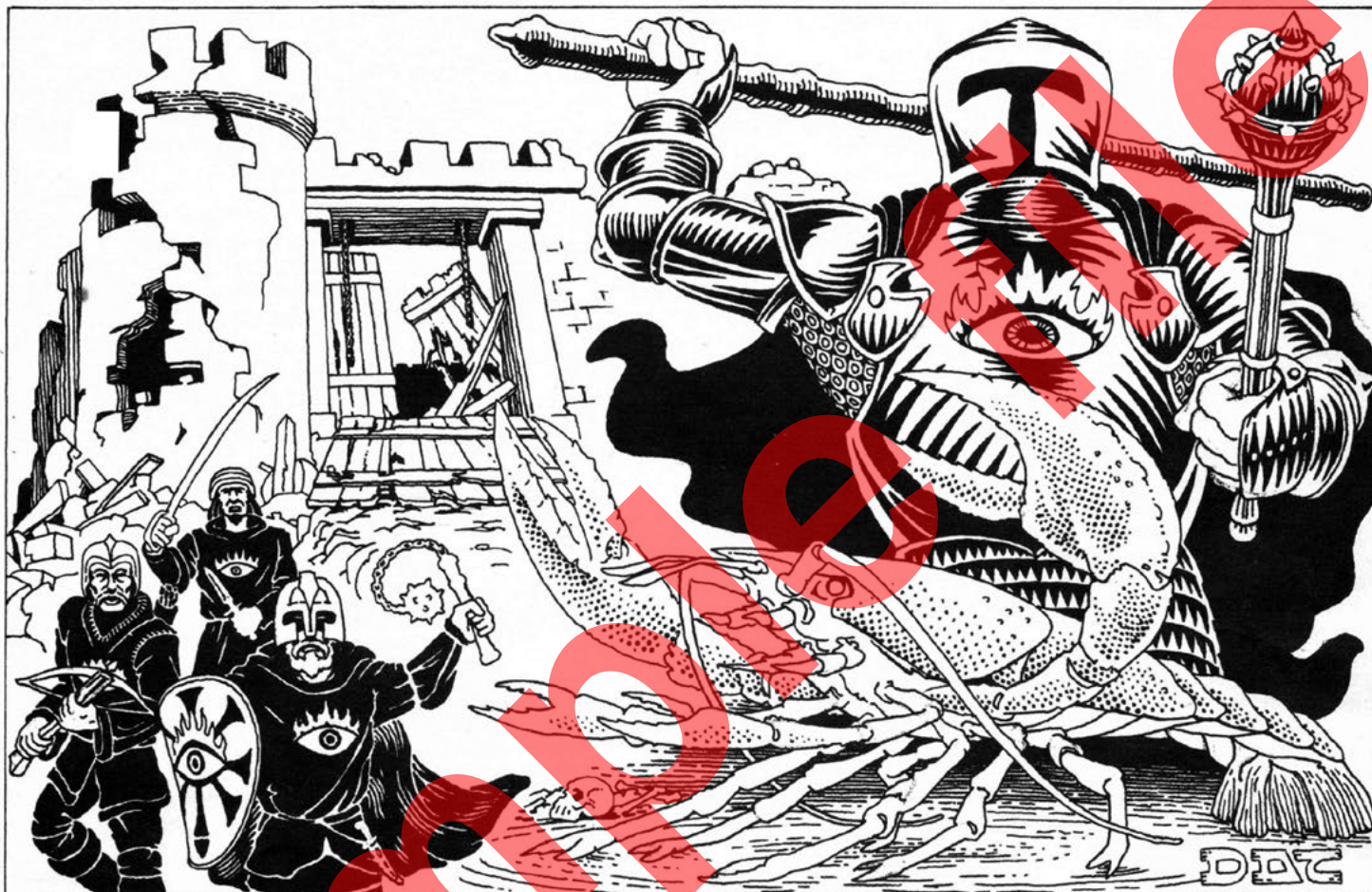




FIRST OF 2 MODULES

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS™



Dungeon Module T1 The Village of Hommlet

by Gary Gygax

INTRODUCTORY TO NOVICE LEVEL

The Village of Hommlet has grown up around a crossroads in a woodland. Once far from any important activity, it became embroiled in the struggle between gods and demons when the Temple of Elemental Evil arose but a few leagues away. Luckily for its inhabitants, the Temple and its evil hordes were destroyed a decade ago, but Hommlet still suffers from incursions of bandits and strange monsters . . .

