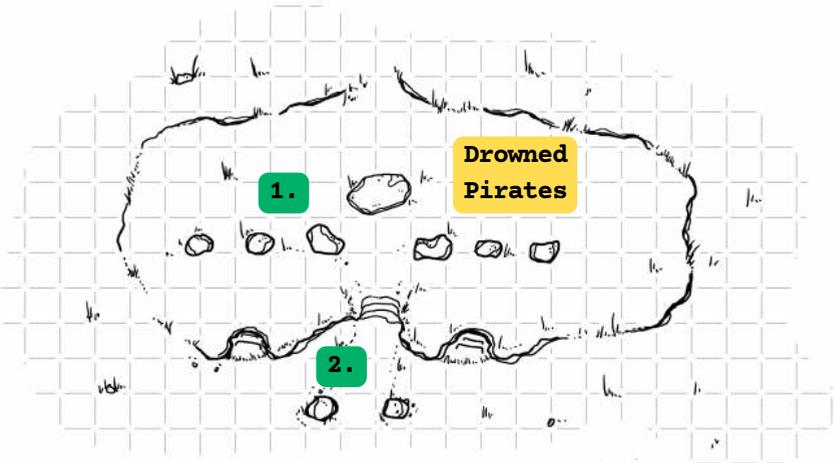


The Accursed Crypt Beneath Gold Moon Isle

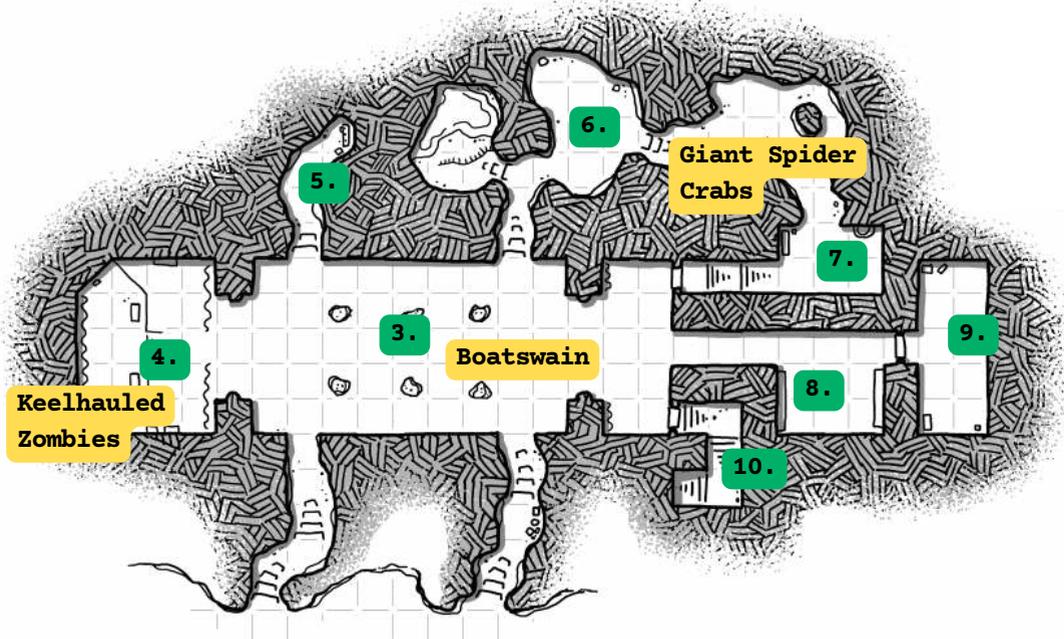
AN OLD SCHOOL ROLEPLAYING ADVENTURE FOR YOUR
FAVORITE TABLETOP RPG



**Drowned
Pirates**

1.

2.



**Keelhauled
Zombies**

Boatswain

**Giant Spider
Crabs**

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

The Accursed Crypt Beneath Cold Moon Isle

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ART: PUBLIC DOMAIN

MAPS: DYSON LOGOS

PUBLISHER: BLACK CITADEL

Game Master's Introduction

The Accursed Crypt Beneath Cold Moon Isle is designed to suit a party of low level adventurers and be completed in a few hours of play. Inside, you will find materials designed to help you, the GM, run an adventure in which the player characters venture to a mysterious haunted island, and descend into an accursed pirate tomb to tangle with ancient ghosts and strange pagan magic.

If they're smart, they might find the cursed pirate gold buried deep beneath Cold Moon Island. If they're very lucky, they may even escape with their lives.

Old-School-Inspired. This adventure is inspired by the style of play characteristic of older roleplaying game modules. The focus is on careful exploration and NPC interaction. Combat encounters are not balanced, and reward creativity and cowardice more than sword and board heroism.

System Neutral. The design of this adventure is such that you should be able to convert it to any (modern or otherwise) rule system that you choose, and most of the encounters, puzzles and traps have been made so they interact with as few rules as possible. Magic is a weird, narrative thing, and enemies don't want to fight on a battle mat.

BLACK THE LAMPS, IN EVERY HOUSE
LET NOT A SPARK SHINE THROUGH
SHOW A LIGHT, BE SURE TONIGHT
OLD HALF-DEAD'S COMING FOR YOU.

— HOLMINGGAR FOLK RHYME

Night of the Cold Moon

At the nadir of the season, in the lonesome bleak months in the middle of winter, when the nights are longest and the sun rises like an invalid for a few short hours each day to make a sickly, faltering circuit of the horizon, the Cold Moon rises.

When the silver light falls on the bay – between Trolltusk Rock and the Waiting Sisters – the Cold Moon reveals an island, a small spit of barren stone that only appears in this world once every seven years, when conditions are just right. When the moon rises to hang, fat and swollen in the night sky, drawing a great tide from the depths to lap thirstily at the supposed safety of dry land, Cold Moon Isle rises to feel the moonlight on its shores once more.

Most think Cold Moon Isle is a figment, a trick of the light or of fanciful, rum-addled minds. Few – if any at all – of the folk who live in Holminggar would admit exactly why that, on nights when the Cold Moon shines and casts the shadow of the black island across the bay, that they douse their lamps and shutter their windows, that they bar their doors and huddle inside, trembling with fright that the slightest glimmer might attract the ghost of old Sköll the Half-Dead and the Sun Eater's ghostly crew.

A group of brave treasure-seekers, aboard a sturdy craft, might sail with muffled oars and blacked-out lanterns across the bay, finding their way by the moon's light alone to the shores of Cold Moon isle.

Sköll the Half-Dead

A tale to chill the blood and quicken the heart. Told to restful children and drunkards gathered round the fire on bitter nights when all the warmth feels as though it's gone out of the world.

