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The  
**Lendore Isle  
Companion**

**Rulings, Suggestions, Information and Calendar,  
Including a Suggested Party with their Introduction**

**by Lenard Lakofka**

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Including a Suggested Party with their Introduction**

**Lenard Lakofka**

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# The Lendore Isle Companion

## CHARACTER RULINGS

### Training

The rules for training are as follows:

1. The teacher must be one full level above the pupil. Subtract the student's current experience points from the teacher's. The teacher can impart 5% of the difference in a day of training. He can bring the student up to the point where the student has the minimum number of points to be the new level. This means that to be capable of being trained, the pupil must reach a benchmark in pure experience. That benchmark is 50% of the points required. Of course he has to pay the teacher at a rate of 1 GP for each XP! Here is where the treasure goes: It is used to pay for training. Of course the pupil can exceed the training minimum or even gain the level by points alone. A student who gains a level by points alone gains additional hit points, saving throws and spell capacity (if a spell-caster of course) but not the skills specific to the class like weapon proficiency bonuses, knowledge of a new spell level, bonuses that come from going from one specific level to another one (as with a druid or ranger for example). A token payment must be given to the teacher for this specific knowledge, and the DM can set a price based on how much knowledge is involved. Example: the character wants to learn a new language. That would take three to six months of rigorous training but learning a new weapon slot might only take a week.

The math works like this: Gilfoil wants to become a 2<sup>nd</sup> level fighter. That requires 2,001 XP. For adventuring he gains 1,145 XP. His teacher, already 2<sup>nd</sup> level, has 2,840 XP. Gilfoil needs to gain 2,001 - 1,145 XP = 856 XP. The teacher differential is 2,840 - 1,145 = 1,695 XP. The teacher can impart 5% of that difference per day of training. That is 1,695 \* 5% = 83 XP per day. 856/83 = 11 days!

2. A teacher that is two or more levels higher can impart 10% per day.

The new example for Gilfoil is as follows: This teacher, already 3<sup>rd</sup> level, has 5,340 XP. 5,340 - 1,145 = 4,195 and 10% of that 419 XP per day, a huge difference. It takes the 3<sup>rd</sup> level teacher only two days. But remember that special abilities take extra time and the teacher wants some money for that, too.

3. Goods and services can be used instead of actual gold pieces of course. So that extra

**+1 dagger +1** worth 1,500 GP that no one is using comes in real handy!

4. Training is never less than one full day.

5. People in the party should not train other people in the party so that the money stays in the party. I don't care if you don't like that rule. It goes with the concept. Otherwise treasure daisy chains itself from the low level party members to high level party members who can then use it for their own training. Think of it as you trying to teach your daughter to drive a car: You both will likely be crazy after the first hour. The DM might allow inter party training if the payment goes to buy something else like a castle, hiring a henchman or something like that. Strictly speaking a higher-level party member could teach a lower level one, but the money should really leave the group. If, as DM, you allow inter party training then be sure the time requirements are used and reduce the next treasure a bit. The goal of this method is to make the 'money' mean something.

### Weapon Specialization

Proficient fighters may use one weapon proficiency slot to gain a 10% chance per level of gaining a 2<sup>nd</sup> blow in any melee round. This rule replaces the blows per round rule given in the Fighter, Paladins & Rangers Attacks Per Melee Round Table (PLAYERS HANDBOOK, page 25). Pre-UNEARTHED ARCANA AD&D does not use weapon specialization.

For the pupil to be taught this 10% chance per level of gaining an extra blow the teacher must have that same ability with the same specific weapon. The 10% chance does apply to 1<sup>st</sup> level characters. Example: Gilfoil the fighter is already proficient with the long sword. He trains for 2<sup>nd</sup> level. His trainer, who must be a least a full level higher (and preferably two or more levels higher) has given up a proficiency slot and learned to have a 20% chance for a second blow with a long sword. He can teach this to Gilfoil. At the end of the training period Gilfoil, who is now 2<sup>nd</sup> level, has a 20% chance to get a second blow with his long sword.

If Gilfoil goes to 3<sup>rd</sup> level with a teacher who does not know the long sword then the DM could rule that he stays at 20%. That might be too complex but the onus would lay with the player on a round by round basis. Once the character is taught I let the 10% per level stick with him. Too much bookkeeping is just not the stuff of Heroic Fantasy, but don't quote me.

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## Extra Blows Per Round For Non-Fighters

Since any form of weapon specialization unbalances the melee structure, it is important to let most everyone else benefit, too! If, as DM, you incorporate *weapon specialization* as given above then there should be a chance for the other classes and monsters to get an extra blow in melee round as well.

**Clerics:** They can be taught by a higher-level fighter (2 levels above themselves) who is specialized or a higher-level cleric (3 levels above themselves) who is specialized in a hand-to-hand weapon. My inclination is to allow quarter staff, mace and hammer (including hammer thrown) only. No one specializes with a club, and morning stars and flails are too unwieldy. The chance for a second blow in a melee round is 5% for every other level.

**Thieves:** They can be taught by a higher-level fighter or thief (2 levels higher) who is specialized in a specific sword type or a dagger (including dagger thrown). For every 3 thief levels, they get a 7% chance for a second blow. (I just like 7%, don't ask.)

**Magic-users:** No extra blows.

**Monsters with natural physical attacks:** Monsters using natural weapons (claw, bite, horn, etc.) get a 5% chance per *hit die* for one more attack with the most used attack form (claw before bite). This does not apply to slow monsters or undead in any case. Monsters who already have multiple blows with the same attack form do not benefit. I would begin this bonus with 2HD monsters and above. The maximum bonus is 50%.

**Monsters who use weapons:** Monsters using manufactured weapons (orcs, kobolds, bugbears) get a 5% chance per *hit die*, but only for monsters with 2 or more hit dice. So ordinary orcs don't get it but a 2HD+ special orc might. The maximum bonus is 50%. Yes this does apply to giants!

I would not include undead or monsters from other planes of existence in either case! Breath weapons and magical attacks are never involved.

## Alignment Notes

A character's alignment follows the format NC for Neutral Chaotic, CN for Chaotic Neutral and Nc for Neutral with Chaotic tendencies. The role play of a CN character could be more dramatic than one who was Nc. The situation dictates the actions.

**Chaos:** Just because someone is chaotic at any level merely means that he thinks of himself first not himself exclusively. A chaotic person might be more likely to save himself than rescue a stranger, but it does not imply cowardice or a lack of compassion. A chaotic person may most certainly be devoted to someone or to a cause or belief. Chaos does imply impetuosity but not stupidity. Chaotic people are very free-willed and tend to be independent.

**Law:** Lawful people can do something out of the blue but it is unlikely. They consider facts and weigh them. They seek order and structure but can be stubborn about a conviction. They might obey a law at the cost of someone's freedom and can be very straight-laced. A good lawful can be taciturn or passionate. Lawful people can look the other way if there is a need.

## Clerics of Phyton

Clerics of Phyton have the following characteristics and abilities. Note that this is not meant to be all-inclusive:

**Weapons allowed:** Scimitar (favored), darts, hammer, hand axe, mace, flail, quarter staff, cudgel, dagger.

**Armor allowed:** Leather and wooden shield (favored), chain and metal shield. Only if required to save the cleric's life: Studded leather, splint, scale and plate.

**Minimum Statistics:** S: 10; W: 13; CH: 15

Clerics may select some spells from the druid spell list of 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> level spells (see below).

**Bonus spells during autumn only (Patchwall and Ready'reat as well as all festivals):**

7<sup>th</sup> level: **warp wood** 3 times per day

10<sup>th</sup> level: **tree** 3 times per day

12<sup>th</sup> level: **plant door** 3 times per day

**Bonus spells allowed at all times of the year:**

5<sup>th</sup> level: **predict weather** but only in the hour after dawn

7<sup>th</sup> level: **slow animal** and **plant poisons** once per day .

9<sup>th</sup> level: **call lightning** once per day

Good clergy of Phyton have no power over the undead but by standing motionless they can become undetectable to the undead that only sense life force as their method of detecting a living being (skeletons, zombies, shadows and wraiths). Seeing undead do not think them a threat and may bypass them if there is a clear path to do so if the

undead fails a saving throw versus spells based on its hit dice (ghouls, ghosts, wights, mummies and vampires). This undead benefit is canceled by any action of the cleric including casting a spell. If the only path beyond the cleric lies through the place the cleric is standing, then contact may occur but the undead is treated as if surprised for one to four segments.

Good clergy of Phyton as well as his druids may speak with small birds and mammals (2+1 HD or less). Range is 20 feet per level of the cleric/druid. This ability does not apply to running or flying beasts, nor ones in melee or in danger.

The mammal or bird does not have to reply or follow any instructions. But the mammal or bird may choose to respond and may also choose to fulfill a request of the cleric or druid (mammal/bird is entitled to a saving throw). If it chooses to fulfill a request that does not bring harm to itself, it must complete the task if at all possible (duration one day). If multiple birds or mammal types are present the cleric or druid may speak to only one type at a time. He may speak to a small group (one for each level of experience) simultaneously.

Phyton's clergy are Chaotic Good (45%), Good Neutral (15%) or pure Neutral (druids; 40%). They cannot turn undead, **raise dead**, or cast **resurrection**, **regeneration** or **restoration**, although 12<sup>th</sup> level druids can cast **reincarnation**. No prayers of Necromancy except **cure light wounds** are allowed, nor those involving healing or fire, though **resist fire** and **protection from fire** are allowed.

Any prayer involving wood or plants including **neutralize poison** (from plants) has a 25% longer range and duration.

Clerics of Phyton may choose to select from the following druid spells: **detect snares and pits**, **entangle**, **pass without trace**, **shillelagh**; **barkskin**, **locate plants**, **trip**, **warp wood**; **snare**, **tree**; **hallucinatory forest**, **hold plant**, **plant door**, **speak with plants**; **anti-plant shell**, **pass plant**; **transport via plants**, **turn wood**, and **wall of thorns**.

Druids of Phyton may cast the following cleric spells: **resist cold**, **sanctuary**; **spiritual hammer**; **sticks to snakes and stone tell**.

Phyton's Holy Symbol is cudgel made of oak but it is often represented in a pin or medallion made of oak, silver or gold. During ceremonies each member of clergy carries an oak cudgel.

Phyton's clergy dress in brown or green gowns, robes and cloaks. They may add orange, red and yellow decoration to these garments in Autumn and on Phyton's Holy Days (the Sunday during any

Festival). Higher-level clergy wear those color robes in Autumn during ceremonies (yellow 7<sup>th</sup> to 9<sup>th</sup> level, orange 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> level and red 12<sup>th</sup> level and above). For travel, shades of brown, green and grey are acceptable. Red, orange and yellow scarves can be worn when performing burials, weddings and coming of age ceremonies. Phyton's clergy avoid white, grey, purple or any shade of blue as colors for their robes or clothing. A piece of jewelry depicting a sprite or pixie is sought after and treasured.

Phyton's clergy conducts most of their services outdoors or in open-air temples. A clearing in a small wood, copse or forest surrounded by mature trees is the most desirable location. A circle of large stones of near equal size often decorates the clearing. The number of stones in the circle is always 5, 7, 9 or 11.

Phyton's clergy who have intelligence scores of 11 or higher may gain the Ranger ability of outdoor tracking. This is done when the cleric or druid has become 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> or 7<sup>th</sup> level. During those three levels he may invest 7,000 experience points into learning this ability from either a 7<sup>th</sup>- or higher-level Ranger or a 7<sup>th</sup>- or higher-level member of his clergy who already has the training. This training takes 3d4 weeks of continuous work. The clergy member cannot engage in any other activity except learning how to track outdoors. This ability does not translate into underground tracking knowledge. The clergy member seeks out a trainer and then commits the next 7,000 XP to this effort. He pledges this in the name of Phyton and the experience may not be used for any other purpose. If the clergy member decides to advance a level and use any portion of the 7,000 XP he has pledged, he may never learn the skill by virtue of having broken his promise.