This module contains a map of the village and lands around, a large scale map of the inn, church, trading post, and guard tower (main floor, upper rooms and cellars), an informational key regarding the inhabitants, and a map and exploration key for a destroyed moat house, a former outpost of the Temple of Elemental Evil. The whole provides a complete, ready-to-play scenario, and is a lead-in to DUNGEON MODULE T2, THE TEMPLE OF ELEMENTAL EVIL.

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Dungeon Module #T1

The Village of Hommlet

Background: The Village of Hommlet—Hommlet as it is commonly called—is situated in the central part of the Flanaess, that portion of eastern Oerik Continent which is known and “civilized”. The village (actually hamlet-sized, though local parlance distinguishes it with the term “village”) is located some 10 or so leagues southeast of the town of Verbobonc, on the fringe of the territory controlled by its noble Lord, the Viscount of Verbobonc. It is at a crossroads. To the north is the mighty Velverdyva River, along whose south bank runs the Lowroad. Many days’ travel to the east, on the shores of the Lake of Unknown Depths (Nyr Dyv) is the great walled city of Dyvers, the village of Sobanwych about halfway along the route. Below that to the southeast and east are miles and miles of forest, the Gnarlwy, beyond which is the Wild Coast, Woolly Bay, and the Sea of Gearmat. The road south forks a league or so beyond the little community, one meandering off towards the Wild Coast, the other rolling through the lower Kron Hills to the village of Ostverk and then eventually turning southwards again into the elven Kingdom of Celene. The western route leads into the very heart of the gnomish highlands, passing through Greenway Valley about a day’s travel distant and going onwards to the Lortmil Mountains far beyond.

Hommlet grew from a farm or two, a rest house, and a smithy. The roads brought a sufficient number of travellers and merchant wagons to attract tradesmen and artisans to serve those passing through. The rest house became a thriving inn, a wheel and wainwright settled in the thorp, and more farmers and herdsman followed, for grain was needed for the passing animals, and meat was in demand for the innfolk. Prosperity was great, for the lord of the district was mild and taxed but little. Trade was good, and the land was untroubled by war or outlaws or ravaging beasts. The area was too free, too beautiful, too bountiful, at least in the eyes of some. Whether the evil came west from Dyvers as is claimed by one faction, or crept up out of the forestlands bordering the Wild Coast as others assert, come it did. At first it was only a few thieves and an odd group of bandits molesting the merchant caravans. Then came small bands of humanoids—kobolds or goblins—raiding the flocks and herds. Local militia and foresters of the Waldgraf of Ostverk apparently checked, but not stopped, the spread of outlawry and evil.

A collection of hovels and their slovenly inhabitants formed the nucleus for the troubles which were to increase. A wicked cleric established a small chapel at this point. The folk of Hommlet tended to ignore Nulb, even though it was but six miles distant. The out-of-the-way position was ideal for the fell purposes planned for this settlement, as was its position on a small river flowing into the Velverdyva. The thickets and marshes around Nulb became the lair and hiding place for bandits, brigands, and all sorts of evil men and monsters alike. The chapel grew into a stone temple as its faithful brought in their ill-gotten riches. Good folk were robbed, pillaged, enslaved, or worse. In but three years a grim and foreboding fortress surrounded the evil place, and swarms of creatures worshipped and worked their wickedness there. The servants of the Temple of Elemental Evil made Hommlet and the lands for leagues around a mockery of freedom and beauty. Commerce ceased, crops withered, pestilence was abroad. But the leaders of this cancer were full of hubris, and in their overweening pride sought to overthrow the good realms to the north who were coming to the rescue of the land being crushed under the tyranny wrought by the evil temple. A great battle was fought to the east, and when villagers saw streams of ochre-robed men and humanoids fleeing south and west through their community, there was great rejoicing, for they knew that the murderous oppressors had been defeated and driven from the field in panic and rout.