Warlord, reaver, murderer – Sköll was captain of a longship, a terror of the frozen coast. For a hundred years or more, Sköll cast his shadow across these waters, far beyond a man's natural days. It was said that he could not die.

It is said that, when he was a young man, Sköll was struck from the deck of his ship, *the Sun Eater*, and down into the icy green abyss.

There, in the crushing darkness, with a blade through his heart and salt water in his lungs, Sköll met Death for the first time.

She came to him in the form of a great gray shark, ancient and scarred, and she dragged him down to the place where the light cannot reach. Down to the underworld. There, Sköll made his offer: *one hundred souls for you, Death. In exchange, another year I walk beneath the Sun.*

Supine upon a throne atop a mountain of bones higher than the sky itself, Death smiled. She liked this offer.

She sent Sköll back to the surface, lungs bursting, eyes burning with fury and purpose. Not alive – this is not a gift that Death can give – but unable to die. Half-dead, for he carried her promise that she would not take him while he kept his promise.

One hundred lives for another year beneath the Sun.

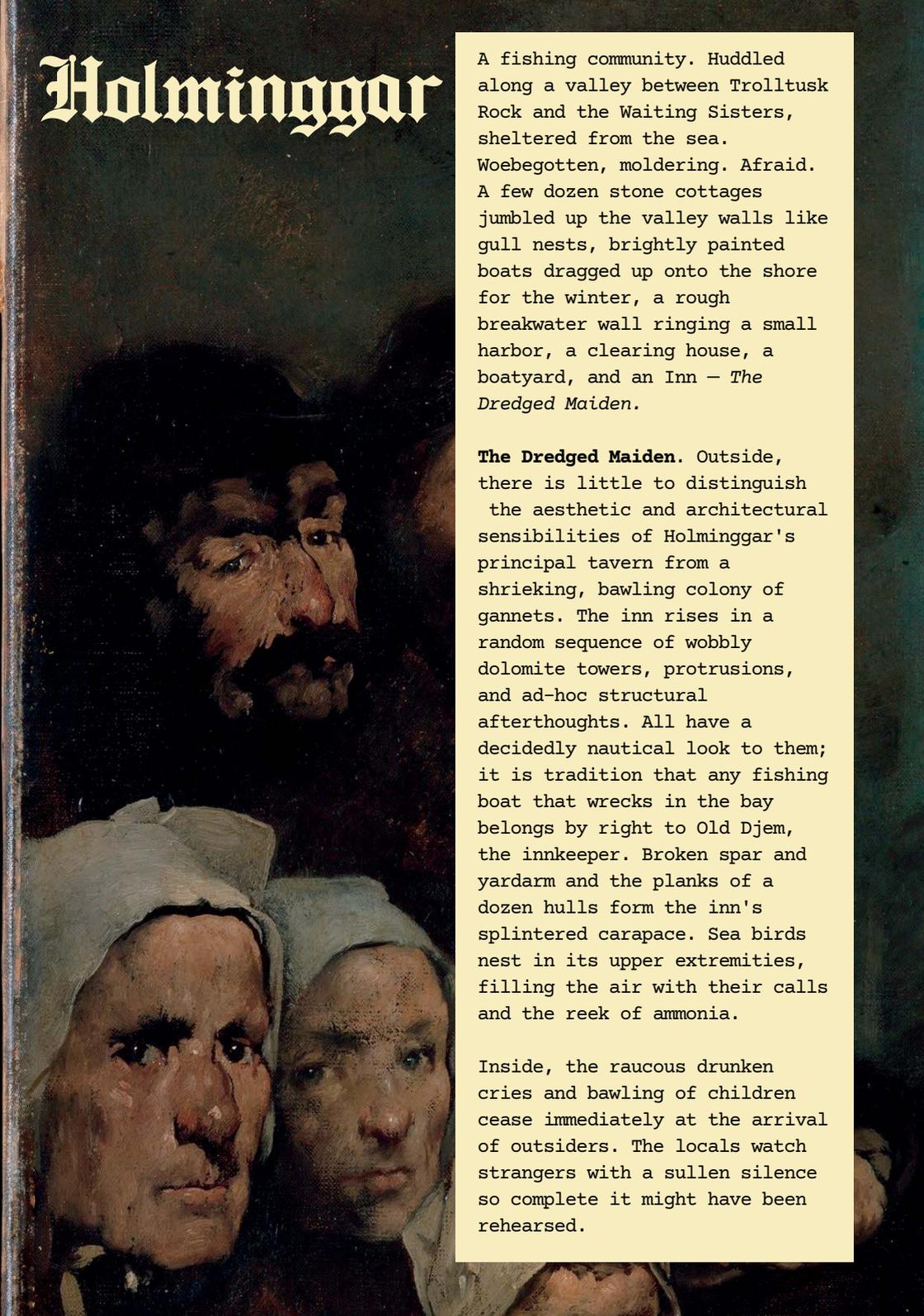
For decades, more than half a century, Sköll the Half-Dead accumulated plunder, killed and reaved his way along the edge of the world. He built a temple to Death where he sacrificed thousands in her name, where he weakened the walls between the living world and the land of the dead.

In time, Sköll the Half-Dead fell in love with Death. He ceased his killing and professed his love to her, failing to meet the terms of their arrangement so that Death might take him at last and they might be forever joined.

But Death loves only death.

Angered by Sköll's failure, his *weakness*, Death forever barred him from entering her realm, trapping his vengeful ghost upon the island from which he used to send Death her yearly tribute.

And so he remains, locked within a temple honoring his unrequited love, surrounded by lifetimes of plunder, hidden away on an isle that cannot be seen by mortal eyes but by moonlight.

