

THE OERTH 2 JOURNAL

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The Council of Greyhawk is an informal organization of gamers dedicated to keeping the World of Greyhawk a viable campaign world. At present, this group meets and communicates primarily on America Online. Send inquiries to Iquander@aol.com.

EDITOR'S NOTE

It's sometimes hard to believe, by the amount of related traffic on the internet and various online services, that the World of Greyhawk, as an official campaign setting for the AD&D game, is dead. It's been over two years since the publication of *Iuz the Evil*, the last "official" Greyhawk sourcebook. Indeed, it seems that now all Greyhawk fans have left upon which to pin their hope is the recent "Bigby's Curse" *Endless Quest* young adult novel and short mentions in other ancillary products such as *Chronomancer* or Carl Sargent's soon-to-be-released *Night Below Underdark* boxed set. Slim pickings indeed.

And yet, there really is little reason to declare the death of the setting. As one of the oldest role-playing campaigns, Greyhawk has inspired several *Dungeon Masters* to set off on their own trail, interpreting Oerth as they will. As long as this work continues, Greyhawk will never truly die.

The advent of the internet and online services has now allowed this work to see the light of day. Now, campaigns in Europe can be aided by the design work of a player in Montana, all without the cost of a single stamp. The electronic age is upon us, and our collective campaigns can only gain richness because of it.

The Council of Greyhawk and the Oerth Journal exist to facilitate this sharing of campaign information. The Journal hopes, on a more-or-less regular basis, to provide polished and internally consistent campaign material for those interested in TSR's World of Greyhawk. It is the Council's ultimate goal to support Greyhawk campaigns worldwide and to act as an outlet for the work of individual designers. This issue continues that tradition with an amusing adventure set in the troubled Shield Lands of Post-War 585 CY and an in-depth look at the history of the Lortmil Mountains. Other issues of the Oerth Journal will soon follow, their content mandated by the quality, and frequency, of submissions.

Until the starbreak,

Squander

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THE FOUNTAIN OF PELOR

by KHYRIC (Daniel Carter)

World of Greyhawk Module

Introduction:

The Fountain of Pelor is an adventure set in the Shield Lands of the World of Greyhawk. It is designed for 4-6 player characters of levels 7-11 with an average of 38-44 experience levels. The adventure works best with a good mix of classes.

Since the adventure takes place in a former good city now occupied with the evil of Iuz, some good aligned PCs and a fair share of neutrals are the best mix for success. Paladins and other Lawful Good players may be a liability to the party due to the fact that they are more likely to be noticed in this fell place. Races are also a matter of concern when constructing a party. Demi-humans will be looked at with suspicion because of their known ties with good and thus will be at a disadvantage unless some form of believable disguise can be incorporated into their deception.

This adventure starts at the Furyondian stronghold Castle Hart, from the Castles boxed set. The Greyhawk entry can be used to flesh out a possible future base of operations for the party. The system of Notoriety used in the Greyhawk module WGR6, The City Of Skulls is a great tool to help DMs track the results of players' actions in evil lands. Without this module, just use your own judgment (and the players' decisions) for encounter details. The modules WGR4, The Marklands, or WGR5, Iuz the Evil, will give a better feel for what exactly is happening to the once great lands of good.

RESTING AND MAGIC DURING THE ADVENTURE:

Since the party will be constantly be on the move and racing against time, resting to regain spells during the adventure will be very difficult, if not impossible. Magic items such as scrolls and potions, and charged weapons like staves and wands will be at a premium. As mentioned above, disguise (magical or otherwise), is a way to fit into the surroundings the PCs will encounter.

A word of note here: it is not so much what the players look like, but it is rather what they do in front of those observing them that will bring their possible downfall. Although those capable of seeing through disguises will be suspicious of a dwarf posing as a human, they are familiar

with powerful beings of Iuz donning different disguises to do their various tasks. Forget and Charm spells will also be an option to an intelligent, strong party of heroes. A wise DM will tolerate spells that ask questions and then tell the creature not to remember the encounter, but if the party wants a free henchman for cannon fodder, role-play this very carefully. Fighting and dying, to a group of Heroes, should be much preferred to the tortures of Iuz's Priests.

SET UP IDEAS:

*The Party has distinguished itself in the battles against Iuz in the North and has gained some renown.

*The Party has worked for the Temple of Pelor in the past, and/or owes a debt to the Priesthood.

*The Party has a personal score against Iuz and/or has lost loved ones to the evil Old One.

PLAYERS STARTUP:

The Treaty of Greyhawk has been in effect for some time now. All the armies of the Flanaess have put aside their weapons to rebuild for the time war, many believe, will begin anew. It is the summer of CY 585, one of the hottest in recent memory.

Your band is inside a temple of Pelor, located inside a castle at the junction of the Veng and Crystal rivers. Castle Hart, which saw limited action during the wars, is now being refortified by a group of heroes who met much success in Furyondy's northern campaigns. As you wait in the private chambers of Avaturis Warhawk, the Priest of the castle's small church, a mirror located at the end of the room starts to glow with a brilliant radiance.

Looking at the surface, you see the site of a great battle unfurl before your eyes. The scene is one of pure destruction as wave after wave of humanoid troops pound the walls of a city and black robed spell-casters send bolts of death to the defenders on the ramparts above. The sheer might of the attacks are too much for the walled city to stand as first one breach and then another appear in the now blackened red stone.

Like bees swarming honey, hundreds of humanoids roll over the city, burning and destroying everything in their path. The last image in the mirror is that of the sun being eclipsed by that of a bleeding skull. As the radiance of the mirror fades to normal, you are startled by the voice of the priest of this Temple. "I am never really sure who sends me that last image."

Turning, you see a man in his forties dressed in a simple flowing robe adorned with a gold trim. "I ask for some of your time to benefit us both." He motions for the party to be seated and walks over to a perched eagle.

Water appears in the cupped hand of the priest as he offers it to the bird, turns, and begins his tale. "The city you saw in the Mirror is that of Critwall, in the Shield Lands, lost to the forces of good when that great but undermanned town fell early in the war. Like most great cities, Critwall held a temple to Pelor; a temple most blessed by the Power of Healing. When the city fell, my brothers and I lost all contact with the High Priest of the Temple, and all of my attempts to search with magic bring the same result."

Sitting down, the priest lowers his head and breathes a deep sigh. "The mirror you see before you is the greatest relic of this church. In times past, it allowed me to scry upon events in neighboring lands. The visions were never very clear and were often riddled with vague hints and omens. Now, the vision of the last moments of Critwall is all I see."

Looking up, he continues. "Beside the loss of innocent life, there was also an item of great good that has been lost along with the truth about the Temple's fate. A fountain of pure gold, three feet tall and weighing thirty pounds. Used by the Critwall Priests, the relic was mobile and was taken from temple to temple during times of great need. This Fountain can do what no Priest of the Old One can ever do--it is an artifact that can heal wounds and neutralize poison, and that can be used by anyone ... or anything.

"Without risking many lives and possibly breaking the Treaty (with the word treaty he gives a sarcastic tone), the idea of searching out the Fountain was thought to be impossible--impossible until a few days ago, that is." Warhawk stands, and you can see his excitement as he begins again. "The evil ruler or pawn of Iuz in the Shield Lands is the Lesser Boneheart Mage Vayne. Demoted by Iuz for his many military defeats, he now sits on his throne in Admundfort, despising those the Evil One looks at fondly.

"One such rising star is the Critwall ruler, General Atur Rehmat, one of the main reasons Critwall fell in the first place."