So great was the slaughter, so complete the victory of good, that the walled stronghold of the Temple of Elemental Evil fell within a fortnight, despite the aid of a terrible demon. The place was ruined and sealed against a further return of such abominations

by powerful blessings and magic. Life quickly returned to a semblance of what it had been before the rise of the temple, and in the decade since, the village and surrounding countryside have in fact become more rich and prosperous than ever before. A monstrous troll which plagued the place for a time was hunted down by a body of passing adventurers. With its ashes, these fellows returned a goodly fortune as well, leaving a portion with the villagers to repay them for their losses before going elsewhere to seek their fortunes. Other adventurers, knowing of the evil that had once resided in the area, came to seek out similar caches, and not a few did locate remote lairs and find wealth—just as some never returned at all. After some five years adventurers stopped coming to the area, as it seemed that no monsters were left to slay, no evil existed here to be stamped out. For four years thereafter, this seemed true, but then bandits began to ride the roads again—not frequently, but to some effect. This seemed all too familiar somehow to the good folk of Hommlet, so they sent word to the Viscount that wicked forces might still lurk thereabouts. This information has been spread throughout the countryside, and the news has attracted outsiders to the village once again. Who and what these men are, no one can be quite sure, although all claim to be bent on slaying monsters and bringing peace and security to Hommlet, for deeds speak more loudly than words, and lies cloak true purposes of the malevolent.

Start: Your party is now approaching the Village of Hommlet, having ridden up from lands of the Wild Coast. You are poorly mounted, badly equipped, and have no large sums of cash. In fact, all you have is what you wear and what you ride, plus the few coins that are hidden in purses and pockets. What you do possess in quantity, though, is daring and a desire to become wealthy and famous. Thus your group comes to Hommlet to learn if this is indeed a place for adventurers to seek their fortunes. You all hope, of course, to gain riches and make names for yourselves. What the outcome of this will be is uncertain, but your skill and daring, along with a good measure of luck, will be the main ingredients of what follows, be it for weal or woe.

The small community at the crossroads is a completely unknown quantity. What is there, who will be encountered, where to go? These are your first explorations and encounters, so chance may dictate as much as intelligence does. Will outsiders be shunned? Are reports of the whole community engaging in evil practices true? Are the folk here bumpkins, easily duped? Does a curse lay upon those who dare to venture into the lands which were once the Temple’s? All of these questions will soon be answered.

The dusty, rutted road is lined with closely-grown hedges of brambles and shrubs. Here and there it cuts through a copse or crosses a rivulet. To either hand forest and meadow have given way to field and orchard. A small herd of kine graze nearby, and a distant hill is dotted with the white of a flock of sheep. Ahead are thatched roofs and stone chimneys with thin plumes of blue smoke rising from them. A road angles west into the hill country there, and to either side of the road ahead are barns and buildings—Hommlet at last! The adventure begins . . .

Notes for the Dungeon Master only

This module is designed for beginning play. This is not to say that experienced players can not play and enjoy the scenario, but they should start new, 1st level, characters to do so. If you happen to have a group which is quite new to the game, there is no sense in requiring that they begin the whole thing over once more. Experienced 1st, 2nd, and even 3rd level characters can begin in Hommlet. You must modify the material in the START portion, of course, and it is a good idea to sharply limit the amount of material they can bring to the village, as you will understand when you read the KEY to the place. If your group of players has had exceptional luck, simply engineer a minor encounter or two along the way—leprechauns, a thief, or perhaps some brigands.

Each numbered building area has its general information first. Immediately following this is material which you should not reveal to the players. As a matter of course throughout this module, all insertional material which is for your information is in bold face or enclosed by parentheses. As you read aloud, skip those sections. Of course, if you are so thoroughly familiar with the module that you can simply glance at the number key and then put

everything in your own words, so much the better. You should be conversant with the whole before beginning play, and your players will reflect the degree of skill you have in presenting the material herein dramatically, as if it were your own.

In fact, the whole is only general, and while some characteristics of the non-player characters (hereafter referred to as NPCs) are given, there is sufficient latitude for you to completely personalize the module to fit your style of play and satisfy your players. Follow the guidelines given, but round them out so as to make each encounter unique. The persons met at the inn, along the road, and so forth, are **you**; for the Dungeon Master is all—monsters, NPCs, the gods, everything. Play it to the hilt. Do it with flair and wit. Be fair both to the characters and to yourself. Be deceitful, clever, and thoroughly dishonest when acting the part of a thief. Be cunning but just when in the role of a warding ranger. Actually think of it as if the part you are taking is that of a character you are playing, and act accordingly, but temper actions with disinterest in the eventual outcome and only from the viewpoint of that particular role. Wearing two, three, or a half dozen or more different hats is challenging, but that is part of being an outstanding DM.

