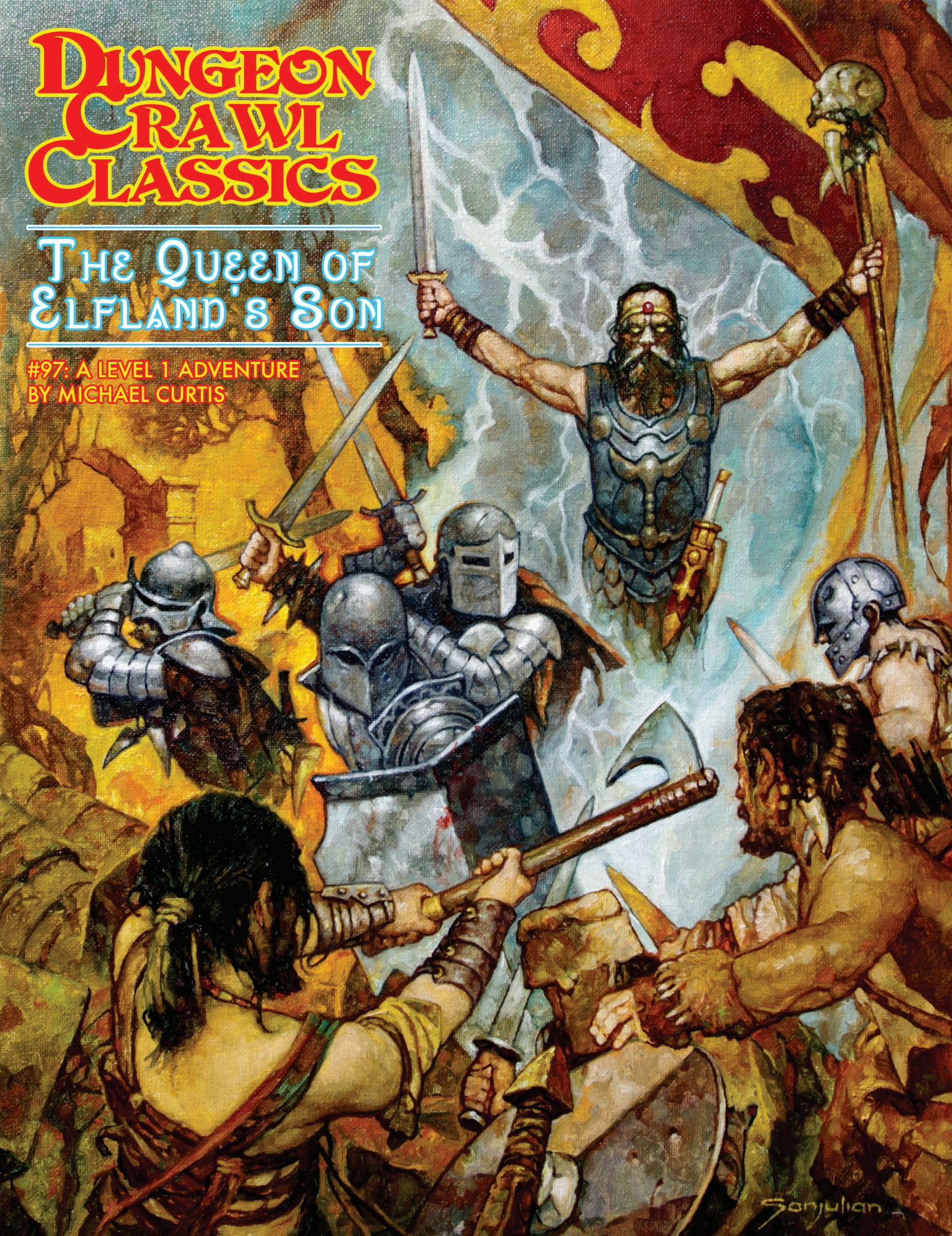
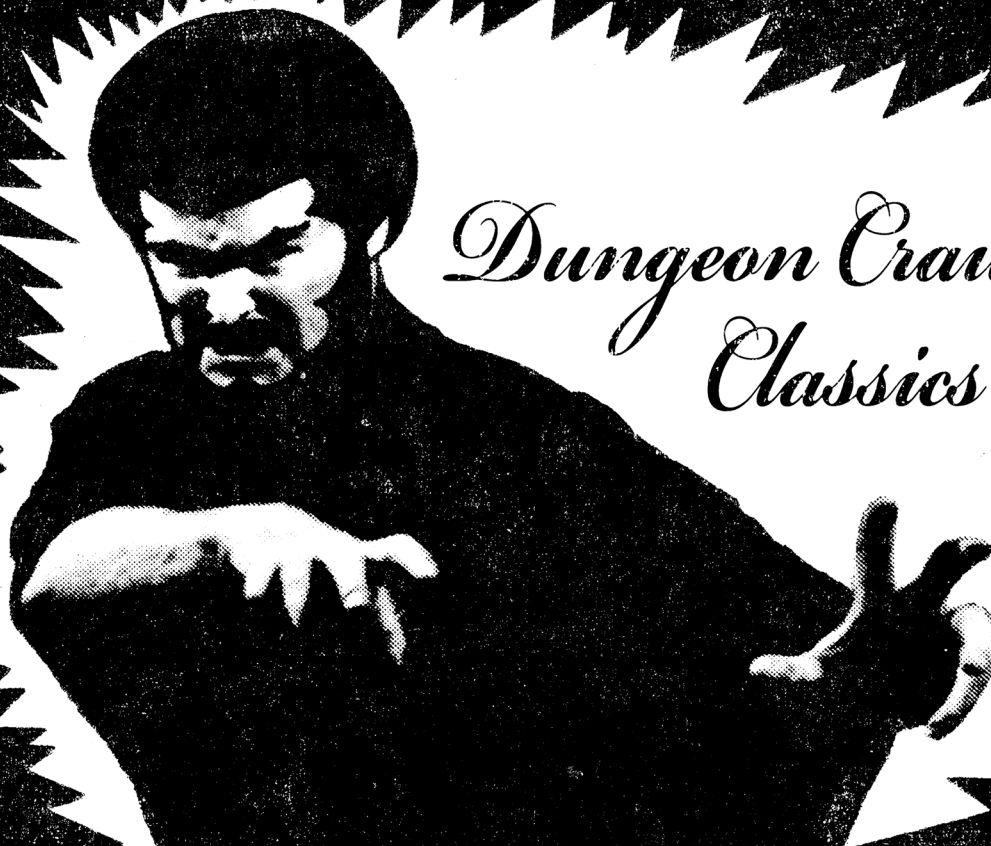


DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND'S SON

#97: A LEVEL 1 ADVENTURE
BY MICHAEL CURTIS





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THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND'S SON

A LEVEL 1 ADVENTURE

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The Queen of Elfland's Son is an adventure for *Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG* and is intended for a group of six to eight 1st-level PCs. The adventure pits the characters against the returning power of Elfland, now once again seeping across the borders of Faerie into the mortal world. The characters are opposed by horrible champions

of the Unseelie Court, now in prominence in the land of the Elves. If the characters succeed, they can thwart the schemes of the Elf Queen and save the mortal lands from her ire. This adventure also serves as a gateway into further adventures in Elfland as developed by the judge or in a future DCC RPG adventure module.

