

Pukje Raid

At exactly midnight on the end of 2nd fortnight of Haust-mánuður 6 Pukje emerge from the forests east of Birka and slowly, suspiciously approach the eastern palisade.

They stand there for a few moments, then begin to knock on the palisade wall with warhammers and sickles.

Battle:

Pukje. AC 7 (leather armor and small shield). 1d6+1 damage (javelin), 1d4+1 (hammer), 1d4 (sickle). THACO 18. HP 20. Spells:

1st- Burning hands 1d3+8 (sv spell ½), audible glamor (save vs spell or sound), change self, chill touch (save vs spell or -1 str), color spray (5x20x20 spray, 1d6 peeps knocked unconscious for 2d4 rounds), enlarge/reduce (40%, 20 rounds), sleep (2d4 HD sleep for 20 rounds)

2nd- Blindness, Blur (-4 to enemy hit first attack, -2 second), flaming sphere (save vs spell or 2d4 damage in contact, or in area 1d4), fog cloud, Tasha's Laughter (save vs spell 30' cube at Those with Intelligences of 8-12(average to very) save with -4 penalties. Those with Intelligences of 13-14 (high) save with -2 penalties: laugh for a round, lose next round, then -2 strength for 2 rounds)

If more than 3 of them fall, the others run back into the forest, leaving a trail for Egil to track.

Loot (one set each plus base gear):

1: 15 gold, silver ring, purple decanter with a clear watery liquid inside (invisibility potion)

2: 2d6 arrows +1, 50 gold

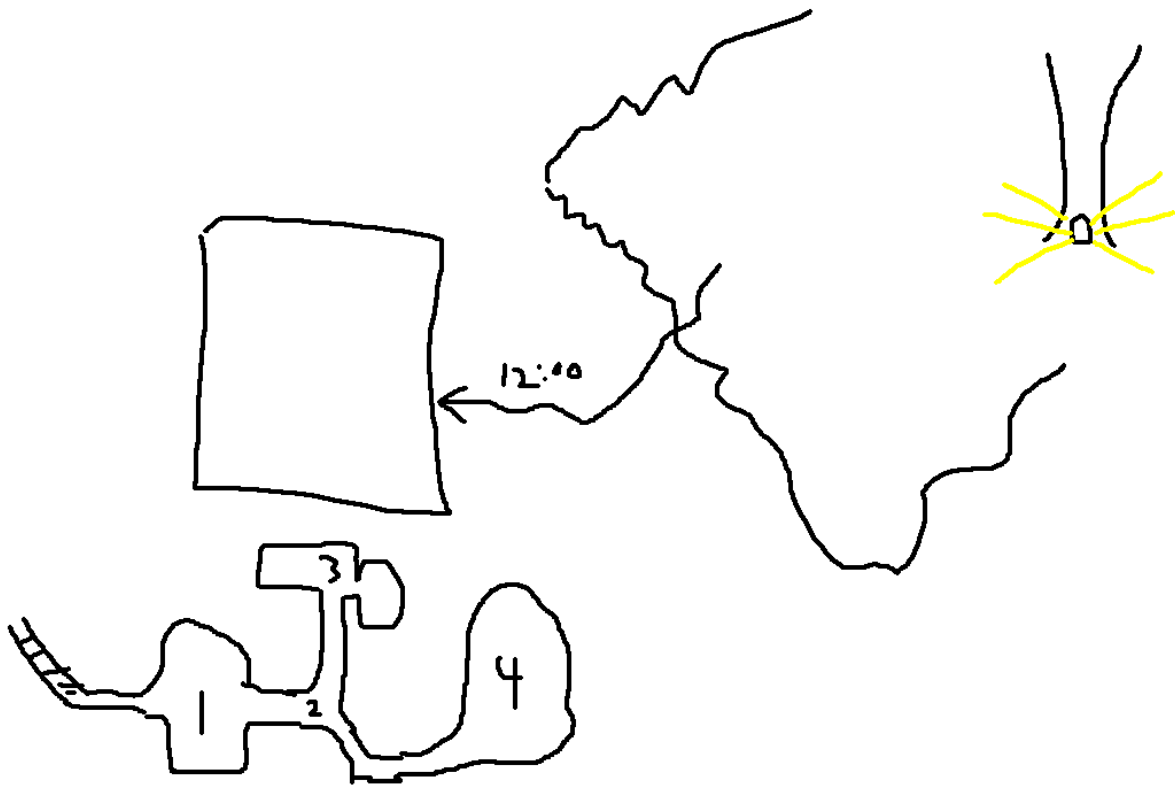
3: 10 gold, red flask with moss/dirt stopper (potion of speed)