"It seems that someone wanted to bring discredit to the young general and organized a small party to pose as merchants of trade, enter the city, and sell poisonous goods to the soldiers and townsfolk. These men were told they would have three days to sell the spoiled foods, and then hide in a corner of the town shunned by the guard due to disease-carrying vermin. The organizers would then ride into the city, find the reason for the town's sudden demise, and

send the whole report to Dorakaa, where Iuz would see them as Critwall's saviors." Letting a rare moment of silence linger, the Priest continues. "Whoever is behind this plan is very powerful indeed, and since most of Iuz's priests would rather do nothing when discovering treachery against another, it looked like evil and chaos would strike right in Rehmat's city."

"But it seemed the mercenaries lost their nerve."

"Two days ago, the whole group crossed the Veng and surrendered, asking for their lives in exchange for the story and items they possessed." Now the eyes of Avaturis Warhawk, priest of Pelor, meet each of yours as you can guess where this story is headed.

"These mercenaries handed over a journal telling dates and times for the upcoming week's guard postings. They also surrendered a number of Merchant Passes to our guard, informing him that, though forgeries, they would pass any test in Critwall. A number of underpriests dispatched to the scene found that everything they said was true but, unfortunately, they were unable to save them from fane magic that had been placed upon their person. Shortly after these items were exchanged, the mercenaries died suddenly and violently. No form of speaking with dead has managed to contact their souls.

"According to detailed instructions found in the journal, the former agents of evil were supposed to enter Critwall in two days. I can have your party transported to Herechel, located 20 miles from Critwall across the river. Any closer could be detected by the magic of Iuz's priests.

"When you arrive in Herechel, our priests will have booked you passage across the river on a small boat, the Scagbane. Once in Critwall you can find the Temple, retrieve the Fountain, and still make it out before the saviors (he sneers) visit the Town. At the river spot marked on the map we will have a ship ready to bring you back at the dawn of the third day." Handing you the Journal, passes for all party members, and a metal flask (see below) for each character, he waits for your decision.

FOR THE DM:

As the Priest finishes his story, a number of questions are sure to arise. If asked how the party will make the trip in two days, Warhawk will reply "wait for my summons in the morning to be shown the way." When questioned about the Temple's location in the city, he can show pre-war maps but acknowledges that due to the close quarters of the buildings, along with the great destruction of all possible above ground shelters, only the general direction, "north-east of the main city gates" can be provided. As for

selling food, this gives the reason the party is in the city, and because of this, it will take away some suspicion the party will encounter.

If questioned about Critwall's present military strength, give them some basic information from the Module Iuz the Evil (page 80) or create an environment of constant troop movement between hobgoblins, goblins, humans and rumors of others even more foul. The present goal of Critwall's ruler is the immediate refortification and rebuilding of the city. Since this can be very boring work to most evil creatures, defenses can be found to be somewhat lax at first, due to the overconfidence of Rehmat's troops. Ideas on ways to escape will be discussed at the meeting in the morning. Warhawk will offer each character 2,000 wheatsheafs (gp), to be paid upon their return to the castle. If the group sours at this amount, the high priest will raise the ante to 5,000 wheatsheafs each and a selection from the castle's treasury.

If this amount of bargaining becomes necessary, Warhawk will comment sadly on the mercenary nature of the party. Remarking upon the pity the wars have taken most of the country's true heroes, the priest will point out how Castle Hart's "Defenders", of many alignments and races, have all gathered under the flag of Furyondy in its time of greatest need. At any rate, the group should realize the potential ally they will have in Avaturis Warhawk if their quest should be successful.

Warhawk will express his regret that neither the temple or leaders of the castle will be able to provide them with dweomered weapons or magical assistance in the quest, as such could easily be traced back to Furyondy, thus violating the Treaty of Greyhawk. The flask contains a potion of vitality (good for a character to go without sleep food or water for up to 7 days, and allow a second potion to be drunk after 1 turn with out no ill effect). These potions, Warhawk will assure the party, were obtained from an independent party, and are thus untraceable.

The journal shows the best routes to Critwall and gives times for troop and guard movement in the area (Rehmat is known to be very precise and organized) along with a timetable for the mercenaries to follow (see below). As for the passes, they are merchant passes enabling the possessor to sell goods in any town in the occupied Shield Lands. Warhawk will also give the party 800 gp of Shield Land gold, found on the bodies of the mercenaries, should the party accept his offer.

TIMETABLE:

This timetable is found in the journal given to the mercenaries by their mysterious benefactor. If you wish, you may prepare a separate handout to be given to the players. Do not supply them with further information, however, as they will have to determine some of the entries' meanings for themselves.

For the Players:

Waterday -- Arrive in Critwall, sell "foodstuffs".

Earthday -- Continue selling goods. At the end of the day, hide in ruined section. [A map later in the journal reveals where the mercenaries were to hide].

Freeday -- A group of agents will discover your whereabouts, bring you to a mock trial, and you will be set free.

For the DM:

Starday -- Mercenaries cross the Veng, tell story, then die.

Sunday --

Moonday -- Warhawk offers mission to Characters.

Godsday -- Heroes transported through the priest's mirror to the city of Herechel, 20 miles from Critwall.

Waterday -- This day the mercenaries were to enter city and start selling tainted foodstuffs.

Earthday -- Sell goods till afternoon, then hide in ruined section of city shown on map in Journal.

Freeday -- Be uncovered by organizers agents, led out of town to "mock" sentence of death.

NOTE:

Who is behind this elaborate scheme to discredit the leader of Critwall? The mage, Vayne, of course. Vayne can not stand the young upstart and finds out that his mercenaries have died just as the heroes are boarding the riverboat Scagbane. Content to watch for now as events unfold, the mage figures this turn of events might even be better than he had anticipated.

At this time, Vayne does not know of the party's true mission, to find the fountain, thinking instead that the party merely seeks wealth or freedom of loved ones. No

matter, rule over the Shield Lands is boring and he figures this might just be the ticket to show the Old One what a savior he really is.

The characters are to enter the town of Herechel on Godsdag, book passage on the Scagbane, which will take them across the water and 20 miles outside of Critwall, enter the city on Waterday and sell "switched" goods till mid afternoon, then find the location on the map to set up camp and search for the Temple. They are to have left the town Earthday afternoon and rendezvous with the war galley Pirates Bane (detailed in From the Ashes, page 86 from the Campaign book) on the coast before dawn on Freeday.

As Avaturis sets down the sequence of events, he also tells the heroes that the poisoned food has been switched with stuffs that will merely induce sleep for longer periods of time at nightfall, and that these goods are loaded on the Scagbane already.

"Any more information could be harmful to your contacts if you are captured and forced to talk," he says with a reassuring smile. "Of course," he continues, "should something go awry, we will do everything within reason to rescue you."

THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

The following morning, Avaturis once again summons you to his private chambers. When you arrive, he is seated at a large oaken desk, staring silently at his pet eagle. Your entry stirs his reverie.

"Oh, I see you're ready. Good." He stands, steps away from the desk and walks to the opposite side of the room. You turn to follow his steps, and he stops before the great mirror that had cast such strange images only the evening before. "As I told you yesterday," he continues, "I've been wholly unable to use this mirror for its intended primary purpose for months." He smiles to each of you in turn. "That is not, of course, to say that it is entirely useless." Warhawk reaches to touch the surface of the polished glass, and his hand passes through as if dipped in water. He looks again to your group, raising his eyebrows.

"It won't last long, you know. Pelor only grants me so much energy for such endeavors nowadays," he says with a sigh, "so you'd best hurry up."

Reluctantly, you each make your way to the mirror. Though each of you hesitates for a moment, the step through the mirror is painless and, in moments, you find yourselves in a vastly different location. The harsh stone walls of Warhawk's chambers have been replaced by thin beams of timber. To your left, a bed has been made with woolen

sheets. A small and plain wardrobe adorns one of the room's four corners. Directly in front of you, a small window overlooks a fine harbor. Clearly, you stand in an inn of some sort.

