

Clean Slate

A One-Round D&D 3rd Edition Adventure

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The widower king of Leoni, Frederick III, has grown introspective as the years have passed. Seeking a legacy of knowledge, he has searched across land and sea for the lost wisdom of the ancients. His focus has made Leoni a magnet for adventurers great and small. Six unknown and inexperienced heroes, newly arrived in Leoni, chance upon a note posted by one of the king's sages, offering a small reward for the simple retrieval of an item from an abandoned temple. A serious adventure for six unknown heroes.

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This is a RPGA Network adventure game. A four-hour time block has been allocated for playing the game (or this round of the game), but the actual playing time will be about three hours.

It is a good idea to ask each player to put a name tag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players to keep track of who is playing which character.

Pass out the player characters based on class, gender, and/or race. Instruct the players either to prepare their characters now, or wait until you read the introduction, depending on the requirements of the scenario as described below. When they have prepared their characters, you may continue with the game.

Scoring the game for RPGA points: The RPGA has three ways to score this game. Consult your convention coordinator to determine which method to use:

1. **No-vote scoring:** The players write their names and numbers on the scoring packet grid, you fill in the top of the grid. That is all. No one is rated. This method is used for people who are just playing for fun.
2. **Partial scoring:** The players rate the game master and the scenario on their player voting sheet, and provide personal information, but don't vote for other players. The game master rates the scenario and completes personal and event information, but does not rate the players as a team or vote for players. This method is used when there is no competition, but the convention coordinator wants information as to how the game masters are performing, or the game master wants feedback on his or her own performance.
3. **Voting:** Players and game masters complete the entire packet, including voting for best player. If this method is used, be sure to allow about 15-20 minutes for the players to briefly describe their characters to the other players, and about 5-10 minutes for voting. This method is used when the players want to know who played the best amongst them, or when the adventure is run in tournament format with winners and prizes. Multi-round adventures usually required advancing a smaller number of players than played the first round, so voting is required for multi-round adventures.

When using Voting, rank the players in order of your voting choice while they are completing their forms, so that you are not influenced by their comments on your abilities.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying.

Some of the text in this scenario is written so that you may present it as written to the players, while other text is for your eyes only. Text for the players will be in **bold italics**. It is strongly recommended that you paraphrase the player text, instead of reading it aloud, as some of the text is general and must be adapted to the specific situation or to actions of the player characters.

DM's Background

Tragedy struck King Frederick III of Leoni twelve years ago, as his wife of ten years, Queen Beatrice, was felled by a poisoned crossbow bolt, sent by an assassin while the royal couple toured the friendly city of Daravil. His wife's death affected him profoundly, causing him to withdraw from most affairs for months. He has largely withdrawn from the politics of the land of Aldar, and court has remained a somber affair ever since. (For more information on the land of Aldar, see **DM's Aid 4**.)

King Frederick has directed his city-state's resources to searching out the lost knowledge of the ancients, recovering much magic and wisdom long forgotten. Most people think he is simply seeking a legacy of knowledge that will endure long after he has left the mortal world. However, he is truly searching for an artifact whose rumored existence is known to but a few people. This item would allow a person to change one event in their past, allowing them to undo a tragedy and turn their following years into a clean slate, to be written on again.

Years of research finally tied this rumored artifact to the followers of Grayillus, a now-dead god of illusions and deception. Much more effort went into the search for any temples of this faith. While cloaked by both magical and mundane means, eventually one temple was found. While the artifact was not discovered, the many riddles and puzzles within the temple pointed to the location of the main temple. Working alone, King Frederick was able to estimate the location of the main temple, on an island to the south of Leoni (the southernmost island of the Barren Reef, shown in **DM's Aid 1**). A party of powerful adventurers was recently sent to explore the area, defeat any threats, and search for any sites where ancient knowledge might rest, but was instructed not to enter any site. This band returned two days ago, and was heavily rewarded by King Frederick himself.

King Frederick has employed many sages in his pursuit of knowledge and this legendary artifact. However, when specifically dealing with leads relating to the artifact, he has personally conducted the negotiations while magically disguised. When the party encounters Roland the Gray, they are actually interacting with the king, though they will not know that.

King Frederick suspects that the artifact he seeks is able to call out to anyone near it, attempting to get that person to invoke its power. As this artifact may be only usable once, he does not want to risk that the adventurers he employs might use the artifact. He thinks he has covered this contingency by requesting inexperienced adventurers, and paying appropriately. While an inexperienced adventurer might very well have no great tragedy in their past they wish to undo, this situation absolutely does not apply to the PCs.

Adventure Summary

The PCs all arrive in Leoni, with secret histories, feeling the need to make amends for their past actions. They all appear to be beginning adventurers, and are in fact beginning the study of their new classes. Being inexperienced adventurers, they answer a posting at a local inn, offering a small reward for a simple retrieval mission.

The PCs are hired by an old sage, who is not what he appears. They are asked to venture to an abandoned temple of Grayillus, the dead god of illusions, and are told that no risk is expected. The sage had send powerful adventurers to the same place to clear it out, but they did not enter the temple.

Accepting the mission, the PCs first ride a scow to New Leoni. On the way, there is a bit of trouble, and three of the PCs meet NPCs who may remind them of their pasts. That night, they stop over in an inn, where another PC meets a follower of a god whose followers were responsible for a great personal tragedy.

A fisherman takes the party to the island which is their destination. At the docks, a simpleton's gift serves as a reminder for another PC's failures.

On the way to the abandoned temple, the party is attacked by a large orc tribe, who should be able to wipe out any six inexperienced adventurers. The party's success may lead them to question each others' pasts.

Finally, the party reaches and explores the temple, which is filled with reminders of each PC's past, almost as if the temple was changing in response to them specifically. If they find the slate, they will begin to feel its power, as it mentally coaxes them into trying to use it.

No matter if they use it, or if they bring it back to King Frederick, who will use it, the time line will change. The players will get a glimpse of how things have changed as the story ends.

The Slate

The unnamed slate is a powerful artifact, imbued with the essence of Grayillus. It allows its finder to invoke its power, to erase one event of that person's past. Afterwards, the slate is transported to another temple of Grayillus.

Finding the slate is a complicated process, as no mortal magic can uncover its location. The only clues to its location can be found in the cryptic, changing messages of the temples. A dedicated searcher may find the slate's location after years of search. After the slate is used, these messages change to reflect the slate's current location.

Introduction

When you pass out the character sheets, allow the three followers of Cruzar to view Players' Handout o. If they

have any questions about the places mentioned in their backgrounds, show them DM's Aid 4, the map of Aldar.

The Hearth is a small inn, crowded but with a friendly environment. The bartender and owner, Klaus Fironi, engages in friendly conversation with the familiar faces who come in every evening for a good meal. Still, he has time to greet newcomers with a hearty handshake and a sincere offering of welcome. You have just arrived in Leoni recently, and it looks like you chose an excellent place to rest this evening.

After enjoying your meal, you mingled with the crowd. Walking through the inn, you passed a wooden board with a few messages tacked to it. While most are of interest only to the locals, one note, probably posted today, mentions a job appropriate even for new adventurers who just arrived in town today.

Wanted: For a simple task

Any intrepid individuals willing to travel to a recently discovered temple and recover any items of significance therein. Little risk anticipated. Small reward, and expenses covered.

If of interest, contact Roland the Gray, sage, one hour past dawn on the 24th.

After some conversation, most of the locals have headed back to their homes. Before long, with the fire dwindling, Klaus checked to see if you wished accommodations for the evening. At one silver piece, it is quite a bargain. After refilling your mugs, the few of you remaining have a chance to enjoy the best seats, closest to the fireplace.

The PCs are all here, and they can interact if they so desire. While they probably want to talk for a few minutes, some tables might pick up the characters and run with them. After an hour of real time, or when not every player is involved in the role-playing, Klaus urges the PCs to settle down for the night, so that he can clean up the place.

The note the PCs saw is printed on **Players' Handout 1**.

Scene 1: A Simple Recovery Mission

Any local can direct the PCs to the home of Roland the Gray, the small stone hovel under the huge oak tree at the north end of town. The locals see Roland as one of those old, reclusive kooks, and don't know him very well at all. Many can't remember the last time they've seen him.

Your knock is answered by a huge man in voluminous silk pajamas. Looking as if he just woke up, his gray hair is sticking up in random fashion. His eyes are alert, though, and his gaze rapidly darts over you. "Oh, yes, that note I posted at that inn. I thought I'd never get anyone with a promise of only a small reward, with heroes and adventurers in such demand and all.

Well, I'm glad you're here. Come in, have a seat on anything that you think will hold your weight."

The hovel is crowded with crates, old tomes, unusual items, and mismatched tables and benches, but unfortunately, only one comfortable chair. The sage eases his ample form into the chair, placing himself into the indentation pressed into its upholstered seat. He grabs a piping hot biscuit, slathered in butter and jam, from a chipped plate precariously balanced on a stack of books, and savors each bite, not even noticing you.

Finishing what was obviously more important to him than his mission, he finally turns to you. "Yes, that note. I've done much research for the king himself, being the expert on the ancient god of illusions known as Grayillus. His followers established hidden temples in many remote locations, with knowledge and magic secured within. This knowledge has been lost for centuries, but I have made an effort to recover it.

"Recently, I sent a group of powerful, experienced adventurers to an island to the south of Leoni, following some of the cryptic messages left by the followers of Grayillus. After fighting pitched battles against a tribe of ogres, and scouring the mountainous land, they found concealed in the rock face the entrance to what I believe to be the high temple of Grayillus. That is where I will be sending you.

"What I want you to do is recover anything you can. Record any inscriptions on the walls, recover any tomes, and return with any items of historical significance. In particular, my research has turned up reports of one item in particular, a simple black slate tablet. I think the runes etched upon it may make it the greatest discovery the land has ever seen. I think it may grant never before seen insight into Grayillus and his relationship to the other gods, perhaps even revealing some secrets of divine magic.

"I said small reward, and by that I mean fifty gold pieces for undertaking the mission, twenty of that up front. I will cover your expenses, and I will offer further reward for knowledge you discover at the temple. But I am not offering the greatest reward here. King Frederick himself is seeking this tablet, for the incredible knowledge it contains, and the king is known for lavishly rewarding those people who aid him. So, what say you?"

The party likely has some concerns about their suitability to the mission. Here are some answers "Roland" will give:

- I do mean low risk. The faith of Grayillus is built on deception and illusion. In my past experience, no one entering one of their temples reported any deadly traps or monster guardians. Riddles and puzzles, sure, but you look like you can handle that!
- Don't you think you can set your mind to this task? You don't need to fight a war here, just collect the lost knowledge within the temple.
- Actually, your inexperience might be to your advantage! Consider this passage from an ancient inscription at the temple in the Bear Woods: "While he who knows what to expect will find just that, the open mind will open secrets." While the writings are cryptic, I see it that those people with a fresh perspective may discover secrets that others will not.

- I can't say what King Frederick will do if you recover this slate, but he never forgets those people who have aided him. You can't buy that kind of relationship!

Roland shakes each of your hands in turn. "I've arranged transportation for you on a scow bound for New Leoni. It leaves at midday, and will get you into their docks before the sun sets. The owner of The Rock is a good friend of mine, and he'll give you a good deal on rooms for the night. Ask him to point out Old Sam. His fishing boat routinely heads to an island, Hinder Island, which happens to be your destination. You ought to have no problems at all."

Note on Roland the Gray: The real Roland the Gray was in fact an advisor who aided King Frederick in his pursuit of the slate, and knew much of the temples of Grayillus. Roland, however, died three years ago. When adventurers meet Roland, they are actually meeting King Frederick, magically disguised. A powerful magic ring he wears alters divination spells to return a result that he desires, so his deception can't be discovered.

Scene 2: A Quiet Sea Voyage

Allow the PCs to do a little shopping. They have several hours before the scow departs.

After using some of Roland's fee to purchase some needed equipment, you find an unnamed scow being loaded at the docks. It's the only scow around, so it's no surprise that this ship is the one Roland talked about. A sailor grunts and directs you to a small building at the fore of the ship, and immediately goes back to directing the loading of several large crates.

The small building's interior has been set up with several narrow tables and benches. At one end is a small bar with a few small kegs behind it. The passenger chamber looks like it could sit perhaps twenty, but no more. Fortunately, there are only four other people who appear to be heading to the chamber.

The journey to New Leoni will take about five hours, and will not be interrupted by any attacks, inclement weather, or other crises. Drinks from the bar consist of ale and mead of middling quality, which costs three times what it should, but it won't stop most people from imbibing during a long, uneventful trip.

The Travelers:

The four other travelers are:

Jeremiah Nalthanis, LG human male Ftr4, age 25: A former soldier in the Legada army, now an adventurer. He is trained in the Steelblade School of swordsmanship, though he does not know Fizzbane. He is a disciplined and polite man.

He is traveling with Rock to New Leoni to speak with a sage. Their mission involves searching for a

magical wand stolen from the Leoni treasury 200 years ago.

Roquin "Rock" Durvas, CG half-elven male Ftr3/Wizz, age 33: An adventurer from Reyastalci, trained in the Gentar school of swordsmanship. He has a bit of wizardly training, but he has never attended the Davinia school and does not know Gareth. Rock is a free spirit, friendly, and animated in his speech.

Richard Dalcion, LG human male F1, age 16: The son of a friend of Jeremiah, Richard is acting as Jeremiah's squire. Richard is a devout follower of Cruzar, and is feeling a higher calling to serve Cruzar.

Professor Flin Garis, LG human male Wizz2, age 59: A professor of the Davinia School of magic, he is on his way to Greycastle to do research in a library there. He does know Gareth, but will not recognize him behind his mask. Professor Garis is a bit clumsy and absent-minded, and prone to leaving things unfinished to start something new that pops into his mind.

The Trip:

The following lists the sequence of events on the five-hour trip.

0:00 The scow pulls out of the Leoni harbor. The three warriors walk along the ship's deck. Professor Garis is seated, and watches the ship leave.

0:10 Professor Garis heads to the hold and returns with a book on magical theory.

0:15 Richard enters the chamber, goes to a large sack, and pulls out two wooden training swords.

0:17 Jeremiah and Rock begin to spar out on deck. If a PC is interested in sparring, they will let him or her join in.

0:45 They finish sparring. Richard takes their swords and other gear. They head back to the room to get a drink.

While passing Fizzbane on the way in, if he's outside, or once inside, Rock and Jeremiah begin to debate the merits of their respective schools.

"You are too predictable, my friend," the half-elven swordsman chides. "All who study the Steelblade School of swordsmanship are lessons in predictability. I knew which way you would swing with each feint. I dare say I knew before you did!"

"Ah, Rock, that Gentar was nothing but lucky with his random swings," replies the other. "It's no way to win a battle, and it's no way to teach another swordsman. In a true battle, I could take advantages of the many errors you made."

"Errors? You scarcely touched me with your weapons. If that's how you fight when your opponent makes errors, I don't know how you'd ever win against someone of your own school!"

They will query the obvious warriors (Durgath and Deolinus) for their opinions, hoping to get them to back them up. But they'll discuss tactics and fighting styles with anyone.

