

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
2nd Edition



Official Game Accessory

CAMPAIGN GUIDE TO UNDERMOUNTAIN



The definitive guidebook for adventuring in Undermountain, complete with new magic, NPCs, and rules for further expanding the dungeons.



THE RUINS OF UNDERMOUNTAIN

Campaign Guide
To Undermountain

Dedication

This one's for Chris Anthony and Leo Sandberg, in friendship and thanks, and to Mikael, the titan of Titan, too!

Thanks

Thanks to Andrew Dewar, Rob Findlayson, David Mattinson, David Mocek, Tim Turner, Ken Woods, and especially Victor Selby—for exploring Undermountain and in spurring the imagination of its creator in the early days.



THE RUINS OF UNDERMOUNTAIN

Campaign Guide To Undermountain

by Ed Greenwood

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Undermountain? Ah, yes. A great place to have fun, the most famous battlefield in which to earn a reputation as a veteran adventurer—and the largest known mass grave in Faerun today.

— Elminster of Shadowdale

And with those cheery words of the Old Mage, well met. Welcome to one of the oldest dungeons of them all—the vast, dark, waiting halls of Undermountain. It is a dungeon complex of nine known levels and over fourteen sub-levels of dungeons, an entire realm beneath Waterdeep, the greatest city of the Realms. Since its beginnings in 1975, Undermountain has challenged, entertained and, at times horrified players of the DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® and ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® games. It was the first dungeon of the fledgling FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign, and remains an active and dangerous place today.

Nine levels? Fourteen sub-levels? How does one squeeze that into one box? We asked Elminster for a little dimensional help, and he merely said, “Well (ahem), one doesn’t.” So *The Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set provides an introduction to Undermountain’s best-known, uppermost levels, keeping largely to areas explored thus far. Even so, what fit into this set is enough of Undermountain to keep avid dungeon explorers busy for years!

We’ve left room for each DM to make Undermountain his or her own unique setting, many areas left uncharted by us but made hazardous by DMs creating new horrors and dangers. Puzzles must certainly match the flavor, secrets, and character of each individual campaign. We’ve also left out some secrets at Elminster’s command. He told us sternly that far too many adventurers were learning to read these days. It would do little for the memory of certain friends, fallen in Undermountain long ago, if every wet-eared warrior just waltzed down into the depths and came back up staggering under the weight of captured gold, simply because they could read all about it here. It is highly advisable to follow the stern commands of archmages, so leave some shadows undisturbed. Trust us.

Where Everything Is

So what’s here, and where? In the box are some striking poster maps of the first

three levels of Undermountain. There are also eight *Monstrous Compendium* sheets highlighting new monsters in Undermountain and eight heavy-stock cards, a “DM’s hand of tricks.” Of course, there are also Undermountain’s two books, filled with mystery, adventure, and enough excitement to keep your paladins busy for ages.

You’re reading the big “all the stuff you need to know” book now: *The Campaign Guide to Undermountain*. It contains the detailed information on Undermountain’s maps, the “keys to the dungeon.” The *Campaign Guide* presents what you’ll find in Undermountain, who you’ll meet within the dungeons or in the city above, as well as relevant spells and magical items to be found. The book finally contains expansion guidelines for creating future adventures and deeper parts of Undermountain, so your adventures don’t stop until you do.

The smaller book features *Undermountain Adventures*. The adventures are designed to be used in “The Deepest Dungeon Of Them All,” but they can be dropped into any campaigns.

There are sheets of New Monsters—but you know what to do with those. If the text mentions a *Monstrous Compendium* beast that you don’t have, consult the Monster Guide in *Undermountain Adventures* for a handy summary. If it’s not there, you can always substitute another beast.

Oh yes, the cards. They’re a DM’s handy adventure aids, detailing traps, encounters, and other sundries that can be dropped into the midst of any adventures to make things more vivid and exciting. Separated from the books for easy access, they can be placed at one’s elbow, or leaned up beside the usual charts and tables, so they can be seen (and used!) at all times.

How To Use Undermountain

Experienced DMs will pull all of the box contents out, read them, and merrily change this or that to fit their campaigns and run PCs right into their favorite corners of the dungeon without delay. That’s what a dungeon of this size is for-your own private playground for ongoing, thrilling “dungeon-crawl” AD&D® game adventures.

Less experienced DMs may be a little

overwhelmed by all they see in the box and this section is really for them. Don’t faint dead away at the sight of all this stuff—you won’t need it all at once. Just look at everything, decide which parts of the dungeon you want to use at first, and forget about all the rest for now. The chapter on Rumors in this book is ideal for getting PCs interested in Undermountain. The Starters adventures are ideal for getting PCs who are already in Waterdeep into the dungeon. Even though the dungeon was built within the Realms and is tied directly with Waterdeep, ambitious DMs can tie this dungeon into their own campaign settings and specific campaign cities.

Got an area or adventure chosen? Good: read it by yourself *thoroughly*, long before playing time. Keep the *Monstrous Compendium* pages you need at hand—this saves reference time and also ensures all your information is accessible. Check things you aren’t sure about against the rules, and note things that are tricky or that you have trouble remembering—like: “Throwing torches, see page 63, DMG: they’re the 2nd successful attack roll needed for flaming oil—ignited oil does 2d6 damage first round, then 1d6, then out.” Plenty of chances to “wing it” will pop up, so don’t invite a lot of extra guesswork by plunging into Undermountain without becoming familiar with it first.

Scan the Known History section, and the level you’ll be playing in. If you see empty rooms, don’t worry. Read the **Expanding Undermountain** chapter and jot down ideas for changing things. *The Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set is designed to be dangerous, but it’s also designed for DMs to make the place their own and to set up later adventures.

If being a DM is still new to you, you might find the AD&D 2nd Edition Rules Supplement DMGR 1: *Campaign Sourcebook/Catacomb Guide* very useful. Try its suggestions for making adventures interesting—like using “funny voices” for NPCs, and pacing your speech for more excitement.

Reread the adventure and area you’ve chosen over again, just before play begins. Make sure you have all the maps, books, dice, blank paper, and pencils you’ll need. If you’re nervous, a glass of water helps to keep your throat clear (put where you won’t spill it all over the notes!). Ready? Have fun!



The material herein is not for players' eyes; "knowing all," too soon, will ruin much of the fun (and danger) of learning the true nature of the greatest dungeon in all Faerun. DMs may reveal what they wish to players as known local lore, but even elderly Waterdhavians know precious little of the truth about Undermountain. Only those dead within its halls can tell adventurers the real truths about it.

Waterdeep developed around a splendid natural harbor that gave the great city its name-literally, a "water-deep" place where islands sheltered an area of calmer water which remained deep very close to shore. The islands extend out from a shoulder of the peak known today as Mount Waterdeep. Beneath that mountain lie the deep ways of an aptly-named place almost as fabled as The City of Splendors itself: Undermountain.

Halaster's Hold and The Underhalls

Tales tell of a wizard who came to the mountain in ages past to make his home in isolation from the societies of men. Some say Halaster Blackcloak came from Netheril, others from the east. Still others hold that he hailed from the Cradlelands, vanished human kingdoms now buried beneath Raurin and The Plains of Purple Dust. All these lands and their peoples are said to have populated both Faerun and Kara-Tur in the dim, dust-shrouded past.

The wizard's name is even a matter of dispute: Halaster is sometimes called "Hilather" in old texts. Elminster's researches indicate that Hilather is the Mad Wizard's given name, while the grander "Halaster" was the name he took for himself as a powerful wizard. Halaster is said to have started the traditions of holding Mage-fairs each decade (and the smaller, annual Spellmoots) in remote, everchanging locations in the Realms. He is also said to have devised many powerful spells, and perfected some processes and items now widely known and used in wizardly circles.

Whatever the truth about Halaster's origins, the stories all tell the same story of his later years. He suddenly left off all dealings with men over a thousand years ago, and came to Mount Waterdeep to make his home, accompanied by seven apprentices. Halaster summoned and bound fell creatures from other planes to



build a traditional wizard's tower, ringed with a stout stone rampart enclosing an extensive garden, paddock, and warehouses. The Seven, as the apprentices are named in historical texts, worked the fields, dwelling in lesser turrets along the inside of the ring-wall. They continued their magical studies but saw their Dread Master little.

Halaster's dealings with his summoned servitors changed him. The more Halaster avoided human contact and dealt with otherplanar creatures, the stranger he became. He grew grim, given to long silences, sudden rages, and erratic behavior. He had his creatures dig storage caves, additional laboratories, and long exit-tunnels beneath his tower. This work went on for decades. At length, the tunnels broke into the old dwarven delvings called the Underhalls, once home to the long-vanished Melairkyn clan (only a fading memory, even then).

The Underhalls were large and grand, built to the scale of tall men rather than dwarves. They guarded two ancient mithril-mines known as "The Seadeeps," which extended far beneath Mount Waterdeep. The mountain itself was known to dwarves of old as Mount Melairbode, named after the dwarf who first explored it and found mithril. His descendants became the clan Melairkyn; in the end, the clan members all died or were scattered by duergar and drow from the depths of Abeir-Toril. The Underhalls became the lairs for the duergar and the dark elves, in residence still when Halaster found his way into the deep ways.

As soon as the mithril was worked out, the duergar moved on. In the days of the Fallen Kingdom, most of the drow were slaughtered in vicious battles with surface elves. Halaster himself is thought to have eradicated the last organized remnants of The Dark Folk. The Seven wrote often in diaries of their Master's increasingly dangerous expeditions against the drow—the phrase "Halaster's Hunt" still retains its meaning as a "berserk raid or wilful slaughter" in the North today. The Seven also hint at some captured drow being transformed and enslaved into Halaster's service.

With the drow gone or magically twisted into grotesque servant-creatures, Halaster banished his summoned slaves to their home planes and moved entirely into the subterranean ways, abandoning his tower to the elements. His curious apprentices, upon exploring the tower, found only traps awaiting them, baited with powerful magics and enigmatic messages hinting that "true power" awaited them below.

One by one, as their courage and capabilities took them, the Seven went below in search of their Master. They found a strange, labyrinthine, and dangerous world awaiting them. Halaster stored his treasures, experiments, victuals and necessities, magical items, and servants in these under-ways. Here, he thought himself safe from prying intrusions, theft and attacks by thieves, hostile brigands of all sorts, as well as his sorcerous foes.

Halaster sent his guardian creatures and traps against the Seven, testing both

his students and the defenses of his new underground home. After the deaths of two lesser apprentices, Halaster stopped the attacks and enlisted his students' help to add to the "security" of his underground realm. Halaster reworked his defensive barrier-spells to allow his apprentices limited access to areas of Undermountain by the use of the *horned rings*.

The lone apprentice who survived her descent into Undermountain and returned to the surface Realms broke away from her master and fled the area. Jhesiyra Kestellharp went east to Myth Drannor and eventually became the Magister. The Realms gained what little it does know about Halaster from her writings. The other apprentices either perished or went insane living within the mad Halaster's dungeon.

Since the abandonment of his surface tower, the settlement that became Waterdeep grew a stone's throw below Halaster's Hold, along the edge of the harbor. It wasn't long before intrepid adventurers discovered Halaster's tower and the initial entrances to the dungeons beneath. As time passed, Halaster and his apprentices encountered an increasing number of exploratory expeditions by armed adventurers within his subterranean lair.

Halaster's preoccupation with his dark stronghold allegedly affected his mind, and he used the halls and numerous magical gates to give free rein to his rather curious hobbies of roaming various planes and collecting monsters. He enlisted these monsters to further defend the upper levels of his halls. The upper levels were then abandoned from use except as a glorified 'killing gallery' for intruders. Halaster moved his own dwelling and laboratories ever deeper into the vast and endless darkness.

Deep in the bowels of Faerun, Halaster grew to be a great and terrible old man who dabbled in magics that buy immortality. To continue his work relatively unmolested, he created a double, or clone, of himself quite late in life, infected it with the 'wasting disease' (leprosy), and let it die where it would be found by patrols from Waterdeep. Roaming the halls of Undermountain, he amused himself by watching parties of thieves, wanderers, soldiers of fortune, and magical rivals fall afoul of his gathered monsters and the clever death-traps he had devised. He found humor where many found comfort

in the mistaken belief that he was dead and they could pillage the wizard's dungeons unopposed.

No one in Waterdeep or Undermountain today is positive if Halaster still lives or is dead. Many who venture deep into Undermountain believe he lives on. They say he watches from the walls, walks the lowest levels, and is vastly amused by the pain, suffering, deeds, and deaths of intruders. Sometimes, he aids those who are lost by providing a single lit torch, or a dagger clattering down from overhead—often accompanied by a human skull as a grim warning. He indulges the whims of his cruel humor by playing tricks, manipulating explorers like puppets on a stage.

Waterdeep and deeper...

When Halaster first arrived, Waterdeep was no more than a natural harbor to the west of his tower. People soon settled here, the site a natural trading port and easy stop along the trade routes to the south. As time progressed, Waterdeep grew beyond a simple settlement and became a great city. With it grew the tales and legends of the lairs under the city. Undermountain became known as a place of horrors, the labyrinthine lair of many terrible monsters. The burgeoning city swallowed and built over the ruins of the surface Hold; its citizens now tunnelled the Mount and its flanks for its sewers, hidden ways, and castle dungeons.

In many places, the growing city met the older, darker Undermountain and avoided or embraced its presence. It became a habit of certain Lords of Waterdeep to free troublesome miscreants from their dungeon cells in Castle Waterdeep and send them down into the largely unexplored passages of Undermountain. These actions were by no means the only ways the City of Splendors used its nefarious under-realms, but they directly led to Undermountain's infamy across Faerun and its (probably false) title as "the deepest dungeon of them all."

One of the first to walk Undermountain and emerge to tell the tale was a warrior named Durnan. He survived to return to the surface and tear down the remnants of Halaster's tower, long since shattered by wizards' battles and other fell magic.

Atop its rubble, he built his inn. It was a good spot for trade close to the docks, and Durnan made a good living outfitting and provisioning those who journeyed down to explore the depths. He encouraged local priests of Tymora to heal those who dared the dangers of Undermountain for nominal fees.

Durnan and others who returned from the Great Below spoke of riches and dangers, both in large measure, and of the vast size of the underways. Many others, for whatever reasons of their own—perhaps they became bored or desperate for riches, adventured on bets or were hiding from foes or authorities—went down the shafts in Durnan's inn, The Yawning Portal.

Criminals once lived in the dungeon willingly: the Thieves' Guild of Waterdeep had a citadel within the craggy slopes of Mount Waterdeep. Located in an "upper level" of Undermountain thick with traps, guardians, secret passages, and peep-holes, the Guild managed to secure their citadel from the roving monsters set loose by Halaster. For its time, this trap-filled area was known as The Citadel of the Bloody Hand, named after the professional name of the Guildmaster. The Guild was later driven out of the city, but it was not known if the Lords now controlled the former citadel of the Guild. If it was destroyed or if it lay deserted was a question best asked of and answered by the roaming monsters who quickly returned to inhabit the vast dungeon ways.

Besides Durnan, others return from the Realms' "deepest dungeon" and make good with the wealth and adventure they find there. Mirt "the Moneylender" has walked Undermountain's ways in times past, and has come forth richer to tell the tale. Mirt is widely (and correctly) thought in the city to be one of the Lords of Waterdeep, and does little adventuring these days outside of the taproom of a good tavern. He remembers his adventuring days fondly, however, and his trade-symbol (a wolf's head surrounded by a dragon chasing its own tail) is found on the doorposts and awnings of many shops selling weaponry and adventuring gear in Waterdeep. It is a point of pride that any shop supplied by Mirt will never run out of torches, daggers, or 200'-long coils of rope.



Tales of Undermountain

Late at night, when the lamps are flickering low and the wine is running out, taverns in Waterdeep resound with wild tales of how this mage or that rogue or somesuch band of adventurers went down into Undermountain, and what befell them there. Nearly everyone has a story about "what happened to the great Company of the Grey Griffon" or "how my great-uncle Jareth barely escaped the embrace of 26 maedar and medusae" within the halls of Undermountain.

The best tales, of course, are those that end with the safe return of adventurers laden with gems, gold coins, magical swords, and grand suits of armor. Rarely the stories tell of more magnificent things like the giant, silvery snail ridden around Castle Ward by The Company of the Cleaver. Many adventuring bands emerge relatively unscathed from the depths, including Waterdeep's own Company of Crazed Venturers, and the famed Knights of Myth Drannor.

More common by far are the harrowing tales of those who go in and never come

out, those who are found dead, or the poor lost souls driven mad in the depths. A silent toast is often raised in memory of the less fortunate: the elves of The Merry Banner, the dwarves of The Red And Black Axes, and the men of The Company of the Silver Dragon, The Company of the Brown Bear, and The Brotherhood of the Hydra.

Pray to your gods, brave adventurers, that ye end up not among them. . .

Skullport

The Lords of Waterdeep ignore many of the dangers and troubles of those who explore Undermountain, worrying less about dungeon explorers and more about the city and the rogues within its limits. They also turn a blind eye to dungeon-delving on an even greater scale: an entirely lawless trading-community in the depths named Skullport. The dark waterways of the depths, magically altered by Halaster's great gates, link up with the South Seacaves of Mount Waterdeep. The Seacaves, controlled by the Lords, are accessed by a great sling-hoist that can lift even the largest seagoing ships from one waterway to another.

The hoist costs a ship's captain 50 gp per use with no responsibility taken for ship damage. This is a small price to pay for most captains, considering their cargoes and trading opportunities. Many unscrupulous captains use Skullport to smuggle cargo to and from the drow cities as well as the settlements of darker beings who dwell beyond dark Skullport. The Lords forbid slavery around Waterdeep but turn a blind eye when unsavory and troublesome folk are smuggled out or down by this route. The hoist links "Skull Pool," one end of Sargauth, the River of the Depths, to the innermost sheltered basin of the South Seacave.

Rumors of a city in the depths of the earth always whirl about Waterdeep, and the name Skullport even appears in some tavern drinking-songs. Many simply regard the place as a legendary pirates' port filled with debauchery and danger. Most citizens of Waterdeep know nothing of this viper beneath their cellars. Unless directly shown that the place exists, "you can't expect the people to believe that the fabled pirates' haven of Skullport lies beneath their feet, can you?"

Start with the idea that Waterdeep is a large, tolerant, wealthy port city, visited by many merchants and travelers during every season save the harsh winter months. The arts are valued in Waterdeep, and most craft-work reaches its height in the markets of the city. "One can buy anything in Waterdeep," the wry saying goes, "if one has but coins enough." Money talks in The City of Splendors, with seventy-six rich and powerful noble families whose wealth and power was founded in commercial success, in every case. There are guilds galore, and private individuals whose wealth can buy entire villages elsewhere in the Realms—and may already own half the civilized North, even today.

Wide varieties of behavior, dress, beliefs, and interests are tolerated in such an eclectic, trade-driven, crossroads city. Adventurers, however, are warned that freedom and tolerance end sharply where deeds that cost others money to repair begin. Few alive in the Realms today have money enough to buy the loyalty of any member of the City Watch (the police) or Guard (the standing army) away from The Lords of Waterdeep. The Lords, whose identities are largely secret, walk unidentified among the city folk, with eyes and ears open—and justice in the city tends to be both fair and swift; be warned, lawless folk.

Most Waterdhavians hear tales of fabled Undermountain—either scary tales told in the street by urchins and old gossips, or scarier tales told by late night frequenters of the taverns in the city. Most citizens—and returning visitors, such as traveling merchants—can tell you two or three tales of death, danger, horrible monsters, and magic in the lairs beneath the city. There's even a tavern called The Bowels of the Earth, where the exploits of brave dungeon-delvers of Undermountain are lionized, and young toughs gather to swagger and tell boastful stories about their own deeds in the dark ways.

In an established campaign, player characters should find adventures both in the city and in the dungeon beneath it. Indeed, their deeds in one place can lead on to fresh challenges in the other. As the great Waterdhavian archmage Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun once remarked, "What is at present the greatest city in the Realms lies atop what adventurers and builders alike deem the greatest under-



ground complex in Faerun. Remember what is above, and what is below—for so great is the color and wealth of Undermountain, and so great the naked villainy and savagery of Waterdeep, that it can be hard indeed to tell one from the other when darkness cloaks them both."

Waterdeep is a vast and lively place—much too large to fit into any one product including this one. Again and again in these pages the reader will find references to above-ground people, places, and things. Except where such features directly touch and are concerned with Undermountain, they are not detailed in these pages.

Using Undermountain as an "endless dungeon" existing in a limbo, or placing it in another, already-developed campaign setting is easily done; while created with the Realms, Halaster's lair is complete enough for use on any plane or planet. Any DM running a campaign in the Realms is strongly urged to have the sourcebook *FR1/Waterdeep And The North* handy, and to be familiar with Waterdeep before play begins.

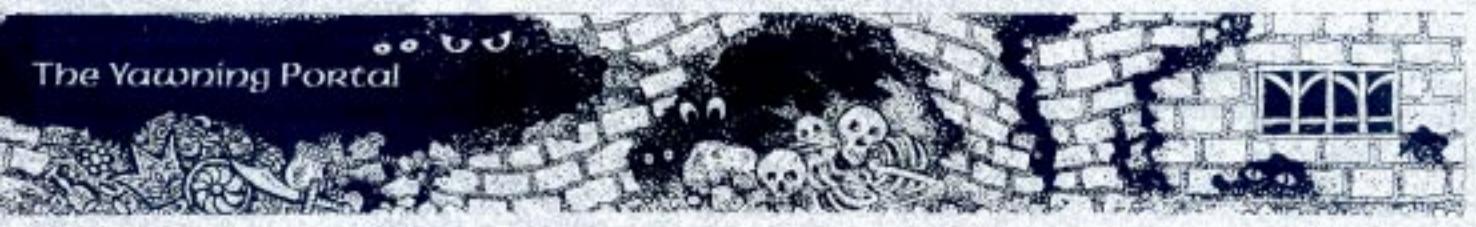
Other products and articles are very useful, but not essential, for running detailed campaigns around and within Undermountain. Examples of supplemental products are the *City System* boxed set, the *Knight of the Living Dead*

CATACOMBS® solo adventure gamebook, module *FRE3/Waterdeep*, and the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* hardcover rule book. These supplements are very useful for fleshing out Waterdeep and Undermountain as well, but they are not essential to adventure within the dungeon. Note that the giant construct that appears in *Knight of the Living Dead* lies far deeper than that which *The Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set details, almost a mile beneath Mount Waterdeep, in the upper levels of The Underdark and the Depths Below.

In this work, the chapters on **The Yawning Portal, Ways In And Out, and Relevant NPCs of Waterdeep** discuss beings and places within the city. Information is also provided on the sewers of Waterdeep. Several adventures begin in, end in, or pass through locations in the city; any DM running a continuous role-playing campaign must at least be familiar enough with Waterdeep for player characters to be able to use it as a "home base" for purchasing supplies, training, advice and (no doubt) healing and reinforcements.

The chapter dealing with **Rumors of Undermountain** is for use during game play in Waterdeep. DMs unfamiliar with the city should read that chapter to get a "feel" for the politics, current events, and life in the city.

The Yawning Portal



A certain infamous inn near the docks in Waterdeep, The Yawning Portal—its proprietor, one Durnan “the Wanderer”—is the only widely-known entrance to Undermountain easily accessible to the general public. Rather, it is the only known entrance accessible to those elements of the general public desperate or deranged enough to attempt entry into the underways.

The Portal is a rambling, dingy, blue-tapestried building of smoothly carved wooden pillars and panelling. It stands two doors down from The Empty Keg tavern, right next to Mother Salinka’s House of Pleasure. The inn sets squarely on the site of the long-vanished tower and fortified warehouses of the archmage Halaster Blackcloak.

More about Durnan and the inn can be found in the sourcebook *FR1/Waterdeep And The North*, the *City System* boxed set, and the module *FRE3/Waterdeep*. Details of the inn itself have been omitted from these pages to allow DMs free rein in customizing this rambling, shady place.

Innkeeper and Company

This section gives information on important NPCs found in The Yawning Portal. Only exceptional character abilities of 16 or higher are listed here. Brief information and “roleplaying” references for the NPCs follow. In the entries below, “hm” means human male, and “hf” means human female.

Durnan hm F18: AC 2; MV 12; hp 17; THAC0 3; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4 (dagger), 1-6 (hand axe), or 1-8 (long sword); Str 18/34; Con 17; Wis 16; AL NG.

Durnan is secretly a Lord of Waterdeep, and also covertly the head of the Red Sashes, a vigilante group. He says very little, and always wears *bracers of defense* AC 2. In his younger days (he is about 45 now), Durnan was thought of as a “thinking man’s barbarian,” and he is familiar with many spells, weapons, and brawling tricks from all over Faerun, including most of Kara-Tur and the steppes of the Horde.

He is used to rowdy and powerful adventurers trying to push him and his patrons around, and he should be able to handle anything the PCs throw at him. Durnan always has at least one magical weapon hidden on his person in addition

to any weapons worn openly. He and his family will be armed and wearing various protective rings (e.g. spell turning) and amulets (e.g. *greenstone*) whenever encountered. The DM is encouraged to place these items at his discretion.

Mhaere hf P4 (“Helping Hand” of La-thander): AC 8; MV 12; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (club) or mace (1d6 + 1); Dex 16; Wis 17; Cha 16; AL NG.

Mhaere has access to her old *flail* +2, plate armor, and 1d4 healing scrolls. Typical spells carried (3,2): *command*, *cure light wounds* ×2, *flame blade*, *hold person*.

Durnan’s wife, Mhaere Dryndilstann, was born in Neverwinter and is a 30-year-old, quiet, devoted wife with a will of iron and hands skilled both in healing and in dealing death in battle.

Tamsil hf F2: AC 7; MV 12; hp 17; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger) or 1-6 (short sword); Dex 17; Con 16; Int 16; Cha 16; AL CG.

Durnan’s and Mhaere’s daughter, Tamsil, is 16 years of age. She is trained by her father in some warrior’s skills, if only for defending herself against some unruly patrons of the Yawning Portal.

Durnan also always has at least one priest of Tymora in attendance at the inn. He pays the temple a daily fee-and-patrons (such as injured PCs) who need their healing spells will receive what they need. Of course, in return for healing spells, additional donations to the temple (i.e. to the priest, on the spot-no credit!) are fully expected and enforced. These priests will never enter Undermountain.

Four or more 4th to 6th level fighters loyal to Durnan are in the taproom at all times, posing as patrons. Consider them armed, dangerous, and incredibly loyal to Durnan. Any *charm* placed on them will be instantly broken by directions to hamper, disobey, steal from, or harm Durnan or his family.

The Wells

The inn actually has two wells providing entry into Undermountain. The first is a large 40' diameter open-topped “dry” well in the main taproom. This well is situated between the bar and most of the dining tables. There is also a lesser-known “wet” well hidden in a back room. The wet well provides the inn with washing

water only, and leads down into a section of the dungeon not detailed herein. It can be expanded by creative DMs; its passages connect with the city sewers in several places. The “wet” well’s side passages also provide indirect access to the plane of Hades by way of the Pool of Loss, if any living adventurers are so foolish as to wish to travel there.

The “dry” well is the major entrance to Undermountain. Its upper end is surrounded by a waist-high, foot-thick stone ring/rampart which stops errant patrons and rolling flagons from making unintentional visits to the dungeon. Lit torches are always placed in brackets around the outer edge of this ring, and a massive block-and-tackle hangs from a stone lintel above the well, hiding among the roof-beams. From the lip of the rampart to the sandy floor of the circular “Front Door” pit of the dungeon is a drop of 140 feet.

Those who dare to traverse Undermountain arrive garbed and equipped as they will, and pay one gold piece a head to Durnan to be lowered down the well in the center of the taproom. The adventurers are usually watched, bet upon, or toasted by the patrons there. The well is only lit by the torches at the top, and adventurers must have their own light sources to see by once they are lowered more than 50’ into the well.

They are lowered to a sand-floored, stone-walled area, its walls decorated with the fragments of many old, rusted, brittle shields. These are useless in any fight, but are very handy as noisemakers when banged upon. This is generally done to alert folk in the taproom above that someone is alive down below and wants to be drawn up.

The first expedition into the dungeons fills both wizards and warriors alike with tensions. As the rope slips through the adventurers’ fingers, they know it will cost them one gold piece each to be drawn up again—and that many dangers await them somewhere in the darkness all around. The blessing of Tymora is often chanted from above as they begin a deadly exploration that may win them great fortune or sudden death. “The gods,” it is said, “watch over us all, and laugh at times like madmen.” So do certain wizards, such as Halaster Blackcloak. “Tymora’s good luck be with you,” Durnan always tells adventurers wryly, as he takes their coins, “Ye’ll surely need it.”



This chapter provides a handy DM's summary of the various entrances and exits linking Undermountain with its surroundings. A wide variety of entries and exits exist, and some of these permit travel in one direction only. DMs are urged to alter access to the underways as they see fit. If an entrance or exit seems too handy, by all means, block it temporarily or even permanently.

Besides the wells of The Yawning Portal discussed earlier, Undermountain links up to the sewers of Waterdeep in several places. The sewers in turn link with most locations in Waterdeep—both by the obvious and messy everyday connections with individual buildings, and by means of access shafts and service rooms. For a general map of the known sewer layout, DMs are directed to the inside covers of sourcebook *FR1/Waterdeep and the North*. The map of the sewers is not necessary for adventuring in Undermountain: if PCs choose that route to enter the dungeon, DMs can devise their own maps of the sewers and new, unique entry points into the deep ways.

The sewers also link Undermountain to several other famous underways of the city. The first is the so-called "Dungeon of the Crypt," which lies under the City of the Dead, and is entered by a secret stair in one of the crypts. The second set of Waternhavian dungeons independent from Undermountain is the large, well-guarded dungeon complex under Castle Waterdeep.

Undermountain is further connected (via The Falling Stair) to storage caverns and tunnels higher up in Mount Waterdeep, lying west of the Castle and Piergeiron's Palace. These inner ways link Waterdeep Castle, Undermountain, and the Palace with the "Hidden Harbors" of the Seacaves. Also attached to the deep ways are the cellars of towers all along the Mount Wall, and Peaktop Eyrie with its griffon stables. These areas are all controlled by the City Guard, the armed troops of the Lords of Waterdeep, and are not described in this work. Suffice it to say that the Lords object to adventuring parties within these private chambers and haunts, and do not allow access to them except under the most extreme circumstances.

The lower levels of Undermountain contain portions of Sargauth, The River Under The Mountain, its course magically altered by Halaster. This waterway links Undermountain with the Swordsea Depths far below it, and with the Sea of Swords itself, both inside and outside the great harbor of Waterdeep.

The harbor is patrolled by mermen friendly to the Lords of the city, and is visited by sea elves and by traders of other intelligent marine races. There is a sunken lighthouse in the harbor and it is patrolled by the mermen. A normal patrol will be 12 to 14 mermen mounted on giant seahorses.

The Swordsea Depths, the vast network of dry subterranean tunnels that extend out under the ocean floor from the Sword Coast, are presently host to a long-running three-sided battle. The strife involves a nation of svirfneblin (aided by the little-known, faceless race of Thaalud, or "Tomb Tappers"), troops of drow once again expanding into the area, and certain aboleth and their evil servant creatures.

Many gates, whether fixed and mobile or constant and periodic, also link Undermountain with other locations in Faerun—and even other planes of existence. For more information, refer to the next chapter, **Gates of Undermountain**.

Most of the known entry and exit points are described in the dungeon "key" descriptions in this book. They are summarized below, by level, for easy reference for the Dungeon Master.

First Level

Sewers: Countless connections between the sewers of Waterdeep and the ways of Undermountain feature highly in the tavern-lore of the city. Many such links are suspected to still exist in an operable form, kept secret by the guilds and shady organizations that control them.

- At least one accessway to Undermountain is undoubtedly used by Xanathar, a beholder who runs his guild of freelance thieves from his hidden lair in the sewers.

- The only known "uncontrolled" sewer/dungeon access-link is located on the "Dockarm" trunk sewer that parallels the docks north of Sail Street. This sewer branches near Mirt's Mansion, and runs to link up with other sewers at a junction room under a blind alley off Nelnuk's Walk.

It is connected to the first level of Undermountain at a point usually reached by dropping down a drain and into the sewers beneath "The Slide," a steep alley named for its icy winter entertainment use by local youths. A small secret door in the sidewall of the sewer tunnel opens into a crawl-passage that gradually winds and twists through the rat-haunted remnants of old, filled-in and forgotten cellars. The passage leads down to a dead-end section of tunnel set 6 inches below the crawlway. This horizontal 3' × 3' × 6' crawlway is stationed above Room #20 of Level One: the room of The Grim Statue.

This room's ceiling is 60' up, and what is left of the statue stands over 40' tall. The crawlway mentioned above has a secret door on the floor which will open beneath a weight of 300 pounds or more, the hinged secret door opening directly above the statue! Several iron spikes are securely emplaced along the sides of the crawlway, but no rope ladder or lines remain to help delvers descend—or can they easily avoid the statue's electrical discharges?

This secret door closes by itself, 2d6 days after being opened, even if obstructed. Halaster eventually comes along and deals with any obstacles to the door, even replacing it if necessary.

It can easily be closed from above, by pulling on a pulley-and-cable closing-cord, revealed by a sliding panel which opens with the door. To close it from below requires long push-poles and much trouble and strength.

Waterways: No proper waterway connection links Undermountain's first level with the surface, but there is one area of water which poses some hazards to delvers.



- Room #31 on the Level One map is an eastbound hallway which slopes steeply downward, dropping ten feet in depth in 30 feet. It levels out for 30 feet, and descends again as a steep stair 15 feet further before striking water.

The water is icy, but clear and uninhabited. The ceiling slopes down to meet it, and the passage continues underwater for 45 feet. Characters in armor can walk along the bottom but there is no light or indication that this is any sort of exit.

Underwater, the steps descend another ten feet and give way to a level stone floor running 20' eastward. Then the floor becomes a stairway again, rising very steeply in a flight that breaks water almost immediately. It continues up a sloping shaft to a railless landing, fitted with a winch, heavy, rope, and grappling hook. At the far end of this landing is an archway, covered by curtains. Light comes from somewhere beyond. The PCs have reached a cellar of The Yawning Portal.

Gates/Teleports: In addition to numerous internal *teleports* set by Halaster, there are a number of *gates* which allow instant access to this level of Undermountain.

• The Myth Drannor Road—this is a quartet of one-way entrance gates from the ruined Halls of the Beast-Tamers in the city of Myth Drannor. The *gates* deliver PCs to a dark midsection of a long hallway on this level of Undermountain. See the **Mirror Gate Table** for the exact location of the PCs' arrival.

The ruined city of Myth Drannor lies in the distant Dragonreach lands. The Beast-Tamers 'dungeon' is detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set, on pages 46-53 of the DM's Sourcebook of the Realms.

These *gates* operate by stepping through mirrors at the following locations: #11 (the east end of the southern pool-deck in room #10), or rooms #8 and #20. All mirrors are exposed and easily seen, originally concealed behind now-missing tapestries.

The *mirror-gates* are always active, taking any beings (and their gear) that touch the mirrors elsewhere without mishap. Unless PCs devise or discover powerful spells to control the gates, such travel is always a one-way affair. Whenever a

mirror-gate is used, the DM should secretly roll 1d12. Whatever the result is, the *gate* will adhere to that destination for 1 turn. Thereafter, the DM should roll again to see if the destination changes.

Mirror Gate Table

- 1-4: Destination of the DM's choice (surface or dungeon locale anywhere in Faerun; this may change from time to time at the DM's option).
- 5-09: Beings appear at the corridor location marked XX on the Undermountain Level One map.
- 10-12: Beings appear through one of the other two *mirror-gates* in the Beast-Tamers' complex.

These gates were originally set up to bring in monster-capturing expeditions from the far corners of Faerun. Each time they function, there is a 20% chance that a monster or monsters of the DM's choice will appear through the *gate* among the arriving PCs.

• The Salamander Gate—the salamander-guarded stairs at #8B on this level lead down into a *teleport* that takes travellers into The Black Boudoir (Room #50 on Level Two of Undermountain).

• Helmgate—this level-to-level internal "jump" operates in one direction only: from the cubicle marked #15C on the Level One maps to #42 of the second level of Undermountain. This constant *gate* instantly and safely carries all who reach the west wall of the cubicle to The Hall of the Black Helm.

• The Sundered Throne—this throne *gate* (found in Room #21) leads to a number of everchanging destinations, at the DM's option. Suggested endpoints include:

1. Somewhere south of The High Moor, far to the south of Waterdeep. This is the setting for "Coils In The Dark," an scenario in *Undermountain Adventures*.
2. Any outer plane.
3. A country in the Demiplane of Dread, the RAVENLOFT™ campaign setting.
4. The Rat Hills, the garbage dump of Waterdeep, described in *Undermountain Adventures*.

5. Atop one of the guano-covered, spray-swept Sea Stacks, the rocks just outside the entrances of Waterdeep's harbor.

6. In a vampire's tomb, somewhere in the mountains north of Waterdeep (left to the DM to develop).

• The Stair Gate—the *teleport* is marked at #23B on this level. It only works when approached by a certain route (see the description at Room #23 on Level One and the corresponding map in the *Adventures* book in this set). This one-way *gate* takes beings using it to a grassy hillock outside Southfort Keep, on the seaward side of the caravan road.

• The Glow-Gate—this lit inscription is found in #30 on this level. It only works on beings reading (or at least viewing thoroughly; they need not understand the script) its inscription. It may work all the time, or it may work only periodically (when the accompanying red radiance is 'on').

This *gate* carries PCs instantly and harmlessly out of Undermountain (one-way) to a glade in the deep woods of Cormyr. The glade is half a day's trek north off the road that links Dhedluk and Immersea, and just west of the River Starkwater. This is the setting of the adventure entitled "The Killing Tree," found in the *Undermountain Adventures* book.

• Temple Gate—A flickering light in room #34F of this level is actually a one-way *gate* into the sanctum of The Island Temple, (#69 on the third level).

Other Routes: Aside from watery entrances and magical exits, grimy tunnels and sewage-filled crawlspaces, there yet exist a few ways of entering the Realms' deepest dungeon."

• Room #20 on this level is connected (via a secret stair inside the room's central statue) with room #46 on the second level.

• Feature #23 on this level, The Falling Stair, connects with the former Citadel of the Bloody Hand, now controlled by the City Guard—and thence to the many passages, storerooms, and armories inside Mount Waterdeep.

• Feature #36 on this level, The Long Dark Stair, is famous in city lore. It is currently inhabited by a deadly roper, and links Level One of Undermountain with an oubliette (covered garbage-pit) in the alley behind The Blushing Nymph, a festhall on the north side of Rainrun Street. Going west from The Yawning Portal across Cook Street, the Nymph is the second building from the northwest corner of Cook and Rainrun Streets. (For those using the FR1 map, Cook Street is the unnamed street that runs slightly west of south from all the buildings marked #7, passing near #4, to end in a "T"-junction with Lackpurse Lane.)

The backyard is usually frequented only by cats and the occasional surly youth tossing out broken glass and other garbage from the Nymph by day—and by drunks and lack-golds ejected from the Nymph. Sudden eruptions from the bone-pit will cause comment, but little action, by day. A commotion and drawn blades will occur by night.

• Area "D" on this level is connected by tiny vent-shafts to certain shop-cellars in the city above. *Potions of gaseous form* or similar means of transformation are required for most adventures to use these exits. The form of a dew-worm, book-worm, rot grub or creature of similar form able to wriggle up 1" diameter bore-holes can readily use these long, twisting shafts. Adventurers tempted to use these shafts through means of *diminution* or shape-shifting are warned that they may be home to creatures dangerous to beings of such small size, and function best as "last-resort" escape-routes.



SECOND LEVEL

Sewers: Nil

Waterways: Nil

Gates/Teleports: In addition to numerous internal *teleports* set by Halaster, there are a number of *gates* which allow instant access to this level of Undermountain.

- "The Ghost Gate"—one-way *gate* from a chamber deep beneath an alley in Waterdeep (see "The Ghost Knight" scenario in *Undermountain Adventures*) to the center of The Helmwatch (Room #45 on Level Two of Undermountain).

- Helmgate—a one-way *gate* from the cubicle marked #15C on the Level One map to #44 on the Level Two map of Undermountain. This constantly-operating *gate* instantly and safely carries all who reach the west wall of the cubicle to The Hall of the Black Helm.

- Doomgate—a two-way portal linking The Chamber of the Fallen (#51 on this level) with The Carnelian Cavern (#64 on Level Three).

- The Old Xoblob Gate—one-way travel from The Cloaker's Closet (#52 on this level) to a surface location in the city of Waterdeep.

Beings using this gate are instantly and safely transported, with all the gear they carry, to a 60'-high windowless loft/storage room on the second floor of the Old Xoblob Shop. The chamber is lit by a *driftlight* (see *glowing globe* in the Magical Items chapter), and contains an alarm-gong that rings whenever anyone appearing through the gate first sets foot on any part of the wooden floor. A broad wooden staircase leads down from the loft into the shop proper. From below, the PCs will hear a cheery call, "Come down smiling! No weapons out, please!"

The Old Xoblob Shop is the corner building next to The Purple Palace festhall in the Dock Ward (Palace is #260 on the city map in FR1). The Old Xoblob is a curio shop, filled with the remains and relics of adventurers, thieves, failed wizards, and merchants who have wandered

every corner of Faerun (and stranger worlds).

The shop is named for the stuffed, eyeless beholder that hangs from the ceiling inside. Aside from being a curiosity in itself, the beholder conceals a hired wizard who can fire a *wand of paralysis* out of the dust-covered eye tyrant's mouth. This shop is run by Dandalus "Fire-Eye," who gives his standard greeting to the arriving PCs; if he is detained by customers, his wife Arathka Ruell will administer to the PCs.

Dandalus will cheerfully buy whatever bric-a-brac PCs have managed to bring out of the dungeon. However, he will never pay more than a sixth of what it's worth. He especially likes items that can be sold ("no guarantees, of course . . .") as spell components or magical research material for the ever-eager amateur wizards of the city.

Dandalus will trade with whoever comes through the gate. He makes no enemies—he merely charges more for services to those attackers or double-crossers. Dandalus always takes the following precautions: he wears a *ring of spell turning*, a *ring of free action*, and a *greenstone amulet*; he always carries two *potions of extra-healing*, an *elixir of health*, two *iron bands of Bilarro spheres*, and six *beads of force* in his pockets. He is one of the few proprietors in Waterdeep to wear trousers with bulging pockets, and he sometimes dons an apron, also fitted with bulging pockets.

Just in case these measures fail him, he has an iron golem, Guraim the Gentle Persuader, standing in a corner, festooned with colored and scented candles for use in rituals. It will attack on the silent, mental commands of Dandalus or his wife. The Old Xoblob Shop also has other magical defenses and traps, as the DM devises.

Other Routes: Aside from watery entrances and magical *gates*, grimy tunnels and crawlspaces, there still are a few ways of entering this level of the Realms' "deepest dungeon."

Ways In and Out



• Room #46 on this level is connected with room #20 on Level One via a secret stair inside the latter room's central statue. (Note that, besides this stair linking #20 and #46, not a single stair from Level One actually reaches Level Two directly any longer, thanks to Halaster's strange sense of humor. Feel free to unblock a stair if a direct physical connection is desired. Drow and other creatures coming up from the depths can open some passages from below, meeting startled PCs as they clear the last of the rubble away.)

Third Level

Sewers: Nil

Waterways: Sargauth, The River of The Depths, links this level with the surface. The river bypasses the first and second levels entirely, but also links the surface Seacaves with at least two other, lower

levels of Undermountain.

The surface connection is by means of a huge lift-cradle or hoist from one arm of Sargauth extending beyond subterranean Skullport to one of the South Seacaves—see the **Known History of Undermountain** chapter for details. Pipes carry water from one “end” of the serpentine Sargauth to another; Halaster's *teleport* carries ships from one basin to another. It also ferries ships to and from lower levels such as the fungus farms of Level Four (the Sargauth on that level is stagnant; ships must move by rowing or poling).

Gates/Teleports: In addition to the numerous internal *teleports* set by Halaster, there are a number of *gates* which allow instant access to this level of Undermountain.

• Moveable Gate—The Shimmering Gate, opened by the unique magics controlled by the Eye, appears in a random

alleyway at night in Waterdeep. The alley must be somewhere south of the Castle and The City of the Dead. The Shimmering Gate leads into the Entry Cavern of The Eye's Lair (Room #68 on Level Three).

• Doomgate—a two-way link from The Chamber of the Fallen (#51 on Level Two) to The Carnelian Cavern (#64 on this level).

• Thundergate—this gate works only rarely, but is a one-way exit from The Lost Cavern (#65 on this level) to The Rat Hills outside Waterdeep; see the descriptive chapter of the same name, in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set.

Other Routes: None known.

Veteran adventurers in the Realms can find many *gates* scattered all over Faerun during careers of exploring dungeons, ruins, and other lost, forgotten places. Many come to realize that an ancient network of magical transportation spans much of the Realms, particularly in the Sword Coast North. Little used and largely forgotten today, these transports can mean the difference between life and death for adventurers stranded far from aid when wounds or foes threaten. Most sages, if they travel at all, make it their business to learn the locations and specific powers of as many *gates* in the areas as they can.

In its most common form, a *gate* in Faerun is merely a space between two standing stones. Some appear as normal doors, or are marked only by known distances from certain boulders (or even atop boulders).

Gates may be of three basic types:

- *gates* which operate constantly.
- *gates* which must be triggered by a key. Such a key may be the use of a spell, command word, mechanical process, or the presence or operation of a specific magical item. A simple talisman—an item not possessing magical powers of its own, but which bears a dweomer—may also be magically linked to the specific *gate* to function as a “key”.
- *gates* which operate periodically regardless of the presence or desires of travellers. The *gates* function often in accordance with phases of the moon, stellar configurations, or certain annual events such as solstices—Midsummer Night is always a traditional night for rare magics to occur—and equinoxes.

Some Gate-Lore

These gates were evidently built by several races (including elves and humans) long ago, and the secrets of their making were forgotten or deliberately suppressed. The locations and properties of individual gates were often lost or distorted by legend. Some acquired guardian monsters, and bloody legends to go with them.

The wisest sages believe that widespread devastation was brought about in Faerun a thousand winters ago and more by invasions of fell otherplanar creatures, and that plane-spanning wars erupted. Such wars brought about the fall of Myth Drannor, and continued long after its

passing, some continuing to the present. Much of the daily work of powerful archmages such as Kheلبن and Elminster is concerned with policing the other ends of *gates* connecting with Toril, and protecting Torilian ends of such *gates*.

Many of the proudest nations of Toril—Calimshan, Thay, and most of the lands of Kara-Tur—do not embrace a world-view which admits that others were great and powerful before them. They believe in their own powers, never firmly accepting notions of greater powers in ages past. Sages and folklore in such places ignore the existence of local *gates*, or spout egocentric nonsense about how this or that local ruler, family, or member of the Celestial Bureaucracy created a *gate* and controls it now. Adventurers are warned that reliance on the “truth” of such proud lies is very often fatal. It is best to allow fools to fool only themselves.

It is known among the Harpers and a few powerful wizards that the making of *gates* was one of the crowning achievements of The High Elven Magic, which survives today only in the elven island realm of Evermeet. The notion that *gates* were once more widespread and easily constructed than today is supported by the use of *gates* to remove wastes from privy facilities, to introduce fresh air and water to subterranean areas, and to bring food to imprisoned creatures. All such uses of *gates* are found in Undermountain and the Sword Coast North.

The Care and Feeding of Gates

Almost all *gates* seem to involve the presence of stone as a floor, doorway, or other boundary. Current thinking suggests that the presence of stone acts as a necessary anchor or ‘ground’ for the energies generated by *gates*. Some dormant *gates* appear as blank walls, mirrors, or paintings which “unfreeze” to reveal the landscape of their destination when the gate becomes active.

Gates seem nearly indestructible. Attempts to disintegrate part of a *gate*'s support structure (a door frame, a rock pillar, etc.) disrupt the integrity of the magical field. The *gate* either alters its area of effect or its triggering conditions; the *gate* now operates along an entire hallway, not just one doorway, and it transports all creatures within range, not just, say, orcs and goblins. There is a five percent

chance that tampering with a *gate*'s physical borders can cause it to self-destruct, dealing 9d6 points of damage in a 60' radius explosion.

Many *gates* are known to have traps or safeguards built into them. Heed the following warning, but place the *gate* conditions at the portals of your choice:

“Gate traps and safeguards occur seemingly at random—perhaps every sixth, seventh, or ninth time a gate operates, whenever a given being has more than 3 magical items on his or her person or is using a certain protective spell while passing through a gate, or when the darkness of night holds sway at either the starting-point or destination. The rules governing gates vary from time to time, precisely to confound players who Read Too Much —E.”

- The *gate* may not work if more than 1,000 pounds of matter or living creatures are within a certain “safe radius” (25') of the *gate* itself. Such safeguards are one of the reasons invading armies are not likely to overwhelm Waterdeep via a *gate* any time soon.

- The *gate* may not work if certain magical spells (*protection from good/evil, stoneskin, fly*, etc.) are operating within a 40' radius of the *gate* itself.

- Another safeguard is a widespread property of *gates* to drain magic from those who pass through them. Magical potions and items which use charges must make a saving throw vs. magical fire or be drained of 1d8 charges, failed potions losing all their effectiveness.

- *Gates* may cast *feeblemind* spells on users.

- *Gates* may also strip objects and creatures passing through of all metal, such as most armor, weapons, and treasure. “Stolen” items vanish to various destinations—typically an area controlled by the ruler of a plane into which a *gate* operates. In the case of an outer plane, this “ruler” is often a deity of some sort. In the case of Undermountain, the destination is one of Halaster’s Hidden Caverns—caves located in a ‘vestpocket’ dimensionaloubliette somewhere, guarded by creatures loyal to Halaster, and inspected by him now and then. He gleans useful items (such as magical ones) from the use of his *gates* by others.

- *Gates* may also be trapped to split up parties of travellers by sending them to



varying destinations. They may also be less subtle, sending users to destinations deep underwater or a mile up in mid-air, or unleashing electrical discharges or scything blades at those using them in the wrong direction or manner. A wizard who knows that one must crawl through a certain *gate* might reach his own sanctum safely, whereas the orc or brigand that follows him may arrive, no longer in a position to do him harm.

Gatelurkers

Certain types of monsters often lurk near *gates*, waiting to pounce on bewildered or off-guard arrivals. Depending on the traps and conditions of the *gate*, these can be scavengers, tribes of intelligent monsters, or even undead. The most common "gatelurkers" include carrion crawlers, cave fishers, doppelgangers, gargoyles, greater basilisks, jermlaine, kenku, kobolds, mimics, ropers, shadows, stirges, umber hulks, and will o'wisps. Other sorts of creatures may be encountered as deliberately-set guardians, to guard the "home" end of a *gate* into the abode of a powerful wizard, priest, beholder, lich, mind flayer, or naga.

Gates In Undermountain

There are many known *gates* operating within, and as entrances and exits to, Undermountain. Many of these are detailed in the **Ways In and Out** chapter of this book, and others are mentioned above and in the level-by-level room descriptions. These transports are an integral part of Undermountain—a key factor in preventing greedy merchants or wizards from the city above, or rapacious subterranean races from below, from gaining control of large areas of Undermountain. The DM should play them as such, using them to "lose" a party of beginning-to-grow bored PCs. This prevents anyone from simply going in and out of the dungeon on daily plundering missions—if you have to find a new way out each time you enter, you certainly won't enter the place very often.

Crafty adventurers could cast spells or fire missiles into operating *gates*, activated by the hurled bodies of opponents, so that the attacks arrive at the other (or another) destination of the *gate*. Wizards

are warned that some *gates* twist magical effects into strange results—healing a foe one meant to harm!—or even totally reflect them back at their source.

In Undermountain, Halaster uses *gates* to continually 'restock' the dungeon with monsters. Such transports involve links with other planes, and even with a 'Star-dock' asteroid from the **SPELLJAMMER™** campaign setting. For more information, see the chapter on **How To Expand Undermountain**.

Some *gates* in Undermountain are thought to be the work of beings older than, or even hostile to, Halaster and his ex-apprentices. There exists a *gate* by which certain underearth creatures tried to invade Waterdeep's sewers (and thence, the city itself) in the days of mighty Ahghairon. That first Lord of Waterdeep is known to have worked a rare and mighty *gatewarp* spell. This unique and legendary magic allegedly shifts the locations of both ends of a *gate* while creatures traverse it, forcing them to unintended destinations! The exact location of the Waterdhavian end of that *gate* is now forgotten or secret, though mermen patrols tell of a mysterious mound of bones and armor somewhere near the bottom of the harbor.

This chapter contains rumors about Undermountain that are current (or recurrent) in Waterdeep. They are gentle hints and suggestions to spur PCs into exploring its depths. Use these in tavern, inn, and street-corner gossip sessions, to 'feed' the PCs with adventuring ideas. The truth behind each of these rumors is up to each DM to decide. The dungeon "key" information in this book certainly hints at where the truth lies in some instances.

- A mad wizard dwells deep in Undermountain. He commands strange and terrible spells so powerful that the Lords of Waterdeep (and all the archmages they can call on) have never been able to defeat him. If he ever decides to emerge and claim or destroy Waterdeep itself, there is no one powerful enough to stop him . . .

- Somewhere inside Mount Waterdeep is a cavern full of gems, linked by a magical *gate* to a mountain-top in the heart of The High Forest. The mountain's peak is an eons-old spawning-ground for evil dragons. It is guarded by old and evil dragons too feeble to fly, but at the height of their cunning and mastery of magic and dragonfire . . .

- Slavers dwell in the uppermost rooms and passages of Undermountain. They creep out into the sewers by night to snatch folk all over the city, and take them back into the depths, into slavery . . .

- An entire underground city exists, deep under Mount Waterdeep. Only those 'in the know' can reach it (by tunnels from Piergeiron's Palace and some of the noble villas). It is a place where slaves work ceaselessly to enrich the noble families of Waterdeep . . .

- The Thieves' Guild, banished from Waterdeep long ago, still lurks deep in Undermountain, waiting and scheming to win back power in the city above. They are behind a hundred little thefts and disappearances while their blades and trained guard-rats make the sewers unsafe for honest folk to venture into . . .

- The dwarves who built Undermountain were all eaten by monsters long, long ago—but their many traps and secret doors still hide entire rooms full of gold. No one knows exactly how to find these hidden caches, but I've heard tell of the ghosts of Clan Melairkyn who trace the steps to their golden hoards every night . . .

- A band of at least a dozen beautiful elven vampire maidens dwells in a grotto in Undermountain, near the docks. They fly out at nights, wandering the city south of the Castle, searching for luckless men who become their prey. The most handsome become their undead servants and lovers, and the others are left, near death from blood-drain.

- Ahghairon, the founder of Waterdeep as it is known today, cloned himself before his death. The clone later became a lich, and it dwells in the still-sealed Ahghairon's Tower. The tower is connected by a long spiral staircase and tunnels to Undermountain. In the depths of Undermountain, the lich experiments and studies, creating ever-more-powerful spells. His spellcasting caverns and antechambers, crammed with thousands of spellbooks, are guarded by magically-trained and bound dragons and other, invisible guardian creatures . . .

- Secret temples exist in great numbers in Undermountain, particularly those of evil gods not welcomed in the city above. The priests of these deities are engaged in an endless, bloody war for supremacy in the dark tunnels beneath the city—a fight involving summoned and animated monsters, hired adventurers, and unwitting or kidnapped "volunteers" who are thrust into the middle of this endless, nightmarish struggle.

Priests often use this enforced battle-duty as a punishment for their wayward and faithless followers. This is also used as a way of getting rid of vocal opponents of their temple. Some even suggest that

every temple in the city has a well-guarded, secret tunnel linking it to Undermountain . . .

- A mad necromancer inhabits part of Undermountain. By night, he emerges to steal vagabonds, the sick, and the dead from the city to serve as 'raw materials' or 'spare parts' for the undead legions he creates. His creations roam Undermountain and guard his lair. He has a special guard near his lair which consists of three headless giant skeletons with glowing stone swords. The touch of these fell blades transforms those struck into zombies, under the command of the giant-skeletons . . .

- The City Guard, the standing army of Waterdeep, has trained monsters to fight for it in battle.

The monster-pits are hidden somewhere in Mount Waterdeep. If the soldiers encounter unruly adventurers or ruthless law-breakers, they dump them down trapdoors to the lightless caverns where the ever-hungry monsters roam . . .

- One of the oldest tales of Undermountain, many still tell of the six Lost Wizards. These wizards, rivals and contemporaries of Halaster, came to the region seeking something from the master of the Underhalls. Tales digress with each telling, many believing the wizards sought knowledge while others say revenge brought them here. Despite these differences, the stories say the wizards now lie dead or imprisoned in Undermountain, their bodies interred with powerful magical items and lost magical knowledge.

- Recently, new delvers into the deep ways are told of rewards offered by the Lords of Waterdeep for the destruction of evil temples underneath the city. All adventurers need to do is bring evidence of the temple's destruction up the Falling Stair and they will be duly rewarded.

Architecture

Unless otherwise noted, all areas in Undermountain have walls, ceilings, and floors of smooth, worked and fitted stone flags, blocks, and slabs. The stone is generally gray, mottled local granite, hard and not easily fractured. Even in areas carved out of solid rock, the bedrock has either been smoothed and engraved with joint-lines to resemble the surrounding stonework or covered with a plaster stucco and stone blocks affixed to it.

Corridors are generally 10' wide and 10' high with relatively level floors. Room ceilings are 16' high unless otherwise noted—many are higher.

Stairs in Undermountain never have railings. The steps are stone blocks cut out of bedrock or piled up to form a stair.

Barrier Spells

Old, but still potent, protective magics placed by Halaster prevent many forms of *teleportation* and similar spells—*word of recall*, *dimension door*, *succor*, and even *passwall*—from functioning within (and into or out of) Undermountain. No magical methods of escape are possible unless such magics don't touch or pass through any stone walls, doors, floors or ceilings.

Exceptions to this are usually Halaster's magical *gates*, but various *phase* spells and abilities generally work, allowing creatures to merge with, and move through (as opposed to destroying, altering, or temporarily removing) stone.

ESP and similar 'scrying and prying' magics (even *locate object*) are similarly prohibited through walls, doors, floors, and ceilings. If attempted, they are exhausted (the spell lost, or item charges expended), but nothing occurs. *Wizard eyes* and *projected images* can move only to locations reachable via keyholes and similar gaps.

In a like manner, spells that summon creatures and items from outside the dungeon do not work. A *monster summoning*, for instance, only calls on creatures already in Undermountain. Most magical items that summon things from elsewhere (such as *horns of Valhalla*) do work. All items that create their own extra-dimensional areas (such as *bags of holding* and *portable holes*) also operate. Any further exceptions to all of these magical prohibitions are noted in the text.

PCs who wish to destroy any of Halas-

ter's barrier spells wish to attempt nigh-impossible deeds. They should be warned that they must determine how and where to dispel the many-layered magics—a process likely to attract many monsters and take many months. Another obstacle in the path of the PCs is that someone (or something!) seems to repair and restore things around Undermountain from time to time. Destroying Halaster's life's work is often a thankless—and more often fruitless—task.

Note that the spells used by Halaster to construct and alter sections of the dungeon, and to protect it with the barriers noted, cause most walls, floors, and ceilings of Undermountain to radiate magic. In some cases, it is specifically stated that an area or feature radiates magic so strongly that *detect magic* powers cannot locate hidden magical items. *Detect magic* also cannot distinguish the outlines of areas where magic is currently in use or has just been cast.

In other cases, the DM should decide whether a *detect magic* will be able to distinguish a specific aura from the auraglare of "background" magic. Factors such as the current strength (and imminent danger!) of the party, the degree to which PCs rely on detection spells to avoid dungeon features, and the care with which the *detection* spell is wielded should all come into play.

Climate

Undermountain tends to be cold and a little dank—about the same as a typical cellar in Waterdeep, close to the sea and in a northern temperate climate. Some areas are much damper (even possessing running water and prolific mold) while others are dry and dusty (no drinking water in sight). Deeper levels seem to be slightly warmer, perhaps due to volcanic heat, though this applies more to Levels Seven, Eight, and Nine of Undermountain.

In all areas of Undermountain, unless otherwise noted, the air is good—many sources feed the dungeon with fresh air, some with magical aid. Sealed doors, sewer connections, and decay can, of course, create unpleasant odors and less healthy localized conditions, but an adventurer lost in Undermountain is at more risk from monsters and starvation than asphyxiation or gaseous explosions.

DOORS

Most doors are of stone, turning on smooth-polished socket-pins, with pull-rings on both sides. Locks are inset within the doors, and use keys (often missing!) to drive metal or stone bolts into the doorframes. Some of these have weakened with age, and may easily be forced; text notes will indicate whether a door is standing open, locked or unlocked, and if it may be easily forced. Exceptions to these specifications are always noted.

Door-frames tend to fit tightly, although few have overlap-lips that bar all passage of air or sound. Unless otherwise noted (indicated as "air-tight" or "seals when closed"), assume that doors block most non-impact sounds—except high-pitched shrieks—and have only a half-inch or less gap between the sill and the door all around. Doors slammed shut on a being typically deal crushing damage of 1d4 points plus points of damage equal to the Armor Class rating of the being (subtract negative ACs). A successful Dexterity Check—monsters need a saving throw vs. paralyzation—allows half damage.

Doors falling on a being (usually as the result of an explosion or trap) do 2d4 points of damage plus points equal to the being's armor class. A Dexterity Check will allow half damage. A second Dexterity Check determines if the being is pinned under the door. If this occurs, the being must make a successful Bend Bars/Lift Gate roll (one allowed per round) to worm free without aid from others. Certain doors or moving wall sections are exceptions to this, and are noted in the "dungeon key" text.

The DM should note that there are many magical doors in Undermountain—some of which seem to move or alter their properties from time to time. The doors may be placed randomly, during play. Details of these magical portals are given on one of the cards included in this boxed set. If the PCs revisit a magical door and the DM forgets that it was magical, or what type of door it was—it seems like Halaster is watching you carefully!

If no door is indicated on a map and no mention is made of a door being missing, assume entry to the space beyond is by arched opening.



Dungeon Information

Reliable information is a rare and precious commodity in Waterdeep, even more so when information regards the vast, legend-filled halls of Halaster. Many are the rumors, misconceptions, fables, and outright lies concerning the Realms' most famous dungeon, as the Rumors chapter details. Despite all these untruths surrounding it, Undermountain's true secrets are known by a select few.

The Lords of Waterdeep keep Undermountain, and Skullport, under scrutiny, gleaning what facts they can from its shadows. Durnan and Khelben are by far the most knowledgeable on the topic of Undermountain. If player characters are of name status, or have made themselves known previously to these men, they can gain some facts and tips for surviving beyond the Yawning Portal. Of course, the trick is in finding these men when you need them...

DMs may create new NPCs who can aid the PCs in their search for accurate information. These NPCs might allow them to learn of certain items about the under halls, but DMs should limit information to certain topics (e.g. Rathas the conjurer can tell PCs about a number of traps to expect, but he knows nothing accurate about the monsters or NPCs.).

Finally, PCs travelling through Undermountain will find a number of corpses, adventurers who fell victim to the dungeon's perils. These people, contacted

via speak with dead, are the most reliable sources the PCs can find with direct, hands-on knowledge of the dungeon. Granted, this knowledge often arrives too late to be of any benefit. Still, information from the dead may allow the PCs to at least avoid the fatal dangers their predecessors found.

Magic-Dead Areas

Certain areas of Undermountain are "magic-dead," probably as a result of certain experiments. These areas are invisible but have clear and sudden borders, and are always identified in the text. Certain spell-using monsters can 'feel' the presence and boundaries of "magic-dead" areas, and will not enter them willingly. Within the boundaries of a "magic-dead" area, spells do not work, magical item effects do not function, and ongoing spells and magical powers are suspended until the bearer of said magics is out of the area.

Spellcasting attempts cast in such areas will not "waste" the spell, nor are charges lost or the duration of ongoing effects consumed: everything magical is simply 'on hold.' Magical weapons function as normal weapons, and memorization of new spells is impossible.

Certain natural spell-like powers of monsters will not function, but others (particularly those concerned with shape-changing and movement) are unaffected. In a like manner, magical healing and poison negation recently achieved by spells

or potions is not lost, undone, or suspended while in a "magic-dead" area.

These areas have never been observed to negate or block the effects of Halaster's wall-barriers—PC wizards cannot *teleport* out of Undermountain, or otherwise do things that Halaster's barriers prevent elsewhere in Undermountain, by working through the walls of a "magic-dead" area.

Monsters

The dangers of the dungeons would never be quite complete without an exciting array of gruesome creatures stalking the brave adventurers. Halaster continually brings more and more monsters into Undermountain via *gates* deep within the lowest levels of the dungeon. Regardless of their natural habitats, many monsters find the prey here quite suitable for their tastes.

The monster Encounter Tables and Attracted Monster Table on the Level One map give the DM a good grasp of the variety of beasts and horrors which lurk in the shadows. The frequency of the monsters' appearances is the DM's decision, but be warned—the halls of Halaster are always more dangerous than they seem at first glance.

Suggestions (Wandering Monsters):

- Roll one d6 every three hours of game time, checking for monsters. If a 1 is rolled, roll on the appropriate table to determine the monster(s) encountered. This check occurs regardless of night or day—these time frames don't exist in the dungeons!
- Whenever a party fights in passageways and halls, remember that sound does carry, and fighting PCs are rarely quiet! Roll a d6; if a 1 or 2 results, roll again on the Attracted Monsters table to determine what shambles along to see the commotion. This roll applies also to any noise or commotion out of the ordinary for the dungeon: armored PCs falling down the stairs, wounded monsters fleeing down the halls, spells (*fireball* and *lightning bolt*) create quite spectacular sound effects in echoing halls!), or even pounding on doors and walls. Sound equals food in the minds of many beasts, and food on the hoof is better yet!



The Depths of Undermountain

Hail, well met, and welcome to the “deepest dungeon of them all!” The Depths of Undermountain is the key to adventures under the city of Waterdeep, detailing the fantastic dangers and treasures hidden within the maps of this boxed set. One important note for Dungeon Masters—this dungeon is set up for multiple stages of detail and danger. Each level of Undermountain is divided into Core Rooms and Areas of Interest. These distinctions can make a difference in play and serve numerous purposes:

Core Rooms are the essential encounter areas of the dungeon, those areas most likely entered by characters travelling through Undermountain. These rooms and encounters are labelled by numbers on your maps. The Core Rooms are designed for six to eight characters of levels 4-8, characters of higher level finding major challenges the deeper they descend into Halaster’s lair. Characters of lower levels can adventure in Undermountain, but their chances of survival are slim unless they are extremely careful (Durnan usually suggests that low level adventurers explore and map no more than ten rooms at a time before returning to the Yawning Portal; “Delving deeper into the depths when you are so young and inexperienced tries the patience of Tymora.”)

Areas of Interest are additional encounters for DMs to insert into the underways, easily marked on all maps as lettered combination markings. These areas and rooms add more encounters for the PCs, more dangers, and more surprises beyond the Core Rooms. Some areas simply add details, not dangerous in any way but adding depth to the dungeon and the creatures and characters within it. Using the Areas of Interest increases the complexity, and overall difficulty of Undermountain; six to eight characters of levels 7-12 (and beyond!) are best suited to take on all the myriad perils of Waterdeep’s dark under ways.

Dungeon Masters are encouraged to read through the *Campaign Guide of Undermountain* before introducing it to their campaigns. Pick and choose what details, traps, monsters, and treasures that are suitable for your campaigns. If PCs are of lower levels than suggested

above, lessen the numbers of monsters, traps, and random encounters. Even though Halaster attempts to keep his halls well stocked with dangerous, carnivorous monsters, the party could luckily enter the dungeon when Halaster simply forgot to *gate* in a large assortment of guardians. In short, make Halaster’s home your own, and design its perils as you see fit.

Entry: The Well

Most expeditions into Undermountain begin in the 40' diameter well, introduced in The Yawning Portal chapter. After paying their fees of 1 gp each, hearty adventurers are lowered down by a rope into the entry room of Undermountain. The room is 40' square with a sand floor and an exit in the southwest corner of the room.

Faint, flickering torchlight from the tap-room above always filters down about 50' into the well, and can easily be seen from below. Adventurers must supply their own light sources to be able to see during the entire 140 foot descent down the well and into the dungeon. Unless brought out of the area, any torchlight carried by beings in the well room does not penetrate more than an arm's length beyond the large, unadorned archway on the western wall that links the well with the rest of Undermountain.

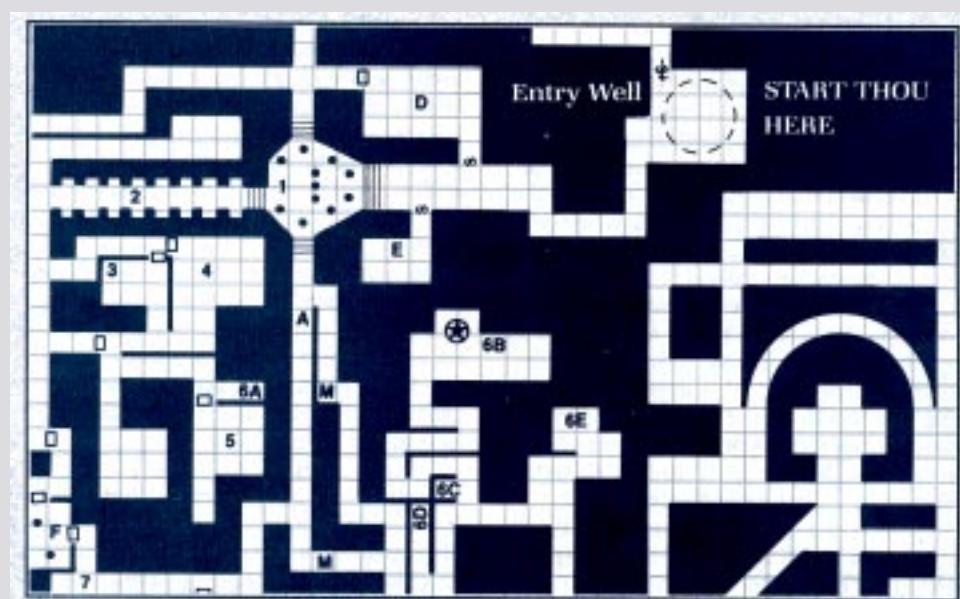
The well's loose, sandy floor turns to solid rock three feet down, but does not

impede characters' movement. In the sand can be found many bones (human and other races), over a dozen torch-ends (which give, at most, fifteen rounds of light if combined, and lit), and three copper pieces. At least one turn of digging is necessary to unearth any of the coins.

The walls are adorned with battered, rusting and cracked shields all around the well area. Family crests adorn the shields, though few are recognizable as modern-day noble families of Waterdeep. Behind one of the (useless) shields, a joint between two blocks of the wall contains a single gold piece, wedged there by an adventurer who never came back to make use of it for his ascent fee.

Note that individuals ascending without a gold piece to pay must forfeit all that they wear and carry in lieu of payment. If they refuse, or if they have nothing of any measureable worth, they are dropped down again—without a rope, if their objections are too hostile or strenuous.

The secret door leading north out of the entry room is a one-way door. It cannot be detected or opened from the southern (Well) side, but only from the north. PCs who suspect that a passage lies beyond, and lack magical means of forcing an opening, must deal the door 60 points of physical damage to shatter it, and then clear away the stones for another two rounds to permit passage. The DM should make Attracted Monster Checks every third round during which attacks are made upon the door.



Room #1: The Hall of Many Pillars

Two broad steps lead down into a widening room crowded with a forest of stone pillars. Archways can be seen in its northern, western, and southern walls. Something metallic glints on the floor, among the many stone pillars.

This room contains only smooth-worked stone pillars, a single gold coin lying at the base of the central pillar, and a small black rat, which will scurry away to the north at the approach of intruders.

The room is a "magic-dead" area (see the preceding section on General Notes). The boundaries of this effect extend to the outer edges of the exit archways. From the entry stairs, the room leads on to three archways. Each of these opens onto three descending steps and a corridor running onward.

On the diagonal southeast wall, someone used a torch to scrawl on the wall (in Thorass): "CERTAIN DEATH, THIS WAY." Underneath these words is an arrow pointing toward the southern exit from the room.

The northernmost pillar is adorned with the entwined skeleton of a long-dead snake of some sort which spirals around the pillar near its smooth junction with the ceiling. Its fangs are open as if to bite its prey. It is not undead, and has no special properties.

Careful examination of the southernmost pillar uncovers a loose stone. If pushed, it pivots open to reveal a long, narrow storage cavity within the pillar, about the size of a large man's forearm. In the cavity are three foot-long, tapering sticks of plain wood.

They may look like wands, but they are simply non-magical wooden sticks. There is also a small brass key lying in the dust at the bottom of this alcove—which will open anything the DM wants it to, in some other adventure, elsewhere.

The rat which scurries out is a normal rat curious about the light and noise; it does not carry any diseases. It is not interested in fighting, and has no companions or family. If the DM desires, it will flee along ahead of the party as they explore the dungeon, reappearing from time to time to cross their path ahead with excited squeaking noises. Aside from innocent amusement, this can provide the DM

with a chance to lead the party to doors and directions they might otherwise miss.

Rat — Common (1): Int Animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 1/4; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Disease; SZ T ML 2; XP 7 each.

Room #2: The Hall of Mirrors

The corridor ahead seems to reflect your lights back from many glimmering surfaces, on both walls. All is quiet. Something small is lying on the floor, part way down the corridor.

The blackened end of a burnt-out torch lies on the floor, part way down the corridor. This stretch of corridor is adorned with sixteen large, heavy oval glass mirrors, eight on each wall. They all look alike. The mirrors all radiate a faint magical dweomer: ancient protective spells designed to protect their silvery backing from the dampness. All hang on hooks on the walls, and can be readily smashed. DM's note: from time to time, parties re-entering Undermountain discover that broken mirrors are replaced, the glass is cleaned up, different (and often odd) items are placed in the storage niches, and the location of the "nasty" mirror is shuffled around.

Three of the mirrors (DM's choice) hang in front of small storage niches in the wall, concealing them completely. One of these niches contains two identical stoppered glass vials inside metal "cages" to cushion them from breakage. One is a potion of healing (restores 2d4 + 2 lost hp), and the other is a potion of extra-healing (restores 3d8 + 3 hp).

The second niche found contains a small, open-topped brass cauldron with handle, in which are stuffed 40 gp. The cauldron is heavy, and does damage as a mace if swung, while full, in combat (scattering its coins in the process!).

The third niche is empty.

The westernmost mirror on the north wall is a *mirror of opposition*, detailed in the Dungeon Master's Guide. The double it creates emerges from it at the end of the same round in which it was viewed, reaching or charging out to attack. The double is silent, and attacks first on the round following its emergence. It ignores all attacks and menaces except those of

the being it is reflecting. It attacks that being unhesitatingly and fearlessly, using the best of the being's available weapons, spells, and abilities.

If the original being falls, dead or apparently so, the double attacks other party members, continuing (and pursuing, if necessary) until all have fallen, or is itself destroyed. When the double is destroyed, all its items vanish with it, even if separated or in the possession of another.

If this *mirror of opposition* is attacked, it can withstand 4 hit points of damage. Any points in excess of that will cause it to vanish (not shatter!). In its place *two* doubles of the being causing the excess damage will appear, both concentrating their attacks on the being they are reflections of!

Room #3: Nimraith's Rest

In this alcove lies a human skeleton, huddled under a riven brass shield. It is clad in the crumbling remnants of leather armor. A metal, visored helm sits upright on the flagstone floor nearby.

The skeleton is human, and although it is intact, even to joint-sinews, it is not undead. The shield, split in two and pitted here and there with weak, crumbling areas (from long-ago contact with acid), is effectively worthless. The word "Nimraith" is etched across it, in Thorass.

The leather armor has also perished; it will crumble away into dust and mere shavings when touched, yielding only rusty buckles to scavengers. Amid its folds, entirely under the body, are the rotting remains of a knapsack, of the same material.

This knapsack contains a smooth, polished ivory tube (worth 2 sp), and a mouldering mass of cloth scraps (once a piece of cheese, wrapped in cloth). Inside the tube are two scraps of parchment. One is *Nimraith's Map* (see **Maps & Charts of Undermountain** in the *Undermountain Adventures* book) and the other is a scroll on which are written two *cure light wounds* spells.

The helm is intact, but eaten from within by rust; a being of average strength can drive his fingers through it while handling it. The helm contains nothing of value, though it contains something.



The helm is also the sleeping-place of a thirsty **stirge**, who will burst up at any being disturbing the helm, flying to attack the face or any other exposed flesh. If no such easy target exists, the stirge will fly rapidly about searching for one, swooping and darting to avoid missile fire and spells, with which it is familiar. The stirge must be killed to remove it from a struck victim; attacks against it while it is attached may hit its victim—roll a second attack roll against the victim's AC to determine.

Stirge (1): Int Animal; AL Neutral; AC 8; MV 3, FL 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 9; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 plus blood drain of 1-4 per round thereafter (to a 12 hp maximum); ML 8; XP 175.

Room #4: Cobweb Chamber

The floor of this area is strewn with stony rubble, and gray, dust-shrouded cobwebs hang from ceiling to floor, blocking all view of what lies within.

This room is dark and silent. The cobwebs are thick and many-layered. If burned or struck aside, they readily part, releasing clouds of gray, furry (harmless) dust. There are no creatures here; whatever made the webs is long gone.

The rubble on the floor ranges from tiny pebbles the size of a single joint of a lady's little finger, up to blocks the size of a man's torso. If one searches diligently, seventeen fist-sized stones can be found. They are of a hard but readily shattered black stone and originally made up some sort of statue—curved, shaped surfaces can readily be seen on many of the fragments.

If anyone laboriously pieces together the statue, a process requiring almost a month of steady work, it is revealed as a rounded hump of stone on which stand three human male warriors, all facing outwards and holding short swords ready. The warriors all have wary faces and upright spears in their other hands. The warriors are naked and barefoot, their features of no recognizable people, religion, or origin. The workmanship is fine, but the shattered condition of the statue makes it worth only about 6 sp to a noble collector who can pay to have it duplicated by a craftsman. The statue once

had a strong spell or magical effect cast upon it, and the rubble still emits a very faint, flickering dweomer if a *detect magic* is used upon it.

