

Child of the House

**An introductory adventure for
Ravenloft: The Mists of Darkon**

by Rucht Lilavivat

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What the Heck Is This?

Before you lies the remains of the once, great Living Ravenloft campaign. At one time, we proud few were working hard to get Ravenloft adopted as a Living Campaign by the RPGA, or Role-Playing Game Association.

A Living Campaign is a continual campaign played at conventions or in players' homes for fun. It is not a LARP or have any live-action components, except for very occasional scenarios. Usually, it involves players sitting around a table, much like one would for any other RPG.

The difference is that a Living Campaign has official modules that you have to play and your character gets experience, magic items, and other character benefits only from those approved modules. It basically gave people an excuse to go to gaming conventions with their characters, meet friends, and have a good time.

Living Ravenloft, or The Mists of Darkon, as the campaign was going to be called, never materialized. After years of petitioning the RPGA, we got no answer, and finally the word that the RPGA wouldn't sponsor products that were produced by Wizards of the Coast. They didn't want to give their competition free press. Makes sense, right?

As the Living Death game comes to a close this coming year in February, we were going to hopefully launch Ravenloft: The Mists of Darkon. We even had White Wolf's blessing. Alas, one partner was in, the other was not.

However, I am involved in what I hope to be the next heir apparent in the Living Death slot...a little game called Witch Hunter. I'll be telling you folks more about that when it comes closer to time.

So that leaves us with **What the Heck is This?**

Enter: Child of the House

This module was the introductory module for Ravenloft: The Mists of Darkon. Had things gone well, the idea for this module would have been for players to have been able to play this game in the span of four hours, which is the regular time slot for a convention game.

It was assumed that players would also have time to make characters for this game, and that was included in the four-hour time allotment. Essentially, the game allowed for 1 hour of character creation and 3 hours of game play. Obviously, you all have no such restrictions.

This is a game intended for 4 to 6 players. All of the characters are expected to be beginning, 1st level characters. Included with this adventure is a map.

You may notice that there is a lot of reference to the on-going campaign that this module was meant to be a part of. I've left them in there for the sake of interest.

So, there it is. The Mist of Darkon never germinated, but it did spawn this module. Since I've been sitting on this puppy for year, I figure you might as well enjoy it!

I hope you all enjoy this module!

Check the Players

Since this is a new campaign setting, some people will be showing up at the table with no character in hand. Some players may show up at your table with no idea of what Ravenloft is about. If a player arrives at the table with no character, you have the option of helping that player through the character creation process, or giving them a pregenerated character.

The decision of whether to assist the player in character generation or to hand the player a pregenerated character lies with the DM. If the player can generate a playable character within half an hour, you should have enough time to complete your module. If character generation would take more than half an hour, then you may want to consider handing the player a pregenerated character.

Directing the Module

When running the module, DMs are encouraged to create their own descriptions. Describe the settings and events in a way that you prefer. Do not feel beholden to the boxed text, or the way things are described in the module. When trying to scare the players, think first of things that scare you. Changes in how the DM presents the module are perfectly fine, as long as the basic plotline of the module remains unchanged.

Though the DM is allowed a degree of freedom in describing events, you should avoid changing the module drastically. Do not change any major events in the module, or change the stats of any opponents listed in the module. Giving out extra items, magic or otherwise, is prohibited. It is important to keep character names, character behavior, and major names consistent with how they are describe in the module. Campaign continuity can only exist if you keep the character names and character behavior consistent with what is written.

Horror, Fear, and Madness

From time to time, you may ask the heroes of the adventure to make a Fear, Horror, or Madness saving throw. All of these saves are based off of the character's Will save, and occasionally modified by Feats or character abilities. These saving throws are designed to represent the psychological rigors upon the heroes in the Realm of Dread.

Horror checks are made when a character confronts something terrifying or disturbing. A scene of a gruesome death, or the cold chill of some unspeakable terror scraping at the door may be causes for a horror check. As DM, you are given great liberties with the use of Horror checks. You determine when and if any PC needs to make a Horror check. Note that in any given encounter, not every PC need make a Horror check. What might be horrifying for one hero may not be for another. One technique you might even use is to ask the player if they thing a Horror check would be appropriate.

Fear checks are made when a character faces something overwhelming, something that he or she feels powerless against. A horde of undead, or a creature that cannot be affected by the party's weapons are examples of situation that may warrant a Fear check. As with Horror check, the DM is given discretion as to when these checks need be made.

Madness checks are made when a character faces something so disturbing, so completely unsettling that it might unhinge his or her mind. These checks should be quite rare. Examples of such awesome events include, discovering that one's fiancée is undead and has been all along; discovering that one's god is really a Darklord; or trying to psychically probe the mind of a serial killer or alien entity.

The Difficulty Challenge number of these checks is left up to the DM. Again, great liberties are allowed here, so it should be noted that a lot of trust is going into the DM's hands. As a general guideline, know that a typical Horror, Fear, or Madness check will be DC 15. With greater scenes of Horror, Fear, or Madness will come greater DCs. A great scene of Horror, Fear, or Madness would be DC 20, and a momentous scene would be DC 25. Scenes that have a DC of 25 should be exceedingly rare. DMs may only see three or four in their entire career.

As a guideline, suggested DCs for Fear, Horror, or Madness checks are included in the module at key scenes. Again, these DCs are only suggested, and may be modified by the DM.

Honor System

Ravenloft: the Mists of Darkon, is a campaign that runs on the honor system. It relies on the players to keep track of their own experience, gold, and treasure. It relies on the players not to falsify their characters, stats, or game rolls.

In the same fashion, the Dungeon Master is also upheld to the same honor conduct. A great deal of faith and trust is placed in the DM in Ravenloft: the Mists of Darkon. Some DMs may attempt to make encounters particularly deadly because Ravenloft is in a horror setting. Avoid this temptation. In a game of gothic horror, PC death is probably the worst thing you can do for atmosphere or mood. Once a PC has died, there is nothing more you as the DM can do to them. The player suddenly realizes that he or she is only playing a game, and suddenly becomes a non-participant in the game round. They have essentially escaped the Realm of Dread. Besides, death is not the worst thing that can happen to someone in Ravenloft. The worst thing that can happen to someone in Ravenloft is to become the very thing that you are fighting.

This being said, a degree of excitement comes with a degree of threat to the player characters. With that threat comes the possibility of PC death. You are the DM. You must decide whether to fudge rolls or not. You must decide when it is appropriate for you to make rolls on the table or behind the screen. But if and when a PC dies, let them die, and at least try to make their death a heroic one.

Special DM Notice

This adventure is intended as a special one-round event. It is intended primarily as an introductory module for beginning characters. PCs that have already played in other modules may be allowed to play in this module, but they cannot be over 2nd level.

This module is a special 3-hour event. The first hour is intended to be used to help players create characters for Ravenloft: the Mists of Darkon. During this time, allow players to ask questions, and look through the guidebooks while making a character.

If other players already have characters made up, enlist their help in guiding new players in character creation. Because questions are bound to arise, you should be familiar with the character generation rules for the campaign, as well as the *R13E* rules.

Adventure Background

The Hamlet of Talanka

The story begins in a tiny inn in the hamlet of Talanka. Talanka lies on the midway point between Martria Bay and

Rivalis, on the shores of the Sea of Sorrows. Recently, the communities of Rivalis and Martria Bay have been building a road along the shores of the Sea of Sorrows, in order to circumvent the old road which now leads into the Necropolis, a place of death that no one dares to speak of in Darkon.

This tiny hamlet is home to only about one-hundred or so people. Thus, it does not show up on any major maps of Darkon. It is a small place filled with simple folk who have never seen magic, and only seen an elf or dwarf in passing.

The Undral Curse

The village has existed for some time under the yoke of a unique curse. Twice a year, during the Spring and Fall Equinox, the village must sacrifice a child to the House on Undral Hill.

For almost a century, the Undral family lived in the mansion that overlooked the village of Talanka. Their family was a prosperous one, with many relatives and friends spread throughout Darkon. But with time, the family's fortunes began to fade. As less and less of the Undral family married or bore children, the once prosperous family tree began to narrow.

Finally, the only family members left were Marius Undral and Alara Undral. Sadly, the death of these two would end the Undral family line.

Alara Undral remained hopeful, however. Together, she and her husband fostered a great family, bearing nine children in all. The children were Alara's love and joy, and each soon grew to be lovely or handsome in their own turn.

But the strange misfortunes that haunted the Undral family were not easily forgotten. Marius Undral died unexpectedly after the birth of their ninth child. Marius's death saddened the entire family, leaving a somber note over the collective household.

The Night of Woe

But the crowning misfortune, the greatest tragedy of all, happened just fifteen years ago. Upon the Fall Equinox, every child of the Undral household was taken. That night, the entire village of Talanka was awakened by Alara's cries.

The few servants that were working in the house found that the children's beds were empty. In place of the children's bodies were strange, pale dolls.

Alara ran down into the village and awoke every man, woman, and child. She begged with the town reeve to do

something, anything. She pleaded with the townspeople to find her children. But her cries fell upon deaf ears. No one listened to her wailing, for it was well known at that time that the only beings who would take children in such a manner were the Fey. And the Fey were not to be trifled with.

Alara pleaded with the entire village, pounding on doors, scraping at windows, but every villager kept their doors bolted and their windows shut.

Wracked with grief, Alara ran back to her house, never to be seen again. Some say she hanged herself, and that the body was taken away by the servants. Others say that she threw herself into the sea and was drowned. Many assume that she was taken by the Fey. The truth is, no one knows for sure.

The curious have traveled to the mansion, peering in to discover the fate of the poor widow. But Alara has never been found.

Alara's Return

One year after the traumatic event, Alara returned, though not in a way anyone suspected. Exactly one year after the event, children began to disappear from the hamlet of Talanka. In their place, strange dolls could be found.

It took the disappearance of twelve children to prompt one of the hamlet's elders to approach the House on Undral Hill and investigate.

The elder came back pale and wan. She would not speak of the horrors that she saw in that house, but she did tell the villagers where their children were. The children were with Alara. They were in the house with Alara. Alara's spirit was an angry one, and it was determined to take every single child from the entire hamlet.

The elder told the assembled villagers that she made a deal with the spirit of Alara. According to the elder, if the hamlet gave two children to the house a year, then the spirit of Alara would spare the rest of the hamlet's children. The elder then shut herself in her home, and proceeded to lose the rest of her remaining sanity.

At first, the hamlet rebelled. A number of angry villagers when up to the House on Undral hill with torches, with the intent to burn down the house. These intrepid souls threw their torches upon the house, and watched it alight. Many of the villagers watched from the safety of the hamlet as the house caught fire and burned. After an hour, the fire mysteriously died down, and the people who went up to the house to light the fire were gone as well – vanished in the wind like the flames so mysteriously doused.

Another group of villagers attempted to leave Talanka on a horse and cart, with their children in tow. Three days after the small travelling band left, the horse and cart returned. The vehicle was empty except for strange dolls that were left in place of the villagers.

Thus, the hamlet of Talanka has suffered under the curse of Undral Hill for fifteen years. Each year, the entire hamlet draws straws from a box. The two families that draw the black straws from the box must give up a child on the Spring or Fall Equinox. Slowly, but surely, the entire town is becoming depopulated.

Current Sketch

Most recently, a widow by the name of Fione Fisherwife was chosen to give up one of her children. Unable to take up the horrific task of choosing which child to lose, the village chose for her by another draw of straws. Fione lost her younger daughter, Myra to the house.

Myra was dressed in a white gown, her “funeral dress.” Then, as is tradition in the hamlet now, she was given a bouquet of flowers. Myra then made the slow walk up to the house, and was never seen again.

Normally, the village would have gone on with the rest of their lives, but tonight things will change. Tonight, one week after Myra’s betrothal to the house, her older brother has gone to try to rescue here.

Lieri has been plagued by nightmares about Myra. He has dreamt of her for the past week. In all of his dreams, she is being pulled down a long, dark hall within the house. She claws at the ground with her nails and screams for him.