0:50 The swordsmen get a drink.

1:05 Richard will approach Deolinus to ask him some personal questions. Preferably, do this in the main room with other PCs in earshot.

The young squire approaches you. You notice he is wearing a holy symbol of Cruzar. "Good sir, I notice you bear the symbol of an initiate of the Order of the Shining Path. Please, if you would, tell me, how did you find your calling?"

His innocent goal is to compare his own feelings to another initiate on the path. He has absolutely no idea about Deolinus' past, and does not recognize him from the temple in Legada. He is hoping for encouragement to follow the path of service to Cruzar.

1:15 Professor Garis abandons his book and heads back to the cargo hold.

1:20 Garis returns, dragging a heavy, unwieldy chest. Left alone, he will unsteadily heave the chest onto the end of the table. This action will tip the table, sliding the chest onto him. (He takes 8 points of subdual damage, and will be okay.)

1:25 Assuming he's helped, Garis will get a glass of mead to calm his nerves.

1:35 Garis gathers some flasks and tools, including forceps and pipettes. He heads to the edge of the scow to gather some components from the water. He'll accept help from any of the PCs.

2:05 A wave rocks the boat while Garis is leaning over the edge. He stumbles and falls in, scraping his leg on the railing. PCs inside hear a scream and a splash.

Garis is dazed and surprised for a short while, flailing in the water. Meanwhile, a shark approaches in the distance, attracted by the trickle of blood from Garis' leg.

If no one saves him, Garis recovers enough to cast *polymorph other* and turn the shark into a minnow before he is seriously endangered. He then casts *fly* and returns to the ship, shaken.

If Gareth jumps in to save him, his mask will come lose, maybe lost entirely! Garis, flustered, will not recognize Gareth, but will stare at him a bit.

2:20 After cleaning up, Garis gets another glass of mead.

2:30 Richard, dismissed by Jeremiah, paces around the ship a bit. It's a good time to talk with him.

After It starts to rain. Everyone sits down to talk and drink.

The ship will finally pull into the docks without incident.

Scene 3: A Friendly Little Inn

The scow pulls into the docks of New Leoni. Despite the rain, the dockhands hurry about their work, and quickly secure your ship.

Stepping out onto the slick dock, a small building catches your attention. Just past the docks, there's a smallish building sitting atop a rocky rise. A sign hangs by the door, emblazoned with the picture of a large rock and the words "The Rock."

Let the PCs head there.

The Rock is a small inn, but the abnormally large fireplace heats it to an almost uncomfortable temperature. "Can I get ye rooms til morn? A good drink or hot meal?" the bartender asks you as you enter.

When asked to point out Old Sam, the bartender motions to a grizzled sailor with stark white hair. Heading over there, he will say:

"Ya got a drink for an old sailor?"

When properly gifted with an ale (or a better drink), he will smile and continue:

"Name's Old Sam. I take my boat wherever the fishin's good. Here and the outlying islands. Ya interested in goin' somewhere?"

Allow them to mention Hinder Island.

"Ah, I go there lots. A friendly village, and some good fishin' too. I can go fishin' there, and take you folks for a couple'a silver each. But I'm warnin' ya, I leave before dawn! Ya up for it?"

It isn't absolutely necessary for them to hire Old Sam, but he's the cheapest option for travel to Hinder Island.

Meanwhile, there are two people of particular interest in the bar.

Johann, human male Brd4, age 23: A friendly entertainer, with a good singing voice and skilled in several instruments. He is entertaining the crowd with epic tales of heroes. Upon seeing a dwarf here this evening, he will try out a new song.

"Ah, it is good to see a member of the Stout Folk here. I've learned a fine tale from a traveling dwarven skald, and have taken the time to translate it. It is a fine tale, and although I can't hope to do justice to the original, I hope it entertains you. It is called "The Sacrifice of Argorth Steelaxe."

(See **DM's Aid 3** for the song)

Aramil, half-elven male Clr3 of Corellon: Though from Leoni, a largely human city, he has embraced his elven heritage, and has felt the calling to serve Corellon. But for tonight, he is more interested in Elenara than matters of faith. He is a very devout follower of Corellon, but Elenara's choice to worship Cruzar is not his concern. He has no idea about her history.

An attractive half-elf approaches your table. "Is this seat taken?" he asks, smiling.

Scene 4: A Small Fishing Village

Old Sam welcomes you aboard his vessel at this early hour. "Ya youngsters are welcome to pitch in with the nets, ya know," he says. But there are plenty of able-bodied young men, and they know what they're doing. The nets trail off in the water as you proceed.

After about two hours, the nets are pulled up. You spy a small isle ahead, with faint trails of smoke indicating it is inhabited. "That's Hinder Isle, a nice little place."

Before long, you pull up to the dock. A large man in simple clothes is sitting at the edge of the dock, whittling. A fishing pole is stuck between the planks of the dock, the line dangling into the water.

The man smiles as you gets off. He holds out one of his carvings out to you.

This man, Ben, is a simpleton with almost no education. Though dumb, he is very kind and gentle, and a remarkably good whittler... almost as good as a certain person from Roanmara's past.

The people in the village are largely friendly. However, there is little here of interest to the PCs.

A dirt trail heads out of the town, rising towards the peak at the center of the island.

Scene 5: A Large Orc Tribe

You've been following a game trail up the mountains for a while now. You're not exactly sure if that party the sage mentioned really searched this area. It's pretty barren, without many signs of animals passing through. Fortunately, there's also no sign of those ogres. The trail turns up ahead.

The ogres weren't the only threat on this island. An orc tribe, led by a skilled chieftain, has been able to thrive in the shadow of the large but dumb ogres, always staying ahead of the foes who could stomp them. Now they're alone, have reclaimed their territory, and are ready to face these new intruders.

Roll Listen checks against DC 14. Those that fail are surprised by the ambush.

The sheer number of orcs should have defeated a true group of beginning adventurers. If the party hasn't started questioning each other, this orc encounter should do it.

Orc Leader, male orc War6: Medium Humanoid (6 ft. tall); HD 6d10+6; hp 36; Init +5 (Dex, Improved Initiative); Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (+5 chainmail, +2 shield, +1 Dex); Atks +9/+4 melee (1d8+3 [crit x3], battleaxe) or +7/+2 ranged (1d8 [crit x3], longbow); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2.

Str 16, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +12 (-7), Jump +4 (-7), Listen +4. **Feats:** Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

Equipment: Longbow, 20 arrows, battleaxe, chainmail, large wooden shield.

Orc Lieutenant, male orc War3: Medium Humanoid (6 ft. tall); HD 3d10; hp 15; Init +5 (Dex, Improved Initiative); Spd 20 ft.; AC 17 (+4 scale mail, +2 shield, +1 Dex); Atks +5 melee (1d8+2 [crit x3], battleaxe) or +4 ranged (1d8 [crit x3], longbow); AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0.

Str 15, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +4 (-6), Jump +4 (-6), Spot +0. **Feats:** Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

Equipment: Longbow, 20 arrows, battleaxe, scale mail, large wooden shield.

Orc Witch Doctor, female orc Adp4: Medium Humanoid (6 ft. tall); HD 4d6; hp 12; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16 (+4 scale mail, +2 shield); Atks +4 melee (1d6+2, club) or +2 ranged (1d8 [crit x3], long bow); SA spells; SQ spells; AL CE; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +8.

Str 15, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: Concentration +7, Spellcraft +7. **Feats:** Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (longbow).

Equipment: Longbow, 20 arrows, club, scale mail, large wooden shield.

Spells (3/3/1): 0—create water, cure minor wounds, detect magic; 1—sleep, burning hands, cause fear; 2—mirror image.

Orc Warriors (15), male orc Warr: Medium Humanoid (6 ft. tall); HD 1d10; hp 5; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16 (+4 scale mail, +2 shield); Atks +3 melee (1d8+2 [crit x3], battleaxe) or +1 ranged (1d8 [crit x3], longbow); AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1.

Str 15, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +4 (-6), Jump +4 (-6). **Feats:** Power Attack.

Equipment: Longbow, 20 arrows, battleaxe, scale mail, large wooden shield.

Scene 6: A Hidden Grayillian Temple

You've finally found the place where those other adventurers reported finding the entrance to the temple of Grayillus. After

some searching, you discover an area of rock where the shadows are actually cast into the rock. Peering closer, the rock surface is but an illusion, the coloration deceiving the casual onlooker.

Area A: Mine Shaft

Entering into the cave, you soon find yourself in an expertly-cut mine shaft. A main shaft heads forward, with a smaller, perhaps newer shaft heading off to your right.

The mineshaft appears to be of excellent dwarven design, and is very familiar to Durgath. The side shaft leads to a cave-in. If the rocks are removed, the party will first have to remove 27 dwarven skeletons. At the very bottom of the pile of rocks, they will find the slate they are seeking! (If the PCs find the slate immediately, see Scene 7 for more information on the slate and its powers.)

Area B: Wooded Trail

The mine shaft quickly ends as you look out into a densely wooded land. A narrow trail extends into the woods. With a pleasant breeze, and the sound of chirping birds, it looks like the walk to whatever lies beyond will be enjoyable.

This wooded train will strike Roanmara as very familiar, although it will not loop back as she would expect.

The trail narrows and ends as the trees close in around it. It looks like slow going ahead.

Area C: Thicket of Forest

Pushing through the trees, you hear the sound of a horn off in the distance, carrying through the leaves.

Fizzbane will recognize the horn as a signal horn used by Laeopan forces.

Area D: Wooded Glen

The sound of the horn is followed with nothing but the sounds of animals chittering and boughs waving gently in the wind.

Pressing on, you soon find yourself in a beautiful and secluded glen. Everything seems perfectly in balance.

This place will seem very familiar to Elenara... about the only thing missing is her great-uncle Taronne.

Area E: The Temple

Beyond the glen, a narrow trail twists through the verdant forest, rising slightly as you proceed. The air cools a bit, with the branches waving in the stronger breeze.

After a short walk, the trail opens into a tiny clearing, completely dominated by a nearly featureless building of gray stone. Darker gray stone surrounds an archway, through which only thick mists can be seen.

Room 1: Mists

The mists, resembling the thickest fog you can remember seeing, are chill. While a steady breeze blows past you, further chilling you, the mists are not stirred.

At the center of the north, west, and east walls, there are broad mirrors.

Another figure faces you suddenly through the mist! Then, you realize that it is nothing but a normal mirror, and the figure, still obscured by the omnipresent mists, is nothing but your own image.

They are normal mirrors, but pressing the left or right edge of the mirrors will reveal that they pivot, forming a revolving door. This feature can be determined by investigation or a spot skill check at DC 20 (the mists obscure vision beyond a few decimeters).

Examining the edge of the mirror, you notice it does not appear to be hanging on the wall. Rather, it is flush with the edge of the wall. Pressing the edge, the mirror gives, appearing to pivot inwards while the other edge pivots outwards.

Room 2: Library

The mirror spills out into a small, cramped library, dominated by shelves filled with books. Books spill out onto piles on the floor and rest atop the shelves. A few small tables and chairs are crammed into the corners of the room.

Gareth will notice that this library looks just like the one at the Davinia School, the one where he studied with Eliza. He will also, very briefly, detect the scent of her perfume.

While the library might look like the one from the wizard school, the books are not the same. Six books will stand out, being bound in black leather. Their topics are listed below. The first book a PC opens will be his or her special book, unless another PC has already opened it. Afterwards, select a book randomly.

- (Durgath) A book of great dwarven epics, with translation into Daravish. Despite the age of the temple, the book contains a number of epics composed within the past century, including "The Sacrifice of Argorth Steelaxe."
- (Fizzbane) A book discussing and praising the techniques of the Steelblade school of swordsmanship. The book is written in Isalitan, but many illustrations make its topic evident.
- (Elenara) A book collecting the writings of Erethan Greenbough, a devout and xenophobic follower of Corellon who views the Seldarine as the only appropriate faith for those of elven blood, and who urges extreme measures to ensure the purity of elven faith
- (Deolinus) A book describing the prominent clergy of Cruzar in the Legadan Empire. In an entry dated the

first of this year (1027), Deolinus is listed as the second-ranking priest at the main temple in Legada.

- (Roanmara) A book describing the natures, powers, and weakness of the efreet-kin. A ribbon, serving as a bookmark, is set to an entry describing an efreet lord.
- (Gareth) A book listing the faculty, alumni, and current students at the Davinia school of magic in Reyastalci. A ribbon, serving as a bookmark, is set to the current class, which includes the name of Percival Leland Wentworth III.

These books detect as magical. They become blank if taken beyond the temple's wall.

The remaining books are bound in normal brownish leather. However, most of them are blank. Three of them have thicker pages. In these three books, pages are glued together. The outside of the double pages are blank. On the inside of these double pages, many secrets preserved by the priests of Grayillus have been recorded. These three books would be viewed as great treasures by Roland, and he will pay each PC 200 gp for each book returned to him.

If a PC grabs a brown book at random, give him a 1% chance to pick one of the three special books. With a successful search check at DC 15, the PC notices the pages are thicker. Alternately, a PC stating he or she is looking for an unusual book will notice this trait if he or she selects the right book. If the PCs go through every single book, have each of them roll a search check at DC 15 once; success indicates they notice the pages are thicker.

Room 3: High Priest's Chambers

You spy a pair of large chambers, likely used by a top-ranking priest. Both are simply adorned, with small beds and simple furniture. Tapestries depicting abstract patterns in shades of gray cover the walls. Surprisingly, the furnishings show no sign of the passage of time.

In the smaller of the two chambers, you notice a parchment letter, sealed in silvery wax, resting unopened on a small table.

This letter is from a champion of the faith, announcing his imminent arrival at the main temple. While the titles and names used are different, this letter is otherwise identical to the one Deolinus ignored.

Room 4: Altar Room

The mirrored portal swings in, moving you into the main altar room of the temple. The mists here are thinner, and allow you to gaze upon a cloth-draped altar at the rear of the room. Both the cloth upon the altar and the tapestries covering the walls are woven with all different colors of gray, forming strange fractal patterns unlike any you have ever seen.

If the party pulls back the cloth covering the altar, they will reveal a black slate covered in cryptic runes in an unrecognizable alphabet (Players' Handout 2). The party may very well think they have found what they came for,

but there is nothing special about this slate! The runes, once translated, will simply repeat **NOT WHAT YOU SEEK** fifteen times.

Author's Note: For those players and judges who recognize the "runes" as Japanese katakana, don't bother trying to make any sense of them. They are being used to represent English letters, and their normal meaning has no bearing here.

Two of the tapestries don't actually cover sections of the wall; they completely cover archways that lead into the initiates' quarters and the riddle room. Finding the passages is easy with only a trivial search.

Room 5: Quarters

A narrow hallway extends beyond the tapestry. Archways here lead into a number of identical, small chambers. Each has a cot, small table, wash basin, and chamber pot. The walls of the rooms appear to be painted a uniform shade of gray. Not a single feature is visible in the walls.

The initiates' chambers have nothing of interest to the PCs.

Room 6: Riddle Room

Behind the tapestry is an archway, leading into a room, empty and featureless save for the inscriptions covering the wall, the ceiling, and the floor. At first glance, it is incomprehensible.