Aside from the cobwebs and the rubble, the room appears to be empty. If anyone searches or walks into the northeast corner of the room, two of the flagstones will sound slightly hollow underfoot. They are loose, and can readily be lifted to reveal a 2' deep, 1' × 3' stone-lined storage niche. In the niche lies a sack, and lying on the sack is a severed, skeletal human hand.

The hand is merely that—a hand, not any sort of undead monster or magically-animated trap. It will fall apart if handled much.

The sack is of old, rotten hide, and will disintegrate if pulled at, spilling out its contents: 86 electrum pieces, treated with *blueshine* by long-ago dwarven smiths. These coins are stamped with the hammer (on one side) and anvil (on the obverse) symbol of the trading-dwarves of the Sword Coast.

Room #5: Chamber of Death

PCs exploring the northern corridor outside this room can see something fairly small, dark, and horizontal on the end (easternmost) wall of the corridor (marked 6A). See the Room #6 description for full details.

In this chamber, many bodies lie—both human and those of tall, armored, hairy creatures with long ears and fangs. Only two figures move in the room, searching among the bodies, grunting and snarling to each other. One breaks off and raises its head to look your way!

The two creatures are **bugbears**; if any of the PCs have encountered bugbears before, identify them as such now. The two living bugbears will attack ferociously—even if the PCs outnumber them. They know that their only hope of survival lies in a strong, immediate attack. If the PCs fare well, the bugbears simply try to fight past them and flee. They then skulk behind the party, taking care not to be seen, until the party is weak, asleep, or engaged with another foe—whereupon

they attack from the rear! The bugbears hurl their spears at the party's approach (or flight), and then fight with their clubs, hurling maces to fell fleeing PCs or spellcasters after battle is joined.

Bugbear (2): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5 (10); MV 9; HD 3 + 1; hp 25, 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (2d4) or by weapon: 1d6 + 3 (mace), 1d6 + 2 (spear), 1d6 + 2 (club); SA Surprise, +2 to damage; SZ L; ML 12; XP 120 each.

End of the Black Banners

The corpses, very recently slain, consist of three bugbears and seven human men. One bugbear lies atop a man, and another man is sprawled on top of a bugbear. The other bodies are strewn about the room. Each bugbear corpse lacks any armor, but has a club and a warhammer; one also has a short sword.

The men were all novice adventurers, newly arrived from troubled Tethyr to try their fortunes here. They know nothing of Waterdeep, having *teleported* to Undermountain via a *gate* in Calimport. DMs are free to develop adventures, tales, and information that these dead men can reveal under a *speak with dead* spell. They called themselves "The Black Banner Band," and their members' bodies are as follows.

A youngish, bearded man in robes lies twisted atop the knapsack still strapped to his back, a quarter staff still clutched in his hands. His skull is crushed, and a brass ring gleams on one finger.

This was Thanriyon Arkhelt, a NG 2nd level wizard. His robes of worn and patched black cotton are belted at the waist, and scabbarded at the belt is a *dagger +1* that glows when it is drawn. In fact, it glows with a faint amber radiance all the time, whether the bearer wants it to or not; *dispel magic* will temporarily negate this effect, for 1 turn per level of the caster. Its radiance is bright enough to read by, when the writing is near the blade, but not bright enough to illuminate areas more than 5' from the bearer.

In the wizard's knapsack are a shattered flask of water (now soaking everything else!), three broken tallow candles, a tinder box and two pieces of flint, one of which has been sharpened to a cutting edge, a cotton drawstring purse contain-

ing 6 gp and 2 cp, and a book made of four thin wooden boards pierced with holes and laced together with leather thongs. This crude traveling spell book bears the spells *burning hands*, *dancing lights*, *mending*, *shocking grasp*, *spider climb*, and *Tenser's floating disc*.

A burly, hairy man in hacked and broken plate armor lies in a puddle of blood, a small sack still tied to his belt. The sword that killed him—evidently his own—protrudes from his side, nicked and dulled from contact with his armor.

This was Erun Hrom Thlyndor, once of Zazesspur, a LN 3rd level fighter. His long sword is dull but still usable, and his armor can be salvaged to provide partial (AC 4) protection to a large human. His belt is cut in two places, but the dagger sheathed at one hip is unused. Erun's sack contains a small hide purse (of 6 gp, 11 sp, and 4 cp), a round, hard loaf of good bread, and a scrap of clean linen wrapped around a hand-wheel of cheese.

A man with long, blond hair, clad in chain mail, lies face down atop one of the bugbear corpses.

This was Andaron Irithar, a CG 1st level priest of Tymora. His neck has been broken; on a fine chain around it is the palm-sized, lacquered silver circle of Tymora—a holy symbol of real silver, worth 5 sp.

In one smashed hand, crumpled under his body, Andaron still clutches his mace. Also under his body, strapped to his belt, is a leather satchel. It holds four rather bruised apples, a cloth bag containing five oat cakes tied into a shallow wooden bowl with string, and a small canvas bag of kindling.

Andaron's belt is very thick and sturdy. Anyone examining it finds that it is fashioned of three layers of hide; one end of the front layer undoes at a catch and peels away to reveal sixteen slits in the middle layer. Six of these slits hold a gold piece each; the rest are empty.

A slim man with a moustache and short-trimmed, oily black hair lies on his back, the two pieces of a broken

short sword beside him. He wears gray leather armor and soft leather boots and gloves. A dagger is clutched in one hand, and a dull, spreading stain low on his chest tells of his death by spear-point.

This was Havildar Oremmen, of Port Kir, a CN 4th level thief. He has a second dagger sheathed on the inside of his left boot. His right boot has a hollow heel, reachable by removing it from his foot, and peeling back the insole; in the tiny cavity within is a scrap of coarse muslin, wrapped around three dark gray, red-flecked gems: bloodstones, each worth 50 gp. At his belt is a small canvas purse, armored with a metal plate that curves to cover its inward face, outside, and bottom. It is his "public purse," and contains only 2 gp, 1 sp, and 3 cp.

Inside the sleeves of his jerkin, Havildar has strapped two things he wanted to hide. Strapped to his left forearm just inside the elbow is a flat leather pouch containing a set of thieves' picks and a folding spike-grapnel. Strapped to Havildar's right forearm is his "private purse," a flat leather pouch holding 6 pp and 3 gp.

Around his midriff, under his armor, Havildar wears a coil of thin, waxed cord of dull gray hue: a climbing rope 70' in length.

A man with a small, black spade beard and an old, puckered scar on his left cheek lies on his back, his battle axe atop him. One arm lies at an odd angle, and his back is twisted and arched. He wears scale mail, and lies atop what is left of a battered, split shield, still strapped to one arm. His plain iron helm, crushed like an eggshell, lies nearby.

This is Baerkyn Urundul, once of Baldur's Gate, a CN 3rd level fighter. The blows that broke his arm and back did not ruin his mail or his axe. Baerkyn is wearing (non-magical) metal gauntlets of very fine make. If they are removed, a gold ring (worth 3 gp) will be visible on the middle finger of his right hand.

Baerkyn's belt has an ornate, snarling-lion-head brass buckle (worth 2 cpl, and bears a scabbarded broad sword and dagger. His canvas purse, also on his belt, contains 14 gp, 11 sp, 15 cp, and a bronze

good luck charm: the sword of Tempus, Lord of Battles.

A red-haired, stubble-faced man in studded leather armor lies half-buried beneath the body of a bugbear. A sack and a broken iron lantern lie beneath one of the man's outflung legs.

This was Delbarran Thundreir, a NG 2nd level fighter from Zazesspur. If the bugbear body is shifted to examine Delbarran, one of his arms is still clutching the hilt of a short sword, buried deeply in the bugbear's body. His other arm holds a splintered wooden shield across his chest in a vain attempt to protect himself from a bugbear spear attack; in the end, that attack came from the rear.

Delbarran wears worn and rusty studded leather armor. His belt carries a sheathed dagger and a purse containing only a candle-end and 2 cp.

The sack under his foot contains only a blanket, a spare pair of (well-worn, and quite large) boots, and the brass hilt of a broken dagger. The lantern is of the candle-and-reflector type; its shutter is completely shattered, and its candle has disintegrated into tiny wax shards, but the rest could be straightened, to serve as a lantern lacking any hood for its light.

A brown-haired man in studded leather armor lies sprawled atop a polearm, a sack fallen by his outstretched hand.

This was Hortil Gundelbar, a NG 1st level fighter of Brost. He died of a shattered skull, and never had time to wield his bill (polearm: bill-guisarme, which remains undamaged). He also has a hand axe and a dagger, both thrust in his belt, and a belt-purse containing 2 sp, 6 cp, and a whetstone wrapped in an oily cloth.

In Hortil's sack are a loaf of bread, a large leathern flask of fiery amber Calishite wine, and two unbroken stoppered glass vials of holy water.

Room #6: Watery Worship

#6A: PCs exploring the corridor outside #5 can see something fairly small, dark, and horizontal on the end (easternmost) wall of the corridor. If they attempt to



scrutinize from a distance, all they are able to see is the vaguest hints of an inscription—writing graven into the stone at about waist-height, writing they can't read. If any character approaches the writing for a better look (entering the 10' square area containing the #6A notation on the map), read the boxed text below.

A blue haze seems to rise before your eyes, silently and rapidly, obliterating the world around as you stare at the cryptic inscription. The inscription seems to consist of a number of names and other nonsense, followed by the last line, glowing in deep blue common lettering: "If you're reading this, of course, it's too late."

(to all within the corridor): Blue radiance is everywhere; you (and your comrades) are lost and floating somewhere not quite real. Blue, shifting light is under, over, and all around you.

The light begins to fade, and you realize that your legs and feet are colder—and wetter—than the rest of you. You're somewhere else, your torches and lanterns mysteriously extinguished, and you standing in inky, dark water as deep as your thighs. A faint purple light comes from your left. Ahead of you, in the distance, you hear the water rippling as something within it moves...

This is one of Halaster's teleports; it functions despite the prohibitions noted under "Barrier Spells" in the General Notes chapter. If the PCs *detect magic* before the teleport occurs, it registers only the magic lettering of the wall inscription. The teleport will function any number of times, taking all beings, living or dead, who are in the 30 feet of the corridor. It apparently cannot be dispelled or prevented from operating. The inscription, once read silently or aloud, triggers the teleportation magic.

Whatever light sources the party is carrying and using, they will be dark for 2-5 rounds after the 'Blue Haze' teleport operates.

#6B: Teleported beings will be standing in water over 2' deep at the arrival point; if they are shorter than normal human height, adjust your descriptions of where the water comes to on their bodies, accordingly. All beings arrive at the spot where the #6B notation appears on the

map; within seconds of their arrival, the water begins rippling in the east end of the room. They are at one end of a 20' wide by 60' long chamber entirely filled with inky water. Even if a bright source of light is introduced underwater or anywhere else in the room, the water remains opaque.

The teleport only operates in one direction, and the only way out of the water is by going due south, where the floor slopes up in a ramp. It emerges from the water just around a corner, out of sight of *teleported* arrivals. Arrivals who know this can easily reach dry corridor within a round.

The source of the rippling at the eastern end of the room is a **giant gar** (see MC2 reference, "Fish, Giant"). It causes a zig-zag wake for one round, and then dives to attack intruders underwater on the round that follows.

The gar swallows victims on a 20; the victims must do it 11 hp of internal edged-weapon damage to get free. They are 20% likely to be hurt by piercing attacks on the gar from the outside. It has been left as a guardian of the temple, and attacks any creatures in the water who have not covered their bodies with a special, fishy-smelling oil used by worshippers visiting this sahagin shrine. If there are any NPCs accompanying the party, direct the gar's initial attack at one of them.

Gar, Giant (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 3; MV Sw 30; HD 8; hp 44; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 5-20 (5d4); SA Swallows whole on a 20; SZ H; ML 10; XP 2,000 each.

To the characters' left (north) is an alcove containing a stone statue, the source of the dim purple radiance. It is constructed of gray, weathered stone, and depicts a web-fingered, scaly-skinned fish-man with great, staring eyes (in the lifeless statue, these are black pits), flaring, finlike ears, and a wide, fanged mouth.

If the statue is examined, it will be found to be a sahagin (depicted in MC2), with a removable head. If the head is removed, a fire-blackened cavity is revealed, choked with the melted waxen stubs of many candles, used to give the statue's head eyes of flame. A stone knob in the middle of this wax holds three plain brass rings.

One ring is non-magical, one is a *ring of truth*, and one is a *ring of water walking*, obviously used in some sort of ritual here.

There is a second stone knob inside the head—this one obviously a lever. If it is pressed, four iron poles will rise silently out of the water, containing thick black candles. The candles may be lit or taken away by the party, but their iron-spike mountings are attached to a massive bar under the floor, beneath the water, and cannot be so easily taken away.

If the PCs lift the head off the statue, they meet the temple's second line of defense. Two rounds after the head is removed, niches will open silently underwater, and three **baneguards** rise up from the water to silently attack all non-worshippers in the chamber, pursuing all intruders until they or the intruders are destroyed.

These guardian monsters appear as normal skeletons, but have tiny, flickering red points of light in their eyesockets. They are armed with long, hooked scythes (treat as guisarmes, for 2d4 damage), and cannot be turned.

Baneguards can *blink* (as the wizard spell) once a turn, for a period of up to 4 rounds. A baneguard can also launch two *magic missiles* every 3 rounds, as an extra attack, at targets up to 70' away.

Baneguard (3): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 12; HD 4 +4; hp 36, 30, 24; THAC0 15; #AT 1 + special; Dmg 1-6 or by weapon; SA Magic missile; SD Blink; MR As skeleton; SZ M; ML 11; XP 975 each. See the Monster Guide chapter in *Undermountain Adventures*, the second book in this set, for further information.

Also under the water, detectable only after at least three rounds of probing, lies a plain *long sword* +1. It sheds no radiance and has no adornment, but it carries powerful enchantments that render it immune to rust or breaking. Even when used to wedge doors or drawbridges or hurled against stone and the like, this magical sword does not break. Of course, the DM decides on the limits of this durability; if a PC begins to misuse this property, the sword should break.

DM's Note: This area was a secret temple to a cult started by some unscrupulous nobles of Waterdeep who learned of the *teleport*. The attempt was to build a band of evil sailors and dockhands obedient to the wishes of the cult leaders, acting in the name of Gulkulath, Lord of the North-



ern Deeps. The sahagin statue was supposed to be him, but no such entity ever existed, and the cult met with some reverses, not the least of which was the infighting among its leaders. Some of its leaders were secretly members of the banished Thieves' Guild of Waterdeep seeking to gain this organization as a vehicle for re-establishing themselves in Waterdeep.

This hidden temple seems largely abandoned today. The DM should decide just how active the Cult of Gulkulath is, in his own campaign, and perhaps set agents of the Cult on the trail of those "desecrating blasphemers," the PCs who entered the temple.

#6C: At the alcove marked #6C on the map, a lone orc waits for prey to come along, preferably those whom he can both rob and eat.

He has prepared well. With weapons ready at hand, he crouches behind a shield made of what is left of two old wooden chests, peering through a view-slot into the corridor to the north of the alcove. Six cocked arid loaded crossbows are mounted on stands and sticking out of other slots aimed into this corridor. When anyone rounds the corner, he pulls a single firing-cord, firing all crossbows at once. He then snatches up his weapon, ready to flee or attack, depending on how many foes there are, and how badly they've been hurt.

The crossbows fire at THAC0 9, six heavy quarrels striking in a round at any characters in the 10' square area directly north of the alcove marked #6C on the map. Each quarrel that hits does 1d4 +1 damage.

Saurogh's shield stands 5' high and 7'

wide, and is of stout planks crudely crossbraced together and nailed to two backstrut legs. When driven against a character by Saurogh's weight (its backstruts prevent anyone from hurling it back onto Saurogh), it requires successful Dexterity and Strength checks to entirely avoid. If either check fails, the PC takes 1-3 points of damage and must attack last on that round. If both Checks fail, the character takes the damage and is pinned under the shield until a Strength check (one allowed per round) in a later round is successful. While pinned, the PC forfeits all attacks.

Saurogh is out to prove himself since he was cast out by unfriendly fellows as a "coward." He also hopes to gain enough coins to pay off some debts. Willing to undertake this reckless gamble, he is also willing to do wild things in battle—such as overturning his shield onto the foremost foe.

Saurogh wears studded leather armor, a helm, and high, hard boots. At his belt is a pouch containing a tinder box, some kindling, and a roasting skewer (1-3 damage). Also on his belt is a dagger (1-4) and a purse containing 3 cp.

If forced to flee, roll a d4. On a 1 or 2, Saurogh runs to #6E. He attempts to hide himself among the peaks of the sandpile, anticipating a later sneak attack. On a 3 or 4, the orc flees down past #6F, hoping the falling wall will separate him from the PCs.

Saurogh – Orc (1): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6 (behind shield), 7; MV 10; HD 1; hp 8; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (broad sword), 1-8 (battle axe); SZ M; ML 11; XP 15.

#6D: The corridor turns to a dead end at #6D. Here, a spring of sparkling water bursts from several places along the cracks between wall-blocks. It streams down the west wall, and runs across the floor in a little pool to disappear down the crack where the north and east walls meet the floor. The water is clear, cold, and safe to drink; its pool is three inches deep at its deepest.

#6E: This oddly shaped area is a room entirely filled with sand. Great quantities of fine sand have been brought here by someone, and heaped up in damp, lichen-dotted peaks and valleys. The central bulk of the sandpile is 3' high at its low-

est, and 5' high at its peaks. The sand pile is broken up into a confused chaos of waves, clefts, and disturbed areas.

Buried deep in the sand near the front of the pile—discoverable only, if someone digs in the right place (20% chance) for at least three rounds—is a stout old seachest. The chest is of dark wood, its edges clad in rusty iron strapping, and it weighs as much as six men. It is locked, and has to be forced open or have its lock picked.

Inside the chest is a lot of wet sand. Once the chest is cleared to the very bottom, a large animal tusk is found, its ends wrapped in canvas and sealed with wax. Inside this improvised tube are seven parchment scrolls rolled up together, each bearing a single priest spell: *command*; *cure light wounds*; *know alignment*; *cure disease*; *dispel magic*; *speak with dead*; *cure serious wounds*. This is a backup cache of scrolls, hidden by one of the priests involved in the Cult (see 6B).

#6F: Nothing is initially visible at #6F. It simply marks the location of a falling wall. whenever a being passes this point going southward, another of Halaster's ancient magical mechanisms is activated. If no other being passes this location in the two rounds that follow the first being's passage, a solid stone wall thunders down from above at the beginning of the third round, falling with a crash that shakes the entire area. This amount of noise and movement definitely counts as "attracting monsters" if you're consulting the tables.

This wall won't rise until the 'Blue Haze' teleport (#6A) is activated again. If Saurogh escapes from both #6C anti #6E, and flees this way without close pursuit, the PCs can be trapped in this area until someone or something (such as a flight of gargoyles, a war-band of bugbears, or a wandering ettin) arrives through the teleport.

The wall is designed to fall after the last person in any group, hence the two-round delay. It is magically bonded together and preserved against damage incurred by repeated falling, and simply cannot be broken down. Spells cast at it are reflected back (100%) at the caster or, if impossible due to the nature of the spell, simply negated.

Parties wishing to escape are better advised to dig through the wall on one side of the fallen wall and go *around* it, rather than through, above, or below it. Such an escape, assuming adequate tools, takes



twenty days of digging minus one day per digger. The noise involved is sure to attract one or more large, stupid, and very powerful predatory monsters—these creatures might even help PCs escape the area, since it gets them to their walking food.

Room #7: Ghoul Guardians

As PCs approach this area (i.e. pass through any doorway or around any corridor bend leading to the area marked by #7 on the map), a slow, muffled, broken drumming can be heard. When the PCs get within sight of the room, read this boxed text:

Two filthy, human-like creatures squat together here. They have deeply set, staring eyes, long, pointed teeth, and long-nailed, claw-like hands. The two are holding the split remnants of bones—probably human bones. They are beating on what looks like an upside-down shield, over which has been stretched some sort of hide. They see you, and break off drumming to rise, hissing.

The two creatures are hungry **ghouls**. They attack immediately and quite ferociously. Their touch paralyzes for $1d6 + 2$ rounds if a saving throw vs. paralyzation fails; elves are immune to this effect. Ghouls are immune to *sleep* and charm spells, and a protection from evil spell or effect keeps them at bay.

Any being slain by these creatures rises up as a ghoul $1d10 + 3$ turns later, unless blessed by a priest. Many creatures never become ghouls after death since they are devoured. If more than one PC is slain, the ghouls devour one corpse at a time. The others (if any) become fellow ghouls.

Ghoul (2): Int Low; AL CE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 15, 13; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3\1-3/1-6; SA Paralyzation; SD Special; SZ M; ML 12; XP 175 each.

Inspecting the makeshift shield/drum of the ghouls, something rattles within the well of the shield. If the skin is removed from the drum, a large, ornate gold-plated key can be found. Its gold value is about 2 gp, and the key itself has a use in room #16 of this level.

Room #8: Sinister Stairs

This entry describes two adjacent sets of stairs: those at #8A, which carry one corridor over another—the two corridors are not visible or accessible to each other—and those at #8B, which descend into a lower level of the dungeon.

#8A: Steps rise to a 10' square landing and then descend again. Beings approaching these stairs see a figure upright on the landing, ahead. A slight, mysterious mist fills this corridor, covering the floor and licking up the walls in small wisps. The mist swirls up to cloak the corridor and the steps ahead. Due to the angle of the stairs and the obscuring mists, details of the figure are undiscernable unless the viewer is at the foot of the stairs or closer.

When closely viewed, the figure appears as a melancholic male elf in full plate armor. The elf is 7' tall, and wears gleaming black, fluted armor of an ancient and unfamiliar style. He has an ornately scabbarded long sword and dagger belted at the waist. The elf does not appear to see or hear intruders, but stands on the landing, looking warily down the stairs from side to side, and walking a few slow steps from time to time. He appears to be waiting for something...

This elven sentry is a permanent phantom image of unknown origins. It can be passed through without incident, and does not react to any PC activities or changing lighting conditions. A *dispel magic* cast upon it causes it to vanish for 1-4 turns and then reappear. It is unaffected by any magic that creates or alters illusions.

Also visible in the landing area is an empty iron torch bracket on the north wall. It radiates a magical dweomer (the mists and the elven image do not), and bears one of Halaster's special magics: any torch placed in it burns with an unusually bright, steady light, and is not consumed—theoretically, a torch placed here could burn forever. Note that the magic is on the bracket, and does not continue to affect torches after they are removed from it.

The origins and nature of the mist are unknown, though no magic seems to affect it, and it never seeps beyond the boundaries of this 80' corridor. When a burning torch is placed in the bracket (see

above), the mists recede and dissolve, clearing the corridor. The mists return within three rounds when a torch is removed from the holder; this is the only known way to affect the mists.

The eastern side of these stairs contains a trap, located near the top of the flight: the pressure of a being's weight on several nearby steps will cause one of the steps to suddenly rise up, sharply, a foot or more, and then descend again. When first encountered, the affected being must successfully make two Dexterity checks; failure of either one causes that being to fall. If the mists are dispelled by a torch in the bracket, beings only need make one Dexterity Check. This "trip step" can cause a nasty tumble down the steps, doing $1d4 + 1$ damage (half if one Dexterity check was successful) and forcing fragile item to roll saving throws against falling damage.

#8B: Whenever the door leading to #8B is opened, a stair leading downward can be seen; the door opens inwards, across its top step—there is no landing. whenever anyone steps on, or passes above, the eighth step of this stairway or any step thereafter (roughly 10' into the stairwell), read the following to the players:

Without warning and with a sudden roar, flames spring into being all around you: on the walls, floor, and ceiling—hungry, red, licking tongues of fire! The heat grows rapidly unbearable, and you hear a faint snarling noise.

This is Halaster's work, and a very real conflagration. DMs can use its effects to prevent descent to the level below, if desired. An unencumbered, healthy human takes a minimum of three rounds to pass down the stair, even if flying. The flames and heat incur $1d6$ points of heat and fiery damage on the first two rounds of exposure, and $2d6$ points each additional round within the stairwell.

Beings able to fly through the center of the flames, above the steps, take $1d4$ points of heat damage per round, but find themselves slowed due to the magically heated updrafts. Beings immune or resistant to fire take no damage from the stairs.

Any fall or combat on the stairs causes an additional $1d6$ points of damage to the

combatants. "Magical fire" saving throws are required of worn or carried items if a fall occurs, or on the third and any subsequent round of exposure.

Any *dispel magic* or similar anti-magic spell or effect used on the stairs causes the flames and heat to vanish instantly, not reappearing for 2-5 rounds. Use of such forces also, due to Halaster's preparations, causes a magically-bound and enraged **salamander** to appear on the stair. It immediately attacks all living things it sees and cannot leave the stair for any reason. It is too fearful of Halaster to bargain with any intruder, or allow anyone to pass without a fight, and it has no treasure. Strangely enough, it vanishes when the flames return. (If slain, it may not be replaced for a month or more.)

Salamander (1): Int High; AL CE; AC 5/3; MV 9; HD 7 + 7; hp 49; THAC0 12; #AT 2; Dmg 2-12 (tail constriction + 1d6 heat damage), l-6 (spear); SA Heat 1-6; SD + 1 or better to hit; SZ M; ML 13; XP 2,000 each.

The stairs lead down into a *teleport* that takes those passing through it into The Black Boudoir (#50, in Undermountain's Level Two. The experience and effects of going through it are identical to the one described under the entry for Room #6.

Room #9: A Dead Man's Throne

In the alcove stands an ornate, arch-backed, impressive throne, apparently carved out of a single huge block of stone. It faces outwards, towards the corridor.

The separated bones of a single human skeleton drift lazily in midair above the seat of the throne, shifting about in an endless jumble. The skull moves but is always facing outwards and turning to look at you; the only bones that are not part of this endless, silent slow dance are the intact feet of the skeleton. These are on the floor, positioned as if the skeleton is sitting on the throne.

The gently-drifting bones are the result of a failed spell cast long ago by an adventuring priest trying to make an undead servitor. A *dispel magic* ends the effect,

sending all the bones crashing to the floor, where most break and crumble. Any bones pulled or knocked out of the area above the seat of the throne are freed from the magic, and crash to the floor singly if not held. There is no menace to the PCs here: the old, fading magic cannot affect living beings. However, small, light objects of organic origin—a wooden bowl, for instance—held in the area of the drifting bones and then released will join the endless, drifting dance.

Moving objects circulate at random in a spherical area about 4' in diameter, above the seat of the throne. They are subject to normal decay and damage, but drifting objects never bump into each other with any force, if left alone.

The entire throne radiates magic, but it has no powers that affect beings exploring it. Hidden among the "pillars" carved in relief on the back of the throne, stuffed in low down, is a gray canvas bag containing 12 gp and a "tapering needle of wood, over a foot long." This wooden object is a *wand of magic missiles* (detailed in the DMG), which only has 4 charges left. The command word for this wand is etched into the butt, in tiny Thorass script: "Aruvae."

Room #10: The Hall of a Hundred Candles

Beginning just east of the lone doorway (near #8B) is a stretch of hallway that is brilliantly lit with a warm, flickering yellow glow. The lighted area (#10A on the map) extends east to where the corridor turns. Exploring PCs should see the glow around corners and from afar, as they approach. When they have a direct view of the hall, read the following:

This hall is brilliantly lit by two rows of flickering candles, each row floating six feet in the air down both sides of the corridor. There is no sign of life, and all is silent.

These floating candles—there are sixty in all, thirty on each side of the corridor—appear as normal tallow candles without a base or lamp of any sort. They simply hang vertically in the air, burning.

Although wax runs down the candles from time to time, it never drips to the floor—nor do the candles ever seem to be

diminished or consumed by the burning. There is no smoke or lack of good air in the corridor, though a sweet smell, similar to honey, of burning wax hangs in the air.

A *dispel magic* cast on any candle causes all of the candles to go out together, and fall to the floor, all shattering into lumps of wax. Candles can be touched, but they are hot, the flames doing 1 hit point of damage per contact: the wax dripping down the sides is merely uncomfortable, not damaging. The candles may even be carried.

Their flames provide normal illumination and can ignite flammable objects. While in any part of this east-west hall, they burn without being consumed, and cannot be extinguished by physical means. Once removed from the hall, they burn down rapidly (each providing only 1 turn of light before being completely used up) and may be snuffed out by physical means. Once extinguished, none of these candles can be relit (though their wax could be melted and refashioned into a candle that would function normally, free of the magic governing the original). PCs can carry these candles with them. Whenever a candle is released, it will hang motionless in the air at the spot it is let go of. Any candles struck by a weapon or falling object for even a single hp of damage shatter and go out.

These odd light-sources are the work of one of Halaster's former apprentices. He has moved on to greater magics, and his mind is consumed with madness. He still clings to a great pride for one of the first cantrips he developed, *candle*. It is rumored that Muiral's only time of peace is when he walks in the Hall of a Hundred Candles.

#10B: Explorers approaching the bend in the corridor can notice something glistening, high on the walls (50% chance of spotting). It is a wandering trail of translucent, colorless slime, burning to the touch: 1 hit point of damage if placed on one's tongue, but otherwise no damage. The slime-trail leads around the corner to #10B, where its source—some sort of giant crawling worm—is being eaten by a **carrion crawler**.

The carrion crawler drops its meal at the approach of any PC, and scuttles to the attack. The worm is dead, paralyzed, half-eaten, and harmless. It provides



wholesome, if tasteless, food to any PC with one side effect: 2-24 (2d12) rounds after taking any bite of the worm, the PC will begin to glow with a faint amber radiance from all exposed skin. Treat this effect as a *faerie fire* that cannot be dispelled or otherwise affected by magic, even if the victim's form is altered, for the next 1-3 turns.

Carrion Crawler (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 3 (head &, tentacles)/7 (body); MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1-2; SA Paralysis (save or 2d6 turns duration); SZ L; ML ; XP 270 each.

#10C: The north wall at the very end of the corridor, #10C on the map, bears a deeply-etched inscription. Written approximately three feet above the floor, the inscription is in Thorass:

"No golden thrones
Come with ease
By Nimraith's bones
Ye shall be pleased."

Above this, on the wall in Elvish, are the words written with charcoal:

"Seek not here
'Twill not be found
Treasure lies, I fear,
Far underground."

And above that, scrawled in Thorass in what looks like dried blood, are the words "FOOLS—GO BACK!"

Room #11: The Hall of Keeping Kings

A huge chamber stretches before you, lit by a soft, purple radiance that seems to emanate from the entire high ceiling. Other, more golden glows come from the rows of massive stone seats that run down each side of the long hall. The seats all face inward toward the center of the room, each seat with an immobile occupant. As you gaze at the room stretching away into the distance, a cold, expressionless voice speaks, as if from the empty air: "Doom takes us all!"

around each stone seat resist normal *dispel magic* attempts, withstanding anything short of a *limited wish*. The voice, also part of this strong magic, will speak every 2 turns, regardless of the actions or presence of any intruders, always saying the same thing. The golden auras were once preservative spells, but they failed with the passage of time—each side of the room has a row of twenty-six granite thrones, and a human corpse is mouldering on every throne.

These are the remains of minor kings of the North, monarchs from the days when a hundred proud little kingdoms spread across the Northlands and men fought back older powers in the land to claim it for their own. None are undead (although, in later PC visits to the chamber, intelligent undead may well lurk among the corpses, waiting to attack a careless adventuring band), and none knows any information of value, if spoken to magically. They have all been dead at least 700 years, most of them over 900; all they know are kingdoms long since turned to dust and treasures long since carried off. They have names like Uerhart Lionmane, Aldregh Muyirr, and Galaskarr Thorntar.

The bodies have obviously been plundered: swordbelts have been cut, clothing slashed and disarranged, broken neck-chains left behind where pendants they bore were wrenched away, and so on. Nothing of monetary value is left.

About midway down the chamber, a piece of parchment (obviously of far more recent origin than the bodies) has been crushed underfoot, and lies flattened on the floor. If examined, it bears a message in flowing Thorass script:

"Watch for tail by falling stair Follow it to empty air. Around nothing once and then turn back west towards tail again. All side ways spurn turn right (to air) again. If of life ye are fond. Ye will win the way beyond. Sinister wrong, dexter right, Follow on, to the light."

The clumsy rhyme on this scroll gives cryptic directions to a *teleport* prepared by Halaster that allows an exit from the dungeon (refer to Room #23).

Room #12: Altar of The Spider God

A large chamber looms before you, lit by an eerie, purplish-blue radiance emanating from the eyes of a huge black stone spider idol which appears to merge with the Center of the eastern wall. A darkly stained altar sits before the idol, and two of the spider's legs are outstretched in front of the altar. Another two are raised up high, above the altar, suspending an unlit brazier from each leg. The spider's other legs bend up and set down close to its sides, forming large arches along the sides of the idol. On the southeastern side of the spider altar there is an occupant underneath the large, obsidian legs. Chains run from these legs to the wrists and ankles of an unmoving female moon elf.

Two black-armored elves with skins of utter black stand guard on either side of the altar.

The Followers of Selvetarm

The spider altar and its captive are guarded by two **drow**, Eraun and Milfal. They wear black mesh drow chain mail +1, and carry no shields. They are armed with adamantine short swords +1 (1d6 +1 dmg) and normal daggers (1d4). Each also holds a loaded, ready hand, crossbow, with eight additional darts in an ammunition-belt.

These darts do 1-3 damage, and are coated with poison (good for two firings per dart). Struck victims must make successful saving throws vs. poison at -4 or fall unconscious, the poison's onset time being 1d4 rounds and the 'sleep' lasting 2d4 hours.

Each commands the spells *dancing lights*, *faerie fire* and *darkness* once per day, and each has 50% Magic Resistance. The well-trained guards are alert—they cannot be surprised by any intruders, although *invisibility* would aid a PC in approaching very close before detection.

the city above, and elven magical knowledge in the area. This interrogation, a cruel magical procedure, draws on the magic of the altar and leaves the captive feebled-minded. This procedure is something Essra does to any captive, especially "arrogant, mewling adventurers like [the PCs]!"

Essra is surrounded by a bodyguard of seven male drow guards (16 hit points each), identical in weaponry and statistics to the first two guards, and having names like Gaerd, Hanthrah, and Ilitar. Three immediately charge to the attack if there is anything amiss, and the others flank Essra to defend her, as she launches spell and scepter attacks.

Essra is a F6/P6 of Selvetarm (see below), and wears black mesh drow *chain mail* +3, no shield, with an ornate black helm shaped like a spider. She is armed with an adamantine *mace* +4 (1d6 +5 dmg) and a blast scepter (detailed in the chapter on **Magical Items**; it has only 9 charges left) which she seized in her battles within Undermountain.

She presently commands the spells *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *faerie fire*; *darkness*, *know alignment*, *levitate*; *clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *suggestion*; *detect lie*; in addition to her natural spell-powers, Essra has 68% magic resistance. She has memorized the following priest spells (3,3,2): *command*, *protection from good*, *sanctuary*; *charm person*, *find traps*, *hold person*; *animate dead*, and *dispel magic*. She also has the following scroll-spells with her (one to a scroll, carried in metal tubes at her belt): *cure light wounds*, *dispel magic*, *hold animal*, *speak with dead* and *withdraw*.

The drow have only established this altar recently, and are still exploring Undermountain. The DM must decide how often PCs will encounter their armed bands, and how strong the Dark Elves are this close to a vigilant and powerful—both militarily and magical—city of Waterdeep.

Note that no part of this level of Undermountain is subjected to the radiations, but the guards are using their drowic weaponry. Therefore, there must be a source of their fell magic within travelling distance. This source of dark elf magic, and the home base for Selvetarm's faithful, is also left open for future DMs to create and add into Undermountain.

Eraun, Milfal—Drow Elf female guards (2): Int High; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 2; hp 16, 14; THAC0 18; #AT 1 or 2 (weapon and spell); Dmg by spell or weapon: 2-7 (*short sword* +1), 1-4 (dagger), 1-3 + special (*sleep* poison darts); SA Special; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML 14; XP 650 each.

Essra's honor guard—Drow Elf male guards (7): Int High; AL CE; AC 4 (10); MV 12; HD 2; hp 16 (all); THAC0 18; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg By spell or weapon: 2-7 (*short sword* +1), 1-4 (dagger), 1-3 + special (*sleep* poison darts); SA Special; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML 14; XP 650 each.

Essra—Drow Elf female F6/P6: Int High; AL CE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 49; THAC0 11; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg By weapon: 6-11 (*mace* +4); SA Special; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML 14; XP 975.

The captive is a **moon elf maiden**, Maith Slenderbow, a fletcher of fine arrows who dwells in The High Forest. Her only present clothing is a silken shift; she is unarmed, has no treasure, and is blindfolded and gagged with webs. She was taken by stealth in Waterdeep while accompanying her parents on a rare trading-trip. If freed, she simply wants to return to the High Forest; she is yet a young elf of no more than 40 years.

When the party gets close to the captive, they see that the "chains" that bind her are actually thick ropes of finely-woven silvery spiderwebs, fastened around the victim's wrists and ankles. They can be readily severed by any edged weapon, but cannot be torn by any application of combined strength of less than 22 points.

On the webs and the victim are twenty black, hairy **large spiders**. They only bite if agitated or attacked. Every spider bite does 1 hit point of damage and forces a saving throw vs. poison at +2 to incur no damage. If the save is failed, the victim takes 15 hp of damage, 1 per minute, the loss starting 10-30 minutes after the bite occurs. The spiders secrete "Type A" poison.

Maith Slenderbow—Moon Elf female F1: AC 6 (10 while bound); MV 12; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; D 18, C 16, I 17, Ch 17; ML 14; AL CG.
 Spider—Large (20): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1 +1; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each.

Selvetarm's Lair

The ceiling of the chamber is 60' high, and the altar's raised base is 20' wide and 30' long. The spider-idol rises to a maximum height (at the tips of the two up-raised legs) of 40' above the base.

This room is a temporary altar of Selvetarm, a minor male spider god, believed by some to be an aspect or adherent of the infamous dark goddess Lolth. Selvetarm is worshipped by certain drow who have come up from the lightless depths to explore and invade Undermountain. Rumors also tell of other sects of drow within Undermountain who steadfastly worship the queen of the spiders using a Northern variant of her name: Lloth.

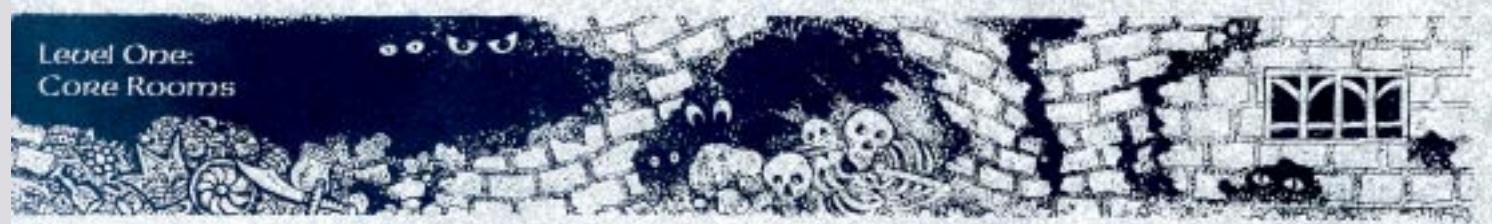
If the idol is examined closely, the eyes, which are thirty feet above the ground, seem to be gems. They are actually magical constructs, not real gemstones. If anyone tries to pry them out, each eye explodes in an explosion of magical energy, dealing 4d6 points of damage (no saving throw) to anyone within 10'.

The entire altar radiates magic strongly, and will conceal creatures and items in its inner cubicle (see below) or hiding behind it. The altar is carved of black stone, and given a smooth outer surface of fused black obsidian. Careful examination of the altar uncovers a panel in its back, which can be raised to reveal a 10' x 10' cubicle in the interior of the spider (a hiding-place known to the drow, which features a bench and chamberpot, breathing-holes, and nothing else).

There is also a locked panel in the dais at the back of the spider. The key is in a faraway room of the dungeon (see the following chapter, on **Areas of Interest** for this level, Area E); it can be forced if the PCs lack the key.

It contains a guardian **flying spider**, which is a rare species of "large spider" that has translucent, gossamer wings. Its bite does 1 hp damage and forces a saving throw against "Type A" poison at +2. If the throw fails, the victim takes 15 points of damage, 1 per minute, the loss starting 10-30 minutes after the bite. If the saving throw is successful, no damage is suffered.

Under the spider (which spurts out to bite, and flies up to attack all living nondrow creatures in the room) is a plain, unlocked ivory coffer, itself worth 3 gp. Inside the coffer are three scrolls, each bearing a single priest spell. The spells are *cure disease*, *heal*, and *resurrection*.



Spider — Flying (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 4; MV 6, Fl 12 (C), Wb 15; HD 1+1; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each.

Room #13: Prisoners and Portcullises

#13A: A secret door in the wall of the corridor leads to this encounter. When the PCs open the door, they will see the following:

In the far corner of this rank-smelling 20' × 20' room sits a bedraggled human woman in a filthy gown. She sits on a stool, manacled to the wall behind her by a long chain leading to a collar around her neck. Her wrists are chained closely to the neck-collar; as she sees you, she begins to scream.

The woman begins to sob hysterically, and will at first be unable to answer any of the PCs' questions. She is barefoot, unarmed, and carries no belongings beyond her gown—the sort worn by wealthy Waterdhavian women to formal parties—and a black ribbon garter around her right leg.

The manacles are locked, and can only be picked with great difficulty (-25% on a Pick Locks roll). The neck-chain is heavy, and links the woman's neck with a large ring set into the wall. The neck-manacle cannot be broken by physical means without breaking her neck with it. The wall-ring, however, will tear free.

If freed by the PCs, she thanks them profusely, and offers to help them in any way she can, giving her name as Adaneth Shrinshar, of Baldur's Gate. She was "kidnapped from a party by cruel, foul-smelling men who chained me here at least a day ago. No doubt they're trying to get money from my husband." Adaneth's husband, Brithiir, is a fat, tall wealthy merchant with a black beard and a gnarled left hand. He'll pay handsomely if the PCs conduct Adaneth safely to him.

All this is so much eyewash. "Adaneth" is really Trestyna Ulthilor, a priestess of Talona. She is detailed in the **NPCs of Undermountain** chapter. She is chained here as a result of losing a heated religious debate with her superior—the man she described as her husband. Both she and her superior only recently ar-

rived in Waterdeep, and are not yet known to Durnan or the authorities.

The garter that "Adaneth" wears is really a magical *band of denial* (described fully in the chapter on **Magical Items**), which prevents Trestyna from using any of her spells while she is wearing it. Her first act, if freed, is to slip it off and offer it to whoever frees her from her last chain (or to any obvious spellcasters) "as a token, to my rescuers."

Trestyna accompanies the PCs if they let her, hoping that they'll provide her with a protective escort out of the dungeon. If threatened or attacked by the PCs, she unleashes her spells on them. (She is a P6 and her spells are (3,3,2): *cure light wounds*, *pass without trace*, *sanctuary*; *flame blade*, *produce flame*, *withdraw*; *animate dead*, and *pyrotechnics*. Strapped to her thigh, Trestyna carries a scroll given to her by Brithiir, bearing the spells *cure light wounds* and *flame strike*.) If the PCs run into excess trouble and are in danger of defeat, she will flee.

If the PCs get Trestyna safely out of Undermountain via the well, a spy placed in The Yawning Portal by Brithiir sees this, takes the PCs' descriptions, and marks them for retaliation by the priests and lay followers of Talona in the city.

If for any reason the PCs do not free the woman, she will be gone if they revisit the room eight hours or more later, leaving empty manacles behind.

13B: Here an old, rusted, but massive portcullis has fallen from the ceiling. It won't budge at all now, but some earlier passerby bent its bars apart to provide a wide opening in the center. The portcullis has one unique property: it reflects all magic (100% reflection) cast on or through it back on the caster. If this reflection is impossible due to the nature of the spell, the spell is merely negated. If examined, the portcullis radiates faint magic.

Room #14: Treasure Can Be One's Bane

The corridor opens out into a square chamber containing a massive stone coffin. Its thick, domed lid is carved into the likeness of a knight in plate armor, lying on his back with his hands

clasped on the hilt of his sword. The sword lies drawn atop his body, the tip pointing down towards his toes.

The 30' × 30' room appears to contain only the coffin, which radiates both magic and evil faintly. The shield of the knight bears the graven image of an upright, open right hand, thumb and fingers together—the symbol of the god Bane.

If the lid of the coffin is lifted, bones and a glowing scimitar are seen momentarily. The sword vanishes immediately, and up from amid the bones leap six glittering knives, flying by themselves as if they were darting birds!

The flying daggers are indeed *flying daggers*, fully detailed in the chapter on **Magical Items** in this book. They silently attack all living things in the chamber, darting about point-first, and will pursue down the corridor that leads to the room, but not beyond the point where it joins another corridor.

These *flying daggers* are considered magical +2 weapons for purposes of deciding what it can hit—the weapon gains no true attack bonuses. *Flying daggers* are neutral, non-intelligent, and cannot be affected by any sort of mental control.

These *daggers* are nine inches in length. Their magical nature prevents rusting and brittleness due to extreme heat and cold, and their touch can *rust* metal items; items struck must survive saving throws vs. lightning or rust. Consider a *dagger* to strike metal when it attacks a target creature carrying or wearing something metal, and its attack roll misses by only one point.

FlyingDagger (6): Int Non; AL N; AC 5; MV Fl 21 (A); HD 1 + 1; hp 9 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4; SA Attacks as magical weapon; SZ S; ML N/A; XP 200 each.

A dark apparition rises from within the lid of the coffin one round after the coffin is opened. (The lid will split into a domed, effigy top and a flat underside slab if undisturbed, as the apparition forces it apart from within.) The apparition resembles a skeleton with burning red flames for eyes, and wears shadowy, translucent black plate armor. This apparition is a **baneguard**. The glowing sword which PCs spotted upon opening the coffin now appears in the hand of the baneguard.

The baneguard cannot be turned or dispelled, and can *blink* (as the wizard spell) once per turn, for up to 4 rounds. This power is continuous—it cannot be stopped and then resumed; once ended, a full turn must pass before the baneguard can *blink* again.

The baneguard can also launch a *magic missile* spell every 3 rounds as an extra attack. Two 2-5 hp damage missiles burst from its bony fingertips or from what is left of any extremity), and can be directed at separate targets up to 70' away. (More information can be found in the *Undermountain Adventures* book under the Monster Guide.)

Created by a now-absent priest of Bane to guard the tomb of a colleague, this monster wields the *scimitar* until destroyed: if the blade is wrested away from the baneguard, it attacks with its hands until destroyed.

Baneguard (1): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 12; HD 4 +4; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1 + special; Dmg 1-6 or by weapon: 1d8 + 2 (*scimitar* +2); SA *Magic missile*; SD *Blink*; MR As skeleton; SZ M; ML 12; XP 975 each.

The coffin also contains the bones of a fallen priest, once a 9th level worshipper of Bane. He was the Dread Master of the now-destroyed Temple of Bane that stood northeast of Secomber ages ago.

If PCs magically question the bones, they learn that the priest entombed here, named Assur, was arrogant and crafty, given to cryptic answers and remarks, and died more than four hundred years ago. He is not undead, and there is no treasure buried with him save the baneguard's *scimitar*. He knows the Undermountain of his day as "the lair of the mad wizard Halaster," which holds rooms full of gold coins left hidden by the dwarves, "somewhere on the second level down." In life, he never entered Undermountain, but his followers buried him here.

Room #15: Books May Furnish a Room

The corridor ends at a blank wall, but closed doors are set into the walls to the left and right of it. The doors are

both covered with intricate black patterns and runes, faded and hard to read and comprehend.

Both doors contain amid their decorations a permanent *symbol of spell loss* (fully detailed in the chapter on *New Spells*), which cannot be dispelled or erased. The only way to pass through either door without suffering the *symbol's* effects is to physically destroy the door or dig around the door in question.

The *symbols* affect beings passing through the doors in either direction—a single priest or wizard could enter #15A, pass into #15B, and go out to the corridor again and suffer the effects of both *symbols*. Both doors are unlocked.

#15A: This is a room bare of furnishings—unless one counts the charred bones of a corpse, sprawled face-down and still clutching a fire-blackened staff and a charred book in its outstretched, twisted and blackened hands. The corpse, now little more than an outline of ashes linked by charred bones, was once a 9th level adventurer wizard named Belagar Ormhand, from Tethyr. He was trying a spell he found in this abandoned wizard's sanctum while exploring Undermountain alone. Apparently, when he began the incantations, an image of a grinning, robed old man appeared in the air before him, chuckled diabolically, and blasted him!

The staff radiates magic still, and is largely whole—but whatever powers it had are gone.

The book was Belagar's traveling spell book. It is badly burned and only a few pages remain legible. They contain the spells (one to a page): *magic missile*; *invisibility*, *knock*, *mirror image*, *whirling blade* (a new spell, described in the *Spells* chapter of this book); *feign death*; *dimension door*; *Bigsby's interposing hand*, and *sending*.

#15B: The door into this room is unlocked and untrapped. #15B is another bare room, containing only a dark swirl of cloth on the floor—and something small, pink and glowing that flaps at PCs as they look in!

The cloth on the floor is a dark gray woolen cloak. It is plain, but radiates magic (preservative spells that keep it from rotting into nothingness, but which

carry no powers more exciting to adventurers).

The 'small and glowing thing' is merely a normal **bat**, which sports a rosy-hued *continual faerie fire*, the result of a long-ago experiment. The glowing bat is not interested in fighting, but will fly around and around the heads of PCs, accompanying them as they move through the dungeon—providing a warning-beacon to all nearby monsters!

Bat — Common (1): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8 (Special); MV 1, Fl 24 (B); HD 1/4; hp 20; THAC0 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1 (it does not carry any diseases); MR T SZ 2; ML 15; XP 15

#15C: A plain stone door, painted black, stands ajar in the west wall of room #15B. It leads into #15C, and lacks any sort of latch or lock. The door's pull-rings allow it to be pulled closed, but never fastened.

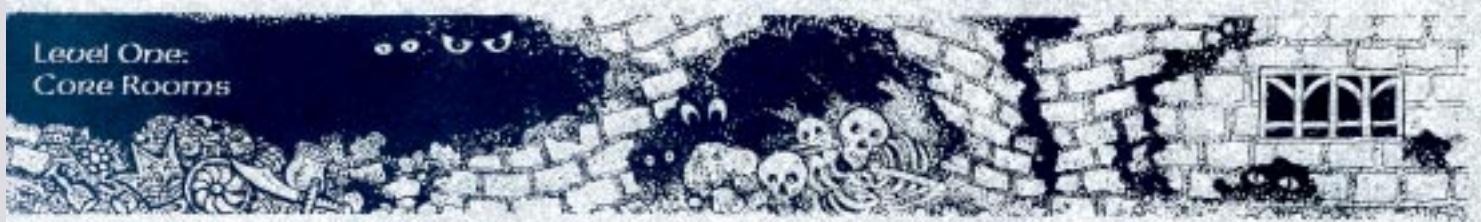
#15C itself is a black cubicle: one of Halaster's constantly-operating *gates* is set within this cube. The *gate* instantly and safely carries all who reach the west wall of the cubicle to The Hall of the Black Helm (Room #42 of the Core Rooms of Undermountain's Level Two).

Room #16: The Room of The Fountain

This room was once grand: its smooth now-cracked floor is of polished white tile, inset with tiny black and golden mosaic tiles to form a random design of circles of varying sizes. All around the room, where the walls join the ceiling, is a mosaic border of alternating black and gold circles. A large stone fountain rises at the east end of the room; it is dry, dusty, and a little over 10' in diameter. Something lies on the floor near it—something yellow-white and gleaming, like polished bone.

The long, thin object is indeed bone: a smoothly polished, shiny-lacquered skeletal human arm and hand, lying on the dusty floor.

Someone has painstakingly cleaned and polished the bones, coated them with a lacquer of some sort, and fastened them together at the joints by means of tiny, drilled holes and fine wire. The fully-articulated, shoulder-length arm of bones



can move and be manipulated as if it was living, but the fingers open if anything weightier than a hen's egg is placed in them.

What the arm was used for, and how it came to be here, is a mystery. (It is actually ceremonial equipment used by priests of Myrkul, The Lord of Bones. It was dropped here when a priest of that neutral evil deity was slain here some time ago. It has no magical powers or properties, but inventive PCs can find uses for it while exploring the dungeon.)

The Fountain of Flowers

The stone fountain is fashioned of a single massive piece of gray, soapy-looking granite. It is shaped like a 6' high spire of flowers rising out of a deep bowl. Water formerly sprayed from the centers of the stony blossoms, cascading down curved leaves in little steps, to fill the bowl. The curves of the carved stone flower-stalks concealed drains that recirculated water from the bottom of the bowl.

If anyone topples or smashes apart the fountain, they find that its tiny water-pipes are choked with dry rubble, and whatever pumping mechanism ran it is long gone. A careful examination of the

fountain reveals a keyhole in its base, low down on the curving outside surface of the bowl.

A thief can readily pick this simple lock, but the key from Room #7 fits this lock. A hollow, stony "thunk" is heard as the lock cycles, and thereafter the spire of flowers can be tilted aside to reveal a 3' diameter hole leading down into darkness. The air of the unseen spaces below is cold and dank.

The hole is a shaft, dropping three feet through stone and then another seven feet to the floor of a passage below. The passage begins beneath the Room of the Fountain, and runs south, up a flight of four stone steps, before turning east to #16A.

#16A: At #16A, the walls of the corridor are covered with scaly mold—an eerie greenish-white, non-phosphorescent growth that covers the walls, floor, and ceiling for a 40' long stretch of passage. This mold reaches moving "fingers" towards anything that passes; it is harmless to all except insects, which it traps with sticky secretions, and feeds upon. It can readily be burned away, creating white

ash and acrid smoke. The passage grows noticeably colder as it turns south again.

#16B: At #16B, there is more mold, but this is deadly **brown mold**, fully covering the walls, floor, and ceiling of this alcove. It drains 4d8 hit points worth of body heat from any warm-blooded creature within 5', and grows when heat comes near it.

Mold — Brown (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD n/a; hp nil; THAC0 19; #AT 0; Dmg special; SA Freezing; SD Absorb heat; SZ S; ML ; XP None.

#16C: The passage runs on, twisting and turning to #16C. Here the corridor ends in a bare-walled stone room that contains a large heap of stone rubble. Very faint traces of magic and evil remain here, if means of magical detection are used.

The rubble was once an altar to the god Bhaal, a stone table with a 'blood-bowl' depression in its center. Folk kidnapped from the city above were murdered here in rites to the Lord of Murder. Long ago, the Lords uncovered the worship of Bhaal and this hidden temple was destroyed.

All that remains now is the stony rubble

(in which live several large spiders and a snake, all harmless), and a silver candlestick. The candlestick is tarnished black, and is buried deep under most of the rubble. After five rounds of digging, the candlestick can be retrieved; it is almost two feet long, and is worth 20 gold pieces.

Room #17: Not Much To Look at, But a Real Talker

In this room stands a circular table of glossy, polished dark wood. Not a speck of dust mars its gleaming surface. On the tabletop is only a single object: a human skull.

As you peer into the room, the skull speaks, bobbing up and down as its jawbone moves. "Well met, I do believe. Adventurers bold, are ye? I'm Muragh Brilstagg, Rod of Lathander. And who might ye be, if I may be so bold?"

The skull will be so bold as to speak, whenever the PCs let it. This skull radiates strong magic, and is protected by a permanent *feather fall*. It has permanent abilities of *true seeing* and *detect magic*, can turn itself around when on a surface, and move its jaw. It can't, however, fly about by itself or move itself beyond one point on any surface. It cannot cast any of its priestly spells due to its lack of arms. Muragh is immune to turning and all undead attack effects, save purely physical attacks. Fire and cold do not harm him and lightning adds to his hit points (by whatever amount it would have harmed him; such extra points fade by one per day).

He is very lonely, but makes an irritating companion indeed. He is constantly making sarcastic, cynical observations, pointing out mistakes, faults, and things folk nearby would rather leave unmentioned. However, his abilities of *detect magic* and *true seeing* make him very useful to dungeon explorers—if they can put up with his company.

Muragh will beg to be taken along, even if initially attacked by PCs, because he wants to see something more than just this room. He must be carried in the open and uncovered for his powers to be of any use to PCs. He can readily hold torches, candles, and other fairly light

things (daggers, small purses, keys, and the like) in his jaws. He wants to befriend and help folk—particularly fellow cynics and pretty human females.

He is apt to be moody, and sulk when he feels insulted, but will not reveal this side of himself until the boring room is safely behind him. Muragh is a curiosity, worth perhaps 15 to 20 gp to a wealthy noble or merchant, and 40 gp to a priest of Lathander, if Muragh is allowed to prove his devotion by reciting ritual liturgy and the tenets of the faith.

Muragh knows nothing useful about his surroundings, and has no treasure. The table he sits on, the only other thing in the room, conceals no treasure.

Muragh — Cursed Skull (1): Int Normal; AL NG; AC 7; MV 0; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1 (bite); SA None; SD special; SZ S.

Muragh's Story: In life, the skull belonged to a gossipy, touchy, opinionated 5th level cleric of Lathander. Muragh was cursed by an evil wizard who Muragh regularly infuriated with moral lectures. The curse sentenced Afuragh's intellect to remain behind when he was slain in a tavern brawl (his body lay in an alley for almost a week).

The curse was intended to drive the cleric mad, but it had no such effect. A frightened soldier severed the still-talkative head from the rotting, obviously-dead body, and booted it into the harbor. It soon lost its flesh to the fishes and the water, but still chatted away to all who came near it. Later, men (who were agitated by this chattering skull) hastily netted the fey thing and took it to a duty-wizard of the Watch, one Thandalon Holmeir.

Thandalon investigated the skull's properties carefully, decided it was harmless enough, and set it as a table-ornament in the spell library that was then housed in the Palace.

Muragh proved to be an excellent watch-skull, fussy and diligent to a fault. He was promptly stolen by thieves when he tongue-lashed them in the dark; they thought he might be powerful magic, and hence valuable.

The thieves fled into Undermountain to examine and hide their take. Something ill befell them, for they left Muragh on a table in this room and never returned. The table was also brought from the library; it

bears a minor enchantment, preventing dust, damp, or sunlight from harming or altering its surface in any way.

Room #18: Lair of Webs

You see a mass of what looks like dirty gray silk, stretched in a crazy interlacing of strands and swirling nets: this area is filled to the ceiling with cobwebs.

This room is the lair of an **ettercap**, who dwells here with six **large spiders**.

The ettercap cunningly oversees the locations of the arachnid web-making, so narrow, twisting passages run between various sticky "trap" webs, preventing flames from readily spreading from one web to the next. Dirt, dead insects, and the like are deliberately applied to the outermost webs, rendering them opaque to hide the occupants of the lair from intruders. This ettercap is rather lazy; it has prepared no other nooses, trip-strands, or other traps, trusting in the webs of the spiders.

The spiders are hungry, and will attack aggressively. These spiders have a bite attack with relatively weak poison (Type O) with an onset time of 2d12 rounds; PCs must make successful saving throws vs. poison at +2 or are paralyzed for 2d6 hours.

The south wall of this room sports a row of seven narrow secret doors. Each can be readily opened, once found, to reveal a shallow 2' deep alcove. The ettercap hides in one of these, if intruders slay more than half of the spiders or use fire in the center of the lair. Another two of these storage closets are empty, but the other four all contain human skeletons: the remains of the spiders' victims.

The ettercap throws all the victims' clothing and gear down the well, but one of these skeletons still wears what appears to be a plain brass ring (a *ring of jumping*). None of the skeletons are undead—but as each door is opened, the skeleton within lurches forward, as though walking, and then topples to the floor.

Spider — Large (6): Int Non; AL S; AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1 + 1; hp 9 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1 + poison; SA Poison; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each.



Ettercap (1): Int Low; AL NE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-8; SA Poison; SD Traps; SZ M; ML 13; XP 975 each.

This room contains a waist-high, 8' diameter circular parapet enclosing an uncovered well. The water of this well is black and poisonous (Type H effects: 1-4 hour onset, 20 hp damage, 1/2 damage with save) if imbibed. If PCs probe the bottom of the well, they find it goes 60' down, and is fed by seepage, having no visible inlet or outflow. In the black muck of its bottom lie many rotting items of clothing, and the following scattered, buried items: 36 copper pieces, 14 silver pieces, 5 gold pieces, 2 gems (uncut bloodstones, each worth 50 gp), a pair of *bracelets of defense* AC7, a pair of *boots of elvenkind*, a *crystal ball*, three rusting broad swords, and a *dagger +2, Longtooth*.

Room #19: The Warlords Tomb

At first glance, something large and dark looms menacingly in the darkness of this alcove: a black-canopied four-poster bed. But with a closer look, there is no bed between the black, gilded carved pillars, but a dais, and on it—an open coffin! A rank, dead smell wafts towards you and, over the lip of the coffin, something dark seems to slither...

This catafalque is the resting-place of a great warrior of long ago, "The Knight of Many Battles." The paladin Gauth Mharabbath, an early defender of Neverwinter against orc and barbarian raids, was buried here long ago. He was slain by a mind flayer while exploring deeper levels of Undermountain.

The entire alcove is a magic-dead area (see the **General Notes** chapter for effects).

The slithering thing is a harmless (but dangerous-looking!) **blacksnake**, a tomb snake that can bite for 1 hp damage if one offers it bare, unmoving flesh, but otherwise prefers to avoid anything larger than mice. It slowly slithers out of the open-topped coffin, down over its side towards the PCs, and away westwards if left unmolested.

Snake – Black (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 10; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SZ S; ML 4; XP 15.

Danger from Above

The canopy is dusty, rotten black canvas, and houses no traps or monsters. Its four posts are carved with a repeating motif of bare swords, snarling dragon-heads, and flapping banners. They are made of wood, now quite rotten after years in the dank dungeon.

Hidden above the canopy is a circular, 6' diameter shaft, leading upwards 10' to a small, rough-walled circular chamber. This is the lair of a **grell**, which usually carefully unclips the canopy to enter and leave the shaft and go hunting. It is very hungry, however, and will instead drop silently down and thrust its tentacles through the canopy to attack anyone who approaches the coffin.

Grell (1): Int Average; AL NE; AC 4; MV Fl 12 (D); HD 5; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 11; Dmg 1-4 (x10 tentacles) 1-6 (beak); SA Paralyzation (save at +4 or 2d12 hour duration); SD Immune to electricity; SZ M; ML 14; XP 2,000 each.

In the tiny hollowed-out room at the top of the shaft is some stony rubble and the scattered bones of several small rodents devoured by the grell some time ago. Buried in the loose rubble is a small, rotting wooden case, obviously hidden here by unknown hands in the past. In the case is a *wand of frost*, of 46 charges, and a *rod of resurrection*, which has 9 charges.

Grauth's Guardian

The open coffin contains the skeleton of Grauth, whose head is encased in a great black war-helm; once impressive, but now crumbling to rust, the helm is about as stout as an eggshell. His skeletal hands are clasped about a great bare, black-bladed long sword: a *sword -2, cursed*.

The coffin is carved from heavy, stone and painted black, requiring a Strength total of 30 to lift. If the coffin is lifted aside, a storage niche beneath is revealed. In it is a locked, iron-bound chest containing 460 gold pieces. Unfortunately, the chest is rotten, and disintegrates if lifted, spilling coins in all directions.

Worse yet, disturbing the chest causes a stone block to fall out of the south wall, revealing a guardian skeleton, which strides forward silently to attack all living

beings (pursuing through the dungeon, if need be), until destroyed. It wears a few scraps of rusted armor and wields a battered, but still usable, scimitar.

The guardian skeleton, if destroyed, can re-form up to six times (even if its bones are scattered or *disintegrated*), returning to the fray within 2-24 (2d12) rounds. Note that no magic can be used against it while it remains in the alcove. This rare sort of skeleton is detailed in the **Monster Guide** in the *Undermountain Adventures* book.

Guardian Skeleton (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 12; hp 70; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 or by weapon: 1-8 (scimitar); SD Special; MR Special (treat as 20); SZ M; ML Special; XP 4,000.

Room #20: The Grim Statue

A huge, dark stone statue stands in the center of this high-ceilinged room. Its base rises like a cylindrical pillar, to above the head of a tall human (7' high base). Above that, the statue is sculpted into the form of a muscular male human torso, its arms pointing in opposite directions, towards two of the doors.

Something or someone has smashed away many of the fingers on these hands, and also broken off and carried away the statue's head. Somehow, it still looks menacing—and a sharp smell, like lightning in summer storms, hangs in the air...

This room's ceiling is 60' up; what is left of the mutilated statue stands over 40-tall. A secret door is located in the ceiling, directly above the statue; see the chapter entitled *Ways In And Out*, under "First Level: Sewers." This is unlikely to be the PCs' initial way into the dungeon. The DM may have the door open in the ceiling, providing PCs with a chance to escape; unless the secret door is open, PCs cannot detect its presence from the floor. The room has three visible door, and it also has an entry arch and a secret door, leading to #20A.

The statue is fashioned of some dark red rock that seems to have been fused together after carving; the force required to break off the head must have been im-

mense! The statue's arms are outstretched until one hand is twenty-six feet from the other, and both are thirty-eight feet from the floor below. The hands point slightly downwards, towards two of the room's three visible doors. Every eight rounds, there is a loud crackle, and *lightning bolts* spring from the statue's hands, firing 80' in a straight, 5' wide line from the fingertips. The bolts strike the ground 50' from the fingers, if no doors are in the way, and ricochet the rest of their way along the floors.

If the doors are open, these bolts streak down the corridors outside the room. If not, the bolts rebound inside the chamber. They do the statue no damage, and cannot be stopped by breaking off the remaining fingers of the figure.

A given discharge of bolts can be negated by a *dispel magic* spell; casting this spell on the statue prevents one eight round cycle of *bolts*. Eight rounds thereafter, regardless of the duration of the *dispel magic* spell, *bolts* fire again from the statue, unless another *dispel magic* is used.

There are no controls for affecting the *lightning bolts* outside the statue or within its secret chamber. They are caused by ancient and powerful, multilayered spells existing within the stone statue itself.

Inner Descent

If the statue itself is examined for secret doors, one is found on the southeastern-most arc of its smooth-curved surface. It opens into the interior of the statue. Anyone even partially inside the statue is shielded to all effects of the *bolts*.

The statue's interior is a circular stone stair, going steeply downwards. Twenty feet down, it opens into a 10' × 10' room containing the collapsed remnants of an old armchair and two intact wooden wall shelves. One shelf is empty, and one contains a scroll and a stoppered steel vial.

The scroll contains a single second-level wizard spell, *whirling blade* (detailed in the **Spells of Undermountain** chapter of this book), and the vial is a *potion of polymorph self*.

From the room, the stair continues corkscrewing downwards; it eventually comes out in Room #46 on Level Two, over 80' below this room.

#20A: There is a secret door in the southwest corner of the room of the Grim Statue. At #20A, six stout, armored

dwarves lie in a deep sleep, their axes and helms beside them. Their beards grow long and wild over them, like giant spiders' cobwebs, and their snores are deep and robust.

The dwarves are lawful good adventurers named Arthen, Bahordil, Dammath, Elengi, Goruth, and Khaltarr, collectively known as the "Six Sleepers." They do not awaken, no matter what the PCs do. Their purses and treasure are long gone, for other adventurers have found the sleepers often enough. In fact, regulars at the Yawning Portal say that delvers into Undermountain use them as a landmark when describing adventures or routes in the dungeon below.

The dwarves have fallen victim to a flask of *wine of eternity*, a fell vintage devised by renegade illithid mages an age ago. Its effects are detailed in the Magical Items chapter; these dwarves have been asleep for some ninety-six years, and their next saving throw will not occur until 2d20 days after the PCs first find them.

The flask of *wine of eternity* is still in Arthen's clutched hand. It is stoppered, but almost empty (containing only one swallow's-worth of liquid, or about 20 sips). The wine is still effective, if PCs care to test it.

There is nothing else of interest or value in the room, beyond six rather battered, dwarf-sized chainmail shirts, the leather rotting beneath the links.

Room #21: The Sundered Throne

A once-grand, bronze-plated wooden door leading into this area is engraved with the images of a ring of naked swords surrounding a crown. When the (unlocked, untrapped) door is opened, the huddled corpse of a manticore will be found, lying just inside the door (at #21A). It was hacked to death with bladed weapons some time ago, and reeks of decay. Someone tore out most of its tail-spikes, and cut off its head, though it was left beside the corpse, now glaring up at the PCs sightlessly.

The heavy carcass lies atop a canvas sack, but unless much care is taken to remove the sack without touching the corpse, rot grubs that infest this carrion will swarm out to attack! *Cure disease* kills them, and flames kill 2d10 grubs per

application (victim also takes 1d6 flame damage per application). The rot grubs must be killed within 1d6 rounds before they burrow too deeply into their victim; roll Wisdom Check to notice attack.

The canvas sack under the dead manticore contains a squashed and rotten wheel of cheese and a smashed lantern, twisted into uselessness. The lantern's glass has been driven through the cheese, a hideous mess. If all of this is dumped or shaken out of the sack, a single copper piece will also fall out.

Rot Grub (13): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 1; HD 1 hp; hp 1 each; THAC0 Nil; #AT 0; Dmg Nil; SA Special: victim's AC x 10 is chance for infestation—burrow to heart in 1-3 turns; SZ T ML 5; XP 15 each.

#21B: A faint amber radiance lights this area (referring to #21A) from around the corner ahead. When the PCs reach the corner, where the corridor opens out into the larger room beyond, read this:

In front of you stretches a room lined with a row of motionless, close-visored armored knights down the walls, or at least suits of plate armor. There are six on each side of the room, all facing inwards, silent and motionless, and holding spears upright. Where their ranks end, four broad stone steps rise to a dais at the end of the room. The floor of this upper level is the source of the amber radiance, though you can see no specific source for it. At the back of the dais is an alcove, and in it sets a grand, high-backed throne.

The throne is empty, but has cracked and split, its back in jagged ruin, like the upward-pointing lower fangs of some gigantic beast.

A passage runs to the left from the entrance archway to a closed door.

The suits of armor are actually **battle horrors** (detailed in the **Monster Guide**, in *Undermountain Adventures*, under "Helmed Horrors"). All of these horrors are immune to *magic missile*, *fireball*, and *lightning bolt* spell effects. They do nothing unless attacked or unless someone sits in the throne (marked #21B). If anyone touches a horror, it will *dimension door* back to #21A to block the PCs' exit, and then attack. The other horrors



will not move, until someone touches the throne, the armor behind it, or them.

The raised dais glows with an amber *faerie fire* that cannot be dispelled. Whenever a being walks on it, the footprints glow as images of concentrated light, and then slowly (1d4 rounds) fade. The radiance is harmless.

The throne is of solid stone, without adornment or compartments. Anyone approaching it closely finds a small pile of broken spears and odd pieces of armor behind it; these look like disassembled remains of 'dead' battle horrors—which is just what they are. Six complete suits of plate armor can be assembled from what lies here, but the Horrors react hostilely to anyone touching the armor.

If anyone touches the throne, all of the horrors animate, hurling their spears at the alcove at the beginning of the next round—no doubt this has something to do with the condition of the throne. They have done this thousands of times before, and make the cast at +2 to their attack rolls. They then draw their blades and attack all intruders, trying to get to the throne and hack its occupant to pieces, while at the same time blocking any attempt to escape from the raised dais.

Helmed Horror – Battle Horror (12): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 12, Fl 12 (A); HD 16; hp 55 each; THAC0 5; #AT 1 + special; Dmg 1-4 (ramming) or by weapon type: 1d6 (spear), 2d4 (broad sword); SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML 20; XP 4,000 each. FA1

Have Throne, Will Travel

If anyone sits in the throne, this action triggers a magical cycle within the dais. Note that the magic will not be triggered if an object is placed on the throne, only a person or warm-blooded creature. The amber radiance begins to visibly flow through the stone floor of the raised area, fading at its edges and gathering up into the throne. The throne grows brighter and brighter, as the light fades entirely from the dais—this process takes 2 rounds. Any being except a battle horror touching the throne at the end of the third round is abruptly *teleported* away in a soundless flash of light. If there is no one in contact with the throne for two continuous rounds (say, the thief decides sitting in a target for spears is not a healthy thing and jumps out.), the *teleport* cycle still completes itself as usual.

On the next round, the throne is lightless, and the radiance returns to the floor. If intruders remain within the chamber, the battle horrors continue to fight. Otherwise, assuming all were *teleported* away, the horrors pick up their spears, toss any fallen comrades behind the throne piece by piece, and walk back to take up their positions along the walls, unless intruders remain to fight.

The throne *teleport* leads to a number of destinations, at the DM's option. The locales reached by the throne are known to change from time to time, but should stay the same on any given day. Here are some suggestions (1d6):

1. The forests of Cormyr—specifically, the setting of "The Killing Tree" adventure, in *Undermountain Adventures*.
2. The domain of Verbrek in the RAVENLOFT™ campaign setting; the PCs arrive on a night when the moon is full and high in the sky . . .
3. Another world floating in wildspace in the SPELLJAMMER™ campaign setting. (This is a good opportunity to cross-over Realms campaigns with other campaign worlds.)
4. The Rat Hills, the garbage dump of Waterdeep, described in *Undermountain Adventures*.
5. Atop one of the guano-covered, spray-swept Sea Stacks, the rocks just outside the entrances of Waterdeep's harbor.
6. In a vampire's tomb, somewhere in the mountains north of Waterdeep (left to the DM to develop).

Alternatively, somewhere in the hills south of The High Moor is the setting for "Coils In The Dark," an adventure included in *Undermountain Adventures*.

#21C: The passage to the left of the entrance arch of the Sundered Throne area leads to a wooden door pierced by rows of nail holes where someone has taken away its bronze plating. The unlocked door opens into #21C, a room that contains a central pillar studded with gems. The pillar is about 8' in diameter, and appears to be made of solid stone covered with hardened mud, into which have been pressed cut gems of all sorts.

The stones wink and gleam in a splendid display of color, reflecting back the PCs' light sources and sending many-hued reflections all over the room. PCs may pry and chip away gems at the rate of 1d4 per

round. To determine what gems a PC has gained, use the Gem Treasure tables in the DMG or the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures book.

The moment any character has taken seven gems from the pillar, a **necrophidius** lunges out of the pillar at him. A maximum of two such worms can come out of the pillar at once—and there are only seven worms "in" the pillar (although Halaster, who devised this trap, could well create new ones as replacements).

Each of these human-skull-headed "death worms" seems to pass through the substance of the pillar—which remains solid and hard to the touch of PCs—and concentrates its attacks on the character whose gem-taking "summoned" it. It tries to seize one magical item from the character in its jaws. Biting off the hand that holds it is an elegantly simple means of doing this; once it acquires a magical item, it returns to the pillar with it.

Once in the pillar, the item is gone (unless the DM wishes to have it turn up later, elsewhere in the dungeon, suitably guarded). This is one of Halaster's ways of both entertaining himself and gaining new supplies of magic.

Any character who "summons" a death worm and does not have a magical item will be attacked to kill, the worm striking to slay as quickly as possible. If another being with a magical item intervenes, the necrophidius abandons its slaying attempt and tries to seize the magical item instead.

Spells cast at the pillar are absorbed, without apparent effect. Physical attacks against the pillar knock off gems (eventually "summoning" forth another necrophidius), but do not otherwise appear to harm the pillar. The pillar stretches from floor to ceiling, and cannot be removed, or entered by PCs.

Necrophidius (1-7): Int Average; AL N; AC 2; MV 9; HD 2; hp 16 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 + Paralyzation poison (saving throw vs. spell or be paralyzed for 1d4 turns), and "Dance of Death" (save vs. spell or suffer *hypnotism*, effects as spell, due to swaying movements of dance); SD Immune to poison and special; SZ L; ML 20; XP 270 each.



Room #22: The High Duke's Tomb

A withered, severed and mummified human left hand lies on the floor here, its fingers curled upwards in a claw-shape, as if in pain. Beyond the hand, two black, rusting iron barred gates stand and twisted and ajar. Past the ruined gates is a stone room containing a massive coffin. Something metal gleams atop it. There is a footstone at the coffin's base, carved in a tilted manner and facing towards you. It bears some sort of inscription...

The hand is a lone **crawling claw**, lying where it fell after being hurled out of a coffer it was guarding by a desperate thief. The claw will leap and scuttle to attack any living being that touches it or approaches within 5', trying to fulfill its orders to guard against intruders.

Claw, Crawling (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 9; HD 1/2; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1-4 (armored foes) 1-6 (unarmored foes); SD Special; MR Special; SZ T ML 20; XP 35

An armored human of average size can slip between the bent-apart gates without touching them. They radiate faint magic—old, minor spells that cause tiny bells on each gate to chime whenever anyone passes through the gates. This may be alarming to PCs, but the gates are untrapped and harmless.

The room beyond is dry and dusty. The inscription on the footstone, written in Thorass, reads: "Here Lies High King Arthangh/ Son of Meirra/ Lord of Emberden/ He Should Not Have Fallen."

Whoever Arthangh was, and whatever Emberden was, is now completely forgotten. His tomb is a simple, rough-carved stone block, hollowed out beneath the lid to allow space for the body to be laid. If PCs investigate, they will find an intact human skeleton—not undead—and no treasure.

Atop the tomb lies a naked two-handed sword. There is no scabbard to be seen anywhere, and the sword gleams mirror-bright, as if it were polished only minutes ago.

If anyone approaches within 5' of the tomb, a *magic mouth* will appear (once

per day) on the top of the coffin. It says (in old, heavily-accented Common): "Lay hand to sword and it is thine; The Flame of The North—but beware, for death is very close to thee."

The Flame of The North

If any being not of chaotic good alignment touches the sword, it seems to spit blue fire and the being takes 3d4 hp of electrical damage. After its initial-contact damage, the sword does no more harm to a non-chaotic good being, but in such hands it is -3 on all attack and damage rolls.

