

by Michael Selinker

## Players' Introduction

There are cats all over Claxton. You cannot venture anywhere without encountering a pack of alleycats or a skittish Angora. Here an Archangel darts into an open window, there an Abyssinian corners a rat and closes for the kill. For each of the 250,000 human inhabitants of the largest city in the world, there seems to be a dozen or more wayward felines. No one knows what is drawing them, but they can be seen streaming into the city from the surrounding areas at all hours. Theories of why they are here, ranging from mating season to an upcoming feline revolution, have been bandied about in bars and council chambers.

Perhaps the most disturbing of all theories is that the cats are simply angry. The reason for their rage, according to one theory, is the antipathy of High Priest Grandest Dunsinaire of the Church of Harmony. The church, an antitheistic religious sect which welcomes all comers and stresses peace and regular worship, is the only legal religious entity in Claxton. More than three decades ago it used its influence and wealth to have the city council declare worship of other faiths illegal. All temples and idols are strictly forbidden, and idolatry, the symbolic or actual worship of a physical object as a deity, carries a large fine. Enforcement is sporadic yet firm, and is applied mostly in blatant cases. As a huge majority of the Claxtonites are well disposed toward the Church of Harmony, this is a welcome law, but recently it has been called into question. For Dunsinaire, who considers cats the most evil idols that exist, has turned from his regular sermons condemning idolatry to a concrete declaration that all cats should be killed. The city council has not pledged its support for this declaration, so it has not yet become law. But the council typically falls into line with the church. Accordingly, cat destruction has not been institutionalized, but if and when the council sponsors this action, it is certain to become common. Some Claxtonites

# Cataclysm

## Part 1: Felicide Decreed



**An AD&D Game Adventure  
for 4-6 Characters Levels 3-5**

Illustration by Angela Bostick

have guessed that the cats have come to protest the declaration. But most competent inhabitants pass that theory off as tommyrot. Nonetheless, the faith of the Harmony worshippers has been shaken in the face of the massive influx of cats into Claxton.

Despite this, Dunsinaine has maintained his edict calling for the execution of all cats. He has called you six, who work as semi-official champions and emissaries for the church, to his chambers on this early summer morning. You are presently wearing your white armbands in the foyer to Dunsinaine's audience chamber awaiting word that you may enter. You have not yet been informed about the purpose of this meeting, but you can only assume it has something to do with cats.

## Background for the DM

If the city council upholds Dunsinaine's edict, it will be making a terrible mistake. If Claxton's leaders knew their true predicament, they might rescind the order outright. The extermination of felines for religious purposes would lead to an overabundance of rats. Unchecked, the rats would consume food stores and would attack the elderly and the very young. And there is an added danger; nested deep in the rodents' fur is a particularly aggravating variety of flea, which carries the most dangerous virus to span the continent. This virus, variously called Bubonic Plague, Black Plague, or, most colorfully, the Darkrot, could kill between one-third and one-half of the continental population. The fleas cannot survive on dead rats, but living rats are their favorite breeding ground.

Claxton has a chance to avoid this fate, but not if Devington Leither has anything to say about it. Leither, a bard of renown, is lying dead in his crypt. But he has no intention of letting that minor detail get in his way. When he was alive a few years ago, he was muzzled by the Church of Harmony because he sang praises to nature. Idolatry, said the Church. Deprived of his audience, Leither despaired, eventually seeking death at the hands of another who promised him the ability to sing forever. This other was a vampire; and Leither became a vampire also. Now corrupted

and evil, Leither plans to take a grand vengeance on Claxton. He knows the rats of Claxton carry the fleas with the potential for spreading the Darkrot. However, he knows that the rats must multiply to huge numbers for the virus to also multiply enough to infect the city. To get the rats he needs, he summons them from as far as 40 miles away by playing a tune on a set of magical pipes. He does not tire, and has been playing the tune for three weeks. Rats of all sizes have been filing into Claxton through the sewers and the slums. Leither predicts it will be only a few weeks before the virus mutates into its fatal form and really starts to spread. He knows that it will take years, perhaps as much as a century, for the plague to lay low the entire population, especially considering the abilities of the city priests. However, he has all the time in the world, and would like to see the city die slowly and in horrifying spasms.

This has all escaped the notice of High Priest Grandest Dunsinaine. He does not frequently visit the slums or the sewers, so his lack of awareness of the vampire's activities can be forgiven. Dunsinaine is an extreme ailurophobe (cat-hater), and wants to see all of them eradicated from his sight and his smell, for he is also allergic to cat fur. Even before the present influx, cats in Claxton have made Dunsinaine's life miserable, so much so that he went beyond his usual anti-idolatry sermons and issued the anti-cat edict.

The cat influx began when Manetho Khafre, the last remaining cleric of Bast in Claxton heard Dunsinaine's words against cats and called out to his goddess for succor. Bast listened to his plea and sent her ally, the Cat Lord, to investigate.

After hearing Manetho's tale of woe, the Cat Lord did some investigating of his own and discovered Devington Leither's plan. However, he knew the Darkrot kills only humans and dogs, and regarded the plan as a boon. He decided to impress Dunsinaine and the Claxtonites with a show of power by attracting hordes of cats and catlike creatures to the city. He vanished and reappeared a few minutes later with a huge bale of herbs. This was mint catnip, but of a divine sort, such that all cats and catlike creatures (including minimal lions, lammasu, and even water creatures with cat likenesses) within 50 miles are attracted by its subliminal odor. Most of them are nor-

mal wild and domestic cats, and so it appears to most of the townsfolk that the cat population has just increased several dozenfold. The Cat Lord remains in the hidden temple of Bast, revealing himself only to those cats that find the temple.

It is the combined effort of Devington Leither, High Priest Dunsinaine, Manetho Khafre, and the Cat Lord that may seal Claxton's doom. It will fall to the PCs to discover the Cat Lord and convince him to call off his cats, dissuade Dunsinaine from his anti-cat edict, halt the slaying of the cats so that they can prey on the deadly rats, and slay the vampire. However, at the start the PCs are cat exterminators. Some mental gymnastics will be required for the PCs to solve all of this and land on their feet.

## Claxton

The Blue Axton River runs through Claxton, emptying into Balington Bay fifteen miles southeast, which connects to the Iseander Ocean. There is no city wall, and most of the defenses are at the river bridges. Claxton has several hills, but they are low, the tallest being five hundred feet above the floor of the lowest valley. There are dozens of other towns nearby, but the nearest major city, Blankshire, is about fifty miles away. Claxton's climate is rainy and temperate. At the time of this scenario, it is a pleasant seventy degree summer.

Being so large, Claxton has dozens of adventuring humans, some quite powerful. There are less than a dozen demihumans and humanoids living in the city, primarily because of the restrictive religious edicts.

A council of fourteen members manages the city's affairs, but much of the political influence is vested in the Church of Harmony. Fortunately for the underground worshippers of other faiths, the city's police force reports to the council, not the church.

Not surprisingly, most of the citizens are members of the Church of Harmony, though only about 10 percent of them attend services regularly. The Harmony clerics are spiritual leaders and advisors, as well as civic leaders and advisors, with three priests on the city council. Dunsinaine is not on the council, preferring to appear above politics, even though he is probably the most politically oriented official of the Church.

In Claxton, the rich are very rich, the middle class is gaining power, and the poor are very poor. The Church is the repository of a great deal of wealth, as the city collects a flat tithe of five percent of all citizens' income, regardless of declaration of faith. There are merchants of every staple and a thriving marketplace, although selling goes on everywhere. Magic is permitted within the city, but destruction of any kind is not tolerated. The city itself does not employ many adventurers other than fighters to lead the militia and police force, which are essentially the same branch of the municipal government. The Church itself employs sympathetic clerics and a number of other adventurers for various purposes.

### Claxtonites

The citizens of Claxton are xenophobic, conservative, and sometimes rabidly intolerant of change and difference. However, since the city is so large, it is difficult to pinpoint a single trait which applies to a majority of the citizens. Many citizens are fun loving and receptive to innovation, while others would report a midget to the watch. Many have never seen a monster, murder, or public display of magic, and the presence of such disturbances may cause riots; although the source must be singularly bizarre and lethal for a riot to occur. Despite all of this, the citizens of Claxton consider themselves the most cosmopolitan people in the world, and they are probably correct.

The issue on the tips of everyone's tongues right now is cats. The Claxtonites are puzzled by the feline population explosion and have developed a few explanations for it. These notions range from the rational (mating season) to the paranoid (some wizard is changing humans into cats, and have you seen Ferdie?) to the preposterous (the Cat Lord is in town and he brought a bale of catnip). The most commonly bartered theory is that the cats are angry because of the High Priest's edict and are breeding and calling their friends to help. While this is generally discounted by most sane folk, it is nevertheless a nagging concern in the what-if-it-might-be-true school.

In the meantime, Claxtonites are reacting to the cats in every conceivable way. The most common reaction is to claim things are in good hands and go about one's business, ignoring the cats. There are, however, what the church

calls idolators who are claiming that the cats should be worshipped rather than exterminated. On the flip side are the devout Harmony worshippers who are following the edict by bashing every cat they see, and those less devout citizens who are bashing cats for fun, or out of rage. Some have taken cats into their homes to protect them, while others have set cat traps.

### Cats and Rats

Like the humans, the cats' reactions are variable and dependent on personality. Some are likely to claw and hiss at any human who dares invade their defined territory, while others are inclined to cuddle and purr contentedly. None are able to ignore the divine catnip; although pinpointing the source is very difficult and frustrating. All want the catnip, and many have stories about how they left kind masters or traveled long distances to find it. If encountered above ground, no cat will know the Cat Lord is here. Intelligent cats and catlike creatures may be puzzled about why they came here, as they do not recognize the scent of catnip, but will know of a persistent need that they subconsciously felt could be satiated here; "Something in the air drew me here." Cat creatures with good senses of smell (caterwauls, for example) can recognize the smell as catnip, and can pinpoint the source in the temple of Bast. All of them want to find the source of the attraction. Intelligent creatures' reactions, of course, will depend on their temperaments. Given the strong independence of cats, few will mind the cat killing in Claxton unless it threatens them directly, although the good ones may abhor the needless taking of any life.

Very few people outside the slums and the sewers know about the huge increase in the rat population. It certainly has been noticed by most of the poor people in the slums. Although they are as hard-pressed to identify the source of either the infestation of rats or cats. All have seen many cats eating rats in the area, and some have been bitten by both. In the slums there are serious outbreaks of a weak flu and cholera infantum, an intestinal disease which affects primarily young children, and is characterized by pain, vomiting, fever and prostration. There have not been many deaths that would not otherwise occur due to the deplorable conditions in the slums, but the cholera is a

predecessor to the Darkrot which will come soon if steps are not taken to stop its spread.

The rats have been more able to pinpoint the source of their attraction, the vampire Devington Leither's crypt deep in the sewer conduits under the cemetery. They all know of a luring song which draws them to the crypt, and they are less inclined to question the source than the cats. With the exceptions of Leither's wererat assistants and the vapor rats, the rats are all of minimal intelligence, and know only that their master calls them with his song. Only those in the crypt know exactly who that master is. The wererats and vapor rats know all about the situation, including the presence of plague fleas.

### The Church of Harmony Offices—Starting The Adventure

After a few minutes of waiting, which the DM may allow to pass as real time to simulate boredom, a bell rings and a silent, lavishly headdressed valet enters the vestibule and beckons the PCs inside. This routine is familiar to the PCs, who have served the High Priest for at least several months, although they have not been called for a month. What will not be routine is the sight that awaits them within.

As the valet pushes open the massive double mahogany doors to the priest's chambers, the PCs hear a thundering "HAW-CHOOOOOO!" As the doors open all the way, the PCs see Dunsinaine bedecked in his white and gold finery, jewelry draped everywhere on his person. His headdress of clothboard and gold chains lies on the floor ten feet away from him, revealing the balding pate beneath. He sneezes again, his entire body convulsing. Then he shouts, "CATS!" Continuing in a more subdued but still loud mutter, he says, "Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats! HAW-CHOOOOOO!" Now, the PCs notice that the entire room, which is generally festooned with jewelry and gold ornaments, has been stripped of everything of value except the arabesqued ivory and ironwood throne which is riveted to the floor. All of the tapestries, chalices, hanging chandeliers, burnishers, mosaic rugs, alabaster flasks, psalters, bells, colymbions, and everything else that could be removed, has been. Even the drapes from the open window have been pilfered.

"Well?" Dunsinaine demands in his regal wheeze as soon as he notices his servitors. "Don't just do something, stand there! I mean, I...I...I-CHOOOOOO!" (A "God bless you" will not be favorably received, as the Church of Harmony acknowledges no gods. A cure disease will stave off one sneeze, but the catalyst—cat fur—still will be present to trigger the allergic reaction. The allergy cannot be removed without a wish.) As he recovers from the sneeze, Dunsinaine's eyes begin to water, and he sniffles, "Can't you see what has transpired here? Everything was stolen last night! And this isn't the church's property, oh no. They couldn't be content with that, now could they? No, the thieves had to take my per...pers...per-CHOOOOOO! My personal inventory! Well, I want it back, do you hear me? All of it. I'll bet it has something to do with those ca...ca...ca-CHOOOOOO!" At this last eruption, he falls to his knees, and the valet rushes to his side and acts as a support cushion. Dunsinaine hardly notices the assistance while he clears his eyes. "Oh, nothing has gone right since I said those wretched hairballs needed to be gutted forever," he cries, sniffing. "All those cats came into town, and won't leave. Well, I won't stand for it, do you hear me? I'm going to redouble my efforts on the city council to force through the anti-cat edict. Horatio, make a note of that." The valet, whose name is not Horatio, hurries to make a note of that. Dunsinaine continues, "Oh, and you six. You will go find everything that was stolen from this room and bring it back here immediately! I want the thieves found and driven from the ci...ci...no, false alarm." He takes a breath, and continues, "Like I...HAW-CHOOOOOO!" He takes a long time to recover from that one, but then finally says, "Oh, I must get to bed! If you find out why these cats are plaguing me, tell me so I can sleep again! Now ge...ge-CHOOOOOOO!" He leaves the room thereafter, and goes straight to his bed chamber and his orange juice.