BACKGROUND



Forty years ago, Duke Thorne infuriated the King of Elfland for daring to hunt the King's unicorn herd. These majestic creatures regularly crossed over from Elfland to graze upon mortal grasses that grew around the village of Eng, galloping among the mists seeping out from the Ivy Wood. In response to this poaching, the Faerie King withdrew the borders of Elfland away from the verges of Eng. The twilight magic that enchanted the dreams of residents faded away and life became mundane and toilsome. Few villagers remember a time when magic could be smelled on the night air and glimpses of fairies and sprites and fauns were seen on the edge of Ivy Wood.

Now, the Duke is dead and the insult to the potentate of Elfland should have been lifted. In other places and times, the King of Elfland would gladly restore his borders to the mortal realm and magic and dream might once again permeate the night around Eng.

There's just one problem.

In the time since the borders of Elfland were withdrawn, Faerie has changed. Ever cycling between the Court of Seelie and Unseelie, the Elf King has been deposed from the throne in favor of his co-regent, the Queen of Elfland. As ruler of the Unseelie Court, the Queen of Elfland is the dark reflection of her husband. Where he appreciates humanity for their mortal gifts and ever-changing natures, the Queen despises man and his ilk. She is cruel, capricious, and revels in tormenting mortal lives. And unlike her spouse, she never forgets an insult.

The Queen of Elfland has reestablished the borders of Elfland with those of the lands around Eng – reopening the Elf Mound that acts as a gateway between the mortal world and the faerie lands. She has sent her son, Prince Ashheart of Elfland, to conduct a campaign of terror on the unsuspecting residents of Eng. He does this by unleashing nightly horrors upon the countryside, chief among them is an Unseelie unicorn, a fitting terror given the Duke's previous crime. Until the Elf King returns to power, the residents of Eng are about to learn that fairies and fairy magic are not the wonders spoken of in myth and song.

Facing these nightly attacks, the ruling body of Eng sends out word that assistance is needed and they are willing to pay a party of bold adventurers to find the root of these nocturnal assaults and end them for good...



ELVES AND ELFLAND

Much of this adventure deals with the return of Elfland to the mortal world. It is understandable that humans, dwarves, and halflings might know little about Elfland, but what about any elves in the party? Surely they'd know all about Elfland, the Seelie and Unseelie Courts, elf mounds, and other aspects of the mystery and solve everything with an Intelligence check or by simply being elves?

The short answer is "no," but the longer answer is "That depends on the campaign world."

Elves in DCC RPG are generally considered to be residents of the mortal world, dwelling in enclaves separate from Elfland and possibly being entirely independent from the Elf King's rule. Elves' predilection for having patrons besides the Elf King suggests they don't necessarily have any devotions to Elfland or its ruler above all others. Elves in DCC RPG might very well consider Elfland the "old country" and have heard tales about the wonders of the faerie lands but never seen them for themselves. In the author's DCC campaign, elves are expatriates from Elfland and purposely have turned their backs on it and its ways, refusing to speak of why they left the Elf King's domain for mortal lands. In fact, most elves don't even know why this exodus occurred as it happened so long ago.

Ultimately, the judge will have to determine what relationship the elves in her campaign world have with Elfland and adjust the adventure appropriately to take that relationship and any elf's in-game knowledge into account. Just do your best to keep some of the mystery, OK?

STARTING THE ADVENTURE



The Queen of Elfland's Son is an excellent first adventure for PCs who've successfully completed their zero-level funnel and are now exploring the larger world beyond their crofts and hamlets. Soon after they've acquired their first level, word comes to them from traveling peddlers, divine omens, mysterious messengers, or similar route that Eng needs aid. The village of Eng lies only a week or so away from the adventurers' former homes and traveling there is a simple matter.

If reasonably possible, the PCs should have no former knowledge of Duke Thorne, the slain unicorn, or anything else about Eng and the lands around it. *The Queen of Elfland's Son* is in part a mystery and discovering the primary culprit beyond the nocturnal attacks is half the fun.

MEETING THE PARLIAMENT OF ENG

The Valley of Eng is a broad, shallow vale comprised mostly of rolling meadows, small groves of trees, fieldstone walls, and hedgerows. An old, small forest lies at the western edge of the valley, its ancient trees covered in creepers which give it its name: the Ivy Wood. In the middle of the valley lies the village of Eng.

Eng is like a thousand other farming villages: a collection of buildings housing a tavern, a mill, a blacksmith, a tanner, and a few other tradesmen's homes and shops surrounded by numerous small crofts and farms. A single road passes through the center of Eng, pausing at a village commons before departing the community for good. The Duke's castle lies several miles to the north, but his heir and the ducal seat don't come into this adventure unless the judge chooses otherwise.

Asking around the village about local goings-on or following up on the rumors that the village requires assistance quickly gets the adventurers directed to the local ruling body, a collection of well-to-do and respected residents known as the Parliament of Eng. This is a lofty name for the group of local villagers with enough renown and respect to help steer ducal policy. They handle the day-to-day business of the village. Upon hearing outsiders are inquiring about the troubles, the Parliament quickly convenes and the PCs are invited to meet with this august body.

Your inquiries into the local troubles has resulted in an invitation to meet with the Parliament of Eng, the local governing body. You soon find yourself with the wattle-and-daub walls of the miller's home, a somewhat more well-built home among Eng's more rudimentary buildings.

A group of aging men and one woman sit around a broad table in the miller's dining room. Candles provided smoky illumination to the otherwise well-cared for chamber. At the head of the table, a red-cheeked man with muttonchops and a silk cap, holds court.

"Welcome!" he says. "We of the Parliament are overjoyed you've come to Eng in response to our troubles. We have need of the prow-

ess and skills of brave stalwarts such as yourselves, for we face a danger far beyond the abilities of simple farmers and villagers to overcome.