The Flame of the North is a steel *two-handed sword* +2, which is +4 against all creatures of chaotic evil alignment. Its blade is treated to be *everbright*: it cannot rust, tarnish, or be stained or harmed by acid, blood, flames, or other substances.

Whenever any spell is cast on someone holding the drawn blade, there is a 10% chance that the spell will be reflected back on its source. This effect can happen regardless of the will of the sword-wielder. All electrical attacks and *magic missiles* cast at the sword-wielder are absorbed harmlessly by the sword, and used to recharge its powers.

In the hands of a chaotic good being, the sword blazes constantly with blue-white flames while drawn. These flames give light equal to a *faerie fire*, but the wielder does not incur the standard combat disadvantages of that spell. The flames cannot be quelled except by breaking the blade. They are illusory, and cannot heat or ignite anything.

Whenever the *Flame* is drawn and in the hands of a chaotic good being, and any chaotic evil being comes within 20' of the sword, the sword-wielder hears an inner voice, endlessly whispering, "Strike! Strike!...Strike!" This effect happens regardless of any magical defenses that cloak or confuse the reading of true alignment; the sword infallibly detects the presence of chaotic evil beings within its range. The sword has no intelligence, ego, or coercive powers beyond this verbal urging.

There is nothing else of interest in the room. If the coffin is shoved aside (it weighs over a ton; 38 or more Strength ability points must be combined to shove it, and twice that to lift it), a storage cavity is revealed in the floor, 6' long, 2' wide, and 1' deep—but it is empty.

Room #23: The Falling Stair

Read the following whenever any PC approaches within 50' of the stair:

A deep, rumbling roar begins, somewhere overhead. The walls and ceiling shake, and dust falls in clouds from above. Stones bounce and roll down the stairs, followed by the crashings of larger boulders, and the horrible grating and groaning of shifting stone. With a sudden last surge of tumbling stones, the disturbance ends, dust drifting eerily in the sudden silence.

If PCs examine the stair, they find it entirely blocked with fallen stone. This effect occurs whenever living beings approach within 50' of the foot of the stair. There is no known way to break the magic—which has happened so often that the Falling Stair is a landmark known among delvers in Undermountain for generations.

Within 1d4 turns, all the fallen dust and rubble begins to silently rise, like bubbles in a fermenting drink, to the ceiling again. In three rounds, the way is clear to climb up into the former Citadel of the Bloody Hand.

This stronghold is not detailed here, for it is currently occupied by the City Guard, who have walled off the head of the stair. PCs who dig a way through will be met by 46 ready-armed Guardsmen (F3s and F4s in plate armor with broadswords) reinforced by several priests and wizards, and firmly escorted to the surface. They are searched and politely expelled from the gates of Castle Waterdeep with the advice to "stay out of forbidden areas, upon pain of harsher justice of the Lords."

PCs so taken receive healing as necessary, but are stripped of all treasure except coinage—and all coins in excess of 100 gold pieces each.



This "Lords' take" is well-known to the gossips and veteran delvers who frequent The Yawning Portal. As an unwritten rule, novice explorers of Undermountain are seldom warned about it before it happens to them.

#23A & B: This marks the resting place of a dried, shrivelled tail of dark scaly segments. If identified, it is that of a black dragon, but one of decidedly poor condition. The scales are cracked, the skin withered, mold-encrusted, and eaten away in many tiny spots; the insides are rotted or eaten away, so all that is left is an empty, fragile, worthless shell.

The cryptic verse on the scroll in Room #11 refers to this area—specifically, to a *gate* exit from the dungeon that only works when approached in the right manner. It is situated at #23B, but is always invisible; affected creatures simply vanish, silently and in mid-step.

Presumably constructed by Halaster, this one-way *gate* works only for creatures who:

- approach the nearby "bottomless shaft" (#24) from the west (the corri-

dor with #24A in it, which must be entered from the north, heading south from #23A),

- circle around #24 (once only),
- go back westwards along the corridor, and turn north again.

(Confusing? Refer to the "Falling Stair Teleport" Route Map included in the **Maps & Charts** chapter at the end of the *Undermountain Adventures* book.)

Even if this trail is followed unwittingly, the *gate* takes beings walking or being carried by this route out of Undermountain. Beings accompanying or even grasping them who have not travelled the correct route are not affected. The *gate* even severs chains or other linkages holding affected and unaffected beings together.

The *gate* takes beings using it to a grassy hillock outside Southfort Keep, on the seaward side of the caravan road. Note that shepherds, flower-gatherers, and camping pilgrims and tramps all use this area just south of Waterdeep from time to time; these simple folk can certainly be expected to run screaming from any armed, bedraggled adventurers who suddenly appear in their midst. (This is a

great opportunity for comic relief, if needed to lighten the spirits of haggard PCs.)

Room #24: The Chamber of The Well

This chamber is round, its walls curving smoothly to form a hemisphere high overhead. The center of the room contains a circular hole: a 20' diameter shaft or pit without parapet or railings. The air is cold but still; no breeze comes up from the depths. Two passages enter the room through archways on opposite sides of the shaft, and are joined by a 10' wide walkway that encircles the pit.

On one side of the pit, you see something fluid, a moving lump of a buttery-brown hue that thrusts blobs of itself forward, and flows after them, towards you. It moves silently, its edges briefly turning purple as they expand and reach to grip. They grip, pull, and the thing flows on, nearer . . .

Unless PCs avoid combat, read the last paragraph in the box above only on their first visit to the chamber. It refers to an **ochre jelly**, which pursues the PCs tirelessly through the dungeon from this spot—unless some PCs go up the grab irons located at #24A. If this occurs, it flows to the base of the grab irons, spreads itself out thin to cover the largest possible area and wait for the characters to return. It may send up a “finger” or two of itself up the wall behind the grab irons, an attempt to catch unwary climbers.

This jelly is very old, and was for some years the pet of one of Halaster’s apprentices, who experimented on it. The result is a jelly that differs somewhat from most: it is intelligent (Low: 5 only), but very cunning when it comes to hunting in this area of the dungeon; this cunning also gives it a higher morale than usual. It regenerates 1 hit point of damage every 2 rounds, and is capable of two sudden bursts of speed per day, each lasting 4 rounds. During these bursts, the jelly is MV 14.

Due to its amorphous nature and the ability to flatten itself into a “slow-sail,” the ochre jelly takes only $1d4 + 1$ falling damage (per fall) from the Well (see below). It is quite willing to wrap itself around characters and pull them into the pit; they will take full falling damage, as the jelly deals them a round of attack damage.

Oozes, Slimes and Jellies - Ochre Jelly (1):
Int Low (5); AL N; AC 8; MV 3 (14); HD 6; hp 46; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SD Regenerates 1 hp/2 rds, Lightning divides into 2 creatures; SZ M; ML 10; XP 500.

The 60' high domed room in which the jelly waits contains the Well, the only known “bottomless pit” in Undermountain which is *not* surrounded by a curtain of darkness. Like the other pits (detailed under “C” in the **Areas of Interest** chapter for this level), this shaft is filled with a powerful, pulsing gravitational force that hurls any objects and beings entering it or leaning over it (Strength check to resist being pulled in) downward into the Well.

Objects and beings unable to resist the “gravity surge” are snatched downwards 90’ and smashed into a rough stone floor, suffering $10d6$ damage. Items must make both a “fall” and a “crushing blow” saving throw to survive.

Beings who can fly, or use magical *levitation* or the like to slow their descent suffer only $7d6$ damage. Only *feather falling* allows a being to escape all damage.

After impact at the bottom, a localized *teleport* whisks all item fragments and bodies back to the precise location from which they entered the pit.

Beings who try to climb down the shaft must make a Strength check each round to avoid being torn free by the surging force. If they are climbing “free,” the Check is rolled at a penalty of +3; if they are using a rope, the check is made normally.

#24A: At this point, grab irons project from the wall, starting 3’ from the ground and leading upwards. These climbing-rungs are old and rusty, but massive—each is over two inches thick—and still sound. Fifteen rungs later (and 18’ above the floor of the corridor), the ascending shaft stops, with a 4’ high opening in its north wall: a bare crawl-corridor leading onwards.

#24B: This low (4’ high) ceiled room is entered by three unfastened sliding panels, marked as doors on the Level One map. It contains only a shattered wooden shield and a short sword with a large, clear gem set in its pommel, lying on the floor.

The shield is useless, disintegrating into soft, punky shards at any blow. The sword, however, is very, very dangerous in this enclosed space. The sword does not move until PCs have entered the room and are reaching for it (or about to pass by it). Then it springs up and attack, whirling about and seeking only to slay and maim (THAC0 12 (10); +2 to attack and damage rolls). Due to the low clearance, lower all non-magical target Armor Classes by 4 points, unless the targets are less than 4’ tall. It will attack for $1d4$ rounds and then fly, pommel first to one of the PCs’ hands. If a PC touches the pommel, he or she hears a frantic, male voice in his or her head tell the following information.

The short sword is animated by the *trapped soul* of a chaotic good ranger by the name of Harrikas, formerly of Tethyr. Harrikas has not adjusted well to life as an intelligent weapon; he suffered this fate on a whim of Halaster—the mage wanted to see if he could make an animate, intelligent weapon. He had the ranger as a captive and *trapped his soul* within the pommel

gem. Harrikas has spent years in this lonely corner of Undermountain, fighting phantoms in his mind, but he rejoices at finding living companions once again. He attacked out of frustration, thinking the PCs were only hallucinations.

Harrikas is within a *short sword* +2 and it has some very special properties due to its intelligent passenger. It allows the wielder to hide in shadows (56% success) and move silently (70% chance as a 9th level ranger). Also, the wielder can hear Harrikas speak telepathically while holding the pommel of the sword.

The wielder gains a +4 bonus (in addition to normal and magical bonuses) to attack rolls against trolls, Harrikas’ ranger ability and enmity against these creatures adding to the weapon. Finally, the ranger himself can animate the *short sword* +2 once a day for 6 rounds maximum; the effect is similar to a *sword of dancing*, save that the bonuses don’t change and the blade fights as a 9th level ranger. He can be carried by anyone, but prefers to be used by rangers or fighters of chaotic good alignment.

#24C: Here, PCs find a stout, three-legged wooden stool fallen on its side, a gray canvas sack (moldy, weak-rotten, and empty), and a spider web, opaque with thick gray dust, that stretches from floor to ceiling, walling off the end corner from view.

Spreadeagled in the web, facing the wall, is a dessicated human corpse clad in tattered strips of leather and the rags of cotton worn underneath. Its limbs are shriveled and shrunken.

The corpse’s purse has rotted away, and hangs in tatters. Its contents—1 gp, 4 sp, and 6 cp—are scattered amid the web. The corpse still clutches a normal, intact dagger.

Behind the web is a giant black spider. It sprawls amid webbing, large, hairy, and menacing... but unmoving, for it is also a dead and dried-out husk.

There is a monster here, however. If the corpse is disturbed, a mottled gray six-inch-long **huge centipede** scuttles out of its lair (the corpse’s mouth) and down the body to attack. A centipede’s bite contains a weak poison: make a successful saving throw at +4 or be paralyzed for 1-6 hours.

Centipede – Huge (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 21; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg Nil; SA Poison: SZ T; ML 6; XP 35 each.

The corpse is that of a novice thief named Jorkhan, who came to Waterdeep from Amphail to seek his fortune. He died here, almost a year ago, on his first expedition. If spoken to, he warns PCs of the "pillar with skeletal snakes" (#21C) and tells them of the "burning sword in the dead guy's tomb" (#20A) that he couldn't touch. Beyond these areas, he knows nothing useful about the dungeon.

The only items of value still left on his body are a pair of lockpicks in his belt, a pouch containing three flints and a striking-steel, and a map. The map, burned into now-mouldy vellum, consists of two boxes containing the following words: "Statue – Beware Lightning" and the other, below it, "Throne-Way Out." These refer to areas #20 and #21, described earlier, and lack any details or heading. Also on the map, along one edge, are the words: "Three beholders guard it." What this refers to, only an inventive DM knows.

#24D: In this wide junction of corridors lies a stone coffin. Its lid has been shoved askew, revealing the coffin's empty interior. Lying atop the lid is a shining steel spear, glowing with a very faint blue radiance.

This magical weapon glows more brightly when grasped, and any being holding it feels power surging through their arms. It always strikes first in any round, and appears to be a spear +2. It is really a spear, cursed backbiter; detailed in the DMG.

Room #25: Hlethvagi's Storerooms

Read the following to players whenever they open a door leading into one of the areas marked #25 on the Level One dungeon map:

This room is lit by a faint brownish-red radiance, which seems to emanate from everywhere. It is crowded with two cots, a scarred wooden table flanked by two rough chairs, a chamber pot, and a heap of crates and roughweave sacks.

It also contains five armored, unfriendly-looking orcs with black-bladed scimitars in their hands. Two near the back of the room rise from the chairs, and one from a cot; two are near you, swords raised menacingly.

The orcs do not attack unless PCs enter the room or attack them first. They grunt and growl and wave at the PCs to go away. (If PCs figure this out from earlier storeroom encounters, and blast the orcs with spells from outside the room, the orc from the cot should survive, using the crates and sacks as cover, long enough to hurl the *bead of force*; see below.)

All of the orcs wear hide armor, and carry both a scimitar and a short sword. All of their weapons are smeared with a sticky, nerve-numbing paste: struck victims must make successful saving throws against poison at +1 or be slowed for 2-5 rounds, attacking last in any round and with an AC penalty of +2, a -1 attack roll penalty, and a temporary Dexterity loss of 3. Any being saving against the poison is considered immune to its effects for the rest of the encounter. These orcs have scrawny purses at their belts: each contains 1d8 cp, 1d6 sp, and 1d2 gp (25% chance).

The chamber pot stands alone in one corner. It contains nothing surprising, but on the floor behind it is a shallow stone dish, looking something like an ashtray. In the dish is a single black, lustreless marble or pearl. It is a *bead of force*: it does 5d4 damage in a 10' radius, encapsulates victims who fail saving throws vs. spell in a (3d4 round duration) *sphere of force*; more details are given in the DMG.

If the orcs think that intruders are exceedingly dangerous, one orc snatches up the *bead of force* and throws it out the door on an angle, over the heads of intruders and to one side. The *bead* impacts 10' outside the door, trapping any characters in that radius. The orcs then try to slip past the *sphere* to summon aid from other storerooms, attract a wandering monster, or simply to abandon their stores and escape (DM's choice).

Orc (5): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 8 hp each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar) or 1-6 (short sword); SZ M; ML 11; XP 15.

The entire room radiates magic, the result of the *continual faerie fire* spell used by Hlethvagi (described in the "Spells In

Undermountain" chapter of this book).

The table holds three rough pewter drinking-cups, a set of "scatter-men" (jumping jacks of brass; orc sets are always fashioned in the likeness of tiny, spreadeagled nude humans, faces exaggerated in expressions of terror) and a ball made of leather strips stretched and sewn together. Someone's eating-knife (1d3 damage) is driven point-first into the table.

Hidden on the underside of the table are six metal flasks, held in place by stringy metal strips. These are *potions of healing* (each restores 2d4 + 2 hp).

The chairs are of flimsy wood; they fly apart in a spectacular shower of splinters if used as weapons (2d4 damage, for one blow only). The cots can be used in the same way, but they don't fly apart after one attack. They are stout wooden frames, covered with old, overlapping canvas sacks stuffed with straw. One contains a single copper piece that will fly across the room if the cot is swung in battle or disturbed by searchers.

The crates are of wood sealed against damp with pitch (+2 to each die of fire damage, whenever flame contacts them). They are emblazoned with a brand (burned into the wood of the top and sides) consisting of two overlapping circles, with an "H" (for Hlethvagi) in Thorass above them. All contain bundled fabrics—fine camlet, moire, muster-delvys, or samite. A storeroom contains 2d20 such crates, stacked in staggered bricklaying fashion up one wall.

The sacks are of hempen roughweave, and contain onions, cabbages, and various root vegetables. They will be 3d12 in number. One of the sacks (which will be near the table and on top of its part of the pile) is open, and contains food: three partially-gnawed smoked hams, a huge wheel of redsharp cheese (a reddish cheese, rather like swiss cheese in texture and taste, studded with almonds and made with red wine), and a ceramic jug of mintwater (water laced with mint, to give it a refreshing taste). The orcs dine whenever they feel hungry, and are getting impatient for some fancier fare. There were some whole pickles in the sack, too, but the orcs ate these. One didn't like his much, and dropped half of it on the floor before crushing it with a booted foot; searching PCs find the slushy puddle that resulted.

Room #26: The Falling Wall

Whenever PCs approach this spot, they will hear:

A sudden rumbling sounds directly above you—a stony, grating noise, as if something massive is falling!

Any character who looks up before leaping or diving away will be hit by the falling wall—it can magically *pull* beings within 3' in under it, as it falls. Any being who takes evasive action first and then looks to see what has occurred will see that a 10' wide block of stone, scribed and finished to look like the blocks of the corridor walls, has fallen from above, blocking the corridor. There is no visible seam, cavity, or trigger in the ceiling or elsewhere to tip adventurers off of a moving wall, thanks to a permanent masking *illusion*.

Pinned characters suffer 7d4 points of damage, and all items worn or carried must survive saving throws vs. crushing blow. Halaster thoughtfully cleans up bloodstains and the like from the floor here, but Hlethvagi's orcs all know exactly where the wall is, and may use it to escape pursuing PCs.

The wall remains down for 1d4 +1 turns, and then rumbles back up into the ceiling, by itself. A *dispel magic* can delay its falling for a round, but will not make it disappear or retract once fallen. It reflects magical attacks back in random directions, menacing caster and companions. Its magical construction makes it radiate a dweomer all over, and allows it to block all scrying attempts, and "scramble" gaseous, ethereal, and non-corporeal beings trying to pass it; this happens even if pinned beings or objects keep it from reaching the floor. "Scrambling" does such beings 4d4 points of damage per attempt to pass, with no saving throw; these beings suffer 8 +2d4 points of damage if they force themselves past. If the wall is destroyed, Halaster will repair it promptly; he's particularly fond of this trap.

The wall is very, very heavy; a combined Strength of 40 must be used to lift it enough to get pinned beings out. This lifting can only last one round against the magical force still shoving the wall downwards.

There is a 2 in 6 chance that a pinned character will be able to see the underside or "bottom edge" of the one thick wall, and reach a storage recess there. This recess contains an ivory tube with brass end-caps, kept from falling out of the niche by a small, pivoting metal crossbar.

The tube is itself worth 4 gp, and contains a scroll wrapped around a tapering, 1' long piece of polished wood, which has the word "Jhulae" inscribed on one side, at its base.

This is a *wand of frost*, with 26 charges left. The scroll around it contains the following wizard spells: *Ilyykur's mantle*, *missile mastery*, *ironguard*, *shroud of flames*, and *teleport dead*. These spells are all detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures sourcebook; DMs lacking this reference should replace them with mid- and high-level wizard spells they are familiar with.

Room #27: Whitehelm's Tomb

#27A: When the PCs reach the unmarked, undistinguished stretch of corridor marked #27A, read the following:

Without warning, there is suddenly empty air under your feet, where a moment before you walked on solid stone!

You barely have time to realise this before you strike something very hard. All around you is darkness.

A 10' × 10' section of floor at #27A teleports "elsewhere" for a round, and then reappears. PCs on the floor when it vanishes fall 10' into another stone-lined hallway, taking 1d6 falling damage. The floor vanishes in the same round any living being steps on it, 2 segments after the "first contact," so it is likely that two or three companions fall with the being triggering the floor. This "pit trap" does not operate at all if beings in the upper passage avoid stepping on the floor (by the use of climbing thieves, ropes, magic or the like). It functions when approached from either direction.

The floor's reappearance is quite possibly damaging to beings or items that project over the edges of the pit formed when the floor goes missing. Anything oc-

cupying the space of the floor when it returns makes the following checks:

Make a Dexterity check to fall below or jump up above the area, sensing and avoiding contact with the materializing floor—objects suspended in the space are checked against the Dexterity of the person holding them. Failure to make this Dexterity check results in instant death, the being or item effectively cut in half by the returned floor.

Secondly, make a saving throw vs. spell. If successful, the being or object takes no damage. If failed, beings and things take 4d6 damage of shock, their systems shocked by solid rock interposing itself on them.

27B: This lower hallway begins where the PCs fall (#27A) and runs 40' west into darkness. It climbs a steep flight of five steps, ascending over five feet through an arched opening, to enter a room beyond (#27B). A faint carrion reek wafts down this corridor.

Three **ghouls** and a **ghast** lair here. They have suffered at the hands of Hlethvagi's torch-bearing orcs before, and charge to the attack, hoping to disable prey before flaming oil or torches can be hurled.

The ghoul's touch causes 1d6 + 2 rounds of *paralysis*, save allowed to avoid effects, the ghast's touch doing 1d6 +4 rounds of *paralysis*; elves are immune to the effects of a ghoul's touch, but not a ghast's. The ghast's stench forces its opponents to attack at -2 unless they make a successful saving throw versus poison. *Sleep* and *charm* spells do not affect these creatures, *Protection from evil* affects the ghouls but not the ghast, unless iron is used to form a wall or ring. Cold iron does the ghast double damage.

Ghoul (3): Int Low; AL CE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 15, 14, 11; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA Paralyzation SD Special; SZ M; ML 12; XP 175 each.

Ghoul — Ghast (1): Int Very; AL CE; AC 4; MV 15; HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-8; SA Special; SD Special; SZ M; ML 13; XP 650 each.

This large room contains 14 stone coffins, all about five feet long and two-and-a-half feet wide and tall. Their lids bear dwarven runes identifying who is buried inside ("Ardheg son of Bulmi, Shield of Bereg Whitehelm," and so on). All coffins



bear the remains of "Shields" or "Honored Axes" of Bereg Whitehelm. All of the coffins are broken opened, and the contents devoured. Attentive PCs may notice that the tomb of Bereg himself seems to be missing.

A litter of cracked and split bones (both from the dwarven tombs and from passing creatures of other races) testifies to the ghouls' hunger. All tomb-treasure and valuables of the ghouls' prey was taken by the raiding orcs.

There is a very steep flight of three steps (each step rising two feet) on the western side of this room, leading to a raised area above the tomb chamber. The 20' long west wall of this area rises by itself whenever approached within 5' from the east, allowing an exit to the corridor west of the room. The wall cannot be made to rise from the corridor to the west, except by means of a *knock* spell.

#27C: A dwarven statue stands here, facing east. It is of granite, somewhat battered (by passing orcs engaged in art appreciation or in need of weapons-practice), and depicts a stern-faced, bearded dwarf in plate armor, axe raised as if to bar passage. Whenever any living being approaches within 10' of the statue from any direction, a *magic mouth* will appear on its back, saying in Common: "Disturb not the rest of those who served Bereg Whitehelm, or the axes of the dwarves will seek you out . . . and fall upon you!"

#27D: This room has a high (60' up) ceiling, and a stone floor polished mirror-smooth. In the center of its eastern wall, the floor climbs three steps (2') to a raised dais. On the dais is an altar and a magnificent tapestry depicting a winged white dragon rearing up menacingly. The tapestry is 30' square and finely worked, perfectly preserved by protective magics (it radiates a strong dweomer). It is worth as much as 400 gp if sold, intact, in Waterdeep or another large center of culture and commerce. It is slung from a massive steel crossbar, on six massive steel hooks set high on the wall, and hangs a foot out from the wall itself.

The altar is identical to the stone block altar described under "XY" in the Areas of Interest chapter for this level: a plain stone block, 10' x 20' x 4' high. The top is smooth, unadorned, and level except at either end, where it rises in two sweeping

arms, becoming candlesticks. The entire altar radiates magic.

Two plain, thick white candles sit in the sockets. They are unmagical, and will provide eight hours of illumination under normal circumstances.

If they are both lit while remaining in the altar-candlestick-arms, an otherwise undetectable, un-openable secret door opens by itself with a scraping noise in the east wall of this room, behind the tapestry.

27E: This chilly stone chamber has an eastern leg and a southern leg, both dark and silent. This is the tomb of Bereg Whitehelm himself. Where Bereg Whitehelm was a ruler of, his title, and what clan he belonged to are forgotten by living dwarves. Perhaps there was once a Whitehelm clan . . .

The eastern leg contains a huge mirror, 7' high and 6' wide, of polished silver (33 gp worth, if intact; 26 gp worth in all, if sold in fragments) set in an ornate stone frame. It is very heavy, and constructed to resist toppling; the stone frame is a solid, triangular block beneath the mirror, not separate legs and is quite sturdy.

Bereg Whitehelm himself lurks behind the mirror in the eastern alcove of his burial chamber, waiting to attack intruders investigating his coffin (which stands in the southern leg of the room) from behind.

Bereg appears as a ghostly, translucent dwarf in armor, wielding a battle axe of the same undead substance as himself. He is in fact a dwarven **spectre**, and is angry at intruders within his burial chamber.

Immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells, poisons, and paralyzation attacks, Bereg can be *held* for 1d4 +1 rounds but not rendered powerless by the equivalent of sunlight (*sunray* spell) when in his tomb (all areas marked #27), but affected normally by it outside those areas. In the same way, he cannot be turned or dispelled when in tomb areas; he can be affected as a normal spectre outside them. Like human spectres, Bereg can be hit only by +1 or better magical weapons, holy water, and spells.

Bereg pursues beings intruding into #27E throughout the dungeon, trying to destroy them all (to become spectres under his control). When initially encountered, he is alone. If PCs do not destroy him, he will have 1-2 additional spectres

under his control when they venture into #27D and #27E again. (If any PCs fell to Bereg, they will be prominent amid these companion spectres, and will retain knowledge of PC levels, back-up magical items, favorite tactics and weapons.)

Spectre (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 15, FL 30(B); HD 7 + 3; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Energy drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 3,000 each.

The southern leg contains a stone coffin, plain but almost man-size (6' long, 3' wide and high). Its lid is slightly ajar, and atop it sits a 3' long ivory coffer carved into the smooth likeness of a curled-up, sleeping white dragon (worth 210 gp, intact). The folded wings of the dragon form the coffer's top; it is locked. The ends of a piece of rotten, crumbling black silk ribbon dangle from the dragon's neck.

The key has fallen from this ribbon, and now lies in the (otherwise empty) coffin beneath the coffer.

In the coffer is a dagger whose ornate basket-hilt is worked into a wyvern-hunting-scene, with chips of chalcedony, moss agate, chrysoprase, opal and amethyst inset as the eyes of the prey, the various leaping pegasi, and their riders. It is worth 226 gp.

There is also a *hand axe* +4, forged of *everbright* steel, and a crowned, 4' long scepter within the coffer.

The scepter is of iron, worked into the shape of a serpent entwined along a shaft. The serpent's head unscrews, to reveal a stiletto dagger (1d4) damage in the hollow interior of that end. The crown also unscrews, to reveal two scrolls, rolled one inside the other, inside an interior storage cavity. One scroll contains a single *raise dead* spell, which can destroy Bereg if read successfully and the spectre's saving throw vs. spell fails. The other scroll contains two *heal* spells.

Room #28: The Librarium

This room is entered through a secret and a locked door without any detectable traps (search for secret doors first and then pick the lock on the now-revealed door). Read the following only when that door has been located, and a thief is trying to pick the lock.

A ghostly, translucent pair of human lips, looking somewhat feminine, appear around the lockpick. Framing the keyhole, they move, whispering something: "Never be loud
Always be still
For whispering cloud
Obey wizards will."

The lips curve into a smile, fade away—and there is a click. The door shifts and it is open.

The door opens inwards, into a dark, 30' × 30' room with a mouldering green carpet on the floor and dark wooden bookshelves on all four walls (except in the space where the door opens). A circular wooden table stands in the center of the room, a huge, wing-backed armchair beside it. On the table is a candelabra and a skull. The skull is wearing cracked wire-frame spectacles, and a few wisps of hair still cling to the last remnants of scalp, up behind where the ears used to be.

There is a cloudiness near the ceiling; if any character wholly or partially in the room speaks aloud, the cloud silently and menacingly rolls down to hang over him. If any character speaks again (twice in all) while in the room, the cloud descends over his or her head, and unleashes its attack.

This is one of Halaster's wards. It works only inside the room, and can be destroyed with a dispel magic, though he will replace it in 1d6 days.

When it envelops a character's head, it negates that being's voice entirely for 1 turn (DMs Note: the player controlling the character must remain silent!). In addition, the character (if a spellcaster), loses one memorized spell each and every time speech is attempted during the turn (i.e. a minimum of one spell is lost, as the character's speech is suddenly cut off, and he discovers that magical silence governs him).

Everything in the room radiates a strong magical dweomer. The candelabra contains six normal candles (plain white tallow tapers).

The skull on the table is a trap: if it or the spectacles are touched, the skull and spectacles explode violently, doing 3d4 damage to the toucher (no saving throw) and to anyone within 2', 2d6 damage to all 2-12' distant (saving throw vs. spell for half damage), and 1d8 damage to all in the

room further away than 12' (saving throw for half damage).

The shelves are crammed with books: thick accounting ledgers of guilds long gone and companies now forgotten; fanciful atlases of Faerun, full of curlicued dragons and wild inaccuracies; dull genealogies of unimportant but wealthy families of Calimshan; herbals of anonymous authorship and no drawings (useless to those not already expert enough in the field to recognize the plants themselves); invented histories of the ancient Dragon Wars, when dragons are said to have fought in great winged armies the length and breadth of Toril; treatises on the care (and pulling) of human teeth; descriptions of sewer and mine inspection tours made by a human writer who forgets to identify himself or the dwarven kingdom he is admiring—his rambling accounts wax enthusiastic about dwarven locks, water screw-pumps, and flying stairs; a stud and breeding record covering thirty years, of someone's herd of cattle kept within market distance of Amphail; and among them all, two spell books.

The first book is of scaly black dragonhide, stretched over slate covers. It contains the following spells (one per parchment page): *color spray, detect magic, enlarge, feather fall, identify, spider climb, invisibility, whirling blade* (described in the Spells chapter of this book); *dispel magic, hold undead, non-detection, vampiric touch, water breathing, wraithform, energy transformation* (described in the Spells chapter of this book), *enervation, illusionary wall, Rary's mnemonic enhancer and wall of fire*. It also has seven empty pages at the end.

The second book is of gray elephant-hide, stretched on wooden boards, and holding the following spells (one per parchment page): *audible glamer, gaze reflection, light, mending, bind, blur, ESP, flaming sphere, infravision, item, remove curse, stoneskin, wizard eye, cone of cold, passwall, transmute rock to mud, enchant an item, project image, statue and the curse of forgetfulness* (described in the Spells chapter of this book). Eleven empty pages follow.

Neither of these spell books is trapped or fitted with locks. Neither bears a wizard's sigil.

Behind a fat book of recipes outlining everything an inventive cook can do with freshly killed stirges, far from the shelf locations of the spell books, is hidden a foot

long, tapering stick of polished shadowtop-wood, standing upright. It bears a dweomer, but has no magical powers; it was magically shaped, as an experiment. There is nothing else of value in the room.

Room #29: The Bonecrusher Trap

When PCs reach the stretch of unremarkable corridor marked #29 on the map, read the following:

There is a sudden rushing, grating sound behind you—and then another, up ahead. An instant later, your view of the corridor ahead is blocked: stone walls have fallen into place before and behind you! As the shaking and echoes die away, dust drifts in the sudden silence. The walls look as if they've always been there—and always will be.

Two 10' wide blocks of stone, carved and finished to look like the blocks of the corridor walls, have fallen from above. There is no visible seam, cavity, or trigger in the ceiling or elsewhere, thanks to a permanent masking *illusion*. These falling walls are magically triggered by the passage of any being or beings of over 5' in height down the hall, or the presence of eight or more beings of any size, moving (walking, lying, or flying) in this stretch of hall at any time.

These walls fall 20' apart: one wall is 20' in from the corridor of #23B facing east/west, and the other faces north/south at the western corner of the corridor, blocking that turn. Beings at risk because of their location must make a Dexterity check to avoid being pinned by one of the walls. Failure indicates pinning; if the character rolls his or her Dexterity or one point below that score, that being is trapped between the two walls; a lower score or any roll of 20 indicates that the character has avoided the walls, and is outside the area they enclose.

Pinned characters suffer 7d4 damage, and all items worn or carried must make saving throws vs. crushing blow. A combined Strength of 46 is required to lift one wall enough to get pinned beings free.

Don't Tread on Me!

The entire floor area between the two walls is covered by a trapper, a veteran



predator that knows exactly where the two walls fall, and avoids being hit by them. It is 95% undetectable, until it rises to (automatic hit) enclose all beings within the walls.

If 4 or fewer victims are entrapped, they can only use the weapons in their hands to deal damage to the trapper. An exception is anyone holding a polearm or quarterstaff—the weapon gives the PC some room to maneuver within the monster's folds. He or she has 4 rounds, before the weapon's shaft breaks, in which to deal damage with any weapon shorter than the polearm that he or she can immediately get out and use (i.e. nothing that has to be retrieved from a pack, et cetera). All trapped victims gain automatic hits against the trapper, but weapon damage is reduced by -2 due to the close quarters.

If 5 or more victims are entrapped, they can draw and use weapons freely for the first three rounds of constriction. Hits are automatic, but damage is at -1 (to a minimum of 1). Characters employing two weapons in a round take any proficiency penalties and an additional damage penalty of -1 (for a total modifier of -2) off both weapons.

DM's Option: Any damage result that is reduced to zero or a negative number by application of the damage modifiers is considered a hit against a fellow PC (roll again, without any modifiers, to determine damage done to the other PC).

Trapper (1): Int High; AL N; AC 3; MV 3; HD 12; hp 75; THAC0 9; #AT 4 +; Dmg AC +4 pts; SA Suffocation in 6 rds; SZ H; ML 11 (remains closed until 1 hit point or less); XP 2,000 each.

Under this trapper is its accumulated treasure: 16 cp, 32 sp, 8 gp, 4 pp, a twisted hut still sealed steel vial containing a *portion of healing* (restores 2d4 + 2 lost hp), a metal broad sword bent around almost into a ring-shape, a dagger broken off at the hilt (and its detached blade), six twisted and broken metal buckles, and a winged brass ceremonial helm (the fragile sort worn for show in parades and at fancy-dress balls; often purchased by gullible novice adventurers for their looks), utterly squashed.

The walls remain down for 2d4 rounds, and then retract into the ceiling. They radiate magical auras, and reflect all magi-

cal attacks back in random directions—menacing the caster or companions. They block all scrying attempts, but unlike the Falling Wall (#26), these walls do not "scramble" gaseous, ethereal, and non-corporeal beings trying to pass.

A total of 160 hit points of physical damage must be dealt to a wall to smash a hole in it. The DM should roll for attracted monsters on every round that a blow strikes the door; PCs may win past the wall to discover quite a menagerie awaiting them (a full-scale battle between monsters is possible—winner takes PCs for dinner). Remember that Undermountain literally crawls with "guardians" who know that undue amounts of noise signal a new meal coming down from above.

Room #30: A Room With A Vhue

A large, ornately-fluted stone archway leads into this room, whose ceiling is 30' up. When PCs approach this archway, read the following:

Bats suddenly flap and wheel past you, and are gone. Silence reigns in the darkness before you—a darkness broken only by a small, unmoving area of faint red radiance, straight ahead.

The red glow is a *continual faerie fire* (detailed in the **Spells** chapter), which illuminates a tiny inscription graven into the eastern wall, in Thorass: "Find ye a nice day—without." Anyone reading this inscription will abruptly and silently vanish, discovering that "without" in this case means 'outside:' outside Undermountain, and halfway across the Realms.

This *gate* works at the DM's discretion. It can operate all the time, if the DM doesn't mind continuously relocating play to Cormyr (and the players don't mind a hazardous trek across the Stonelands, the wild woods of the Elven Court, and the ruins of Myth Drannor, to reach the Beast-Tamers' mirror *gates* back to Undermountain—described in the **Ways In And Out** chapter). It may also work on preset schedules to be chosen and determined by the Dungeon Master. It is suggested that the light be of a different color if the *gate* is not functioning.

The *gate* carries PCs instantly and harmlessly across Faerun to the deep

woods of Cormyr, half a day's trek north off the road that links Dhedluk and Immersea, and just west of the River Starwater. Unfortunately, it carries them into an eerie glade that is within the *sphere of force* created by an alerted darktentacles. They must destroy the creature to win freedom; all this is detailed in an adventure entitled "The Killing Tree," found in *Undermountain Adventures*.

A Commanding Vhue

In one corner of this room is a side-passage, leading to another room. This passage is blocked by an improvised barricade, where a small band of **kobolds** wait in cautious silence. They wait for large and powerful bands of intruders to go through the *gate*—or at least become split up by the *gate*, so that the kobolds face the few confused or timid survivors who stayed behind and are easily defeated.

The barricade consists of a disorganized but deep welter of empty wooden strongchests, old nail-kegs and the hoops and wreckage of several broken casks. There are also old cloaks stretched over broken spears and staves, the skeletons of several orcs draped over everything, and a tangle of gathered, rotting leather belts, boots, pouches, baldrics, backpacks, and sandals.

It is a pitiful affair, this barricade, but takes any PC two rounds to break through or climb over. The kobolds are hidden by the barricade, and get two free rounds of attacks on PCs struggling to win past it. On the far side of the barricade hangs a "wail" of scavenged metal shields, all slung together on ropes. This wall was raised to give the leader of the kobold band some privacy, but it also serves to deflect *lightning bolts* along its length, and to reflect back some of the force of *fireballs* cast over the barricade, into the room beyond.

Each of the 14 kobolds has a cocked and loaded heavy crossbow balanced in the barricade: they will fire these once and then abandon them for hand-to-hand weapons (though they have another 26 heavy quarrels hidden in various upended helms, amid the barricade). The well-practiced kobolds all gain +2 on their attack rolls with the crossbows. Eight out of the volley of 14 quarrels do 1d4 + 1 points of damage each.

Six of the volley are *quarrels of biting*, detailed in the **Magical Items** chapter of this book. They do 1d6 points of damage



when striking, and turn into small winged snakes upon impact. These snakes bite for 2-5 more points of damage, and fly for another 2 rounds, biting at the same target, before dissipating into a plume of harmless smoke. They are uncontrollable by magical means and have the following statistics: AC 3, MV Fl 12 (B); HD 1+ 1; 9 hp each; THAC0 16.

The kobolds are led by a female kobold, Vhue the Adventurous. She will fight ferociously, employing two *potions of healing* that she carries at her belt when necessary. If all is lost in battle, she will try to escape by using the last of her personal treasures: a *potion of flying*. She will vow (and work towards) revenge on the PCs, looking for ways to gain magic to use against them, and manipulate powerful beings to fight them for her.

Kobold (14): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 4; THAC0 20 (18 w/ crossbow); #AT By weapons: 1- 4(x 8)/1-6(x 6) (crossbow), 1-4 (dagger), 1-6 (spiked club or short sword); MR S; SZ 9; ML 10.

Vhue — Kobold leader (1): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 6; HD 1 + 1; hp 7; THAC0 19; #AT 1-8 (scimitar); MR S; SZ 9; ML 12.

In the room beyond the barricade, the kobolds have established a temporary camp. A natural spring of water wells out of the ceiling from the corner of the north and west walls; it streams down to the floor, where it drains away along the west wall and disappears down fissures in the floor near the south wall. The kobolds drink, bathe, and wash their clothes here; several lines of washing hang drying from wall-spikes.

In one corner stands a small, unlocked ironbound chest containing the kobolds' treasure: 523 cp, 16 sp, and two plain brass rings. One ring is simply a non-magical finger ring; the other is a *ring of swimming*.

Perched atop this chest is the kobolds' pet and guardian, trained since youth to serve Vhue loyally: a **giant weasel** named Dhorn.

Dhorn charges any PCs getting through the barricade, leaping to bite at their faces. After the weasel's first successful hit, it locks its jaws and does an automatic 2d6 points per round due to blood loss. If Vhue flees, Dhorn tries his best to escape with her, fighting only if he or VHue is cornered.

Dhorn — Giant Weasel (1): Int Animal: AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 3 + 3; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-12; SA Blood drain; SZ M; ML 10; XP 175 each.

Room #31: A Wet Way Out

This corridor slopes smoothly downwards, levelling off briefly before turning into a steep flight of steps leading down. The steps descend, and the ceiling with them, into black, still water.

PCs venturing down this hallway discover that the passage slopes steeply, dropping ten feet in depth over thirty feet horizontally. It then levels out for thirty feet, and descends again thereafter by steps, plunging fifteen feet farther along 30' of horizontal run before they hit the water.

The water is icy, but clear and uninhabited. The ceiling slopes down to meet it, and the entire passage is underwater for 45'. Characters in armor can walk along



the bottom, but there is no light or indication that this is any sort of exit.

Underwater, the steps drop another ten feet in 20' of horizontal run, turn into a level stone floor that runs for 20', and then become steps again, rising very steeply in a single flight that breaks water almost immediately. It continues up a steep, sloping shaft to a railless landing fitted with a winch, heavy rope, and grappling hook. At the far end of this landing is an archway, covered by a curtain. Light comes from somewhere beyond.

PCs passing through the curtain hear a far-off gong sound, and find themselves in a low-ceilinged storage cellar lit by a single torch. Huge casks (containing wine) stand in ranks along one wall, smaller barrels (containing fish, pickles, candied fruit packed in syrup, and smoked hams) stand in ranks along the other wall, and stone pillars hold up the roof overhead.

A flight of stone stairs lies directly ahead, some 80' off. A light drifts down the stairs towards the PCs: a glowing globe, descending at the shoulder of its owner – Durnan!

The PCs have reached a cellar of The Yawning Portal. Those deciding to attack Durnan, raid the inn above, or make off with any of the cellar's contents are immediately made aware that Durnan is not unprotected (see the **Relevant NPCs of Waterdeep** and The Yawning Portal chapters), and that the cellar has two guardians: a **stone golem** hiding behind the last huge wine cask, next to the stairs, and something fairly common in guild and rich merchants' cellars in Waterdeep: a specially-bred, trained guardian huge spider known as a **watchspider**. The stone golem will move onto the stairs, to block them and the watchspider will climb out from behind the smaller barrels and leap from atop the barrels to the attack. The spider tries to knock down and pin any obvious spellcaster, and especially tries to avoid intruders who have pikearms or large swords in hand.

The golem is immune to all weapons less than +2 or better magical ones, and can cast a slow spell (10' range, single victim) once every second round. The watchspider has a poisonous bite: 2d4 turn duration paralysis; the poison's onset time is 1-2 rounds if a saving throw vs. poison at +1 fails.

Golems, Greater – Stone (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7;

#AT 1; Dmg 3-24 (3d8); SA Special; SD Special; SZ L; ML 20; XP 10,000 each.

Spider – Watchspider (1): Int Low; AL LN; AC 6; MV 18; HD 2 +2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + poison; SA Poison; SZ M; ML 8; XP 420 each.

Room #32: The Lanceboard Room

A room with a very high ceiling opens out before you. In the center of the north wall, a corridor leaves the room through an archway carved with a grinning human face as its capstone. There is also a door in the southwest corner of the room.

The floor of the room is of some glassy-smooth, gleaming rock, laid in alternating squares like a giant lanceboard game: 10' × 10' black and white squares. Nothing else is visible in the room.

The ceiling of this room is 80' high. Out of view until the room is entered is a closed stone door, at the south end of the west wall.

Chess is known and played in the Realms, under several names and with many rules-variations.

A 'fast version' popular in the Sword Coast lands is "lanceboard," in which two contesting teams of knights or mounted lancers led by a more powerful "champion" piece, try to reach the opposite end of the board, guarding their own queen, while killing the opposing team or capturing its queen. Points are scored on the basis of opposing pieces wounded or taken.

This room mirrors a lanceboard: alternating black and white squares, black squares in all four corners, laid out five squares abreast and seven in length. The DM should relate this background before play proceeds.

This room (#32A) is, as it looks, a series of waiting traps. PCs trying to fly through it are forced violently down (falling damage of 1d6 per 10' of height applies) onto a square, and must suffer the consequences of their arrival.

In overall terms, the black squares are "safe" (nothing happens if one walks on them) in the first "rank" (row of squares, proceeding from south to north), the third rank, the fifth rank, and the last (seventh) rank.

The white squares are "safe" in the second, fourth, and sixth ranks (with one exception, noted below).

The "dangerous" squares have the following effects if landed on or even touched (one effect per contact or per round of continuous contact):

1st and 7th Ranks: Two *magic missiles* of 1d4 + 1 points of damage from square to violating creature.

2nd and 6th Ranks: One lightning bolt of 2d8 points of damage (no saving throw) generated from square to violating creature.

3rd and 4th Ranks: Stirges appear 'out of thin air,' *gated* in on the violated square, to attack the activating creature. Three thirsty stirges appear each time a square is violated. They are able to drain 12 hit points worth of blood each. A stirge must be killed to remove it from a struck victim; attacks against it while attached may hit the victim (roll a second attack against the victim's AC to determine).

5th Rank: Gargoyles are *gated* in on the square, to attack the violating creature. Two gargoyles appear for each square activation; they are standard gargoyles, requiring +1 or better magical weapons to hit and damage.

Gargoyle (2): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, Fl 15 (C); HD 4 + 4; hp 26 each; THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 11; XP 650 each.

Stirge (3): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Blood drain; SZ S; ML 8; XP 175 each.

There is also a "special" square – one that should be safe and isn't! It is the white square sited in the middle of the 6th Rank—it is only an illusion. There is no white paving-square there at all, simply the opening of a 40' deep pit trap (4d6 falling damage).

Two human skeletons (not undead), a broken spear, and an intact scimitar (1d8 damage) lie at the bottom. There's also a large coffin at the bottom, which a falling PC cannot avoid unless he or she can *fly* or use *feather fall*.

The coffin is really a killer mimic. Add +3 to the mimic's attack rolls, because opponents unable to fly don't have much room to evade its smashing pseudopod attacks down in this pit. To escape,

normal climbing chances apply, but the killer mimic is allowed two attacks while characters try to climb out of the pit. If either hits, the climbing character will be unable to haul the glued-on mimic up with them; its weight will more than likely make them fall back down again.

Under the mimic lies some treasure: a dropped purse (containing 16 cp, 8 sp, and 9 gp) and a long sword +2.

Mimic — Killer (1): Int Semi; AL N(E); AC 7; MV 3; HD 9-10; hp 71; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12 (smash); SA Glue; SD Camouflage; SZ L; ML 13; XP 3,000.

Note that racing across the room's squares helps PCs little: most of the harmful effects can and do move to follow the violator. Note also squares do not stop operating just because combat is occurring; harmful squares landed upon affect both monsters and PCs.

#32B: This is the room beyond the western door in #32A. The door opens into a short corridor, presently home to two festering orc corpses, still wearing some armor plates and battered wooden shields. Their belts, purses, weapons, and all the good armor plates have been taken. If any PC is foolish enough to touch these bodies, **rot grubs** swarm onto the PC's arm or extremity and begin to burrow.

There are 20 grubs in each body. *Cure disease* kills them, and flames kill 2d10 grubs per application (but victim also takes 1d6 flame damage, per application). The rot grubs must be killed in 1d6 rounds before they get too deep to detect.

Rot Grub (20): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 1; hp 1; THAC0 Nil; #AT 0; Dmg Nil; SA Special: victim's AC x 10 is chance for infestation-burrow to heart in 1-3 turns; SZ T ML 5; XP 15 each.

The room beyond the corridor has obviously been the scene of a disagreement. A 30' radius spherical area filling its far end is blackened, as if by a fierce fire (a *fireball*, of course). In the center of the scorched area sags the charred remains of a wooden table, scattered human and orc bones all around it. Here and there, partially-fused metal weapons lie, bent and ruined.

On the floor, by the edge of the burn-scar in the southeastern corner, lies a crumpled, empty skin (of the sort made

for carrying water or wine). Its stopper is attached to it by a thong. On the thong is a strip of white ribbon, bearing the words (in Thorass): "In case of fire, pull ye—," and the rest has been burnt away. There is nothing else of value in the room.

#32C: This room is reached via the archway visible at the north end of the Lanceboard Room. It contains a stone table, a single block of stone, 10' long by 6' across and 4' high. On the table is a black iron coffer, locked.

The coffer bears a magical aura, but no one will be able to detect any traps on it by any means. Nevertheless, when its lock is picked, a puff of (harmless, but momentarily choking) greenish gas spurts out.

The moment the coffer is lifted from the table, the table begins to sink, swiftly and silently, into the floor until it merges with the rest of the stone floor. Nothing else will happen, but it's certain that PCs will be tense and quite nervous; it is up to the DM to decide if Halaster ever raises the table again, and leaves anything else on it.

In the coffer are seven small, irregularly-shaped pieces of yellowed bone: human fingerbones. (They function as keys in the seven small rooms described with room #34, of this level.)

Room #33: The Deep Well

This room is lit by a continuous, bright white magical radiance emanating from the ceiling. In the center of the room is a well, surrounded by a knee-high stone parapet. Its depths are lost in darkness; a cool breeze wafts up out of the well shaft.

A continual light has been cast on the 40' high ceiling of this room above the well. The well has an 8' interior diameter, and its parapet is 2' high.

Anyone or anything climbing or falling down the well is affected as if by a reverse gravity spell, hurled up to strike the ceiling just east of the well, and then hurled down (by natural gravity) to strike the ground beside it.

DMs are advised that "The Deep Well" is not very deep at all, and does not penetrate even to Level Two of Undermountain. It is not a gate in or out of the

dungeon, and the cool breeze coming out of it is merely a side-effect of Halaster's magic. The permanent *reverse gravity* effect prevents PCs from ever reaching its "bottom."

If PCs do nothing to the well, nothing will happen—but any probing into the well, the tossing of coins, rocks, ropes, buckets, or other objects, or the casting of spells into it, will trigger the trap Halaster has set here. In addition to the unique gravity, a **chimera**, seemingly unaffected to the strange gravity of the well, will fly up and out of the well two rounds after the well is first disturbed. The chimera will pursue and fight any PCs present.

Chimera (1): Int Semi; AL CE; AC 6/5/2; MV 9, Fl 18 (E); HD 9; hp 66; THAC0 11; #AT 6; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-4/1-4/2-8 (2d4)/3-12 (3d4); SA Breath weapon; SZ L; ML 13; XP 5,000 each.

Room #34: Fingerbones Point The Way

#34A: PCs going east from #33 soon reach #34A. The way ahead (#34B) is very dark—in fact, it is a magic-dead area, which extends from #34A to #34B's eastern door, but does not include the seven small rooms.

When the last of the PCs passes #34A, read the following:

A sudden rumbling sounds directly above you — a stony, grating noise, as if something massive is falling!

This "Falling Wall" is identical to the wall described under #26, above; refer to that entry for details of this wall. The times at which this wall rises and falls are up to the DM; it may be only once per day, or once every 3 or 4 hours.

#34B: The room east of the wall is #34B. PCs will have to use non-magical light sources to explore it, due to its magic-dead status.

Seven closed, locked doors line the northern wall of this room. Against the closed door in the eastern wall, something huge and amorphous and evil-smelling lies piled up, pseudopods extended out into the room!



The eastern door is locked, and backed up against it is a rotting, recently killed ochre jelly, spear-shafts still protruding from it. Great clefts have been hacked in its bulk; in death, it lost the ability to shift its form, but it has not been dead long enough yet to be absorbed by another dungeon predator, or to dry up and shrivel away.

In life, it was a true giant, and its bulk tops 8' in height, sprawling out over 20' of floor. It has lost its damaging properties, too, but PCs have to learn this for themselves. It still takes six turns or more of hacking to clear enough of the monstrosity away to get at that eastern door.

PC experimentation will also be necessary to discover that the bones in the coffer (from #32C) fit into the tiny, irregular keyholes in the doors. The special locks defy all picking attempts. PCs not wanting to disturb the unmoving (sleeping?) monster jelly, and who don't think of trying the bones or who didn't pick up the coffer will be forced to wait here until the Falling Wall rises again. (The DM should make at least one Wandering Monster check during this time, to see if a monster will be waiting behind the Wall when it rises.)

Cell Block 34 Roll Call (#34C- I)

The seven 10' wide, 30' long rooms reached by the fingerbone-locked doors are as follows (numbering from west to east):

#34C: This chamber is home to a metallic creature with a large stinger poised and aimed at the door. It is a **scaladar**, which lurks threateningly before the treasure it is guarding: a stone coffer, 1' square, setting upon a 4' high stone pillar in the back of the room.

The metal scorpion (detailed on the new *Monstrous Compendium* sheets in this set) is guarding a locked, untrapped stone coffer (the key is missing; it will have to be picked or forced). Inside the coffer is a rack of eight identical, unmarked stoppered steel vials: *potions of climbing, diminution, longevity, polymorph self, speed, ventriloquism, vitality* and *water breathing*.

The scaladar immediately attacks if anyone enters the room, otherwise it waits in the room, immobile. Its orders are to stop anyone (besides its controller) who enters the room. As long as beings stay clear of the room, they are safe from this creature. If it is destroyed, Halaster

and Trobriand replace it within three days with different treasure to guard.

Scaladar (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 2; MV 9; HD 7 + 7; hp 52; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-12/1-12/2-8 + special; SA Electrical "sting" (1-12); SD Absorbs electricity and magic missiles, spell immunities; MR 35%; SZ H; ML ; XP 5,000 each.

#34D: This room contains four **orcs**, who will instantly charge to the attack, waving their scimitars as they burst out into #34B. All of the orcs wear hide armor, and carry both a scimitar and a short sword. They carry waterskins, cheese, and (moldy) bread in belt-pouches, and have only 1d12 copper pieces each.

Orc (4): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 7, 7, 6, 4; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar), 1-6 (short sword); SZ M; ML 11; XP 15 each.

#34E: This room contains two human-shaped hands of stone, protruding up from the floor. They cannot be harmed or affected by any means short of a *limited wish* spell. One is clenched into a fist, and is wearing a plain brass ring. The other is open, as if waiting to receive something.

The hands do nothing, until a magical item (any item bearing a dweomer) is placed in the open hand. It will close about the item, and sink into the floor (with the item), gone forever. At the same time, the other hand will open, allowing the ring to be taken off it. When the ring is taken, this hand, too will sink down, leaving the room empty. The ring is a *ring of the ram*, with 46 charges left.

#34F: This room appears empty, except for a flickering light at its far (northern) end. Anyone passing into or touching any part of the light will be instantly *gated* into the sanctum of The Island Temple (#69 on Level Three of Undermountain). This is a one-way trip.

#34G: Three thirsty **stirges** will swarm out of this room once PCs open the door. At the far end of the chamber, a closed door can be seen.

The stirges are able to drain 12 hit points worth of blood each. A stirge must be killed to remove it from a struck victim; attacks against it while attached may hit the victim (roll a second attack against the victim's AC to determine).

Stirge (3): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 9 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Blood drain; SZ S; ML 8; XP 175 each.

The door at the northern end of the room is of stone, and unlocked. It operates only in one direction: from south to north, from inside this room to the corridor outside. It can't be opened from the other side, except by a means of a *knock* spell, or by shattering the door (it will take 46 points of damage before it breaks; the DM should check for Attracted Monsters on every second round in which attacks are made on the door).

#34H: This room contains a black, unadorned wooden staff, floating horizontally in a luminous, flickering green sphere of light.

Ghostly human faces spin slowly around in the light, their eyes watching the staff—and meeting the gazes of any intruders! All is silent, as the translucent heads slowly turn and drift, watching. . .

The staff is a *staff of curing* with 37 charges left. The watching heads all smile and fade away if the staff is touched; they do no harm unless magic is cast at them or the staff. If this occurs, all the faces will frown, as the magic is reflected back 100% at the caster.

#34I: This room is empty. At its northern end is a door, identical to the one in #34G.

Room #35: The Perilous Pools

A dark, placid pool of water lies in front of you. There is no sign of life in it or around this room.

You notice a curious thing: the ceiling above the pool appears to contain a reflection of the pool below—another pool, upside-down on the ceiling!

There are indeed two pools, filling 20' diameter, 16' deep pits in both the floor and ceiling of this area. Created and maintained by Halaster's magic, they each contain a treasure and a lurking monster. The ceiling looms 18' above the floor, the upper pool's surface roughly 16' from the floor.

The "bottom" or normal pool holds cold, grayish water that smells of decay (but will do no harm). At its bottom lies a hu-



man skeleton (not undead), still clutching the hilt of a sword that has rusted away. It is sprawled atop a rotting leather satchel (full of 224 gold pieces). When lifted, the satchel will break, spilling its contents into the water; a PC who makes a successful Dexterity Check will be able to cradle the torn bag and make it to the surface with 130 gp.

The moment the water of the "bottom pool" is disturbed, a **water weird** begins to form in the "top" (overhead) pool, rising into a serpentine form in 2 rounds. It will lash out at beings around the "bottom" pool, and at beings in it, lunging out of its own pool to an incredible 26' length!

The weird attacks and victims must make saving throws vs. paralyzation or be pushed into the water of the lower pool. A successful saving throw vs. paralyzation is needed next round and every round thereafter to avoid drowning. The weird holds any trapped victims 10' under the surface of the lower pool, preventing comrades' efforts to haul PCs out. Edged weapons do the weird only one point of damage per strike; fire does half or (if save succeeds) no damage. Cold-based spells act as slow attacks, and a *purify water* spell slays it instantly. This monster can re-form from the top pool in 2 rounds if brought to 0 hp or less.

Water Weird (1): Int Very; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 25; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg Nil; SA Drowning; SD Special; MR None; SZ L; ML 13; XP 420 each.

Halaster's magic keeps water in the top pool, but does not affect beings that cannot merge with the water. PCs can climb up into the pool on a pole or some sort of ladder, but if they try to swim, they fall out (falling damage applies, halved if they strike the water of the "bottom" pool, below).

At the very top—er, bottom—of the overhead pool are two metal clamps. They can be tugged open (this takes a round, so beware the reformed weird!) to free what they hold: a steel *warhammer* +4, enchanted to be *everbright* and to glow—equal to a *faerie fire*, but always blue-white in hue—when grasped and willed.

Any beings dragged into the lower pool should make an Intelligence check while underwater. If successful, the being will spot a greenish glow from deeper in the pool. If investigated, a scimitar will be found lying on the bottom of the pool—a

scimitar of speed +3, to be exact! The glow is forever of emerald hue, but its brightness (from nil to the equivalent of a *continual light*) is controlled by the wielder.

Room #36: The Long Dark Stair

Here the corridor branches. One way leads only ten feet west, the other northern way becomes a steep flight of stone steps, going up. On the wall across from it, a bearded, grinning human face is carved in bas-relief.

These railless, unlit steps (#36A) are the fabled Long Dark Stair, a long-forgotten entrance to Undermountain. They climb almost straight up for 170', falling damage (1d4 per 10' fallen due to angling of steps) applying to anyone tumbling down them.

Beings fighting on the stairs must make Dexterity Checks to avoid tumbling; if failed, they roll 2d10 to see how many feet they fall. After this initial fall, the Dexterity check is repeated until the being halts his fall or meets the floor before Halaster's grinning face. Any beings in the path of a falling being must make two Dexterity checks: one to dodge the plummeting character, the other to regain balance on the stairs. Failure of either duplicates effects as stated above.

One hundred feet up the Stair, a stout wooden log is wedged crosswise in the passage (climbers can easily get past it). It is of course no log at all, but a **roper**, which waits to attack until beings are clustered near it and within 25 feet.

The roper's 6 strands cause the character to lose 50% of its Strength for 2d4 turns unless a save vs. poison is made; the roper drags entangled or weakened victims 10'/round closer to roper. Strands can be yanked off (open doors roll) or cut by doing one 6 hp of cutting damage in a single attack (strands are AC 0). Ropers are unaffected by lightning, take half damage from cold, but save against fire at -4.

This roper's horlobb (gizzard-like organ) contains 22 platinum pieces and a single 50 gp-value moonstone.

Roper (1): Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC 0; MV 3; HD 12; hp 88; THAC0 9; #AT 1 strand (of 6) +1 bite; Dmg Special/5-20 (5d4); SA Strength drain; SD Special; MR 80%; SZ L; ML 15; XP 7,000.

The Stair emerges in a dark oubliette: a covered rubbish-pit of old bones (including the bones of several missing humans!), decaying vegetables, rotten wood from crates, casks, and carts that failed in the line of duty, broken glass, and other derelict delights. A strong reek of decay hangs over this tangle, which is infested with rats.

Rat – Common (12): Int Animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 1/4; hp 1 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1 (they do not carry any diseases); SZ T; ML 4; XP 7 each.

The oubliette is covered with old, stout, but rotting boards, and is pierced by a large (7' x 7') trapdoor. The trapdoor and most of the boards are covered by a litter of empty wine-casks, that always fill a part of the alley considered the "back-yard" of The Blushing Nymph, a festhall on the north side of Rainrun Street.

The location of the Nymph, and surface conditions around the oubliette, are described further in the **Ways In And Out** chapter.

If PCs discover this route into and out of Undermountain, and begin to use it regularly, the DM should prepare reactions: reprisals/new defenses from Hlethvagi's forces, fares charged for use of the entrance by the proprietress of the Nymph or even potential regulation by the City Watch, and, most especially, new monsters on the Stair (to start with, a "thirst" or flight of 30 stirges), courtesy of Halaster.

#36B: The carved bearded face which faces up the Long, Dark Stair is the firing port of #36B, Hlethvagi's main guardroom (controlling his main route into and out of Undermountain). The **orcs** within use the secret doors to slip in and out (to come upon disabled intruders from behind, for example).

From the guardroom, four orcs per round can fire arrows out of the eyes and mouth of the grinning carved face, which are actually firing-ports piercing the wall. They use short bows (of which they have 7) and sheaf arrows (1d8), of which they have 60. They also have four *Arrows of Holding*, which make up their first volley. (These dangerous missiles are detailed in the *Magical Items* chapter of this book.)

From inside the main guardroom, defenders can pull levers to release glass-grenade missiles down on the heads of attackers, as follows:



- One lever seals the firing ports of Haster's face and hurls down a single canister of "slumber scent" into the entry chamber at the foot of the stairs (100% chance of breakage). DM's Note: "Slumber scent" is a perfumed, misty-gray gas that rapidly dissipates when released in air. A flask-full of it affects a globe 10' in diameter on the first round, expanding outwards to a 20' diameter in the second round, being harmless thereafter. All creatures within the area of effect must make a successful saving throw vs. poison at -1 on the first round, no modifiers on the second, or fall unconscious in 2-5 rounds. This sleep lasts only 2d4 rounds, but cannot be prematurely ended by any known means.
- One lever hurls a flask of oil of fiery burning (detailed in the *DMG*, which explodes (100% chance) in a burst of flame doing 5d6 damage to anyone it hits, and 4d6 damage to anyone else in, or partially in, the 10' x 10' cubicle before the door leading into room #37).
- One lever releases 1d6 oil pots along the length of the entry chamber (one every five feet); each has an 88% chance of breakage. They do 1 point of damage each if they strike a being, and automatically shatter. The orcs will not pull this lever until the round after the *oil of fiery burning*; its flames ignite this oil for 2d6 damage (per flask broken), followed by 1d6 additional damage on the next round.

The 12 orcs all wear hide armor, and carry both a black-bladed scimitar and a short sword; these weapons are smeared with a sticky, nerve-numbing paste (struck victims must make a successful saving throw against poison at +1 or be *slowed* for 2-5 rounds, attacking last and with an AC penalty of +2, a -1 attack roll penalty, and a temporary Dexterity loss of 3; any being saving against the poison is considered immune to its effects for the rest of the encounter). All of these orcs have belt purses; each contains 3d6 cp, 3d4 sp, and 1d6 gp.

Orc (12): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar), 1-6 (short sword); SA Slow poison on weapons; SZ M; ML 12; XP 15 each.

Room #37: A Room of Rubble

This alcove is weirdly lit by a flickering, drifting sphere of light. Its wandering radiance illuminates a waist-high heap of stony rubble, which fills the alcove and spills out into the corridor.

The ball of light is a *driftlight* (see glowing globe in the **Magical Items** chapter), not a will-o'-wisp or other monster. The rubble consists of head-sized and smaller chunks of rock that have fallen from the ceiling here, leaving a jagged (but quite stable) cavity overhead.

Buried in the rubble are the rotting remnants of a wooden shield, still slung on the skeletal arm of its unfortunate wearer. The rusty, useless remnants of two long swords, a dagger, and another skeleton, this one wearing a *shield +2* and a *teleport ring* (described in the **Magical Items** chapter of this book) are all that can be found beneath this stony heap.

It takes two rounds of digging and shifting stones to find the first skeleton, another round to find the weapons, and another two rounds to uncover the second skeleton and its magic.

Room #38: A Merry Meeting

#38A:

This large, high-ceilinged chamber is lit by a steady, cool white light that seems to have no definite source. Four closed stone doors are set in its walls; the easternmost one on the south wall bears the legend, scratched with soot or some other sort of blacking: "Death lies this way."

In the center of the room, a few of the thick flagstones of the floor have been torn up, to reveal a stone-lined cavity. It appears empty.

This room is lit by a *continual light*, which has been cast against the 70' high ceiling. It illuminates the 6 flagstones and the empty storage niche, which is 3' wide, 5' long, and 2' deep.

The niche actually contains a sheathless, steel *dagger +1*, which is always in-

visible except when it strikes—remaining visible for 2 rounds after a strike. (As the whole room radiates magic, it cannot be easily detected by magical means.)

Two rounds after the PCs first set foot in #38A, the northernmost door in the east wall bursts open, and eight **wereboars** in boar form will charge to the attack, roaring!

Lycanthrope — Wereboar (8): Int Average; AL N; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5 + 2; hp 40, 38, 36, 36, 33, 31, 30, 29; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-12 or by weapon: 1-10 (halberds x 5), 1-6 (short sword), 1-8 (battle axe, scimitar); SD Silver or +1 or better weapons to hit; SZ M; ML 13; XP 650 each.

#38B: See the **Areas of Interest** chapter for Level One for information regarding area B, the "curtain of blackness," which hangs before the main chamber here.

This circular room is painted black all over, and bears the faint remnants of protective magical circles and glyphs on the floor. Whatever its former use, it is presently the treasure cache of the wereboars, and contains six roughly-sewn hide sacks. The lycanthropes came to Waterdeep in human form, attracted by its wealth and by the chance to both get rich and to indulge in a little serious bloodletting—by exploring Undermountain. They've done well so far.

The first huge, bulging sack holds 512 gp. The second, much slimmer, is home to only 272 sp. The third contains 431 cp. The fourth contains 16 tarnished silver trade bars (each worth 25 gp). The fifth holds 264 "harbor moons" (the crescent-shaped trading coin of Waterdeep; made of platinum inset with electrum, each is worth 50 gp in Waterdeep, but only 2 gp outside the area patrolled by the city). The sixth sack contains 22 serpentine statuettes, each wrapped in scraps of leather. These "Tharsult statues" are worth 15 gp each.

Room #39: The Little Chasm

A great crack has rent the walls and floor of the corridor here; long cracks run from it up and across the ceiling. It has opened into a 5'-wide gap in the floor: looking down, one can see the

torn and jagged walls of the rocky cleft descending—and something metallic, gleaming in the gloom!

The chasm is roughly 5' wide all of the way down, until it narrows to a thin crack 25' down (4d6 falling damage due to the many rocky pinnacles), forming a rough floor on which are sprawled the disarranged bones of a human skeleton. Lying atop the skull of this unfortunate is a large brass pendant, worked with the shape of a swan on it. On the back is graven the word or name "Mhalae." This item has no magical powers or gemstones; it is worth perhaps 3 cp.

Fallen among the rocks here, not far from the skeleton (1 round of close searching required to notice it, after the round in which the skeleton is examined), is a foot-long, tapering stick of smoothly finished wood, with the word "Arathagh" carved in Common at its larger end. A severed skeletal human left hand, lacking a body, is clutching it.

This is a *wand of wonder* (detailed in the DMG; the DM is urged to invent new and strange wand-effects, to add interest and to mislead the PCs about what they've got for a time!), but it is not unguarded.

The skeletal hand is a **crawling claw**, and it has 16 companions, hiding among the rock crevices and the bones of the skeleton. They scuttle to the attack, like bony spiders, the moment the wand is disturbed. The claws attack by flying at the throats and eyes of PCs who disturb the wand or are rummaging through rubble in the vicinity. They are immune to the spells *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *control undead*, turning attempts, and holy water. Cold-based spells make them brittle: +1 to any physical attack damage done to them thereafter. Edged weapons do them only half damage, and magical weapons do them only normal weapon damage. Resurrection spells *hold* claws for 1 turn/level of the caster.

There is nothing else of interest in the chasm.

Claw, Crawling (17): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 9; HD 1/2 + 1; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (armored foes), 1-6 (unarmored foes); SD Special; MR Special; SZ T; ML 19; XP 35

Room #40: The Hall of Heroes

A long hall stretches before you. Beautifully-carved, lifelike gray stone statues of warlike humans stand atop pedestals in two rows, stretching down the hall as far as you can see. Warriors of both sexes are represented, all facing inward. They all seem to be carved—statue and pedestal—from one piece of stone. Someone or something(s) has smashed and chipped away the identifying names on every single pedestal. The vandalized warriors stand silent and motionless, weapons menacing eternity.

There are 40 statues, 20 in each row. Despite their incredibly lifelike appearances, they are not alive or once-alive, and are no direct danger to explorers. If one is toppled over and chances to hit a PC, it will do 2d4 damage from a glancing blow, and 4d4 damage from a direct hit, that smashes someone to the floor.

All of the statues radiate a magical dweomer; none is visibly of a different age, make, height or importance from the other. Certain statues (chosen by the DM) have treasure hidden in hollow depressions in the floor, under their bases. Tipping statues requires the application of 30 Strength points, for an uncontrolled topple (such a crash forces an Attracted Monster Check); 48 Strength points are necessary to push a statue sideways while keeping it upright, or tipping it in a controlled fashion, holding it, and then hefting it back upright afterwards. For each statue tipped over, PCs will find loose (1-3 on a d6) gems: 1d20 in number (DM's choice of types and value); or (4-6 on a d6) gold pieces: 1d20 in number.

Certain statues in this hall (also chosen by the DM) have no treasure under them, but bear a magical curse that causes paralyzation (save at -2; effect starts instantly and lasts 2d4 turns) in any being that touches them (with bare flesh, leather or cloth-covered body parts, or any once-living substance, including quarterstaves, that is in contact with the being's flesh). Only metal or magical coverings shield adequately against this harmful magic.

Room #41: The Bone Throne

This grand room has shiny, polished walls and floors inset with golden mosaic stones. It is lit by a motionless globe of light, high up near the ceiling. Empty torch-brackets of fluted, discolored bronze project from the walls; each has a weep-mark on the stone below it, and a scorch mark from torches burnt in the past above it.

At the south end of the room, four steep marble steps rise to a dais on which stands a giant-sized, high-backed throne. This grand seat is fashioned of interwoven, bleached bones. Gems wink here and there on its arms, and its arms are carved into the semblance of two spitting snakes. On the floor to one side of the dais lies the bloated, purple body of an orc. Two closed stone doors can be seen in the walls to either side of the throne.

The room is lit by a *driftlight* (see glowing globe in the **Magical Items** chapter of this book), which floats near the 70' high ceiling. The mosaic tiles of the walls and floor are golden-hued iron pyrite, not gold (this will be obvious to any character experienced in mining, jewelry-work, or the working of precious metals).

The orc died of poisoning; traces of foam around its mouth, its purple hide, and the sky-blue colour of its eyes should give a gentle hint of this. The orc was killed by the trap on the throne; he got this far before he collapsed.

The bone throne has a number of threats inherent in it, as should be obvious from the orc's condition. The first traps the PCs are likely to encounter are the snakes. The throne's entwined snakes are real, and will animate and strike at anyone sitting on the throne, raising the lid inset in the seat, or prying any gems from the throne.

The snakes spit poison at one target within 30'—save vs. poison to avoid 3-12 (3d4) damage, 1-6 rounds onset time. The snakes will not leave the room, and will return to their places when all intruders are dead or have fled. Once activated, they attack all living creatures in the room.

Snake — Spitting (2): Int Animal; AL N; AC 5; MV 12; HD 4 + 2; hp 30, 26; THAC0



17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-3 (bite); SA Spits poison; SZ M; ML 9; XP 650 each.

The bones that make up the throne have been fused together, and some sort of glue has been used to set gems here and there upon the framework. One round of prying per character, per gem, will be necessary to free these.

The following gems can be gleaned from the throne by patient adventurers:

- 26 carnelians (orange, pear-shaped cut; each worth 50 gp)
- 4 large citrines (pale yellow-brown, cabochon cut; each worth 75 gp)
- 18 moonstones (white with pale blue hue and "glow" reflection, table cut; each worth 55 gp)
- 33 sardonyxes (banded red and white, step cut; each worth 50 gp)
- 24 large zircons (clear pale aqua, scissors cut; each worth 65 gp)
- 12 garnets (violet, navette cut; each worth 500 gp)
- 8 spinels (deep blue, briolette cut; each worth 500 gp)

The throne's seat contains a rotting, once-grand velvet cushion with silk tassels; it is now rotting, stained, and worthless. Under the cushion, a hinged lid has been inset into the smooth-carved seat (which was once probably a giant sea turtle's under-carapace).

In the cavity below, lie three plain brass rings, an ornate gold-plated key, and a short brass scepter of ornamented design. Two of the rings are non-magical, and the third is a *ring of shocking grasp* (described in the DMG). The key is worth 2 gp, and opens whatever the DM wants it to—nothing has been set down in these pages about what it fits, or where.

The foot-long scepter (which bears a dwomer) has a curious power that functions only in this room; the power is lost forever if the scepter is removed from the room. It is a very old and rare *scepter of entrapment* (described fully in the **Magical Items** chapter of this book), with only charges left.

The moment the scepter is touched, a hitherto invisible sphere will appear near the ceiling of the room. It is a translucent sphere of crystal-like force, about 20' in diameter: just large enough to hold the now angry **wyvern** imprisoned within it!

The invisibility was part of a magical stasis that froze the passage of time for the sphere, the scepter, and the entrapped wyvern; it has been imprisoned for hundreds of years, and never knew

the identity of the cruel, richly-dressed human female who sat on the throne and imprisoned it.

The wyvern's sphere can be moved about by use of the scepter; PCs will only discover this if they experiment. Separate enchantments laid on the room will destroy the sphere and free the wyvern if it is touched to the dais or steps (not the main floor area), or if it tries to pass out a doorway. PCs can also free the wyvern by willing the destruction (or "opening," which will bring about the same thing) of the sphere.

Regardless of PC intentions or attempted communications, the wyvern comes out of the sphere, if freed, in an frenzied, screaming attack! From aloft, it pounces with both talons (1-6 dmg each); if at least one hits, PCs will be snatched up and borne aloft, the wyvern smashing its wings against the walls of the room in huge, clumsy turns. Aloft, it stings and bites each round, both at +4 to hit, until its snatched prey is motionless. Then it will return to snatch up another; it is furious over its long imprisonment, and wild with the energy of its freedom. It will fight ferociously until either it or its opponents are all dead (or have fled). The wyvern uses its tail stinger (1-6 + poison—save vs. poison or die immediately) to deadly effect; it will deliberately smash the throne with its tail, on one pass.

Wing or tail buffets from the turning wyvern do PCs 1d4 damage, and send them head-over-heels, ruining spellcasting, sending held items flying, and forcing fragile item saving throws. Roll THAC0 13 attack rolls to see if the wyvern hits in this manner, modifying rolls by +1 or -1 as the situation suggests: i.e. a PC could be standing exposed near the throne or the edge of the dais, or crouched against the steps, partially protected, easily within the area of the wyvern's attack.

Wyvern (1): Int Low; AL N(E); AC 3; MV 6, Fl 24 (E); HD 7 + 7; hp 60; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2-16/1-6; SA Poison, Rear claws if aerial (1-6 each); SZ G; ML 14; XP 2,000 each.

Room #42: The Hall of Tree Lords

#42A:

Three huge stone statues stand on plinths in this room, facing east. They are of noble-featured men in richly

fluted plate armor, and they stand as if in contemplation or calm judgement, armed but not threatening. A staff or length of wood lies on the floor just east of the center statue.

The ceiling of this room (#42A) is 50' up. The statues are each 16' tall, and stand on 5' tall stone blocks. The southernmost statue bears a graven name (in Thorass): "Elyndraun." The center statue bears the name "Ruathyndar," and the northern statue the name "Onthalass."

Who these noble folk are, and how their statues came to be here, is a mystery, something forgotten with the passage of time (and the fading of Halaster's sanity). Their statues are harmless, whatever their past.

The stick on the floor is a plain, non-magical quarterstaff. It is sound, not rotten, and radiates a dweomer—the result of a *magic mouth* spell placed upon it. When any living being touches the staff, the *mouth* will appear on it, and shriek (in a high-pitched, quavering, indignant female voice): "*Unhand meeeee! Beast! Villain! Thief!*"

This is a warning spell placed by Hlethvagi, who wanted to keep an ambitious lieutenant busy, and at the same time discourage adventurers from exploring around this room in the dungeon, which he uses as a meeting-place for his agents and ruffians.

The lieutenant waits at #42B, on a stool in a little alcove concealed by an *illusionary wall*. Upon hearing the staff's cry, he will charge to #42A, to the attack.

The lieutenant is one Laurog Harr, a "sub-chief" **hobgoblin** armed with a halberd (1d10), a morning star (2d4), and a dagger (1d4). He wears plate mail, and carries with him a purse of 8 cp, 13 sp, and 7 gp, and a steel vial: a *potion of healing* (restores 2d4 + 2 lost hp). He will not hesitate to use it, and will flee without hesitation from PCs if badly overmatched, trying to lead them into traps and monsters he knows of, nearby).

Laurog Harr—Hobgoblin (1): Int Average; AL LE; AC 5 (10); MV 9; HD 3; hp 16; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 + 2 (bare-handed + Strength bonus) or by weapon +2 (Strength bonus): 3-12 (1-10 + 2 – halberd), 4-10 (2-8+2 – morning star), 3-6 (1-4 +2 – dagger); SZ M; ML 11; XP 65.