4: Short sword +1, 21 gold

5: Sling +1, invisibility scroll, summon swarm scroll

6: Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter scroll, web scroll, 10 gold

Troll Lair



Chase:

You proceed into the forest after the pukje. Only the edge of the forest is visible from the moonlight, the inner depths are pitch black, the moon blotted out by a dense canopy.

The massive trees here are ancient and broad, many of them the width of a ship in diameter. The forest is filled with a cacophony of sounds: beasts, birds, falling acorns and twigs, the howling of owls and the grumble of wind blowing through trees. The air is moist and sticks to your blades, and the ground is covered in layers of leaves and quills. Mushrooms and shrubs litter the forest floor. A few streams are visible, running toward the river at your backs. You hear shuffling of feet ahead.

Follow:

As you follow the sound of the retreating Pukje a gold light becomes visible in the forest. As you approach it, you notice that it is light pouring from an open door in a massive oak. The vicious beasts scurry in, and then the opening in the tree seals quickly behind them, returning the area surrounding the tree to darkness.

Tree:

Can be opened by dispel magic, find traps + some weird combination or by Bestla animating the tree and opening it up or moving it.

What is revealed is a gaping hole in the earth, a natural stone cavern. From the mouth of the opening you can see that the passageway has a dark red carpet decorating it. There are muddy little prints on it leading inward.

1: The passageway leads down about 20 feet into the ground. You see now that the walls are limestone, protruding from dirt, covered in moss. The ceiling has sharp stalagmites sticking downward. The wind blows in from the forest and echoes eerily throughout the cavern. The air is chill and reeks of mold.

As you reach the bottom of the passageway the cavern narrows to the width of a single person and levels out flat. The carpet continues into the cavern. An upturned wooden table is blocking the way.

Trap in front of table: Alarm, shrieking klaxon fills the cavern.

Trap behind table: Poisoned arrow 1d6 damage, save vs poison. Feel nauseous for 4 rounds, then sharp stabbing pain for 5 rounds.

Alarm Goes off: Eyes flash from behind the table and bestial grunts are heard. Little black heads pop up from behind the barricade and throw missiles at you. You hear spellcasting.

Surviving Pukje from raid +2 attack

Interior:

You enter into the chamber the Pukje were defending. It is a large 50 foot cavern with a gradient elevation of five feet from the north to the south. The southern wall has a waterfall coming from the surface that pools in a deep, broad crevice below it. The northern side of the cavern has a dozen little dog-sized caves dug into it, wherein filthy straw mats, pillows and chests are collected. The cave continues east and narrows into another passage.

Trap in caves: 1d4 caves are trapped.

1: 1d6 arrow trap

2: Burning hands 1d3+6

3: Sleep

4: Color spray

Trapdoor at wall: Cannot be opened, bears will come out later.

If dive through 100' cavern and survive, find wand of monster summoning and a pile of 500 gold in a submerged hidden sack.

2: As you enter this passage you notice while it is wider than the entrance passage, the width of three or four men, it is also barricaded in a similar fashion by a hastily collected mess of barrels, tables and bedding materials. As you approach the bestial howling of the Pukje is heard and you can hear chanting

in their dark tongue. A wooden snap is heard, followed by a shutter, and two trap doors open in the large chamber you just left. You hear the unmistakable and terrifying noise of a hungry or aggressive bear and two massive 12' cave bears run out toward you with their vicious mouths open, rage in their eyes.

2 pukje behind barricade, 2 cave bears

Cave bears:

AC 6, 54 health, 13 THACO, 3 attacks: 1d8, 1d8, 1d12, attacks of 18 or higher = hug. Hug = +2d6 bonus damage

Trap in front of barricade: Colorspray

Beyond the barricade you notice that the cave bends to the north and south. You can partially make out what appears to be a kitchen of some sort to the north.