The area here, as well as that of the Temple (contained in a separate module), was developed in order to smoothly integrate players with and without experience in the Greyhawk Campaign into a scenario related to the "old timers" only by relative proximity. All had new characters, although the experienced players were assigned characters with levels above 1st or 2nd. The whole attempt turned out quite well, and many of the NPCs in the module are the characters and henchmen developed through play. The situation and the surroundings have been altered because of the actual experiences of these participants, although the "clock" has been turned back to give you and your group of players an opportunity to make "history" on your own. While I am strongly tempted to relate the events of the campaign we played, I believe that it is inappropriate to the module—perhaps sometime in an article in THE DRAGON . . .

Only certain of the villagers are named. Please name the others to suit your campaign. Similarly, most of the buildings do not have floor plans, so you should do them for any of these where you plan action. Change the map of Hommlet as the game progresses. Note any places which are destroyed, add new ones for any persons you have moved into the place. If a general battle seems likely, you can list the village militia and fight it out on the tabletop. In short, the scenario has been left as open as possible for individualization. Have fun!

As a final note, remember that the NPCs who are given as agents of various powers will send a continual stream of information to their superiors. They will be cautious in all that they do and unlikely to be duped or maneuvered. If they participate in any adventures, or if they are imprisoned or badly treated, their "masters" will be very unhappy upon hearing the bad news, and each concerned party will absolutely seek to redress matters according to their alignment, personality, and ultimate goals. There are wheels within wheels in Hommlet and the lands around, and behind each character there is another, the circles growing wider and the figures shadowy but very powerful.

KEY TO THE VILLAGE OF HOMMLET

1. PROSPEROUS FARM COTTAGE AND LARGE BARN: The wood and plaster house is well-kept, and the barn beyond is bulging with hay, grain, etc. Several fat animals are about. A large goodwife, rosy-cheeked and friendly, greets all who call, while four children look on. Inside a young girl and an old granny do various chores. Two large farmdogs (AC 7; HD 1+1, HP; 7, 5; 1 attack for 1-4 h.p. damage) bark loudly at the approach of strangers. The head of the house and two full-grown sons work in the fields. There is nothing to interest adventurers here, and outside of feed grain or hay, the farmer does not have anything to sell or trade. The three men are militia, 0 level; the elder has a bill-guisarme and a ring mail jack, while his sons have leather armor and shield and wield a flail and a battle axe respectively. Each has a dagger at all times. HP: 6, 5, 4. They take arms only in self-defense or when called up by the village elder. The farmer has 57 p.p. hidden in his mattress and a 500 g.p. gem secured in his pouch against hard times. The lintel over the front door is carved with acorns and oak leaves, and if politely asked, they will state that they are of druidical persuasion.

2. MODEST FARMHOUSE AND BARN: Clean but slightly rundown buildings indicate that this farm is not too prosperous. However, the stock around looks quite healthy and plump. An elderly couple are master and mistress, while an active lad of 12 or so, a servant, does chores. There is nothing of particular interest to be seen, and these folks have nothing to trade. They say that their son Elmo would be interested in talking with strangers — he's at the inn having a jack of ale. Their other son, Otis, they go on sadly shaking their heads, took service with some gentlemen and is away seeking his fortune. Elmo is strong, but not too quick, and he is overfond of brew. . . The elderly farmer is a retired fighter (S15, I12, W16, D12, C16, Ch11) still equal to 4th level; HP: 16. He has a suit of scale mail and shield, sword and crossbow in a chest in the front room. He is captain of the militia, but he will say nothing of it. Underneath some rusty nails in a keg in the back shed are 20 p.p., 51 g.p., and 172 e.p. A cupboard in the house holds a silver service worth 1,300 g.p.