Level One: Areas of Interest

A: When PCs first come to this spot, they see a goblin crouching here, which leaps to its feet and flees south down the corridor.

On the floor where it was crouching is a single gold coin. If touched, the coin bursts into flame, enveloping the holder in a 2' diameter pillar of roaring fire, centered on the coin, which lasts for two rounds. It causes 2d8 points of damage on the first round and 1d4 + 1 points on the second; apply second round damage only if the coin is still held.

By the third round, the coin burns through anything still in contact with it (sack, hand, whatever) and falls to the floor, where it melts a tiny hole into the stone, burning its way downward to disappear. It continues its fiery descent for miles! Further on in the dungeon, PCs may encounter small holes in the ceiling and floor with accompanying scorches to mark the coin's passage.

The **goblin**, Nnesk, knows nothing useful about Undermountain, having only recently arrived through one of Halaster's many gates.

Nnesk – Goblin (1): Int Low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword); SZ S; ML 10; XP 15.

B: Whenever this letter appears on the map, a *curtain of darkness* is found. These apparently-permanent magical fields are placed about Undermountain by Halaster for reasons unknown beyond mischief. They incorporate an *energy transformation* spell (see the Spells chapter in this book): they absorb all spells (short of a *limited wish*) cast at or through them, including *dispel magic*, and utilize the spell energy to maintain themselves.

A *curtain of darkness* looks like a rippling "curtain" of utter blackness. It is actually an intangible field that all objects can freely pass through, with only a brief sensation of chill. Completely opaque, these *curtains* block all vision (even infrared and ultravision!) and vision-related spells; it also destroys *wizard eyes* and *projected*

images on contact. The *curtains* do not stop sound in any way, and can be pierced by missile weapons and any normal weapons (though wielders cannot see what they are attacking). Experienced explorers of Undermountain soon learn that many monsters lie in wait behind these fields, awaiting prey.

C: is another symbol that appears more than once on the maps. Its presence denotes a "bottomless pit" created by Halaster. These pits provide him and his apprentices with ways of ridding themselves of intruders; they also are useful for easily breaking up spell components and other raw materials.

The pits are always surrounded by a ring-shaped *curtain of darkness* (see Area B above), which absorbs magics cast out of the pit and contains the pit's own magical effects. Due to the darkness, many delvers find these pits without warning and test their powers first hand. These shafts contain a powerful, gravitational force that hurls objects and beings entering it or leaning over it downward into the shaft. PCs get a Strength check to resist being pulled in each round they remain at the edge of the pit.

Objects and beings unable to resist the "gravity surge" are snatched downwards 90' at high velocity and smashed into a rough stone floor, suffering 10d6 damage. Items must make both a "fall" and a "crushing blow" saving throw to survive. Beings who can fly, or use magical *levitation* or the like to slow their descent suffer only 7d6 damage. Only *feather falling* allows a being to escape all damage.

Beings who try to climb down the shaft must make a Strength check each round to avoid being torn free by the surging force. If they are climbing "free," the Check is rolled at a penalty of +3; if they are using a rope, the check is made normally.

After impact at the bottom, a localized *teleport* whisks all item fragments and bodies back to the precise location from which they entered the pit.

D: This room is connected by tiny vent-shafts to certain shop-cellars in the city above. When first entered by the PCs, the room contains a rack, on which hangs a

suit of bright silvery chain mail and a scabbarded long sword. Both glow with a strong blue-white aura.

Sitting on the floor in front of the rack are three armored **orcs**, playing at dice. Each has a cold, cooked whole rabbit on a skewer, for a snack, and the three share a jug of bad "black" beer.

The orcs scramble up, with grunts and oaths, to defend themselves. They wear rusty, dirty, roughly-patched armor, and each has a battle axe and a black-bladed scimitar.

Orc (3): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6 (10); MV 9 (12); HD 1; hp 8 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (battle axe, scimitar); SZ M; ML 11; XP 15 each.

The chain mail on the rack is finely-made, but the magic on it only prevents rust, scrapes and dents and any dirtying from blood, dirt or the like from ever occurring. This magic, though not greatly useful for adventurerers other than fastidious priests of Sune, makes it glow constantly, equal in brightness to a *light* spell. It has no other magical properties. A *dispel magic* quells its glow for only 2-5 rounds.

The blade is a cursed sword -2; once touched, it always teleports into the wearer's hand, and cannot be made to stop glowing. A wish or *limited wish* will leave it behind, as will severing the hand!

E: A secret door leads to this chamber. A brass key lies on the floor just inside the door (it fits the altar compartment in Room #12 of this level).

As the PCs open the door, they see a figure in full plate armor. Silently it strides forward to the nearest character, without drawing a weapon. As it approaches, PCs can see that the armor's visor is empty. nothing is inside the suit!

This is a **helmed horror** (see the **Monster Guide** in the *Undermountain Adventures* book of this set for more details). It extends its right gauntlet, offering the ring it wears. The ring is grey in hue, and has two tiny inward-curving horns atop it. It is a *horned ring* (detailed in the **Magical Items** chapter of this book).

If the ring is taken, the horror lets its arm fall, and does nothing more. It remains there as the years pass, getting

Level One: Areas of Interest

more and more dust-covered. If attacked at any time, however, it will do battle immediately, fighting all intruders until they are slain or it is destroyed.

This horror pursues any attacking PCs throughout the dungeon if they flee after initiating combat. It is immune to *fireball*, *lighting bolt*, and *magic missile* spells, and is not a "battle horror."

Helmed Horror (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 12, Fl 12 (A); HD 4 + 20; hp 52; THAC0 12; #AT 1 + special; Dmg 1-4 (ramming & weaponless blows) or by weapon: 1-10 (two-handed sword), 1-8 (long sword); SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML ; XP 2,000 each.

F: is a room containing two stout stone pillars and four **orcs**. The orcs sit on jawless human skulls on the floor, chatting and eating cheese.

These four adventurers have very fast reactions, and are not surprised. They all wield black, sleep-poisoned scimitars, any scimitar strike forcing a target to make a saving throw vs. poison. Failure indicates that the victim is instantly *slowed* to attack last in a round, and will fall asleep in 2-5 rounds, sleeping for 1-4 turns. Water on the sleeping characters or slapping does not awaken them, though *neutralize poison* allows them to awaken normally.

The orcs have no treasure beyond their weapons and their rusty armor. They know little about the underway, but hear promises of working for "fat merchant who pays well for guards" (see Hlethvagi, in the **Relevant NPCs Of Waterdeep** chapter).

Orc (4): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 8 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (battle axe, scimitar + poison); SL M; ML, 11; XP 15 each.

G: is a small room containing four huge grey oaken wine casks, each as tall as a man and as broad around as six men. Each cask has a wooden spigot, and can readily be sampled. Unfortunately, the fiery amber Calishite wine they contain has been poisoned by orcs in the service of Hlethvagi (see Room #25 on this level). By this strategem, the orcs hope to harm both human intruders and the drow who are beginning to penetrate the area.

Anyone imbibing a swallow of the wine

(and failing a saving throw vs. poison) feels shooting pains and cramps 2-5 rounds after drinking. These pains last for 2-5 turns, causing -1 penalties to attack rolls and Dexterity for the duration.

Anyone imbibing more than a sip (a full goblet, for example) must make a saving throw versus poison at a -2 penalty. If successful, the effects are as above. If failed, the victim takes 2d8 damage and must make a successful saving throw again to avoid falling unconscious for 1-6 hours.

These poison effects are unique due to the poison's hasty and haphazard creation. The wine reacts to the orcs' poison to produce these results, PCs interested in duplicating the poisoned wine by use of poison seized from an orc in Undermountain will have a hard time doing it without the identical sort of wine and poisons.

H: This large chamber contains several burn-scars on the walls and floor, and is dominated by a landmark of sorts to explorers of Undermountain: a large statue.

The granite statue is finely crafted, and consists of a 3' high squared stone base. From it, carved from the same massive block of stone, rises what appears to be a nude human female torso—until the slim neck of the statue ends in a scaled, open-jawed, fanged snake head.

When the PCs first enter the chamber, they encounter a trap left behind by unknown malevolent hands: anyone walking into the area lying in a 90° arc in front of the statue (i.e. so that they can see the front or face of the snake-head) triggers the discharge of a *wand of wonder* that has been thrust into the statue's mouth, to project outwards.

The wand pulses and then flares with light, emitting brilliant grey-white sparks and streamers, unleashing one effect per round for three rounds (choose from the DMG table). Due to the fixed nature of the wand, the spell effects only contact PCs 50% of the time, the remainder affecting the floor and walls before it. On the fourth round, the wand explodes with a flash and a puff of smoke, destroying itself and its magic (no damage unless a PC is foolish enough to grasp the wand—whereupon 4d4 points of damage are suffered).

If the statue is carefully examined, a hiding compartment can be found. Pressing the navel of the carved torso causes one of the arms to swing away from a shoulder, revealing a foot-deep, cylindrical space about four inches in diameter. The compartment contains a cloth bag. Inside the bag are six white gems with a pale blue sheen or glow: moonstones, each worth 50 gp.

If the statue is shifted or moved sideways (requiring a minimum of 45 Strength points), a larger, rectangular storage space is revealed underneath the abode of three skeletons. They lie still until the gap is large enough for them to emerge, and then attack! Edged weapons do them half damage; they will fight until destroyed. Turning can be attempted, but these always fail against these opponents, even if priest can normally dispel skeletons by his level!.

Skeleton (3): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (battle axe); SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Anyone investigating the hollow beneath the statue will find a small 8' square room, accessed by a ladder and its 2 1/2' square entrance. The room is a rough cavern, spotless save for the dust, a *dagger* +2 and a rotting leather bag with 39 ep.

I: The end of this corridor is always hidden by magical *darkness*, a potent power that resists even *dispel magic* attempts. *Anti-magic shell* temporarily pushes it back, but does not end its effects. The air feels cold, and smells somehow sharp, like winter frost. In the depths of this darkness, adventurers can see two large, menacing eyes glaring at them, moving about and blinking from time to time.

The eyes and the gloom, simple illusions, are part of Halaster's experiments. Though he considers this illusion a relative failure (he was attempting to improve the *demi-shadow monsters* spell), it is still a potent magical effect. Torches, lanterns, and even *light* magics fail in the last 20' of the corridor, as do infravision and other forms of magical vision. Brave PCs who feel their way around the end of the corridor can find nothing there but smooth, bare walls, floor, and ceiling. Note that if

more than one PC does the exploring, the PCs are not able to see each other—and if not careful, PCs may end up attacking each other by accident or in a case of mistaken identity.

J: is the temporary lair of five goblins. PCs may surprise them, opening the door to discover four goblins playing at dice (gambling with gold pieces!) and one bigger goblin standing guard at the door.

This “big goblin” is actually an intelligent mimic, working with the goblins. It eagerly embraces any attacking PCs.

The goblins use missile weapons—each goblin carries five spears—from behind the mimic’s concealing bulk, and one throws a single golden sphere out into the corridor, angling it to strike the far wall behind most of the PCs and “around the corner” from the door. The sphere is a *necklace of missiles* globe, doing 3d6 damage. DM’s note: if the lowest PC experience level is higher than 4 when this encounter occurs, increase the “grenade” damage to 5d6 or even 8d6.

Goblin (4): Int Low; AL LE; AC 6 (10); MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 12 (see below), 6, 5, 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword or spear); SZ S; ML 10; XP 15
Mimic – Common (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 7; MV 3; HD 8; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12 (smash); SA Glue; SD Camouflage; SZ L; ML 15; XP 1,400.

The room contains six sacks and a chest. On the floor are four stacks of gold coins: one of 16, one of 12, one of 9, and one of 7. With them are two ivory (6-sided) dice. Unbeknownst to the goblins, one of the dice carries an enchantment: whenever the die is rolled and the top side touched (at any time later), the creature touching it temporarily gains extra “phantom” hit points for the next three rounds. Any damage suffered during that time is taken from these extra hp first. When the PCs arrive, one of the goblins has 12 hp: 6 of his own, and 6 ‘phantom points.’ The die on the floor is showing six pips on its uppermost face.

The sacks contain only food, plundered from victims. The (unlocked) chest contains a human armbone, which the goblins believe to be magical (whether they’re right or not is up to the DM), a sack of 56

gp, a sack containing 14 sp, and a sack containing 22 cp, the accumulated treasure of the goblins.

The goblins wear dirty, much patched armor, and have names like Ulagh, Mhaerg, Illish, and Vahrund. They are only recent arrivals from the depths to try their luck “under the big city of loose gold and looser precautions—Garag told us that.” They have lost their ways so many times that they honestly can’t provide a useful route for PCs through Undermountain or the Depths Below, even under magical questioning.

K: on the map denotes a storeroom. The DM may wish to conceal treasure under piles of miscellanea in these storerooms, such as small bags of coins, a much-needed *potion of extra-healing*, a *dagger +1*, and the like. Harmless spiders, snakes, and small beetles in these rooms for extra apprehension-value is also good for keeping delvers on their toes.

K1 contains firewood: cut, split, and stacked oak.

K2 contains provender. Of all the contents of this room, the average sale price of any single item appears in parentheses after its entry.

- 14 earthen jars of large black unpitted olives in oil (2 cp)
- 20 small wooden kegs of herring pickled in brine (1 sp)
- 14 wicker-jacketed, 5-gallon green-glass carboys of dry white wine (1 gp)
- 12 metal-lined, pitch-sealed shipcrates of smoked beef (whole carcasses) (14 sp)
- 14 pitch-sealed circular wooden boxes, each containing a 5-pound waxed wheel of “sarm” cheese—an orange cheese seasoned with red wine, tasting and looking rather like sharp red cheddar (5 sp for a wheel, or 1 sp per pound)
- 1 tallbasket of scuud (pronounced “skood.”) It is a fleshy, white tuber the size of a large man’s fist, tasting something like a cross between a radish and a potato, and used in cooking like the latter; a ‘tallbasket’ is about 4’ high, and holds about four bushels (1 sp)
- 1 small, pitch-sealed keg of oysters packed in brine (2 sp)

K3 contains 45 oil pots, each a spherical earthen container with one flat side (the bottom) and two cork-stoppered openings: a pour-spout and a fill-hole or wick-hole. These pots hold about a half-gallon each, shatter readily when dropped or thrown, and are stored in triangular, stackable wicker baskets holding 3 pots per basket. (A basket is sold for 15 cp; individual pots cost 6 cp each)

K4 contains 76 warped, damp and rotting wooden poles (quarterstaves), cut to 5’ lengths and stripped of their bark. They are leaning against a wall (the cause of the warping), obviously forgotten by whoever put them there.

L: is a room entered by an unlocked door in the north wall that is wider than usual—a wooden door that has been knocked down and repaired several times. It is reinforced by several crossbrace-beams of heavy lumber and old shields nailed in place.

The room contains a floor-to-ceiling gray tapestry, hanging from hooks on the south wall. Hidden behind the tapestry is a mirror. Both the tapestry and the mirror (which is made of magically silvered steel) radiate magic due to their construction and preservative attempts.

The tapestry is harmless, and so is the mirror—under the right conditions. The mirror’s magic activates if anyone names or thinks of a monster while looking into the mirror. The monster invoked or envisioned appears out of the mirror (with maximum possible hit points and abilities) 3d4 rounds after the PC activates it.

Any number of monsters can come out of the mirror in the same round, though they may immediately attack each other! The mirror cannot actively summon NPCs or other distinct personalities known to the viewer—only basic monsters of major strength. There is no known way to destroy this menace. (The DM can allow PCs to find a way, perhaps involving a trip through the mirror to destroy some magical working. . . Mischievous DMs might allow a party to think it succeeded, by splashing acid or smashing the beejeebers out of the thing, and then have Halaster come around and repair it before their next trip past the room!)



M: is always a monster (or monsters) lying in wait. The Dungeon Master has freedom to choose the monster, the preparation and strength of the monster, and the frequency of monsters found in this area.

Note that these monsters are predators ready and waiting for the party—not wandering monsters. If intelligent, they will have trip-wires, trapped chests, barricades, loaded crossbows, and the like ready in ambush.

For example: even a single goblin can be deadly if it:

- lies down behind a human corpse clad in grand armor with three hand crossbow ready, each loaded with sleep-venom darts!
- has two crossbows hidden among cobwebs in the ceiling, ready to fire down into the backs of anyone approaching the body when trigger-cords are pulled!
- strings trip-wires across the corridors which, when triggered, spill eight pots of oil over the floor, and he lies around a bend with a torch!

Try the same scenarios with a trio of doppelgangers pretending to be mind flayers, perhaps... Traps can be of many and varied shapes and sizes. For easy reference, look to the "Pit Traps" and "Smash Traps" cards included in this set for lots of basic traps and variations on them.

N: is a room entered by the usual stone door, its interior blackened with soot, as if by an explosion of flames. In the center of the floor lie scattered human bones (four skulls among them), several partially-melted and ruined weapons, and an intact, unscorched and shining all-steel battle axe (does 1d8 damage). It survived the conflagration by a caprice of nature, and is not magical.

O: is a locked stone door. If it is picked or forced and opened, the lintel above (a massive single block of stone, deeply engraved to look like the usual fitted smaller blocks) crashes down on the first being to step on the threshold (the threshold is a pressure pad activating the trap). Avoiding the block requires two successful Dexterity Checks: one to avoid a 5d6-damage direct hit, and one to avoid a 2d8 'glancing blow.' At the DM's option, saving throws for held or fragile items may be required when a glancing blow occurs; they must

occur in the case of a direct hit.

A direct hit leaves the victim pinned under the block; pinned characters need to roll a save against paralyzation, failure indicates unconsciousness. A cumulative 27 Strength points are needed to lift the block off the victim. If the pinned victim is conscious, half of his Strength points can be included in this total.

A glancing blow leaves the block in the doorway. It can be climbed over, the block not completely blocking the passage. The ceiling above this falling lintel is stable, designed to hold up without the trap-block.

P: is a Privy: a wooden seat pierced with a hole, such as one finds in an outhouse, accompanied by a wooden bin of leaves (which may also have acquired other, more interesting residents, such as huge centipedes, bookworms, or even green slime). The seat sits over a 4' diameter shaft which is always (no matter what distance or angle it is viewed from) shrouded in darkness. There is no offensive smell.

Anything entering the hole beneath the seat, including PCs, are teleported into an **Neo-otyugh** lair (not on the maps).

This lair is a 50' × 50' × 60' high room somewhere underground, its walls constructed of slimy, massive stone blocks, and its floor hidden under mounds of refuse and offal. A rusty iron ladder climbs one wall to a platform 40' above the muck-covered floor. The room is lit by a *continual light* radiance, emanating from the ceiling.

Among the heaps of dung is a neo-otyugh. PCs looking for telltale eyestalks find dozens of suspicious-looking, moving fronds or stalks. These are actual plants, and they effectively obscure any ready view of the lurking gulguthra. There are no telltale bones in the muck; the neo-otyugh happily devours clothing, cartilage, hair, bones and all.

If PCs have been in the lair before, and left without fighting, the neo-otyugh telepathically greets them as friends, and leaves them be. If they are strangers, it communicates nothing, hiding until they are within reach of its tentacles.

The neo-otyugh can flail with its tentacles (1-8 points of damage) or grapple for 2-4 points of damage per round. Its grap-

pled victims are used as shields, giving the creature a -1 AC.

There are also nine dung snakes and twelve dung crawlers in the room, scuttling and wallowing in the muck. They inhabit small wall-edges and holes, in which they can shelter from the neo-otyugh. They race to attack PCs, particularly if these newcomers seem rather busy battling the neo-otyugh.

Dung Snakes are simply brown, unpleasant-looking water snakes, equal to "normal constrictors" except that they thrive amid water, muck, and decay. They are adept at drowning prey much larger than themselves such as adventurers. After its first hit, a dung snake constricts, gaining automatic 1-3 points of constriction damage per round. PCs need an Open Doors roll at -1 to escape; other beings attacking the snake have a 20% chance of hitting the constricted character instead.

Dung Crawlers are giant centipedes adapted for wet conditions, with huge, soft retractile pads on the ends of their feet. Their bite does not carry any diseases but it is poisonous: save vs. poison at +4 or be paralyzed for 2d6 hours.

Centipede – Dung Crawler (12): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 15 (walls), SW 12 (in water, mud, offal); HD 1/4; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1 + special; SA Poison (save +4 or 2d6 hour paralysis); SZ T ML 7; XP 35 each.

Snake – Dung Snake (9): Int Animal; AL N; AC 6; MV' 9; HD 3 + 2; hp 20 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1 (bite)/1-3 (constriction); SA Constriction; SZ M; ML 8; XP 175 each.

Otyugh – Neo-otyugh (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 0; MV 6; HD 12; hp 88; THAC0 9; #AT 3; Dmg 2-12/2-12/1-3; SA Grab, disease (90% likely from bite attack); SD Never surprised; SZ L; ML 17; XP 5,000.

PCs have to kill the neo-otyugh (and dig around in the muck, risking attack from all of the other inhabitants of the room) to find any important treasure; the only real loot in the lair lies underneath its body. It is a bone tube stoppered at both ends with wax-sealed brass caps. Inside is a scroll containing the priest spells *cure disease*, *neutralize poison*, *raise dead*, *heal*, and *restoration*. There are also 16 cp and

2 sp scattered throughout the offal, if PCs rake and ladle through all of it (a disease-risking, truly disgusting process).

One, unmarked end of the bare platform is an exit—an instantaneous *teleport* out of the noisome room to the location marked XZ on the dungeon map. The teleport operates by itself regularly to change air in chamber.

Halfway (20') up the ladder lurks a hidden menace. Between two rungs of the ladder is a secret door in the wall: a stone block about two feet square that swings open when thrust at from within. It is the door of a stone-lined storage niche, 2' x 2' x 10' deep. A **tentamort** lairs in the niche. It bashes open the door when it senses a creature passing, and lashes out with its two tentacles. Due to its recessed lair, the tentamort's body gains a +2 on armor class.

One of its tentacles has a bone-needle on it, grappling with a 20 attack roll, and it injects a saliva-like fluid into victims: muscle and organ dissolution occurs after two rounds of injections, killing the victim three rounds later unless a *cure* (wounds or disease) spell is cast.

Tentamort (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 3 (tentacles)/ -1 (body); MV 1; HD 2 (ea. tentacle), 4 (body); hp 16 (constricting tentacle), 12 (bone-needle tentacle), 29 (body); THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (lash or constrict (ld6/round)); SA Special; SZ S; ML 10; XP 650 each.

(If PCs make repeated visits to this lair, the DM may want to introduce new monsters—and treasures left behind by unfortunate adventurers, or lost by PCs—into it.)

Q: A 4' high wall of flames blocks the corridor at this point, blazing continuously without apparent fuel, and without scorching the ceiling.

The flames are real, equal in effects to the fourth-level wizard spell *wall of fire*, except that neither side of the wall is "hot" in a damaging sense. The *wall of fire* mysteriously radiates no heat beyond the extent of its flames. Any being passing through any part of the flames suffers 2d6 + 16 points of damage.

The wall may be leaped over with a successful Dexterity check by all creatures

mobile enough to do so. A second Dexterity check is required to ensure that all held items, and all carried fragile items, need not make saving throws (if this check fails, the DM should decide which items must make successful saving throws—perhaps a drawn sword was dropped in the leap, or a scroll caught flame) against the flames.

The lack of heat damage makes passing over the flames a harmless affair. This magical effect is permanent, the result of a long experiment by an apprentice of Halaster. If a *dispel magic* is cast on the flames, they vanish for 1-2 rounds, and then suddenly appear again, full-force.

Undead can pass the location of this wall when it is absent, but will not try to pass it when it is present. Attempts to force undead to do so will always break any such control.

R: is a face sculpted in bas-relief on the wall, carved of the same stone as its surroundings. The visage is that of a hairless, beak-nosed male face with patrician features. From time to time, its expression changes—from frown or snarl to smile or calm. This never occurs when anyone is present to observe the change.

Its eyes always stare unseeing directly across the corridor, and it does not react to any activities—except to reflect all spells and magic effects cast upon it back 100% upon the source. It also discharges 1d8 +22 points of electrical damage, effects similar to a *shocking grasp* spell, whenever struck by a physical touch or attack.

S: is a room where two large, magnificent-looking ironbound wooden chests are guarded by two weary-looking armored **gnolls**.

The gnolls, Urrhae and Thurrogh, are chatting when encountered (it sounds like muttering rising occasionally into snarls and little yips). Paid very little for their troubles, they are tired of fighting and of the constant tension and danger of adventuring so near the surface in this trap-filled dungeon. Given the chance, they throw the keys they wear around their necks to PCs, and then try to leave the chamber, sliding with their backs along one wall, swords at the ready.

Urrhae — Gnoll (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (broadsword); SZ L; ML 11; XP 35 each.

Thurrogh — Gnoll (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 (halberd); SZ L; ML 11; XP 35 each.

One chest is filled with loose silver pieces: 363 in all. The other is filled with cobwebs, with 224 gp visible beneath.

STX: denotes a descending stair that goes nowhere, ending in a wall of stone rubble brought down by the magic of Halaster. PCs who wish to dig their way down can do so—reaching levels below very, very slowly, and forcing the DM to make Attracted Monster Checks every third round of digging. Allow a generous digging rate of 10'/turn in this loose rock; however, if PCs don't cart the stone they've dug out away from the digging area (back to a storage area of some sort), they slowly entomb themselves. Note that xorn, maedar, *imprisoned* mages, and various burrowing horrors can easily turn up as Attracted Monsters during the digs.

DMs are encouraged to design their own sub-levels of Undermountain, easily connecting them via these stairways. On average, given the 10'/turn digging rate, PCs can clear a way to another level or sub-level in 15 hours. Of course, they may have to stop to fight attracted or freed monsters, considerably slowing down their pace.

T: is a *teleport*, probably created by Halaster. These magical *mini-gates* seem to work constantly (although a DM may have one "go dead" at random times), and are activated by the mere arrival (presence in a precise, unmarked spot, denoted on the dungeon maps by the location of the key letter) of a being of any size.

The *teleported* being seems (to onlookers) to have silently and instantly vanished—suddenly "not there" without fanfare or flashing lights. There is no known weight or volume limit to these features: beings holding hands or linked by a rope may vanish by the dozens, the moment the first being in the chain enters the "trigger" area of the *teleport*.



To the being(s) undergoing the "jump," there is a sudden silvery haze everywhere, an empty silvery void visible all around, in which the only other objects visible are the being's body, belongings, and other creatures that the being is touching at the time. There is a brief sensation of falling (no fall or damage occurs), and then the surroundings (in the destination area) are suddenly different. Beings passing through these *teleports* always forfeit initiative to beings present at their destination, during the round of their appearance.

On the map, "two-way" teleports are marked in pairs: "TA" goes to "TA," "TB" to "TB," and so on. One-way teleports carry a number as well; thus, "TE1" goes to "TE2."

There are no known instances of these short *teleports* being trapped, or having more than a single cycle or "jump." For examples of multi-jumps teleporters, see the Gates of Undermountain chapter.

U: Great Art Is To Be Looked At. In an otherwise empty room is a large (9' × 9'), ornately framed magical painting. Vibrant and glowing with its own light, it is an animated scene of winking lights. All who look at it must make a successful saving throw vs. spells or remain motionless, gazing into the everchanging depths of the painting; this is the same effect as the second-level wizard spell *hypnotic pattern*. The painting has no other powers. If struck, it seems to bleed as if alive, but this gore vanishes 1d12 rounds after appearing, even collected samples being affected.

Trying to remove the painting from the wall destroys it, in a burst of magical energy that affects all beings within the room (except the monster) as follows (roll 1d4 for each being):

- 1: no damage but the PC has a tingling feeling throughout his or her body, fading in 1d4 rounds;
- 2: 2d4 damage is taken from a searing burst of *spellfire* that no fire resistance or magical barriers can prevent;
- 3: the hypnosis and magical shock leads to *feeblemind*, either permanent (as the fifth-level wizard spell), or lasting 2d8 hours;
- 4: the PC permanently loses 1 hit point and all memorized spells (if a spell-

caster), but gains 10' range infravision (if already possessing infravision, it is extended in range by 10').

Also in this room is a lurker above. It waits, flattened against the ceiling, until a party of creatures either all falls under the spell of the painting, or until some of a group of intruders begin to help affected creatures out of the room. At that point, it drops down to wrap itself around as many still-active creatures as it can, saving the rest for later.

Lurker Above (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 1, Fl 9 (B); HD 10; hp 66; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (constriction); SA Suffocation in 1d4 + 1 rds; SZ H; ML 11; XP 1,400 each.

After the lurker drops down, a round hole or shaft is visible in the ceiling (16' up), leading upwards into darkness.

Its climb ends 10' above the ceiling of this room in a horizontal bend, forming a ledge that holds the bones and dessicated remains of several long-dead stirges, and a purse containing 2 silver pieces and a large, fist-sized ruby (worth 12,000 gp!). Of desired, this ledge offers an ideal location for expansion by the DM; a secret door here could lead to an entire sub-level. Veteran Undermountain delvers report that the dungeon is riddled with little hidden sub-levels, above and below the known passages.)

V: is a charnel house. It contains broken human bones and skulls, a riven and rusted iron shield, several small piles of moldering dust that may once have been lumps of food, flesh, leather satchels, or clothing, and two still-useable steel long swords.

W: is the Black Water Room. This landmark consists of opaque, inky water that is very still. It radiates a magical dweomer, is oily and heavy to the taste, and thick to move about in (no harmful effects). Any sources of magical *light* or *continual light* are ineffective when used on or in the water; their radiances are negated until they are removed from contact with the water.

The shaded area of the corridor map denotes smooth, sloping ramps, down some three feet, to level out in the area

where the key letter appears. This entire depressed area is filled with the Black Water. (The corridor ceiling does not dip.)

Unless the DM decides otherwise, there are no monsters here except dead leeches (a mottled tan-white, about six inches in length). A discarded steel footman's *mace* +2 lies at the bottom of the water, right against one wall under the opaque water. Unless a PC is deliberately feeling around under the water and searching in a prolonged, methodical way, this treasure is missed (its own magical aura is masked by the general aura of the water). If a number of PCs search the hidden bottom, allow each PC a cumulative 10% chance per round of finding it (percentile roll). A PC moving along one wall without searching has a 15% chance of finding the mace by treading on it.

Any flames touching the Black Water are instantly tripled in area of effect, spreading with a roar in all directions, and doubled in any damage they do—torches deal 2d4 damage to any within a 1' radius effect. Creatures wading in the water save against such fiery effects at a -5 penalty.

XX: is the arrival area for the *gate* from Myth Drannor, described in detail in the *Ways In and Out* chapter. It is a completely unmarked location in utter darkness, in a long, straight stretch of stone hallway.

After the Yawning Portal's entry shaft, this was the arrival area most frequently used by beings in the past (when Myth Drannor was a living, vibrant city). Its use has risen sharply in present years, now that adventurers of all races and aims are exploring Myth Drannor's abandoned ruins.

Monsters with long memories are known to lurk about in this area, waiting to attack—particularly mimics (who fashion themselves into the semblances of stone benches or doors), lurkers above, stirges, and even the occasional death kiss. It is up to the DM if a monster is indeed waiting here in the dark, whenever PCs arrive.

XY: is a stone altar leading to a hidden room. The altar appears as a plain block, 10' × 20' × 4' high, carved out of a single piece of stone. The top is smooth and un-

adorned, except at either end, where it rises in into two sweeping arms, formed as candlesticks. The entire altar radiates magic. One plain, thick white candle sits in its socket. It is unmagical, and will provide eight hours of illumination under normal circumstances. PCs can also find a secret door behind the altar, but it resists all attempts at opening, including *passwall* and *disintegrate*.

PCs need a second candle for the second arm. If PCs have visited Room #27D on this level, the scene is all too familiar, and the candles from that altar operate here. (Enterprising PCs might even break the existing candle in half and burn both ends of the candle in separate sockets.)

If the candles are both lit while remaining in the altar-arms, an otherwise unopenable (but detectable) secret door opens by itself: a 10' wide section of wall directly north of the altar slowly rumbles upwards into the ceiling, leaving a gap through which the room beyond can be entered.

This room (marked "XY2" on the map), contains an ancient dwarven offering-altar, dedicated to the god Dumathoin, The Keeper Of Secrets Under The Mountain. The altar is an anvil of solid gold, 8' tall, 3' across, and 12' long. Instead of being soft, this pure gold is harder than any force or weapon the PCs can bring to bear on it. It withstands all attempts to move it, reflects all magical effects back 100% on the caster or source, and emerges unscathed from the heaviest blows or attacks. Each time the altar is struck, a great bell tolls somewhere deeper in the earth, shaking the room. Of course, the sound and the vibration of the room also attracts unwanted attention from those who make the dungeon their home; roll once

on the Attracted Monsters table for each tolling of the bell, and have the monsters come in waves, beginning five rounds from the first toll.

It is suggested that the altar defy all PC attempts to remove it, shift it, or break pieces from it. Any dwarf accompanying the party can recognize the altar for what it is, and is horrified at attempts to disturb it.

The room contains rock-dust and stale air centuries old. Around the base of the altar stand four plain, massive stone coffers; each weighs about 70 pounds when empty! These coffers are unlocked and unguarded and no retribution or ill luck comes to anyone disturbing them, for it is part of Dumathoin's power to yield up riches of the earth after hiding them for a time.

One coffer contains 444 black sapphires (each worth 5,000 gp). Another coffer contains 444 star sapphires each worth 5,000 gp). The third coffer holds 444 jacinths (each worth 5,000 gp). The fourth coffer contains a single huge emerald, the size of a large man's head (worth 200,000 gp).

This last treasure is one of the largest known emeralds in the Realms. Its PC owner soon discovers that one can't eat it; very few can afford to buy it—but many can afford to hire assassins and less brutal thieves in attempts to gain it; it makes a good conversation piece but a lousy ring adornment, and so on. The DM should use this treasure to make PCs think about the usefulness of great wealth. It could, of course, be traded—if the PC can find someone to trade with, and get the gem safely to that being—for a single magic item greatly desired by the PC. Guarding and transporting this unwieldy and frag-

ile "prize" could itself be the subject of later PC adventures.

XZ: is the arrival-site of the teleport return from the Otygh Lair (see P, above, a feature created long ago by Halaster's magic.

Y: is a satiated **stirge**, dark and bloated with blackish orc-blood. It is crawling along the dungeon floor, and is easy prey.

The stirge has no treasure, and can drain no more blood at present. This stirge cannot drain until it has rested for seven days.

Stirge (1): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 9; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Blood drain; SZ S; ML 8; XP 175 each.

Z: is a rough rockface, the site of unfinished excavations. It was abandoned by Melairkyn dwarves (see **The Known History of Undermountain**) literally ages ago.

No tools or rubble remain here, but PCs can free several head-sized and slightly larger rocks with 4 rounds of work prying in visible cracks with weapons or tools, as well as many smaller stones.

For easy access to Level Two, Three, or lower levels of Undermountain, DMs can easily make this a new passageway to the lower levels. All that the PCs need to do is defeat the burrowing monsters which keep tunneling into this area! Bullettes, umber hulks, or purple worms make for formidable foes as well as expert tunnelers. Of course, these tunnels are none too safe either...



Level Two: Core Rooms

Room #43: Pillars of Society

This room seems warmer than nearby areas that you've traveled through. Eerie green-white glows illuminate it, coming from irregular, unmoving patches on the walls. Two stout yellowish-grey pillars divide the room into two halves; partially hidden behind the pillars, you see a dark, unmoving bulk at the far end of the room—something shaped like a spider, but as large as a horse!

This room's ceiling is only 10' high. It is warm, slightly damp, and has a yeastlike, 'growing' smell to its air. These conditions and the phosphorescent glows are both due to harmless molds growing on the walls (they die, losing their glow immediately, if scraped off the veins of rock they are anchored to, and feeding on).

The spiderlike shape is a petrified **giant spider**, frozen in the act of scuttling forward, two of its legs raised to grapple. If anyone is foolish enough to release it, it attacks.

Spider – Giant (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 3, Wb 12; HD 4+4; hp 30; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 + poison; SA Poison (save vs. poison or death); SZ L; ML 13; XP 650.

An examination of the two pillars in the room reveals that one of them has no less than six rectangular seams or cracks in it; perhaps the outlines of closed, curved storage doors! The other pillar's surface seems plain.

The plain pillar seems slightly warm to the touch—but the merest touch (of flesh or leather glove or clothing) upon the pillar of the doors causes the being touching it to stick fast, caught by a powerful glue!

There is actually no glue on the pillar at all; its stickiness is the result of a special spell developed by Halaster. The spell bonds flesh, hide (and once-living hide, such as leathers) firmly to whatever surface it is cast upon. This spell is permanent until triggered, and can be cast months or even years before being

needed. Once activated, it remains dangerous for 1 turn/level of the caster (in Halaster's case, 29 turns or nearly five hours!). The number of beings that can be affected by the spell is limited only by how many can actually get to the "sticky" area (in this case, the entire pillar).

A *dispel magic* ends the effect, and creatures able to tear free of stuck leather garments without touching the pillar (Dexterity Check to avoid) can also win free. Those with bare flesh stuck to the pillar are immobilized until the spell wears out, unless they wish to sacrifice the adhered portion of their anatomy.

Trapped creatures are subject to the dangers of wandering monsters, and to a more immediate danger: the other pillar, which is really a **roper**. It can easily reach glued characters, but prefers to attack PCs milling around trying to help a stuck character, saving the stuck prey for later. Note that a roper tugging on a stuck character can harm it by rending muscles and joints, typically doing 1d4+1 damage per strand, per round.

This roper is smart and experienced enough to try to grab weapons, including magical wands, rods, and staves. It already has a *wand of wonder* of 16 charges that it can and does wield against the party, hissing the command word ("Olorm") under its breath!

The roper's six strands cause the victim to suffer 2d4 turns of a 50% Strength loss unless a saving throw vs. poison is made. The strands also drag victims 10' per round closer to the roper. Strands can be yanked off (Open Doors roll) or cut by doing one 6 hit points of edged damage in a single attack. Ropers are unaffected by lightning, take half damage from cold, but save against fire at -4.

Roper (1): Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC 0; MV 3; HD 11; hp 72; THAC0 9; #AT 1 strand +1 bite; Dmg Special/5-20 (5d4); SA Strength drain; SD Special; MR 80%; SZ L; ML 15; XP 7,000 each.

This roper's horlobb (gizzard-like organ) contains 9 gold pieces, 6 platinum pieces, and 2 emeralds (crown cut, large, and brilliant green; each worth 6,000 gp).

If a party manages to destroy the adhesive pillar and examine the pillar's doors, they can all be readily opened with the point of a blade, and all open into small storage cavities—all empty, except for one, which contains a scrap of parchment

bearing the word (in Thorass): "Erendar." This word means whatever the DM wants it to; perhaps it is the command word of an item that is elsewhere in the dungeon.

Room #44: The Hall of the Black Helm

This large, dark chamber is covered with many faded and rotting tapestries depicting plate-armored knights on pegasi hunting flying dragons above vast, gnarled forests and many-spired castles. Only one piece of furniture stands in the otherwise bare room: a plain stone chair. Gems and other riches gleam and sparkle on its seat, and a tall black blade leans against it.

As you look more closely, you can see a black, close-visored war helm floating in midair, well above the chair. It hangs motionless, seeming to stare at you.

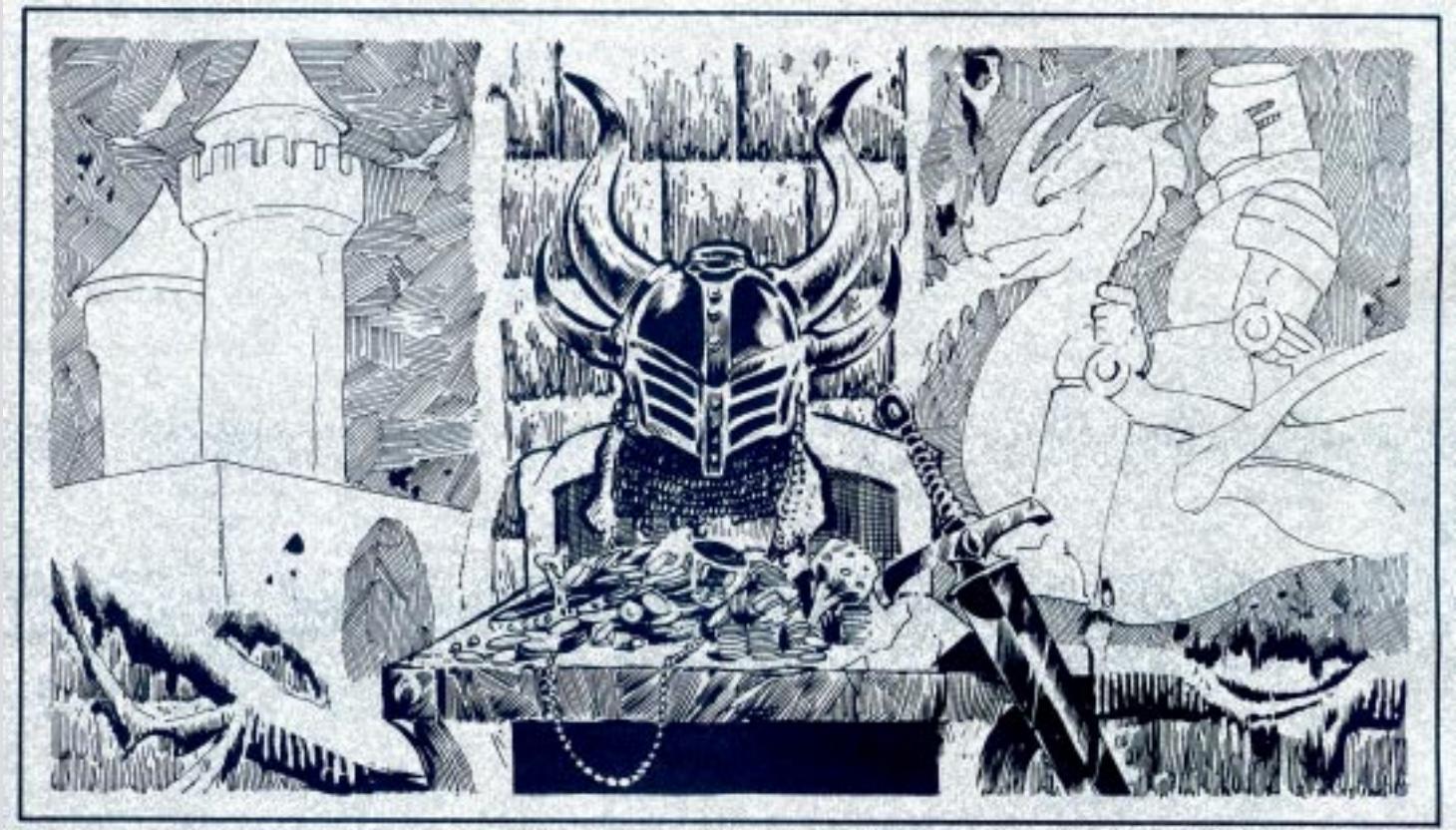
The helm turns to follow moving characters with its 'gaze,' but takes no other action unless it is attacked, or any of the treasure about the throne disturbed.

This room has a high ceiling (80' up, and heavily cobwebbed), and its center (close to the stone seat) is the arrival area of a *gate* from Room #15C (of the Level One Core Rooms). The tapestries are harmless, and conceal nothing.

The helm and the two-handed sword leaning against the throne are all that is left of a **battle horror**, a special sort of "helmed horror" (see the **Monster Guide** in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set). Sent by a priest desiring to plunder Undermountain from a safe distance, it fought and was nearly destroyed long ago by Halaster. Intrigued by it, the Mad Wizard modified it and set it here as a guardian, to entertain him.

It is immune to all effects of fireball, lightning bolt, and magic missile spells. It has the following spells: *dimension door* up to 60 yards distant, once per day, *blink* for up to 1 turn, once per day, and the ability to cast two *magic missiles* every three rounds (70' range, 2-5 points of damage each).

The two-handed sword animates if it or the treasure is touched, or the helm is attacked, and fights separately from the helm. It is also immune to all effects of fireball, lightning bolt, and magic missile



spells, but has no magical attacks of its own. It counts as a "+ 3 magical weapon" for purposes of determining what it can strike, but, in fact, has no bonuses.

These animated menaces can be "killed" only by doing them damage; destroying one has no effect on the other. Dispel magic spells act as *holds* on these items, lasting 3 rounds per spell; any attacks on them during this time automatically hit. When "killed," these items lose all their magic. They can sense and attack creatures within 120', even if targets are *invisible* or changed in form or appearance by magic. They cannot strike *ethereal* creatures.

Helm (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 12, Fl 12 (A); HD 2; hp 16; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (flying ram or blow) or by spell; SD Special; SZ S; ML 20; XP 420 each.

Animate sword (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 3; MV Fl 12 (A); HD 4; hp 26; THAC0 12; #AT 2; Dmg 1-10 x 2; SD Special; SZ M; ML 20; XP 650

The throne-treasure consists of a string of forty large white matched pearls (each worth 100 gp; the string, intact, is worth

4,200 gp), many loose coins and gems, an ivory bowl carved into the likeness of a leaf and polished to a velvety shine (worth 3 gp), and a foot-tall silver tankard, chased and worked into a scene of flying birds and leaping dolphins. It bears an *everbright* dweomer, and does not tarnish, corrode or react with any substance.

The coins, if collected and counted, are 16 cp, 48 sp, 116 gp, 78 ep, and 51 pp. The gems are 33 in number, as follows:

- 16 bloodstones (dark grey with red flecks, "eight" cut; each worth 50 gp)
- 5 citrines (pale yellow-brown, scissors cut; each worth 50 gp)
- 3 rubies (clear red, brilliant full cut; each worth 5,000 gp)
- 3 star sapphires (translucent blue with white star highlights, pear-shaped cut; each worth 5,000 gp)
- 3 opals (pale blue with green and gold mottling, oval cut; each worth 1,000 gp)
- 2 peridots (large, olive green, cabochon cut; each worth 600 gp).

- 1 black opal (very large—the size of a child's fist—dark green with black mottling and golden flecks, uncut but polished; worth 3,330 gp).

Room #45: The Helmwatch

A sphere of bright white radiance hangs motionless at one end of this large chamber. Someone is floating, unmoving, within the sphere, but your view of who or what is in the sphere is blocked by a ring of motionless figures, who stand all around the sphere facing outward. They are all men—or at least man-sized creatures—clad in jet-black full plate armor. Each holds a naked, gleaming bastard sword with both hands; none has a scabbard or shield.

The center of this 60' high chamber is the arrival area for "The Ghost Gate," a one-way gate from a chamber deep beneath an alley in Waterdeep (see "The Ghost Knight" adventure, in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set).



The arrival point for the *gate* (an unmarked 10' radius circle, and the air in a hemisphere above it) and the area inside the ring of armored guards (an unmarked 20' radius hemisphere containing the sphere of light) are the only locations in the room where magic works. The rest of the chamber is a magic-dead area—magic used within it, or directed into it from any normal area, instantly and harmlessly fails.

The armored guardians are 16 in number, and are really helmed horrors. They are immune to *fireball*, *lightning bolt*, and *magic missile* spells, and are not "battle horrors," having no magical attacks of their own.

They all animate and attack any intruders in the room if a horror is "attacked;" this response is initiated by any contact with the horrors from touching or trying to disarm, to bodily moving or brushing them aside. They also animate if the sphere of light is disturbed by reaching aids, missile attacks, spells of any sort, or the entry into it of any part of an intruder. The Horrors fight until destroyed, or until all intruders are dead or have fled the room; they do not pursue beings beyond its walls. Note that the horrors can fly: several soar up over the sphere of light from its other side to pounce on a PC breaching it from only one side.

Helmed Horror (16): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 12, Fl 12 (A); HD 4 + 26; hp 46 teach); THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (ramming) or by weapon: 2-8 (two-handed bastard sword); SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML 20; XP 2,000 each.

As long as the sphere and horrors are not touched, PCs can approach and examine the sphere closely. They can see that it is a spherical area of glowing air. Inside the sphere floats the translucent image of a beautiful elven female, clad in a long, flowing green gown, and wearing a silver, spired tiara, apparently asleep. In her arms she cradles a staff of polished, black-stained duskwood, bound with iron and set with silver rivets. Small, winking motes of light continually appear at these metal bands, and chase slowly down the length of the staff to its gleaming, silver-shod ends.

If the sphere is disturbed by PC action, she seems to awaken. If a PC is touching or obviously trying to get her tiara, she

frowns, and that PC takes lightning damage (no saving throw) of 9d6 points, as the lighted sphere pours out its energy in nine crackling bolts, all focused on the offender. The sphere's light begins dwindling during the lightning strike until there is nothing left—the elven lady, staff, light and all are gone.

If a PC is merely trying to enter the sphere, or touch the lady or the staff, the lady awakens, smiles, and holds out the staff, offering it. If a PC touches it or has hold of it at this point, the light and the lady fade away harmlessly, but the staff remains.

It is a *staff of thunder and lightning* (described in the DMG), with 21 charges. The guardian horrors, if any remain at the time of the sphere's dissolution, concentrate their attacks on any being holding the staff. At no time is the elven lady solid. She does not speak, and she and the sphere appear unaffected by spells or magical item attacks of any sort.

Room #46: The Reading Room

This smallish room has a ceiling that soars overhead. From the center of its floor to the center of that lofty ceiling stretches a cylindrical shaft of white light. In the center of the shaft of light, and perhaps three mens' heights from the floor, floats an open book. Silence reigns. There seems to be nothing else in the room.

This room's ceiling is 90' up. The room contains no lurking monsters or hidden traps, and is linked (via a secret door leading to a seemingly endless spiral staircase) to Level One of Undermountain.

The staircase is hunted by a "thirst" of 12 stirges. They attack intruders around the halfway point of the stairs, swooping and flapping.

Stirge (12): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Blood drain; SZ S; ML 8; XP 175 each.

The upper end of the stairs reaches a 10' × 10' room, described under Room #20 in the Level One Core Rooms description; from that chamber, the stairs climb another 20' into the interior of a statue in #20 itself.

This room, at the bottom of the stairs, has been dubbed "The Reading Room" by visiting adventurers who could see that it held a book, but dared not try (twice) to gain it.

The radiance is a powerful, permanent field of Halaster's own devising: it defies *anti-magic shell*, *dispel magic*, and other disruptive spells short of a *limited wish*, absorbing the effects of all lesser magics without allowing them to affect the shaft of light or the book.

The shaft is 7' in diameter, and the bottom edge of the floating book is 19' from the ground. PCs have to devise a way of reaching it (by stilts, standing on each other's shoulders, etc.). Magical *flight* or *levitation* is canceled by the field as soon as the being or item using it touches the field, causing an abrupt fall (falling damage applies—1d6 per 10' fallen), and no chance at grabbing the book.

The field absorbs not only magical energy, but all non-living matter introduced into it, magical or not (except the book itself). A sword or pole is instantly, silently, and painlessly vaporized, and a reaching arm is immediately stripped of weapons, rings, clothing, overlong fingernails, and armor. PCs running, leaping, or falling into the field are liable to end up naked, their clothing and gear *disintegrated* in an instant!

The book cannot be knocked, shoved, or pushed out of the field; it must be grasped and steadily pulled to remove it. If a grasping hand lets go of it at any location within the shaft, the book hangs in midair at the precise point it was released; someone trying to throw the book finds that it has no velocity at all, once they let go of it.

The book is a *book of infinite spells* (see the DMG immediately, for the initial effects of reading it on non-spellcasters). It is open to a *fire trap* spell (priests' version). The 25 remaining pages of the work (keep these contents secret from PCs!) contain, in the order listed, the spells: *bless*, *water breathing* (wizards' version), *cure light wounds*, *animate object*, *magic missile*, *dispel evil*, *cone of cold*, *wall of fog*, *repulsion*, *magic mouth*, *dimension*, *starshine*, *phase door*, *phantasmal killer*, *wind walk*, *maze*, *statue*, *call lightning*, *cure disease*, *remove curse*, *heal*, *ice storm*, *jump*, *lower water* (priests' version), and *mind blank*.

Room #47: All You Had To Do Was Knock

Read the following when PCs first approach the only visible door into this room:

Before you rises a tall, arch-topped pair of double doors, carved of smooth grey stone. They fit very closely together, and have no handles at all.

Faintly, from somewhere beyond them, you can hear someone—someone human and female-cursing, screaming, calling on Tempus for aid, crying out to “anyone” for help, weeping, and then screaming again...

The doors have no visible hinges or handles; how can the PCs open them?

The DM should allow them to try whatever means occur to them, while the wailing and cursing goes on from the other side of the door. PCs can make handles by driving spikes into the door, or use spells to shatter the door. All attempts to pry the doors open with weapons or tools fail utterly; all attempts to ram, charge, or smash the door down with brute force cause it to fall (see below).

Only a *knock* spell opens the doors safely; all other methods result in the eventual toppling of the doors, which are not attached to anything at all. The doors are 40 feet tall, and reach a long way when they fall: all PCs in any position of possible danger must make two successful Dexterity checks to avoid damage.

Two successful checks indicates no damage; one successful check signifies “glancing blow” damage of 2d4; two failed checks equates 3d6 crushing damage, and the character is pinned under the fallen doors. It takes 55 Strength points to move the door enough to free trapped adventurers; those pinned can exert half their strength in escaping. Freeing trapped comrades takes 1d3 rounds for every person trapped; remember that monsters may wander by to see what the noise is all about!

The room beyond is strewn with bones, bloodstains, and old, useless weapons so rusted as to crumble when picked up. Cobwebbed, ancient furniture lies tumbled in piles and sagging in rotten ruin everywhere.

An incredible, sickening smell of filth

and decay strikes any PCs who venture into the room. PCs must save vs. poison at -1, or gag helplessly for 1d4 rounds.

Just inside the door, in a 10' circular area, hangs a trap to be used against intruders. Make a secret Intelligence check for PCs, and then a Dexterity check. Those who succeed in their Intelligence check (plus those whose players tell the DM they are looking up or slipping immediately over to the nearest wall, and advancing along it) make the Dexterity check at +2. This modifier may be offset by another: all gagging victims make the Dexterity check at -5.

Any PC who fails his or her Dexterity check is struck by the trap: a huge net, attached to an overhead pulley by a long rope. The net is full of broken, splintered furniture, and large chunks of rock. It falls with a thunderous crash when the rope is released.

PCs directly under the trap take 5d6 damage; those nearby (who failed their Dexterity checks) take 3d4 damage from flying splinters and bouncing rocks, as the net breaks open and spills its contents on impact. In all cases, fragile carried items must make saving throws; items worn or stored in packs must also save if they are on the person of a PC directly struck by the falling trap. (The rocks in this trap came from the ceiling of the room; a jagged cavity there bespeaks an old cave-in or explosion.)

The operators of the trap are four **leucrotta**, the source of the voices (which die into far away sounding moans and wounded sobs, in the wake of the opening or collapse of the doors). They are hiding among the heaps of tangled wreckage that litter the room; they know the room well and can traverse it in the dark at MV 16.

Leucrotta (4): Int Average; AL CE; AC 4; MV 18; HD 6 + 1; hp 46, 44, 42, 40; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3-18; SA Special; SD Kick in retreat (1d6 x 2); SZ L; ML 14; XP 975 each.

They have hidden their treasure under the heaps of wreckage; to find it, PCs have to dig apart heaps, requiring 3d4 rounds to do so for each heap (the DM should check for wandering monsters while this goes on).

By heap, the treasures are:

Heap #1: a purse containing 16 cp, 22 gp, and 3 ep; a dagger +1 with no additional properties (it does not glow); and a stout leather satchel containing six

Sembian trade-bars (silver ingots, worth 25 gp each).

Heap #2: a wooden coffer bound with iron, its lock roughly torn asunder to reveal the 206 gp it holds: a canvas sack containing 56 sp; and a bone tube containing a scroll with two *cure serious* wounds spells on it.

Heap #3: four rusty long swords; a silver-plated, *everbright* sickle: a scimitar; seven daggers; a morning star; a battered kite-shaped metal shield too large for anyone smaller than a tall human, and a warhammer. None of these items are magical.

Heap #4: A cloth bag of 11 rather battered Gond bells—small brass bells enclosing ornamental gemstones (worth 10 gp each, 20 gp to a church of Gond); a finely-worked gold ring inset with a large ruby and two smaller, flanking zircons (worth 6,000 gp, intact); a dented and rusting iron coffer, its locks smashed, which holds two large ivory tusks (each worth 20 gp) wrapped in moldy velvet; and a heavy canvas sack which contains 130 gp and a stuffed, rather moth-eaten fish mounted on a wooden plaque which bears a brass plate with the legend: “This one was small enough it didn’t break my line. Landed off Mintarn, Flamerule 5, in the Year of the Falling Moon. Halbert Hornmaster, of Baldur’s Gate.”

Heap #5: A curved, finely-wrought horn of gold-plated steel that bears a dweomer, and is a *horn of bubbles* (detailed in the DMG); a gleaming fist-sized ruby (worth 9,000 gp and radiating magic) which is really a *jewel of attacks* (detailed in the DMG); a leather satchel containing 204 ep; a steel footman’s mace (non-magical); a jar of *Keoghtom’s ointment* (with 4 applications left); a gold ingot Worth 60 gp; and a rough wooden box containing 14 cp, 26 sp, 7 gp, and 22 pp.

Heap #6: A small black coffer containing twelve blocks of sweet-smelling incense: eight are non-magical, two blocks are *incense of meditation*, and two are *incense of obsession* (both types detailed in the DMG); a gilded medallion on a chain, bearing a dweomer (a *necklace of adaptation*); and a bag containing 46 ep and a small ivory dragon statuette with the words “Crafted in Calimport” graven on the bottom.

Room #48: The Black Viper's Lair

This area is linked to the adventure "The Black Viper Strikes," found in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set: it can be used independently, as an area that PCs exploring the dungeon just discover. If they plunder the Viper's treasure, the Viper hires magical means to identify them, and seek revenge . . .

All of the rooms and areas marked with the number 48 (except the cavern, #48C) radiate strong magic, so PCs cannot distinguish magical traps, items, or spell areas. Read the following when the PCs first come upon the door marked #48A:

Here, in the corridor wall, stands a curious-looking door. It is of stone, carved into a fantastic landscape of holes and sharp points. Some of the points have been knocked off, and others bear old, dark stains that look suspiciously like blood. Similar stains mark the floor in front of the door.

Six stone handles are set in a row, crossing the door at about waist height, in a band of clear, flat stone. All are vertical, and obviously pivot to the left or right from their uppermost ends. The door has no visible keyhole.

#48A: The door radiates a dweomer. Tugging on the handles without turning them (i.e. just trying to pull the door open), or pushing on the door, won't budge it: it remains in place and immovably rock-solid.

To open the door, the correct handles must be turned: the two innermost handles must be turned simultaneously outward (away from each other). The door then clicks open, and may be safely pulled wide and passed.

Any other turning of handles in any direction or combination causes the door to remain closed; in addition, darts fire out of random holes in the door into the bodies of those turning the incorrect handles (unless they are wise enough to use some remote means of doing so; note that firm strength must be applied to the handles).

One dart fires per incorrect handle turned, no handle triggering more than one dart a round. These missiles strike at THAC0 4 (due to close proximity and random firing ports), do 1d3 damage each, and fade into nothingness 1d4 + 1 rounds

after striking. The door seems to have an inexhaustible supply of them.

The door's magic renders it proof against magical damage from all spells of less than 6th level. It can take 88 points of physical damage before shattering, and its protective spells allow it to fire two darts at anyone striking it with physical attacks. It saves versus 6th and higher level spells (such as *disintegrate*) at a +1 bonus.

Halaster is proud of this door, an early piece of work, and takes a dim view of anyone destroying it; he can replace it within days, and may leave a magic mouth as a warning on the replacement. If shattered, such a door loses its magic completely—including its ammunition supply.

The Black Viper simply found the door, learned the secret of safe passage, and liked it enough to establish a lair beyond it.

#48B: PCs getting #48A open see a 10' x 10' cubicle, with a regular (closed) stone door on its back wall. The ceiling is only 10' up. This antechamber is #48B.

The moment anyone's weight is placed on the solid-feeling floor of #48B, it collapses, revealing a 60' drop (6d6 damage) to a stone floor with a single huge wooden spike—a sharpened tree-trunk—at the bottom. #48B's floor is hinged at the walls, breaking away in sections and hanging on the sides of the pit; this pit trap is reset by closing the door at #48A.

Victims falling into the pit must make a Dexterity check to avoid being impaled on the spike (unless they can use *feather fall* or another means to slow their descent), for a further 2d12 damage. No less than three human skeletons remain impaled on it, their ribs smashed like kindling. Two other scattered skeletons litter the floor below, which is home to 22 cp, 13 sp, and 6 gp all scattered about—as well as a **carrion crawler**.

Carrion Crawler (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1-2; SA Paralysis (save or 2-12 turns paralysis); SZ L; ML Special; XP 270.

Inside the pit trap and five feet below the upper floor is a large stone lever on the western wall. Falling PCs must make both a successful Intelligence check and a successful Dexterity check to grab it before they fall past. (PCs who know where the lever is

from prior experience need make only a Dexterity check, with the roll at -4.)

Weight placed on this lever causes two broad, blunt-ended stone support arms to shoot out of the western wall, bridging the pit. At the same time, the ceiling of #48B slides open, and a rope ladder tumbles down. Those who climb the rope ladder reach #48D (the DM can add suspense with a Dexterity check while climbing, to avoid a long plunge into the open pit, but it is suggested that this be automatically successful unless a PC is badly hampered by severe wounds or by carrying other characters).

Those who instead opt to cross the 15' wide bridge to the door in the eastern wall find it unlocked, with a large, stout pull-ring. It swings toward beings pulling on it, and reveals #48C, a large cavern.

#48C: #48C is a large and irregular natural cavern, with a sandy floor studded with the stony rubble of fallen stalactites, and broken by the stubby bases of many broken-off stalagmites. The cavern has several promising-looking fissures in its walls, but no outlets; these cracks narrow to nothing after only a few feet.

It is home to a giant reptilian creature, deep green in hue with ochre undersides; it has a pincer-equipped tail, and a muscular trunk with a many-fanged mouth surrounded by eight serpentine heads on stalks: a **thessalhydra**. This hungry predator is fed by the Black Viper, but not frequently. It is always hungry, and hides, hunkered down, behind tumbled rocks at the northwestern bend of its den, until all the adventurers enter the cavern (it waits until no more enter and then springs its attack). Then it charges to block the entry door, seeking to trap as many prey in the cavern as it can.

The thessalhydra's eight heads bite for 1-6 points of damage; if the victim fails a save vs. poison, an additional 1-6 points are inflicted due to its poison. Its tail pincer can grasp targets (dealing 1-12 points of damage) and deliver the victim to the central mouth, adding 1-20 damage points. The central mouth's damage is supplemented by its poisonous bite, failed saving throws resulting in 1-20 extra points of damage. Items placed in the central mouth must save vs. crushing blow and acid each round to survive.

Once per day, the thessalhydra can spit a 12' diameter gob of acidic saliva (90' range) which does 12d6 damage (half if save vs. poison made) to its target. It is immune to all acids and poisons. Fringe heads are severed if dealt more than 12 points of damage (do not subtract head damage from the monster's main hit points), and are regenerated in 12 days. This formidable opponent has no treasure.

Thessalmonster — Thessalhydra (1): Int Low; AL N; AC 0; MV 12; HD 12; hp 80; THAC0 9; #AT 1-10; Dmg 1-6(x8)/1-12/1-20; SA Acid; SD Heads (12 hp each; hp separate from body); SZ G; ML 12; XP 12,000 each.

This thessalhydra's lair contains the remains of a number of adventuring parties; the bones, armor, and weapons lie scattered about the rear of the cave. Generous DMs can place treasures (a *spellblade* vs. *cone of cold*?) and clues for the PCs within those who failed before them. The twisting crevices and corners of this lair are also easily adapted, creating new entrances and tunnels deeper still into Undermountain. After all, why is the thessalhydra here, if not to keep people from going down or coming up . . . ?

#48D: #48D is a 30' × 30' stone-walled room, entered by the rope ladder (from #48B) through a 10' × 10' opening in its southeastern corner. Its ceiling is lost in the darkness (100' up; the last 10' filled with permanent magical *darkness*).

The rope ladder ends there, attached to massive iron rings set in the wall. No other doors or openings are visible in the room (nor are there any). In the center of the north wall, about 8' off the floor, a stone block protrudes noticeably from among its fellows. On the west wall, in the corner where it joins the north wall, a rusty but sturdy-looking rigid iron ladder rises from the floor to a ledge 60' overhead.

Unfortunately, access to the ladder is blocked by an 8' tall clay humanoid, which silently attacks all intruders, seeking to stop any who try to climb or dodge past it and reach the ledge above. The **clay golem** fights until destroyed. If intruders win past it to the ladder, it lumbers over to the protruding stone block and pushes it into the wall. This control causes the ladder to pulse with energy (akin to a *shocking grasp* spell) for 6

rounds, doing 2d4 points of damage per round (no save) to all creatures on or in contact with the ladder. The golem then ignores creatures who pass it, and concentrates on destroying those who still remain at its level. It can see invisible and ethereal creatures, but can only strike the former.

Once per day, the golem can operate with *haste* for three rounds after at least one round of normal combat. It seems to favor the tactic of grasping one armored adventurer and using him as a helpless club against his fellows; consider the golem's Strength to be 20 for lifting purposes. This golem can only be struck by magical blunt weapons (such as maces). The damage it does can only be cured by rest, or by a *heal* spell cast by a priest of 17th or greater level. Consult its MC entry for the special effects of certain spells on it.

The golem's orders are to attack all creatures who enter the room except the Black Viper or creatures with her (and then only if she makes a certain gesture). It continues to attack all creatures until they leave the area or are dead (whereupon it throws them, and all their gear, down into the area below). The golem's creator, a former suitor to the Black Viper, is long dead, one of her first victims.

Golems, Lesser — Clay Golem (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 7; HD 11; hp SO; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 3-30; SA *Haste* for 3rds/day; SD Special; SZ L; ML 20; XP 8,000 each.

The ledge reached by the ladder is out of the golem's reach; it does not try to climb or strike the wall to shake PCs down from the ledge—but it throws any loose objects it can at them, clumsily (-3 on its attack rolls).

On the ledge, adventurers find an old broad sword (non-magical; dropped by an adventurer), and six identical, unmarked iron ladders in a row, starting here and vanishing into darkness 30' overhead. These ladders are attached to the wall by thick support-rods at each rung; unbeknownst to climbers, these rods are hollow, containing traps.

The far left-hand ladder is safe to climb; all of the others fire a heavy crossbow quarrel out of their rungs (through *illusion-covered* firing-holes) each round, one at each and every being climbing or in contact with the ladder.

These missiles do 1d4 + 1 damage, and

strike at THAC0 4. They usually end up in the bellies of beings climbing the ladder, but emerge at slightly random angles from the ladders (hence the THAC0 given). Beings trying to avoid them by climbing up the outside of a ladder swung around at an angle, are still in jeopardy from the quarrels of their own ladder—and from those of an adjacent ladder, should they or a backpack or carried weapon strike that other ladder (Dexterity check each round of climbing to avoid this contact, if such a maneuver is attempted).

Characters attempting acrobatics to avoid anticipated quarrels may be allowed a Dexterity check; if it is successful, roll a d6. Results of 1 or 2 indicate that they have avoided all damage, when the quarrel comes; results of 3-6 indicate normal damage.

All of the ladders enter magical *darkness* after ascending 30'. The "safe" ladder continues 10' up through a hole in the ceiling of #48D, into #48E.

The five "false" ladders fire no bolts in this dark area, but have another trap, which affects any characters touching the top two rungs or the ceiling above the ladder: a *reverse gravity* effect that operates whenever beings trigger it by touching one of the areas noted.

This effect slams beings (on the top or dark 10' of the ladder only) up against the ceiling. This does only 1 point of damage, because the), are touching or very close to it already, but forces Strength checks to avoid dropping items "in hand."

The beings and their gear then fall the length of the ladder and past the ledge to the floor, 100' below (for 10d6 points of damage, plus a return bout with the golem if it is not destroyed; it gets one "free" attack on one fallen character). Note that all items on the persons of fallen characters must make "fall" saving throws.

These dangers beset any creatures using the wrong ladders over and over again. Magical means of flight or *feather fall* can avert the damage of the ladders' *reverse gravity* trap.

#48E: #48E is a 20' × 20' chamber lit by a *driftlight* (see *glowing globe*, in the **Magical Items** chapter of this book). Two closed, identical stone doors can be seen in its north and west walls.

Beside the door in the north wall is a large, closed, ironbound wooden chest. On the floor in front of it are eight canvas

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sacks. This is the Black Viper's main treasure cache (not including daily "odd change and spending money").

Five of the sacks contain 200 gp each; a sixth sack contains 200 sp. The seventh sack holds 200 pp, and the last sack is home to six plain, unlocked wooden coffers.

One of these coffers contains 54 green, cabochon cut chrysoberyls (worth 100 gp each). Another holds 70 deep red, scissors-cut garnets (each worth 100 gp). A third is home to 34 large rose-colored pearls (each worth 300 gp). A fourth holds 18 deep blue, crown-cut spinels (each worth 500 gp). The fifth holds 8 matched medium blue sapphires as big as a child's fist (oval-cut, worth 3,300 gp each, or 30,000 gp as a set).

The sixth coffer holds only a single king's tear (detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures hardcover source book). This one, clear, teardrop-shaped, and unbreakable, shows a scene in its depths of an unknown but breathtakingly beautiful woman, clad only in her long hair, whose arm is around the neck of a unicorn. If sold shrewdly, it commands more than 25,000 gp—perhaps as much as 60,000 gp.

The unlocked chest contains no treasure at all, but a trap: a waiting, hungry **large spider**, which has no web. It springs out of the opening chest to bite the hand of any intruder—or the face of an armored stranger.

Its bite is poisonous, saves made at +2 or take 15 hit points damage, with an onset time of 10-30 minutes. The Black Viper feeds it only sparingly, and takes away the remains it leaves.

Spider—Large (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1 + 1; hp 7; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175.

The door in the west wall is locked, and there is no sign of any key (unless the PCs have managed to rob or slay the Black Viper to get the keys to this complex). If the PCs pick or force the door, they hear three loud clicks as it opens. (These are merely warning sounds, caused by springy metal strips on the inside of the door, placed by the Black Viper—but the DM should describe them with excitement, to add suspense.)

#48F: #48F, beyond the western door of #48E, is a 20' × 20' room lit by another



driflight. The room is furnished with a rather moth-eaten fur rug (black bear), a low sleeping-couch of fine make (the sort found in many nobles' villas in the city above), a round side-table of polished shadowtop-wood furnished with three hooded candle-lanterns (and a metal slide-cover box containing another seven candles), four flints and a striking-steel, a blanket, and a clothing-rack (a hanger-bar supported by two upright braces).

Interestingly, the clothing-rack contains outfits that fit only a small, slim human (or an elf or half-elf of comparable size). Outfits ranging from leather armor through grand court clothing, dock workers' rags through the gowns, cloaks, and bedchamber-silks of a fine lady. Disguises, no doubt. . .

Also hanging from the clothing-rack are a scabbarded long sword, a belt equipped with three sheathed daggers, and a whip (1d2 damage). All of these items are of very fine make, but none are magical.

There are also two heavy-lidded, rough but massive stone chests in the room. One contains food: wheels of cheese sealed in wax, hard round loaves of bread, sausages wrapped in cloth, and an array of fine bottled wines.

The other is home to six oil-pots (with wicks), 12 torches, and a small jar of sticky black paste (5 applications of sleep-poison, victims falling asleep in 1-2 rounds if they fail a save vs. poison at -3, such drugged slumber lasting 1d4 + 1 turns; each application serves for only one attack). If overbold PCs taste even the tiniest sample of the paste, they feel a numbness spreading from their tongues, and 2 rounds later fall asleep for 1d4 rounds.

#48G: #48G lies beyond the northern door out of #48E. This door is also locked, and missing its key. The room is 20' × 20', but is dark and empty—oh, except for the green-glowing, floating skull and skeletal arms that confront intruders.

This is all that remains of Nester, once one of Halaster's apprentices. This entire complex, once his stronghold, has been taken over by the Black Viper (whose hidey-home is in #48F).

Nester tried to become a lich and succeeded . . . in part. He attained undead status, but he badly bungled his spells. He became a lich, in form, but gained slightly different powers. His phylactery disintegrated years ago, his body following slowly.

Nester turns as a "special" undead, saves as he did in life (W20), and retains his full, crazed (18) Intelligence and spell-casting powers. Nester can detect *invisibility*, *levitate*, and use *ESP* at will. His touch affects living beings as a *chill touch* spell does, but cause undead to flee for 20 + 1d4 rounds if a save vs. spell is failed.

Nester is unaffected by poison, paralyzation, *sleep*, *charm*, *hold* and cold-based spells; he suffers 2d4 points of damage per vial of holy water that strikes him. Fire does him normal damage, and edged weapons do full damage—but Nester can only be hit by magical weapons of a +1 or better bonus.

He still wears a *ring of air elemental command* (he uses this to fly around, giving what remains of his body mobility) and a *ring of protection* +3. Nester's spells are as follows (5,5,5,5,4,3,3,2): *magic missile* × 5; *blindness*, *know alignment*, *locate object*, *pyrotechnics*, *stinking cloud*; *dispel magic* × 3, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*; *enervation* × 3, *polymorph other*, *wizard eye*; *animate dead*, *Bigby's interposing hand*, *feeblemind* × 2, *wall of force*; *anti-magic shell*, *chain lightning*, *death spell*, *disintegrate*; *control undead*, *delayed blast fireball*, *forcecage*; *mass charm*, *maze*, *prismatic wall*: *crystalbrittle*, and *weird*.

Nester—Lich (unique) (1): Int 18; AL CE; AC -1; MV 12; HD 4 + 4; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4 + *chill touch* (hands) or by spell; SD: +1 or better weapon required to hit; SZ M; ML 20; XP 4,000.



Nester is an embittered, insane remnant of what he was in life, and takes pleasure now only in slaying and destroying, gaining and wielding new magic, and in accompanying the Black Viper (whom he cannot be persuaded to betray or attack). He pursues intruders throughout this complex, but not beyond #48A.

Nester's treasure consists of his spell books, a *necklace of missiles*, a *ring of water walking*, and 425 pp. These treasures are enclosed in a chest found under a secret trapdoor in the floor. Nester's spell books contain all his memorized spells and 1d20 additional spells as determined by the DM.

Room #49: Lord Hund's Tomb

DM's Background:

The following information is provided to aid the DM in devising follow-up adventures, and to answer PC inquiries and researches; native Waterdhavian PCs are 80% likely to know something of this tale—94% likely if of noble background themselves.

Hund Hiilgauntlet was an eccentric, a dabbler in lore concerned with necromancy. On several occasions, he tried to have a tomb built for his own eventual use, and to his specifications, in The City of the Dead. Since those specifications included the creation of undead, the Lords repeatedly foisted and forbid him from such practices.

In the end, Lord Hund learned of a two-way *gate* into the fabled depths of Undermountain—an ancient *gate* that had been discovered by adventurous sons of the Eltorchul noble family. Lord Hund paid one of these men handsomely to show him the *gate*, and promptly made use of it to ferry workers and hired mages into the depths to modify existing rooms and passages into his desired tomb.

When the task was done, Lord Hund slew most of the workers and his needed undead were created from their remains. He also trapped the Eltorchul noble into a like fate, protecting the secrecy of his tomb still further.

In a fury, the brothers of the slain noble attacked Lord Hund's subterranean lair, but were driven off by its

powerful, monstrous defenders. They retaliated by hiring mages to destroy the *gate*, trapping Lord Hund underground (all traces of the *gate* are now gone).

They then plundered his villa in a stealthy night raid, carrying off his daughter and much of his wealth. (In the end, one of them married the daughter, and they happily raised sons and daughters of their own.) The Hiilgauntlet family was secretly glad at the disappearance of the alarmingly strange Hund.

Lord Hund himself was also well content. Unbeknownst to his foes, he became a mummy by means of a secret (and very expensive) process worked by a hired mage from Calimshan. He lurks still in his deep tomb, delighting in the sufferings and deaths of intruders...

The tomb complex is entered by a broken stone door that lies largely in rubble on the floor. Human-sized creatures can easily pass through the opening, into #49A.

#49A: Entry Chamber

When PCs first enter #49A, read them the following:

This room is dimly lit by an eerie, steady radiance emanating from the floor—rather, from a sort of lichen, crunchy underfoot, that exudes a dull, constant red glow. The room's vaulted ceiling descends in a single pillar, which stands in the center of the room. All around the walls hang tattered, rotting black tapestries.

There is no furniture in the room. You notice a large stone, with a large metal ring set in its top, in the floor just in front of the pillar. Then you see writing on the pillar itself. All is still and silent.

The room is 30' × 30'; its vaulted ceiling reaches a maximum height of 30'. The pillar's inscription is in Thorass, and says:
*Here sleeps Lord Hund Hiilgauntlet
 Who in life was mightier than others knew
 Great warrior, good friend
 Take care ye do not meet his end.*

The most substantial of the tattered tapestries, at the far side of the room from the entrance, is actually a **cloaker**. It waits until intruders are brushing past or examining it, and then attacks. Behind it is a closed, unlocked door leading into #49B.

Its first attack is to fly toward a PC and, if its attack is successful, it engulfs one PC and bites automatically for points of damage equal to its victim's AC + 1d4 points. It uses its whip-like tail to fight others at the same time. The tail is AC1 and can be severed by doing it 16 hit points of damage. Attacks made on the cloaker do half damage to the cloaker and half to the trapped victim, except area-effect spells—these do full damage to both.

The cloaker moans on any round that it doesn't bite (causing one of the following effects):

80' range "numbing unease," which causes -2 to opponents' attack and damage rolls, plus causing an immobilizing trance after six consecutive rounds;

30' range *fear* spell (save vs. spell or flee for 2 rounds);

PCs suffer from nausea and weakness (inability to act for 1d4 + 1 rounds) in conical area 30' long and 20' wide at farthest extent;

hold person moan (single target, 30' range, lasts 5 rounds).