Looking through the window, you see a motley collection of ships, some of which seem to be damaged from battle. This is no river harbor. Off the coast, far in the distance, you can see the peaks of what could only be Scragholme Island. In a matter of seconds, your entire party has been transported several leagues southeast to Herechel! At the foot of the docks, you notice a startled man staring straight back at you. Judging by his reaction, he must have been watching your room. From his position in front of a brightly-painted riverboat, he beckons you to join him. The name "Scagbane" is painted clearly in green on the ship's bow.

For the DM: The man is **Eel** - AC:6 Ft 4; HP:29 THAC0:18 #Att :1 Dmg:1-6 (shortsword) Str:17 Wis:16 AL:LN Wealth:26 Gold Orbs, 14 Silver Nobles, and 10 Electrum Luckies.

Eel has been hired by Priests in Yellow Robes to transport the characters who appear in that window across the river. He was told no other information other than they had to leave as soon as he saw them. He was paid 50 Gold Orbs, most of it spent drinking at a tavern the night before. Because of this, Eel has a big headache and feels the less he knows about what he's doing the better. It's hot, and he wants to leave as soon as possible. The trip across the Veng to the coast of The Shield Lands is uneventful, except for below.

A VISIT FROM VAYNE

Hours after setting off, as you see the land get closer in front of you. Eel motions that this is your drop off point. He maneuvers Scagbane through the rocky cove, finally touching land near an overgrown willow tree. Your party disembarks with a wagon, the foodstuff supplies and two seasick mules. Eel wishes you the luck of Ralishaz, and prepares his ship for the return to Herechel.

As the riverboat sails away, Eel's form fades away in roiling fog. Turning inland, you see a flock of large Ravens perched on a dead tree some 40 feet away, staring directly at your mules. These creatures were often the messengers of the Hierarchs of the Horned Society, and, since that body's destruction, they have been seen as an ill omen indeed.

For the DM:

These birds are the result of the summoning spell Clawcloud, found in the module "Iuz the Evil". These giant birds were sent by Vayne only to watch and track the party.

They will leave at the first sign of their presence being noticed, and will not return any attack against them. Roll initiative and give the birds +2 if the party decides to make contact with the creatures.

ENCOUNTER TABLE FOR THE TREK TO CRITWALL: (Using a d6)

- 1 -- Giant Ravens seen overhead or at a distance.
- 2 -- Party comes upon a small village of working undead zombies protected by their living relatives. This nightmare scene is quite common in the lands of Iuz. Priests of the evil one will arrive at towns, demanding more crops or livestock than the village is producing, slay some peasants as an example, then reanimate them as mindless zombies to work night and day at their former tasks. Since some intelligence is needed for most tasks, whole villages cannot become undead camps. Still, this form of punishment is a mighty tool to subdue the living and unliving Shield-Landers.
- 3 -- You see a Patrol of 20 Orcs with 4 humanoid or human slaves in chains. Include in the patrol a 6th level Mage and two 7th level priests of Iuz. The party can remain undetected if they wish. If the DM wishes to add some spice to this encounter, mention the fact that the captives seem to be resisting their bonds and the patrol seems unaware and unprepared for any form of surprise. Set up the Orcs and spellcasters as you see fit statistic wise, using the above mentioned modules and supplements to add color to this encounter as you see fit. Remember, if the party attacks and is victorious, those humanoids who escape (if any) will not tell of their defeat, but the priests and mage might.
- 4 -- Same as three, but this time the patrol is coming toward the party to question and possibly steal some food. If food is given freely, the possibility exists for a trade off of food for slaves especially if the party is with Snake. (See encounter #6 below) The Patrol is having problems with the slaves and is considering just killing them and reanimating them rather than being slowed up.
- 5 -- Wandering Tanar'ri-Glabrezu. Assumes party is under the protection of the Old one (due to the ravens over Head) and just wants to settle for one of the mules as a quick snack. If attacked he will not use his gate ability to bring in other tanar'ri, rather he will reverse gravity and use power word stun (Usable 7 times a day) to disable then slay the characters. It is AC:-7 HD:10 HP:87 Mres:50% Sz:15' tall xp:44,000 THAC0:11 Sdef:+2 or better to hit Satt:Spell use #Att:5 Dam ATT:2-12(2)\1-3(2)\2-5
- 6 -- A merchant train heading to Critwall to trade. Party will not be approached by Tanar'ri if they join. This could be the

first meeting with the slave trader Snake, detailed later, without his guards.

ENTERING THE CITY:

Upon approaching the walled city (breached in 6 places) you see work crews of giants, ogres, and hobgoblins rebuilding the town with the help of dwarven overseers. All, you observe, under the watchful eye of heavily armed patrols of black-robed spellcasters. Nearing the gates, a heavily armed mounted escort checks your passes and leads you into the once great city. Inside the walls (or what's left of them) the scene is the same, construction crews constantly move from one area to another in well disciplined order to build a city from destroyed, caved-in and burned-out buildings.

For the DM:

The guard will lead the players to the marketplace shown in their journal. He will ask if they are new to trading at Critwall. If they say yes, he will tell them they can start peddling their goods in 2 hours, and that they may sleep in their wagon or the diseased ("eh ... I mean") unrepaired part of the city.

He will then tell them that the fee to trade is 20 gold orbs. (Note: if the party says they have been to the city before he will just wait with his hand out for the money. Any amount under 20 gp will be taken as an insult and could land the party in a work crew). Whatever they say, remember that their actions will dictate the result of this encounter.

Critwall Guard - AC:4 Lvl:War 5 Hp:34 Dm:1-8+2 longsword. Sdef:Call for help after 2 rounds (d6) 1-2= 3 charmed Stone Giants 3-4 = Patrol of 6 similar guardsmen 5 = 7th lvl priest of Iuz with 8 trolls 6= Unknown/Unseen assassin who throws dart that kills guardsmen instantly. This can ether be an agent of Wayne trying to keep the party from being detected, or a Critwall dwarf who is not charmed and is trying to aide the heroes in exchange for an escape from the city.

No matter the outcome, this encounter should give the party the feeling that they are under suspicion.

SETTING UP SHOP

As you set up your wagon to sell your goods, you realize the wagon next to you is that of a slave trader dealing in the sale of hale men. These men (there are six of them) are said to be strong as oxen and weak-willed as kittens. Other wagons in the marketplace sell standard items found in most large cities, but marked-up here a great deal.

For the DM:

These men, former bandits from Reyhu, are all charmed, of course. If their freedom could be bought and their charm broken, they would seek to escape back to Rift Canyon at the first chance they get.

The slavetrader is **Snake** - AC:4 M9 HP:24 AL:N
Spells: Charm Person (x3), Friends, Detect Magic, Deppockets, Forget, Invisibility, Suggestion, Fireball, Charm Monster and Leomund's Secure Shelter.

The party will find that they do brisk sales and in no time have sold all their foodstuffs to the deprived guards. If they inquire about the temple, most cityfolk just shrug or say "yer standing on it, ha ha." Some of the less vile residents of Critwall will reply that they're "not sure where it was," and make away from the party in haste. If the characters have been kind to Snake, he will offer them a place in his train of wagons leaving Earthday morn (he won't tell them all his guards were killed by the bandits now in chains in his wagon). Regardless of their reply, he says the offer is open if they wish.

THE KIDS OF CRITWALL

As Waterday comes to a close, all of the merchants start to head to the only standing building in the "unrepaired" part of the city. This place, as a passing cloth merchant tells you, is called the Snakepit. This area is Snake's little portable home and there, for 15 gold-orbs a night, one can sleep somewhat safe from the dangers of the rest of the city. Regardless of your decision, as the men start to lead their empty wagons to the pit, you see a shimmer of movement in the shadows to your right.

