrations on pages 24 and 25. One side of the plaque is engraved with the depiction of a solar system unknown to the PCs. On the reverse is the following.

The eater of Time lies indentured to the night,
The feaster's meal contains the wind of mortal life.
Immortals strive against chains of metal bright
For nought; the power dies midst futile strife.

Time's Time's enemy, soiled breeze a cancelled thing.
The shield lies sundered, the eater's bond is done.
Breath of the rainbow and heartearth this can bring,
But at the end beware the night, the fire, the evil sun.

While the characters look at the plaque Talitha regards them with a smug, leering expression.

> "You look perplexed. But then, Temporals usually do! If you are not up to the task, find something more within your grasp, like tending sheep."
>
> "But if you should to come to the Prime to stop us, bear in mind m'lord Night intends to eliminate these ruffians to make room for his own sponsored mortals in our ranks. Should you appear on Olympus, you will meet your doom."
>
> Turning to Lokena she says, "You are saved for now. But I will be watching and waiting, Lokena, and will have you yet."

Talitha turns and heads for the *gate* she opened from Pyts. It is not advisable for the characters to follow her. Lokena argues against such a course of action; the fight with the whispering demon has left her very weak.

Everything seems quiet for the moment, and the PCs may turn their attention to deciphering Talitha's challenge so they have some idea of what to do next. It is of course reasonable if they wish to return to Terra and work on the puzzle there. If they choose this option, they must first get back to Rylum (see

Return to Rylum on page 10).

Solving the Puzzle

The puzzle is up to the PCs to decipher, though they may be given clues if they cannot solve it on their own.

To learn clues, the characters must make an average Intelligence check (+30 modifier). Each character gets one check, which is roughly only a 50% chance of success (Intelligence of 20 plus 30 = 50). Two characters can combine their Intelligence scores to boost this to approximately 70%, and three would be around 90%.

The problem facing them is that if three characters participate in one check to be fairly certain of success, they may only get one clue. If this is too severe, you may allow them to make Wisdom checks as well. Also, if they correctly interpret part of the rhyme on their own, you may allow them a free clue if they get stuck later on.

It is very important that they understand the rhyme completely before continuing the adventure, otherwise they will not understand what they have to do. Solving puzzles is a fun part of the game, but if your players become easily frustrated with such things, help them along so everyone (the DM included!) can have a good time.

The following is an explanation of each line in Talitha's poem, and you may use it as guide when giving clues. You may use 1d8 to determine what line they get a clue for, but it is suggested that you use this order, from most important to least: 5-2-7-1-6-8-3-4.

Line 1: The "eater of Time" is a jumper in service (indentured) to Night (Hierarch of Entropy).

Line 2: The "feaster's meal" is Time, the skin of the Barrier. It contains the "wind of mortal life," Air.

Lines 3 and 4: These refer to the chained Immortals and that their Power is being drained despite their efforts to save themselves.

Line 5: This is the most important clue for it tells how to break the barrier. "Time's Time's enemy" should be read as "Time is Time's enemy," indicating that two entities of Time have opposite effects. "Soiled breeze" refers to the mixture of Earth and Air. Earth has dominance over Air, thereby canceling it.

Line 6: The barrier can be broken, and when it is, the jumper's service is ended and it is freed.

Line 7: "Breath of the rainbow" refers to the snort of a repeater. The logic is that a repeater's repeating effect on Time coupled with the jumping effect of a jumper essentially neutralizes Time for a moment, long enough to destroy the fabric of the barrier.

Following the Dominance Theory, Thought should cancel Time. But a *wish* was used to exempt the barrier from this law.

"Heartearth" refers to elemental earth, but the key word is "pure." This implies that ordinary elemental earth is insufficient to the task—something very special is needed.

Line 8: This dire foretelling is a warning from Night not to meddle in his affairs. "Fire" and "evil sun" refer to the possibly cataclysmic effect of channeling Immortal Power into an ordinary mountain (see Chapter 5).

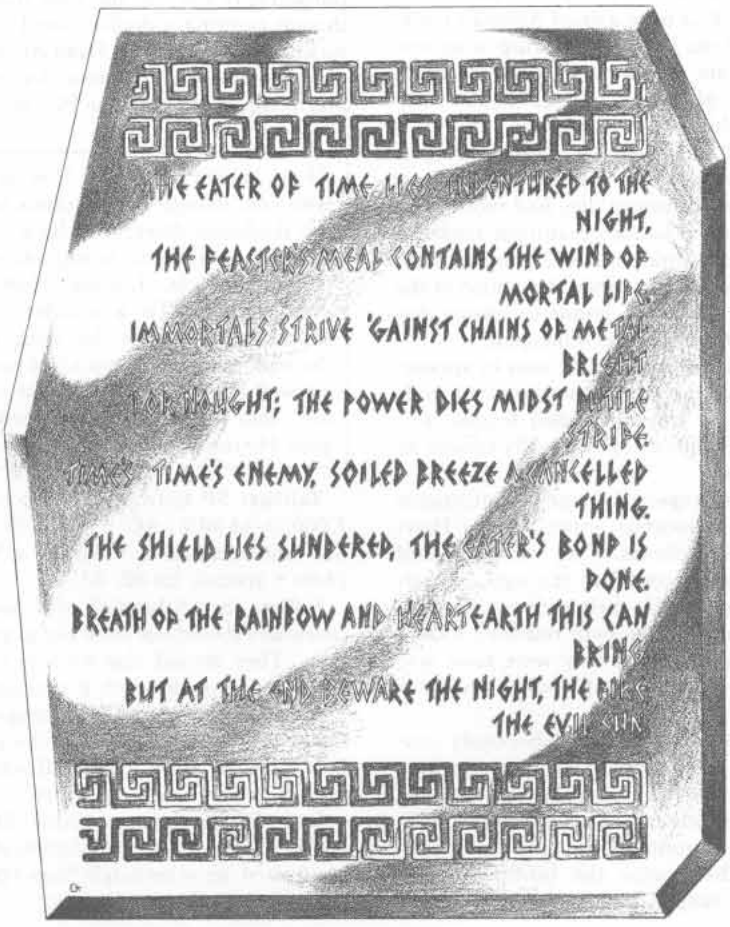
Return to Rylum

The PCs must return to Rylum first in any event. If the Road of Flame was used, that portal still exists. If they entered from Pyts, there is no apparent way out. Lokena can lead them to the portal through which they entered, but it is blocked by much stone, as if a whole mountain or volcano had been piled atop it.

Though magic will not work here, the PCs still possess decent Ability Scores. Moving the mountain requires an Ability Score check (Strength) with a +10 bonus.

Once back on Simoom, the characters may wish to avoid wasting the time and Power it would take to return to Terra. They may contact her using *communication*, explain the situation, and ask permission to be off on the quest. She will grant it if Lokena swears an oath to go to Terra of her own free will, to which the errant Empyreal agrees.

The players should realize that their characters cannot simply go to the Prime; some preparations must be made to ensure their success. Discourage them if they insist on going now. They must obtain pristine elemental earth and the snort of a repeater; these tasks may be done in either order. The engraved star system shows where to find a repeater, but its location may require a *wish*, or the aid of an Immortal of the Sphere of Thought (who would desire a service in return, of course).



The Elemental Plane of Earth is in a state of upheaval caused by the actions of Immortals on the Prime Plane. The Elemental Rulers have called a general council to debate the situation and decide on appropriate countermeasures.

The PCs are to collect a small quantity of pristine elemental earth for use in the fabrication of an artifact. This is not ordinary elemental material and is only available from one source. Considering the situation when the characters arrive, a simple request will be flatly, perhaps violently, refused.

The task is one of diplomacy: to convince the council that the PCs and Hierarchs are moving to correct the unbalance caused by the foolish Immortals on Prime.

Entering the Elemental Plane of Earth

The characters must cross three planar boundaries (Rylum- or Terra-Astral, Astral-Ethereal, Ethereal-Earth).

Check normally for random Astral and Ethereal encounters (see the charts in the Pull-out Section). The Astral-Ethereal boundary appears as the expected dull gray line. Some magical means of travel (*plane travel*, etc.) must be employed to cross it.

A large, rich brown bubble appears in the grayness of the Ether, heralding the PCs arrival at the Elemental Plane of Earth. Some form of magical entrance (*gate*, *plane travel*, etc.) must be employed, or a simple expenditure of 50 PP, to cross the boundary.

The PCs arrive on the surface of a small asteroid near the edge of the plane, for the ether is still very near. Some searching reveals that it is a lifeless chunk of matter, perhaps broken from a planet. Several large planets the hue of freshly turned soil gleam in the starscape.

They discover that the plane is hostilely biased to all spheres except Matter when they must regenerate Power, Hit, or Ability Score Points.

Where to Go?

The characters know they are seeking new, untrodden earth, but do not know where to find such stuff; it certainly isn't here! A *wish* would be appropriate at this point to locate a likely starting point. The *wish* is granted.

They should be encouraged to *teleport* to their destination, as other means require greater expenditures of power than need be, as well as several years of travel time, which cannot be spared. Incorporeal travel is not a viable alternative; the PCs need their forms to complete this task. The distance is 71,672 miles, requiring 10 years of travel in gaseous form.

Random Encounters

Check every two turns for a random encounter by rolling 1d6; a "1" indicates an encounter. Then roll 1d20 on the following table to determine the creature encountered.

D20 Roll	Creatures Encountered	Book and Page
1-8	1d20 Elementals	C40
9-12	10d10 Hordes	C41
12-15	1d20 Krysts	C42
16-18	1d4 Medusae	C42
19-20	1d8 Diaboli	I37

Random Encounter Explanations

Elemental: AC 5 to −10; HD 1 to 32; MV 360′ (120′); AT 1 blow; D by HD (1d2 to 10d8); Save F1 to F32 (as HD); ML 9; Int 3-18; AL N

If the characters have not assumed the form of some native creature, all encounters with earth elementals are hostile, given the contentious atmosphere of the present situation. The characters should avoid actual combat if at all possible, because if the Council is informed of violence against others of their race, the mission is in extreme jeopardy.

If local forms are magically adopted, the encounters still occur, but they are not necessarily hostile. The elementals answer questions, but keep coming back to the subject of the upcoming Council. They become suspicious if the characters ask silly questions or exhibit ignorance on subjects that any creature of this plane should know.

Horde: AC 3; HD 10 (45 hp each); MV 150′ (50′); AT 1 bite or special; D 2d6; Save none; ML 12; Int 13; AL L

All horde creatures encountered are of the same life force. The consciousness of the life force is currently investigating the great movement of the elementals, wondering what this means while checking the possibility that the small settlements may have been stripped of defenders. Always searching for more territory, the time may be right for the horde to expand.

The life force's bodies are gathering this information, and it does not wish to be discovered doing so. It will warn the characters away, making threatening gestures to show it means business.

If the characters continue on their journey rather than force a confrontation, they notice the horde's insect-like forms following at a discreet distance and watching their every move. This may prove unsettling, but it poses no danger to them whatsoever.

The characters may surmise the horde's intent. If so, they can scare the bodies away by eliminating one or more of them. The life force does not want to attract attention to its actions and will withdraw the other forms. If the characters do this and report this to the Council, it could help their cause because the elementals view the horde as a nuisance.

Kryst: AC 2; HD 9; MV 240′ (80′); AT 3 spikes; D 1d12/1d12/1d12; Save Elf 9; ML 9; Int 10; AL L

Any krysts encountered are on their way to the Council. If they appear when a horde creature is in sight, they urge the characters to attack but will not do so themselves because of the importance of the impending business.

They are very courteous and polite and are interested in why the characters are visiting here. If asked, they also discuss why all the earth creatures are gathering. The krysts generally oppose the closing of the vortices (see page 13), but fear they are in the minority and their influence cannot sway the opinion of the elementals.

Medusa: AC 4; HD 8; MV 180′ (60′); AT 1-10; D paralysis + 2d8 per bite; Save F4; ML 9; Int 9; AL C

These monsters simply attack, lying in wait behind any convenient hillock or boulder. Any character hit by a tentacle must Save vs. Power Drain to avoid the paralysis and the subsequent bite damage.

Diabolus: AC 5 (or 0 if parrying); HD 6-9; MV 120′ (40′) Cartwheel 240′ (80′); AT 1 weapon/1 tail + special; D 1d10/1d4 + paralysis; Save = class and HD; ML 12; Int 3-18; AL C

Any group of diaboli encountered is an adventuring party, similar in makeup to a human party. They have come to the elemental plane seeking knowledge and adventure and pose no real threat to the PCs.

It may be assumed that, while the characters may be initially repulsed by the appearance of the diaboli, this is merely an ingrained reflex from their mortal lives. Now that they have attained Immortality, they can control this and in essence deal with diaboli like any other interesting life form.

Stress the diaboli's different outlook on life whenever possible. They are fun-loving and jovial, emphasizing the individual above all else. Thus kryst appear silly to them, and any comment about the need of the group seems absurd and of no consequence.

If informed about the upcoming Council, they are eager to go see it. While unable to comprehend the need for a consensus of opin-

ion among a gathering of this size, they express a great interest to see how it is done and express relief that they are not so mentally fettered.

Urtson, Immortal Kryst

The *teleport* places the PCs on the surface of a huge planet, at the rim of a massive but narrow depression stretching toward the horizon. Other such roads score the landscape, and all are packed with elementals on the move, muttering in a language that recalls the grinding of rock on rock. The tone is of doom and upheaval.

Several towns are visible from this vantage point. They are devoid of all life except for herds of gorgons grazing peacefully on the outskirts. The constructions of the normally industrious creatures stand abandoned, as if an irresistible call has gone forth for the elementals to gather.

Rolling purposefully along the top edge of the recessed roadway, quite near the PCs, is the spikey form of a kryst. Regardless of the forms of the characters, he breaks his journey to converse with them.

Urtson: SP Matter; RK Temporal 5; PP 1,000; A-M 50; HD 25 (hp 140)

Urtson is lawful and friendly toward the characters. He is not antagonistic toward Immortals of spheres other than Matter, unlike the elementals. He is very intelligent and gracious in his speech and manners.

The characters find this plane in a state of turmoil because the elementals are perturbed by Immortal actions on the Prime. A great council of ruling-class elementals and krysts has been convened by Land, an Empyreal and second in command to the Earthmaster himself, for the purpose of closing off all vortices and wormholes between Earth and the Prime until the damage is repaired.

Urtson is on his way to the Council. If the PCs meet him in their Immortal forms, he is cautious but not disrespectful. If they are not disguised already, he urges them, for safety's sake, to do so at once.

If the characters divulge the purpose of their mission, he is taken aback. He is very pessimistic of their chances. But he is anxious to avert any precipitous, hasty actions and offers to represent them at the Council.

If the PCs have not previously *polymorphed* or *shapechanged* into a native creature and do not heed Urtson's advice to do so within three rounds, a group of 20 earth elementals of various sizes notices them and comes boiling over the ridge with obvious hostile intent.

Earth Elementals

#APP	10	5	4	1
AC	2	−1	−4	−8
HD	8	14	20	27
MV	360′ (120′)	360′ (120′)	360′ (120′)	360′ (120′)
AT	1	1	1	1
D	1d8	2d10	4d8	8d8
Save	F8	F14	F20	F27
ML	10	11	11	12
Int	9	9	10	11
AL	N	N	N	N

The characters should not combat these creatures; a fight here will be reported to the Council and prove most damaging to the PCs' purposes (−6 to reaction dice).

The elementals initiate combat. If the characters respond with physical or Power attacks, the melee is on. Aura attacks automatically work (the elementals fail their saving throws) and halt the attack. *Awe* simply halts the creatures; a *wish* can erase all knowledge of the encounter from the elementals' minds. *Terror* makes them run away and report to Land that their plane has been invaded by marauding Immortals.

If the characters eschew the use of any attack form, withdraw slightly, and ask to negotiate, the creatures agree, thinking they have the upper hand. Urtson will intervene in any negotiation. The elementals acknowledge and respect his rank, more so than they do the PCs', and listen to his advice. Urtson is able to cool the hot tempers enough to prevent a fight, assuring the natives that the Council will deal with the Immortals.

Landhome

Landhome is a vast holding, the largest city on the planet. Individual buildings are constructed totally of elemental material, worked into whatever shape is necessary. Spidery bridges made of earth, an impossibility anywhere else in the Multiverse, soar majestically above fanciful edifices sprouting from the nut-brown soil. Great mountains thrust vigorously toward the sky.

Elementals are everywhere. The city sits atop a plateau; the ground falls steeply away, providing natural seating for thousands down the flanks of the highland. This forms a natural amphitheater with only one side; far below, a plain stretches as far as Immortal eyes can see.

A wide, well-trodden area at the foot of the rise tells of many past assemblies. Urtson takes his leave at this point, telling the characters to wait here. They are in great danger, even though they are Immortals. Spikes whirling, the kryst ticks down the slope, a swirl of golden crystal. He stops on the packed area near 40 very large earth elementals, apparently rulers. Several more krysts are also in attendance, gravitating toward Urtson.

A hush falls over the crowd as a deep vibration gently shakes the earth, causing small chunks of rock to fall from the plateau. Then, 10 miles distant, a form becomes visible. Even that far away, the arms and legs of the huge creature can be seen distinctly.

The vibration is now more rhythmic: BOOOOM.....BOOOOM.....BOOOOM. More rock falls, knocking a few unfortunate elementals from their seats. The approaching juggernaut can only be Land, and his demeanor is not conducive to peaceful talk and apologies.

And so Land joins the Council. The ire in his glance is a palpable thing, a scathing beam of anger and defiance. Almost lost in his grip is a terrified humanoid; beyond terror in all likelihood, for he must have counted himself dead when Land captured him. Land speaks and the sound is like glaciers grating on mountains:

> "I have returned from the Prime, that place Immortals now use for their playground. It reeks of their power, and they make sport of the older races. You will note that the Ruler named Ground is not with us. It is with much sadness and anger that I tell you of his death.
>
> "I journeyed to visit Ground on the matters we were to discuss here, but found him gone. A wormhole had formed in his dominion and, not desiring such a connection with the Prime (a Ruler's right), Ground walked the wormhole to its end. I followed some distance behind.
>
> "And there, on the planet that we named, Immortal hellions blasted Ground as he emerged, never giving this reasonable Ruler the chance to speak. The smell of Power was strong, the force such that the wormhole collapsed. Unable to mete out proper punishment to the murderers, I was able to grab this puny thing to bring back for your sentence."

Land's tale at first stuns the listeners, then, little by little, their anger is kindled until the mountains reverberate with their shouts.

The situation is worse than Urtson described. The characters must be very careful not to draw attention to themselves just now. If the players wish to use Power for some reason, caution them that this may be noticed.

Any Power expenditure over 8 PP will alert Land to the presence of Immortals.

In an amazing show of bravery, Urtson rolls toward Land and inspects the mortal now lying near his feet. After touching the man gently with one of his spikes, Urtson asks permission to speak.

Land quiets the frenzied mob of elementals with the wave of an earthen arm.

"My Lord and Master, Provider for and Protector of these wide lands, we all grieve at the passing of Ground. But I perceive the captive is mortal. Did I mishear you? Was not Ground slain by Immortals?"

"That he was. What this fellow was doing there I do not know or care. He was there, and that's enough!"

Urtson withdraws, rolling back up the slope toward the PCs. "It is obvious that Ground was somehow slain by mortals, perhaps with an artifact if Land indeed smelled the Power, but a blind rage is on Land and I am sure he cannot be dissuaded from executing this unlucky fellow. Do not interfere with what is about to happen. Perhaps when this lust is sated, you will learn what you need to know and can approach in safety."

Urtson rejoins the Rulers as Land raises both arms in a call for absolute silence. "My subjects, you have heard the charge. What is your verdict?" The resounding cry of "Death!" echoes from the palisade. "And in what manner shall this thing join his ancestors?" The gathered elementals bellow an unintelligible phrase that brings a grin to Land's features.

"So be it!" he rumbles. Land plunges a massive hand into his chest, pulling out a clump of writhing dirt. Bending almost lovingly over the condemned, he buries him in a mound 10 feet deep.

Buried alive. A terrible death, but almost mundane compared to the expectant, leers of the assemblage. Suddenly an ear-splitting screech issues from the mound, as loud as any Immortal voice.

Great plants spring from the earthen cairn, as if expending their entire lifespan in one brief moment. Indeed they do die. Again the shriek, the growth, the death. And again. And again. Peering closely at the plants, the PCs can see that each bears the features of the poor soul within the mound.

The Deliberations of the Council

As the kryst surmised, the tension is relieved by the horrid, continuing execution. The Council now convenes to discuss its proper business, the abolition of all connections with the Prime. The shrieks from the mound gradually weaken, then stop.

Land's manner is now very businesslike; the fever of his rage has been slaked. After a few hours, it is obvious what the decision will be: to close off all vortices with the Prime for an indeterminate time. This is potentially more damaging to the future of Immortals than the proposed project on the Prime begun by Lokena and her cronies. The Prime is the only area in the multiverse where the elements exist in harmony. If the ebb and flow of Earth is stopped, the Prime will become unbalanced, inevitably halting the rise of mortals to Immortality.

Land: SP Matter; RK Empyreal 2; PP 3,500; A-M 70; HD 32 (hp 340)

Now is the time for the characters to act. They should be diplomatic in the extreme, treating Land as if he were the most important being in the multiverse, with all due courtesies and honor. They should also assume their own forms. The previous suggested restrictions on Power use are no longer necessary.

Land will not slay them out of hand. He will listen to any reasonable argument as to why the vortices should remain open, but these must be couched in terms of the benefits for his plane, not for the Prime or Immortals. Such arguments should appeal to Land's sense of pride, his station within the Plane of Earth, and his rank among Immortals. Though Land may appear arrogant and self-important, he really is an important personage, his actions affecting untold numbers of beings in the Multiverse.

The logic of the situation says that for the present problems on the Prime to be solved, the PCs require pure elemental earth. If they were playing close attention, they may have deduced that the substance pulled from Land's chest is the heartearth they seek. A *wish*, *commune*, or *choose best option* may be used to verify this.

If they cannot convince Land, Urtson will step in to keep negotiations alive. In his speech he will drop subtle hints to the PCs on how to deal with Land (as detailed above). He will also suggest, if the characters have not done so already, that perhaps the PCs could perform a service for Land to show their sincerity.

Land agrees that this would be acceptable, and would do much toward mending the developing rift. He suggests a task that, if satisfactorily completed, will square all accounts and gain the characters a sample of his heartearth.

The task is this. A natural vortex between Earth and the Prime exists in Land's domain. He would like it closed. Though this seems as if he is asking the PCs to do the very thing they wish to avoid, Land assures them he will reestablish the vortex later (though he privately doubts that they can close it).

The Ruler strides off across the plain, in a direction perpendicular to that from which he approached the Council. Urtson rolls along beside the PCs, tacitly acknowledging an affinity for these Immortals.

After a journey of five miles or so, the vortex becomes visible. A vast, loose area of earth swirls slowly in the plain. The suction is downward, indicating that elemental material travels to the Prime from here.

The obvious means to close off this vortex is to cast *close gate*. Not only does this not work, it opens another vortex nearby. This is because Land has cast a carefully worded *wish* that the effect of *close gate* be reversed. Also, the vortex cannot be *wished* closed.

The structure of vortices and wormholes resembles a tree. Usually the trunk of the tree can be visualized as being in the elemental plane, while the branches contact the Prime at many locations. Closing a branch, then, merely affects that wormhole, not the entire vortex.

This structure is reversed in this case; the branches are on the elemental plane and the trunk on the Prime. Every time a *gate*, *close gate*, or *wish* is cast, another wormhole is added to the system.

Only the elemental end is thus protected. The PCs must figure this out, journey through the wormhole to the Prime, then close the vortex there.

It appears that Land's setup is weak in that a *close gate* cast on the Prime, where Land has little control, will destroy the vortex. But it really is protected, in that the vortex will reopen of its own accord in a year and a day. Anyway, the PCs cannot wait that long, so after closing the vortex, they have to cast *gate* again to get back to Land and claim their prize.

Wormhole Encounters

The distance to the Prime is only about three miles. Check every hour for an encounter. If the characters are traveling in *gaseous form*, they reach the Prime in four hours; if flying, they get there in seven hours; if they are walking, they arrive in 22 hours. Flying and *gaseous form* are not very feasible due to the many twists and turns in the route.

These encounters occur only if the PCs are walking.

1d20 Roll	Creatures Encountered	Book and Page
1-11	1d6 Elementals	C40
12	1d6 Basilisks	X46
13-14	1d4 Medusae	B34
15	1d6 Cockatrices	X47
16-18	1d6 Krysts	C42
19-20	1d4 Giant Plasms	C42

Encounter Explanations

Elemental: AC 5 to −10; HD 1 to 32; MV 60′ (120′); AT 1 blow; D by HD (1d2 to 10d8); Save F1 to F32 (as HD); ML 9; Int 1-18; AL N

Basilisk: AC 4; HD 6+1; MV 60′ (20′); AT 1 bite/1 gaze; D 1d10 + petrification; Save F6; ML 9; Int 2; AL N

Medusa: AC 8; HD 4; MV 90′ (30′); AT 1 snakebite + special; D 1d6 + poison; Save F4 (+2 vs. Spells); ML 8; Int 9; AL C

Cockatrice: AC 6; HD 5; MV 90′ (30′) flying 180′ (60′); AT 1 beak; D 1d6 + petrification; Save F5; ML 7; Int 2; AL N

Kryst: AC 2; HD 9; MV 240′ (80′); AT 3 spikes; D 1d12/1d12/1d12; Save Elf 9; ML 9; Int 10; AL L

Plasm, Giant: AC −4; HD 12; MV 120′ (40′); AT 2 claws; D 3d6/3d6; Save F12; ML 11; Int 8; AL C



Plasms enter the wormholes from the Ether, so they always have initiative on the first round as they pop through the wall of the wormhole.