Spurred by his nightmares, Lieri has gone up to the house, to see if he can rescue his sister. But little does Lieri know of the horrors that lie within the House on Undral Hill.

Here’s where the heroes will step in. They will be given the choice: do they enter the house and go after Lieri? Or do they turn their back upon the boy and the village?

Adventure Summary

Chapter the First – Humble Beginnings

The players meet each other at the Sea Witch tavern and become familiar with their characters. The tavern is run by Elith Half-Elven, a laid back but friendly tavern owner.

Chapter the Second – The Woe of Fione

The heroes hear the cry of Fione and hear her tale – of how her son, Lieri has gone into the House on Undral Hill. They must decide whether or not to help her.

Chapter the Third – The House

The heroes proceed to the house and discover its secrets. They explore the first floor in this chapter. All information about the second floor is in the next chapter.

Chapter the Fourth – The Second Story

On the second floor, the heroes discover the spirit of a little boy who was chased into the house by his abusive father. They fight the father, who has been corrupted into a thing of evil. They also discover more about the house and the curse upon the place. Finally, they discover the location of Alara and all of the children.

Chapter the Fifth – The Big Black Room

The heroes travel out back behind the house, and squeeze down a small tunnel at the base of a massive tree. There, they find a chamber – the Big Black Room – where Alara sits and waits for them. There is a final conflict in which the PCs battle Alara and two spider minions.

Chapter the Sixth – The Beginning or End?

The Big Black Room begins to collapse. Finally, the PCs may flee with Lieri or they may actually talk to Alara. If the PCs are so bold as to talk with Alara, they are offered to make an oath. One PC will be offered to oath to find Alara’s children. Doing so brings back Myra.

Conclusion

This is the denouement. Here, the PCs receive recognition and rewards for their deeds in the hamlet of Talanka.

Chapter the First – Humble Beginnings

Setting:

The players begin in Talanka’s only inn and tavern: the Sea Witch. The Sea Witch is a humble, but colorful domicile. The walls of the inn have been decorated with an array of nautical accoutrements. A large fisherman’s net spreads across the east wall of the inn. Upon the net hangs a large ship’s wheel, an old harpoon, a few old lanterns, and some lacquered fish. The light of the inn is provided by large ship’s lanterns that hang from the ceiling. The inn’s bar is on the west wall. Behind the bar sits a wide array of beverages ranging from simple grog to rare elven wine. Each bottle of drink has a story behind it, which Elith the innkeeper is willing to tell...for a price. Up high upon the shelf are two of Elith’s greatest pride and joy: a magnificent ship in a bottle, and a cutlass.

When the night has worn long, and the guest have drunk their fill of ale Elith Half-Elven clears out the common room and allows his guests to roll out their bed rolls and to sleep on the floor of the common room. Guests who are willing to pay a higher price may take one of the ‘fancy’ rooms upstairs, of which there are only two.

In recent months, traffic in Talanka has picked up, due to fact that a merchants route from Martria Bay and Rivalis has now been created. At the start of the adventure, only two of Elith's "fancy" rooms are available. Thus, heroes who are looking for a room upstairs will have to share.

Action:

The story starts with the heroes at the inn. They may be here for any number of reasons. They might be travelling from Martria Bay or to Rivalis on personal business. Perhaps they have just finished a job guarding a trade caravan here to this hamlet. They may have wandered in from the wild. Whatever the reason, they are here in the inn, now.

A single minstrel sits in the corner of the inn's common room quietly strumming a song and singing a song about a woman whose husband was lost at sea. The mood of the tavern is mellow. Most people are tired after a long day of travel or work.

Allow the PCs to interact with each other and perhaps discuss what they have been doing. How did they get here? Why are they here? To help the PCs out with this dilemma, you may want to give them a little background about Talanka and the recent goings-on. Explaining this will also help the heroes understand why there are only two inn room available.

After the players have settled into their characters, and described them well enough, go ahead and move them into the first chapter.

Characters:

Elith Half-Elven: Bard 3

Appearance: Elith is a man of indeterminate age. He could be 28 or 48. There's no telling. He is very handsome, with a shock of blond hair, and dazzling blue eyes.

Background: Elith was once an adventurer by trade, but has since settled down from his wilder days. Elith has gone to the far corners of the Dread Realms collecting various and sundry alcoholic drinks. Each bottle of wine, liquor, or ale has a different story of where it was found or how it was won. Because of the rarity of some of his concoctions, Elith has drinks that range from anywhere from 1 chip (copper) to 50 crowns (platinum).

Elith came to Talanka about ten years ago, after the incident at the House of Undral. At first, people were suspicious of him due to his elven heritage. However, Elith's charm and wit won over the town, eventually allowing him to open his inn.

Roleplaying: Elith is a jokester. He loves a good joke, even if the joke is at his expense. He gestures and speaks casually, treating people with the same amount of respect

they show him. Despite his easy-going manner, Elith is a former adventurer, and can be deadly serious when the need arises.

Chapter the Second – The Woe of Fione

Setting: Outside the Sea Witch Inn.

Action:

There is a sudden cry outside the Sea Witch Inn. Many jump to their feet at the sound of this. At least three men put their hands on daggers or clubs. But none go out to investigate. Soon, through the open window of the inn, a woman can be seen. A woman weeping and crying. She wrings her hands into the air and cries out again. She pulls at her own hair, as if caught in the throes of madness.

A number of the inn patrons recoil at this scene, for it is all too reminiscent of the scene of Alara Undral upon the night she lost her children. Some of the patrons cry out, "It's Alara! Alara Undral! Her ghost walks again!" Yet, others will say, "No, you fool. It's only Fione. She's the one what give up her child to the House a week back." When the inn room hears this, the patrons will nod silently and watch Fione sadly through the inn window.

Those who go out into the night to help Fione will see that she is in hysterics:

- You have to help me! Help my child! Lieri has gone in there! He's gone in there!
- Lieri has gone into the house. He wanted to rescue his sister. He's only a little boy!
- The house! The house took Myra, but I knew that it was her destiny.
- The house cannot take Lieri! He was not meant to go!
- You must save him! Please! I will do whatever you wish!

Fione will continue to rave on and on about her child and the house. Unfortunately, she is not in the state of mind to give straight answers right now.

If the heroes go out to attend to Alara, then they are accompanied by Elith Half-Elven. He is the only other person in the village who is willing to help in this endeavor. He sadly explains the predicament Alara is in.

- Ah, yes. The House on Undral Hill. Long has it stood watching over the town.
- The house has stood there for over a hundred years, but only recently has it began its demented demands. You see, the house demands that twice a year, on the Spring and Fall Equinox, a child be given to it.

- Why does the house demand children, you say? Well, my friend. That story begins about fifteen years ago. Before I came here.
- According to what people tell me, the house was once occupied by Alara Undral and her nine children.
- About fifteen years ago, her children up and vanished. No trace of them remained, but in their place, strange dolls were left in their beds. The village said it was the Faeries, the Shadow Fey that came and took the children.
- Alara Undral begged the townspeople to help her, but no one answered her pleas. For all feared that the Faeries would come and take their children if they interfered.
- So Alara went back up into her giant house...alone. There she wept and wept and wept. And died of a broken heart.
- And so, the spirit of Alara remained. One year later, the house began to call for children. Children began to go missing, strange dolls left where they had been taken.
- Only until one of the village elders actually went to the house, did they find answers to their questions.
- The elder returned, saying that she had spoken with the spirit of Alara. And that Alara's spirit would agree to stop taking children if the village would give her two each year.
- And so, here we are, fifteen years gone. But all this happened before I arrived here.
- Fione's child, Myra was sent to the house a week ago. Now it looks like Myra's older brother, Lieri has gone to see if he can rescue her.
- It is too late for Myra. For she was a Child of the House. For a Child of the House, there is no returning. But for Lieri, there may be a chance.
- It is up to you, if you wish to take up this missive. If you do, it will only be for the grace of the gods, for none here can offer you rewards or even the promise of glory. It is your decision.
- Do not ask what is in the house, for no one in Talanka knows. And the one village elder who spoke to Alara's spirit has long since passed on from madness.

The heroes now have a dilemma on their hands. Do they help Fione by recovering her child? Or do they turn their backs on a town perhaps deserving of their fate?

Elith will not offer to go with the PCs should they chose to go up to the House. However, if the PCs seem underpowered, the DM may elect to send Elith with them into the house as another sword arm. His full stats are included at the end of the module in the Appendix.

Characters:

Fione: Commoner 1

Appearance: Fione is a woman in her fifties. Her fading beauty is still evident in her slender face, and deep amber eyes. She wears simple peasant's clothes.

Background: Fione was married to a fisherman in the village about five years ago. On the night of their marriage, Fione was visited by a sith shadow fey and told that if she loved her husband that she would make sure that he always left the house with a silver charm around his neck. Then, the sith vanished, leaving a strangely shaped charm upon the window sill.

Fione, like most folk in Ravenloft was deeply superstitious, so she bade her husband wear the silver charm. Her husband wore the charm always, but one day, before going out on a fishing trip, he forgot the charm upon the table.

Fione grabbed up the charm and ran out to the docks, crying for her husband to take the charm out with him. But it was too late, his boat was already too far off for him to hear her.

That day, a great storm arose, and whipped the hamlet of Talanka with mighty waves. Fione's husband vanished in the storm, but she has always kept the silver charm.

Unbeknownst to all, even Fione, the silver charm is perfectly mundane. But the silver chain from which it dangles is a special prize, given to her by the Fey. For more details, see the Appendix of the Module.

Roleplaying: Normally, Fione is a quiet, sad woman whose occasional smile would brighten the day of the hardest cynic. But tonight she is in the throes of hysteria. For not only has she lost her daughter, but possibly her son. Without her son, she will be the only one left of her family. Her entire family is at stake here.

Chapter the Third – The House

Setting:

Assuming the PCs decide to take up Fione's urgent plea, they proceed up to the House on Undral Hill.

The house is ancient, and dilapidated. Even though the manse has been empty for only fifteen years, the structure has been burned, contributing to the decaying appearance. The rapid aging of the place speaks of the lingering corruption that lies here, buried just beneath the earth.

The house is charcoal black, stained from the fire set year fourteen years ago. A thin layer of charred wood constantly peels from the surface of the house, like flaking bits of skin.

The front porch sags, grinning up at those who approach. The broken windows stare blankly out, fogged up like the cataract eyes of a corpse. The front door sways ever so slightly in a chilling, wet breeze.

Stepping into the interior, one can see a house that has been marred on this inside as well as the outside. The walls are blackened and charred. The floorboards have been darkened, and will break if someone stamps their feet down hard.

The bottom floor of the house is designed to creep the players out, and to essentially get everyone into the “mood” of the setting. There is nothing inherently dangerous about the things downstairs, but witnessing them should be somewhat disturbing for the players and their characters. Try to play up the feeling of the “haunted place.” Feel free to change some of the descriptions slightly to fit your own taste for horror, only do not have anything actually attack the PCs. That occurs when the heroes travel upstairs.

Action:

Below is a description of the various rooms on the first floor of the house.

- 1) The Dining Room: The dining room has been transformed into a vision of perversion and horror. Remaining from the house’s earlier days is a long dining table with chairs. These have been stained in charcoal by the fire of fourteen years ago. But none of this is unusual or disturbing.

What is unusual and disturbing is that along the wall of the dining room are dozens and dozens of dolls. The dolls stand on dusty shelves covered with grit and grime. Whoever erected the makeshift shelves did so with filth all over their body, because the shelves are covered with filth.

The Shelf of Dolls

The dolls that stand on the shelves are made from porcelain. Their clothes are somewhat smoky but intact. Each doll has a name scrawled upon the shelf below it. The dolls’ eyes are glassy and reflective, mirroring the gaze of anyone who looks into them.

Strangely, there are empty places on the shelves where dolls once stood. Those who examine the empty spaces long enough will see that there is an empty place where the name “Myra” sits. Myra, of course, is the most recent sacrifice to the house. There indeed a doll named “Lieri,” indicating that it is perhaps not too late for him.