3: This passage splits into a T shaped set of caverns. To the west appears to be a collection of barrels filled with provisions, some straw bales and a chopping block with a meat cleaver stuck into it. Some pots and pans and cooking utensils are strewn about the room. Next to the chopping block is a partially eviscerated cow with a metallic bell hanging from around its sallow neck. There are large holes in the rock wall here, leading to the tunnels where the bears were loosed.

The eastern side of the chamber is partitioned by a rusty set of steel bars with a jail door built into it. The door is swinging open. There are piles of bear shit and mounds of rotting hay in the chamber, as well as some freshly cut slabs of cow.

4: You enter into a large rectangular chamber. The sharp rocks and stalagmites common to the other caverns have been sawed down and smoothed here. The whole of the cavern is carpeted with red linen. The rear of the chamber has an oversized bed, fitted with rough linens, and next to it is an oversized throne. A chest lies at the edge of the bed, with a silver lock on it. Torches line the walls and give the room a warm glow, casting long shadows on the furniture. There are several large sacks of coin in the other corner of the room.

Troll:

A 9' tall man sits silently on the throne, dressed in an elaborately embroidered green tunic. His clothes are decorated with runes and knotwork. His face is ugly, deformed and marked with pustules and rough patches of irritated skin. His eyes are narrow and squinty. He has a massive black beard, which appears to be meticulously groomed into knots. He is unnaturally muscled.

[Anvari/Bestla recognize him as a troll]

"You have barged into my home! Explain yourselves!"

"I am called Hildir by the earth"

"I only hoped to be able to collect enough of a fortune to buy a great dowry for the fairest of the fair. For I seek a wife. I seek Caithim's daughter Gyda. If I offer her what her father cannot, she will love me. But you seek this gold still? Not until she is my wife. Bring me her to wed, and I will give you the coins!"

Attacked:

The large man's face instantly becomes enraged and he disappears from view. You can hear deep, guttural chanting from where he was standing.

Hildir. AC 6. 2 attacks. 2d4+7 (hammer). THAC0 14. HP 60. Spells:

1st- Burning hands 1d3+8 (sv spell ½), audible glamor (save vs spell or sound), change self, chill touch (save vs spell or -1 str), color spray (5x20x20 spray, 1d6 peeps knocked unconscious for 2d4 rounds), enlarge/reduce (40%, 20 rounds), sleep (2d4 HD sleep for 20 rounds)

2nd- Blindness, Blur (-4 to enemy hit first attack, -2 second), flaming sphere (save vs spell or 2d4 damage in contact, or in area 1d4), fog cloud, Tasha's Laughter (save vs spell 30' cube at Those with Intelligences of 8-12(average to very) save with -4 penalties. Those with Intelligences of 13-14 (high) save with -2 penalties: laugh for a round, lose next round, then -2 strength for 2 rounds), summon swarm (1 damage per/round if defended, 3d4+3 if try to do anything, 20 AOE damage will disperse, caster must concentrate or dissipates in 2 rounds, 10 foot area), invisibility

3rd- Explosive runes, dispel magic, flame arrow (1d6 piercing, 4d6 fire, 2 of them)

4th- Confusion (1d4+10 creatures, wander away, stand confused, attack nearest creature, act normally, save vs spell at -2, 12 rounds), Contagion (save vs spell or -2 dex/char/str, -2 attack rolls, 1d3 weeks of bed rest or remove disease), fear (save vs spell or 60% -5%/level chance of running for 10 rounds), fire shield (12 rounds, any damage dealt to caster is dealt back to attacker)

5th- Conjure Elemental (4d8 damage, 13 THAC0, 64 health, AC 2, can bore through earth)

Hildir:

Cloak of Dryness

Chest:

Trapped with Wall of Stone, traps in top section of room.

Spellbook, trapped with Explosive Runes (5% chance per caster to detect, 5% for thief, 6d4+6 damage, also in 10' radius, save for half), 6 spells

350 gold

Wand of Fire

Return to Alesia

You return to the outer limits and the city of Alesia is how you left it, a vibrant center surrounded by a dead husk of an ancient metropolis. A cold wind is blowing from the north, bringing with it scattered flecks of snow. This is the end of the holy month, the harvest month, *Haust-mánuðr*, when the crops are quickly stowed before the fury of winter descends on the vale.