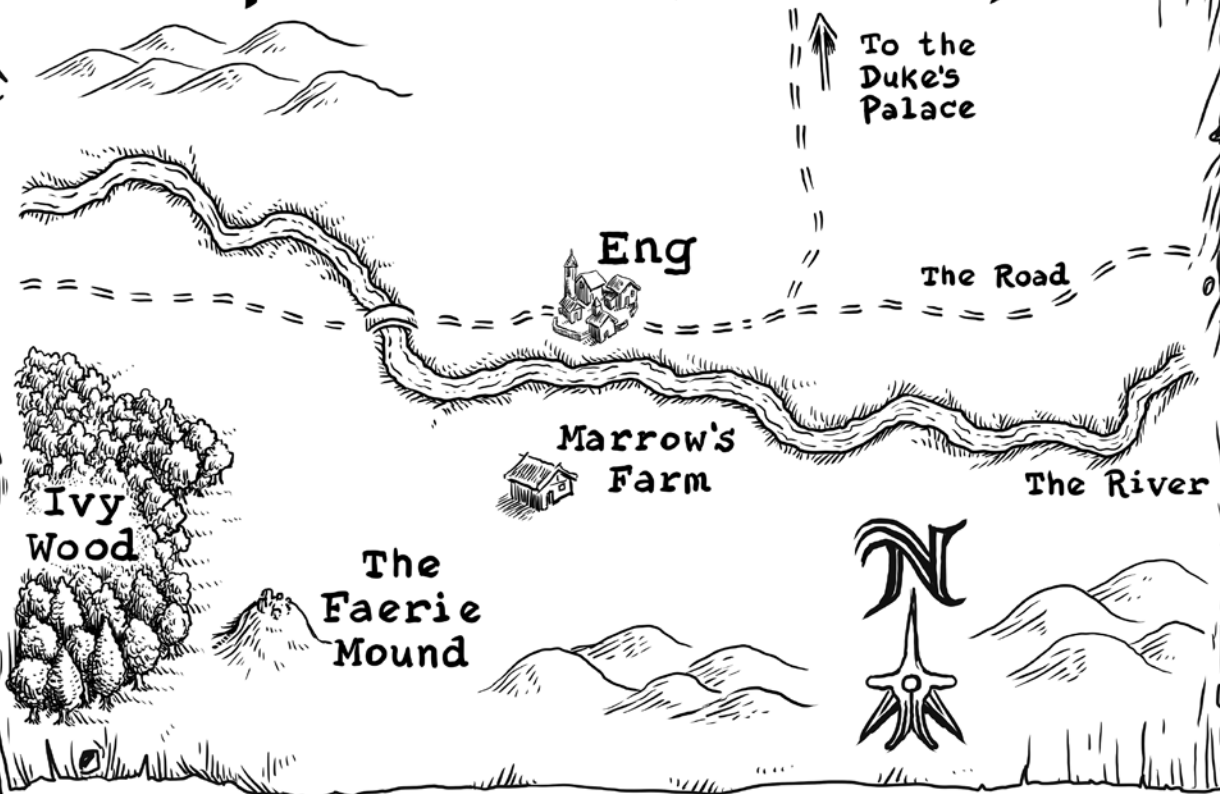
"Of late, terrible things have been hunting the shadows around Eng, harrying our livestock and late-goers. Sightings of vicious, blood-soaked beasts near the Ivy Wood have been reported. Ghostly figures have been heard wailing in the night. We are frankly at a loss to deal with these horrors and need those well-suited with weapons and spells and divine might to be our champions. We have taken a collection and we can pay 50 pieces of well-worn gold to the group who can drive out these monsters. Are you interested?"

Assuming the party accepts, the Parliament (led by the miller, Yugen, and comprised of Dwenis, Phebrin, Holst, Urmir, and the Widow Kosselmoss) will provide the following information.

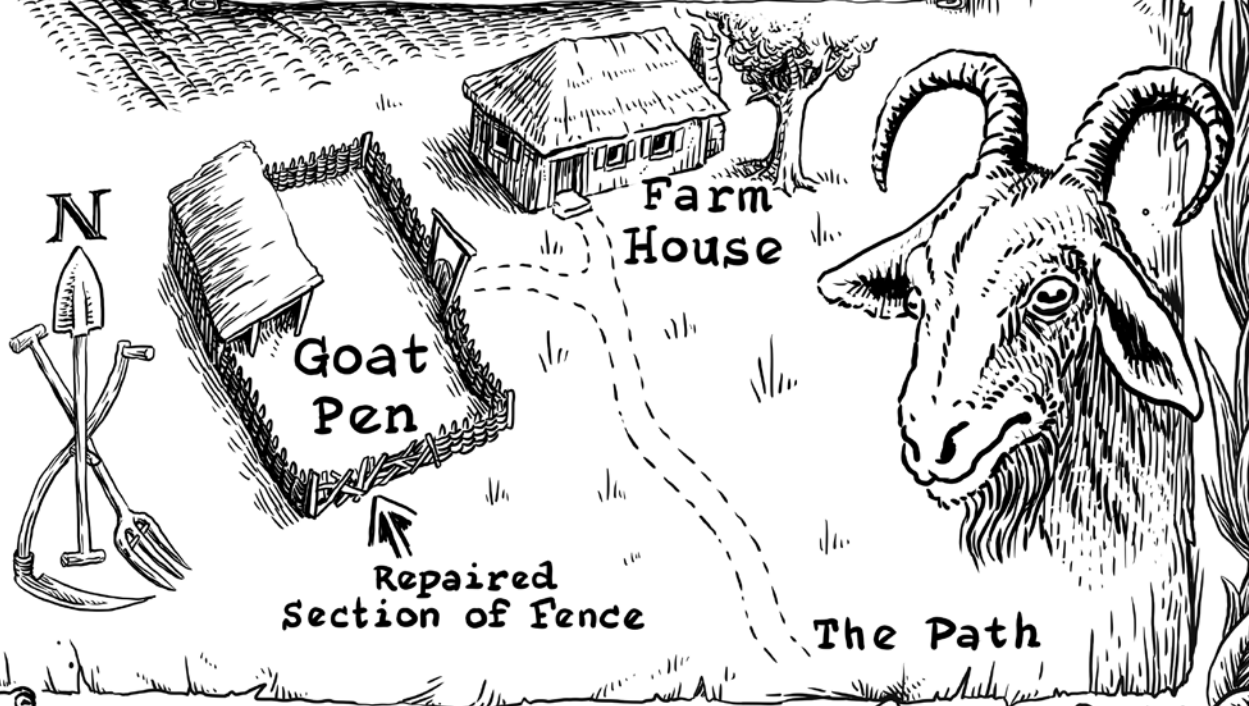
- Many sheep, goats, and even some cattle have been found dead in pens and barns. Each has died from blood loss and internal injuries caused by a single stab wound like a "terrible spear." The pens and barns were broken into by force, often shattering walls and fences rather than going through gates and doors.
- The reported sightings are all muddled. Some late traveler claims to have seen monstrous stags bearing armored figures, terrible wolves drenched in blood, ghostly maidens wailing and screaming, and bounding, hairy dwarf-like creatures with eyes that glowed in the moonlight.
- The sighting began six nights ago. In that time, three people have been killed: a traveler leaving the village before dawn, a shepherd watching his flock overnight in the meadows, and a man returning home to his outlying farmstead from the tavern. One was torn apart as if by wild beasts and the other two died of single puncture wounds like the livestock.
- Many of the sightings have occurred near Marrow's farm, which is closest to the Ivy Wood. Marrow is one of the oldest residents of Eng and keeps to himself. However, he's lost the most livestock to these nocturnal raiders and may have further insights to the nature of the menace. Marrow lives two hours away to the southwest and the Parliament provides directions to the party if they wish to question him.
- Don't reveal this to the party, but most of the sightings are only the imaginations of fear-stricken villagers and shepherds and are merely red herrings. The "wolves" are Herne's hounds (see area 1-15), who tore apart the traveler. The other crimes are all the work of the Unseele unicorn.