Anyone who examines the dolls may make a Gather Information check (DC 10). Those who succeed are able to remember the names of various children in Talanka from just hanging around there

earlier in the evening. They will notice that the dolls bear the names of various children in the village. If anyone makes the Gather Information check by +5 or more, they note that the empty places on the shelves correspond to the names of children who have been taken.

Anyone who examines the doll shelf long enough will note that there are special dolls on the bottom shelf. The porcelain dolls resemble the player characters, and their names are carved below the dolls on the shelf. Eerily enough, the dolls and the names look like they have been here for a long time.

A player character may take as many dolls as they like. They are merely dolls, nothing more. Shattering the dolls does nothing either, except leave fragments scattered about the ground.

- 2) The Entry Way: Up ahead, one can see that the house has fallen in at the center. A portion of the ceiling has given away, forming a gaping hole that goes right through the center of the house. (Grey area) Rain falls through the gaping hole, pattering upon the broken and jagged wood.

Right across from the entrance is a wide staircase leading up to the second story. The stairs are blackened and charred like the rest of the house. At the top of the stairs, dangling from a broken splinter on the top railing is a scrap of cloth, that looks like it might be torn from someone’s shirt.

To the left of the entryway is an oddly decorated dining room. To the right is what remains of a parlor.

The Stairs

At the top of the stairs is a scrap of cloth, dangling from jagged splinter. The scrap of cloth looks like it is a piece of clothing, like the shard of someone’s shirt. Indeed, this scrap of cloth is a piece of Lieri’s shirt.

Anyone wanting to proceed up the wide staircase may do so, but it is dangerous, as the stairs are about to give way. A Search check (DC 15) reveals that climbing on the remnant stairs will cause them to fall.

Indeed, walking on the stairs causes them to cave in, doing 2d6 points of damage to the person climbing. A Reflex save may be made (DC 14) for half damage.

DM’s Note: *The scrap of cloth has been placed there by the House itself. It has “caused” a scrap of Lieri’s shirt to become stuck there. Likewise, the remains of the stairs have been sturdy for ages, but recently, the house has “caused” the stairs to become treacherous. Anyone making a Sense Motive check (DC 13) after discovering the treacherous stairs will be able to discern that it seems as if the scrap of cloth was deliberately put there, and that the stairs were “rigged” to fall.*

- 3) The Parlor: All around the walls of the room sit various divans and chairs. The furniture is gray from

smoke, and has numerous rips and tears upon it. In the north wall is an fireplace, long since gutted by fire as well. The remnants of tapestries cling to the walls. Now, only the top borders of these wall hangings remain, the main body of the tapestry long since burned away.

The Strange Shapes of Those Before

Oddly, upon the now-blank walls are several dark silhouettes. The silhouettes are human-shaped, and pressed into various positions. Some have their hands raised as if in surprise. Others are crouching. Others have weapons drawn.

The silhouettes seem to be made out of ash- as if something captured the shadow of long-past mortals and preserved them in ash here on the wall.

But most striking of all is the bent, child-like writing that lies upon the wall. The strange writing surrounded the captured silhouettes. Arrows point from the writing towards the dark figures on the wall. Scrawled upon the wall in crooked letter are various phrases such as: “We were dumb.” “We failed.” “We are trapped here. Don’t be like us.” “I was foolish.” “Look at me now.”

The implication is, of course, that these are the captured shadows of those who have invaded the house, and failed.

- 4) **The Kitchen:** The kitchen of the house is desolate and empty. Gutted completely by fire, this room is nothing more than a collection of blackened timbers and splintering furniture.
- 5) **The Children’s Room:** This room once served as a recreational place for the children. It was a place where they could play music, draw and sketch, read, play, or entertain guests. It was a room once filled with instruments, toys, and other children’s props. But all of this has been reduced to blackened skeletons by fire and age.

Lingering Phantoms

Those who enter the children’s room will feel a palpable sensation of sadness, lying in the air like a thick blanket.

Anyone standing the room for more than a minute will begin to hear strange plucking sounds coming from the ancient harpsichord that lies in the room. The harpsichord has a missing leg, and tilts crazily over on its side. Even though this burned and weathered instrument should not be capable of music, it persists and actually plays a few dissonant chords.

Anyone standing in the room for more than five minutes will begin to hear strange whimpering, like the quiet crying of children.

Anyone standing in the room for more than six minutes will actually see a small crowd of children huddled in the corner. Their eyes are wide with

terror. Their lips cry out, and they press their fists into their mouths in anxiety. But no sound emerges...and then, the vision fades, never to be seen again.

Characters: None.

Chapter the Fourth – The Second Story

Setting: While the bottom floor was designed to impart a “creepy” feeling upon the players, the top floor is meant to actually meant to escalate the feeling of tension. Here, the heroes will find out more about what is going on in the House on Undral Hill, as well as actually get into conflict. While the bottom floor of the house was only creepy and disturbing, the upper floor will actually attack the PCs, trying to cause bodily harm.

While the heroes are here, they will encounter the ghost of a little boy, Dalevin, who died of starvation and hunger while hiding from his father. Dalevin’s father is also here on the second story, cursed by the house to forever search for his son, but never find him. Dalevin’s father has been completely corrupted by the house into a creature of evil.

The heroes should also find some journals that will help them discover where they can find Lieri, and find the rest of the children. But they may not like what they find....

Action: If the heroes have tried accessing the stairs, they will have found out that the stairs have collapsed. They will have to climb up, to the second story. This task can easily be accomplished with rope, or by simply giving someone a boost up to the second story.

When the PCs achieve the second story, they will have to either climb upon the second story landing (Room 7) or upon the second story hallway. Whichever they choose, they will see a scene of horror on the opposite landing from them.

In other words, if a PC climbs up on the landing (Room 7), they see this horrid vision standing in the hallway. If they climb up on the hallway, they see in standing on the landing (Room 7).

The Captive

Standing on the opposite landing, the PCs will suddenly see a little boy, dressed in a stained brown shirt and pants. He stands barefoot in the center of the hall or landing, staring straight at the hero who has just climbed up.

- My name is Dalevin. What’s your name?
- What do you want here?
- Myra is with the House now. You won’t be able to take her back. The House won’t let you.

- The House has Myra in the big black room. There are lots of toys in the big black room. Everyone has to play in the big black room. Everyone has to play. Forever.
- Lieri is drawing close to the big black room, now. Very soon, the House will take him, too. Like it took Myra.
- I came here to hide from my father. Are you trying to hide from your father, too?
- I came because I was afraid of my father. And nobody in town dares come up here. But now... Now he's here too! Shh! You better be quiet, because he might find you. If he does find you, he'll be really mad.
- I don't know where the big black room is. I just know it isn't here or there. A grown up found the big black room once. But he's sleeping now. He's sleeping in one of the guest rooms.
- You should wake him up. He has the secret to defeating Alara.
- I have to go now. Time to go. My father will come looking for me.

The little boy can interact and respond to questions, but is very indirect and vague in his responses. He often talks in riddles. After a while, he says that he has to go, and then, the little boy walks into a corner, crouches down holding his legs to his chest. He bows his head to his knees. In a flash of lightning from outside, one can see that Dalevin looks rather thin, and his skin brownish. Upon closer inspection, Dalevin appears to be nothing more than a tiny little brown skeleton, hair still barely clinging to his head.

There can be no doubt that the PCs have been talking to Dalevin's ghost, compelled to remain near his body at all times.

- 6) Portrait Room: This room is largely undamaged by fire. It contains a small gallery of family portraits. The painting of Alara Undral and her husband have strangely been blacked by something – not fire. Any attempts to scrape off the blackness results in irreparable damage to the paintings.

Anyone standing the room for more than a minute will begin to feel a throbbing headache, as the eyes of all the paintings seem to glare out at the viewer. Anyone standing in the room for more than two minutes will need to make a Madness save (DC 17) or suffer 1d4 points of subdual damage. This save must be made every round, or else the victim suffers the damage.

Slashing or damaging the paintings aggravates the situation. Each painting damaged or destroyed increases the subdual damage by 1d4. There are a total of 20 paintings in the room.

Simply leaving the room causes the damaging effect to subside, as well as the headache. Anyone peering into the room will see that any painting that was damaged or destroyed begins to slowly reassemble itself once everyone has left. Frayed canvas stitches itself together. Tears mend, burning fades away, and paint oozes back into place.

- 7) Second Story Landing: A small landing for the second story. A circular window looks out of the south wall. This area has suffered extensive smoke damage.
- 8) Servants Quarters: This room was once the communal servants' quarters. It was used by a number of adventurers some years back as a rest site. Unfortunately for them, they perished after a vicious attack by...something.

Inspecting the quarters reveals a splash of blood upon the walls and scrape marks on the ground. There are scorch marks from a low level burning hands spell on the walls. The two single beds that once lay here are now turned on their sides against the door, as if someone tried to erect a barricade. One of the beds is shattered, ripped apart by something with immense strength. From all appearances, it looks like a group of adventurers made their last stand here. All of this can be deduced with a successful Search check (DC 17) or a successful Wilderness Lore check, provided the skill user has the Track feat (DC 14).

In the back corner of the room lies an old adventuring backpack. Two potions of *cure light wounds* still remain within the backpack, as well as a gold ring worth 75 gp.

- 9) Library: The library has a number of books about the region and the nearby sea. A careful search (Search check DC 10) reveals some valuable books. There is a book on the history of the Sea of Sorrows and on Lamordia. These books are worth 50 gp each to a collector.

Within the library is also the journal of Alara Undral, which tells of the horror of her loss, her eventual slide into madness, and her deal with the dark powers. It is essential that the PCs eventually find her journal, because it tells how they might rescue Lieri. The PCs may be led here also by the journal of Ritus Viller, the dead adventurer in Room 11.

Look in the Appendix section of the module for the player handout of Alara's journal.

- 10) The Seamstress Room: In this room stands a large array of wooden dressing mannequins, all standing silently. The mannequins are headless, but still hold a number of tattered and moth-eaten dresses on their damp frames.

Anyone who enters the room will hear a slight whispering in the corners of the room. Those who make a Listen check (DC 13) can make out, “they’re here, they’re here. Look at them. So many!” Investigating the corners of the room silences them.

Anyone standing the room for more than a minute will suffer an attack from the house itself. The dressing mannequins begin to slide, slowly at first, towards any PC in the room. First round: Mannequins slide towards the PCs, crowding them. Whispering grows louder. Second round: Mannequins begin to pound on the PCs. +3 attack bonus, 1d4 subdual damage. Third round: Mannequins begin to throw themselves at the PCs. +5 attack bonus, 1d6 real damage. This continues until the PCs leave the room.

There are fourteen mannequins in all. The mannequins themselves are AC 8, have a hardness of 5 and 10 hit points. If any one of them is shattered, the pieces of jagged wood begin to fly at the PCs with a +5 attack bonus, doing 1d6 points of damage. If PCs linger in the room for over three rounds, the pieces of wood will attempt to push the PC out of the doorway, resulting in their fall to the first floor for 1d6 points of damage. A successful Tumble check (DC 10) negates the damage.

11 & 15) The Guest Bedrooms: Both of these rooms are similar in their layout. They have been largely untouched by fire. There is a window on the far wall, and a canopied bed on the south end. Full length mirrors stand in both of these rooms, a truly valuable commodity (each worth 50 gp each). Large, ornate wardrobes stand against the walls, bearing intricate carving and latticework, a reminder of the elegance the house used to possess.

In Room 11, the remains of Ritus Viller lie, sprawled upon the bed. Ritus is nothing more than a pile of bones, now, eaten away long ago by rats, flies, and worms. Scraps of his clothing lay lightly upon his gnawed bones, and the soft down that comprises the remnants of his hair lie about his skull.

Ritus was an amateur adventurer who went into the house on his own. He was a wizard and a scholar. His spell book has been long since chewed away, but his adventuring journal still lies in his bony hands. If the players find Ritus and his journal give them Player Handout #2 found in the Appendix.