Roland will pay the party well for each inscription recorded or traced, 10 gp each per usable, complete inscription. While it is hard to tell, there are 34 passages amidst even more gibberish.

One group of inscriptions is of particular interest, given that it uses the local alphabet. Pass out **Players' Handout 3**. The first inscription will allow the players to translate the runes on the altar. The inscription below that is a cryptogram.

EJSY UPI DRRL VSM NR GPIMF EJRTR UPI FOF MPY
YJOML YP DRRL OY, GPT JR EJP YJOMLD JR LMPED
YJR YTIYJ EOAA NR GPTRBRT FRVROBRF NU YJR
APTF PG OAAIDOPMD, SMF JOD RCQRVSYOPMD
EOAA NR JOD NSMR.

This cryptogram translates to:

WHAT YOU SEEK CAN BE FOUND WHERE YOU
DID NOT THINK TO SEEK IT, FOR HE WHO
THINKS HE KNOWS THE TRUTH WILL BE
FOREVER DECEIVED BY THE LORD OF ILLUSIONS,
AND HIS EXPECTATIONS WILL BE HIS BANE.

Scene 7: A Single Unraveled Fate

The following passage will certainly need to be adjusted. It assumes the PCs found something, but not the real slate, though they may have recovered the slate altar. It assumes they know they have not found what they were seeking.

Gathering some of the items and knowledge you discovered in the ancient temple of Grayillus, you return through the forest. Roland will certainly offer some kind of reward, but what happened to the slate? Has it been taken, or lost to the passage of time? Did it even exist?

Returning through the short mine shaft, you hear cries of surprise, pain, and anguish coming from the side tunnel (where you found a cave-in earlier). The shouted words are in a language you don't recognize, but the fear is very clear.

Durgath recognizes the screams: they are in Dwarven, and they are identical to the screams by those miners trapped in the mineshaft in Demon's Gorge.

If the party investigates, continue:

Rushing down the tunnels, you reach the area of a long-ago cave-in. Abruptly, the screams and moans stop, and only cold, unmoving stone faces you.

If the rocks are removed, the party will first have to remove exactly 27 dwarven skeletons, along with assorted mining equipment. At the very bottom of the pile of rocks, they will find the slate they are seeking. It is a black slate tablet, covered in strange runes. At this point, each PC will hear in his or her mind a soft, soothing voice, urging them to act: **"You can have my power, you can change your past, you can change that which you most want to change...."**

Whisper the phrase to each PC, going around the table. Afterwards, the first PC to wish to change their past may invoke the power of the slate. If no one will use the power, they can take the slate back to Roland. **Go to Conclusion B.**

If a PC uses the power, take the player aside and find out what point in his or her character's past he or she wants to change. Afterwards, the world changes in an instant for the other PCs. In the changed world, the others' pasts are almost identical. King Frederick still sought the slate, and traced it to the temple. Unfortunately, it has moved to a different location, and some of the inscriptions here in the temple will point out the slate's new location. The PCs departed for their mission a day earlier, and left the temple fairly quickly, not finding the slate.

A time shift happens, though the PCs don't notice in character, and the present time in the new time line finds the PCs about to dock back in Leoni. Address the players other than the one that invoked the slate's power.

In all cases, the other PCs don't recognize the PC who used the power of the slate. They never met in the new time line.

You (five/four/three), tired after your journey, finally see the docks of Leoni approach. After five hours aboard the scow, you're ready for an invigorating walk back to the sage's house. You didn't find the legendary artifact reported to be located in the temple, but the books and inscriptions within the temple are sure to be valued by the sage. All in all, for a simple mission, it has turned out well.

Read the appropriate paragraph, based on the PC who used the slate. In each case, the paragraph assumes that the PC chose to redo one likely event in their past; if they chose another point in their past, create another paragraph in which the remaining PCs can meet the PC. In the changed time line, the other PCs don't know the PC who used the slate's power.

Durgath:

As you head to the sage's house, a commotion at the center of town, near the castle, attracts your attention. A contingent of dwarves is in town, led by an ancient dwarf, still strong, obviously a leader by his bearing. An honor guard surrounds him, dressed in ceremonial armor. Several town officials, in their most expensive finery, introduce themselves, and lead them into the castle.

Anghar Stonefire, Kin of Goldbeard, is among Thane Goldbeard's honor guard.

Go to Conclusion A.

Fizzbane:

A tantalizing aroma attracts you to The Dockside Inn. Some good ale and a hot meal would certainly be welcome, so you stopped in.

The delectable smell wafts from a whole pig roasting over a cook fire at the kitchen. The door to the kitchen is open, allowing the patrons to watch the progress of the evening meal. And it's almost done!

"Another ale!" shouts a voice from the corner, a voice tinged with an Isalitan accent. Several swordsmen sit at that table, all but one in armor, and all bearing symbols of the Legadan Empire.

The figure without armor is Calvin Steelblade, less accomplished as a warrior, but with more experience in handling his magical powers. His group has successfully completed a tour in the forests between Laeop and Legada, and they are in the middle of traveling to Reyastalci.

Go to Conclusion A.

Elenara:

There is a delay in getting docked today. The port is quite busy. And your scow simply wasn't fast enough to beat out that Legadan ship to the open pier. Fortunately, you did not have long to wait before you could also dock.

Several faithful of Cruzar disembark from the ship, waiting for their large trunks to be unloaded from the ship's cargo hold.

This group of faithful consists of several missionaries, who are headed to Greycastle. They include Elenara and her mother.

Go to Conclusion A.

Deolinus:

There is a delay in getting docked today. The port is quite busy. And your scow simply wasn't fast enough to beat out that Legadan ship to the open pier. Fortunately, you did not have long to wait before you could also dock.

Several faithful of Cruzar disembark from the ship, waiting for their large trunks to be unloaded from the ship's cargo hold.

This group of faithful is headed to the temple in Leoni, to root out any corruption that might be found. The group is led by Kin Akari, Paladin of the Shining Path, and Deolinus, acting high priest of the main temple in Legada.

Go to Conclusion A.

Roanmara:

There is a delay in getting docked today. The port is quite busy. And your scow simply wasn't fast enough to beat out that Legadan ship to the open pier. Fortunately, you did not have long to wait before you could also dock.

Several faithful of Cruzar disembark from the ship, waiting for their large trunks to be unloaded from the ship's cargo hold.

This group of faithful is preparing to delve into the caverns of the Great Barrier Peaks in order to find and destroy a fiend from the Abyss. Roanmara is the leader of this group.

Go to Conclusion A.

Gareth:

Finally, you step onto the dock, stretching your legs. After gathering your belongings, you head off to the sage's house.

Turning a corner, you almost run into a couple, too busy looking into each others' eyes to watch the road in front of them. Even though they stumble a bit, they continue to smile and giggle.

This couple is Percival and Eliza, recently married, very happy, and heading to the shore to walk along the beach.

Go to Conclusion A.

Conclusion A

Use this conclusion when a PC uses the slate's power.

When you knock on the sage's door, you hear a tremendous commotion, with books tumbling to the ground, and probably a few dishes crashing to the stone floor. Almost immediately, the door is opened by the portly sage. He huffs and puffs, his face red even from that simple exertion. "Ah, welcome back, all! Please, come in, and show me all of what you discovered. Did you find the slate?"

Upon discovering that you did not recover the item he most desired, he dips his head. "Surely, I thought I had traced the legendary slate to this temple. I thought I could present this item to my liege. It looks, though, that my search will continue. Perhaps the knowledge you have recovered will finally reveal the location of the slate."

Roland will look over the knowledge and items the PCs have recovered, being most interested with the three books from the temple's library. His enthusiasm drained, he will still offer the PCs a good reward for the information with which they returned.

So ends *Clean Slate*.

Conclusion B

Use this ending if no PC is tempted, and the slate goes unused.

You (six/five/four), tired after your journey, finally see the docks of Leoni approach. After five hours aboard the scow, you're ready for an invigorating walk back to the sage's house. Not only did you find books and inscriptions within the temple, which are sure to be valued by the sage, you recovered what must be the legendary slate. All in all, for a simple mission, it has turned out remarkably well.

When you knock on the sage's door, you hear a tremendous commotion, with books tumbling to the ground, and probably a few dishes crashing to the stone floor. Almost immediately, the door is opened by the portly sage. He huffs and puffs, his face red even from that simple exertion. "Ah, welcome back, all! Please, come in, and show me all of what you discovered. Did you find the slate?"

Upon viewing the slate, he smiles broadly. "Yes, this is it! I can feel it! All that knowledge, those secrets, stored within. I can't wait until this knowledge can be put to the good of the world!"

Roland will pay each PC 1,000 gp for recovering the slate. He will pay additional for any other items the PCs have recovered, but he won't ask them about anything else

they may have found. "Roland" (again, that is King Frederick III in disguise) now has what he wants.

After the PCs leave the sage's house, King Frederick uses the slate to save his wife from the assassin's bolt. In the new time line, Queen Beatrice is the instigator of the searches for lost knowledge, and Leoni is still a magnet for adventurers. The PCs traveled there for the same reason.

As for the PCs, there is a three-day time shift. They have recently returned from a successful search of the temple of Grayillus, recovering much knowledge, but they do not know anything about a slate. In any case, they have been rewarded with attendance at the royal ball, although they're not quite sure what they did that warranted such a fine reward.

The band finishes playing a jaunty tune, and the revelers drift away from the dance floor. Most turn their heads towards the ornate double doors at the front of the ballroom, in anticipation of the arrival of the royal family. They do not wait long, as the doors are swung open by servants in fine livery. King Frederick and Queen Beatrice step through, the queen's beautiful ball gown attracting gasps from the crowd. The revelers make room at the center of the ballroom floor for the royal couple. The band starts playing a classic waltz, and soon everyone is dancing again.

Of course, the PCs think that Queen Beatrice has always been alive.

So ends *Clean Slate*.

Players' Handout 0: Cruzar

Cruzar

The One True Light

LG Greater Power of the Seven Heavens

Portfolio: Light, the sun, goodness, justice, life

Symbol: Gold disk

Worshiper Alignment: LG, NG, CG, LN

Cruzar is a just and fair god who guides and protects the good races of the world. He rarely intervenes within the prime plane, preferring to grant to his faithful knowledge of wrongs that must be righted. He commands his faithful to be tireless champions against the forces of evil, and he has a particular hatred of undead.

In the rare occasions that Cruzar has manifested on the prime material plane, he has appeared as a tall, powerful human warrior in gleaming gold plate armor, wielding a mace whose head appears to be part of the sun itself. He rarely speaks, but with his facial expressions and actions, there is rarely any doubt as to what he is thinking.

Clergy: Clerics, Paladins

Clergy's Alignment: LG, NG (rarely)

Domains: Good, Law, Protection, Sun

Preferred Weapon: Heavy Mace

Members of the clergy are not treated much differently from each other. Clerics are all part of the same order, simply referred to as The Order. Many paladins are members of certain orders, grouped by function, not power and prestige. Theoretically, all are equal in the eyes of Cruzar, but the Paladins of the Shining Path are viewed by Cruzar's mortal followers as the most prestigious order.

- The Order of the Shining Path is devoted to crusading against evil in all its forms. Members rarely stay in one place for long, seeking out evil foes and venturing into dangerous territory.
- The Order of the Golden Shield serves as protectors of areas, and members are well-trained and well-equipped to handle magical threats and threats from outsiders.
- The Order of the Sun is devoted to destroying undead and stopping the threats they cause. Most members begin as normal clerics, and are recruited into this order if they show the willingness and aptitude to face undead. In addition to their faith, they wield magic and magical items tailored to their mission.

Wanted: For a simple task

Any intrepid individuals willing to travel to a recently discovered temple and recover any items of significance therein. Little risk anticipated. Small reward, and expenses covered.

If of interest, contact Roland the Gray, sage, one hour past dawn on the 24th.

Players' Handout 2: The Inscriptions on the Slate

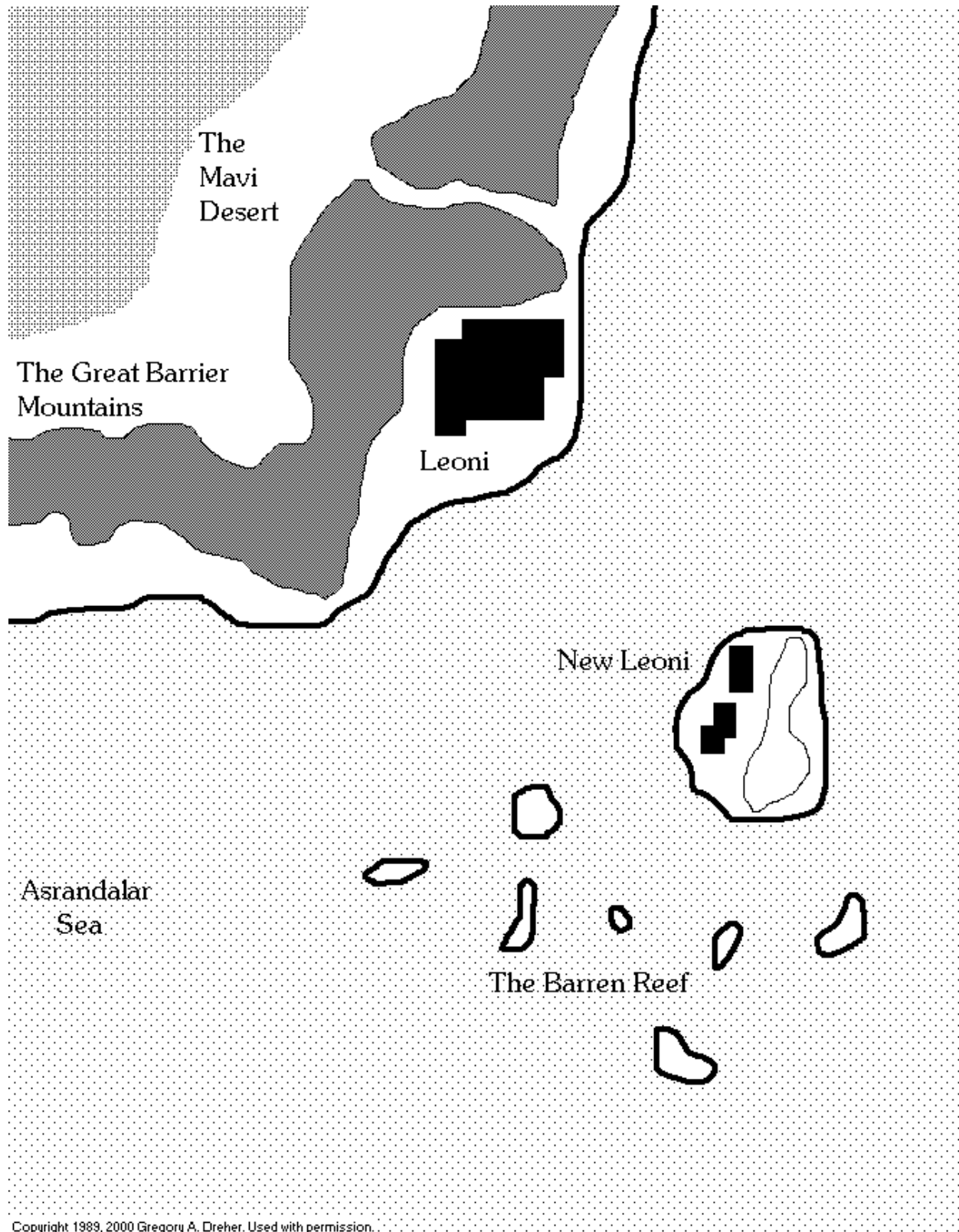
ホマヤラネチヤルマユモナナヒホ
マヤラネチヤルマユモナナヒホマ
ヤラネチヤルマユモナナヒホマヤ
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ナヒホマヤラネチヤルマユモナナ
ヒホマヤラネチヤルマユモナナヒ