Castle:

As you walk up the steep steps leading to the interior center of the Connachtkeep fortress you hear foul talk and stories of sexual conquests. King Aethelred can be glimpsed seated on his throne through the central colonnade and seems to be conversing with a company of housemen who stand nearby.

Approach:

As you approach him he motions for the housemen to part so that he may view your party and the court hushes. His eyebrows raise.

“Hail, what of my embezzled levy?”

“So you say those dogs spoke the truth? Whether I believe it or no, my taxes are collected, bear the coin hence... I shall yet show mercy to old Caithim.”

“Very well, you have completed your duty to me. Conduct them with safe passage to the Mausoleum’s library. Egbert, you know Helfdane, you shall guide them.” He motions for one of the housemen to follow after the party, a young lad fitted with mail with a bearded axe hanging from his belt, his face obscured by a nasal helmet.

The young houseman speaks with surprising confidence:

“Angvard, son of Hygelac, I am Egbert son of Eohric of Birka, I know your good skald, I know his good chieftain. I shall lead you into the Mausoleum, come.”

Follow Egbert:

Egbert leads you across the road to the Mausoleum grounds.

The entrance to the Mausoleum is guarded by four housemen of Aethelred, they look at your approach and present hostile faces, many of them place their hands on the hilts of their weapons. They are armored in mail and stand fast.

The entrance is a gaping black passage into the earth, framed by massive blocks of rune-covered limestone. The mausoleum itself is fit into a massive earthen mound, hundreds of feet across and at least thirty feet high, covered in grasses, scattered trees and shrubs.

Egbert looks to the party and says “Are you prepared to enter?”

Mausoleum

Egbert waves at the assembled guards saying “It is I Egbert! Stand down! The king conducts the party of Angvard with safe passage for services completed.

Passport:

They part from the door and allow a gap for you to enter. You enter into the dark expanse of the Mausoleum of Clovis. The chambers are dimly and sporadically lit by single torches. Most of the tunnels you cannot make out. You appear to be in an incredibly dizzying maze of corridors. A single path is lit by torches however. The walls are marble and of Imperial fashion, with some sections made of cobblestone. They are decaying, and the chambers are filled with ancient works of art, busts of long forgotten kings and warriors. The smell of dust is thick on the air.

Some parts of the walls are lined with shrouded corpse put into shallow outlets. Other outlets house skeletons, exposed to the open air, some still grasping their blades. Other outlets are home to stone coffins, ornately detailed with powerful protective runes. Clovis must be among these, but you know not which.

Wrong Way:

Cruniac and Harald: you sense that the grave of Clovis is to the west, through a corridor you are now passing, off the path Egbert is bringing you.

Follow Torches:

You follow the torches, which are parted by spaces of 30 or 40 feet, dark swathes inbetween. It is a seemingly straight line from the entrance arch. Bending slightly to and fro, terminating at a central circular chamber. The chamber is lit up, and the light pours into the entrance hall, illuminating the walls you have until then seen only poorly. The walls are painstakingly detailed with gilding and frescos of the battle of Alesia: epic scenes of meteors falling from the sky, crushing temples, rending walls and obliterating an ocean of panicked defenders.

In the central chamber is stacks, a library. several desks are about the room. littered with huge mounds of scrolls and tattered tomes. the smell of incense is heavy on the air. The chamber rises some 40 feet in height. There are cases of books lining the walls. And ladders to reach them. The room is brightly lit by oil lamps. It appears to be some 50 feet in diameter. The place behind the study tables where you would normally find a curator is empty, no one appears to be around.

Noise/Touch Anything:

Giant monster attacks Egbert, who says “must you do this every time?”

You hear thunderous, cracking steps from behind you. Stone is being crushed. something very large is running toward you. A massive demonic beast bursts into the room, its hateful, beady eyes swelling with rage. It raises a jagged, lightning shaped sword from over its head and appears to be swinging down upon you.

It grunts loudly and staggers toward you, swinging back with a balled massive fist. As it is about to smash into you, its fist stops. A small wisp of dust forms from behind one of the tables. and slowly moves toward you. out from it steps a dark, brooding man, with jet black hair and a face of anguish and contemplation. he is dressed in a simple black, hooded robe. his fingernails are caked with dust and his mouth has little scrapes around it. He speaks softly but with a grave tone.

"How may I help you?"

"Do you now? And what knowledge could you possibly offer me?"