Ritus’s journal is very important, since it points the PCs in the direction of the library, especially if they haven’t been there.

Beside Ritus’s body lies a backpack. Within the backpack a number of items: First,

there are three vials of Oil of Enchantment. Next, there is an elaborate pistol complete with three remaining loads of ammunition.

The Oil of Enchantment duplicates the spell magic weapon when rubbed on a weapon, as if cast by a 1st level cleric. Rubbing oil on a weapon is a standard action that provokes an attack of opportunity.

The vials are clearly labeled: “Oil for the Production of Magical Weaponry, Temporally Inhibited.”

It is extremely important that the heroes find the vials of Oil of Enchantment, as they will allow them to fight Alara in the final encounter.

12 & 14) The Children’s Rooms: These small rooms were rooms for the Undral families many children. They all shared space in the rooms, the girls living in the west room, and the boys living in the east room. Both rooms have two sets of bunk beds - four beds for the boys and four beds for the girls. The youngest of the family, a baby boy stayed with the mother.

The children’s rooms are surprisingly barren and empty. There are no toys, clothes, or furniture besides the bunk beds. Indeed, they have all been drawn by the house down into the big black room....

Dalevin’s Father

Room 14 is where Dalevin’s father now makes his layer. Dalevin’s father was once a normal man, perhaps abusive to his son, but normal nonetheless. He came up to the house to look for his son, but the house confused him, and compelled him to wander the empty halls. Now, Dalevin’s father is a *Broken One*, warped and twisted beyond all recognition by the corrupting power of the house.

Though the house confused Dalevin’s father, it will not confuse the PCs. The PCs are not trapped in the house like Dalevin’s father was. The house can only trap evil beings or children within its confines.

The moment anyone opens the door to Room 14, Dalevin’s father will look up and ask, “Dalevin? Is that you? I’ve come looking for you son. I’m coming to take care of you. Don’t worry. Everything will be all right now. You’ll see....”

The creature that was once Dalevin’s father attacks immediately, confusing any and all opponents for his son.

Describe the father however you wish. Try to make the experience a horrifying as possible, but don’t make the father any more powerful than his

stats indicate. The PCs will still have one more fight before the night is through. Remember that the house has given him immense strength and that he now wields an axe.

If Dalevin's father is killed, his body immediately draws the attention of roaches and worms which begin to rapidly burrow into his body.

13) **The Master Bedroom:** The master bedroom itself is a key to where Lieri, Myra, and the rest of the children are located. As described in Alara Undral's journal, if one looks out the back window of the bedroom, one can see an ancient, gnarled tree. Walking up to the window, one can see that the panes cross right at the location of the tree.

The tree is where Alara Undral wandered after she cursed the town and the house. There, the Mists caused her to become merged with the tree itself, opening a dark lair into the earth. Alara has dwelt there ever since.

DM's Note: It is imperative that the PCs figure out that they need to look out the back bedroom window to know the location of Alara and the children. If the PCs are having a hard time figuring this out, feel free to give them hints. Otherwise, the PCs might spend too much time wandering after red herrings.

The Bedroom: Alara's bedroom is untouched by the fire. A giant, canopied bed sits on the east end of the room. At the other end lies a massive wardrobe. In the center of the room sits an oval table, with lion's claw legs. A generous and elaborate rug sits in the center of the room beneath the table. There is a dressing screen in the northwest corner of the room, and in the opposite corner is a full length mirror.

The entire room is blanketed by a thin layer of cobwebs. The thin, silky webs lie over everything like dust shrouds. Curiously enough, if the wardrobe is examined, Alara's clothes will not have any dust or cobwebs upon them. It appears that someone still uses them.

There is nothing more of interest in this room.

Characters:

Dalevin's Father: Broken One (Weakened); Medium-Sized Aberration

HD: 3d8+9 (21 hp); Init -1; Spd 20; AC 13 (-1 Dex, +6 Natural -2 Frenzy); Att: 1 axe +6 melee; Dam: 1d6+4; Face/Reach: 5 x 5/5ft.; SA: Inhuman strength, Frenzy; Saves: Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +5; Str 18 Dex 8 Con 16 Int 6 Wis 14 Cha 10; Skills and Feats: Spot +5, Listen +5, Hide +4, Climb +8; Multiattack

Special Abilities:

Inhuman Strength: Dalevin's father's Strength has been raised to 18.

Frenzy: Dalevin's father enters a frenzy when he sees the PCs. His stats have already been adjusted to reflect this. He remains in a frenzy until he or his opponents are dead.

Dalevin's father has been warped by the house into a hideous aberration. The fight with this creature can be very easily or very rough on the PCs. A single sleep spell could put Dalevin's father out of commission. At the same time, if he is fighting a party of all bards, the battle will be quite nasty. Because Dalevin's father does so much damage, a DM could easily wipe out an entire party with few lucky rolls. To avoid this, spread the creature's attacks out against multiple opponents. Don't keep hacking at the same opponent. Also note that most Broken Ones get two slam attacks. Dalevin's father has forgone these attacks in favor of his axe.

Chapter the Fifth – The Big Black Room

Setting: At last, the moment of truth has arrived. The heroes know, from reading the journal of Alara Undral, where she and the children are located. According to the journal, they are located at the tree.

The tree has long since died, but its wood remains stone-hard. The tree itself is massive and sprawling. Powerful roots rise out of the ground, like the long darkened fingers of a hand. The tangled roots spread out from the trunk in a wide circle, like some massive web, sprouting from the earth.

The branches of the tree stretch high into the sky, crisscrossing each other in maddening lines, twisting around each other, higher and higher into the sky.

At the base of the tree, there appears to be a gap in the titanic root system. Closer inspection reveals that there is a tunnel just at the base of the tree that leads down into the earth.

This chapter is where the PCs will at last confront Alara Undral. It is the climax of the module, so the DM should be sure to pull out all the stops. Make this scene the creepiest bit of the entire module.

If you happen to be fortunate enough to be in a setting where you can turn down the lights, do so. The PCs will be stumbling around the dark. When thinking about description, think about all the times when you were child and afraid of something in the dark. Then, describe these feelings to the players, because that's what is so horrific about this encounter... They all must crawl down a dark

tunnel into the earth – where anything might be waiting for them.

Action: The tunnel at the base of the tree is extremely narrow, only about 3 to 4 feet in diameter. The heroes will have to crawl and squeeze through the tunnel one at a time in order to go through. The tunnel goes down and south, back towards the house. It stretches for 50 feet of grime and gravel. Thin roots dangle from the ceiling.

The passage down the tunnel is a sort of “through the rabbit hole” experience. It should be somewhat unnerving, because the PCs can only go one at a time, and only while crawling. Because they are crawling, wielding weapons is out of the question, and spells may only be cast with a Concentration check (DC 15).

After 50 feet, the tunnel opens up into a wide passage, that is 10 feet high and across. Dropping down into the passage, one can see a circular tunnel the leads off into the darkness. A successful Intuit Direction (DC 15) reveals that the tunnel goes right underneath the house.

A Note about Light: At this point *remember that there is no light*. PCs unable to see in the dark are pretty much blind without a light source. The tunnel is deep enough so that low-light vision does not help in this circumstance either.

At this point in the tunnel, all PCs will be able to hear a distinct creaking sound. The sound is rhythmic, like the sound of a swing set slowly blowing back and forth, or the sound of a rocking chair. No Listen check need be made, the sound is quite clear.

Exactly 50 feet ahead in the large tunnel, lies a large chamber. Here is the big black room that the spirit of Dalevin told the heroes about.

The chamber is 60 x 60 feet, and 20 feet high. No light comes from this room except what the PCs bring with them. As the PCs approach the room, their light will inevitably pour across the floor, slowly revealing the contents of the room.

The Big Black Room:

As the heroes slowly peer into the room, they can see where all the children’s toys have gone. All of them have been drawn here, to this single point at the bottom of the house. All of the toys are blackened and charred by fire, looking strange and eerie in the light that the PCs carry.

Sitting all around the room are various bodies of children. They sit and play continuously with the ruined toys, repeating the same actions over and over. For instance, one child continually rocks back and forth on a rocking horse. Another continuously swings on a swing set, the

ropes of the swing disappear into the darkness. A pair of children endlessly throw a ball and jacks, never picking all of them up.

The children are covered with a thick gauze of webs, so that they all appear to be small little bodies dressed in funeral shrouds. Peeling back some of the webs, one can see the true horror of the situation. Their skin is wrinkled and old. Small creases criss cross their faces and hands, turning their skin into a series of dry diamonds.

Their eyes are milky and covered. They cannot see. If a hero tries to interact with one of the children, they do not reply. They only continue their motions like an automaton. If removed from their toy, they simply stand, motionless. If left alone for a while, they will attempt to return to their toy.

A search for Myra turns up nothing. Strangely, she does not seem to be here.

At the end of the room is a rocking chair, and sitting upon the rocking chair is a long silhouette – Alara Undral. Alara’s grief and anguish caused her to wither away, until she was nothing but a shadow.

The shadow now sits in the rocking chair waiting, waiting, for the heroes. At the shadow’s side is Lieri. Lieri stares straight ahead in a comatose-like state. His feet are wrapped in cobwebs. Anyone who peers closely enough (Search check DC 15) will see that the webs are slowly growing up the length of Lieri’s body.

The shadow speaks to the PCs, its inhuman voice a loud whisper in the big, black room.

- You are too late. Lieri is one of us now. He has come to play with his sister. She is waiting for him.
- Myra is not here, no. She is elsewhere... Waiting.
- Elsewhere. Do you think that this is the only Big Black Room? I have many for my children. I must have many rooms for my children to play in.
- I will not give up my children! I have lost them once before, and I will not give them up again!

The shadow rises from its rocking chair and begins to approach the PCs menacingly. As she approaches, two spiders will drop from the ceiling slowly drawing close to the heroes, their mandibles snapping in the dim light of the Big Black Room.

This is a critical moment for the heroes. They can fight Alara or talk to her.

Talking With Alara: If the heroes call out to her, Alara will respond. Her ravings are filled with insanity and spite.

“You will become one of us! You will be buried with us! You have tried to hurt my children!”

If the PCs mention that the children are not hers, Alara responds:

“They should be mine! I asked for help from the villagers, but they would not help me! Now I take their children until I can find mine!”

If one of the PCs actually offers to find Alara’s children in return for her release of the village’s children, Alara responds:

“You...you would help Alara? You would help me find my children?”

No other words or promises have any sway over Alara. She will only pause for a promise to find her original children. If a hero is particularly convincing at pleading for mercy or calling for a moment of time, the DM may allow a Diplomacy check (DC 17). A successful check gives the party another moment or two to talk with Alara before she begins her attack. Again, this Diplomacy check is warranted to a PC that demonstrates exceptional roleplaying.

Should a PC oath to find her children, a great and terrible change comes over the Big Black Room. A great and powerful crying springs into the air. The sobs of dozens of children, mixed with Alara’s own maddening sobs. Through her crying, she speaks:
“If you find my children, I will release the ones I have taken. Swear it to me! Swear that you will find my children! Only one of you may swear!”

Only one PC can make this oath. Doing so causes the entire house to rumble and shake. And from the darkness of the ceiling comes a cocoon – lowered by a web.

Within the cocoon is, of course, the small body of Myra. She is unharmed and merely sleeping.

After Myra’s rescue, the PCs are allowed to go back out the same way that they came. As they all emerge from the tunnel, the house itself collapses into ruin. Progress to the next chapter.

Fighting Alara:

Combat against Alara will be difficult. First of all, because she need only make a touch attack against a PC, she can easily hit them. Secondly, because all PCs will have a 50% miss chance (incorporeal), they will miss her quite often. Be sure to spread Alara’s attacks around the party. Simply attack one PC will easily end up with a PC death – worse, any PC that dies will become a shadow too! So, be careful not to slaughter your party. At the

same time, be fair. If a PC dies, make sure it happens in a heroic or horrific way.