The PCs are left to their own devices. The audience chamber contains a lot of

furniture, but little else. There are plenty of clues to the identities of the thieves, however. For example, the floor has traces of tawny cat fur, the substance that re-awakened the priest's devastating allergy. The throne's gems have been pried out, apparently by claws. There are teethmarks on a cheap gem that has been tossed into a corner. There are claw marks on the windowsill and on the drape rod. The marks on the windowsill are heavier and more abundant than elsewhere. A careful examination will produce all of these clues. The thieves did not go beyond this room inside the church.

Examining the area below the third-story windowsill on the outside will not produce any clues. However, above the window frame on the outside are some claw marks, as if something had clung there. There is nothing in the alley between the church and the opposite building that would give any help, although there are a dozen domestic and wild cats down there which will protest intrusions into their territory. If asked via a *speak with animals* spell whether they saw anything during the night, most will say that they were either out roaming or were asleep—if they are inclined to tell the truth to the gullible humans. Two mangy cheshires saw some large mancats leap from the roof above to the window, but they will prefer to withhold the specifics of their information until they are fed, only alluding to knowing something that they would be willing to trade for something juicy and meaty. If any cat is fed, all the others will swarm the character offering the food.

The real trail of the thieves continues on the opposite roof, which is about six feet higher and twelve feet across the alley from the window to Dunsinaine's chamber. The opposite building is the Church's Grand Public Meeting Hall.

### The Grand Public Meeting Hall

This three-story building is vacant unless some public meeting or synod is in progress, which there currently is not. The ground level entrance is guarded by Hubert Onger, a zero-level man-at-arms who sports studded leather armor and carries a halberd. Hubert is a cat hater, and all the cats give him a wide berth. He is not too keen on people either, and tends to snap when he talks. He will only let the PCs into the hall if they are wearing their white armbands, but in that case he will leap to atten-

tion, bow his head, and smile his snaggletoothed grin as he tells of how he kept all of the filthy ratters away from the hall during the night. If the player characters ask to be let in, he will attempt to graciously accede (not succeeding) but will inform them that there is no one inside. He believes that to be true, and has not heard or seen anything out of the ordinary except for all of the cats. (If anyone casts a *detect charm* or similar spell on Hubert, he will test positive. He was charmed by Iris Duskblossom when she tailed the tabaxi here, thinking they might have some clues on the location of Morris, her cat familiar. Hubert has forgotten the entire experience, thanks to another of Iris' spells.) He is facing into the street, however, and could not see into the alley or the High Priest's window. He is about due to be relieved, and will be replaced by a young guard who the PCs will meet if they exit through the front.

The trail of the thieves continues on the roof. There are claw marks all over the place, although the heaviest concentrations are near the gutter on the side toward the church and the broken trap door to the inside. The door is still in place, but obviously has been torn from its hinges, perhaps with the aid of a crowbar. There is some cat fur here as well, although most of it has been blown into the rain gutters.

Inside, the three tabaxi who performed the burglary are holed up in one of the side chambers. If trailed from the roof, the tracks lead all through the upper story above the grand chamber to the stairs down to the entrance to the grand chamber, which takes up most of the 20' of the lower two stories. The track leads through the grand chamber, as well as out a number of windows. They have never left through the inner foyer behind the front door, however, and persons entering through that portal will find only light human tracks in and out. Of the cat tracks, the most recent lead directly from the stairs to one of the side chambers. The door is closed and locked.

The three tabaxi are still terrified from the night's activities. And they will cower in a corner, huddled together, if someone breaches their door. There are no other exits from that room. Two, Mwrrrr and Grrgrrr, will hide their heads in their paws. The other, Tahrrrrr, cautiously bats at the air in a half-hearted effort to warn the PCs away. With the exception of three scattered semi-precious stones and half of a torn

tapestry, there is no sign of the high priest's possessions here. The tapestry, however, is instantly recognizable as coming from Dunsinaine's chamber.

If they are attacked, the tabaxi will not put up a fight, although they will try to escape. If it is insinuated or stated that they were responsible for the theft of Dunsinaine's possessions, they will cry, "Naw-tus! Naw-tus! Naw-tav! Naw-tav! Nose-lay!" ("Not us! Not us! Not have! Not have! No slay!") They speak a smidgin of Common tongue, enough to understand most of what is said to them and to respond with something vaguely intelligible. Tahrrrrr will quickly confess their crime, with this admission: "Us teel! Us teel! But naw-tus! Naw-tav! Tigger-man! Tigger-woman!" ("Us steal! Us steal! But not us! Not have! Tiger-man! Tiger-woman!") They will all then break into cat tears. If asked to explain themselves, all three will attempt to do so at once, creating an incomprehensible cacophony. If they are calmed and some of their dignity is restored, Tahrrrrr, the best speaker of the group, will try to explain in his halting Common, unless someone in the PCs' party uses a spell or device to understand the tabaxi language.

The tabaxi have had a bad night. They came down from their mountain home into Claxton undetected after scenting the "wildsmell" (as they call the catnip aroma). They tried to get as close to the source as they could. Confused and startled by the pandemonium of the city, they fled to avoid being sighted and skinned. Hiding in the hall, they steeled themselves when they saw the riches in the building across the alley, and made a quick expedition to that area to clean it out. After they had brought all of the valuables in the audience chamber to the hall roof, they were surprised by a rakshasa, or "tigger-man" (they mean "tiger-man," a description they do not apply to themselves), who smiled evilly and lulled them to sleep. When they awoke, they were still on the roof, but much of the treasure was gone. Shaken, they brought the rest of their treasure downstairs, where they were again confronted, this time by a human-looking woman, although their senses suggested she too was a tiger ("tigger-woman"). She was angry at them for not being "man-Morris" (they assume "Morris" is a man), and lulled them to sleep again. When they awoke for the second time, they found the rest of the treasure miss-

ing. Shattered, they scurried into the side chamber and locked themselves inside, afraid to go to sleep again. Despite the lure of the wildsmell, they want nothing more than to escape the terrifying city and go back to the mountains.

Also, despite their frightened tourist mentality, these tabaxi are quite worldly for cat men. They understand the concepts of valuables and trade, and have developed a love for bright, shiny things in their sporadic dealings with humans. If promised some of these, or safe passage out of the city, or merely threatened or asked politely, the tabaxi will show the spot where they met Iris Duskblossom, the "tigger-woman" mentioned above. That is in the front inner chamber. Human tracks can be traced into the street. After that, however, they commingle with others on the street, and are no longer traceable.

As for the rakshasa, no trace of its appearance on the roof remains. A *locate object* on the missing other half of the tapestry will not detect the tapestry until it is within range, which it currently is not.

If the PCs try to leave with the tabaxi via the front door, the young guard will stop them, saying that he will have to inform his superiors of the presence of nonhumans in the city. The PCs can avoid this by asserting that they are his superiors, for he folds easily. If the PCs take the tabaxi outdoors the tabaxi must be guarded or they will skitter back into the meeting hall and out through the roof door, escaping across the rooftops. They are likely to stay in the city despite their wishes, as the catnip lure is quite strong.

Regardless, after the PCs have learned what they can from the tabaxi and have left the meeting hall either by the front door, the roof, or any other exit, they suddenly will hear a number of tiger-like roars and deep whirring sounds. If they are on the roof, a flind war party will be in plain sight on the street two blocks away. If the tabaxi are with the PCs, they will scream, "Terror-men! Terror-men!" while pointing at the obvious disturbance. They will bolt if not restrained, for they do not want to tangle with flinds.

**Tabaxi** (3): AC 6; HD 2; hp 12, 11, 9; MV 15"; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-3; THAC0 16; Int Avg (High cunning); SZ M; AL CN

## Bullroaring

Ten flinds and a captured hellcat have entered the city, drawn by the catnip. Finding the populace hostile to their presence, the leader, whose name is Jaraxer, ordered a show of strength in their tribe's distinctive fashion. They are barreling through the city streets roaring loudly and twirling their bullroarers. A bullroarer is a modified aklys made from a short hardwood tube attached to a long leather strap. When whirled about, a bullroarer creates a roaring noise. This requires seven feet of clear space, so the flinds are about 10 feet from each other. Most Claxtonites are giving this parade a wide berth, but some think it is a wonderful spectacle. The flinds are not harming anybody, as Jaraxer knows something about public relations. They start their run on a street corner two blocks east and 10 blocks south of the meeting hall, and will run until they tire. The hellcat is running between the flinds, and is invisible in the sunlight. The flinds' exact path is up to the DM, but it should take them past the PCs.

If the PCs or any other obstinate force of humans stand directly in their path, Jaraxer will call a halt with a sharp growl and demand, in Common, to know who challenges him. If Jaraxer is not diffused by a quick gift of treasure he will be very hostile to anyone who stops his bullroaring. He knows nothing of the burglary, but will proudly claim he has sacked many a church in his day. He will be indignant if asked to leave the city, and will list all the insults he and his men have suffered since they entered the city; no sacrifices for his good graces, no females of any species provided, and so forth. He feels he has every right to bullroar. If continually delayed, he will attack so he can get on with his show of strength. The hellcat telepathically pressures Jaraxer to attack, and he probably will eventually accede. He is not stupid, and does not believe that with nine troops he can bring Claxton to its knees. But he does demand proper respect, respect the city council would not be likely to grant.

If combat occurs, the hellcat will immediately pounce on the PC conversing with or attacking Jaraxer. In combat, some flinds will use their bullroarers as aklys, while others use flindbars. Each has a dagger to use in extremis. The flinds have been told to leave alone any opponent that appears to be attacked by something invisible.

However, on the third round of combat, Helaitharoille the rakshasa appears in human form on the fringes of the crowd near the combat, and the hellcat will suddenly be attracted to him through Helaitharoille's *ESP* and the hellcat's *telepathy*. The hellcat abandons Jaraxer for the rakshasa, leaving any character it was attacking. The PCs may notice Helaitharoille and the hellcat disappear into a dark alley, the hellcat becoming visible as a wraithlike panther and Helaitharoille reverting to his tiger-man shape. They may be tailed back to Helaitharoille's impromptu lair in the warehouse basement.

When the hellcat detaches itself from Jaraxer, the flind will not notice the change until he looks for the cat. He begins to have second thoughts about the combat, but will still continue to fight to save his honor. The flinds, believing the humans will draw and quarter them after dipping them in boiling oil, will continue to fight for as long as they can, but will look to escape if possible.

If there is no combat, the hellcat still will find Helaitharoille and go with him. Jaraxer will demand to know what has happened to his cat (which no one else has ever seen), and will begin a door to door search, being disrespectful of the Claxtonites' property rights. If faced with a lynch mob, he will try to stage a graceful exit. If boxed in, he regretfully orders his flinds to attack.

The crowd also contains Iris Duskblissom. She has been looking for some trace of Morris, her cat familiar, and has been following any cat creature to find some lead. She will notice Helaitharoille and the hellcat enter the alley, and will follow, but behind the PCs if they pursue the pair.

**Jaraxer:** AC 5; HD 3 + 3; hp 26; MV 12"; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon + 1; THAC0 15; Int High; SZ M; AL LE; Weapons bullroarer, flindbar, dagger; SA 17 strength (+1 "to hit" and damage), 18 Charisma to flinds and gnolls

**Flinds** AC 5; HD 2 + 3; hp 13 each; MV 12"; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon; THAC0 16; Int Avg; SZ M; AL LE; Weapons bullroarer, flindbar, dagger; SA 16 strength (+1 "to hit")

**Bullroarer:** works as aklys (Dmg 1-6, "to hit: roll of 20 entangles), makes roaring sound when twirled quickly

**Flindbar:** two attacks a round, chain-linked iron bars cause 1-4 points of

damage and cause opponent to save vs. wands or be disarmed

**Hellcat:** AC 6 (2 if invisible); HD 7 + 2; hp 36; MV 12"; #AT 3; Dmg 2-5/2-5/2-12; THAC0 13; Int Avg; SZ L; AL LE; SA *telepathy* (range 9"); SD invisible in light, harmed only by magic weapons and magical damage bonuses do not apply, 20% MR, immune to mind control spells, wears a *collar of taming*, which has made it subservient to Jaraxer. If the PCs remove the collar, the cat will bolt from the flinds.

### The Warehouse Basement

If Helaitharoille and the hellcat are traced to the alley, the PCs will notice the trail leads to a basement window. In the alley there are five domestic and three wild cats, and one elfin cat named Eshalia who has *reduced* herself to normal cat size. Eshalia is hiding, as she is frightened of the commotion. She will *ESP* any creature who comes into the alley. She only will come forward if a character is very favorably disposed to cats or is using a *speak with animals* spell. If she reveals herself, she will attempt to communicate with a few words of Elvish, "I Eshalia. Who you?" If comprehensible communication is established, Eshalia can tell the PCs that the rakshasa and the hellcat entered the basement window, and both were very hostile. Eshalia will communicate with Iris Duskblossom, who enters the alley after the PCs enter the warehouse. Iris will question the cats and drink her *potion of clairaudience* to listen in on the transactions inside. Iris will enter the warehouse only if she hears a definite lead on Morris, or if the PCs are losing a battle. If she hears about the source of the goods she took from the tabaxi, she will be inclined to give them back to the PCs.