Players' Handout 3: An Inscription on the Temple Wall

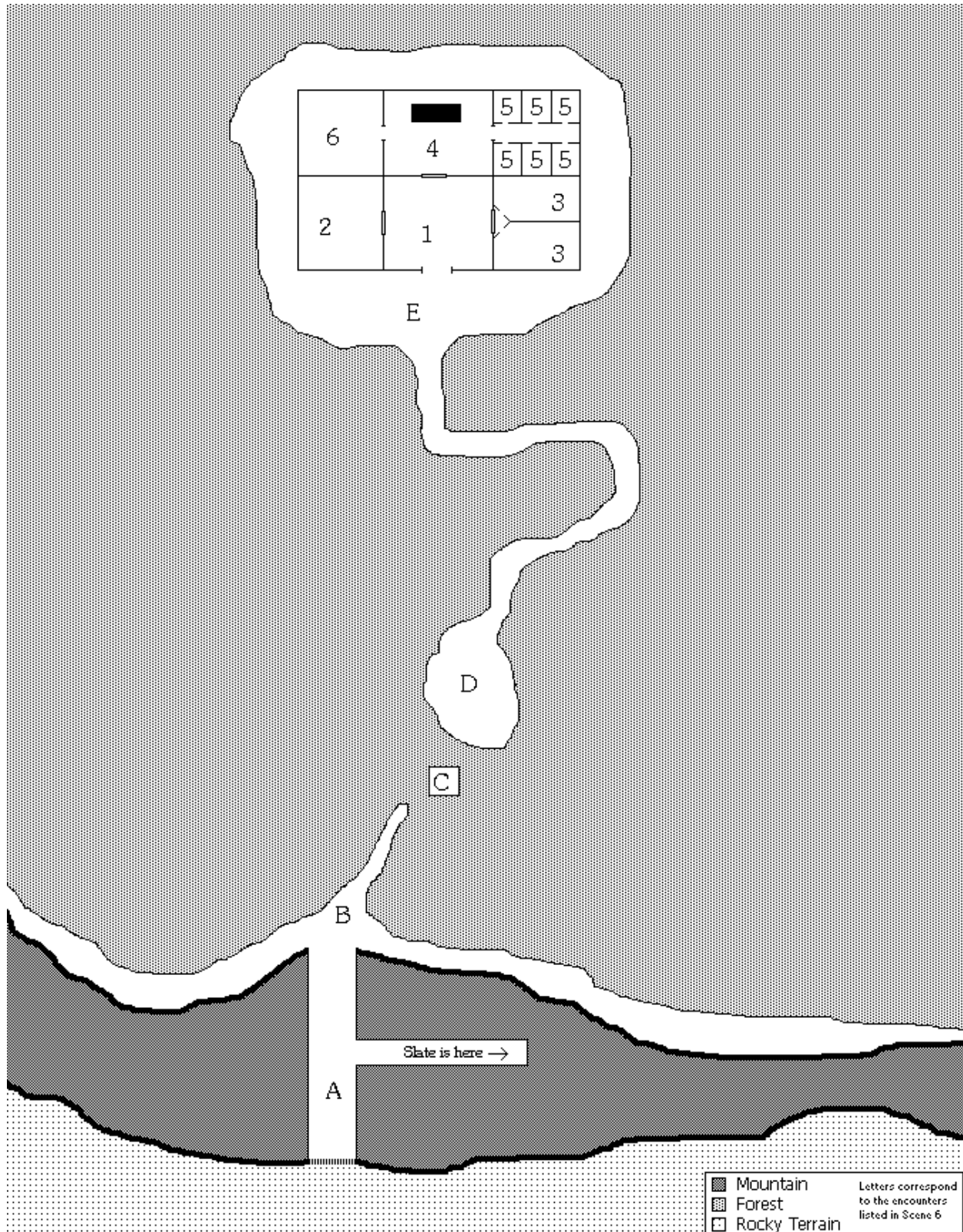
チツテトナニヌネノハヒフヘホマミムメモヤユヨラリルレ
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

**EJSY UPI DRRL VSM NR GPIMF
EJRTR UPI FOF MPY YJOML YP
DRRL OY, GPT JR EJP YJOMLD JR
LMPED YJR YTIYJ EOAA NR
GPTRBRT FRVROBRF NU YJR APTF
PG OAAIDOPMD, SMF JOD
RCQRVYSYOPMD EOAA NR JOD
NSMR.**

DM's Aid 1: Area Map



DM's Aid 2: Map of the Temple Area



DM's Aid 3: The Sacrifice of Argorth Steelaxe

(Sing in iambic meter)

Beneath the mountains true
In Demon's Gorge so deep
One hundred dwarves pursue
Much wealth and gems to keep

A leader filled with hate
And Abbathor's own greed
Would seal these dwarves' own fate
Pursuing without heed

The mine descended down
Though never safe at all
Most any dwarf would frown
For risks that could befall

That did not stop him, crazed
With avariciousness
For more is what he craved
Though he could not confess

From deep within the ground
A rumble, deep within
Explosion, furious sound
And fire burned his kin

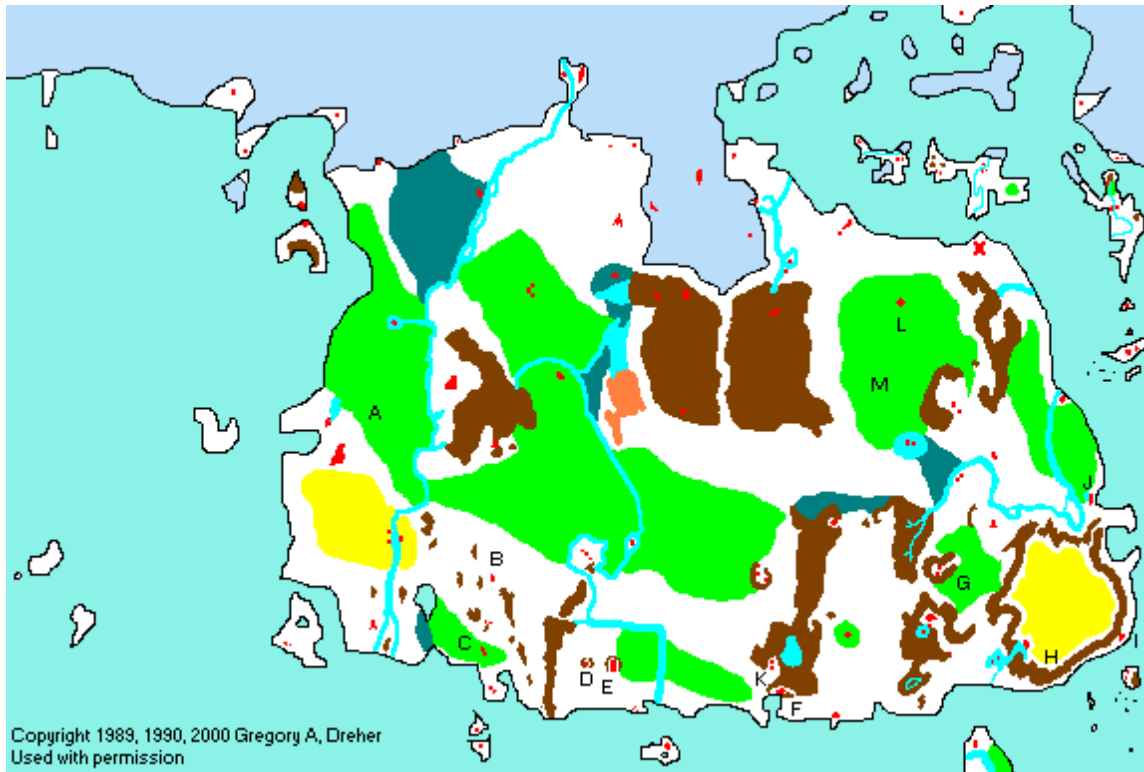
As dwarves retreated out
With others trapped therein
A hero, brave and stout
Just stood his ground within

With steam and heat around
Just boiling him alive
The rock was pressing down
Now how could he survive?

Some dwarves could then escape
While Argorth held the stone
Five dwarven lives were saved
Because that weight was borne

And then the rock collapsed
A hero rests within
And with your cheers and claps
Let us remember him!

DM's Aid 4: Map of Aldar



In the character backgrounds presented in this scenario, a number of locations are mentioned. These places are all located within the land of Aldar, a world of the author's creation. In order to put these locations in context, a small map of the land has been included above. The lettered locations correspond to the places mentioned in this scenario as indicated below. Feel free to share this map with the players.

Whitewood, the elven forest
City of Anubis
City of Delfin, within Sylvania, a forest
City of Masogada
City of Legada
Greater Laeop
Martani City
The Great Barrier Mountains, surrounding the Mavi Desert
City of Leoni
City of Reyastalci
City of Dakalo
City of New Namae'r
The Bear Woods

Another city mentioned, Greycastle, is directly south of Leoni, off the map and part of the land of Srana.

Durgath, Male Dwarf Fighter

Race: Dwarf
Class: Rogue/Fighter
Height: 124 cm/4 ft. 1 in.
Hair: Brown

Size: Medium
Level: 9/1
Weight: 72 kg/158 lbs.
Eyes: Brown

Sex: Male
Align: NG
Age: 98 (look 60)
Skin: Smooth

Weapon Focus Get +1 to hit with dwarven weapons

Class Abilities:

Evasion If make a Reflex save normally for half damage from magical attack, take no damage instead

Sneak Attack Score x3 damage on a successful hit against a helpless or flat-footed foe

Equipment:

Sturdy leather clothes, armored boots, gauntlets, leather belt, gray cloak, breastplate, large metal shield, backpack, 4 belt pouches, bedroll, 4 daggers, silvered dagger, short sword, waraxe, 1 week's trail rations, 50 ft. silk rope, personal grooming supplies, waterskin filled with good dwarven ale, pouch of beef jerky, small silver mirror, thieves' tools, 5 torches, flint and steel, 53 gp, 22 sp, two 100-gp amethysts.

Background:

You are Durgath, a fledgling warrior of the mountain dwarves. Your trim beard and smooth face marks you as young, but ready to make a name for yourself. You may appear a bit uncomfortable in your heavy breastplate, and might wield your waraxe with a bit of unsteadiness, but you are ready to prove yourself. The human city of Leoni, not far from your lands, calls for adventurers. King Frederick seeks to recover knowledge and artifacts now lost to his people, and many who seek adventure hope to find it in Leoni.

The dwarves, who predate the human's arrival to the coastal plain now inhabited by the city of Leoni, know much of history, but even their history is imperfect. Many times have dwarves journeyed from the safety of the Great Barrier Mountains, but many have been lost in the passage of time. You might have left a comfortable life defending your home against the goblinoids and drow, but if you can discover information on these lost kinfolk, it will be well worth it to you.

Alas, if your history were only so simple, you would not be so glum. You were once known as Anghar Stonefire, Kin of Goldbeard. The family of Stonefire is one of the oldest dwarven families of the Great Barrier Peaks and the longest-serving ally to Thane Goldbeard. Many Stonefires have served with honor in a position of respect and authority. Your family has guarded the treasures, directed the miners, and served the Thane as advisors for centuries. As a youth, you worked in the mines, showing an uncanny knack for finding veins of gold and gems. You quickly rose to leader of a large mining company, and with twenty years of diligent work, proved yourself to be worthy of your noble lineage. Thus, you were given the name Anghar, a term used to describe the glint of light in a finely carved gemstone. You too showed this glint, a promise of greatness.

One day, upon seeing the accumulated gold just mined from your most recent strike, you felt it. As you gazed upon so much wealth, you felt Abbathor's grasp, and you are ashamed to have succumbed to it. Such wealth was no longer enough. You had to find more, claim more, possess more. You took to sneaking around your city late at night, paranoid that others had wealth that was rightfully yours. You eventually went so far as to break into the homes of your family and your clansmen.

One night, you actually slipped into Thane Goldbeard's chambers as he slept. His locked chest possessed many dozens of fine jewels, but even they could not compare to the ancient maps he kept tightly rolled in a sealed scroll case. They detailed the results of an ancient survey into a chasm known as Demon's Gorge. The place was long ignored by your people for its treacherous, narrow ledges and steam vents, but you saw the map, and knew you could not ignore it. The surveys indicated the presence of a heretofore unknown, extremely rich vein of rubies.

Immediately, you directed your miners to this area, dispelling their fears with your persuasive words and promises of success. This nervousness subsided when the first gems were unearthed. The mining was profitable, but soon the fear returned, as deep rumblings resounded

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws	Base	Ability
Strength	13	+1			
Dexterity	17	+3	Type	Total = Save + Mod + Misc	
Constitution	14	+2	Reflex	+10 = +5	+3 +2
Intelligence	11	0	Fortitude	+8 = +6	+2
Wisdom	9	-1	Will	+2 = +3	-1
Charisma	7	-2			

Armor	Armor	+ Shield	+ Dex	+ Size	+ Misc.
Class =	10	Mod	Mod	+ Mod	+ Mod
2I =	10	+6	+2	+3	

Hit Points: 64
Movement: 15 ft.

Check Penalty:	-6	Dex	Total = Mod + Misc.
		+3	= +3

Melee	Base	+ Str	+ Size	Ranged	Base	+ Dex	+ Size
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod
+8/+3 =	+7/+2	+1		+10/+5	=+7/+2	+3	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Crit	Range	Wt.	Type
Waraxe	+9/+4	2d4+1	x3	-	15 lbs	S
Dagger (thr)	+10/+5	1d4+1	19-20/x2	10'	1 lb	P
Shortsword	+8/+3	1d6+1	19-20/x2	-	3 lbs	P

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	Ability	+ Mod	+ Misc
Appraise (Int)	+9	=	9	+0		
Bluff (Cha)	+1	=	3	-2		
Climb (Str)	-3	=	2	+1		-6
Decipher Script (Int)	+3	=	3	+0		
Disable Device (Int)	+5	=	2	+0		
Escape Artist (Dex)	+5	=	3	+3		-6
Forgery (Int)	+4	=	2	+0		
Hide (Dex)	+5	=	2	+3		-6
Intuit Danger (Wis)	+6	=	4	-1		
Intuit Direction (Wis)	+6	=	4	-1		
Jump (Str)	+10	=	8	+1		-6
Listen (Wis)	+6	=	4	-1		
Move Silently (Dex)	+6	=	4	+3		-6/+2
Open Locks (Dex)	+6	=	4	+3		-6
Pick Pockets (Dex)	+6	=	4	+3		-6
Search (Int)	+10	=	8	+0		
Spot (Wis)	+4	=	2	-1		
Tumble (Dex)	+10	=	8	+3		-6
Walk Tightrope (Dex)	+10	=	8	+3		-6

Languages: Dwarven (native), Daravish

Feats:

Far Shot Double range for thrown weapons; range for projectile weapons 50% greater

Exotic Weapon Prof. Understand how to use the waraxe in combat

Improved Bull Rush Can bull rush without suffering attacks of opportunity

Lightning Reflexes Get +2 to Reflex saving throws

Skill Focus Get +2 to checks with Move Silently

through the chasm. You did not relent, sending your miners, your clansmen, deeper into the gorge, farther than all your engineering sense told you was safe. But the vein continued, and you were not going to let anyone get to those gems that were rightfully yours!