The only way the PCs will be able to hurt Alara with weapons will be if they coat their weapons with the Oil of Enchantment found with the remains of Ritus Viller (Room 11). Coating a weapons with the Oil of Enchantment is a standard action that provokes an attack of opportunity. It is essentially the same action as drinking a potion.

Make sure that by the time the PCs arrive at this encounter, they have found the does of Oil of Enchantment! Without the does of the Oil of Enchantment, the PCs are liable to perish very quickly and very easily.

Turning Alara:

Because she is an advanced shadow, and because all undead in Ravenloft receive a +1 to their turn resistance, Alara turns as a 7 HD creature. Thus, she cannot be turned by and cleric playing this module.

Players in Trouble:

If the players have arrived without the vials of Oil of Enchantment, if they do not think to use it against Alara, or if they players are simply underpowered, you might have Elith show up to help the players. His stats have been included in the Appendix. Note also that he has the magic weapon spell so that he can enchant a hero’s weapon.

Characters:

Alara Undral (Advanced Shadow): Medium-Sized Undead

HD: 4d12 (26 hp); Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30, fly 40ft. good; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Deflection); Att: Incorporeal Touch +3 melee; Dmg: Incorporeal touch 1d6 temporary Str; Face/Reach: 5 x 5/5ft.; SA: Strength damage, create spawn; SQ: Undead, incorporeal, +3 turn resistance; Saves: Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +4; Str - Dex 14 Con - Int 8 Wis 12 Cha 14; Skills and Feats: Hide +8, Inuit Direction +5, Listen +7, Spot +9; Dodge

Abilities:

Strength damage: Any creature hit by Alara suffers 1d6 Strength damage. Any creature reduced to 0 Strength become a shadow in 1d4 rounds, under her command.
Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Incorporeal: Only hit by +1 or better weapons, or spells. 50% chance to ignore damage from corporeal source such as a physical attack or spell. This does not apply to force-effects such as *magic missile*. Can pass through solid objects at will, ignores natural armor, armor, and shields,

but not deflection bonuses or force effects. Always moves silently.

Monstrous Wolf Spiders (2), Medium-Sized Vermin
HD: 2d8+2 (11 hp); Init +3 (Dex); Spd 30, Climb 20ft.; AC 14 (+3 Dex, +1 Natural); Att: Bite +4 melee; Dmg: Bite 1d6 and poison; Face/Reach: 5 x 5/5ft.; SA: poison; SQ: Vermin Saves: Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +0; Str 11 Dex 17 Con 12 Int - Wis 10 Cha 2; Skills and Feats: Climb +12, Hide +10, Jump +6, Spot +15; Weapon Finesse (bite)

Abilities:

Spider Poison: Fort save DC 14; initial and secondary damage 1d4 Dex.

*Please note that as these are Monstrous Wolf Spiders, they do not have the web ability that most spiders do. Also, as Wolf Spiders, these creatures have a Dexterity damaging poison rather than Strength damage poison as most spiders do.

Chapter the Sixth – The End or Beginning?

Setting: Underground.

Action:

If the PCs talked with Alara and Rescued Myra:

If the PCs have already spoken with Alara, then the chamber shakes and quakes. It threatens to crumble. The PCs must crawl back out the way they came. When they emerge, the house has crumbled into ruin.

If the PCs fought Alara and Won:

If PCs defeat Alara, the silhouette shape will rip into pieces like a fragment of tissue paper tossed into shredding wind. A powerful scream will issue throughout the entire chamber, echoing up through the house above. At that moment, the entire chamber will begin to shake and pitch. Large fragments of the ceiling will break off and plummet to the ground.

Lieri snaps out of his trance, and will quite willing to run with the PCs wherever they lead. He is alert, but still in a state of shock.

Looking around, the heroes will see the children of Alara dissolving into small masses of cobwebs. They sink into the floor, unraveling into a heaps of dry webbing.

From the very air itself, Alara screams at the heroes. “You have wounded me, but now I will wound you! I will bury you down here with us! Forever!”

The PCs will have a choice: they can run or try to talk to Alara.

Running: Should the PCs decide to run, they will find that the narrow shaft through which they squeezed down has collapsed. Just as the PCs think they are trapped beneath the earth, the rest of the ceiling gives way, opening a passage to the surface above.

The PC will have to climb up the mound of newly fallen dirt to try to get to the surface. Have fun with this moment. Have a few PCs make Climb checks, play up the fact that the ground still shakes and that dirt is constantly falling down upon their face, like some unseen grave digger was furiously trying to bury them.

As the PCs finally escape and crawl onto the grass, they see the entire house crumble apart, collapsing into a cloud of ash and blackness.

Talking With Alara: If the heroes shout back up into the darkness, Alara will respond. Her ravings are filled with insanity and spite. “You will become one of us! You will be buried with us! You have tried to hurt my children!”

If the PCs mention that the children are not hers, Alara responds:

“They should be mine! I asked for help from the villagers, but they would not help me! Now I take their children until I can find mine!”

If one of the PCs actually offers to find Alara’s children in return for her release of the village’s children, Alara responds:

“You...you would help Alara? You would help me find my children?”

With this, a great and powerful crying springs into the air. The sobs of dozens of children, mixed with Alara’s own maddening sobs. Through her crying, she speaks: “If you find my children, I will release the ones I have taken. Swear it to me! Swear that you will find my children! Only one of you may swear!”

Only one PC can make this oath. Doing so causes the trembling and rumbling to stop. The dust settles. And from the darkness of the ceiling comes a cocoon – lowered by a web.

Within the cocoon is, of course, the small body of Myra. She is unharmed and merely sleeping.

After Myra’s rescue, the PCs are allowed to go back out the same way that they came. As they all emerge from the tunnel, the house itself collapses into ruin.

Conclusion

gripped the community- until, at least, one of the PCs can find Alara's children.

Failure:

If all the PCs died or fled from the adventure, then the village remains unchanged. The house still demands its children twice a year, growing more and more potent as the years go by.

Saving Lieri:

If the PCs defeat Alara and rescue Lieri, they receive the respect and awe of the people of Talanka. The DM should make sure the heroes have noted on their character sheet that they are heroes of Talanka. This will effect how the PCs are treated in the village should they ever return.

For saving Lieri, Fione gives one of the heroes a silver chain from her late husband. She insists on the hero taking it, explaining that it is from the Fey, and will give the hero good luck. *Fione gives this chain to the PC that she interacted with the most. If there is more than one PC that qualifies, then it goes to the PC with the highest charisma. Please not that this is a gift from an NPC to a PC. It should not be rolled off for or "decided" by the party as to whom receives it.*

In addition, the town gives the PCs a gift to show their gratitude. They produce any item or items that the PCs might want out of the player's handbook equaling 100 gp or less. *The PCs cannot liquidate these items for money, because the townspeople simply don't have enough cash to give them.*

Unfortunately, one year after the house is destroyed it reconstructs itself, building itself back to its original dimensions. While the house makes no more demands of children, many believe that it sleeps...waiting to be awoken again.

Saving Lieri and Myra:

For saving Lieri and Myra the rewards remain the same with the following changes:

The townspeople are willing to give the PCs any item or items up to 200 gp in value. The townspeople cannot make or give the PCs masterwork items, however.

One of the PCs also receives the Undral Oath certificate featured at the end of this module.

And, better yet, the House on Undral Hill remains collapsed. No more children are taken from the village, as a sign of good faith from the spirit of Alara. The village is broken from the oppressive fear that once

Treasure

Scavenging Gold:

50 per PC.

Mundane Items:

100 gp item or items per PC. OR 200 gp item or items per PC.

Chain of Fey Silver:

The Chain of Fey Silver does one of four things, determined randomly.

- 1) Chain of the Sky: This Silver Chain protects the wearer from the adverse effects of wind and storm. The PC may invoke an *endure elements (cold)* spell upon themselves as a free action, twice a day. This spell is invoked as if cast by a cleric of the same level as the wearer.
- 2) Chain of the Land: The chain grants a +2 bonus to the wearer's strength while standing upon the land. If making a Strength check to lift something, the wearer always makes two rolls and takes the better of the two. Should the wearer not be standing at ground level, say climbing a tree, on the second story of a house, or swimming, then he or she receives a -2 penalty to strength.
- 3) Cord of the Rain: This silver cord grants the wearer the ability to create an *obscuring mist* once per day. Creating the mist requires a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity.
- 4) Cord of Fire: This silver cord allows the wearer to create a *light* spell once a day, and to evoke an *endure elements (fire)* spell once a day. Invoking these spells requires a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity. These spells are invoked as if cast by a cleric of the same level as the wearer.

This chain can not be thrown away or gotten rid of by its owner. It always returns to the wearers neck or pocket mysteriously.

GP value: 2000 gp (cannot be sold)

The Undral Oath

This character has oathed to the spirit of Alara Undral, who will not rest until the fate of her children has been discovered.

This character may now take the Haunted feat offered in the Ravenloft Core Rulebook. This feat is normally restricted in the Ravenloft: Mists of Darkon campaign, but this restriction is waived by this cert.

This cert does not automatically give this PC the Haunted feat. It must be taken like any other, mundane feat. Should the PC choose the Haunted feat, the PC is Haunted by the spirit of Alara.

Should two PCs appear at the same table haunted by the spirit of Alara, then the spirit of Alara is essentially haunting them both. She is a powerful spirit able to manifest herself in many places a once.

Because of this oath to the spirit of Alara, the PC bearing this cert now has a 30% chance each round to cauterize wounds when below 0 hitpoints. This higher chance of cauterization is because of the spirit of Alara's interest in keeping the PC alive. This effect takes place even if the PC does not take the Haunted feat.

The Journal of Ritus Viller

The Journal of Ritus Viller is a journal of a traveled adventurer who even dared to look upon the Necropolis itself at one time. Viller was an expert on all forms of creatures of the night, but specialized in researching the Shadow Fey.

The possessor of this book gains a +2 circumstance bonus to any Knowledge (Shadow Fey) checks they make.

GP value: 150 gp (may be sold)

The Pistol of Ritus Viller

This fine pistol is of exquisite design and ornament. The long barrel of the pistol has been cast so that it looks as if a long serpent was coiling about it, and the bullet is expelled from the serpent's mouth. The ivory handle is carved with the likeness of scales, and gilded with silver. While the pistol is truly remarkable in appearance, it is not a masterwork weapon. It merely is exceptional in appearance.

GP value: 300gp (may be sold)

Warped Axe

This axe was wielded by a strange aberration, cursed to forever wander the House on Undral Hill. In the creature's hands, it was nothing but a mundane axe. However, in the hands of a true hero, the axe becomes a vessel for vengeance. The handaxe is forever stained with blood, and no amount of treatment or washing will be rid of it. This handaxe is a *keen* weapon in the hands of a good aligned PC, but it has no pluses.

Handaxe: 1d6 (19-20)x3

GP value: 2310 gp (cannot be sold)

Silver Masterwork Dagger

For the bravery that your hero has shown, Elith Half-Elven has bestowed upon you a finely crafted dagger from his adventuring days. The dagger has a thin, needle-like blade and an elegant guard, fashioned in the shape of a crescent moon. This dagger is not only silver, but a masterwork weapon as well.

Dagger: 1d4 (19-20) x 2

GP value: 304gp (may be sold)

Oil of Enchantment x3

These bottles of ointment may be rubbed onto a weapon as a standard action, making it a +1 weapon. This acts just like a *magic weapon* spell cast by a 1st level cleric.

Potion of Cure Light Wounds x2

Experience Summary

Failing to save Lieri or Myra: 300 xp.

Saving Lieri: 500 xp

Saving Lieri and Myra: 600 xp

Appendix:

Player Handout #1

You find amongst the dusty and water logged shelves a thin journal. Looking through it, you find that it is obviously the journal of Alara Undral, the former matron of the house. Much of the journal has been destroyed, but by gingerly pulling apart damp pages you can make out some of what is written.