For the DM:

The "Pit" is Snake's Leomund's Secure Shelter spell put to good use, and the men have all used it before to get some much-needed rest.

The movement is Natt, an 8 year old human girl who is seeing if she can pick up anything the traders may accidentally leave behind.

If she is approached, she will freeze and try to hide in shadows as a 2nd lvl thief (30% chance). If the party moves toward her, she will think that they cannot see her and will remain still, her back up against a crumbling wall. Depending on a reaction check (add +15 for kind words, +20 for food offered) Natt will either listen to what the party has to say, or claim she is a mighty mage and will cast a "Big spell that really hurts" if the party doesn't stop where they

are. Whatever the result, Natt is very hungry and is curious about the party. Her movement is 12' and she has 3 hp.

If asked about the Temple, she knows it as the place where people in yellow robes worked. Natt's parents, now dead, used to go there for food and Natt used to sing on holidays there.

"Now," she says, "the giant Frog that sweats and stinks sleeps there. I don't go there much after it ate Badlukk." She looks around, clearly intimidated by your presence. "Anyway, Jorell says that I talk too much and only make a good snoop." That's why I'm on Snoop Patrol!" she announces proudly. Immediately thereafter, however, Natt closes her mouth, obviously believing that she has revealed a great secret to utter strangers.

With enough food as incentive, Natt will lead the party to Jorell, the leader of her band and her "Big Brother." She will not take them or show them the way to the Temple, since the "frog" will find out and eat her like it did the other child. Charming her will only further this fear and make the little girl break down in loud sobs (which could be heard by many unpleasant things).

ENCOUNTER WITH JORELL

As you follow the girl through the rubble of the shattered buildings to her home, she stops at an overturned tree stump and crawls underneath. "Wait here till I get the smelly clothes," she says. A moment later she appears with tattered black robes for everyone. Further inspection reveals an emblem of a smiling skull sewn into the fabric. These are clearly the vestments of priests of Iuz. "Here," she says smiling while holding her nose, "put these on and the smelly folk will leave you alone." With that, she moves quietly along.

For the DM: The robes will prevent encounters with the undead creatures in the ruins. Priests of good Powers might have some "tasks" to accomplish in atonement for this subterfuge. The children have found this posing to be the best way to proceed, and Natt will go on if someone is not wearing their robe but will add with a shake of her head that "you'll make them mad." Encounters without the robes will be (d6) 1 = Ghost; 2 = Four 6th lvl priests of Iuz looking for bodies to animate; 3 = Neo-otyugh; 4 = Four to six wild Trolls; 5 = Three drunk and lost Hill Giants; 6 = Looters (any race) looking through buildings.

THE LITTLE KNIGHT OF HOLY SHIELDING

As the rank stench of unburied (or unearthed) bodies and garbage that seems to be everywhere in the city

continues to assault your sense of smell, you follow the child to what looks like another overturned tree. Natt stops and looks back at your party as if maybe she shouldn't have brought you this far. Seeing your bulging packs and smelling your food, however, her stomach overrides her caution, making the decision for her.

"Oh, one more thing", she says raising a dirty finger to halt your group. "Make sure you tell the truth, 'cause," (putting her hands on her hips and lowering her voice in mimic) "Jorell don't like liars at ALL." Smiling, she turns to the stump and jumps feet first into the hidden hole underneath.

For The DM:

This is the entrance to a large pipe that leads to the underground hideout of the kids of Critwall. The pipe acts as a giant slide to the home of the 28 free children aged 5-14 left in the city. No players will be able to wear anything other than studded leather and make it down the hole. Any metal armor will either not allow access or get the character stuck trying to go through. This will become apparent to the party as soon as they see the opening. Armor can either be left outside the entrance (not a real good idea) or dropped or roped after the party descends, with their body not in it. Any good idea here should be considered by the DM.

If the party follows Natt, they will descend around 100 feet down and then be caught in the rope webbing of the net at the bottom. No damage will be sustained, and the party will look to see Natt and a bunch of dirty faces staring back at them. At this point Jorell appears, carrying a bastard sword of ancient design. Behind him stand a group of other boys and girls carrying crossbows of fine make.

When you arrive at the bottom of the slide, Natt leans and whispers to the stunned party, "I forgot about the questions, remember." With that, she puts her hands back on her hips and tightens her little face into a fierce scowl. A tall boy, who looks to be the oldest of the lot, steps forward.

"Greetings, my name is Jorell, and I am a Knight of Holy Shielding." At that, the other children giggle and point and whisper. Jorell turns and stares at each of the laughing children. They stand straight and become silent almost immediately. The boy turns to once again face the party.

"I ask that you tell me three things. What are your true names? Are you here to kill the evil one's troops? And, finally, do you fight on the side of the Knights of Good?" He looks at you expectantly.

For the DM:

Jorell happens to be wearing a Ring of Lie Detection and, if the party does not tell the truth, he will feel a dull throbbing on his finger. If he finds out that the party is good, he will free them from the elaborate webbing, but he tells the younger children to go play at the other end of the room. He remains with the party and keeps four of the young crossbowman at his side. If the party lies, he will ask them to listen to the questions again since his ring is telling him that they are not giving the right answers.

The actions of this boy give you the impression that he has been around nobility all his life. He offers water and a meager amount of food to the party and bows to any ladies or priests of good who are present.

"I am the son of Jerumm Torann, Knight of the Holy Shielding and garrison commander of Critwall." The boy, no more than 14 years-old, continues, "when our city was attacked, my father, fatally wounded, brought the children and myself to the Temple of the Sun where, before he died, he knighted me with his sword and made me their ward. I have often prayed to Mayaheine for a key to unlock our captivity and lead us back to the lands of good. Are you that Key?"

For the DM:

If the party agrees to take the children out of the city, and they are telling the truth (remember the ring), Jorell will answer the following questions. Yes, the Temple of the Sun is also called the temple of Pelor and he can take the party to it through an underground route he knows. However, he no longer allows his band to go to the fountain any more since the arrival of the "frog" that ate Badlukk. He has not seen the creature, but knows that Natt's story is true. He never found his father's body, and keeps his father's sword with him at all times.

The last words of the Knight before he left were "keep her with you, she will protect you when you need it most." (The sword is a +2 Sunsword, looks and acts as a bastard sword, but can be wielded as if it was a dagger. The sword is +4 against evil creatures. Versus Negative Material plane creatures, or those drawing power from that plane, the sword inflicts double damage. It also has the special 'sunray' power detailed later. Torann was a Paladin of Mayaheine, and Jorell can only believe the notion that his father died fighting the great fight. Jorell does not know the power of the sword or that his father was a paladin, only that he was a Knight, and all Knights pray).

Jorell will inform the party that General Rehmat himself was seen last night with a large force sweeping the sewers beneath the city, obviously in search of something. He has detailed information of all troop movements, city defenses, and secret passages of the city. The kids possess 2

rings of invisibility, 4 potions of healing, 4 potions of cure poison, boots of speed, and a ring of free action. These items have been gained by the use of the Fountain, for all the potions, and from the body of the "Flat Thief", for the rings and boots. Should the party ask about the Flat Thief, a small boy eavesdropping will chirp in that he found the items after the unlucky rogue met "Hammerhead," the evil giant guy. All items, along with various toys, rabbits feet, and other "lucky" babbles will be placed at the parties feet once it becomes clear that the characters will take them away from this awful nightmare. The DM may also have Jorell know any other useful information (true or rumor) that may pertain to the adventure or campaign (though his experience is necessarily limited to what goes on within the walls of Critwall).

Jorell Torann - AL:LG AC:5 Armor:Chain Mail Lvl:F2 (Upon adulthood, the possibility of Paladinhood will exist) HP:16 Mv:12 THAC0:20 (17 with sword+str) #Att:1 DamAtt:1-8+3(Str+Sword) or 1-12+3 vs Lg.