Then, days later, a tremendous explosion shook your camp, echoing up from the mine shaft. The steam burst through, collapsing the tunnel. The sounds of countless screams pierced the din, the sounds of deaths that were on your shoulders. You rushed in, but it was far too late. As injured dwarves crawled out of the tunnel, you saw one brave dwarf. His skin seared, the pain all too evident, he strained against tons of stone, futilely struggling to keep the supports from collapsing. For his sacrifice, five miners were able to escape before the stone buried him, a true hero. Five escaped the destruction caused by your greed, but still twenty-seven died, including this hero, Argorth Steelaxe.

In shame, you returned to your clan, worse than a failure. You were a traitor to your noble race. Your accumulated hoard of gold and gems suddenly sickened you. You returned them to your clan, but it was hardly restitution for the deaths you caused. You accepted exile, and you will not return home until you have paid your tremendous debt. You are sure you will never return, so great is your shame.

Argorth Steelaxe was prepared to train as a warrior. He was going to wield his family's axe in defense of his clan. Because of you, a noble warrior was lost. Perhaps one day, you will be a warrior deserving of the title, "defender of Clan Goldbeard."

Role-playing:

Many humans view the stout folk as gruff and unapproachable. You are actually a friendly, outgoing person, if a bit rough. Still, there are some things you just don't want to talk about, and if you can use your race's gruffness as an escape from those who would want to reveal your shame, that's just fine.

You are a serious, no-nonsense type. You always work towards your goals in the most efficient way. No true dwarf would put style ahead of doing the job right.

You know it is time for you to step forward and embrace the challenges you face. You can never make up for the deaths you caused, but you can build a new name for yourself. You want to succeed in every new undertaking, and will get your companions to think along the same lines.

Your thoughts about your companions:

Fizzbane (male human sorcerer): There's someone who's all image. There's got to be something about mages in general that prevents them from ever doing anything simply. He'll probably make all these claims about skills he doesn't have, and when it comes down to it, you're just going to have to save him.

Elenara (female half-elf cleric): A follower of Cruzar, human god of light and goodness, even though she looks like an elf to you. You'd never consider abandoning your reverence of the Soul Forger, so it doesn't much matter if she's into preaching about her faith. Still, any follower of Cruzar is bound to be a stout champion against evil.

Deolinus (male human paladin): He seems like an inexperienced champion of Cruzar. The last thing you want is for someone from outside your people to dig into your background, but he seems harmless. Hopefully, the only crusades he will take up are those related to your present quest.

Roanmara (female elf mage): She seems a lot more disciplined and straightforward than that Fizzbane fellow, even using her own name, assuming that's an elven name. Time will tell if her magical skills are up to par.

Gareth (male human rogue): Ugh. Not only is he trying to be flashy, he's trying very hard to cover up his own inexperience. You know so much more than he does about what it takes to be a successful rogue. You

could probably walk quieter than him, and hide better, even while wearing your breastplate. Heck, you'd probably be more successful than him with the ladies... the human ladies.

Fizzbane, Male Human Sorcerer

Race: Human Size: Medium Sex: Male
 Class: Fighter/Sorcerer Level: 9/1 Align: NG
 Height: 190 cm/6 ft. 2 in. Weight: 72 kg/158 lbs. Age: 24 (look 19)
 Hair: Light Brown Eyes: Blue Skin: Fair

Whirlwind Attack Can make, as full attack, one attack at full attack bonus on all opponents within 5 feet

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			
Strength	16	+3			Base	Ability
Dexterity	13	+1	Type	Total =	Save +	Mod + Misc
Constitution	14	+2	Reflex	+7 =	+6	+1
Intelligence	14	+2	Fortitude	+5 =	+3	+2
Wisdom	10	0	Will	+5 =	+5	+0
Charisma	16	+3				

Armor Class	Armor Mod	+ Shield Mod	+ Dex Mod	+ Size Mod	+ Misc. Mod
17	= 10	+4	+0	+1	+2 deflect

Hit Points: 74
 Movement: 30 ft.

Check Penalty: 0
 Initiative Dex
 Total = Mod + Misc.
 +1 = +1

Melee Attack	Base Attack	+ Str Mod	+ Size Mod	Ranged Attack	Base Attack	+ Dex Mod	+ Size Mod
+12/+7 =	+9/+4	+3		+10/+5 =	+9/+4	+1	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Crit	Range	Wt.	Type
Quarterstaff	+12/+7	1d6+3 dbl	x2	-	4 lbs	B
Longsword	+15/+10	1d8+7	19-20/x2	-	4 lbs	S
Dagger	+12/+7	1d4+3	19-20x2	10'	1 lb	P

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	Ability + Mod	+ Misc
Climb (Str)	+8	=	5	+3	
Handle Horse (Cha)	+8	=	5	+3	
Heal (c.c. Wis)	+3	=	3	+0	
Jump (Str)	+7	=	4	+3	
Ride Horse (Dex)	+9	=	8	+1	
Rope Use (c.c. Dex)	+5	=	4	+1	
Swim (Str)	+7	=	4	+3	
Track (c.c. Wis)	+4	=	4	+0	
Wild. Lore (c.c. Wis)	+2	=	2	+0	

Languages: Isalitan (native), Daravish, Draconic

Feats:	
Cleave	When you drop an opponent, you can make an attack at same attack bonus on a nearby enemy
Dodge	Select an enemy on your action; you receive a +1 dodge bonus to AC versus that enemy
Expertise	Can take (up to) -5 penalty on attack for (up to) +5 dodge bonus to AC
Improved Disarm	You do not suffer an attack of opportunity when you attempt to disarm an opponent
Mobility	Get +4 dodge bonus to AC versus attacks of opportunity caused by moving
Power Attack	Can take (up to) -9 penalty on attack for (up to) +9 on damage
Spring Attack	You can move both before and after attack on foe without incurring an attack of opportunity
Weapon Focus	Get +1 to hit with the longsword
Wpn. Specialization	Get +2 to damage with the longsword

Equipment:

Sturdy travel clothes, soft boots, copper-colored cloak, +2 ring of deflection, +2 longsword in scabbard belt*, backpack, bedroll, spell components, quarterstaff, 4 daggers, 2 weeks' trail rations, 50' hemp rope, personal grooming supplies, waterskin, waterskin filled with ale, small steel mirror, signal whistle, hooded lantern, ink, 3 sheets parchment, 126 gp, 12 sp, 2 50-gp tourmalines.

*The scabbard belt appears to be a normal belt, but its wearer can sense two invisible scabbards. They can each store a sword or similar weapon, keeping it in an extradimensional space, similar to a bag of holding.

Background:

"Beware, evildoers! No longer can you perform your wicked deeds, now that Fizzbane is here! Know that the power of the copper dragon flows in my blood!" Those evildoers will never know what will hit them, as your power is quite unpredictable, but it will be dedicated to fight those who would do harm to others.

Ah, it does feel good to be free, free to use your power, small though it may be. You relish the opportunity to grow in your own power, in your own way, finding your own path against evildoers. Most of all, you are happy to be free of your own past.

Of course, Fizzbane wasn't the name given you at birth. Your true name is Calvin, Calvin Steelblade. Yes, the Steelblades of Legada, the military family, the exceptionally skilled swordsmen, the ones who have founded an entire school of swordsmanship. Such a rigid family, where everyone serves in the Legada army, where everyone wields a sword, just couldn't handle the spontaneous magical power you exhibited at a young age. They viewed it as a distraction, or worse. You received special attention from instructors, who tried to keep you focused on your training.

All your training did teach you how to fight. You found that you had a lot of talent with the blade. As your training became more and more intense, you had difficulty focusing on your magical gift. The more trouble you had with your magic, the more you focused on learning to use your sword to maximum effect.

You served a five year tour of duty in the army, and decided to strike out on your own as an adventurer. You joined an established band, one with two warriors you fought alongside in the army. Together, you struck out to explore the largely unknown lands to the west. Away from the rigors of army life, you once again felt a connection to that feeling of magic. After ignoring this power, you once again felt drawn to explore your power. You spent much time with Malis, your group's mage, listening to him describe his magical education. Hearing about his decade of careful study, his study of formulae and incantations and reagents, you somehow knew his magic was different than yours.

Your adventuring career lasted less than two years, as travelers reported new troubles between Legada and Laeop. As it was your duty to aid your nation, you returned home, and again entered the army, joining a scout force. Your group had many warriors skilled in the sword and bow, and one cleric of Cruzar. After patrolling the forests between your two cities for two months without incident, you were surprised by a similar Laeopan scout force. Their warriors were not as skilled as yours, but they did have magical support. The trees blocked your archers from getting clear shots, but they were no impediment to the fire, lightning, and frost flung by the two Laeopan mages. By the time your group could even engage the enemy, you were wounded, some gravely.

As the battle raged, your companions fell one by one. When Verena fell, you were the last one left standing. Facing certain death, you used a magical illusion powder that you found on a past adventure. To the enemy, you appeared to stumble and impale yourself on your own sword.

In reality, you escaped under cloak of invisibility. As you left, the more you felt at fault. If only you had nurtured your magical power, surely you would have been able to save your companions.

First, you retreated to Dakalo to recover. Sadly, you learned that diplomats had hammered out a treaty that calmed tensions between Legada and Laeop, and they did so just before your fateful battle happened. Afterwards, you traveled, seeking adventure, seeking to hone your magical talents. You haven't returned to Legada. Currently, you have traveled to Leoni, where the king's desire to collect ancient artifacts and knowledge has made the city a hot spot of adventuring.

Role-playing:

You hail from a structured environment, where your education and even your play was strictly regimented. That military upbringing has led you to be naturally disciplined and orderly. You've got to wean yourself from the habit of analyzing every possible situation like a trained military strategist. You need a little more randomness, some surprise, and a whole lot of flash!

You're almost afraid to swing your staff at some foe. Even though you have never trained with a staff until very recently, your years of battle experience can easily be applied to any weapon. The blood of the dragons shtick seems like it will be useful, even necessary, in a whole lot of situations, including explaining why you're a good fighter and why you're so sturdy. You are in excellent shape, so you probably can get away with more unexplained combat skill than a typical novice sorcerer, but you don't want people thinking of you as a soldier.

Your thoughts about your companions:

Durgath (male dwarf fighter): A fledgling warrior. If you were facing him in battle, you'd feint to the left while bringing your sword in for a tight slash on his flank.... But that's not how you'd be thinking. As much as you want to bark out orders to him to bring him up to par, you can't comment about his lack of experience. It seems like you have nothing else in common, so you probably won't talk much.

Elenara (female half-elf cleric): As near as you can tell, she's one of three other people from Legada in your group. At least you think she's from Legada; she has a slight accent, perhaps from her elven heritage? Like most soldiers from Legada, you revere Cruzar and pray that he will bring you a just victory in combat. There must be something special about her background, if she is just a novice and not training at the temple. You wonder what it might be.

Deolinus (male human paladin): A noble champion of Cruzar, though after your warrior training, he looks a little soft. He's more like the kind of faithful of Cruzar you expect to be questing to gain experience. You expect he will be courageous, and a good leader during combat, now that you can't very well play that role.

Roanmara (female elf mage): She acts like an elf raised in Legada, which means she's probably less elven in her attitudes. Nothing against elves, but it's easier to relate to your countrymen, no matter what their heritage. You notice that she wears a holy symbol of Cruzar, although she appears to be a mage. Hopefully, she will be an asset to your group, should you encounter trouble.

Gareth (male human rogue): He strikes you as the kind of adventurer that would do well in an urban environment, but who would be out of his element in a wilderness setting. No amount of smooth talk will save you from most of the savage humanoid races, and he looks a bit weak to handle himself in battle. You think you should talk with him, to get a better feel for his areas of expertise.

Spells:

Each day, you may cast 5 0-level spells and 4 1st-level spells. Choose from the following spells:

0-level Sorcerer Spells

Daze

Disrupt Undead

Light

Mage Hand

1st-level Sorcerer Spells

Color Spray

Mage Armor

Elenara, Female Half-Elf Cleric of Cruzar

Race: Half-Elf Size: Medium Sex: Female
 Class: Sorcerer/Cleric Level: 9/1 Align: LG
 Height: 155 cm/5 ft. 1 in. Weight: 52 kg/115 lbs. Age: 25
 Hair: Blond Eyes: Green Skin: Fair

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			
Strength	9	-1		Base	Ability	
Dexterity	14	+2	Type	Total = Save + Mod + Misc		
Constitution	14	+2	Reflex	+7 = +5	+2	
Intelligence	12	+1	Fortitude	+5 = +3	+2	
Wisdom	14	+2	Will	+12 = +8	+2	+2
Charisma	16	+3				

Armor	Armor	+ Shield	+ Dex	+ Size	+ Misc.
Class =	10	Mod	Mod	+ Mod	+ Mod
18 =	10	+5	+1	+2	

Hit Points: 49
 Movement: 20 ft.

Check Penalty:	0	Dex
Spell Failure:	30%	Total = Mod + Misc.
		+2 = +2

Melee	Base	+ Str	+ Size	Ranged	Base	+ Dex	+ Size
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod
+3 =	+4	-1		+6 =	+4	+2	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Crit	Range	Wt.	Type
Quarterstaff	+4	1d6-1 dbl	x2	-	4 lbs	B
Heavy Mace	+4	1d8-1	x2	-	12 lbs	B
Dagger (thr)	+6	1d4-1	19-20/x2	10'	1 lb	P

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	Ability	+ Mod	+ Misc
Climb (c.c. Str)	+7	=	6	+1		
Concentration (Con)	+7	=	6	+1		
Diplomacy (Cha)	+3	=	1	+2		
Gather Info. (c.c. Cha)	+2	=	1	+1		
Heal (Wis)	+2	=	1	+1		
Kn. Arcana (Int)	+3	=	2	+1		
Kn. Religion (Int)	+3	=	2	+1		
Kn. Nature (c.c. Int)	+3	=	2	+1		
Listen (c.c. Wis)	+4	=	2	+2		
Spellcraft (Int)	+3	=	2	+1		
Spot (c.c. Wis)	+2	=	1	+1		
Swim (c.c. Str)	+3	=	2	+1		
Wild. Lore (c.c. Wis)	+3	=	2	+1		

Languages: Isalitan (native), Elvish, Daravish, Celestial

Feats:

Combat Casting	Get +4 bonus to Concentration checks made to cast a spell while on the defensive
Empower Spell	Spell deals 1.5 times normal damage; cast as spell 2 levels higher
Heighten Spell	Spell cast as if it were a higher level spell
Iron Will	Get +2 to Will saving throws

Equipment:

Sturdy travel clothes, soft boots, leather belt, green cloak, breastplate, small wooden shield, backpack, 4 belt pouches, bedroll, spell components, gold holy symbol of Cruzar, healer's kit quarterstaff (doubles as walking stick), 2 daggers, heavy mace, 1 week's trail rations, 50' silk rope, personal grooming supplies, waterskin, pouch of fresh

berries, small silver mirror, signal whistle, bullseye lantern, flint and steel, flask of oil, ink, 5 sheets parchment, 12 gp, 22 sp, 20 gp sardonyx.