Elmo is a 4th level ranger (S 18/43, I 15, W 16, D 16, C 17, Ch 11); 5HD, 41 hit points. He has the following items hidden in a lead-lined oaken chest buried in the dirt floor of the barn: +1 chain mail, +2 shield, +1 battleaxe, 6 100 g.p. gems, 10 p.p., 50 g.p. and 100 s.p. He carries a +2 dagger at all times. ("My brudder Otis gave it to me!" he will proclaim proudly if asked.) Elmo's speech is slow and halting. He often appears tipsy and jovial, but he is not. Elmo is an agent of the Viscount of Verbobonc, and he frequents the Welcome Wench Inn in order to observe all newcomers and insinuate himself in their expeditions; thus Elmo will be interested in getting MONEY!? (to be used for later ale purchases obviously) for being a man-at-arms, and he will gladly go with any who ask providing they will furnish him with armor and a "BIG axe". If so employed, he will wear his own mail in



place of, or under, that purchased and use his magic axe as well. If anything untoward befalls Elmo, his brother Otis will eventually hear of it and seek redress. Otis is a 10th level ranger away on a quest with Y'dey, the Canoness of the local church, and an elven accomplice named Murfles, a fighter/thief of 1st/2nd level. (For further information see THE TEMPLE OF ELEMENTAL EVIL.)

3. COTTAGE: This rustic abode houses the local woodcutter (0 level militiaman, leather armor, battleaxe, crossbow; 6 hit points), his wife, and 3 young children. He has nothing of interest to adventurers and is not interested in adventuring. He is of druidical religion, and he reports anything unusual to the Druid of the Grove (24., below). In a pouch under the floorboards of his cottage are 9 g.p., 13 e.p., 17 s.p., and 38 c.p.

4. WELL-KEPT FARM: The house and barn show that this farmer is doing well, and the stock in the fenced-in yard are very fine-looking. A widow and her two grown sons (0 level militiamen, leather armor, spears, hand axe, club; 4 hit points each), their wives, and 8 children dwell here. They are interested in neither trade nor adventuring.

As are most folks in the village, these people are followers of druidism. The two sons have a large iron pot buried beneath the tree in the back yard; it holds 97 g.p. and 421 s.p.

5. PROSPEROUS FARMHOUSE: This farmer is a widower (0 level militiaman, leather armor, shield, sword; 3 hit points) of middle age, with 5 children, the eldest being two daughters, and a manservant laborer (0 level militiaman, no armor, voulge, club; 6 hit points). He is the brother of the farmer to the south (1., above), and quite distant and taciturn. He turns folks away unless they have farm business. **Inside a crock in the manure pile are hidden 350 g.p. gems, 37 p.p., and 55 g.p. He carries 8 p.p., 15 g.p., 22 s.p. and 8 coppers in his purse.**

6. HOUSE WITH LEATHER HIDE TACKED TO THE FRONT DOOR: This is the home and business of the village leatherworker (0 level militiaman, leather armor, shield, sling, hand axe; 4 hit points). With him live his wife, her brother (a simpleton who does not bear arms), and 3 children of whom the eldest is a 12 year old boy (0 level militiaman, leather jack, buckler, sling, dagger; 2 hit points). The leatherworker is a jack-of-all-trades, being shoe and bootmaker, cobbler, saddler, harnessmaker, and even fashioning leather garments and armor, the latter requiring some time and a number of fittings and boiling. He is not interested in any sort of adventuring. **Sewn into an old horse collar are 27 g.p. and 40 e.p. as well as a silver necklace worth 400 g.p.**

7. LARGE WALLED BUILDING WITH A SQUARE WOODEN SIGN SHOWING A BUXOM AND SMILING GIRL HOLDING A FLAGON OF BEER: This is the Inn of the Welcome Wench, a place renowned for its good food and excellent drink. Passing merchants make a point of stopping, as do many other sorts of wayfarers, and the place is always filled with patrons. (The three levels of this place are shown on a separate map done in 1 square = 10' scale.) A young stableboy and a groom (0 level militiaman, shield, spear, club; 3 hit points) handle the draft and riding animals, and themselves live in the stables. There will be the innkeeper, Ostler Gundigoot (2nd level fighter—S 16, I 10, W 13, D 10, C 18, Ch 17—the sergeant of the militia; HP: 17; ring mail, shield, sword), his goodwife, their two daughters, a serving wench or two, and a pair of potboy apprentices bustling about. Several customers (4-16) will be in the main room. **The host talks freely but says little. He has a sharp eye and a good sense for judging character. He serves all comers, and will rent a room to anyone who is not causing trouble. The first potboy is an aspiring druid, and he serves as the courier to the Druid of the Grove, bearing messages of interesting data to him. See the appended map and key of the inn for more details.**