The last bit of information Jorell can give the party is the fact that he knows a little-used way into the High Priests of Pelor's quarters. There is also an underground temple storage area that the kids can wait in while the party explores the remains of the temple. If the group decides to leave the kids behind, Jorell warns that there might not be enough time. With the sewers being swept by Rehmat's men, the chance for a return to pick them back up and then leave may be out of the question. If they still insist to leave the children, the little Knight lowers his head and remarks: "We all must go our own ways then." With that, the party is on its own. But, if they take Jorell's offer to guide them, read the following.

A flurry of activity ensues as children of all ages rush to organize themselves for their break to freedom. You hear hardly a sound as traps, the covering of tracks, and the hiding of items not able to be taken is done in minutes. As Jorell signals using hand signs, the kids line up in two rows and wait for their leader to move. All eyes are on the skinny Knight of Holy Shielding as he looks to the party and motions the group forward. "Follow me to the fountain of life," he says, and the youngsters move as one.

For the DM:

The coming battle will be more than enough for most parties. However, if you feel that maybe the party should see a little more action, throw in a surprise encounter as the group makes its way to the temple through the underground route. The only part of the Temple not destroyed in the fight was the High Priest's chambers, located underground and next to a secret tunnel used by the kids. This information can be gained as the characters make their way to the church, or before, during preparation for the journey. Remember, Rehmat is leading a large force

searching the passages underground. Although the chance would be slim to run into them on the way to the high priest's quarters, you can almost be assured that the General will pick up the party's tracks and block any possible escape back to the children's' hideout.

THE MARCH TO FREEDOM

As you turn through a bend in the tunnel, the faint shouting of men echoing behind you tells your group that Rehmat's "sweeping," is well under way. Jorell points ahead to the place where the kids will wait and informs you that "the wall to the back of the priest's chambers is 20 feet around the curve ahead. There is a hole in the wall due to the explosions from Iuz's mages during the fight that rocked the temple and it's big enough for a man to get through." With this said, Jorell leads the other children to the storage area nearby and assigns the crossbow teenagers as guards. Standing with his sword tip in the ground in front, he watches as the heroes round the bend. The last noises the party hear from behind are the fading sounds of Natt's whimpering, as others try to ease her fear of the Frog, with quiet reassurance of the party's might.

For The DM:

Once the party reaches the hole and gets through the opening, they will find themselves in the bedroom of Critwall's former high priest of Pelor. On the far wall, they will see a mirror very much like the one in Avaturis Warhawk's chamber back in Furyondy. If the party searches the room and the one next to it, you may add items both beneficial and harmful as you see fit. The one item of note, of course, is the Fountain of Pelor:

The Fountain Of Pelor

The fountain is made of pure gold and does not radiate magic, though it does radiate good. Good creatures will see it as a beautiful golden fountain. Evil creatures will only see it as something commonly found in any setting, such as a candleholder or a big lantern. It is shaped like a gold basin with a 2 foot pole in its middle. Twisting around that pole is a golden slide leading into the basin. At the beginning of every day the fountain produces a full basin of healing potions. Enough for 6 doses. On Godsdays the result is different as the fountain produces a half basin of cure poison potions (3 doses). The fountain is worth 30,000 Gold Orbs, can be easily picked up, and is very well constructed -- seeming to be almost one piece. It will function in the possession of anyone...or thing.) As the party is checking out the room's contents, the other item of note, the mirror, starts

to shine with a brilliant radiance. Read the following if the party looks at the surface of the looking glass.

NATT'S NIGHTMARE

As you stare into the magical mirror, you see a figure walking toward you through its surface. First far away, the creature is now getting closer and looks like its is coming right at you. As its pace is less than a few feet away, the body of a humanoid with the head of a frog starts to make its way through the magical gateway. As the mirror glows a brilliant red, the surface seems to explode as the first webbed foot of the monster steps through.

For the DM:

Nat's "frog" turns out to be a Hezrou Tanar'ri. Contacting the lord of a plane of the Abyss, Vayne has made a pact which allows for the services of this True Tanar'ri during this time of the Dark Walk. The Dark Walk, as it is called by Tanar'ri and Sages alike, is the few times a century a Hezrou is given the ability to plane shift at will. During this time the Fiend will make some pacts with mortals on the Prime Material Plane (In this case Vayne), and extract a huge toll in return (all the bodies of the temple priests, in this case).

This Hezrou has seen no action at all and has taken to using the mirror to look through and roam the countryside, unnoticed by Iuz's priests in the city. In fact, it is returning from just such a foray when the party discovers it. If they use the opportunity, they can attack the Hezrou first before it is all the way through and thus ready to defend itself. Breaking the mirror, aside from ruining their best chance at getting home, will do little to stop the fiend. Instead, the Tanar'ri will merely Plane Shift to the undertemple, furious that his only outlet to the outside world has now been destroyed

Tanar'ri, True-Hezrou - AL:CE AC:-6 MV:12 HD:9 Hit Points:70 THAC0:11 #of Att:3 Dam Att:1-6/1-6/4-16 SpAtt: Bear Hug, Stench SpDef:+2 to Hit or better MR:70% Sz:L (9' tall) XP:39,000

Attack mode: After the party's chance to attack (if they attack as it is entering through the mirror they do so at +2 to hit against AC:-2 for the first round only) the Hezrou will use a Wall of Fire cast in front of itself and wait a moment to attack any characters overcome by its stench (Save Vs Paralyzation or fall to ground gagging and vomiting), those who do save attack at -2 to attack and initiative dice. After the wall of fire does its damage, the Fiend will try to hit with both claws and hug the nearest party member for 2-8 additional points of damage.

If things are going bad for it, the Tanar'ri will not hesitate to gate out and wait another day to hunt down the characters and kill them. After all, they have maybe 30 good years left. It is immortal and has settled many such scores in the past this way. On the other hand, if the party is going down "in flames," bring in the Little Knight for a surprise attack with his magical sword. Pelor will bless Jorell with an attack roll of +3 to hit and with him entering the fray swinging the now "shining" bastard sword, the fiend will lose initiative for a round. The Sunray power of the sword will come into play if the little knight enters the battle. This ability of the weapon is such that a brilliant yellow radiance will spring from Jorell, as he swings the blade overhead, and engulf and blind the fiend momentarily. Stranger things have happened on Oerth, and this is the stuff of legends.

NOTES:

Whatever the case, if the party is defeated they can spend the rest of their days as possible slave laborers, food for the enraged Tanar'ri, or worse -- reanimated as undead zombies -- and the story may end here. On the other hand, if the Fiend is gone, they now have a one way ticket home (searching the room will uncover notes, written in the hand of the former high priest, with the instructions and activation words for the mirror inside). One spellcaster (if the party has none one of the children is a first level mage) has but to concentrate on a place for the image to appear in the mirror and the magic to work so that all may step through with the mage or priest going last to "shut the door."

Also, if the party chooses to just leave with the kids instead, don't forget about Snake's offer to join his caravan, which leaves the following morning. A wagon load of children is a common sight leaving the town and besides, half of the guard will be sleeping anyway.

Vayne could also get into the act if the party gets into trouble or tries to leave by land. Letting the characters go would not only put them in his debt, but also give him the opportunity to make his "General" look a lot less capable to run a city if he cant even capture a rabble of children. As for the children, in Vayne's eyes they're better off gone anyway. Don't forget, all his spying will only reveal the Fountain as a minor trinket. He will think the real reason the characters are here is for a rescue operation.

With a little luck, the players can make it to the war galley "Pirates Bane" and sail back to Furyondy with more than anyone expected. As for Jorell, the church will most likely train him to follow in his father's shoes, and hold his sword in the mean time.