The majority of the journal, from what you can make out, is about the Undral family. Apparently the Undral family was well-to-do and quite prosperous about two-hundred years ago. As the century wore on, however, the Undral family began to die off of natural causes. Many people simply grew old, but never married. Soon, there was no younger generation to carry on the family line. Thus, the Undral family in this house was the last generation of Undrals left in Darkon.

In hopes of revitalizing the family line, Marius and Alara Undral had a huge family of nine children. Alara was a doting mother, who reveled in a house full of children.

Much of the journal is destroyed after this information, but you can make out that something happened to Marius Undral. He passed away somehow.

Finally, you are able to make out the last few entries of the journal:

August the Eight:

I write now only to perhaps cleanse some of that icy horror that now grips my brain. I went to get Farris his goat's milk, and upon return, I found he was gone. In his crib, when I arrived, I only found a strange doll made of white porcelain. It wore Farris's baby clothes, like some hideous mockery of the live babe that slept in the crib. The dolls face was painted in that fake smiles that only dolls could have. Its glass eyes were wide, emotionless, and knowing, as only a doll's eye can be.

And yet, this is only the beginning of the horror. All of my children are taken. All of them, replaced by strange glassy dolls, dressed in a mockery of clothing. Oh gods! I cannot stand this! I am alone in my house! I am alone!

August the Ninth:

Children gone. Children gone. It pains me to write it. Servants gone. Fled. They think the Fey have come. And why not? What else could explain the strange dolls that now lie here? Oh gods! Oh all the gods and my ancestors! Why have you abandoned me?

The village refuses to help me. All night I begged them, but they have turned their backs to me. All is lost. All have abandoned me. I am so alone! I am utterly alone. At last, I know the very meaning of desolation. I last I know the meaning of despair.

August the Tenth:

It came to me and made me promises. So I go now to that place. I curse this land. I curse this soil. I curse this damned town which turned it back on me. Out through my bedroom window I can see it. I can see it crossed on my pane by the very wood that keeps the glass. There shall I make my new home. There shall I make my new house. And let this place be damned.

And let all those who enter this soil be damned.

Player Handout #2

You find in the clutches of a rotted skeleton an old travelling journal. The journal is leather bound, with a string binding. As you pick it up, you can see quite easily that the leather has been worn heavily from exposure. The string binding comes apart in your very hands, so that in the end you are left with a stack of pages.

Most of the journal is about an adventurer named Ritus Viller. The journal goes on to describe Ritus's journeys throughout Darkon. It even mentions him getting close enough to the Necropolis – the famed city of the undead - to actually see it. Ritus seems to have been an explorer primarily. He is clearly motivated by discovering and finding new things. His journeys eventually took him to the hamlet of Talanka. Here, he decided to explore the House on Undral Hill, where his journey came to an abrupt end. The rest of his journal reads as follows:

January 4th

Bloody cold here. No sign of any spirit of Alara. No sign of the Undral curse. Just a burned out house. I wonder if whatever malevolent force that was here is now gone. I have explored the library and found Alara Undral's journal. Quite fascinating. It is indeed as the villagers said. Alara's children were apparently taken, replaced by strange dolls. If my knowledge is correct, and I like to think that it is, Alara's children were taken by the Fey. They often are responsible for such crimes, and it fits their twisted method. I know of no other creature that would leave dolls behind in place of kidnapped victims.

If it is indeed the Fey, that I weep for Alara's children. For the Fey often draw their victims down into the earth to make them playthings in their bizarre rituals. Victims are drawn into a dance that may last one hundred years – only to grow steadily older as they dance. Some are put to sleep for a thousand year, never to be seen for a millennia.

Ah, well. I will explore the house a bit more and see what I can find. Perhaps I can find out why the Fey came upon this particular house.

January 5th

He came so suddenly. I was writing and then he came upon me. His great axe swinging. My side burns. I'm so cold. So much blood lost. I hope that I will be able to survive this. Must rest. Gather strength.

January 7th

For those who might find this. Very weak now. Much blood lost. The key to defeating Alara is in the library. Of course, I did not read the last entry of the diary like a fool. I have read it now. It is all clear. Alara is not in the house. But close by. She says all in diary.

Alara will not be harmed my mortal weapons. No! I know that now! She is beyond that. She is a nether creature. A creature of the spirit world. Only the enchantments that I keep in my vials might -

Very weak. I hear someone coming. Someone is coming.

DM's Appendix:

Elith Half-Elven; Medium-Sized Half-elf; Bard 3

Str 10 Dex 16 Con 12 Int 13 Wis 14 Cha 14

HD: 3d6+3 (15 hp)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed 30ft

AC 15 (+2 Dex, +3 Studded Leather)

Attacks: Rapier +6 melee, Light crossbow +5 ranged

Damage: Rapier 1d6+1 (18-20) x2, Light crossbow 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 by 5/ 5 ft.

Special Class Abilities: Inspire Courage, Countersong, Fascinate, Inspire Competence

Saves: Fortitude +2, Reflex +6, Willpower +5

Skills: Concentration +7, Diplomacy +6, Gather Information +6, Knowledge (Arcana) +4, Knowledge (Local History) +5, Perform +8, Sense Motive +5

Feats: Weapon Finesse (Rapier), Improved Initiative

Spells Per Day: 3/2

Spells Known:

0 level – *dancing lights, daze, detect magic, flare, light, mage hand*

1st level – *magic weapon, cure light wounds, protection from evil*

Special Equipment: +1 rapier

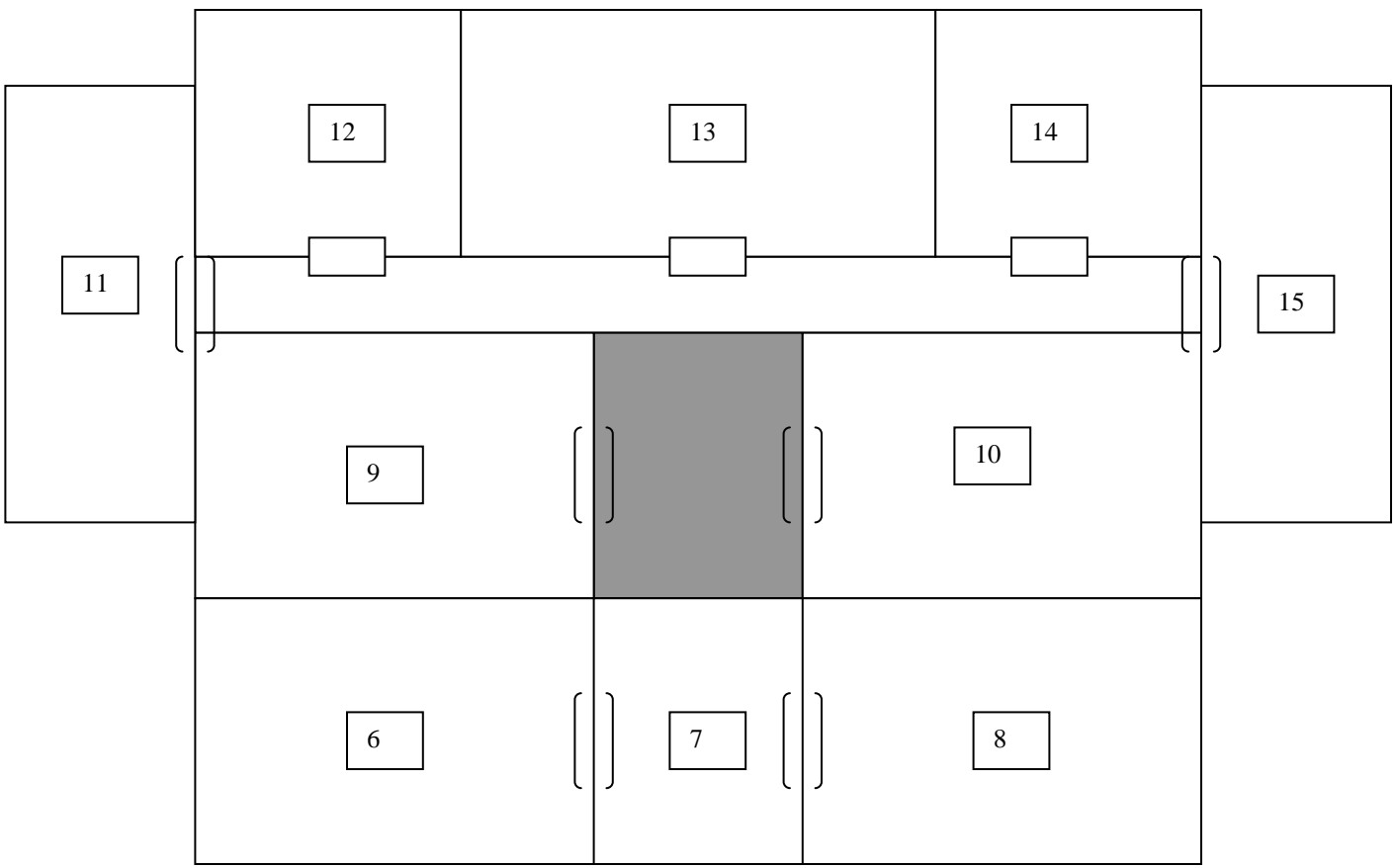
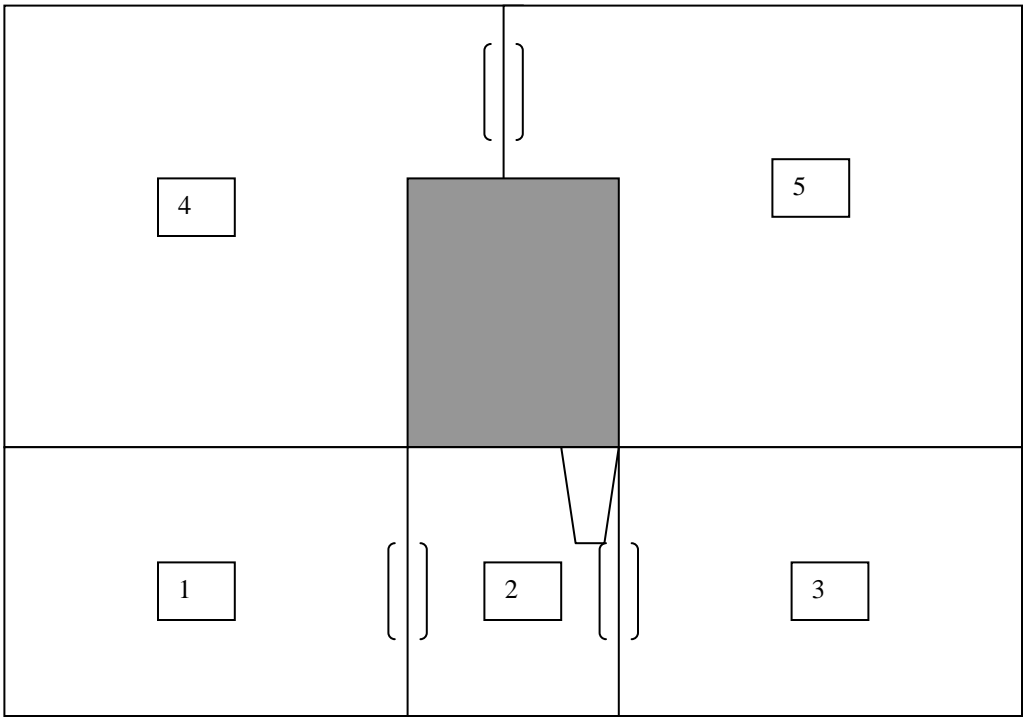
Appearance: Elith is a man of indeterminate age. He could be 28 or 48. There's no telling. He is very handsome, with a shock of blond hair, and dazzling blue eyes.

Background: Elith was once an adventurer by trade, but has since settled down from his wilder days. Elith has gone to the far corners of the Dread Realms collecting various and sundry alcoholic drinks. Each bottle of wine, liquor, or ale has a different story of where it was found or how it was won. Because of the rarity of some of his concoctions, Elith has drinks that range from anywhere from 1 chip (copper) to 50 crowns (platinum).