> "While you were away," Land chortles, "your friend Urtson informed me of what you came here seeking. You have been good sports, so I freely give what you so deeply desire."
>
> The massive hand plunges once again into Land's chest and withdraws a clump of dirt. Land pauses momentarily, then a queer grin creases his face as he flings the heartearth at you as a shower of fine soil. Simultaneously, Urtson shouts "Beware! You are not immune to its effects!"

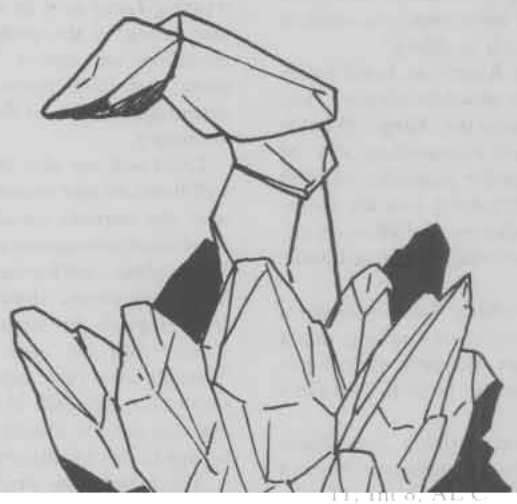
The characters must react very quickly. The heartearth looks like simple soil, but it is much, much more. It feeds on rock or earth, and flesh or plant material provides humus for fertility. It causes immediate plant growth from anything it touches (including Immortal forms), then rapid decay.

The characters must catch the heartearth before it strikes them or the ground, but must not physically touch it. Some kind of magic is required, like *force field* in the shape of a hemisphere or *container* of any size.

If the characters do not react in the first round, the heartearth may strike them. Each character must make an easy Dexterity check (+55% modifier) to dodge the shower. Any character who fails the check suffers 2d10 points of damage per round until a *remove curse* or *cure disease* is cast.

If the heartearth falls to the ground, it is useless. If this happens, Land grudgingly gives them another sample, all the while berating them for their stupidity and incompetence.

A *probe* used on heartearth indicates that it contains some Immortal Power (100 PP). The PCs do not know the amount, only that some power is present. As Temporals can ill-afford a permanent expenditure of 100 PP to make an artifact, this is just the spice needed.



Land's Gift

When the characters return to the Elemental Plane, Land is in a jovial mood. He freely acknowledges that the PCs indeed closed the vortex, but is so very pleased with himself because they had to expend Power to open it again. The gathered elementals titter appreciatively at the jest, a sound like gravel clattering down a slope.

The PCs need a *wish* or the aid of an Immortal of the Sphere of Thought (Celestial or above) to determine what solar system is depicted on Talitha's plaque. If they seek Immortal aid, that NPC will require a future service as payment. This is not within the scope of this adventure; make the task reasonable for the characters' levels and appropriate to the Sphere of Thought. The mission itself should be handled within your campaign either now or after this adventure is completed.

In either case, the PCs are directed to the Outer Plane of Tempus. It is the Home Plane of Fugit, a Level 4 Empyreal of the Sphere of Time. Fugit seldom strays far from Tempus, or from the planet Eon.

He stays very busy working on his pet project: the raising of "days" and "years." These living creatures composed of Time are used on new worlds as seeds for establishing a time cycle, if none is present already.

Days resemble huge cattle and are fed on crops of "seconds" and "minutes," plant-like growths capable of extracting Time from the oceans of Eon. Several breeds of days have been developed: sunny, windy, cloudy, etc. There are even good days and bad days.

The fattened days are then fed to the years. Years look like large aardvarks. They feed by grasping the days in their claws and using their tongues to extract the Time essence, flavored by the particular breed of day. Fugit is careful to feed his years a balanced diet of days, so that most turn out about the same. Occasionally though, a maverick year gorges too freely on a particular type of day, thus receiving more than its share of bad days, sunny days, wet days, or whatever breed the year liked best.

Fugit works closely with a storm giant named *Epoch*. Epoch and his clan till fields of minutes and seconds and tend great herds of days.

Fugit has endowed the giants with the power to cast certain spells of the Sphere of Time. These are *close gate*, *dispel magic*, *dissolve*, *ice wall*, *life drain*, *lower water*, and *magic lock*.

On Tempus, *dissolve* turns 3,000 square feet of cloud earth into normal cloud, dropping anyone standing in the area into the ocean. The caster may choose the dimensions of the area at the time of casting for maximum effect.

Arrival

Remember to apply the appropriate Power Point travel costs for the PCs to reach Tempus. The bias of Tempus is friendly to those of the Sphere of Time, neutral toward Thought and Energy, and hostile toward Matter.

Tempus appears as a long, twisting, light green line in the Astral Plane. The characters arrive 200 miles above the surface of a small planet named Eon. The vista is breathtaking, even to an Immortal. Eon is entirely covered with water, the shimmering, greenish wetness suggesting that while here, one has all the time in the Multiverse.

Small islands dot the surface of the limitless ocean, though even from this height it is apparent that they are not composed of earth. Their edges seem as tenuous as clouds and constantly change shape.

The PCs may choose anywhere to descend to Eon's surface. Most likely they would want to choose one of the cloud islands. Whether by *wish* or random chance, start them on or near the Isle of Epoch. If they choose to drop into the ocean first, place them about 20 miles off the shore of Epoch. Determine random encounters at double the normal frequency (see below) as long as they remain in the water.

Random Encounters on Tempus

Check every other turn for a random encounter. If one is indicated, roll 1d20 or 1d8 (depending on the environment) to determine the creature encountered.

Ocean

D20 Roll	Creatures Encountered	Book and Page
1-5	1d6 Elementals	C40
6-9	1 Hydrax	C41
10-13	1d20 Sea Giants	M30
14-16	1d4 Waterdrakes	M29
17-18	1 Dragon Turtle	C31
19-20	1d4 Great White Sharks	C36

Island

D8 Roll	Creatures Encountered	Book and Page
1-4	1d8 Jumpers	I42
5-6	1d4 Soo	I48
7	1 Decade	—
8	1 Century	—

Random Encounter Explanations

Elemental, water: AC 5 to −10; HD 1 to 32; MV 360′ (120′); AT 1; D by size; Save F1 to F32 (as HD); ML 9; Int 9; AL N

Water elementals feel right at home on Eon. They visit here often and consider it a delightful place to rest. For the most part they are not hostile, but they may bat playfully at the PCs. There is a 10% chance that they can tell the PCs something useful about the planet (other creatures, the cloud islands, etc.), but they know nothing about repeaters.

Hydrax: AC 2; HD 5 to 12; MV Swimming 180′ (60′); AT 2 claws or special; D 1d10/1d10 or special; Save F10 to F24 (as twice HD); ML 9; Int 9; AL L

Any hydrax encountered attack first and talk later. No information can be gained from these surly beasts.

Sea giant: AC 0; HD 12; MV 120′ (40′); AT 1 spear or special; D 4d10 or special; Save F12; ML 10; Int 12; AL N

Sea giants are very reclusive and protective of their holdings. If any are encountered, it may be assumed their lair is nearby. They want nothing to do with the characters and use their ability to create a moving wall of water to drive them off.

Waterdrake: AC 0; HD 6; MV 120′ (40′) Flying 30′ (10′); AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1d3/1d3/3d10; Save MU12; ML 9; Int 10; AL N

Waterdrakes are playful and will surround the party and try to steal something. If they are successful, they return the item(s) and joke rather insultingly about what easy marks the characters are.

Dragon turtle: AC −2; HD 30; MV 30′ (10′) Swimming 90′ (30′); AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1d8/1d8/10d6; Save F15; ML 10; Int 5; AL C

This is trouble, pure and simple. The creature is always hungry and attacks using all its abilities. Whether the characters fight or not is up to them; they can easily get away.

Shark: AC 4; HD 8; MV 180′ (60′); AT 1; D 2d10; Save F4; ML 7; Int 2; AL N

A school of sharks is another menace easily avoided. They attack without warning and fight to the death once the feeding frenzy is upon them.

Jumper: SP Time; Status Mortal; PP 5/HD; A-M 100% (0% vs. Time magic); AC −7 (body) or −2 (arms); HD 11; MV 450′ (150′); AT 12 (max 5/target); D 2d6 each + special; Save as Initiate; ML 8; Int 20; AL N

These small jumpers are quite common on Tempus. They attack silently and are always hungry for Time. Power attacks can drive them off; a jumper reduced to 20 Power Points or less flees rather than risk using all its Power.

Soo: SP Time; Status Mortal; PP 10/HD; A-M 50%; AC −5; HD 10; MV 180' (60'); AT 1 envelop/1 magical effect; D special/by effect; Save T36; ML 10; Int 10; AL N

Soo do not necessarily attack, preferring to strike up a conversation instead. They are definitely interested in why Immortals have come to visit Tempus (they use *probe* on the characters; even if blocked by a *shield*, they know the characters are Immortal). If they find out the PCs are looking for a repeater, they send them to an island 100 miles from Epoch's Island. If the characters believe them (a small chance, but it might happen if the conversation is handled skillfully), they end up in the middle of eight soo who attack. After the encounter, the characters must travel 100 miles to Epoch's Island.

Decade: AC 5; HD 20; MV 90' (30'); AT 1; D 4d4 + special, Trample 4d10; Save F20; ML 9; Int 12; AL L

Decades are maverick beasts, a result of Fugit's experiments with Time. These creatures gorge on years, plus anything else that gets in their way. They prefer to trample their prey if possible (Save vs. Power Drain for no damage), then return to feed on the victim. The special damage of a decade is similar to a jumper's except the victim is aged 10 to 40 years. This is assessed only if the decade scores a normal melee hit with its snout. For Immortals, the effect is a permanent loss of Power instead of years. A Saving Throw vs. Power Drain is allowed for half damage.

Century: AC 3; HD 40; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 4d6 + special, Trample 8d10; Save F36; ML 9; Int 13; AL L

Centuries are also experimental aberrations. Their attacks are similar to decades, but their special damage is a loss of 20-80 years for mortals or a permanent loss of 20-80 Power Points for Immortals. A Saving Throw vs. Power Drain can halve the damage.

The Isle of Epoch

The Dayherders

This cloud island is home to a clan of magic-using storm giants. Their purpose is to tend great herds of days, feeding them on seconds and minutes. The days are then delivered to Fugit.

Seconds and minutes are varieties of plants that are grown as fodder for the days. They are transparent and colorless, so a field of either at a quick glance looks empty.

Epoch and his brother giants shun outsiders. Indeed, strangers are seldom encountered on Eon. They guard their flocks jealously, assuming any intruders are day thieves.

The most feared menace is roving packs of jumpers. They feed on the Time contained in the days. A day may be completely drained by a jumper and die. Most such attacks occur at night. Fences have little effect on jumpers, for they have learned to vault over them with their tentacles.

The characters arrive on a stretch of coastal beach. As was seen from high overhead, the shoreline does indeed move. Wherever the substance forms it has the same solidity as earth. But when it vaporizes, there is nothing beneath one's feet except green water. About a hundred feet inland, the cloud seems much more stable, though there are holes, like ponds. But the margins of the ponds are stable, like lightly tinted green clouds frozen in motion.

About a half mile from the beach is a herd of several hundred odd, cattle-like animals. They are much larger than normal bovines, standing about 10 feet tall at the shoulder with an overall length of 20 feet or so. They are enclosed within a fence 20 feet high.

This group comprises many different breeds. Their bearing and manner can best be described in terms of weather the characters experienced on Earth in their mortal days: cloudy, sunny, gloomy, dark, stormy, windy, etc. Each breed is very clannish, tending to gather with those of their own kind within the herd.

Two 24-foot-tall humanoids dressed as farmers step from behind a hillock of cloud-earth. They approach rapidly, with menacing looks on their faces. They carry no weapons, but they evidently mean to attack. The sky is darkening and thunder booms in the distance.

These are Moment and Instant, two of the island's storm giants. They are the dayherds for this flock and think the PCs mean to steal their days. The characters can easily escape by using *gaseous form*, etc., but they will gain more through interaction than running away.

Lightning reflects off the giants' bronze skins as they pause 20 feet from the party. "You thieves have become very bold, committing your crimes now in broad timelight," says Instant. "But we are here to foil you this time. Begone!"

Moment: AC 2; HD 15 (70 hp); MV 150' (50'); AT 1 + special; D 8d6 + special; Save F15; ML 10; Int 16; AL L

Instant: AC 2; HD 15 (68 hp); MV 150' (50'); AT 1 + special; D 8d6 + special; Save F15; ML 10; Int 17; AL L

The PCs may use their Auras to influence the storm giants. If they use Terror, Moment and Instant flee straight to the holt (Epoch's stronghold), telling Epoch of the terrible new threat that has invaded their island. The characters will find the holt barred against them.

If Awe is used, the giants must Save vs. Spells (unmodified). If the save is made, they proceed with their attack (see below). If they fail, the giants stop dead in their tracks and think of the PCs as the most superb beings they have ever met.

The thunderstorm has come up very quickly; forked lightning streaks from cloud to cloud-ground. The herd creatures mill about frantically, seeking shelter of some sort (except for those that seem to be the stormy type of days). These have become as frolicsome as calves, thoroughly enjoying the violence of the weather.

If no Aura was used, or Moment and Instant failed their saving throws, they pause with arms uplifted to the sky, ignoring any friendly or peaceful gestures the characters may be making. An attack is imminent. While thunder rattles and booms through the cloud valleys, the entire herd goes berserk. The giants turn at the distress calls of the days, then head off in a loping run. The need of the herd overrides even Immortal Aura. Barely visible through slashing torrents of rain are several tentacled creatures tumbling down the sides of the surrounding hills. The characters recognize them as jumpers.

The jumpers gather speed as they roll down the slope. Then, bunching their tentacles beneath them at just the right moment, they vault the fence and land amid the days. One of the jumpers enfolds a sunny day in its tentacles. The creature emits a piteous howl, then becomes limp. As the jumper releases its grip, the dead day's form dissolves into wisps of smoke as fleeting as Time.

Soon the giants enter the fray, hurling *lightning bolts* from the thunderstorm at the

jumpers. The characters, of course, may join in. It is plainly to their benefit to do so, for Instant and Moment would certainly feel less inclined to view the PCs as low-life poachers.

The jumpers concentrate their attacks on the days, avoiding the giants and PCs when possible. Any jumper reduced to half its hit points flees, using its *fly* ability to get over the fence this time. (Why didn't they *fly* in in the first place? They were on a raid and did not want to give forewarning of their approach. Rolling over the surface of the cloud-ground is silent, therefore enabling surprise.) This jumper habit has never been seen before and will be a welcome piece of knowledge for other Immortals.

Six jumpers: PP 55 each; A-M 100% (0 vs. Time magic); AC −7 (body)/−2 (arms); HD 11 each (50 hp each); MV 450′ (150′); AT 12 (max 5 per target); D 2d6 + special; Save Initiate; ML 8 (vs. mortals) or 11; Int 21; AL N

After the jumpers have been slain or forced to flee, Moment and Instant ask the party to accompany them to meet their chief. Their demeanor is haughty if the characters did not help defeat the jumpers and they treat the PCs like poachers caught in the act. If the characters did help out and Aura was not used, the atmosphere is one of camaraderie among like-minded people who have respect for each other's battle skills. These two giants are very fun loving and friendly once you get to know them.

Epoch's Holt

The Gate

Refer to the map of Epoch's Holt on page 18. The gate is protected by a *contingency* spell that triggers the spell-like effect *spell turning*. Any magical attack (spell or spell-like effect) cast by a creature other than a giant is reflected back on the caster. The trigger point is 120 feet away from the gate, affecting an area in a radius of 120 feet around that point.

The PCs could arrive here before Moment and Instant if they use their *fly* or *gaseous form* abilities. Two cloud giants guard the holt's gate, and respectfully ask the strangers' business while firmly denying them entrance. The characters are not admitted until the two storm giant dayherds arrive.

If the characters used Terror Aura, Moment and Instant cry an alarm when they see the characters and the guards parleying at the gate. If the cloud giants are under the influence of the characters' Awe Aura, they get another saving throw at +4. If this save is made, the cloud giants attack, throwing chunks of condensed cloud at the characters (treat as normal rocks). The other cloud giants and all the storm giants (except Epoch), likewise attack on the following round.

A fight here is certainly not conducive to friendly relations. The giants remain inside the stronghold, content to defend themselves. The characters can, of course, enter the holt by any of several methods, completely bypassing any defenses. This avails them nothing. The giants surrender in the face of superior power, but refuse to divulge any information about anything.

If the meeting with Moment and Instant went well (the PCs helped in the jumper attack or they used Awe Aura), the storm giants vouch that the strangers are friendly and should be admitted within the cloud walls.

The holt is a very large, walled affair. Five storm giants live here, as do 10 cloud giants. All constructions are made of cloud-earth; apparently no wood or stone is to be found on Eon. If the characters check, they learn that magic holds the buildings and walls together and compresses the cloud material into a very solid stuff akin to limestone.

The holt's functions are attuned to the agrarian purposes of its owner. Large pens, half protected by lean-tos, line one entire wall. Most are occupied by varying numbers of days. Six cloud giants are busy forking fodder into the pens from transparent haystacks of harvested seconds and minutes.

Epoch

Moment disappears into the main house to summon Epoch. While the characters cool their heels in the barnyard, they have a chance to observe the inhabitants. All the giants wear rough smocks and high boots made of semi-transparent leather. They are friendly but not very talkative, preferring to answer questions with an unelaborated "yes" or "no."

After a short time, Epoch appears in the doorway of the main house. He is very tall, even for a storm giant, as he stands a full 26 feet. In every way he is superior to the others of his clan, and there is no denying he is their leader.

Brushing a shock of bright yellow hair from his eyes, he peers briefly at the characters, taking their measure. If the PCs helped drive off the jumpers, Epoch thanks them for their help, though in a manner that suggests that it was really unnecessary. (These are proud giants.)

If the characters used Awe on Moment and Instant, Epoch is vexed. Fugit made Epoch immune to the effects of Immortal Aura, but seeing it used on his people makes him angry. He will still talk with the PCs, though the use of Aura will be reported to Fugit.

Epoch explains the strange beasts and plants if the characters ask. The "leather" is made from the carcasses of days after their time has been sucked out, but before the form dissolves; a tricky bit of tanning, the details of which he does not reveal. Despite its unusual source and appearance, it functions as normal leather.

The characters are on Tempus to capture the snort of a repeater, and it is expected they ask Epoch's advice. He knows of the beasts and fears them. None have been seen on the island for some time, and he feels that Fugit may have the creatures contained in one area so they do not disrupt his project.

Epoch describes Fugit as a wise and kindly man of great power, though not an Immortal. He gives them directions to Fugit's Island and bids them leave. They have already disturbed the routine, and the bawling of hungry days demands that all the giants resume their work.

Epoch: AC −6; HD 19 (106 hp); MV 150′ (50′); AT 1 + special; D 8d8 + special; Save F19; ML 10; Int 18; AL L

Chrono: AC −2; HD 17 (80 hp); MV 150′ (50′); AT 1 + special; D 8d6 + special; Save F17; ML 10; Int 19; AL L

Timer: AC 0; HD 16 (75 hp); MV 150′ (50′); AT 1 + special; D 8d6 + special; Save F16; ML 10; Int 17; AL L

Ten cloud giants: AC 4; HD 13 (60 hp each); MV 120′ (40′); AT 1 weapon; D 6d6; Save F12; ML 10; Int 16; AL N

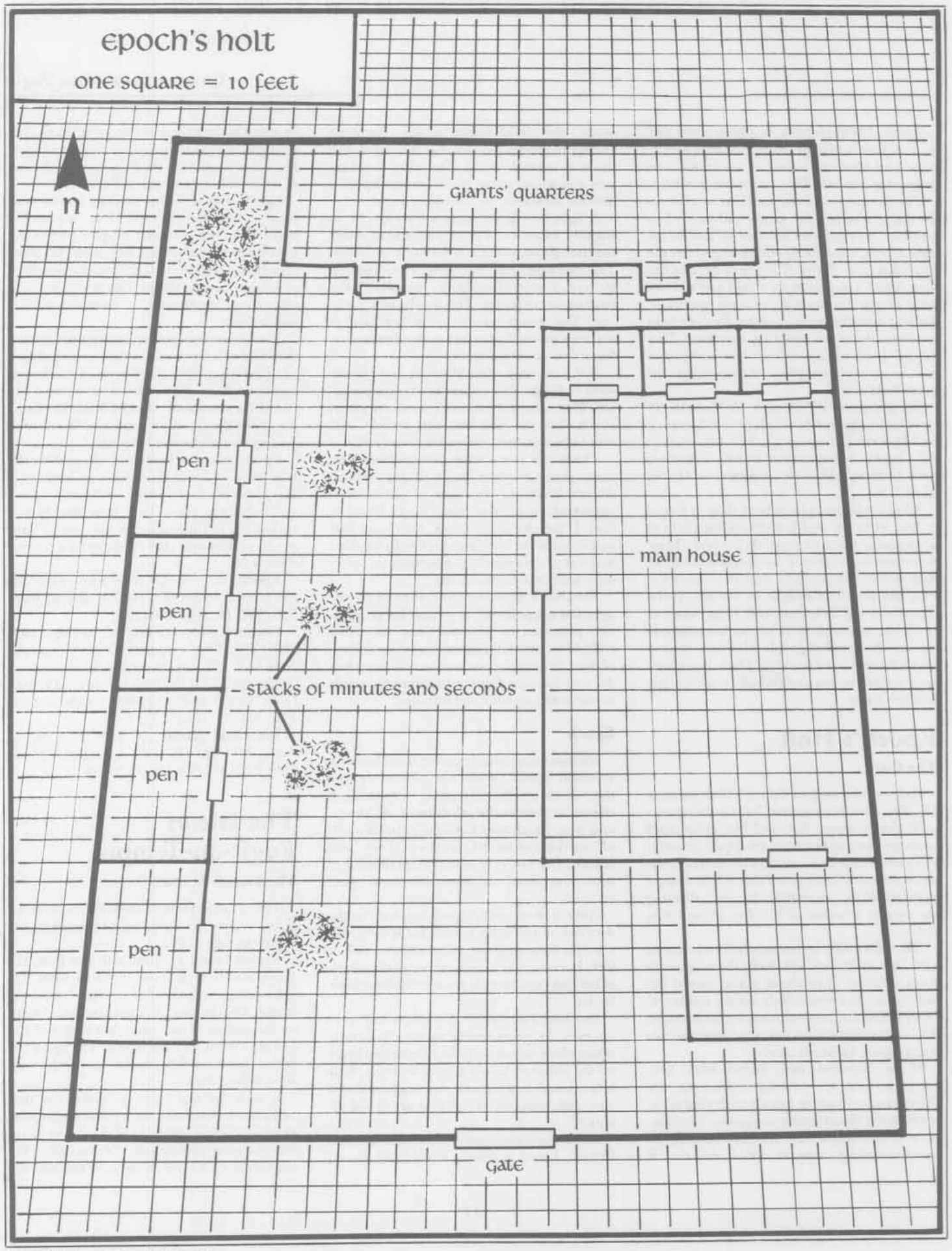
The Isle of Fugit-on-Tempus

The Island Beneath

Travel to this point in the ocean must be by *flying* or *gaseous form*, unless the characters choose to take a dip.

Fugit's Island rises majestically from the green waves. It is quite different from Epoch's in that it consists of an island above an island. That is, there is a normal cloud island on the surface of the ocean, but levitated 200 feet above it is another island. The space between the two is dark, as if a heavy rain is always falling there.

It must be real rain, or something that looks like it, because many rivers and waterfalls pour off the margins of the lower cloud into the surrounding sea. The run-off is the same dark blue color as the area between the



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Finidel

	Mortal	Immortal
Sphere	—	Time
Status	—	Temporal 1
Power Points	—	600
Anti-Magic	—	50
Class	Cleric	—
Armor Class	9	0
HD or Level	L36	21
Hit Points	83	110
Move	120′ (40′)	Universal
Attack	1	Any
Damage	See below	As attack mode
Save as	Cleric 36	Temporal 1
Align	Neutral	Neutral

Weapon (Skill)	Damage
War Hammer (B)	1d6
Mace (M: +6vP)	2d4 + 4
Defense	H: −3AC/3
Sling (M: +6vP)	P:3d4 S:d8 + 2
Defense	H: −3AC/3
Special	Stun (s/m)

Strength	15	18/ + 3
Intelligence	(16)	17/ + 2
Wisdom	(18)	20/ + 4
Dexterity	11	13/ + 1
Constitution	16	17/ + 2
Charisma	14	17/R + 1/A-1

Description: Finidel's mortal form is that of a human male about 50 years of age. He is 5′ 9″ tall and weighs 160 pounds. His eyes are brown and his hair brown with streaks of gray. His Immortal form is that of Finidel at age 30, slightly leaner with no gray in his hair.

Background: Finidel chose the path of a Dynast and sought an Immortal sponsor when he reached 31st level. In the midst of a raging storm atop Mount Grimm, a Celestial of the Sphere of Time spoke to the cleric and accepted his petition.