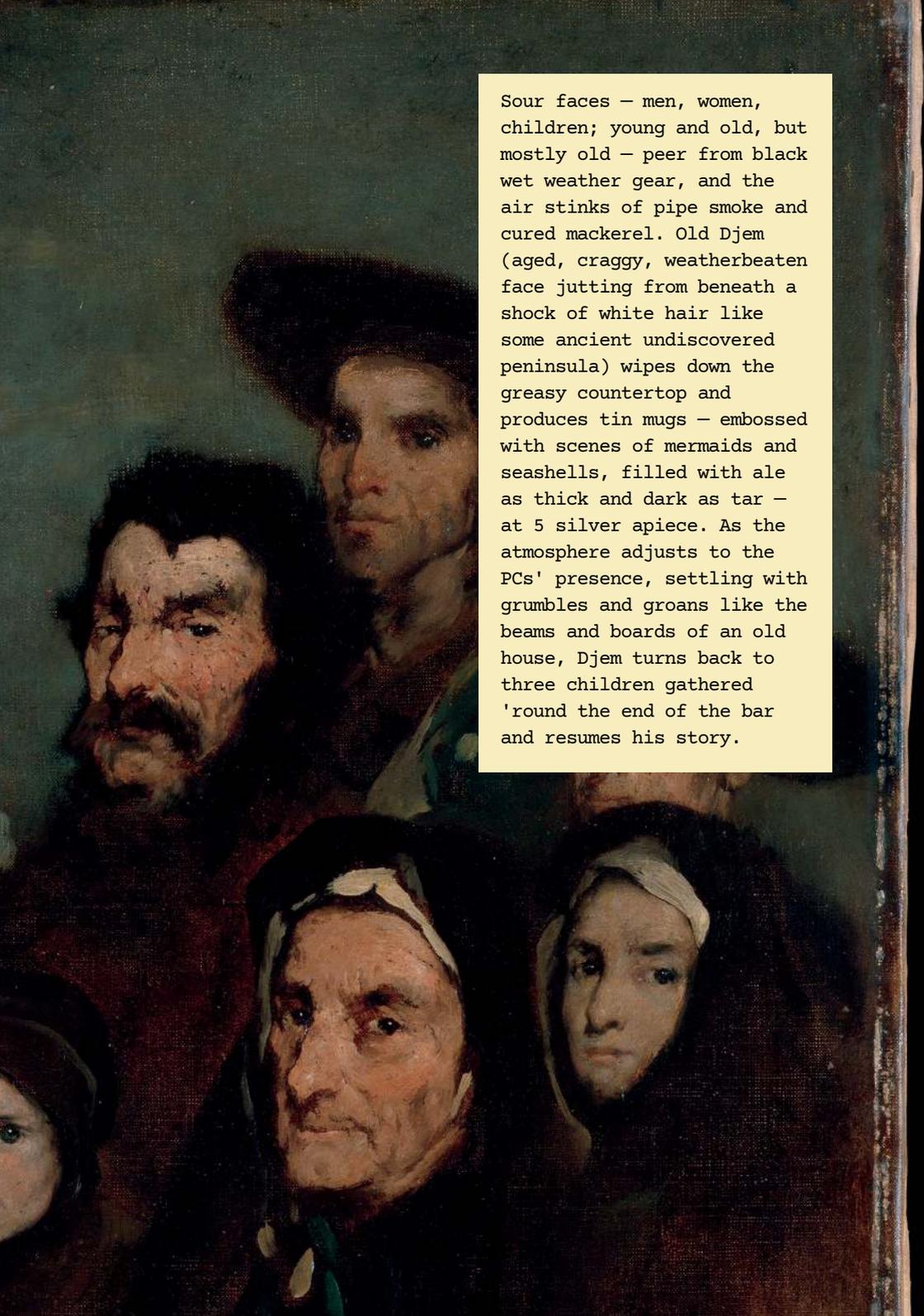


Holminggar

A fishing community. Huddled along a valley between Trolltusk Rock and the Waiting Sisters, sheltered from the sea. Woebegotten, moldering. Afraid. A few dozen stone cottages jumbled up the valley walls like gull nests, brightly painted boats dragged up onto the shore for the winter, a rough breakwater wall ringing a small harbor, a clearing house, a boatyard, and an Inn – *The Dredged Maiden*.

The Dredged Maiden. Outside, there is little to distinguish the aesthetic and architectural sensibilities of Holminggar's principal tavern from a shrieking, bawling colony of gannets. The inn rises in a random sequence of wobbly dolomite towers, protrusions, and ad-hoc structural afterthoughts. All have a decidedly nautical look to them; it is tradition that any fishing boat that wrecks in the bay belongs by right to Old Djem, the innkeeper. Broken spar and yardarm and the planks of a dozen hulls form the inn's splintered carapace. Sea birds nest in its upper extremities, filling the air with their calls and the reek of ammonia.

Inside, the raucous drunken cries and bawling of children cease immediately at the arrival of outsiders. The locals watch strangers with a sullen silence so complete it might have been rehearsed.

The background of the page is a dark, textured painting. It depicts several faces, likely of people from a coastal or maritime setting. The faces are rendered with visible brushstrokes and a somber, weathered expression. One man in the upper left has a thick, dark beard and a stern look. Another man in the upper right wears a dark hat and has a more neutral expression. In the lower half, there are several women wearing dark head coverings or shawls. The overall color palette is muted, dominated by dark browns, greys, and blacks, with some highlights on the skin and clothing. The texture of the painting is grainy and somewhat abstract, suggesting a focus on light and shadow rather than fine detail.

Sour faces – men, women,
children; young and old, but
mostly old – peer from black
wet weather gear, and the
air stinks of pipe smoke and
cured mackerel. Old Djem
(aged, craggy, weatherbeaten
face jutting from beneath a
shock of white hair like
some ancient undiscovered
peninsula) wipes down the
greasy countertop and
produces tin mugs – embossed
with scenes of mermaids and
seashells, filled with ale
as thick and dark as tar –
at 5 silver apiece. As the
atmosphere adjusts to the
PCs' presence, settling with
grumbles and groans like the
beams and boards of an old
house, Djem turns back to
three children gathered
'round the end of the bar
and resumes his story.

Old Biem's Tales (As Rumors)

The weatherbeaten innkeeper finishes recounting the tale of **Sköll the Half-Dead** and the **legend of Cold Moon Isle** to the three wide eyed children.

The telling is a little different each time he tells it, and the

PCs can press him to repeat himself or ask follow up questions to get more information.

Some are **true**, some are *false*, and some are **a little bit of both**.

1. **Sköll the Half-Dead's treasure is cursed.** *Only if he parts with it willingly will those who remove but a single coin survive.*

2. **Sköll was entombed along with his mighty treasure hoard; the plundered wealth of entire kingdoms.**

3. *Sköll was buried with so much treasure that he has transformed into a dragon.*

4. **Sköll the Half-Dead struck a deal with Death; a hundred souls for every year she would not take him to the underworld. But he broke that deal when he fell in love with Death and wished to join her. Now, he seeks a way to regain her affections, so that he might finally die.**

5. **Those who venture to Cold Moon Isle do not return, for the island's dead guard their waterlogged halls, and those who do not leave that place by the time the moon sets are surely doomed to join them.**

6. *If the ghosts on Cold Moon Isle see a light shining on the mainland, they come to steal away those who set it burning.*

7. **Sköll has his pet wizard buried along with him: a devious storm-caller called Morgwennan.**

8. *The island was Sköll's temple to Death before he broke his vow to her. There is a doorway deep within the crypt where the living can step into the land of the dead and back again.*

Random Encounters

Roll a D10.

1. The **far-off crashing of waves**, mingled with another sound, like the conjoined wailing of voices. Tormented. Anguished.

2. Flashes of **cold green light**; ghost fire dancing along the ground, the walls, overhead. Flows over the skin like a cool breeze mixed with static charge. Clings to dying men.