## NEW SPELL

### Growth Cycle

(Alteration) Reversible (Druidic)

Level: 2

Components: V, S, M

Range: 40 feet + 5 feet/level

Casting Time: 4 to 7 rounds

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 30 foot diameter circle + 3 feet per level and special

Explanation/Description: A **growth cycle** spell affects the maturity of a group of plants in an enclosed area, which expands with the level of the druid. Further it affects trees with a limit of one tree

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per level of the druid in the enclosed area (a "tree" is defined as a mature tree that already produces flowers and fruit). The cycle of the plants in the area is accelerated by a factor of 5% per level of the druid, up to a maximum of 75%. For example, consider an apple tree that normally requires 20 weeks to produce a harvest-quality apple. A 5<sup>th</sup> level druid could cause five such trees in a 45 foot diameter circle to mature in 15 weeks instead (20 weeks -25% [5 weeks] = 15 weeks). A druid must use the full casting time of 7 rounds for this effect.

The druid may, if he chooses, use fewer casting rounds and diminish the acceleration factor to 4%, 3%, or 2% per level. He might choose that option if there were an orchard of 80 trees; by reducing the % he could have five trees mature in 15 weeks, five more in 16 weeks, five more in 17 weeks etc. Thus, the picking and selling of the fruit would be spread over a greater period of time, and would benefit a farmer who had either a limited number of pickers or a limited number of people to give (sell) his crop to.

The spell assumes the temperature, rainfall and amount of sunshine are sufficient to the task. This spell cannot, for example, cause an accelerated bounty during a drought. The spell applies to an area, so other plants in the growth area, if any, benefit from accelerated growth as well – grass or bushes around some trees, for example.

The spell can be reversed to protract the growth cycle as well, causing more time to mature instead of less. This allows a harvest to go on past the normal 20 weeks of the usual cycle. Again, temperature, moisture and sunlight must be sufficient to the task. A temperate climate may not be able to sustain an elongated grown cycle due to frost or other blustery weather conditions.

The spell works on crops like corn, barley, wheat and rye, as well as on beets, potatoes, carrots and onions, and of course various berries that grow on bushes. The spell is used almost exclusively by druids who bless crops and orchards, or who grow crops themselves. A druid might go to multiple local farms to cast this spell over the course of two or three weeks and give each farmer the benefit of a longer harvest period. Ultimately a greater harvest period can produce less waste and more sale (storage) of product as well.

If cast upon a mobile plant (like a treant), this spell acts as a minor **haste** or **slow** spell. This application of the spell is used on only one such 'monster' at a time and surrounding plants are not affected. The plant in this case is allowed a saving throw but can forego the save if it allows the druid to physically touch it.

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## CAMPAIGN RULINGS

### NEW GOD

#### AKWAMON, The Missing God (lesser god)

God of Storms and Life in the Sea

ARMOR CLASS: 2 normally, -4 during rain, snow or any storm

MOVE: 12"/48"

HIT POINTS: 220

NO. OF ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 6-36 + 10 (due to Strength)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Weather Control

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Immune to Energy Attacks

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20% normally. 70% during storm

SIZE: Large (20' tall)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral (good)

WORSHIPER'S ALIGNMENT: any

SYMBOL: Design of a Ship

PLANE: Elemental Plane of Air/Water

CLERIC/DRUID: 14<sup>th</sup> level in each

FIGHTER: 20<sup>th</sup> level Fighter

MAGIC-USER /ILLUSIONIST: nil

THIEF / ASSASSIN: nil

MONK/BARD: nil

Psionic Ability: nil

S: 23 I: 18 W: 20 D: 18 C: 20 CH: 20

Akwamon appears as a large handsome storm giant. He wears a platinum breast plate which normally bestows an Armor Class of 2. During a storm the breast plate increases to Armor Class -4. He bears a huge electrified sword that he wields two handed. It functions as a +4 weapon in his hand, but no other person or deity can wield it.

Akwamon is the son of Xerbo and Osprem and is in close harmony with both. He is on good terms with Jascar, Phaulkon and Kord. He resides on either the Elemental Plane of Air (20%) or the Elemental Plane of Water (80%). He does travel to the Prime Material on occasion.

Akwamon enjoys the company of brave human and elf fighters. He also consorts with clerics and druids who engage freely in melee.

Akwamon can summon any cloud or storm giant to his service and can summon one within one round during a storm.

Akwamon can totally control the weather. He can summon any type of weather in one turn. He can **call lightning** at a range of one mile at will during a storm. Akwamon is immune to energy, lightning, light, fire or cold attacks. He can bless a fighter or cleric a save from energy of 2 (the fighter still takes

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half damage, of course). This blessing is given prior to a battle and has a duration of one full hour.

Akwamon's clergy dress in flowing robes and capes of white, grey and blue. High Priests' garments may depict storm clouds and lightning. 1<sup>st</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> level clerics dress in solid grey, 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> in white, 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> in blue, and 9<sup>th</sup> and above may have mixed color garments that depict storms. His clergy are neither lawful nor evil. His good clergy have no power to turn the undead, but the undead cannot drain life energy from any of Akwamon's clergy (including druids). Akwamon's clergy (including druids) gain one other bonus from him: They fight on the fighter melee table and they get the better save (fighter or cleric saving table) vs. any magical attack form including breath and gaze attacks. His clergy may not select spells that produce flame. Akwamon's clergy are granted no Abjurations. They may pray for **blade barrier**, **heal**, **part water** and **word of recall** at 6<sup>th</sup> level and **control weather**, **regeneration**, **resurrection** and **wind walk** at 7<sup>th</sup> level. Akwamon does not grant **commune** or **insect plague** at 5<sup>th</sup> level.

## NEW CREATURE

### Dwogar

FREQUENCY: Each is unique

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 8

MOVE: 9" to 12"

HIT DICE: 7+4, 8+5, or 9+6

% IN LAIR: 0%

TREASURE TYPE: unique to individual

NO. OF ATTACKS: usually 2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: by weapon plus strength bonus of +4-6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: +2 on saves vs. spells

MAGIC RESISTANCE: standard

ALIGNMENT: Usually Chaotic, some may be evil; no lawfuls and few good

SIZE: 7 to 9 feet tall, and broad, consider medium for combat purposes

PSIONIC ABILITY: nil

A dwogar is the offspring of the extremely rare cases where a dwarf female gives birth to the son of an ogre. Two centuries ago the Sage Rengo Yarman named such a child a "Dwogar." At the time Rengo Yarmin did a comprehensive search over a thirteen-year period and discovered nine dwogar, all males. The data below is based on those findings, as well as guesses about some statistics.

Dwogar usually possess a high strength and constitution score and tend to resemble their dwarf parent in body proportions and facial features, but usually have the clawed feet and taloned hands of an ogre. As such they usually wear no boots or gauntlets. They are, at first glance, a very large dwarf (7 to 9 feet tall) until you notice their hands and feet. They have a +2 on all saves from general spells but no bonus on attacks from paralysis, poison, death magic, petrification, polymorph, rod, staff, wand or breath.

Dwogar possess infravision but have no detection abilities from their dwarf heritage. Dwogar have between 7+4 and 9+6 hit dice. Their natural Armor Class is 8. They can, of course, employ weapons and wear specially made armor. None have ever been known to be thieves or members of any clergy. The few known dwogar have been impotent and all have been males. Their eyes are purple or black. They move deliberately giving them a movement rate is 9" but they can run in short bursts. They grow thick beards. Dwogar do not climb well.

Known dwogar have never been either good or lawful, but tend to be chaotic, and some have been evil. Most times that an ogre male takes a dwarf female there is no resultant offspring.

Ability Restrictions: Strength: 17 to 18/00; Intelligence maximum of 16; Wisdom maximum of 12; Dexterity maximum of 13; Constitution 15 to 19; Charisma maximum of 14. (The statistics are an amalgam of discovered examples).



## SHIPS & LAWS AT SEA

### Prologue: Shipyards at Seaton, Keoland

By Frank Bonura

The Keolandish town of Seaton (WOG map hex T4-123) is fairly simple compared to the larger, more cosmopolitan free cities of the Flanaess. Although remote, sitting on the southern-most shores of the Kingdom of Keoland, the town stands out in one exceptional way – shipbuilding. The Seaton shipyards are one of several suppliers to the Royal Navy, as well as the commercial shipping industry of the northern Azure Sea. The shipyard is capable and has sufficient manpower to turn out 6 merchantmen per year, laying two Keels at once and working on both. This comes from a virtually inexhaustible supply of wood from the nearby Dreadwood Forest, and an excellent mixed labor force of human, elven and dwarven shipwrights. Most construction projects are surrounded by the manufacture of smaller wooden craft, and boats, but at least one larger craft of a keel length greater than 10 fathoms can be seen under some phase of construction at any given time.

Fishing is another source of income in Seaton, providing needed income and trade with its northern neighbor, the town of Burle. Seaton also trades with the western town of Saltmarsh (exporting lumber), and the northeastern city of Gradsul which is in constant need of new seafaring craft. It is here where many infamous ships of the northern Azure have also been built. Perhaps the best known is the **Sea Ghost** of the *Saltmarsh* series of modules. Also from this port comes the **Siorc Sealgaire** or Shark Hunter, the main vehicle and central focus of this adventure.

### Sources of Information on the Ship and Rules about Ships

Margaret Foy, "Maritime Adventures; High Seas; Ships, Fore and Aft in Fantasy Gaming," *Dragon Magazine* Number 116 (Dec. 1986). This series of articles by Margaret Foy are inspired, and form the core rules for maritime gaming in my own campaign.

Most unofficial rules will come from the article "Ready Aim Fire" by Donald D Miller, published in *Dragon Magazine* Number 182 (Jun. 1992). This article gives crossbows a more realistic punch in the AD&D game. I use these stats for my own campaign, with an added house rule for armor penetration developed from discussions via e-mail with Skip Williams.

### Ship's Justice (Common Sea Laws)

Following are common crimes that occur aboard ships at sea and the typical punishments handed down by the captain. While at sea, a captain's ruling is law!

Mutiny is usually punishable by death unless a king or court sees fit to look the other way in extreme cases. However, taking a captain's ship is breaking a major law and the circumstances of the mutiny have to be extraordinary!

Note on lashes: A lash does 0-3 points of damage and the flogging does NOT stop if the person passes out. Roll the damage on a 4-sided die with 4 yielding 0 damage. Of course the captain might employ a lash or flogging instrument that does more damage and/or damage on every lash (1-4, 1-4+1, 1-6, 2-8) and some diabolical captains might have a **lash +1**.

Crime	Common Punishment
Fight on deck	5 to 15 lashes for the person starting the fight. Optional depending on circumstances for the person attacked.
Theft from a passenger	5 to 15 lashes
Theft from the ship	This includes any instrument needed to operate the ship (like the Astrolabe or a compass), or damage to the ship itself (slashing a sail, drilling a hole or cutting the mast). 3 to 18 lashes OR walk the plank if an item is broken or destroyed. Cutting the mast down is always death, usually after prolonged torture.
Theft from the Captain, Navigator, Boatswain, First Mate or Chief (officers)	3 to 20 lashes. Walk the plank is optional if a stolen item is broken, defaced, destroyed, contaminated or can't be found.
Theft from a sailor, crewman or passenger	2 to 20 lashes depending on the crime
Murder of a any person aboard the ship	Walk the plank after 20 lashes (if the person can still walk)
Starting a fire on the ship	Usually beheading but sometimes lashes.
Other Offenses	This broad category is captain's discretion. Lashes, maiming or other punishments. Thumb screws and blinding are considered barbaric but are employed.