The warehouse can be entered either through the locked front door or the basement window. If the PCs go through the door, they will have to find the trap door behind one of the stacks of foodstuffs stored here. The rakshasa will hear anyone walking on the floor. He will also see anyone who comes through the basement window, as they will block off the only shaft of light that penetrates the darkness. If he notices the PCs, he will use his *ESP* to divine their identities, abilities, and intent. That done, he will disdain the use of illusions for the moment, preferring to stay in the darkness provided by the

black arm of Dunsinaine's *dicerion of light and darkness*, which envelops him and the hellcat in a 15-foot sphere of darkness. Both of the *dicerion*'s candles are fully intact, and Helaitharoille has four spares, which he has every intention of using to full advantage if his lair is breached. Each candle normally burns for 10 turns.

Any PC entering the basement or looking in with or without a light source will see the white outline and blazing crimson eyes of the hellcat. It snarls and hisses, but will be calmed by Helaitharoille's soothing words from the darkness: "There, there, boy. I'm certain the fine champions of Harmony have a reason for being here. Perhaps they wish their high priest's precious riches returned, hmmmm?" At that point he lights the candle in the bright arm, burning away all of the shadows in a blast of metallic light. The hookah-smoking rakshasa, who has draped his tiger-man form in Dunsinaine's spare white and gold robes will be visible. Also visible will be the *dicerion* he holds in his hand, the ornate rug he sits crosslegged upon, the tapestries upon the walls, the silver and platinum chalices arranged about the room, and many (but not all) of the possessions stolen from Dunsinaine's audience chamber. The hellcat is invisible.

Helaitharoille is counting upon his ability to talk up a storm to make the PCs forget about the hellcat, which will maneuver into position to charge. The rakshasa welcomes the PCs into his lair, claiming that he is bored with the surroundings and proffering his intention to return the possessions if only the PCs will grant him a boon. The boon he asks is the knowledge of why he was drawn to this bustling city against his better judgment. He honestly does not know this, but truly cares little, and is only trying to entice the PCs further into his lair so that he and the hellcat can feast upon their flesh. When his words have outlived their usefulness, he and the hellcat attack.

The hellcat will claw and bite. The rakshasa's tactics will depend on the situation. He will try to avoid melee so that he can use his spells to full effect, but will not be afraid of melee with mere humans unless faced with a particularly devastating weapon. He uses *ESP* to divine the PCs' intentions. Some of his spell tactics may include: casting *hold portal* on whichever portal the PCs came through; *binding* a PC in the strands of the rug; centering a *flaming*



sphere almost directly upon himself; casting *dispel magic* around himself; and so forth. If anyone begins casting a *bless* spell, he will immediately cancel what he is doing and cast *curse* on what he estimates is the blessed area or object. Note that none of his spells can affect his person, although he always can mask himself in an illusion. Helai-tharoille uses the *dicerion* to aid his vision (allowing him to see in all light conditions) and to make the hellcat invisible. But he also can change the light conditions to disorient the PCs by merely lighting or snuffing one candle or the other.

Iris will enter the combat from the alley if the fight is going against the PCs. She does so only after the rakshasa has asked the PCs if they know what drew him here—then she knows he could not possibly know Morris' location. Eshalia will be watching, but will not fight unless Iris is in extreme danger. When Iris enters combat, she is likely to use a spell as her first attack, probably *magic missile*, unless she heard something that would lead her to believe that the rakshasa was immune to most spells. After that spell fizzles, however, she will need no further coaching. She will use a magic item or a

weapon on either the rakshasa or the hellcat, or perhaps to aid the PCs.

When combat is over, Iris will speak with the PCs (see below).

**Elfin cat:** AC 4; HD 3 +6; hp 19; MV 18"; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-3; THAC0 16; Int Low; SZ S; Al N; SA: *pass without trace* at will, leap 20'+, move silently 99.9%, hide in natural surroundings 90%, surprise 5 in 6; SD MR 20%, surprised only 1 in 20, *ESP* to determine hostility

Spells (at 9th level): *enlarge, reduce* (x2), *tree* (limb only) (x2), *trip*

**Rakshasa:** AC -4; HD 7; hp 39; MV 15"; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/2-5; THAC0 13; Int Very; SZ M; Al LE; SA *ESP* at will, *spectral force* at will; SD immune to non-magical weapons, magical weapons below +3 do half-damage, immune to all spells under 8th level, killed by *blessed crossbow bolts*

Spells, clerical (at 7th level): *curse* (x2), *detect magic, penetrate disguise*

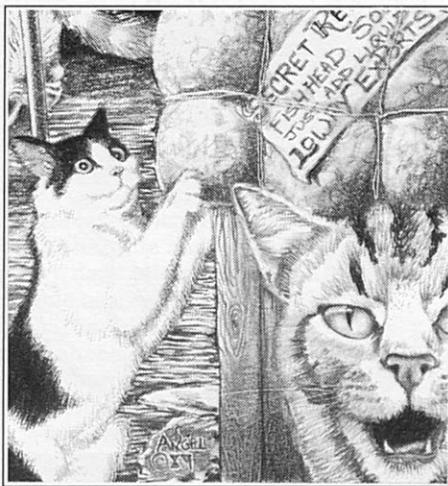
Spells, mage (at 7th level) *friends, hold portal, message, taunt, bind, flaming sphere, dispel magic, tongues*

## The Regression of Iris Duskblossom

If she did not enter the combat with the rakshasa, Iris will slink into the warehouse basement when combat is over. Eshalia accompanies her, riding on Iris' shoulder. If Iris joined the combat, Eshalia will leap to her side.

If the PCs are friendly, this beautiful woman introduces herself and her new friend Eshalia. Iris wears a pert red and orange sundress, a crimson headband, and a fashionable white sash. She has small claws, heavily arched eyebrows, and fangs. If someone appears to notice these, she will try to hide the offending features and say, "Oh, you noticed. I apologize; I'm usually a lot prettier. I thought I'd kicked this habit when we went to the monastery. Looks like I was wrong, huh?" If asked to explain herself, she will tell her story:

"My name is Iris Duskblossom. A cousin of mine, a woman of some renown, had a problem with lycanthropy. Unfortunately, before Lily, that's my cousin, discovered she had this, ummm, disease, she spread it to



me. Well, I guess it's my fault. I got in an argument with her because I thought she was hiding Morris, my familiar. I got a little carried away. Well, like I said, at the time neither of us knew she had lycanthropy. I eventually found Morris, he was hiding under a chair. And sometime after that Lily and I made up, sort of. Anyway, I tried to get cured as soon as I found out, and I thought it worked, but when Morris and I were traveling recently, we were drawn here by an irresistible smell coming from this city. Since arriving in the city, I have been dismayed to discover a few of my tigrine traits returning, but so far I have not returned to my lycanthrope form. Now if I can only find Morris, my familiar, I can at least get some rest and stop worrying so much. This whole episode is going to give me gray hair."

Iris suspects that whatever has lured her here has reawakened a few of the traits of the weretiger, but will not cause a relapse. She has been searching for Morris, who has not contacted her since he bolted into Claxton yesterday. She would welcome any information on the whereabouts of Morris or the reason they were drawn here.

When Iris sees the furnishings in the basement or hears that the possessions came from a church, she will realize that the possessions she took from the tabaxi really belong to the Church of Harmony, which she does not wish to offend. Accordingly, since the PCs are likely to be wearing their white armbands that signify their attachment to

the church, she quickly confesses to having the rest of the loot and offers to hand it over to the PCs, apologizing for offending the church in any way.

Once she has pumped the PCs for all of the information she can, Iris bids them a gracious adieu and leaves. However, as she does, she suddenly will receive a benefit of four hit points, which will heal a wound she suffered in combat or will make her feel exceptionally healthy. She will be surprised at first, saying, "Folks, did you just cast a spell on me? I feel so . . ." She then realizes the source of the boon, and shouts joyfully, "Morris! He's here!" She scrambles through the basement window into the alley, with Eshalia close behind. She stands in the alley yelling for Morris, whistling as she does so. She entreats the PCs to help her call for Morris.

Morris, Iris' black cat familiar, has followed her trail of cat inquiries to this place. He hears her whistling and comes running, bounding into her open arms. They cuddle together for a minute, greeting each other in Common. During the reunion, Iris and Eshalia begin twitching their noses, as will any other cat creature in the area. Morris is pleased to be getting attention from the beautiful Eshalia. However, when Eshalia's *reduction* spell's duration suddenly lapses she instantly grows to the size of a german shepherd. Terrified, Morris yelps and cowers in Iris' arms.

Morris has come from a romp in paradise at the temple of Bast, culminating in a roll through the divine catnip. His fur still has hint of the mint, although only cat creatures will recognize it as the scent that lured them here. Iris hurriedly questions him:

"Morris, what have you been into? This is it, isn't it?" Morris responds, "Oh, Iris, you have to see this place. They've got this herb there and it's intoxicating. All of the cats were rolling in it, and I was able to get in a roll myself. You have to come. It's heaven. It's ecstasy. It's . . ." Iris cuts him off with, "It's hallucinogenic, obviously. Look at me, Morris. Look familiar?" She bares her fangs and extends the claws on one hand. Morris is startled. "Want me to go through that again?" Iris demands. "We've got to get as far away from here as we can." "But, Iris," Morris protests, "it can't be that bad, can it?"

"You look great with the eyebrows and the teeth, and . . . No, huh? Oh well, I like my milk too much to disagree. Much."

Iris praises Morris for his sacrifice and prepares to leave Claxton.

The PCs are free to ask Morris where he was and what he saw. Morris will tell what he knows if Iris asks him to, which she will if she is favorably disposed toward the PCs. He knows the temple was dedicated to Bast, the Egyptian cat goddess, but was disguised as a mausoleum tended by a man named Manetho Khafre. It is on the east bank of the Blue Axton, near a big yard and a smeltery. (Given this, the PCs can determine the location of the temple.) Morris' memories of the place are of huge numbers of cats (all normal, including some great cats) and of the maddening catnip. He did not see the Cat Lord there, and does not know of his presence. He did see Manetho Khafre, whom he will be able to describe only as a man in white who gave out milk. He is likely to dwell on the mint, although he does not know the word catnip.

Once they have decided to leave Claxton, Iris and Morris will bid farewell to the PCs and thank them for their help. They leave the PCs with all of Dunsinaine's treasure. Morris' mint-coated fur will protect him from the lure, as he is attracted to himself (a normal state for Morris). Every other cat in this area also will be attracted to him. He, Iris, and Eshalia will leave the city, but soon will be drawn back if the catnip remains. It is unlikely, however, that the PCs will meet them again.

**Iris Duskblossom:** AC 6; Lv 5; hp 18 (22 with Morris); MV 12"; #AT 1; Dmg staff; THAC0 20; Int High; SZ M; AL NG

Spells *magic missile*, *strength*, *web* (all others cast)

Magic Items *bracelets of defense* AC 7, *ring of spell storing* (2 *magic missile* spells cast at 7th level), *staff +3*; *potion of ESP*; *potion of extra healing*

**Morris:** AC 6; HD 1/2; hp 4 MV 15"; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1; THAC0 20; Int Ave; SZ S; AL NG; SA speaks Common, if claw attack succeeds can make rear claw attack (D 1-2)

*This ends part one. Part two of Cataclysm will appear in POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #49.* □

## Caitlin Barristar

8th Level Female Human Cleric

**STR:** 14  
**INT:** 16  
**WIS:** 17  
**DEX:** 10  
**CON:** 15  
**CHR:** 16  
**COM:** 11  
**AC Normal:** 1  
**AC Rear:** 4  
**Hit Points:** 49  
**THAC0:** 16

**Height/Weight:** 5' 5"/115 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Blond/brown

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Club, hammer, staff, mace

**Special Abilities:** Healing, direction sense, riding (land)

**Languages:** Common, Neutral Good  
**Spells/day:** 5 5 4 2

**Magic items:** Mace +2, shield +2, ring of warmth, periapt of health, oil of impact (3 applications)

**Equipment:** Banded mail, white robes, white armband, silver symbol of the Church of Harmony (crossed circle), hammer, belt pouch, hard boots, medium warhorse

**Wealth:** 18 gp, 17 sp, 26 cp, and four 20 gp gems

You are an undercleric of the Church of Harmony, a non-theistic church in Claxton, the largest city in the known world. The Church of Harmony established itself as the single legal religious entity in Claxton when you were a child, using its political influence to have all veneration of gods and idols declared illegal. The church welcomed all comers and was the most popular church in Claxton when this occurred, so the muzzle on religious freedom is generally well accepted. Your father was also an undercleric of the church, and you were welcomed into the church as a youngster. You are businesslike, and you teach peace so that everyone can get on with their lives. You have reservations about the official policy of non-tolerance, but you concede that this does eliminate most of the problems posed by evil religious fanaticism. You respect your ranking superior, High Priest Grandest Dunsinaine, although your close contact with him over the past few years has

## Rylian Locanter

7th Level Male Human Ranger

**STR:** 17  
**INT:** 16  
**WIS:** 15  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 16  
**CHR:** 12  
**COM:** 10  
**AC Normal:** 3  
**AC Rear:** 4  
**Hit Points:** 58  
**THAC0:** 14

**Height/Weight:** 6"/175 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/green

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Bow, knife, spear, long sword, garrot

**Special Abilities:** Ranger abilities, alertness, fire building, hunting, animal noise

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Chaotic Good

**Magic items:** Long sword +1/+3 vs. regenerating creatures, arrow of troll slaying, studded leather armor +3, bracers of archery, potion of ventriloquism

**Equipment:** Long composite bow, 20 arrows, knife, garrot, hooded brown cloak, carved wooden shield, high soft boots, white armband, light warhorse

**Wealth:** 10 gp, 10 sp, 10 cp, and two 100 gp pearls

You only have been in Claxton, the most populous city in the world, for about three years, having come here from a small community about a hundred miles away. You only planned to visit, but were enchanted by all of the activity and sights in Claxton, and decided to stay on. Now that your initial awe has subsided, you still are amazed that many Claxtonites take their wealth for granted, often not even noticing that their needs are provided for while others in the world must struggle for bare necessities.