3. A small breath of **wind** that quickly rises to the strength of a howling gale, before dying away again as quickly as it came.

4. **2d6 Ghostly figures**. Huddled, frightened, shuffling towards the Dark Shore (Area 17).

5. A **young man in foppish clothes**. A ruff, embroidered waistcoat, pantaloons; all ruined by the seawater. His cheeks are streaked with tears. His head is caved in like a ripe melon hurled against the ground. Light dances on him as though on water.

6. **1d4 Giant Crabs (page 16)**. Scuttling along, dragging something dead back to the caves in Area 6.

7. **1d4 + 1 Keelhauled Zombies (page 15)**. Traitors. Punished to wear their chains forever, even as their waterlogged flesh sloughs away. Gold teeth glinting in the darkness. Arguing among themselves, grunting and snarling, fighting over a *small silver music box (plays a mournful song; entrances the zombies while it plays)*.

8. **1d6 + 1 Headless Skeletons (page 20)** directed by their increasingly **exasperated ghosts**. Trying to move a pile of antique furniture (bookshelves, a chest of drawers filled with crockery, a well-stocked drinks globe) from the Shattered Sloop by the shore down to the tomb in Area 11.

9. **1d6 + 3 Drowned Pirates (page 13)**. Arguing the finer points of poetry or what an apple tastes like, or whose embroidery is better (it's all rotten mashed up handfuls of kelp). Want an impartial judge.

10. **Sköll the Half-Dead**. Roaming the halls in anguish, muttering angrily about Death's betrayal.



Getting to the Island

Ice cold saltwater churns and seethes in the bay. A bitter wind whips across the ocean, dragging ragged clouds across the fat, swollen moon, spilling shafts of silvery light across the dark gray sea.

If the PCs have no other way of getting to the island, they can find a few small, sturdy skiffs moored in the relative safety of Holminggar harbor – though the larger fishing boats have been dragged out of the water for the winter.

The locals know the reef, though only extreme threats or lavish bribes will convince them to take you, and if they do, they won't set foot on the island, but instead may float some way off shore.

Old Djem will rent you his (equally old) skiff for a steep price. He insists upon payment up front, explaining that it's very unlikely you'll live to pay him the rest, or that he'll see his boat again.

Sailing the skiff across the bay is no small feat in choppy water, as waves burst and spray against hidden reefs just a few feet beneath the surface. It's okay though; it seems as though the current seems determined to hurl all but the most skilled sailors upon the rocks of Cold Moon Island tonight.

PCs who are accomplished sailors can make a series of increasingly difficult checks to avoid foundering on the reef, bring the skiff close enough to the island without being dashed on the rocky shore, and potentially even ground it safely on a beach of black shale to the North of Area 1.

Any characters that fall overboard and aren't rescued (assuming they're not wearing heavy armor, in which case they are almost immediately pulled under) are dashed repeatedly against the rocks before being deposited, battered and bruised, on the shore, just South of Area 2.

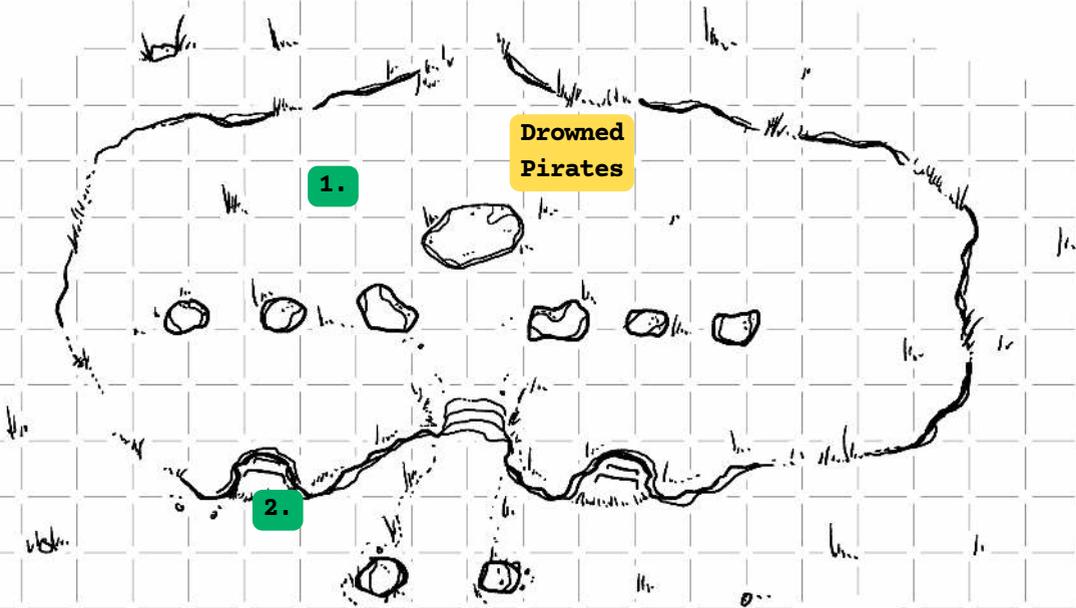
Gold Moon Island



A hundred-yard stretch of bare, black rock rising from the freezing sea. Plastered in kelp and barnacles, reeking of the deeps. A faint glow issues from the cluster of standing stones at the center of the island.

Shattered Sloop. Wrecked on the East shore of the island. Nothing but rotten kelp and a few crabs scuttling amid the ruined timbers. Enough wood to lash together a makeshift raft.

Approaching the Tomb. The sound of voices and the crackle of a fire. A ghostly silver luminescence.



1. Lunar Anchor; Standing Stones. Seven standing stones, positioned to glow when aligned with the six correct planets and the moon. All seven black stones are softly glowing when the island appears. They lose their lustre one by one each hour until the large central stone

goes dark and the island fades from the world again.

Destroying the stones. Untethers Cold Moon Island from its position between the material world and the land of the dead. It drifts aimlessly through infinity for 1d4 months before arriving somewhere in the astral sea.

d4 + 2 Drowned Pirates sitting around a flickering campfire sharing stories about the finer things in life.

They demand anyone living tells them a story about earthly sensations (the smell of rain, the touch of silk against bare skin, the taste of peaches, etc.) which sends them into a stupor if it's vivid enough. Otherwise, they try to drag intruders to the cliffs and throw them back into the sea.

DROWNED PIRATE

HD 2 (9 hp)

AC as leather (half damage from nonmagical and non-silvered attacks)

Att 1 x cutlass (+2 to-hit, d6)

Treasure: pocketful of gold and silver coins; books of erotic poems, restaurant reviews, drawings of fruit. All waterlogged and rotten.