Mausoleum Dungeon

As you head into the dark corridor Harald and Cruniac stop and appear to be thinking of something.

Cruniac you are recalling the threats that lurk here. This section of the Mausoleum is rarely accessed by the descendant kings of Connacht the Wolf. They fear the dangers within. Some were made by the hand of the Nathair Socahi, to repel interlopers, while others come from the earth itself. Most notably, Clovis' chamber, known as the resting place of the unknown king, is heavily warded against intrusion. It is said that the ghost of clovis guards the chamber and only those with a pure heart and donning the medallions of the order may enter without being attacked.

The mausoleum is also home to traps installed by the descendants of Connacht to repel grave robbers. Finally, there are spirits placed here by the goddess Hel to guard the dead.

Proceed?

2: As you pass through the corridor heading west you notice that it slowly widens to the width of a half dozen men and that a chill wind blows from the dark. You enter into a crossroads bending to the left, forward and right. The area is pitch black and only partially brightened by your dim lights. In the center of the junction is a massive sixty foot statue of the goddess Hel on a rune inscribed, marble pedestal. It is painted with ocher. It depicts a blonde, thin woman, half of her body a skeleton, the other half woman, in a black cowl clutching an emaciated baby to her flat bosom. A diamond pattern is painted under the statue onto the floor with white chalk, stretching across the room. You smell the familiar stench of a dead body directly in front of you.

Runes: “You enter into a house of Hel. You shall be destroyed if you defile the dead.”

3: Stairs lead to a large rectangular chamber, filled in the center by five marble coffins in a star formation surrounding a central burning brazier which casts a dim light on the entire room. There are two steps down into the center of the room. The walls are blood red and carved up with very faintly glowing blue sigils. Two semi-transparent spectres, the ancient dead, stand silently in the center of the room looking at you as if ready to attack, their eyes bulging with pure hate.

Trap at entrance: Arrow 1d6, alarm, stone wall at entrance.

4: Behind the statue of the goddess the corridor's walls give way to a black abyss, a hole in the earth. There is a suspended stone bridge leading to a colonnaded archway at the end of it. On the bridge are six hunched hideous creatures looming over a fallen, dried out corpse. They are hideous grubs with jutting black spider legs of monstrous proportions, a head similar to a prawn, two black compound eyes, with feelers and smaller arms twitching from the torso. From their hateful mouths are prehensile tentacles which seem to strike at the air as they scuttle toward you to attack, a sickening, squealing chirp echoing throughout the cavern.

6 carrion crawlers, 360 xp

13 HP, AC 3 (head), AC 7 (body), THAC0 17, 8 attacks, 1d2 damage, save vs paralyzation or paralyzed 2d6 turns

Treasure on guy:

15 gold, 15 gold tipped arrows (+1), shortbow, leather armor, dagger

5: As you walk onto the bridge you are rattled by a strong gust of wind blowing from within the earth but manage to maintain your footing. You pass through a monumental stone archway flanked by decorative columns. The chamber before you is dimly lit by four circular braziers in each corner of the room. The walls are covered in a red ichor, carved into by blue sigils. In the center of the room is a ornamental coffin with a bronze pyramid monument, accented by a small boar ornament, on top of it. There are three semi-transparent warriors in the center of the room, staring mournfully at the coffin. They shift in and out of view as the light from the braziers flickers across the room.

They attack if party enters.

Trap at entrance: Arrow 1d6, alarm, stone wall at entrance.

6 shadows

AC 7, THAC0 17, 2d3-1, lose 1 strength per hit, if target goes to 0 strength they turn into shadow, +1 or better to hit, 420 xp

5.5: This tunnel appears to have been bored directly into the bedrock of the earth. It is filled with piles of bones and corpses in various states of decay. The intact bodies appear to have been paralyzed, their faces stuck in postures of pain. There are spots on the floor where things must have been sleeping.

Loot:

Assorted precious vessels 300 gold

Ring of protection +1

Plate mail

Wand of Sleep

Assorted weapons and gear

6: You exit the chamber through another monumental stone arch and find yet another bridge heading across a chasm in the earth. A stone corridor heading right and left is connected to the bridge at the other side. It is pitch black.