## Latitude of Major Cities for this Module

Gradsul is just north of the 26<sup>th</sup> parallel north of the equator of Oerth. Gyrax is at the 27<sup>th</sup>, Scant just north of the 27<sup>th</sup> and Irongate just below it. Naerie is at the 24<sup>th</sup> and the Densac Gulf just south of the Scarlet Brotherhood is at the 16<sup>th</sup>. The Tilva Strait covers about two degrees of latitude. Duxchin is just south of the 20<sup>th</sup> parallel and Restenford is near the 23<sup>rd</sup>.

## Weather - Winds

The prevailing winds south of the 30<sup>th</sup> parallel are North East trade winds (from the north east toward the south west). North of the 30<sup>th</sup> parallel they are prevailing westerly winds from the south west toward the north east. This does not mean that winds never come from the opposite direction,

rotation around lows and highs determine that. A voyage from Gradsul to Restenford is, therefore, against the trade winds and the return voyage is blessed by generally more favorable winds. Average wind speeds are between five and fifteen miles per hour and cause a swing of as much as thirty miles going with the wind as opposed to sailing into it.

The following tables give about twenty-eight inches of rain annually with one day in four on average seeing 1/10 inch or more. The northern and western coasts are less foggy since the trade winds tend to blow fog away. Even in the heart of winter snow is seldom seen on the tallest peaks. The large central forests and tallest peaks are even a bit rainier, by a factor of about 40%.

## Monthly Rainfall Averages

	Winter	Spring	Spring	Low Summer	Low Summer	Low Summer
	Fireseek	Readying	Coldeven	Planting	Flocktime	Wealsun
<b>Rain</b>	.7	1.1	1.6	2.0	2.9	4.6
<b>Temp</b>	57	59	62	67	69	73
	Needfest			Growfest		

	High Summer	High Summer	High Summer	Autumn	Autumn	Winter
	Reaping	Goodmonth	Harvester	Patchwall	Ready'reat	Sunsebb
<b>Rain</b>	5.2	4.6	2.8	1.4	.7	.4
<b>Temp</b>	75	77	74	67	60	54
	Midsummer			Brewfest		

## MAGIC ITEMS

### Magical Weapons, 'to hit' and 'to damage'

Missile weapons and hand-to-hand weapons that are magical can be either +1 to hit, +1 to damage or +1 to hit and to damage. This rule applies to bows and all missile weapons like crossbows, thrown daggers, spears, etc. Therefore an arrow could be listed as **+1 arrow +1** (hit and damage) **+1 arrow** (to hit only) or **arrow +1** (to damage only). Note: A **+1 bow +2** or **+2 bow +1** could exist as well as a **+2 bow** or a **bow +2** as well as a **+2 bow +2**.

The plus to hit and the plus to damage should not differ by more than 2 points, so there are no **arrow +3** or **+3 arrow**, but there could be a **+1 arrow +2** or a **+2 arrow +1**. There are no differing pluses to hit and to damage above +2. So every +3 weapon is **+3 weapon +3**. There are no **+2 weapons +3** or **+3 weapons +2**. Similarly, +4 and +5 weapons are **+4 weapon +4** and **+5 weapon +5**, respectively.

The value of a differing-plus weapon is less than a full plus to hit and plus to damage weapon. For example, whereas a **+1 spear +1** is worth 3,000 GP (the standard DMG cost for a spear that gains a +1 to both to hit and damage), a **+1 spear** is worth only 1,750 GP, and a **spear +1** is worth only

1,250 GP. It is more important to hit someone or something than it is to do one more point of damage. Therefore an extra bonus to hit costs more than an extra bonus to damage.

There can also be a +1 'to hit' weapons that is +2 'to hit' vs. a specific monster or vice-versa. That reads this way: **+1/+2 vs. goblins broad sword +1/+2 vs. goblins**. The sword is +1/+1 vs. most opponents but vs. goblins it is +2/+2.

Monsters occasionally are hit only by a '+1 or better weapon' or similar language; for the purpose of hitting this sort of monster, a **+1 sword** or a **sword +1** can both do the job. They are magical weapons of +1 quality, just without equivalent bonuses to hit and damage.

### A Deck of Many Things

Gather 'round. All present may select one card. Choose who goes first but the honor usually falls to the person who finds the deck. Once a card is selected it is out of play. A person who tries a second card without permission from the deck takes 4-80 points of immediate damage and the deck vanishes. Some card selections may cause the deck to vanish.

You can use a Tarot Deck to represent this deck.

Card	Description
Fool	Lose 10,000 XP and draw another card (If he does not have 10,000, he goes to zero).
Magician	Regardless of class, the character can cast <b>detect magic</b> once per day as a 1 <sup>st</sup> level cleric. The spell is regained in 24 hours after fifteen minutes of rest. A magic-user also gains the spell <b>identify</b> which he can write in his book of spells. <b>Identify</b> can be cast as a bonus spell once per week with no penalty to spell capacity.
High Priestess	Roll 1d4. Permanent penalty of that value to all saving throws vs. petrification and polymorph spells. A priest, gnome or dwarf instead gains +1 to 4 on the same saving throw type
Empress	Lose 1d4 points of intelligence. You may select a second card.
Emperor	Roll 1d6 and add to Charisma (max = 20) but raise to 15 minimum in any case. This person, regardless of profession, may <b>suggest</b> , as the spell, once per week as a 5 <sup>th</sup> level magic user. (Suggestion is limited to intelligent, Prime Material beings that understand the person's language. Undead are immune.)
Hierophant	The character may cast the spell <b>create water</b> as a 3 <sup>rd</sup> level druid once per week regardless of profession or class. A druid also may cast a <b>tree</b> spell once per week with no spell capacity problems.
Strength	Roll 1d6 and add to Strength but raise to at least 15 in any case. Max = 18/01 for non-fighters, 19 for fighter classes.
Lovers	Saving throw against influence magic by a person of the opposite sex becomes zero. ( <b>charm, suggestion, scare, fear, confusion</b> , etc.)
Chariot	The person falls over in a heap, his mind swept clean of all thought. Although alive, the person must be retrained to do everything, including speaking and understanding language. The person becomes passive and drools a great deal. XP becomes zero, of course. The person can eat, drink and walk. <b>The Deck Vanishes.</b>

Card	Description
Hanged Man	A lawful person becomes chaotic, a good person becomes evil (one change only and in that order). Pure neutral people gain 5,000 XP (Tendencies do NOT count, so a Nc or Ng person gains 5,000 XP, but a LG becomes CG. A GN becomes EN).
Hermit	The person is teleported to his place of birth.
Wheel of Fortune	Roll 1d12 and multiply by 1,000. Odd rolls are <i>losses</i> of experience. Even rolls <i>gain</i> experience.
Justice	Lawful figures including lawful tendencies gain 2,000 to 8,000 XP. Chaotic figures lose 1,000 to 4,000 XP. Neutral figures gain a sense of humor and +1 to their primary weapon!
Death	Character drops dead with no saving throw.
Devil	A barbed devil appears and attacks the person who drew the card (AC: 0, HD: 8; #ATT: 3; DM: 2-8/2-8/3-12; MR: 35%). Anyone present may help the card selector. If the devil takes the person down to zero or lower hp, it teleports away with the body! All gain XP if the devil is defeated. The devil may employ <b>pyrotechnics</b> or <b>hold person</b> but it cannot summon others.
Tower	Everything the character has on his person vanishes including any possessions within twenty feet.
Star	The principle attribute of the character increases by two points.
Moon	A full <b>wish</b> is granted, to be used in the next 24 hours. The character receives a one hour warning at the 23 <sup>rd</sup> hour.
Sun	The next monster that has at least as many hit dice or levels as the character must be challenged to single combat. If the character wins, he goes to his next level of experience immediately with all benefits that do not require specific training. If he loses, he dies, and the monster automatically flees. If any interference occurs, the interfering person gets a monster to fight too, but does not gain a level if he wins!
Temperance	3d4 gems appear. Each is worth 1d6 times 100 GP.
Judgment	Transfer three full points from the character's prime characteristic to another characteristic chosen at random by die roll. If this makes him unable to be in his chosen class, the person needs to find new work. Abilities already gained may be lost or diminished as judged by the DM. <b>The Deck Vanishes</b>
World	A fighter or cleric gains +1 to his armor or shield and a +1 to his primary weapon. A magic-user gains a <b>+2 item of protection</b> and an <b>ioun stone</b> of value to him. A thief gains <b>cloak and boots of elvenkind</b> .

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# The Voyage of the Shark Hunter

## NOTES ON CHARACTERS

**Alignment and Level:** I use "LVI" for level for an adventuring classes and "AlVI" for level for an 'artisan'<sup>[1]</sup>. An artisan can be a cook, bricklayer, swordsmith or carpenter. He has a rank or level within their particular profession, so a 6<sup>th</sup> level cook does not outrank a 5<sup>th</sup> level mason except when it comes to the skills of a cook. See the companion piece "Making Magic Items" by Lenard Lakofka. This document was first published in the *Diplomacy* magazine *Liaisons Dangereuses* in the mid 1970s, and updated at [www.dragonsfoot.org](http://www.dragonsfoot.org). At the time, the PLAYERS HANDBOOK and DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE had not yet been released. I have taken that work and updated it significantly to incorporate some of the ideas and rulings in both of those works. "Making Magic Items" contains extensive material on artisans and their works. I humbly suggest you read it. Note: Although the article has been updated, not every item and every line has been brought up to the PHB and DMG standards.

The following information, characteristics, and possessions are listed in the order presented:

Character's god's name in brackets, for example [Phaulkon]. If I put the name in lower case or use {} braces instead, you are looking at a person who says he worships a particular god but he is not very devout.

Six basic characteristics in AD&D 1E order, Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution and Charisma followed by hit points.

Armor or other protection.

Purse contents, which could instead be in a boot heel or pocket, or hidden in a hat brim.

Weapon(s) carried and therefore at least proficient with. However zero level characters mostly use knives or clubs and there is no real proficiency implied or intended.

Magic items not already listed above.

Spells, if a spell caster.

Notes on the character, if any.

## THE SHIP

The Siorc Sealgaire (Shark Hunter) had its keel laid and launched 570CY in the Seaton shipyards, Keoland. It was purchased for 287 GP, 16 SP and a pewter mug.

**Size:** Sixty feet bowsprit to taffrail, deck fifty feet by fourteen feet (beam). Draft ten feet, freeboard seven feet. Tonnage: 40 tons saltwater. Single mast, one full deck. There is a ballast-filled bilge about three feet above the keel.

**Speed:** With the wind (good breeze of 4 to 12 mph) the ship travels at 5-6 mph or about 4-5 hexes in a day. (A World of Greyhawk hex is 30 miles side to side.) A strong wind can increase the speed to 6-8 mph, adding 1 or even 2 hexes to a day's movement. Against the wind the ship travel about 2-4 hexes per day depending on the force of that wind. A very strong wind or gale slows that movement to 1 hex or even less per day.

**Row Boat:** The rowboat mounted in the center of the ship can carry seven without crowding, and up to twelve with some crowding. It has six pairs of oars

**Two Ballistae**, bow and stern: Ballista Crew: Minimum 2 men, maximum 4. Fire Rate: One every other round with a full crew (3 or 4 men). Range: 16 / 24 (-2) / 32 (-5). Damage: 2d8 per hit. Ammo: Forty large quills per ballista (5 SP each), stored in watertight chests bolted to the deck.

