

cows and their faces cannot be seen, although they are clearly tall men (they are stooping, even so). Then, after prayers have been said before the meal, the soup is served, and the ogres throw back their cows and dive slurping into their huge soup bowls. They pick them up and drain them at a gulp, wiping their mouths on the cuffs of their robes, belching, and saying, "lurvverly."

Ogres (4): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 25, 22, 20, 14; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; Int Low; AL see below; SZ L; XP 175 each

These ogres are by nature CE but, currently, are LG. This is due to Haraldus's charismatic conversion.

Haraldus tells his story. He was adventuring recently, looking for a lost party of adventurers. He and his friends were slain or captured by ogres. He conversed with his captors, talked at length of the doctrines and forgiveness of Pholtus, and the ogres listened and understood! Such is the power of the message of the Blinding Light. The ogres look sheepishly at the PCs and say, "Yer, it's true. Bruvver 'aroldess rilly got to us 'ere (thump on chest). We saw da foolishness of our ways, sort of (recondite look). We're gern to 'ear da 'oly works at da great Temple (excited ogre knocks PC's dinner plate onto the floor with expansive gesture). We unnerstan' we're just pawns in the great game of life" (short silence for the PCs to experience incredulity at this statement). Embroider all this as you will.

Haraldus wants to start out in the morning; this must be on foot (the ogres are too big for mounts). The group starts before dawn to avoid local scrutiny. Trouble arises one-third of the way to Tringlee, where the party camps for the night (a minor daytime encounter can be used if desired before this).

In the middle of the night, any guard posted hears the patter of small, if not actually tiny, feet. Creatures are moving into position around the camp. The PCs are surrounded by a group of determined-looking dwarves in chain mail, holding light crossbows and with short swords at their belts. They look grim and in no mood to take nonsense.

Dwarves (10): AC 5/4 (chain mail, shields used in melee); MV 6; F2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD +4 bonus vs. magical and poison attacks, -4 penalty to ogres' attack rolls; Int Low; AL N; SZ S; XP 35; each carries 10 gp

Derglower Rockvein, Leader: AC 4/3 (chain mail +1, shield used in melee); MV 24 (boots of speed); F5; hp 44; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (crossbow bolt) or 1d6+6 (short sword +2); Str 18/71, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 9; SD +4 bonus vs. magical and poison attacks, -4 penalty to ogres' attack rolls; AL N; SZ S; XP 270

Derglower has a *potion of extra-healing*, a gold brooch set with a large bloodstone worth 650 gp, a silver-buckled belt of exceptional workmanship worth 140 gp, and a small antler horn shod with platinum banding and a ring of rosy quartz fragments at his neck (value 200 gp).

The dwarves are here for the ogres. They do the PCs a favor and tell them to get out and they can keep their dirty skins in one piece, the filthy ogre-lovers (the dwarves also feel happier about having to fight only the ogres). Derglower orders the PCs to leave. If asked, he says that the ogres have killed dwarves of his clan and he has the authority to kill them for this crime.

Haraldus begs the dwarves not to slay the ogres. He explains that they have converted to goodness and righteousness since their slaying days (note that since the dwarves are neutral, this cuts no ice with them).

The dwarves grow more threatening and order the PCs out as the ogres start singing "O Blinding Light."

The dwarves will kill the ogres and the priest if the PCs allow them. Initially, Haraldus and the ogres won't fight back, and suffer bolt and melee hits. When the pain-frenzied ogres finally lash back, it is too late. The PCs have just allowed five LG creatures to be slain!

Otherwise, if the PCs help Haraldus and the ogres, the dwarves flee after four or more of them have been slain or vanquished. Note that Haraldus and the ogres do not fight in self-protection. Initially, the dwarves attack the ogres, but as the PCs attack the dwarves, they attack the PCs instead. If you wish, you may award good-aligned PCs an additional XP award of 50 XP per dwarf the PCs overcome by non-violence (e.g., *sleep*, *web*, *hold*, *scare* spells and such).

Haraldus uses his cure spells to aid the PCs after the fight, and he gets the ogres to dig graves for the dwarves and say a short service for them. The group can

then resume its journey the following morning.

Dwarves arrive again the following evening. There are ten of them with stats as above, plus Derglower or a leader with identical stats to those of Derglower (but no magical items) if Derglower has been slain. This time the dwarves offer apologies for their hasty actions and say they are sorry for harming the party. They want Haraldus to bless a meal for them (they have provisions). No matter what the objections of the PCs, Haraldus agrees. The dwarves share food from a great stew pot with the ogres, Haraldus, and the PCs (unless they refuse to eat), and take their leave.

Each PC who partook of the meal has to roll a saving throw vs. poison (Haraldus fails his save, the ogres all succeed on theirs). Those who fail sleep soundly for eight hours and cannot be woken—not even when the dwarves, who consumed a herbal antidote after the meal, return to complete the job they started the night before.

The dwarves arrive in the middle of the night, and this time they will not be driven off. They fight to the end.

However, the ogres also fight this time. They cry out in anger at being attacked when they mean no harm, and they flail with improvised weapons (treat as clubs, 1d10 points of damage) at their persecutors.

At a dramatic moment, when the dwarves are clearly on the verge of defeat (assuming they don't actually kill all the PCs and ogres), have an ogre kill a dwarf and let out a horrid, bloodlusting cry. "Blood and bludgeon!" he screams, and the other ogres join in. At this point, all surviving ogres attack dwarves or PCs at random. Haraldus wakes to find the last of his ogres slain (assuming they don't kill the PCs). He races over to cast a cure on an expiring ogre, but it is too late.

As he cradles the ugly creature's head in his hands, the ogre gasps its last: "They werdunt leddus stay in the Light, it wus kill or be kilt," and then his eyes roll back in his head and he expires. Haraldus is left weeping bitterly over the fate of his pilgrims.

The PCs may have some thinking to do about the nature of good and evil, as they accompany the deeply saddened priest to the temple in Tringlee.