Elith came to Talanka about ten years ago, after the incident at the House of Undral. At first, people were suspicious of him due to his elven heritage. However, Elith's charm and wit won over the town, eventually allowing him to open his inn.

Roleplaying: Elith is a jokester. He loves a good joke, even if the joke is at his expense. He gestures and speaks casually, treating people with the same amount of respect they show him. Despite his easy-going manner, Elith is a former adventurer, and can be deadly serious when the need arises.

Combat: If the heroes are fighting Dalevin's father, Elith tries to help the heroes get him into flanking positions, and saves his spells for later. If the heroes are fighting Alara, Elith will try to enchant a hero's weapon with the *magic weapon* spell. He saves one spell slot for an emergency *cure light wounds* if a hero goes down. Elith may also use his *daze* spell to cause his opponents to lose their actions.



Starter PCS

Varik: Caliban Paladin 1

Str 17
Dex 8
Con 10
Int 10
Wis 12
Cha 14

Hit Points: 10

AC: 13 (Dex -1, Chain Shirt +4)

Spd: 30

Initiative: -1

Attack Bonus: Base +1, melee +4, ranged +0,+0

Damage: 2d4+3 (18-20 x3)

Saves: Fort +5 Ref +1 Will +3

Skills: Diplomacy +4, Heal +3, Intimidate +3

Feats: Power Attack

Alignment: Lawful Good

Special Abilities: Detect Chaos, divine grace (add Cha bonus to saves), lay on hands (heal Cha bonus x level in hit points each day), divine health (immune to all diseases including magical diseases like mummy rot or lycanthropy, not immune to diseases caused by Darklords or curses)

Outcast Rating: 5 (-5 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +5 bonus to Intimidate checks)

Role-Ideas:

The Dark Avenger: You were not always deformed, but someone did this to you. Perhaps it was a twisted spell, perhaps it was an ill-deserved curse. Whatever the case, you have sworn vengeance upon the evildoers that have done this to you. And you have turned adversity into advantage. You now use your great strength and frightful presence to seek out justice and defend the innocent against the darkness.

The Innocent Wanderer: You were unfortunately born this way. You don't know why. You don't even know who your real father is. Some one told you once that your father was probably a beast like you, but you don't believe them. It can't be true. Can it? Anyways, you have found that you have strange powers that you can use to help people. You like to help people. It makes you feel good when they smile at you. It makes you feel...accepted. Even if it is just for the moment.

The Fleeing Monster: You were not so much born as created...created by a mad scientist, wizard, or priest. Whomever created you now wants you back. You have long since fled captivity and are seeking shelter. Shelter away from the dungeons and devices of your former master or masters. While you are on the run, you have found that you have been blessed with special powers. You use these powers to help others, others who are oppressed just like you once were.

The Dedicated Penitent: You were not always deformed and wretched as you are now. But you committed a great sin in the past. Because of your sin, someone laid a powerful curse upon you, twisting your body into a hideous shape. Now, you seek to repent for your sins, searching to do good...and hopefully become redeemed for what you did.

Peter the Smith (Pyotr Kamii): Half-Vistani Rogue 1
Home Domain: Richemulot

Str 10
Dex 15
Con 10
Int 14
Wis 14
Cha 12

Hit Points: 6

AC: 14 (Dex +2, leather +2)

Spd: 30

Initiative: +2

Attack Bonus: Base +0, melee +0, ranged +2

Damage: 1d6 (18-20 x2, rapier)

Saves: Fort +0 Ref +4 Will +2

Skills: Appraise +6, Bluff +5, Craft (weaponsmithing) +10, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +5, Hide +6, Sense Motive +6, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +4.

Languages: Balok, darkonese, patterna.

Feats: Dodge

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Special Abilities: *Sneak Attack* +1d6; *+2 racial bonus* on Wilderness Lore checks (included above).

Provided fuel and some means of igniting a spark, half-Vistani can always light a fire as a standard action, even under adverse conditions (pouring rain, gusting winds, and so on). When wilderness survival depends on being able to start a fire, the half-Vistani racial bonus to Wilderness Lore checks rises to +4; *During* the full moon each month his mind is clouded by restlessness and anxiety. He cannot prepare spells or heal naturally during this period. On each of the three nights of the full moon, he must succeed at a Will save (DC 15) or run wild under the night sky; *+2 racial bonus* on any metal-based Craft checks; *With* a successful Appraise check, Kamii can identify metals and determine where any metal item originated.

Outcast Rating: 2 (-2 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +2 bonus to Intimidate checks). This can be reduced to zero with a Disguise check (+5 bonus to the check for small details). Vistani will always see past this disguise however.

Equipment on hand: Artisan's outfit, artisan's tools (masterwork), backpack, candle, case (map), chalk, crowbar, grappling hook, lantern (hooded), leather armor, oil (1-pint flask), pouch (belt), rapier, rope (silk, 50'), sack, scale (merchant's), torch, waterskin. (*Total weight 28lbs*)

Equipment on mule: bedroll, oil (1-pint flask) x9, pack saddle, rations (trail, per day) x10, soap (1lb), torch x9. (*Total weight 49lb*)

Mount: Pony, riding saddle.

Coin: 29gp, 1sp, 8cp.

Concept: Wandering Tinker. Pyotr was the result of a tryst between a young human villager and a young Vistana girl. After the Vistani had moved on the young girl discovered she was pregnant. The girl's grandmother cursed the child and the child's father, but when the child was born the girl raised it as her own. Pyotr learned the ways of his Vistani family, but never truly felt at home. So at the age of fifteen he set out into the world to ply the skills his family had taught him. He never looked back. Now Pyotr goes by the name of Peter and disguises his Vistani heritage. He looks for profit and for adventure. There is no doubt that he will at least find one of the two....

Advancement Notes: The recommended advancement path of this character is toward the Duelist prestige class. Qualification for Duelist can be reached as a straight-class rogue by 8th level. Qualification for Duelist can be reached as a multi-classed character (Rog 4/Rng 1/Ftr2 recommended to take advantage of the Kamii's bonus to Wilderness Lore by gaining the Track feat, gaining the Ambidexterity feat for free, and gaining two bonus fighter feats while incurring no multi-class xp penalties) by 7th level. Aside from the feat requirements for Duelist (Ambidexterity, Mobility) recommended feats sets are Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (rapier) and Weapon Focus (rapier); Expertise, Improved Disarm and Snatch Weapon; Combat Reflexes, Expert Tactician and Spring Attack.

Malcolm the Green: Human Ranger 1

Home Domain: Darkon

Str 14
Dex 14
Con 14
Int 12
Wis 14
Cha 8

Hit Points: 12

AC: 16 (Dex +2, chain shirt +4)

Spd: 20 (30 when pack is dropped)

Initiative: +2

Attack Bonus: Base +1, melee +3, ranged +3, two short swords +2, two-weapon fighting +1

Damage: 1d4+2 (x4, light pick primary), 1d4+1 (x4, light pick secondary)

Saves: Fort +4 Ref +2 Will +2

Skills: Hide* +4, Move Silently* +4, Sense Motive +6, Speak Language (patterna, tralaks), Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +6. (* includes armor check penalty)

Languages: Darkonese, patterna, tralaks

Feats: Reincarnated (sense motive), Track, Weapon Focus (light pick)

Virtual Feats: Ambidexterity, Two-Weapon Fighting

Alignment: Neutral Good

Special Abilities: *Favored Enemy* Abberation; *Bonus Feat* at first level; *+1 skill point* per level.

Outcast Rating: 0.

Equipment on hand: arrows (20), candle, club, chain shirt, chalk, dagger, explorer's outfit, flint & steel, pouch (belt), light pick x2, sap x2, shortbow, waterskin. (*Total weight 55lbs*)

Equipment in pack (drop when combat starts): Backpack, bedroll, blanket (winter), case (map), grappling hook, lantern (hooded), oil (1-pint flask) x2, rations (trail, per day) x2, rope (silk, 50'), sack, torch, whetstone. (*Total weight 28lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 71gp, 5cp.

Concept: Devoted Defender. When Malcolm was just a small boy he witnessed his father's murder. He and his father were traveling between their forest homestead and town to purchase some supplies when a stand-man jumped from the brush and demanded that his father stand and deliver all his coin. His father refused and was shot by the brigand who then took his father's purse and disappeared into the woods. Malcolm has sworn that he will protect the innocent at all costs, and will absolutely refuse to do less than his utmost in his defense of the helpless.

Advancement Notes: The recommended advancement path of this character is toward the Devoted Defender prestige class. Only taking levels of fighter, paladin, barbarian and ranger you can reach qualification for Devoted Defender by 5th level. The recommended path is to take four levels of fighter. Aside from the feat requirement for Devoted Defender (Alertness) this advancement path allows for three additional feats, all of which are fighter bonus feats. Recommended feats are Dodge, Quick Draw and Weapon Specialization (light pick). Your 9th level feat should be Improved Critical (light pick).

Gavan: Human Wizard (necromancer) 1

Home Domain: Borovia

Str 8
Dex 14
Con 8
Int 18
Wis 14
Cha 8

Hit Points: 6

AC: 12

Spd: 30 (20, currently encumbered)

Initiative: +2

Attack Bonus: Base +0, melee -1, ranged +2

Damage: 1d6-1 (x2, quarterstaff), 1d8 (19-20/x2, light crossbow)

Saves: Fort -1 Ref +2 Will +4

Skills: Alchemy +8, Concentration +3, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (religion) +8, Knowledge (undead) +8, Spellcraft +8.

Languages: Balok, darkonese, draconic, mordentish (high), vaasi.

Feats: Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (necromancy), Toughness.

Alignment: Neutral

Special Abilities: *School Specialization* Necromancy. May memorize one extra necromancy spell of each spell level per day, +2 bonus to Spellcraft to learn necromancy spells; *Opposition School* Enchantment. May not learn or cast enchantment spells (even from scrolls or wands), and may not use magic items which duplicate the effects of enchantment spells; *Bonus Feat* at first level; *+1 skill point* per level.

Spellbook: [0] arcane mark, dancing lights, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead*, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, ray of frost, read magic, resistance; [1] cause fear*, color spray, mage armor, magic weapon, ray of enfeeblement*, shield, spider climb (* necromancy spell)

Spells/Day: [0] 3 + 1 necromancy spell; [1st] 2 + 1 necromancy spell.

Spell Save DC: 14 + spell level (+2 if necromancy spell)

Outcast Rating: 0.

Equipment on hand: backpack, bolts (20), candle, chalk, case (scroll) x4, dagger, flint & steel, ink (1 oz. vial) x2, inkpen x2, lantern (hooded), light crossbow, oil (1-pint flask), parchment (sheet) x5, pouch (belt), quarterstaff, scholar's outfit, spellbook, waterskin. (*Total weight 30lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 45gp, 6sp, 8cp.

Concept: Born in a particularly backward portion of Barovia your mother was stoned to death just after you were born. She was accused of consorting with Infernal forces for you had no apparent father, and were born pale and sickly with a "witch's teat" (a third nipple on which a familiar is said to suck). You were given over to the village priest to rear. Your stepfather routinely punished you and beat you in order to, as he said, "drive the devils out" Consequently your naturally frail health was pushed to the breaking point and you spent nearly your entire life with one illness or another. Your coloring did not improve as you grew older and even now you are nearly an albino. Still, your stepfather did pass on to you his knowledge of reading and writing. You also grew fascinated with the creatures you were said to have sprung from, and when you saw an opportunity you would read the books your stepfather had forbidden to you. When you were fourteen your stepfather died while giving you a particularly vicious beating. Regarding his still warm corpse through a left eye that was nearly completely swelled shut, you were oddly calm. One moment he was raging on about evil and divine retribution, the next he grasped his chest and

collapsed to the floor, unmoving. You staggered to your feet, using the walls of the corner where you had been curled for protection to support you and limped over to his body. You eased down in front of it and regarded it for a very long time. Eventually it occurred to you that you were free. You could go where you wanted and do what you wanted. So you gathered together those things that were dear to you and those things of your stepfather's that you most wanted. You stole the only horse in your small village and raced away in the pre-dawn light, bouncing in the saddle with a small and very grim smile on your face. The years passed and you studied the arcane arts on your own, stealing bits of knowledge here and there, apprenticing yourself to whoever would have you and running away when you had learned all you needed to know. You felt drawn to the study of death, and wondered what lay within the purview of that pale master.