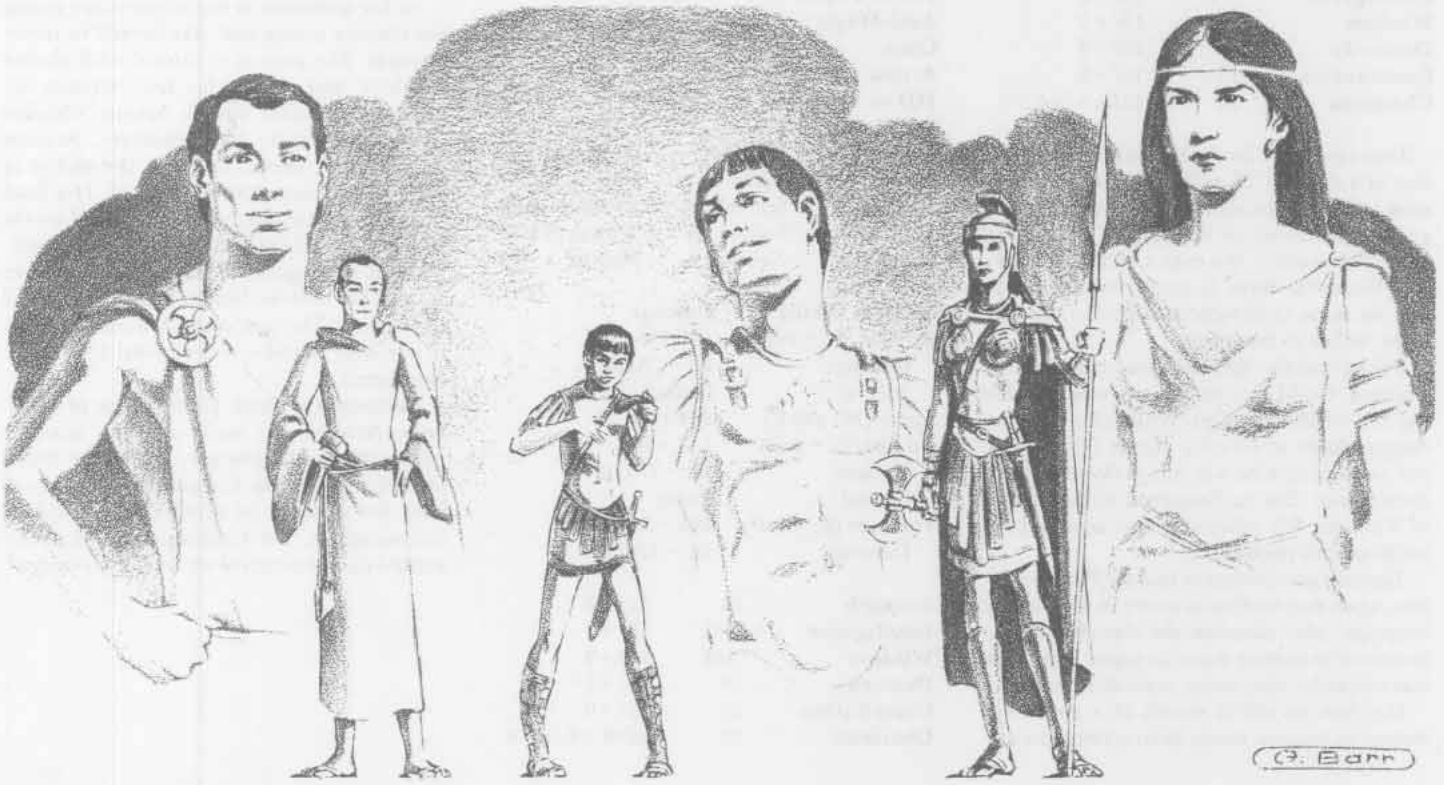
He quested after the Cap of Mala, reputed to allow time travel. The quest was arduous and nearly deadly on several occasions, but Finidel persevered and succeeded. Upon his return he struck off into the wilderness to create a new kingdom from a land of forested hills infested with green dragons. One by one the great lizards were slain or forced to flee Finidel's power. When all was safe, colonists arrived in droves. A new city called the City of the Five Hills was built as the capital of the new kingdom.

Finidel married and sired two daughters and a son. His kingdom thrived, and three invasions from neighboring nations were smashed in turn. A sorrowful occurrence was the discovery of an assassination plot involving several of Finidel's old adventuring companions. Since the evidence against them was irrefutable, Finidel sadly signed their death warrants to preserve his kingdom.

In the eighteenth year of Finidel's reign, his son fathered a male child. Now that the dynasty was established, Finidel became moody and withdrawn, sometimes not seen for days.

After three such disappearances his mood brightened. He abdicated the throne to his son, donned his old adventuring garb, and walked off into the wilderness toward Mount Grimm. He passed into history on Earth, but began a new life as an Immortal.

Personality: Finidel is given to inexplicable moodiness every now and then, the change lasting for several days at a time. Normally he is cheerful and optimistic, a responsible individual from his years as a ruler. He is very tolerant of other points of view and feels that constant change is the natural state of the Multiverse.



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Tourlain

Player's Background

	Mortal	Immortal
Sphere	—	Thought
Status	—	Temporal 1
Power Points	—	600
Anti-Magic	—	50
Class	Thief	—
Armor Class	9	0
HD or Level	33	21
Hit Points	82	110
Move	120′ (40′)	Universal
Attack	1	Any
Damage	See below	As attack mode
Save as	Thief 33	Temporal 1
Align	Chaotic	Chaotic

Weapon (Skill)	**Damage**	
Nrml sword (B)	1d8	
Bljack (S: +2vP)	1d3 +1	
Defense	Knockout (Save −1)	
Sht swrd (E: +4)	1d6 +4	
Defense	H: −2AC/2	
Special	Deflect (2)	Disarm (Save +2)
Dagger (E: +4)	2d4	
Defense	H: −2AC/2	Dbl dam (19-20)

Strength	12	13/ +1
Intelligence	(14)	16/ +2
Wisdom	(12)	15/ +1
Dexterity	18	20/ +4
Constitution	15	16/ +2
Charisma	10	11/R +0/A +0

Description: Tourlain's mortal form is that of a short (5′ 2″ tall), wiry (100 pounds) man aged 55. The shortness is partly due to a genetic deformity of the spine. The skin is dark and swarthy, the eyes a secretive black. His Immortal form is quite similar except that its spine is straight and perfect, adding three inches to the height.

Background: Tourlain was head of the Thieves' Guild in a major city when he felt the call of Immortality. While climbing the craggy slopes of Death's Tor he failed every test and felt sure he was unworthy of his ultimate desire. But an Empyreal of the Sphere of Thought felt otherwise and accepted his petition with pleasure.

Tourlain was quested to find the Plume of Fidias, a pen that enables its owner to write in any language, plus summon the thoughts of any person to be written down on paper. The quest was successful after many years of searching.

He then set off in search of a sword rumored to possess many destructive and torturous powers. Tourlain found it in the hands of a high-level fighter and was nearly slain. Only by guile and wit was he able to trick the warrior into destroying the sword.

Returning to the city of his birth, he took an orphan girl into his care and trained her in his profession. She rose to fame within the guild and was unanimously named Tourlain's successor when he resigned the position.

The Eternal appeared again and suggested that for Tourlain to complete the road to Immortality, he must move a mountain. Almost demoralized by the task, he applied himself with renewed vigor and sought the aid of magicians and sages. Using their advice and a few magical items, Tourlain completed the task alone in seven years. As the last rock was moved, he heard the Eternal's voice a third time saying, "You have succeeded!"

Personality: Tourlain is crafty and clever, but is loyal to his friends and is a person one can count on. He attacks a problem directly, constantly searching for a solution and ignoring temporary setbacks. He chooses to live away from others, disliking any regimentation in his lifestyle.

Arnelee

	Mortal	Immortal
Sphere	—	Thought
Status	—	Temporal 1
Power Points	—	600
Anti-Magic	—	50
Class	Fighter	—
Armor Class	9	0
HD or Level	36	21
Hit Points	112	110
Move	120′ (40′)	Universal
Attack	Up to 4	Any
Damage	See below	As attack mode
Save as	Fighter 36	Temporal 1
Align	Neutral	Neutral

Weapon (Skill)	**Damage**
Bst swd (E: +4vP)	1d6 +5
Defense	H: −2AC/2
Special	Deflect (1)
Spear (M: +6vP)	2d4 +4
Btl axe (E: +4vP)	1d8 +4
Defense	M: −3AC/2
Special	Delay
Hnd axe (S: +2vP)	1d6 +2
Defense	M: −1AC/1

Strength	18	18/ +3
Intelligence	(14)	16/ +2
Wisdom	(14)	16/ +2
Dexterity	14	16/ +2
Constitution	10	11/ +0
Charisma	10	12/R +0/A +0

Description: Arnelee is a female warrior. Her mortal form is that of a well-muscled woman, 6′ 1″ tall, 160 pounds, and 50 years of age. She is still a very capable fighter despite her age. She wears her chestnut hair long. Her eyes are a vivid sea blue with a dreamy quality, though she is all business in her actions.

Background: The daughter of well-to-do parents, she chose an adventuring life over a life of safety and boredom. Arnelee fell in early with loyal companions, and they became close and life-long friends. Though many offers came her way, Arnelee never married.

While adventuring in a wilderness far from her home, Arnelee met an Immortal. The chance meeting fired her imagination and created a drive to seek Immortality herself.

She chose the path of an Epic Hero. Her petition was at first denied, but was later accepted, her sponsor delighted with her tenacity. She quested for the Tome of Gambia, a magical book that contains all the knowledge of mankind in a single volume. She rescued it from the hands of a cleric who sought to destroy it as an evil thing.

She then sought the world over for the Gloves of the Demon, gauntlets that change their wearer irreversibly into a demon in the service of Entropy. She finally found them and destroyed them in the fires of a volcano.

As her successor in her adventuring group she chose a young girl, like herself in many respects. She proved a natural with bladed weapons, and was readily received into the group as an equal, though Arnelee's friends were saddened by her departure. Arnelee forged a new sword, one with the ability to tame any energy attack it touched. Her final task was to count all the grains of sand on the seven islands in the harbor of her home town. This she accomplished with the aid of a clever scale of her own devising that counted as well as weighed. The task took 10 years, but when it was over Arnelee was allowed to join the Immortals.

Personality: Brisk to the point of gruffness, Arnelee can easily alienate new acquaintances until they get to know her. She is loyal to her few true friends, and has learned over the years to be careful before making commitments. She is tolerant of others if their actions do not interfere with her own designs.

Astral & Ethereal Encounter Frequency

D12 Roll	# of Encounters	Time of Encounters
1-5	1	Midpoint of astral travel
6-9	2	Midpoint and end of travel
10-11	3	Start, midpoint, and end
12	4	As 10-11, but a second encounter occurs while the party is busy with any one encounter (DM's option)

Astral Encounters

D100 Roll	Type of Encounter	Number App	Encounter Range	Book & Page
01-09	Immortals	1d6	360′	I41
10-18	Spirit, Druj	2-5	1 mile	C37
19-25	Elemaster	1	120′	I40
26-30	Nippers	3d20	240′	I44
31-35	Nightwing	1d2	2 miles	M36
36-47	Draeden	1	24 miles	I38
48-61	Brain Collector	1d2	960′	X2
62-68	Hydrax, Immortal	1d2	180′	C41
69-82	Soo	2-5	240′	I48
83-90	Efreeti, Greater	1	120′	C39
91-95	Notions	2d4	480′	I44
96-00	Spectral Hounds	3-6	720′	C36

Ethereal Encounters

D20 Roll	Type of Encounter	Number App	Encounter Range	Book & Page
01-04	Party, Diaboli	1	60′	I37
05-08	Party, Normal	1	120′	all
09-11	Apparition	1	30′	C35
12-15	Plasm, Giant	2d4	120′	C42
16-18	Plasm, Normal	2-20	90′	C42
19	Blackball	1	60′	I50
20	Spectral Hounds	3-6	240′	C36

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Encounter Details (Astral and Ethereal)

Apparition: AC 0; HD 10; MV 180′ (60′); AT 2 claws; D 3-8/3-8; AP 1; Save MU10; ML 10; Int 11; AL C; XP 3,000

This creature is an annoyance, easily destroyed or avoided. Each round, all within the mist it creates must save vs. Spells or be entranced, unable to take any actions. The phantom gets a save vs. Spells to resist clerical *turning*; if successful, the character producing the *turn* must also save vs. Spells or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds.

Blackball: SP Entropy; ST Temporal 5; PP 1,000; A-M 50%; AC 10; HD 11; MV 60′ (20′); AT 1; D disintegrate; ML NA; Int 20; AL C; XP 17 PP

The blackball is attracted by Power, and will home in on any PC using Power for any reason. It can easily be avoided, but it will follow through normal planar shifts. Using *astral teleport* is the only way to prevent it from following.

Brain Collector: AC 2; HD 10; MV 180′ (60′); AT 1 bite or spell; D 1d10 or by spell; Save F10; ML 10; Int 11; AL C; XP 2,500

This creature does not notice the party in the first round of contact. If the characters use *invisibility* or some other means to mask their beings, it will cruise on by.

Draeden: SP Thought; ST Empyreal 2; PP 3,030; A-M 99%; AC −20; HD 101; MV 18 miles (6 miles); AT up to 40; D 1d100 each; ML 11; Int 55; AL C; XP 756 PP

The fearsome draeden will not attack the party. It will communicate with them, asking them if they have recently been to the Stellar Cluster of Goanth. Assuming the characters plead ignorance, the draeden snorts in exasperation from all 40 of its mouths and streaks off into the blackness of space.

Efreeti, Greater: AC −2; HD 20; MV 120′ (40′) Flying 360′ (120′); AT 2; D 3d10/3d10; Save MU36; ML 11; Int 14; AL C; XP 5,450

This amir is on a mission of his own, and seems very angry, though not at the party. He will ignore them completely as he flies on his way. If the characters stop to talk with him, he complains that his master has asked for the fruit of the golagola bush, a strange plant found only on a particular planet in one of the Outer Planes. The PCs can accompany him if they wish, and if you wish to run a side adventure of your own devising.

Elemaster: SP Earth; ST Hierarch 2; PP 12,000; A-M 90%; AC −18; HD 42; MV universal; AT 4; D up to 100 (each); ML special; Int 90; AL N; XP 953 PP

The Earthmaster is en route to the Plane of Earth after conferring with Terra. If the characters have already been there (Chapter 2) they may report to him what they saw and did on his plane. If they have not been there as yet, he will hint to them of the danger and tell them they enter his plane at their own risk.

Hydrax, Immortal: SP Time; ST Temporal 3; PP 800; A-M 50%; AC −1; HD 23; MV universal; AT 2 claws or spell; D 1d10/1d10 or as spell; ML 9; Int 20; AL L; XP 31 PP

The hydrax are seen at a distance, floating purposefully through the stuff of the Astral Plane. The party may avoid them if they wish. If approached, the hydrax are angry at having their journey interrupted. Puffed up with their own self-importance, they may even attack.

Immortals

Set up any Immortals you desire, definitely including any NPCs who may already be operating in your campaign. This would be an ideal place to tell the players of some project that needs attention (some idea for an adventure that you have in mind).

Nightwing: AC −8; HD 19; MV 240′ (80′); AT 1 + special; D 1d6+6 + special; Save F19; ML 12; Int 16; AL C; XP 1 PP

This gigantic bat is cruising the Astral Plane, looking for victims. It will attack by surprise if at all possible.

Nippers: AC 0; HD 1 (1 hp); MV 240′ (80′); AT 1 swarm; D 1 + special; Save F1; ML 11; Int ?; AL N; XP 1 PP per swarm

These dangerous vermin attack a random character if not incinerated by a *fire ball* as they approach. Use the attack chart for 1 HD creatures. The number of nippers attacking is the hit roll number; cross index to the AC hit. The difference between the AC hit and the victim's AC is the number of creatures that hit. Each does 1 point of damage as it burrows in and reproduces 2d10 young on the first round and 1d10 more on the fifth. All young do 1 point of damage and reach maturity in 1 turn. Also, the character must make a Constitution check for each nipper born in his body or permanently lose 1d4 points of Constitution.

Notions: SP Thought; ST Initiate; PP 250; A-M 40%; AC −12; HD 25; MV 72 miles (24 miles); AT 2 thoughts; D special; ML 9; Int 25; AL N; XP 10 PP

These are white notions, spreading thoughts of pleasure, joy, fondness, peace, etc. Each character may make an average Intelligence check (+30 modifier) to avoid the effect; if this fails, he may make a save vs. Spells each round, success indicating the effect has abated.

The flavors of these notions are of medium intensity, strong enough that any character so affected would rather float peacefully on the Astral Plane and ignore his mission.

Table 2: The Immortals of Mount Olympus

	Hermes	Athena	Brissard	Croaking Demons	Winged Fury
Sphere	Thought	Matter	Entropy	Entropy	Entropy
Status	Temporal 2	Celestial 3	Temporal 4	Temporal 3	Temporal 2
Power Points	70	190	900	800	500
Anti-Magic	60	70	50	55	50
Armor Class	−2	−5	−4	−1	0
Hit Dice	22	28	24	23	20
Hit Points	36	66	140	130	100
Move	Universal	Universal	Universal	60' (20')	120' (40)
Flying	—	—	—	60' (20')	180' (60')
Attacks	Any	Any	Any	2claw/1bite	2c/1t/1b
Damage	1d6	8d6	4d6	1-3e/4-18	1-4e/1-8e/1-8e
Alignment	Neutral	Lawful	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic
Ability Scores/Modifiers					
Str	14/+1	35/+8	20/+4	20/+4	19/+4
Int	23/+5	28/+7	21/+5	23/+5	20/+4
Wis	24/+6	27/+6	17/+2	16/+2	8/−1
Dex	22/+5	36/+8	18/+3	18/+3	7/−1
Con	17/+2	37/+8	19/+4	23/+5	17/+2
Char	17/+1	25/+3	18/+2	9/+0	7/−1

	Zeus	Hera	Apollo	Aphrodite	Ares
Sphere	Time	Energy	Thought	Energy	Energy
Status	Empyreal 5	Empyreal 4	Celestial 3	Temporal 4	Temporal 4
Anti-Magic	80	80	70	60	60
Power Points	1,000	900	570	100	100
Armor Class	−10	−8	−4	−1	−5
Hit Dice	35	34	28	24	25
Hit Points	86	111	66	28	45
Move	Universal	Universal	Universal	Universal	Universal
Attacks	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any
Damage	12d6	10d6	7d6	3d6	4d6
Alignment	Neutral	Chaotic	Lawful	Chaotic	Chaotic
Ability Scores/Modifiers					
Str	65/+12	51/+10	30/+7	18/+3	19/+4
Int	50/+10	72/+13	43/+9	24/+6	24/+6
Wis	70/+12	50/+10	48/+10	16/+2	17/+2
Dex	55/+11	52/+10	45/+9	18/+3	19/+4
Con	50/+10	70/+12	35/+8	25/+6	25/+6
Char	66/+6	70/+6	38/+4	23/+3	22/+3

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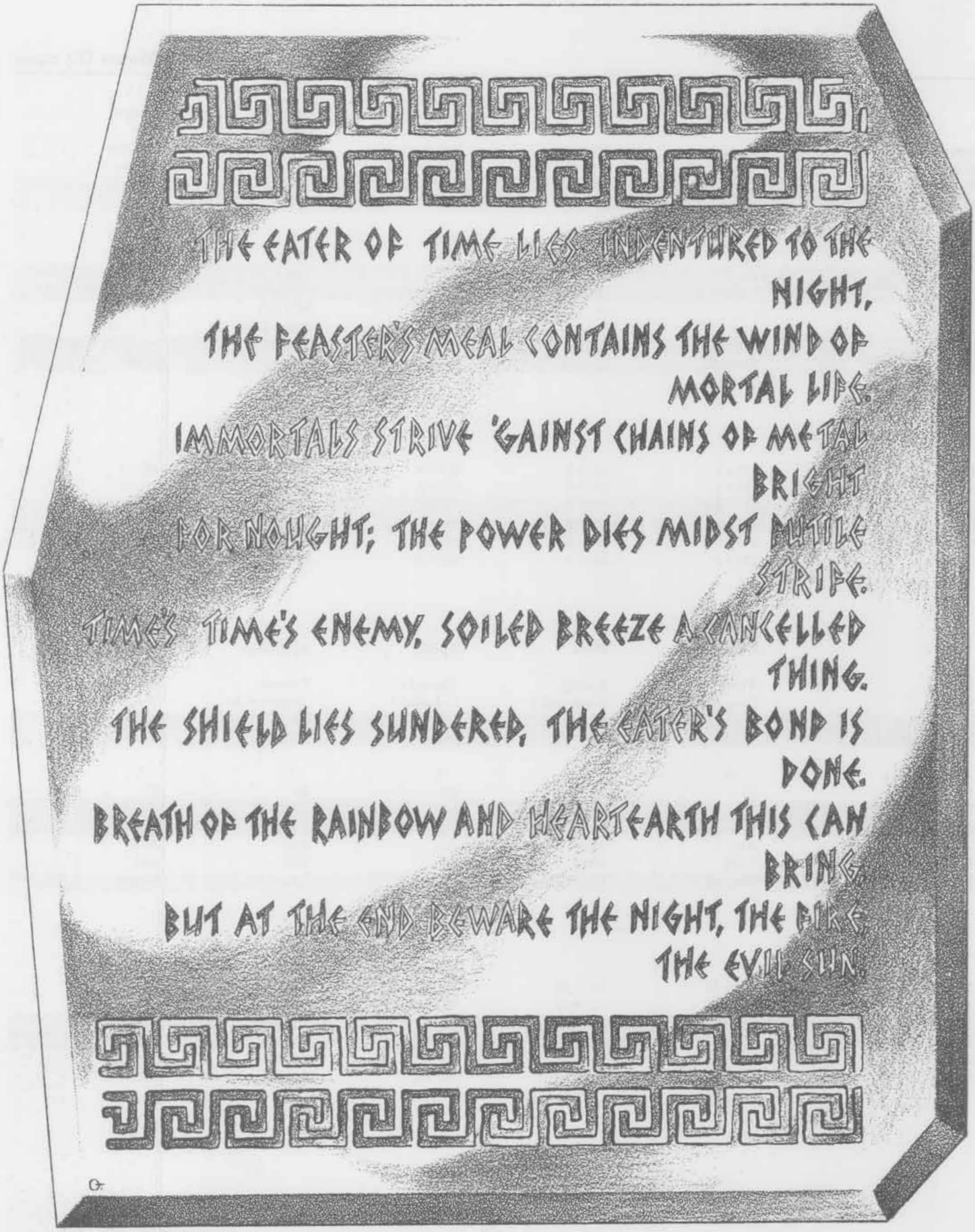

THE EATER OF TIME LIES INDENTURED TO THE NIGHT,
THE FEASTER'S MEAL CONTAINS THE WIND OF MORTAL LIFE.
IMMORTALS STRIVE 'GAINST CHAINS OF METAL BRIGHT
FOR NOUGHT; THE POWER DIES MIDST MUTTLE STRIFE.
TIME'S TIME'S ENEMY, SOILED BREEZE A CANCELLED THING.
THE SHIELD LIES SUNDERED, THE EATER'S BOND IS DONE.
BREATH OF THE RAINBOW AND HEARTEARTH THIS CAN BRING.
BUT AT THE END BEWARE THE NIGHT, THE FIRE, THE EVIL SUN.

Table 1: Statistics for the Mortal Forms of the Identities

	Balthac	Sinan	Ascalon	Aurum
AC	9	9	9	−6
MV	120′ (40′)	120′ (40′)	120′ (40′)	150′ (50′)
Flying	—	—	—	360′ (120′)
hp	106	68	65	120 (HD 22)
AT	Special	Special	1	Special
D	2d8 + 2 Plus Special	Special	Special	Special
THACO	*2	3	7	*1
Str	18	17	12	NA
Int	?	?	?	?
Wis	?	?	?	?
Dex	16	17	14	NA
Con	17	17	14	NA
Char	16	16	16	NA
Spells				
First	NA	5	8	5
Second	NA	4	7	5
Third	NA	3	7	4
Fourth	NA	2	6	3
Fifth	NA	1	6	NA
Sixth	NA	NA	5	NA
Seventh	NA	NA	5	NA
Base Saving Throws				
DR/Poison	2	2	3	2
Wands	2	4	4	2
Par/Stone	2	4	4	2
Breath	2	3	4	2
Spell	2	3	4	2



Party, Diaboli or Normal

A normal party is composed of adventurers from the Prime Plane and includes humans and demi-humans. While laborious, you should construct a typical party and invent some reason why they are adventuring in the Ethereal Plane (just exploring, journeying to an Elemental Plane, etc.). If at all possible, make this group up from mortal NPCs in your own campaign to tie this adventure and the characters into your world.

Diaboli are handled in much the same way. Remember that they are just as Chaotic as most player characters are Lawful, and will make rude, perhaps coarse, jests if the PCs speak of duty, mission, honor, etc. They mean no disrespect, it's just that they cannot understand the need for rules and regulations, and duty and honor are virtues for someone else.