To earn a wage, you started working for an herbalist, but last year you took a position with the Church of Harmony, the only legal spiritual agency in the city. Other faiths, including your druidic creed, are illegal in the city, although the militia does not persecute believers of illegal faiths unless they are blatant about it. Though you do not proselytize,

## Aliathia Aquila

Male Half Elf Cleric/Fighter/Magic-user  
(6/6/6)

**STR:** 16  
**INT:** 16  
**WIS:** 16  
**DEX:** 15  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 13  
**COM:** 15  
**AC Normal:** 2  
**AC Rear:** 5  
**Hit Points:** 30  
**THAC0:** 16

**Height/Weight:** 5' 2"/106

**Hair/Eyes:** Copper/green

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Weapon Proficiencies (cleric):** Mace, staff, lasso

**Weapon Proficiencies (fighter):** Long sword, spear, sling, javelin, trident, short sword

**Weapon Proficiencies (magic-user):** dagger, dart

**Special Abilities:** boating, swimming, fishing, animal handling, riding (land), carpentry, weaving, potting, masonry, boat building

**Languages:** Half elf languages, Common, Chaotic Good

**Spells/day (cleric):** 5 5 2

**Spells/day (magic-user):** 4 2 2

**Magic items:** ring of faerie, elven chain mail +1, gloves of thievery, 4 sling bullets of impact, long sword +1, potion of extra healing

**Equipment:** Studded leather armor, shield, sling, hooded green cloak, green and yellow soft boots, white armband, dagger, light warhorse

**Wealth:** 30 gp, 10 pp, and one 120 gp ruby

### Spell Book

#### Level 1 Spells

affect normal fires	armor
detect magic	enlarge
grease	light
magic missile	read magic
sleep	taunt
wizard mark	

#### Level 2 Spells

alter self	ESP
irritation	knock
ray of enfeeblement	strength
whispering wind	

**Level 3 Spells**

<i>clairvoyance</i>	<i>slow</i>
<i>fireball</i>	<i>gust of wind</i>
<i>tongues</i>	<i>feign death</i>

Though your absent father was a wood elf from a faraway forest, your life is in Claxton, the largest city in the world. There are probably less than a dozen demi-humans in the city, mostly because there is only one legal religion, the non-theistic Church of Harmony, in the city of 250,000. You work for the church as a paid agent. However, you don't take your work too seriously.

Part of the reason for your taking this position lies in your adaptability, which your comrades consider phenomenal. You can understand a situation based on a small amount of information, and train quickly at most skills. You do this by not worrying about details or complexities, and tend to rush into an action after making a snap, but usually accurate, decision. For most of your life you have wandered from job to job, never staying in any field for more than a few months.

**Caitlin Barristar**, a cleric of the Church of Harmony, is your instructor in all things clerical. She does not share your views on freedom. However, she is a fantastic leader, even if she would prefer to be in a more traditional clerical role.

**Rylian Locanter**, a ranger, comes from a faraway forest. He has told you of the forest, and it does not sound anywhere near as interesting as the city. Rylian shares your philosophies about freedom and about life in general, but he often needs help in such a big city.

**Jeanna Katali**, a mage, has taught you magic. She has also tried to teach you her greed, but the pursuit of money is entirely too boring for you.

**Rathias Balcaster**, an acrobat, has not responded well to your requests to be taught thievery, mostly because he doesn't admit to being a thief. You will eventually get him to admit he is a thief, as you are relentless in all pursuits.

**Macklan Moonstance**, the fighter who taught you swordplay, was born in the slums but was taken in by the Church after he rescued some kids. He is a devoted to charity, but thinks his opinions are always correct, assuming there is only one path to happiness.

you retain your worship of nature. You work for the Church as one of a group of paid agents. You are not involved in persecutions. The assignments thus far have been relatively easy to complete. And they have allowed you to see much of this great city. You really love the city, probably more than the woods you left behind. This has put you in something of a quandary. Your profession centers around nature, but you have gotten very used to cobblestones beneath your feet.

**Caitlin Barristar**, a cleric of the Church of Harmony, is the appointed leader of the group. Though you have no complaints about her leadership, you would prefer if she were not so resigned to what she believes is the necessity of the restrictions on worship in the city. Perhaps you could make her understand there is a need for other faiths and points of view.

**Aliathia Aquila**, a half-wood elf cleric/fighter/mage, is very adept at learning new things. You share a philosophy about religious freedom with him, although he, too, is a cleric of the Church of Harmony. He has spent all of his life in the city, away from the woods of his father, and is more accustomed to city life than you. His interests are divided among his various vocations. You hope those divided interests do not bring harm to the group.

**Jeanna Katali**, a mage, is one of the city's wealthy citizens, though she still works for more money. This is primarily because she is devoted to acquiring even more money. She cares little for the needs of others. You have little use for selfish snobs such as her, however you try to tolerate her because her skills benefit the group.

**Rathias Balcaster**, an acrobat, is also interested in money, but he does not have Jeanna's fortune. You suspect that he may have a criminal past, which was not frowned upon back home but is here. He is a man of mystery.

**Macklan Moonstance**, a fighter, was born to poverty but was taken into the church after selflessly rescuing two children. Though he seems to think that his values apply to everyone, and right and wrong are defined by him, he has a good heart. Of all the party members, you feel closest to him.

showed you that he is not infallible. He has noticed your leadership skills and, last year, assigned you to a paid group of agents for the church. You do not mind the assignment, although you would prefer a more traditional clerical post.

Until you get the post you want, you watch over your comrades, trying to keep them on a steady course and out of trouble. You provide what leadership and advice you can, since you know the church will credit you for the group's successes and blame you for any failures.

**Rylian Locanter**, a ranger, is a recent arrival to Claxton, and not entirely familiar with the city. He observes some nature faith, but still is easy to get along with. He dislikes the church's restrictions, believing in the freedom of all regardless of practical considerations. Noble words, but you have trouble agreeing. Perhaps you can convince him your beliefs are better.

**Aliathia Aquila** has some elven blood in him, and a natural adaptability which makes him able to understand problems and skills with very little teaching. You have instructed him in spell casting, but so has Jeanna. Macklan has taught him swordplay. Some of the others seem uncertain about Aliathia's abilities. You will champion him if necessary, defending his strong points. Everyone has some worth and value and should not be put down in front of others.

**Jeanna Katali**, a mage, is a wealthy heir to fortune, but this does not prevent her from devoting her energies to the acquisition of more wealth. She is cold and not at all interested in humanitarian causes. Perhaps her continued association with you will help improve her outlook on life. Greed is an unnecessary evil.

**Rathias Balcaster**, an acrobat, has not talked much about his past, but seems trustworthy. Like Jeanna, his main interest is making money. He has not balked at your advice, but you think he doesn't consider your motivations worthwhile.

**Macklan Moonstance**, a fighter, was born to poverty and worked in a coal mine until the church took him in after he heroically rescued two children trapped in the mine. He is devoted to the church and to helping others. You admire him.

**Jeanna Katali***8th Level Female Human Magic-user*

**STR:** 12  
**INT:** 16  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 15  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 11  
**COM:** 14  
**AC Normal:** 6  
**AC Rear:** 7  
**Hit Points:** 29  
**THAC0:** 19

**Height/Weight:** 5' 3"/100**Hair/Eyes:** Silver/blue**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral**Weapon Proficiencies:** dagger, dart  
**Special Abilities:** Riding (land), blind fighting, plant lore, swimming, animal lore**Languages:** Common, Lawful Neutral  
**Spells/day:** 4 3 3 2

**Magic items:** Slippers of kicking, pouch of accessibility, scroll of two spells (*flaming sphere, fireball*; both cast at 8th level), cloak of protection +3, dagger +2/+3 vs. creatures larger than man-sized

**Equipment:** White armband, 8 caltrops, 6 darts, black and white pants outfit, 3 belt purses, spell book, light riding horse

**Wealth:** 25 pp, 20 gp, 10 sp, 500 gp silver and moonstone necklace, and four 90 gp electrum bracelets

**Spell Book****Level 1 Spells**

<i>affect normal fires</i>	<i>armor</i>
<i>detect magic</i>	<i>enlarge</i>
<i>grease</i>	<i>light</i>
<i>magic missile</i>	<i>read magic</i>
<i>sleep</i>	<i>taunt</i>
<i>wizard mark</i>	

**Level 2 Spells**

<i>alter self</i>	<i>ESP</i>
<i>irritation</i>	<i>knock</i>
<i>ray of enfeeblement</i>	<i>strength</i>
<i>whispering wind</i>	

**Level 3 Spells**

<i>clairvoyance</i>	<i>slow</i>
<i>fireball</i>	<i>gust of wind</i>
<i>tongues</i>	<i>feign death</i>

**Rathias Balcaster***9th Level Male Human thief-acrobat*

**STR:** 15  
**INT:** 15  
**WIS:** 13  
**DEX:** 18  
**CON:** 12  
**CHR:** 13  
**COM:** 12  
**AC Normal:** 5  
**AC Rear:** 9  
**Hit Points:** 41  
**THAC0:** 16

**Height/Weight:** 5' 11"/160  
**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/hazel  
**Alignment:** Neutral (Chaotic)  
**Weapon Proficiencies:** short bow, lasso, shorts word, dagger  
**Special Abilities:** direction sense, rope use, running, slow respiration  
**Languages:** Common, Neutral, Thieves' Cant

**Thief Abilities**

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	HN	CW	RL
65	57	45	60	20	46	108	25

**Acrobat Abilities**

TW	PV	HJ	SBJ
105	11 1/2'	4 3/4'	6 1/2'
T (Att)	T (Eva)	Fall	
12	30	30/30'	

**Magic items:** Throwing dagger +3, 12 arrows +1, boots of varied tracks, scroll of protection from fire, potion of extra-healing, ring of protection +1

**Equipment:** Lasso, short sword, white armband, grappling hook and rope, brown shirt and trousers, low soft boots, thieves' tools, light riding horse

**Wealth:** 3 pp, 15 gp, 10 sp, 10 cp, three 20 gp gems, and 1 50 gp gem

Being the largest city on the planet, Claxton was a great place for a talented entrepreneur like you. You started as an entertainer, but soon found a way to tumble your way into a huge fortune. You performed in a circus act that visited the homes of Claxton's wealthy. While the others were earning performers' wages, you were casing the mansions and summer homes for burglaries. Unfortunately, the connection between the circus act and the burglaries was soon made.

**Macklan Moonstance***8th Level Male Human Fighter*

**STR:** 18/50  
**INT:** 14  
**WIS:** 15  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 17  
**CHR:** 14  
**COM:** 18  
**AC Normal:** 1  
**AC Rear:** 2  
**Hit Points:** 79  
**THAC0:** 14

**Height/Weight:** 6' 3"/215 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Black/green  
**Alignment:** Lawful Good  
**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, two-handed sword, military pick, dagger, crossbow  
**Special Abilities:** Swimming, endurance, miner  
**Languages:** Common, Lawful Good

**Magic items:** Long sword, +3 frostbrand, chain mail +3, rope of climbing, potion of plant control, ring of feather falling, potion of extra healing

**Equipment:** Light crossbow and 20 bolts, shield, white armband, military pick, dagger, metal-studded boots, medium warhorse with leather bardings

**Wealth:** 10 gp, 20 sp, 30 cp

When you were a boy in a lower class neighborhood of Claxton, the world's largest city, you wanted to be a knight, but you had to work in a coal mine. You liked the work, as it was a job where the full effort of men was required in pursuit of a common goal. About two years ago, long after you forgot about becoming a knight, a failure in planning released a deadly flood in the mine, trapping two boys beneath the surface. You dived into the flood and swam against it with all your might, reaching the boys. Stretching your muscles beyond their normal ability, you were able to haul them to the surface.

This act came to the notice of a cleric of the Church of Harmony, a non-theistic church that is the only legal church in Claxton. The cleric asked you what you wanted in reward, and you said, "Nothing." But apparently someone told the priest that you wanted to be a knight. You were adopted into the ranks of the Church as a champion, knowing wealth and cleanliness for the

first time. The wealth meant little to you, but it did allow you to provide for your parents. You are now a member of a group of church agents, and use this position to spread wealth to many needy people. You champion every just cause, and try to aid anyone in need.

**Caitlin Barristar**, a cleric of the Church of Harmony, is the appointed leader of the agents, and you follow her every command. She is truly devoted to the Church, and is the epitome of goodness, although you think she would be more comfortable in a standard clerical position.

**Rylian Locanter**, a ranger, is a stranger to the city, having lived here only for a few years. He respects your philanthropic views, but apparently thinks your view of good and bad is unyielding. If only he knew there are black and white definitions to everything. He is a nature worshipper rather than a follower of Harmony. But he is strong and courageous, and you consider him a fine friend.

**Aliathia Aquila**, a cleric/fighter/mage, speaks of a long lost father who was a wood elf, however Aliathia doesn't look too much like what you've heard elves look like. Though he is a very good person, he balks at some of the Church's decrees, and you've never believed him to be in the right on this. Perhaps you can lead him down the correct path.

**Jeanna Katali**, a mage, is extremely rich, and you cannot understand why someone so intelligent and wealthy would be so resistant to your views on giving money away; she has so much of it. Still, she is friendly to you. Perhaps you can use this to her advantage, molding her into a better person who values things other than gold and silver.