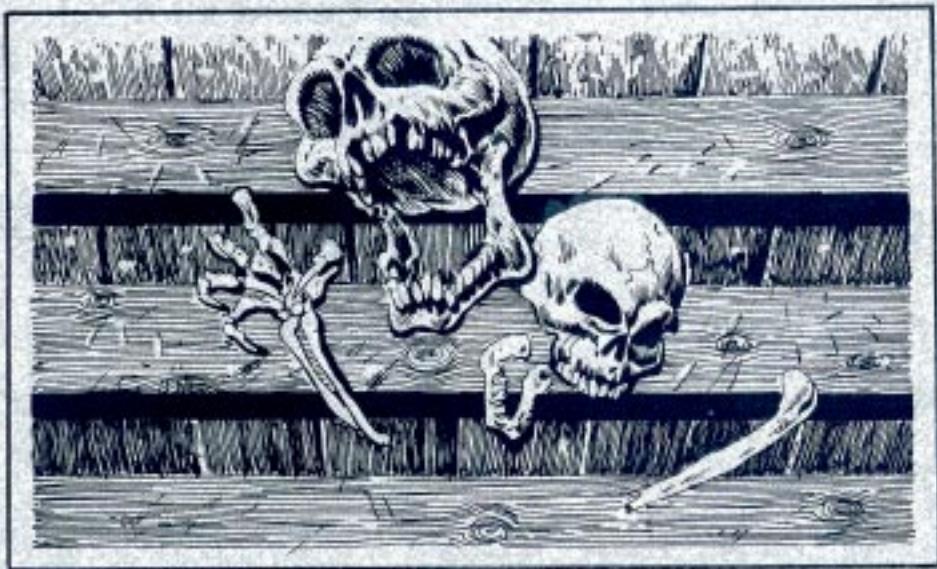
All of these effects can be defeated by a *neutralize poison* spell cast on a victim.

The cloaker can use *shadow shifting* (shaping shadow images) to confuse attackers, bettering its AC to 1, or creating 1d4 + 2 *mirror images* of itself. This latter effect is its favorite—it draws away attacks, and the cloaker hopes to force spellcasters to waste spells by making duplicates of itself appear from all the other tapestries! A *light* spell cast on the cloaker prevents it from using this shadow-shifting power.

Cloaker (1): Int High; AL CN; AC 3 (1); MV 1, Fl 15 (D); HD 6; hp 39; THAC0 13; #AT 2 + special; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (tail)/ + special; SA Moan; SD Shadow shifting; SZ L; ML 14; XP 1,400.

If PCs lift the trapdoor (a stone block that lifts right out, via a pull-ring), they free a guardian "dark horror" (**darkenbeast**) from a shaft beneath the trapdoor. The darkenbeast is a black, winged creature resembling a cross between a pterodactyl and a wyvern, with burning red eyes. It immediately attacks.

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Darkenbeast (1): Int Semi; AL NE; AC 4; MV 18; HD 5 + 5; hp 40; THAC0 19; #AT 3 or 5; Dmg 1-4/1-4/3-12; SA Additional rear claws (during aerial attacks) 1-4/1-4; SD Immune to mind control; MR 25%; SZ M; ML 11; XP 975 each.

At the bottom of the shaft are human bones (the tangled remains of six skeletons), scattered coins (3 cp, 5 sp, and 12 gp), four rusting scimitars and two rusting long swords, a morning star and eight daggers, and two **bookworms**, which wriggle out of the eye sockets of one of the skulls and onto the person of anyone reaching the bottom of the shaft, in hopes of finding food. (They are not discovered until the explorer reaches the top of the shaft; the DM should then apply the usual chances for detection.)

Bookworm (2): Int Non; AL N; AC 2; MV 12, Br 3; HD 1/4; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT Nil; Dmg Nil; SA Eats printed matter (spell books, scrolls); SZ T; XP 15 each.

After PCs proceed onward from this room, a **stone golem** emerges into it (see below).

#49B: Antechamber

This room is a 10' × 10' closet whose side walls are lined with shelves. The wall across from the entry door contains another plain, closed but unlocked stone door. A human skull lies on the floor of this room—and its shelves are home to many skulls, skeletal hands, and odd human bones.

If the inner door is opened, it pulls the first door closed in unison with its own movement (their hinges are linked by pull-rods within the walls). If it is opened enough for a being to slip through the door into the darkness (#49C) beyond, three magical activations occur:

- All of the skulls animate—rising up, turning to face intruders, and *howling*. This eerie sound is actually a *magic mouth* spell, cast on the ceiling, and has no special magical effects.
- At the same time, the skeletal hands leap to attack all intruders. They are **crawling claws**, 26 in number, and pursue PCs throughout the Tomb (as far as the broken entry doorway of #49A).

Claw, Crawling (26): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 9; HD 2-4 hp; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1-4 (armored foes) 1-6 (unarmored foes); SA Special; SD Special; MR 19; SZ T; ML 19; XP 35

- A **stone golem** emerges through the wall of #49A—stepping out of the solid wall.

Other than this unique entrance, this golem is “normal,” being immune to all weapons except +2 or better magical ones, and able to cast a *slow* spell (10' range, single victim) once every second round. The golem stays in #49A, waiting for whoever opened the door to #49C to return. The golem attacks anyone who enters #49A.

Golems, Greater – Stone (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3-24 (3d8); SA Special; SD Special; SZ L; ML 20; XP 10,000 each.

#49C: Inner Chamber

#49C is a large room (80' × 50' × 40' high) crowded with stone statues. Entered from #49B, its only other visible exit is a pair of 20' tall, 10' broad double doors of featureless stone at the far end of the room. They are closed, and flanked by two 20' tall statues of armored warriors. Twenty-six other statues (9'-10' in height) of armored warriors stand about the room in random clusters.

When any living intruder advances past the center of the room (40' into it), six of the statues animate, silently moving to attack all intruders. They are the six closest to the door from #49B, and are behind the PC triggering their activation (and perhaps other companion PCs). They are actually **monster zombies**: undead ogres wearing stone plates as ‘armor.’

These zombies wield heavy stone weapons, crumbling in their hands, and have no treasure.

Monster Zombie – Ogre (6): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 6; hp 46, 44, 42, 40, 39, 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 4-16; SD Immune to sleep, charm, hold cold spells; poison, death magic; MR Special; SZ L; ML ; XP 650 each.

If any living being approaches within 20' of the double doors at the far end of the room, the two warrior statues (which are mechanical, not magical) reach out, pull the doors open wide, and gesture towards the opening—whereupon one wraith flies out of it, into #49C, to attack the intruding PCs.

It has no treasure, and attacks intruders despite bright light as long as they are in #49C or beyond (deeper into the Tomb). When brought to 6 hit points or less, or turned it seeks to escape past the PCs into the greater area of the dungeon outside the Tomb complex.

Wraith (1): Int very; AL LE; XC 4; MV 12, Fl 24 (B); HD 5 + 3; hp 37; THAC0 15 #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + special: SA Energy drain; SD Hit only by silver and +1 weapons; SZ M; ML 15; XP 3,000 each.

**#49D: Hall**

This is a 10' wide and 80' long hall. The double doors open into a 10' deep, diagonally-walled area narrowing into this corridor, which stretches away into the darkness. The corridor ends in a stone door that bears the relief carving of a grinning skull.

Every 10' of PC advancement into this hall, a volley of 2 heavy crossbow bolts (THAC0 10, dmg 1d4 + 1) is fired from either the eyes or mouth of the skull, hitting a random target among those beings in the hallway. The crossbow volleys (which fire only once for every 10' advance, not once per character advancing) are a mechanical trap. Those able to climb to the ceiling find unobtrusive handholds there, affording a way along the corridor (for the strong; one must hang by one's arms, advancing hand-by-hand). Strength checks must be rolled every 10' of advancement if this method is used to cross the room. PCs *flying* or avoiding all contact with the floor avoid all these troubles.

PCs who crawl or duck low to avoid the crossbow missiles discover that, although the first 10' section of floor is solid, the next 10' of floor panels are smoothly polished, slippery, and fall open on hidden hinges. Characters need a successful Dexterity check to claw or spring back from a opening floor-section. Failed checks result in a fall ten feet into a pit, below.

The first pit is 10' × 10' with a depth of nine feet. Its walls and floor are covered with green slime. The green slime begins affecting any creatures immediately, reducing them and their gear to green slime in 1-4 rounds.

Oozes/Slimes/Jellies — Green Slime (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 0; Dmg Nil; SA Special; SD Special; SZ S; ML 10; XP 120 each.

Other pits also occur 40' and 60' along the corridor, and these can be harmless or harmful (DM's option). DMs can find a variety of pit traps on the "Pit Trap" cards included within this boxed set.

The last ten feet of the floor are solid, but the door with the skull relief-carving on it does not open (it is false). Any attempt to do so causes a ceiling-panel to slide open, and seven **skeletal stigres** to fly out.

These stigres (fully described in the **Monster Guide** chapter, in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set) are

undead. They can't drain blood, but their proboscii do damage as a *sword of wounding*: 1-3 points of striking damage plus one additional hit point per wound inflicted by that stirge. These wounds remain, draining 1 point/round until ten rounds elapse or the wound is bandaged. They cannot be healed by *regeneration*, or any other magical means short of a full wish. All attempts to turn or dispel the stigres while they are in any part of the Tomb fail; they pursue adventurers throughout the dungeon, and can be turned elsewhere by priests as if they were shadows.

Skeletal Stige (7): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 9 (D); HD 1 + 1; hp 9 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA *Wounding*; SZ S; ML 20; XP 175 each.

The recess behind the panel the stigres flew out of is above the solid-floored end of the chamber, is an 8' × 8' area carved out of solid stone, and 6' high, and affords an admirable hiding-place, once the panel is slid back into place. The panel can easily be opened from either the recess or the corridor. When closed, it affords beings in the recess a tiny peephole to see down into the nearest 40' of the corridor by, or to discharge a wand, gas, finger-pointed spell, blowpipe, or other attack requiring only a small aperture. (This sloping hole also allows beings in the corridor to see any light in the recess from 40' away from the panel.) When first found by the PCs, this recess is empty of treasure or debris.

The 'real' doorway onward from the end of the corridor is a secret door to the right (in the last 10' of wall). It leads to the Tomb itself (#49F). A secret door in the last 10' of the left-hand wall leads into #49E.

#49E: Chamber of Skeletons

This is a 40' × 40' room, the entrance of which has a 15' radius semicircle radiating from the door, an area of continual, magical *darkness 15' radius*. It cannot be dispelled or negated by any means short of a *limited wish*.

The room is full of normal skeletons that attack as soon as any PC enters. They are 28 in number, and one is armed with a *short sword of sharpness +1* (detailed in the DMG). All attempts to turn or dispel skeletons in this room fail.

Skeleton — Skeleton (28): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7 (each); THAC0 19 (× 27), 18 (× 1); #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (*short sword*), 2-7 (*short sword of sharpness +1*); SA Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

There is a closed, ironbound wooden chest in the corner of this room, but it is unlocked and empty.

#49F: Tomb of Lord Hund

PCs enter a room containing an open sarcophagus, a raised stone bier with a canopied bed atop it, and a withered, brown-skinned figure sitting at a desk, reading by the light of a *glowing globe*. The entire chamber feels strongly, profoundly evil, and light sources carried into it dim to a dull red or amber hue.

The figure is Lord Hund, now a mummy. Hund is rereading (for the seven hundredth and sixth time) an old chapbook on the history of Waterdeep, found on a corpse in Undermountain during one of his 'hunts' long ago. He is eager to gain new reading material, and demands it of any PCs. If they are unwilling to trade it for any of Hund's wealth (he offers coinage, but not magical items), he tries to take it from them.

Aside from contemplation and reading, he enjoys a good fight. A 12th level fighter in life, he retains his former hit points and fighting abilities, and wields a *spellblade* (detailed in the Magical Items chapter) immune to *fireball* spells. Hund wears a *ring of fire resistance* and a *vampiric ring of regeneration* specially made for his state of undeath only; on living creatures, the ring causes a hit point loss equal to the damage just dealt. Hund loves battle, and he taunts, questions, and jests with PCs continuously as he fights.

Lord Hund's hired mages are long since dead. He does, however, have six skeletal maidservants; he once had nine, but his love of battle has caused him, over the years, to destroy the others, their shattered bones tossed into his own unused sarcophagus. The surviving servants appear as long-haired **skeletons** grotesquely clad in rotting gowns. They silently obey all of Hund's orders, including attacking intruders.

Two are on the bed, one is lying in the sarcophagus, and the other three kneel at Hund's feet. If Hund commands an attack, the two on the bed rise up, each hurling a flask of *oil of fiery burning* at intruders,

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and they close with the intruders one round later, after the flames die down. The skeleton in the sarcophagus reaches up and hurls some of Hund's weapons, stored in the coffin, as follows (one per round): warhammer (1d4 +1); hand axe (1d6); javelin (1d6); 3 darts (each 1d3); 2 daggers (each 1d4); spear (1d6); scimitar (range as club, does 1d6 damage due to clumsy attack); mace (1d6 damage, range as club); morning star (2d4-1 damage, range as club).

No undead can be turned or dispelled in this chamber due to powerful spells worked into the very walls. These spells also cause the feeling of evil and the dimming of lights. *Undead regeneration*, of 1 hit point/turn, is another of the deadly necromantic effects of Lord Hund's tomb. Because of these spells, *everything* in this room radiates strong evil and magic. They also ensure that Hund and his maid-servants can rise again after being "destroyed," unless precautions are taken (thorough ones as judged by the DM; of course, thinking PCs can take the simple course of action: dragging all of the remains out of this room).

Lord Hund — Mummy (1): Int 15; AL LE; AC 3; MV 9; HD F12; hp 110; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1-12 + disease or by weapon: 1-8 (*spellblade/long sword*); SA Fear (save vs. spell or 1d4 rd. paralysis), disease; SD Special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 4,500.

Skeleton (6): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar); SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

The sarcophagus contains only bones, weapons, and a skeleton (as noted above). Hund sits at a wooden desk, on a stool. Hidden (slid through holes in the under-braces) on the underside of the desk is a *wand of flame extinguishing* that Hund uses against magical fires that his other magics do not protect him against. It has only seven charges left, and crumbles into dust once the last charge is expended.

The bed stands on a raised stone dais of seven steps. Each rune-engraved step acts as a *chill touch* on living beings (draining life force to re-power the room's magical spells). The steps have no effect on undead; living beings are allowed a saving throw (as per the spell), or can avoid the effect altogether by flying or leaping over

the steps (thick boots and the like do not protect against the effect). The bed also absorbs spells cast into its area (which may make PCs think the "beholder" is real...).

The bed itself is an ornately-carved four-poster, with a black canopy above, thick (rotten and moldering) black sleeping-furs, and black skirting below. It feels very bumpy—no surprise, because the frame of the bed is actually an outstretched monster skeleton of an owlbear, which can *hug* any living being in or on the bed for 2-16 points of damage. It does not move, otherwise, except to defend itself from attack.

Skeleton — Monster (Owlbear) (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 6; hp 33; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6/1-6/2-12; SA Hug (see M1, "Owlbear"); SD Special; MR Special—treat as 20; SZ L; ML ; XP 650 each.

The canopy of the bed sags suspiciously in the center, as if a heavy weight is there—and one is there indeed: two rotting corpses of slain adventurers; they are kept by Hund to gloat over. He hopes that exposure to the room's magics eventually makes them undead: zombies or skeletons that he can control! Whether he's right or not, they aren't undead yet. Lord Hund always keeps at least 20' away from the bed.

Under the bed, inquisitive adventurers find nothing hidden by the skirts except a trapdoor, out of which protrude the spherical body and writhing eyestalks of—a **beholder!**

The "beholder" is actually a tethered gas spore, which explodes if damaged, with standard effects: 6d6 points of explosion damage, 20' range; 3d6 points of damage if save vs. wands made. Even without an explosion, contact with victim's exposed flesh can kill the spore but infects victim: *cure disease* or die after 24 hours, sprouting 2d4 new gas spores due to spore infestation.

Fungus — Gas Spore (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 3; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg Spore infestation; SA Explosion; infestation; SZ M; ML 8; XP 120 each.

The gas spore floats in a 60' deep pit, the bottom strewn with rubbish. If PCs are in dire straits, a kindly DM may elect to include a helpful spell scroll or potion

of extra-healing among this rubble; cruel DMs (and Halaster) might even add a new encounter area here!

If the gas spore explodes, the bones of the owlbear or any skeletal maid-servants on the bed fly around the room as bone shards: four pieces hitting any PC at THAC0 10, for 1d4 + 1 points of damage each. A score of mummified bats then drop from the dark, unseen ceiling (50') overhead in a dry, plopping rain of harmless missiles, and the bed falls apart. The bedposts split, revealing their secret compartments (if the PCs haven't found these already).

The four dark wooden bedposts each contain secret compartments, concealed amid the crude carvings that adorn their surfaces. One compartment is empty, one contains a key, and two contain glass vials with gems in them.

The first vial contains normal gems: 12 black opals (crown-cut faceted gems of dark green with black mottling and gold flecks, each worth 1000 gp).

The second of the glass vials actually contains four *ioun* stones (see the DMG) that do not exhibit their powers until removed from the bed and dais. They are: a clear spindle (sustains person without food and water); an iridescent spindle (sustains person without air); a pearly-white spindle (regenerates 1 hit point/damage per turn); and a dusty rose prism (gives +1 protection).

The key is a long, dark, heavy iron affair. It fits a keyhole in a crevice between two stone blocks in the wall just inside the room's entry door. The Tomb shares this wall with the crossbow trap behind the grinning skull on the false door in the hall. Using the key, PCs can open a secret door in the wall. This allows access to the crossbow mechanism, for reloading (42 spare heavy crossbow bolts lie here).

Underneath it, an open space contains a large chest and two poisoned spring-spears (pointing out through the doorway). The spears hit with a THAC0 8, and 1d6 points of physical damage plus poison effects: Type D, injected, onset in 1-2 minutes, 30 points damage if save fails, 2-12 points if save successful; this poison is a black, gummy substance, and lasts for only 1 attack.



The spears fire only if the door is forced or picked open (including by magical means), not if it is opened with the key. There is, of course, one exception: if one spear is touched, the other swivels and fires unerringly (no miss possible!) into the being touching the first spear.

The unlocked chest contains Lord Hund's accumulated treasure, in 6 cloth bags, and assorted weapons and items.

- One bag holds 100 pp.
- Two bags hold 100 gp each.
- One bag holds 100 ep.
- One bag holds 100 Waterdhavian "toals;" the ancient, oversize golden trade-coin, now replaced by the brass 'toal' of much less value.

One side of each coin is iridescent, blued electrum-plate, and shows a crescent moon. The other side is gold in hue, and shows nine stars around a caravel under sail. The coin is about three inches in diameter.

Each 'toal' is worth 3 gp in gold value (tall over Faerun), and 5 gp to a native Waterdhavian. Citizens of the city consider them good luck pieces, and try to hoard them, valuing them highly as time makes them rarer. Young sons and daughters who come of age are given one by wealthy families, to bring them good luck in life.

- One bag holds ten trade bars of ancient Waterdhavian make. These silver ingots are worth 25 gp in silver-value alone, and are marked with a stamping of nine stars in a circle around a ship.
- A shield +3 lies against the back of the chest, wrapped in burlap.
- A broadsword +2, giant slayer lies along the bottom of the chest in its scabbard.

Room #50: The Black Boudoir

This area can be reached by stairs descending from Level One (Room #8B), which lead, via a *teleport*, directly before the door into the chamber. Upon arriving, the PCs find the following scene:



You see a closed door of black stone, marked with a white rune or sigil: a human left hand, open and palm outward. Its thumb points to the side and its fingers are together, pointing straight up. The hand is inside a circle with white lines extending from the thumb, middle finger, and little finger of the hand to join the circle.

The door is unlocked, and leads into a dim alcove divided from the larger room beyond by hanging curtains. Through the curtains, the steady flames of candle-lamps can be seen. The faint but all-pervasive musk of incense is everywhere.

The room beyond the alcove is a lush, warm boudoir, with a rich carpet underfoot, soft and fat cushions strewn about the floor, and hanging brass candle-lamps on chains. Everything of cloth is jet black in hue. The room is studded with many pillars, storage-niches containing figurines in some of them.

A large, pillow-strewn hammock-bed is slung between four of the pillars. Reclining on the bed is a young, wide-eyed and very beautiful maiden, clad in a lacy white gown. She looks at the PCs in wonder (and a little fear), and says faintly, "Oh—I thought . . . have you seen a tall man with a staff? He wears robes, and is quite terrible. He's called . . . Halaster."

The "maiden" is actually a **rakshasi** (female rakshasa), using her *ESP* and illusion powers to appear vulnerable and benign. She gives her name as Riyelikki, born of wealthy parents ("the

Kondevers—perhaps you've heard of us?") in Neverwinter (this is a real family). She knows the general history of the dungeon (see the **Known History** chapter), and tells the PCs that Halaster is very much alive, and her captor.

If they rescue her (guarding her safely out of the dungeon), she promises to "lead you to some of his powerful magical items, which lie hidden in little caches all over the dungeon." Of course, the rakshasi leads the PCs into powerful monster lair after powerful monster lair, hoping to get one magic-wielding PC off alone to overpower. If the PCs prevail, Riyelikki appears bewildered, saying that Halaster must have removed the items.

Slim, tall, and very beautiful, Riyelikki flirts—in a breathless, innocent manner—and appear infatuated with handsome male PCs. If she manages to kill isolated PCs, she hides the treasure she gains and tries to make the death seem from some other logical cause. Best of all, she puts victims' bodies where PCs dare not or cannot recover them, to avoid embarrassing resurrections.

Riyelikki always tries to appear innocent, dropping her disguise only if attacked. She accompanies the PCs as far and as long as they permit her, for she has grown very bored in the boudoir. Of course, she did not dare adventure alone through Undermountain's depths.

Having no treasure or belongings (except a *Murlynd's spoon*, worn on a fine chain around her neck), Riyelikki defends herself against roaming monsters with her spells and her guardians. She slips the

fomorian guardian (see below) under her gown, into an underarm sling, if accompanying the PCs elsewhere.

She is immune to all spells below 8th level. One needs a +1 magical weapon just to hit her, and all weapons with bonuses below +3 do her only half damage. The only exception is a *blessed* crossbow bolt, which kills her instantly if struck.

Riyelikki's wizard spells are (4,3,2): *feather fall*, *magic missile* ×3; *flaming sphere*, *invisibility*, *web*; *dispel magic*, and *fireball*. Her priest spells are three *cure light wounds* spells. She casts all spells at 7th level ability in the relevant class.

Riyelikki — Rakshasi (1): Int Very; AL LE; AC 4; MV 15; HD 7; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/2-5 (claw/claw/bite); SA Spells; SD Illusions, +1 or better weapon to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 4,000 each.

There are twelve blocks of incense on one of the storage-niche shelves on a pillar near the bed. They all look identical, but the two at the left-hand end of the shelf are *incense of meditation* blocks.

Also on pillar-niche shelves lie the rest of Riyelikki's treasure: loose coins to the total of 4 cp, 6 sp, and 22 gp.

Finally, on a low shelf, the adventurers find six small, incredibly-lifelike figurines of animals: two snarling "badger-headed, tan-colored stags with cloven hooves" (leucrotta); "an ugly, misshapen man in rough clothing leaning on a club" (a fomorian giant); "a man in furs with only a single eye in the middle of his head, carrying a club" (a cyclops); a snarling tiger; and "a green, many-segmented and many-legged worm-thing with a head ending in eight mouth-tentacles" (a carrion crawler).

These are the rakshasi's "guardians," created by her now-dead mate by means of a rare, perhaps unique spell that died with him. If taken from their niches and placed on any bare earth surface, or on any firm, unmoving surface, in direct sunlight, they grow to life size, and attack!

These triggers release them from magical *diminution* and *stasis-imprisonment*, as does Riyelikki's way of releasing them: whispering a secret command word ("lassiurr"). They obey their liberator absolutely, never attacking him or her under any circumstances; they serve for 1 turn (fighting to their deaths if need be),

and then flee if still alive, wanting not to be imprisoned again.

Carrion Crawler (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1-2; SA Paralysis; SZ L; ML ; XP 270.

Cats, Great — Wild Tiger (1): Int Semi; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5 + 5; hp 41; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2-5/2-5/1-10; SA Rear claws 2-8 each; SD +2 surprise; SZ L; ML 8; XP 650.

Giant-kin — Cyclops (1): Int Low; AL C(E); AC 3; MV 12; HD 5; hp 29; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 6-12 (club (treat as morning star) +4 (Str bonus)); SZ L; ML 13; XP 270.

Giant-kin — Fomorian Giant (1): Int Average; AL NE; AC 3; MV 9; HD 13 + 3; hp 100; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg Bare-handed for 10-16 (2d4 +8), or 2 x weapon +8 (Str bonus); club 10-20 (d6 x 2 +8); SA Surprise (-2 to opponents' roll); SD Only surprised on a 1; SZ H; ML 14; XP 6,000.

Leucrotta (2): Int Average; AL CE; AC 4; MV 18; HD 6 + 1; hp 44, 41; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3-18; SA Special; SD Kick in retreat (1d6 x 2); SZ L; ML 14; XP 975 each.

Room #51: The Chamber of The Fallen

As PCs approach this chamber, they feel a growing dampness in the air, and smell a rank, mildewy, decaying odor—mere hints at first, but growing stronger as they advance.

When they reach the archway where the corridor opens out into the room, read the following:

The stench of age-old swamp-like, decay strikes you, oily tentacles of odor sliding down the back of your throat. The passageway widens out into a room here. The ceiling is lost in the darkness above, and the floor is hidden by thick, slowly moving mud far below. The passage itself continues across the room as an open, flat, 10' wide stone bridge to a dark arched opening in the far wall of the room.

The smell is incredible. You can see your surroundings by the faint yellow and ochre radiance of phosphorescent

slime growing on the bridge and the walls of the room. You see no sign of animal life, above or below the mud. On the north wall of the room, you see a ladder of dark metal grab irons climbing the wall. It emerges from the mud, and climbs into the darkness overhead.

This 50' × 50' room has a bottom 50' below the bridge, unseen beneath a 10' depth of mud which completely covers the floor. Its ceiling is 70' above the bridge.

The bridge crosses the center of the room from east to west. The grab iron ladder climbs up the center of the north wall.

The glowing slime is not moving, but it looks slick and slippery—especially on the bridge, where it lies underfoot. It is harmless, even if eaten, but the glow emitted by any part of it dies 1d12 rounds after that area is disturbed. The slime on the bridge can be burned away harmlessly.

The smell in the room can make PCs nauseous or lightheaded, but it does no actual harm. The DM can emphasize the slick, slippery conditions underfoot on the bridge by describing PC slips, but no one should fall off until the undetectable trap on the bridge is triggered, as follows.

Whenever any being passes the mid-point (25') of the bridge from either direction, it suddenly parts in the center. Both ends of the bridge instantly pivot downwards (on hidden hinges at the archways) to become chutes pointing downward into the mud. All PCs on the bridge must make a Dexterity check to avoid falling into the mud.

Those beings who make their initial Dexterity check must then make a Strength Check to grab hold of the bridge. If this check is successful, a character takes one point of damage from slamming hard onto the bridge, but does not fall. If the Strength check fails, the character cannot hold on, and makes a slow, controlled fall into the mud below (no damage).

Those who fail their Dexterity check plunge helplessly down into the mud, taking 1d3 points of impact damage. These falling beings must roll successful Dexterity checks to avoid any PCs below them on the chute. For each failed check, the falling PC strikes a comrade for one point of damage, and forces the struck PC to make

a Strength check or tumble down with him or her.

The mud is rank and contaminated. PCs in leather armor or no armor land in the mud, sinking in up to their waists. Characters in armor heavier than leather sink 1-4 feet below the surface of the mud; these PCs need successful Strength checks to pull themselves up to the surface. PCs suffer 1-8 points of damage per round until they reach the surface and clear their mouths and noses of mud. Characters beneath the surface suffocate and die in five rounds unless rescued.

Due to their proximity to the mud, PCs are overwhelmed by the stench of the mud pit. If they fail a saving throw vs. poison, they are -1 on attack rolls and -3 on armor class due to uncontrollable nausea.

PCs feel a burning sensation where they are in contact with the mud. PCs take 1d4 points of corrosive damage each round they remain in the mud. Submerged PCs automatically suffer four points of damage.

The mud contains a single treasure: an unharmed, shining magical long sword, suspended deep in the mud in the northeast corner of the room. It is a *long sword +1, luck blade* (described in the DMG), which holds four *wish* spells.

The mud itself contains some old magics which generate eight **mud-men**. They rise up to attack any creatures in contact with the mud on the round after any creatures or large objects (usually PCs and wandering monsters) fall and hit the mud.

These brutish attackers appear as humanoid-shaped blobs of dirty brown mud, with pools of black shadow as eyes, and two massive arms.

The mud-men charge and hurl mud at any PCs in the pool. Against mud-hurling attacks, opponents are considered AC 10 (with Dexterity modifications) for determining hits. Once within 10 feet of a character, a mud-man hurls itself on the PC. A miss means the mud-man must re-form on the following round; a hit "kills" the mud-man, but reduces the PC's MV by 4 points. Once MV falls to 0, the character is immobilized, taking 1-8 points of damage per round from suffocation until mud is cleared from the nose and mouth.

The mud-men are harmed by magical weapons and spells, but not by spells that affect the mind. *Transmute mud to rock*

kills all mud-men in the area of effect instantly; *dispel magic* and *dig* spells act on mud-men as if they were *fireballs*.

Mud-man (8): Int Non; AL N; AC 10; MV 3; HD 2; hp 16, 16, 14 ($\times 4$), 13, 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg Special; SA Mud-throwing, suffocation; SD Special; SZ S; ML ; XP 175 each.

There are also 14 human skeletons in the mud, the remains of "The Fallen," a group of adventurers who perished so long ago that their names are forgotten. These undead lost all their belongings and gear to the corrosive effects of the mud, but gained unusual abilities from the mud's magic.

The fallen lie submerged in the mud until the PCs destroy the mud-men, perish in the fray, or flee. Six fallen lie between the center of the room and the grab irons. Any PC probing about in the mud or seeking to avoid combat with the mud-men inevitably touches at least one fallen.

Fallen attack individually, only when disturbed. They do not seek to pull opponents under the mud, but need not emerge from it themselves. PCs striking a submerged fallen -1 on attack rolls, and -3 on damage rolls (to a minimum of one point of damage) due to the cushioning effects of the mud.

The touch of a fallen melts and burns flesh, dealing 2d6 points of damage. The fallen's touch also corrodes metal, pitting and weakening metal items on the first contact, and covering them with spreading patches of rust on the second and third blows. Metal items disintegrate with the fourth blow.

Any attack by one of the Fallen which "misses" a PC by four points or less on the die roll strikes some part of the PC's armor, or a metal weapon (if any). Magical metal items gain a save against acid against each attack; if successful, they suffer no damage. If a magical item has combat or AC bonuses, it loses one "plus" or beneficial property on the second successful attack, and another (if any) on the third attack. A *mending* spell can repair the effects of one attack.

Skeleton – Fallen (14): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 3 + 3; hp 14 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-12; SA Corrosion; SZ M; ML Special (treat as 20); XP 270.

The ladder of grab irons climbs from the unseen floor of the room to a round, 3' diameter opening in the wall 60' above the bridge. The glowing slime ends 40' above the bridge, leaving the upper end of the chamber in darkness.

This opening is the end of an old sewer-pipe. It stretches back twelve feet in a smooth-walled, dry cylinder, ending in rocky rubble that reflects back all spells cast at it. This is an effect of Halaster's magic seals on the pipe.

In the pipe when the PCs arrive is Ilierann, an adventurer, and his treasure: a large, dirty canvas sack, containing 236 gp, and 6 silver trade-bars (worth 25 gp each).

Ilierann is quite frustrated with his first trip into Undermountain. He is actually a 7th level chaotic neutral wizard, but is now, thanks to an earlier magical curse, an **urd**. Ilierann is the only surviving member of the Band of the Blue Dragon, and he is trying to salvage what he can from this dungeon and escape. He knows that the magical *luck blade* is in the mud—it fell with a now deceased comrade into the mud.

Having explored the blocked pipe, Ilierann sits here, unable to think of a way to safely retrieve the blade from the mud-men his falling comrades aroused below. The wizard-urd never wants to get near the mud-men again, not after seeing the fate of his friends. He also does not want to abandon the lost blade—it can restore his rightful form.

He is unclothed except for a belt with a pouch and a dagger. Ilierann wears a *ring of telekinesis* (which allows him to carry his treasure), a *ring of protection +3*, and he wields a *wand of fire* (14 charges). He no longer has his spell books, and he has no memorized spells (all used avoiding or defeating other dangers in the dungeon). His pouch contains a *ring of shocking grasp*. He may help the PCs with his wand, provided they retrieve the blade for him. However, this is his only offensive weapon and he needs it to protect himself against attack while escaping Undermountain. If the PCs do not aid Ilierann in any way and do not have the blade, the wizard-urd flies away, to seek his revenge on the PCs later.

PCs climbing the grab irons come to face-to-face with the urd. If they have the *luck blade*, he attempts to grab it and fly away with it. Ilierann desperately needs this sword and does what he can to gain



it, even shooting a *fireball* at the ladder and using his ring to telekinetically grab the blade. If so, PCs take 6d6 points of fiery damage, and must make both a Strength check and a Constitution check to avoid falling back into the mud for 1d3 impact damage.

Roll 1d12 for each falling character: on a result of 1, the character plunges deeply enough to activate the Doomgate (see below), vanishing instantly. On a result of 2, 3, or 4, the character strikes a fallen under the mud (if any are left), causing it to activate and attack.

Ilierann hm W7/Urd: AC 5; MV 6, Fl 15 (D); hp 11 (out of 23); THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); Int 17; AL CN.

Doomgate: A two-way, invisible magical gate links this room with The Carnelian Cavern (Room #64 on Level Three). Known to veteran delvers into Undermountain as "Doomgate," it functions whenever a living being touches the pool in The Carnelian Cavern or the bottom two grab iron rungs (under the mud) in this room. The *gate* instantly transports that being and all carried or touched creatures and items to the other end of the gate-link. Attacks from inhabitants of the two rooms apply, if they are not yet destroyed (the two rooms seem to regenerate their denizens, or they receive Halaster's re-stocking attentions, about once a year).

The mud in this chamber originally came from a small, seldom-used overflow-pipe from the sewers of Waterdeep, far above. Halaster, annoyed at the ever-deepening mess, decided to seal off the sewer-pipe before serious flooding occurred. He was alarmed at the magical properties of some of the mud that found its way here; evidently one of the more powerful practitioners of the Art in the city tried to create creatures from mud, water, and offal—and emptied the dweomer-charged waste of his or her failures into the sewers.

The pipe is blocked and magically sealed by stonework and Halaster's magic. PCs are unable to use it as a means into or out of the dungeon. Even though Halaster has dealt with the source of the magical mud, the actual fate of the mud-dabbling wizard is left to the DM.

Room #52: The Cloaker's Closet

Tall black draperies are hung along the walls of this dark room. In the distant depths of the room, visible beyond and through the hangings, is a faint, steady, pearly-white glow. It reveals cobwebs linking the draperies, dust thick in the air, and holes in many of the hangings.

The room is 60' tall, 40' wide, and 60' long. The many hangings—all are black and rotten, hanging from ceiling-poles, and they are easily torn—make the room seem both narrower and deeper. They are hung diagonally from one another, dividing the room into many small zigzagging passages.

The tapestries burn readily, but there is danger in setting them afire: flames race up the oiled rope edges of the hangings and cause the entire hanging to fall in a flaming heap atop beings within 20'. Characters within the area of effect take 2d12 points of fiery damage for one round, 1d6 points on the next round, and 1d3 points on the third round. Each round, Dexterity checks allow for half damage. There is a 2 in 6 chance, per blazing hanging, that the flames spread aloft to 1-3 adjacent hangings; these tapestries fall in "safe" areas 40' or more from the first hanging, and burn out within three rounds.

The glow at the back of the room comes from a smooth, hand-size crystal hemisphere set in the top of a waist-high stone font or plinth. This hemisphere emerges unscathed from all attacks without a scratch, absorbing spells and other magical attacks utterly. It resists all attempts to pry it out of the font. The font itself is immobile and resists attacks as the crystal does.

If any being touches the crystal with any bared skin, the being instantly vanishes (*gated* away). The crystal is the trigger for what veteran delvers call "The Old Xoblob Gate," a one-way transport from The Cloaker's Closet to The Old Xoblob Shop, a surface location in the city of Waterdeep described fully in the Ways In And Out chapter.

The *gate* absorbs spells and magic item discharges to replenish its magical energies. It also "drinks" 1d4 charges from any magical item using charges that it transports. There is no way for PCs to discover

this property of the gate, save by experience. It cannot be divined by magical means or by visual observation.

Lurking amid the hangings at the ceiling of the chamber is a cloaker, which uses the concealment afforded by the black draperies to silently pounce on a PC. It waits until the adventurers begin to leave the room or until at least two beings *gate* out of the room.

It flies toward one PC and, if its attack is successful, it engulfs him or her and bites automatically for points of damage equal to the victim's AC + 1d4. It uses its whip-like tail to fight others simultaneously. The tail is AC1 and is severed after taking 16 points of damage. Attacks on the cloaker do half damage to the cloaker and half to the trapped victim; area-effect spells do full damage to both cloaker and trapped victim.

The cloaker uses an innate shadow shifting power (shaping shadow images) to confuse attackers, improving its AC to 1, or creating 1d4 + 2 *mirror images* of itself. A *light* spell cast on the cloaker prevents it from using this shadow-shifting power.

The cloaker moans on any round that it doesn't bite (causing one of the following effects):

80' radius feeling of "numbing unease;" this causes penalties of -2 to opponents' attack and damage rolls, plus an immobilizing trance after six consecutive rounds;
30' range *fear* spell (save vs. spell or flee for 2 rounds);
PCs suffer from nausea and weakness, causing an inability to act for 1d4 + 1 rounds—area of effect in a cone 30' long and 20' wide at farthest extent;
hold person moan (single target, 30' range, lasts 5 rounds).

All of these effects can be defeated by a *neutralize poison* spell cast on a victim.

Cloaker (1): Int High; AL CN; AC 3 (1); MV 1, Fl 15 (D); HD 6; hp 31; THAC0 13; #AT 2 + special; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (tail)/ + special; SA Moan; SD Shadow shifting; SZ L; ML 14; XP 1,400.

There is no treasure visible in the room, although any search of the north wall lasting more than four rounds uncovers a stone block that can be pulled out to reveal a rough-hewn recess behind it four feet deep. In the recess is a leather bun-

ble: a cloak of protection +1 (described in the DMG) wrapped around a leather tube. Inside the tube is a scroll bearing the priest spells *dispel magic*, *remove curse*, *heal*, *restoration*, and *resurrection*.

When this bundle is first touched, a *magic mouth* cast on its inner surfaces (concealing the mouth) is discharged. PCs hear a thin, almost whispering voice, speaking Common. It sounds female, and it wavers, as if in pain. It says, "Take it then, brave one, with my blessing. Ye shall surely need it."

Room #53: The Hall of Happiness

A long hallway stretches away from you, containing two rows of large stone pillars. No writing or markings can be seen on the pillars, but they all seem to be covered with a webwork of tiny cracks. Paintings of hunting scenes, knights on horseback killing dragons and trolls and other assorted monsters, cover the walls.

A faint, flickering, translucent sphere of blue-green radiance drifts among the pillars in the distance. It bobs and swirls for all the world like a teasing, playful winged kitten. It is eerily silent, and does not approach you.

This long hall leads to Room #54. The glowing sphere is a magical lure, not a creature, and is harmless. It moves back and forth in the air, weaving and wiggling, until touched (whereupon it vanishes).

If two or more living beings pass the midway-point of the hall, they hear a sudden clattering noise, as the twenty 4'-diameter pillars all burst apart in shards of stone.

Any characters within 10' of a pillar are showered with light rock shards; the shards have a 2 in 6 chance of doing 1 hit point of damage. As the shards bounce underfoot, deep male laughter echoes up and down the hallway (warning the occupant of Room #54 that intruders approach).

Reduce PC attack rolls and MV rates by one as they slip and slide on countless stone shards underfoot. Any PC fall results in 1 point of damage from these sharp stones. Running or leaping PCs must make Dexterity checks to avoid falling every 20 feet.

Within each hollow pillar is a smaller (1' in diameter), solid pillar and a **ju-ju zombie**. The unarmed zombies leap to the attack, their orders to slay all intruders; they are also ordered to gather all the scrolls, books, weapons, and other gear they can for their master in Room #54. They pursue fleeing PCs for up to 400' from the entrance to the hallway (#53), snatching and tearing at the PCs' gear, and trying either to slay the adventurers or drag them bodily back to the hall.

Ju-ju zombies are immune to all mind-affecting spells, cold-based spells, *magic missile*, *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells. Electrical energy and poisons do not affect them, and opponents need +1 or better weaponry to affect the ju-ju zombies. Blunt weapons and piercing weapons only cause half their normal damage to these creatures. Ju-ju zombies are turned as spectres.

Zombie – Ju-ju (20): Int Low; AL N(E); AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 12; hp 29 (each); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SA Strikes as 6HD monster; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 975 each.

Room #54: Suul's Lair

The hallway ends here in a single broad stone step leading up to double doors of gleaming, polished bronze. An eerie green radiance emanates from this step, illuminating the doors above. Set into each door is a human skull. Two massive pull-rings dangle from the outward-opening doors.

Nothing occurs until someone touches a pull-ring or opens the doors by some other means. At this point, anyone standing on the step feels a chill coiling around their heart, and loses 2d4 hit points. Twinkling points of light appear in the sockets of the two inset skulls, and their jaws move.

The skull on the left speaks first, saying in dry, sardonic Common, "If ye be no powerful wizard, begone. There lie bones enough within."

The skull on the right adds, "Think thyself powerful in Art? Come in then, and die—there's room enough yet."

Both skulls fall silent, and the radiances of the eyes pulse, emitting four *magic missiles* each. These 1d4 + 1 hit points damage bolts strike only non-wizards,

spreading out to strike as many beings as possible. Spells and physical attacks directed against the skulls do no apparent damage, except to cause a "struck" skull to chuckle, yawn, or sigh (DM's option).

The doors open outward to reveal a 60' wide chamber whose depths are lost in darkness—a *curtain of darkness* stretches across the chamber 20' beyond the doorway. The room contains a row of five glowing skulls, floating in midair.

The skulls are harmless and can readily be destroyed (consider them AC 6; MV Fl 14 (A); hp 2 each). These skulls do nothing except turn to look at intruders until a PC steps over the threshold. The skulls seem to speak once a being enters the room. Even if the skulls are all destroyed, the adventurers hear a dry, cruel voice speaking the following words:

"Wizards only! Ye've heard the rede. All others who would not feed worms, turn back. All who pass, lay down magic that lies in what ye hold and not thy mind, for to carry items onward brings peril. We shall watch o'er them for thee; we're suited for little else, any more."

Any item bearing a dweomer that is dropped or set down within the visible area of the room (from the threshold to the *curtain of darkness*) instantly levitates to the ceiling, rising at MV 7. The floating skulls tilt upward to watch each item rise.

PCs must make a successful Dexterity check to grab an item within reach. The check is rolled at a +2 penalty if a leap is required to reach the item, and a +3 penalty if one character must stand on or leap from the shoulders of another character.

The items reach the ceiling and remain there; a *dispel magic* causes a single item to fall (damage to those below applies!) and not rise again until 6 rounds have passed and it is released again.

Characters climbing, flying, or otherwise reaching the ceiling to regain items find that anyone can grasp an item there and effortlessly free it from the magic's control.

In the darkness by the ceiling, a row of skulls sit on a ledge where the "front" wall of the room (the wall pierced by the double entry doors) meets the ceiling. These grinning skulls spew out bony missiles at any living being within 10' of the ceiling. Each being is attacked by 1d4 + 1 *bony darts* per round—bony slivers that vanish when they hit or miss, strike at THAC0 7, and are equal in effects to a *chill touch*



spell: 1d4 points of damage plus an hour-long Strength point loss).

If any one of these dart-spitting skulls is touched, it explodes, doing 3d4 points of damage to any being within 10' from the bone shards. The darts are magically generated; there is no "ammunition" for PCs to gain inside or behind a skull.

No Fighters Allowed!

Any non-wizard adventurers who pass the five floating skulls are attacked by a huge bony sea of crawling claws. The claws boil up from under trapdoor-stones (almost every stone of the floor lifts, to emit 3 or 4 claws) to swarm over the offending characters.

There are 77 **crawling claws** in all, and six to eight claws attack a single character each round. The claws attack their faces, held items, and any accoutrements (scrolls, material components, etc.) of spell-casting, trying to hamper PC activities as best they can. They continue to pursue PCs, scuttling on their fingertips, until destroyed or until PCs leave #54.

The floor-stones that the claws emerge from under can be plucked up and hurled by PCs as weapons, at -1 to hit (no penalty if used as hand-held smashing weapons). A thrown stone does 1d3 points of damage. A held stone does 1d4 damage.

Claw, Crawling (77): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 9; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (armored foes), 1-6 (unarmored foes); SD Special; MR Special; SZ T: ML 19; XP 35 each.

If PCs examine the recesses under the stones, they find that most are empty. Persistent examination uncovers the following treasure in the order of discovery:

- 5th recess examined: 2 cp.
- 12th recess examined: 4 gp, 2 sp, and a (plain, non-magical) brass ring.
- 19th recess examined: a small leather bag containing three gems; spinels (deep blue, cabochon cut; two worth 500 gp each, and a smaller one worth 380 gp).
- 26th recess examined: a *ring of shocking grasp* (does 1d8 + 6 damage, described fully in the DMG).
- 33rd recess: a *potion of healing* (restores 2d4 + 2 lost hit points).

- 48th recess: a small carved *whip token*: a *Quaal's feather token*, described in the DMG.

- 62nd recess: 18 cp.

No other treasure is to be found here.

The *curtain of darkness* is as described under Level Two: Areas of Interest (2B), except that there is a (non-damaging) strong chilling sensation as one passes through it. Beyond the initial *curtain of darkness* is another 20' deep area, bounded by another (identical) *curtain*. The floor of this area is covered with human bones—an incredible heap of skulls, rib cages, and long bones that makes walking treacherous and running impossible. A Dexterity check is needed each round while in this area to avoid falling; a fall does 1-2 points of damage. Crawling claws may pursue non-wizard adventurers here, leaping and scuttling among the heaped bones.

A lone skull hangs in this area. It speaks in a low, whispering voice, "Ye persist-is life so light a thing with thee? Think on this, as I did not. I was Suul—hold onto thy name more tightly than I did." After it speaks, the skull then fades away, an illusion.

Beyond the *curtain* is another 20' deep cross-section of the room, bounded by yet another *curtain*. In this area, a stone chair floats 4' or so above the ground and is the source of a faint red radiance that illuminates the area. A skeleton in tattered robes slumps in its seat. It raises a hand in a gesture of greeting, and says, "Is thy Art great enough? Are ye sure?"

The skeleton has no other powers, and falls apart if attacked. As it finishes speaking, every PC in the area must save vs. spells or be enclosed in a personal *forcecage* (as the seventh level wizard spell). Caged beings with magic resistance are allowed their usual resistance check to escape the effect of the *forcecage*.

The cages last for 26 turns, unless destroyed by PC actions earlier. During this time, the skeleton in the chair drifts slowly about, appearing to examine the PCs with polite interest. It does not speak or take action again. If the skeleton is destroyed or scattered, the empty chair drifts aimlessly about, turning to face inward at the caged characters as it moves.

From time to time, caged PCs can freely study to regain lost spells, sharpen weap-

ons, tend to wounds and gear, and so on. During this time, ghostly heads rise up out of the floor to regard them. These ghostly heads rarely stay, slowly sinking back into the floor after a time (1-2 rounds of visibility).

Seven rounds after the cages came into being, a strange apparition drifts out of one of the stone side-walls: a woman with long dark hair, wrapped in a floor-length cloak. She moves with grace, and appears beautiful from a distance, but her face is stark, chalk-white skin stretched over her skull, and her eyes are two dark pits.

She looks at each living being in the area (caged or free) as she drifts slowly closer, always regarding the closest being. Any priest examined elicits a hollow whisper from her, identifying the deity by name.

Any non-spell-caster examined brings the whisper, "This one has no magic." The apparition points a finger, and a *chill ray* glances from it toward the being. This ray can pass into a *forcecage*, through the gaps of the cage's bars; it also penetrates any magical protections and barriers of less than 4th level.

The target must save vs. death magic or suffer 2d12 points of energy-draining damage. If the PC fails his or her save vs. petrification, the *chill ray* also slows its target for 2-12 rounds minus one round per level; this effect can only be prematurely ended by *dispel magic*.

The apparition merely nods at any wizard, and whispers, "Art has a home here." If the wizard retains magical items, she adds, "'Tis wise to obey Suul," and gestures towards the PC. All items bearing a dweomer immediately glow with a cold white radiance that, if not quelled by a *dispel magic*, lasts 2d4 turns.

The apparition examines every intruder in the area in her slow traverse across it, before finally vanishing into the opposite stone wall. She is Araeia, once an apprentice to Suul, and now a **watchghost**. The watchghosts are fully detailed in a new *Monstrous Compendium* sheet included in this set. This special type of undead cannot be turned.

Araeia takes no other action unless attacked. She becomes momentarily insubstantial to avoid physical attacks, and, to all attackers, she grins horribly, and hisses, "Ye seek this fate, then?" She opens her cloak to reveal a bare skeleton beneath, her flesh ending in wisps at the shoulders and neck.



Watchghost (1): Int 16; AL LE; AC 1; MV 9; Fl 9 (C); HD 7 + 2; hp 49; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA Chill ray; SD Insubstantial, no turning; MR 25%; SZ M; ML 20; XP 4,000.

PCs passing through the next *curtain of darkness* at any time find themselves at the end of the room: a 20'-deep area bounded by three stone walls and the *curtain* (behind the PCs). It contains a *driftlight* near the ceiling, a floor littered with tobacco ashes, and a 50' high, fluted stone column. Atop the column is a large open book, and a skeletal figure in tattered, rotting robes stands there reading, concurrently smoking a long clay pipe. The figure is standing unconcernedly in midair.

This is the **lich**, Suul. He peers calmly down at the intruders and say, "Aye? Thy names? Bring ye magic to buy continued life?" Suul does not attack intruders who do not attack him, provided they give him a new spell. If they do not have it written down, but offer it freely, he takes the spell directly from their spell books. There is a 25% chance that Suul simply copies the spell and returns it to the PC, otherwise he removes it altogether from the PC's spell book.

Those who lack spells but flee in haste are allowed to go, followed only by the lich's dry chuckles. Those who attack, or defy the lich, suffer the effects of his wrath and his spells.

Suul achieved lichdom through a process of his own devising, though his process worked infinitely better than Nester's processes (see #48J). As a result, the following magical properties persist about Suul's body and cannot be ended without a full *wish* spell or the destruction of his body and his phylactery. *Dispel magic* spells simply have no effect on these powers:

- Immunity to all fire-based attacks, cantrips, and *magic missiles*.
- The power to *fly* at will.
- The power to *detect invisibility* at will.
- Immunity to all illusions, hypnotic effects, *feeblemind* spells, and other magics that work on deceiving the senses.

Suul has all the conventional powers and immunities of a lich, and retains the

spell abilities of a 20th level mage. Suul's memorized spells are (5,5,5,5,4,3,3,2): *magic missile* × 3, *reduce*, *unseen servant*, *blindness*, *invisibility*, *levitate*, *locate object*, *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter*; *dispel magic* × 3, *fireball* (10d6 damage), *vampiric touch*; *charm monster*, *enervation*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *polymorph other*, *wall of fire*; *animate dead*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster*, *telekinesis*, *wall of force*; *anti-magic shell*, *chain lightning*, *repulsion*, *true seeing*; *finger of death*, *forcecage*, *prismatic spray*; *Otto's irresistible dance*, *prismatic wall*, *sink*; *energy drain*, and *imprisonment*.

Suul lives to further his magic, but he has secretly grown tired of continued existence, and is reckless in battle. His pride does not let him fall to puny or overconfident foes, but he does not seek to escape, or go to great lengths to achieve revenge on successful PCs. He does try to get his spell book back, if PCs gain it (provided his phylactery is still intact).

Suul — Lich (1): Int Supra (19); AL LE; AC 0; MV 6; HD 11 +; hp 42; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 (chilling touch); SA Spells, fear aura; SD + 1 or better magical weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 18; XP 7000.

The spell book Suul is reading is his major spell book and it contains any spells the DM cares to place within its bindings. Suul has collected nearly every known common spell (all the above memorized spells plus at least twelve more of each spell level from the *Player's Handbook*). He has also created a few of his own (DMs are encouraged to place their own spells in as Suul's new spells). Two other spell books are hidden halfway across the northern Realms, in a cave near the Heralds' Holdfast, with Suul's phylactery.

If PCs gain this powerful tome, it is suggested that thieves, minor mages, and other creatures be able to somehow know of its presence (perhaps the book contains a *beckoning curse*), and make repeated attempts to steal it or take it by force.

Suul retains no magical items; he uses many magical items to maintain his peculiar state of lichdom. Many items that he gains from hapless adventurers are traded for additional spells and to obtain magical components from some of the powerful mages and liches lairing in Undermountain.



Room #55: Home Sweet Trap

When PCs pull open the (normal, unmarked stone, with pull-ring) door to this room, the following scene appears before them:

The warm, muted glow of two hooded lamps illuminates this cozy room. Furs cover the floor, and old, massive, smoothly carved wooden furniture lines the walls. The furniture consists of a large eating-table, a sideboard, three large reclining-chairs with footstools, and a high stool and a desk. Two shelf units are also along the walls, home to bright displayed weapons and a few thick books.

On the far wall is a fireplace, a merry blaze crackling within it. It is surrounded by an ornately-carved stone mantel depicting armored human knights riding dragons and competing with elven knights on pegasi. Overhead, the dragon- and pegasi-riders motif is repeated on the carved panels of the ceiling. Brass cloak-hooks project from a human-sized arch of richly-polished wooden panelling just inside the door. The arch-topped panel contains a fold-down wooden bench, and is carved with a large, complex scene of birds singing over a pool where a unicorn bends its head to drink.

You can see nothing alive in the room, and hear nothing but the faint crackle of the fire.

This peaceful-looking 30' × 30' room (its ceiling 8' up) is one huge waiting menagerie of traps prepared by Halaster.

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Each chair contains spring-darts; one erupts out of the chair's seat when any weight is put on the seat, striking a sitting being automatically. A dart does $1d3 + 3$ points of damage to anyone sitting on a chair when its dart fires. Each chair can do this three times, firing one dart for each activation.

Two of the furs on the floor are *rugs of smothering* (described in the DMG). They are modified to activate whenever they are stepped on (not just when someone sits on them and tries to command them).

The fireplace contains a real fire, but its flames are magical—activated when the door of the room opens, and needing no fuel to burn. The flames eventually consume the logs in the fireplace, but do not need them to continue burning. Any contact with the fire does $2d4$ points of fiery damage; the fire's smoke vanishes up the chimney, to be vented back out into the corridor outside through tiny, twisting wormhole-ducts.

Hidden inside the flames is a 5"-long metal tube. It is invisible, but is readily detectable by anyone reaching into the fire and feeling about. It has capped ends, and does 2-5 points of heat damage to anyone touching it with leather gloves or less protection. Inside it are: two plain brass *rings of spell storing*, one marked with a circle, and one marked with a triangle. They are gifts from an apprentice, and have sentimental value to the old mage. Halaster does not want them to leave Undermountain, and has laid a spell on them that causes them to attract monsters, once removed from this room or his possession. Within Undermountain, the presence of either ring causes one wandering monster check to be made every fourth round, with a 2 in 6 chance of an encounter (1 or 2 rolled on a d6; DMs can readily substitute their preferred method of making encounter checks).

The ring marked with the circle contains the following wizard spells: *jump, mending, detect invisibility, levitate, dispel magic*.

The ring marked with the triangle holds these priest spells: *cure light wounds, light, flame blade, remove curse, neutralize poison*.

The chimney above the fire contains an interesting-looking ladder of grab irons, reached by passing the fire on two stone ledges. The chimney is a 3' diameter tube,

and rises 70'. Anyone climbing it faces spring-spear traps which snap out of the walls every 20' on upward (spears at 20', 40', and 60'). These project from all sides, 1d4 striking each round at THAC0 9, and each dealing 1d6 points of damage. A spear can be broken off by dealing it 7 points of damage; spears that miss their target retract into the walls immediately. These spears are pointed metal affairs, not balanced and shaped weapons designed for in-hand use.

The grab irons 50' above the fire depress slightly, pressing gas-bladders hidden in the walls. Streams of gas jet out, filling a 10' high column of the chimney centered on the 50' mark, and then rising 10' per round until vented out.

This gas looks like red smoke, and is corrosive. Beings breathing it feel a harsh burning in their lungs, and suffer 1d2 points of damage per round in which they breathe it. They must also save vs. petrification or be blinded for 2-5 rounds. Finally, PCs exposed to this gas must save against poison or become violently ill (-2 on attack rolls and a +1 AC penalty for the next $2d4$ rounds).

The nausea also forces an immediate Constitution check to avoid going into spasms. If the check fails, the PC helplessly lets go of the grab irons and falls down the chimney for 5d6 falling damage plus 2d4 fire damage at the bottom. Additional damage is incurred for each being the PC strikes while falling; the affected, falling being takes one point of damage per person, while beings lower down on the grab iron-ladder take 2 points of damage when struck. If one PC falls, all beings below him or her must make a Strength check and a Dexterity check, or be torn off the ladder to join in the fall.

At the top of the chimney are the many tiny vent-holes, plus a large, deep niche containing a one-foot-square coffer of black iron.

The coffer has been treated with a special spell developed by Halaster. Any PCs touching the coffer with bare flesh, or with only a covering of cloth, leather, or other once-living substance (without metal armor plate or mesh between them and the coffer) must save vs. petrification for each touch, or be turned to stone.

Petrified adventurers automatically lose their grip and fall down the chimney, doing 4d6 points of impact damage to anyone else in the chimney below (half dam-

age with a successful Dexterity check). If a petrified adventurer lands on gear or another adventurer, the stony victim does not shatter. If no such cushion exists, allow the petrified victim a Dexterity check and a save against death magic. If the Dexterity check fails, the petrified victim wedges against the walls of the shaft $1d6 \times 10$ feet down, suffering two points of damage but not shattering. If the Dexterity check succeeds, the stony adventurer reaches the bottom, and the death magic save determines whether shattering occurs. Lenient DMs may allow a failed save to mean the loss of an arm (roll $3d6$ hit point loss), not overall breakup of the petrified body.

In the unlocked coffer is a dart-trap, which fires a phalanx of 3 darts as the lid is raised (THAC0 5 at all above the front of the chest, damage 1d3 each). There are no other traps at the top of the chimney.

Inside the coffer, a *wand of magic detection* (12 charges) lies on a velvet pillow. If the pillow is cut open, an empty *portable hole* is found among the stuffings.

The shelves hold a battle axe, three long swords, a scimitar, and a dagger—all gleaming and dust-free, without any sign of scabbards or the like. These weapons are all traps: when touched, they discharge 2d6 points of energy damage. If any one of these weapons is removed from this room, it teleports back to its shelf the moment a being lets go of it, and acquires another electrical charge.

There are six books on the shelves, of varying sizes and appearances (from blackened wooden boards bound with brass rings to ornate dragonskin volumes with pages of beaten copper). All have pages scrawled with gibberish and odd-looking diagrams—and each one has a set of *explosive runes* ($6d4 + 6$ damage).

The sideboard is empty, except for an ivory coffer in its top drawer. This coffer is trapped with a directional modification of the wizards' *fire trap* spell; the spell does only 4d4 damage, but explodes in a straight 10' long tongue of flame out of the coffer as it is opened. Creatures in the area of effect are allowed a saving throw; allow Dexterity checks to determine whether characters to the side or at the furthest extent of the tongue are caught in the blast.



The wooden wall-carving by the door incorporates a secret panel, detectable by normal means. It is automatically detected by any character stating a suspicion that the unit holds a secret access-way, or deliberately checking the carving for one. The panel can only be opened by twisting on any of the brass hooks while the seat is folded down (the seat and hooks can be easily moved at all times). Most of the carving swings outward to reveal a dark cavity beyond.

It is a rough crawl-tunnel, 3' high and about 4' wide, that runs left, parallel to the wall of the room, for 10', and then narrows and turns sharply to the right, to end 10' later. This tunnel smells of offal and a faint metallic odor.

In the end of the tunnel is a basilisk, grown too large to fit down the tunnel. Exploring PCs come face to face with it, and must make an Intelligence check and a Dexterity check to avoid meeting its gaze at first contact. Thereafter, the PCs fight at a +1 AC penalty and a -1 attack roll penalty if they avert their eyes from the basilisk. PCs simply trying to move about without meeting the basilisk's gaze succeed, but PCs trying to fight the beast without looking at it must make a Dexterity check each round, or inadvertently meet the creature's gaze, or the reflection of its gaze in armor or gear, or the like. Reflected or direct eye contact, the basilisk's gaze turns the target creature to stone.

Basilisk — Lesser (1): Int Animal; AL N; AC 4; MV 6; HD 6 + 1; hp 41; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA Gaze turns to stone; SZ M; ML 12; XP 975.

The basilisk is a pet of Halaster, who feeds it (he is immune to its powers due to a *wish*) regularly. If it is killed, its slayers find a large gem inside a cage chained to its belly. The gem radiates magic under a *detect magic* spell. Any PC who carries away its lone treasure takes with him or her a *curse* devised by Halaster. This curse modifies the bearer's petrification saving throw by -2 and gives its bearer a form of the basilisk's gaze. Each time the bearer of the gem looks at any intelligent human or demi-human, both the bearer and the other person must save vs. petrification or suffer its effects. Once petrified, the PC's gaze no longer petrifies others; the gem is the only carried item which is immune to the petrification effect.

The gem, a briolette-cut amethyst as

large as two human fists, is worth about 7,000 gp. The *curse* always accompanies the gem, and it can be ended only by a *limited wish* or by smashing the gem into smaller fragments, not merely by a *remove curse* or a *dispel magic* spell.

Once at least two of the aforementioned traps are triggered, eight of the ceiling tiles suddenly slide aside, and eight writhing, 6' long green tentacles reach down at PCs in the room below.

These tentacles belong to a carrion crawler imprisoned in a cavity above the ceiling. One of a family of carrion crawlers modified by Muiral, one of Halaster's apprentices, through breeding and magic, this predator has a huge, flat head with large jaws. Its tentacles project from around this shovel-shaped head, beginning further apart than those of most crawlers. The tentacles are also over 6' long, allowing the crawler to reach six feet of each tentacle down into the 8' high room. The crawler is otherwise identical in powers to a normal carrion crawler.

Carrion Crawler (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 9 (8 tentacles and one bite); Dmg 1-2; SA Paralysis; SZ L; ML ; XP 270.

The door to this room reveals no traps when first approached and opened, but it is primed within 1 turn after any of the traps in the room is triggered. Each time it closes behind leaving or fleeing adventurers, it immediately fires two magical *spears of fire* into the hallway outside the room. Note that if PCs leave the room one at a time, the door opening and closing several times, a pair of *spears* is generated with each closing of the door.

These flaming missiles appear out of the face of the door and roar after any being within 90', even turning to follow them. Unlike an unerring *magic missile*, the *spears* strike at only a THAC0 of 6. Regardless of impact, these spears vanish one round after appearing. They are MV 18 (A), can be deflected or negated only by magical barriers, and always strike at two different targets, unless only one is within range.

The strike of a *spear of fire* does 2d4 points of fiery damage, plus 1-2 points of impact damage. They ignite all readily-flammable things that they touch (such as cloth and paper), and force "magical fire" saving throws on items worn or carried by a struck target.

Room #56: The Lair of Hungry Spiders

In the darkness ahead, you can see a huge web-work of crisscrossing strands or nets that completely blocks your path. Everything is grey and furry with dust, hanging in moss-like clumps from the webs. Silence reigns, and you cannot hear, smell, or see anything that indicates the presence of life.

This 60' × 60' room is 90' tall, but its upper reaches are lost in the gloom and the many concealing layers and tangles of webbing. The room is full of spider webs-covered with dust and dirt so that they are no longer sticky, but entirely blocking passage or exploration.

The webs may be cut and cleared away at the rate of 5' of progress per round; they can also be burned. Torching the webs destroys 10' of webbing per round (fire spells affecting their normal area of effect volume), and produces a thick, choking grey smoke. (Reduce PC attack rolls by 1; PCs must make a Constitution check each round or suffer 1 point of respiratory damage, for all PCs within 10' of the burning web.) The webs only burn while flames are being applied to them—when fire is removed, the web smokes and goes out, not conducting flames to other areas of the interlocked webs.

The first spell with a large area of effect cast within this room (*fireball*, *burning hands*, *cone of cold*) automatically fails. The spell energy leaves the caster's hands as normal, but the spell effect dissipates. The magical energy is absorbed by a hidden mechanical creature (see below). After the first spell, all other spells work normally.

Hanging a few feet off the ground, suspended in the web, are four vertical, 6' long and 2' diameter bundles wrapped in webbing. If these are examined, they are found to be the dried husks of dead human adventurers. The bodies are not undead.

The adventurers' remains are detailed below. If *speak with dead* spells or similar means are used to investigate their origins, these remains are identified as the former Bryhonn Irlstar, Ardreh Muiren, Khondal Sanshan, and Orlin Firesong. These four comprised the Company of

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the Windgorgon, and they all perished here a year ago.

The first body examined causes a ringing noise when disturbed, as a gauntleted hand strikes an adjacent shield within the web. It is a warrior clad in chain mail, wearing a good metal helm and gauntlets, and carrying a shield. Two long swords are scabbarded side-by-side on one of the fighter's hips, and a dagger hangs from the sword-belt on the other hip.

One sword and the dagger are normal, usable weapons, but the second sword is not a sword at all, but a normal dagger that locks into the chased metal scabbard by means of lugs; a being must turn and then pull the weapon to release it, or push in and then turn to replace it.

Below the dagger, inside the scabbard, treasure is hidden: a string of pierced, linked gold coins (34 gp in all). Linked coins are common in the Realms; piercing a coin with a small hole does not affect its value.

Inside the gauntlet, the corpse wears a plain brass ring—but if this was ever magical, it is not so now.

The second body is that of a robed man wearing boots, a belt with many small pouches and a sheathed dagger, and a back-satchel. In the satchel is a spell book containing the spells *affect normal fires, burning hands, change self, color spray dancing lights, detect magic, hold portal, light, read magic, shield, spider climb, Tenser's floating disc; continual light, ESP, flaming sphere, glitterdust, know alignment, magic mouth, shatter, spectral hand, whispering wind; dispel magic, hold undead, infravision*, and eleven blank pages. Underneath the spell book is a sack containing small pouches of material components for all of these spells (more can be found in the belt pouches), and a moldering mass of decay in a leather wrapping that was probably once bread, or cheese, or both.

A small, flat flask of wine gone to vinegar (unpleasant to drink, but not harmful) is slid into straps inside one of the corpse's boots. One of the belt pouches is home to 3 gp, 7 sp, and 5 cp.

The third body is that of a man in mildewed padded armor, now riddled with many holes and useless. Wisps of beard still cling to the shrivelled flesh of the face, and the hand still clutches a notched hand axe.

Daggers are scabbarded, one in each of the man's boots and another at his belt,

for a total of three in all. The belt-weapon is a *dagger +2*. Also at the belt is a mace and a purse containing 8 gp, 14 sp, and 2 cp.

On a baldric-belt is slung a canvas sack (on the corpse's back). In it is a smashed lantern, the shards of what was probably a glass oil-flask, a 40' coil of still-stout rope, and a rectangular wooden box containing three pitch-coated torches.

The fourth body wears only the tattered remnants of robes, and clutches a foot-long, tapering stick of knurled wood, inscribed with the word "arlblam." This is a *wand of wonder* (described in the DMG) of 17 charges; the inscription is its word of activation. The corpse also wears a plain brass ring—a "ring of invisibility" (actually a *ring of weakness*, described in the DMG).

The moment this fourth body is touched, a horde of tiny spiders burst out from all over it, and swarm to the attack. These 46 hungry **hatching giant spiders** are only 5" in diameter, but are equivalent to "Large Spiders."

Spider — Giant hatchlings (46): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6, Wb 15; HD 1 + 1; hp 3 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison (weak Type A; save vs. poison or suffer 15 points of damage, onset time 10-30 minutes); SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each.

High in the ceiling of the room lair three older, giant spiders. They are alerted by light sources entering the room or any disturbance of the webs, and wait two rounds before the smallest spider drops down on a line to investigate. Two rounds later, the next spider drops, followed a round later by the third spider. If confronted and attacked, the spiders also attack, the third spider moving behind the PCs and blocking any retreat through the entrance.

Spider — Giant (3): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 3, Wb 12; HD 4 + 4; hp 34, 31, 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Poison (Type F: causes immediate death if save vs. poison fails, no damage if save successful); SZ L; ML 13; XP 650 each.

Within the room, a spiderlike mechanical creature from another world lies inert upon a high shelf. It emerges from its ceiling-ledge only after a magic spell is cast within the room. The creature ab-

sorbs the first large area effect spell cast within the room (*fireball, cone of cold*), and uses its energy to power itself. It is active in four rounds, and moves directly toward any living beings.

It is a small (24" diameter, legs included) silver construct with four pincer-like legs, a head with spiderlike mandibles and a large uniocular crystal, and two small forelegs, one ending in a tube, and one in a wheel of blades, like a miniature miller's saw.

This is a silver clockwork horror, a mechanical spider-like automaton not indigenous to the Realms (see MC7/SPELLJAMMER™ campaign *Monstrous Compendium* supplement or the Monster Guide in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set). The silver horror is totally artificial, and is immune to all spells which affect bodily functions. Examples of such spells are *cause light wounds, polymorph, and cloudkill*. They are also immune to mind-affecting spells like *charm, fear, and hypnosis*. All horrors are immune to the effects of magical or normal electricity (lightning bolt, shocking grasp). Spells which affect non-living objects can harm a clockwork horror; a *shatter* spell cast on the seeing crystal blinds a horror for one round per level of the caster.

It clammers down the walls and across the floor, slicing through the webs (it has no web movement rate). It attacks first with its rotating saw blade, dealing 1d6 points of damage with each successful hit. It also uses its spring caster, a small hollow tube which ejects a barbed dart (range 1/2/4) for 1d3 points of damage.

It has no treasure, and strikes to slay, pursuing PCs throughout the dungeon until it is destroyed. Its innards are mechanical, so it does not feel pain. If PCs damage it but do not destroy it, they continue to encounter it, slowly, tirelessly dragging or rolling itself along after them.

Clockwork Horror — Silver Horror (1): Int Average; AL LE; AC 2; MV 9; HD 3; hp 21; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (rotating saw); SA Spring caster darts (1-3); SD Spell immunities; MR 20%; SZ S; ML 20; XP 120.

Room #57: Phandulph's Box

From the doorway, you can see that the air in this room is thick with mist. Whiffs of it smell spicy, and your chest feels heavy and constricted. The air appears somehow *green* in hue, with wisps and tendrils of emerald mist licking around your boots.

You can see a faint, steady glow from the far end of the room. The glow is coming from an opened box. Between it and you stand three dark, motionless humans, facing the box with arms outstretched.

The motionless figures are petrified humans: adventurers whose names, levels, alignments, and gear are up to the DM (equip them to help a weak party that frees them, or treacherously challenge a strong party). They face an open wooden box with a hinged lid. The box is empty, and its interior bears a permanent *faerie fire-like* amber radiance. The lid bears an inscription in Thorass: "Phandulph's Box: All others keep ye hands and claws off, or face the doom within."

The green hue of the air is due to a strong poisonous and explosive gas. It fills the room, dissipating slowly, in 1 turn. Within four rounds, the gas cloud expands its effects to a 30' diameter spherical area of effect outside the room's door.

If anyone creates or brings bare flame of any sort into an area filled with this gas (currently the room itself), a violent explosion ensues: treat the effect as a 3d6 damage fireball with a 30' diameter spherical area of effect. "Normal fire" item saving throws are required for all items in this blast area. If any flammable object (a torch, oil flask, or the like) fails its save, it ignites in turn, for another blast of like effect.

The gas, known as "deathbreath," is also harmful to all air-breathing creatures, who must make a Constitution check for each round of exposure. Exertion (such as combat) requires the check to be made with a +2 penalty.

If the check succeeds, 1 point of damage is suffered, as the gas poisons the creature's bloodstream, via the lungs. If the check fails, the creature suffers 1d4 + 1 points of damage.

There is no treasure, or anything else of interest, in this room. There is no indication of a monster or magical effect to ex-

plain the adventurers' petrified states. Whether the rocky figures are here as a warning or simply here from happenstance is up to the DM to decide.

Room #58: A Watery Welcome

A plain stone door confronts you. It is closed, and perfectly square—eight feet high and eight wide. In its center is a massive brass pull-ring. Above the ring is an inscription in Thorass:

*"It always has been, and ever will be.
It moves and moves, and never tires.
It wears down the strongest rock,
and breaks the strongest thews. It is
home to the largest, and gives life to
all. Pass not, if ye cannot in life embr-
ace it."*

The inscription refers to water, which waits to fill the room beyond by means of Halaster's magic. PCs pulling the door open see a bare stone corridor running along 50' until it opens out into a lighted room beyond.

#58A: The room (#58A) is a 60' × 60' chamber with a 60' high ceiling. A decorative stone carving runs around the top of the walls, consisting of a row of bearded faces, their mouths open to yell or sing. A *continual light* spell placed on the ceiling illuminates this room brightly.

In the center of the far wall is a fluted stone column, 2' in diameter and rising 4' up from the floor. Atop it is an open coffer of dark stone. Flanking the column and slightly above it are two ornate, golden (and empty) torch sconces, set in wall bosses. These are the only furnishings in the room.

The coffer is clearly empty, its lid raised. It is harmless, and can be moved or taken away without effect.

The sconces (torch brackets) are large and heavy. They are made of brass, but might still be worth as much as 4 sp each to a Waterdhavian merchant because of their gaudy size. Unfortunately, they seem firmly attached to the wall.

DMs should casually role-play attempts to remove the sconces. If either sconce is twisted or turned in an attempt to remove it, the events described hereafter occur. Otherwise, PCs may freely enter, explore, and leave the room without encountering anything of interest.



Secret doors may be detected in the 10' sections of wall adjoining each corner of the room (on both sides of the corner), but these resist all attempts to open or destroy them.

If a wall-sconce is turned, two 1' thick stone walls fall down inside the entry door—one 10' from the door, and the other 10' beyond it to the north.

Once the walls slam down within the entry corridor, the 16 faces in each of the room's four walls open their mouths and begin to spew water. This freshwater flooding cannot be stopped by turning, destroying, or tearing away either of the wall sconces or any of the carved faces. After the water flow begins, it continues inexorably, or until Halaster stops it.

On the first round, floor areas get wet. On the second round, the entire floor is covered with a 1/2 inch of water. On the third round, the floor is an inch deep in water.

The water level rises by two inches per round thereafter, until twelve rounds have passed. The "Time and Movement" chapter of the *Player's Handbook* details relevant rules for swimming, holding one's breath, and climbing. For basic references, a PC can hold his breath for 1/3 his Constitution score, or he can fight underwater with a successful Constitution check each round (failure means returning to the surface to breathe or drowning).

On the thirteenth round after a PC disturbs a sconce, all of the secret doors in #58A sink into the floor, freeing a rush of water into the room, and raising the water level by 2' per round on that round and on the round following. With this in-

Level Two: Core Rooms

flux come six blackish green, web-fingered fish-men, each armed with a trident and dagger. They swim towards the PCs in a group from one of the doors. These fish-men never rise above the surface of the water, attacking PCs below the water level.

Two of the fish-men are dragging a beautiful human female captive; she is bound in crisscrossing chains, and gagged with her own long hair. A globe of space (air!) surrounds her head. The captive is an illusion; the fish-men (sahuagin) are really bringing a *net of snaring* forward. It can ensnare up to 2 M-sized PCs. Anyone trying to touch, free, or tow away the captive must make a Dexterity check and a saving throw vs. breath weapon for each attempt, or be ensnared by the net. Once the net successfully ensnares someone, the illusion is broken. Mere touches do not break the image, though those touching it feel the net, not chains or a human body.

The six **sahuagin** seek to capture or slay all of the intruders (concentrating their efforts on opponents who can cast spells), and take them into the flooded room (#58B) that surrounds the room with the column and sconces (#58A).

The sahuagin serve the aboleth in #58B out of fear, as they have since one of Halaster's apprentices transported them here. They secretly hope to escape from these chambers some day, and survivors do not attack PCs who slay the aboleth. They do follow the PCs and help break down the fallen walls that seal off #58A from the rest of the dungeon. The sahuagin try to break a hole in the grating and follow the water away; if they are left undisturbed to this task, they make an opening and escape this way in three rounds.

Sahuagin (6): Int High; AL LE; AC 5; MV 12, Sw 24; HD 2 + 2; hp 14 (each); THAC0 16; #AT 1 or 5 (if unarmed); Dmg 1-2/1-2 (hands) 1-4/1-4 (rear legs) 1-4 (bite) or weapon: 2-7 (trident), 1-4 (dagger); SA Special; SD Special; SZ M; ML 12; XP 175 each.

The water levels in this entire room complex are magically maintained; room #58A fills entirely with water 42 rounds after anyone first manipulates one of the wall sconces. When #58A is totally filled, #58B has a 5' gap between its 90' high ceiling and the water's surface, giving PCs some access to air

#58B: This room is the lair of an **aboleth**, imprisoned here long ago by an apprentice of Halaster after some experimentation. Due to the experiments, the aboleth no longer has its ability to create illusions or the power to enslave creatures.

The aboleth is hungry for better fare: the PCs! It lunges forward to attack and devour. Any captives trapped in the *net of snaring* are dumped down in the grayish mud in the northeast corner of the aboleth's lair (of #58B), to serve as a later meal.