Plasm, Giant: AC −4; HD 12; MV 120′ (40′); AT 2; D 3d6/3d6; Save F12; ML 11; Int 8; AL C; XP 1,900 each

Plasm, Normal: AC 0; HD 6; MV 120′ (40′); AT 2; D 2d6/2d6; Save F6; ML 9; Int 8; AL C; XP 500 each

These creatures attack without hesitation. Roll randomly to see of which element each skeleton is composed (1d4, 1 = air, 2 = water, 3 = fire, 4 = earth). An attacking group can be of mixed types.

These creatures are only damaged by magic. A punch attack delivers points of damage equal to the Strength modifier for that character. A magical weapon likewise does damage equal to its pluses. If attacked by a spell that would benefit it (like *fire ball* cast at a fire plasm), it absorbs the energy before the attack can affect any other plasms in its group and adds the number of hit dice of the attack to its own total.

This causes the creature to grow, adding hit points and the ability to do more damage. For every 5 hit dice absorbed, it can do 1d6 more points of damage per attack. Correspondingly, its THACO becomes better as it grows larger (consult the monster hit roll charts and find the new HD total to determine the new THACO).

Soo: SP Time; ST Mortal; PP 100; A-M 50%; AC −5; HD 10; MV 180′ (60′); AT 1 envelop/1 magical effect; D special/by effect; Save Th36; ML 10; Int 10; AL N; XP 15,250 each

These soo are cowardly and run away if at all possible. There should be no reason to attack them.

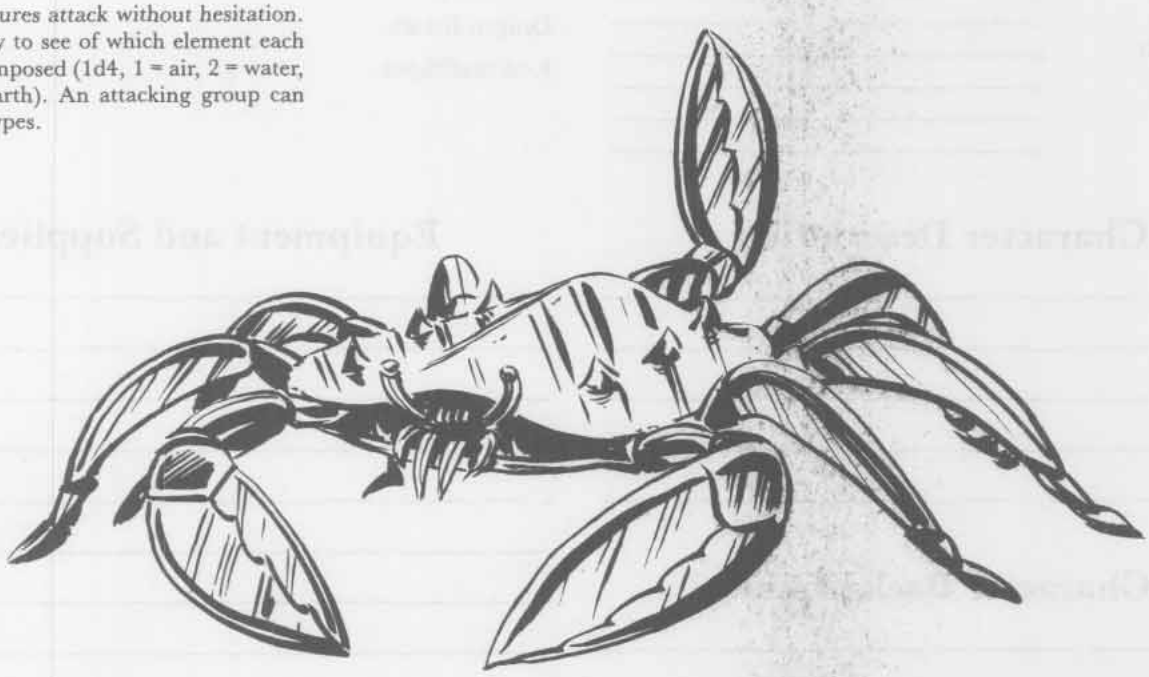
Spectral Hounds: AC −2; HD 5; MV 150′ (50′); AT 1; D 2d6 + special; Save F5; ML 12; Int 2; AL C; XP 250 each

The hounds track down and attack the party. If a character is bitten, he must save vs. Spells or suffer a dimensional shift every six hours. After four such shifts the character enters the Vortex.

There is no way for the character to prevent this shifting; a magic-using nightmare creature may cast *dimension door* on the character, which stops the shifts immediately. It is suggested that if any character is bitten, you introduce an Immortal diabolus into the encounter to fix things up. Then you need to explain this new wonder to the characters.

Spirit, Druj: AC −4; HD 14; MV 90′ (30′); AT 1 or 4; D special + poison; Save F14; ML 11; Int 14; AL C; XP 5,150 each

The druj are being summoned by *Brissard*, an Immortal of Entropy (see Chapter 4). They ignore the party completely and fly on their way. Even if they are destroyed, Brissard can find more to complete his task.



Immortal Character Sheet

Player Name: _____

Character Name: _____

Game Date Character Began Adventuring: _____

Game Date Character Attained Immortality: _____

Sphere:

Status:

Power Points:

Anti-Magic:

	Mortal	Immortal
Strength		
Intelligence		
Wisdom		
Dexterity		
Constitution		
Charisma		
Armor Class		
HD or Level		
Hit Points		
Move		
Attacks		
Base THACO		
Damage		
Save as		
Alignment		

Weapons

Weapon (Skill)	Damage

Saving Throws

Death Ray/Poison:

Magic Wands:

Paralysis/Stone:

Dragon Breath:

Rod/Staff/Spell:

Character Description

Equipment and Supplies

Character Background

Iliric

	Mortal	Immortal
Sphere	—	Energy
Status	—	Temporal 2
Power Points	—	700
Anti-Magic	—	50
Class	Magic-user	—
Armor Class	9	0
HD or Level	32	22
Hit Points	69	120
Move	120′ (40′)	Universal
Attack	1	Any
Damage	1d4	As attack mode
Save as	MU 32	Temporal 2
Align	Chaotic	Chaotic
Strength	9	12/+0
Intelligence	(18)	21/+5
Wisdom	(10)	13/+1
Dexterity	11	13/+1
Constitution	16	19/+4
Charisma	17	20/R+2/A−4

Description: Iliric's mortal form is that of a wizened old man. He stands 6′ tall, though he walks with a pronounced stoop and requires a staff or cane for support. His head is bald, but his face is adorned with a full white beard. The eyes are a milky, hazel color. His Immortal form remedies all the deficiencies of age, appearing as a young man of 30 years in all the vigor of young adulthood.

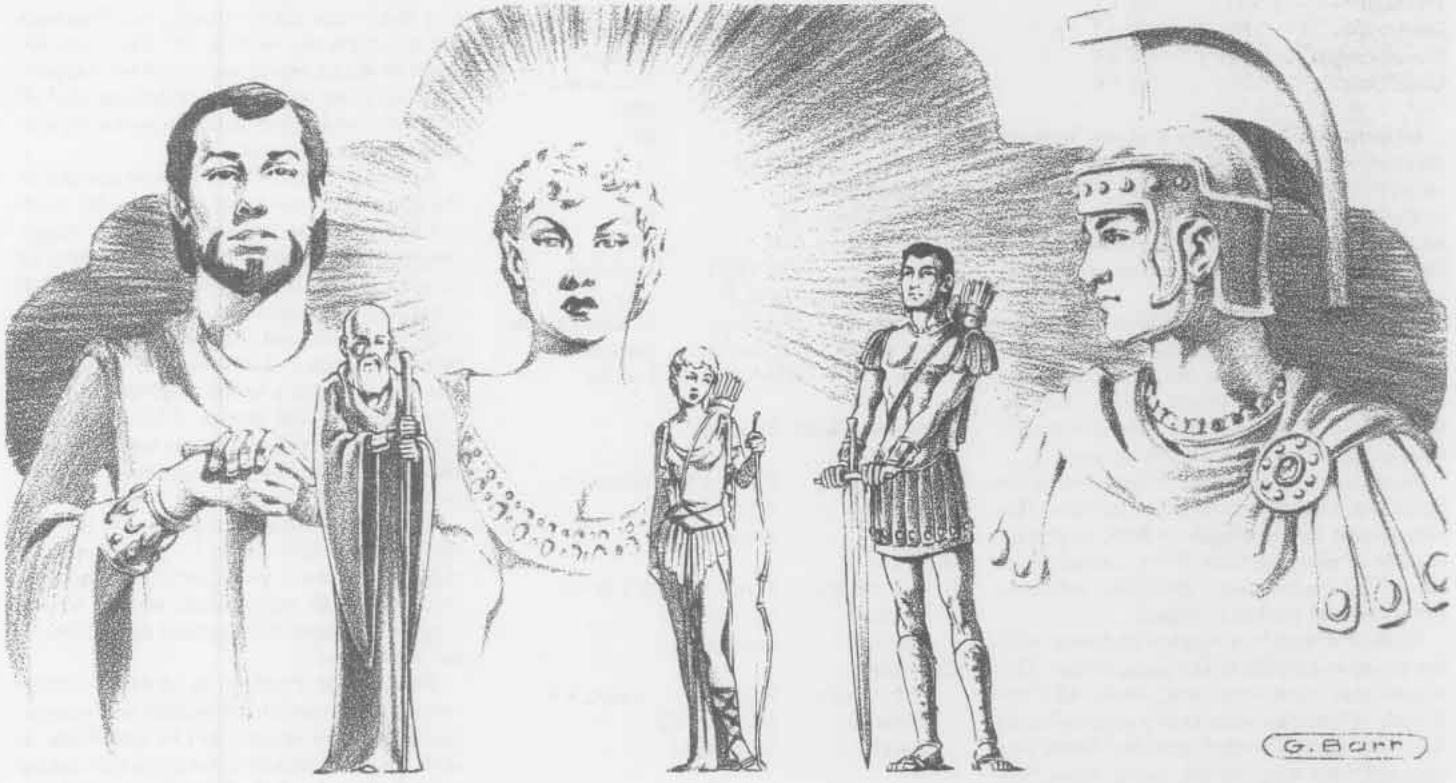
Background: Iliric always dreamed of being an Immortal and knew he could make it if he tried hard enough. His first three petitions were denied because of his haughtiness, but perseverance paid off. He was quested to find the fabled Carpet of Millicent, a weaving possessed of extraordinary powers. This was recovered, though at the cost of the life of one of Iliric's companions. Iliric shed not a tear.

He pondered long over the creation of a new magical item. He finally chose to prepare a gauge that combined the powers of several detection spells. With it he could immediately tell the alignment, experience, class, intelligence, etc. of any creature he chose. It was dubbed Iliric's Nose, and gave rise to the saying "taking the gauge of someone."

Settling down, he opened a school of magic and attracted many bright students. For all his faults, Iliric was a brilliant magic-user. He pock-marked the land around his castle with lakes placed as if on a grid. In the center of each was an island, and on each island grew a different tree. His collection included a specimen of every known variety of tree, some of which should not have been able to grow in this climate.

And then came the endless duels, for Iliric lusted after Immortality at the expense of all who stood in his way. All other magic-users within a 1,500-mile radius were destroyed, including many of Iliric's former students. So Immortality came to Iliric.

Personality: Grasping and insensitive, Iliric is a man to be reckoned with. Nothing stands in his way, and any who call him friend are badly mistaken or deluded. Iliric can be charming if it serves his purpose, but he is prone to lying and has a reputation for reneging on his word. Honor seems a silly notion to him.



Lornasen

	Mortal	Immortal
Sphere	—	Energy
Status	—	Temporal 2
Power Points	—	700
Anti-Magic	—	50
Class	Elf	—
Armor Class	9	0
HD or Level	10/G	22
Hit Points	49	120
Move	120′ (40′)	Universal
Attack	1 or 2	Any
Damage	See below	As attack mode
Save as	Elf 10	Temporal 2
Align	Chaotic	Neutral

Weapon (Skill)	**Damage**	
Lg bow		
(GM: +8vP)	P:4d4 + 2	S:1d10 + 6
Defense	H: −2AC/2	
Special	Delay(s/m)	
Nrm swd		
(M: +6vP)	P:2d8 + 4	S:2d6 + 4
Defense	H: −3AC/3	
Special	Deflect(2)	Disarm(Save + 2)

Strength	17	18/ + 3
Intelligence	(18)	20/ + 4
Wisdom	(11)	13/ + 1
Dexterity	12	15/ + 1
Constitution	15	19/ + 4
Charisma	17	20/ + 4

Description: Lornasen is endowed with the timeless beauty of elves. She is 5′ 5″ tall and weighs a mere 90 pounds. Her hair is blond and worn short-cropped. Her eyes are either gray or hazel, depending on the light and her mood. Seeing no way to improve upon nature's work, her Immortal form is the same.

Background: Lornasen could never fully explain why she sought Immortality. The best explanation was her zest for life, to see what new things the morrow would bring. Having reached the pinnacle of her race, she simply thought there should be something more.

Atop Catspaw Mountain an Empyreal of the Sphere of Energy accepted her petition. She was quested to find Gilgrave's Bow, an artifact capable of shooting bolts of fire instead of arrows. This she did, freely giving the artifact to her sponsor as a token of respect.

Lornasen created a magical ointment with the power to give life to any plant or tree. The ingredients were very rare; some, like the Breath of Spring, were nearly impossible to find. But she succeeded, and her forest was adorned with magnificent, hardy trees. She had no difficulty finding young elves to apprentice under her. She imparted to them her love of the forest and all living things as well as her knowledge of magic.

The ointment had already transformed her forest into a garden spot, a place of perfection that Lornasen was loathe to change. In the end she decided to appeal to her sponsor, and the Empyreal answered that the perfection she had created satisfied this requirement of the Paragon's path.

As for being acknowledged the superior magic-user of the land, this was easy. The duels were fought, of course, but her fellow mages lost gladly and Lornasen accepted their homage with good grace.

Personality: Lornasen's behavior is the epitome of goodness, as can be seen from her actions on the path to Immortality. This does not mean she is Lawful. To the contrary, while a mortal she was considered most Chaotic, a free spirit of the earth not to be bounded in any way. On becoming Immortal, her views changed. She is avid to learn all she can, drinking in new experiences like fine wine and acknowledging and supporting the rights of all creatures who inhabit the Multiverse.

Paarkum

	Mortal	Immortal
Sphere	—	Matter
Status	—	Temporal 2
Power Points	—	700
Anti-Magic	—	50
Class	Fighter	—
Armor Class	9	0
HD or Level	36	22
Hit Points	120	120
Move	120′ (40′)	Universal
Attack	Up to 4	Any
Damage	See below	As attack mode
Save as	Fighter 36	Temporal 2
Align	Lawful	Lawful

Weapon (Skill)	**Damage**	
2hd swd		
(M: +6vP)	P:3d6 + 3	S:2d8 + 3
Defense	Stun + Deflect (2)	
Lt xbow		
(M: +6vP)	P:1d8 + 6	S:1d4 + 6
Defense	M: −2AC/3	
Special	Stun (s)	
Hv xbow		
(M: +6vP)	P:3d6 + 2	S:1d12 + 4
Defense	M: −3AC/2	
Special	Stun (s/m)	

Strength	18	21/ + 5
Intelligence	(11)	13/ + 1
Wisdom	(11)	14/ + 1
Dexterity	17	20/ + 4
Constitution	17	20/ + 4
Charisma	16	18/R + 2/A-3

Description: Paarkum's mortal and Immortal forms are that of a human male of approximately 60 years of age. At 6′ 6″ tall and 250 pounds, it is apparent he has taken good care of himself over the years. His hair is still jet black, as are his eyes. His skin is weathered to a nut-brown from years in the sun and wind. Paarkum has accepted age gracefully and refuses to succumb to the vanity of youth.

Background: Paarkum looked upon Immortality as a duty, as a way of furthering his work for Law. His sincerity of purpose greatly impressed his sponsor, and he set Paarkum on the Polymath's Path.

Starting a new life as a 1st-level cleric, Paarkum found he enjoyed the service of the church he chose. As he advanced in power, he was quested to find the Ivory Plume of Maat. The Plume was recovered after a search of two years, and none of his companions were lost.

As a thief, Paarkum was exposed to a differing point of view and way of life. The skills of a thief came easily enough, but Paarkum did not enjoy the work at all. This time the quest took four years, and one of his companions had to be resurrected. Paarkum paid all expenses, which greatly enhanced his reputation with his followers.

As a magic-user, Paarkum was amazed at the power and knowledge of mages. He studied hard, but the academic aspect of magic use always troubled him. The Plume proved an even greater task this time, for it was well hidden and well guarded. The Plume was finally obtained, and this time Paarkum was allowed to keep it. In the country of his birth Paarkum erected a simple obelisk. The base was engraved with scenes of his battles and listings of the lawful deeds he had done and places where he had replaced chaos with order.

Then Paarkum set out alone into the wilderness, in a final test of his mastery of the skills of all classes. He experienced many adventures in his wanderings, and he mused long on the order of things and the balance of the Multiverse.

Personality: Paarkum is unable to understand how anyone can live without laws or regulations, or how anyone can be indifferent to such things. He cannot tolerate injustice, taking it upon himself to right any wrong he finds.

clouds, indicating the darkness there is not simply a lack of sunlight. At the edges of the island where the run-off and sea water mix, the ocean is a vivid blue-green, gradually fading to green farther offshore.

The characters discover that an extreme form of Anti-Magic is in effect on both island and the surrounding ocean. Flying characters plummet into the ocean when within 100 feet of the edges of the islands. Those using *gaseous form* suddenly find themselves in their physical forms and they also crash into the ocean. To their dismay, their Power does not work either (though the cost of any attempt is marked off). The characters are temporarily reduced to their physical abilities and their wits.

Fugit *wished* this setup into being to protect himself from unwanted callers. There is an invisible stairway in the center of the island that he can lower after his guardians on the lower island have questioned the visitors to ascertain their business and their worthiness.

The only way to get onto the island is to swim. Make one check for a random encounter on the swim to shore.

The surface of the lower island is dark and dismal, continuously drenched by the dark blue rain from the island above. After sloshing 100 feet or so inland, the characters are met by three blue waves.

Three water elementals: AC −2; HD 16 (72 hp each); MV 60′ (20′) Swimming 180′ (60′); AT 1; D 3d8 + special; Save F16; ML 10; Int 12; AL N

The elementals are in the form of standing waves eight feet tall and 32 feet wide. The rain is so heavy and the cloud-earth so wet that for all practical purposes they use their swimming movement rate. They quickly surround the party, then stop, waiting expectantly.

> A wet, whispery voice issues from one of the waves. "The Empyreal known as Fugit bids you welcome to his home. We who ward the Island Beneath also welcome you, and would have you know we mean you no harm as of now.
>
> "Our purpose is simple. We test all visitors to the island. If you pass you may continue; if you fail, then you are ours. Thus we riddle you:
>
> Lover to the maiden, landlord to the crone,
> Never seen 'til reflected in memory.
> A cloak worn and tattered in an old man's hands,
> Yet he holds nothing more dear than that which has fled."

The correct answer to the riddle is "time." If the players cannot come up with the solution, each of the characters may make an average Intelligence check (+30% modifier) to gain a clue. This check is made by rolling 1d100; if the roll is equal to or lower than the character's modified Intelligence score, he gains the clue (the clue is "It's all around you!").

At this level of play, the chance for success is only about 50%. You may want to suggest that the players combine their characters' Intelligence scores to increase the chance for the clue given above.

If the players cannot solve the first riddle, you may have the elementals attack (see below), or pose them a second riddle:

The blood of life for mortal coil,
The enemy of trusted foil,
The end and aid to a long day's toil,
I am what lies beneath the oil.

The answer, of course, is "water." The elementals give the same clue as for the first riddle. If the players answer a riddle correctly, the waves graciously part so the characters may exit the circle. A narrow corridor has been opened through the rain, leading to a stairway in the center of the Island Beneath. The steps disappear into the cloud above.

If the characters do not answer the riddle, (or either riddle, at the DM's option) the elementals attack. This is straight Physical Combat, so the characters will be using Punches in the usual manner (1d6 per plus a modifier for Strength). If an elemental hits, the characters are allowed a Saving Throw vs. Physical Blow to take half damage.

An elemental retreats when reduced to half or fewer hit points; its purpose is to guard, not die. The remaining elementals, if still above half hit points, spread to reclose the circle. Once a second elemental is reduced to half, the contest is over. The elementals retreat, possibly flinging a bit of spray after the characters in a show of poor sportsmanship.

Fugit has been watching the match with much amusement. In his mind the characters played the game as best they could. He lowers the staircase as previously described.

The Island Above

The stairs lead to the surface of the upper island. The change is startling—the sun shines brightly and there is not a cloud in the sky.

An ageless man stands a few feet away. He is clad in a white robe, giving the impression that he has sprung from the clouds. He is smiling and holds up his right hand, palm forward, in the multiversal sign of peace. Behind him is a modest structure made of the same magically compressed cloud the characters saw on Epoch's Isle.

Fugit: SP Time; RK Empyreal 4; PP 4,700; A-M 70%; AC −10; HD 34 (hp 400)

In the distance are extensive holding pens for the days fattened by the giants. Roaming freely about the area are even larger four-legged creatures with long snouts and actively flicking tongues (these are the aardvark-like years). They look at the PCs curiously, though they do not seem at all hostile or aggressive. One casually approaches one of the pens and flicks its tongue at a day that is standing close to the fence. The day shrivels immediately, its Time essence sucked into the year.

The *wish* also extends to this island; the characters are still unable to use Power or Magic. Fugit is under no such constraint, but he is good and has never taken advantage of any Immortal. This is his Home Plane, after all, and such protections are reasonable.

> "Welcome to Eon in the Plane of Tempus. As you may surmise, I am Fugit. Epoch, a most trustworthy giant, informed me of your coming. I trust you have not been too inconvenienced by my protections nor by my watery friends on the Island Beneath. I have found these precautions necessary not only to protect myself, but also to ensure I may work uninterrupted.
>
> "I sense you have come here for a specific purpose. Always glad to see young Temporals busy at some project. Please, rest yourselves in my house while we talk."

Fugit has been informed if the characters used their Auras in the encounter with the giants. If applicable, he issues the following admonition.

> "My young friends, Aura is a fine tool but it must be used properly. Mortals are so impressionable, you know. Never use it merely to escape a confrontation. While it may seem more humane than hurling Power and magic, in the long run it tends to clutter up a plane with a lot of messy legends that need to be erased at a later date. My advice to you is to rely on your wits and physical prowess when dealing with mortal creatures."

If the PCs treated the giants badly, Fugit sternly rebukes them. After this, his anger is spent and he cordially beckons the PCs to follow him into the building behind him.

Fugit leads the way into his home, through seemingly endless rooms, halls, and chambers. It certainly did not look this extensive from the outside. Exquisite works of art are displayed throughout the house. The most interesting are vivid paintings of strangely beautiful landscapes and sculptures that could only be made from water. Fugit leads the way onto a porch providing a splendid panoramic view of his domains.

Refreshment appears, though no servant entered the room. The food and drink are odd, but delicious. If asked, Fugit explains how the years feed on the days and the years are transported to worlds without a time cycle. He takes great satisfaction in his work, obviously pleased with the way he serves his sphere.

But he is intensely curious as to the characters' purpose in coming to Tempus and asks them outright if they do not volunteer the information.

"The snort of a repeater? Gads! that will be most difficult! I have a truce, of sorts, with the beasts: I don't bother them and they don't bother me. Being creatures of Time, I suffer them to exist on this plane, of course, and can direct you to one. Be extraordinarily careful in your dealings with the beast. He is treacherous and always hungry!

"But getting there is the easy part. Tell me, how do you propose to capture the snort?"

The players may have been wondering the same thing. *Force field* seems a reasonable choice, possibly coupled with a *wish*. Fugit agrees that this is a sensible approach. If the PCs ask him directly for aid or suggestions, they find Fugit very eager to help.

He leaves the porch with a promise to return shortly. When he does, he holds his arms in front of him as if something is draped over them. As far as the characters are concerned, it's an impressive act of mime for there is nothing to be seen.

"Isn't this gorgeous? The finest workmanship I've ever seen anywhere in the Multiverse. And I guarantee it will help you if used properly.

"You look perplexed. Ah yes, with your powers temporarily suspended, you cannot see what I hold. Once you leave my island all will be plain. Take this gift and go in peace. I wish you success with your project, to whatever worlds you may visit.

And remember, even though you possess powers that surpass those of many creatures, great dangers lie in wait everywhere. Do not forget that you have brains!"

Fugit hands them the bundle. The object may as well be thin air, for there is no discernible weight or volume to it. It is clear their audience is at an end. Fugit gives them traveling directions to Ditto's Key, home of a repeater named Redux. He warns the PCs to be very respectful of the creature's Immortal rank. The stairway is let down, and Fugit is kind enough to clear a path through the perpetual rain of the Island Below.

At the shoreline, the characters experience a brief rush of vertigo, then find themselves on a small island about a quarter mile away. Fugit *telekinesed* them to the small island. If the characters look back, they see the wake of a dragon turtle crossing the area through which they would have swum. Fugit can also be seen in the distance, standing at the edge of the Island Above, smiling and waving.

The PCs' powers have returned. A *detect invisible* or *truesight* allows them to see Fugit's gift: a net of strands so fine it seems an impossible construct for even the most accomplished weaver. The width of the mesh, though, is about two attoplanes, seemingly much too wide for the task at hand. But a *detect magic* cast on the net registers positive, so maybe it will work as Fugit promised.