**Rathias Balcaster**, an acrobat, doesn't have Jeanna's money, but seems to devote much of his energy to gaining his own. He obviously considers his needs paramount over those of others, and has no compunctions against telling you that. But there must be some good in him somewhere. And even though you are suspicious of him, you will help defend his honor when others in the group give him too much of a hard time.

Luckily, you escaped the resulting crackdown.

Since that close shave about four years ago, you have confined most of your activities to legal endeavors. You tried to reform the circus, but the burglary scandal had made this an unpopular form of entertainment. For a time you were a courier, a job with compensation far too low for your taste. But it did make you some valuable connections with the Church of Harmony, the single legal church in Claxton. You hold a position as one of a group of well-paid church agents, all of whom know you as an acrobat. You don't think they know of your criminal past. And you like it that way.

You aren't always truthful with the others. You don't want them to find out too much about yourself and your thieving abilities. It is none of their business, anyway.

**Caitlin Barristar**, a cleric of the Church of Harmony, is the group's appointed leader. There are times when she goes overboard with her good nature, but generally she is competent. If she finds out about your criminal record, you are sure she will have you dismissed, which you cannot afford.

**Rylian Locanter**, a ranger, is a foreigner, coming from a forest community. He is naive about city life sometimes, but he is improving. He might suspect you have been a thief, but seems not to care.

**Aliathia Aquila** claims an elven heritage. He has an agile mind, and has taken up the professions of cleric, mage and fighter simultaneously. He boldly asked you if you would teach him thievery as well. You were so surprised that you hastily, and perhaps clumsily, denied your abilities.

**Jeanna Katali**, a mage, is the daughter of a merchant family, and a very rich person. She has shown some interest in employing you in some form, and has suggested she is looking for a way to make a huge amount of money.

**Macklan Moonstance**, a fighter, used to be very poor, but is now a ward of the Church. He assumes he knows the right way for everyone to behave, which apparently includes giving away all of one's money to needy people, as if need were so rigid a concept. Still, it is hard not to dislike someone like Macklan.

#### Level 4 Spells

*ice storm*                           *stoneskin*  
*Rary's mnemonic enhancer*

You were born to a powerful and wealthy merchant family in Claxton, the world's largest city. Though you showed exceptional ability and zeal for making money, your older siblings were slated for control of the family business, the spice trade, and you chose magic as a profession. Still, you have never wanted for anything, at least nothing basic. You look out for yourself and do not try to help others—after all, you can't help everybody.

Currently, you work for the Church of Harmony, the only legal religious body in Claxton. You do not have any religious background, and have never attended the Church of Harmony except in a professional capacity. Your position in the Church is as a paid agent. The Church is the richest body in the city, and you want your share.

**Caitlin Barristar**, a cleric, is the appointed leader of your group. You don't object to her, but you wish she would give up some of her unattainable charitable goals.

**Rylian Locanter**, a ranger, shares the cleric's outlook. He doesn't think you have the right to have so much money, but then he doesn't any of his own, does he?

**Aliathia Aquila**, a cleric/fighter/mage, has an elven parent. He has expressed an interest in magic, and you have taught him what he could learn, even allowing him use of your spell books. He owes you a great favor for this.

**Rathias Balcaster**, an acrobat, probably was a thief at one time, otherwise he couldn't do the things he does. He also seems to be in this thing for the money.

**Macklan Moonstance**, a fighter, is from the lower class, but was adopted into the Church after some heroic act. Instead of sensibly enjoying his wealth, however, he is content to spread it among others and then preach about the virtues of philanthropy. Obviously, he doesn't know what its like to have to work for it.

by Michael Selinker

*Part one of this adventure, Felicide Decreed, appeared in issue #48.*

In Part One, the PCs were charged by their superior, High Priest Dunsinaine, to recover several relics stolen from the Church of Harmony by tabaxi who had followed the scent of the divine catnip (see Part One) to Claxton. While recovering the treasure, the PCs discovered that more than normal cats are swarming through Claxton, and learned of the existence of the temple of Bast.

In Part Two, the PCs will invade the cat-infested temple of Bast and come face to face with Manetho Khafre and the Lord of Cats. There they will learn about the rat swarm and its source (the vampire Devington Leither) and about the negative facets of mass felicide. Afterward, the PCs must convince High Priest Dunsinaine to change his mind about cats, at least publicly, and then mount an attack on Devington Leither and his rats. When these tasks are successfully completed, Claxton will be safe from the Darkrot (see Part One).

### A New Mission

If the PCs defeated the rakshasa at the end of Part One, they recovered half of Dunsinaine's stolen treasure. If they also successfully negotiated with Iris Duskblossom and her familiar, Morris, they recovered the remaining stolen treasure and learned about the temple of Bast, which is located on the shores of the Blue Axton river. To complete their original mission, they must return the treasure to the Church of Harmony. The PCs easily can find people to help them return the treasure, if they use their authority as agents of the church. If they return the treasure personally (they should if they want to get credit for recovering it), they find Dunsinaine in bed. He sneezes even more when the treasure is brought to him, as it is covered in cat fur. Still, he notes the PCs' speedy service and commends them for it. He quickly orders them to investigate the temple of Bast (Dunsinaine's informants have located it already), to see if it should be shut down in accordance with the city's laws against idolatry (see Part One).

During the adventure, the PCs are free to return to the church for any reason. However, they are only in the mixed graces of High Priest Dunsinaine, because they still smell of cat fur.

# Cataclysm

## Part Two: The Last Bastion of Bast



An AD&D® Game Adventure

Illustrated by Angela Bostick

## The Trip to the Waterfront

Regardless of which path is taken to the waterfront, the trip will be uneventful except for the mountain lion in the alley, described below. Also, the PCs have become famous (or notorious). Quite a few people saw the flind war party's charge and their combat with the PCs. As they walk the streets, some Claxtonites will praise them for bashing those repulsive fuzzfaces, while others condemn them for bringing violence to Claxton's peaceful atmosphere. There are, of course, thousands of cats in the area, which will probably not have anything interesting to say at all.

As the PCs pass an alley about halfway to the waterfront, they hear a child's scream and a loud roar emanating from within. Suzie Copernicus, a twelve-year-old girl, has been cornered by a mountain lion. The lion considers Suzie a threat despite her inoffensiveness, but will not attack her if it can avoid it. It can be calmed with a *remove fear* spell or an offering of meat, but it still will not be favorably disposed to humans. It doesn't know where the maddening scent comes from, and the scent overpowers its desire to escape the chaos of the city, but not by much. If attacked, it will try to escape unless cornered. Suzie is too terrified to move, and will hyperventilate a few moments after she is cornered. A remove fear would do her wonders as well. Suzie's mother is looking for her, and may easily be found by the PCs.

**Mountain lion:** AC 6; HD 3 + 1; hp 15; MV 15" (spring 15' up or 20' + ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6 (if both claws hit, two rear claws for 1-4 each); THAC0 16; Int Semi; SZ M; Al N; SA surprised only on a 1.

## The Temple of Bast

The temple of Bast is disguised as a shrine of the dead. Above ground, it is a small, nondescript building sandwiched between a shipyard and a smeltery on the east bank of the Blue Axton. The building is surrounded by a three-stair riser leading up to a single, open doorway where an apparently ordinary domestic cat rests. Adding to the disguise is an etched wooden sign which says, "Shrine of the Beloved and Departed." The PCs will be very hard pressed to discover anyone in Claxton who has interred or honored anyone at the shrine, however. Some locals may

attest to seeing Manetho Khafre, "the suntanned guy in white," bringing a coffin to the shrine every now and then. If the PCs stake out the place, they will see an occasional cat slink up to the doorway, sniff at the sleeping cat there, and then walk in. This will happen about once every half hour. There may be people in the area who have observed the same thing, and one or two may even have seen a great cat enter. Some people will lie about seeing great cats and will compound the lie by talking about some huge demon with a lion's head and a pink tail with purple blotches. Other false tales may be more believable.

There are two entrances to the temple of Bast. The first is through the front door (1), where a guardian familiar appears to sleep. The second is through an aqueduct (3) just above the river which leads into the antechamber (4) below the entrance chamber (2).

### 1. Front Door

Tabitha, a guardian familiar, guards the front door. She appears to be sleeping in the doorway. She has detached herself from her wizard's treasure chest, an unheard of act for one of her breed, and has come here to enforce the Cat Lord's will that no one who is not at least part cat should enter the temple. She has been doing just that, although no one that was not at least part cat has tried to enter the temple so far. If any PC tries to mount the steps, Tabitha quickly rises to attention and meows. She attacks only if some non-feline tries to cross the threshold. She will not leave the doorway for any reason except to allow a large cat creature to pass by. She can be fought, of course, although her power will insure a long battle indeed. However, talking to Tabitha in her own language may provide two other ways to get through the doorway. The first is to convince her that the PCs really are cats, but just don't look it. This will be extremely difficult, as the familiar can sense most cat characteristics and is extremely skeptical for a creature with only animal intelligence. However, a second tactic which might prove more successful is playing upon her guilt for leaving her treasure. She feels only as much remorse as an animal can, but this may be enough to persuade her to abandon guard duty for the first oath she took.

**Guardian familiar:** AC 8 (+1/death); HD 1 (+1/death); hp 5 (+5/death); MV 12" (+2"/death); #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-4/1-4 (+1 each/death); THAC0 variable; Int Ani; SZ S (M after 7th death); Al LG; MR 75%; SA has nine lives (on round after each death it is reborn larger, with +1 cumulative on abilities listed until ninth, permanent death)

## 2. Entrance Chamber

No matter how long the PCs take to get through the front door, four creatures will be here, as they have been for hours. There is Euphrosyne, a gynosphinx; Heracles, an androsphinx; Mulciber, a criosphinx; and Carric, a wemic. The sphinxes are discussing in their unique fashion the problem of getting through the open trap door to the antechamber below. They are all too big for the door, which can easily accommodate a human-sized creature. Though not one of them actually has a solution to this particular dilemma, each sphinx maintains that its way is best. While they debate, the wemic sits on his haunches in the corner, desiring the catnip and bored to tears with the sphinxes. However, they are blocking the trap door, which is visible from the front entrance.

The argument is guided by each of the three sphinxes' peculiar manner of speaking. Euphrosyne always asks questions, but never speaks in statements. Conversely, Heracles always issues firm manifestos and declarations, but never asks a question. Mulciber always asks questions of Euphrosyne and produces statements to Heracles. The argument over the door might go something like this:

Euphrosyne: "Are you saying you have no idea how to get through the door without destroying the floor?"

Heracles: "Of course I do! We will simply shrink ourselves!"

Euphrosyne: "And how do you propose we will do that?"

Mulciber: "Begging your pardon, Euphrosyne, but why is it an impossibility to enlarge the opening somehow?"

Euphrosyne: "Heracles, will you please tell this snail-headed idiot that he should keep his worthless ideas to himself?"

Heracles: "Keep your ideas to yourself!"

Mulciber: "I was only trying to help!"

Heracles: "Help by keeping your ideas to yourself!"

Euphrosyne: "Are you boys finished yet?"

Meanwhile, Carric, the wemic, is waiting for them to solve the problem, which he fears, correctly, that they will never do. He joined the trio when coming down from the mountains, assuming that he had more in common with them than merely form. He soon discovered that they had nothing in common even with each other, except perhaps a communication barrier. However, he stayed with them because Euphrosyne was able to disguise them as riders on horses so they could pass through the city unmolested. Now that they are here, so close to the maddening scent's source, he is having second thoughts about ever joining them.

If Carric sees anyone enter the chamber who appears to have at least a smidgen of intelligence, he immediately entreats them in Common to help get him and, if possible and necessary, the sphinxes through the trap door. The sphinxes take no note of the PCs unless they do something which allows them to pass through the trap door. In that case, they immediately attempt to dismantle the solution or at least ignore it, for if there is one thing they agree upon, it is that they certainly do not need any help to get through the door.

The wemic is not so proud, and may accompany the PCs downstairs if this is made possible. None of the sphinxes are likely to attack because of their dependence upon each other for instructions, although they will certainly defend themselves. Heracles will never roar in so sacred a temple unless he is provoked. If the player characters become a nuisance, the androsphinx might be tempted to throw a *silence 15' radius* spell on one of the characters, or a *command* or *hold person*. The gynosphinx could use one of her *symbol* spells.

Also in this room are nine wooden sarcophagi. All nine contain fake mummies, crudely carved dummies wrapped in thin bandages. There also are shelves of embalming jars and urns containing ash (of wood).

The trap door leads to an eight-foot drop to the floor of the antechamber below.

**Androsphinx:** AC -2; HD 12 (Cleric 6); hp 68; MV 18"/30" (MC:D); #AT 2; Dmg 2-12/2-12; THAC0 9; Int Exc; SZ L; Al CG; SA three roars/day, first causes save vs. wands within 360 yards or feared for three turns, second causes save vs. petrification within 200 yards or paralyzed with fright for 1-4 rounds and deafens those smaller than ogres within

30 yards for 2-12 rounds, third saps 2-8 points of strength (save vs. magic) from creatures within 240 yards and those smaller than ogres within 30 yards (front only) are knocked over and stunned for 2-12 rounds (save vs. breath weapon), those not knocked over take 2-16 points of damage.