8. OPEN SHED AND HOUSE BEYOND: There is a post with a horseshoe nailed to three of its faces, and a forge and

bellows in the shed show that this is the local smithy. The smith is short but brawny (3rd level druid—S 17, I 9, W 13, D 10, C 15, Ch 15—HP: 19; leather armor, quarter staff, hammer) and is obviously hardworking, forthright, and likable. He is able to do all sorts of metalwork—even fashion iron and steel weapon heads, caps, and shield work, although he will readily admit he is not capable of fine armoring. **"Brother Smyth" is the assistant to the Druid of the Grove, although he will never work up very high because of his occupation, and he is a devoted cleric. In the absence of the druidical head, he will assume the role of religious advisor to the faithful. He has a small chest filled with 28 s.p. and 82 c.p. The rest of his wealth he gives to the good work for the needy. In no event will he leave his fireside to go adventuring.**

9. NEW BUILDING: There is no one within. The doors are unlocked, and a few benches and stools are against the bare walls; a large, plain table is at the far end. A tapestry on the back wall shows a green field with two acorns above a sheaf of grain (the banner of Hommlot). **This is the village hall recently constructed for feasts and councils by Burne and Rufus (see 31., below).**

10. WELL-KEPT DWELLING WITH A WOODEN SIGN SHOWING A BAG OF WOOL AND A LOOM: Here dwells the elderly weaver and his wife, their daughter and her husband (0 level militiaman, padded armor, shield, spear, dagger; 3 hit points). There are also four young apprentice weavers, as business is very good. There are bolts of woolen and flaxen cloth here, but nothing else of possible interest. **These folk are lawful neutral followers of St. Cuthbert (see 19., below). They have moved to the area only two years ago. The weaver has a cache of 7 small gold ingots (24 g.p. each) and a gold pin with an amethyst valued at 300 g.p. behind a loose stone in the fireplace.**

11. COTTAGE: Inside lives a small and mild tailor, a bachelor of thirty years or so. He is an expert at making or repairing garments. **This individual is not in the village militia, but he is expert at throwing a knife and shooting a crossbow, both of which he has, using them at 7th fighter level and causing +2 damage when a hit is scored. He has 2 hit points only, and although he just moved to the village also, he has not been asked to join the Hommlot Company due to his puniness. He has only 19 s.p. in a false bottom of his thread box. The tailor is a follower of St. Cuthbert.**

12. AVERAGE FARM BUILDING: This place is the home of a strapping farmer (0 level militiaman—16 strength—with leather armor, shield, and flail; 7 hit points), and equally large son (same as above, but carries a morning star), the farmer's wife, and six daughters—one of whom has a small child. They are friendly but have nothing of interest to adventurers. **These folk are druidical and have lived here all of their lives. A clay pot filled with dried flowers hides 36 g.p. and a gold ring worth 150 g.p.**

13. WOODEN BUILDING WITH SHUTTERS AND MANY WINDOWS: Outside the door a shield and lantern are suspended from chains; the shield is painted to show a sword and a cheese. This is the local trader, a merchant providing the needs of villagers, travellers, and adventurers alike. It is run by Rannos Davl (10th level thief—S 8, I 14, W 9, D 18, C 15, Ch 7—+1 magic leather armor, +1 dagger, +1 ring of protection, — +2 short sword under the counter, medallion vs crystal balls and ESP under his jerkin, 48 hit points); who is best described as slow, fat, clumsy, and placid. His partner is Gremag (7th level assassin—S 15, I 12, W 7, D 16, C 16, Ch 14—+2 chain shirt, dagger of venom, disappearance dust sufficient for 3 uses in pouch; 39 hit points), a tall and thin individual, with sharp features and protruding eyes. Gremag tends to dither and fuss at Rannos Davl and customers alike. The whole front building is filled with various goods, and the barn has animals, saddles, and the like available to any willing to pay the price. (The place is covered on a separate map as is the inn). **Both traders claim disinterest in all alignments, proclaiming that they happily deal with anyone who is a paying customer. Rannos Davl is chaotic evil and highly suspi-**

cious. Gremag is as evil and even more chaotic. Both are servants of the Temple of Elemental Evil, report activity in Hommlet to a brigand courier, and aid any and all other evil creatures who come in Temple service.