The aboleth attacks with its tentacles; these appendages turn the victim's skin into a clear membrane in $1d4 + 1$ rounds unless a save vs. spell is successful. This membrane must always be kept damp or 1d12 points of damage per round are suffered. *Cure disease* stops the skin transformation during the $1d4 + 1$ round time limit, but once complete, only cure serious *wounds* or a more powerful curative spell restores normal skin.

The aboleth's foot-thick mucus cloud enables those contacting it to save vs. poison or become able to breathe water for 1-3 hours after the last contact with the mucus cloud. Attempts to breathe normal air cause death by suffocation in 2d6 rounds, during this time.

If brought to 7 hit points or less, the aboleth breaks off combat to tug at a certain stone block in the floor, and tries to escape to #58C.

Aboleth (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 4; MV 3, SW 18; HD 8; hp 52; THAC0 12; #AT 4; Dmg 1-6 (x4); SA Special; SD Slime; SZ H; ML 13; XP 2,000.

Periodically, *teleported* spheres of water arrive in #58B, containing fish, carrion and refuse from the sewers of Waterdeep. The water carries just enough salinity to keep the sahuagin functioning in this watery environment. Simultaneously, all remains, refuse, and offal left in a certain area (with the fouled surrounding water) are *teleported* away. DMs may teleport ailing PCs away from the aboleth with these mechanisms, but their destination may be worse than their current situation!

The mud in the northeastern corner is a deep layer of slime which covers a lot of sharp human bones as well as magical treasure. Netted captives are able to feel around in the slime beneath them for

three rounds, and pull out one item for examination with the following results (roll 1d4):

On a roll of 1, the searcher retrieves a human bone or useless remnant of gear. On a roll of 2, the searcher brings up a normal weapon (a long sword, short sword, dagger, hand axe, mace, or hammer; roll 1d6 for type).

On a roll of 3, the searcher finds a wand, flask, handful of coins (DM's choice of number and type), or a ring.

On a roll of 4, the searcher finds a larger magical item.

The DM should choose found items from this treasure roster:

- 46 normal weapons, of various types (DM's choice)
- A dagger + 1
- A dagger + 2
- A wand of wonder (6 charges)
- A ring of shooting stars
- A long sword + 1, + 3 vs. lycanthropes and shape changers
- A chime of interruption
- A pair of "bracers of defense, AC2" (actually bracers of defenselessness)
- An arrow of slaying vs. thieves (acts as a +3 arrow)
- An arrow of slaying vs. golems (acts as a +3 arrow)
- A sun blade
- Two elixirs of health (in 2 stainless steel flasks)
- A potion of climbing
- A potion of diminution
- A potion of ESP
- A potion of extra-healing
- A potion of fire resistance
- A potion of rainbow hues
- A potion of speed
- A ring of spell storing containing three dispel magic spells and a remove curse
- A ring of spell storing containing three cure serious wounds spells and a neutralize poison

Once the characters free themselves from the net, they can remove any items and objects from the mud. DMs should determine how much of the above treasure trove can be found; gauge the amount of treasure found by the strength of the party. PCs severely weakened by the dangers of Undermountain may need all the magical help they can find...



#58C: The stone block trapdoor in #58B provides access to the northeastern corner of another flooded room; the room runs 30' west and 50' south, and descends to a depth of 30'. The room is also inhabited by various marine undead. The aboleth flees to the northwestern corner and avoids all combat unless attacked. The undead do not attack the aboleth but always attack any other creatures entering their lair. There are five **Lacedons** (marine ghouls), four human **skeletons**, and two **large undead sharks (monster zombies)**. The lacedons and skeletons are more fully described in MC1&2, and the "death shark" monster zombies are detailed more fully in the **Monster Guide** chapter of *Undermountain Adventures*.

This room contains many rotten fragments of old, dark, heavy wooden furniture floating about—table legs, splintered wall panels, and stools. They are now too soft to serve as tools or weapons. However, if the PCs grab and examine more than one piece of furniture, the second leg taken hold of breaks apart, revealing two stainless steel vials: a *potion of water breathing* (four one hour doses) and a *potion of extra-healing*. There is no other treasure in the room.

Ghoul — Lacedon (5): Int Low; AL CE; AC 6; MV Sw 9; HD 2; hp 14 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA Paralyzation for 1d6 + 2 rounds if save fails (elves immune); SD Special; SZ M; ML 12; XP 175 each.

Skeleton (4): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12 (SW 6); HD 1; hp 7 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (rusty short swords); SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special (treat as 20); XP 65 each.

Monster Zombie — Death Shark (2): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV Sw 20; HD 6; hp 40, 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SD Immune to sleep, charm, hold, cold spells; poison, death magic; MR Special; SZ L; ML Special (treat as 20); XP 650 each.

At the far southwestern corner of this dark lair is a 10' diameter hole, covered by a grating: the mouth of a dark, upwards-sloping, flooded passage (#58D) that PCs must swim through to escape.

#58D: This is the passageway found in the southwestern corner of #58C. The lime-encrusted, weed-festooned metal grating appears solid, but it can be dislodged by a Bend Bars/Lift Gate roll or a

total of 7 points of damage. Once the grate is removed, there is access to the flooded tunnel beyond.

The tunnel walls are rough, perhaps natural, but the tunnel leads directly to a square, smooth stone block. If the PCs pry or beat on the block, it can be worked loose in 1-2 rounds, allowing access to the space between the two fallen walls at the entrance to #58A, at floor level.

These walls can each withstand 400 points of damage before shattering (edged or piercing weapons do half damage). Once shattered, a hole large enough to allow an M-sized creature passage can be opened in a wall in two rounds; water from #58A seeps through below the hole to fill the space beyond in six rounds, unless the hole is at or below water level. In such a case, the water surges to fill the space beyond to the same level as the flooded room in two rounds.

The space between the fallen walls fills up with a hissing discharge of "deathbreath" gas (see Room #57, above, for effects) once the walls are in place. This trap is intended not as an offensive weapon, but to prevent water seepage into the dungeon beyond.

If the second wall is breached, the floor beyond it automatically slides back to reveal a drain covered by a massive iron grating. PCs can safely stand or lie on this grating as the water rushes down it, but the water may possibly (Dexterity checks apply) sweep away PC equipment, held items, or clothing accessories worn at the time. The drain serves its purpose of saving the rest of Undermountain from

widespread flooding, and any water from #58A is diverted within four rounds.

Room #59: Survival Is 9/10ths Sheer Luck!

PCs hear faint, agonized, raw-throated screams (by the sound, probably produced by a single male) when they are 80' from the door to this room. The screams grow louder as the party approaches closer to the door. When PCs open the door to the room, read the following:

The room before you is bare except for a stone bench by the north wall. A bloodied, wounded man, bereft of weapons and armor, kneels and cringes behind it in terror from his tormentor. A two-headed giant stands over him, cracking his knuckles and laughing. Two giant rats, which scurry around the giant's feet, often dart out and bite at the human's legs and side, eliciting more screams from the poor man. Another giant of the same race is watching the whole affair and chortling. The two giants' four heads turn to face you when you enter. The closest giant quickly raises two spiked clubs and faces you, the other hefts one rat and throws it at you!

Unkempt and orcish in features, these two giant creatures are thoroughly encrusted with dirt, and stink abominably. They snarl at you angrily, and lumber forward, with obviously hostile intentions.





The 13' tall **ettins**, Huorgh and Uluth, each carry two spiked clubs, and can wield them both simultaneously.

Huorgh – Ettin (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 10; hp 76; THAC0 10; #AT 2; Dmg 1-10 (left fist)/2-12 (right fist) or weapons: 2-16/3-18 (2d8/3d6 – spiked clubs); SD Surprised only on a 1; SZ H; ML 14; XP 3,000.

Uluth – Ettin (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 10; hp 72; THAC0 10; #AT 2; Dmg 1-10 (left fist)/2-12 (right fist) or weapons: 2-16/3-18 (2d8/3d6 – spiked clubs); SD Surprised only on a 1; SZ H; ML 14; XP 3,000.

The man's screams result from the bites of two hungry giant ("Sumatran") rats. One still attacks him while the ettins fight the PCs unless there is someone to aid him. One rat is initially thrown by Huorgh into the face of the first PC to enter the room! The angry rat arrives with an initial airborne attack at the ettin's THAC0 of 10! If it hits the indicated PC, the rat does 1 point of impact damage and uses its bite attack with a +4 THAC0 adjustment against the PC.

Rat – Giant (2): Int Semi; AL N(E); AC 7; MV 12, Sw 6; hp 4, 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Disease (5% chance/bite); SZ T; ML 7; XP 15 each.

The ettins each carry treasure, hidden under their long, matted hair, the thick layers of dirt that cover them both, and the filthy skins they wear.

Huorgh wears a plain brass ring, only 50% likely to be seen amid the long hair and filth on his hands. It is a *ring of fire resistance*, detailed in the DMG. Note that its protections extend to him during combat with the PCs!

He also has a large purse slung around his neck. It contains seven smaller purses (torn from victims), contents as follows:

- 12 cp, 6 sp, 3 gp, 1 pp
- 4 cp, 4 sp, 6 gp
- 2 cp, 16 sp, 5 gp, 1 pp
- 7 cp, 6 sp, 9 ep, 11 gp
- 77 cp, 3 gp, 6 pp
- 4 sp, 3 ep, 2 gp, and a brass box containing 6 bloodstones (dark gray with red flecks, uncut but semi-polished – 50 gp each)
- 17 cp, 4 sp, 5 ep, 5 gp, 6 small, carved ivory fish (Sword Coast "trade fish" tokens, each worth 5 gp)

Uluth has several seized purses inside a bag slung around his neck, too. Their contents are:

- Two stainless steel vials (a *potion of gaseous form* and a *potion of longevity*) and a trio of carved ivory dice (each worth 1 gp)
- 1cp, 14 sp, 6 ep, 8 gp
- 3 sp, 2 gp, 1 pp, and a small wooden box containing three extra-large, scissors-cut emeralds (brilliant green, two worth 7,000 gp and one worth 6,600 gp)
- 4 cp, 5 ep, 10 gp, and a silver tree pendant-charm (actually a "tree" *Quaal's feather token*, described in the DMG)
- 2 gp, 4 pp

Uluth also wears a ragged, broad leather belt, through which he has stuffed the half-eaten hindquarters of someone's unfortunate mule—a large and dusty "drumstick" for his next meal. This is the only food the ettins carry.

The horrified, unarmed man behind the stone bench cries for aid, and promptly collapses in relief if the rats and ettins are defeated. If examined (an impossible task until the ettins are slain), this wounded man wears only a plain silver disc on a cord around his neck, and the rags of a plain belted cassock. He is very weak from fear and pain.

This man is Elegul Another, a "Wandering Fortune" (adventurer-priest) of Tymora, The Goddess of Luck. He has the following spells currently memorized (5,5,3): *cure light wounds* × 4; *favor of Tymora* (detailed in the **Spells In Undermountain** chapter of this book), *find traps*, *flame blade*, *hold person*, *produce flame*; *cure disease*, *dispel magic*, and *remove curse*.

Elegul has no weapons or gear left, and no treasure; he is an unfortunate victim of one of Halaster's cursed *teleport rings*, which scattered all of his belongings throughout the dungeon. He is grateful to his rescuers, and aids them with his spells, accompanying them if they allow him. He considers aiding adventurers—those who dare much and stir matters up, and thereby further the influence of Tymora—to be part of his work as a priest of Tymora, as well as having adventures himself. He is reluctant to join the PC party on any long-term basis, for he does not think it good that adventurers come to rely on Tymora's open aid rather than taking chances. For more about Elegul, refer to the **NPCs of Undermountain** chapter.

Elegul Another hm P6 of Tymora: AC 10; MV 12; hp 16 (total of 33); THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon; Co 17, I 18, W 18, Ch 16; AL CG. Spells: see above.

Level Two: Areas of Interest

2A: When PCs first reach this point, a glass globe (1' in diameter) suddenly falls from above, shattering among the PCs. From the glass shards curls a thick, billowing, purplish smoke, its vapors quickly filling the corridor. (See below for the effects of the battleshroud gas globe.)

In this location, the battleshroud sphere is stuck to the ceiling with tree gum, and a thin silk thread stretches down from it, waiting for someone to step on the thread and pull the globe loose. The trap was set by a **doppelganger** who lurks nearby. He is following the PCs towards the trap, and knows enough to duplicate their appearances in some detail.

The doppelganger assumes the shape of a PC who seems to be important, trusted as a leader, or protected by the others. He stealthily attacks the party from the rear after the trap is sprung, using the cover of the battleshroud. He attempts to slay or disable PCs carrying any magical items or bearing treasure or gear of obvious value. His ambitions less than grand, the doppelganger simply wants to escape with his life and some treasure.

Fengharl — Doppelganger (1): Int Very; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 46; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; SA: ESP 90% accurate shapeshifting; SD: immune to charm and *sleep* spells, saves as an F10; MR Special; SZ M; ML 13; XP 975.

Fengharl has other battleshroud globes hidden elsewhere in the dungeon. If his ambush is successful, he continues to engage the PCs in traps while they explore Undermountain. Typical tactics include hurling a battleshroud globe into the fray while the PCs are already fighting a powerful monster. If Fengharl is caught and forced to reveal the location of his treasure (DM's choice of minor magical items and coinage) or battleshroud globes, Fengharl leads the PCs into the lair of a known monster, hoping to escape during the ensuing battle.

Battleshroud Gas Globes

This purplish, expanding smoke is a rare and deadly fighting-aid devised by a mage of Nimbral and several priests

of Lantan. It is known as battleshroud, and has three important properties.

- The smoke fills a spherical area and expands it by 20' each round to a maximum radius of 40' (lasting for 1d4 + 12 rounds) before it thins out and dissipates. While the smoke lasts, the area is filled with a thick magical smoke screen which confounds normal vision, infravision, and true seeing. Scrying and locating, by magical items or spells, is prevented by the battleshroud. The smoke screen is equal in effect to total darkness, so all characters' attack rolls suffer four point penalties while within the battleshroud's confines; likewise, armor classes have a +4 penalty while within the magical smoke. Blindfighting proficiency effects (but not animals' night vision) modify these penalties.
- Any creature in the square marked "2A" must make a Dexterity check or be struck by the glass container. Anyone within 2' of the impact (including any creature struck by the globe) is struck by the shards of the glass container. All beings within these areas must save vs. breath weapon or have a 10' radius battleshroud move with them, independent of the cloud's standard effects, for the duration of the smoke cloud (1d4 + 12 rounds). This effect is due to the smoke reacting with and clinging to the moisture inherent in a creature's skin or garments, and is not magical.
- All creatures in contact with the smoke must save vs. spell or be slowed (effects as the wizard spell) while the smoke lasts. Even if the creatures subsequently leave the vicinity (or even the plane!) of the smoke, the slow effects continue for 1d8 rounds. This is a temporary biological property of the battleshroud, not a magical effect. Neutralize poison and *slow poison* spells neutralize this effect if the target is outside the boundaries of the cloud.

Battleshroud is found only in clear glass spheres, some of which bear identifying inscriptions. All known types of dragonkind are immune to the effects of this substance, and some sages believe all reptiles are immune

or at least highly resistant to battleshroud smoke. Battleshroud is too rare to have seen much battlefield use, although the island realms of Lantan and Nimbral benefit from its presence in their defensive armories. It is not a magical substance per se, and the cloud it creates cannot be negated by *dispel magic* or similar means.

2B: Whenever this tag appears on the map, a *curtain of darkness* is found. These apparently-permanent magical fields are placed about Undermountain by Halaster and incorporate an *energy transformation* spell: they absorb all spells (short of a *Limited wish* or *wish*) cast at or through them, including *dispel magic*.

A *curtain of darkness* appears to be a rippling "curtain" of utter blackness and is actually an intangible field that all objects can freely pass through with a brief sensation of chill or cold. Completely opaque, such curtains block all vision and vision-related spells, destroying *wizard eyes* and *projected images* on contact. They do not stop sound in any way, and weapons may penetrate the fields as though they did not exist. Of course, the darkness greatly reduces the accuracy of the weapons by -4 on the attack roll. Experienced explorers of Undermountain soon learn that many monsters lurk behind these concealing *curtains*.

2C: This symbol appears more than once on the maps. Its presence denotes a "bottomless pit" created by Halaster. These pits provide a way of easily slaying or harming intruders, and they are also useful for easily breaking up spell components and other raw materials.

The pits are always surrounded by a ring-shaped *curtain of darkness* (see Area 2B above), which absorbs magics cast into and out of the pit and contains the pit's own magical effects. Due to the darkness, many delvers find these pits without warning and test their powers firsthand. These pits contain a powerful gravitational force that hurls objects and beings leaning over it or entering it downward into the shaft. PCs get a Strength check to resist being pulled in each round they remain at the edge of the pit.

Objects and beings unable to resist the "gravity surge" are snatched downward 90' at high velocity and smashed into a



rough stone floor, suffering 10d6 damage. Items must make both a "fall" and a "crushing blow" saving throw to survive. Beings who fly or use magical *levitation* or the like to slow their descent suffer only 7d6 damage. Only *feather falling* allows a being to escape all damage.

Beings who try to climb down the shaft must make a Strength check each round to avoid being torn free by the surging magical force. If they are climbing out, the check is rolled at a penalty of +3; if they are using a rope, the check is made normally.

After impact at the bottom, a localized *teleport* whisks all item fragments and bodies back to the precise location where they entered the pit.

2D: The door to this chamber bears a Thorass inscription: "Here lies Fendel the Incomparable." An open coffin lies inside the room, a headless skeleton (not undead) clad in grand robes within it. Clasped in the bony hands is a grand-looking rod, and there is a plain brass ring on one finger of each skeletal hand. All of these items are non-magical.

Above the head of the coffin, high amid concealing darkness and cobwebs, is the floating skull of Fendel; this is only 20% likely to be detected by someone looking up. When the skull is detected, or when two or more PCs approach the coffin to examine it, there is a sudden gush of flaming oil down upon them.

This *oil of fiery burning* (detailed in the DMG) is unleashed by **urds**, who unseal a special membrane-sac full of it. This sac permits oil to escape but does not allow air to enter; thus, it creates a flaming stream of oil, not an immediate explosion. These sacs are made by urds from animal organs and are very, very rare.

Fendel's skull *levitates* by a permanent magic of Halaster—an old joke about Fendel "always having his head in the clouds" while alive. This joke has nothing to do with the recently arrived urds, who have turned the skull so its face looks down on the coffin. They also keep their sac inside of it.

The oil streams down in sprays from the skull's eye sockets, nose-hole, and mouth, flames engulfing anyone within 5' of the coffin. Roll separate attack rolls on each character at risk at THAC0 12. There is enough oil to stream for three rounds, and the flying urds push the skull 10' towards the party during this time. As PCs

can see this movement, the oil's THAC0 drops to 14 on the second round, and 15 on the third round.

A direct hit from the flaming oil does a PC 2d6 points of damage, and the oil continues burning on the round that follows (for 1d6 points of damage) before being entirely consumed. Splashes (any oil attack roll that misses by 1 or 2 points) do 1d3 points of fiery damage.

At the same time, the other urds sheltered amid the fissures and jagged ridges of the natural rock ceiling of this room drop "rock bombs" on the PCs who are well away from the coffin. Four bombs fall on the first round, and two on the second, each doing 2d4 damage. After two rounds, there are no further bombing attempts, since these are all the suitable rocks that the urds have. These rocks fall at THAC0 17. Consider unsuspecting PCs to be AC 10 on the first round; if an urd is spotted and identified before the attack, PCs can actively dodge the urds' missiles, gaining an AC2 before Dexterity modifications thereafter.

Urd (9): Int Low; AL NE; AC 8; MV 6, Fl 15 (C); HD 4; hp 30 (x 4), 24 (x 2), 22 (x 3); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 or weapon: 1-4 (light spears thrown as javelins—each urd has 2 such spears); SA Rock bomb; SZ S; ML 7; XP 120 each.

2E: At this point, a smooth, 3' diameter and 8' high stone pillar stands in the center of the corridor. It is fashioned from a single block of some hard, gray stone, and it stops short of the 10' ceiling. Facing the party is an inscription on the column in Thorass: "Only the dead shall pass." Nothing else is visible around, and there is plenty of room to go by the pillar on either side.

Every living being who approaches within 5' of the pillar must make a successful saving throw vs. spell or be affected by a *hold person* spell; the DM should roll these saves secretly with no modifiers applying to the rolls. Those who successfully save feel only a sort of tension, a bristling in the air, as they pass. Those who fail the save are *held* where they stand for 48 rounds. The *held* victims can be carried elsewhere, or freed with a *dispel magic*. Beings attacking the pillar or continually remaining close to the pillar must make an additional (unmodified) successful saving throw vs. spell every 10 cumulative rounds they are within its 5' range or be *held*.

If at least one PC is successfully *held*, the next part of this old trap is triggered: a secret door on the wall to the west of the pillar opens. Six monster zombies emerge from within their hidden alcove to attack all creatures (*held* or otherwise) in the corridor.

These silently-shuffling menaces do not move more than 300' from the pillar, but otherwise freely pursue or evade PCs. Due to the magic that governs them, they cannot be turned or dispelled by priestly powers. These undead ogre zombies wield heavy, crumbling stone weapons, and have no treasure.

Zombie — Ogrish Monster Zombie (6): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 6; hp 46, 44, 42, 40, 39, 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 4-16; SD Immune to *sleep*, charm, *hold*, *cold* spells; poison, death magic; MR Special; SZ L; ML Special (treat as 20: attack until destroyed or all intruders flee beyond range); XP 650 each.

Atop the pillar, high up out of view, is a quantity of green slime. Striking or smiting the pillar causes it to fall onto nearby PCs in clumps. The slime gains one attack roll per blow to the pillar; any misses stay on the floor and walls as a hazardous emerald reminder. Toppling the pillar sprays the slime in a 20' radius area, striking PCs at THAC0 11.

The green slime attaches to flesh and turns its victim to green slime in 1-4 rounds (no resurrection possible). It eats through 1" of wood per hour, but dissolves plate armor and other metal in 3 rounds. *Cure disease* spells kill it.

Oozes/Slimes/Jellies — Green Slime (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 0; Dmg Nil; SA Special; SD Special; SZ S; ML 10; XP 120 each.

Toppling the pillar is impossible by sheer strength; it can only be uprooted from the floor by shattering it. The pillar has a comparable AC of 1, and 74 points of damage, focused in the same place, are necessary to shatter it. Toppling and shattering the pillar ends its magical effects forever.

2F: An old, dark and dusty bronze half-ring rises out of one of the floor-stones at this point. It is the handle of a trapdoor; the floor-stone (roughly 2' square) lifts to reveal a 2' square shaft, dropping down out of sight.

The shaft has climbing rungs or grab

irons (old, and immovably sturdy) descending on one wall. It is too narrow and cramped for anyone wearing any armor better than studded leather to traverse. The shaft drops 80' from the main floor to where it opens out into a dark, flooded room.

The room is 10' high, and the bottom 4' of it lies below the level of cold, dark water that fills the entire 30' × 70' room. If anyone explores further, they find that this room contains stone furniture (huge high-backed chairs, ornate tables, and the like), and is the lair of a **water naga**.

The naga is emerald green in color, banded with chocolate brown stripes. It has amber eyes, and is curious about the new arrivals, but not aggressive. From around the chamber, it has gathered treasure to fashion an oval bed to lie in, and defends this treasure and itself if either are threatened. Otherwise, it tries to avoid combat, remaining in a far corner of the room while exploring PCs are present.

If forced into combat, the naga attacks with a poisonous bite: save vs. poison at -2 or be affected by Type O poison—onset time 2d12 minutes, paralytic effects lasting for 2d6 hours. The poisonous effects of naga bites are known to vary; this poison applies only to this naga, not to all water nagas.

The naga casts spells as a 5th level wizard (4,2,1), and has the following spells memorized: *color spray* x 3, *sleep*; *Melf's acid arrow* (lasts 2 rounds), *web*; *tongues*.

Naga – Water Naga (1): Int Very; AL N; AC 5; MV 9, Sw 18; HD 7; hp 46; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 + poison; SA Spells as W5; SZ L; ML 11; XP 3,000.

The naga receives food, fresh air, and fresh water by means of a periodic *teleport*, in the same manner as Room #58B (see **Level Two: Core Rooms**) does. This special linkage, devised by Halaster, does not allow passage by living creatures while it operates, even if the creatures are within its area of effect. Bodies and corpses, however, are whisked away by it (to an unknown destination; PCs wishing to get fallen comrades back to the surface are warned that the destination may involve a hidden laboratory, somewhere).

The naga's submerged treasure consists of 56 cp, 114 sp, 33 ep, 220 gp, 16 pp, and 9 uncut pieces of polished amber teach worth 100 gp). All this coinage and jewelry is loose and spread out in a 4'-

diameter, oval "bed" 6" deep around the edges, and thinner in the center. Under the center of the bed is a suit of elven chain mail +2, which fits only elves and half-elves.

The water naga has grown increasingly bored with its lair and captivity. It uses its *tongues* spell to warn the party not to take its treasure-unless they have the ability to free it from captivity. It offers its treasure and friendship in payment; it may even agree to serve as a guardian/aquatic steed/battle companion in another, larger, and more interesting place on the surface of Faerun.

If it cannot gain its freedom, it at least wants a long talk with other intelligent beings. It can tell the PCs little about current conditions and details of the dungeon. It certainly can tell the PCs all the DM wishes to reveal of **The Known History of Undermountain** (see the chapter of that name in this book).

2G: In this otherwise empty, bare room, PCs see a human skeleton, strips of flesh and clothing still clinging to it, rushing endlessly about in eerie silence. The skeleton turns from looking downwards in one corner of the room, stiffens, and then charges diagonally across the room, waving the rusting stump of a sword. Reaching the far corner, it swings its blade twice-and then does everything in reverse, running silently backwards to its starting-point, and then repeating the same actions again.

The skeleton cannot be turned or dispelled; it is not undead, but the poor remains of a victim of a *Nidus' wand of endless repetition*, a thankfully-rare item described in *FR4/The Magister*. The wand forces creatures to endlessly repeat the actions of the two previous rounds until exposed to a *limited wish*, *wish*, *remove curse* or a *dispel magic* spell. The skeleton endlessly repeats its four-round-long (two rushing forward, two rushing back) cycle of actions until it falls apart or is destroyed.

The wand and the foe who wielded it are long gone. The skeleton (once an unfortunate 3rd level human fighter named Brelyn who came seeking his fortune from Neverwinter with a band of ruffians called The Grim Gauntlet) continues repeating its actions as it has for over sixty years.

2H: Another of Halaster's nasty traps is at this point. A 10' wide stretch of the corridor floor is missing. A rope hangs down

from the ceiling above this pit. The 12' deep pit is filled with a clear, glistening jelly, and coins, bones, and other objects can be seen suspended within the jelly. This obviously is a **gelatinous cube** stuck in a pit.

Contact with the surface slime causes 5d4 rounds of paralyzation unless a successful save vs. paralyzation is made. The cube is immune to electricity and paralyzation attacks of all sorts, as well as *fear*, *sleep*, *hold*, and *polymorph* magics. Cold-based attacks only reduce the cube's acidic damage to 1-4 points for 1 day.

If flames are tossed down onto the cube, they blaze up quickly (some oil happens to be on the surface of the cube), and the rope catches fire, burning up out of sight. The flames do their normal damage plus an additional 1d8 flame damage from the oil on its surface. The cube writhes and twists under the flames and, two rounds after the flame is applied, unleashes a great, flaming bubble of gases upward. These gases cause an acrid cloud to fill 40' of the corridor; the cloud obscures normal vision for 1d12 rounds.

The cube contains the scattered bones of two human skeletons, rusted remnants of two metal helms, and numerous belt buckles, daggers, and long swords. The head of a hand axe, its handle long since absorbed, is easily spotted floating within the cube. There are also 33 cp, 5 sp, and 12 gp scattered throughout the cube, and a *ring of mind shielding* (detailed in the DMG) suspended in it.

Oozes/Slimes/Jellies – Gelatinous Cube (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 4; hp 27; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Paralyzation, surprise; SD Special; SZ L; ML 10; XP 975.

If the rope isn't burned away, PCs may jump to the hanging rope and swing across with a successful Dexterity check, a failure signalling a fall into the cube. Each use of the rope rings a great bell overhead.

The rope vanishes into a 2' diameter hole in the ceiling, and the rope is connected to a bell up above. The bell is attached to a ring-bolt at the top of an otherwise unremarkable 30' shaft. A round after the bell first sounds, three **stirges** swoop down from roosting-edges high in the shaft. PCs are at an AC penalty of +5 while swinging. The stirges emerge only to attack characters swinging on the rope; they know exactly where their prey



is whenever the bell rings, adding to their accuracy. Any stirge attack forces a character to make a Strength check to avoid a fall into the pit and onto the cube.

Stirge (3): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 8 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Blood drain (1d4 hp/rd up to 12 hp); SZ S; ML 8; XP 175 each.

2I: Here a skeletal human arm protrudes from under a huge 2' × 3' × 5' stone block, reaching in vain for rescue. The crushing stone fell from the ceiling, leaving a cavity. Adjoining the cavity is another unstable block that falls whenever dislodged by PC probes, missile fire, or the like. It also falls when anyone tries to move the block in the corridor. It strikes at THAC0 5 and does 5d4 points of damage on a direct hit or 2d4 points of damage for a glancing blow. Dexterity checks cancel any glancing blow damage (the character dodging out of the way), and reduces an indicated direct hit to a glancing blow. Anyone within 10' of the first block is at risk, but only one being can suffer a direct hit.

Several PCs must work together to shift the fallen block; a combined Strength total of 44 is required. Under the block are the crushed, splintered bones of a human, the rotting remnants of robes, a broken foot-long stick of wood (once a wand), a broken, rusting iron dagger, and a purse, which contains 3 cp, 14 sp, and 6 gp. The skeleton's other hand (not visible until the stone is moved) wears an intact ring of feather falling (detailed in the DMG). There is no other treasure here. The skeleton (not undead) was once a minor adventurer-wizard, Ezigrym Blackbranch, of Baldur's Gate.

2J: At any point marked with this number, adventurers find small, glowing spots of light moving on the walls, floor, and ceiling. These things look like fist-sized clumps of hairy caterpillars. They are tiny, ambulatory colonies of glowing fungi known as "deepshine."

Deepshine are non-intelligent, and have an armor class of 9. They move towards light and water (MV 11), and away from prodding sticks, grabbing hands, and the like. They make faint, annoyed squeaking sounds if disturbed. There is a 5% chance per "deepshine" examined that the sticky hairs of its body carry a fallen key, coin, or ring (type and value determined by the DM).

2K: on the map denotes a storeroom; its door is always locked, making lockpicking or forcing necessary. These "deep storerooms" have no known owners at present. They are used only by the most daring shady dealers of Waterdeep, and the most daring deep-dwelling merchants of the underearth regions. DMs are encouraged to fill these storerooms with a variety of goods aside from the examples below. Their current contents are as follows (roll 1d4 to determine storeroom's contents):

1. This storeroom contains five full, heavy carrying-casks (barrels 3' long and 2' in diameter, with rope-handles), easy lugging for two men. They are also silvery-gray with age; whoever put them here forgot them or tasted ill fortune nearly a decade ago. The wine within them is now only sour vinegar. A high wooden shelf holds three unlit pitch-torches. These are damp and musty, but burn with a thick, heavy smoke and a slightly moldy smell for 30 minutes. There is nothing else of interest or value in the room.

This storeroom contains three crates, each containing 66 small brass oil-lamps shaped like dragon-heads with open, smiling jaws (each worth 1 gp). Each lamp has a (damp but usable) wick, but there is no oil to be found here. The crates are nailed securely shut.

A rotten, unstable three-legged stool lies on its side in a corner of the room, but there is nothing else of interest here.

This room contains sixteen long, flat wooden boxes, securely sealed along all seams with pitch. Each box contains fine silk scarves and sleeves (for human tailors to attach to gowns of their own making). Some of the sleeves are slit and puffed, and others are inset with small silvered pebbles and metal "gleamlings;" the scarves are worth 6 sp, and the sleeves 2-4 gp each (4-8 gp/pair).

This storeroom contains 8 empty strongchests: sturdy wooden hump-topped "treasure chests," all of their edges reinforced with brass strips and nailed in place. These chests weigh about 10 pounds each when empty, and have locks, each with two large brass keys. Their internal dimensions

are 2' wide × 1 1/2' high × 4' long, and they are made to take heavy loading. The chests are stacked in an untidy pile, with a huge, hairy black spider poised atop them, its eyes glaring.

The spider, whose body is fully 4' across, stays motionless. It is merely a stuffed guard-decoy, with silvered eggshells for eyes. On its underside is a black cloth tag bearing the words: "Sruubitus the Fanged/#34/Ghalkin's Fine Taxidermy/Luskan." (DM's note: if this room is duplicated, alter the name and number of the guard-decoy, possibly even the species of stuffed guardian.)

2L: One step in this descending flight of stairs (located where the number appears on the map) contains a pressure plate that descends slightly when stepped upon. This plate (and only this) triggers the trap: a section of wall at the head of the stairs rises, unleashing a huge, irregular oval stone disc with bevelled edges. The disc, freed from a sloping cavity behind the wall, comes crashing erratically down the stairs, rebounding from wall to wall and showering PCs with stony shrapnel.

PCs must make two Dexterity checks to avoid the disc; they gain a -1 bonus to the rolls if hugging the walls, and a -2 bonus if they climb, leap, or fly to the ceiling. If one check fails, the disc strikes the character a glancing blow, doing 2-5 points of damage. If both checks fail, the disc strikes the character squarely, doing 4-16 points of smashing damage, and carrying the character down the stairs with it. All fragile carried items have to save against both "fall" and "crushing blow," or be destroyed.

Any character carried by the stone disk must make another Dexterity check during the flight. If successful, the character is left behind on the stairs by the plunging disc, suffering a further 1d4 + 1 points of falling and crushing damage during the trip. If the save fails, the character is carried all the way down the stairs for 3d4 points of damage. PCs automatically fall off the disc at the bottom of the stairs. At the foot of the stairs, the disc smashes into the eastern wall, breaks down a section of dry-laid stone there, and falls into a pit beyond.

The displaced stones shower the foot of the stairs; characters carried by the disc must save vs. death magic or be struck by 1d6 + 1 stones, each doing 1-2 points of damage.

The stone disc exposes a cavity in the eastern wall at the bottom of the stairs; this cavity is home to 3 guardian flying spiders, a rare species of "large spider" that has translucent, gossamer wings. These arachnids, freed from the stasis Ha-laster entombed them in, rush out from the cavity behind the wall and wing angrily to the attack.

The bites of flying spiders do 1 hit point of damage and force a save against Type A poison at +2. If the throw fails, the victim takes 15 hit points of damage; 1 point of damage is taken per minute, the loss starting 10-30 minutes after the bite. If the save is made, no damage is suffered.

Spider – Flying (3): Int Non; AL N; AC 4; MV 6, Fl 12 (C), Wb 15; HD 1 + 1; hp 9 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Poison; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175 each.

2M: always indicates a monster lying in wait. The DM should decide whether or not a monster is present at the time, and choose a creature from any encounter tables. The DM also needs to determine the circumstances of the encounter.

Monsters waiting at 2M are usually predators, ready and waiting for the party. If intelligent, they may have trip-wires, trapped chests, barricades, loaded crossbows, and the like ready to make catching "dinner" that much easier.

2N: All four edges of the (unlocked) door to this chamber are sealed with black wax, and the hand of Bane (symbol of the god) has been repeatedly impressed into the wax seals. In the center of the door, in a diamond-shaped frame, the following Thorass inscription is scratched: *"Here sleeps Ontheer, Beloved of Bane. Disturb his rest at thy peril. The Black Lord lays curses upon those who desecrate what he holds dear Know, violators, that Bane calls for thee."*

The inscription warning refers to a "Calling Curse": anyone present when the tomb is opened will be attacked within a 'moon' (month) by an agent of Bane. This agent may be a living priest or a servant creature (undead or otherworldly). In this specific case, Bane (or Cyric) sends 3 **baneguards** (described in the Monster Guide) of maximum hit points (36 each) to attack any offending being. The baneguards always attack on an occasion when beings are alone at night or in darkness.

If the door is opened, a *light* spell is triggered and fills the room with a red light,

lasting for seven hours. The tomb beyond the sealed door contains a stone bier (a simple stone block covered with a shroud). The skeletal body of Ontheer, once a 10th level human male priest of Bane, lies moldering here. Ontheer is not undead, and nothing occurs if his body is disturbed. Ontheer clasps a *staff of withering* (19 charges) (described in the DMG) to his breast.

If this staff is touched by any non-worshipper of Bane, the staff momentarily glows with an amber radiance, and the staff itself whispers (in Common, in a cold female voice): "Ye be not of Bane! Stand clear!"

Nothing more happens unless creatures of non-lawful evil alignments ignore the warning and actually pick the staff up. "Submit to Bane!" the voice hisses, angrily and insistently. If the staff is not put down within 1 turn, or if the being holding it tries to wield it in battle, that being is immediately struck by a 3-charge *withering* attack from the staff—save vs. spell or the wielder's arm shrivels up, becoming useless. This effect occurs regardless of the staff-holder's wishes and commands.

Lawful evil beings can use the staff without this danger, although the staff reminds them to submit to Bane whenever they pick it up. Non-lawful evil beings willing to suffer the recurring effects of the staff (it will strike back at its wielder at the end of every 3-turn period of cumulative holding) can wield it normally, commanding its power against others. This staff can even be used against beings faithful to Bane. Whenever it is in the hands of a being not faithful to Bane, all of the faithful of Bane (priests, lawful evil lay worshippers, created creatures such as baneguards, and the like) within a quarter-mile radius are aware that an enemy of Bane is near, and know the enemy's direction and approximate distance.

This staff needs no command words; it is controlled by will.

2O: A discarded long sword lies on the corridor floor here. It is non-magical steel, unscabbarded, and in good repair. A small paper tag is affixed to its hilt with wire. It says in Thorass: "Arguld Alonseir of Westgate, Gentleman Adventurer/His #3 Dragonslaying Sword/Lower Rack/Please Return For Reward."

Arguld is long forgotten in Westgate, but he is very much alive and well in Waterdeep, living as a dashing and rich adventurer-merchant. His current level,

accomplishments to date, and interests are up to the DM (and hence are not detailed in the NPC chapters of this work).

Arguld could serve PCs as a tutor, client, patron, or foe; certainly, he will recognize his own sword if a PC wearing it enters the same Waterdhavian tavern that he's sitting in. Ever the gentleman, Arguld will demand (politely) to know how the PC got it before any accusations and incriminations fly. (Arguld had a squire, one Blasker, who fled in terror during an adventure in Undermountain's depths. Blasker abandoned the weapons-rack he carried on his back, but he took several weapons with him—including this one.) Depending on how the DM wishes to use him, Arguld may wish to buy his sword back, or steal it from the offending character. No matter what his actions, however, he is always incredibly polite and proper.

2P: A small pouch lies on the floor. It is limp but heavy, and proves to be full of finger bones and teeth cut or extracted from orcs and other unfortunates.

2Q: A wall-stone here is marked with a faint wavy line, scratched out by a sharp-pointed weapon or tool. A PC examining the walls for specific features, or searching for a secret door, will automatically spot it. Otherwise, each PC has a 20% chance of noticing it.

The marked stone can be pulled out of the wall to reveal a small cavity behind it. The recess contains a purse and a stainless steel vial. The purse contains only 8 cp, 4 sp, and 2 gp, but the vial is a *potion of healing*.

2R: This area is a boneyard; the area is littered with the cracked, gnawed, and split bones of a variety of creatures (including humans). Whatever laired here and left these grisly remains is now gone, leaving behind nothing of value.

If PCs search for at least 3 rounds, they find three "long bones" (thigh bones) large enough to use as clubs (normal 1d6 damage).

Each round one is used in combat, there is a 1 in 6 chance it will break, becoming useless. If this is during a round in which it strikes a hit, the bone slivers do an additional 1-2 points of damage.

2S: An old, massive iron hook projects from the wall here, and a skeleton hangs from it by its short chains. The now-skeletal body dangles in midair, boots about two feet off the floor. The skeleton



faces outward, its frame slumped against the wall in death.

The corpse is that of an orc, killed roughly three months ago. (He tried to cheat his companions, adventurers from the Spine of the World, who found a way into Undermountain via the tunnels of the underearth). The orc, formerly called Hussagh, is stripped of weapons, and treasure-but his legs are encircled by about a foot of good hempen rope. His leather armor has started to rot on his bones, and his boots are mere tatters. There are no rot grubs, diseases, or similar menaces in or on the corpse.

2T: This marks a *teleport*, probably created by Halaster. These magical mini-gates seem to work constantly (although a DM may have one "go dead" at random times). They are activated by the mere arrival of a creature of any size. The presence of the *teleport* is unmarked, but they are denoted on the dungeon maps by the location of the key numbers.

The *teleported* being seems (to onlookers) to have silently and instantly vanished—suddenly "not there" without fanfare or flashing lights. There is no known weight or volume limit to these features: beings holding hands or linked by a rope may vanish by the dozens once the first being in the chain enters the "trigger" area of the *teleport*.

To the being undergoing the "jump," there is a sudden silvery haze everywhere—an empty silvery void in which the only visible objects are the being's body, belongings, and other creatures, if any, undergoing the "jump" with him or her. There is a brief sensation of falling (no fall or damage occurs), and then the surroundings (in the destination area) are suddenly different. Beings passing through these *teleports* always forfeit initiative to beings present at their destination, during the round of their appearance.

On the map, "two-way" teleports are marked in pairs: "2TA" goes to "2TA," "2TB" to "2TB," and so on. One-way teleports carry a number as well; thus, "2TE1" goes to "2TE2."

There are no known instances of these short *teleports* being trapped, or having more than a single cycle or "jump." For examples of multi-jumps, see the **Gates of Undermountain** chapter.

2U: At this spot, a piece of parchment is stuck to the floor by an old, dark blood-

stain that partially overlaps it. It says, in Common: "Onagh waits in the shop. Bring the usual. He wants beholder eyestalks, if ye can get any." (The origin and precise meaning of this note are up to the DM.)

2V: On the wall here is a scorch-mark, a 20'-wide patch of blackened ashes clinging to the stones from the ceiling to the floor. Within it is a humanoid-shaped gap or clear area. The sinister outline in the ash profiles a short, slender figure with arms outstretched in pain, spell casting, or supplication. (Its origin is up to the DM.)

2W: Thick, sticky webs crisscross the corridor at this point, blocking vision with their thick gray coating of dust. If contacted by an open flame, they readily burn, producing black, oily smoke. There is no monster here, and nothing of interest except an old left-hand metal gauntlet suitable for humans. The gauntlet was entangled in the webs and left behind long ago. Its metal is still good, and can be re-used. Attempts to wear the gauntlet as is will cause it to shower small metal finger-plates with every grasping, punching, or swinging movement, until nothing is left. (DM's may wish to place a *glim gauntlet* (see **Magical Items of Undermountain**) here instead to reward PCs if treasure hunting goes poorly and spirits need a lift.)

2X: This number marks the location of an old but still sturdy wooden bucket, roughly carved and caked with mud on the outside to keep it damp (and un-cracked). It stands uncovered and upright in the center of the corridor, half full with a bright green, sticky slime. Small whitish trails of slime lead down the outside of the bucket in several places, and wander away over the floor for several paces, before fading out. There are no creatures overhead, or anywhere in view.

Although this looks like green slime, it is not; it is the result of subterranean snails entirely consuming a bucket of once-wrapped cheese. The snails have long gone, leaving their slime-trails down the sides of the bucket. What is left in the bucket is unpleasant in appearance, smell, and taste, but is not actively poisonous or dangerous.

If the bucket is thrown, it breaks, splashing its contents in a broad spray that can blind an opponent for 1-2 rounds if it gets in the eyes. The slime has two other properties: its luminescence, glowing with a faint green light for 2d4

rounds, and its slipperiness (-2 on MV when underfoot, Dexterity checks required for leaps, dodges, and other like feats).

Attempts to fling the bucket's contents without the bucket fail; the slime on top has hardened into an elastic but very tough "crust" that prevents anything from leaving the bucket. PCs who use weapons, tools, or hands to delve into the bottom of the bucket can use what they dip out to paint messages, warning marks, and the like in the dungeon—the snail-slime behaves very much like whitewash.

2Y: A long-forgotten spell cast here causes a snatch of a song to be heard whenever PCs pass here. The singer is always a human female, but her song is both faint and in an antiquated dialect. Her song is melancholy, and if listened to carefully, seems to be about the loss of "a brave man" in the perils of "dragon's jaws and owlbear claws."

If magical means are used to listen more closely to the song, listeners hear a repeated refrain and a verse elaborating the lady's love for her warrior, his fighting prowess, and his untimely death in battle. The precise spell used, the song itself, and the identities of the singer and her lost one are up to the DM. The DM can easily have faint snatches of this song come to the PCs' ears in Undermountain as an oblique warning whenever they waste time, act without thinking, or blunder into danger unprepared.

2Z: This is a rough rockface tunnel, an unfinished excavation abandoned by the Clan Melairkyn dwarves (see **The Known History of Undermountain** chapter) ages ago.

No tools or rubble remain here, but PCs can free several head-sized or larger rocks with 4 rounds of work prying in visible cracks with weapons or tools.

DMs searching for new areas to expand and new tunnels and accessways to the deep levels can easily connect this area with new tunnels. If these tunnels are created by burrowing creatures, they are quite treacherous with steep inclines and may be inhabited by other burrowers. Smooth tunnels, presumably man-made, are no less dangerous—what if Halaster simply made a short tunnel with a number of *passwall* spells due to end soon?

Level Three: Core Rooms

Room #60: The Stalking Sword

The door to this area is made of plain stone, and it is locked. It opens inward, and shows no indication of any traps. The door does not shatter if struck with weapons, but it can be forced open. If PCs try to pick its lock, inform them that something breaks inside it as they work, so that the lock unlatches, but the metal pins that hold the door closed (projecting into sockets in the stone door frame) do not retract.

The party must force the door open by physical means, or by the use of a *knock* spell, to open the door at all. If they try to ease it open gently, the pins will hold fast. As the door opens, read the following:

The door hesitates, and you hear a momentary metallic shriek. Then the stone door shifts—and swings inward with quickly gathering speed.

You hear a loud crash-something wooden toppling behind the door. It is followed by a loud clatter, as something wooden bounces along the stone floor.

The room beyond is lit by two flickering torches set in brackets on both side-walls. In front of you are three scattered wooden crates (the source of the noise, no doubt), and a still-rocking wooden stool (its clattering is still audible). These things were obviously stacked against the door.

The room beyond them is clear, save for a wildly-swinging curtain which hangs across the center of the room. It is dark maroon in hue, and the space beyond it seems darkened. The just-disturbed curtain blocks your view of the back half of the room. From beyond it, there is suddenly a loud stony crash that shakes the room. It is accompanied by the high-pitched, unmistakable sounds of lots of shattering glass.

A band of adventurers, "The Stalking Sword," was sitting in this room (#60A) behind its dividing curtain, eating at a stone table. Their door guard, a thief, quaffed one-eighth of a *potion of invisibility* when

he first heard the PCs approach the door. He sprinted in from his stool with the whispered words, "Strong party of adventurers!" The adventurers thus reacted speedily when the PCs triggered their "warning bell" of stacked crates.

One blew out the table-lamp. Others overturned the table, sending their feast crashing to the floor. They all crouched behind the table, using it as a shield, except for the priest, who ran into an empty back room (#60B).

The adventurers were counting their booty as they ate, and a lot of gold coins and gems litter the floor, having fallen off the table. One gold coin even rolls, on edge, under the curtain towards the PCs. The total value of the treasure includes 134 gp, 12 50 gp value moonstones, 8 50 gp value zircons, 5 100 gp value garnets, and 3 500 gp value spinels.

To Fight the Stalking Sword

The party consists of two 5th level wizards (Thindrar and Dellozs), a 6th level priest of Talos (Morltarr), two 4th level fighters (Gulth and Phaeren), a 3rd level fighter (Findol), and the 7th level thief (Rhandaun). The Sword members are old friends and they have worked together for years. As a result, everyone acts in organized and experienced combinations, each anticipating certain actions from the other members.

They use this room often as a resting-place while in the dungeon, and have modified it for their needs. The curtain-pole doesn't quite reach the 10' high ceiling, leaving a 1 ½' gap above it. The Sword-members behind the curtain can look over it and see PCs movements reflected in two polished shields affixed to the ceiling just inside the door. They can't see specific PC actions too clearly in this way, but can see all movements into the room.

The round-by-round intended actions of the Sword adventurers are listed below, beginning the round after the table falls; they ready their weapons on the round they upset the table. The DM should modify these plans according to PC actions and combat results. Asterisks denote if a character is sheltered behind the table; the character will bob up from behind it to act, exposing himself for as short a time as possible.

1st Round

* Thindrar: Casts 5d6 *fireball*, centered just outside the entry door to the main room.

Dellozs: As quietly as possible, reads *minor globe of invulnerability* scroll, out of sight in #60B (10% chance of failure). If Dellozs fails in using the scroll, there is a 95% chance that the spell is lost but nothing happens. Alternatively, there is a 5% chance that Dellozs becomes especially vulnerable to all spells for 8 rounds—he will fail all saves, and take maximum possible damage).

* Morltarr: Drinks a *potion of fire resistance*.

* Gulth: Throws an axe (1d6 dmg) through the curtain (THAC0 17, at -1 due to poor visibility).

* Phaeren: Same action as Gulth.

Findol: Jerks curtains open (20' wide gap in center).

Rhandaun: Hurries soundlessly as possible to side-wall, and down it towards the entry door (and the PCs). He waits until after the *fireball* explodes, avoiding its area of effect.

2nd Round

* Thindrar: Casts a 2d4 *flaming sphere*, and sends it rolling at PCs, its path running toward the door and the largest grouping of PCs. After one round, Thindrar leaves the *flaming sphere* in the doorway, blocking any escape until round six.

Dellozs: From the dark doorway of #60B, casts a *slow* spell at the PCs (can affect 3 PCs).

* Morltarr: Casts a *hold person* at any charging PC or obvious spell casting PC

* Gulth: Same as 1st round (throws axe at THAC0 18); can melee any PC reaching the table, protecting Sword spell casters.

* Phaeren: Same as Gulth.

Findol: Same as Gulth.

Rhandaun: Waits for chance to backstab a PC spell caster, ruin spell casting with a thrown dagger, or grab any obvious wand, rod, or magical weapon. Once he has revealed himself, the thief tries to drink another quaff from his potion and then move to an unexpected location to launch another attack. He will continue this process until one side decisively wins the melee, or he is



down to two quaffs of potion left. If the Sword is on the losing side, he uses what remains of his invisibility to escape, running toward the Sargauth.

3rd Round

- * Thindrar: Casts a *sleep* spell at any rear guard or obvious spell caster PC.
- * Dellozs: Casts a 2d6 flaming *sphere* to appear just beyond curtain, and sends it rolling at PCs. Dellozs also abandons control of the sphere at the end of the round, stopping it within 3' of the door to block escapes.
- * Morltarr: Casts a *hold person* at any charging PC or obvious magic using PC.

Gulth: Charge and melee (scimitar: 1d8).

Phaeren: Same as Gulth.

Findol: Same as Gulth (broadsword: 2d4).

Rhandaun: See 2nd round actions.

4th Round

- * Thindrar: Casts a *magic missile* spell at any known spell casters, or the nearest threatening PC.
- * Dellozs: Same as Thindrar.
- * Morltarr: Casts a *hold person* at any charging PC or spell casters.

Gulth: Melee.

Phaeren: Melee.

Findol: Melee.

Rhandaun: See 2nd round actions.

5th Round

Thindrar: Repeats 4th round action (unless melee prevents).

Dellozs: Repeats 4th round action (unless melee prevents).

Morltarr: Repeats 4th round action (unless melee prevents).

Gulth: Melee.

Phaeren: Melee.

Findol: Melee.

Rhandaun: See 2nd round actions.

If the Sword is losing badly, he'll simply try to slip out the door while he is still *invisible*, getting away and stalking the PCs thereafter. He follows the PCs through the dungeon, waiting a chance to attack when they're weak, unprepared, or busy fighting another opponent. If hotly pursued, he can scatter a bag of marbles to trip up any character pursuing him (Dexterity check at -2, one check each round for two rounds, once the marbles are scattered: if the check fails, the pursuer falls for 1 point of damage and slows to half MV rate on the following round). Rhandaun has two bags of marbles,

both of which have the same effects on pursuers. If one is emptied onto the face of a spell caster below a climbing Rhandaun, any spell casting in that round is automatically ruined.

6th Round

Thindrar: Repeats 4th round action (unless melee prevents).

Dellozs: Repeats 4th round action (unless melee prevents).

Morltarr: Repeats 4th round actions unless a fellow Sword member needs healing. He will then use *cure light wounds* on his comrade.

Gulth: Melee.

Phaeren: Melee.

Findol: Melee.

Rhandaun: See previous round.

The DM must modify the listed Sword members' actions as the encounter is run to best challenge the PCs. Sword members behind the table can hurl decanters of wine at the PCs, for example. Perhaps Morltarr can use his *command* spell on a threatening PC—commanding "Sleep!" and Rhandaun can try to dispatch the fallen PC if he can reach the body.

If the tables are turned on the Sword members and they begin losing the battle, the mages attempt escape first, casting *web* spells on opponents and sticking them to the table, the walls, or even to each other. The fighters usually continue the fight, covering their comrades' departure; any members who escape the room flee to the northwest, attempting to reach their small boat on the shores of the Sargauth.

If the PCs flee from battle at any time (includes retreating from the door upon triggering the crates), the Sword waits, regroups, and follows them, stalking the PCs through the dungeon and planning for an ambush. The Stalking Sword's standard ambush involves casting *web* spells into the corridor, immobilizing the characters, and further casting *fireball* and *flaming sphere* spells into the sticky webs. This inflicts much of their damage, the fighters easily handling any survivors.

If the Sword wins the fight, they strip all of the PCs and leave them dead, wounded, or otherwise—in this room to fend for themselves. The search of the PCs is thorough, and they are bound together in pairs with tight ropes once stripped of armor and weapons. The Sword-members will tell the PCs sneer-

ingly that "The Stalking Sword has shamed them," and then leave. The dangers Undermountain poses to defenseless PCs, burdened by wounded comrades and bereft of all gear, are considerable—and could make for a fascinating 'run for survival' adventure.

Those of the Stalking Sword

The statistics given for the Sword members are complete from the beginning of the encounter when considering weapons and memorized spells. The weapons listed do not include axes thrown or magical items used during the rounds described above. The members of the Stalking Sword adventuring company are as follows:

Dellozs hm W5: AC 7 (Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 15; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon: 1-4 (daggers x 2); D 17, I 17; AL CE. Spells (4, 2, 1): *magic missile* x 4; *flaming sphere*; *web*; *slow*.

Findol hm F3: AC 3 (banded mail); MV 12; hp 35; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 +2 (broad sword), 1-6 + 2 (short sword), 1-4 +2 (dagger); S 18 (+ 1 to hit, +2 dmg.), C 17; AL CE.

Gulth hm F4: AC 2 (banded mail plus Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 41; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 + 1 (scimitar), 16 + 1 (short sword), 2-7 + 1 (mace); S 17 (+ 1 to hit, + 1 on dmg.); D 16; C 18; AL NE.

Morltarr hm P6 of Talos: AC5 (chain mail); MV 12; hp 29; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon 2-7 (mace), or 2-8 (morning star); W 17; AL CE. Spells (5,5,3): *command*, *cure light wounds* x 4; *flame blade*, *hold person* x 4; *animate dead*, *dispel magic*, *pyrotechnics*.

Phaeren hm F4: AC 2 (splint mail plus Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 31; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 +2 (scimitar), 2-7 + 2 (mace), 2-8 + 2 (two-handed bastard sword); S 18 (+ 1 to hit, + 2 on dmg.); D 16; AL CE.

Rhandaun hm T7: AC 4 (leather armor plus Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 36; THAC0 17 (15 if throwing daggers); #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (long sword), 1-4 + special (daggers x 5—Rhandaun can throw 2 daggers per round, range 1/2/3); D 18; C 17, Ch 16; AL NE. SA Poison daggers (Paralysis-venom: victim must save vs. poison

at -3, on each dagger's first strike only, or be paralyzed instantly, for 2d4 rounds).

Thindrar hm W5: AC 6 (Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon: 1-4 (daggers x 3); D 18,118; AL NE. Spells (4, 2, 1): *magic missile* x 3, *sleep*, *flaming sphere*, *web*, *fireball*.

Room #61: Eight Heads Are Better Than One...

You open the unlocked door to this room and see a bare-walled room, dimly-lit by an eerie green glow that comes from a tall-backed, grand-looking stone chair at its far end. The rest of the room appears empty.

This 40' x 80' room contains nothing save the throne at its far end, and the imminent feeling of danger. The ceiling is 10' high and has a number of irregularly placed holes in the ceiling; each hole is roughly 1 1/2' in diameter and has some dark substances (mud, offal, and straw) suspended along its edges. At the far end of the room from the entry-door is the glowing throne; it is actually 60' away, centered from the side-walls. There is a 20' space behind the throne.

This throne is set in the center of a raised circular dais (10' diameter) and cannot be moved without breaking it. It is covered by a green *continual faerie fire* spell (see Spells chapter). It has faded, discolored red velvet cushions on its arms and seat. If these cushions are removed, seams can be found in the stone arms, running around the seat.

The arm-stones can be opened to reveal storage niches: the right one contains a foot-long stick of wood, and the left one contains two identical glass jars. The jars are each three inches in diameter, an inch deep, and they contain something greasy or cloudy. The stick is a *wand of wonder* (44 charges remaining), and the jars both contain *Keoghtom's ointment* (5 applications each; each cures one poison or disease, or heals 1d4 + 8 hp of damage).

If any weight is placed on the seat of the throne itself (e.g. by someone examining the seat, or sitting on the throne), there is



a mechanical, metallic clanking overhead, and an old, stout iron cage falls through seams in the ceiling to surround the throne and the entire dais. Any PC struck by the falling cage is hurled aside (outside the cage), and dealt 1d2 points of damage; no one will be pinned by the cage.

The cage extends to the ceiling, enclosing the throne and the circular dais all around. The cage is very sturdy; even if characters combine efforts to bend its bars, allow each of them only the usual chance to bend them (separate rolls for each character). Any single location on the cage—one particular spot on a bar for everyone to focus damage on, for example—has AC0, and can take 240 points of damage before parting. If PCs attack the cage, keep track of time, and roll for attracted monsters.

The cage can be lifted fairly easily, however. Allow a +2% chance (added to a character's base) per point of Strength above 15 involved in lifting. Thus, a single character with a Strength of 15 has the usual 7% chance, but a comrade with a Strength of 16 has a 12% chance, not 10%. When beings work in combination, take the strongest being's base score, and add 2% per total cumulative points of Strength over 15, counting those points for each character involved.

Behind the throne, hidden to viewers from the door, lies a mysterious stone object. It is a 4" thick, heavy semicircular stone—or rather, half of a cleanly-broken circular stone or disc. It resembles a granite millstone, except that, few millstones

are covered with a webwork of complex, unreadable, utterly unfamiliar runes. The runes and the stone are strongly magical, but the runes are almost all meaningless symbols. If a *comprehend languages*, *read magic*, or similar spell is used upon them, all that can be read, among many other magical glyphs of Art, is the phrase: "Joined, the gate opens, and foul fiends are loosed." For the use and significance of this object (which PCs can freely carry away with them, if they wish), see Room #63, below.

In a hidden room above the chamber lairs a hydra. Its chamber can be entered only through the ceiling holes or by use of a 20' x 20' secret door located in the ceiling behind the throne. The hydra cannot open the secret door, and will not be lured out of its lair to fight. The hydra lurks, not showing itself unless PCs poke objects, hurl missiles, or cast spells through the holes into its lair; these actions bring on immediate attacks. It plans to wait until PCs reach the throne before it sticks its heads down through the holes, and attacks.

The hydra is a Lernaean specimen: for every head severed, it grows two more (to a total of twelve). The new heads form in 1-4 rounds, unless flame is applied to the neck within 1 or 2 rounds of a head's destruction. It will pull its heads back to avoid obvious spell attacks or magical item discharges. It also withdraws when brought to only 2 surviving heads; its main body is immune to attacks.



Hydra — Lernaean (1): Int Semi; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 8 (initially); hp 8 per head; THAC0 12 (initially); #AT 1-8 (initially); Dmg 1-8 (8-10 heads), 1-10 (11-12 heads); SA Extra heads; SD Extra heads, body immune to attack; SZ G; ML 8; XP 3,000.

The hydra's room mirrors the size of the room below. It contains some mouldy straw, a few bones too big to gnaw into fragments and eat, and the creature's treasure—inedible bits and pieces brought up into its room with unfortunate victims. These widely-scattered prizes include: three rusty human-sized suits (shirts and leggings) of banded mail, 14 daggers, 6 short swords, 3 maces, a warhammer, a long sword broken into two pieces, a twisted large diamond-shaped metal shield, a dented halfling-sized helm, 13 cp, 2 sp, 6 gp, and a *long sword +2, white dragon slayer* (described in the DMG).

Room #6 2: The Hall Of Many Pillars

This is a complex encounter; the DM must be totally familiar with everything in this room before the PCs begin exploring the area. When the PCs open the entry door, read the following:

Thick mist curls and drifts everywhere in this room; through it, you can dimly see a stony forest of many pillars stretching from floor to ceiling. From somewhere ahead comes a repeated, rhythmic thumping sound.

This room is crowded with many tall, fluted stone columns, and its floor is always covered with swirling, cloaking mists. This hall is the lair of a vampire; he customarily is found in the clear, mist-free area in the center of the room. He calmly sits in a rocking chair, smoking a long clay pipe, and hatching schemes to raid noble villas in Waterdeep. (The rhythmic thumping is the sound of the rocker in motion.)

Thearyn Shalahd

If PCs penetrate to this central area, they will discover the chair empty (still rocking), and the smoldering pipe lying on a footstool. An ornately carved cuspidor stands beside the chair; from it hangs a bulging tobacco-pouch.

In life, Thearyn was an 18th level adventurer-wizard, once of Lantan. In undeath, he retains his spells and the ability to use them. The vampire, Thearyn Shalahd, is served by two watchghosts and six bonebats; for further information on these monsters, consult the new Monstrous Compendium pages in this boxed set and the Monster Guide within *Undermountain Adventures*.

Thearyn will try to gain spell books and magical items from all intruders, using the traps in his room and his servant monsters. He is searching for a way to augment his magical powers so he can master the creation and control of *gates*. Once this is accomplished, he can roam the Realms freely, and reach other places he has heard of (such as the demiplane of Ravenloft, and certain "worlds in crystal spheres where undead are said to rule," a cryptic reference to the SPELLJAMMER™ campaign setting).

Thearyn Shalahd can drain two experience levels per successful strike, and charm PCs by his gaze (save vs. spell at -2). He can only be hit by +1 or better weapons, is immune to poisons, paralysis, *sleep, charm, and hold* spells, and suffers only half damage from cold-based and electrical attacks. Thearyn can *spider climb*, or *shape change* into a large bat—he must be in this form to fly. He can even assume a *gaseous form* at will. Holy water and lawful good holy symbols burn him for 2-7 points of damage.

Thearyn's maximum number of memorized spells are 5,5,5,5,3,3,2,1. When encountered, he does not have his full contingent of spells memorized. At the initial encounter time, Thearyn knows only the following spells: *affect normal fires, comprehend languages, detect magic, mending, read magic, detect invisibility, knock, know alignment, pyrotechnics, ray of enfeeblement, dispel magic × 3, infravision, tongues, minor creation, polymorph other, solid fog, wall of ice, passwall, telekinesis, wall of stone, lower water, permanent illusion, forcecage, power word stun, mind blank, sink, Mordenkainen's disjunction*. The vampire casts his wall spells to split up his foes during battle; they can be cast diagonally across the corners of the room, or even fully across the room, running parallel and between the pillars.

Thearyn can cast one spell per round, provided he is not actually injured in melee. Halaster's magics prevent him from

summoning bats, rats, or any other creatures to his aid. He only has the guardians he has created, and they are located in this room. He will use his spells from a distance at first, while the bonebats and watchghosts hold off attackers, and then close in when any intruders are weakened.

If brought to less than 20 hit points, Thearyn will use his spells to break out of his lair, and flee through Undermountain in *gaseous form*, taking routes that run through monster lairs known to him, to discourage PC pursuit. His coffin, along with a duplicate spell book, rests in a hidden cavern (secret door entry) on the slopes of Mount Waterdeep, where he established his tomb long ago. Since achieving undeath, Thearyn has slain all of his former apprentices and associates in the city, so that no living being knows of the existence of his tomb.

Thearyn Shalahd — Vampire (1): Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC 1; MV 12, Fl 18 (c); HD 8 + 3; hp 60; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 5-10 (1d6 +4 hand dmg.) or by spell; SA Energy drain, S 18/76 (+2 to hit, +4 dmg.), *charm gaze*; SD +1 or better magical weapon to hit, spell & poison immunities, *gaseous form*; MR Special; SZ M; ML 16; XP 5,000.

Thearyn's Guardians

The six bonebats here (these guardians serve the vampire, and are not "battle-bats") and the watchghosts have orders to snatch and try to carry off all books and weapons (especially weapons that glow, move by themselves, emit fire, or take the form of short sticks of wood) used against them. Watchghosts also use their ability to detect magic to root out hidden power for their master. They always bring any collected gear to the vampire and return to the fray; if the vampire is in the midst of a fight, he will drop the items down a pit trap for later examination. If no magical weapons and items are used against them, they fight to kill.

The bonebats deliver a chilling bite which paralyzes all humans and demi-humans (except elves) for 3-8 (1d6 +2) rounds, unless a successful saving throw vs. paralyzation is made. The bats are immune to all forms of paralysis, and to *sleep, charm and hold* spells. They are turned as ghouls, and attack until brought to 3 hit points or less. They can see *invisible creatures and objects* within 60 feet.





Like skeletons, bonebats take only half damage from piercing or edged weapons. Holy water and *protection from evil* spells and related wards do not affect them. They can snatch and carry single objects weighing up to 3 lbs.

Watchghosts can, by will and gesture, cause all magical items within 60' to glow with a cold white radiance for 2d4 turns. Watchghosts are immune to *charm*, *sleep*, and *hold* spells, and to all poison, petrification, polymorph, cold-based, and death magic attacks. (Against other spells, apply their magic resistance.)

The watchghosts are able to pass through stone at will, attacking characters from the walls or floor or even the ceiling of this room. They grab at the PCs' magical items and them, inflicting 2-16 points of *chilling touch* damage. Their magic resistance, intangibility, and flight abilities make them formidable foes.

A watchghost's *chill ray* works against a single being, once per round, to a maximum of 9 times per hour. This 90' range ray can penetrate magical protections and barriers of less than 6th level, and strikes at THAC0 6. Victims must save vs. death magic or suffer 2d12 points of damage and fall into a slumber ended only by *dispel magic* or by time: 22 turns -1 turn per level.

Bonebat (6): Int Low; AL NE; AC 7; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 4; hp 31 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (chilling bite + paralysis); SA Special; SD Special; SZ M; ML 20; XP 975 each.

Watchghost (2): Int As in life (15, 18); AL LE, LN; AC 1; MV 9, Fl 9 (C); HD 7 + 2; hp 51, 46; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA Chill ray; SD Insubstantial, no turning; MR 25%; SZ M; ML 19; XP 4,000 each.

Pits

Besides these guardians, the vampire's lair contains seven 10' x 10' x 20' deep pit traps. These pits have floors lined with sharp, rusty sword blades (salvaged from earlier victims) set on edge. Falling damage is 2d6, and landing on the blades does additional damage (1d4 points + the victim's AC in points of damage).

A zombie waits against the wall at the bottom of each trap. It will attack all intruders, inflicting 5 points of damage to its own feet and legs while attacking by stepping on the blades.

Zombie — Common (7): Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 15 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Pillars

The pillars that crowd the lair are also dangerous to intruders, and are of two sorts—those that contain secret doors and those that are magical. The pillars closest to the walls of the room—the external row of pillars—all contain secret doors. The pillars in the inner row around the center of the room are magical.

The secret doors open into cavities within the pillars where **ju-ju zombies** wait to pounce on those opening the door (one exception is noted below). There is one such zombie per pillar, totalling 17 ju-ju zombies in all.

Zombie — Ju-ju (17): Int Low; AL N(E); AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 12; hp 26 (each); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SA Special; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special (treat as 20); XP 975 each.

The magical pillars have the ability to imprison living beings (with all worn or carried items) that touch them. The victims are drawn inside the pillar they touch, and frozen in a form of magical stasis; a saving throw versus spell, at -6, is allowed against this effect. A saving throw must be made every time a living being touches one of the magical pillars, even if a being's earlier saving throws have been successful. The vampire and all his servants are immune to the pillars' magic.

The pillars are AC0 and can withstand 170 hp of bludgeoning-weapon damage each before shattering (edged weapons do half their normal damage to the pillars). Shattering the pillars frees but also kills any creature entombed within. These pillars can be empty when found, or they may contain missing NPCs or PCs—particularly those who were lost in an earlier dungeon trap or encounter, and are "presumed dead." Each pillar can only contain one prisoner—if any pillars are occupied, PCs may inadvertently free *imprisoned* PCs and NPCs.

Prisoners can be freed from the pillars in four ways:

1. the vampire's will and touch;
2. the casting of a *freedom* spell (the reverse of imprisonment) as the pillar is touched by the caster;

3. a properly-worded *wish* or *limited wish*; or
4. magical item discharges or spell use directed at the pillar.

The fourth method works as follows: when magic is cast at one of the magical pillars, it turns translucent, revealing the motionless prisoner within. (The other type of pillar remains solid; its undead occupant is not revealed.) The pillar absorbs all magic spells (except *wish*, *limited wish*, and *freedom*) without any physical damage to the pillar. Note that spells still affect their intended areas and targets, but the pillars absorb any magic which touches them; for example, a *fireball* still explodes in its radius and deals its damage, but its magic levels are absorbed by one pillar within its area of effect (DM determines which pillar gets the magic unless the spell is directed or focused at a specific pillar).

For every seven charges or spell levels (e.g. a *fireball* counts as three spell levels) absorbed by the pillar, a single letter (in Thorass) appears on the outside of the pillar. Successive letters will appear in a row to form a word. If this word is spoken, the pillar expels trapped victims and all their items; the pillar then turns solid again.

All of the pillars have command words of 6-9 letters in length, such as "Oblora," "Neudane," "Shokkaroth," "Klaever," and "Hundarr." These command words do not change; PCs who learn them can use these pillars as handy hiding-places while exploring in the dungeon.

Treasure Pillar

The solid pillar closest to the northeastern corner of the room does not contain a zombie, but has instead a long, coiled rope extending up into darkness (a narrow shaft within the hollow pillar). If PCs pull on this rope to loosen it, they will discover that it is a pulley. A small bell will ring (to warn Thearyn against thieves), and they will be able to lower a large sack, containing Thearyn's treasure.

The sack contains several items. They range in size from a small ivory box to a large slate-bound book. Also included are a long wooden box, a bundle of green wool, and a heavy leathern bag. The sack itself is of well-used leather, kept in good condition over the years.

Wrapped up in a fine woollen cloak of dark green hue (itself a *cloak of protection* +2), there is a large copper loop. On



the loop are threaded four plain brass rings: a *ring of feather falling*, a *ring of fire resistance*, a *ring of jumping*, and a "ring of invisibility" (actually a *ring of delusion*).

There is a long, dark case in the sack. It is made of finely-polished shadowtop-wood, hinged and edged with silver-plated steel, and lined with red silk (in all, worth 3 gp). In this case are four foot-long, tapering polished sticks of wood. Each is carved with a word, near its butt: "Corloraun," "Haldass," "Irmbror;" and "Tulthchann." These are the command words of wands: a *wand of earth and stone* (17 charges), a *wand of size alteration* (26 charges), and two "dormant" wands. The PCs simply won't be able to activate the latter two items, though they bear dweomers and are identical in appearance to other wands. The "dormant" wands are not useful until some future event occurs; this event is decided by the DM, who should also determine the powers of these two 'mystery wands' at the time they are brought into play. All of the preceding magical items are detailed in the DMG.

Also in the sack is a small (5" x 5" x 2" high), flat, plain ivory box (value: 7 gp). Its lid slides off in grooves to reveal the contents: a black silk garter and a coin-sized plate of human bone, carved and polished into the semblance of a staring eye. These items are actually a *band of denial* and an *eye of aiming*, respectively; both items are detailed in the Magical Items chapter.

There is also a stout book, of parchment pages locked with iron hasps between two pieces of black, smooth-polished slate. It is a spell book, the spells recorded one to a page; the book has six blank pages at the end. Thearyn's spell book details the following spells: *affect normal fires*, *burning hands*, *comprehend languages*, *detect magic*, *identify*, *mending*, *read magic*, *wizard mark*; *detect invisibility*, *glitterdust*, *knock*, *know alignment*, *locate object*, *pyrotechnics*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *whispering wind*; *dispel magic*, *fly*, *infravision*, *tongues*, *water breathing*; *detect scrying*, *magic mirror*, *minor creation*, *plant growth*, *polymorph other*, *shadow monsters*, *solid fog*, *wall of fire*, *wall of ice*; *animate dead*, *chaos*, *Nulathoe's ninemen* (detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures hardcover sourcebook), *passwall*, *summon shadow*, *telekinesis*, *wall of stone*; *enchant an item*, *guards and wards*,

lower water, *permanent illusion*, *transmute water to dust*; *forcecage*, *power word stun*, *reverse gravity*, *vanish*; *maze*, *mind blank*, *permanency*, *sink*; *energy drain*, *Mordenkainen's disjunction*.

There is finally a leather drawstring-bag, heavy with coins (43 cp, 21 sp, 36 gp, and 18 pp), and a small copper coffer (worth 5 gp) which contains satin wrappings. Within the satin folds are a tiny ivory statuette of a mermaid (worth 4 gp) and gems: six 5000 gp rubies (deep crimson red, crown cut); and four unusually large sapphires, each worth 4,000 gp (clear blue, cabochon cut). DMs are urged to modify this hoard to fit the individual campaign.

Room #63: The Circle Unbroken

This largely bare room is lit by a red radiance emanating from the stairs and floor of a raised dais. It dominates the room from the eastern wall, and on it is a stone disc or circular trapdoor. Atop this is a large pile of bones.

The doorway of the room, the corridor outside within 40' of the door, and the first 20' of the room's depth are all an invisible magic-dead area. The guardian necrophidius (see below) will not leave the dais for this reason.

The dais is covered by a *continual faerie fire* (see Spells chapter), and causes any beings in contact with the floor to glow lightly. Any magical items carried and even polymorphed and invisible beings are enveloped in a flickering white aura. Beings within this room can fight as if in normal lighting conditions, an effect of the glowing auras. The dais contains only bones and the stone circle. The bones are actually a coiled-up guardian monster that rises up and "dances" when PCs touch or step over the top step of the raised dais—any contact on the dais also activates the guardian, so flying or levitating beings who land on the dais do not avoid its attacks.

The monster is a **necrophidius** whose powers are summarized in the Monster Guide in Undermountain Adventures. It is a skeletal worm whose head is a human skull, and has a hypnotic "Dance of Death" (save vs. spell or suffer hypnotism (as the spell) due to swaying

movements). Its bite also has a paralytic poison (save vs. poison or be immobilized for 1d4 turns, onset time immediate).

Necrophidius (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 2; MV 9; HD 2; hp 16, THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Paralyzation and special; SD Immune to poison and mind influencing spells; SZ L; ML 20; XP 270.

The circular stone the bones lie upon is actually only half of a broken disc, covered with runes. It matches the one found in Room #61 exactly. If PCs are foolish enough to join them together, an open gate is instantly created, connecting this room with one of the Outer Planes. Through the gate in the first round of its formation comes a single imp.

On the rounds that follow, the following creatures will appear:

2nd round: three hell hounds;

3rd round: one hell hound and two quasits;

4th round: four imps; and

5th round: 2 hell hounds and three other monsters of the DM's choice (not detailed here).

This open gate only works to allow creatures into Faerun—and may be destroyed merely by pulling the stones apart. Of course, this is something the arriving monsters try to prevent.

Hell Hound (6 possible): Int Low; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 6; hp 40 (each); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA Breathe fire (30' range, 6 hp dmg); SD Special; MR Standard; SZ M; ML 13; XP 659 each.

Imp (5 possible): Int Average; AL LE; AC 2; MV 6, Fl 18 (A); HD 2 + 2; hp 16 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1 Tail sting); Dmg 1-4; SA Poison (save or death) suggestion once/day; SD Polymorph and invisibility at will, immune to cold, fire, electricity and harmed only by, silver or magical weapons; MR 25%, SZ T; ML, 10; XP 650 each.

Imp – Quasit (2 possible): Int Low; AL CE; AC 2; MV 15; HD 3; hp 22 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-4; SA Poison (save or -1 Dex for 2d6 rds), fear blast once/day of 30' range; SD Invisibility, polymorph, regeneration, harmed only by iron and magical weapons; MR 25%; SZ T; ML, 8; XP 650 each.



The quasits can *polymorph* into bats or wolves, while the imps can *polymorph* themselves into large spider and giant rat forms. They do so only to escape PCs, fleeing or hiding in the dungeon. All the creatures here carry no treasure.

Room #64: The Carnelian Cavern

PCs are enticed into this area by a glimmering light, twinkling far away down a side-passage. Once PCs find and start down the rough-hewn passage that leads to this area, read the following:

The rough-walled passage is lit by a soft glow coming from somewhere ahead. The tunnel descends a few feet, and widens out into a cavern of wondrous aspect. The cavern is lit by a soft white glow coming from a 5' radius black stone disc set on the floor of the cave. Engraved on the disc are letters, in Thorass, and they spell out the word "Doom." Around (but not on) the disk are dried clumps of dirt and mud, some impressed with footprints which lead out of the cavern.