Cleric spells: *command* (x3), *hold person*, *silence 15' radius*, *speak with animals*, *bestow curse*, *speak with dead*

**Gynosphinx:** AC -1; HD 8 (M-U/Cleric 12); hp 56; MV 15"/24" (MC:D); #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8; THAC0 12; Int Gen; SZ L; Al N; SA wand of illusion (17 charges)

Spells: *comprehend languages* (written only), *detect magic*, *read magic*, *detect invisibility*, *locate object*, *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *remove curse*, *legend lore*, *symbol of death*, *symbol of discord*, *symbol of fear*, *symbol of hopelessness*, *symbol of insanity*, *symbol of pain*, *symbol of persuasion*, *symbol of sleep*, *symbol of stunning*

**Criosphinx:** AC 0; HD 10; hp 52; MV 12"/24" (MC:D); #AT 3 on land, 1 butt in air; Dmg 2-8/2-8/3-18; THAC0 10; Int Avg; SZ L; Al N

**Wemic:** AC 5; HD 5+8; hp 47; MV 12"; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/by weapon; THAC0 13; Int Avg; SZ L; Al N; six javelins, spear, large shield

### 3. Aqueduct

This aqueduct (drainpipe) is six feet in diameter. It goes thirty feet into the antechamber, but it winnows very gradually to three feet in diameter before it enters the chamber. However, this is very difficult to determine from either end because of the dragonne stuck in the middle of the pipe. He is facing toward the antechamber, and will give a puppy dog look to anyone coming from that end. He will not be able to see anyone coming from the outside end, but he probably will hear them and get very skittish. He does not speak any languages except sphinx and brass dragon. He will not roar unless he is attacked, although his definition of an attack will depend on the circumstances. Any poking probably will remind him of a sword or spear and trigger the roar. Inside the pipe, the roar will reverberate with a metallic ring, limiting the area of effect to the pipe but also forcing saving throws to be made at -2. If it is extricated into the antechamber, it will make a beeline for the catnip.

**Dragonne:** AC 6 (head)/2 (body); HD 9; hp 45; MV 15"/9" (MC:D, can only fly 1-3 turns); #AT 3; Dmg 1-8/1-8/3-18; THAC0 12; Int Low; SZ L; Al N; roar causes save vs. paralyzation within 120 yards or weakened to 50% strength for 2-12 rounds, those within 30 yards also deafened and attack at -1 for 2-12 rounds)

### 4. Antechamber

The aqueduct and the trap door from the entrance chamber both lead here. This room is not lit, and the only light comes in through the trap door. The room's occupants all are lurking well out of this shaft of weak light.

The evil cats lurking behind chairs and in the corners include: a displacer beast, a kamadan, a caterwaul, and a nonafel. However, the real catalyst for their actions is the luck eater curled up on a shelf. The luck eater is a small, golden-furred cat that has the evil creatures under its sway. Thus, they are laying in wait for prey. They attack as soon as they can, but all of their attack and damage rolls, and their saving throws, are at -2 as long as the luck eater continues to purr. All other creatures within 30 feet also incur this penalty unless they make saving throws vs. spell every round until the luck eater is killed.

NOTE: If either the androsphinx or the dragonne has roared, remember to apply any applicable effects to the cats in this room.

The kamadan leads the attack by blasting its sleep breath at anyone entering. Then the caterwaul drops from the ceiling, screeching, and the displacer beast leaps at any creature that enters. If two or more creatures enter together, the displacer attacks the strongest-looking creature. The nonafel tries to attack a weak-looking opponent with one tail lash during the first round, and will concentrate all of its attacks on that character until he or she is dead. It disassociates on the second round (or the first round after a surprise attack), swarming the PC with little panthers, and then reassociates on the next round. It shifts in or out of singular form every round, healing itself if applicable. The luck eater does not attack, but its purring will be noticeable even while all the evil cats are roaring.

If all the evil cats are killed before the luck eater is slain, it bonds itself to the

PCs, continuing to purr until it hooks at least one of them. If the luck eater is killed before the last of the evil cats, any survivors will regain their senses in three rounds, fleeing into the inner sanctum if still alive.

This chamber is the antechamber for the temple of Bast, and as such contains large numbers of idols, tapestries, altars, candles, thick rugs, and many other objects. The room also contains a folded cot and a heavy bead curtain (5).

**Luck eater:** AC 7; HD 4; hp 19; MV 15"; #AT 0; Dmg 0; THAC0 15; Int Low; SZ S; Al N; SA surprise 1-4; first purr causes those within 30' to save vs. spell or be attracted, affected creatures want to keep and protect luck eater for 2-5 hours, can alter purr to cause creatures to attack others or themselves; aura saps luck at -2 on combat an saving throws within 30' (save vs. spell)

**Displacer beast:** AC 4 (2 if displaced); HD 6; hp 30; MV 15"; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8; THAC0 13; Int Semi; SZ L; Al N; SA 3' displacement causes first attack on beast to miss, all other attacks suffer -2 to hit; saves as Fighter 12 +2

**Kamadan:** AC 4; HD 4 +2; hp 23; MV 18"; #AT 8; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6 + 1-4 per snake head; THAC0 15; Int Low; SZ L; Al N (CE); SA sleep breath in cone 30' long x 10' wide causes creatures to fall asleep (those above 4 HD or 3rd level save vs. breath to avoid effects); 4 snake heads

**Caterwaul:** AC 4; HD 4 +2; hp 27; MV 18" (24" bursts); #AT series of 3/2; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-6; THAC0 15; Int Low; SZ M; Al CE; SA +2 dexterity bonus on saves; screech on first attack does 1-8 hp damage to all within 60' (save vs. breath negates damage); 95% climb walls; 75% move silently and hide in shadows

**Nonafel:** AC parent 5/children 6; HD parent 9/children 2; hp parent 54/children 6; MV parent 9"/children 12"; #AT 1 each; Dmg parent 2-20/children 1-8; THAC0 parent 12/children 16; Int Low; SZ parent L/children S; Al CE; SA parent disassociates into nine children and can reassociate (simultaneous blink) at will when children are within 50'; reassociation regenerates 1 hp per surviving child to parent and thus children on next disassociation, can coordinate all attacks of children, can attack when disassociating or reassociating

## 5. Entrance to the Inner Sanctum

This stairwell is fronted by a heavy bead curtain which sparkles in any light, casting a canopy of rainbow dots on the walls and anything in front of it. It is non-magical, but its thickness prevents the cat cacophony below from entering the antechamber unless it is partially opened. When the PCs open the curtain, they hear yowls, growls, and roars, and they notice a faint mint smell. The wooden stairs curve, ending on the 2' high ledge in the inner sanctum below.

## 6. Inner Sanctum

This large, rough chamber is a sight to behold, for it is here that the Cat Lord holds court. He is likely to be in cat form when the PCs enter, unless he has some reason to expect their arrival. If someone enters the room, he leaps from his position to the ornate throne on the risers in the far south end of the sanctum.

Manetho Kafre, who wears white robes and his cat mask, is constantly moving about the room, but his usual station is at three 10-foot vats of milk, which are getting low when the PCs enter. Manetho steadily fills bowls of milk for the more than 1,000 cats in the chamber.

The cats include the following: 982 domestic cats, 706 wild cats, 6 jaguars, 3 leopards, 2 black panthers (leopards), 1 mated pair of lions with 3 cubs, 1 female mountain lion looking for her mate, 1 spotted lion, 1 giant lynx, 2 tigers and 1 cub, 1 smilodon trading baffled glances with the spotted lion, 1 cheetah, and a group of minimals (a jaguar, a leopard, a male lion, a mountain lion, a lynx, and a tiger) who have staked out a spot in a box on a ledge. In addition, a guardian daemon in the form of a wild cat protects the catnip that has been spread all over the floor.

When humans enter the inner sanctum, a few of the cats begin a yowling wail that is taken up by every cat in the chamber except the daemon, the lynx, and the Cat Lord, who leaps to the throne. The wail is a deafening, infuriating sound which silences all conversation in the room.

Rexfelis allows this to continue for a minute, assuming no human attacks, any cat, and then hisses very loudly, silencing the cats. He silently glares at the PCs, but telepathically demands,

"Who are you to invade my sanctum while we dine?"

Regardless of the answer, the Cat Lord can determine the full truth, evasions do not work. He will not be pleased to learn that the PCs are representatives of the Church of Harmony.

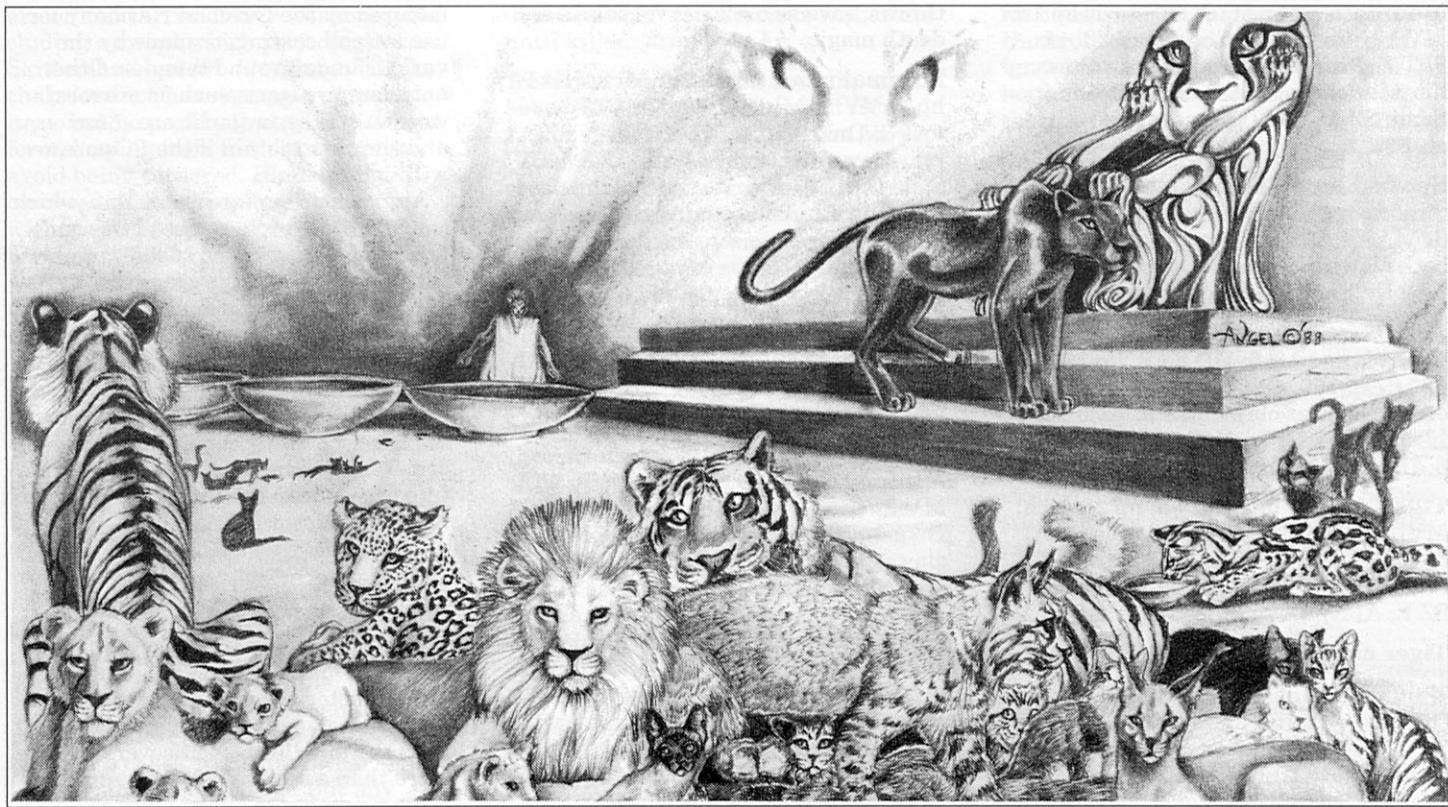
He growls, "Sooooooo, you come from the man who wants all of my friends exterminated so his nose will not trouble him. Hmmm? You come to kill the cats yourself, yes? I do not think they will appreciate that sentiment, yes, my friends?" If the PCs make any threatening moves, they will be swarmed by cats, which pin them to the ground. If they kill a single cat, the Cat Lord will be merciless in allowing the cats to have them as an after-dinner treat.

If, on the other hand, the PCs are polite, they may argue animal politics. The Cat Lord is not favorably disposed to the PCs, and is unlikely to change that opinion. Manetho Khafre, however, will see the PCs as a possible resource to slay the vampire that Rexfelis discovered.

Although the PCs may force it to go another course, the conversation will probably go something like this: the Cat Lord asks the PCs why he should let them leave his domain alive, as he expects that they will probably go back to their church and return with an army of exterminators. There is not likely to be a reasonable response to this, and any show of strength probably will get the PCs killed. However, Manetho Khafre intervenes for the PCs, saying, "My lord, perhaps you are overlooking the potential for a boon, no?"

Rexfelis replies, "You are jabbering, Manetho Khafre. Tend to your milk, yes?" Thus silenced, Manetho goes back to disbursing milk, but the PCs can take advantage of this situation by requesting from Manetho exactly what boon he refers to, perhaps sweetening the kitty by saying that they will do what the Cat Lord wants. If this is done, Manetho will say to Rexfelis, "Please, my lord, I beg of you. Tell them why your cats are so important to the city's survival!"

Rexfelis snaps, "Priest of Bast, you will be silent, yes? They are agents of a hostile power, and will go scurrying back to their precious high priest rather than saving their city from the fate it deserves. See how they have tried to destroy the only possible salvation, my cats."



Rexfelis will tire of Manetho's pleas, and say, "Oh, very well, then, priest. If only for my confrere Bast, I will heed your words, yes? I will tell these wretched creatures what will happen, although they will not be able to halt the Darkrot. You know of what I speak, yes?" (They do not.) "The Darkrot, you fools! The kill inside, yes? The Black Plague, you have heard that name? It will sweep through your city and all the land, killing all of the humans and all of the dogs! Then my cats will be free to roam where they would! I have brought the divine catnip here, but there could be catnip for all! It would be glorious, do you not agree, yes? Oh, but you would be dead."