Background:

You were born to a human missionary of Cruzar in Whitewood, the largely elven forest. Your mother, Talella Turin, was a truly devout follower of the god of light, as one would have to believe totally in one's faith to try to bring it to an isolated elven home where faith in Corellon and the Seldarine is still strong. Still, in your mother's home of Legada, many elves who have come to live in the cities and towns have converted to the One True Light, so she must have seen the possibilities to spread the word.

As far as you have learned, your mother traveled far through the woods spreading the word of Cruzar, teaching the few elves who were interested, but mostly staying to herself otherwise. She had few friends among the elves, but at least one was particularly close to her, else you wouldn't be here. Your father was an elven ranger by the name of Orishaar Ascalhorn, a defender of the woodlands without particularly strong ties to the elven community. Unlike many of the elves, he was not concerned by your mother's attempt to introduce her faith to his people. He aided all residents of the forest, regardless of their ancestry or goals.

You did not interact much with the elves growing up. For what you saw of them, their actions were extremely slow and deliberate. Their long lives allowed them such luxuries. When you befriended an elven child about your level of development, you would too soon be much more mature than them. Despite your elven blood, you never felt very close to that part of yourself. You were raised much as any human child, brought up by your mother with strong faith in Cruzar.

However, no matter how distant you felt from the elven community, your elven blood is still a part of you, a fact made increasingly apparent by the magical powers you began exhibiting around your tenth year. As your mother explained, such inherent magical power is very rare among any of the human kingdoms she knew of, but is much more common in the elves of Whitewood. In fact, your father told you that three members of his family became skilled sorcerers.

As your magical powers became increasingly powerful and dangerous, you and your parents all agreed that you needed someone to teach you about this power. With the entreaty that you never lose Cruzar's light, you left your mother at the age of fourteen. Your father took you to his uncle, Taronne Ascalhorn, a virtual hermit, but a person who had controlled his power and placed it in balance with nature. He lived in a glade seemingly separated from the woods around it.

The years flew by as you learned how to control your magical powers, to turn a dangerous liability into a source of strength. The glade was a true sanctuary, and you never wanted for any necessities. Often you asked to journey beyond, to explore your powers, but always Taronne counseled that you were not ready to leave. You concentrated on becoming ready, and your granduncle praised you for learning far quicker than he did.

After ten years of learning, you simply could not stay any longer. Being without contact with different people, being unable to see your mother, it was driving you crazy, and no amount of wondrous magical power could distract you any more. Finally, Taronne said, "I knew this day would come. If you wish to remain safe and happy, you should not leave. Yet, I cannot prevent you from leaving." This melodramatic speech seemed unusual coming from your mentor, but it didn't stop you from leaving.

Mere days after you left the glade, you met your father. The first four words out of his mouth stopped you dead in your tracks: "Your mother was killed." He explained he had been searching for you for nearly the whole ten years, but he could not find the familiar ways into his uncle's glade. Shortly after you left home, the more militant elven "defenders of the faith" struck at the "interloper" who was your mother,

who was only doing good in spreading the light. Worse, your father explained, he learned after months of spying that even his uncle knew.

Suddenly, all the past ten years were nothing but a deception. Your magical powers, once wondrous, became tainted by the death and evil of which they had been tools. At that moment, your path became clear. While the evil actions of some misguided elves took one of Cruzar's faithful, another would take her place. You set off towards human lands for the first time in your life.

The first sizable human town you reached was Anubis. It was not as large a city as Legada, nor did the faith of Cruzar hold as important a place in its society, but the temple there did offer you a place to affirm your faith. You stayed for as little time as possible, your faith growing quickly. Soon, you were on the road, seeking to spread the light and combat the darkness. While one day you will seek out those elves who slew your mother, and drive the blackness from them, for now you seek to prove your faith. The city of Leoni has drawn many adventurers of late, and it has drawn you, especially since the faith of Cruzar is not strong there.

Role-playing:

You are calm, collected, and sure of yourself, when you think of yourself as just a novice cleric in the service of Cruzar. You know that Cruzar will guide you to the one true light. There is much good to be done in the world, and you are ready to face any challenges.

You are still profoundly influenced by your mother's death, though. You know you should use your magical talents when their use will aid in your quest, but using them reminds you so much of the pain. You are distrustful of elves, but do not hate them simply because of the betrayal of a few elves. Cruzar teaches that one should battle the darkness and seek the light within us all.

Your thoughts about your companions:

Durgath (male dwarf fighter): You almost envy this dwarf. His tale must be so much simpler than yours. He doesn't seem too unapproachable, for a dwarf, but he's not exactly the kind of person you like to talk to when you keep thinking about the tragedies of the past. A warrior, he likely has little in common with you.

Fizzbane (male human sorcerer): He's following the path which has meant only pain for you. But that's a silly way to think about it... it was the actions of those corrupted elves, not the path of sorcery, which caused the pain. He seems inexperienced in the ways of sorcery, which is especially obvious since he looks like he hasn't lost the muscles from whatever labor in which he was previously involved.

Deolinus (male human paladin): It's good to have another faithful of Cruzar, a true champion. He may also be inexperienced in the faith, but that's good; he may be seeking a particular quest. Perhaps he can be convinced to face those elves who slew your mother, to destroy the blackness within them. This opportunity bears investigating.

Roanmara (female elf mage): She may be fully elven, but she bears a holy symbol of Cruzar, and is someone you can surely trust. She is a wielder of wizardly magic, an unusual choice for a devout follower of Cruzar. Perhaps she can be convinced to take up the cause of Cruzar in a more direct manner.

Gareth (male human rogue): He looks to be a spoiled youth, childish, without an inkling of tragedy or suffering. He strikes you as having abilities of limited use. He acts like a dashing, mysterious, swashbuckler type, although there's something that bothers you about his personality. Best case scenario, he won't be a bother to you.

Spells:

Each day, you may cast 6 0-level sorcerer spells, 7 1st-level sorcerer spells, 7 2nd-level sorcerer spells, 7 3rd-level sorcerer spells, and 4 4th-level sorcerer spells. Choose from the following spells:

0-Level Sorcerer Spells

Dancing Lights
Detect Magic
Flare
Ghost Sound
Light
Mage Hand
Open/Close
Ray of Frost

1st-level Sorcerer Spells

Burning Hands
Hold Portal
Reduce
True Strike
Unseen Servant

3rd-level Sorcerer Spells

Blink
Gust of Wind
Suggestion

2nd-level Sorcerer Spells

Alter Self
Detect Thoughts
Fog Cloud
Obscure Object

4th-level Sorcerer Spells

Solid Fog
Wall of Fire

Choose 3 0-level cleric spells and 2 1st-level cleric spells. Also choose one domain spell from the domains of Good and Sun.

0-Level Cleric Spells

Create Water
Cure Minor Wounds
Detect Magic
Detect Poison
Guidance
Inflict Minor Wounds

Light
Mending
Purify Food and Drink
Read Magic
Resistance
Virtue

1st-level Cleric Spells

Bane
Bless
Bless Water
Cause Fear
Command
Comprehend Languages
Cure Light Wounds
Curse Water
Deathwatch
Detect Chaos
Detect Evil
Detect Good
Detect Law
Detect Undead
Divine Favor
Doom

Endure Elements
Entropic Shield
Inflict Light Wounds
Invisibility to Undead
Magic Stone
Magic Weapon
Obscuring Mist
Protection from Chaos
Protection from Evil
Protection from Good
Protection from Law
Random Action
Remove Fear
Sanctuary
Shield of Faith
Summon Monster I

Domain Spells

Endure Elements

Protection from Evil

Deolinus, Male Human Paladin of Cruzar

Race: Human Size: Medium Sex: Male
 Class: Cleric/Paladin Level: 9/1 Align: LG
 Height: 170 cm/5 ft. 7 in. Weight: 85 kg/187 lbs. Age: 22
 Hair: Black Eyes: Brown Skin: Smooth

walking stick), long sword, 2 weeks' trail rations, 50' silk rope, personal grooming supplies, waterskin, pouch of honey candies, healer's kit, small silver mirror, razor, signet ring, hooded lantern, 3 flasks oil, ink, 5 sheets parchment, 32 gp, 18 sp, 200-gp topaz.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			
Strength	12	+1		Base	Ability	
Dexterity	12	+1	Type	Total = Save + Mod + Misc		
Constitution	10	0	Reflex	+9 = +8	+1	
Intelligence	11	0	Fortitude	+3 = +3	+0	
Wisdom	17	+3	Will	+9 = +6	+3	
Charisma	13	+1				

Armor	Armor	+ Shield	+ Dex	+ Size	+ Misc.
Class =	10	Mod	Mod	+ Mod	+ Mod
2I =	10	+8	+2	+1	

Hit Points: 50
 Movement: 20 ft.

Check Penalty: -8	Initiative	Dex	Total = Mod + Misc.
		+5	= +1 +4

Melee	Base	+ Str	+ Size	Ranged	Base	+ Dex	+ Size
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod
+8/+3 =	+7/+2	+1		+8/+3 =	+7/+2	+1	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Crit	Range	Wt.	Type
Quarterstaff	+8/+3	1d6+1 dbl	x2	-	4 lbs	B
Long Sword	+8/+3	1d8+1	19-20/x2	10'	4 lbs	S

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	Ability	+ Mod	+ Misc
Concentration (Con)	+5	=	5	+0		
Craft ¹ (Int)	+2	=	2	+0		
Diplomacy (Cha)	+6	=	5	+1		
Gather Info. (c.c. Cha)	+2	=	1	+1		
Handle Horse (Cha)	+3	=	2	+1		
Heal (Wis)	+8	=	5	+3		
Kn. Religion (Int)	+5	=	5	+0		
Ride Horse (Dex)	+2	=	1	+1		
Search (c.c. Int)	+1	=	1	+0		
Sense Motive (c.c. Wis)	+4	=	1	+3		
Speak Lang. ² (c.c. n/a)	n/a	=	1	-		
Speak Lang. ³ (c.c. n/a)	n/a	=	1	-		
Spellcraft (Int)	+2	=	2	+0		
Spot (c.c. Wis)	+4	=	1	+3		

¹ Craft: Illuminated Script

² Language: Daravish

³ Language: Weyalan

Languages: Isalitan (native), Celestial, Daravish, Weyalan

Feats:

Enlarge Spell	Spell has double range; cast as spell 1 level higher
Heighten Spell	Spell cast as if it were a higher level spell
Improved Initiative	Get +4 to initiative checks
Run	Move at 5 times movement rate while running; can jump 25% further after a running start

Equipment:

Sturdy travel clothes, riding boots, leather belt with silver belt buckle, brown cloak, full plate, large metal shield, backpack, belt pouch, bedroll, spell components, gold holy symbol of Cruzar, quarterstaff (doubles as

Background:

You are a native of Legada, a city which venerates Cruzar as its patron deity. While most citizens found worship, temple celebrations, and invoking the name of Cruzar to be just something to do, you felt a stronger connection to the god of light. As a youth, you worked as a stable boy at the main temple of Legada, earning some money for your struggling family, but also learning more about the faith. When done with your duties, you remained at the temple, observing the priests in their duties, watching them train in weapons and perform services. You attended every public ceremony you could.

It took a while, but after years of hard work, you finally summoned the courage to speak to one of the novice priests you had befriended, a man by the name of Yorath. You spoke of your desire to enter the faith, of the connection you felt. You spoke with Yorath for many hours, and felt a warm, pleasant feeling coming over you. The next day, Ulsted Lightal, the priest in charge of training the novices, spoke to you. Your mood brightened, and again, you felt this feeling, one which you were sure was faith. When Lightal rose, he smiled and addresses you as Novice, welcoming you to the temple.

You were happy to do any duty assigned to you at the temple. Other novices coveted positions outside the temple, to journey as a missionary or as an adventuring cleric. These positions did not appeal to you. You had seen others return from battle, gravely wounded. And a few clerics have never been heard from again. You remember thinking that there was so much to do in Legada, that you should stay at the main temple.

You were not interested in advancing as rapidly as possible in the temple. You knew there was political maneuvering amidst the clerics of the temple, but you wanted no part of it. You figured your faith would be enough. Fortunately, your devotion to spreading the light was noticed by several of the top priests, who spoke well of your service to the temple. Over six years, you advanced steadily in the temple, feeling your inner faith grow and easily mastering the new spells granted you by Cruzar.

However, the closer you got to the council of high priests, the more you saw how well they lived. The inner temple was as luxurious as any noble's estate, and the quality of food, furnishings, and vestments were far above what would define a comfortable existence. This excess had to cost money, money that could be used to support missionaries, adventurers, or healers, or to support the needy throughout the Legadan Empire. Still, the council projected such an aura of trustworthiness that you couldn't question their decisions.

Then, about four years ago, plans were made for a new temple in Masogada. "Grandiose" could not even begin to describe this temple. With plans calling for imported marble, a gold dome, and a garden full of exotic plants built for "contemplation," you were not at all surprised to hear that over two hundred thousand pieces of gold were to be spent for this veritable palace. This temple was just too much for you, and you spoke to the high priest, Relanth the Silver. He stated quite firmly that the temple at Masogada, the conditions here, they were all a testament to Cruzar's glory. He believed that they were appropriate steps to celebrate the glory of Cruzar.

Your act of speaking out must have spread among the faithful. A few days later, you were contacted by Marisa, a cleric serving as advisor to King Reylance. She was collecting evidence of the temple's excess, so that she could appeal to a higher power. Marisa asked you for your support. You said you would aid her. However, less than a month later, you learned she was transferred to a small temple, virtually on the frontier of the empire. Afterwards, you didn't think much of her crusade.

Little more than two months ago, you received a letter from Kin Akari, one of the paladins of the Shining Path, announcing that he would

be arriving in Legada shortly, for order business. By this time, you were the second ranking cleric at the temple, and oversaw much of the day-to-day operation of the temple. Such letters from the adventuring faithful were common occurrences, and you didn't think too much about his visit, as you were busy with preparations for the Summer Festival.