In the rear barn there are various animals for sale—mules, draft horses, riding horses (light), ponies, and 1 medium war horse. (There are 2-5 of each type; these can be restocked in 7-12 days from passing dealers. If war horses are desired, it will take from 7-30 days to obtain 1-2 heavy or 1-3 medium or light steeds, with a maximum of 4 such animals obtainable in any 30 day period.) A groom (0 level militiaman, leather armor and shield, spear, sword; 4 hit points—chaotic evil bandit who will serve with the villagers to keep track of their activity) and a man-at-arms with longbow and sword (1st level fighter—S 14, I 10, W 8, D 10, C 12, Ch 6) will hire out on orders from the traders, but they will require that they be paid 2 g.p. per day and that the adventurers purchase a chain mail suit of armor for them. **Naturally, they are desirous of having their agent accompany the party. If the group does not hire their agent, the traders will keep close track of their activities by any means possible, including following them personally if the situation warrants it, i.e. if they know that the party has been particularly successful. For such missions the stock of magical devices hidden away will be brought out.**

The traders will gladly buy any items which the adventurers happen upon, they say, and pay a fair price for such too! **The sum paid for any item in good condition is 40% to 70% of selling price stated in the book, just as they sell at 110% of book value, minimum price, asking more first.**

14. **WEATHERBEATEN BUILDING AND BARN:** A wooden sign shows a cart and horse, indicating that this is the domicile and quarters of the local carter. This teamster (0 level militiaman, scale mail, fauchard fork, sword; 5 hit points), his wife, a grown son (0 level militiaman, ring mail, shield, spear, club; 6 hit points), and five other children live in the house. The attached barn has two wagons and two carts below, and two drivers (0 level militiamen, leather jacks, crossbows, clubs; 4 and 3 hit points respectively) live in the loft. The smallish barn to the rear houses a dozen mules. This fellow and his associates are dour, but will gladly accept hire. **Another newcomer and advocate of St. Cuthbert, the teamster is very honest. He dislikes the traders, but isn't sure why, and will take time to speak of it if the questioner is careful and a customer. Having lost a wagon and team lately, the fellow has only 19 s.p. hidden under a loose floor board.**
15. **STURDY NEW BUILDING WITH A SIGN SHOWING THREE YELLOW BALLS:** This is the moneychanger's shop. There is a guard near the door (3rd level fighter—S 13, I 9, W 10, D 15, C 15, Ch 8—17 hit points) wearing chainmail and carrying a crossbow and sword. Two large (war) dogs (2+2 HD, HP: 16, 13; 1 attack for 2-8 hit points damage each) are always nearby. The proprietor is Nira Melubb (3rd level thief, non-active, 12 hit points—S 9, I 16, W 13, D 15, C 9, Ch 10). He will happily exchange coins or metal for other exchange media, charging only 10% of the value. Nira also deals in gems and jewelry (paying from 50% to 80% of actual value), buying, selling (102% to 120% above actual value), and even making it (cost is materials' value doubled, which is the new value of the jewelry also). He asks no questions and is always obliging and polite. **Melubb is truly neutral. He has no interest in what happens, although the rise of evil is not desired by him, for it would hurt business. He has a +1 dagger in his boot, and a +1 sword under the counter. His cash box holds 200 each c.p., s.p., e.p., and g.p. A small iron box nearby contains 50 p.p., 12 5 g.p. gems, and 6 50 g.p. gems. In the living quarters of the establishment there is an oaken chest with a poisoned needle trap in the lock, and if the top is opened, acid sprays out in front to a 10' distance, inflicting 5-20 hit points of damage on all there. The back has a trick catch which allows entry, and inside are 1,000 each of c.p., s.p., and e.p., 500 g.p., 200 p.p., 9 100 g.p. gems, 2 500 g.p. gems, 1 1,000 g.p. gem, and 7 pieces of jewelry (valued at 900, 1,100, 1,600, 2,000, 2,500, 4,000, and 6,000 respectively). The bottom of the chest lifts, revealing 50 gold ingots worth**