The *Net* is the creation of Ninfangle, an Eternal of the Sphere of Matter. Ninfangle was intent on capturing things generally considered incapable of being held. Below are the statistics for the artifact, determined by the guidelines in the D&D® Masters Set, pages 46-50.

Magnitude: Lesser artifact
Power Limits: 2/A, 1/B, 2/C, 3D
Sphere: Matter (Fighters, earth)
Suggested Powers (PP 200):

A3	Web	10
B3	Haste	30
D3	Invisibility	20
D5	Force Field	80
D1	Raise Dead	60

The *Net of Ninfangle* can be any size the owner desires. The possessor knows the powers of the *Net* once he sees it. The item is used like a casting net, invoking the desired power while the *Net* is in the air.

The only handicap is Magic Error. Any time the owner attempts to use spells or spell-like effects, there is 25% chance of error. For Immortal users, calculate the percentile chance of this occurrence based on Ninfangle's Intelligence of 80 (80 minus the user's Intelligence, the difference multiplied by 5). If this handicap takes effect, the Power Points for the aborted magic are deducted, but no effect occurs.

Ditto's Key

This is potentially the most dangerous part of the mission on Tempus. You may want to remind the players to consider taking precautions if they seem to be getting careless.

The purpose is not to destroy the characters' forms; similarly, they should not be allowed to kill the repeater. Some damage should be inflicted, the characters should get what they came for, then they should escape by a hair's breadth. It should be tense and exciting, but not deadly.

Fugit directed the characters to yet another cloud island. While Eon is pretty to look at, the terrain is very monotonous. This island has many valleys and hills, but one cloud-mountain dominates the island. It is obvious that the repeater should be found somewhere in the vicinity.

Redux lairs in a cave in the mountain. He is aware of the characters' arrival on his island. He is *invisible*, for the moment. He probes each of the characters in turn, if possible.

If a probe is countered with a shield, Redux is very irritated. This is his island, after all, and he expects all visitors to be open, not sneaking around or hiding information from him.

If the probes are allowed, Redux uses *ESP* on a PC of the Sphere of Time or Thought, attempting to ascertain their intentions. Assuming these are not hostile (they shouldn't be), he drops the *invisibility* and flies towards them. The PCs see a six-winged creature shimmering like a rainbow. If for some reason the characters are purposefully thinking hostile thoughts, he attacks immediately. Be very careful with this; you might want to give the players a chance to reconsider.

Redux is a magnificent creature and is proud of his Immortal stature. The characters should compliment him on his appearance and rank and abilities, more or less paying homage to a being far mightier than they are. If they cater to his vanity, they are well on their way to getting what they want.

The repeater, on the other hand, is very abrasive and condescending in his speech and manner. Where Fugit congratulated the PCs on attaining Immortality, Redux belittles the achievement. As far as he is concerned, Temporals are little better than bugs.

After the pleasantries are out of the way, the characters should get to the business at hand, especially since their presence obviously annoys the repeater.

There being no practical way to trick a repeater into snorting, the characters must ask for it. Surprisingly, Redux readily agrees, but only if the PCs can offer him some remuneration for the trouble. The price is Power. The characters may protest, saying they do not have the ability to give him Power, but Redux just smiles and says he has faith that they do.

Redux is treacherous. If the characters think about it, they might realize that the repeater means to slay them for the Power Points he can gain—and he gets a satisfying meal to boot!

Redux tells the characters to make whatever preparations they desire. Since the *Net* is naturally *invisible*, he does not notice its presence, unless the owner makes a great show of readying it to cast. If Redux suspects something, he can use *detect invisible* to see the object. It doesn't frighten him, but rather makes him angry.

Redux: SP Time; RK Empyreal 5; PP 5,000; A-M 75%; AC −13; HD 25 (hp 400); MV Flying 360' (120'); AT 6 claws/1 bite + 1 snort; D 2d10 each/8d10 + special; ML 11; Ability Scores all 75; AL L

Redux attacks; the *Net* poses no physical threat as far as he can determine. Launching himself into melee, he also makes a *slam* attack at a random character (preferably someone of the Sphere of Energy or Matter). His seven melee attacks are divided equally among all characters. At the end of the round he obligingly snorts.

If the characters are going to do it, now is the time! When the *Net* is thrown, no Hit roll need be made. The caster of the net should invoke the *force field* power. This effectively closes the mesh, containing anything within. It is also portable, unlike a normal *force field*.

It is possible the PCs may not need the *Net*. Through a combination of *force field*, *permanence*, and *wish* they could duplicate the effect, but they simply do not have the time, even on Tempus.

As soon as the snort is obtained, it is time to leave. Redux can make mincemeat of the characters if they stay more than two rounds.

Escape can be effected in a number of ways. *Wish*, the old standby, can whisk the party off to some other place on Eon. *Teleport* would be equally effective. A *gate* is not a good choice, since Redux will definitely follow. Simple movement is likewise unsatisfactory, since a repeater can fly as fast as the characters.

Redux will not enter the ocean, however, so the characters may jump in and swim for it. The nearest island is four miles away, requiring at least 12 turns to get there. They must stay submerged for the first six turns because Redux is watching. If they surface, he flies out to attack once again.

Conclusion

Once the characters have escaped from Ditto's Key, their business on Eon is finished. They may go to the Elemental Plane of Earth (if they have not done so already), or to the Home Plane of one of the PCs to combine their two treasures into an artifact.

If Terror Aura was used on any giant, Epoch communicated this fact telepathically to Fugit. Fugit is highly respected by the Hierarchs and he passed the information on to Father Time (Hierarch of the Sphere of Time). If the characters treated the giants badly, they got a stern admonition from Fugit for such shoddy behavior and, in addition, any PC from the Sphere of Time will be castigated by his Hierarch, resulting in no PP gains from this adventure in Tempus.

Making the Artifact

Once the characters have pure elemental earth and the repeater's snort, they can make the artifact. The DM should consult the D&D® Masters DM Book, pages 45-56, for guidelines on the procedures.

This would be considered a minor artifact of 100 Power Points. The PC creator should consider the task the object is to perform before assigning powers, but he also must keep in mind that the barrier was erected by Entropy and may therefore only be affected by magical effects usable by Entropy. You may wish to hint at this to keep the players from creating an artifact ill-suited to the task. *Disintegrate* or *obliterate* are therefore obvious choices. These cost 80 and 90 Power Points respectively, so there is not much left to play with.

A Temporal should not really be expending Power permanently on an artifact, but they have help if they check for it. The sample of elemental earth contains the necessary 100 Power Points. A probe reveals that some power is present; a *wish* or *choose best option* can confirm that it is enough for the purpose.

Handicaps and penalties are up to you. As a suggestion, consider *recharging costs*, the Power coming from the wielder (if an Immortal). This loss would be temporary—the Immortal regains these lost points at the rate of 1 per turn, regardless of the plane's bias.

As for penalties, one should be sufficient. Since this is likely to be the first artifact these PCs have made, a random spell effect on the caster would be appropriate to simulate a less-than-perfect attempt. Refer to the tables in the D&D® Masters DM Book; use any spell effect of less than 50 Power Points from tables A1, A3, or A4.

A Hierarch Speaks

After the artifact is made, one of the four Hierarchs (DM's choice, from any of the PCs' spheres) contacts a random character.

> "You have done well. The confidence of your sponsors when you were mortals was not misplaced, and, though you be only Temporals, we feel you are worthy of the remainder of the task before you.
>
> "You must now enter the place of your mortal homeland, the Prime Plane. Be aware that the situation there is most delicate. Your entry into the situation cannot be in your normal forms—the change into your mortal forms is automatic as soon as you cross the boundary. It is just as well, because the inhabitants of Corunglain in the Republic of Darokin have been too greatly traumatized by Immortal power to comprehend another such invasion.
>
> "Consider, then, the wisdom of using Identities familiar to Darokins, useful tools to help you finish this project. Such are available for your use."



Chapter 4: When Legends Come to Life

In this part of the adventure, the characters enter the Prime Plane and inhabit the Identities. They are scattered throughout the wilderness, but all are within a reasonable distance of the final destination.

The location of each Identity is keyed to the map of the D&D® Expert Set game world from Module X10, *Red Arrow, Black Shield*. Consult the map on the inside cover (a section of the X10 map) for the location of each Identity.

Statistics for the Identities

The form of each Identity is mortal in all respects, to avoid any possibility of discovery by mortals that the being is Immortal. So if cut they will bleed, muscles become fatigued, and so on. The statistics listed in Table 1 (on page 26) are for the forms as they are first found; by using Power the PCs can enhance certain aspects. The Intelligence and Wisdom scores are not included; insert the values of the occupying PC's ability scores.

The Legends

The backgrounds of the four Identities are detailed below (their statistics are provided on the cover for the players). It is imperative that all the Identities be used. If you have fewer than four players you should play the unclaimed Identities yourself as NPCs, or you may wish to have them portrayed by other players in your campaign who do not as yet have Immortal-level characters. This last option is desirable in that these players can gain some experience and appreciate the ramifications of Immortals adventuring on the Prime.

Balthac

The Legend: Balthac was a fighter of great renown who lived at the beginning of the Age of Magic. He and the elf Sinan adventured widely over all the known world, clearing the land of horrible monsters to make way for the tide of men to come.

It is said that his sword, Camb, had many wondrous powers. Creatures of evil intent were utterly decimated by its blade, and the wrath of the gods poured forth from it in the presence of injustice and corruption.

Balthac sought Immortality and became known as Balthac Polymathis. His trials became increasingly difficult, his sponsor forging Balthac's spirit in the fire of combat. It was in the mountains of what is now extreme northeastern Darokin that the challenge proved too much, for it was there that he sought out the evil red dragon Calor. From one full moon to the next, fire and the clang of steel filled the air over the mountains, then all was quiet.

Balthac was never seen again, and Calor never again raped the lands of men or dwarf or elf. Many years later a group of adventurers went to the mountain. Calor's bones lay bleaching in the fierce sunlight, an elvish blade protruding from the monster's breast. Nearby a cairn had been raised as a monument. The scent of sanctity in the thin air prevented the explorers from disturbing the cairn. Assuming the Champion lay within, they paid homage to Balthac and left all as they found it.

But it is said that in some future time of trial, Balthac will come forth again with Sinan at his side, called from the Mists of Time to wage battle with chaos and evil.

The Fact: Many parts of the legend are true. Balthac was a 36th-level Fighter and was very close to attaining Immortal status when Calor caused his untimely death. His sponsor, though saddened by the hero's death, was proud of Balthac's accomplishments. He created a form identical to the Fighter's (not much was left of the original body) and hid it and Camb in the cairn Sinan built, near the site of the epic battle with Calor (Hex #3410). Thus Balthac could still serve the Immortals' interests on the Prime as an Identity, should such ever become necessary.

The legend was not implanted in the minds of men by a *wish*. Balthac was revered by all who knew him, more so by those who only knew him through the tales of his deeds. His passing was deeply grieved, his role of Champion of Men never filled. Sometimes hope and justice springing unaided from within the minds of men are more powerful than Immortal magic.

Camb: This two-handed sword was constructed by an Eternal of the Sphere of Matter specifically for Balthac. It has no magical bonus to hit, though this is offset by its tremendous damage potential.

Magnitude: Greater artifact
Power Limits: 4/A, 3/B, 3/C, 4/D
Sphere: Matter (Fighters, earth)
Suggested Powers (495 PP):

A1	Cause Serious Wounds (14hp)	30
A5	Leap 60'/+4 to hit (DR 1T)	50
A5	Triple weapon damage	90
A1	Disintegrate (R 60' EF 1 cr)	80
B2	Predict Weather (DR 12h EF 40m)	10
B2	Truesight (DR 5T EF 120')	50
B3	Teleport (R 10')	50
D1	Cure Critical Wounds (21hp)	35
D3	Luck (DR 1T EF choose 1 result)	100

Activation: The sword is active when acquired. In addition, the owner feels compelled to forswear all other weapons and is obsessed with caring for the sword.

Use of Powers: All powers become known to the mortal user the first time it strikes an evil creature (Immortals know all the powers immediately). Powers are called forth through concentration.

Suggested Handicaps (3; 20% chance any time the *luck* ability is used)

1. Recharge Costs: The sword must be fed 100 gp of treasure per PP used.
2. The user becomes five to 10 years younger.
3. Magic error: 75% chance the next power called on will not function.

Suggested Penalties (5; 20% chance whenever a power is used, equal chance for each)

1. Wounded: User suffers 2d10 points of damage.
2. Magical destruction: Any other magical weapon touched by Camb's owner becomes permanently nonmagical.
3. Saving throw penalty: −1 to −12 penalty on next saving throw.
4. Flesh to stone: The next humanoid the user looks at must save vs. Turn to Stone or be petrified.
5. Weak Leap: The next time Camb's owner tries to leap, 75 PP are drained and the leap is only 10 feet.

Sinan

The Legend: Sinan the Anointed was a great leader of the elven peoples, a gifted woman wise in the ways of people and attuned to the rhythms of the earth. As Balthac's companion she helped rid the land of evil, though she was never comfortable in the company of other humans, feeling most were too shallow of mind and too hasty in their actions.

Though not desirous of Immortality herself, she understood Balthac's need and remained his steadfast companion on his quests. Sinan journeyed to Calor's lair with Balthac and witnessed his heroic death. It was she who struck Calor's death blow and raised a cairn for her fallen friend. She then retired to the vastness of Canolbarth Forest, living in solitude amongst the great trees, away from the affairs of men and elves.

Sinan last appears in elven legend as a person called the Anointed. A host of orcs lead by an evil human wizard named Kazad swept into Canolbarth, their intent to destroy the forest and enslave the elves. At the bleakest moment, Sinan rode to battle in a *lightship*, challenging Kazad to single combat, the outcome to decide the fate of Alfheim.

Confident in his abilities and treachery, the wizard accepted. Away flew the combatants: Kazad the bird, Sinan the celestial sailor. Upward they spiraled above the forest, magic sparking the air, until their combat appeared as between two angry stars in the heavens.

Then a blackness spread over the sky, completely blocking the sun. Sinan's *lightship* failed without the light of the sun to sustain it. At the last she conjured a mighty magic, for a massive explosion ripped the heavens. Two objects streaked across the blackened sky like shooting stars and vanished over the eastern horizon.

Both orcs and elves stood paralyzed, dumbfounded by the cataclysm. When it became apparent that both champions had perished, the war ended by mutual consent. The orcs left Canolbarth, never to return. The martyrdom of Sinan saved the forest evermore for the elves of Alfheim.

The Fact: Sinan was a 10th-level elf at the time of the conflict with Kazad. Though not well known in the lands of humans, her memory as a savior is kept alive in all elven lands.

Balthac's Immortal sponsor had, at the time of the lord's death, decided that an Identity based on Sinan would be a fitting companion for Balthac, should the need ever arise. A form was readied, securely hidden away in the mountains not far from Balthac (in Hex #3612). The spot is fittingly marked by a lone oak tree, now grown to massive proportions.

Aurum

The Legend: The wisdom of lawful dragons is born of the rocks of the Earth itself, or so it seems. The winged reptiles seem out of touch in the world of men. Their actions, perhaps misunderstood at the time, more often than not prove judicious and a benison to men.

Such is the legend of Aurum, a huge gold dragon who befriended the race of men that sailed northward into the rivers of Malpheggi Swamp: the founders of Darokin.

Aurum lived at that time in the hills west of the Streel River, west of what is now the city of Darokin. Glad for the company of men, he appeared one day in the guise of a fighter, striding alone from the hills across the river with two long spears resting casually on his shoulder. Very knowledgeable of these lands, he counseled the colonists and helped them found the city, then but a small collection of huts with few permanent buildings.

Mysteriously, Aurum would disappear at times, seemingly when his help or advice was needed most. It was then that a huge gold dragon would sometimes be seen, winging off to places unknown.

Such a time came when a great army of swamp undead, hungrily sensing the fresh life force on the border of their territory, attacked in the middle of night. Aurum's military knowledge was desperately needed, but he was not to be found.

All hope fled in the face of overwhelming numbers, but the Darokins fought on with dogged fatalism. Few heard the rush of wings from the west, the tumult was so great, but all saw the blast of flame and those in the front line felt its searing heat. Wheeling above the city, its form illuminated by the flames of undead transformed into torches, was a gold dragon.

Twice more the great dragon swooped, scathing the host of walking dead with its fiery breath. Most were slain, but the strongest remained. The dragon landed to finish the battle and was last seen driving the loathesome creatures back into the swamp.

The Darokins set about assessing the night's business, cursing Aurum for deserting them at such a time. Then, from the depths of Malpheggi, arose a baleful scream. The startled people saw a ball of scintillating golden sparkles hurtle skywards. Ever upward it traveled, as if it would never descend to earth.

And it never did. When it was but the merest speck against the black sky, the ball burst into a shower of golden sparks. For a week they shimmered in the heavens, coalescing into a new constellation in the night sky over Darokin.

The day after the battle, a party of Darokin's strongest fighters penetrated the swamp. No walking undead were to be seen, and in the midst of a knot of twisted bodies they found Aurum's twin spears.

That the fighter and the dragon were one in the same came as bitter news. Those who had cursed his name the night before now sought to do him honor. Contemplating the new constellation, the wise men of the city saw a dragon in that collection of new stars and named it Draco Aurum in honor of their mentor. And the crossed twin spears of the fighter became the symbol of the Republic of Darokin.

The Fact: The Legend of Aurum is surprisingly true to the facts of the situation. His true form was never associated with the fighter's disappearance because the early Darokins, thankful the creature chose not to attack them, never made the association.

The leader of the Malpheggian undead was a lich who possessed what she thought was a *staff of wizardry*. Sensing defeat, she broke the staff. The item was more powerful than the lich imagined, an artifact imbued with Immortal power. The detonation, coupled with a *travel* spell (a side effect of the artifact), exploded Aurum and the lich into the Ethereal Plane with no way to get back.

Aurum made short work of the lich after that, the explosion having done a great deal of damage to her. Severely injured himself, Aurum floated listlessly in the Ether.

The Star Dragon, Ruler of all Lawful Dragons, had taken notice of Aurum some centuries before and had followed his progress with a watchful eye. Seeing him in trouble now, the Star Dragon came to his aid. As a reward for advancing the cause of Law and dragonkind, Aurum was made one of the Ruler's attendants. The Star Dragon caused the new stars to appear in the sky over Earth so that humankind would pay homage to dragonkind and Aurum in particular.

The Star Dragon was so pleased by Aurum's deeds on the Prime that he duplicated the golden dragon's form down to the last scale and stored it safely in Malpheggi Swamp (Hex #2323). He has made it known to other Lawful Immortals that the form is available for their use in the cause of fighting chaos and evil.

Ascalon

The Legend: Generations ago on the northern shore of Lake Amsorak lived a man of peace, a healer called Ascalon. Those in need of aid were never refused, and the door of his house was always open to those stricken in body or spirit. The touch of his staff brought a magical healing to the ill and lame.

Far to the east lay the village of Corunglain, drowsing peacefully between the forks of the Streel. But the idyll was not to continue. From the north came a pestilence born on a bitter wind. The healers did what they could, but the wind blew relentlessly, darkening the sky and undoing in an instant their work of hours.

A plea for aid went out across the land, reaching Ascalon on the shores of the lake. Heedless of the warnings of those about him, he shouldered his pack and, staff in hand, strode off to the aid of Corunglain so many miles away.

A full month of walking brought Ascalon into the practically dead town. The north wind still blew, the disease it carried a palpable thing. Doing what he could to help the beleaguered clerics, Ascalon soon saw it was a losing battle. Whatever was causing the ill-wind must be stopped.

Taking nothing but his staff, he struck off

into the wilderness north of Corunglain. The last sight of Ascalon was his back, shoulders hunched against the northern blast as a he strode into the Broken Lands.

Nothing changed for several days, and the people of Corunglain felt sure that Ascalon, though apparently immune, had finally succumbed to the plague. No one really noticed when the wind stopped; one day it simply wasn't there. The air and sky cleared, a light breeze sprang from the west and south, bringing a gentle, cleansing rain. Those stricken but not yet dead recovered quickly. And everyone asked where Ascalon was.

Weeks passed. Then on a fine day a small, besailed skiff was seen gliding down the east fork of the Streel. Lying supine across its seats was Ascalon, his features as composed in death as they were in life. His staff lay at his right hand, its heel a splintered wreck. But in that ship of death there was life, for the head of the staff sprouted with the new, green growth of spring.

As the boat rode the current past Corunglain, the last vestiges of the pestilence disappeared. New growth sprang from the earth as if in response to a call. No one stopped the skiff on its journey, content to commit the healer's remains to the ocean far away.

The Fact: Ascalon and his *staff of healing* is a favorite legend of the Darokins, sometimes even confused with earlier myths in which Ascalon becomes closely associated with the seasons of the earth as a bringer of spring and fertility.

In the Broken Lands, Ascalon encountered a demon whose breath was the cause of the pestilence. After a battle lasting several days, Ascalon was triumphant, though he realized that his own death from the demon's poison was near.

Standing over the demon's form, he was compelled to strike its head a massive blow that shattered his staff. Startled by his act of violence, he knelt and prayed to his god. In answer, an Immortal servant of the deity appeared as a shining figure amidst the desolation.

"Ascalon, you have proven yourself a healer of your people and your god thanks you. Your death is nigh, yet I will not halt it. Be content with the good you have done and rest."

The apparition dissolved and Ascalon was startled to see his staff start to sprout new leaves. Thinking them an evil sending from the demon's blood on his staff he tried to pull them off. But he found the growth wholesome and pure. Then finally did Ascalon die in peace.

The Immortal reappeared and put Ascalon's body in the skiff for its final journey. The reaction of the Corunglainians to Ascalon's mystical reappearance was an additional healing experience, as the Immortal wished it to be.

The Immortal was much taken with Ascalon's devotion to his fellow man. The cleric's body was recovered from the ocean, repaired, and hidden away in the mountains north of Lake Amsorak (Hex #1811).

Getting Started

Entering the Prime Plane

The PCs must assume their *mortal* forms when they revisit the Prime. A *gate* spell places the characters about 20 miles above the surface of the planet. From here they may easily see all the area that concerns the adventure (see the map on the inside cover).

The Identities were selected because their saviour images blend so well with the history of Darokin and the crisis at hand. They may be attained in any order, though it is suggested that the PCs start with Balthac and work their way counterclockwise around the map, picking up Sinan, Aurum, and Ascalon along the way. Thus all four Identities may make a triumphal entry into what is left of Corunglain.

Describe the terrain the PCs arrive in as befits the situation. If they choose to descend into a city you should strongly discourage it: trauma to the natives, etc. There is no one about when they come to Earth.

Assuming the Identities

Each Identity is magically protected (some of the methods are alluded to in the explanations of the legends). These protections must be removed before the form can be occupied by an Immortal.

To assume an Identity, an Immortal makes a temporary expenditure of 50 PP. The Immortal's own form may then be hidden by whatever means seems prudent to the player. It is suggested that all the player characters' forms be left undisturbed so they may be easily assumed at the end of the adventure.

Finding the Identities

Balthac's Cairn

Calor's Hump, as the mountain is known, is quite tall. The peak is perhaps 5,000 feet above the tree line. At this time of year there is a dusting of snow on the summit.

Dominating the crag is a huge pile of blackened rocks. The cairn is majestic in its loneliness, in its mute tribute to a fallen champion.

The mountaintop affords a panoramic view west and south across Darokin and Alfheim, east toward distant Rockhome, and north to the steppes of the Ethengar Khanate. The air is thin and clear as new ice, the sunlight harsh. It is quiet, the silence of a place that has seen and heard the contest of heroes and cannot now brook the intrusion of mundane sound.

The peak is scattered with blackened rocks of all sizes, remnants of a mighty battle. A huge, reptilian skeleton lies prone on the granite, a sword protruding from between its ribs.

The sword should spark some interest if the players paid attention to the legends. The blade belonged, of course, to Sinan. After slaying the dragon, she left her sword, in tribute not only to the fallen Balthac but to the mighty Calor as well. It is a normal *sword +4* (Weapon Class C). It may be taken without penalty (Calor will not rise from the dead), and it will be a useful addition for the PC who will portray Sinan.

If the players ask if the cairn has been recently disturbed, tell them that one of the characters must make an average Wisdom check (+30 modifier). If successful, the characters learn that none of the stones appear to have been recently moved.

A whispering demon has already occupied Balthac's form. The Immortals of Entropy are aware of the legends of this land. They chose to lie in wait to see if any meddlers would show up.

The form may be occupied without dismantling the cairn. *X-ray vision* or some other magical vision enhancement reveals the form within the cairn. But when a character attempts to occupy it, his life force is repulsed by the resident demon's. The character must remain incorporeal or spend 50 PP to reinhabit his own form.

The cairn may be partially dismantled, an easy enough task using either Strength or magic. In short order the form of Balthac is revealed, lying supine in its rocky cradle. It is the figure of a man 6' 6" tall, well muscled and showing the scars of many battles—truly a fighter's fighter. The face has strong, angular features and is wreathed with a full, auburn beard. The great sword Camb lies along the length of the body, from Balthac's chin to the toes of his boots.

When a PC makes the attempt to change forms, the whispering demon attacks. Balthac rises from the rocks and swings Camb at the nearest target, using one of the sword's powers (suggest *cause serious wounds, triple*

weapon damage, or *leap*, the last especially if no one is within melee range). The demon continues to attack as long as feasible, responding in kind to Power attacks, of course.