Suggestions for continuing play:

*The party encounters agents of General Rehmat while attempting to escape from the sewers.

*Snake, though his offer to the party is genuine, gets the children to pretend to be slaves in order to get them through the city gates. Some distance from Critwall, he announces his intentions to actually sell the children into slavery. To complicate matters, Snake has hired a number of new, mean-looking guards while the party was underground.

*Wayne wants to defect, and since the party owes him a favor, will only deal with them. In Admundfort, former capitol of the Shield Lands, the players must make their way to his keep to bring him and his "possessions" over to Furyondy.

*The party learns of the possibility that Jerumm Torann, father of Jorell, is still alive, maybe even sold just a few weeks ago, and must chase after Jorell as he crosses the Veng in search of his parent.

*If the players were intelligent enough to gather some of the Critwall priest's papers and return them to Warhawk (an action that should provide them with a healthy experience point bonus), the castle priest will inform them of some dire warning penned in the man's journal some days before his death. This could be the lead-in to any number of adventures in the area.

*While the Heroes are at Castle Hart resting, the Keep is attacked by a force of Rehmat's bent on redemption in Iuz's eyes. A short battle ensues as the "Defenders of the Hart", along with the characters and kids, face off against Iuz's General of Critwall.

Just remember, this story, like the World of Greyhawk itself, does not have to end here.

THE LORTMIL MOUNTAINS

by Sobhrach

The Lortmils, although a lesser range than the Crystal Peaks and the Griffs, are still an impressive range. Absent are the widespread volcanoes of the Hellfurnaces and the massive glaciers of the Griffs, for the Lortmils are much older than any of these ranges. Her peaks are weathered with age, and few are those that remain snow-covered throughout the summer heat of the lowlands.

Some would say that with age comes wisdom, and if so, the Lortmil range is the proud matron of the Flanaess, watching carefully over her many progeny. Indeed, there are more than a few secrets kept close within her canyons and plateaus, and older tales than those of the Suel speak of the wonders - and the terrors - of the Lortmils.

The dwarven loremasters believe that the Lortmils are beloved of Berronar, and that she guided the earliest clans to build their forges within the peaks. However, the rock gnomes of the Kron Hills speak of the first manifestation of Ulaa on Oerth as being within one of the earliest and deepest mines within the mountains. The gnomes cling to their belief that Ulaa is the protective force of the peaks. The gnomes point to the fact that when the dwarves arrived, they found large tribes of orcs and hobgoblins already present within the peaks and that Ulaa sent aid to the demi-humans during those long-ago battles. They also point out that the lesser Power Bleredd, husband of Ulaa, was originally a Flan miner within these same mountains when Haradaragh still stood. The orcish shamen, however, claim the peaks as part of those given to Gruumsh after being 'tricked' out of his rightful share. The later arrival of the dwarves in this orcish homeland was clearly a test sent by the One-Eyed. Even though the vast majority of humanoids have of late been driven out of the Lortmils into the Pomarj, the shamen still urge the re-conquest of the sacred lands.

The Lortmils are clearly receiving more than a usual share of attention by some magical Power, although its exact source remains unknown. Portents and omens are more common to the faithful than within other lands. Although the dwarves and gnomes are now the beneficiaries of this increased attention, the shamen of the Pomarj remember the tales of the increased power of their ancestors when Gruumsh's Eye fell upon them.

TOPOGRAPHY

The Lortmils do not contain any known active volcanoes, although there are signs of past volcanic activity, as well as several sources of subterranean heat within the depths of the mountains. To a casual observer, the entire

chain seems to have arisen through the slow, patient forces of nature, rather than the sudden and cataclysmic forms such as those found in the Hellfurnaces, for instance. However, appearances can be deceptive, and the range guards her secrets well. A handful of the more majestic peaks are in fact dormant volcanoes which have not erupted in living memory. Large deposits of ash are noticeably missing, and the ancient lava flows are long eroded into soils. When the gnomish scholar Gerdan Hillnamer of the Kron Hills explored the region in CY 223-241, he was led to believe that the entire range was 'a region of quiet stone', with no signs of activity.

The volcanic evidence that eluded Gerdan's pick was in fact deep underground. As the dwarves have long known, the rock here is mostly metamorphic rock such as granite; stable and well-suited for mining. The exceptions are the veins of igneous rocks which are literally sparkling with crystals of various nature, from semi-precious to extremely valuable. The absence of sudden, massive volcanic activity has had several direct and beneficial impacts on the Lortmils. First, the number of oerthquakes recorded over the centuries can still be numbered on one's hand, and those few have been only minor tremors. Second, the crystals found within the rock matrix deep below the surface are unusually large - a sign that the rock was never exposed to rapid cooling as would be present on the surface.

Obsidian deposits, for instance, have not yet been discovered by any mining operation. This has made mining for gemstones extremely rewarding, as the gems found here are larger than those found in most other mines. Lastly, the veins of precious ores found within the mountains are deep, wide and of high quality, rather than being mixed in with less valuable ore. This eases the task of refining and smelting once the raw ore has been excavated. It is small wonder that the dwarves consider this as their rightful lands, given the mineral wealth to be gained. Gold, silver, electrum, copper and precious gems are all in abundance - even after centuries of steady mining. When the first dwarven miners discovered the wealth awaiting underground, they were convinced that this land was meant to be theirs forever.

The Lortmils contain several peaks of significant size, although these are the exception and are rare enough to have been named by the early Flan inhabitants. Most of the higher peaks are within the northwestern end of the chain. Among these peaks are Abharclamh (elev. 13,200) located near the descent of the mountains into the Lorridges (hex A599), Treunsgian (elev. 11,400) located along the southern borders of Veluna (hex A698) and Leistaugh (elev. 10,600) also in hex A599. Several other peaks within the Celene highlands reach above 7,000 feet, but those are exceptions as the Lortmils descend into Ulek.

The Lorridges, adjacent to the highest peaks of the Lortmils, are a mixture between the harder granites of the

mountains and softer sandstones and limestone. This combination has encouraged erosion of the softer rock, leaving starkly carved canyons and ridges (much like the Badlands of the American Dakotas). The gold and silver ores here are more dispersed than those in the Lortmils, and the rock more treacherous underground. Still, the patience and skill of master dwarven and gnomish miners has eked out a living for the few clans here. Without the greater wealth and resources of the highlands, however, the clans are forced to offer more favorable trading terms to their neighbors.

The Kron Hills, blending between the Lortmils and the Welkwood and Gnarley Forests, do not have the great abundance of precious metals as do their dwarven neighbors, but are still possessed of considerable deposits of silver and electrum, gemstones and mundane ores such as iron and tin, as well as rock quarries that supply high-quality granite and marble. The hills here are older than those of the Lorridges, and more worn and rounded with age.

Several passes have been charted through the lower portions of the peaks. Among these are the Trail of Tears (so named for the terrible losses suffered during a battle to clear the pass during the Hateful Wars) leading between southern Veluna and the Duchy of Ulek; the Silver Path leading from the hills above Tringlee to the western branch of the Jewel River in Celene; and the Hidden Road, winding between Enstad and the central foothills of the County. Of these the Trail of Tears sees the most traffic, as Celene has closed its borders to all 'outsiders' and does not allow passage along either of the latter two trails. The Hidden Road is so named because for much of its length it is beneath overhanging ledges and even travels in underground grottoes for a short portion. The path appears to be magical in nature, as those who have dared it also claim that the name refers to the fact that the road appears to vanish into, and emerge from, solid rock faces, but these tales are unsubstantiated. The Trail of Tears was notably used during the Greyhawk Wars when the armies of Keoland and volunteers from the Ulek states finally marched north through the mountains to aid Furyondy.