Something about you puts people off. Perhaps it is your quiet, slightly menacing demeanor. Perhaps it is your pale skin and hair. Regardless, those around you most often glance the other way rather than meet your gaze, and do not share tables or drinks with you when you enter the local tavern. Your health, which was fragile at birth was shattered beyond repair by your stepfather's beatings, and you are more often sick than not, and cannot exert yourself for long periods without rest. Only one thing drives you now... the quest for greater knowledge and greater power. All else is meaningless.

Advancement Notes: Remember when you advance in level you must always choose a necromancy spell as one of your new spells if there are any available. At first opportunity obtain the spell *spectral hand*. The recommended advancement path of this character is straight-class wizard. The only recommended feat is Greater Spell Focus (necromancy),

Tombin Hairyfoot: Male Halfling Barbarian 1

Home Domain: Darkon

Str 14
Dex 16
Con 14
Int 10
Wis 12
Cha 8

Hit Points: 14

AC: 18

Spd: 30

Initiative: +3

Attack Bonus: Base +1, melee +3, ranged +4, dart +5

Damage: 1d6 +3 (x4, heavy pick), 1d4+2 (x2, dart)

Saves: Fort +5 Ref +4 Will +2

Skills: Climb +6*, Hide +5*, Jump +6*, Listen +7, Move Silently +3*, Wilderness Lore +5. (*includes armor check penalty)

Languages: Darkonese, halfling.

Feats: Power Attack.

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Special Abilities: *Rage* +4 Con, +4 Str 1/day for up to seven rounds; *Fast Movement* +10 to base speed; *Small Creature* +1 size bonus to AC, +1 size bonus to hit, +4 size bonus on Hide checks; *Skill Bonuses* +2 racial bonus to Climb, Jump, Listen and Move Silently Checks; *Luck of Heroes* +1 racial bonus to all saving throws; *Thrown Weapon Bonus* +1 racial bonus to attack with all thrown weapons.

Outcast Rating: 1 (-1 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +1 bonus to Intimidate checks).

Equipment on hand: backpack, chain shirt, dagger, dart x10, explorer's outfit, flint & steel, heavy pick, pouch (belt), rope (silk, 50'), torch x5, waterskin. (*Total weight 57lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 29gp, 9sp, 5cp.

Concept: You are from a tribe of halflings in the Forest of Mysteries. You are a warrior, and have been sent forth from the forest on a spirit quest to find your totem and to fight the forces of evil. The big people outside the forest seem somewhat put off by your appearance and habits. Oh, well. There's no accounting for taste.

Advancement Notes: None.

Anika: Female Half-Vistani (Vatraska) Cleric of Ezra 1
Home Domain: Darkon

Str 10
Dex 8
Con 10
Int 10
Wis 20
Cha 12

Hit Points: 8

AC: 15

Spd: 20

Initiative: -1

Attack Bonus: Base +0, melee +0, ranged -1

Damage: 1d8 (x2, heavy mace), 1d8 (19-20/x2, light crossbow)

Saves: Fort +2 Ref -1 Will +7

Skills: Concentration +4, Diplomacy +5, Heal +7, Wilderness Lore +7.

Languages: Darkonese.

Feats: Scribe Scroll.

Alignment: Lawful Good

Special Abilities: *Healing Domain* +1 caster level on healing spells; *Protection Domain* grant someone you touch a resistance bonus equal to your level on their next saving throw; *2 racial bonus* on Wilderness Lore checks (included above). Provided fuel and some means of igniting a spark, half-Vistani can always light a fire as a standard action, even under adverse conditions (pouring rain, gusting winds, and so on). When wilderness survival depends on being able to start a fire, the half-Vistani racial bonus to Wilderness Lore checks rises to +4; *During* the full moon each month his mind is clouded by restlessness and anxiety. He cannot prepare spells or heal naturally during this period. On each of the three nights of the full moon, he must succeed at a Will save (DC 15) or run wild under the night sky; *+2 racial bonus* on Heal and Profession (herbalism) checks.

Spells/Day: [0] 3; [1st] 3 + 1 domain spell

Spell Save DC: 15 + spell level

Outcast Rating: 2 (-2 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +2 bonus to Intimidate checks). This can be reduced to zero with a Disguise check (+5 bonus to the check for small details). Vistani will always see past this disguise however.

Equipment on hand: backpack, buckler, bolts (20), dagger, explorer's outfit, flint & steel, heavy mace, holy symbol (wooden), lantern (bullseye), light crossbow, oil (1-pint flask) x3, pouch (belt), rope (silk, 50'), scale mail, waterskin. (*Total weight 77lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 55gp 7sp.

Concept: Your mother had a fling with a traveling Vistani. Fortunately for her she was already engaged to another man and you were born safely in wedlock. No one in your family speaks about your slightly unusual appearance, or the fact that you occasionally go mad underneath the moon's light. You have devoted yourself to the service of Ezra, and attempt to hide your Vistani heritage so as to not frighten the people you seek to help.

Advancement Notes: None.

Corian: Male Human Cleric of Morninglord 1

Home Domain: Barovia

Str 12
Dex 8
Con 12
Int 12
Wis 14
Cha 16

Hit Points: 9

AC: 16

Spd: 20

Initiative: -1

Attack Bonus: Base +0, melee +1, ranged -1

Damage: 1d8 (x2, heavy mace), 1d8 (19-20/x2, light crossbow)

Saves: Fort +3 Ref -1 Will +4

Skills: Concentration +5, Diplomacy +7, Heal +6, Knowledge (religion) +5.

Languages: Balok, darkonese.

Feats: Blind Fight, Extra Turning.

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Special Abilities: *Luck Domain* once per day you may reroll one roll that you have just made (and must keep the result); *Sun Domain* once per day you may perform a greater turning attempt. The greater turning is like a normal turning attempt except that the undead creatures that would normally be turned are destroyed instead; *Bonus Feat* at first level; *+1 skill point* per level.

Spells/Day: [0] 3; [1st] 2 + 1 domain spell

Spell Save DC: 12 + spell level

Outcast Rating: 0.

Equipment on hand: backpack, buckler, bolts (20), dagger, explorer's outfit, flint & steel, heavy mace, holy symbol (wooden), lantern (bullseye), large steel shield, light crossbow, oil (1-pint flask) x3, pouch (belt), rope (silk, 50'), scale mail, waterskin. (*Total weight 92lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 35gp 7sp.

Concept: Undead killer.

Advancement Notes: None.

Horon: Male Caliban Monk 1**Home Domain: Darkon**

Str 16
Dex 14
Con 12
Int 10
Wis 14
Cha 8

Hit Points: 9**AC:** 14**Spd:** 30**Initiative:** +2**Attack Bonus:** Base +0, melee +3, ranged +2**Damage:** 1d6+3 (x2, unarmed strike)**Saves:** Fort +3 Ref +4 Will +4**Skills:** Diplomacy +3, Escape Artist +6, Hide +6, Move Silently +6.**Languages:** Darkonese, orc.**Feats:** Dodge.**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

Special Abilities: *Unarmed Strike* 1d6 damage with unarmed strike, may attack unarmed without provoking an attack of opportunity, may attack with any portion of anatomy; *Stunning Attack* once per day per level (but no more than once per round) you may declare an unarmed strike to be a stunning attack. A foe struck by a stunning attack must succeed at a Fortitude saving throw (DC 10 + ½ monk level + Wisdom modifier) or be stunned for one round; *Evasion* if you make a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save you instead take no damage; *Wisdom* bonus is applied to AC; *Darkvision* sixty feet; *Orc Blood* for all special abilities and effects, a caliban is considered an orc.

Outcast Rating: 5 (-5 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +5 bonus to Intimidate checks).

Equipment on hand: backpack, blanket (winter), chalk, explorer's outfit, pouch (belt), rations (per day) x5, sack, waterskin. (*Total weight 17.5lbs*)

Mount: None.**Coin:** 12gp 8sp 9cp.

Cora Underbough: Female Halfling Rogue 1

Home Domain: Darkon

Str 12
Dex 16
Con 14
Int 14
Wis 10
Cha 10

Hit Points: 8

AC: 16 (+3 Dex, +2 leather armor, +1 size)

Spd: 20

Initiative: +3

Attack Bonus: Base +0, melee +2, ranged +4, shortsword +4, thrown weapon +5

Damage: 1d6+1 (19-20/x2, shortsword), 1d8 (19-20/x2, light crossbow)

Saves: Fort +3 Ref +6 Will +1

Skills: Climb +7, Decipher Script +6, Disable Device +8, Hide +11, Jump +3, Listen +2, Move Silently +9, Open Lock +9, Pick Pocket +7, Search +6, Spot +4, Tumble +7.

Languages: Balok, darkonese, halfling, vaasi.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (shortsword).

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Special Abilities: *Sneak Attack* +1d6; *Small Creature* +1 size bonus to AC, +1 size bonus to hit, +4 size bonus on Hide checks; *Skill Bonuses* +2 racial bonus to Climb, Jump, Listen and Move Silently Checks; *Luck of Heroes* +1 racial bonus to all saving throws; *Thrown Weapon Bonus* +1 racial bonus to attack with all thrown weapons.

Outcast Rating: 1 (-1 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +1 bonus to Intimidate checks).

Equipment on hand: backpack, bolts (20), candle, chalk, dagger, dart x2, explorer's outfit, fishhook, flint and steel, lantern (hooded), leather armor, light crossbow, oil (1-pint flask), pouch (belt), sack, spool of twine, thieves' tools (masterwork), torch, waterskin. (*Total weight 29lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 37gp 6sp 7cp.

Character Concept: Dungeon Delver

Silenna: Female Elf Bard 1

Home Domain: Darkon

Str 10
Dex 16
Con 10
Int 12
Wis 10
Cha 16

Hit Points: 6

AC: 15 (+3 Dex, +2 leather armor)

Spd: 20

Initiative: +3

Attack Bonus: Base +0, melee +0, ranged +3

Damage: 1d8 (19-20/x2, longsword), 1d8 (x3, longbow)

Saves: Fort +0 Ref +5 Will +2

Skills: Gather Information +7, Listen +2, Perform (buffoonery, juggling, lute, storytelling) +7, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Speak Language (high mordentish, low mordentish, vaasi, patterna), Spot +2, Use Magic Device +7.

Languages: Balok, darkonese, elf, mordentish (high & low), patterna, vaasi.

Feats: Martial Weapon Proficiency (composite longbow, composite shortbow, longbow, longsword, rapier, shortbow), Point Blank Shot.

Alignment: Neutral Good.

Special Abilities: *Bardic Music* see PHB page 28; *Bardic Knowledge* see PHB page 29; *Immunity* to magic sleep spells and effects; *+2 Racial Bonus* to saving throws against Enchantment spells or effects; *+2 Racial Bonus* on Listen, Search and Spot checks; *Merely* passing within 5' of a secret or concealed door you are entitled to a Search check to notice it as if you were actively looking for it; *Low-light Vision* you see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination.

Spells Known: [0] Daze, Mage Hand, Prestidigitation, Read Magic.

Spells/Day: [0] 2.

Spell Save DC: 13 + spell level.

Outcast Rating: 3 (-3 penalty to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Gather Information Checks, +3 bonus to Intimidate checks).

Equipment on hand: arrows (20), candle, chalk, explorer's outfit, flint and steel, leather armor, longbow, longsword, lute, pouch (belt), torch. (*Total weight 32lbs*)

Mount: None.

Coin: 51gp 9sp 7cp.

Character Concept: Wandering Minstrel.