**Structural Points**<sup>[2]</sup>: Hull 15, Mast 8, Rigging and sails 5, Ballistae 2 each.

## OTHER AREAS ON THE SHIP

### Captain's Cabin

#### (sturdy door with good lock)

The captain has a small but comfortable bed with a lockable chest above it. Inside the chest are a spare compass, bolt case, tinder box, clay pipe, grappling hook and pouch with 8 gems (GP values: 100, 50, 50, 50, 50, 20, 20, 10).

He has a footlocker bolted to the hull with his spare clothing, boots, and an extra throwable dagger. There is a large chest for crew and passenger valuables that is locked at all times. There is a metal shield but he rarely if ever takes this on deck, especially in medium to high seas. There is a

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<sup>[2]</sup> Structural points are NOT hit points. A **fireball** or **lightning bolt** does 1/2 structural point of damage per damage die, 1/4 structural point if the wood is very wet. See DMG page 109, Siege Rules.

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<sup>[1]</sup> Most professions are on a scale of 1<sup>st</sup> to 10<sup>th</sup> but some more detailed and complex ones go to 14<sup>th</sup> level. 1<sup>st</sup> to 3<sup>rd</sup> are the early learning stages of a profession, 4<sup>th</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> are generally apprenticeship, 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> fledgling, 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> are professionals, 11<sup>th</sup> and above and experts, masters, and grand masters in their fields.

medium-size barrel of beer used for special occasions and a smaller barrel with good wine.

**Captain: Mertos Kai**, born Keoland, race Keolandish (Suel/Oeridian).

Fighter Lvl 7, Ncg, [Osprem<sup>[3]</sup>]; HP: 51; S: 17; I: 12; W: 11; D: 15; C: 15; CH: 13; **+1 chain mail, ring of free action, broad sword +2** (70% chance for two blows a round - specialized), **medium crossbow +1** (20 bolts), two throwable daggers (70% to throw two in one round - specialized); Purse: 2 PP, 23 GP, 18 SP.

Mertos Kai is the one and only owner of the Siorc Sealgaire. While he hates spending even a brass piece (1 CP = 2 BP), he spends gold for rope, sails, paint and care of the ship, its rigging and maintenance, and he often buys the best for the ship. The crew is paid basic wages and he charges a premium for passage and carrying of freight. Yet, he is honest and bargains but with tenacity. Mertos is an excellent ship captain (Alvl 10) and has superior sailing skills. He speaks Keolandish and broken common, and reads/writes Keolandish maps and text but limited otherwise.

*Mertos is a skinflint and quite cheap, humorless and grim, can be exacting about the rules he demands be followed. He is honest.*

### Navigator's Cabin (sturdy door with lock; wizard locked)

The navigator has a soft leather hammock with a feather pillow. Below it is worktable, a lantern bolted to the wall and a very small three-inch diameter port hole (which is closed and barred when she is on deck or during high seas). She can use the lantern at night or the porthole by day to plot the ship course. Her beacon, astrolabe, maritime clock and spyglass<sup>[4]</sup> are in a locked chest below the table. There is a second chest with maps and charts, a spare compass, a tinderbox and

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<sup>[3]</sup> Osprem, Goddess of Water Voyages (AC: 5/-5 in water; MV: 12"/48"; HP: 120; Trident +3 (3-12 +3 magic +4 strength); Knows spells as 14<sup>th</sup> level druid or 29<sup>th</sup> level cleric, other spells as 11<sup>th</sup> level cleric; AL: LN; May shapechange into dolphin, barracuda, or sperm whale). See Dragon Magazine Number 90 (Oct. 1984); see also AD&D Module L2: The Assassin's Knot, the Church of Osprem.

<sup>[4]</sup> Astrolabe: Measures position of the stars. Maritime clock: Quite large, windable and used to determine distance traveled. Beacon: Large lantern used to signal other ships. Spyglass: Small telescope that magnifies 10x.

three flasks of lamp oil. She has a large locked chest for her clothing (5 sets), fine shoes (2), and seven spare darts.

Bolted to the hull is a sturdy cabinet with a lock (**glyph of warding** for paralysis, save or paralyzed for 6d6 turns, the glyph makes a GONG like sound if discharged). This cost her 75 GP to place on the cabinet and she becomes VERY upset if it is discharged! It contains her three spell books, two **potions of water breathing** and **scroll of polymorph self**.

Spell Book One: **Affect Normal Fires, Detect Magic, Feather Fall, Magic Missile, Mending, Shield, Spider Climb, Continual Light, ESP, Invisibility, Levitate, Locate Object, Mirror Image, Web, Clairvoyance, Dispel Magic, Fireball, Gust Of Wind, Lightning Bolt.**

Spell Book Two: **Magic Missile, Detect Magic, Shield, Continual Light, Web, Mirror Image, Lightning Bolt, Dispel Magic, Water Breathing.**

Spell Book Three: **Comprehend Languages, Find Familiar, Message, Shocking Grasp, Ventriloquism, Forget, Pyrotechnics, Stinking Cloud, Wizard Lock, Hold Person, Protection From Normal Missiles.**

**Navigator/First Mate: Kimba Durgen**, born Longspear Keoland, race Keolandish (Suel).

Magic-user Lvl 5, Ng [Wee Jas], female; HP: 13; S: 9; I: 16; W: 13; D: 15; C: 13; CH: 15; **bracers of defense AC5**, Purse: 84 GP; **staff +1**, 6 darts<sup>[5]</sup>.

Spells: **Magic Missile, Feather Fall, Shocking Grasp, Detect Magic, Web, Levitate, Lightning Bolt.**

Kimba is a surprisingly stern 2<sup>nd</sup> in command since she enjoys joking and talking lightly to crew and passengers. She spends calm days on slow voyages copying spells from one of her books to another one. This is delicate work that a sudden wave, blast of wind or disturbance could ruin. She can copy under normal conditions since she understands how to use pen and quill while a ship is moving normally or when seas are calm and the ship merely rising and falling in a predictable tempo. She speaks Keolandish, common, elvish, and reads/writes Keolandish, common, and elvish runes.

*Kimba is beautiful and yet a woman of scholarship and integrity. She sings for the crew on special occasions to the accompaniment of Lurden's bagpipe or Albrect's lute.*

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<sup>[5]</sup> Kimba learned to throw darts as a small child. Give her +1 to hit due to accuracy

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## Officers' and Mates' Cabin

There are four hammocks one above another. Each person has a locked chest, which is a symbol of his rank.

**Lurden:** Hooded lantern, spyglass, carpentry tools, 50 feet of rope, extra clothing, wooden Shield, and a pouch containing 40 GP.

**Albrect:** Bullseye lantern, fishing net, eight fishing hooks, playing cards, dice, lute, clothing, and a 100 GP gem.

**Hoplin:** Sewing needles, thread, tinderbox, belt pouches, clothing, boots, a dozen medium crossbow bolts in a case, wooden shield, and a pouch containing 15 GP.

**Sheal: Tarot Deck,** crystal ball (non-magical, 20 GP value), dice, clothing, spare hammer, pliers, measuring stick (for length), and a pouch containing 35 GP and 45 SP.

**Boatswain: Lurden,** born Keoland, race Keolandish (Oeridian/Flannae).

Fighter Lvl 4, LN, [Xerbo]; HP: 23; S: 18/04; I: 11; W: 13; D: 16; CN: 13; CH: 12; Partial plate; Purse: 18 GP, 15 SP; **ranseur**<sup>[6]</sup> **+1**, heavy crossbow (12 quarrels) {Ballista}

Lurden plays a bagpipe, smokes a bronzewood pipe (tinderbox and tobacco). Grappling hook, spyglass, carpenter (Alvl 7), rigging and ropes (Alvl 7), musician (Alvl 5). He speaks Keolandish.

*Taskmaster and nitpicker but also entertaining.*

**Chief: Albrect,** born Keoland, race Keolandish (Suel/Oeridian/Flannae).

Fighter Lvl 3, Gc, [Xerbo]; HP: 19; S: 16; I: 12; W: 10; D: 17; CN: 14; CH: 14; crocodile hide with chainmail<sup>[7]</sup>; Purse: 16 GP, 38 SP; **scimitar +1**, dagger (simultaneous knife -1 to hit).

Albrect plays the lute (usually melancholy tunes; Alvl 7), and is also a Cook (Alvl 9!) and a Fisherman (Alvl 7). He speaks Keolandish.

*Secretive but a superior cook*

**Mate: Hoplin,** born Keoland, race Keolandish (Suel/Oeridian).

Fighter Lvl 2, NG [Osprem]; HP: 13; S: 15; I: 12; W: 10; D: 15; CN: 14; CH: 11; chainmail; Purse: 58 SP, 33 BP; ranseur, medium crossbow (16 medium bolts), dagger.

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<sup>[6]</sup> A ranseur can disarm an opponent on a hit vs. AC8.

<sup>[7]</sup> Crocodile hide on legs and arms AC 8; chain over torso AC 3.

He has a secret adoration for Kimba and puts small gifts in front of her door (he knows the door is locked in some way he cannot bypass) or he hangs them by fishing line in front of her small porthole. She can't seem to catch who does this. He speaks Keolandish.

*Cynical perfectionist. Many consider him annoying though honest.*

**Mate: Sheal,** born Keoland, race Keolandish (Suel).

Fighter Lvl 1, N [Kord]; HP: 10; S: 16; I: 14; W: 14; D: 12; CN: 11; CH: 12; chainmail; Purse: 15 SP, 82 BP; scimitar, light crossbow (12 light bolts), dagger.

Sheal is the ship's blacksmith (Alvl 6). His anvil is in stores and is carried to the main deck if he needs it. Sheal is wise enough to have learned the light crossbow instead of the medium one (allowed to his rank) since he knows there are so many more light crossbow bolts on board. Speaks Keolandish and common, and reads/writes Keolandish.

*Superstitious, a loner who keeps to himself. but may come on deck to look into his crystal ball. The crew scoffs at his 'ability' to see anything.*

## Passengers' Area / The Hold

One large hold from midships to bow with two hatches (lockable). Crew (Men at Arms) sleep in the hold (hammocks). The hold can store about 8 tons of material in crates and sacks. The crew sleeps in hammocks strung up over the cargo. Each man has his own hammock.

Mertos has a large 'crew' chest in his cabin where he holds any valuable a crewman might want stored. The fee is only 1 BP per day.

The hold has three large barrels for water, a cask of nails, a barrel of pitch and some spare wood for patching. There is one barrel of beer but it is in the captain's cabin.

On deck, secured below the ship rails, are four fishing poles, six nets, two harpoons with coiled rope (100 feet), and eight coils of 50-foot rope. There is a chest with four spare sails and two grappling hooks on coiled rope (50 feet). Six spears and a chest with 80 light crossbow bolts are along the aft rail.

**Men-at-Arms: Utimo (6), Ebso (5), Jeffar (5), Eskel (4), Barlock (4), Penta (4), Bismem (4), Peedar (4), Goffary (3), Lomman (3).** All born Keoland, races mixed.

N, NL or Nc [Xerbo or Osprem], HP (as given)

Leather, Purses (3-36 SP, 2-40 CP, 3-18 BP). Short swords, light crossbows.

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## EMBARKEES, AKA THE PARTY

The interactions of the party members with one another are listed in the calendar of the trip. Each entry gives the place of embarkation, Class, name, alignment, level, sex and race (human assumed if none is given), deity, statistics, armor, purse, weapon(s), magic (if any), spells (if any), languages, a brief history prior to this point in time, a reason for getting on board this ship and the character's current experience points. Current experience is given as the character gets off the ship in Restenford.

### Gradsul, Keoland

**Garmel**, Fighter Lvl 4, Lg, male human [Phaulkon]; S: 17; I: 15; W: 13; D: 15; C: 15; CH: 12; HP: 29; chainmail & shield; AC 3/4/5; Purse: 15 GP. 19 SP. gem 250 GPV; **+1/+2 long sword +1/+2 vs. goblins/hobgoblins**, long bow, dagger.