Before he can order his cats to attack the PCs, Manetho will again intervene, shouting, "Wait, wait! Do not misunderstand! The Cat Lord does not bring this fate to this land! It is the vampire who calls the rats with his sweet song! The rats carry the fleas which carry the plague! It is they who must be stopped, not we!"

The Cat Lord will confirm this, but still will not trust the PCs, asserting that will simply bring the Church down on him and doom all of his cats. "But better death for the thousands of humans in this city by my hand than

death for my cats!" he threatens.

The only way for the PCs to calm Rexfelis's rage is to tell him that they will personally go to Dunsinaine and try to convince him to call off the edict condemning cats. If the PCs do not suggest this, Manetho will do so for them.

"Very well, you may go to slay your vampire. His name is Devington Leither, the famous bard, and he lies in his mausoleum in the east side cemetery. If you do this, my cats will feast on the rats he has brought. But then you still must go to your priest and convince him to rescind his edict. If you tell anyone of my presence in the process, my revenge will be swift. You agree to these terms, yes?"

If the PCs agree, Rexfilis still will not trust them, but lets them go, with cats nipping at their heels.

**Domestic cats (982):** AC 6; HD 1-5 hp; hp 3 each; MV 15" @7"; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1 (if claw hits, rear claw attack for 1-2); Int Anl; SZ S; Al N; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only on 1

**Wild cats (706):** AC 5; HD 1; hp 5 each; MV 18" @9"; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-2 (if

both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1-2/1-2); Int Anl; SZ S; Al N; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only on 1

**Jaguars (6):** AC 6; HD 4+1; hp 19 each; MV 15" (leap 30'); #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-8 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 2-5/2-5); Int Semi; SZ L; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Leopards (3):** AC 6; HD 3+2; hp 16 each; MV 12" (leap 20' up or 25' ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1-4/1-4); Int Semi; SZ M; Al N; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only on 1

**Male lion:** AC 5 (forequarters)/6 (hindquarters); HD 5+2; hp 26; MV 12" (leap 30'); #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-10 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 2-7/2-7); Int Semi; SZ L; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Female lion:** AC 6; HD 5+2; hp 26; MV 12" (leap 30'); #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-10 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 2-7/2-7); SZ L; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Lion cubs (3):** AC 6; HD 2+3; hp 12 each; MV 12"; #AT 0; Dmg 0; Int Semi; SZ M; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Mountain lion:** AC 6; HD 3+1; hp 15; MV 15" (leap 15' up or ahead 20'+); #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1-4/1-4); Int Semi; SZ M; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Spotted lion:** AC 5 (forequarters)/6 (hindquarters); HD 6+2; hp 31; MV 12" (leap 30'); #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-12 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 2-8/2-8); Int Semi; SZ L; Al N; surprised only on 1

**Giant lynx:** AC 6; HD 2+2; hp 16; MV 12" (leap 15'); #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-4 (if claws hit, rear claws attack for 1-3/1-3); Int Very; SZ M; Al N; SA surprise 5 in 6; 75% find traps

**Tigers (2):** AC 6; HD 5+5; hp 28 each; MV 12" (leap 10' up or 50' ahead) #AT 3; Dmg 2-5/2-5/1-10 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 2-8/2-8); Int Semi; SZ L; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Tiger cub:** AC 6; HD 3+3; hp 17; MV 12" (leap 10' up or 50' ahead); #AT 0; Dmg 0; Int Semi; SZ M; Al N; SA surprised only on 1

**Sabre-tooth tiger (smilodon):** AC 6; HD 7+2; hp 34; MV 12" (leap 10' up or 50' ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 2-5/2-5/2-12 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 2-8/2-8); Int Anl; SZ L; Al N; SA surprised only on 1; +2 to hit with bite

**Cheetah:** AC 6; HD 3; hp 14; MV 15" (45" burst for 3 rounds, leap 10' up or 20' ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/2-8 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1-2/1-2); Int Semi; SZ M; Al N; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only on 1

**Minimal jaguar:** AC 8; HD 1; hp 5; MV 10" (leap 20'); #AT 3; Dmg 1/1-1-2 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1/1); Int Semi; SZ S; Al CN; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only 1 in 12; +2 to saving throws; save as 4+1 HD vs. poison and death magic; +4 vs. charm

**Minimal leopard:** AC 8; HD 1; hp 5; MV 8" (leap 13' up or 17' ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 1/1-1-2 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1/1); Int Semi; Sz S; Al CN; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only 1 in 12; +2 to saving throws; save as 3+2 HD vs. poison and death magic; +4 vs. charm

**Minimal lion** AC 9 (forequarters)/8 (hindquarters); HD 1+3; hp 8; MV 8" (leap 20'); #AT 3; Dmg 1/1-1-3 (if both claws hit, rear claws for 1/1); Int Semi; SZ S; Al CN; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only 1 in 12; +2 to saving

throws; save as 5+2 HD vs. poison and death magic; +4 vs. charm

**Minimal mountain lion:** AC 8; HD 1-1; hp 4; MV 10" (leap 10' up or 13' ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 1/1-1-2 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1/1); Int Semi; SZ S; Al CN; SA surprise 3 in 6; surprised only 1 in 12; +2 to saving throws, save as 3+1 HD vs. poison and death magic; +4 vs. charm

**Minimal lynx** AC 8; HD 1/4; hp 2; MV 8" (leap 10'); #AT 1; Dmg 1; Int Semi; SZ S; Al CN; surprise 5 in 6, surprised only 1 in 6; +2 to saving throws; save as 1 HD vs. poison and death magic; +4 vs. charm

**Minimal tiger** AC 8; HD 2+1; hp 10; MV 8" (leap 7' up or 30' ahead); #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1-3 (if both claws hit, rear claws attack for 1-2/1-2); Int Semi; SZ S; Al CN; surprise 3 in 6; surprised only 1 in 12; +2 to saving throws; save as 5+5 HD vs. poison and death magic, +4 vs. charm

If the PCs survive their encounter with the Cat Lord and his minions, they will emerge from the Temple of Bast in time to see the setting sun reflected in the river.

## Part Three: Rats In The System

### To the Cemetery

Despite the setting sun, the PCs are not obligated to attack Devington Leither's mausoleum tonight. If they wait until morning, Leither will not change his tactics appreciably, although he will not be able to go outside in the daylight. Some of the wererats will be on watch regardless of what time the PCs come to the place.

The PCs can do several things before going to the cemetery. One option is to go straight to Dunsinaire with the news. If they go to the Church of Harmony office for any reason, see that section. The Cat Lord is monitoring the PCs' actions. If they tell of his presence in the temple, see the section on his revenge, below.

Another option is to stock up on the standard vampire-killing implements. However, the PCs may be hard pressed to locate everything they might want. Lawful good holy symbols are considered objects of idolatry, and it will be a rare Claxtonite who will admit to owning one, let alone selling one. What little holy water is available is manu-

factured by the Curch of Harmony for use in spell casting, or made by the various underground temples. Other anti-vampire items such as mirrors, wooden stakes, or garlic are common, and simple to obtain if the PCs are willing to search.

Any expedition into the slums, which the PCs could cross to get to the cemetery, may turn up an unusual number of rats.

The PCs easily can find the cemetery, as there is only one major burial site on the east side. Those who have heard of Devington Leither may know where he is buried, although they do know he is a vampire. Several people around the cemetery will have seen a griffon glide into the cemetery, but they did not see it leave.

### The Cemetery

The east side cemetery is the fifth largest within the city limits, although there are many larger ones outside. This cemetery contains a mixture of headstones and mausoleums, mostly from the middle class. It covers a little more than a square half mile, and contains a number of slight grades and hills, although the highest point is only fifty feet above the lowest.

The entire cemetery is surrounded by an eight-foot-high brick wall, which easily can be scaled. There are four main gates, at the north, east, southeast, and northwest corners. Devington Leither's mausoleum is at the southwest corner, immediately adjacent to a sewer tunnel. A paved path runs throughout the entire area.

The cemetery is swarming with rats; all are normal rats except five, which are wererats inhabiting the central watchman's house. They have taken over the cemetery on the vampire master's instructions, and one has assumed the role of the aged cemetery watchman, Mr. Pottersfield. It is unlikely that all of them will be awake at any time, but they have alerted all of the other rats in the cemetery to report any intruders.

The wererats work to destroy any intruders. They each have a special weapon or tactic to assist them.

Chakchak, the leader, carries a *philter of persuasiveness*, and has assumed the form of the old watchman. Twikchak is a master of distance combat, carrying a short composite bow, blowgun, atlatl and javelin, and an aklys. Twitterchak, a former knight, wears a full suit of

armor and carries heavy weapons, including a sword which projects silence. Skitterchak has *beads of force*. Tiktikchak does not have a magic or special item, but he prefers to stay in giant rat form, leaping from target to target to avoid being cornered. He hates being cornered. If this happens, he attacks with great ferocity (+2 to hit and on damage rolls). Note, however, that the wererats cannot summon any giant rats, because the vampire's pipesong cannot be overridden.

When the wererats learn about the intruding PCs or when someone calls for the front gate to be opened, Chakchak drinks his *philter* and goes, in his caretaker form, to wherever the PCs are. The rest of the rats slink toward the PCs, including Twitterchak, who will mask his clanking armor with his sword of silence.

While the rats surround the party, Chakchak calls out in his imitation elderly voice, "Who's that going here? Show yourself!" If he sees them, he chuckles and says, "Well, then, I thought you were graverobbers or something like that." If they are wearing their armbands, he adds, "But any agents of the Church are welcome in Mr. Pottersfield's cemetery, of course." He seems extremely congenial, and uses the *philter's* power to suggest that the PCs accompany him on a tour through the cemetery to whatever loved one they have come to pay respects to. (Saves vs. this suggestion are at -2 because it is reasonable and plausible.) If the PCs accompany Chakchak, the wererats position themselves and attack at their leisure.

Before any attack, "Mr. Pottersfield" tries to chat with the PCs to find out what they are doing here, how much they know about everything going on in town, especially the plague of cats. He does not mention the rats, although if asked, he will say, "Yes, there is a slight increase in the rat population." He also tries to learn the party's strengths and weaknesses.

The wererats attack in unison, except for Chakchak, who will not attack if his comrades gain surprise (he plays the Pottersfield role to the hilt). Twikchak fires arrows from atop a mausoleum, switching to his blowgun when someone comes within range. Twitterchak attacks from behind with his sword of silence. Skitterchak throws beads from about 20' away. Only Tiktikchak leaps among the PCs, bouncing from one to the other. He will soon be joined by

Chakchak. All the wererats will attack until killed.

**Wererats (5):** AC 6; HD 3 + 1; hp see below; MV 12"//6" in giant rat form; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; THAC0 16; Int Very; SZ S-M; Al LE; SA hit only by magical or silver weapons, surprise on 1-4, communicate lycanthropy, assume human or giant rat form at will, summon and control 2-12 giant rats

Chakchak: hp 20, *philter of persuasiveness*, broad sword

Twikchak: hp 16, short composite bow and 20 arrows, blowgun with 10 poisoned darts (save vs. poison or suffer 1-6 hp damage per round until constitution check is made), atlatl and one javelin, aklys, dagger

Twitterchak: hp 28, plate mail and large shield (AC 2), two handed sword of silence +3 (allows wielder to project silence 15' radius for 3 turns/day), battle axe, dagger

Skitterchak: hp 15, long sword, three beads of force

Tiktikchak: hp 19, dexterity 18 (AC 2)

### The Mausoleum of Devington Leither

The door to this modest mausoleum is open, and rats can be seen scampering into it. On the outside it is a normal monument 15 feet square. It bears the words, "RESTING HERE DEVINGTON LEITHER. HIS SONG IS STILLED BUT STILL LIVES." To the left of the mausoleum is a griffon skeleton, picked clean by the rats.

**Swarming rats:** To speed play, and scare the PCs, allow the rats to attack in swarms of 10-20. A swarm takes 1-3 melee rounds to form.

**Rat, normal:** HD 1/4; hp 1 each; MV 15"; #AT 1; Dmg 1 + 2% chance of passing early Darkrot symptoms (save vs. poison); THAC0 2nd 20; Int Anl; SZ S; Al N(E); SA swarm

**Rat swarm:** AC 5; HD N/A; hp 5 + 1 per rat (there can be no fewer than 10 and no more than 20 rats in a swarm); MV 12"; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; THAC0 19; Int Ani; SZ M; Al N; SA piercing weapons do one point of damage, area attacks (flaming oil, *fireball*, etc.) affect individual rats; when reduced to 0 hp swarm dissolves and 5d4 rats are killed, survivors can join new swarms or attack individually; each round spent within 10' of a swarm causes a 5% chance to contract Darkrot (from jumping fleas), save vs. poison negates; each successful

hit causes a 10% chance to contact Darkrot, save vs. poison negates; can ignore the effects of weapons in non-lethal combat (if the swarm survives the attack).

**Giant rats:** HD 1/2; hp 3 each; MV 12"//6"; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 + 5% chance of passing early plague symptoms (save vs. poison negates); Int Semi; SZ S; Al N(E)

### 1. Entrance Chamber

There are about fifty normal rats here at any time. They are hungry, but not starved, and can be easily scared away. They are on their way down to the sewers, and others will come to take their place within minutes. There is a stairwell to the burial chamber below, where many rats and a faint pipe tune can be heard. There are many rats on their way down the stairs to the tomb.