Whispering demon: SP Entropy; RK Initiate; PP 400; A-M 70%; AC −6; HD 15 (75 hp); MV 120′ (40′) Incorporeal 24 mpr; AT 1; D 1d10 or 1d10+14 or 3d10 (depending on sword ability used, if any); Save as Initiate; ML; Int 17; AL C

Balthac should not be physically damaged; the body, after all, is integral to the mission ahead. By using Power and Ability Score attacks, the demon can be driven from the form.

Use of spells and spell-like effects is all right in this desolate area where there are no mortals to observe.

The whispering demon's form is hidden away far down one side of Calor's Hump. When reduced to less than 100 PP, the demon abandons Balthac by assuming incorporeal form and reoccupies its normal form. When this happens, Balthac slumps to the ground like an empty sack. The demon's intent now is to fly to Olympus and inform its superiors that other Immortals have indeed come to the Prime with the intent of assuming Identities.

The characters may pursue, of course, and should to prevent the spy from completing its mission. One or more could also become incorporeal and give pursuit, continuing the Power attack. Another possibility is for two or more PCs to fly down and around the mountain, looking for the demon's form. The characters fly twice as fast as the demon.

When the demon has been eliminated or has escaped, Balthac's form may be occupied by expending 50 PP. The player may wish to add a few enhancements through additional Power expenditures, at his or her option.

Combat Details for Balthac

The statistics for this form are listed on Table 1 (page 26). Remember to substitute the values of the PC's Intelligence and Wisdom (noted by an "?" in the table).

Balthac was a Master with the two-handed sword. Base damage against a primary target (any creature attacking with missiles or natural weaponry) is 3d6+3; any other target is 2d8+3. If the target is man sized or smaller, there is a chance of a stun (save vs. Death Ray or move at one-third speed, +2 penalty to AC, −2 penalty on all saves) and also the ability to deflect up to two attacks (save vs. Death Ray for each).

If Camb's *cause serious wounds* ability is used, damage is 3d6+17 or 2d8+17. The *triple damage* ability causes 9d6+9 or 6d8+9 points of damage.

Sinan's Oak

Sinan's Identity lies some 70 miles southeast of Calor's Hump. The mountains here are somewhat shorter, some with tops below the tree line. In accordance with the legend, one mountain is crowned with a large oak, the only such landmark to be seen.

The summit is mostly flat and covers a roughly circular area 500 feet in radius. The oak somehow grows from the solid rock close to the center of the plateau.

When the characters approach to within 100 feet of the tree, it disappears and then reappears one to four rounds later in a random position at least 100 feet from the nearest character. The tree persists in this evasive action regardless of what physical moves (leaping, etc.) or positions they take.

This protection was devised by the creator of Sinan's form to prevent any mortal adventurer from finding it. Adventurers gave up on the problem long ago; even *wishes* do not seem to work here.

The solution is to realize that the tree travels to the Ethereal Plane when it disappears. If the players do not come up with this on their own, they may get a clue by making a difficult Intelligence check (−5 modifier). If successful you may tell them that the tree does not become *invisible* but rather travels elsewhere for a short time.

One or more characters may enter the Ethereal Plane while another character forces the tree to move. If the tree can be caught while ethereal, the character(s) may ride it back. Catching it can be a real problem because the oak can appear anywhere from 100 to 1,000 feet away (1d100 times 10), but it remains in the Ether for one to four rounds.

When one PC is in the Ether, check how far from him the tree appears and how long it remains. If the character cannot reach it in time, it blinks back to the Prime.

If more than one character enters the Ether, plot their positions relative to each other on a sheet of hex paper. Select one character as a point of reference for the appearance of the oak (it appears 100 to 1,000 feet from him); roll 1d6 to determine in which direction. Now it is apparent how far each of the characters is from this strange tree. It is a simple matter to determine if any character can reach it before it blinks again.

As soon as anyone comes out of the Ethereal Plane in contact with the tree, it stops its skittish movement and does not blink out again. Now to find the form. The oak's trunk seems quite sound and solid, but any magical detection aid reveals a clever latch and lock mechanism concealed in the rough bark. Opening it reveals a small compartment that holds Sinan's Identity.

Anyone who appreciates elven beauty cannot help but be taken by her features. Lithe of build, the delicate features belie the strength of the perfectly toned muscles. Sinan's eyes are a piercing gray reminiscent of forest mists, her hair a tumble of reddish brown tresses. Unarmored, she is clad in green leggings and a brown hunting smock.

In the back of the compartment is a pleasant surprise; a *long bow +2*.

The character taking Sinan's role may now occupy the form and make whatever magical enhancements are deemed necessary.

Combat Details for Sinan

Sinan has no special mastery with the sword the characters may have recovered from Calor's bones. Damage is 1d8. Sinan is capable of all the fighter options, but as an Elf is limited to not more than three attacks per round. Smash, Parry, and Disarm are usable as described in the D&D® Players Companion Book (page 18).

Sinan is a Master with the long bow. Ranges are 130/180/240. Damage is 3d6 vs. Class M opponents, 1d10+4 vs. any other target. She can Delay man sized or small targets if hit (save vs. Paralysis or lose initiative the next round). In addition, she may add a bonus of −2 to her Armor Class against up to two attacks from hand-held or thrown weapons.

The Unmiring of Aurum

Malpheggi Swamp is perhaps the most desolate and unsavory piece of territory imaginable. Acre upon acre of mire and muck stretch endlessly in all directions. Footing is treacherous as in any bog, and there are the usual number of small, annoying swamp creatures. A cloying mist constantly rises up from decaying vegetation, limiting normal vision to less than half a mile.

The characters can wander here forever and not find Aurum. A *locate object* or a *wish* pinpoints the Identity's location in the featureless quagmire. A little digging reveals the glint of golden scales, but as the excavation widens, the body disappears as if sucked deeper into the mud.

Aurum's form lies in a pool of quicksand; the jostling of the exhumation is causing it to sink. A difficult Strength check (−5 modifier), *telekinesis* (enough to lift 20,000 cn), or the nonspell effect *buoyancy to 20,000 cn* can prevent it from sinking. It is important that all the characters be occupied in freeing the golden dragon's form.

Silently, in a ring surrounding the characters, undead rise like mist from the muck. Aurum is well known to undead as a monster who practically destroyed all Malpheggian undead. Centuries ago the more intelligent undead discovered the form. It looked alive, yet did not move. They could not harm it. Puzzled, these creatures have been gathering ever since out of a strange and fearful fascination with this dragon who slew so many undead. Now that someone is tampering with it, they are angry. They want to keep Aurum for themselves.

45 wights: AC 5; HD 3 (14 hp each); MV 90′ (30′); AT 1; D energy drain; Save F3; ML 12; Int 5; AL C

35 wraiths: AC 3; HD 4 (18 hp each); MV 120′ (40′) Flying 240′ (80′); AT 1; D 1d6 + energy drain; Save F4; ML 11; Int 7; AL C

20 spectres: AC 2; HD 6 (27 hp each); MV 150′ (50′) Flying 300′ (100′); AT 1; D 1d8 + double energy drain; Save F6; ML 11; Int 8; AL C

This should be a tense, but not deadly, situation for the characters. The undead attack before Aurum is freed from the quicksand. At least one character must face them, probably trying to *turn* them, while the rest struggle to save the form from sinking. Aurum is not capable of movement on his own until he is out of the muck.

There are many clever ways the players could get Aurum: *teleport any object*, occupying the form and *teleporting*, *plane travel*, etc. Most anything should work. You, as the DM, should keep pressure on them with wave after wave of undead. The character(s) opposing the attackers should barely be able to keep them at bay.

Once the dragon is free, the character occupying the form can pretty much have his way with the remaining undead. They stand paralyzed with terror when Aurum makes his first attack, then flee the area as fast as possible.

The player taking the role of Aurum may wish to consider assuming human form when near human habitations. Though the memory of Aurum is revered, it is still very disquieting to see a great winged lizard or to hear the rush of its passage. If speed is of the essence, Aurum is capable of carrying the other three characters with no movement penalty.

Combat Details for Aurum

When attacking from the ground, Aurum may attack with claws, wings, bite, and tail attacks; from the air, he may use Swoop or Hover or Crush (the attack forms within these options are listed on this page).

Victims of Kick attacks must save vs. Paralysis at a penalty equal to the damage done by the Kick or be stunned for one round and lose Initiative on the next.

The victims of Tail attacks must save vs. Paralysis as with a Kick (including the penalty), plus they are disarmed if the save is failed. Disarmed opponents may spend the round retrieving the weapon or switch weapons. Initiative on the following round is lost in any event.

The range of Aurum's Wing attacks is 66 feet. Anyone hit must save vs. Paralysis at a penalty equal to the damage inflicted by the wing or be stunned. The victim cannot attack or concentrate, suffers a penalty of +4 to his Armor Class, and moves at 1/3 his normal rate.

Attack Options and Damages

Attack Option	Form Damage
Swoop	Claw 4d4
	Claw 4d4
	Bite 6d6 + 8
Hover	Claw 4d4
	Claw 4d4
	Bite 6d6 + 8
	Kick 4d4
	Kick 4d4
	Tail 4d4
Crush (20′ r.)	6d6 + 8

Ascalon Reborn

The area purported to be the resting place of Ascalon lies in extreme northern Darokin, in the mountains that form the boundary with Glantri. The vast reach of Lake Amsorak fills the plain to the south.

The site is well off the beaten path, located as it is high on a mountain peak. The Immortal who placed the form here must have trusted that the tomb would remain undisturbed, as it is not hidden in any way. A stone doorway is plainly visible. Upon inspection the door is sealed to the jamb with three wax seals. All are intact, and the threshold is covered with wind-blown debris.

Orcus, whom Night (the Hierarch of Entropy) has placed in charge of the elimination of the Immortals on Olympus, foresaw that any Immortals who sought to intervene would assume Identities. He dispatched the whispering demon to Balthac's cairn, and a human Celestial of Entropy named Brissard to Ascalon's tomb.

Brissard entered the tomb and took the *staff of healing*. He constructed a replica of it, complete with shattered foot and sprouting top, and gave it one power: *life trapping*. The only handicap of the item is a 75% chance the artifact's power is directed at the owner instead of the intended target. Immortals may make a save vs. Spells at a −6 penalty to avoid the effect.

Brissard broke the *staff of healing* into four pieces and laid them in a shallow depression in the northeast corner of the cave. Once in place he made them *invisible*.

Using a *ring of wishes*, he *wished* that the magical detection aids (*truesight*, *detect invisible*, *danger*, *evil*, and *find traps*) would give false readings here. He further wished that *detect evil* and *detect danger* would give benign readings whenever cast in the area of the artifact, regardless of its location.

He summoned a druj skull and two druj eyes. Touching the staff to the skull (eyes in the sockets), Brissard uttered the command word. The druj were sucked into the artifact instead of himself. With a sigh of relief he placed the staff in Ascalon's hand, resealed the door, and piled the disturbed debris back in place.

The door opens inward easily after the seals are broken. The alcove is of natural rock, like a small, shallow cave. The uncorrupted body of Ascalon lies on a narrow shelf of rock at the rear of the room, his famous staff held in his right hand.

Ascalon's body is very thin and frail-looking. The face is clean shaven, revealing a rather weak chin. The eyes are a startling blue, and the lines around the mouth reveal that Ascalon smiled easily and often.

The broken staff can be found by using *dispel magic* to counter its invisibility. But a *detect evil* will give a positive result since a *staff of healing* can be considered good.

Experienced players will expect the tomb has somehow been tampered with, despite the appearances and assurances to the contrary. The *wishes* used by Brissard do not allow the usual safeguards to function. The tipoff is the doorway. If the debris is searched with *truesight*, tiny flakes of wax can be found. In addition, the door's surface under the seals is marked with fine scratches, also visible with *truesight*.

The characters could also counterwish if they surmise their detection attempts are being nullified. The wording must be precise. "I wish all magical detection aids to function normally" will not set things right because the spells do work here, it's the results that are the problem. "Reversal," or some similar word or phrase, is the keyword.

When a PC occupies the form, everything seems normal. However, the command word for the staff is "Balthac." Listen closely to the player who assumes Ascalon's form. When

he says "Balthac" while in character, roll 1d4. On any result but a "4," he must save vs. Spells at −6 (his Immortal saving throw, since this is in essence an attack by the Power in the artifact) or be sucked into the staff. This effect could be delayed for some time, depending on the roll of the die and your players' habits in using names.

If a character is trapped, the druj skull and druj eyes are freed. Each character must save vs. Power Drain or lose initiative. The skull and eyes attack separately, attacking anyone who lost initiative in preference to other PCs.

Druj skull: AC −4; HD 14 (63 hp); MV 90′ (30′); AT 1; D 2d4 + poison; Save F14; ML 11; Int 14; AL C

Two druj eyes: AC −4; HD 14 (55 hp each); MV 90′ (30′); AT 1; D poison; Save F14; ML 11; Int 14; AL C

Druj poison is of the "save or die" variety, so for an Immortal this means he or she takes 1d6 points of damage per round until the poison is neutralized.

The life trapping ability costs 100 PP and drains the artifact. It cannot be recharged for 20 turns. A trapped character can only be freed by trapping another creature in the staff.

Use of Power and Magic

Once in the new forms, the characters may want to expend some Power to enhance Armor Class, Anti-Magic, and so on. This is legitimate, and may be safely done in the wilderness settings where the Identities are hidden.

The characters must be very careful when exercising their Immortal powers in the presence of mortals, especially spell use. Use of Power is permissible, but it must be done in such a way that it fits the Identity.

For example, the player portraying Balthac may want to use Power to add a bonus to his Identity's Hit rolls or weapon damage. This is just fine, as either effect is within the keeping of his class, and it is completely believable that a legendary fighter could strike a formidable opponent with ease and do massive damage.

On the other hand, a fighter casting a *fire ball* is likely to raise more than a few eyebrows and could easily result in exposure of the Identity as an Immortal. Prudent use of Power is the key.

The PCs taking the Identities of Sinan and Ascalon must have been a magic-user and a cleric, respectively, in their mortal existence. Sinan must take a spell book along to carry off the charade of memorizing spells, even if this is not actually done. When using spells, both characters must be careful not to exceed the limits of Spell Progression, lest a mortal be watching.

Movement

Universal movement is still possible while posing as the Identities because it is a property of the Immortal life force, not the form. Obviously, *flying* and *gaseous form* should be used only in extreme emergencies. Movement should be generally governed by the forms of the Identities. Since three of them are human, the walking rate is 120′ (40′).

Encounters With Mortals and the Use of Aura

The possibility exists for several encounters with men and elves. How the PCs conduct themselves in these situations has a bearing on XP and PP awards at the end of the adventure—the Hierarchs are most certainly keeping an eye on the situation!

On the surface it seems the safest approach would be for each character to *polymorph* his form into humans not so easily recognizable. Thus in any encounters with mortals the PCs are just average adventurers.

But consider the Identities themselves. Balthac in particular is prophesied to return in the republic's darkest hour. Aurum saved Darokin once, as Ascalon did Corunglain. The lives of the people of this area are in total disarray—recall the destruction of Darokin's army when it marched on Olympus. Bordering nations no doubt are casting a covetous eye on the weakened republic. All this has been brought on by the ill-advised actions of Immortals (not only the impostor gods but Entropy as well) and should be set right if at all possible.

The morale of the inhabitants can be improved immensely if they could see their legendary heroes going to meet the present menace. This cannot be accomplished if the PCs disguise the Identities. If the mission is accomplished in this manner, the threat may be removed, but the citizens will have no idea how, nor any reason to believe these disasters will not happen again. They will remain shaken and weak, easy prey for any invader.

When figures of legend come forth to meet a doom and conquer it, there is a sense of finality—this menace will never rise again. The pride of the people in their history and nation is strengthened, and they work together with newfound strength to repair the damage and go on. But this can only happen if they see their legends come to life.

Therefore the players should be discouraged from altering the appearance of the forms. Let the people see mighty Balthac and sylphic Sinan together once more to battle evil, see magnificent Aurum gliding through the skies of Darokin like the constellation come to Earth, see frail Ascalon trudge determinedly once again into the wreck of the Broken Lands to heal the land's woes. The reward for playing these roles to the hilt is not the mere neutralizing of the damage caused by some misguided Immortals, it is the opportunity to save a nation.

In this vein, the players must put aside their own characters for a time and immerse themselves in the Identities. When mortals are encountered, the players should provide counsel and lift their spirits by showing their resolve to assume this burden that is too great for mortals to bear.

Aura should be used sparingly, if at all. The mere physical appearance of the Identities has much the same effect, though more one of respect than worship. If Aura is used, the effect elevates the Identities to godhood—not desirable at all. The impression should be that the legendary figures are wholly mortal, not gods, and that mortals can set this situation right without divine help. This gives the mortals self-respect and a sense of being in control of their destinies.

Aura use will cause mortals to flock to see the new gods come to earth, greatly complicating the situation. Several *wishes* would definitely be necessary to erase the memory from mortal minds, meaning the characters would be penalized Power Points. You should therefore discourage the use of Aura in most, if not all, cases.

Traveling Between Identity Locations

The players may choose whatever routes they want, of course, but they may have to visit a city (Selenica or Darokin are likely possibilities) to pick up some necessary equipment. In light of the previous discussion, the characters should be played openly; any equipment desired will be freely given, saving the Power required to create the items.

If not all the Identities have been acquired yet, those characters still in their mortal forms who are strangers should act subservient to any Identity. Otherwise mortal witnesses will have a difficult time believing that their legendary heroes have really returned, instead tending to be believe they are the victims of a cruel joke.

Random Encounters

Make two checks per day, once for daytime encounters and another at night. In the mountains there is a 50% chance of an encounter (4-6 on 1d6), all other locations have a 16 2/3% chance (6 on 1d6). For evening encounters you may wish to roll twice (that is, roll 2d6 with an encounter occurring only if two 6s are rolled) unless the characters are doing something that attracts attention (noise, bright lights, etc.) or you want an encounter with a nocturnal predator.

Creatures Encountered

D6 Roll	Clear	Woods	River
1	Cleric	Brigand	Merchant
2	Chimera	Griffon	Black Dragon
3	Hill Giant	Elf	Ogre
4	Grab Grass	Elf	Cockatrice
5	Mage	Black Hag	Fighter
6	Merchant	Gremlin	Elf

D6 Roll	Swamp	Mountains, Hills	Cities
1	Cleric	Mnt Giant	Noble
2	Odic	Snow Ape	Merchant
3	Haunt	Red Dragon	Trader
4	Mystic	Hippogriff	Fighter
5	Nuckalavee	Mage	Thief
6	G. Leech	Beholder	Elf

Random Encounter Explanations

Beholder: AC 0/2/7; HD 11 (body 50 hp, front eye 20 hp, eye stalk 12 hp); MV 30' (10'); AT 1 bite + special; D 2d8 + special; AP 1; Save MU11; ML 12; Int 13; AL C; XP 5,100; Book C28

This encounter only occurs in the mountains. A cave should be nearby to serve as the monster's lair. There is no need to fight it unless the characters want to—it will not initiate hostilities. A better approach would be to talk with it. Remember that a beholder is intelligent and greedy; the characters could have fun trying to talk it out of its treasure, possibly by promising even greater booty.

Brigand: AC 6; HD 3; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 1d8; AP 2d6 + 6; Save Th3; ML 8; Int 9; AL C; XP 35 each; Book B25

These bandits will look at the PCs and probably decide not to attack. But they will shadow the characters, and will definitely attack at night if the characters have accumulated any material goods or wealth.

Chimera: AC 4; HD 9; MV 120' (40') Flying 180' (60'); AT 2 claws/3 heads + 1 breath; D 1d3/1d3/2d4/1d10/3d4 + 3d6; AP 1d4; Save F9; ML 9; Int 4; AL C; XP 2,300; Book X47

The chimerae attack in defense of their territory, viewing the PCs as interlopers. They are unaffected by Aura.

Cleric: AC 2; HD 9 (40 hp); MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 1; Save C9; ML 12; Int 14; AL L

Acolytes: AC 6; HD 1; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 2d10; Save C1; ML 9; Int 11; AL L

Any group of clerics encountered are en route to Darokin, Selenica, or Corunglain. They are well aware of the situation in and around Corunglain, and bemoan the fate that the gods have visited upon their country.

The head cleric definitely recognizes any of the Identities. He wants to spread the news that there is reason to hope the crisis is at an end. The PCs may wish to dissuade him of this if they feel their presence should not be revealed as yet. The cleric agrees, but appears troubled and starts asking questions. The characters must give him satisfying answers without revealing their true natures.

Cockatrice: AC 6; HD 5; MV 90' (30') Flying 180' (60'); AT 1; D 1d6 + petrification; AP 2d4; Save F5; ML 7; Int 2; AL N; XP 425 each; Book X47

These dumb creatures can be frightened off by killing half the number appearing. Remember that the characters may choose any saving throw number they wish if they must save vs. Petrification, but a 1 always fails.

Black Dragon: AC 0; HD 10 + 3 (large); MV 120' (40') Flying 300' (100'); AT any except wing; D Bite or Crush 2d10 + 4, all others 1d6 + 2 each; AP 1d3; Save F21; ML 9; Int 12; AL C; XP 3,000 each; Book C29

Red Dragon: AC −3; HD 15 (large); MV 120' (40') Flying 300' (100'); AT any except wing; D Bite or Crush 4d8 + 4, all others 1d10 + 1 each; AP 1d3; Save F30; ML 10; Int 12; AL C; XP 4,200 each; Book C29

Any dragon encountered can talk but may or may not use spells (your option). These are meant as role-playing encounters, though either type of dragon can be goaded into attacking if insulted. Both types are aware that many creatures of death are abroad, though they have no specific knowledge of what is happening on Mount Olympus—even dragons are afraid to fly near there.

Elf leader: AC 2; HD 8; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 1; Save Elf 8; ML 16; Int 14; AL N; XP 1,200; Book B30

Elf followers: AC 6; HD 2; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 2d12; Save Elf 2; ML 12; Int 12; AL N; XP 25 each; Book B30

Elves immediately recognize Sinan, if that Identity is present, and are worshipful of her. They pester the character portraying her with questions about what happened in the epic battle so long ago and where has she been. The character must give satisfying answers.

The elves want to join the party, which certainly is more of a hindrance than a help. Sinan (or any other character if the Sinan Identity has not been occupied) should tell the elves to return to the forest, giving them a good reason for such actions and making them feel they are being helpful in going away.

Fighter: AC 2; HD 7; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 2d4; AP 1d6 + 5; Save F7; ML 10; Int 8; AL any; XP 450 each

Any fighters encountered are adventurer types who ask the characters to join them on an adventure. If the characters agree, you may run them with any type of encounter befitting the area. The characters should be challenged, but must resolve the situation without using their Immortal abilities.

Hill Giant: AC 4; HD 8; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; D 2d8; AP 2d4; Save F8; ML 8; Int 7; AL C; XP 650 each; Book X50

Mountain Giant: AC 0; HD 18; MV 150' (50'); AT 1; D 5d10; AP 1d20; Save F18; ML 9; Int 11; AL N; XP 3,475 each; Book M30

Any giants encountered want to talk with the characters rather than fight, inviting the PCs to their lairs for rest and refreshment. They want to sit around the fire and talk, talk, talk, refusing to let the PCs leave. The characters must figure out away to make an exit without insulting their hosts. You may decide if the method they choose is adequate or whether it enrages the giants and precipitates a fight.

Grab grass: AC 9; HD 20; MV 0; AT 1; D special; AP NA; Save Normal Man; ML 12; Int 0; AL N; XP 10; Book C34

This is simply an annoyance for the characters. If you wish, however, an adventuring party may be stuck in the grass for the characters to rescue. This would also provide another human contact for the characters and another role-playing opportunity.

Gremlin: AC 7; HD 1; MV 120' (40'); AT special; D special; AP 2d4 + 4; Save Elf 1; ML 12; Int 9; AL C; XP 16 each; Book C32

More annoyances, but the gremlins do not hang around long if the characters make threatening actions or actually slay one of the creatures.

Griffon: AC 5; HD 7; MV 120' (40') Flying 360' (120'); AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1d4/1d4/2d8; AP 2d8; Save F4; ML 8; Int 2; AL N; XP 450 each; Book X51

Creatures of such low intelligence persist in attacking, especially if the characters have acquired any horses. Otherwise they curiously circle around the PCs, trying to decide if the characters are good to eat.

Black Hag: AC 4; HD 15; MV 150′ (50′); AT 2 claws or 1 spell; D 2d4 + poison or spell; AP 1; Save C15; ML 10; Int 12; AL C; XP 6,900; Book M31

The hag is similar to the beholder in her actions, but she tries to get one of the characters alone and then attacks.

Haunt, banshee: AC −3; HD 13; MV 60′ (20′); AT 1 touch/1 gaze; D age 1d4 x 10 years/paralysis; AP 1; Save special; ML 9; Int 12; AL C; XP 5,150; Book C32

This lonely spirit warns of her presence with a wail before she is actually encountered. The aging effect will affect the human mortal forms of the Identities, which may be repaired by expending 2 PP per year of age.

Hippogriff: AC 5; HD 3+1; MV 180′ (60′) Flying 360′ (120′); AT 2 claws/1 bite; D 1d6/1d6/1d10; AP 2d8; Save F2; ML 8; Int 2; AL N; XP 50 each; Book X51

Handle hippogriff encounters the same as those with griffons.