Garmel is 5' 11", 175 lbs, with brown hair and eyes. He is 24 years old, speaks common and some Keolandish, and reads a little in common.

His travel surcoat is very dark blue. He prefers soft comfortable black boots. He has a sky blue and white tunic that he wears in town over black drawstring pants. His belt has three pouches: the first for small packets of salt, pepper, oregano and some dried hard tack; the second for coins; the third for a gem (see below), a small compass and a small mirror.

Garmel was born the forest town of Torguard, in the Tor Hills (Southern Yeomanry.) He traveled to Keoland often and operated in militia, he fought the humanoids of the Hool Marshes.

His brother Obayo is at the temple of Phaulkon in Tellar. He must take Obayo the terrible news that their father is dead. He has a **+1 hammer** plus a gem worth 100 GP to give Obayo as his share of their father's estate.

Current XP = 8,720

**Kurl**, Fighter Lvl 4, NI, male dwarf [Fortubo]; S: 16; I: 12; W: 12; D: 11; C: 17; CH: 13; HP: 34; chainmail with breastplate, AC: 2/2/4; Purse: 54 GP, 27 SP, gems (500, 500, 500, 500 GPV); three hammers (throwing), **battle axe +1; ring of protection +2**.

Kurl is 4'2", 157 lbs, with a black double-braided beard, a bald head and blue eyes. He is 88 years old and speaks common, dwarvish, and gnome. Kurl cannot read nor write.

Kurl dresses in a very dark red tunic and dark brown pants. His hard brown boots have steel toes and make a great deal of noise on most wooden and stone floors. He carries a pack with spare clothing, a small blanket, tinder and flint, two six-hour candles. He has a bright red tunic with a hard brown vest that he wears in towns (the vest is AC 9). His belt holds all three throwing hammers and he usually carries his battle axe, though he has a belt over his shoulder that stores the axe on his back.

Kurl, son of Groden, son of Jereon, was born in the Good Hills east of the Javan River some say in Sterich while others say in Keoland. Groden moved to Gradsul some years before where he set up shop as a blacksmith and weapon smith (Alvl 9) specializing in battle axes and hammers.

Some weeks ago a thief entered their shop and tried to steal their statue of Fortubo from its place of honor over the anvil. The thief, a terrible bungler (and now dead) dropped the statue on the anvil and broke the statue into a number of large pieces. Kurl has been sent by his father to purchase a new statue of Fortubo made by Theriban, a worker at the Brewery in Tellar on Lendore Isle. Theriban is Groden's 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin twice removed, an obvious choice for a craftsman to deal with. The gems are to buy one statue for his father and one for his uncle.

Current XP = 10,887



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## Gyrax, Principality of Ulek

**Allanar**, Fighter-Thief Lvl 4/4, Nc, female elf [Erevar llesere<sup>[8]</sup>]; S: 14; I: 15; W: 12; D: 17; C: 15; CH: 17; HP: 24; leather armor, AC 5/8/8; Purse: 15 GP, gem 50 GPV; short sword, **+2 dagger +2** (can fight with both simultaneously at -1 to the sword; the dagger his primary weapon), three throwing daggers.

Allanar is 4' 8", 87lbs, with light brown hair and purple eyes. She is 57 years of age and speaks elvish, common, dwarvish, and Keolandish. She can read and write elvish runes, and many dwarven runes.

She has a small backpack in which she carries a set of fine ring mail that she can wear if she sees that fighting is going to occur. This makes her AC: 3/6/6. It takes two full rounds to put on. She dressed in dark grey or brown nondescript clothing of good quality. She has a belt pouch with her tools, a compass, a small mirror and some dried raisins. She also carries three one-hour candles and tinder and flint plus a spare lock pick in hidden in her boot.

Allanar was born in the Dreadwood. But she kept getting in trouble for 'borrowing' things from others. She was asked to leave as opposed to harsher penalties due to her bravery when it came to battles in the Hool Marches with elf adventuring parties she was part of.

She is fleeing just one step ahead of the law in Gyrax for a matter involving the son of the mayor. She wishes to put a number of miles between herself and the mainland. She has always wanted to see the islands to the southeast.

Current XP = 14,493

**Beltus**, Cleric Lvl 5, Gn, male human [Phaulkon]; S: 11; I: 13; W: 18; D: 15; C: 14; CH: 16; HP: 25; **chainmail +1** and shield, AC 2/3/4; Purse: 2 PP, 15 GP, 18 SP; mace, two throwing hammers, **periapt of wound closure**.<sup>[9]</sup>

Spells: **Cure Light Wounds (x2), Light, Fear By Touch, Sanctuary, Hold Person, Silence, Augury,**

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<sup>[8]</sup> Best of the Dragon III or Dragon #60 (Apr. 1982).

<sup>[9]</sup>Regain 2HP from sustained wounds per day of rest or mild activity. Wounds do not continue to bleed, so if unconscious cuts will not bleed causing more damage. Traumatic wounds (blunt weapon) will still cause damage per round. Most sword wounds are both cutting and traumatic but the Periapt will halve that damage per round.

## Slow Poison, Know Alignment, Prayer, Dispel Magic.

Beltus is 5'8, 175 lbs, with black hair and eyes, and is 22 years old. He speaks common, Suloise (the Cold Tongue), Oeridian and can read and write common. He owns a medium blue vestment trimmed with eagle feathers but only wears that for formal occasions and during worship. His travel clothing is navy blue and dark grey. He usually wears a cap made completely of dark bird feathers. He has a water skin and a wine skin plus a pouch with dried berries or fresh fruit or vegetables (in season and if available). He wears dark brown heavy boots.

Beltus was born in Soull (Snow Barbarian lands) but his family was sold as slaves when he was eight years old to pirates who operated out of Kaport Bay (North Province). These pirates traded with Eastfair, and in dealings there Beltus, then twelve, was sold again to a family who lived in Rauxes. Here it was discovered that he was extremely sagacious and he was placed in clerical training at the Temple of Ehlonna. He became first level but the teaching of Ehlonna did not spark his interests. At sixteen he traveled with a large caravan to Hexpools. There he met two fellow adventurers and the three went into the Iron Hills seeking their fortune. They were instead captured by the troops of the Iron League. Beltus was sentenced to the Temple of Phaulkon in Iron Gate to serve out a sentence for trespass and theft. The chief cleric saw that Beltus was not a bad person and, through conversation and teaching, converted him to the worship of Phaulkon by the time he turned twenty. Beltus proved such a good student that he was sent with a delegation to Gyrax for the opening of a new Temple there. He prospered in that temple and gained his 4<sup>th</sup> level of proficiency. The small temple of Phaulkon in Tellar on Lendore Isle needed a new 3<sup>rd</sup> in command and Beltus was selected to fulfill that position of authority and responsibility.

Current XP = 25,982

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## Irongate

Note: No one gets on board at Scant.

**Caerwin**, Ranger Lvl 4, Gc, human male, [Phaulkon]; S: 15; I: 13; W: 15; D: 13; C: 17; CH: 11; HP: 36; chain mail & **shield +2**, AC 2/2/5; Purse: 4 GP, 13 SP, gem 50 GPV plus 2 PP in a pouch in his sword scabbard; broadsword (30% for 2<sup>nd</sup> blow - specialized), dagger, light crossbow (40 bolts, two of which [painted red] are **+2 to hit and damage** [bolt can be recovered but save of 17 on d20 if it hits hard metal or solid stone]); **potion of healing** (3 doses of 1d4 each).

Caerwin is 6', 177 lbs, has blond hair and blue eyes, and is 26 years old. He speaks common, Keolandish, goblin and hobgoblin, and can read and write in common. His clothing is various shades of grey and brown and dark green. His chain is purposefully tarnished so it does not gleam too brightly. His shield is painted dark blue and bears the device of a single eagle feather. He wears soft comfortable brown boots. He carries a small spyglass (8 power), a small brightly polished metal mirror, tinder and flint and two four-hour candles. He packs a blanket, spare clothing and a pair of soft leather shoes in a backpack. He also carries a belt pouch that holds some aromatic spice or plant like rosemary (he has been told he smells before). His hygiene is poor but if he stays for two nights at the same inn he takes a bath.

Caerwin is brave and trustworthy but untidy (he stinks). He is a bastard son of an army officer (Principality of Ulek) and was apprenticed as a leather worker in his 13<sup>th</sup> year. Caerwin did not care much for the profession and the taunts of 'Here comes the bastard' infuriated him to the point where he scraped together a few coins and took ship for the Iron League. There he became a new man. He found a temple of Phaulkon in Irongate and sought entry to the clergy. The high priest, however, seeing that he was already 19 by that point selected him as a cleric protector instead of a member of the clergy. The Captain of Temple Guard taught him fighting and tracking skills and soon Caerwin excelled as a ranger (even if he was not taught to bathe by the Captain, either). Over the years he served the temple well engaging in many battles versus the troops of the South Province. Caerwin came to his teacher and said that he wanted some adventure, not the life of a soldier, even though he had attained 4<sup>th</sup> rank and had a few gold pieces to rub together. The captain suggested

that he travel to Lendore Isle, where Phaulkon was worshiped and where there was adventure to be had. The captain of the guard advanced Caerwin the passage money and gave him the two **+2 crossbow bolts** as a parting gift.

Current XP = 12,026

**Baffin**, Thief Lvl 4, Nc, human male [Norebo]; S: 15; I: 15; W: 14; D: 16; C: 14; CH: 19; HP: 16; leather armor, AC 6/8/8; Purse: 2 PP, 14 GP, 31 SP; **+1 short sword +1**, sling (15 bullets).

Baffin speaks common, Thieves' Cant and bits of Keolandish. He can read and write in common and Keolandish. Baffin is 5'3, 95 lbs, with dark brown hair and green eyes, and is 19 years of age. He wears dark brown or grey clothing but has a black velvet tunic for special occasions. His black boots are soft and supple. He has a small mirror, a piece of charcoal, some lamp black (that he can apply to his face) and a coil of elfin rope (30 feet) that is exceptionally sturdy and strong. Baffin has some extensive knowledge of making knots. He has a pair of dice.

Baffin, naming himself 'the sly', existed in the slums of Irongate where he was enlisted by the Thieves Guild after successfully picking the pocket of a master thief! The master did admonish him for this and had him flogged to unconsciousness. (Baffin learned from this not to brag about a pick pocket to strangers in the same place where you commit the crime.) Baffin has been stealing his whole life but his good looks and only average brain get him in trouble a great deal. He can make a wise decision if he puts his mind to it. He paid for passage on the Siorc Sealgaire and immediately went below decks for fear of the gang of men seeking him for an unfortunate incident at the Temple of Kord. Baffin can be loyal, which is his one redeeming quality.

Current XP = 7,732

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**Irena**, Magic-User Lvl 4, LNg human female [Wee Jas]; S: 15; I: 16; W: 13; D: 16; C: 15; CH: 9; HP: 16; no armor, AC 8/10/10; Purse: 11 GP, 15 SP, gem 50 GPV; six darts; **potion of diminution, scroll of protection from normal missiles, tongues, fly.**

Spellbook: **Affect Normal Fires, Identify, Jump, Protection From Evil, Read Magic, Sleep, Shield, Light, Pyrotechnics, Web, Invisibility, Strength, Knock**

She is 5'2" 125lbs, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is 23 years of age. Irena speaks, reads and writes common. Her carpetbag was packed by her teacher and contains three crumpled dresses of good quality in dark blue and red colors. There are four pairs of shoes made for city use and not the trail. She has her book and spell components as well a blank scroll, ink and a quill. Allaniar takes her into Naerie shop and gets her some black comfortable travel boots and two changes of dark grey tunics and pants. Irena has never worn pants and feels dreadfully awkward and unladylike in them. Allaniar tells her she will get over it, and if they walk twenty miles Irena will thank her.