The day of his visit came and went. The Summer Festival ended with prayers and celebration throughout the longest day of the year, and you returned to your chambers. When you laid down to sleep, you saw an armored figure standing over you, one that you knew was not there before. All the heraldic symbols identified this man as a paladin of the Shining Path, but the glow of his armor and the powerful feeling of goodness emanating from him made you realize you were seeing something much greater. Thoughts flashed in your mind as you carried out a conversation with this man. In an instant, you knew your failures, you knew why you had failed, and you knew what you had to do to make amends. You faded from the room, with the last thing you saw being a letter of resignation being penned, in your handwriting and manner of diction, by an invisible hand.

The next thing you knew, you were a small chapel with Kin Akari. He looked much like the image you had seen, but he was clearly human. He commended you for your faith, but implored that you must find your courage, which you had buried years ago. If you had been courageous, you could have started your novitiate earlier. What you called trust in the council of high priests was just a rationalization of your own cowardice. You were unable to face them, despite knowing in your hearts that they were wrong. And you realized that they must have seen this trait. Did you advance in the temple because of your faith, or because they viewed you as easy to manipulate?

You have made horrible mistakes, the most recent being unwilling to take your grievances to the Shining Path, perhaps the only mortal force that could get High Priest Relanth to quietly repent. But you have your faith, and you have a chance to make a fresh start, to champion the cause of Cruzar, to fight for goodness. Perhaps one day, when you have regained your courage, you will be able to face the corrupt priests in Legada. Your current goal is to grow as a paladin. Perhaps you can prove yourself, and join the Shining Path. After a short period of training under Kin Akari, you journeyed to Leoni, far from your failure. Leoni has become known as a place where even young adventurers can find adventure, and perhaps you can begin your new quest here.

Role-playing:

You have always been easy-going. As much as pushing yourself to the limit might prove to be a display of courage, you think it's just a waste of effort. There is nothing wrong with seeking to be comfortable while doing all of one's duties. Duty is duty, but many things can wait until the next day, and you're always looking to see which of your duties aren't that pressing. Your past unwillingness to confront troubling situations is what has put you in your present situation. You've really got to work on that. Maybe an opportunity will present itself... tomorrow.

You are afraid what others might think of you if they find out about your past. To that end, you don't want to use your clerical powers unless absolutely necessary, or when the tenets of your faith demand it. You portray yourself as a forward-looking individual, always thinking about the challenges ahead. Hopefully, no one will ask about the challenges in your past.

Your thoughts about your companions:

Durgath (male dwarf fighter): A fledgling warrior of the stout folk, who is bound to be a worthy companion. He must have an interesting tale, to be seeking adventure in this human city, rather than training with a military unit for another twenty or thirty years. He strikes you as the type who would like to discuss future plans.

Fizzbane (male human sorcerer): Sorcerers, with their inborn powers, tend to be a chaotic lot. You need to make sure his actions surprise only your foes, not you or your companions. He also appears to be from Legada. Though it's a terrible thing to wish for, you hope he

wasn't a devoted follower of Cruzar who attended services at the main temple, since you do not want to be recognized!

Elenara (female half-elf cleric): You're sure you would have recognized her if she had trained at the temple in Legada, and probably would have met her if she had trained anywhere in the Legadan Empire, so she must be from further away. It's always good to see signs of the faith spreading beyond Legada. She obviously has not attained the same level of devotion to Cruzar as you have, but she should be encouraged. You wonder if she is interested in missionary work; perhaps that's what brought her to Leoni.

Roanmara (female elf mage): She doesn't seem too tied to her elven heritage. She acts like she's from Legada, but for some reason you think she isn't. She's a worshipper of Cruzar, and you sense her faith is strong, so you expect you would have at least heard of her had she been in Legada. Her choice to study arcane magic is unusual for any devout follower of Cruzar. Still, someone with such knowledge could be invaluable to the faith, especially in aiding the Order of the Golden Shield. You should encourage her to follow that path.

Gareth (male human rogue): He's probably some criminal running from his past. Why else would one adopt such a silly persona and take to wearing a mask? You'll judge him on his intentions, and if he is good at heart, you see no reasons to ask him questions about his past. There's no need for a confrontation like that, and really, it's a courtesy you'd like extended to you.

Spells:

Choose 6 0-level spells, 5 1st-level spells, 5 2nd-level spells, 4 3rd-level spells, 2 4th-level spells, and 1 5th-level spell. Also choose one domain spell per level from the domains of Good and Sun.

<u>0-Level Cleric Spells</u>	<u>1st-level Cleric Spells</u>	<u>2nd-level Cleric Spells</u>	<u>3rd-level Cleric Spells</u>	<u>4th-level Cleric Spells</u>	<u>5th-level Cleric Spells</u>
Create Water	Bane	Aid	Animate Dead	Air Walk	Atonement
Cure Minor Wounds	Bless	Animal Messenger	Bestow Curse	Control Water	Break Enchantment
Detect Magic	Bless Water	Augury	Blindness/Deafness	Cure Critical Wounds	Circle of Doom
Detect Poison	Cause Fear	Bull's Strength	Contagion	Death Ward	Commune
Guidance	Command	Calm Emotions	Continual Flame	Dimensional Anchor	Dispel Chaos
Inflict Minor Wounds	Comprehend Languages	Consecrate	Create Food and Water	Discern Lies	Dispel Evil
Light	Cure Light Wounds	Cure Moderate Wounds	Cure Serious Wounds	Dismissal	Dispel Good
Mending	Curse Water	Darkness	Daylight	Divination	Dispel Law
Purify Food and Drink	Deathwatch	Death Knell	Deeper Darkness	Divine Power	Ethereal Jaunt
Read Magic	Detect Chaos	Desecrate	Dispel Magic	Free Action	Flame Strike
Resistance	Detect Evil	Endurance	Glyph of Warding	Giant Vermin	Greater Command
Virtue	Detect Good	Enthrall	Helping Hand	Greater Magic Weapon	Hallow
	Detect Law	Find Traps	Inflict Serious Wounds	Imbue with Spell Ability	Healing Circle
	Detect Undead	Gentle Repose	Invisibility Purge	Inflict Critical Wounds	Insect Plague
	Divine Favor	Hold Person	Locate Object	Lesser Planar Ally	Mark of Justice
	Doom	Inflict Moderate Wounds	Magic Circle against Chaos	Neutralize Poison	Plane Shift
	Endure Elements	Lesser Restoration	Magic Circle against Evil	Poison	Raise Dead
	Entropic Shield	Make Whole	Magic Circle against Good	Restoration	Righteous Might
	Inflict Light Wounds	Remove Paralysis	Magic Circle against Law	Sending	Scry
	Invisibility to Undead	Resist Elements	Magic Vestment	Spell Immunity	Slay Living
	Magic Stone	Shatter	Meld into Stone	Status	Spell Resistance
	Magic Weapon	Shield Other	Negative Plane Protection	Summon Monster IV	Summon Monster V
	Obscuring Mist	Silence	Obscure Object	Tongues	True Seeing
	Protection from Chaos	Slow Poison	Prayer		Unhallow
	Protection from Evil	Sound Burst	Protection from Elements		Wall of Stone
	Protection from Good	Speak with Animals	Remove Blindness/Deafness		
	Protection from Law	Spiritual Weapon	Remove Curse	Domain Spells	Domain Spells
	Random Action	Summon Monster II	Remove Disease	Fire Shield	Dispel Evil
	Remove Fear	Undetectable Alignment	Searing Light	Holy Smite	Flame Strike
	Sanctuary	Zone of Truth	Speak with Dead		
	Shield of Faith		Speak with Plants		
	Summon Monster I		Stone Shape		
			Summon Monster III		
	Domain Spells		Water Breathing		
	Endure Elements		Water Walk		
	Protection from Evil		Wind Wall		
		Domain Spells	Domain Spells		
		Aid	Magic Circle against Evil		
		Heat Metal	Searing Light		

Roanmara, Female Elf Wizard

Race: Elf
 Class: Paladin/Wizard
 Height: 150 cm/4 ft. 11 in.
 Hair: Brown
 Size: Medium
 Level: 9/1
 Weight: 46 kg/101 lbs.
 Eyes: Green
 Sex: Female
 Align: LG
 Age: 126
 Skin: Fair

rope, personal grooming supplies, waterskin filled with decent elven wine, healer's kit, small silver mirror, hooded lantern, flask of oil, ink, 8 sheets parchment, 62 gp, 14 sp, two 40-gp agates.

Background:

You were raised in the elven lands of Whitewood. While your home was peaceful and beautiful, your curiosity led you to wonder about the outside world. Travelers were rare to Whitewood, but you befriended all people you met, simple wanderers as well as those who came to settle the lands. Among the settlers was a missionary of Cruzar, the human god of light. As you learned about Cruzar, you felt an undeniable connection, which only grew stronger the more you thought about it. While you still respect the Seldarine, your reverence for the elven gods failed to fill you with the same overwhelming goodness.

Leaving your people was difficult. It was made harder by the sadness of your close friends, who could only see you as abandoning everything they, and you, were. They could not understand that you were making the right decision for you. Your journeys brought you to an isolated monastery in the Mercantus Mountains, at the edge of Legadan territory. There, you trained with the paladins of the Golden Shield.

While nowhere near as well-known as the Order of the Shining Path, the Order of the Golden Shield serves an important role in defending the people, and the faith, against the greatest foes, particularly those evil monsters that wield magical powers. Your training began with two years of study at this monastery. While you learned to wield several martial weapons, the primary focus of you and your fellow initiates was learning all about the abominations, outsiders, and other monsters who could easily decimate the typical squadron of soldiers with but swords and shields.

Admittedly, you weren't as devoted to your studies as you should have been. When given the choice between spending hours in a musty library, straining your eyes in the low lamp light, or spending hours wandering the wooded foothills and secluded vales surrounding the monastery, you chose the latter. While different terrain than Whitewood, the unspoiled, pristine landscape gave you a spiritual comfort that you desired. Still, you learned enough of the most important readings to pass your examinations, and excelled in your religious development.

At the conclusion of your training, you were sent to temples all around Aldar, traveling with other faithful to deal with reported threats to the faith. You had many successes, first in a battle with undead foes in New Namae'r, eventually rooting out the vampire responsible for the many innocent deaths there. A later mission to Martani City did not go as well, as the ghosts in the mines there proved to be deadly foes, and several among your group were aged in the fights. Mostly humans, they were weakened by the undead drain, and many were forced to retire or seek powerful magic to restore their life essence.

Separated from your companions of several years, your order sent you to the fledgling temple in Delfin, which they said could also benefit from your leadership and experience. While Delfin is a city founded by humans, it is located in a forested area your people call Sylvania, termed the South Elvish Woods by humans. You were happy to see a beautiful city where elves and humans lived in relative harmony, seemingly drawing on each others' strengths. The temple was established at the very edge of the city, in what you thought to be the most beautiful setting possible, a clearing allowing the sun's rays to strike the temple, amidst the abundant life of the temperate woods.

You didn't know what you were to do here. Previously, you had a specific threat to combat, but there was no great mystery in Delfin. Followers of the destructive fire god Freurgroth were active in the area, but their actions were well-known and not the normal purview of the Order of the Golden Shield. You had time to take in the surroundings, and fell in love with the woods again. You also met another person who enjoyed nature as much as you, a handsome dark-haired elf by the name of Shalwendar.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws		
Strength	16	+3	Base Ability		
Dexterity	12	+1	Type	Total = Save + Mod + Misc	
Constitution	10	0	Reflex	+7 = +6	+1
Intelligence	14	+2	Fortitude	+3 = +3	+0
Wisdom	12	+1	Will	+6 = +5	+1
Charisma	16	+3	+2 versus enchantment spells		

Armor	Armor	+ Shield	+ Dex	+ Size	+ Misc.
Class =	10	Mod	Mod	+ Mod	+ Mod
15 =	10	+4	+0	+1	

Hit Points: 54
 Movement: 30 ft.

Check Penalty: 0	Initiative		Total = Mod + Misc.	
			+1	= +1

Melee	Base	+ Str	+ Size	Ranged	Base	+ Dex	+ Size
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod	Mod
+12/+7 =	+9/+4	+3		+10/+5 =	+9/+4	+1	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Crit	Range	Wt.	Type
Quarterstaff	+12/+7	1d3-1	x2	-	-	B
Longsword	+13/+8	1d4-1	19-20/x2	10'	1 lb	P
Longbow	+10/+5	1d4	x2	50'	0 lbs	B
Heavy Lance	+12/+7	1d4	x2	50'	0 lbs	B

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	Ability	+ Mod	+ Misc
Climb (c.c. Str)	+9	=	2	+3		
Concentration (Con)	+6	=	6	+0		
Diplomacy (Cha)	+7	=	4	+3		
Handle Horse (Cha)	+7	=	4	+3		
Heal (Wis)	+8	=	7	+1		
Intimidate (c.c. Cha)	+5	=	2	+3		
Jump (c.c. Str)	+5	=	2	+3		
Kn. Arcana (Int)	+4	=	2	+2		
Kn. Religion (Int)	+7	=	5	+2		
Ride Horse (Dex)	+5	=	4	+1		
Search (c.c. Int)	+6	=	2	+2		+2
Spellcraft (Int)	+4	=	2	+2		
Use Rope (c.c. Dex)	+2	=	1	+1		

Languages: Elvish (native), Isalitan, Celestial, Draconic, Daravish, Sylvan

Feats:

Combat Reflexes	Get 1 extra attack of opportunity
Mounted Combat	Negate one hit per round to mount if Ride check exceeds attack roll
Scribe Scroll	Can create scrolls of any spell known
Two-Wpn. Fighting	Penalties for two-weapon fighting reduced by 2
Weapon Focus	Get +1 to hit with the long sword

Equipment:

Sturdy travel clothes, riding boots, leather belt, sky blue cloak, backpack, 2 belt pouches, bedroll, traveling spell book, spell components, gold holy symbol of Cruzar, quarterstaff, bag of holding (containing long sword long bow, quiver of 20 arrows, and heavy lance), 2 weeks' trail rations, 50' silk

Several of the priests at the temple thought of Freurgroth's agents as a serious problem, but you affirmed that the threat wasn't serious at all, not warranting major action. Of that you convinced yourself, and you also thought such mortal dangers weren't really your area of expertise, and so you didn't spend much time on the subject. Really, you just wanted to spend more time with Shalwendar. You enjoyed the walks, loved receiving the beautiful carved wooden items he would whittle as you walked. You became very close. Now, you are ashamed of your actions, after one night revealed your great mistake.

You had arranged an evening stroll in the woods with Shalwendar, as you had many times before. That evening, however, he did not show up, though you waited two hours in your favorite grove. Confused as to his unexpected absence, you eventually returned to your temple, only to find it nothing but ashes. You later learned that in your absence, several followers of Freurgroth, led by an efreet lord, had swiftly struck at your temple, killing all therein while the temple's strongest defender, the one trained to fight such powerful creatures, was lost.

Turning away from the destruction, you saw an ancient man standing behind you, holding a thick tome. "I recovered this from the temple; I think it is yours," he said, as he turned and left. The tome he offered you was a familiar tome, one you are sure was in the monastery's library, one that discussed the powers of beings from the elemental planes. The book opened to a section on efreet lords, stating their known tactics, including befriending, beguiling, and betraying while in polymorphed form. You tried to thank the man, but he was gone.