FLORA AND FAUNA

The Lortmils run roughly northwest, from the Lorridges bordering Veluna and Bissel, to the foothills of the Principality of Ulek on the shores of the Azure Sea. The diagonal central ridge divides the ecology of the chain into three parts; the northeastern slopes (which include the southern lands of Veluna, the Kron Hills and the lands of Verbobonc and the upland borders of Celene), the peaks and plateaus of the central ridge itself, and the southwestern slopes (which contain the uplands of Bissel, the Gran March and the Ulek states). They cover an area of some 60,000 square miles, plus that of the surrounding foothills

The northeastern slopes are the most heavily wooded, with cool, mist-bound forests of roanwoods in the Celene highlands giving way to poplars and then firs at higher elevations. These roanwood stands are nearly devoid of undergrowth, as the taller hardwoods have shaded out lesser trees. The size of the trees also dictates that the woods are easily traveled, as the trees themselves are well spaced, with their lower branches some 30-50 feet in the air. As the foothills clear and flatten into the lands of Veluna, the foothills become drier and more sparsely covered, with isolated copses of pines in protected valleys.

The central spine is fairly barren of plant life, although areas protected from the winds and northern exposure will have small copses of birch and fir. The temperature here rarely reaches above 70 degrees Fahrenheit, even in the hottest of summers, given the effects of altitude and increased winds. On a winter's night, death by exposure to the sub-freezing temperatures is a legitimate threat to the unprepared traveler.

The southwestern portions of the range, blessed with greater warmth, light and the tropical moisture brought by storms from the Azure Sea, host a denser woodland than those of the cooler northeastern slopes. Large stands of maples, beech and yew cover the lowland slopes, giving way to scrub pines before thinning out at higher altitudes. Tangled underbrush, encouraged by the favorable conditions, makes direct travel through the woodlands more difficult, and restricts vision. During the later weeks of Harvester, the slopes are ablaze with the colors of the season. Well-established trails are the most favored route when climbing these slopes and travelers are well-advised to keep to them.

PEOPLES OF THE LORTMILS

The Flan

The Flan peoples, who had settled in the lands just west of the Hellfurnaces in what is now the Sea of Dust, eventually fled their homelands to escape the persecution and threats of their warlike neighbors, the Suel. Traveling under the protection of their patron Powers Beory, Pelor and Rao, they crossed the Hellfurnaces en masse in SD 3,250 (2,265 years before the crowning of the Overking in Rauxes) and entered the lands of eastern Oerik. These were the first humans to enter this part of the continent, and they made contact with several demi-human lands, particularly those of Celene. The demi-humans were wary of the humans, as memories of the betrayal by the Suel were still fresh. The Flan were not allowed to enter the demi-human lands of what is now present day Celene, and instead were restricted to the areas that would later be known as Geoff, Sterich, and parts

of Keoland and the Gran March. One tribe continued its travels and entered the Lortmils after a vision received by an elder priestess of Beory showing a new Flan capital in the higher peaks. This was the city of Haradaragh, founded in SD 3,365, the first great Flan city of the Oerik. With its founding, the Flan became more than a nomadic people and marked the occasion by starting their own calendar, abandoning that of the hated Suel.

Other Flan tribes continued on and founded other lands, such as the Kingdom of Sulm, as well as notables such as the wizard Galep-Dreidel who built Inverness nearly two centuries later, but those are for another tale.

The Flan of Haradaragh found that their presence in the Lortmils was left unchallenged by the elves for a simple reason -- the existence of the orcs and goblins of the central peaks. The humans had nearly a century of relative peace in which to build their great capital. During this time, the human miner Bleredd led several explorations of the deep caverns below the mines, and on one such occasion, was ambushed by a goblin scouting party. Separated from his companions, and facing a howling band of goblins, he prepared for his death at their spears. He was amazed to discover that he was no longer fighting alone; a strong faced matron battled at his side with her hammer, slaying the goblins as easily as the most skilled warrior. When the battle was over, Bleredd turned to thank his rescuer and found he was alone again. He there swore an oath that he would find her and repay his debt, unto his dying days if need be. Long and far he traveled, and terrible were the hardships he endured to follow his oath -- all of which have been expounded upon elsewhere.

Although no written descriptions of the city of Haradaragh have survived, there are cryptic fragments of songs still sung among those of Geoff, Sterich and the County of Ulek who count themselves of Flan descent. These tell of the spectacular visions of sunrise in the high plateaus of the mountains, the great wide boulevards and plazas of the city, the many-stepped pyramids devoted to the Sun-God, the agricultural terraces of the slopes, the labyrinthine walls protecting the city, and the tremendous wealth brought from the mines below. The more tragic lyrics sing of the last days of the city, when the mines boiled forth with rampaging humanoids who slaughtered all who would stand against them.

The humanoids had known of the presence of the humans within a few decades of the Flannae arrival, but the goblin shamen urged the tribes to wait until the portents were favorable. The goblins and allied orcs patiently waited for the humans to drive tunnels deeper into caverns that the goblins had already reached via other passages. Present-day goblin shamen recall only small fragments of the victorious battle chant, but it speaks of the spear of Maglubiyet waiting

in the darkness for the humans. Whether this was an appearance of the avatar, or an epic exaggeration by the shamen, is unknown.

Although the songs are quite descriptive of the birth and death of the city, they leave out any clear description of its exact location, other than that it must have been among the highest peaks of the range. The mountain dwarves who have roamed the peaks in the centuries since have found no ruins of any such city, and have tunneled for miles without encountering other mining tunnels -- active or abandoned. With the destruction of their great city, the few survivors fled into the lowlands, and reverted back to a more simple, nomadic life. The leaders that later emerged among them forswore any return to the cursed mountains, or any attempt to build great cities again, citing the wrath of the gods.

When the waves of Oeridian and Suel refugees arrived in the Sheldomar valley region some 1,500 years later, the descendants of the Lortmil Flannae were completely absent of any signs that they had the skill, knowledge and daring to have built a city on the very peaks of the mountains.

The Dwarves

The dwarves of the Lortmils, although currently masters of that range, originally held only a small portion of the peak under their control, and were confined to the lower elevations now claimed by the Principality of Ulek. The stronghold of Balnorhak was the primary settlement of those mountain dwarves native to the Lortmils. Their primary enemies were the orcs of the eastern Lortmils and the bands of trolls and hill giants that threatened the lower elevations.

Although the priests honored all the non-evil Powers of the dwarves with traditional respect, the worship of Berronar was practiced on a wider, and more active, scale than would be considered normal. Given the dwarves' deadly struggle with their enemies, the worship of Moradin and Clangeddin would seem more likely for increased attention. Indeed, Balnorhak crafts-priests devoted to Moradin constructed the fabled "Anvil of the Lortmil Mountains" to aid them in their battles. The priestesses of Berronar would only say that they felt 'closer' to their patron here.

The majority of the massive strongholds of the mountain dwarves, now home to princes of tremendous wealth and influence, were built shortly after the Invoked Devastation, when the dwarven citadels in the Hellfurnaces were cast down by the Suel and the Axe of the Dwarven Lords vanished from dwarven knowledge. Although most of the clans chose to stay near their homelands by founding new forgehalls in the Good Hills, a few clans chose to follow a

vision received by a dwarven priestess of Berronar, which showed shining veins of gold below and a secure hearth above. The first advance parties of these emigrant clans entered the foothills in the winter of SD 5,315 (some 200 years before the crowning in Rauxes) and within 10 years had built the first great hall in the Lortmils, Gilmorack (beneath a neighboring mountain of Abharclamh). The next several decades were spent defending the foothold against the onslaught of the goblinoid hordes. However, unlike the Flan, the dwarven leaders were much more careful in their mining operations, and thwarted the humanoids' traps on numerous occasions. Within a century, a rough stalemate had emerged, with a fiercely contested no-man's land between those claimed by the descendants of Durin and the followers of Gruumsh and Maglubiyet. The great battles in the deep passages are re-chanted with honor by the current residents of that hall, describing the wave assaults of the goblins and the staunch defense of the dwarves.