Irena has been an academic most of her life and had two minor encounters on overland trips through The Headlands to Scant. She had some travel clothing but misplaced it some time ago. She spends what little money she has on spells, learning and clothing.

Irena has just become a 4<sup>th</sup> rank magic-user and was given two new 2<sup>nd</sup> level spells as part of her training. She has not cast any of them yet but is sure she is capable of it since she wrote them successfully into her book and understands the finished text. Her teacher feels it is time for her to get some real experience, not just the scholarly learning of safe and unimportant spells. He has given her a scroll and a potion (bought by her father who is an important merchant).

Current XP = 10,014

**Ulof**, Cleric Lvl 4, NG, male dwarf [Fortubo]; S: 16; I: 12; W: 15; D: 13; C: 17; CH: 12; HP: 32; chain mail & shield, AC 4/5/5; Purse: 50 GP, 30 SP, iron cap; **+1 sledge hammer +1** (damage 1d4+2), two throwing hammers, carving knife (not a weapon).

**Spells: Cure Light Wounds (x4), Bless, Hold Person, Spiritual Hammer, Silence**

Ulof speaks dwarvish, gnome, common and bits of hobgoblin and elvish. He can read and write dwarvish and some common. He is 4' 7" 220 lbs, has black hair, a black beard and black eyes, and is 100 years old. He dresses in brown and tan clothing to honor his god. He has a vestment trimmed with a hammer. He carries a set of dwarven runes (non-magical) that he casts to predict the future (they don't work). He carries ten iron spikes, a flask of lamp oil, a small bull's-eye lantern, a spare pair of brown heavy boots and a 50' coil of rope. He has a waterskin.

Ulof, son of Halimod, Son of Gurmar is from a long line of distinguished dwarves from the Hestmark Highlands. He, like his father's father before him, was a brewer (Alvl 10) (and drunk). He traveled to Naerie to be with his 4<sup>th</sup> cousin who was a toy maker in that city. He is a reasonable carver (Alvl 5) as taught to him by his 4<sup>th</sup> cousin. Strangely, Ulof likes children and is usually working on carving some child's toy while he prays. If he sees a child he may walk up and give him the toy. But city life was not for Ulof. He liked the small towns near the Highlands and got along reasonably well with the humans who really liked drinking his beer, ale and stout (making him quite rich by brew master standards). He has taken his small fortune of 470 GP and boarded ship to join his 3<sup>rd</sup> cousin on his mother's side in the town of Tellar on Lendore Isle.

Current XP = 10,573

## THE VOYAGE

The home port for the Siorc Sealgaire is Gradsul in Keoland. The planned route is: Gradsul to Gryrax, to Scant, to Irongate, to Naerie, to Duxchan and finally Restenford.

Voyage times are based on average conditions and also on the freshness and skill of the ship's crew. Tired, wounded or incomplete crews could take considerably longer, while expert crews with a few extra sailors can go a bit faster. Wind is a major factor. The listed voyage times are for only weighing to dropping anchor, and do not include any time spent loading and unloading in port. The full voyage from Gradsul to Restenford takes 50 days or so of real travel. Each layover is for one, two or three days. Bad weather can put a ship in port for extra days. Damage to the ship from a squall or high seas can require weeks in a port for repairs.

The trip to Restenford from Gradsul is likely going to take about 65 days, give or take 5 days for a Good voyage.

Passage price is a function of approximate time at sea and is usually paid up front at the beginning of the voyage. Some captains charge 80% of the passage price up front and sell meals each day. There can be some negotiation especially if the passenger helps aboard ship with rigging, doing mundane or even expert tasks. A navigator for example could get a very good price, and so might a cook, but a laborer – loading and unloading

cargo – not as much. The DM can set all of these rates using the passage price as a guide. Usually fighters are willing to help with tasks of strength just to keep in shape on the long voyage. Clergy can always gain through a willingness to cast cures on injured crew members, since accidents do happen. Note that long voyages may receive a slight discount since the captain now has room booked for a long number of days.

During loading and unloading the passengers are on their own to travel in town and find their own lodgings. They can stay aboard ship but since that is NOT part of their passage price those extra days could cost extra silver pieces!

Paying: Most captains and their first mates are not experts in gem or jewelry value. So offering a pearl, ring, bracelet or gem is usually unwise. The expert members of the crew do know the value of a good weapon, many trading commodities, food and some types of common armor.

Armor, shields and dress aboard a ship: Sailors avoid chain armor and almost never wear scale or plate. Sailors do not carry shields around, but may stow them in their quarters, or a shield might be secured below the rail to be used if needed. Some sailors always wear boots on deck while others prefer to go barefoot. Armor is not commonly worn since many dangers at sea can be seen from a distance allowing the sailor to put on his armor over a few rounds.

**Travel distances (approximate) and voyage times**

From	To	Distance (miles)	Time in Days West to East	Time in Days East to West	Passage* with meals
Gradsul	Gyrax	150	1 1/2 to 2 1/2	1 to 2	16 to 24 SP
Gyrax	Scant	720	7 to 12	5 to 10	45 to 65 SP
Scant	Irongate	360	3 1/2 to 6	2 1/2 to 5	24 to 36 SP
Irongate	Naerie	330	3 1/2 to 5 1/2	3 to 4 1/2	24 to 36 SP
Naerie	Olman Is	600	5 to 8	5 1/2 to 9	40 to 60 SP
Olman Is	Tilva St	600	6 to 10	5 to 8 1/2	40 to 60 SP
Tilva St	Duxchin	690	7 to 13	5 1/2 to 11	45 to 70 SP
Duxchin	Sulward	330	4 to 6	3 to 4 1/2	20 to 30 SP
Sulward	Restenford	600	6 to 11	5 to 9 1/2	40 to 75 SP
Gradsul	Restendord	4,680	50 days +/- (65 days with layovers)		300 to 450 SP (15 to 23 GP)

\* 1 GP = 20 SP, 10 CP = 1 SP, 20 BP (brass) = 1 SP

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## Calendar of the Voyage with Notes on Passenger Interactions

### Reaping 22<sup>nd</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup>, CY 576

The *Shark* prepares to leave on its journey. Supplies and cargo have been loaded in the home port of Gradsul. Two figures approach the vessel to speak with the first mate about passage. Garmel is first. He negotiates for a while and arrives at a final price of 12 GP all the way to Restenford in exchange for taking a watch every other night and helping for four hours of cargo unloading and loading as part of his passage. He has his gear with him and a sailor takes him below. Kurl, a sturdy dwarf, arrives next and is outraged when he is told the price of passage. Yet after some bargaining and agreement to also stand watch three days of the week (never on Godsdays) a final price of 11 GP is agreed upon. Garmel and Kurl meet at the dock as the ship is boarding. The captain assigns them two bunks in a four-bunk room amidships. They have some philosophical differences but many views in common. They begin making friends with each other the first night when they discover how stingy and penny pinching the captain is.

The ship sails at dawn on the 23<sup>rd</sup> headed for Gryrax, arriving late on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Only one crate is taken off and one crate taken on, but two new passengers board: An elf female Allaniar, who carries herself like a fighter, and Beltus, a cleric of Phaulkon. Allaniar meets Kurl who seems to dislike her at first until he discovers she can speak dwarvish. Allaniar is put in the other bunk room. Garmel has other interests altogether and would not mind a bit of romantic involvement. She can twirl him around her little finger, which Kurl sees immediately, but then Garmel should be old enough to watch his own back in matters of love. Beltus is placed in the same room as Kurl and Garmel. Garmel immediately pledges himself to the protection of a cleric of his god. Kurl just shakes his head seeing how quickly Garmel's mind can flutter from one ideal to another. Yet Beltus and Kurl find a level of understanding and cooperation and begin talking about the dwarf populations of Ulek. That is a topic that can consume many hours. They leave for Scant by noon on the 26<sup>th</sup>. A small squall on the 28<sup>th</sup> puts them in the mouth of the Jewel River for the night.

### Goodmonth 1<sup>st</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup>

The clear morning sees the ship move away from the coast and avoid the Pomarj over the next seven days. They pass two other merchantmen coming out of the Sea of Gearnat. The late

afternoon of the 8<sup>th</sup> puts them in Scant. They take three hours and unload a few barrels and crates that carry the cargo into the city. The captain looks quite pleased with the other half of two payments for safe delivery of his cargo. He begrudgingly gives everyone a small mug of beer and he and his first mate enjoy a glass of brandy. The 9<sup>th</sup> is spent loading more goods in the hold. The passengers spend the night at an Inn in Scant. Just as they are about to leave for Irongate, a hooded man arrives and pays his way. He does not negotiate but simply pays what is asked of him. While he could stay with the men he chooses to sleep with the crew and avoids the passengers. Allaniar tries to find out a few things by stalking him but he turns immediately to look right at her. Allaniar avoids the mysterious passenger and goes up to Garmel and Kurl for companionship. She does not trust the new passenger, which she tells everyone. Beltus tries to cast a **detect evil** upon him, but he walks right up and bumps into him as he is casting. There is no doubt he ruined the spell on purpose. He goes below decks at once and is not seen again until Irongate is in sight on the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup>. He jumps over the rail as the ship pulls up along the dock and is gone in the fishing quarter of the city before the lines go out to tie the ship off.

It takes all of the 15<sup>th</sup> to unload and everyone is ready for some time away from the ship. The captain grants two days leave while leaving a few guards on the *Shark*. The four passengers go into Irongate's Dock Quarter together for food and lodging. They decide upon The Iron Boar where they take a room for the night. Playing in the common room is Dranel the Entertainer (a bard of decent level). He tells of the history of Irongate, sings of fights with dragons, tells of the deep mines of great dwarves and belches a lot when he drinks.

A heckler yells at Dranel. 'A bore at the boar!' Dranel laughs too but then flings a dagger at the heckler taking off his hat and a part of the top of his ear. 'What a shame! I was aiming for your left eye.' The man rises as a second dagger appears in the bard's hand. The heckler decides to go to another bar.

Dranel walks up to Allaniar and gives her a small pair of mismatched silver earrings saying, 'You will need these, my dear. Give the other one to your partner.' Then his show continues, so he does not get to explain what he meant. He leaves with friends as soon as the show is over.

The travelers return to the ship quite refreshed and find the crew beginning the process of loading more cargo. A new passenger is helping load. He introduces himself as Caerwin. As the passengers

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talk to the newcomer an older man and young woman walk up to the ship. 'Get on that ship and do not return for a full year. You will thank me after you get back. Go, go, go!' The girl takes a carpetbag from him and turns around a few times with a look of abandonment on her face. Her name is Irena and this is her first real adventure. She is dressed in an elaborate purple dress that has little use or place on a ship. She goes below decks to her room with Caerwin to discover someone already there. 'Baffin is the name. I'll be going with you to Restenford.'

Irena meets her fellow travelers Baffin, Caerwin and Allaniar, with whom she is going to share a room. The two ladies are each grateful to see another woman on board and they strike up a friendship that grows in the subsequent days. Baffin and Irena quickly agree that Caerwin needs a bath and when Baffin is on deck with Caerwin, just before setting sail, Baffin pushes Caerwin overboard. (Baffin snatches his purse as he falls.) 'You won't reek as badly after you come back on board!'

