

Other Stuff:

[Tunnels leading to other parts of the underworld]

[Snorro, a dverge magic merchant, Vnarin, a dverge scroll merchant, both with carts filled with magic shit]

[On the outskirts of the dark elf city, next to the cavern wall, near a dark tunnel which heads deeper into the earth, are two strange looking creatures. Hunched over, and dressed in the plain tunic of a craftsman, these squinting bearded beings are little more than four feet in height. Both look identical as twins, although one has a large wart protruding from his nose like a tower. They sport crows feet, and lurch toward on them off balance. They stand in front of wooden carts glittering with a radiant rainbow of color. One of them dramatically motions for you to come near saying in a language only Andvari can understand "Eh, welcome huldre! Come for our crafts, have you? My name is Snorro, and I sell the best, do not pay heed to that bastard over there, he is a cheat! Only I sell the best, straight from the forge of Volund!" The other one, with the wart, shouts back "Shut up you rat! He has been trying to steal business from me ever since I won his wife's heart with me marvelous looks! I'm Vnarin, and if you are looking for crafts, I am your friend!"

Inventory:

Barter possible, otherwise...

Snorro:

3000 gold, Dverge Spellmail, AC 5, 1 LB, 5% magic resistance can cast spells while wearing

Boots of Elvenkind (allow ye to be silent in step)

Winged Boots (allow ye to take flight for hours at a time)

Gaunlets of Troll Power (19 strength)

1000 gold/+1 weapon, Dverge "Weapon" +1, darkness 15' radius 2d6+3 charges

3000 gold/+2 weapon, Dverge Mastercraft "Weapon" +2, darkness 15' radius 4d6+3 charges

2000 gold/+1 armor, .., 2d6+3 charges of fly

4000 gold/+2 armor, .., 4d6+3 charges of fly

Vnarin:

35% chance to have any mage spell up to 4th level

Protection from Magic scroll

Protection from undead scroll

Carpet of Flying

Cloak of Displacement

Dust of Sneezing and Choking

Ring, amulet, cloak of protection etc

loun Gems:

- 1 pale blue rhomboid adds 1 point to Str. (18 max.)
- 2 scarlet & blue sphere adds 1 point to Int. (18 max.)
- 3 incandescent blue sphere adds 1 point to Wis. (18 max.)
- 4 deep red sphere adds 1 point to Dex. (18 max.)
- 5 pink rhomboid adds 1 point to Con. (18 max.)
- 6 pink & green sphere adds 1 point to Cha. (18 max.)
- 7 pale green prism adds 1 level of experience
- 8 clear spindle sustains person without food/water
- 9 iridescent spindle sustains person without air
- 10 pearly white spindle regenerates 1 hp/turn
- 11 pale lavender ellipsoid absorbs spells up to 4th level*
- 12 lavender & green ellipsoid absorbs spells up to 8th level**
- 13 vibrant purple prism stores 2d6 levels of spells
- 14 dusty rose prism gives +1 protection
- 15-20 dull gray any burned out, "dead" stone

D100 Roll Incarnation

- 01-05 Troll
- 06-11 Dverge
- 12-18 Huldre
- 19-23 Maahiset
- 24-28 Hamhleypa
- 29-33 Pukje
- 34-40 Dock-alfar
- 41-47 Imperial
- 48-54 Fremde
- 55-59 Havmand
- 60-73 Ascoman
- 74-79 Nokk
- 80-85 Nisse
- 86-90 Skogsra
- 91-95 Sjora
- 96-00 Trow

Eadwine

6th level priest of Volund

STR: 14

CON: 12

DEX: 10

INT: 13

WIS: 16

CHAR: 11

HP: 38

THACO: 18

Attacks (3/2): 1d4+1

Equipment:

Vestments of Volund (red cloak with smith's girdle, rune enchanted)

Snow Shoes

Wolf fur

Warhammer

Darts (20)

Holy Symbol (hammer of Volund)

Spells: 5/5/2

Spheres: Major: All, Elemental (Fire), Creation. Minor: Combat, Protection, Guardian

Special abilities:

Minor Creation/1 day, Major Creation/1 month, Stone Shape/1 day

Fording River

[describe emerging from forest to the north, describe you can see the fires from the centaur camps far on the horizon, miles away]

[This section of river has only nominally thawed, will not be able to walk across.]

[Will need to make rafts or something to ford]

[While deploying across river, centaur rides up demanding all valuables, if no, attack from all angles]

Centaur patrol:

10 lancers

HP 25, THAC0 16, 2d6 x2 damage (charge), 1d6, 1d6 (hooves). AC 5. 420 xp

Circular, spiked helmets, lamellated leather armor woven with vines, rusted, long iron lances, javelins, long, tangled hair, olive skin, beady black eyes

15 archers

Great, broad elm bows, bare, scarred chests, clubs

HP 25, THAC0 16, 1d8+4 (arrow), 1d6, 1d6 (hooves). AC 7. 420 xp

2 priests

Charm Person or Mammal, Summon Insects (2/4 damage, -2 attack, +2 AC, 5 rounds), Spike Growth (50 sq feet, 2d4 damage), Hold Person (10 rounds)

HP 25, THAC0 16, 1d8 (club), 1d6, 1d6 (hooves). AC 7. 900 xp

1 leader - Branalf

HP 40, THAC0 13, 2d6+4 x 2 (charge), 1d6, 1d6 (hooves). AC 5. 2000 xp

[Ford river etc]

[You cross a great frozen plain. Eventually you see white walls on the horizon. The city of Leptus comes into view, surrounded by miles of barren and frozen over farmland, deserted farmhouses and ice coated paths. The settlement appears to be a fort of some sort, and probably functioned as an imperial base during earlier centuries rather than as a home for generations of civilians. The extent of the settlement appears to be similar to the inner core of Alesia, and the walls are in surprisingly good condition and appear manned. Plumes of white smoke rise from the settlement, and the smell of burning timber is on the air. Even from this distance you can hear men laughing and children playing.