100 g.p. each. **BE SURE TO KEEP TRACK OF TRANSACTIONS MADE SO THE STOCK IN TRADE IS CORRECT—for example, gems cannot be obtained when Nira has exhausted his supply, although he can purchase more every 7-12 days from passing merchants at market value.**

16. **SMALL HOUSE WITH NICELY PAINTED SIGN SHOWING A PAINTED SHIELD AND A CHEST OF DRAWERS:** The building is the shop and home of the local cabinet maker (0 level militiaman, ring mail and shield, spear, morning star; 6 hit points), his wife, and two young children. He has an apprentice (0 level militiaman, padded armor, shield, spear, club; 3 hit points) who does most of the rough work, while the proprietor **does the fine work and the limning. He is quite adept at shield designs and sign work and can fashion almost any sort of furniture. The cabinet maker will happily do commissioned work of any sort, but he is not interested in adventuring, of course, nor is his assistant. The folk here are druidical. A small cache of 18 p.p., 21 g.p., and 30 e.p. is kept under a rock near the back door.**
17. **MODEST COTTAGE:** A potter is busily engaged in the manufacture of various sorts of dishes and vessels, although most of his work goes to passing merchants or the trader. He has a variety of earthenware bottles and flasks available for sale. The potter (0 level militiaman, padded armor, shield, glaive; 3 hit points), his wife, and four children (two boys are 0 level militiamen, padded armor, crossbow, spear; 4 and 2 hit points respectively) all work in the business. **A crock in the well holds 27 g.p., 40 s.p., and 6 10 g.p. gems. They are of the faithful of St. Cuthbert.**
18. **TYPICAL COTTAGE AND IMPOSING STONE BUILDING WITH A BARREL HANGING FROM CHAINS:** The house is the home of the local braumeister (0 level militiaman, scale mail, shield, spear, mace; 6 hit points) and his wife and young child. A nephew (0 level militiaman, ring mail, shield, spear, sword; 5 hit points) and his wife have recently come to help run the affair, as it is very successful. **These people are druidical. They have sterling silver dinner service pieces worth 6,000 g.p. and a gold decanter worth 1,250 g.p. A small iron coffer hidden in an upper closet contains 73 p.p., 3 500 g.p. gems and 3 pieces of jewelry (500 g.p., 1,000 g.p., and 1,800 g.p.). A large dog runs free in the house at night—AC 6, HD 2 +2, 12 hit points, 1 attack for 2-8 hit points.**

The brew house has an aging celler, several vats are on the main floor, the side sheds hold ingredients, and above dwell three apprentice brewers (0 level militiamen, no armor, spear, morningstar, club; 4, 3, and 3 hit points). **These three are basically good folk, two being druidical, one a follower of St. Cuthbert. They have only a few coppers between them. They brew the various ales and beers under the direction of the braumeister, and they can drink almost anyone except the master or his nephew under the table.**
19. **MODEST COTTAGE:** Three dogs (AC 7, HD 1 +1, 7, 5, and 4 hit points, 1 attack for 1-4 hit points damage) guard the home and flock of Black Jay, a grizzled herdsman (2nd level fighter—S 17, I 13, W 12, D 15, C 11, Ch 10—HP: 11; chainmail and shield, longbow and 10 +1 arrows, sword and dagger, **elven cloak and boots**) who does not like company or strangers and says so to any who come onto his property. **This retired warrior is friendly with the elves to the northwest, but he will not become engaged in any adventuring, for his wife and children were slain when he was away in the wars. Other than his gear noted, Black Jay has only a few coins in his purse—4 p.p., 11 g.p., 8 e.p., 19 s.p., and 20 c.p.—and an old jar in his cupboard.**
20. **CHURCH OF ST. CUTHBERT:** This newly built edifice was raised by the Viscount in honor of the aid rendered to him by the Archcleric of Veluna in the war against the Temple of Elemental Evil. A somewhat distant cleric and his assistant officiate during services and otherwise serve their flock. In general, anyone coming to the church in other times will have to deal with the lesser cleric, the Priest, Calmert (3rd level—S 8, I 10, W 16, D 15, C 9, Ch 11—HP: 14; plate mail and shield, +1 mace; all spells typical are listed hereafter), for holy water can be