

Kraken:

Summons giant isopods from #7

Loot: Rod of Resurrection (1d6+2 charges): plain gray metal rod in the shape of two entwining snakes

Locate Object

Hold Undead

Item

Water Breathing

Haste

Phantasmal Killer

Stoneskin

Ermun's Redoubt

5000 gold

Approach Seleucia:

You can see a chain of islands cresting the horizon.

As you near the islands sea gulls and fishing ships come into sight.

[fishing ship comes, nervous, old fishermen warn to turn back, the island is cursed, you see one of the men in the ship is prostrate and has blackened skin, rolled back white eyes and enflamed red gills coming from his neck, gasping for air]

[You grow even closer to the island, and soon you can see details. Limestone rock juts from the sea, adorned atop by pearly white walls of imperial fashion. Many turrets dot the walls, although none seem to be manned. At the base of the jagged shore you can see black iguana-looking creatures, Seleucid monitors, clinging to the rocks, as well as a few sunbathing seals. Gulls fly overhead in the warm winds. Directly to the north a few miles you can see a great walled harbor, although it is deadly silent. Some distance away is a fishing galley, sails down, floating slowly toward you: no one appears to be aboard.]

[Galley?

The inside of the boat is covered in blood. A fisherman lies in the center of the ship, clutching the mast and stuck in a braced ,terrified expression. His throat has been slashed open and there are multiple massive lacerations across his face and upper torso. Watery footprints lead from his body to the edge of

the bow. There are five fishing poles scattered across the deck of the galley, and a few fish which are rotting in the afternoon light.]

[describe harbor of carthage, how its empty, docking? Walk into city etc no one meets them etc]

[The streets of the city are barren and beautiful at the same time. Paved roads are lined with cedar trees, the traditional resource behind the city's fleet, and flower gardens. Much like Letpus, the city here does not look far removed from the days of the Imperials: the majority of the buildings here are colonnaded marble porches, swathed in sheets of darkness. The streets are silent and no one is in sight, instead you can only see shadows shifting in the buildings off the road. You are obviously being watched.]

1: The grounds surrounding the old Imperial assembly are covered in cedar trees, benches, tables and public squares. This desolate area must have been a meeting ground and place of commerce at one point, but is completely abandoned now. Only a seaborne wind howls through the trees, all else is quiet. The assembly building is a massive, decorated marble temple. Dozens of statues of Imperial senators, gods and emperors line the frieze above the portico leading in. Many of the statues have been beheaded. You hear raised voices and shouting from inside the assembly hall.

Inside?

The dark entrance gives way to a circular, multi-leveled assembly chamber. The Thing is meeting, and citizens from one side of the room are yelling and murmuring at the other side, which remains silent and emotionless.

A fair headed woman of middle age is on the speaking floor passionately making a case "Habelmond you used to be a man of reason! What has happened to you? For years you advocated an expansion of the navy to ward off the raiders from the mainland, and now you call for a burning of the fleet! How will this protect our people? How will this help us to find the king?"

An elder man with a long, gnarled gray beard and dark eyes speaks in monotone from across the chamber: "Aethfreia, the disappearance of your husband weighs heavily on you, I would not expect you to understand. Please, rest."

"No! No! I am not mad with grief but with anger! I call for the seer to show the truth of this!"

"Habelmond's side is blessed" says a meek voice of an old woman from the side with the elder. She is the seer, and passes judgment without consulting the gods, as if it were an automatic response.

Aethfreia, shocked at the absurdity of the situation grows red in the face and screams "Damn you, damn you Habelmond! You'll curse us all!"

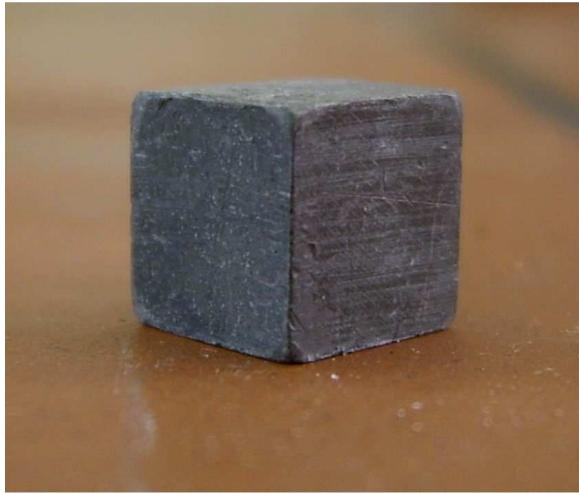
Habelmond appears indifferent and emotionlessly suggests "As you all can see, this woman has broken the laws of the meet, and brought violence and spellcraft here, I call for her to be banished and dashed upon the rocks come sundown."

The half of the room on his side immediately say aye, and the protestations of the minority cannot stop the vote - the woman is dragged out a back exit by several housemen.

Thing says:

- Deoric went out to fish with his sons one night and the next day the ship was found capsized near the island of Wyrianealond
 - o Island is inhabited by primitive fishermen
- Will stalemate any vote to unify or help the party get another boat, will call for king to break it
 - o Will not vote to unify: Outsiders are dangerous, Angvard just plans to usurp and enslave them, not welcome here
 - o Will not agree until there is internal stability and "lawlessness" is checked, king is appointed

Ermun's Redoubt



This metal cube is small, but when activated it grows to form a tower 20 feet square and 30 feet high, with arrow slits on all sides and a machicolated battlement atop it. The metal walls extend 10 feet into the ground. The fortress has a small door which will open only at the command of the owner of the fortress—even *knock* spells can't open the door.

The adamantite walls of *Ermun's Redoubt* are unaffected by normal weapons other than catapults. The tower can absorb 200 points of damage before collapsing. Damage sustained is cumulative, and the fortress cannot be repaired (although a *wish* will restore 10 points of damage sustained).

The fortress springs up in just one round, with the door facing the device's owner. The door will open and close instantly at his command. People and creatures (except the owner) must be careful not to be caught by the fortress's sudden growth. Anyone so caught sustains 10d10 points of damage.

This craft was once in the possession of Ermun, the patron of warriors and of glorious battle, who commands the shield maidens of the Great Hall, spirits who carry those slain in battle to their final resting place. It was forged by Volund and used by Ermun to fight against a race of usurper gods in primordial times. How this has come to be in the possession of kraken you have defeated is not known.