While the members of the Parliament are all in the late fifties and early sixties, forty years of mundane existence in the Valley, untouched by Elfland's magic and wonder, has left them more materialistic and prone to reason than their counterparts in the larger world. As such, they and most of

Map of the Valley of Eng



MARROW'S FARM



SBP

the residents of Eng, who were alive four decades ago, discount the old stories and have even convinced themselves there never were any unicorns in the land, nor that the Duke killed one. Only those who still live close to the old borders, farmers like Old Marrow, recall the time when the boundary between Eng and Elfland still existed.

The party can choose to follow other leads (such as tracking down the families of the three killed by the mysterious

assailants), but these grief-stricken souls provide little assistance. The murdered victims all died alone and there was no evidence, not even footprints found at the scene. The judge is encouraged to use these interviews as an opportunity to introduce more red herrings or half-baked theories ("It's halflings, I'm certain. Everyone knows they drink blood so they can grow to become full-sized humans!") to further muddle the investigative waters.

PART 1: MARROW'S FARM



he farmstead lies a two-hour walk from the village proper, a journey that leads the party past small farms and green meadows bounded by hedges and down well-trodden paths along chuckling brooks. The landscape is open and slightly hilly, with the only trees being small copses and the great expanse of Ivy Wood to the west. A party traveling during the daytime reach Marrow's farm without incident. If the party decides to venture there during the night, they may encounter the unicorn (see below) at the judge's discretion.

Read the following when the farm is reached:

A single hovel, thatch-roofed and with sod walls, awaits you at the end of the muddy path. A pen containing bawling goats and a single plow horse stands near the home. The pen's wooden fencing shows signs of recent repair. Behind the house runs a tilled field with the first new crops poking through the earth. Far past the field is the misty green and brown expanse of the Ivy Wood, some few miles away. No one seems to be about, but a thin trail of smoke rises from the hovel's chimney.

Anyone approaching the front door notices that there is a line of salt and iron filings laid across the threshold of the door on the outside. A DC 13 Intelligence check deduces that such materials are said to keep the supernatural from entering a doorway.

Any knock or calling out summons Oggo Marrow, owner and sole occupant of the farmstead. Oggo is a gristly human male, mostly bone and thin muscle from fifty-five years of tilling the soil. His eyes are watery, his skin brown and wrinkled, and his hair, aside from a brush-like mustache, is gone.

Marrow is suspicious of outsiders, especially if they arrive near dusk or dawn (and therefore may be faerie-folk in disguise), and treats with them from his doorway. He eyes elves warily, and will go so far as to ask the other party members if they'll vouch for the elf(s) are being "goodly folks." If Marrow is uncertain about the PCs, he produces an old iron horseshoe and asks each to hold it (believing the iron with banish any glamours, illusions, or charms the characters might be under). He doesn't reveal his reasons for asking, but refusing to do so makes him especially suspicious of that character and he may firmly request they leave his farm.

Marrow is initially gruff and never speaks three words when two might suffice. However, just when the party thinks he might not be forthcoming or helpful, a wry smile breaks his stoic face and he addresses them with the following:

"Might be I's know a thing or two 'bout these parts and that which has come back from Outside. But first I need to know if you're worthy to know these things. If you grant I's a boon of aid, I's will tell you all I's know of what is out there when the moon rises and darkness comes again."

THE UNICORN

Assuming the party agrees to help Marrow (although they're not obligated to and might successfully blunder their way through the rest of the adventure), he tells them this:

"For four nights straight, something has been preying on me goats. Big it is, with eyes that burn red in the dark. It leaves cloven hoof prints in the mud around me pen, but they vanish when the sun rises. It kills with a single blow, stabbing me animals to death. In the morning, there's not as much blood around as there should be, leaving I's to think it sups on gore."

The old charms," he says, gesturing to the salt and iron barrier, "keeps I's safe, but I's cannot protect me herd for salt is not cheap and I's have not enough to ring them round. If you can slay this beast or drive it off for good, I's will tell you all I's know about the past and what has come back to Eng."

Marrow will tell them little more for the moment, but will feed them a simple meal of porridge and stewed turnips as they wait for the sun to set and the creature to strike once more.

After dark, around midnight, the beast returns to the farm. Anyone keeping watch outside spots a shadowy figure crossing the fields from the direction of the Ivy Wood with a successful DC 12 Intelligence check. If the check fails, the beast reaches the pen unobserved and the sound of bleating goats alerts the party. If a PC is keeping watch outside and is alone, however, the beast might attack the watchman instead, looking for a change of diet.

Read the following when the beast is spotted:

Suddenly, a great creature is visible in the moonlight as it rears up on its back legs. Before you is a massive stallion, larger than even the warhorses of armored knights. Its coat looks mottled until you realize that the beast is covered in caked and dried blood, staining its formerly white hair rust-red. Large, wild eyes glow crimson in the starlight and the moon's rays reflect off the three foot long, blood-stained horn that protrudes from the beast's forehead!

This is an Unseelie unicorn, its normally placid and enchanted nature twisted to darkness by the Queen's current rule.



When in its Unseelie aspect, the unicorn feasts on blood and represents all the terrible facets of untamed Nature. It is an apex predator and revels in the kill.

Unseelie Unicorn: Init +1; Atk horn +4 melee (1d6+2) or hooves +2 melee (1d4+1); AC 14; HD 4d8; hp 20; MV 60'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, 25% magic resistance vs. all other spells; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2; AL C.

The unicorn uses its horn to impale creatures in front of it, but lashes out with its hooves against creatures attempting to sneak up on it. Like most Unseelie creatures, it cannot be magically slept or charmed, and all other spells have a flat 25% chance of having no effect on the creature (judge rolls percentile dice first to determine magic resistance succeeds, and, if unsuccessful, the unicorn is allowed normal attempts to resist the spell's effects such as saving throws).

If slain, the creature can be examined more closely. Its fur is blood-stained from its kills and its hooves are large and cloven, quite unlike the hooves of a horse. Its horn is difficult to remove. Any non-magical tool or blade must strike an AC 20 and inflict 6 points of damage with a single blow to cut it off. Failing to do this mars the tool's or weapon's blade and it has a 50% chance of shattering. Magical weapons can automatically sever the horn with a single blow.

At dawn, both the unicorn's tracks and its corpse melts

away, transforming into a fetid vapor that burns away in the sun. Its horn remains behind, however, regardless if it's attached to the body or not.

The unicorn's horn is rife with the chaotic power of the Unseelie court and any Lawful creature handling it must make a DC 10 Fortitude save or suffer 1d4 points of damage as the horn burns them with its power. It can be used as an improvised short sword that grants +1 to hit and inflicts 1d6 damage (2d6 damage against lawful foes) and is considered a magical weapon.