Giant Leech: AC 7; HD 6; MV 90′ (30′); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 1d4; Save F3; ML 10; Int 0; AL N; XP 275 each; Book X52

Leeches attack by night in the swamp. If you feel it necessary, you could have some leeches attack while the characters are trying to rescue Aurum's form from the quicksand.

Mage: AC 6; HD 8 or more; MV 120′ (40′); AT 1; D 1d4; AP 1; Save MU = HD or Level; ML 10; Int 16-18; AL any

Seer; AC 8; HD 2; MV 120′ (40′); AT 1; D 1d4; AP 2d10; Save MU2; ML 9; Int 14 or more; AL any

Treat this the same as the cleric encounter. You may wish to have the mage challenge one of the characters to a magical duel. The PC must be careful not to reveal his Immortal status during the contest.

Merchant: AC 9; HD Normal Man; MV 120′ (40′); AT 0; D 0; AP 4d4; Save Normal Man; ML 7; Int 7-9; AL any

Darokin's economy is in a shambles because of the upheaval around Corunglain, which the merchants complain about loud and long. The merchants have many goods with them and gladly sell whatever they have (your choice) if the characters have hard money. They do not recognize any of the Identities, being too immersed in their monetary problems to notice whom they are dealing with.

Mystic: AC 0; HD 10; MV 210′ (70′); AT 3 hands; D 2d10 each; AP 1d6; Save F10; ML 9; Int 12; AL any; XP 4,750 each; Book M32

Mystics have a 50% chance of perceiving that the characters are something special, but not necessarily Immortal. If they do, they are eager to try their skills against them. This is a friendly match.

Noble: AC 4; HD 7; MV 120′ (40′); AT 1; D 1d8; AP 2d2; Save Class = to HD; ML 10; Int 10 or more; AL any

The nobles encountered can range from mean and petty to truly noble and concerned for their subjects. They recognize the Identities, and their reactions can range from exploitation or a sincere desire to aid in whatever way they can.

Nuckalavee: AC 4; HD 11; MV 120′ (40′) Swimming 360′ (120′); AT 2 claws; D 3d8 + death (each); AP 1; Save F11; ML 10; Int 9; AL C; XP 3,500; Book M37

This creature assumes the characters are easy victims and it attacks. It tries to flee when it realizes its error.

Odic: AC −4; HD 16; MV 0; AT 1; D 1d12 + poison; AP 1; Save F16; ML 12; Int 12; AL C; XP 5,150; Book C37

The initial encounter is with leaves *animated* by the odic. The characters are immune to the *charm* effect, but they may wish to locate the odic and destroy it to prevent it from snaring others.

Ogre: AC 5; HD 4+1; MV 90′ (30′); AT 1; D 1d10+2; AP 2d6; Save F4; ML 10; Int 6; AL C; XP 125 each; Book B35

Snow ape: AC 6; HD 3+1; MV 90′ (30′); AT 1 club/1 hug; D 1d6/2d6; AP 2d10; Save F3; ML 10; Int 5; AL C; XP 50 each; Book C36

Ogres and snow apes are very territorial and challenge the characters but do not actually attack. If the characters ask for information, the ogres tell them anything just to get them to leave. The ogres and apes may follow and attack if the characters travel through a likely ambush spot.

Thief: AC 4; HD 5 or more; MV 120′ (40′); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 2d10; Save Thief = Level; ML 9; Int 9-14; AL C

Thieves may either try to steal from the characters or engage in friendly conversation. If the characters use *ESP*, they discover that the thieves are employed by an evil mage with the express mission to discover if any strange beings have made an appearance in Darokin. The characters can also learn that the thieves recognize the Identities, even though they show no outward sign of recognition and deny it if directly questioned. The thieves should not be allowed to report to their employer.

Trader: AC 6; HD 1; MV 120′ (40′); AT 1; D 1d6; AP 3d10; Save F1; ML 9; Int 9; AL any

Treat traders as merchants for the most part, except they are not as worried about the crisis as they serve other lands as well.

Corunglain

Once all the Identities are assumed, the characters are ready to face their final challenge. It is strongly urged that they pass through Corunglain on their way to the Broken Lands. Recall that this city figured prominently in the Legend of Ascalon, and the characters should be eager to show themselves to the populace. It is permissible for Aurum to appear in dragon form as they approach the city.

Corunglain looks disheveled. The streets are clogged with refuse, most businesses are boarded up, and few people are on the streets. The mayor and other important government officials have taken refuge in a fortification ringed by heavily armed guards.

Away to the north, the black bulk of Olympus squats in the Broken Lands. The roiling black cloud around its summit spreads far across the northern sky, great bolts of lightning striking fitfully from it to the land below. It is no wonder Corunglain looks as it does; surely this is the end of the world.

When the characters enter the city, few people are abroad to notice them. But, little by little, a crowd forms. Staring in disbelief, murmurs of "Ascalon," "Aurum," "Sinan," and "Balthac" can be heard. A holy man, more courageous than most, bravely confronts the characters. "You come to us in the guise of legends. Are you whom you appear to be, or are you demons sent to destroy us?" The characters should answer firmly that they are the legends.

The citizens of the city, especially the clerics, act as if affected by Immortal Aura. A great meeting is called where the two branches of the Streel join below the city. The characters are asked to address the assembly. Here is an excellent opportunity for the players to role play their assumed Identities; make note of what they say and how they conduct themselves for use in rewarding PP at the end of the adventure.

Chapter 5: Thunder Over Olympus

The crowds from Corunglain trail the characters as they begin the final leg of their goal. They insist on following even if the PCs warn them away—they are irresistibly drawn forward by the events to come. The characters should maintain the integrity of their Identities by avoiding any incongruous actions or movement while the townspeople are watching. This restriction applies until the characters enter the cloud over the mountain.

About 10 miles north of Corunglain it is as if a knife were drawn across the throat of the land, abruptly dividing the earth into two wildly divergent landscapes. To the south lies the fertile lands of Darokin; to the north stretches the blasted features of the Broken Lands. The dark bulk of Mount Olympus dominates the northern horizon.

The black cloud covering the summit gives the impression that the mountain top has disappeared or has broken off. Occasional flickers and bolts of lightning give shape to the roiling mass. Farther in the distance, the earth moans and cracks in protest against the forces of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

The Legends Revisited

As the characters near the mountain, they can see many moving shapes on its lower slopes, below the cloud line. Four figures detach themselves from the mob and take to the air.

These come skimming down the slope and gliding over the plain toward the characters. A moan of despair rises from the following townspeople as the forms of the flyers are recognized: a huge red dragon, a magic-user, the skeletal frame of a lich, and a human female of unearthly beauty. There is no doubt in any mortal mind that these creatures are the banes of their Champions. The citizens of Corunglain stand as if rooted like trees, terrified at the unfolding spectacle yet incapable of fleeing.

The creatures are Identities inhabited by Initiates of the Sphere of Entropy. They stop a short distance away, pairing themselves off against their likely antagonists (Calor opposite Balthac, Kazad opposite Sinan, etc.). They wait in silent mockery, smug expressions of confidence on their faces.

A bolt of light streaks from the cloud around Olympus to a point between the arrayed enemies. The light transforms into the figure of a man, who turns and faces the PCs.

The person is Brissard, a 4th-Level Temporal of Entropy. He was a cleric as a mortal, sponsored by Talitha for Immortal status. You may recall he also created the artifact found with Ascalon's Identity in Chapter 4.

Brissard is very urbane, speaking with a unctuous voice that, coupled with his high Charisma, makes even the most convoluted logic seem utterly simple and irrefutable. He regards the PCs with a slight smile on his lips, then speaks to them in a low voice.

> "Fellow Immortals, welcome back to your native plane. I see you have been busy preparing to battle us on the summit, a game you are ill-equipped to even play, let alone win.
>
> "While we do not wish you to interfere with our project here, we are not unreasonable. I am sure you are aware that the creatures behind me are Identities like yourselves. I am also sure you appreciate the exquisitely appropriate touch that they compliment your Identities so well.
>
> "I see the beleaguered people of Corunglain massed behind you, pinning their hopes on legendary beings who saved them once before. We wish them no harm other than death and misery; strange they cannot accept the inevitable, especially those who have chosen to live at the edge of the wilderness.
>
> "But I digress. As I said, we are not unreasonable, and will even give you a chance to face the trial on Olympus. Our Identities stand ready to battle yours, in a re-enactment of the legendary battles that brought everlasting fame to them.
>
> "This is a formal combat, each battle to be fought individually with no aid from others on either side. Thus Balthac and his butter knife must face mighty Calor in single combat, and so on. All of you must face your bane in turn, but if even one of you wins his contest, all may pass our defenses and enter the cloud. Are you agreed to this?
>
> "Good. Remember, you battle in full view of mortals. I am certain you know by now how this limits your use of Power. Sad, but the Time of Legends has passed. You cannot win."

Brissard assumes *gaseous form* to return to Olympus, leaving the characters to face their legendary nemeses. The challenges may be met in any order desired. You might suggest to your players that their characters require magical protections to survive their duels, if they do not think of this themselves.

Each encounter is meant to be challenging, but not necessarily deadly. Part of the challenge for the players is to select magical effects and attacks in keeping with the role of the Identity each character has assumed. They are in full view of the Corunglainians, so they must be cautious not to reveal themselves as Immortals.

Balthac is the most limited in this respect, since a fighter cannot cast spells. It could be argued that even Power attacks are included in this proscription since there is a visible effect. As DM you may disallow this, ruling that such a detail could easily go unseen in the general confusion of battle.

Each evil Identity is controlled by an Immortal with the following stats.

Controlling Immortals: SP Entropy; RK Initiate; PP 362; A-M 100%; Ability Scores 19 each; AL C

Note that each Identity has some additional Anti-Magic effect in force for the next six turns; the Power for this has already been deducted. Consider the innate Anti-Magic of an Immortal life force and any additional enhancement through Power expenditure as separate things.

If all Anti-Magic is lowered to cast magic, one or both of the Anti-Magic effects may be reinstated the following round. For example, if the lich facing Aurum has 50% innate magical resistance and a 20% magical enhancement, he can drop this to 0% for one round to cast a spell, then become 20%, 50%, or 70% resistant the following round as befits the situation. This can be done until the duration of the magical enhancement expires.

The Initiates are under strict orders not to lose the forms of their Identities, but they may use Power as they see fit. If the forms are in danger of being destroyed or if the Initiate is down to 50 PP or less, the contest is over and the Initiate flees at the fastest possible movement rate for that form. The PC does not have to pursue; he or she has won and gains the XP for defeating that creature.

A character may likewise yield if he or she feels that the Identity will be destroyed if the contest continues. The watching mortals are demoralized if this happens, and it will require several *wishes* to erase the memory of the event.

Balthac vs. Calor

Calor Identity: AC −8; HD 22 (140 hp); MV 150′ (50′) Flying 360′ (120′); AT up to 6; D Bite or Crush 4d8 + 8/Claw, Wing, Kick or tail 1d12 + 2 each/Breath = current hit points; Save F36

The Initiate controlling Calor is very much aware of Camb and its powers. He uses *anti-magic ray* whenever possible to temporarily suspend the magic. Normal sword damage is inflicted per hit, in any event. It is to be hoped that the PC playing Balthac has used *immune to breath weapons*.

In the first round, Calor launches a *slam* Power attack or, if Balthac is close enough to use Camb, an *anti-magic ray* against the sword to neutralize it. Calor uses another *slam* in response to any Power attack launched by Balthac. His physical action this round is to breathe.

In the next round the Initiate is still mindful of the sword, using *anti-magic ray* to neutralize the weapon if there is a possibility of being struck by it. If not, he makes a *change* attack, responding to any incoming attack with a *wrap*. Calor also makes a hover attack, allowing him two claws, two kicks, a bite, and one tail attack.

The third round, Calor takes to the air to make a swoop attack (two claws, one bite). Due to the difficulty of keeping the sword in the ray, he does not use *anti-magic ray*, opting instead for a *hold* Power attack, hoping to prevent Balthac from moving. If either claw hits with an 18 or better, Calor lifts Balthac into the air, dropping him from a height of 100 feet (10d6 points of damage).

You should have the idea now of the Initiate's tactics: use all possible attack abilities of a dragon, employing *anti-magic ray* in any round that Camb may come into play.

Sinan vs. Kazad

Sinan may create any magical effect using Power as long as it is within the spell progression of the elf Identity (5-4-3-2-1). Consult the Magic-User's Spell Lists in the D&D® Expert and Companion Books, Levels One through Five, for the spell effects the observing mortals would expect.

This stricture does not apply to protections or immunities that are invisible, like *dodge directional attacks*, *protection from lightning*, etc. Remember to double the character's Immortal Hit Dice, not the Identity's, to find the caster's level for any spell effect that requires level to determine amounts. If the PC has 21 HD, the casting level is 42. Thus *protection from lightning* would negate the damage of 42 dice, or 7 attacks from Kazad's *wand of lightning bolts*. Of course, the PC may choose to set all saving throws to 2 at no cost in Power rather than use those listed for the Identity, and Anti-Magic can be set at any level by expending the appropriate amount of Power.

It would be prudent for Sinan to use *wrap* to defend against expected Power attacks, using the Defense Option. Though the PC cannot initiate any Power attacks, she can completely avoid the effects of any attack at a lower loss of Power.

On the other hand, Sinan will find it difficult to close to melee with Kazad and may wish to use *hold* or *erase* in order to pin him down so she may physically attack.

Kazad will attempt to stay out of melee range if at all possible, using the *wand of lightning bolts* and Power and Ability Score attacks. He may attempt an occasional spell effect, but only every third round or so because of Sinan's expected Anti-Magic and the danger of exposing himself to magical damage. Also, he may approach within melee range to test for any magical combat enhancements Sinan may have in effect so he may later use subsequent *change* Power attacks to dispel them.

Kazad Identity: AC −9; HD 9 (60 hp); MV 120′ (40′) Flying 360′ (120′); AT 1; D 2d6 (*staff of striking*); Save MU36; S 10, I 18, W 17, D 11, C 15, Ch 11; Magical Items: *staff of striking*, *wand of lightning bolts*; AL C

In the first round, Kazad launches a *hold* Power attack and moves in to swing with the *staff*. There is a 50% chance that he correctly guesses the nature of any magical protections or enhancements Sinan has in effect. Kazad responds with a *slam* against any incoming Power attack.

In the second round, Kazad drops his Anti-Magic and uses 40 PP to cast *timestop*, gaining three rounds of action. He uses these to make *hold*, *slam*, and *change* attacks. If the *change* is successful, Kazad selectively *dispels* any magical effect he may have deduced. He moves away at his standard rate (40′).

In the third round his Anti-Magic is back in force, but at only 50%. If Sinan has not closed to melee range, Kazad uses the wand, otherwise the staff. In this and each subsequent round, Kazad makes an Ability Score attack against Sinan's Intelligence. Consult the following table for the effects of lowered Intelligence on spell casting (either memorized or through Power expenditure).

Intelligence Effect

0-2	No spell casting possible
3-4	No spells above 2nd level/20 PP
5-6	No spells above 4th level/40 PP
7-8	No spells above 6th level/80 PP
9	All spell levels usable/160 PP

Aurum vs. the Lich

Lich Identity: AC −7; HD 9 (77 hp); MV 120′ (40′) Flying 360′ (120′); AT 1; D any effect from *staff of wizardry*; Save MU30; Magical Items: *staff of wizardry*; AL C

1st level: none memorized
2d level: *invisibility* (x3), *mirror image* (x2), *web* (x3)
3d level: *dispel magic* (x3), *fly*, *haste* (x2), *slow* (x2)
4th level: *dimension door* (x2), *ice storm* (x3), *polymorph other* (x2)
5th level: *hold monster* (x2), *telekinesis* (x2), *teleport*, *wall of stone* (x2)
6th level: *flesh to stone* (x2), *projected image* (x2), *wall of iron*
7th level: *delayed blast fire ball* (x3), *sword* (x3)
8th level: *dance*, *explosive cloud*, *force field* (x2), *power word blind* (x2)
9th level: *heal*, *maze* (x2), *meteor swarm*, *timestop*

The Initiate in the lich Identity has chosen to cast spells in mortal fashion, thus his power can be used totally for attacks. And yes, that is a real *staff of wizardry*—Aurum should be somewhat concerned. Also, the lich's Strength must be raised in order to make effective Punch attacks if physical Ability

Scores are to be attacked. Assume a beginning strength of 10 and an 8 PP expenditure to raise it to 18 for six turns.

When it is obvious (by gestures and incantations rather than Power use) that the lich is actually casting spells, Aurum should initiate Ability Score attacks against the Initiate's Intelligence. Better still would be *feeblemind*, totally negating the lich's ability to cast spells.

The powers of the staff are *fire ball*, *lightning bolt*, *ice storm*, *continual light*, *telekinesis* (2,400 cn), *invisibility*, *passwall*, *web*, and *conjure elemental*. Attack spells do 8d6 points of damage. The staff has 24 charges.

There are many creative tactics the lich may use with all the spells at his disposal, so if you have some favorite combinations, you may feel free to implement them. As a suggestion, *maze* could be used to send Aurum to the Astral Plane for 1d4 rounds (the PC may choose how many rounds to remain in the Astral Plane since he is Immortal). While the dragon is gone, the lich casts *delayed blast fire ball* at the spot where he thinks the dragon may reappear (Aurum may choose the spot), setting the delay for four rounds, or he could use the extra time to summon undead for Aurum to face.

Timestop is another spell that could be used creatively. In the extra rounds gained, the lich could cast 1d4 + 1 spells to take effect on Aurum when the *timestop* ends. *Web* would also be effective if cast on a flying dragon; if his wings are momentarily fouled by the webs, Aurum must land, or crash for 1d6 points of damage per 10 feet fallen.

It would be inadvisable for game purposes for the lich to break the staff in a final strike. Aurum would be slain easily, but more importantly the lich Identity would be destroyed. Entropy considers none of the evil Identities to be disposable.

Attacks against Intelligence are a good tactic for either opponent. The lich may also choose to make Strength attacks if forced to melee. He uses a Punch attack for 3d6 points of damage. Aurum's strength can be considered as 22 (1 point per Hit Die) at the start of the duel.

Ascalon vs. the Demon

Whispering Demon: SP Entropy; RK Initiate; PP 400; A-M 70%; AC −6; HD 15 (75 hp); MV 120′ (40′) Flying 180′ (60′); AT 2 talons; D 1d4 + 4 each + special; Save as Initiate; S 11, I 11, W 12, D 13, C 13, Ch 21; ML 14; AL C

Ascalon faces a voluptuous female possessed of unnerving beauty. This image is confusing to the assembled Corunglains, since the Legend of Ascalon refers to a hideous demon as the source of the pestilential breath that laid waste to their city.

Some may even step toward the creature, who stands quietly with arms lovingly outstretched to receive them. The player portraying Ascalon should not be fooled by this guise of a whispering demon and should warn the mortals back, telling them of the evilness of the creature and the danger she represents.

This demon's best attack is to physically contact her opponent in order to drain levels. However, her *charm person* abilities are probably ineffective against Ascalon's Anti-Magic, and *hold monster* simply does not work on Immortals. However, if the magic resistance does not foil the attempt, Ascalon must use his Immortal save vs. Spells since this magical attack is of Immortal origin.

If Ascalon is protected by Anti-Magic, the demon tries the Power attack forms *hold* and *erase* to prevent Ascalon from moving out of physical contact.

The Summit of Olympus

A Matter of Perspective

After the duels are completed, the characters may continue on to the mountain. The Corunglains follow no further, being quite astounded and stupefied by the titanic struggles they just witnessed.

The mountainside is steep and dark, a tortuous trail over great blocks of rock and worked stone. Apparently the palaces constructed by the "gods" have been destroyed and flung from the summit. An arm protrudes from beneath one such stone, mutely telling of the demise of an unlucky mortal who ventured too close to Olympus.

Ascending the mountain, the characters are continually confronted by jeering demons and the stern, lifeless stares of hordes of undead. But the PCs are not attacked, even those who lost their battles with the evil Identities.

The characters finally enter the black cloud. The air is strong with Power; flickers of lightning play nervously throughout the fleecy blackness. All types of evil creatures crouch amongst the boulders and on soaring crags, calling to the characters to flee, to join them in the enterprises of Entropy, etc.

Each character should make an Immortal save vs. Power Drain or become demoralized by the overwhelming evilness. No one should be made to run or retreat. The purpose is to allow the characters to role play and interact with each other, to reassure and uplift the spirit of any characters who failed the save. After each such a pep talk, each affected character should be allowed another save to remove the feeling of despondency.

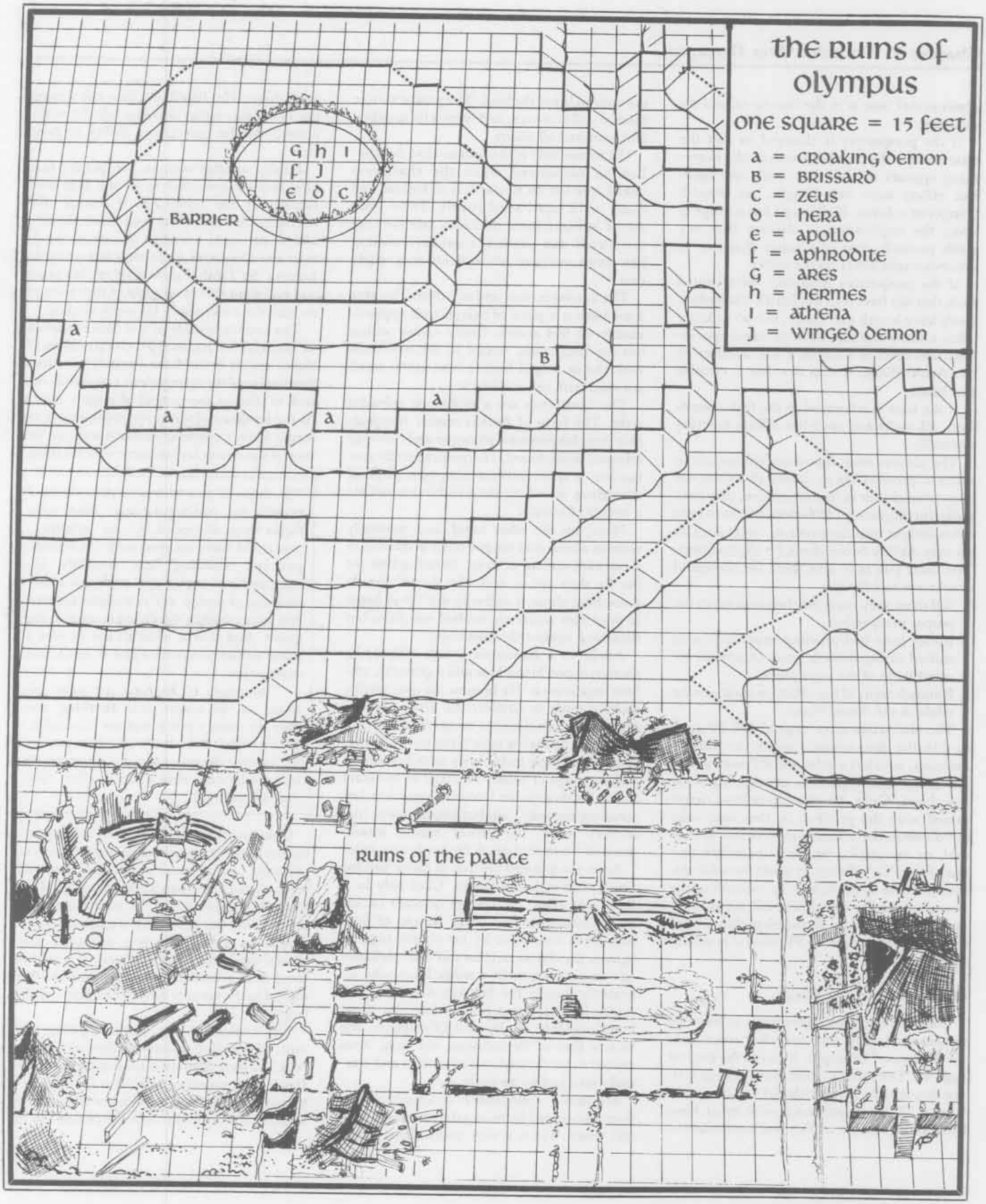
Once at the top of the mountain, the scene is one of...nothing! The mountain peak is gone, as if sheared off clean and smooth by a gigantic sword. The roiling, inky cloud caps the mountain, but at a distance of a thousand feet on any side. Looking very closely, the characters are able to see a microscopically thin vertical line extending upward from the center of the plateau. Tremors regularly shake the mountain, and the stone feels hot. Hollow, evil laughter booms from the throats of unseen demons, amused at the consternation of the characters. What is going on here?

Night used 200 PP to shift the dimensional perspective of the mountaintop four times. Thus the dimensional base is in the fifth dimension instead of the first, and the rest of the dimensions describing the form is the reverse. The mountain top exists in a 5-4-3 configuration, not 1-2-3. The only dimension common is the third.

A mortal who perceives *dimensions* 1 through 3 in effect sees a dot of zero thickness, or, if you will, nothing. Using magical enhancement to pick up the fourth dimension, he would see a vertical line.

An Immortal perceives dimension 1 through 4, so he sees the mountaintop as a thin vertical line, like the magic-using mortal. The demons are not *invisible*. They are really there, in that line, so *truesight* and other sight enhancements reveal nothing that an Immortal cannot normally see. By spending 50 PP to shift his dimensional perception one increment (able to view 2 through 5 rather than 1 through 4) he can see the mountain top as it is, a three-dimensional space.