Opportunist: when a melee attack misses the Drowned Pirate badly (by more than 5), they can react by counterattacking.

Translucent (fish dart like silver stars past the surface of their skin), clad in pirate regalia of every age and culture. Melancholy. Would give anything for a sip of rum.

2. Entrances. Two holes in the earth, just big enough to walk through. Both sealed with crude stone doors, rolled into place and sealed with fossilised beeswax. Breaking the seal emits a rush of foul smelling grave air, revealing rough hewn passages leading down a half dozen steps.

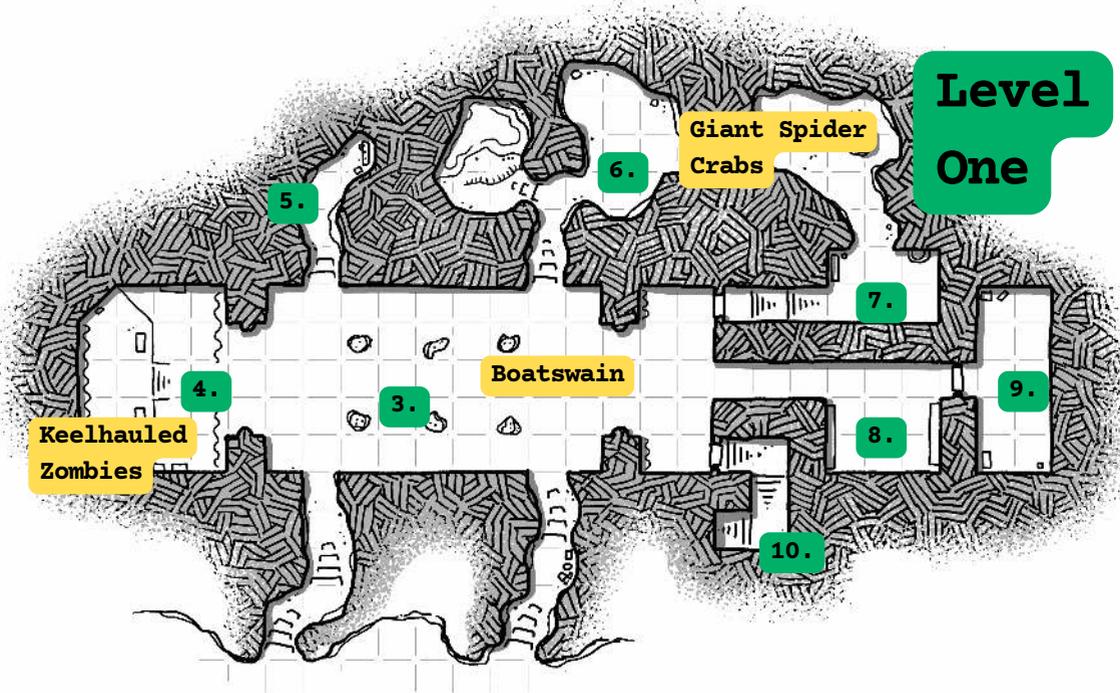
Carvings around the doorways. **Left:** a warrior burning in his ship; **Right:** a child wearing a flower crown.

Carvings symbolize death and birth.

Entering the hill through the birth entrance or leaving through the death entrance causes **ghostly hands** to reach out of the walls. Hundreds of pallid, glowing fingers reaching through the wet stone walls.

Characters can make a saving throw or the hands brush up against them, draining away their life force. If they critically fail, they are dragged into the wall, rendered unconscious, and left lying on the Dark Shore in **Area 17**, awaiting passage to the next life.

The Crypt Beneath Gold Moon Isle



3. A large vaulted hall. Columns around the walls.

Murals. Designs depicting Sköll (one eye, silver teeth) fighting a giant sea serpent from the deck of the *Sun Eater*. Murals picked out in mother of pearl, turquoise and bone. Wet walls. Floor covered in a thin layer of algae.

Longship, *The Sun Eater*. Dominates the room. Fully decked for war. Rotten wood planks, cracked mast and sodden sails. Its oars move to and fro; from the deck come the sounds of groans, and the occasional crack of a whip.

BOATSWAIN

HD 6 (24 hp)

AC as chain

Att 2 x whip; target hit by both is restrained and dragged 10' towards the Boatswain.

Treasure: Cat-o-nine-tails (forces ghosts to take physical form), Silver Key to Area 10.

Shimmering, as though underwater. Wears a rotten coat and no shirt, tricorn hat; lurid tattoos of writhing snakes cover every inch of his flesh. He surveys the rowers, hand resting on his whip, projecting casual brutality beneath a veneer of military politeness.

Crewed by ghosts. Dozens of translucent spirits manacled to their oars, quailing beneath the Boatswain's cat-o-nine-tails. One seat is empty.

The Boatswain. Demands the strongest among the PCs join the rowing crew as someone (Runaway Ghost in Area 5) has deserted their post. Fights with a whip if the PCs can't bring him his errant rower. Has the **key to Area 10** (delicate, wrought silver, snakeskin design) on a thin gold chain around his neck.

Imitation treasure (clay pots, limestone carved swords, wooden crowns and food) piled high on the deck.

False Coffin. At the prow of the ship is a mighty stone coffin with an engraving of Sköll (horned helmet, one eye, braided beard). Inside is a skull with one ruby in its eye socket (has normal teeth). Anyone who touches the skull must make a save or they become cursed. They cannot leave the deck of the *Sun Eater* unless they carve out their own eye.

Dead Ship: There is a saying. Take a nail taken from a dead ship and drive it into the hull of a living one, and that ship will sink before the next full moon. Drive a nail into a shipwreck and raise it from the ocean floor. Drive one between your ribs and breath underwater until the wound heals. With enough time, you can extract as many as a hundred nails from the deck of the *Sun Eater*.

4. Golden Altar highlighted by warm, inviting light that comes from nowhere, looming out of deep black shadow. Covered in golden statues, idols, plates, cups, treasure (all fake; peeling gold paint over roughly carved wood). *Gentle clanking noise from the darkness.*

2d4 Keelhauled Zombies with glittering gold teeth chained to the rear wall. Chains not long enough to leave the room. Will wait until an intruder is a few paces into the shadows before rushing forward. Faster than you'd expect, gold teeth gnashing at the air.

KEELHAULED ZOMBIE

HD 1 (4 hp)

AC as leather

Att 1 x bite; on a hit, target must save to avoid being grappled

Treasure: 32 - 3d6 gold teeth

Rotten, waterlogged flesh shredded by barnacles; yellowing bone peeking through translucent skin. Gold teeth glittering in the torchlight.

Will grab you and drag you back into the darkness. Chained to the altar.