Once the PCs prove they've slain the creature, Farmer Marrow opens up to them and tells them more about what he expects is happening around Eng.

When I's was a boy, Eng wasn't like other places. The nights were magic, with lights of all colors dancing in the depths of the hedge-rows or among the trees. Dreams were richer then too. The old folks, the gods bless 'em now, said that Eng stood near the borders of Elfland and that the faeries would come across it into ours world at twilight and depart at dawn. It was said the Good Folk would hold banquets on a mound near the Ivy Wood, and the nobles of Elfland would hunt in the woods and meadows around it. Folks would steer clear of that hill, 'less they had business with the Fair Folk, convinced that the mound was a doorway to the Elf King's lands.



Then, when I's was fifteen winters-old, the Kind Ones stopped coming to Eng. It's said that the old Duke angered the King of Elfland and that the King closed the borders of Faerie. 'Course, now Duke is dead and I's thinking those borders are open again. But, and I's know not why, those who Walk in the Twilight have returned angry. I's fear the beast you killed is just a taste of what's to come. If the danger to we's Engmen is to be stopped, I's thinking it to the mound you'll need to venture and to deal with what calls it home.

Farmer Marrow willingly provides them directions to the mound, a two-hour walk to the west-southwest. He also provides them with some meager food (enough for the whole party for two days) and payment of 25 silver pieces for killing the unicorn. He wishes them luck and says, somewhat cryptically, "I's hope your time among the faeries is short," before closing his door.

PATRONAGE OF THE KING OF ELFLAND

It is possible that one or more PCs have the King of Elfland as a patron. What is the judge to do?

Although not directly involved in this adventure, the King of Elfland has a role to play. At the time the events of *The Queen of Elfland's Son* are occurring, the King of Elfland has been deposed from his throne and is living in solitude in semi-imprisonment in Elfland. His power is diminished with the loss of his throne and he cannot aid his servants as well as he normally might.

The judge might rule that a servant of the King of Elfland can only attempt to invoke his patron's assistance once per week (as if their original *patron bond* spell check was only 12-13 regardless of actual result) or that they suffer a -1d or ever -2d penalty to *invoke patron* spell checks while the King is out of power. A cunning judge could use this diminishment as a clue that something is wrong in Elfland, for example allowing the PC to notice that his connection to his patron seemed to grow weaker in the days leading up to the adventure, perhaps even coinciding with the start of the attacks on Eng.

In the forthcoming sequel to *The Queen of Elfland's Son*, the PCs will have the opportunity to restore the King of Elfland to power and possibly gain even greater patronage from the faerie potentate.



PART 2: THE FAERIE MOUND



f the PCs follow Marrow's directions (or bypass him entirely and investigate the forest on their own), they reach the verge of the dark wood, located four hours away from Eng. The forest is old and the boles of the ash, oak, and thorn trees that comprise it are entwined with ivy and other creepers. Exploring the Ivy Wood reveals no hidden dangers, but anyone with experience in woodlands (such as those with the Hunter or Elven Forester occupations) or who succeeds in a DC 11 Intelligence check, notices that the forest is unusually quiet as if the animals have fled or are in hiding.

At the edge of the Ivy Wood, at the bottom of a shallow dale near the southeast corner of the wood, is the mound Marrow described. The round hill rises 20' high and measures 40' in diameter. It is covered with green grass and a few old, moss-covered stones, each no more than 2' tall, litter the top of the mound. There are no visible caves or doors leading into the mound itself.

During the day, the mound is quiet and unremarkable. If the PCs have the unicorn horn and hold it in their hands while close to the mound (100' or less), allow the holder to make a spell check (remember non-spellcasters roll 1d10 when attempting magic). If the result is 12 or higher, they feel a tugging on the horn as if it is called towards the mound's eastern face.

No amount of digging or other exploration reveals anything unusual about that hillside, however. A DC 12 Intelligence check (elves gain a +1d bonus to their roll) allows a PC to recall that legends state that the denizens of Elfland are creatures of the dawn and dusk, giving them a clue as to when they might expect anything unusual to occur at the mound. And, in fact, just after nightfall, the mound undergoes a change. Read the following if the party is in the vicinity as the gloaming ends:

A low mist fills the bottom of the dale, transforming the mound into an island in the middle of a cloudy sea. The light of the newly risen moon catches on a few of the old stones atop the hill, throwing silver highlights upon the mossy rock.

Suddenly, a rectangle of glowing green light appears in the east side of the hill, slowly spreading as if someone opened the curtain covering the window of a lighted room. Four armored and armed humanoid figures, step out of the gleaming aperture and take up posts on either side.

Nothing else emerges from the mound as long as the party watches over it. It is clear that if they want to get inside, they must deal with the faerie doormen.

Area 1-1—The Front Door: A 10' wide, 15' tall opening stands in the east side of the mound. Glowing silvery-green light pours from the entrance, produced by lines of burning brands hanging on the corridor walls beyond the doorway. This passage is lined with worn, moss-covered stones and sprays of wildflowers grow from the spaces between the rocks. On either side of the door stands a pair of armored figures. Their armor appears to be made

from shaped wood and each wears a helm fashioned from the skulls of large rams, horns curled about the helmet's sides. Spears, pricked with thorns, are their weapons.

Approaching the door undetected by the guards requires a DC 15 sneak silently check. Otherwise, the guards spot the party as they approach and issue a challenge in Elvish: "Avaunt! Approach and be recognized if you serve the Court!"

The doormen allow any elf or character whose appearance is magically disguised (fairies can automatically detect magical glamours, but as they're used so often in Faerie, it's considered rude to try and see through them. A glamoured or disguised PC is assumed to be a denizen of faerie and treated appropriately) to enter the mound unquestioned. The mound is not the only entrance to faerie and there are visitors and emissaries from Elfland about in the mortal world, so it is not unknown for strange faeries to come and go by various doors and mounds. The guards see nothing unusual in encountering faeries they don't personally know coming to the mound.

If there are dwarves present, the doormen address those demi-humans and say that Prince Ashheart has been waiting for them. Two of the doormen agree to lead the dwarves (and only those of that race) to area 1-10. However, the dwarves faces danger if they follow their guides to their destination.

All other races are barred entrance unless a convincing lie is told ("We've been sent by the people of Eng to discuss terms of payment to stop the nightly attacks," for example). A DC 12 Personality check along with a good lie gains the party entrance, but they are led by two of the doormen to area 1-9.

In all other cases, the guardsmen are rude and dismissive to the party. If told about the unicorn, they brush off any recriminations that the faeries are responsible ("You mortals probably angered it and it sought vengeance. I'd do the same...eagerly."). If shown the horn, they feign polite interest, but are in truth angry the Prince's agent of retribution has been slain and attempt to regain the horn, resorting to violence (preferably by surprise) if necessary.

Faerie Doormen (4): Init +1; Atk spear +2 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2; AL C.