As you walk into the corridor a potent gust of cold wind blows over you and your light sources dim out. You can feel people walking by you, some of them push you violently and you are filled with an intense freezing feeling which weakens your feet (surprise attack by shadows -1 strength), sending you backwards toward the bridge.

4 shadows attack

The corridor heads in two directions. To the north it continues forward to another suspended bridge, and also branches to the right into another rectangular chamber containing coffins. To the south it terminates in a what appears to be a large circular chamber.

7: You head south and the corridor expands to monumental heights, into a large circular chamber. The walls are decorated in vibrant murals depicting the siege of Alesia, culminating in a scene of the brothers Clovis and Connacht atop the piled Imperial dead across the entranceway. The chamber is littered with personal effects of the entombed: sleds, wagons, baskets, barrels, weapons, tools, clothing, sacrificed thralls. In the center of the chamber is a broad stone sarcophagus capped by a black statue of a wolf, surrounded by four massive columns. An inscription plate is fixed into the base of the monument, marked in imperial and runic.

“Here lies Connacht the Wolf, son of Aethel, last king of the Ascomanni. Brother of Clovis, who died in glorious battle against the imperial host of Emperor Athanasius at Alesia.”

8: To the north is yet another suspended bridge over a hole in the earth. At the end is a monumental archway heading into a massive rectangular chamber. On either side of the archway, jutting from the rock on platters of stone, are giant statues of Ascomanni gods. To the left is the god Volund, the god of smiths, stone and creation, a brawny and muscled man in the outfit of a blacksmith, his hammer raised

as if to strike those crossing the bridge. Opposite of him is a statue of Ermun, the patron of warriors and glorious battle, clad in an armor of mail, with his face fully covered by a gemmed Sutton Hoo helmet. He raises a massive broadsword as if to strike those passing, in his other hand is a shield.

9: This chamber stretches for hundreds of feet into a rectangle. The center of the chamber is comprised of three connected courtyards of pure, white marble columns, surrounding three prominent coffins. The central coffin has a radiant statue of Aurvandil standing atop it, illuminated by a central beam of light which appears to have been somehow channeled from the surface to brighten him. The rest of the room is dimly light with wallside braziers. 10 foot wide support columns, covered in relief depictions of warriors rising toward the Great Hall, being guided by shield maidens, are centered in the room adjacent to the walls. They disappear into a dark, obscured ceiling. The rest of the room is sparse, unnotable except for the beautiful mosaics which decorate the floor cobbles. There are several passages leading from here, including a prominent stone archway to the north west, with stairs leading up.

As you enter the chamber a powerful gust of wind blows in from the north west archway, sputtering out the braziers which had lit the room. The room is pitch black now, except for the beam of light which illuminates the statue of aurvandil. You can hear the sound of stone being crushed from where you came from and sinister whispers in the dark.

10 shadows

2 clay golems (50 HP, THAC0 9, 1 attack, 3d10, 4,000 XP)

10: This large teardrop shaped chamber is filled with an unnatural ambient light and a low volume hum. The center of the room is decorated with a colorful mosaic, depicting a giant serpent or dragon devouring itself. The room is scattered with the decrepit and decaying personal effects of a great warrior. The end of the chamber features an oval set of marble stairs leading up to a 20' golden disc of stone, flanked by teal painted columns and a statue of a raven and wolf on either side. The gold disc appears to have swallowed a spread eagle, standing warrior in a noble tunic. He appears to be made of stone built into the wall. His face is anguished and he appears to have been slashed at the throat, but his mouth is open as if screaming in rage. There appears to be a relief of a simple band crown atop his head. The stairs leading up to the disc are marked with dark black runes which appear to have been hastily scribbled there.

If anyone but serpent society comes, revenant appears and attacks.

If serpent people say command word the crown on the statue's head begins to glow a radiant gold and eventually it emerges from the golden disc and falls to the ground before Clovis' feet.

Post-Crown

Suddenly from the tunnels you came you can hear the hasty footsteps of an approaching army and the clash of steel. Someone or something en masse is approaching this place. You can also hear the

unnaturally loud cries of Sighere the warlock in an arcane language you have never heard, echoing through the Mausoleum.

The gold disc which holds the statue of Clovis becomes illuminated in blinding light and slowly gives way to a hazy white dust which evaporates and is drawn inward to a cavernous tunnel behind it. Where there was once the tomb of Clovis is a natural stone passage leading upward.