But remember, the dimensional base is in the fifth dimension. Spells or spell effects do not function if produced by a character whose



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dimensional base is in the first or second dimension.

If the perspective is changed so that the base is in the third dimension, visually everything appears normal, but spells and spell-like effects have only length, no breadth (range) or volume. If all magic has a range of zero, the implication is obvious that any spells normally cast at a range detonate or otherwise take effect on the caster.

If the perspective is further incremented such that the base is in the fourth dimension, spells have length and range, but no volume. Thus a *fire ball* would have the same appearance and effect as a mortal's *fire ball* does on the Astral Plane: a thin disc like a circular saw blade.

If the base is advanced to the fifth dimension, all spells and spell-like effects function normally.

The players must figure out this puzzle in order to proceed. As in similar situations encountered earlier in this adventure, they may make Intelligence and Wisdom checks to gain some insight into the problem; treat such as an easy Ability Score check (+55 modifier). The clues you may give them for successful checks are as follows:

1. Tell them they must get the situation in the proper perspective.
2. If they have had previous experience with shifted dimensions in your campaign remind them of the experience.
3. Remind them of the effect on spell casting while in the Astral Plane.

The characters must expend 200 PP each to shift the dimensional base to the fifth dimension, which is a substantial Power outlay for Temporals, especially considering what lies ahead. Once the characters have determined what the problem is, they may *wish* the dimensional orientation to return to normal, or optionally, you may postulate that one of the PCs' Hierarchs made the *wish*. Either of these is preferable to expending the Power because it would take 200 turns to regenerate the points. Remember that a *wish* may only regenerate 20 PP, thus it is worthless for this use.

Once All Becomes Clear

Once the characters have made at least one dimensional shift, they see what remains of the impostors' Olympus. Refer to the map on page 45. The surface of the mountaintop is irregular, and the Immortals did not attempt to level it. They constructed what must have been a magnificent edifice that conformed to the natural lay of the land. The palace's white marble walls, towers, and turrets lie smashed and scattered all about.

Off to one side is the barrier that Athena/Lokena mentioned when the characters talked with her on Kryla. It is 40 feet tall and made of 12 equal-sized panels. These walls are of indeterminate thickness and the tops are frayed and swirled, constantly moving like ocean waves or wheat fields on a windy day.

The barrier is clear and colorless. The area it encloses is a piece of barren rock approximately 60 feet across. Easily visible within are the Immortals, bound to the bare rock with chains forged from a blue-green metal streaked with red and black.

The Immortals are a pitiful yet splendid sight. The form of Zeus is readily recognizable from his powerful physique and carefully crimped white beard. He lies practically motionless, a quiet sufferer long past physical struggling, searching deep within himself for a means of escape.

Hera, on the other hand, is a matronly woman whose acid tongue hurls invectives in a constant stream at Zeus, berating him for the fix they are in and why doesn't he do something about it and why did I ever listen to you! Her wrists are rubbed raw from her thrashing against the manacles.

Apollo is a handsome youth with curly, short-cropped blond hair and a graceful, athletic appearance. He ignores his own plight, seeking more to comfort the lovely woman chained a short distance away, Aphrodite.

She perhaps is the most pathetic of all, a vision of loveliness torturously stretched across a sharp ridge of stone. The trail of her tears marks the dust on her face in tiny rivulets, bespeaking not only pain but hopelessness. She is very weak, her power almost totally drained. Immortal death for her is very near.

Ares, the grizzled veteran of many battles, lies bound with the others. Clad only in a short war skirt, the tracery of scars on his body gleams whitely. Large chunks of flesh have been torn loose by his violent tugging against the chains, and he still roars defiance against his tormentor, a winged fury who repeatedly attacks the helpless Ares. The demon's form sports a human face; for those knowledgeable of the real Olympians, the face is that of Prometheus, the titan Zeus caused to be chained to a mountain and eternally attacked by an eagle.

Hermes's appearance is unmistakable from his winged helm and the sandals that he still wears. He is a wiry youth, lean but in good shape. He, like Zeus, does not struggle nor even talk, rather searches silently within himself for the power and ability to break free.

Finally, another woman lies quietly, tumbled hair covering her face. She tugs occasionally at her bonds, as if testing their strength. Her garments look quite familiar, and as she turns her head to look at the demon attacking Ares, the characters recognize Lokena. So Talitha made good on her boast, and it is plain that more pairs of manacles are set into the rock, ready for more victims.

The crowds of undead and other creatures of Entropy the characters encountered on the slopes crowd around the summit to witness the demise of these impudent Immortals who seek to disrupt the project of mighty Night. At the forefront of the horde are the toad-like forms of four croaking demons and the Immortal the characters recognize as Brissard.

> "To those of you who won your duels, I extend my congratulations. Had your forms been destroyed by our Identities, you could have escaped with your lives, perhaps realizing how woefully ill-equipped you are to deal with this situation and choosing not to meddle further. But your triumph simply adds spice to the game. And that is what all life is, just a game whose unalterable end is death and destruction.
>
> "Immortals of Entropy are very patient, for we realize that anything you may do merely postpones the inevitable. So we will sit here and wait while you try to discover an answer to this dilemma. It will not be easy. And when you fail, then you will be ours."

Unknown to the characters, a jumper is buried in the center of the enclosure, its arms radiating underground so that the tip of each contacts one of the panels of the barrier. Time from the jumper forms the barrier's skin. It entered into this service for a massive meal of Time. As a bonus it was promised that, should the barrier be destroyed, it would be freed from service and could attack any Immortal in the vicinity not of the Sphere of Entropy.

The chains act as a one-way power conduit, channeling Immortal Power into the rock. Anyone manacled must save vs. Power Drain each round or lose 2d10 PP. This is a temporary effect, so any Power lost may be regenerated normally once the chains are re-

moved. Also, anyone bound is incapable of using Power in any way. Beginning now, roll a save vs. Power Drain for each chained Immortal. If the save is failed, roll 2d10 to determine the loss. It is conceivable that some of them could die if the characters do not act quickly. The Power Points listed in Table 2 (see the pull-out section in the center of the module) are their current totals.

Only spells or spell effects usable by those of the Sphere of Entropy function within the barrier. It may appear that casting *disintegrate* or *obliterate* at the barrier would be sufficient to bring it down, but this is not the case. Its special magical nature empowers it to be impervious to even Immortal magic.

This is why the heartearth and the repeater's snort are so important, because they add elements that directly attack the fabric of the barrier. Coupled with *disintegrate* or *obliterate*, these provide the disruptive and destructive force necessary for the removal of the Barrier.

Pure Earth attacks the Air component in a simple application of elemental dominance. By the same logic, Thought should dominate Time, but this is not the case. Night foresaw this problem and *wished* that any Thought magic used against the barrier would be ineffective.

But he did not consider that the repeating effect of a repeater used against the jumping effect of a jumper could disrupt the skin of his barrier. Thus the artifact provides for penetrating the Time component and introducing Earth into the Air component, and finally the blasting power of *disintegrate* or *obliterate* to bring everything down.

So much for theory. If the characters simply use Power against the barrier, the croaking demons and Brissard make no interference, rather they chuckle amusedly at these feeble attempts. The characters soon discover, however, that any attempt they make to use the artifact from outside the barrier is foiled by the watching demons, through the use of *force field*, *anti-magic ray*, or anything that could prevent the artifact from touching the barrier.

This is a hint that they must get inside the barrier. This can be done by any means; the top of the enclosure is open and the characters may simply fly inside.

Inside the Barrier

The rock is extraordinarily hot within the enclosure, a direct result of all the Immortal Power that is being drained into it by the chains. Tremors regularly shake the area, and some kind of explosion seems imminent.

The screaming demon has been randomly attacking the Olympians at its leisure. He breaks off these attacks as soon as any PC enters the enclosure. The Immortals warn them away, saying they are done for and there is no use for the PCs to die as well. Smiling at them with its titan's face, the demon immediately launches a *slam* attack against a random character. If successful, it forces the victim toward a pair of empty manacles and casts *animate objects* on them. They immediately rear up and snap around the wrists of the affected character.

The screaming demon may also use *hold* or *erase* in order to immobilize a character, then physically lift him and drop him on the rock. The victim of such an attack must save vs. Physical Blow for half damage or suffer 2d6 points of damage. In addition, if the save is failed, the character is stunned long enough for the demon to attach the manacles.

If the situation goes badly for the demon, it will *call other*. Another screaming demon arrives at the beginning of the next round. Use discretion in adding this other demon; it should not be necessary, and in any event no more should be introduced into the confrontation.

Also, no more than two or three characters should be bound by the chains. This is potentially deadly—real Immortal death, not just destruction of their physical forms. Each character so chained must save vs. Power Drain each round or lose 2d10 PP. Magic must be used to open the manacles (*animate objects*, *telekinesis*, *knock*, etc.). Physically touching them to open the wristlets results in the same Power drain and inability to use Power as the person bound. Immortals of the Sphere of Entropy are immune to this effect.

Dropping the Barrier

Check the Power level in the artifact if its powers have been used recently; there may not be enough Power available for it to function. The recharging rate for a minor artifact is 5 points per turn. This can be enhanced if a character wishes to use his own Power to recharge the artifact. This would be a temporary expenditure, perhaps very necessary if the artifact was used in one of the duels.

Once inside, the characters should quickly use the artifact they created. Handle this according to the form they created and the means of discharge they chose. For example, if constructed in the form of an axe or other hand-held weapon, the wielder must get close enough to the barrier to swing it. If it is a missile, it must be discharged or otherwise hurled, etc. The screaming demon(s) do not understand the real purpose of the artifact, and assume it is a weapon to be used against them. Thus they will not interfere if it is used against the barrier; they cannot react quickly enough.

Aftereffects

The barrier disintegrates with a hollow pop. Air rushes upward with the force of a gale, and the loosened Time gibbers away with the sound of a billion conversations.

The top of the mountain cracks open at the center of the area recently bounded by the Barrier. Floating slowly upward from the crumbled rock is a jumper, a huge specimen of that species. Whipping its tentacles in a frenzy of anticipation, it dives to the attack.

Jumper: SP Time; Status Mortal; PP 150; A-M 100% (0% vs. Time magic); AC −7 (body) or −2 (arms); HD 30 (135 hp); MV 450′ (150′); AT 12 (max 5/target); D 2d6 each + special; Save as Initiate; ML 8; Int 20; AL N

As was mentioned previously, this is a bonus payoff for the jumper—all the Time he can steal from any Immortal in the area not of the Sphere of Entropy. He is a very formidable opponent for the characters alone, as a hit causes a character to lose 1d10 PP, plus make him or her leave the Identity for five rounds. The character must then expend 50 PP to reinhabit the form.

But help is available. The Olympians should be freed as quickly as possible. Zeus, Hera, and Apollo join in the fight, bombarding the jumper with Power attacks as large as practical considering their drained state (no more than 20% of their available power per attack).

The jumper will *wrap* defensively in response to these attacks, but this defense is not a panacea. Consider that five power attacks against the jumper causes it to lose 50 PP, or one third of its power. After the second round of such attacks, or if the jumper is reduced to 50 PP by any means, it gives up and flees.

After the jumper leaves, the Olympians and the characters face Brissard, four croaking demons, and hordes of undead. Brissard's visage is contorted in rage at the

destruction of the barrier, and at being denied the exquisite pleasure of watching the impostor gods die one by one as their Power was totally drained while the screaming demon rent their physical forms.

> "Now you have overstepped the bounds of my hospitality. Were you not taught as Novices to respect your betters and not to interfere in the doings of Immortals of greater stature than yourselves? You have spoiled a project of Night himself, the results of which would have aided all Immortals.
>
> "But all is not lost. While my liege would have preferred these "gods" to have perished within the barrier, there is no reason why I and my friends cannot finish the job. Though not as elegant as the master plan, it will surely be as effective."

The demons and undead converge upon the characters and the impostors. Raw power rips the air from massive power attacks. There must be other Immortals present, because 10 separate attacks are directed at the defenders (two each on Zeus and Hera, one each on everyone else). The characters are all struck by *hold* attacks; the others can be whatever you would desire.

Masses of undead creatures attack, intent on destroying anyone and everything they do not recognize as dead. For *turning* purposes, treat the undead as wraiths. They are attacking from all sides, so calculate the targets of any attacks based on this and the formation the party has assumed.

The croaking demons and Brissard fly over the heads of the undead, landing in the midst of the party. They attack only the Olympians. The screaming demon(s) attack the PCs at random.

Similar attacks occur on the second round. But on the third Mount Olympus begins a continuous, violent shaking. Chunks of rock blast upwards from the peak, the stone overstressed from the Immortal Power it was forced to contain. The vibrations intensify, great cracks opening and swallowing undead like the maws of huge monsters. Spouts of fire and lava hurtle skyward, to fall back on the peak or flow down the sides.

The characters must make Dexterity checks (+30 modifier) to avoid being struck by the rocks or lava. The rocks inflict 2d8 points of damage and the lava 3d6.

It should be obvious that Mount Olympus is about to blow up. If the characters do not act, Zeus will bellow "Save yourselves! Fly for your lives!" The characters may simply use their Immortal fly ability or climb aboard Aurum and let him carry them to safety.

The mountain convulses on the fifth round in a titanic explosion that is seen and felt as far away as Darokin. Anyone left on Olympus is annihilated, with no saving throw. For Immortals this means they simply lose their forms and must return to their Home Planes. For the characters it means they have lost the Identities' forms, not a catastrophe since no mortals were about to witness it; even if there were, they certainly would not escape the cataclysm. But the Hierarchs will be annoyed at the loss, requiring extra service from the characters in lieu of Power penalties since they are only Temporals.

Concluding the Adventure

If the Olympians are freed, they are to be taken before the Hierarchs of their respective Spheres. In the meantime, Night is summoned into the presence of a High Council of the remaining four Hierarchs.

The upshot is that the Council censures Night for his potentially dangerous exploit, penalizing him with a permanent loss of 4,000 PP, the cost of the *wishes* required to erase the memory of the events from the minds of mortal witnesses.

The severe penalty causes an uproar in the ranks of Entropy. Night has been effectively demoted to a 1st-Level Hierarch, stimulating a High Eternal and another 1st-Level Hierarch to vie for Full Hierarch status. Night is kept very busy defending his position, putting him out of action for sometime.

The result on the Prime is a Golden Age. Without the stimulus of Entropy, mortals turn from warfare to the arts and greatly expand and nurture their culture. But this greater level of learning also results in mortal man questioning the existence of their gods, thus causing a decline in their worship and replacing them with other deities. Thus Night, in some measure, has a victory, though the ranks of the Immortals have been preserved.

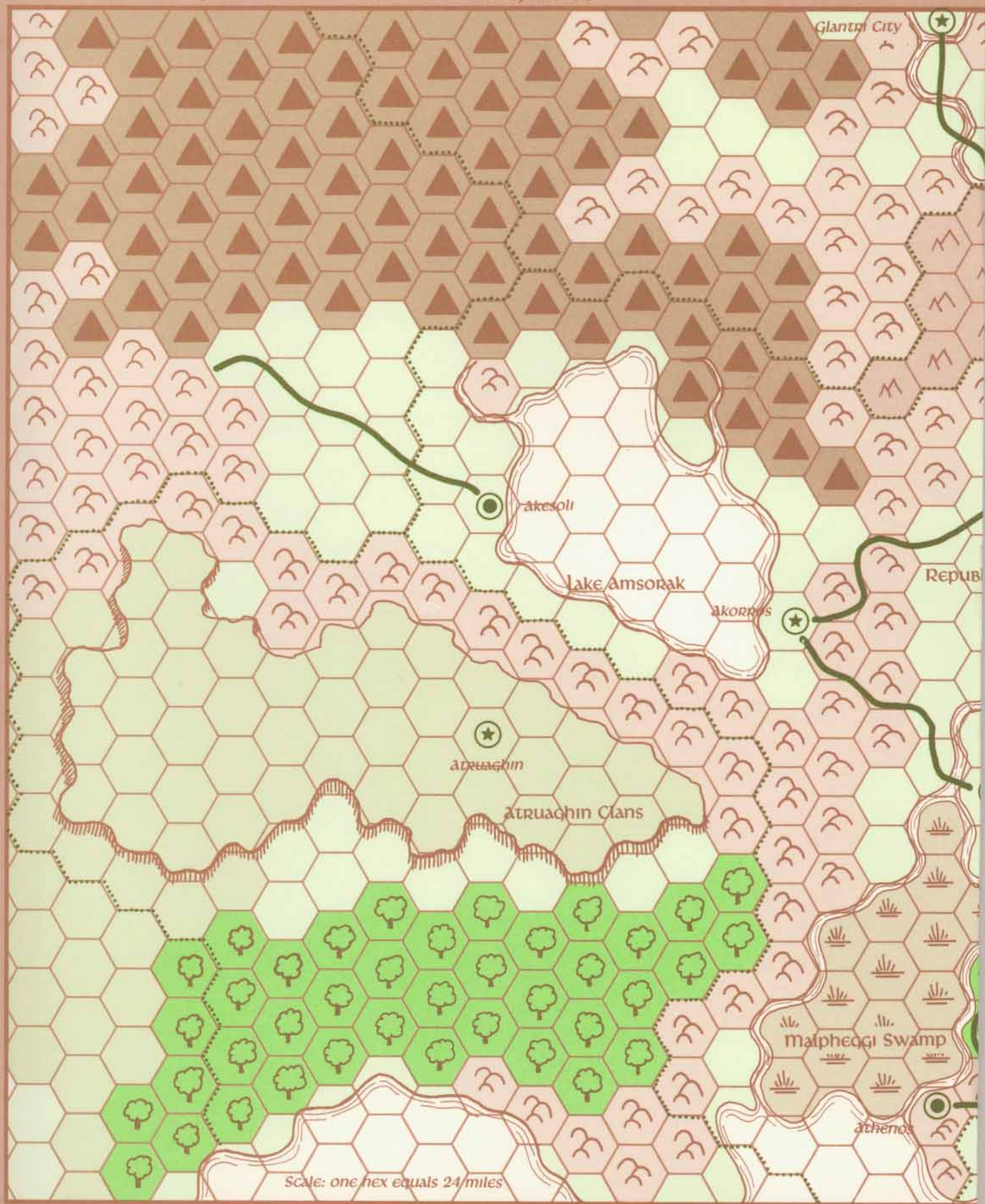
And in the Broken Lands, just north of Corunglain, a block of basalt rises like an accusing finger from the blasted remains of Mount Olympus. Rather than reconstructing the mountain, the Hierarchs chose to let the black tower remain forever as a reminder to all Immortals of the time when Immortals tampered with the Prime Plane, and the consequences of their actions.

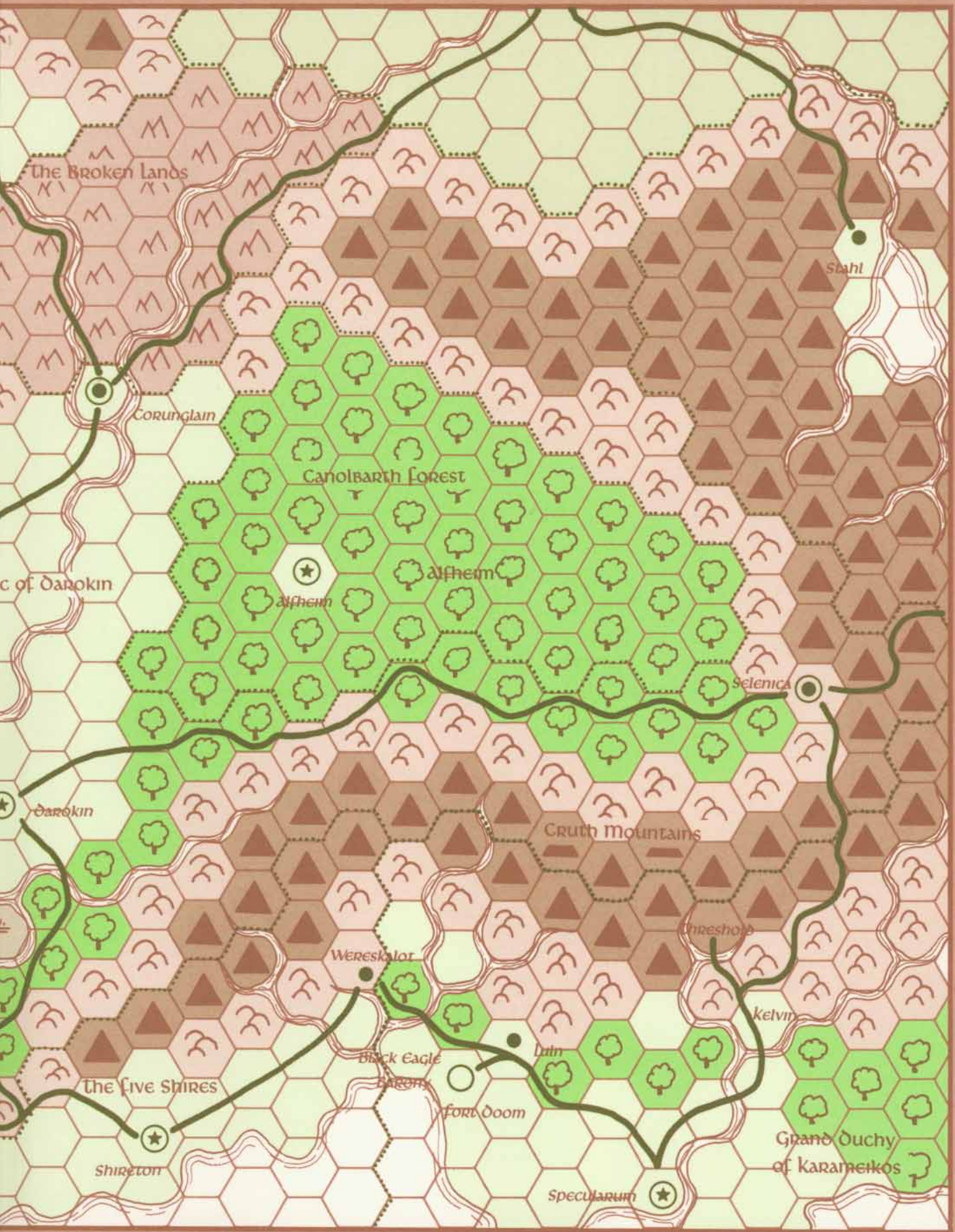






The Republic of Darokin and Surrounding Lands




The Broken Lands
Stahl
Corunglain
Canolbarth Forest
Alfheim
Alfheim
c of Danokin
Selenica
Danokin
Gruth Mountains
Kelvin
Wereskalor
Black Eagle Barony
Iain
The Five Shires
Fort Doom
Grand Duchy of Karameikos
Shireton
Specularum

Balthac

AC: 9
MV: 120′ (40′)
Fly: —
hp: 106
AT: Special
D: 2d8 + 2 plus special
THACO: *2

Strength 18
Intelligence ?
Wisdom ?
Dexterity 16
Constitution 17
Charisma 16

Spells: NA

Base Saving Throws:
DR/Poison: 2
Wands: 2
Par/Stone: 2
Breath: 2
Spell: 2

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Sinan

AC: 9
MV: 120′ (40′)
Fly: —
hp: 68
AT: Special
D: Special
THACO: 3

Strength 17
Intelligence ?
Wisdom ?
Dexterity 17
Constitution 17
Charisma 16

Spells:
1st Level: 5
2d Level: 4
3d Level: 3
4th Level: 2
5th Level: 1

Base Saving Throws:
DR/Poison: 2
Wands: 4
Par/Stone: 4
Breath: 3
Spell: 3

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Ascalon

AC: 9
MV: 120′ (40′)
Fly: —
hp: 65
AT: 1
D: Special
THACO: 7

Strength 12
Intelligence ?
Wisdom ?
Dexterity 14
Constitution 14
Charisma 16

Spells:
1st Level: 8
2d Level: 7
3d Level: 7
4th Level: 6
5th Level: 6
6th Level: 5
7th Level: 5

Base Saving Throws:
DR/Poison: 3
Wands: 4
Par/Stone: 4
Breath: 4
Spell: 4

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Aurum

AC: −6
MV: 150′ (50′)
Fly: 360′ (120′)
hp: 120 (HD 22)
AT: Special
D: Special
THACO: *1

Strength NA
Intelligence ?
Wisdom ?
Dexterity NA
Constitution NA
Charisma NA

Spells:
1st Level: 5
2d Level: 5
3d Level: 4
4th Level: 3

Base Saving Throws:
DR/Poison: 2
Wands: 2
Par/Stone: 2
Breath: 2
Spell: 2

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Sinan



Balthac



Aurum



Ascalon



D&D®

Immortal Game Adventure

The Wrath of Olympus

by Robert J. Blake

Immortals lie chained atop a mountain in the Broken Lands. Their bonds relentlessly drain their power while demons cavort with glee around the wispy barrier, as strong as any prison.

Have you the courage to embark on a dangerous mission for the materials necessary to craft an artifact? If you survive that task, you must then assume the identities of legendary heroes of Darokin and face deadly Immortal foes without revealing your Immortality! The demons of Entropy stand between you and your final goal. Have you the power to rescue the imprisoned Immortals and preserve the Prime Plane? The future of the Prime Plane is in your hands!

This adventure is for use with the DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® rules and cannot be played without the D&D® Basic, Expert, Companion, Masters, and Immortal rules produced by TSR,Inc.

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