5. Runaway Ghost crouched in the darkness. **Valgar the Deck Rat.** Wide, sunken eyes. A thin face turned green by years spent being dead.

Bottle of rum empty beside him, singing a quiet song to himself.

Won't voluntarily return to the rowing crew; he's afraid of the Boatswain.

Incorporeal; hard to catch. Only silver or magic of some kind can hold him. Quite gullible. Would do just about anything for some more rum.

6. Caves. Dripping wet, natural stone walls. Water sluices in and out. *Must be a small tunnel out to the ocean somewhere.* Smells like brine and low tide. *Scuttling sounds.*

Skull Niches. Walls carved with hundreds upon hundreds of niches. Each one houses a skull, carefully cleaned and carved with ancient runes. Eyes replaced with cut glass orbs.

Talking Skulls. Chatty, judgemental. Can answer many questions about the infinite mysteries of death, but would rather gossip about their fellow skulls. Most of them *can't stand* each other.

Many are home to shellfish or hermit crabs, or have cracked or missing eyes. They complain *bitterly* about this and demand you fetch them new eyes before they tell you anything useful.

1d6 Skulls are inscribed with a random cleric spell of level 1d4 - 1 (0 being a cantrip or harmless sensory effect) that can be cast like a scroll.

1d4 + 1 Giant Spider Crabs. Big scuttling bastards. Come and go with the tide.

7. Skull Preparation Area. Wooden workbench. Large glass jar full of Cut glass orbs for eyes. Tools on Walls for cleaning, scraping, weeding out all the skull gunk. Pile of dessiccated heads in the corner.

GIANT SPIDER CRAB

HD 2 + 1 (11 hp)

AC as plate

Att 2 x claws (+4 to-hit, d8 damage; target grappled if both hit)

Treasure: sweet, succulent meat; if the crab takes no more than 10 damage in a single round, its shell can be harvested and used as a makeshift shield. Kill it with a single hit using a subtle magic or a piercing weapon and you could fashion a small person an entire suit of armor (AC as half-plate; smells of the sea).

Size of a big dog, crenelated, algae-coated shells; fiercely territorial, will eat anything.

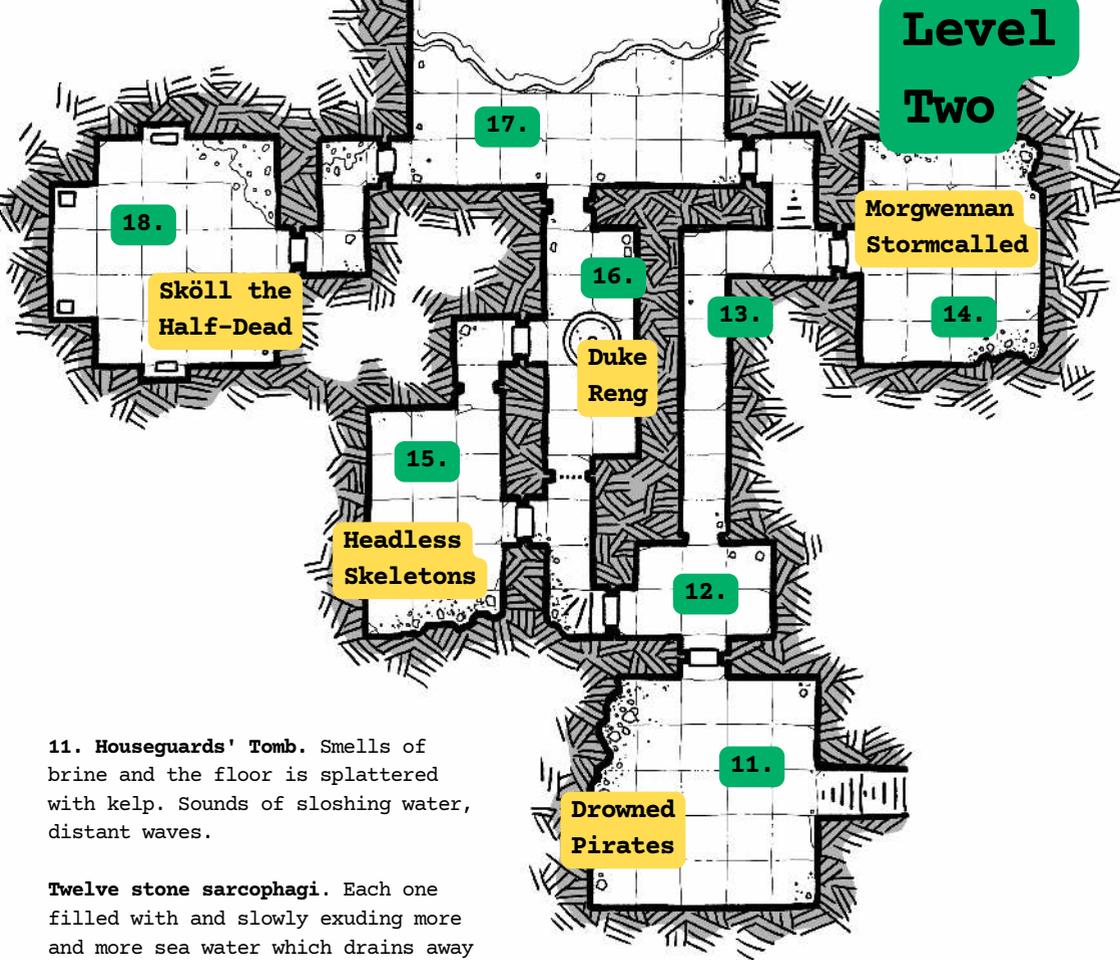
8. Painting. Death (androgynous, starkly beautiful, draped in a gown made of child bones) and **Sköll** (braided beard, one eye, silver teeth) embracing. **Behind them**, chained prisoners daubed with bright paint in strange designs are led to a black ship floating on a sea of stars.

Sacrifice Preparation Area. Two wooden tables (one empty; one bears a mummified, rotten body half eaten by crabs). **Side table:** Inks, body paint, preparations that let the dead below know to allow you passage to the Dark Shore. Enough left to make 1d4 people look like the sacrifices in the painting.

9. Cells. Empty. Rusted Manacles. Dripping water.

10. Sea Serpent Door. Carving of a coiled Sea Serpent. **Locked.** Handle carved like a snake's head. **Trapped.** Turning the handle without using the Boatswain's key drives the Serpent's fangs (glass needles filled with thick green liquid: caustic, debilitating poison, 2d6 damage) into the PC's hands. Beyond, stairs descend to Level Two, **Area 11.**

Level Two



11. Houseguards' Tomb. Smells of brine and the floor is splattered with kelp. Sounds of sloshing water, distant waves.

Twelve stone sarcophagi. Each one filled with and slowly exuding more and more sea water which drains away towards Area 17. Each contains a Drowned Pirate.