Skald Knowledge: Leptus

Helfdane you recall that this settlement was not besieged by your ancestors as Alesia was, but instead was abandoned after that great city fell, the remnant Imperial forces fleeing south into the savage lands. This is the reason why it is said that some of the savages learned language, as the fleeing Imperial soldiers settled there and took wives.

The king of this realm is Baldred, who is known as a fair, virtuous, courageous and pious man. In the past he has hired Hakonsfjord and the warband of Hygelac as mercenaries to defend his kingdom from the centaurs. In recent years the threat posed by these creatures has intensified, as the campaign waged by Aethelred has destabilized the region, allowing for more daring raids by their kind. You have not visited Leptus since the long war began some years ago, but you do not believe it is in the character of Baldred to send out assassins or to initiate a war of aggression.

While he, as all the Ascomanni chiefs, lust for glory and power, Baldred is pious enough to uphold the cult of Aurvandil, and recognizes the holy blood amongst the chosen, treating his foes with respect. A middle aged man, he has been pressured in recent years to chose an heir from amongst his five sons, which has resulted in a series of bloodfueds and murders. His sons, eorls of the city, have fought amongst eachother in command of their personal hosts, so that two are dead. Those remaining are Aelfric, Mul and Eahlmund. Eahlmund is the most ambitious, although his two brothers are none the less vicious, known for their treachery. The sons having grown up in the relative peace of their youths, have grown spoiled and beloved by their father, who waged wars to ensure the health of their kingdom in his own youth.

Notable Places:

Baldred's Hall: Located in the center of the town ,this prominent villa used to house the Imperial legate of the Alesia fort before the retreat. Accordingly, it is a lavish mansion in the Imperial style, sporting frescos and still in good condition.

Aelfric's House: Banner is a bear on a red field.

Mul's House: Banner is alternating bands of white and red.

Eahlmund's House: Banner is a solid purple field.

Leptus

[As you approach closer to the city you hear a commotion up ahead on the road leading toward the main gate. A merchant is rushing away from you at a fast pace, his cart and horse crashing against the frozen ground. A gong is sounded from within the walls and the few people outside the gate rush inward. The gates close and a contingent of men man the battlements and ramparts overlooking the entranceway.]

[... ?]

[From inside the walls you can hear the thundering of hooves. Suddenly, the gates are loosed and a stream of scores of armored knights on horseback pour forth, rushing toward the assembled company.]

[Soon the cavalry divides into a half dozen wedges of twenty or thirty men and spreads out, rushing around your flanks and surrounding you. The ground trembles, kicking up a cloud of snow and dirt which soon surrounds you. Mounted knights, clad in mail, come rushing with lances forward ... and stop at swords width away. A single man rides out from the company, his horse clad in mail, a purple banner in the wind suspended from his lance, shouting "Yield and we shall only enthrall you, sons of Alesia!"]

Eahlmund, marshal of Leptus

House of Baldred

[town's people remain silent and stare at your party as you near the center of Leptus, crowding along the side of the road to gawk, many eye Aethelwulf with fear]

[You are brought to the house of Baldred, an imperial villa surrounded by an open parade ground in the middle of the city. The villa is in surprisingly good condition, and although weathered by the years, seems for the most part as the Imperials left it hundreds of years ago. You are brought into the manor house, where the king presides. The walls are covered in frescoes depicting the Imperial gods, and the finery and decorative columns stand out prominently from the aging walls. There is a man chopping wood in the central courtyard to heat the many hearths scattered within. Past two oak doors you enter into a large, torchlight hall. A table spans across the room, and behind it, a throne and the king's retainers. Behind the throne are two sets of staircases winding up to an exposed second floor, but it is too dark to make out. Eahlmund enters first and takes off his helmet, hailing the king and calling back to your company: "This is the expedition of Angvard, son of Hygelac, come from Alesia."

The king, a middle aged man of graying hair, sits on this throne and says "Enter into my hall so that I might know the truth of this matter" He is flanked by armored housemen, several of which Helfdane recognizes as the eorls of the realm.

[If you are, as you say, the high king, you will oblige a test of your virtue, for the sagas say that the high king cannot be struck down by any man.]

[So you are the king, returned to us with the crown of aurvandil!] He bows deeply and his retainers follow suit.

[If only we could celebrate rightfully, with the enemy descending upon us, and my kingdom weakened.]

[High king, I call upon your aid.]

[Over the past few years I was forced to mobilize the army here on a nearly constant basis in order to defend myself against the raids from Alesia. Accordingly, the centaurs in the countryside became bolder and seized upon our weakness, raiding with abandon. As I could not divide my forces, nor hire enough mercenaries to keep them at bay, I was forced to pay a hefty tribute in order to buy a peace with them. As it is, if I were to dispatch my forces to join with Alesia to act as a bulwark against the ancient ones, my kingdom would fall. I beg you, using the powers bestowed to you by our god, to sally forth and slay the leader of the centaurs, for if he were to fall, the rest would scatter.]

[His name is Tyrfing, and his camp lies just a week north of here.]

[describe patrols, how need small force etc]

Leptus