The turning point in the struggles of both citadels came when scouting parties from one encountered those from the other; a common strategy put the humanoids on the defensive, caught between the two strongholds - as a dwarven historian put it, "between the hammer and the anvil". Within a century of this meeting, the humanoids were reduced ambush and raiding parties, rather than massive assaults. These guerrilla tactics by the humanoids continued until the Hateful Wars finally drove the humanoids from their subterranean caverns.

Once the immediate problem of the humanoid assaults had at least been diluted, the newcomer dwarves began to expand through the northwestern Lortmils, building citadels and mining the tremendous wealth. Their leaders turned an indifferent eye to much of the affairs of humankind for centuries to come, and expected the humans to return the favor. When Keoland attempted to attack Furyondy by sending troops through the Trail of Tears during the Small War, the dwarves refused to allow them through, blocking the pass with landslides. Notable exceptions to this policy were the participation in the Hateful War and the Battle of Emridy Meadows (CY 569). It is rumored among some human courts, though, that the dwarves only agreed to send troops to the latter after certain trading concessions were granted by the rulers in Verbobonc and Dyvers. During the Greyhawk Wars, the Keoish army finally was allowed to move through the pass - which showed no signs of the previous blockage - although they were given a detachment of scouts from Gilmorack as 'guides'.

Esmerin

This hidden land has been detailed by other scholars (Greyhawk Adventures) as being founded before the Suel - Bakluni wars. Like the citadel of Balnorhak, the valley

of Esmerin is also located in the southeastern peaks of the Lortmils and is aware of the stronghold's location, although the reverse can not be said for sure. It is also likely that the elves of Celene are aware of the valley's existence, although perhaps not its exact location. Whether any tallfellow ambassador from the valley has appeared at the court of Her Fey Majesty is also unknown. It is certain that the stone giants are content to live in this valley, rather than deal with their suspicious dwarven neighbors.

This land cannot long stay hidden, as the rumors of the jeweled casket found near Courwood are encouraging adventurers of good heart, as well as those of blacker intent, to seek the riches of the valley. The officials of Courwood are subtly discouraging such plans for unknown reasons.

The Gnomes

The gnomes are the most recent newcomers to the Lortmils, arriving only well after the dwarves had defeated the massive humanoid assaults. The mountain dwarves react coolly to the gnomes, citing the lack of gnomish involvement in the early struggles with the humanoids. The gnomes are concentrated in the lower peaks near the Kron Hills, the Lorridges and the uplands of the County, and have not constructed any settlements within the deep mountains.

The Aarakocra

This avian race claims the highest peaks as its own, sharing them only with the giant eagles. They do not concern themselves with the affairs of the dwarves or the humanoids, although the birdpeople have been here since before the elves were among the trees of Celene. They remain vigilant in their observations of the mountains, but keep their own counsel. When Haradaragh fell, more than a few of the tribal elders were relieved that the humans were gone.

The Hateful Wars (CY 498 - 510)

This war was aptly named, as it was nothing less than an attempt to exterminate the humanoids of the Lortmils, once and forever. As such, it was a failure, as it only resulted in the humanoids escaping and re-grouping in the Pomarj. Each of the lands around the Lortmils claims the leadership role during the war, and each graciously acknowledges the limited role played by the others. Truth be told, no one race or land held the predominant role. Although the dwarves in their citadels had planned this war of extinction since the first stone of the first stronghold was cut and placed, they did not have the force of numbers to drive out the humanoids, even with the assistance of the gnomes. Realizing this, they turned to the humans of the

lowlands, breaking their long isolation. Even the elves of Celene were contacted, although the meetings were frosty and often in danger of falling apart due to racial tensions.

The dwarves were confident of an easy victory - they had spent patient centuries mapping passages in the deeper mines, and were the most familiar with the locations of the goblinoid citadels.

However, when fighting finally began in 498, the dwarves found that their maps constantly led them into traps and ambushes. There are also rumors that during the years of battles, magical forces of unknown origin constantly deflected or distracted those of the elves. Humanoid warbands would appear as if out of thin air to strike unlikely targets in the lower elevations, and vanish before a retaliatory force arrived. Elven and human wizards attempting to scry the plans of their opponents found they were blocked, or worse, that a false vision would be gained. It was clear that the humanoids had magical assistance far surpassing the ability of their shamen and witch-doctors.

Elven chroniclers hypothesize that one of the elder liches of Oerth, such as Lerrek of the Vesve, could have lent assistance to the cause of the humanoids. They discount any possibility of the participation of a goblinoid avatar, as their own Powers would have alerted them of the danger. They also doubt that it was simply a mortal mage, for the sheer intricacy and skill of the defenses encountered.

After years of futile effort, the magical onslaughts of the elves finally broke through whatever magical defense had shielded the humanoids, and the rout was on. Citadel after citadel was left populated only by dead goblinoid warriors. The shamen, realizing their imminent defeat, urged a massive break-out attempt to escape the encircling circle of death. Some tribes, as noted by others, attempted to flee into the Yatils and were caught and destroyed. The vast majority of the tribes raced through the tunnels of the southeastern Lortmils, towards the Pomarj. A diversionary force was sent to besiege the city of Jurnre in 506 in hopes that any pursuit would be thrown off of the main body. The tactic worked - enough of the Ulek forces abandoned their positions in the foothills to defend the city that the humanoid army was able to sweep through without serious resistance and overrun the Pomarj.

The final chapter has yet to be written on this subject; even now, the latest war leader, Turrosh Mak, has once more forged the tribes into a united force, and the humanoids again have magical support. Items such as the Goblin Shield of the Pomarj are beyond the power of the shamen to construct, yet this is only a sample of the new power flowing into the hands of the humanoids.

Adventuring in the Lortmils

Several possible themes are available in the Lortmils. The most enticing to those seeking rewards of gold and gems would be to find the lost city of Haradaragh, and see what treasure, if any, still remains within its shattered palaces. Scholars of several surrounding lands and priesthoods could be interested in sponsoring the expedition - so much so, that rivalries could develop between various expeditions.

The valley of Esmerin, aware that its secret may have been lost, is debating the value continuing its subterfuge. The more radical amongst its population hold that wealth from the mines could be used to bribe the leaders of Courwood to take a more active role in preventing expeditions into the mountains.

Although the humanoid threat was largely removed during the Hateful Wars, the humanoids still have the knowledge of the deep routes into the range. Turrosh Mak may consider sending a warband into the Lortmils as an advance scouting party to a full-scale assault upon the peaks.

HOW CAN I GET STUFF IN HERE?

The Council of Greyhawk accepts freelance submissions from anyone interested. If you have something you wish to submit, or would like to discuss an idea for an article, send e-mail to "Iquander@aol.com". All submissions are reviewed by a small editorial board and checked for clarity, grammar and consistency. We will work with all submissions, but reserve the right to reject a piece if it does not conform to the aforementioned standards. We are always interested in in-depth examinations of the nations of the Flanaess and their history, as well as adventures, NPC outlines, artifact and magical item descriptions, and just about anything else related to Greyhawk.

WHAT IS THE COUNCIL OF GREYHAWK?

The Council is a loosely organized group of Greyhawk enthusiasts who currently meet and operate primarily on America Online. Regular meetings are open to all interested, though the actual "staff" of the magazine consists of those who have contributed to the Oerth Journal within the last three issues. Check the World of Greyhawk folder in the TSR Worlds area of TSR Online on AOL for meeting times and details.

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