The guards carry no money, but their wooden armor and skull helmets might be useful for subterfuge. Any elf or slim human can wear the armor, which provides a +4 AC bonus.

Area 1-2—Foyer: The stone-lined hallway diverges to the left and the right here. Grass and night-blooming flowers grow in the mossy spaces between the flagstone, and a pair of burning brands casting lambent green and silver light give the space an otherworldly illumination. Hanging from the wall at the end of the passage is a woven tapestry depicting a regal-looking, bearded elf dressed in robes of sable and silver. He sits upon a throne of carved wood and wicked looking briars.



The torches are found throughout the mound and are balefire, faerie flame that produces no heat but eldritch illumination. Balefire has the additional property of making invisible items and individuals visible, automatically dispelling any invisibility spell or effect with a spell check of 26 or less. Balefire cannot be extinguished, but fades away at dawn, only to reignite anew at dusk. The brands do not function outside of Elfland or the mound.

The tapestry depicts Prince Ashheart. The hanging measure 15'x5' and weighs 75 lbs. It is worth 200 gp.

Area 1-3—Kitchens: *Bright firelight and the smell of roasting meat fill this stone-and-earth-walled room. A butchered beast of curious shape roasts over an open fire pit as bow-legged, long-nosed creatures with green skin and yellow eyes rush about. They carry sharp kitchen knives and are dressed in bloodstained aprons.*

Eight goblin cooks and scullions prepare the evening's feast: roasted farmer. They are intent on their duties and may not notice people passing through the chaotic kitchen. A DC 15 sneak silently test avoids notice. The attempting character gains a +1d bonus to their check.

An elf or other character impersonating a faerie of high status can order the goblins about with a DC 10 Personality check, but a failure indicates the goblins become suspicious and send one of their number to alert the guards in 1-4 as soon as opportunity allows.

Interrogating the goblins can reveal some information about the mound. They know the general layout, as well as the fact that Prince Ashheart, the Prince of Elfland, currently rules

and has been tasked by the Queen to punish the mortals outside the mound. He does so with a "great blood horse, a dark unicorn" but that is only the first of many cruelties the Prince has in store for Eng. They snicker and laugh at the thought.

Asking questions of the goblins that a faerie noble should already know makes them suspicious and the PC must make another Personality check, this one at DC 14, to continue the charade. If the second check fails, one of the goblins tries to slip out and alert the guards as described above.

If attacked directly, the cowardly goblin servants flee unless cornered, heading towards either areas 1-4 or 1-9 to warn of intruders.

Goblin Kitchen Staff (8): Init -1; Atk bite -1 melee (1d3) or kitchen implement -1 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d6-1; hp 3 each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, infravision 60'; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL L.

Anyone inspecting the roasting beast quickly determines it is human in origin, much to their disgust. The kitchen contains ordinary culinary materials and items, but no treasure or other unusual contents.

Area 1-4—Barracks: *Lines of double bunks fashioned from dark, living wood grow from the moss-covered ground of this chamber. Burning brands fill the room with silvery-green light. A stone table, its rim decorated with carvings, stands near the far wall and bears numerous place settings. A number of figures, some dressed in armor, others without, are present here, resting from their duties.*

The guards rush to confront any obvious intruders, but will cautiously address an unknown elf as to their purpose here. A well-spun tale and a DC 12 Personality check convinces the guards of the person's right to be within the mound. If there are non-elves or dwarves with the speaker, the difficulty of convincing them is increased to DC 15.

There are six guards present. Two are faeries, dressed in the wooden armor of their station. Three are norggens, unarmored but with weapons close at hand, and the last is a hulking fir bolg dressed in armor made of linked slate sheets and wielding a mighty maul.

Faerie Guards (2): Init +1; Atk spear +2 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2; AL C.

Norggen Guards (3): Init +1; Atk dagger +1 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP touching sickness (DC 10 Fort save or 1d6 damage from sickness), icy breath (DC 10 Fort save or 1d4 damage to all within 15' cone; immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

Norggens stand 4' tall and have blazing red eyes. Their faces are covered by black beards and they wear old leather coats encrusted with moss. Their touch causes sickness and they breathe icy cold blasts capable of freezing water and icing roads.

Fir bolg (1): Init +2; Atk maul +2 melee (1d6+2); AC 15; HD 2d8+2; hp 13; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will -1; AL C.

Fir bolg are 6' tall, brutish faeries. Their skin is the color of damp stone and they are stouter than noble faeries. They have prodigious pot bellies and dress in peasant clothes of crimson hue.

The barracks contains personal objects such as clothing, small bronze knives, whetstones, and similar odds-and-ends. There is nothing of iron or steel. The head of the fir bolg's maul is made of mithril. There is a total of 56 cp, 100 sp, and 6 gp to be found among the guards.

Area 1-5—Tokens of Years Long Past: *The air in this room is stale and the shadows gather here like forgotten rags. An eclectic mix of items is piled in half-hazard fashion about the chamber. Hats, canvas satchels, stray pieces of armor, a shield, a farmer's hay rake, empty bottles, and pieces of portraiture are just a few of the things visible in the clutter.*

The items in the room are in various states of disrepair and decay. All are trophies or curiosities taken from the mortal realm and/or its inhabitants down the long centuries on an elfin whim then later discarded. There is nothing unusual about the make or appearance of these trophies; they merely caught the mercurial attention of a faerie at one point and was kept for a time before being abandoned here. The judge can fill the room with whatever objects she desires and they work as intended (the shield grants a +1 AC bonus, the

satchels can hold items, the portraiture is depicts various images and might be worth 1d4x10 gp if the PC makes a Luck check, etc.)

However, among the trophies is a single small black leather bound book with the symbol of Ulesh (or similar peaceful deity as the campaign requires) embossed on its cover. The book is a travel journal written by the Oldor the Vicar. It dates back two hundred years, but is in impeccable condition.

The journal documents Oldor's journey to convert the faerie of Elfland to the faith of Ulesh. In his writings, Oldor proclaims that it is his belief that the denizens of Elfland possess no souls and that only by coming into the grace of Ulesh might they be granted a divine spark and thereby be able to enjoy the peace of the Afterlife. Without the presence of a soul, he speculates that faeries "must endure a hellish existence where death is only a momentary pause before they return to their realm, unknowing of the joy and peace that awaits all blessed creatures beyond the grave."

Oldor also recounts a curious piece of faerie lore he learned from a witch ("a distasteful, if learned woman named Ziroonderel"). He writes: *"The King of Elfland is not that realm's sole potentate. He shares his throne with the Queen of Elfland, who is said to be every bit as cruel and malicious as he is regal and devoted to his subjects. From age to age, according to some Elfin calendar I cannot fathom, the King is usurped and the Queen of Elfland rules instead. During these times, Elfland and its inhabitants assume the qualities of their Queen, their so-called Unseelie natures, and become nightmares rather than the dreams we mortal believe them to be. I speculate it is this cyclical transformation that accounts for the changeable natures of faeries. How some describe them as helpful and beautiful, while others declare them to be evil and merciless. It is my sincerest hope that when I do at long last find an entrance to Elfland, I arrive while the King, devoted to his daughter and at least said to be open to meeting mortals, is upon the throne. If his co-regent, the Queen, mother of an equally cruel and evil son, rules, I must hope the grace of Ulesh protects me from the evils of the Unseelie faeries."*

The journal ends abruptly after a brief note that Oldor has found a faerie mound he believes leads to Elfland. In the end, the grace of Ulesh failed his priest.