Drowned Pirates (see Area 1), wrapped in seaweed, barely visible beneath the murky, gurgling water. Rise abruptly, violently if the surface of the water is broken water or a loud noise is. Will try to drag anyone down into their seemingly bottomless coffins.

10d6 gp between them in jewelry, burial purses, trinkets, etc.

Southern Wall, a mural of Sköll at the prow of the *Sun Eater*, leading a raid.

Western Wall, a dais with a rotting wooden throne upon it. A skeleton has been nailed to the chair with golden nails (tribute to Sköll) with a heavy, ornate spear plunged through its chest (+1 Magic Spear, casts Hold Person, 1d10 charges remaining).

Attempting to remove the nails or the spear causes the skeleton to scream out in pain (anyone listening must make a save or stand frozen in pain for 1d4 rounds or until the skeleton is silenced) awakening the drowned warriors.



12. Hanging Skull. Dangling from a metal chain in the middle of the room. Eyes glow with a green light. Anyone who looks deeply into the eyes can see images of lost loved ones and companions drowned at sea. They see themselves among them. *Why carry on? Why not just give in to the crushing embrace of the water. Above. Below. All around.*

All who look into the eyes of the skull must save or be transfixed and unwilling to do anything but stare stupidly and whisper secrets to their loved ones for 1d10 minutes. Used by Sköll to pacify his sacrifices.

Water sluicing gently from **Area 11** down the corridor towards **Area 13** and under the door to **Area 16**. *Gurgling. Dripping sounds.*

13. Shield Hall. Lined with painted roundshields, each a work of art commemorating some great battle, monster slaying, peace negotiation, raid, subjugated towns offering tribute (a mighty drinking horn, a silver axe, a set of golden goblets engraved with jewels), etc. Paint peeling in the salt and damp. Worth 130 gp each, but only to a historian or a collector.

14. Morgwennen's Tomb. Resting place of Sköll's pet magician, a powerful storm-caller.

Black Door. Magical. Locked. Black rock covered in hundreds of polished glass balls, like marbles of differing sizes, embedded seemingly at random in the stonework. Touching one causes it to gently glow with a delicate white light, which fades over the next minute. A check or enough time spent studying the door reveals that the marbles' positions mimic the stars in the night sky.

Picking out the constellation, the Wolf (the one who chases and eats the Sun) opens the door.

Inside. Vaulted room finished in black stone, lit by polished glass orbs of all sizes. All pulse with brighter light whenever Morgwennen moves close to them, speaks, or casts a spell. Smashing them (a character can smash up to 1d10 per turn) hurts him.

Empty coffin. At the rear of the room. Morgwennen pottering about his workbenches among his artifacts.

Magical artifacts, largely decayed or broken, litter display cabinets all throughout. Jars of coloured powders, gold and platinum dust, rare spices, pickled monster organs, bat wings.

Magical inks (1d4 - halves the cost of a week of magical research).

Altogether worth 5d12 gp for raw precious materials, or 300 gp a magic user who can make use of these exceedingly rare components.

MORGWENNAN THE STORMCALLER

HD 5 (21 hp)

AC as leather (immune to nonmagical and non-silvered attacks)

Att 1 x silver dagger (d4); or 1 x spell

Spells: lightning bolt (+6 to-hit, d10), raging wind (save or be knocked down and held in place), anything else that feels appropriate for a powerful storm wizard.

Treasure: silver dagger, crystal-embedded staff of power (can smash down a stone wall, call up a storm, turn the ocean to ice; Recharge after use by leaving in an oaken box packed with salt, sealed, and held to the bottom of the ocean with iron weights during a full moon).

Tall, thin, with eye sockets that crackle and spark like Tesla coils. Dressed in a long black. Trying to find a way to get the spirit jar containing his daughter out of this place (or, failing that, get his daughter a new body).

Spirit Jar. A 1' tall jar of beautiful design (blue and white porcelain with a motif of stormy seas and giant serpents spitting lightning). Opening the jar prompts a save or the one who opened it has their soul pulled out of their body and trapped within the vessel. The lid then snaps back on. Opening the jar again releases a soul trapped inside at random, which then passes into any "empty vessel" (a fresh corpse or a body without a soul) within 30'. Currently there are 3 souls trapped in the jar (a sea witch named Vilgar, a traitorous warrior called Rheng, and a Morgwennen's own daughter Weregaena).

15. Warriors' Feast. Stone vault, lined with animal pelts (soaking wet and rotten). Roaring fireplace in the far wall that gives off no heat. Torches in sconces around the walls, crackling merrily. *Sounds of clinking mugs and cheerful toasts.*

Huge banquet table. Eight **Ghostly Pirates**, starved, emaciated, swollen bellies, gaunt faces (famine stricken) feasting together. Each pirate's skull sits on the table with them. Food looks and smells sumptuous (a spit roasted pig, flagons of ale, warm bread and butter). Ghosts invite the PCs to prove their worth by downing a massive drinking horn of mead. Save or be compelled to sit down and begin feasting. The food has no nutritional value and anyone who joins the feast will starve to death in 2d4 days + Con mod.

Anyone who refuses to join is mercilessly heckled by the ghosts, who call for their skeletons to rise from their sarcophagi. But they cannot bring themselves to rise from the table, even if their graves are looted and their skeletons are destroyed.

Sarcophagi. Eight around the edges of the room. Carved to resemble raiding boats. Contain armored, dessiccated pirate remains. Headless Skeletons inside will rise if disturbed, cheered on by their ghosts, who gleefully place bets on whose skeletons will kill the most intruders.

HEADLESS SKELETON

HD 2 (9 hp)

AC as leather (vulnerable to blunt weapons)

Att 1 x rusty sword (-4 to-hit, d8)

Treasure: 1d6 gp each.

No head. Cannot see. Attacks by sound, dumb luck, and the drunken directions of the ghosts, who routinely curse their useless bones for not landing a hit.

16. Oubliette. Bare stone room with a 6' wide hole in the floor. A (surprisingly well-appointed) oubliette containing the ghost of Sköll's most valuable prisoner (who he never got around to sacrificing): a young nobleman (foppish, cruel, tricky) from far to the south. Sat writing a diary of his imprisonment (self-involved, very purple prose), trying to tune a harp (the strings have long rotted away), or flouncing on a bed of rotten straw. The water down there is up to his knees.

The Duke: Reng Si Irdo, translucent (rippling like candlelight on bathwater) heir to the Rosebloom Citadel and the Land of Emerald Fields (or some suitably grand and decadent in your setting).