The room is silent and empty of life. The black disc is the arrival and departure point for a two-way *gate* known as "Doomgate." It links the Chamber of the Fallen (Room #51 on Level Two) with this cavern, and it operates whenever anyone steps onto the disc, or touches it (directly or with any reaching aid or other object). Beings appearing on the disc prevent it from *gating* beings to Room #51 while the new arrivals are on the disc, and for a round afterwards.

This cavern appears to be an abandoned carnelian mine; the walls of this once-volcanic cavity are studded with concentric orange, red, and brown bands of carnelian. Large areas have obviously been worked-stony debris cut away, and slabs of gemstone cut neatly away from the parent rock.

The material found here is exceptionally fine stuff. Like all carnelian, it is a "hardstone," carved into small pieces for jewelry use; its minute crystals are far too small to be cut, shaped, and polished as gemstones. PCs working here can carve out 12,000 gp worth of usable carnelian per day of steady toil; check for attracted monsters every 6 rounds.

Once PCs enter the cavern, 3 **medusae** will come through the secret door leading east to the Sargauth, blocking off the PCs' exit. These cruel beings are the owners of this mine, and sell its riches in Skullport from time to time. They don't want word of its location or existence getting out, so they will fight to kill all the PCs, not permitting escape if they can help it.

The three medusae generally lie in wait just outside the cavern, and one screams as if in pain, hoping to lure out any chivalrous or curious PCs. Once one PC is turned to stone, the medusae simply block the passageway, and stare into the cavern. Two of them will rush into the cavern, using their reptilian tresses to poison their opponents (save vs. poison or die); one remains back to block any escapes, or to provide her own quick escape from powerful beings. All the medusae are armed with short swords and they will use the weapons if their special attacks fail more than once.

Medusa (3): Int Very; AL LE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 6; hp 42, 38, 31; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 or by weapon: 1-6 (short sword); SA Petrification (30' range gaze), poison (1' range); SZ M; ML 14; XP 2,000 each.

None of these creatures carries any treasure. PCs who are trying to avoid the medusae's gazes must make Intelligence checks each round to avoid doing so. On any round that the check fails, a saving throw against petrification is required. Creatures successfully avoiding the medusae's gaze suffer a +1 AC penalty, and -3 on their attack rolls against the medusae.

Room #65: The Lost Cavern

A secret door provides the only access to this area. When PCs traverse the rough-walled, natural entry passage and reach the larger cavern, their light sources suddenly die (no light, not going out!), and they are surrounded by impenetrable darkness. Backing up to within 10' of the outside corridor causes the light to reappear; advancing again causes it to vanish once more. In this room, Halaster's magics cause utter and continual *darkness*. For this reason, this cave is sometimes called "The Dark Cavern."

A properly-cast *limited wish* or *wish*

will cause the *darkness* to vanish until replenished by Halaster. A *dispel magic* or *anti-magic shell* will allow non-magical light sources to operate normally within their areas of effect—but the *darkness* remains like a solid wall at the borders of the area of effect.

This room contains the "Thundergate," a one-way *gate* exit out of Undermountain. It leads to The Rat Hills, the garbage dump outside Waterdeep; this area is described in its own chapter, in *Undermountain Adventures*). Use of this *gate* is complex due to its activation requirements.

The *gate* is activated only by the initial passage through it of a human female or an elf, half-elf or halfling (of either sex). Other beings may use it for nine rounds after its activation—one being per round. However, if the first person to pass through it is not one of the above "approved" beings, the *gate* will be inactive, no matter who tries to use it, for 3d8 rounds. A party of male humans or dwarves can never use the *gate* without aid. The hammer-throwing, raging reaction of one famous dwarf, upon discovering this, gave the *gate* its best-known name.

The use of the "Thundergate" is further complicated by the fact that it must be found physically; it has no visual clues as to its existence. PCs must usually feel around the room to locate its contents. The *gate* is simply a gap between two standing stones, at the back of the room. Between the standing stones and the entrance lie two skeletal human corpses, a broken, empty clay jug, and a waiting snap-jaw trap.

One of the skeletons is clad in intact bronze plate mail (AC4) and bears a dagger and a short sword, and the other has a long sword and a sturdy metal shield. These remains are not undead, and have no purses and other treasure.

The snap-jaw trap is set 10' into the cavern, directly north of the tunnel entrance. It does 1d4 + 4 points of damage to any who blunder into it, and pins a limb of the being caught. It lies as a metal circlet on the floor with a large metal trigger-plate in the center. A PC encountering it in darkness must make an Intelligence check and a Dexterity check to avoid being caught. Only the Dexterity check is necessary if the PC knows about the trap, or has a light source operational.

The trap snaps shut loudly if disturbed,



but magically resets itself by the next round if it catches nothing. If it grasps a limb, the trapped being must make a successful Bend Bars roll to get free. After a successful Bend Bars roll, the PC must make a successful Dexterity check to avoid a further 1d3 points of damage from the trap scraping shut on hands and limbs while pulling the trapped limb free. Beings caught fast in the trap must make a Dexterity check each round. If failed, they suffer 1 hit point of damage on that round as the trap bites further into the trapped limb.

Adventurers familiar with the Thundergate who send lone females or elves into the room to feel for it are warned that other monsters sometimes lurk in the darkness, waiting to feed. The DM has a free choice of monsters, such as mongrelmen, hook horrors, mimics, and the like.

Room #66: Flamegard

Entering through the unlocked door, you let it swing inward to see a room whose surfaces are all covered with black soot. Fire raged here, heavily and often, in the past; the smell of burnt matter still hangs faintly in the air. At the far end of the room are three large piles of ashes. In the low light, something golden glints on top of one of the piles. The room appears otherwise empty.

This room is the lair of a female **vampyre**, a rare sort of vampire sometimes misnamed "fireghost." Detailed in the Monster Guide, she is a standard western vampire that is immune to fire of any sort. Her touch—when the vampyre is in solid form—can act as a *produce flame* (2nd level priest) spell. She hides behind the opening door, and attacks when PCs either look behind the door or approach the piles of ash. She tries to set the clothing of several PCs alight, and then attacks them while they are busy trying to disrobe, affect healing, extinguish the flames, or move precious items such as scrolls away from harm; Dexterity checks and item saving throws apply to successfully remove burning clothes and save flammable items. PCs touched with flame take 1d4 + 1 points of damage, and any flammable materials on them are set afire. She attacks for two rounds and

then halts her attacks, asking for battle to stop. If allowed, she explains that "I thought you were more of Thearyn's servants coming to attack me!" If PCs continue the attack, the vampyre will either assume her *gaseous form* and leave the room or attack with earnest, screaming about her loneliness.

This vampyre was once a female human merchant of Waterdeep, Spadreera Omarkhont. She now appears as a slim, svelte, beautiful (but dirty) creature clad only in ash-covered tatters, her eyes glittering with red fire and much of her hair all burnt away. She has all the powers of a vampire in addition to her flaming touch: 18/76 Strength (+2 to hit and +4 damage); *charm person* by gaze (save vs. spell at -2); immunities to poisons, paralysis, *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells; and half damage from cold-based and electrical attacks. At will, Spadreera can *spider climb*, *shape change* into a large bat (she must be in this form to fly), or assume *gaseous form* at will. Holy water or lawful good holy symbols burn her for 2-7 points of damage.

Spadreera Omarkhont — Vampyre
(1): Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 1; MV 12, Fl 18 (C); HD 8+3; hp 60; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 5-10 (1d6+4) + produce flame effects; SA Energy drain (two levels/strike); SD +1 or better magical weapon to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML 16; XP 3,000.

This unfortunate ex-merchant's treasure has been reduced to a lump of melted, joined gold, visible in one of the piles of ash. It is worth 29 gp. The other piles of ash contain only charred bones, and a plain brass ring: a *teleport ring*, detailed in the Magical Items chapter of this book.

Spadreera is scornful of Thearyn (see Room #62) and avoids him. ("Imagine—a mage of that power, and yet he surrounds himself with lesser creatures to fight for him!") She is secretly afraid of his power, not wanting to come under his control, despite her loneliness.

Spadreera is lonely, more than anything else. She'd like to chat and gossip about Waterdeep—regularly, with someone she could regard as a friend—and will try to befriend any beings who survive her initial attack, and cease hostilities when she offers to.

PCs who befriend Spadreera never

need fear attack from her again. She will not accompany PCs out of the dungeon, and is reluctant even to leave her lair—but she will meet PCs at agreed-upon places elsewhere on this level, and even aid them against encountered monsters. She does not appreciate being used, however—PCs would be wise not to try to dupe her into fighting every other monster on this level.

Spadreera will plead to any befriended creatures for visits—"as often as possible!" In return, she can guard treasure for PCs, give them all the (sadly outdated) information she knows about the intrigues and secrets of Waterdeep, and give them advice on trade (she was a very shrewd merchant). Her lair can become a hideout and "safe house" for PCs, if they conduct themselves in the right manner. Spadreera's alignment and tendencies are overruled by her loneliness; she will look for prey and opportunities to unleash her cruelty elsewhere, among the monsters that roam this level, and never harm PC "friends." She will even nurse injured PCs faithfully back to health without attacking them!

Room #67: Dragonsbane Cavern

This dark cave contains the hacked and scattered skeleton of a huge dragon. Any PC mages can deduce that the remains are from a gold dragon: no dragon could have used this as a lair without the ability to change its size (a small number of gold scales can also be found in crevices and buried in the dust and rubble). The dragon's teeth and claws have been removed, and its skeleton is surrounded by the tell-tale scorch marks of a *fireball*, broken weapons, and fallen rubble. There is no treasure left here now except, lost in the rubble, a single vial: a *potion of extra-healing*. It takes four rounds of extensive searching to find the vial.

Room #68: The Eye's Lair

For maximum excitement, it is recommended that PCs be introduced to this complex through "The Eye And The Hand" adventure, found in the *Undermountain Adventures* book within this



set, rather than stumbling on it while exploring this level on their own. The adventure introduces the cavern complex and its areas are described here in the order that PCs participating in that adventure will find them. None of the buildings' interiors are mapped and DMs can design these to fit the campaign and the PC levels; they need only conform to the exterior designs of the buildings given on the main map.

#68A: Slave Entry Cavern

Slave-raiding bands, such as the Hand, bring captives and prospective slaves through *gates* and arrive here. The Eye itself controls the *gates* to this vast cavern. This huge, 75' high cave has a flat, sandy floor, and is split into two parts by a massive, buttressed stone wall. The entire chamber is brightly lit by *driftlights* (see the **Magical Items** chapter, under *glowing globe*).

Above the 60' high wall, netting is stretched to block anything flying over the wall. Up at the ceiling where the netting is affixed, many bats can be seen wheeling and flapping amid a forest of stubby stalactites. The top of the netting, the upper walls, and the stalactites are lit by large patches of amber and green-white phosphorescent fungus.

The 90' long wall is pierced by massive gates in its center, flanked by square guard-towers. The gate is blocked by a large heavy wood door (80 hp damage to break asunder); beyond the gate is a massive portcullis (standard Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll to pass). Atop each tower is a strange turret—a wooden shield pierced by six giant crossbow shafts. One of these turrets bristles atop each tower, and three sit along the walls on each side of the towers, totalling eight in all. The turret ballistas swivel slowly, with creaking noises, to point right at the PCs or any arriving captives.

Once the PCs or any other captives arrive, a 3' high door opens in one of the *gates*. Out scramble twenty small creatures—**kobolds**—each carrying a net and a club. This sally party trots towards the new slaves, intending to subdue any beings that are still resisting capture.

This entry cavern of the Eye's slaving lair is defended by forty kobolds: the sally party of twenty and the gunners. The kobold sally party (which can be played for

laughs, if the PC party is still very strong) makes the initial moves to subdue intruders. Two of the turrets will fire only if the kobold party flees and signals. If the intruders are few, the wizard (see below) will strike before the turrets do. The remainder of the sally party falls back to defend the gate at the wall, drawing their short swords and falling into rows two deep in front of the gate.

Each turret can fire once every five rounds, at THAC0 12; the gunners are well trained and have practiced this type of target shooting for months. Each 'shot' unleashes six giant, finned crossbow shafts—treat the bolts as medium ballista bolts (3d6 points of damage each when fired at the PCs); the bolts can hit random targets within a chosen 10' square area, no target being hit by more than one bolt per round from any one turret. PCs can pick up any stray bolts after they are fired, wielding them as spears (1d6 damage). The turrets can be reloaded from behind the shields, but take an extra round to tilt downwards once the PCs are within 20' of the wall.

If PCs gain control of the turrets, they can be turned around (a process requiring two rounds) and fired at the guards' quarters beyond. The curvature of the cavern prohibits bolts from the three turrets on the southern half of the wall from reaching beyond the slave auction hall/negotiating rooms building, except as harmless ricochets. The turrets of the northern part of the wall can fire missiles as far as the north wall of the Abode of the Eye (#68I). None of the turrets can reach any part of the docks, or the guest house.

It will take the PCs seven rounds to completely reload a turret ballista (three rounds if they only reload two of the six quarrel-channels). In their hands, a turret will fire at THAC0 16, regardless of level or weapon proficiencies. The towers each contain an armory of 60 of the giant crossbow bolts used by the turrets, and each turret maintains a stock of 18 ballista bolts each.

High up on a dark ledge near the zenith of the cavern ceiling waits a grim pair: a griffon steed and a lone wizard armed with a *wand of paralyzation*. If undue resistance is encountered, he will fly down to disable intruding spell casters, using a ring-shaped *wall of force* spell and his wand.

The wizard is Randulaith, a neutral evil 7th level wizard, and he is further detailed in the NPCs of Undermountain chapter. His memorized spells (4,3,2,1) are as follows: *magic missile* × 4; *detect invisibility*, *ESP*, *web*; *dispel magic*, *lightning bolt*; *charm monster*. He carries a *wizard eye* spell scroll, and wears a plain tunic and breeches.

Randulaith will watch the kobolds deal with any intruders who arrive in the entry cavern free of the control of the snatch band. If necessary to intercede, he flies down and uses his wand to eliminate resistance. He concentrates his attacks on those intruders he judges to be the most dangerous spell casters, and tries to remain out of reach on his steed.

The **bats** in the chamber are normalized, and avoid combat. If PCs are paranoid, persistent, or merely, bloodthirsty, they can attack the bats, provided their weapons can reach the 75' high ceiling where they fly about. There are 77 bats in the cavern, if anyone cares to hunt them all down and count them.

There are no piercers in the cavern (or anywhere else in the Eye's complex). However, a **giant spider** has taken up residence in a few roof crevices, using the nets above the fortress-wall as the basis of its web. It has been left alone by the defenders, simply because its presence strengthens the vulnerable net area. It will scurry down the netting to attack anyone who tries to pierce the netting or travel on or through the netting.

Bat — Common (77): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8 (4 in full flight); MV 1, Fl 24 (B); HD 1/4; hp 2 (each); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Confusion; SZ T; ML, 3; XP 15 each.

Griffon (1): Int Semi; AL N; AC 3; MV 12, Fl 30 (C, D if mounted); HD 7; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-16 (claw/claw/beak); SZ L; ML 12; XP 650.

Kobold — Sally Party Guards (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 (each); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon: 1-6 (short swords), 1-6 (club), 0 (net—entangles opponent); SZ S; ML 10; XP 7 each.

Kobold — Turret gunners (20): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7 (10); MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 (each); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon: 1-6 (short swords) or 1-4 (small javelins × 3); SZ S; ML 10; XP 15 each.



Randulaith hm W7: AC 6 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; hp 26; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon: 1-4 (dagger); D 18, I 18; ML 12; AL NE. Spells: see above.

Spider — Giant (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 3, Wb 12; HD 4 + 4; hp 34; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Poison (Type F: immediate death if save fails, no damage if save succeeds); SZ L; ML 13; XP 650.

Room #68B & C: The Back Ways Out

Two natural exits from the entry cavern, to the north (#68B) and west (#68C), are webbed shut with many interwoven, dust-cloaked, massive spider webs. PCs have to cut or burn their ways through these; cutting the webs is an exhausting task gaining them about 10' of progress a round, while burning them yields thick, choking smoke and the same rate of progress. Fireballs will clear a 10' radius per die of damage out from their focal points). The webs fill the passages back to where they open out into chambers.

In both passages, 6 **gas spores** are embedded in the webs, in random locations, where they will explode if disturbed by the PCs. Each gas spore explodes in a 20' radius for 6d6 points of damage (3d6 points if targets make a successful save vs. wands). PCs are infected if the gas spore contacts exposed skin; infected PCs need a *cure* disease within 24 hours or they die, sprouting 2d4 gas spores.

Fungus — Gas Spore (6): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 3; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg Spore infestation; SA Explosion; infestation; SZ M; ML 8; XP 120 each.

The northern exit (#68B) passes a westward webbed passageway (20% chance of noticing amid all webbing) and leads on to a cavern further to the north. This cavern is the lair of a huge otyugh, the gulguthra resting against this entrance to its cavern—the PCs must literally cut their way through it to proceed to the passages beyond. This monstrous **greater otyugh** is identical to the other gulguthra aside from the statistics given below. Once attacked, the greater otyugh will move around slightly to attack the PCs, though he will still block the passageway.

Otyugh — Greater (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 0; MV 6; HD 14; hp 90; THAC0 7; #AT 3; Dmg 2-20/2-20/1-6 (claw/claw/

bite); SA Grab, disease; SZ L; ML 17; XP 7,000.

Under the otyugh's body is its treasure: 46 gp and 12 sp, scattered loosely about, four normal long swords and a scabbarded long sword that gleams with *blueshine* when drawn: a *sword +1, luck blade* with 1 wish left.

The western exit leads to the webbed home of an enormous **giant spider**. It lairs amid scores of squirming, fist-sized hairy black spiders that the PCs must wade through, literally knee-deep to gain entry to the cavern. PCs in the lair are plagued by these crawling nuisances to the extent of being reduced to half movement rate, a +4 AC penalty, and automatically losing 1-4 hit points per round due to the constant biting of the spiders swarming all over them. Aside from its 4,000 + strong brood, the spider has no treasure.

Spider — Giant (1): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 3, Wb 12; HD 4 + 4; hp 36; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Poison (Type F: save vs. poison or death); SZ L; ML 13; XP 650.

Here and there about its cavern hang small webbed bundles: cocoons containing the bones of long-ago human victims. This is a good place for possible treasure, if the DM deems the PCs in need of help or reward.

Room #68D: Beyond The Kobold Wall

If the PCs get past the gate and the portcullis behind it, they will run right into the cavern's backup defense: a **death tyrant**. The undead beholder has seven operative eyes left, lacking its *charm person*, *charm monster* and *disintegrate* eyestalks.

Its orders are merely to knock flying PCs to the ground and keep them there, in the area of its anti-magic ray, while guards come to deal with them. It floats in the smaller area of cavern east of the gate, attempting to keep PCs within this area. The exit leads east, a natural passage whose walls are flanked by two stone, windowless buildings. A corridor runs between the two buildings, allowing defenders to hold off large numbers of intruders.

Beholder — Death Tyrant (1): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); hp 59; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000.

Room #68E: The Guards' Quarters

These buildings are the guards' quarters: living accommodations for the Eye's mercenaries. The Eye employs any number of races for guards, preferring **gargoyles**, **kobolds**, **half-orcs**, **orcs**, and humans. Kitchens and eating halls are also located within these buildings. Only 20 of the orcs will be on active duty here when the PCs arrive, lined up along the corridor leading from #68D. By order, they will fall back slowly to allow the PCs to enter the main complex; the Eye wants to gain slaves, not corpses.

An avenue of pillars leads east from the guards' quarters to an unguarded, open air square building that houses a large slave auction hall. It is furnished with descending rows of seats, a raised auction block and promenade, an auctioneer's podium, and several small negotiating rooms.

Beyond it, to the northeast, is a guest house for visiting slave-traders. It has its own kitchens, storage areas, and gargoyle guard (to ensure utmost safety for the guests).

Mercenaries

To avoid treachery and dissension in the ranks, the Eye has organized the mercenaries in positions relative to their strengths. Thus, the Eye is the overall commander, followed in officers' ranking by some gargoyles, half-orcs, and some bright 'leader' types from the orcs. DMs can make these forces as organized as they wish, keeping in mind that the Eye is an expert strategist and can, when present, organize his troops with ruthless efficiency.

Gargoyle (26): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, Fl 15 (C); HD 4 + 4; hp 33 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 11; XP 650 each.

Mercenaries — Half-orc F3 (21): AL LE; AC 6 (scale mail); MV 9; hp 22 teach); THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar) or 2-7 (flail); ML 12.

Mercenaries — Human F2 (44): AL LE; AC 7 (studded leather); MV 12; hp 18

Level Three: Core Rooms

(each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (long sword or battle axe, all carry both) or 1-4 (dagger); ML 12.

Orc (56): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6 (10); ML 9 (12); HD 1; hp 7 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar); SZ M; ML 12; XP 35 each.

Room #68F: The Slave Pens

The large, windowless structure thrusting out of the southwestern wall of the cavern accommodates the slave pens. It has three tiers, and it houses guards and 'honored guests' (prisoners) on the top level, slates in cells in the two middle levels, and monsters, traps, and sewage disposal below in the dungeon level. Each level has two doors leading out onto the building's exterior walls (level areas outside of the top and second levels have posted guard contingents); stairs all along the walls outside afford the guards easy access to any trouble.

Prisoner and slave cells have bare stone walls, ceilings, and floors, and iron-bar portcullis gates, each lifted by a winch (so that they can be slammed down in the case of trouble). The guards are gargoyles and orcs, with kobolds as the clean-up crews. A contingent of 20 orc short bowmen line the top of the first level (the area outside with four pillars), ready to fire at escapees or any other signs of trouble.

Gargoyle (36): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, Fl 15 (C); HD 4 + 4; hp 33 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 11; XP 650 each.

Kobold (28): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7 (10); MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 (each); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword) or 1-4 (small javelins x 3); SZ S; ML 9; XP 7 each.

Orc (56): Int Average; AL LE; AC 6 (10); MV 9 (12); HD 1; hp 7 (each); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (battle axe); SZ M; ML 11; XP 15 each.

Warning bells are everywhere in this building, triggered by any major movement of the cell-gates not controlled by the guards' winches (lifting the gate or bending its bars). Intruders and escaped slaves must exit by the corridors, which lead to two external exits on each level or to a central set of spiral stairs. If the alarm is raised, a pit trap is set and ready before each exit, but not by the stairwell. Stone rams begin to roll out across the corridor

behind the escapees (an illusion with sound and visual components), and the floor slopes down in front of them. The floor opens into a shaft falling down one level (2d6 damage) or two levels (4d6 damage), depending on the level of the escapees. If they try to leap or climb past the pit trap, a *wall of flame* covers each of the exits on the level where the alarm is sounded; the stairs are left clear for the guards to reach the rogues. DMs may also wish to create further escape deterrents-mimics can be put to excellent use as self-guarding exit doors!

The shafts drop miscreants into the dungeon level, into a cage of monsters. PCs may also fall into standard pit traps (refer to the cards included within the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set). The monsters caged here include carrion crawlers, ju-ju zombies, manticores, and skeletons. Guards usually let the monsters "play with their food" for awhile, placing bets on the survival of the beings trapped in the cage. If escaping beings fall into these pits, they are counted as losses, and only retrieved from the pits if they manage to kill the monster.

Carrion Crawler (9): Int Non; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 20 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 8; Dmg 1-2; SA Paralysis (Save or be immobile for 2d6 turns); SZ L; ML ; XP 270 each.

Zombie — Ju-ju (15): Int Low; AL N(E); AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 12; hp 30 (each); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 975 each.

Manticore (6): Int Low; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12, Fl 18 (E); HD 6 + 3; hp 47 (each); THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-8; SA Tail spikes (1-6 spikes—4 volleys/day, 1-6 hp dmg each); SZ H; ML 13; XP 1,400 each.

Skeleton (33): Int Non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7 teach); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (clubs); SD Special; MR Special (treat as 20); SZ M; ML Special; XP 65 each.

Skeleton — Monster (Ettin) (11): Int Non; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 6; hp 40 (each); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 or 2-12 (fists); SD Special; MR Special; SZ L; ML ; XP 650 each.

Prison breaks that reach the exterior of the slave pens are herded by four waiting death tyrants towards The Abode of the Eye. The undead beholders wait in-

side the four large pillars atop the first level, and are released when the alarm sounds.

Two have 7 operative eyes left (lacking *charm person*, *charm monster* and *disintegrate*), and the others have 8 eyes (lacking *charm person* and *charm monster*).

Beholder — Death Tyrant (4): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); HD 45-75 hp; hp 62, 59, 59, 41; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000 each.

Room #68G: The Food Stores

A tall structure southeast of the slave pens is set directly into the cavern wall. Its wails rise up in an angle, level off at 30' to make a small ledge, and extend on up to the cavern's ceiling which slopes up 50' above the floor. This area is always heavily guarded by gargoyles. The building is entered through a heavy wood door at the western edge of its outer wall.

Crates and barrels within this room contain enough food to last the Eye's complex land the average number of guests) for almost two years. This amount might also last a party of a dozen adventurers, and a half-dozen servants or hirelings, for about four- and-a-half years.

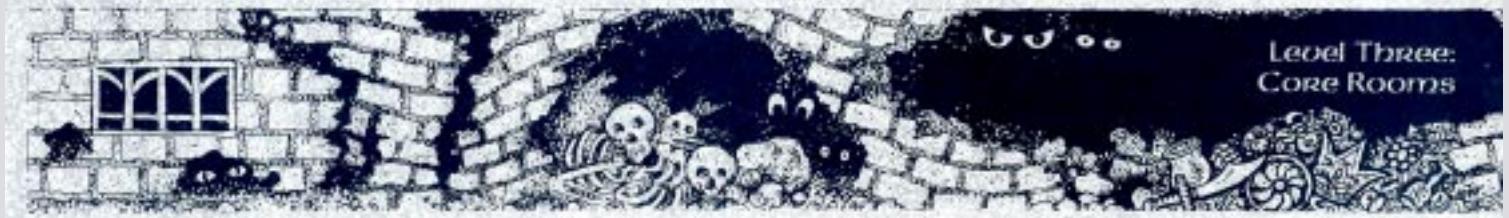
A guardian death tyrant is stationed on the ledge at the front of this building, with orders to fight off any attacks on the building (it interprets any actions in which one of the gargoyles raises the alarm or is visibly injured to be an attack). It has 8 operative eyes left (lacking *charm person* and *disintegrate*).

Beholder — Death Tyrant (1): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); HD 45-75 hp; hp 67; THAC0 11-5; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000.

Gargoyle (9): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, Fl 15 (C); HD 4 + 4; hp 32 (each); THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 11; XP 650 each.

Room #68H: The Rear Gate Warehouse

Due east of the Abode, a large structure spans the end of the cavern. It consists of warehouse storage and a fortified 'rear gate.' It also houses weapons training and



practice areas for the garrisoned troops and mercenaries.

It has two resident death tyrants on guard at all times, in case of treachery or a sneak attack from the surrounding caverns. Both have 7 operative eyes left (lacking *disintegrate*, *sleep*, and *fear*). As with all undead beholders, the charm person and charm monster eyes function only as weak hold monster spells: save vs. spell or be held with the eye's gaze; beings are motionless for 1-3 rounds after the eye's gaze is removed.

Beholder — Death Tyrant (2): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); HD 45-75 hp; hp 60; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000 each.

Room #68I: The Abode of the Eye

A short flight of stairs leads up to the large granite block building that serves as the lair of the Eye. This grand building consists of a huge hall, an interrogation-chamber above it, and treasure vaults below it; no stairs lead to these areas, only a 6' diameter hole in the ceiling and a number of circular trapdoors set in the floor of the grand hall.

Central Hall

The huge hall contains a ring of eight floating "globes with ten eyestalks and a large central eye," though they all vary slightly in appearance. Four are death tyrants, two are death kisses, one is a beholder, and one is a gas spore. All are loyal to, or directly controlled by, the Eye—an Elder Orb beholder that remains in the interrogation-chamber above. The death kiss is a new monster, detailed on its own *Monstrous Compendium* sheet included in this set. The four death tyrants appear alive and whole, but each has only 7 operative eyes left (lacking the three eyestalks that *charm* and *disintegrate*). The Eye will reveal itself only after its servants are destroyed; if any PCs are fighting directly below the entrance to the interrogation chamber, the Eye uses its *telekinesis* to pull the beings up one at a time and throw them forcefully into the cage for 8 points of damage (see below). The Eye's servants all move to prevent access to the upper chamber if PCs try to reach it during the fight.

Beholder (1): Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 3 (B); HD 45-75 hp; hp 47; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Special; SZ M; ML ; XP 14,000.

Beholder-kin — Death Kiss (2): Int Average; AL NE; AC 4/6/8; MV Fl 9 (C); HD 77-84 hp; hp 79, 77; THAC0 11; #AT 10; Dmg 1-8; SA Blood drain, ram; SD Regeneration; SZ H; ML 17; XP 8,000 each.

Beholder — Death Tyrant (4): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); HD 45-75 hp; hp 59 (x 2), 56 (x 2); THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000 each.

Fungus — Gas Spore (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 9; MV 3; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg Spore infestation; SA Explosion (6d6 points of damage (3d6 if save vs. wands successful) in a 20' radius), and infestation (on contact with exposed flesh, gas spore dies but infects victim: *cure disease* within 24 hours or die, sprouting 2d4 gas spores); SZ M; ML 8; XP 120.

Interrogation Chamber

The upper chamber measures 40' x 50' with a 12' ceiling. It contains a metal cage against the south wall (capable of holding eight humans), several manacles, collars, and chains connected to the eastern wall, and a stone table complete with leather straps and manacles.

Also in the room, on a high ledge against the northern wall, are several magical items that the Eye has managed to accumulate. They include any special items a DM wishes to introduce into play, and at least two of the following items (any charges determined by the DM): a vial of oil of timelessness, a ring of feather falling, a rod of flailing, a staff of curing, a wand of lightning, a cloak of arachnida, a pouch of 6 pinches of dust of dryness, a pair of gloves of missile snaring, and a suit of armor of missile attraction. Also present, in addition to any treasure the DM places here, are a band of denial and a twisted claw, described in the Magical Items chapter in *Undermountain Adventures*.

The Eye is an elder orb (described fully in the new *Monstrous Compendium* pages in this set)—an old, wrinkled, and extremely paranoid beholder. It has lost its *disintegrate* and *flesh to stone* eyes. The Eye is armed with a special mouthpick: a gimbal-mounted sphere of whirling, scything blades with a 16' reach. The weapon does 3d8 damage to S

and M-sized targets, and 3d10 damage to larger victims.

The Eye will try to find out all it can about the intruders before enslaving them—and will slay them only if it can't break their spirits and bind them into slavery. He will attempt to bargain with them to reveal treasure caches, information about activities in the city above and elsewhere in Undermountain, and so on.

The Eye — Elder Orb (1): Int Godlike; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 3 (B); HD 70-75 hp; hp 75; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (bite) or by weapon: 3-24/3-30 (mouthpick); SA Magic eye powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR 50%; SZ M; ML 19; XP 18,000.

Treasure Vaults

There are six treasure vaults beneath the great hall, entered by lifting huge circular stone trapdoors set in the floor of the central hall. If the trapdoors are opened while the Eye is still sentient and present (above the room), it can trip a lever in the interrogation chamber and spring its trap. The lever causes a ring of spears set in the lip of each open vault entrance to spring inward, thrusting at any descending beings with a THAC0 3 and striking for 1d6 damage each. The 12 spears meet at the center, effectively impaling any descending beings from all sides. The lever can retract the spears repeatedly to attack intruders again, each flip of the lever taking one round.

Each vault contains a guardian death tyrant, each missing its *cause serious wounds*, *slow*, and *charm* eyes. Each undead beholder attacks with its six remaining eyestalks, never revealing itself until two or more adventurers enter the vault. It then moves to the exit, attempting to keep beings from escaping.

Beholder — Death Tyrant (6): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); HD 45-75 hp; hp 63; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000 each.

The first vault contains 15 stout wooden chests. Each chest holds 1,000 silver pieces.

The second vault contains 20 stout wooden chests, each holding 1,000 gold pieces.

The third vault contains 20 stout wooden chests. Each chest holds 1,000 gold pieces.

The fourth vault contains 10 stout wooden chests, each containing 1,000 platinum pieces.

The fifth vault contains 10 stout wooden chests. Each chest holds 700 gp worth of ivory tusks and carvings.

The sixth vault contains 10 small, stacked brass coffers. Nine hold 100 of the following gems each: citrines (each worth 50 gp); zircons (each worth 50 gp); aquamarines (each worth 500 gp); garnets (light red: each worth 200 gp); pearls (large, pure white: each worth 200 gp); spinels (deep blue: each worth 500 gp); black opals (each worth 1,000 gp); jacINTHs (each worth 5,000 gp); and rubies (each worth 5,000 gp).

The last coffer contains an assortment of collected gems: 6 perfectly-matched sapphires of the largest size (worth 4,000 gp each, or 30,000 sold as a set); 14 peridots (each worth 500 gp); four large, polished, cacochon-cut pieces of azurite (worth 20 gp each); three large pieces of shaped obsidian (each worth 30 gp); three large pieces of rock crystal (worth 65, 70, and 90 gp each, respectively); and two matched tourmalines (red, worth 160 gp each).

Room #68J: The Docks

The main docks are directly north of the guest house, and are unguarded when the PCs arrive. The docks contain the waiting barge of the slavers Maskaddyr and Chuul of Calimshan. Sheltering the secondary docks and protecting the Eye's lair along the Sargauth, the fortress-island of the Eye contains another four turret ballistas (6 ballistas behind a wooden shield—see #68A). The fortress and its weapons are maintained by a garrison of 42 **kobolds**, fully trained in using the heavy, large weapons.

The garrison is also trained against a large-scale naval attack. In such cases, eight kobolds are needed to winch up metal nets fixed across the bottom of the river, on either side of the northern tip of the island. These nets can be raised in two rounds. They can stop only the smallest coracles, skiffs, rafts, and barges, but there are two separate nets. When both are raised, the southern channel leading to the Eye's lair is blocked and there is a narrow (approx. 6') channel leading around the island, along the northern shore of the Sargauth.

If hostilities break out, the kobolds then light and roll four crude objects out

into this channel: wooden drums sealed with pitch, half-full of air and half of *smoke powder*. (The garrison keeps 12 of these barrels prepared at any given time.) The pitch serves to seal the barrel, and to hold several oiled rope fuses that penetrate to the interior of the barrel. The kobolds thrust the mines out using long wooden poles; the barrels explode in 1d4 + 3 rounds, doing 4d6 blast damage to all beings within a 10' radius, and 3d6 to victims 11'-20' distant (no saving throw). Ships and items, if within the blast radius, take siege damage as if struck by a large catapult missile (see the DMG). Damage can be halved by submerging oneself, though objects and items gain no such bonus.

Two **death tyrants** are also located on the island, resting in shallow depressions in the sand within the arc of the western fortress-wall. They will rise at the Eye's command to use their powers against specific ships and individuals in the area; at least one death tyrant will *telekinese* a lit barrel of smoke powder onto the deck of any attacking ship or into the midst of a group of attackers. If attacked in the absence of any commands, they will fight any who attack them.

One of the death tyrants has 5 operative eyes left, lacking its *charm person*, *charm monster*, *sleep*, *fear* and *slow* eyestalks. The other has 8 eyes, lacking *charm person* and *charm monster*.

Beholder — Death Tyrant (2): Int Special; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); HD 45-75 hp; hp 61; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Eyestalk powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR Undead immunities; SZ M; ML 18; XP 13,000 each.

Kobold (42): Int Average; AL LE; AC 7 (10); MV 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 (each); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short swords) or 1-4 (small javelins × 3); SZ S; ML 9; XP 15 each.

Maskaddyr and Chuul

The Eye trades slaves with Maskaddyr and Chuul of Calimshan, two chaotic evil merchants who command the strong and ruthless crew of the *Stormkraken*, currently docked in Skullport. Maskaddyr is a fighter, and Chuul is a bald-headed priest of Bhaelros (Talos). Precise details of these two are left to the DM. They also trade in secret with drow raiding parties active in Undermountain and the Depths Below.

Maskaddyr and Chuul leave their ship in Skullport, and come to the Eye's lair on barges. Their clients are mainly cruel sattraps of Calimshan, engaged in exploring the jungles of Chult for profit and in need of expendable workers to search the wilds and clear some land for later use. Decadent southerners employ the masters of the *Stormraken* to obtain slaves and fighters for the gladiatorial arenas, a pastime that uses up many slaves. Some drow clans need laborers to dig tunnels and mine gems for them, and have found it impractical to raid the surface, finding dealings with the Eye and the Calishites much easier.

Refuge and Retaliations

PCs who enter the Lair complex and take refuge in a building are allowed to rest and regain their strength therein. Upon exiting the building, they will find large numbers of guards from the guards' quarters, plus any surviving death tyrants attendant on the building, waiting for them when they emerge. PCs fleeing the lair will then have to run a gauntlet of aggressive, alerted guardians. If the PCs defeat the defenders of the Abode (#68I) and the Eye but are unable to plunder the vaults, all the treasures will be gone the next time they return.

If the PCs do not manage to slay the Eye, it will rebuild its strength elsewhere. Later, it will return to this lair with even stronger defenses (notably, more death tyrants) and oust any invaders who dare to take up residence here. After any defeat, it will take steps to hire agents in the world above to find the PCs and enact revenge upon those who dared attack him in his lair.

Room #68K: The Three Pillars

The river Sargauth flows south from this point, although large vessels cannot pass the point where three pillars rise, the site of an ancient temple. A bridge once spanned the river, and is now fallen, also creating a shallow hazard along this channel. The Eye sometimes posts guards here to check barges approaching its lair.

The western shore leads to a ruined temple—this area is not mapped and is left for further development by the DM. A wide variety of monsters may be found among the rubble, and they attack only when intruders enter the temple areas.

PCs passing the point will see a **scaladar**: a metallic, mechanical scorpion



made by Trobriand, one of Halaster's ex-apprentices. It is immobile, resting 30' from the shore and directly north of the central pillar. It remains motionless unless creatures try to make a landing. It will attack when beings are disembarking from their boat and stepping on the eastern shore of the channel.

Its claws grip for 1-12 damage, repeating this damage each round unless a Bend Bars roll is successful. The scaladar absorbs *magic missiles*, using the energy to heal damage. Edged weapons, piercing weapons, and fire- or heat-based attacks do only half damage to the mechanical scorpion. For further details, see its *Monstrous Compendium* sheet in this set.

Scaladar (1): Int Non; AL N; AC 2; MV 9; HD 7 + 7; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-12/1-12/2-8 + special; SA Electrical "sting" (1- 12 dmg); SD Absorbs electricity and magic missiles; spell immunity; MR 35%; SZ H; ML ; XP 5,000.

Room #69: The Island Temple

Here, in days of old, now-vanished kuo-toans worshipped a gigantic, froglike monster as a god. The octagonal island temple, now in ruins, is all that remains. All treasure is now gone, and nothing lurks in the lake (unless, of course, the DM has other ideas). Crumbling stone jetties can be found around the shores of the lake, and eerie lights drift and dance among the temple's eerily silent arches and pillars.

The main temple building contains a raised octagonal dais. The "Temple Gate," a one-way *gate* from Room #34F of Level One, arrives here. Unless the DM wants to devise other adventures here, PCs arriving via the *gate* will find themselves without a boat, and with a patient escort of *will o' wisps* that will follow them through the dungeon, not attacking until the PCs are endangered and frantic. The *will o' wisps* are attracted to the PCs' fears and feed off of these when the party is forced into battle; the *will o' wisps* will not initiate battle, though they will fight back if attacked. A long, cold swim will probably be the first highlight of the PCs' explorations (with heavy armor and the like left behind).

If the PCs manage to get a vessel, the lights will form a silent, glimmering escort. They are affected only by *magic mis-*

sile, maze, and protection from evil attacks. There are nine *will o' wisps* in all, and none of them have any treasure; at the DM's option, treasure can lie at the bottom of the lake, possibly in area that other monsters consider theirs.

There is only one boat visible, pulled up on the south shore of the island (not visible to any beings entering this cavern from the north or west). The small boat is really a mimic in boat-shape. It maintains its boat-shape even if beings enter it and use it as a boat. It bides its time, and will attack once the "boat" is 40' from shore. The water is generally a depth of 25', and the mimic sinks into the water, using its adhesive covering to glue all carried PCs to it. It then rolls over, trying to drown any beings it has caught, and sinks underneath the water's surface. It anchors itself to the bottom of the lake with an adhesive pseudopod which is dislodged only by the mimic's death.

PCs must kill the mimic hastily or drown. Though most PCs can attack with weapons and hand-held items, the mimic's twisting and thrashing prevents any mages and priests from casting spells; there is also a 50% chance that a PC's attack may land on another PC stuck to the mimic—if this happens, roll an attack against the PC's armor class and determine damage normally. The PCs are all allowed two rounds of "safe" attacks, able to hold their breaths while underwater in the slow current. On the third round, and every round thereafter, all PCs adhered to the mimic must make a Constitution check. If a check fails, the character must breathe within two rounds or die of drowning. Once the mimic is killed, it releases its grip on the lake bottom and PCs can reach the surface at the end of the round. The mimic's body will float for seven rounds, and its glue will dissolve in five rounds, freeing the PCs. (The *will o' wisps* from around the temple will come and cluster over the water during the fight with the mimic, attacking when PCs attempt to swim to shore.)

Mimic — Common (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 7; MV 3; HD 8; hp 48; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12 (smash); SA Glue; SD Camouflage; SZ L; ML 15; XP 1,400.

Will o'wisp (9): Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC -8; MV Fl 18 (A); HD 9; hp 66; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA Special; SD Special; MR Special; SZ S; ML 17; XP 3,000 each.

Room #70: The Cavern of The Throne

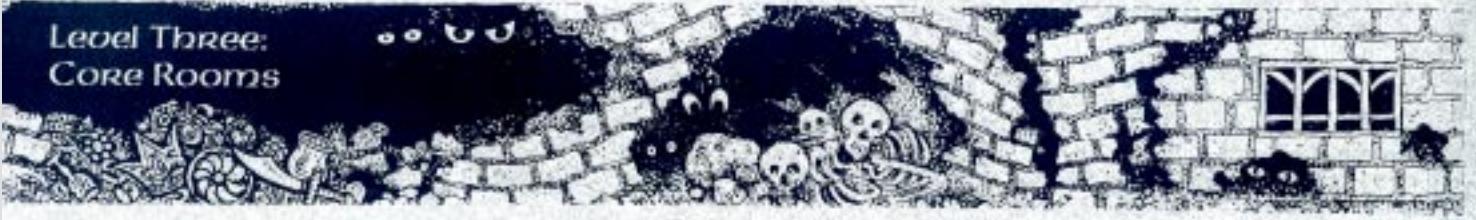
This large cave is brightly lit by a *continual light* spell which comes from a huge stone seat or throne. The throne sets atop a dais of six stone steps.

All of the *teleport rings* devised by the "Mad Mage" Halaster (see the **Magical Items** chapter) bring beings using them here. More specifically, hapless *ring-users* arrive at the bottom of the steps leading up to the throne, always facing the seat. A *ring-user* arrives stripped of all clothing and belongings, including magical items such as the *ring* itself. The lost gear is scattered all over Undermountain

This cavern is the lair of a powerful **blue dragon**, Aragauthos by name. She was trapped here by Halaster long ago, and she cannot escape by physical means. The surrounding rock is too hard for her to burrow through, her *lightning bolts* bounce right off the walls and floor, and she does not know spells which will allow her to escape out to the river. Halaster taunted her by saying that the glowing throne generates a magical *gate* that exits the dungeon—reaching a point two thousand feet above the spire of Mount Waterdeep; according to Halaster, the *gate* will only operate when Aragauthos has piled seventy-six intact human skulls on the throne's seat—there are forty-two there right now. Halaster is lying, of course, but Aragauthos, in her desperation to be free, doesn't realize that. The throne does bear a dweomer, and placing a skull on its seat does cause it to glow more brightly for 2d8 rounds.

The throne does have one power. Dedicated to Tempus long ago, it will *heal* and regenerate wounds suffered in battle for any character placed on it. It works only once per being's lifetime, and does its work in a single round. The throne glows brightly for 1-10 rounds after it heals any seated being. There is nothing to let the PCs know about this power, although any contact with the throne will feel invigorating and purifying. Even a fleeting contact with the seat of the throne will grant a character the throne's beneficial effects.

Aragauthos is an "old" dragon, her shining blue armored form covering 150 feet (tail included). She breathes a 100' long, 5' wide *lightning bolt* once every 3 rounds;



it does 16d8+8 points of damage to any being or object in its path. Aragauthos also uses spells, casting as a 7th level wizard, though she has not mastered any which could gain her escape from this cavern. Her currently memorized wizard spells (3,2) are: *color spray*, *magic missile*, *phantasmal force*; *glitterdust*, and *flaming sphere*. Her innate abilities allow her the following spells: *create or destroy water* thrice/day; *sound imitation* at will; and *dust devil* and *ventriloquism* once/day.

Please refer to the generic "Dragon" information in the MC1 entry for information on snatching, tail slaps, and other specialized dragon attacks, before this encounter begins. The blue dragon entry provides more information on innate spell-like abilities of the species. There is enough room in the cavern for Aragauthos to beat her wings and hop aloft, though she cannot fly freely or do an aerial turn in the confines of her rocky prison. This female blue dragon is not as ruthless as some dragons are, though she is desperate to escape; her hunger also prevents her from simply keeping an adventurer around for any length of time. Her motivations are to gain knowledge and freedom first, dinner second.

Aragauthos will try to avoid attacking any creatures by the throne—if she smashes the skulls, she has to start her collection over again. She prefers to lounge in the western leg of this cavern, calmly whistling—a dragon's whistle makes a sound akin to nails or claws being raked across a slate tablet! She converses with her prey at first, attempting to gain information from them. She takes a special interest in spell casters, people she sees as ones who can teach her a spell or method to escape. If the being cannot aid her escape or cannot convince Aragauthos of his or her worth to her, she devours that being, carefully saving the skull for "her collection." DMs can alter the dragon's actions, granting a quick, merciless death, or they can sustain a long, prolonged period of anxiety, vulnerable PCs trapped between a glowing throne of skulls and a lonely, yet foreboding, dragon.

Aragauthos survives on the meager "walking food handouts" which arrive in her lair via the *rings*, and dreams of the day when she can take revenge on Halaster. She will freely surrender all her treasures to any character who, by magic, allows her to escape this cold, cramped

cavern for the open air of the surface world above. She will bargain suspiciously but with increasing agitation and longing, until she is hopping with impatience. The DM can of course substitute a favorite NPC wyrm for Aragauthos, such as one of the dragons featured in *The Draconomicon*.

Aragauthos – Blue Dragon (1): Int Very; AL LE; AC -4; MV 9, Fl 30 (C); HD 18; hp 119; THAC0 8 (); #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1-8/1-8/3-24; SA Combat bonuses (+8 to hit and damage reduced due to confines), breath weapon, tail lash, wing buffet; SD Saves as F18, immune to electrical attacks, innate spell abilities; MR 35%; SZ G; ML 16; XP 12,000.

She keeps her treasure either in a lying bed beneath herself, or behind the throne-dais. Loosely spread out here are 3,303 cp, 4,112 sp, 23 ep, 1,009 gp, and 79 pp. There is also lots of gem-dust, but no intact gems; Aragauthos hates things that might outshine her own scaly, iridescent beauty, and destroys them. Mixed in with the coins are 1d12 suits of normal armor, 2d12 normal shields, and 3d20 normal weapons, of all types.

There are also magical items scattered about the hoard, none of which Aragauthos has identified or learned to use. Specifically, the hoard contains a *ring of blinking*, *ring of flying* (actually a *ring of contrariness*), *ring of free action*, *ring of mind shielding*, *ring of truth*, *ring of water walking*, *rod of alertness* (5 charges left), *rod of cancellation* (16 charges), *rod of resurrection* (29 charges), *wand of fire* (4 charges), an *alchemy jug*, *amulet of life protection*, *bag of holding* (empty), *bracelets of defense* AC3, *brooch of shielding*, a brass vial of *dust of dryness* (6 pinches), *eyes of petrification* (reflection works, too!), a pair of *gauntlets of swimming and climbing*, a *girdle of dwarvenkind*, *gloves of missile snaring* (1 pair), a *horn of fog*, a brass coffer containing 7 blocks of *incense of meditation*, a *necklace of adaptation*, a *periapt of health*, *pipes of pain*, *dagger +2 longtooth*, *dagger of throwing +2*, a *javelin of lightning*, and a *sword of sharpness* (long sword).



The Sargauth

The river flows with a moderate pace along Level Three of Undermountain; it flows from north to south, the waters running down to Skullport. Upriver from the Eye's lair (Room #68), the river bends northeast past a fortress area currently controlled by orcs, and thence eventually to an "end." A massive *gate* created by Halaster here takes ships on its waters from the end bay down deeper into Undermountain, to the fungus-farms. This is a two-way *gate*, and it allows ships from below to venture up again from the Depths Below. Small pipes carry the normal flow of water from one end-pool to the other one nearby.

The northern segment of the Sargauth is isolated, though it maintains a current nonetheless. The water flows from south to north, leading eventually to a *gate* which deposits ships on a waterway of the DM's choice; suggestions include the Sea of Fallen Stars, the Deepwash, or the Celestial Sea off the coast of Shou Lung. The southern end of this isolated waterway *gates* water and passengers to the northern end of the Sargauth on the same level. Many ships work their way into the waters of Undermountain, but few are hardy enough to leave—DMs can create any number of shipwrecks along the shores or mid-channel, broken hulls marking captains' mistakes in judging the waters and thus grounding their ships far underground.

This chapter gives information on the many important and dangerous characters the PCs can encounter in Undermountain. Of all their abilities, only extraordinary character ability scores of 16 or higher are listed here. Brief role-playing references for these NPCs are also here for the DM's use. In the entries below, there are some new abbreviations in use. Following the character's name, they quickly reference the character's race and sex: "hm" means human male, "hf" human female, and "em" elven male. More complete statistics for some NPCs appear in the *Undermountain Adventures* book.

Arcturia hf W 14: AC 1 (see below); MV 12, Fl 30 (B): hp 30; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 5-8 (dagger +4), 2-5 (body spurs); D 17, I 18; AL CE. Spells: see below.

One of the most ambitious of Halaster's apprentices, this brilliant, creative, highly-strung mage harbored secret dreams of marrying her master. His going underground and subsequent strange, even hostile behavior drove her into open madness.

Arcturia continued her experiments with magically altering the bodies and natures of beings. She is now driven by a constant urge to tamper with intelligent life, reshaping bodies to suit her every whim. When suitable candidates are few, she works on herself!

As a result, Arcturia now sports a truly magnificent face and figure, complete with transparent, sylph-like wings. These wings, the acquired blue scales that armor her body, and her natural dexterity give her a natural AC 5. She customarily wears a ring of protection +4 on AC, +2 to saving throws, giving her an AC 1.

Arcturia has also equipped her elbows and forearms with sharp bone spurs. With these, she can slash and rake as she flies past opponents for 2-5 points of damage each.

Driven now to destroy or drive away all who defy her, Arcturia looks upon humans and demi-humans only as cattle to be "improved" by her work, and upon wizards as sources of new magic to augment her own. She will try to court any handsome wizard clearly more powerful than herself, for she is very lonely.

The spells Arcturia has worked on herself allow her to regenerate 1 hit point

every 3 rounds. In addition, she is immune to all electrical effects and attacks (such as lightning bolts).

Arcturia has several laboratories deep in Undermountain, crammed with a wealth of potions, material components, and food, as well as at least two sets of spell books (containing all 1st through 5th spells given in the *Players Handbook*, plus a DM's choice of 6th and higher level magics). Also to be found there are strange, dangerous spells allowing minute and skillful polymorphing of living bodies—but always with the risk of a backlash upon the caster. These spells are not given here, but DMs are encouraged to develop new alteration spells for Arcturia's spell books.

These lairs, and Arcturia herself, are guarded at all times by 3d4 of her mutated beast-servants. The DM should consider using such altered beings as mongrelmen, or fomorian giants. Other "experiments" of Arcturia's could be standard monsters with wings, tentacles, and the like added, such as a lurker above with roper-like constricting tentacles, or a stirge with wing-spurs and extra claws. Divergent variations from normal monsters should add new elements of danger to the deep ways.

Arcturia's spells are 5,5,5,4,4,2,1. When roaming about the dungeon, she typically carries a wand of polymorphing (32 charges), a dagger +4, and the following roster of memorized spells: change self, color spray, magic missile x3; alter self, detect invisibility, ESP, flaming sphere, web; dispel magic, fireball, fly, hold person, lightning bolt; charm monster, enervation, polymorph other x2; animate dead, hold monster, monster summoning III, wall of force; anti-magic shell, chain lightning; prismatic spray.

She will blast possible enemies first, and ask questions later. Though she is lonely and constantly seeks out intelligent companionship, she won't hesitate to kill those who threaten her life or her work.

Elegul Another hm P6 of Tymora: AC 10; MV 12; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 2-7 (mace), or 2-8 (morning star); Co 17, I 18, W 18, Ch 16; AL CG. Spells: see below.

A "Wandering Fortune" (adventurer-priest) of the Goddess of Good Fortune, Elegul first encounters the PCs as a help-

less captive in the depths of Undermountain, desperately in need of rescue. He has no gear and no treasure of note. He tells adventurers that "to rely on the magic of items is to turn from embracing the Luck of the Lady, and coins are better spent by the church than by oneself."

Elegul's spells are 5,5,3. When encountered, he has a typical roster memorized: bless, cure light wounds x4; favor of Tymora (detailed in the **Spells In Undermountain** chapter), find traps, flame blade, hold person, produce flame; cure disease, dispel magic, and remove curse.

Elegul considers participating in adventures and aiding adventurers to be part of his work as a priest of Tymora. "It is the adventurer who furthers the influence of Tymora by taking chances and making things happen."

He is a kind soul, who aids those in need of healing or help—"but to rely overmuch on another is to turn away from chance." He therefore wanders on elsewhere after long rather than joining an adventuring band permanently.

Elegul is quick to laugh, his attitude quite spritely, and even reckless. He enjoys many a joke (and a dare, even more), holds no grudges, nor does he work to single-minded aims. He is a true servant of Tymora, and she may secretly aid him in times of extreme danger (secretly add +4 to a saving throw, or allow a second chance at a failed ability check or attack roll, if Elegul's life hangs in the balance).

The Eye (Beholder — Elder Orb): Int God-like; AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 3 (B); HD 70-75 hp; hp 75; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 or by weapon: 3-24/3-30 (mouthpick); SA Magic eye powers; SD Anti-magic ray; MR 50%; special; SZ M; ML 19; XP 18,000.

The Eye no longer has its disintegrate and flesh to stone eye powers, but has full elder orb powers, described in the relevant new *Monstrous Compendium* sheet. The Eye is an old, wrinkled, and extremely paranoid beholder. He is a powerful slave master whose fortified lair is a major feature of Level Three of Undermountain.

Familiar only as a name to the slavers of Skullport (who suspect what they cannot confirm about its identity), the Eye bargains through intermediaries, keeping its true nature secret from Xanathar, a rival beholder crime-lord operating in its own area of Undermountain and the City



sewers; Xanathar is described in *FR1* and *FR7*, and not detailed here.

It views all human and humanoids as slaves for the taking, but always tries to interrogate or bargain with such beings. It tries to learn all it can that might be turned to its advantage, slaying only if it must.

The Eye never leaves its heavily-guarded abode unless pursuing escaping PCs; even then, it cannot be lured out of the main cavern lair.

It is armed with a special mouthpick (see the **Magical Items** chapter): a gimbal-mounted sphere with whirling, scythe blades that has a 16' reach, and does 3d8 points of damage to S and M-sized targets, and 3d10 points of damage to larger creatures.

Halaster hm W29: AC 6 (Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 49; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 1-3 (dart \times 7); D 18, I 19; AL CE. Spells: see below.

Halaster is "The Mad Mage of Undermountain," its principal creator and caretaker, the deranged, fiendish mind behind most of its traps and horrors. He looks upon the dungeon as a dear, and deadly home, an amusement gallery in which others perform to entertain him. It is also his own waiting trap-net which brings him new companions, new magic, and new creatures to catch, study, and catalogue.

Halaster's powers go far beyond the known spells of Faerun. His expertise with gates allows him to travel far and wide in his research; he is one of the few mages who travels the spheres without a spelljamming ship. Now, he spends much of his time creating *gates* and turning them on and off, tirelessly working to restock the dungeon with monsters. He is constantly altering its perils so no being or group gains decisive control of the upper halls of Undermountain.

Halaster knows Undermountain's ever-changing ways as no others do, simply because he is the one who controls its many changes. He usually prefers to remain unseen, skulking behind a thousand secret doors and being an *invisible* observer behind a hundred unsuspecting monsters. Rarely, and only if the party entertains him greatly, Halaster can appear in his true form: a tall, gaunt old man in the rotting, gaping tatters of old brown robes, an old grey cloak thrown over his shoulders.

Halaster's presence can sometimes be found by diligent PCs as a watching eye amid glowing, sparkling motes of light. There are rumors that he can 'drink' magic spells cast at him in this manifestation, absorbing them for study; adventurers say this is how Halaster learns new spells. Established mages scoff at this idea, proclaiming this effect an early version of the 7th level *spelltrap* spell with an *invisible* Halaster beneath it. (In secret, however, sages and followers of Mystra are funding a number of expeditions into Undermountain, the parties instructed to gain proof of Halaster's new (old?) magics.)

No matter what form Halaster wears, he giggles and mutters continually. Contrary to these appearances, he is always alert and attentive to the activities and preparations of all beings near him—the Master of Undermountain cannot be surprised.

When Halaster is seen, his servant creatures are never far away: 1-3 crawling claws (described in *MC3*), two helmed horrors and ten flying fingers (described in the **Monster Guide** chapter of *Undermountain Adventures*). Halaster prefers not to fight for himself, but can keep PCs busy with these opponents and with *flying daggers*. Halaster stores 1d20 of these animated weapons (described in the **Magical Items** chapter of *Undermountain Adventures*) within folds and pockets of his cloak.

Halaster has worked several magics upon himself with *permanency* endowing himself with the following magical abilities:

- *true seeing* at will;
- he can walk across chasms and the like without falling, or go down a corridor with his feet not quite touching the floor, thus moving with utter silence and leaving no tracks; and
- permanent protection from normal missiles.

Halaster is known to have *contingency* magics upon his person, and probably maintains *clones* of himself deep within the dungeon. PCs who attempt to destroy him find him returning time and time again from "certain death." He is one of the great mysteries and terrors of this part of the Realms, and the wise DM will keep him so.

Halaster's spells, magical items, and treasures are so numerous and varied

that to catalogue them takes pages—such things are better left to the DM's devising! (His treasures are scattered all about Undermountain, but his lairs on Levels Seven and Nine of the dungeon reputedly contain hundreds of magical items!) When arranging his treasures and spells, bear in mind that Halaster is one of the most powerful (insane or not!) wizards alive in the Realms today, his spell capacity covering 58 (7,7,7,6,6,6,6) memorized spells! His favorite spells include *audible glamer*, *magic missile*; *fog cloud*, *invisibility*; *non-detection*, *wraithform*; *charm monster*; *animate dead*, *iron-guard*; *anti-magic shell*; *finger of death*, *phase door*, *teleport without error*; *mind blank*; *gate*, *meteor swarm*, *imprisonment*, and *prismatic sphere*. Many of the new spells in the **Spells in Undermountain** chapter are in Halaster's spell books, and he may be the perfect mage to introduce them to the party.

Muiral— hm (see below) F9/W13: AC 3; MV 15; hp 89; THAC0 12 (9 w/sword); #AT 2 + special; Dmg 1-6 + poison (tail sting) / spell or weapon type: 1-10 +3/3-18 +3 (*vorpal sword* +3); SA: undead control, *ESP*; Co 16; I 18; AL CE. Spells: see below.

Muiral is a dual-class human mage, former fighter, though this fact is always overshadowed by his present form. He appears as a man with a giant spider's lower body and a giant scorpion's tail attached behind. With his eight legs, he has a 15 movement rate, and his sting can extend to 6' away in any direction. The sting causes those struck to take 1d6 points of damage; the sting is poisonous, so affected creatures must save vs. paralyzation at -2 or be paralyzed for 1 turn + 1d10 rounds.

He wears only crossed baldric-belts on his chest that hold his spell components and support his *vorpal* weapon, slung across his shoulders. There is a 40% chance that he is accompanied by 1d6 undead (wights or lesser types). He wears a plain brass ring: a *ring of fire resistance* and an iron *horned ring*, given to him by Halaster. His spell books are hidden elsewhere, not carried on his person. Muiral knows the *gates* of Undermountain well, and tries to use them to escape powerful or persistent foes.

Muiral customarily wields a *vorpal sword*, a favorite weapon from his warrior days. It is a two-handed sword, and

does 1d10 + 3 damage (plus possible severing), striking at + 3 to hit. It causes magical items touched or struck by the blade to glow with a pale faerie fire-like radiance for 1d4 + 1 rounds, and Muiral always tries to seize new magical items.

Muiral is deeply disturbed, and usually attacks without provocation—using his speed and his sword to eliminate foes and find new magical items. He also has the use of his formidable roster of spells (5,5,5,4,4,2): *chill touch, color spray, magic missile × 3, alter self, cloak undead, flaming sphere, web, whirling blade; dispel magic, fireball, fly haste, lightning bolt; charm monster, dig, enervation, polymorph other; animate dead, hold monster; monster summoning III, wall of force; energy transformation, chain lightning.*

Muiral was formerly a bodyguard of Halaster. He travelled to Mount Waterdeep with him in ages past, and abandoned his warrior's ways to learn magic from the then-wise wizard. Muiral learned quickly, soon eclipsing the works of some of Halaster's oldest apprentices. Muiral's accomplishments grew and his researches focused on transformation and alteration.

When Halaster went into the Underhalls, Muiral was the first to follow. After passing the "tests" of Halaster's guardian monsters, Muiral set up the first of many lairs and concentrated his studies on the drow and spiders. He and Halaster used spiders and drow to test many "superior" physical forms, though the Master abandoned his research. Muiral continued with his experiments until he catastrophically transformed himself into a driderlike creature, his torso joined to a grotesque, spiderlike lower body, with a scorpionlike poison sting.

Drow—and most other creatures who encounter him—hate and fear him. Halaster, however, enjoys chatting with Muiral but taunts him from time to time regarding his bizarre transformation. Muiral roams Undermountain's mid-levels in a fury of rage at his unnatural body and his stupidity in taking this powerful but hideous form. He vents his ire at the world for rejecting him and his only pleasures come from stalking and killing the wanderers of the deep ways. Rarely, perhaps once a year, Muiral is lucid enough to return to his magical research, his unbalanced mind creating new (but rarely

stable) magical spells.

Muiral has caches of magic hidden all over Undermountain, but his addled, powerful mind won't reveal where they are, even in death. He has the permanent abilities of the spells *ESP: mind blank, and control undead*, gained from a *ring of wishes* seized long ago. Although these permanent spells added to his power, the effects on his sanity are disastrous, and Muiral often howls aloud in pain and frustration as memories and emotions that are not his own sweep over him.

Randulaith hm W7: AC 6; MV 12; hp 26; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 1-4 (dagger); D 18, I 18; AL NE. Spells: see below.

The wizard who lurks near the roof of the entry cavern of the Eye's Lair (on Level Three) is Randulaith, once of Mirabar. His memorized spells (4,3,2,1) are *magic missile × 4; detect invisibility, ESP, web; dispel magic, lightning bolt; charm monster*. He carries a *wizard eye* spell scroll, and wears a plain tunic and breeches.

Randulaith is a quiet, elegant man with a taste for good wine, clever jokes, and he is enamored with mermaids; he maintains a large stock of *potions of waterbreathing* for this purpose, and regularly visits Skullport, the Seacaves, and Waterdeep's harbors to visit with his "ladies of the deep." He is not cruel, and likes to make friends among beings of all races and alignments. The Eye, knowing his value as a handsome, smooth-tongued, impressive negotiator, representative, and spy, encourages him in this.

The Eye has hired a powerful Calishite archmage to cast a special *contingency* spell (one that affects other beings) on Randulaith: if he is ever slain, his body immediately teleports into the Eye's presence. The Eye then plans to take steps to have his faithful aide brought back to life to avenge his own death.

Randulaith's job is to bolster the defenses of the Eye's entry cavern without getting himself killed. The Eye values his pet mage's powers and loyalty too much for that. Randulaith serves the Eye on many missions into Skullport, and knows the back passages and byways of Level Three of Undermountain better than any man living, save Halaster.

Randulaith has a secret dream. Randulaith wants to become a Lord of

Waterdeep—an influential, behind-the-scenes Lord who wields real power. He is cautiously trying to learn how one becomes a Lord; concurrently, he is attempting to discover the identity of whomever appoints the Lords to their positions. He is also devising a way to bring himself to the attention of that judge as a favorable candidate.

Unbeknownst to Randulaith, the Eye also knows of this dream, due to *ESP* and various scrying spells, and encourages it secretly. The Eye sees this as a great advantage to trade and its personal power, and very much wants Randulaith to succeed. This quiet, dapper wizard just might have the intelligence, perception, and wariness necessary to pull it off. The Eye can hardly wait for its puppet to begin pulling strings of its own.

Trestyna Ulthilor hf P6 of Talona: AC 7; MV 12; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; D 17, W 18, CH 16; AL CE. Spells: see below.

Encountered as a chained prisoner in a room (Room #13A) on Undermountain's Level One, "Adaneth Shrinshar of Baldur's Gate" is in reality Trestyna, a priestess of Talona.

Chained and abandoned in Undermountain by her superior Brithiir as a punishment for insubordination, she wants to even the scales between them. This can be played as revenge (easily done by using the PCs against him and then "rescuing him"), or barter (get back in his good books by presenting the PCs, their treasure, magic, and relative worth as slaves to him "on a platter").

Brithiir is a fat, tall wealthy merchant with a black beard and a gnarled left hand. He pays handsomely if the PCs conduct "Adaneth" safely to him. He is an 8th level priest with about 16 followers of varying classes and levels; he owns little in the way of money or magical items. He and Trestyna are new arrivals in Waterdeep, sent north to covertly establish the worship of Talona as a permanent force in the City. Brithiir hopes to gain some wealthy patrons amid Waterdeep's jaded noble families.

Neither Trestyna or Brithiir are specialty priests. They are fierce rivals, but are also known lovers, and are tested battle-companions.

Once back in the city, Trestyna has access to some poisoned weapons. When

first encountered, she has a full roster of memorized spells but she cannot use them due to the *band of denial* Brithiir placed on her leg. Her chains don't allow her to reach up and remove it. Her spells are (3,3,2): *cure light wounds*, *pass without trace*, *sanctuary*; *flame blade*, *produce flame*, *withdraw*; *animate dead*, and *pyrotechnics*. Strapped to her thigh, Trestyna carries a scroll given to her by Brithiir, bearing the spells *cure light wounds* and *flame strike*.

PCs may find Trestyna charming and alluring, but she puts on these masks with cold emotions. She is a schemer, and she knows how to manipulate men and women both to her advantage. What her face and lips say is almost always the opposite of what is in her heart.

Trobriand hm W16: AC 2; MV 12; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type (see below); I 18; AL NE. Spells: see below.

The most powerful ex-apprentice of Halaster surviving in Undermountain, Trobriand is a secretive, careful archmage of some accomplishment. He has made his peace with Halaster, and the two sometimes aid each other. Trobriand is rarely seen, keeping to his heavily-guarded laboratories. When sighted, he appears as a thin, clean-shaven man with long, steel-gray hair. He is unnaturally tall, but he stoops in his old age, bringing his eyes to about six feet from the floor.

When encountered, Trobriand is likely to be carrying a glowing *dagger +3*, at least three *iron bands of Bilarro spheres*, and an "empty" *rod of absorption*. He will also be wearing a *ring of the ram* (44 charges), *bracers of defense AC2*, a *brooch of shielding*, and a *ring of regeneration*. He uses his items often and without hesitation, for his safety is far more important than an item he can readily recharge or replace.

Trobriand's memorized spells are quite extensive (5,5,5,5,3,2,1); his spell roster usually includes the following spells: *armor*, *color spray*, *magic missile x 2*, *mending*, *continual light*, *detect invisibility* ESP, *flaming sphere*, *web*; *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *hold person*, *item*, *lightning bolt*; *detect scrying*, *enchanted weapon*, *enervation*, *minor creation*, *minor globe of invulnerability*; *animate dead*, *fabricate*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster*, *wall of force*; *chain lightning*, *enchant an item*,

glassee; *forcecage*, *Mordenkainen's sword*, *prismatic spray*; *glassteel*, *polymorph any object*; and *crystalbrittle*.

PCs may not be able to come to grips with Trobriand if thrust into combat. He resists such encounters, using his magic (and knowledge of Halaster's *gates*) to avoid direct combat, and taking his spell books with him. His guardian creatures (see below) will fight for him, delaying PCs and confounding attempts to penetrate his lair. If PCs try to do so repeatedly, he devises traps and brings in some powerful monsters to deal with them.

Trobriand's Guardians: Trobriand has a great mastery over metal, rivaling that of the long-dead archwizards of Myth Drannor, and he is constantly improving his skills. Trobriand is quite wealthy—he controls stockpiles of all workable metals within Undermountain, and commands many magical items. He makes a pastime of creating metallic guardian creatures known as the scaladar (see Scaladar, on the *Monstrous Compendium* sheets in this boxed set). From time to time, he sells his guardian constructs to mages, creatures of the Realms Below, and others who deal with him in Skullport, particularly wealthy satraps of Calimshan and the curious folk of Lantan.

Trobriand's guardians include:

- helmed horrors (described in the **Monster Guide** in *Undermountain Adventures*)
- scaladar (described in a *Monstrous Compendium* sheet in this set)
- iron golems (described in MC1, under "Golem, Greater")

If the PCs encounter any of Trobriand's laboratories, there is a 20% chance of finding its master within. There are always 1-3 scaladar on guard, under orders to attack anyone who enters without him. A hidden feature in many of his lairs, Trobriand keeps 1d8 suits of armor in all his rooms. At least four of the suits of armor in each laboratory are "Battle Horror" Helmed Horrors, and these are animated by the defeat of any other guardian creatures in that room.

"The Metal Mage" also commands animated magical items such as *flying daggers* (see the **Magical Items** chapter) and *stun spheres*, rolling metal balls (MV 15) that race forward on command, striking anything in their path at THAC0 16 and inflicting 1d4 points of impact dam-

age. The damage is low, but the *spheres* can ruin enemy spell casting. They can roll back and forth wildly in front of a door if commanded, making PCs' travel progress a matter of dangerous leaping.

As assistants, Trobriand—the most sane of Halaster's ex-apprentices still in Undermountain—occasionally has human apprentices, but he neglects their training, so wrapped up in his work is he. His apprentices, therefore, largely train themselves in arts arcane. If able to do so, they often rise in power quickly, given access to all manner of spells and processes. Trobriand allows them to leave when they master the art of making scaladar to defend themselves and to sell to others.

If Trobriand likes a particular student, he gives him or her his blessing, and shows them *gates* to other worlds far away. Gifted students living on other worlds in other spheres are less likely to come back as rivals, armed with his secrets. If Trobriand encounters a gifted student he doesn't like much, he gives that student a gift: a spell book crammed with rare and wonderful spells. Of course, interspersed with those spells are many curses that will *feeblemind* readers, *polymorph* them into loathsome forms, and turn every spell they try to cast into a *web* that instantly materializes around the caster.

Lastly, Trobriand also takes revenge on destructive adventurers living or staying in Waterdeep. If a party of PCs harasses or attacks Trobriand, he allows himself an evening of entertainment—by sending an iron golem to their doors by night to knock their abode down around their ears. This tends to get Watch officers, City guardsmen, landlords, and formerly-asleep neighbors all very angry with the adventurers.



Lords of The City

Extensive adventuring in Undermountain will inevitably draw PCs into contact with NPCs of the City of Waterdeep. The "notables" who are likely to rub shoulders (or cross blades!) with adventurers include the (secret) Lords of Waterdeep: Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun (LN W26), Durnan "the Wanderer" (NG F18), "Kitten" Nymara Scheiron (NG T9), and Mirt "the Moneylender" (CG F11/T7) with his constant companion Asper (CG F7). Of all the current Lords, these individuals concern themselves the most with activities in Undermountain, particularly in Skullport.

Durnan is almost always found in The Yawning Portal Inn. He and his family are further detailed in the *Yawning Portal* chapter, in this book.

Mirt cannot be found if he does not want to be. He spends much of his time wandering about the city. Messages can reach him, however, at the Portal and at his mansion on the flanks of Mount Waterdeep (see FB1).

Khelben Arunsun, though rarely at home, lives in Waterdeep in the imposing Blackstaff Tower; this tower is partially mapped and detailed in module *FRE3/Waterdeep*. PCs who come seeking Khelben for information, magical aid, or a tutor discover that the archmage never seems to be around when PCs want him. Like his colleague Elminster, he spends most of his time plane-hopping, dabbling in deeds and events far beyond the immediate interests of most folk of Faerun—including player character adventurers.

"Minding the store" for Khelben in the Tower are a half-dozen apprentices, headed by Khelben's lady Laeral (CG W25). She is a calm, beautiful, graceful lady, hardly the once happy-go-lucky, reckless adventuress and leader of the Nine-see *FR5/The Savage Frontier*. She now spends much of her time creating magical items and tutoring the apprentices with her husband.

If PCs grow too reliant on Laeral for information and aid, she has an easy escape from their badgering tactics. She and Khelben share a magically-hidden, extra-dimensional "Hidehold," and she may disappear to there without notice.

Piergeiron "the Paladin" (LG P16), the open head of the Lords, is the titular ruler of Waterdeep, and the person to whom PCs may appeal in the event of mis-

understandings with the law. Piergeiron feigns to be the Lord least interested in the "crypt-happenings and bone-rattling" in Undermountain. In reality, Undermountain and Skullport are real concerns for the open Lord of the City of Splendors. Both he and Khelben keep themselves very well informed about the goings-on beneath their feet.

Waterdeep's notable resident mages include the notable potion-maker Kappiyan Flurmastyr (NG W14), and the more mysterious mage Maaril (now a NE W16). Both these men consider themselves experts on subjects pertaining to the depths beneath the streets. Kappiyan is a legitimate source for information on traps and some details of the dungeon. Maaril actively seeks out new and unique magical items and his knowledge of "Trobriand and his toys" is more accurate than most tavern tales.

Except for Laeral, all of the above characters are more heavily detailed in the *FR7/Hall of Heroes* sourcebook. Those using that sourcebook will find that many of the people discussed have risen in experience and power. The statistics given herein are the most current for these characters.

Allies and Enemies

Besides the power groups common to all cities (the guilds, priesthoods, and known Realms-wide groups such as the Harpers), Waterdeep has a number of forces that high-profile, reckless PCs may encounter as opposing "hit teams":

- the Red Sashes (detailed in *FR1*); this secretive group of vigilantes is covertly controlled by Durnan, and they take care of the dirty work for the Lords of Waterdeep.
- Force Grey (described in the *City System* boxed set; if the DM does not have access to this source, Force Grey is simply not mobilized in Waterdeep while the PCs are there). This group keeps the peace in Waterdeep when situations require more than the City Guard. Force Grey counts Khelben, his student Maliantor, Harshnag (a frost giant) and many other powerful beings as its members.

The sourcebook *FR1/Waterdeep and the North* also provides a wealth of NPCs likely to prove useful in Undermountain-related adventures. Such characters as Blazidon "One-Eye," Coril, Dagasumn, Elaith Craulnobur "the Serpent," Flambos

Axemaster, Mistmyr Iroan, Tessalar Hulicorn, Varbrace Zaalen, and (the secret agent of the Harpers) Vedellen Hawkhand are not easily forgotten.

This section provides background information on the many important and dangerous characters the PCs can encounter in Waterdeep. More complete statistics for some NPCs may appear in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set. Of all NPC scores, only extraordinary character ability scores of 16 or higher are listed here. Brief "role-playing" references are provided for these NPCs here. In the entries below, there are some new abbreviations in use. Following the character's name, they quickly reference the character's race and sex: "hm" means human male, "hf" human female and "em" elven male.

Avaereene hf W8: AC 6; MV 12; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 1-4 (dagger); D 18, I 17; AL LE.

This beautiful, cruel and skilled slaver serves the Eye (a beholder who lairs in Undermountain) by picking up potential slaves in the seamier wards of the City at night. She is quick-witted, agile, and cool in a fight. She intends to supplant Khelben someday as the most powerful mage of Waterdeep—if necessary, by murdering him.

Avaereene has a *wand of paralyzation* (11 charges left). She uses it against PCs if she encounters difficulty in escaping. She wears a *greenstone* amulet (detailed in this book) and carries three *potions of extra-healing*.

She rents upper rooms in the North Ward (above a nails, pins, bolts, and latches shop on the northeast side of Black Cat Way), and she also has a "hidey hole" room in a cellar off the south end of Carter's Way. Her spell books are hidden in the latter place, but she has a lesser "workbook" set under the floor in her North Ward rooms. Avaereene has recently discovered the *create Darkenbeast* spell (detailed in *MC3*, under "Darkenbeast"), and is practicing it diligently. She believes (correctly) that it can serve her as an assassin-by-night in the city. She plans eliminating a few "rival wizards" to gain their magic.

Colstan Rhuul hm P8 (of Bane; now Cyric): AC 2; MV 12; hp 54; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 1-4 (dagger); D 18, I 17; AL LE.



This haughty, cold man works with Avaereene in the Hand, a slavers' snatch band in the service of the Eye (a beholder who lairs deep in Undermountain).

Colstan customarily wears a green-stone amulet, a ring of spell turning, and bracers of defense AC2. He also carries at least two potions of extra-healing. Woven into the thick black hair behind his right ear, and held in place by fine chains that encircle that ear and cross his scalp to encircle the other (96% undetectable, even to someone staring at Colstan's motionless body) is a periapt of proof against poison.