Irena is very sweet when he is hauled back on deck and just says that he smelled rather nasty and they did have to room together. He is a bit smitten until he realizes he lost his purse in the dunking. Baffin consoles him as they go below deck. (Baffin hides the purse in a coil of rope where he can come back for it later.) Baffin, Irena and Caerwin return to the upper deck as Ulof, a stout dwarf, walks up the gangplank and puts his purse away. Ulof is told he will bunk with Garmel, Beltus and Kurl. Ulof recognizes another dwarf name and rushes down the stairs to meet him. That night Baffin comes back on deck to get the purse he put away in the coils of rope. He finds Allaniar counting the coins in it. She smiles and gives him half of the purse. Baffin has found a soul mate, at last. Ulof is fond of telling all about his life and brewing capabilities in excruciating detail throughout the voyage. Kurl of course is overjoyed while Garmel and Beltus spend much of the voyage looking over the rail, in blissful silence. On the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup> they take off for Naerie, another 300-odd miles away to the south. The weather is foggy in the morning and rainy during the four days of travel. Soaked to the skins, they arrive on the 23<sup>rd</sup> in the capital of Idee. They take two days in Naerie to unload and reload but by the morning of the 26<sup>th</sup> when they leave at least the weather has cleared up. The captain decides to take advantage of the trade winds and sails directly out in the Azure Sea toward the Olman Islands and the Densac Gulf.

## Harvester 1<sup>st</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup>

By the 5<sup>th</sup> of Harvester they have been propelled by the winds to the tip of the Scarlet Brotherhood peninsula. Now better acquainted, the passengers discover that a few of them have missions with Tellar as the destination. They agree to go there together. The late afternoon is greeted by the lookout crying out that the Densac Gulf is in sight.

## Harvester 7<sup>th</sup>

The ship enters the Densac Gulf passing East Olman at 7AM. There is a significant fog gathered on the south side of East Olman that stretches out for many miles. Suddenly out those mists come two warships that have the cut of vessels laid in the shipbuilding ports of the Flotsam and Jetsam Islands. The ships are a mere 400 yards away before crew and passengers assemble on the deck. They are closing at a rate that look to be about 400 feet per minute. A **prayer** is said by Beltus as the crew and passengers prepare to defend the ship from the pirates.

A spell caster aboard the lead pirate ship is seen waving his arms in the art of spell casting. This draws four crossbow bolts all of which miss. The ballista fires at the same instant the spell caster's **fireball** leaves his finger and speeds toward the Siorc Sealgaire. All hold their breath but the spell blossoms into a forty-foot diameter ball of fire ... thirty feet short of the ship! The opposing spell caster is seen being thrown from the deck in the next minute. The ballista bolt takes the opposing captain in the center of his chest and sends him flying into the mast. That does not please his crew who has just watched their spell caster go for an unscheduled swim.

Crossbows fire again while they shoot arrows. Kimba releases her **lightning bolt** with deadly accuracy, taking out seven sailors, two of which seemed to be mates of some level. The second ship comes into range and for four minutes missiles fire back and forth across the closing distance. Sailors fall on both ships and others take damage. Things seem to be grim as the two pirates approach from either side of the slower freighter.

The pirates close; boarding may begin soon. Irena, however, stands bravely and casts her **web** in the faces of about a dozen sailors standing on the rails getting ready to jump. This sweeps the first wave of boarders into a tangle of webs and ropes. A torch is brought up to burn the webs to a scream of, 'No, you idiot. They will be burned alive if you ...' At that instant the torch flame touches the web and, true

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to his warning, eight of the twelve fall over while two others run around on fire.

The battle is pitched but the crew takes starboard and the passengers take port. The melee is bitter, furious and deadly but after just a few rounds the pirates retreat in defeat. Ulof successfully casts a **hold person** on the other captain. Mertos has four of his men-at-arms down, as well as Hoplin, one of his mates. It is now clerical work, and there are enough cure spells, coupled with wound binding, to save them all but one. As the sun sets they bury Utimo at sea to the prayers of both clerics.

## Harvester 8<sup>th</sup> to 18<sup>th</sup>

The voyage begins to settle back into a dull routine after the pirate attack in the Densac Gulf. The passengers turn into comrades and the captain even refunds half of their boarding fees and only charges them half rates for their meals! His generosity, considering the voyagers had saved the ship, knows few bounds. The ship moves through the Densac Gulf on the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup>. Tilva Strait is just in sight and the ship keeps its distance from the peninsula.

Sheal comes up on deck at 9 AM on Waterday the 19<sup>th</sup> and gets out his crystal ball. As usual, there is laughter – until the kneeling Sheal screams and turns a deadly shade of white. 'I saw orcs burning small homes and killing women and children! It as horrible!' Then he faints. Sheal has a cure cast upon him but he continues to babble about orcs and something about a man running away with a mace. 'No the man with the mace ran away first then the scene changed and the orcs attacked. I don't know what I was looking at or when! But NOW you will believe that my gazing has a purpose.' He seems to be trying to convince himself more than anyone else.

Ebzo is the first to spot the Dragon Turtle, mainly due to the fact the head of the beast comes down on top of Ebzo; only his boots, feet still in them, are left on the deck as the mouth closes with a snap. The beast rears its head as crossbows finally begin to fire and as the spell casters tumble up on deck to shriek and wish that it had not appeared so quickly. Twenty yards away, the Turtle prepares to dive under the ship, a maneuver that the hardy sailors know might crack the keel in two if it comes up under the ship the way they expect.

However that doesn't happen. Instead, a man and a woman appear between the ship and the Turtle. They are dressed in flowing blue-green gowns of gossamer material that has an iridescent sheen. The sturdy, tall man holds a large trident. Both stand on

the water as if it was dry land. The Turtle raises its head and slowly comes down to where the woman puts out her hand to touch its snout. An exasperated sailor fires his crossbow at the turquoise man, but the bolt hits, then falls back harmlessly into the water. Before he can reload and before others can even stop him, a tentacle comes out of the water and wraps itself around his neck. The crack of his neck is distinct and loud, and Jeffar is pulled over the edge of the ship.

The man walks to the Turtle and swings up on its back holding out a hand for the woman to join him. Behind the head of the beast they sit as the turtle dives under the waves and does not resurface.

'What just happened?'

'I have had my brother and sister intercede on your behalf,' are the words that come from the other man standing on the deck behind the still startled crew. The man is tall and blond, dressed in a flowing white and blue cape over a blue surcoat, with a sword was strapped to his side, and his hair is adorned with two eagle feathers.

'My god!' Beltus manages to blurt out as he falls face forward on the deck before Phaulkon.

'Then that was Osprem and Xerbo?'

'As I just said. my brother and my sister. Come with me Beltus.' As he holds his hand toward the quivering Beltus they both levitate off the deck and rise above the upper rigging. No one can hear what Phaulkon tells him but Beltus pays total attention. A minute later Phaulkon is gone and Beltus **feather falls** back to the deck, his mouth wide open.

'What has the god said to you, mighty cleric?' (The captain seriously considers giving the other half of Beltus' passage money back to him.)

'I must recover a weapon that was taken from the town of Lake Farmin. The Lord has told me to go to a place called Cobblethorp outside of Kroten. I hope one or more of you will come with me.'

'There is a lake that is called Lake Farmin. But you speak as if we're talking about a hamlet. The Hamlet on the lake is Garrotten.'

'Not any more it isn't, Captain.'

The voyagers crowd around Beltus, who now had the eagle feathers<sup>[10]</sup> in his hair. But Beltus becomes strangely reflective. 'All of you,' he says, pointing to his fellow travelers, 'are about to join me on a great

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<sup>[10]</sup> Feather of feather falling, feather of speak to hawks/eagles

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quest. The reward will come from Phaulkon himself. I must pray, my companions, for a major event is about to take place on Lendore Isle, and we are heading into the thick of it.'

'Perhaps we should land at Manville', observes the Captain.

'Do you want to see the dragon turtle again, Captain?'

'Eight or nine days to Duxchan, then on to Restenford.' he says loudly, and then as an aside 'Your meal is free tonight Beltus – just tonight.'

### **Harvester 20<sup>th</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup>**

Beltus can't seem to stop praying. His singsong droning drives everyone crazy. After eight days of his constant yammering, Duxchin is finally in sight. They land near nightfall and decide to call it a day. The passengers, including a bleary, hoarse Beltus, go into town for a large hot meal. They all sleep in large warm beds for the first time since the night in Irongate so long ago. The next day is the unloading of the cargo and the buying of provisions. The small disappointing cargo is loaded and the ship is ready to leave on the first of day of Brewfest.

### **Brewfest 1<sup>st</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup>, Patchwall 1<sup>st</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup>**

The travel to Sulward is uneventful. They take on the last provisions before the last leg of the journey to Restenford. The cargo load is large and the captain has to pay extra to get workers to load the ship during a festival. Cross and upset, the captain orders the Shark to set sail the 1<sup>st</sup> day of Patchwall. There is some rain and a small gale but the ship sights Lendore Isle by 3 PM on the 8<sup>th</sup>. 'We could land at Lo Reltarma but we are off course about seven miles to the south.' The captain gives his first mate a stern look. She looks at her charts and does not understand why she is off by this much. 'Disturbance off the starboard bow, captain.'

Disturbance was not the word for it. The waves move rapidly from west to east and the ship is caught in their wake. Try as he might the captain cannot seem to steer out of the upcoming cold tail winds that came up suddenly a few minutes ago. The temperature begins to plummet as the ship's speed increases dramatically! Faster and faster and faster, from six to seven to eight to nine to ten miles per hour – a breathtaking speed for a ship at sea, and still increasing. 'Whirlpool ... a giant one, Captain. Off the starboard rail.' To be sure there it is. It is so large and intense that the opposite side of it cannot be seen; it must be **miles** away. A cold cloud of mist hovers over the giant hole in the ocean that the ship is now being pulled around.

The thing that came flying toward them had to be fifteen feet tall. Its wings are thin and very long and barely beat, but the horned beast flies at astonishing speeds, faster than any eagle. 'I am the Guardian of the Gate! Having seen it, you must die!' Each person on deck hears no sound, but the only the thought, in their own language, of what the devil says! It begins to move its hands wildly in the air. The crossbows fire but the few bolts that do hit bounce off its thick hide harmlessly. Just as it is about to cast its spell, a figure rises out of the ocean. He is dressed in blue green armor and bears a gigantic two-handed sword. He is as tall as the devil and walks forward toward it on the water as if it were dry land. 'Akwamon!' The God of Storms engages the devil on the high seas as sleet begins to pelt the Shark. The clouds overhead darken to near night and a lightning bolt travels from the low black clouds and hits the devil square in the chest. The devil, like many of his counterparts, is a coward and dives into the whirlpool and vanishes. The ship continues around the whirlpool, faster and faster and faster until it is traveling east to west in the opposite direction! Finally, after hours of battering, the ship is flung out of the now diminishing whirlpool and right toward Restenford. Akwamon vanishes down into the depths of the sea.

### **Patchwall 9<sup>th</sup>**

Battered and beleaguered, the ship finally pulls into sight of the Restenford docks in the late afternoon. The sailors are stunned to see that there's a layer of snow on the roofs of the town and much of the dock. By 4 PM they moor the ship and jump off to kiss the grounds. Arrival!

Normally a ship is spotted a few miles out and a horn blast heralds its arrival. The captain hears no horn as they pull into port; there is no signal to send full carts and deck hands to help load and unload. No one comes to greet them. Finally, Falco and Gap come running up to the ship. 'Captain, we beg your pardon but all is in chaos to say nothing of this snow and cold! Restenford was attacked by orcs in the company of ogres and a troll. We are burying our dead, thirty-seven at last count, and over thirty are wounded. Many homes have been damaged and some burnt to the ground. We are still healing wounds and the attack was seven days ago.'

'This is terrible news! Followed so closely by the loss of the Baron and his wife during Planting.' 'We lost eight acolytes at the temple, and with the death of the Abbot we are very short of clergy to cure the wounded. Commerce may be in ruins for a year or more!'