A single loose page fell out of the book. Strangely out of place in a book about elemental creatures, the words on the paper told the story of a hero who failed his duties because of a creature using powerful magic, but who learned enough about magic to combat and defeat this creature, saving his kingdom and restoring his honor. That paper was there for a reason. Of that, you are sure. You will learn all you can about magic now, enough so that you can do good and make up for your mistake. Perhaps you can even redeem yourself in the eyes of the Order of the Golden Shield. For now, the city of Leoni is far away from your failures, and a place where many new heroes have found fame and fortune.

Role-playing:

You are a kind soul who greatly enjoys talking to people. You speak in friendly tones, rarely getting angry, even when fighting a great foe. Knowing that a task is right is all the motivation you need; anger will only hurt the situation. You act as a mediator and peacemaker when there is trouble.

You like to take the time to appreciate the beauty around you. You don't want to hurry through life and miss all the little things that make it worth living. Sometimes, when paying attention to the details, you have missed the big picture. You're working to change that now.

You don't want to talk much about your past. You've had to endure questions for years about why you found your calling to serve Cruzar rather than the Seldarine, and it has transformed into a dislike for speaking about your past at all. And now, you really don't want to discuss your past at all. It's easier to speak of yourself as someone raised in Legada. You understand their ways and mannerisms, having trained with Legadans for years, and you can easily pass yourself off as a native.

Your thoughts about your companions:

Durgath (male dwarf fighter): This warrior likely has little in common with you. You have both faced many foes, but he has likely only faced mundane creatures that would attack his subterranean home, like orcs and goblins. Hopefully, those are the only types of creatures you might face, if you face combat at all. You will be sure to get his advice on fighting such foes, and let him take the lead in battle.

Fizzbane (male human sorcerer): You knew of a few elves with the inborn magical powers of a sorcerer, but for the most part, you don't trust them. It must be your elven upbringing speaking, the one that viewed magic as a subtle force that must be carefully studied over centuries. He looks old enough so that his powers should be developed enough to no

longer be dangerous, but still, you should be careful. You don't want to bring up that he's probably been using his powers longer than you've been studying magic.

Elenara (female half-elf cleric): Another faithful of Cruzar. You place her accent as from someone from Whitewood, so it looks like you have something in common. You are interested in her background, but you don't want to press her about it in public, just like you don't want everyone to learn about you. Perhaps if you're alone, you can talk. She seems eager to make a name for herself in the service of Cruzar, and looks ready to fight the evil in the world.

Deolinus (male human paladin): This paladin is just beginning his training, and as you see no symbols on him, he apparently has not chosen an order to which he will aspire. He seems independent, willing to learn from any mission. A free thinker would do well in the faith. Perhaps he can be led to address the few greedy clergy you've heard about in the main temple in Legada, the ones who seem more concerned with their own comfort than in service to Cruzar.

Gareth (male human rogue): You can't say you approve of his mannerisms. A mask is most often associated with common highwaymen or other scoundrels. With such a lack of skill, he should try to stay out of trouble. Instead, he looks like he might just go about instigating the trouble.

Spells:

Choose 2 1st-level paladin spells.

1st-level Paladin Spells

Bless	Divine Favor
Bless Water	Endure Elements
Bless Weapon	Magic Weapon
Create Water	Protection from Evil
Cure Light Wounds	Resistance
Detect Poison	Virtue
Detect Undead	

Choose 3 0-level and 2 1st-level wizard spells.

0-Level Wizard Spells

Dancing Lights
Daze
Detect Magic
Detect Poison
Disrupt Undead
Flare
Ghost Sound
Light
Mage Hand
Mending
Open/Close
Prestidigitation
Ray of Frost
Read Magic
Resistance
Wizard Mark

1st-level Wizard Spells

Mage Armor
Magic Missile
Mount
Shield
Unseen Servant

Gareth, Male Human Rogue

"The Darer" "Thief of Hearts" "The Mystery Behind the Mask"

Race: Human Size: Medium Sex: Male
Class: Wizard/Rogue Level: 9/1 Align: LG
Height: 165 cm/5ft. 5 in. Weight: 67 kg/148 lbs. Age: 23
Hair: Sandy Brown Eyes: Blue Skin: Pale

Silent Spell Spell cast without verbal components; cast as spell 1 level higher
Spell Mastery Can prepare noted spells without a spellbook
Still Spell Spell cast without somatic components; cast as spell 1 level higher

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws		
Strength	8	-1		Base	Ability
Dexterity	15	+2	Type	Total = Save + Mod + Misc	
Constitution	13	+1	Reflex	+5 = +3	+2
Intelligence	20	+5	Fortitude	+6 = +5	+1
Wisdom	13	+1	Will	+7 = +6	+1
Charisma	9	-1			

Armor Class	Armor Mod	+ Shield Mod	+ Dex Mod	+ Size Mod	+ Misc Mod
16	= 10	+2	+2		+2

Hit Points: 33
Movement: 30 ft.

Check Penalty: 0	Initiative	Dex Total = Mod + Misc.
	+2	= +2

Melee Attack	Base Attack	+ Str Mod	+ Size Mod	Ranged Attack	Base Attack	+ Dex Mod	+ Size Mod
+3 =	+4	-1		+6 =	+4	+2	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Crit	Range	Wt.	Type
Dagger (thr)	+6	1d4-1	19-20/x2	10'	1 lb	P
Dagger	+3	1d4-1	19-20/x2	-	1 lb	P
Rapier	+3	1d6-1	18-20/x2	-	3 lb	P

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	Ability + Mod	+ Misc
Alchemy (Int)	+17	=	12	+5	
Bluff (Cha)	+5	=	6	-1	
Climb (Str)	+0	=	1	-1	
Concentration (Con)	+12	=	11	+1	
Decipher Script (Int)	+7	=	2	+5	
Disable Device (Int)	+7	=	2	+5	
Disguise (Dex)	+5	=	6	-1	
Escape Artist (Dex)	+3	=	1	+2	
Hide (Dex)	+3	=	1	+2	
Jump (Str)	+0	=	1	-1	
Kn. Arcana (Int)	+17	=	12	+5	
Move Silently (Dex)	+3	=	1	+2	
Open Locks (Dex)	+4	=	2	+2	
Pick Pockets (Dex)	+3	=	1	+2	
Scry (Int)	+13	=	8	+5	
Search (c.c. Int)	+6	=	1	+5	
Spellcraft (Int)	+15	=	10	+5	
Spot (Int)	+3	=	2	+1	
Tumble (Int)	+4	=	2	+2	
Walk Tightrope (Int)	+3	=	1	+2	

Languages: Daravish (native), Isalitan, Weyalan, Elven, Sylvan, Draconic, Gnome

Feats:	
Ambidexterity	Ignore off-hand penalties
Brew Potion	Create potions of spells 3rd level or lower that target a creature
Scribe Scroll	Can create scrolls of any spell known

Equipment:

Fine silk clothes, black mask, soft black boots, leather belt, black cloak, black cape, +2 *ring of protection*, backpack, 2 belt pouches, bedroll, rapier, 4 daggers, *bag of holding* (containing 380 gp, 2 500-gp topaz gems, spell components, traveling spell book (wrapped in spare sets of clothing), *wand of fireballs* (14th level caster, 12 charges), 2 weeks' trail rations, 50 ft. silk rope, personal grooming supplies, waterskin filled with good wine, disguise kit, bag of fresh berries, small silver mirror, bullseye lantern, 2 flasks oil, flint and steel, ink, 8 sheets parchment, 22 gp, 14 sp.

Background:

You know you can pull this off. You have a few months to have the time of your life, to find adventure, and no one has to be the wiser. You're going to be a mystery, and everyone loves a mystery. As "The Mystery Behind the Mask," you'll be able to earn fame, perhaps attract the attention of some young lass, and since you're away from home, you're sure no one will recognize you.

Your real name, and it's a truly dreadful name, is Percival Leland Wentworth III. You're the only child of two powerful instructors at the Davinia School of Magic in Reyastalci. The Davinia School is a very strict and structured magic academy, and you've always been there. You don't recall ever making the decision to study magic, though it was a sensible decision, as you were able to learn magic very well.

In both group instruction and sessions with demanding private tutors, you were worked very hard. It was your parents' intention to drive you to your full potential. They did not tolerate failure, and from a young age you were very careful, thorough, and exact in your work. You were encouraged not to socialize outside of the academy, and when you tried to meet other children in the area, you were taunted mercilessly. The only person outside other students you befriended was Gareth, the son of the groundskeeper of the academy.

As you advanced in your magical studies, Gareth told you of his dream, to be a bard, to entertain with great tales of adventure. That sounded like such a good idea to you, but with laboratory work and oral exams, you knew you couldn't sneak off with him to watch other entertainers perform. With some practice, Gareth was able to develop a very entertaining style of storytelling, and was able to perform passably well with the lyre. You worked out a deal with him: you would teach him some magical tricks to help him perform better, and he'd share with you his epic tales of adventure.

While Gareth soon left to travel throughout Aldar, you did receive letters from him at distant but regular intervals, with his latest tales. As you studied the intricacies of metamagic, these tales became your only form of entertainment, an escape for you. Well, there was another escape for you, the time you spent with Eliza, another student at the Davinia School. You met her in a class on conjuration magic, and studied together in the cramped library of the school. This relationship became genuine friendship, and you think something more. You talked a little about the future, especially her desires to travel the world and find lost magical treasures, but soon, your honors project in alchemy demanded your full attention. It took months to perfect the purification process for contaminated potions, but you presented your research in time, and won a magical wand personally enchanted by the headmaster. Unfortunately, Eliza was not there to congratulate you. She was nowhere at the academy. She had taken leave because of... her... engagement. It happened sometime while you were buried in your studies.

Well, you've been given the opportunity to travel to the Wagner Library in Leoni, which specializes in ancient history. You seized this opportunity. You just wanted to get away from the school, and all those bad memories brought on by your inability to recognize what is really important in life. As you packed, you grabbed all of Gareth's letters, and decided that the person that would arrive in Leoni would not be Percival, but a mysterious, dashing rogue, a seeker of adventure and romance. A life you had only lived in your fantasies will now be your life. You've got it all... the mask, a mysterious background, and all those clever lines that went off so well in Gareth's tales. Gareth... that's a much better name to use than your own, though of course you'll only reveal that to certain people, like the barmaid you're going to sweep off her feet.

You've heard that Leoni's King Frederick III is searching lands for the history of the ancients. Perhaps your adventure will lead you to discover more than you would in a stuffy library. Now that would be splendid, and it would really show your parents! Your heroic tale is beginning with a bit of good luck... the first tavern you've entered has a lead for your first real adventure! Not that you'd let anyone know that it's your first adventure, of course!

Role-playing:

Your true nature, honed over more than twenty years of being raised in a strict environment, is cautious and careful. You're a bookworm and definitely not dashing. It's going to be hard, but you need to throw that all away. You were raised to be careful with money, but now you're going to treat gold coins as if they were copper bits. You were raised to speak properly and to show respect. Now, who cares if you might insult someone at the local tavern? A bit of a scuffle can only enhance your reputation. You need to be out there, seeking adventure, embracing any dare you might find. You have all your magical training, but Gareth wouldn't use magic! Unless you can use it in such a way that it doesn't appear that you are responsible for casting the spell, you don't want to use your magic unless absolutely necessary. (Your study of still and silent spells will certainly be useful here!)

You have a great source of inspiration, the real Gareth's tales. They're filled with all sorts of techniques that are sure to earn you fame and attention. There's swinging from chandeliers, jumping over foes with well-orchestrated back flips, and the all-important one-liners before engaging a foe. You're going to be the dashing, mysterious man in this tale you're writing. (Basically, use every cliché from the genre, the more overused the better. Use every one-liner known, the cornier the better. Naturally, you're not very good at this.)

Your thoughts about your companions:

Durgath (male dwarf fighter): A good, solid fighter. Every group has one. He's sure to be much better at fighting than you are. You'll need to attract attention to yourself in such a way to detract from everyone noticing how many more foes he's defeating. There's a situation where style and pizzazz is called for! You doubt he'll show much style, but just to be sure, it can't hurt to ask him about his fighting style.

Fizzbane (male human sorcerer): A wizard with style? Honestly, you should have done something like that. It's too bad Gareth's tales didn't include any sorcerers like him. If this masked man gig doesn't work out, you'll have to see about creating a persona like his. You'll have to observe him carefully. He is a sorcerer, so his spellcasting will be different than yours, but your edge in training should make you able to do anything he can do, plus more.

Elenara (female half-elf cleric): A simple follower of Cruzar, god of light. Perhaps she can serve as an anchor to your group, a moral center; every successful adventuring party in Gareth's tales have one. She definitely seems devoted to her god and to defeating evil.

Deolinus (male human paladin): Another possible moral center, or maybe a visionary, a crusader, the one who sets the party forward against a powerful foe or overwhelming odds. A paladin of Cruzar, he's sure to be

the one to confront evil foes and keep the party focused. He deserves to have a chance to lead and show his stuff.

Roanmara (female elf mage): The powerful and beautiful mage. You would have loved meeting her if she were a student at the Davinia School. Now, she seems unapproachable. You would love to talk magic with her, but Gareth doesn't know anything about magic. Still, it would be a polite thing for Gareth to do, to ask about her skills with magic, and you would be interested in hearing what she knows.

Spells:

Choose 4 0-level spells, 6 1st-level spells, 5 2nd-level spells, 4 3rd-level spells, 3 4th-level spells, and 2 5th-level spells. Spells in bold can be prepared without referring to your spellbook.

0-Level Wizard Spells

Dancing Lights
Daze
Detect Magic
Detect Poison
Disrupt Undead
Flare
Ghost Sound
Light
Mage Hand
Mending
Open/Close
Prestidigitation
Ray of Frost
Read Magic
Resistance
Wizard Mark

1st-level Wizard Spells

Alarm
Change Self
Color Spray
Comprehend Languages
Detect Secret Passages
Enlarge
Feather Fall
Grease
Identify
Jump
Mage Armor
Magic Missile
Message
Mount
Ray of Enfeeblement
Shield
Sleep
Spider Climb

2nd-level Wizard Spells

Alter Self
Arcane Lock
Blur
Bull's Strength
Daylight
Glitterdust
Knock
Levitate
Locate Objects
Melf's Acid Arrow
Mirror Image
Protection from Arrows
Scare
See Invisibility
Shatter
Web

3rd-level Wizard Spells

Claudiaudience
Clairvoyance
Dispel Magic
Flame Arrow
Fly
Illusory Script
Lightning Bolt
Major Image
Phantom Steed
Slow
Water Breathing

4th-level Wizard Spells

Confusion
Dimension Door
Emotion
Evard's Black Tentacles
Fire Shield
Ice Storm
Illusory Wall
Leomund's Secure Shelter
Minor Globe of Invulnerability
Remove Curse
Stoneskin

5th-level Wizard Spells

Cone of Cold
Contact Other Plane
Fabricate
Permanency
Telekinesis
Teleport
Wall of Force
Wall of Stone