### 2. Tomb

Every horizontal surface in this room is crammed with rats or giant rats. There are 212 normal rats, 18 giant rats, and one of Devington Leither's coffins packed into this 15' x 15' x 8' tomb. There is a gaping hole in the south wall that leads to the sewers. Pipesong emanates from the hole. The rats will swarm all over anything that walks through the room, attacking to kill. A *cloudkill* will kill all of the rats. A simple *fireball* will blast everything in the tomb and a huge number of rats in the sewers and perhaps creatures on the stairwell unless the door is closed.

### 3. Sewer Conduit

There are 356 rats and 29 giant rats here. They attack any non rat that enters the conduit, which is seven feet square and extends in both directions. The water and sludge mixture in the conduit runs sluggishly, but does count as running water. However, there are tens of millions of rats in the entire sewer system. They are drawn here by the pipe tune emanating from the crude door at #4 (see part one). The rats are especially thick around the door.

### 4. Devington Leither's Sewer Crypt

Leither notices any activity involving his rats in the sewer system, but will not stop playing even if the door is ripped off the hinges. He waits here in this dry chamber with 12 vapor rats, which are intelligent enough to understand his commands. When the cham-

ber is breached, Leither continues playing to attract more rats from outside. If any rats remain in the tomb or conduit, they swarm, and immediately move to the attack. If the tomb and conduit are empty, more rats will arrive every 1d4 rounds. The newcomers will be a swarm of normal rats, 1d10 + 10 rats, (75%) or 1d3 + 1 giant rats (25%).

Leither concentrates on playing his pipes until they are negated, destroyed, or taken away. Until deprived of his pipes, he attacks with his gaze only. The vapor rats shift in and out of vapor form, attacking from different positions each round. Remember the *stinking cloud* effect when vapor rats are hit in combat.

If Leither is deprived of the use of his pipes, he retains control over the vapor rats while the others skitter away. He assumes gaseous form, moving in and out of the vaporized rats so that his location will not be easily charted. Then he assumes normal form to attack with a blow to drain levels, and then shifts into gaseous form to appear the next round, perhaps to cast a spell. He keeps his sword securely lashed to his belt; he does not want it used upon him.

If Leither feels he must flee, he may read his *scroll of protection from water* and dive into the sewer, turning to gaseous form as he does so. When reduced to 10 hp or less, he summons 100 normal rats, which arrive in a single round. He uses these to keep the PCs away from at least one coffin. If he is reduced to 0 hp, he assumes gaseous form and tries to reach one of the coffins. If a PC guards the coffin, the 100 rats swarm him until they are killed or the PC gives up.

The vampire might take the fight outside if it is dark.

During any battle, he taunts the PCs, since they are obviously working for the Church of Harmony which ended his singing career. He also carefully directs the rats' attacks, such as having them swarm over PCs' weapon hands or swarm into their clothes (treat these as grappling attacks).

If the PCs escape the cemetery without defeating the vampire, and plan a second assault, all rat and giant rat casualties will be replaced when they return. During the second attempt, the normal rats will attack the PCs from the moment they step into the mausoleum.

**Vapor rats (12):** AC 6; HD 2; hp 9 each; MV 12"/18"/6"/(1") (MC: A); #AT 1; Dmg

1-2; THAC0 16; Int Low; SZ S; AL C ; SA turn to gasous form; when gaseous immune to all attacks except magical fire and exceptionally strong winds; emits stinking cloud to 1 target 5'-8' away when wounded or killed

### The Church of Harmony Office

At some point, either before or after taking on the vampire, the player characters are likely to come back here, where High Priest Dunsinaire first gave them their assignment.

If the PCs come here directly from the temple of Bast, they reek of cat fur, although only Dunsinaire will notice this. He sneezes even more violently than before, and orders the PCs to be drawn and quartered. This will not happen, of course, but a few attendants try to usher the PCs out before Dunsinaire really gets angry. If the PCs take baths and clean out their possessions after this, or do so before they come to Dunsinaire, he will be considerably more disposed to them, but his attention still is focused on his malady.

If, in this case, the PCs tell him about the Cat Lord, Dunsinaire will be alarmed and calls for his robes. He immediately forgets his allergy, and dispatches messengers to all the city council members to rouse them for an emergency session. Then he demands that the PCs accompany him by carriage to the grand public meeting hall and testify before the council about what they saw at the temple. Dunsinaire deftly uses this opportunity to pressure and terrify the council members to passing an emergency resolution supporting his ant-cat edict. Unless the PCs can out politic Dunsinaire, which is a tall order, the council will place the city militia at his disposal, and within two hours they will be hastily mobilized for an attack on the Temple of Bast. As the soldiers march on the temple, the Cat Lord takes his revenge, see below.

However, if the PCs tell Dunsinaire about the rats and the vampire, he is only halfheartedly interested; his current disease interests him far more than any potential one. He tells them to dispatch the threat if they feel so inclined.

When the PCs attempt to convince the High Priest to abandon his crusade against the cats, they will face the most difficult challenge of the adventure. The course of this action will have to be determined by the PCs and the outcome is left to the DM. However, the follow-

ing factors must be considered: Dunsinaire hates cats, he is violently allergic to them, is not capable of rational thought while having an allergic reaction. There is no cure for allergies short of a *wish*. Dunsinaire already has made a public proclamation and never reverses them; he thinks he would undermine the faith in the Church of Harmony's infallibility if he did so. Dunsinaire believes the city council will soon fall in line with him on the issue; he is a very charismatic man with a *ring of human influence* and spells like *enthall* at his command. He has many responsibilities and cannot be kept long in any conversation. He does not like people dictating anything to him. He and others in the church can cast disease curing spells; he thinks church attendance might benefit from a plague, although the negative side effects (mass death) could decrease worship. And, probably most importantly, he thinks he is in command of the situation.

These defenses will be hard to breach, but the PCs must try if they are to save Claxton. In any confrontation before the council, Dunsinaire will use some of his spells, such as *silence* if the player characters become too much of a nuisance. However, he will not cast spells to harm them, unless they attack him.

### The Cat Lord's Revenge

Despite what he said, Rexfelis will not take revenge upon the PCs if they tell average citizens of his presence. They will have to tell someone who will inform the city council or officials of the Church of Harmony before he gets very angry. If Dunsinaire finds out about the Cat Lord, he will use the knowledge to great political advantage. If this occurs, the Cat Lord will take the following swift revenge:

While the armies are mobilizing for an attack on the temple, Rexfelis telepathically calls every cat in the city to come directly to him, regardless of interference. None can resist this call, and thousands of cats and cat creatures converge upon the temple within an hour.

Once all of the cats are assembled, he will, with Bast's assistance and in full view of any humans watching, teleport himself and every cat around him to a location thousands of miles away. This is his swift revenge.

While it may not seem so terrible at first, the DM and PCs must remember

that there are tens of millions of rats in the city, and the Darkrot will mutate to lethal stage in two weeks, vampire or no vampire. The cats were Claxton's only salvation from the plague, and they will not return.

## The End of the Cataclysm

If Devington Leither is slain and the anti-cat edict is rescinded, Dunsinaire will publicly call for an end to the slaying of cats, turning the occasion into a grand political triumph by explaining how Claxtonites have evolved beyond idolatry. The Cat Lord will be pleased with the PCs' success and turn his cats loose on the rats of Claxton. The cats will disperse to their normal homes within a few weeks, with the cat-rat balance maintained and the Darkrot averted.

## Major NPCs

### High Priest Grandest Dunsaniane:

Cl 13; AC 3; hp 78; MV 12"; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; THAC0 12; AL LN; S 13, I 13, W 15, D 10, C 18, CH 18, CM 16

Magic Items: *bracelets of defense* AC 3, *necklace of prayer beads (atonement, blessing, curing, karma)*, *ring of human influence*, *staff of striking* (23 charges), *amulet of life protection*, plus other items in the church

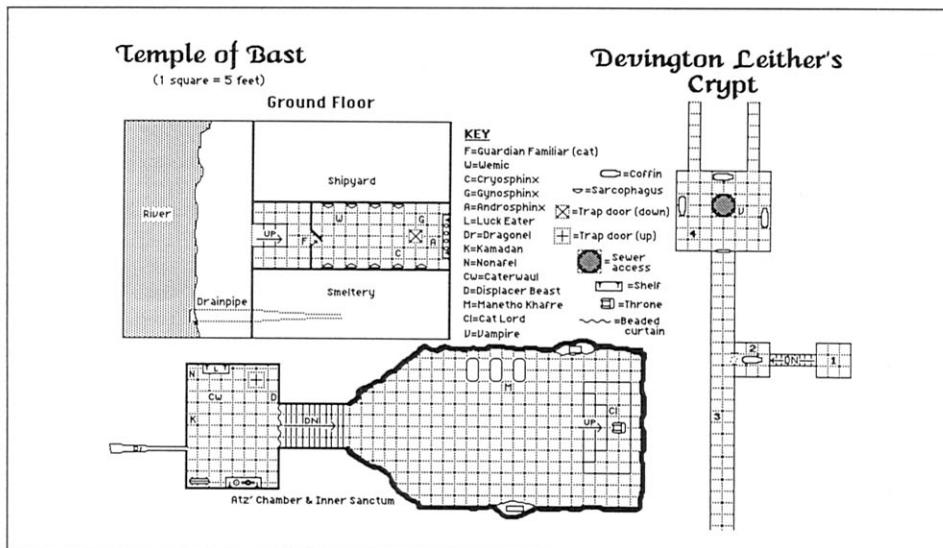
Spells: *bless*, *ceremony*, *command*, *cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *light*, *penetrate disguise*, *protection from evil*, *augury*, *detect charm*, *detect life*, *enthral*, *hold person*, *know alignment*, *silence 15' radius*, *continual light*, *cure disease*, *death's door*, *dispel magic*, *locate object*, *magical vestment*, *cloak of bravery*, *cure serious wounds*, *detect lie*, *tongues*, *quest*, *true seeing*

**Devington Leither, Vampire:** Bd 10; HD 10; AC 1; hp 65; MV 12"/18"; #AT 1; Dmg 5-10 + drain 2 levels or by weapon +4; THAC0 10; AL CE; S 18/76, I 16, W 16, D 15, C 18, CH 18, CM 18

Magic Items: *sword +1 flame tongue*, *pipes of the sewers*, *scroll of protection from water*, *ring of animal friendship*

Spells: *detect magic*, *shocking grasp*, *wall of fog*, *darkness 15' radius* (x2), *detect invisibility*, *hold person*, *non-detection*, *improved invisibility*

Bard abilities: PP 45, DN 60, CW 90, RL 60, influence reactions at -3 to the save, raise morale for 10 rounds, extraordinary effects with *pipes of the sewers*



Vampire abilities: melee hit drains 2 levels, hit only by magical weapons, regenerate 3 hp/round, assumes gaseous form at 0 hp, immunities (sleep, charm, hold, paralysis, poison), half-damage from cold and electricity, assume gaseous form at will, shapechange into large bat at will, gaze causes *charm* (save at -2), summon rats (enhanced by *pipes of the sewers* and bard ability), 10-100 bats or 3-18 wolves, create new vampires, holy water causes 2-7 hp damage, garlic causes hesitation for 1-4 rounds, cannot pass lawful good holy symbol or mirror, sunlight kills in 1 turn, running water removes 1/3 of full hit points lost per round, wooden stake makes helpless until removed, or until permanently slain by severing head and filling mouth with holy wafers.

**Manetho Khafre, Priest of Bast:** Cl 7; AC 5; hp 37; MV 24"; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; AL CG; S 14, I 13, W 14, D 18, C 14, CH 6, CM 10

Magic Items: *boots of striding and springing*, *gauntlets of swimming and climbing*, *cat mask* (allows infravision and excellent hearing), *figurines of wondrous power* (two golden lions), *flail +1*

Spells: *create water*, *cure light wounds* (x2), *penetrate disguise*, *purify food & drink*, *messenger*, *snake charm*, *speak with animals*, *create food & water*, *meld into stone*, *snakes into sticks*

**Rexfelis, The Cat Lord:** T 19 or Mk 13; HD 19; AC -9; hp 81; MV 27"/9" (+30' spring); #AT 3 (special) or 1 or 5/2; Dmg 7-12/7-12/9-16 or by weapon +8 or 5-17 per open hand attack; Al N; S 20, I

19, W 17, D 23, C 16, CH 13 (25 to felines, 22 to werecats, 18 to partial felines and ailurophiles, 7 to ailurophobes), CM 20

Spell-like abilities: (at will) *blur*, *detect evil/good*, *hypnotism*, *improved invisibility*, *speed (as potion)*, and *telepathy*; (9/day) *dimension door*; (2/day) *ethereality*, *haste*; (1/day); *astral travel*, *teleport without error*

Special Abilities: +4 to hit and quintuple damage on backstab, thief abilities (PP 165, OL 139, FT 129, MS 132, HS 127, DN 95, CW 109.7, RL 80), fall any distance for no damage when eight feet or less from a wall, +6 dmg with weapon (no strength bonuses), stun opponent on attack roll 5 over number needed to hit, automatic kill on stun if percentage roll is under opponent's AC, save vs. petrification to dodge normal missiles, save vs. any attack which allows save and take no damage, only 10% likely to be surprised, speak with animals and plants, 88% resistance to ESP, immune to disease, poison, haste, slow, geas, quest, self-induced catalepsy for 26 turns, heal 8-11 hp on self/day, 70% resistance to charm spells, quivering palm 1/week, *shape change* to black cat, panther or human, automatic initiative, always lands on feet, summon felines, spit in cat form (save vs. spells or permanently blinded), yowl causes all creatures within 19' except felines stunned for 1-4 rounds), lick wounds to heal 2d4 hp damage 9/day, hearing and vision 5 times human maximum, ultravision to 120', infravision 300', 99% move silently, speaks all feline languages, immune to psionics. □