\_\_\_\_\_1 April 414\_\_\_\_\_

You step off the ship and onto the dusty ground, already you feel the heat of the air on your face. The ship begins to sink into the lake behind you, leaving back to the material plane. “I wish you the best of luck in your journeys. Try not to get killed,” Arassil calls as the ship descends.

Around you is desert. To the west, towering mountains rise far into the clouds, their jagged peaks alighting the sky with volcanic eruptions. To your east there are flat rocky plains and valleys and the ground slopes down into some massive lowlands. To the south lies a great lake of the River Styx, mixing with the foul metals of the sands to form a horrid swamp for miles on. To your north there is nothing—but on the horizon there is a light: bright white clouds surround a golden gate in the sky. “That is the Promised Land,” said Halifax, “we mustn’t go there. We will head to the east. Come, we must be off.”

You begin to walk down the slopes to the east. The land continues to go down, it seems, and you can see for miles into the distance. On the horizon great mountains rise, ending the lowlands. Upon one stands three black towers, rising higher than even the peaks of the rocks they stand upon. The mountains are outlined with an eerie red light, as if a bleeding red sun was suspended behind them.

The lowlands merge into the swamps to the south, and to the north they meet the flat plains at sheer cliffs—the east is practically a bowl, enclosed by the walls of Hell.

1st: 1 CR16 Cornugon, 6 CR5 beard devils, 20 CR3 host devils

2nd: 1 CR 2 encounter

3rd: 1 CR8 encounter

4th: 1 CR 3 encounter

5th: 2 CR 6 plants

6th: 1 CR16 Cornugon, 1 CR 5 encounter

7th: 5 CR 13 Ice Devils without Halifax

8th: none

9th: 1 CR5 encounter