Colstan is a patient, calculating schemer, who avoids personal danger whenever he can, preferring to work at a distance through hired knives and behind-the-scenes manipulation. He prides himself on knowing the faces of all important (not necessarily prominent) Waterdhavians, and has made a private hobby of uncovering the identities of all of the Lords of the City. At this time, he knows the names of all but four of the 16 Lords of the City.

Colstan's favorite tactic is to keep watch in taverns and marketplaces for adventurers newly arrived in Waterdeep. He tries to find out where they're staying, and if they have any magic or treasure of worth, without being noticed, of course. He then sends sellswords to pick a tavern brawl or similar incident with them, while he waits in the wings to either rifle unguarded belongings in their rooms (sending in a servant first, to spring any traps the hard way), or attack an isolated mage or priest with his spells. Colstan takes what magic he can, and then calls in the Hand to capture the adventurers. Colstan has yet to be caught in his game, since none ever remain free in the city to trace his thefts.

Colstan hides his loot behind a loose stone in the cellar wall of a boarded-up shop he owns, next to a barracks on the northern side of Soldiers' Street. He has a guardian monster (type and strength left to the DM) in the shop, and trusts it (and the watchful local Guardsmen) to fore-stall any thorough ransacking of the place by thieves.

Colstan rents rooms in Dock Ward when he wants to spend a night in the City, but is more often to be found in the Eye's lair. He avoids contact with the "amateur maniacs" who serve Cyric in Waterdeep, mistrusting their dangerous

schemes—and the watch that the Lords must surely keep on them.

Colstan will make a patient, careful foe if the PCs thwart or injure him. He will tirelessly arrange opponent after opponent for them, trying to make them yield up magical item after magical item to his waiting hands. Down the years, he will make them think that others among his opponents are responsible, and his enemies will eventually fight among themselves. All the while, Colstan will be looking to become a real power in Waterdeep, a man who can rule the City as much as any Lord does.

Hlethvagi hm P(Sp)7 of Loviatar: AC 4; MV 12; hp 49; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 5-8 (dagger +4), 1-2+ special (*whip of withering*); S 17, W 16; AL LE. Spells: see below.

This fat, wispy-bearded and sinister little man has long kept a double life in Waterdeep: as a warehouse-operator, carter, and moneylender in South Ward—and as a masked and hooded torturer *par excellence* who leads foul worship services to Loviatar in various cellars of Dock Ward.

Hlethvagi is a specialty priest of Loviatar, and therefore has the *pain touch* ability (victim saves vs. spells or -4 on attack rolls). He also keeps (hidden on his person) an unused white wand given to him by the goddess for his painful services; this item can absorb 1-10 levels of spells before dissolving. Both of these magics are further described in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures hardcover sourcebook.

Hlethvagi wears fine robes, often with silken sashes and waistcoats, and is never without a jewelled dagger +4 (encrusted rubies with a total value of 9,000 gp) and a *whip of withering*. Treat this item as a *staff of withering* in all respects, save that it does normal whip damage; it has 16 charges left.

Hlethvagi wears a ring of mind shielding and a ring of protection +6 on AC, +1 on saving throws. These rings are so deeply embedded in his pudgy fingers that they have to be cut off his fingers to remove them!

He also wears a medallion of ESP and customarily has a potion of extra-healing strapped inside either boot. His spells are 5,5,3,1; he never willingly leaves his mansion without a "full load" of spells. His roster typically has cause light wounds ×2,

darkness (reverse of light), detect magic, fear; charm person, enthrall, hold person, produce flame, spiritual hammer; continual light, continual darkness, dis-ease; poison.

Hlethvagi enjoys only two things in life: the infliction of pain, and staying rich—filthy rich. He has no ambitions to rule anywhere, and uses his influence just to be left alone in his Sea Ward mansion.

Most of Hlethvagi's wealth comes from his undercover trade with The Realms Below, which he pursues through Undermountain (see Rooms #25, 36, and 42 of Level One). Hlethvagi himself is rarely found below. Through shrewd trade agreements concerning magic with an orc shaman, Hlethvagi has the backing and support of the Grinning Skull tribe. He uses his well-paid, and faithful orcs to procure goods in high demand in the North from "down below" so he can command top prices for them. Such goods are spirited up into his warehouses. In like manner, goods that are highly prized or in short supply "down below" are procured by Hlethvagi so that they can "command the high coin" down there.

In the past, he devised his own defenses for his homes, places of worship, and fortresses, but he found it easier to hire minor mages to work for him and use their brains to devise his magical defenses. At least one wizard of 7th level or higher works for him at any given time.

Hlethvagi is always encountered with a bodyguard. In Undermountain, it consists of at least 12 orcs and at least 2 magelings: minor mages of 3rd level or less. Up in Waterdeep, his guard consists of at least one 1st-level priest, 2 magelings, and 10 loyal men-at-arms: first to fourth level fighters.

Jhaniloth Dhree hf W16: AC 6; MV 12; hp 48; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 1-4 (dagger); D 16, C 16, 118; AL NE.

A cruel, manipulative, snake-quick courtesan of long-ago Waterdeep, Jhaniloth grew rich marrying or blackmailing foolish young nobles and merchants for their money, leaving a trail of mysterious deaths and broken men in her wake.

She grew overconfident in her schemes and was caught in a magical stasis by a foe some ninety years past (see "The Ghost Knight" scenario in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set). The years of enforced inactivity have stolen all her

properties, suitors, and allies. At the DM's option, she may still have a hidden cache or two of magic in the City.

Jhaniloth is customarily armed with three throwing daggers, hidden in the ornate 'stomacher' of her gown, a plate of filigreed and inlaid metal that covers her front. Jhaniloth is extremely adept at throwing these daggers (gaining a +1 bonus on all attacks). Jhaniloth bears three magical items of interest: a *glim-gauntlet*, a *blast scepter*, and a *greenstone amulet* set into the stomacher of her gown, largely concealed by its ornamentation. All of these items are detailed in the **Magical Items** chapter in this book.

Olophin hm F2: AC 0; MV 12; hp 17; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type: 3-9 (2d4+1) (bastard sword), 3-9 (2d4+1) (morning star), 3-6 (1d4+2) (dagger +1); S 17, D 16, I 16; AL LG.

A young warrior newly arrived from the dusty lands of Calimshan, Olophin goes to battle in field plate, swinging either a two-handed bastard sword or a morning star. Like many Calishites, Olophin is dusky-skinned, with jet black curly hair and beard, and amber eyes. Calishites always have at least a dagger about them, and Olophin's *dagger +1* is his one, prized family gift. He has no other magic of note, except a *potion of healing* hidden beneath a floorboard in his rooms. This is kept in a basket with a harmless Calishite "hissing snake," which will rise up to strike with its fangs menacingly—the fangs are small, and the snake eats nothing larger than errant flies.

Olophin is the youngest son of Zelmazar, a sultan of Calimshan, and has been sent forth to seek his fortune. Since early childhood, Olophin has romanticized about the wild and savage Sword Coast North. He has studied its ways and watched its fashions—so it is only natural that, when free to travel where he may, he has come to Waterdeep, center of culture and communication in the North.

Now that he's reached the City of Splendors—and found it a much busier, more colorful and varied place than the cities of home—Olophin feels somewhat lost. He will welcome adventure and fellowship with persons of like social graces.

Olophin has rooms at The Unicorn's Horn inn in The Trades Ward, where The High Road and Waterdeep Way meet. He may be found there, at The Elfstone Tav-

ern ton The Street of the Sword, in Castle Ward), at The Golden Horn Gambling House (on Snail Street, in The Trades Ward), or at the evening house-parties of various nobles.

Olophin worships Achanatyr, The Sword of Justice, an incarnation of Tyr worshipped in the South. His alignment and faith make Olophin a trustworthy NPC party member. Those of the sect of Achanatyr, who are not numerous, hold that all should work for justice, and the greatest good will result. Olophin sees Tyr as "the true face" of Achanatyr, and will strive to act as Piergeiron and other visible followers of Tyr in the City do. Olophin will be very grateful to anyone who introduces him to Mulgor (now a 6th level priest of Tyr, described in *FR1*), whom he has not yet met.

If met in a tavern, Olophin will be swathed in lots of clothing—he still finds the North "always cold." He wears a few rings and earrings of plain gold (total value: about 20 gp)—about thrice the clothing and a third the jewelry he would wear back in Calimshan.

If treated with friendliness and respect, Olophin will prove a staunch ally or party member, defending and aiding his comrades to death. If cheated or attacked, he holds long grudges, working tirelessly to exact justice.

Shalar Singulphin hf F9: AC 6; MV 12; hp 44; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type: 2-9 (*luck blade +1*); S 17, D 16, I 16, CH 16; AL NG.

Shalar is a friend of the Lords of Waterdeep, and a Harper. Only a few members of these two groups know that this slim, graceful man with the tenor singing voice and the red beard is actually a woman.

Shalar has dressed and acted like a man since childhood in order to enlist as a fighting-man and escape a cruel father and a boring existence in a small village in Tethyr. She enjoys the freedom of action that her charade gives her.

Shalar has a *luck blade +1* and several *potions of extra-healing* with her at almost all times. Thanks to padding and *hairy cantrips* cast every so often by a kindly Khelben, Shalar's beard is real, and she appears male in build.

Shalar goes her own way in Waterdeep and does not keep a high profile, although she earns a regular living entertaining patrons with her songs at The Inn of the Dripping Dagger (on The High Road, in

The Trades Ward) and many taverns in the City.

Shalar will not adventure with PCs, save to go on a rescue mission, but at a high price. She will tutor PCs in bardic skills for reasonable fees. She will aid fellow Harpers to the limits of her abilities, and will always aid the injured or penniless with meals, whatever healing she can arrange, and a place to hide or rest.

Shalar has a kind heart and a keen sense of humor, but a quick temper. She knows the back alleys and sewers of Waterdeep well, and her contacts count among the most powerful people in the City of Splendors.

Zabbas Thuul em W4/TS: AC 5; MV 12; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type: 1-4 (dagger); D 18, I 17; AL NE. Spells: see below.

This soft-spoken villain keeps a low profile in Waterdeep, where he poses as a mage of minor powers willing to tutor, sell scrolls (1st level spells only), and adventure, if the price is right.

He has two other careers, however: one as a thief, and another as a message runner and slave-ship booking agent, all these careers operating between Skullport and Waterdeep.

Zabbas is always looking for what he can get, and can easily become a long-term foe of PCs, if hostilities result from his adroit thefts of PCs' gear. He likes best to work against enemies from behind the scenes, as a constant source of thefts, brawls, and shady adventures.

Zabbas is very good at arranging alibis. One of his best is being jailed by the Watch for wild, apparently drunken revelry, and using his thieving skills to slip out of the cell. He leaves his gear behind with an *audible glamer* of faint snoring to let jailers think he is still in a drunken snooze. Making a theft, he hides the loot on a rooftop somewhere, and slips back into jail. He "can't be the thief who stole that noblewoman's jewels" since he was "in a cell all the time!"

If Zabbas becomes a long-term NPC, he should rise in levels at about the same rate as the PCs, but keep him very mysterious. His spell roster (3,2) is always "full" when he goes adventuring; his favored spells are *change self*, *hold portal*, *spider climb*, *knock*, and *web*.

Arrowheads of Marking

A few of the magical items found in the depths of Undermountain that do not appear in the AD&D® 2nd Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide* are detailed here. DMs who want to augment their selections of Realms magic beyond this are directed to the sourcebook *FR4/The Magister*.

In the descriptions that follow, "XP Value" refers to the experience gained by a being who successfully makes (enchants) the magical item in question. It is not awarded to a being who merely gains possession of it. "GP Value" is a guide for DMs trying to determine a typical market price for a magical item. This price depends on the PCs finding a willing buyer who does not sense that the sellers are overly desperate for cash. These values should be kept secret from players; PCs in the Realms are not normally aware of a 'going market rate' for any magical item.

Arrow of Holding

XP Value: 50 (each)
GP Value: 100 (each)

These finely-made arrows are usually crafted by elves, but the secrets of their making are known to a few craftsmen of all races. Such arrows count as magical weapons when determining what they can strike, but they provide no combat bonuses of any sort.

The strike of an *arrow of holding* does only 1 point of damage, but such arrows pierce any armor. Upon striking, the arrow vanishes in a pulse of silvery radiance, and the target creature must save vs. spells at -4 or suffer the effects of a *hold person* spell for 5 + 1d4 rounds. All types of creatures can be affected, and an *arrow of holding* even affects levitating, self-animating, or otherwise mobile dweomered items, freezing them in one relative place. (If an *arrow of holding* misses, it may be retrieved for re-use.)

A typical treasure hoard holds 1-6 *arrows of holding*.

Arrowheads of Marking

XP Value: 25
GP Value: 50

These normal-seeming stone arrowheads must be shaped by the being en-

chanting them. The common use of these devices is as dungeon and maze markers. If one is placed on a stone surface, and a command word (set during the enchantment of the item) spoken, the *arrowhead* sinks into the surface of the stone. There it fuses, leaving a clearly-visible arrowhead mark, pointing in the direction it was set.

These items may be used to point directions, or multiples can be placed to form code symbols or messages in the stone walls, floors, and ceilings of buildings, cavern-networks, or dungeons. Harpers often place them on stones in outdoor areas, to mark trails or burial sites.

Typical treasure hoards hold 2-24 of these arrowheads.

Badge of Freedom

XP Value: 1000
GP Value: 500

This small pin is fashioned of any metal, and takes the shape of a pair of tiny wings above an open shackle. Worn or carried on the person, it allows that being—or another being touched by it—to be freed of paralysis, *hold* and *repulsion* spells and effects, webs of a magical or mundane physical nature, chains, bonds, and the like. The item does not make the bearer immune to the above ensnaresments. The *badge of freedom* must be activated by the conscious will of the wearer, and works only once, vanishing when activated in a wink of white light.

Band of Denial

XP Value: 4,000
GP Value: 20,000

This black ribbon, which can be worn as a garter, headband, choker, or ceremonial belt, prevents a priest or wizard from casting any spells while it is in contact with his or her skin. It does not end or prevent existing and operating spells already cast on the person from functioning, nor does it affect the magic of items used by the wearer.

It looks like a loop of black silk, no knots or clasps, but a smooth circle of cloth. The *band* adjusts to wherever it is worn, fitting snugly around the bicep, ankle, waist, or neck. While worn, it conceals

any magical auras on or about the person, and prevents all detection and enchantment/charm powers or spells from affecting the person. In short, though this band is a bane to spell casters, it does protect its wearer from any scrying attempts through *crystal balls*, magical *mirrors*, and spells save *true seeing*.

A *band of denial* can only be destroyed by silver edged weapons, which must do 4 points of damage or more to cut it and end its magical powers. It emerges unscathed from acid baths, explosions, and magical effects that destroy the body wearing it. Its properties affect only living beings, not undead or otherwise animated, non-living creatures. It can freely be removed by the wearer, unless physical restraints prevent this.

Beholder Mouthpicks

XP Value: Varies (1,000)
GP Value: Varies (2,000)

For all their formidable might, the eye tyrants cannot accomplish the simple task of picking up a stick without some aid. To circumvent their lack of appendages and limbs, beholders sometimes use 'mouthpicks' or 'tongue-arms' to manipulate items. These are nothing more than reaching aids, often articulated and of metal, held in an eye tyrant's mouth. They are manipulated with lips, tongue, and teeth (in a manner akin to a human pipe smoker moving a pipe around in his mouth) to move, trigger, or carry items that the beholder would rather not carry in its mouth to spit out later.

Mouthpicks may be improvised from wooden masts, tree-trunks, or spars in a pinch, but beholders prefer to use more sophisticated specimens, generally made of metal, which may end in spikes (1-6 points of damage), scraping or cupping flanges, shovel-bowls, or pincer-like arms (one point of piercing damage to any creature gripped). Many beholder mouthpicks have many-branched ends incorporating all of these control devices and more.

Mouthpicks save against attack forms according to the material they are constructed from. Severing one or shattering a grasping attachment usually requires characters to inflict at least 12 points of damage.



Beholders set such mouthpicks between their teeth, and can withdraw lip and tongue pressure in an instant—so an attack that rams a mouthpick back into a beholder's mouth only does 1-6 points of damage, as the mouthpick strikes the bony interior plates which protect the inner organs of every beholder.

Magical Picks: Several types of magical mouthpicks have been reported. One known to still exist in Undermountain (its values given in parentheses above) is described here: a *fang pick* of electrum-plated stainless steel. Worth about 20 gp for its metal content, this 12'-long shaft ends in a rake- or scythe-shaped arc of metal, set with many long, curved metal teeth. This metal arc grazes opponents for 1-4 points of damage; if a 19 or 20 is rolled for THAC0, the *pick* automatically closes its arc in a 'bite,' allowing the toothed scythe to wrap around the victim to inflict 1-12 points of damage and hold

him or her immobile for a round. These actions are purely mechanical, operating for any wielder of the item.

Grooves in the base of the *pick* contain tiny contacts akin to the buttons on a *rod of lordly might*. If manipulated by the tongue or fingers of a skilled user, these contacts activate the *pick's* power (maximum of three times per day) to paralyze any being struck. A normal saving throw vs. paralyzation is allowed; if failed, onset time is 1-2 rounds after being struck, and the paralysis lasts for 1d4 turns. (This magical effect is in addition to physical tooth damage).

A *fang pick* will levitate whenever released by a being, to hang motionless in midair until next grasped or disturbed. Some of these items (10%; XP 3,000 and GP 6,000) automatically absorb electrical energy (such as *lightning bolts*) into themselves, sparing anyone touching a *pick* from any damage.

The name of the inventor of this magi-

cal mouthpick is lost to the ages; presumably, his invention has limited use for normal beholders, as their anti-magic ray negates any magical functions of the item. Any magical beholder mouthpicks can only be fully used by those beholder-kin which do not radiate an anti-magic field.

Blast Scepter

XP Value: 4,000

GP Value: 45,000

These rare, ancient device is one of the more unpleasant legacies of lost Netheril, the realm of sorcerers whose glory was long ago swallowed by the Great Desert. Most take the form of wand-sized metal rods with ornamented knobs at both ends.

Netherese *blast scepters* are usable by all intelligent beings able to hold one, and use charges, typically having 5d12 charges when found. Few wizards in the Realms today know how to recharge them.

They are controlled by silent will of the bearer. If two beings grasp a *scepter* at once, it will not function at all until only one being is touching it again. Learning to wield a *scepter* takes 1 turn per power, but a single power just seen in operation can be activated in 2-5 rounds.

- A *blast scepter* can absorb heat attacks and natural and magical lightning without any harm to the bearer (no charge cost); and
- A *blast scepter* can automatically reflect the 'blast force' of explosions away from the bearer. This prevents the bearer from being knocked over or otherwise moved by the blast, but does not shield against missiles and debris (no charge cost).
The powers above, used in combination, enable the bearer to suffer only flame damage from a *fireball* by absorbing both heat and blast effects. The damage dealt by a *fireball* is therefore halved, even before any saving throws apply.
- The *scepter* can *stun* opponents by touch, a successful attack roll required. This attack deals 1d4 damage to victims and *stuns* (as a *power word, stun* spell does) a victim for 2-5 rounds (save vs. spells at -4 to avoid the stun effect). This can be done only once per round (cost: 1 charge).

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- The *scepter* can *blast* opponents with a soundless shock wave once per round. This is a cone extending up to 30' long, 20' wide at its furthest extent. Creatures within the conical area of effect suffer 2d6 damage (no save), and must make a successful saving throw vs. spells or be knocked off their feet. If this occurs, target spell casting is ruined, and fragile items held or carried must make successful saving throws vs. falling damage (cost: 2 charges).
- Once a day, the *scepter* can *powerstrike* any one opponent. This drains 4 charges from the item, and can only occur when the *scepter* is touching an opponent. After a successful attack roll is made, the *scepter-wielder* can decide to forego the 1d4 damage and stunning, and instead *powerstrike* for 5d6 damage. Targets are allowed a saving throw vs. spell for half damage. Golems are utterly destroyed by a successful *powerstrike*; using a *powerstrike* against a golem drains an additional 1d4 charges from the item. The Netherese *blast scepter* is reputed to be the predecessor to the more common *rod of smiting*.

Chilling Snare

XP Value: 1,000
GP Value: 1,000

This nondescript 5' long piece of string is tied in a loop or ring. Once untied, it becomes active, affecting all creatures who touch it. The *snare* may therefore be placed on any surface without harm—but once untied, it is instantly active.

Flying or leaping creatures who pass its location without touching it are unaffected. However, any creature touching or otherwise contacting the *snare* (stepping on it is a common form of contact) will be affected. A save vs. spells can be made by the DM to see if any unsuspecting PCs step on the *snare*. Effects are as follows (roll 1d12; all spell effects have normal saving throws against their effects):

- 1-5 A charge is used and a nearby alarm (the enchanter typically links the *snare* to a small brass bell, or a large gong) is triggered.
- 6-8 The passerby is *slowed* for 2d4 rounds.

- 9-11 The passerby is *held* for 1d4 turns.
- 12 The passerby falls unconscious, sleeping for 2-5 turns or until forcibly roused.

Roll for each contact, and twice for any being who picks up and handles an active *snare*.

Most *snares* last for 2d20 uses, crumbling irrevocably to dust after their final charges are used. Some vendors in Waterdeep often sell merchants anti-theft *snares* good for only six, seven, or nine uses. A typical sale price for such 'short' snares is 50 gp.

A *dispel magic* will prevent a *snare* from functioning for 1 round per level of the caster. A *snare* can be destroyed by dealing it 9 points or more of edged weapon damage; it will resist all fiery or corrosive attacks, even if magical in origin. Anyone wielding an edged weapon against a *snare* receives cumulative damage equal to a *chill touch* spell for each successful strike on the *snare*—the origin of the item's name. Each strike against the *snare* causes a loss of one Strength point and 1d4 points of damage; the Strength loss is recovered at the rate of 1 point per hour.

Cowl of Warding

XP Value: 9,000
GP Value: 50,000

A *cowl of warding* is actually a head-piece, usually of fine black cloth, which covers the wearer's upper face with an attached half-mask. The *cowl* can be worn and used in combination with magical eye-cusps or lenses, but not with visors or other masks. It also covers the wearer's neck with a shoulder-length mantle.

The *cowl* confers protection of AC 1 to the areas it covers, and has numerous powers, all of which function automatically (and simultaneously when required); the wearer need not even be conscious. The *cowl* grants its wearer all the benefits of a *greenstone amulet*, a *ring of free action* and a *ring of spell turning*.

A *cowl* makes all of its own saving throws as cloth, but with a +7 bonus. These rare items are difficult to make, and are usually the property of powerful

priests or wizards. They cannot be made to conform to a specific alignment or ethos.

Eye of Accuracy

XP Value: 200
GP Value: 500

This flat, coin-sized piece of polished human bone is shaped like a staring eye. Its back bears a single word inscription, a command word (typically "Larth"). If this is spoken as the eye is touched to any one weapon, and the weapon is then thrown (e.g. a sword) or fired (e.g. an arrow) at a target, it strikes at +4 to its attack roll. The weapon, used in this way, counts as a +4 magical weapon for determining what it can hit. Damage is augmented by a +2 bonus.

The *eye* vanishes with one use, but the weapon it enchants continues to have both of its combat bonuses for two rounds. Of course, a thrown sword can well be used against its original wielder! This item cannot work with magical weapons to temporarily augment their existing powers; the enchantments cancel each other out, rendering the magical weapon normal for 1d4 rounds.

Eye of Winking

XP Value: 4,000
GP Value: 35,000

These rare items appear as flat, coin-sized pieces of polished bone shaped like staring eyes and plated with everbright silver. They are pierced, to be worn on neck-chains or (with a pin) as cloak-brooches. On the back, the eyes bear a single word inscription—a command word, typically "Phaera."

An *eye of winking* protects any being wearing it against *ESP* and know *alignment* attempts, causing these to simply fail. It reflects *charm*, *suggestion*, and *sleep* attacks of all origins back at the being casting or causing them. The eye-wearer is immune to such effects. All of the above *eye* powers operate continuously and automatically, even if the wearer is unconscious, asleep, or disabled.

An *eye* will visibly *wink* in the same round in which the wearer or holder utters the command word; this power can

be used up to three times per month. This power releases a pulse of white light. In the round in which the *wink* occurs (only), the *wink* protects the wearer or holder from all damage and effects caused by any magic. This protection includes resistance to spells, magical item effects, or even the physical strike of an enchanted weapon. The *wink* effectively makes the wearer immune to all magical effects for one round.

An eye can be commanded, by uttering the command word in three successive rounds, to *wink* in three consecutive rounds. (If used in this manner, the eye crumbles to dust immediately after the third round, its magic drained and destroyed) Even if more than one being is touching it, only one being is protected by it during its *wink* round. Precedence is given to the wearer, as opposed to someone merely touching the item. Protection is also granted to living beings as opposed to the dead. In all other cases, the being who owns the eye, or has had a long period of contact with it, is the one protected.

Flying Dagger

XP Value: 3,000 each
GP Value: 15,000 each

This useful magical item was very popular as an animated guardian in younger days of the Realms. A *flying dagger* darts about silently, point-first, and is typically about nine inches in length. 1-12 such daggers are usually encountered. Many different specimens of *flying daggers* can be found all across the face of Toril; therefore, a DM can freely alter the statistics of an individual *flying dagger*, creating one exactly to fit specific campaigns. The secrets of magically animating such daggers are known to few living mages.

The 'trigger' activating a given *dagger* can be as general as "attack all intruders" or as specific as the elaborate triggering conditions of a *magic mouth* spell.

Flying daggers are usually enchanted to attack anything that moves within a 60' range. The spells that allow a *flying dagger* to swoop, dart, and detect opponents also protect the blades from rusting and brittleness due to extreme heat and cold.

An 'average' *flying dagger* is given the following statistics for combat: AC 5; MV Fl 21 (A); HD 1 + 1; hp 9 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4; this item is considered a magi-

cal weapon that can hit creatures vulnerable to +2 weapons—the weapon gains no true attack bonuses. *Flying daggers* are neutral, non-intelligent, and cannot be affected by any type of mental control. A *dagger* that successfully strikes a moving arrow, thrown weapon, or like missile deflects it, if a DM so desires.

Some *flying daggers* can be enchanted with special abilities: immunity or reflection of certain spells; their touch can *rust* metal items as a *rust monster* (items struck must save vs. lightning or *rust-a-fly*; a *flying dagger* strikes metal when it attacks a target creature carrying or wearing something metal, and its attack roll misses by only one point.); or perhaps the *flying daggers* can even deliver a *shocking grasp* effect upon contact.

Glim-Gauntlet

XP Value: 1,000
GP Value: 4,000

The method of making these single gauntlets is largely forgotten. They were once among the most common of magical items in Waterdeep. Woven of metallic fibers, they magically alter in size to fit the wearer. They can handle sharp objects and pass through flame and heat without damage to the hand within.

A *glim-gauntlet* is named for its power to glow with a soft yellow radiance akin to *fairie fire* upon the mental command of the wearer. This light can be varied from bright (not blinding) to a dim glow, and can last without limit, so long as the glove is worn by a living being.

A *glim-gauntlet* can also cause magical dweomers (the auras of enchanted items, not living things) to glow faintly when touched by the gauntlet. The strength of such auras roughly corresponds to the power of the magical item touched.

Glowing Globe

XP Value: 100
GP Value: 200

Fully described in *FR4/The Magister*, the powers of this useful item are summarized here.

A *glowing globe* is a luminous glass globe that always floats above and just behind the shoulder of the person who first touched it. Its brightness is controlled by

silent use of the owner's will, varying from completely dark to blinding (a brief flash; creatures within 40' of the flashing globe save vs. spell to avoid being blinded for 1-6 rounds). Such a globe can be removed from an owner's control by *remove curse* or a *limited wish*, whereupon the next being to touch the globe inherits control of it.

A *glowing globe* does not give off any heat. It is AC4, and can be shattered (causing a blinding flash, as above) by doing it 14 points or more of impact damage; magical or normal fire, cold, and lightning will not harm it. It cannot be made invisible except by use of a *wish*.

A *glowing globe* is affected by changes in its owner's state, and drops to the ground, lightless, if its owner is killed, petrified, goes ethereal or astral, or travels to another plane without taking the globe along. Control can be gained by any being touching such a lifeless globe.

If a sling or harness is thrown over it, a *glowing globe*'s levitation can allow it to carry up to 20 pounds. Any weight above 21/2 pounds causes a *globe* to slow to the pace of a slow walk—MV 6. Some mages *reduce* their size and move along with a *globe*, though this mode of travel is hardly common.

Driftlights: One specialized form of *glowing globe* widely-encountered in Undermountain is known as a *driftlight*. It is larger and brighter than a standard *glowing globe*. They are rarely under the control of anyone, except by purely physical means (i.e. the use of nets to drag them along). *Driftlights* are set free to roam, once created, providing illumination equal in effects to a *continual light* spell. They levitate about, lasting until physically destroyed or until their magic is dispelled. A *dispel magic* spell merely blacks out the light and levitation of a *glowing globe* or *driftlight* for 2-5 rounds—an *anti-magic shell*, *limited wish*, or other, more powerful spell is required to destroy either form of globe forever.

Grzeenstone Amulet

XP Value: 5,000
GP Value: 30,000

Fully described in *FR4/The Magister*, the powers of this item are summarized here. A fist-sized green stone which glows



when operating, this magical item provides protection equivalent to a *mind blank* spell. It also confers immunity to spells and mental powers as if the wearer had a Wisdom score of 25. The amulet allows the wearer a save against Otto's *irresistible dance*, *maze*, and *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter* (for half duration). The amulet is itself unaffected by magic.

Such amulets vary in their capacity to ward off magic of multiple castings; all *greenstone amulets* ward off the spells mentioned above. Most (including those found in Undermountain and environs) protect the wearer against 33 spell levels (regaining 1 level of capacity per turn) before being temporarily exhausted.

Horned Ring

XP Value: 3,000
GP Value: 35,000

Fashioned by Halaster, these iron rings are normally found only in Undermountain. Pairs of tiny curved horns rise from such a ring, the horns curling out and

back toward the wearer's finger.

Horned rings function as "teleport rings" within the dungeons of Undermountain (see below), though the wearers can arrive at different locations. The wearers can specifically define their "arrival" areas. They also break all *wizard locks*, *walls of force*, *holds*, *webs*, and other magical barriers (except *prismatic sphere* and *prismatic wall*) on contact; no harm comes to the wearer while disrupting magical barriers. They absorb *magic missiles* and all electrical spells and natural effects to re-power themselves, without allowing these effects to harm the wearer.

There are only 8 of these rings known to exist, and nearly all are accounted for among Halaster's ex-apprentices. Jhesiyra Kestellharp also had a *horned ring* in her possession, but its current whereabouts are unknown.

Magic Eye

XP Value: 500
GP Value: Variable
bowl-lid (full) size / 5 uses: 50 gp
buckler size / 4 uses left: 40 gp

saucer (half) size / 3 uses: 30 gp
trade-token size / 2 uses: 20 gp
coin size / 1 use left: 10 gp

This clear, circular sheet of polished crystal is graven all over with runes. When magical writing is viewed through it, it allows all intelligent beings to understand the import and subject of the writing. Command words, glyphs, and the like can be clearly discerned, the eye functioning as a *read magic* spell. With each use, the eye dwindles in size, until in the end it vanishes altogether.

Each 'face' of a page counts as one use, but a being must read writings through the eye for it to be activated. Merely laying it upon writings does not unintentionally drain the item of charges. Coded or cryptic inscriptions of a non-magical nature do not activate the magics of the eye, and therefore do not use charges.

Non-spell casters can identify (but not use) scroll spells by use of this item. Low-level spell casters can infallibly cast or copy spells normally beyond their powers by use of an eye, and thieves employing an eye to read a scroll are only 15% likely

to incorrectly cast a spell from the scroll. Wizards employing an eye to study an unfamiliar spell with the aim of adding it to their permanent repertoire (as opposed to merely copying it for later study, or casting it on the spot without full knowledge of its specifics) gain a "chance to learn spell" bonus of + 15%.

A *magic eye* does not shield a reader from written curses, nor will it penetrate a *secret page*. It does, however, reveal the existing *secret page* spell. The eye makes all its saving throws as "rock crystal," but it gains a + 1 saving throw bonus due to its magical nature.

Naga Crown

XP Value: 6,000
GP Value: 45,000

These triple-spired, silvery metal circlets alter to perfectly fit any head they are placed upon. Although developed by nagakind long ago (and, Realmslore hints, on another plane), *naga crowns* are usable by all intelligent creatures able to wear them.

The powers of a *crown* are exercised by the wearer's will. Learning what these powers are and how to wield them initially takes 1 turn per power. The wearer of a *naga crown* gains the following powers:

- detect invisibility up to 90' distant;
- use repulsion as if cast by a 12th level mage once every day;
- a limited form of spell turning (the wearer rolls 1d8 and multiplies the result by 10% to determine the amount of spell turning. In all other ways, its limitations are identical to those of the ring);
- double spell casting ability (number of spells that can be memorized) of any wearer possessing spell casting ability, regardless of class, level or race;
- *reptilian command* once a day (this power is automatic, reptiles gaining no saving throw against this power, and it cannot be dispelled once cast. Its effects last for 2-5 turns, and the power affects all unintelligent scaled/reptilian creatures in the air, water, or land within a 500 yard radius. Once established, this power of the *crown* cannot be wrested away or usurped by another being with the same ability until the *reptilian command* expires. Intelligent

reptilians get a saving throw against this controlling power; the save does not prevent the other effects of the *crown*); and

- immunity to reptile attacks. Unintelligent reptilians will never willingly attack the wearer of a *naga crown*, regardless of the use of the *reptilian command* power. Intelligent reptilian creatures attack a crown-wearer who is using *reptilian command* as though slowed, and at a penalty of -3 to hit. Only reptilian creatures with a 15 or greater intelligence gain a saving throw (vs. spell) against these combat effects, and they have a penalty of -2 against the power of the *naga crown*. Dragons are immune to all these detrimental effects of the *naga crown*.

These rare and powerful items are often cursed. Ten percent of them (including the one found in the adventure "Coils In The Dark," included in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set) may permanently grant the wearer reptilian features and skin whenever *reptilian command* is activated. Another 20% of the crowns have a 10% chance of teleporting the wearer a random distance (up to 6 miles) and direction away whenever any of the crown's abilities are used. All *naga crowns* have a 5% chance of simply vanishing whenever any of the non-automatic powers are called upon (rumors say that the *crowns* return to the plane where they were created).

Quarrel of Bitng

XP Value: 300
GP Value: 100

This rare type of magical crossbow bolt does 1d6 damage when striking, and turns into a small winged snake upon impact. The snake immediately hits and bites for an additional 2-5 points of damage. It then flies about for another 2 rounds, biting at the same target, before dissipating into a plume of harmless smoke. The *quarrel* snakes can damage creatures vulnerable to +1 weapons.

Such snakes are unintelligent and uncontrollable by magical means. Their combat statistics are: AC 3; MV Fl 12 (B); HD 1 + 1; 9 hp; THAC0 19; #AT 1. They are magical constructs rather than living creatures, and can see and strike at invis-

ible creatures without penalty. This also applies to those employing *displacement* and other magical abilities to make themselves harder to hit.

Quarrels of biting are more common in eastern and southern lands of the Realms, but the costs listed above apply to their creation and sale prices in the North. Rumors persist across Faerun of poisonous and even acid-spitting specimens of these weapons. Poisonous or not, most guilds, factions, and priesthoods do not consider the use of these weapons a good (or, in the case of the priests and worshippers of Tempus, an 'honorable') act. *Quarrels of biting* are usually found in bundles of 1-12.

Ring of Gargoyles

XP Value: 3,000 (5,000)
GP Value: 6,000 (10,000)

This normal-appearing brass ring has two powers, controlled by silent effort of will. It can *summon* one or two gargoyles at a time from within the ring to serve the wearer. It can also *repel* gargoyles. Each use of either power immediately drains 1d6 + 1 hit points from the ring-wearer; these are regained by rest or healing.

Gargoyles *summoned* by the ring have 25 hit points, and are utterly loyal to whoever wears the ring. The gargoyles will appear as if coming from another dimension, arriving within 20' to 40' from the ring-wearer. They are in continuous telepathic communication with the ring-wearer. This link prevents both gargoyles and the ring-wearer from being successfully tricked or influenced by *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, *suggestion* and similar enchantment/charm spells and illusions. The ring-wearer can 'see' through the eyes of the gargoyles to gain their infravision. Control over the gargoyles and communication with them can be maintained up to a distance of 100 miles on the same world or plane.

Whenever the wearer desires (or whenever the ring is removed from the wearer's finger), gargoyles *summoned* by the ring vanish. They can be *summoned* again, but each gargoyle can only be *summoned* once per day. A gargoyle of the ring that is slain is forever gone. A *ring of gargoyles* can summon only 6 gargoyles; when the last is destroyed, the ring crumbles into nothingness. Injured gargoyles



regain full hit points when 'inside' the ring, ready at full strength the next day.

The ring-wearer can also *repel gargoyles* by silent act of will, at any time. This power affects all gargoyles and margoyle; the ring-wearer can specifically exclude loyal gargoyles *summoned* by the ring. This power is identical in effects to the 6th level wizard spell *repulsion*, but no saving throw is allowed. The effects last for 6 rounds, but can be extended or started again at will.

A rare (5%) form of this ring is the *margoyle ring*. Its values appear in brackets, after those for the more common sort of ring. The ring-wearer still gains all the above powers of the *gargoyle ring* with the only exceptions noted below.

This special type of ring calls forth only a single creature: a margoyle of maximum hit points (48). It also can be *summoned* and returned to the ring only once a day. For every creature of its own hit dice or greater that a 'ring margoyle' slays or helps to destroy, it permanently gains 1 hit point (when it has so gained 8 hit points, it gains a hit die for THAC0, saving throw, and experience point purposes). The margoyle can continue this progression up to a maximum of 12HD, at which time it can grant a *limited wish* in exchange for its freedom.

Scepter of Entrapment

XP Value: 3,000

GP Value: 45,000

These very old, rare foot-long brass scepters were made in long-ago Netheril but the secrets of their creation are unknown today. Such scepters have only 3d6 charges when found or created. Each charge fires a translucent *bubble of force* at any single target within 90' of the wielder and within the caster's line of sight when the scepter is activated. The caster's normal THAC0 is used for the force attack, with no magical or dexterity adjustments. If the bubble misses, it explodes in a harmless glow and puff of smoke (which lasts only 1 round).

If it strikes a creature, the bubble does no damage, but expands to entrap the target creature in a translucent *bubble of force*. Air and moisture can pass through this bubble (thus, bubbles directed under



water can be used to drown non-water-breathing occupants), but all attacks against the bubble (from within or without) will fail unless they are the same magics able to bring down a *wall of force* (*disintegrate* spells, a *sphere of annihilation*, or a *rod of cancellation*). This bubble can trap any creatures, including undead, constructs, and creatures of otherplanar existence, though it only entraps one target at a time.

A *scepter of entrapment* can only be linked to one bubble at a time; firing a new one will automatically destroy an existing one.

A *scepter* can move a bubble that it has created, when the *scepter* is grasped and willed to do so. To exercise this control, the bubble must be within 200' of the *scepter*. The bubble normally moves by *levitation* and *flight* with a MV rate of 15, at the *scepter*-wielder's direction. The bubble can also be willed to roll at a MV of 9, though this might be very upsetting for the

entrapped creature! The bubble remains immobile whenever no concentration is spared for it. Bubbles can be also be moved about by strong winds, nets and other artificial means, water currents, and so on. Noises (including speech) made by the entrapped creature can be heard outside the bubble; the entrapped creature can cast spells, although these cannot take effect outside the bubble unless they are able to destroy the bubble in the process.

Bubbles created by this scepter last for 6d20 hours, or until the scepter-wielder wills them to collapse. A collapsing bubble does not itself injure the imprisoned creature; the trapped being can come to no harm except through drowning (as previously described) or starvation while in the bubble. However, if a bubble is destroyed in situations perilous to the entrapped creature, such as high above a cliff or within the stomach of a purple worm, the damage normally done by the surroundings applies.

Spellblade

XP Value: 1,000 + 100/spell level
GP Value: 6,000 + 2,000/spell level

These slim-bladed long swords were once plentiful in the Realms. Recently, someone has found or rediscovered the secrets of making them again; new blades have begun to appear in the Dragonreach area, probably from a source in Sembia.

A *spellblade* is a +2 magical weapon. A single wizard spell is cast as part of its making, and thereafter, the sword is immune to and paramount over that particular spell. Anyone with a *spellblade* on his person who is attacked by the particular spell that the blade is linked to is utterly protected against all of that spell's effects. This immunity applies even if the spell is *magic missile* or another 'unerring' spell, or one that a weapon would normally be of no use against.

The *blade*- bearer can reflect a offensive spell back upon its caster, choose to negate its local effects entirely (allowing a *fireball* to flow directly around the wielder with no effect), or direct it at another target of his own choosing. This decision must be made the round the spell is cast, or the spell is negated. There is no known limit to the negation ability of a *spellblade* against its specific spell. This power does not prevent normal use of the weapon in the same round.

As an item, the *spellblade* is usable by all classes; as a weapon, it is usable only by those allowed to wield long swords. To gain the protection of the *spellblade*, it must be drawn from its scabbard with some part of its hilt or blade resting on the bearer's flesh (a warrior's hand or strapped to the leg of a wizard). *Spellblades* guard against specific spells and identical magical effects, such as the *fireball* spell and the fireball emitted by a *wand of fireballs*. They do not guard against merely similar effects; for example, a *fireball*- specific *spellblade* would not guard against normal fires, a *wall of fire*, a *meteor swarm*, a *flaming sphere*, or a *delayed blast fireball*.

Most *spellblades* are crafted to protect against offensive spells such as *fireballs*, *lightning bolts*, *magic missiles* or *charm person* spells; a rare few are made for specific purposes, and can breach prismatic spheres or walls of force.

Stone of Shielding

XP Value: 100
GP Value: 500

This single-use item is a spherical white stone about an inch in diameter. Whenever crushed, it activates its power, and can thus be unintentionally activated by a fall or attack. A *stone of shielding* causes a sparkling, winking aura to spring into being around the creature who crushed it. This aura lasts for three rounds, boosting the armor class of the affected being by a -6 bonus on the first round, a -3 on the second round, and -1 on the third round, during which it flickers before finally winking out. Therefore, a mage of AC 6 crushes a *stone of shielding* and gains an armor class of 0 the next round. This reduces to AC 3 at the end of the following round, and AC 5 after that.

Stylus of Scribing

XP Value: 100
GP Value: 25

This wand of black stone animates itself when commanded, and is able to write three words in Thorass. The activator must utter a command word marked on the wand (a typical word: "Kathlas") while touching the *stylus*. The next three words spoken by the activator will be graven deeply and clearly on any non-magical, non-living surface mentally selected by the caster that is on the same plane.

If no surface is chosen by the activator, the DM should choose a nearby stone surface at random. If the *stylus* is moved (physically carried) between words, it can be made to do its work on two or three surfaces rather than one. Upon writing the third word, it vanishes forever. Note that the *stylus* cannot distinguish between the user's unintentional speech and desired words—but the activator can by force of will alter spellings.

If the activator does not speak three words before abandoning the *stylus*, it retains some magical power. If touched by a another being and its command word uttered, it writes that being's next words, but the *stylus* won't write more words than it has words remaining—the second user of this item may only get one word

enscribed before the item disappears.

If no being speaks the command word, and the original activator never utters another word on the same plane as the *stylus*, a *stylus* will hover above the location of its last writing until physically moved elsewhere. The *stylus of scribing* is often used by adventurers to leave messages for others on dungeon walls.

Halaster's Teleport Ring

XP Value: 1,000
GP Value: 4,000

These plain brass finger-rings were once common in the Realms, but are now very rare. They enabled any wearer to *teleport without error* from a current location to a predetermined spot on the same plane, either by speaking a command word or through activation by force of will.

Teleport rings affect only the one creature wearing them. The few that are in Undermountain are placed there by Halaster: unlike the more powerful horned rings (see above) of his devising, all the *teleport rings* found in the halls are *cursed*. They transport the wearer's to a single location upon the wearers speaking of a command word: "Athlas" (which means 'lost' in a Northern dialect of long ago, familiar to the wizard). Their destination is Room #70, the Cavern of the Throne on Undermountain's Level Three. The characters arrive facing the throne itself from the bottom of the steps leading up to it.

The *teleport rings* in Undermountain are further tainted by Halaster's cruel sense of humor: the user arrives stripped of all clothing and belongings, including magical items such as the *teleport ring* itself. The ring's magic scatters such objects at random all over Undermountain, where some may never be found. As always, these secondary effects are used at the discretion of the DM; of course, Halaster is not known for discretion or fairness himself . . .



Twisted Claw

XP Value: 100

GP Value: 500

This palm-sized silver sculpture looks like a gnarled beast's claw, its unnaturally long talons bent over each other and around themselves in a boneless manner, forming an almost spherical mass. The claws can easily be bent, but they won't break.

A *twisted claw* is inactive until carried next to its owner's skin for at least 1 day. After this time, the claw can be controlled by mental commands of its wielder.

A claw can be thrown up to 40' at an opponent with the thrower's normal THAC0, and willed to activate only if it hits. Another common method is to curl the claw around the end or edge of a bludgeoning or slashing weapon, perhaps even transfixing it on the point of a piercing weapon, and willing the item to take effect if the weapon hits.

A claw does not cause damage, either by itself or in addition to a weapon it rides. It causes the struck victim to twist, writhe, and flail in pain the round after it strikes, no applicable saving throw. This gives the victim's armor class a penalty of +2, prohibits any spell casting or other attacks, and causes all held items to be dropped (2% chance per level or hit die of the victim of retaining hold on any item). The claw vanishes after one use. A twisted claw cannot affect any undead creature, though its magic is not wasted if used against such beings.

A twisted claw will override a *ring of free action* or similar magical protection; it was designed specifically to override such things. It can be rendered inoperative by an *anti-magic shell*, until removed from the shell's area of effect.

Velvet Crown

XP Value: 2,500

GP Value: 10,000

These rare, highly-prized items appear as cloth circlets or garters of worn dark velvet. When worn about wrists, ankles, or thighs, or simply carried upon one's person, they do not function magically, and barely exhibit any dweomer (even under *detect magic*).

When worn about the head of an intelligent being, however, a *velvet crown* has the following properties: *feather fall* automatically; *silence 15' radius* upon mental command, lasting up to one hour at a time and usable once every three hours; *darkness 15' radius*, lasting up to 6 rounds at a time and usable once every hour; and *freedom*, usable once per day.

This last power enables the wearer to escape locks, bonds, manacles, *hold, charm, slow*, and web spells. The wearer can also open *held, locked, and wizard locked* portals (but not spiked or barred ones) and pass through, all in silence.

Velvet crowns are usable by all classes, allegedly devised by the wizard Thingarlus, the Master of the Thieves' Guild of Airspur some four hundred years ago. Elminster the Sage is known to have used one recently, and it is also still in his possession.

Wine of Eternity

XP Value: (1,500)

GP Value: 10,000 / quart flask

This extremely rare, fell vintage was devised by a cabal of renegade illithid mages an age ago. They are all dead now; the secrets of enchanting this drink are thought to have died with them.

The wine tastes fruity, like fermented cherries. If even the slightest drop of this fine, dark-red wine passes the lips (or is spilled into a wound, so that it mixes with the blood) of a living creature, that creature falls instantly asleep.

Seven days after imbibing the wine, an affected being is allowed a special saving throw. If it succeeds, the being awakens and is forever after immune to the effects of the *wine of eternity*. If it fails, the next saving throw is allowed a year (to the minutel) later. If that fails, another year must pass, and so on. This cycle can theoretically continue for ages and beyond.

The saving throw is a special one, calculated as follows: add together the victim's current Strength, Constitution, Intelligence, and Wisdom ability points. Roll percentile dice; if the roll is equal to or less than this ability point total, the sleeper awakens.

No known means short of a *limited wish* can end this slumber early. The sleeping being does not age, or even require food,

water, or air—although breathing (and snoring!) continues. Hair continues to grow, but nails do not, and most other bodily processes (except healing) also seem to cease. Certain sleepers have even been known to *regenerate* lost limbs and the like, without the use of a spell—something normally beyond the powers of mere rest!

This vintage is believed the cause of many sleeping knights found in tombs throughout the Realms. Allegedly, the illithids tried to dose many of their foes—and after a time, sold the vintage to humans, to use against rivals; the victims were eventually laid to rest by those helpless to awaken them.

Mind flayers, beholders, and drow are known to be immune to the slumber-causing agents of this magical wine, as are all undead. To drow, it functions merely as an intoxicant; to mind flayers and beholders, it functions as a powerful, regenerative healing draught, yielding 1d12 restored hit points per cup.

Note that the XP Value is given in brackets; to earn it, a PC would have to find or rediscover the method of making the vintage, and this is a highly unlikely feat. No known written instructions exist of its making, and, according to Elminster, many powerful mages searched long and hard for any mention or clue of it in all the libraries of the Realms.





This chapter details some spells of the Realms that may be rare or new to DMs and players alike, and can be encountered in the course of play in Undermountain. Some of these spells have appeared elsewhere before, but all magics not set down in AD&D® 2nd Edition sourcebooks or modules are given again here, for DMs who missed their initial appearance. The sourcebook *FR4/The Magister* is a rich source of strange and unusual Realms spells and items for DMs seeking alternatives to the overly-familiar.

Wizard Spells

SECOND LEVEL SPELLS

Whirling Blade (Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a shimmering, translucent silvery blade of force equal in dimensions and damage to a long sword. It

orbits one of the caster's hands and strikes once per round as a magical weapon (+1 to attack and damage rolls).

The *blade* is weightless, and passes through metallic things as though they did not exist, without affecting them.

Metal armor is discounted when determining armor class against *blade* attacks; i.e. targets receive dexterity and magical bonuses, but not metal shield and mail protection. Beings wearing leather armor have a base armor class of 8, studded leather also counting as AC8 against blade attacks; creatures with naturally tough hides or natural "armor plating" have their usual armor classes!

A *whirling blade* also passes through the body of its caster without harm—the caster is never imperilled by his own weapon. The *blade* cannot break, but is destroyed instantly by contact with a *wall of force*, *anti-magic shell*, or *dispel magic* spell.

A *whirling blade* emits a continuous, high-pitched shrieking noise—vibrations of magical force that cannot be magically silenced—and therefore cannot be used with any measure of stealth. Note that the caster can hold or carry normal weapons and other inorganic objects in the hand

wielding the *whirling blade* without hampering its functioning, unless the carried objects are so large as to obstruct the caster's view of foes, or so heavy (10 pounds or more) as to hamper or significantly slow arm movement. This magical weapon exists for the duration given or until the caster concentrates on casting another spell, whereupon it vanishes. Wielding and actively using a weapon also disrupts the spell, canceling its effects prematurely.

Third Level Spells

Khelben's Suspended Silence (Alteration)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 20' radius sphere

Saving Throw: None

This spell, devised by the famous archmage Khelben 'Blackstaff' Arunsun of Waterdeep, brings into being a magical field of silence on any non-living object of a smaller size than the caster (e.g. a stone,

vase, weapon, or corpse of a being smaller than the wizard). Once cast, the spell is inactive until the command word is spoken. This spell field can be detected as a faint aura until the spell is triggered, and may be dispelled with a *dispel magic*.

When the focal object is touched and a command or trigger word (chosen and uttered during casting) is spoken, the spell takes effect, expanding into a 20' radius spherical field centered on the midpoint of the focal object. Within this field, absolute magical silence reigns for six rounds. The field moves with the object (e.g. with a thrown stone), and its effects can be avoided only by creatures employing *dispel magic* (to end the spell effects), or vocalize spells.

The material components for this spell are a feather and a handful of dust, which must be held in the cupped palm of the caster, while the caster's other hand touches the focal object. The focal object is in no way harmed or altered by the spell.

Fifth Level Spells

Halaster's Grappling Hand (Evocation)

Range: 10 feet
Components: V, S
Duration: 4 rounds +1 round/level
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a translucent, 5' tall magical left hand of force that appears within ten feet of the spell caster, and moves with him. The hand is silent, non-corporeal when encountering non-magical, unliving matter and can thus pass through door frames, missiles, and so on without harm. It lasts without concentration while the caster engages in other activities, including spell casting.

The hand acts only when a magical attack, such as a *magic missile* or *lightning bolt*, is directed at the caster, or when a hostile creature charges at the caster. The spell is designed to interrupt any magic coming directly at the caster; it can intercept *magic missiles* and *lightning bolts*, but wide effect spells such as *chain lightning* or *fireball* are not stopped by the hand.

If any creatures bearing magical weapons or items attempt to approach the

caster of the hand, the hand intercedes. Designed to stop magic, beings with any magical items are stopped by the hand as if it were a solid barrier. Magical weapons damage the hand, dealing one point of damage for every combat bonus on the weapon; for example, a *dagger +2* causes two points of damage to the hand. PCs or monsters without magical weapons, items, or armor can freely pass through the hand.

The hand is lightning-quick, and can defend against several magical attacks or one creature in a round. It tries to intercept all such attacks, taking their damage itself. The hand is AC0, and has the same hit points as the caster in full health. It also gains the caster's saving throws against any attacks.

The caster should make a Dexterity check to see if the hand successfully intercepts an attack. If it does, all magical damage done is suffered by the hand (if the hand is destroyed, the excess damage it did not stop affects the caster). *Dispel magic*, *negation*, or *cancellation* item effects and spells destroy the hand instantly. Once a *grappling hand* has been created, it cannot be ended by will of the caster or anyone else before its duration runs out; to remove it, a *dispel magic* must be used.

The hand does not stop normal missiles or any thrown non-magical item not connected to a living being, nor is it harmed by them. Charging creatures cannot harm a hand by hacking at it, unless they use an enchanted weapon (which will do the hand its magical bonuses in damage).

Sixth Level Spells

Energy Transformation (Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 4 rounds
Area of Effect: 40' radius sphere
Saving Throw: None

This complex spell creates a permanent, undetectable magical field. It absorbs magical discharges, such as spell effects and item functions, and uses them to power (that is, to extend the duration of) an existing magical spell or protection, with which the *energy transformation* is linked. The casting of the transformation must name this existing magic it is power-

ing, and must also outline any desired limits on the absorption area of the transformation, within the limits of the "area of effect" given above. The spell field does not affect any magical items or weapons unless they are using a spell-like effect when they contact the field; in such cases, the *energy transformation* field absorbs the spell effect but has no further effect on the item or weapon.

The field absorbs spells cast through its area of effect, and it absorbs spells of all types that come in contact with the field save abjuration and conjuration/summoning spells. Any external magical effects on weapons or items will be slightly hampered by the field; for example, glowing weapons or a *continual light* cast on a torch will visibly dim and flicker while passing through an *energy transformation* field.

If someone tries to use *passwall*, *teleport*, *dimension door* or similar spells in Undermountain, he or she encounters endless, overlapping fields of multiple *energy transformation* spells. The caster simply teleports or moves slightly toward his or her goal and the spell vanishes on contact with an *energy transformation* field. Many of Halaster's *energy transformation* spells silently drink the spell energy, using it to further the magical field that cloaks Undermountain's passages and prevents scrying and teleportation magics of all types. Other uses might include a field around an icon, using spell energy to recharge a magical item within the icon itself. Only a *Mordenkainen's disjunction*, *limited wish* or *wish* spell will destroy a single such field—a *dispel magic* will be absorbed by it, without having effect.

The material components of this spell include no less than three "permanent" magic items (which are consumed in the casting), three drops of the caster's blood, the eye of any living creature, and a powdered diamond of not less than 5,000 gp value.

There is a 20% chance that any corridor in Undermountain has an *energy transformation* field somewhere along its length. DMs can easily design traps which can be powered by these fields, such as a hallway with a *greased floor* to affect any beings who traverse its length.

Seventh Level Spells

The Curse of Forgetfulness (Enchantment/Charm) Reversible

Range: Touch
 Components: V, S
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: One creature
 Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, a wizard bestows a special *curse* on another wizard which destroys the ability to comprehend certain spells. Lost spells cannot be memorized or even cast from a scroll; the mind of the victim of this curse simply cannot understand and enact them.

Spells known to a victim are lost at random, beginning with spells currently memorized. One spell is lost instantly, and an additional spell is lost every ten days thereafter, until the victim forever loses all spell casting ability. A remove *curse* will not affect this special *curse*; a *heal*, *limited wish* or stronger spell is necessary.

The reverse of this spell, bestow *remembrance*, reverses the effects of a *curse of forgetfulness* or a *forget* spell. Note that a successful 'to hit' roll is required to confer either version of this spell upon an unwilling being.

Imbibing an undiluted *sweet water* potion (not its usual method of application, hence this remedy is known to few) will halt but not reverse the effects of a *curse of forgetfulness*.



face he desires. Several *symbols* are known in the Realms beyond those given in the *Player's Handbook*; one such *symbol* is given here:

Spell Loss: Any priest, wizard, or other creature who uses memorized spells can be affected by this *rune*. It causes one memorized spell to be instantly forgotten (if more than one is memorized at the time, choose which is affected randomly), its energy forever gone and wasted. Scrolls and spell-like natural powers are not affected.

There is no saving throw to escape the effects of this *symbol*—except in the case of a spell caster actually casting a spell as the *rune* is activated. In this case, the caster is allowed a saving throw vs. spell; if successful, the spell operates normally. If the save fails, the spell is disrupted by the *rune* and lost, wasted without taking any effect.

If desired, the caster can make this *symbol* invisible, once inscribed. If left visible, it cannot be read without activation occurring. The caster usually ignores the presence of his or her own *symbols*; alternatively, the caster can opt to set a password to the *symbol*, allowing safe passage by the magical sigil by those who speak the password. The material component for this form of the spell is the same as for all others: the powdered remnants of black opal and diamond gems, of a total value of not less than 5,000 gp each.

Eighth Level Spells

Symbol (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 8
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: Special

A *symbol* spell creates magical runes affecting creatures that pass over, touch, read the runes, or pass through a portal upon which the *symbol* is inscribed.

When casting the spell, the wizard inscribes the *symbol* upon whatever sur-

Ninth Level Spells

Phezult's Sleep of Ages (Alteration) Reversible

Range: 10'/level
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 3 rounds
 Area of Effect: All living creatures within range
 Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell creates a spherical *stasis field* around the chosen spell focus. It expands by a 20' radius per round to a maximum volume of 10' radius per level of the caster. (Only an *anti-magic shell*, *prismatic sphere*, or a closed spherical or cubical *wall of force* will block the effects of the *stasis field*).

All unprotected living creatures within the *field* (except the caster of the spell) must save versus spell or be instantly 'frozen,' placed in suspended animation. Creatures of 4-7 hit dice or levels less than the caster make this save at -1; lesser creatures save at an additional penalty of -1 per hit die or level less than seven below the caster's. Creatures entering the *field* after it has reached its full extent (even centuries after the spell's casting) must also make this saving throw (with a +3 bonus to the above modifiers) each time they enter the *field*, to avoid falling into stasis.

The casting of this spell requires nine or more drops of the caster's blood, smeared into an unbroken ring on any stable surface (usually stone) to become the spell fo-



cus (the center or the *stasis field*). The ring cannot be larger than the length of the caster's open hand from wrist to fingertips. In the ring are placed at least six 500 gp value gems of any sort. Four of these gems are consumed during casting, to bring the field into existence. The rest fuel the stasis field, dwindling slowly as time passes (yielding roughly 1 year of stasis per 10 gp of gem value). Stasis ends when the gemstone material is exhausted, but any number of gems that will fit into the ring can be added, at any time, to extend the life of the field.

The *field* will not come into existence if there is insufficient gemstone material in the ring during casting, and can be instantly broken at any time by the breaking of the ring or by the physical removal of any gemstone (except through consumption by the *field* itself).

In suspended animation, creatures do not age or die of natural, bodily causes. Creatures in stasis may be slain by external causes such as crushing, burial, drowning, or physical attack (e.g. in the event of a cave-in), but this causes only the normal-rate decay of slain creatures, not necessarily destruction of the *field*.

Beings in stasis do not respond to any at-

tempts to contact their minds—and attempts to do so confer a temporary stasis-sleep on those attempting contact even if they are far distant from the *field*. This temporary stasis lasts 2-8 rounds per attempt.

Creatures who are physically removed from a *field* will awaken in 2-8 rounds with no ill effects. Slapping and other physical means will not hasten this awakening, but a *dispel magic* causes instant, alert recovery. A being removed from stasis and then returned to a *field* before awakening will lapse back into stasis without aging or ill effects.

Creatures can be instantly released from stasis without harm, and without releasing other creatures in the same *field* by casting *temporal reinstatement* on them from a distance.

A *field* can be harmlessly terminated by casting *Phezult's Awakening*, the reverse of this spell, on the spell focus. An *awakening* requires as its material component seven drops of pure or holy water. The *field* shrinks away to nothingness at the same rate it originally expanded, freeing creatures instantly as it recedes from their position. No more gemstone material at the spell focus is consumed.

Priest Spells

Second Level Spells

Favor of Tymora (Abjuration)

Sphere: Protection

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 1 person or mammal

Saving Throw: None

This spell (also known as "Tymora's Smile") confers a protection upon a single living recipient creature that cannot be ended by *dispel magic* or other magical effects. It lasts until the death of the recipient creature or until its power is exhausted by use.

The favor of Tymora confers bonuses upon the recipient of +4 on the first saving throw made after the recipient is touched by the priest (even if the save occurs on the same round as the touch), +3 on the recipient's next saving throw, +2 on the one after that, then +1 on the following saving throw. After the four en-

hanced saving throws are used, the magic is exhausted.

Tymora does not allow her *favor* to be granted to the same creature more than once in any day (24-hour period), unless there are exceptional circumstances (such as a character championing Tymora's cause in open battle); any attempt to cast Tymora's *favor* more than once a day on a non-worshipper of Tymora automatically fails. Creatures faithful to Tymora are looked upon with disfavor if they request the bestowal of a *favor* more than twice in any "ride" (ten day period); to rely directly on the Goddess is not to trust in her luck. This includes priests of Tymora, who may have to atone for any use of this spell on themselves that exceeds this "once in ten days" rate.

Third Level Spells

Continual Faerie Fire (Alteration)

Sphere: Weather
Range: 120 yards
Components: V, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: 25 sq. feet/level, within a 70-foot radius
Saving Throw: None

This spell allows a priest to cover an area with a pale glowing light. This radiance may be of any hue desired by the caster; amber, green, red, and ale-brown seem the most popular, in that order, although crafty clerics sometimes employ blue-white or specific aura-hues to simulate magical auras.

The area can be of any size up to the priest's limitations, but must be continuous: a row of coin-sized patches of light would require a row of spells, whereas a ribbon or a circle of light in the same area could be created with a single spell.

When in contact with the lit area, all beings and objects are outlined with a slightly more intense light than their surroundings. Invisible creatures are also

surrounded with a nimbus and revealed if in contact with the *continual faerie fire*, but noncorporeal, ethereal, or gaseous creatures are unaffected. Undead creatures, however disguised, possess an aura of blackness (this does not extend to evil beings from other planes turnable by high-level clerics, only to "true" undead).

All beings and objects possessing or under the current influence of cast magic not part of their essential nature radiate an additional, flickering white aura. This aura is not evident on another being bearing only memorized spells. The white aura concentrates around the magical items they bear—e.g. a sword or potion flask. The entire person of a *polymorphed* being glows, as does the entire extent of any *illusion*. Spell casting or magical item activation while in contact with the radiance of a *continual faerie fire* is accompanied by tiny, winking white motes of light. Note that aura-effects are cumulative: an undead imbued with spell ability or disguised by an illusion would have a black aura, haloed with a flickering white one. The magic that animates some undead is part of their essential nature, and so would not cause a white aura unless they also bear some special magic item or cast dweomer.

The radiance does not harm undead or dark-dwelling creatures, and never approaches the intensity of sunlight, but creatures with normal vision can attack and function as if in normal light. The radiance does not alter or damage objects or creatures within its area of effect in any way. Moving objects and creatures retain a glowing outline for 1 round after they leave the lit area.

Continual faerie fire operates independently of magical *light* and *darkness*, functioning as if neither existed. Within areas of bright light, the winking white lights of magical outlines are hard to see, and the outlines around beings and objects appear as a faint fuzziness around the perceived edges of the outlined form.

This spell is most often used to illuminate temples or temporary places of worship. The material components of this

spell are a piece of foxfire, a drop of water, a pinch of ashes, and a pinch of bone dust.

Whip of Shar (Evocation)

Sphere: Necromantic
Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 6
Area of Effect: 5' long, flexible beam of force
Saving Throw: Special

This spell brings into being a flickering black beam of force, one inch in thickness and surrounded by a purple halo. It is wielded by the caster, whom it cannot harm under any circumstances. If the caster successfully strikes with the *whip* in combat, the struck creature suffers 2d4 points of damage. Undead are affected as if by a turning attempt by a priest of 3 levels higher than the *whip*-caster.

Living creatures struck by a *whip of Shar* must make a successful saving throw vs. spells or be unable to attack on the following round, writhing in pain and unable to control their actions (no armor class penalties, but make Dexterity checks to avoid dropping all held and wielded items). The *whip* seems to have a numbing effect: hits in successive rounds cause the second saving throw to be at a +1 bonus, the third saving throw to be at a +2 bonus, and so on. A *whip of Shar* has no effect on even the most fragile of non-living objects, and cannot be used to bind, constrict, or entangle.

The material components of this spell are three sharp-edged pieces of black obsidian or glass, and a long black hair from any evil creature. Its use is not a good act, and to date, no priest outside the faith of Shar has been reported to use it. Elminster suspects priests of Cyric, Loviatar, Talona, and The Dead Three can employ it if they gain access to the right prayer wording, and ask it of their deity.

Undermountain is far too large a place to be fully detailed here—nor would we want to. The many blank areas on the dungeon maps have been left that way deliberately, to give each DM comfortable room to add encounters and background ideas to make Undermountain fit his or her own campaign.

The space also allows a DM to add more powerful things to already-explored levels to test PCs passing through them; never let PCs think they have become too powerful for the level to be exciting any more!

This chapter explores suggested techniques for making Undermountain “grow” around active players in a campaign—and is vital if campaign play centers on the dungeon setting, rarely exploring the surface world above. Other ideas for adding encounters and areas to Undermountain can be found in the chapter on Rumors.

Old, Ever-present Foes

One of the greatest attractions in any heroic saga (be it in written literature, comic book and graphic literature, movies, or television, or—yes—in role-playing campaigns) is a “favorite villain”—a colorful, well-remembered nemesis encountered by PCs again and again. The only thing better than a favorite, recurring villain is more of them!

Undermountain offers the DM a variety of villains to develop in accordance with players’ tastes and the direction of the campaign. Several of these are ‘power groups’ rather than single individuals, and will make good recurring foes.

There are the bumbling Cultists of Gulkulath, and the sinister Thieves’ Guild behind them. There are the drow and their human surface agents, trying to establish a permanent base in Waterdeep, and trying to begin smuggling and slaving operations as part of their traffic with the surface world. There are the local orc and bugbear bands, struggling to maintain a foothold in Undermountain.

There are always rival adventuring groups, competing with the PCs for the same riches and ‘turf.’ There are the outcasts and misfits who dwell in Skullport, trading with the drow (and worse); these people are violently hostile to any who

might carry word of their existence to the Lords of Waterdeep or other surface organizations—such as the Harpers, the Red Sashes, or Force Grey.

The Sharn, a mysterious race of beings already resident in Undermountain, are quite unique adversaries who wish to dominate the underways without attracting attention to themselves. Earning such an open and permanent reputation serves only to attract the hostile attentions of Halaster, any organized force from Skullport, or raids from the Lords of Waterdeep and other surface powers (Force Grey, hired adventurers, Harper bands, or the Red Sashes).

And lastly, there are the eccentric or outright mentally unstable apprentices of Halaster, all masters of magical Art in their own way. There’s not room enough here to properly explore the uniquely twisted spells and items each of them has developed, and this should become the province of the DM. If spell ideas are to be experimented with before unleashing them on the unsuspecting Realms, or a DM finds interesting magics in a DRAGON® Magazine article or other source, Halaster’s apprentices offer a good justification for hurling them at PCs in play, deep in Undermountain. The **NPCs of Undermountain** chapter gives a good introduction to the three major surviving apprentices. Each has several power bases scattered among Levels Four through Seven of the dungeon.

Player Character Aims

Some PCs like to explore-and worse yet, map—everything! The DM’s life span may not be up to the task of leading them through every nook and corner of Undermountain—to say nothing of entire kingdoms beneath the earth, in the vast and labyrinthine Realms Below.

Sometimes, however, PCs are wise enough to have specific goals in mind—missions for an expedition or two, such as “wipe out the fungus farms,” or “run the mind flayers out of Skullport,” or “plunder and destroy every one of Hlethvagi’s below-ground storerooms, and break his supply lines so that they stay broken.” Encourage players to follow such ideas; great play sessions result, as both DM and players can see results, in the old,

apparently-endless dungeon environment of Undermountain.

Harder goals include establishing a stronghold or hideout in Undermountain, or trying to control an area of it. If the PCs work at this, it can consume all their time and effort. If control is tried on too small a scale, they risk running a monster-gauntlet to the lair, each time they visit, and may well find their nest plundered or destroyed. If done on a brute-force, large-scale basis, the PCs will attract the attention of power groups vying for control of the area, such as orcs, drow, and other hostile patrolling creatures.

If the PCs use superior magic or might to triumph over such foes, their troubles have really begun. They’ll inevitably attract Halaster’s attention, and he’ll start throwing monsters, traps, and nasty intrigues at them in a big way.

If the PCs are determined to tame every inch of Undermountain, the DM can have Halaster appear face-to-face, and tell them plainly that he won’t permit them to succeed. Quick-witted PCs may bargain with him, and end up with some limited privileges in return for some duties about the dungeon. A party of adventurers that can casually boast, “Oh—we live in Undermountain. Drop in some time; we throw wild parties . . .” will quickly make a name for themselves in Waterdeep. (In turn, that will bring them the unwanted attention of the Shadow Thieves, Maaril and other evil mages, as well as bored thrill seekers of both sexes among the jaded noble families: “Tell me again how you slew the dreaded roper—ohh, tell me *again!*”)

Most PCs will grow bored simply tramping around the same area of Undermountain. So then it’s time to show them the sights (if they don’t want to go, a few unintended gate hops will set them off on a tour anyway).

The Guided Tour

So what will wandering PCs find? The DM is free to devise anything that fits the general setting; this section provides guidelines for what that “general setting” is, from place to place in the sprawling dungeon.

Undermountain is known to have at least nine major levels, the lower three built by dwarves, with dwarven-height corridors, stairs, and other features. Be-



low that open out subterranean passages that were old before the dwarves first came here—the caverns and crawl-tubes of The Realms Below, inhabited by drow, purple worms, duergar, cloakers, and worse creatures.

This boxed set deals with the upper three levels, omitting the Guard-occupied citadel in the mountain above, the former Citadel of the Bloody Hand (or, some insist, "the Black Hand"). Those portions of Undermountain controlled by the beholder crime-lord Xanathar are also omitted, as are the dungeon's connections with the sewers, and to The Dungeon of the Crypt (which underlies The City of the Dead).

Level Four of Undermountain is sometimes called "the farms level," but it contains farms no surface dweller would recognize. Halaster's mightiest magic brought Sargauth, the River of the Depths, to this level, where it links huge caverns in broad, sweeping curves, and is navigable by barges. In these caverns, slimes and algae are produced for food by slaves and servants for the drow, aboleth,

and other races of The Realms Below. Halaster controls his own farms here, too, and their produce is teleported to "feed-bin" rooms throughout the dungeon, rooms known to resident monsters as "watering-holes."

Undermountain also has its privies rinsed by magically-pumped or redirected water into teleports that bring their contents to the farms. All this refuse is collected into mountainous piles of manure used to fertilize the fields. These dung-heaps are inhabited by gigantic otyughs (such as the greater otyugh described in "The Eye And The Hand" adventure). Conditions in their vicinity are similar to those in The Rat Hills on the surface (described in their own chapter, in the *Undermountain Adventures* book of this set), except darker.

All of these farms are quite valuable—there are few large sources of good food underground—and thus, all are heavily guarded. The drow and Halaster have both used fearsome monsters as guardians; intrepid adventurers report sighting giant two-headed bats or bat-hydrae, guardian undead beholders, nagas of un-

usual spell casting strength, dragon turtles with spell casting powers, and even wilder creatures.

A large, eerily-dark lake at one end of the level supports a kuo-toan "fish hatchery" of the blind, staring white fish of the depths—an important industry, heavily guarded to prevent food-raids from other creatures of the Underdark. A large kuo-toan colony lives in the lake, much enriched by the sale of its fish to hungry deep-dwellers.

There is an island in the middle of the lake—an island piled deep in dung, rotting carrion, and other refuse that finds its way down long, twisting garbage-shafts from Skullport, on the level above.

At least one gigantic greater otyugh lairs here, eating the garbage of most of Skullport. There is profit to be found here as well, as occasional treasure is inadvertently dropped down from above.

The "mid" levels below this one are dominated (but in no sense controlled) by Halaster's ex-apprentices. Holding pens here and there on these levels are home to their experiments (some failures, some



deadly successes), and the most valuable of these creatures are guarded-by still more monsters!

Deeper still in Undermountain are "The Dark Levels," a confused area of many sub-levels (small self-contained areas that branch out from the main dungeon). Hereabouts lurk a few powerful liches, concerned with their own spell researches. Few who find them return to tell the tale, which argues that their researches must have included some successes.

One such level is entombed in solid rock, and can be reached only a *gate*—guarded by "The Ring of Death," a waiting ring of gauth and death kiss beholder-kin.

This almost inaccessible level is known as "The Lost Level." It is a dark, spider-infested place of old, treasure-laden tombs; in its halls roam some horrific monsters. It is reputedly inhabited by a lonely, friendly Archlich (a special type of lich, detailed in the SPELLJAMMER™ accessory *SJRI/Lost Ships*).

On the main levels at this depth, one finds Halaster's failed or freed experiments, and a few huge, ungainly metal crab-creatures devised by his ex-apprentice Trobriand: early, crude efforts that the "Metal Mage" is now ashamed of.

These creatures have a limited intelligence of their own, and have formed communities for mutual defense, with their own "body-shops" (hospitals), self-modified guards, and mechanized servant-machines. Some delvers call one level the Realm of the Metal Monsters for this reason.

Lower still are areas frequented by many slimes, oozes, jellies, and amorphous monsters such as a visiting argos (see MC7) or two—a dangerous gauntlet for creatures from The Realms Below to run, to reach the surface or Skullport.

Many of the gates used by Halaster to restock the dungeon with dangerous monsters open into these levels—especially the gates that reach the most dangerous destinations, such as various Outer Planes (detailed in the *Manual of the Planes* AD&D® sourcebook) and planetary bodies in the wider universe beyond—in the SPELLJAMMER campaign universe.

The best-known such *gate* reaches to an asteroid in debris-littered wildspace, in a crystal sphere somewhere beyond the fringes of Realmspace. This asteroid was once a 'Stardock'—that is, before it was hit repeatedly by neogi and pirate raids. It is now littered with wrecked ships, haunted by ghosts, ghouls, and the like (DM's choice of favorite monsters).

The asteroid is large enough to hold a renewable atmosphere of its own, and PCs willing to tinker and do a little carpentry-work can assemble a usable spelljamming ship of their own from scavenged bits and pieces. They'll also find some useful treasure amid the wreckage, such as a spell book left behind in one ship by a now-enslaved or dead mage which contains some of the spells useful in space (found in the various SPELLJAMMER™ campaign rule books, accessories, and modules). A campaign among the crystal spheres lies ahead for the PCs—or, if the players or DM don't want to use such a setting, this *gate* simply cannot be found. One final option for the gate is to make sure it only operates in one direction, dumping bewildered (and angry!) neogi, beholders, mind flayers, and the like (see the *SPELLJAMMER Monstrous Compendium*, MC7, for what "the like" can mean) into the dark depths of Undermountain.

Below all this, amid the tunnels that lead into The Realms Below, lies a fabled treasure trove: The Mad Wizard's Lair. Here, it is whispered in Waterdhavian taverns late, late at night, Halaster stores his treasure. It is still whispered in the taverns because Halaster himself spreads these rumors, to keep the flow of adventurers coming (for his entertainment, and to prevent any resident creatures from establishing firm control over Undermountain).

In reality, Undermountain's ultimate level is one big gauntlet of the nastiest traps the DM can devise, leading up to-a spell book containing all the first and second level wizard spells in the *Players Handbook*, and a *Bucknard's everfull purse* that multiplies coins and gems placed inside it, as follows:

If any single coin of any metal currency type common in Faerun (copper, silver, electrum, gold, or platinum) is left in the bag for 12 hours, 2d8 more such coins will appear in the purse with it. If more

than one coin of a type is left in the purse, nothing will occur. If the last coin of a given type is ever taken out of the purse (and the purse is left without that type of coin for more than 2 rounds), the magic of the purse for that coin type is forever lost.

If a gem is always left in the purse, there is a 1 in 8 chance that another gem will appear beside it, every 12 hours. This new gem may be of any type or size (DM's choice). PCs may soon discover to their cost that the purse seems to get these gems from a nearby source—such as the pendant of the queen whose castle they're staying at, or the ring of their landlord!

Wise PCs will take the treasure and be very satisfied; lesser PCs may complain loudly—and learn to their cost that Halaster has been listening. Sometimes more monsters appear, sometimes deep mine-shafts open up under the complaining characters' feet, and sometimes the complaining character will be crushed and suffocated under a sudden deluge of copper pieces—thousands of copper pieces! —from an invisible *teleport* triggered near the ceiling above.

Having Just A Little Mercy

When things get too hot for PCs, and they all face certain death through no (or little) fault of their own, there is always a way out: have them stumble through an invisible, 'roaming' teleport (e.g. a moving, glowing door) that takes them into the midst of one of the adventures described in the *Undermountain Adventures* book in this set.

Conversely, when PCs grow complacent, and their players bored during explorations of the upper levels, dump them down a hitherto-unknown *gate* into the crawling depths of Undermountain hinted at here—so that they're lost, facing foes too powerful for them, and forced to find a way up or out. Halaster's *banish boredom* spells nearer fail. . .



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