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'I am a cleric of Phaulkon,' says Belus, 'I am also a cleric. How may we help?' Ulof chimes in, 'We will cast the cures we have now and pray for more.' 'You and your friends are most welcome at my Tavern,' seeing the party gather around Beltus and Ulof. <sup>{<sup>[1]</sup>}</sup>Then in dwarvish, 'Good to see you, my brothers, we long for news from the clans on the mainland.}' By the small hours of the morning, more cures are cast and the party finally goes to bed.

9 AM on the 10<sup>th</sup> sees the clerics each 80 GP richer (for casting cures). The party gathers after breakfast at Falco's and prepares to depart to go inland. The weather has returned to normal, and snow is only a memory in the minds of the children. 'We are on a mission given to us by ... Well we are not at liberty to say by whom, but we must be prompt.'

'We (Ulof and Kurl) will return soon, if we can, and will tell you of our adventures at sea.'

Falco tells the party that the trip is thirty-five miles to Grest, a village south of Tellar. 'You should be able to make Zeman's Crossing by nightfall. Zeman's crossing has a small inn. You will pass Copper Rise on your right and see the Trollheim Mountains ahead of you. The road turns west and crosses the east branch of the Restin River, and then crosses the west branch. Zeman's crossing is the bridge over the western branch.'

The party begins their travel at 10:30 AM. The snow on the ground has melted but there are still some traces on the roofs. Such an event would normally be a time for wonder and play in the snow, but the burial of many dead and treating of the wounded consumes people's time instead.

(Details above – be sure the player has all of the details of his character)

## THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

The following two groups should be used during the attempted assassination attempt on Obestor's wife Lilliar on Patchwall the 14<sup>th</sup>. The attacking group is outlined here as well. They are shown with items carried at the moment of the break-in. They start the break in the rooms listed. Most are not carrying their purses.

**Room #18**, small chapel. Lilliar is there until 12:30 unless she is alerted that there is something wrong. She is doing a ritual prayer of protection over her husband and son.

**Room #34, Lilliar**, Cleric Lvl 3, GN, human female [Bralm].

S: 11; I: 14; W: 15; D: 13; C: 13; CH: 16; HP: 16.

**Bracers of defense AC: 6**, engraved bronze shield; AC: 5/5/6; **+1 hammer +1**.

Spells: **augury, bless, cure light wounds, detect magic, hold person, light, sanctuary**.

**Room #19**, dining room next to kitchen #17. Fliban and Icibar are having a late night snack while Marklin is trying to clean up. They are not snobs and joke with him as they eat.

**Room #28, Fliban**, Magic-user Lvl 4, LN, male [Weejas].

S: 10; I: 15; W: 15; D: 16; C: 16; CH: 12; HP: 21.

**ring of protection +2**; AC 6/8/8; dagger.

Spells: **detect magic, magic missile, sleep, stinking cloud, web**.

**Room #26, Icibar**, Thief Lvl 7, LN, male [Norebo]

S: 11; I: 13; W: 13; D: 16; C: 15; CH: 10; HP: 37.

Leather armor, **ring of protection +2, ring of inaudibility, +1 short sword +1**, dagger.

**Room #45, Scullery, Markin**, Man-at-arms Lvl 1-1, N, male [Bralm].

S: 16; I: 12; W: 12; D: 15; C: 15; CH: 8; HP: 7.

Leather armor; AC 7/8/8; short sword and dagger.

On the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor hall, he is stationed at the staircase but he travels to the doors of rooms #24 and #29 once an hour, more to get some exercise than to be checking on anything. The torch on the stairs is lit.

**Room #14, Brilman**, Fighter Lvl 3, NG, male [Phaulkon].

S: 15; I: 12; W: 12; D: 15; C: 15; CH: 10; HP: 28.

**Chain mail +1** & shield; Purse:14 GP, 74 SP; AC: 2/3/4; Broadsword, light crossbow (10 bolts), dagger.

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<sup>[1]</sup> { brackets } indicate speech in a tongue other than Common.

**Room #15** (hall and base of 1<sup>st</sup> floor staircase). **Carlton** and **Quellvin** are on main floor guard duty. They generally stay around the staircase, sometimes sitting on the steps. Once an hour one of them walks the 1<sup>st</sup> floor hallway and comes back.

**Room #13, Carlton**, Fighter Lvl 2, CG, male [Kord].

S: 17; I: 9; W: 9; D: 16; C: 16; CH: 8; HP: 19.

Chain mail & shield, AC: 2/4/5; Purse: 7 GP, 18 SP, 22 CP, broadsword, **long bow +1** (18 arrows).

**Room #13, Quellvin**, Man-at-Arms Lvl 1-1, LN, male [Phaulkon]

S: 15; I: 7; W: 8; D: 10; C: 13; CH: 15; HP: 6.

Studded leather & shield, AC: 6/6/7; Purse: 19 GP, 36 SP; mace, spear.

**Watch tower (G1a)** Pestor and Feldo are awake. Helara and Iggvo are asleep.

**Room #24, Pestor**, Fighter Lvl 4, N, female [Norebo]

S: 15; I: 12; W: 10; D: 15; CN: 14; CH: 16; HP: 32.

**Studded leather +2**, AC: 4/5/5; short sword, 4 hand axes.

**Room #21, Feldo**, Man-at-Arms Lvl 1-1, NL, male [Phaulkon]

S: 13; I: 13; W: 13; D: 11; C: 12; CH: 13; HP: 7.

Studded leather, AC: 7/7/7; Purse: 3 GP, 66 SP, battle axe, hand axe.

**Room #21, Helara**, Man-at-Arms Lvl 1-1, N, female [KORD]

S: 11; I: 10; W: 5; D: 13; C: 11; CH: 8; HP: 6.

Studded leather & shield, AC: 6/6/7; Purse: 18 GP, 65 SP, long sword, short bow.

**Room #21, Iggvo**, Man-at-Arms Lvl 1-1, N, male [KORD]

S: 14; I: 8; W: 12; D: 12; C: 16; CH: 15; HP: 8.

Studded leather & shield, AC: 6/6/7; Purse: 12 GP, 52 SP, scimitar, sling.

**Room #16**, Drawbridge room. Lor Var is awake and looking at a book of drawings that he bought in the market two days ago. It has a dozen well-drawn pictures of streets in towns where the peddler has traveled. Each drawing has a street and town name. Lor Var is using it to vicariously travel to the continent. (He paid 6 PP for it.)

**Room #14, Lor Var**, Man-at-Arms Lvl 1-1, N, male [KORD].

S: 13; I: 8; W: 6; D: 13; C: 13; CH: 12; HP: 7.

Studded leather & shield. AC: 6/6/7; Purse: 17 GP, 42 SP; battle axe, dagger

**Room #13**, bedroom. Obara is asleep.

**Obara**, Man-at-Arms Lvl 1-1, GC, female [Llery].

S: 16; I: 13; W: 13; D: 7; C: 16; CH: 9; HP: 8.

Studded leather, AC: 7/7/7; Purse: 70 SP; mace, short bow.

**Room #43**, Bedroom. The cooks are asleep; Barbo is just arriving to bed at 10:30PM.

**Tellze**, Head Cook Alvl 7, N, female [Phyton]; HP: 5.

Meat cleaver (d4+1), AC 10

**Ebbe**, Cook Alvl 5, N, female [Phyton]; HP: 4.

Knife, AC 10; Purse: 5 SP, 18 CP.

**Barbo**, Cook Alvl 4, NC, male [Phyton]; HP: 3.

Knife, AC 10; Purse: 8 SP, 12 CP.

**Room #41**, bedroom. Zard is asleep.

**Zard**, Butler Alvl 7, NL, male [Bralm].

S: 10; I: 15; W: 15; D: 12; C: 10; CH: 15; HP: 4.

No armor or weapon, AC 10/10/10; Purse: 11 SP, 12 CP.

Note: Zard has the **figurine of wondrous power** (giant wasp).

**Room #45**, Bedroom. Dollie is asleep.

**Dollie**, Maid Alvl 5, N, female [Bralm].

S: 10; I: 11; W: 12; D: 15; C: 10; CH: 8; HP: 3.

No armor or weapon, AC 9/10/10; Purse: 54 CP.

## The Attackers

**Grimm**, Assassin Lvl 7, EN, male [Syrul]

S: 13; I: 15; W: 12; D: 15; C: 12; CH: 8; HP: 27.

**Leather armor +1, ring of protection +1**, AC: 5/6/6; Purse: 33 PP; **+3 dagger +3 bloodletting blade** (The blade is aligned EN), three throwing daggers, **potion of neutralize poison**

Open Locks: 52%, Climb Walls: 92%

**Dreggara**, Magic-User Lvl 5, En, female [Weejas].

S: 9; I: 16; W: 13; D: 13; C: 15; CH: 9; HP: 15.

**Bracers of defense AC 8**, AC: 8/8/8; Purse: 11 GP, 14 SP, 3 BP; dagger, **ring of knocking**.

Spells: **darkness, dispel magic, levitate, magic missile (x2), sleep (x2)**

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**Rellgo**, Thief Lvl 5, EN, male [Syrul]

S: 9; I: 12; W: 12; D: 16; C: 15; CH: 7; HP: 18.

Leather armor, AC 6/8/8; Purse: 11 GP, 22 SP; short sword, **+1 dagger +1, potion of neutralize poison.**

Open Locks: 47%, Climb Walls: 90%

**Zesstig**, Fighter Lvl 4, EC, male [Beltar].

S: 16; I: 11; W: 10; D: 14; C: 15; CH: 5; HP: 23.

Chain mail & shield, AC 4/5/5; Purse: 15 GP, 18 SP; **long sword +1**, dagger, hand axe (throwing).

**Uglag**, Fighter Lvl 3, EC, half-orc male [Groomsh].

S: 18/23; I: 7; W: 6; D: 13; C: 17; CH: 9; HP: 30.

Chain mail, AC: 5/5/5; Purse: 20 GP, 11 SP; two handed sword, dagger, **potion of hill giant strength.**

**Ezgal**, Fighter Lvl 2, En, male [Syrul].

S: 15; I: 12; W: 8; D: 13; C: 13; CH: 9; HP: 16.

Studded leather & shield, AC 6/7/7; Purse: 7 GP, 20 SP; long sword, long bow and 12 arrows, dagger

**Ogezmo**, Fighter Lvl 2, En, male [Syrul].

S: 16; I: 12; W: 9; D: 15; C: 8; CH: 10; HP: 13.

Studded leather & shield, AC 5/6/7; Purse: 18 GP, 11 SP, 30 BP; long sword, long bow and 12 arrows, dagger

#### Outside Lookout

**Feggus**, Assassin Lvl 4, Ec, male [Beltar].

S: 13; I: 14; W: 11; D: 15; C: 13; CH: 7; HP: 16.

Leather armor, AC7/8/8; Purse: 3 GP, 22 SP, 3 CP; **+1 short sword +1**, sling, **ring of spell storing [infravision, shield].**

#### Back at Camp Site

**Zerbell**, Cleric Lvl 2, EN, male [Syrul].

S: 10; I: 12; W: 15; D: 13; C: 14; CH: 11; HP: 11.

Studded leather & shield, AC6/7/7; Purse: 11 GP, 30 SP, 20 CP, 8 BP; mace, hammer.

Spells: **cure light wounds (x3)**

**Ikell**, Cleric Lvl 1, EN, male [Syrul].

S: 9; I: 13; W: 16; D: 12; C: 14; CH: 9; HP: 7.

Leather armor & shield, AC 7/8/8; Purse: 3 GP, 20 SP 18 CP; mace, hammer.

Spells: **cure light wounds (x2)**

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## The Lendore Isle Companion

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