DUKE RENG (GHOST)

HD 6 (24 hp)

AC as chain (immune to nonmagical and non-silvered attacks)

Att 1 x touch (+4 to hit, 1d10 + life drain)

Possession: Anyone who stares into the Duke's eyes for long enough and says the words "come to me", becomes possessed. They can move and act as normal, except when the Duke takes control (although he usually prefers to sit back and let the peasants do most of the work; driving a human body is tiring and he's out of practice).

Life Drain: The target must save or begin to age rapidly, decreasing a relevant ability score by 1d4.

Treasure: Silver harp frame (made by a very famous craftsman, could be worth a lot if properly restored), and a necklace with a ruby embedded in it the size of a tangerine (hidden under the corner of his mattress; identifies the bearer as the descendent of the Duke's ancestral lands).

Maddened by captivity and untreated venereal infections. A Ghost, rotten flesh, pockmarked. Cowardly. Will try to possess the party member he deems "most regal". Cannot leave the Oubliette unless someone meets his eyes and says the words "come to me".

17. The Dark Shore. The sound of gentle waves lapping on a stony shore. A ceiling of stars at night. Freezing cold.

A black sand beach, water reflecting a night sky above like a mirror.

Starry Night sky filled with constellations: The Bear, the Eagle, the Warrior. One, the Wolf, is missing. It is, however, reflected in the water.

A small boat, big enough for two, waits at the shore.

Sailing the Boat. You cross an endless ocean, calm, beneath a field of stars. Deathly, peaceful.

Make a single save. If you fail, roll a new character. Pass, and ask one question of the dead that they must answer truthfully. Return gasping for air from the water clutching a random Magic Sword. Your eyes are now black obsidian (they let you see the dead, even when they try to hide).

The land of the dead also accepts the lives of ten people in exchange for the return of one person from beyond. The boat grows larger to fit the size of its cargo.

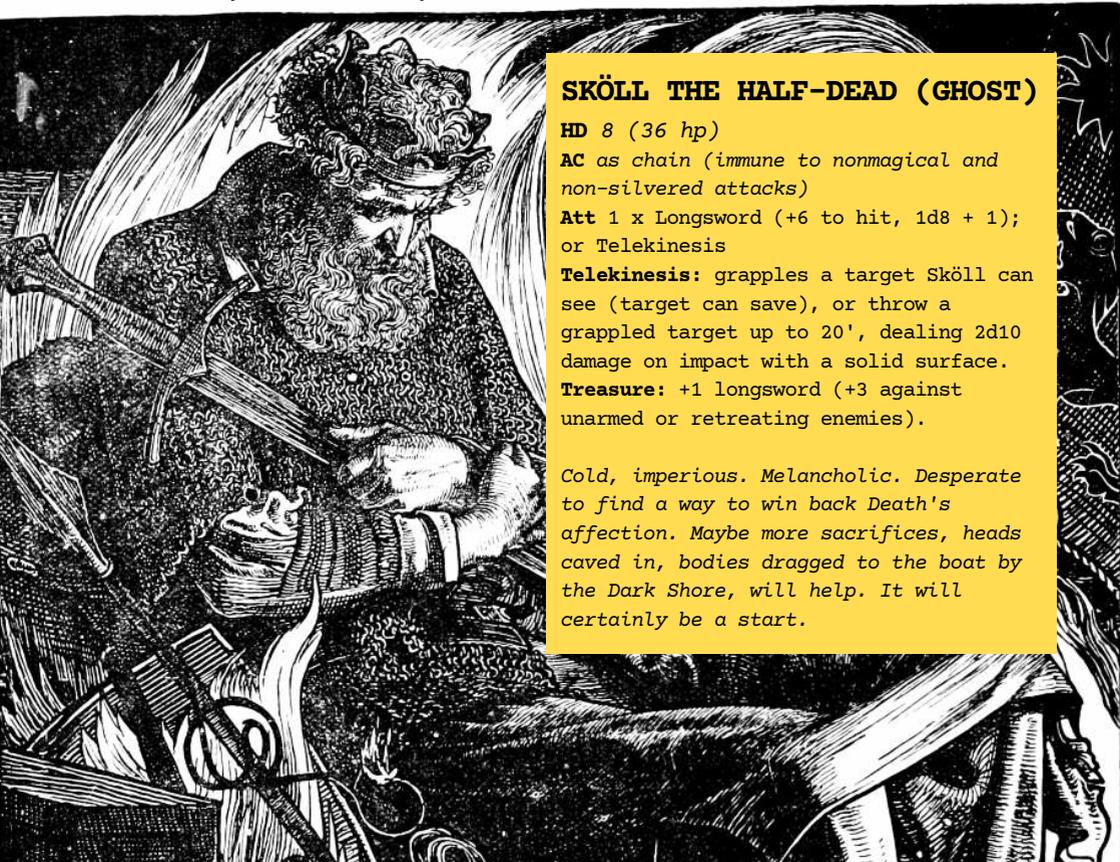
18. Sköll's Tomb. Iron double doors inlaid with human skulls. A large silver orb, hammered buffed and embossed to resemble the moon is set into the door. Rotates. **Turning it to match the face of the moon disables the trap.**

Pit trap. Floor in front of the doors is discolored with a seam (obviously a pit trap; 20' deep, lined with saltwater and rusty iron spikes). Door handles are rusty, won't turn unless full weight on top of them. Opening the door by turning the handle triggers the trap.

Tomb. Raised dais with a marble faux funeral pyre. White marble throne atop the pyre. Ghostly figure of Sköll slumped in the chair. He raises his head eyes vacant, weary.

Soft light glimmering on gold and polished stone. Water dripping gently, droplets pooling on metal. Walls hung with banners (his own and taken from conquered enemies). 3d6 x 1,000 gp worth of treasure piled around the room (gold coins, oil paintings, gem-encrusted goblets, jade statuettes, rare redwood idols, silver plates and cutlery sets, a number of magic items equal to the number of PCs + 1).

Treasure is Cursed (save when you remove treasure from the tomb or begin to rapidly age; 1d10 years per day until all treasure is returned or curse broken). When you die of extreme old age, you become an anguished drowned ghost who cannot rest until all of Sköll's hoard has been returned.



SKÖLL THE HALF-DEAD (GHOST)

HD 8 (36 hp)

AC as chain (immune to nonmagical and non-silvered attacks)

Att 1 x Longsword (+6 to hit, 1d8 + 1); or Telekinesis

Telekinesis: grapples a target Sköll can see (target can save), or throw a grappled target up to 20', dealing 2d10 damage on impact with a solid surface.

Treasure: +1 longsword (+3 against unarmed or retreating enemies).

Cold, imperious. Melancholic. Desperate to find a way to win back Death's affection. Maybe more sacrifices, heads caved in, bodies dragged to the boat by the Dark Shore, will help. It will certainly be a start.

Level Two