Anyone keeping the journal and undergoing a more thorough reading of the book (a process that takes two weeks), gains a permanent +2 bonus on all skill checks pertaining to Elfland and its faerie residents. A wizard would also pay up to 200 gp to acquire the book.

Area 1-6—Butlery: *An open archway of living wood bearing leaves leads into a rocky grotto. The walls are lined with shelves also formed from growing wood. Blossoms decorate the interwoven tree limbs. Nestled into the webbing of branches are dozens of glass bottles, corked and dusty. A pair of tapped kegs rest on stands and wheels of cheese, fruits, and other delectables fill baskets of woven reeds.*

This butlery is overseen by Thwart-a-Throt, a bwca. He is the butler of the mound and keeps careful watch over the potables and foodstuffs entrusted to him. Thwart-a-Throt,

however, is not a fan of Prince Ashheart and the PCs might find an ally in him—if they leave his drink alone!

Thwart-a-Throt is concealed atop one of the wine racks, hidden among the leaves and shadow, a mug of ale in his hand. A DC 15 Intelligence check notices a pair of smoldering yellow eyes glinting in the gloom. If addressed or anyone goes to touch his stock, a gruff voice comes from the dark.

Ho, now, there touchy-touchy hands. Not yours, no, not t'all. I see no crown on your brow nor rings on your fingers. Wine and sweeties, not your due. Skit and skat, like frightened rat, a'fore Thwart-a-Throt makes a lesson of you.

He emerges from the gloom to shake a fist on the party and shoo them off. If they remain to talk with him, he settles down and looks at them cunningly. He strongly suspects they're trespassers unless they're entirely a party of elves or glamourised. He does his best to ferret out their purpose here in the mound. The judge should speak in rhyme if at all possible when playing Thwart-a-Throt, but a sing-song meter in her voice will work if she's not up to composing verse on the fly.

A DC 13 Personality check (+1d modifier if the speaker praises his butlery) convinces Thwart-a-Throt that the party might prove a thorn in Prince Ashheart's side and cause him suffering. Thwart-a-Throt despises the Prince ever since he mocked his butlery for not being equal to the one in Elfland.

If Thwart-a-Throt believes the party can do something about Lord Ashheart, he is willing to answer their questions about the Prince and the mound. Although Thwart-a-Throt is in his Unseelie aspect, he won't betray his Queen even to inflict harm on the Prince. As such, the bwca reveals only that the Prince is responsible for the raids on Eng and that he has other plans in store for the mortal realms. He avoids any discussion about the Queen or other Elfland matters, hinting only darkly that the PCs only chance to save Eng is to slay the Prince or at least drive him back to Elfland in disgrace. With that, he smiles evilly and says he might have something that could help them.

Thwart-a-Throt hops down and roots around in the back of his butlery, before pulling out a dusty bottle.

"My butlery is well-stocked – better than some oh-so-lordly faeries might think. Why I know of no better place for bwca or elf or man to drink! Consider this, my mortal friends: 'tis elven wine made from mockleaf ends. Any who sip it with appreciation sincere, might change the guise in which they appear. The Prince's guards seek mortal who encroach, but would not think twice if noble faeries approach." He winks and says no more.

The wine allows the drinker to assume the appearance of any humanoid creature ranging from human to halfling size. This is an illusionary glamour that covers their true form, disguising carried items and worn clothes. A DC 15 Willpower save can pierce the illusion, but remember the faerie consider it ill-manners to look beneath a seeming and will only do so if they believe themselves to be in physical danger. The illusion lasts for 1 hour or until the glamourised individual is struck by salt or iron (they can carry iron weapons and armor, however, as these are "underneath" the glamour

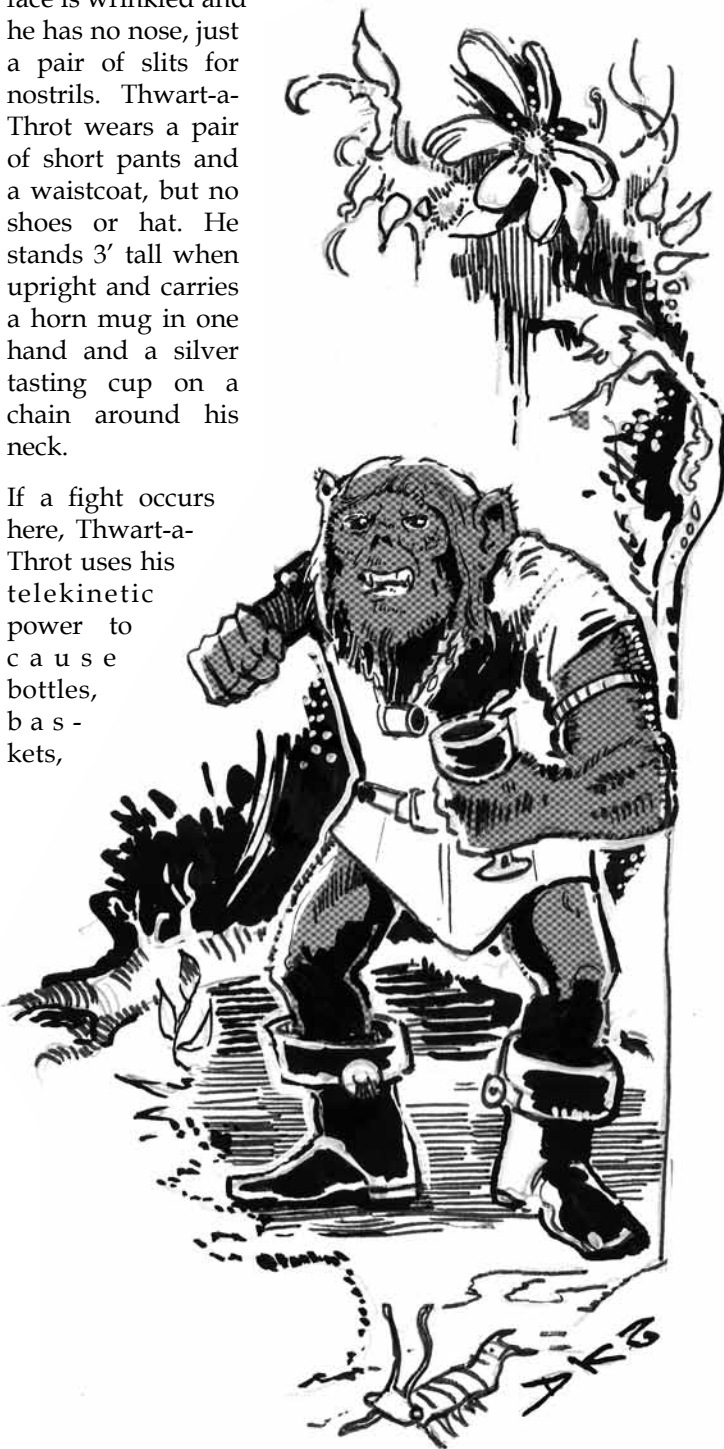
and do not affect it). There is enough wine in the bottle for each PC to benefit from its power once. After that, it is consumed.

A PC can choose to become invisible due to the drink, but the balefires around the mound quickly reveal him.

Thwart-a-Throt: Init +2; Atk mug -2 melee (1) or telekinetic attack +2 missile fire (1d6); AC 13; HD 1d6; hp 6; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions, bwca curse (DC 10 Will save or permanently gain no benefit from fermented beverages); SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

Thwart-a-Throt is a bwca, a smaller faerie type closely related to brownies. He has shaggy black hair that covers his body, head to foot. His face is wrinkled and he has no nose, just a pair of slits for nostrils. Thwart-a-Throt wears a pair of short pants and a waistcoat, but no shoes or hat. He stands 3' tall when upright and carries a horn mug in one hand and a silver tasting cup on a chain around his neck.

If a fight occurs here, Thwart-a-Throt uses his telekinetic power to cause bottles, baskets,



foodstuffs, and other objects to batter the party, all while screaming for aid. The guards at area 1-9 hear the commotion and arrive 1d3+1 rounds after the fight begins.

The butlery contains a great number of faerie wines and foods. Unfortunately, taking the foodstuffs and potables outside the mound cause them to vanish into smoke at dawn. Even worse, however, is consuming them while inside the mound. Anyone sampling the faerie foods—not counting Thwart-a-Throt's enchanted wine—adds a +2 modifier to their roll on Table 1-2 (see Ending the Adventure below).

Area 1-7— Molls' Den and Unicorn Pen: *This stone-lined chamber has a thick floor of grass and climbing creepers scaling the walls. A pool of clear water lies at at one end of the space. It is the room's occupants, however, that draw your attention. The chamber is filled with eight 3' tall, brown skinned creatures, each with a long nose and broad ears. They are naked aside from patchy green hair and woolly tufts of fur atop their heads. The small creatures are in constant motion, bounding, tumble-salting, leaping, and scampering, like energetic puppies at play.*

These creatures are mound trolls (or "molls" as they're known), kept by the Prince as ostlers for the unicorn. The bloody beast was formerly stabled here during the daylight hours and the molls entertained it, feed it, and otherwise kept it bloodlust abated until nightfall. The molls are most curious creatures, not least so because they are so self-interested that they are unaffected by the Unseelie nature of Elfland. The molls care only for sport, causing pranks, out-running each other, and otherwise playful antics.

If the molls spot the PCs, they cease their play, intrigued by the newcomers. A barrage of curious questions pours from their mouths and the molls equally laugh and gawk at the PCs' appearances. If they are shown the unicorn horn, they laugh uproariously at the creature's demise, then look a bit worried they're out of a job. Then, one of molls postulates that gives them more time for play and the issue is forgotten.

Questioning the molls about the mound, the Prince, or other aspects of faerie produces little concrete answers. They serve the Prince because "The Queen told us we must and we serve the throne, whoever be on it." They don't know or care what the Prince is up to, but laughingly say he burned the beard off a dwarf who now makes "stabby-stabs" for him. They can provide some information about the mound, notably where the kitchens, the smithy, the court, and the butlery are (they enjoy pestering Thwart-a-Throt).

The molls might make a good distraction for the PCs. If asked to commit a prank or similar action such as running amok to distract the guards in front of the court for example, a DC 8 Personality check convinces them to participate. The molls won't fight their fellow faeries, but cruel pranks that inflict pain are not beyond them.

If the party attacks the molls, they fight as a mob, using their acrobatics to attack and retreat. If things look bad for them, they flee to area 1-4 and seek aid from the mound's defenders.

Mound Trolls (aka "Molls") (8): Init +2; Atk fists +1 melee (1d2) or bite +2 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d6+1; hp 5 each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions, acrobatic (can leap up to 10' vertically and 20' horizontally; +5 bonus to any skill checks related to movement, climbing, or dodging), evasion (a mound troll can attack a target then move up to half its movement rate away without incurring a free attack from its target); SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will -2; AL N.

Area 1-8—Dungeon: *A small, dark grotto lies behind a stout door. The space is lit only by a single torch burning with its unearthly silver-green light. Three cells, their bars fashioned by living wood with red bark, are set into the walls of the cave-like chamber. A pair of brutish faeries stand watch over this prison, thorn-studded clubs in hand.*

Prince Ashheart's prisoners are kept here until their interrogations, torture sessions, or cooking occurs. Any PC captured by the Prince or his subjects will be incarcerated here for 1d3 days before being led to their fate (as determined by the judge and the PCs' actions). If the judge wishes, replacement characters (zero-level PCs or 1st-level adventurers) might be found here to replenish any lost party members.

The cell bars are made from enchanted living greenery of Elfland and are as strong as steel. A DC 22 Strength check is required to bend them. The lock on each cell is also cunningly made and a DC 15 pick locks check is needed to open them. PCs without proper thieves' tools suffer a -2d penalty to pick the lock. The guards have keys as well.

The faerie enchantment on the bars is its greatest vulnerability. Striking the bars with an iron object allows the attacker to make a DC 12 Personality check (the magic must contend with the attackers will to break the enchantment). If successful, the wood's elfin magic is sundered and the living wood suddenly withers, allowing them to be smashed through with a DC 8 Strength check.

The guards are fir bolg faeries and very predisposed to thumping prisoners and keeping themselves in the good graces of the Prince. This means they fight to the death and are ill-disposed to raising an alarm for fear of loss of status and respect for calling for help.

Fir bolg Guards (2): Init +2; Atk two-handed morning star +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 12; HD 2d8+2; hp 14 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will -1; AL C.

Area 1-9— Herald's Station: *A pair of armed guards stands beside a set of closed doors. Near them stands another faerie dressed in deep blue robes approaching black in color. A ruff of white fur decorates his collar and his cuffs are of similar material. He bears a long staff resembling a broken tree bough in one hand and a bored look on his face.*

The faerie is Gyphthynn, Prince Ashheart's herald and seneschal. It is his job to announce visitors, deal with problems in the mound, and otherwise serve as intermediary between the Prince and the other Elfland rabble. He's not fond of his job, but is determined to remain in the Prince's good graces.



If a party of elves and/or glamoured PCs, or a group under the effects of Thwart-a-Throt's wine approach, Gyphthynn stops them and introduces himself before asking them their business. If they look like they're residents of faerie and can spin a half-way plausible tale, he asks they wait, then enters area 1-12 to report their presence to Prince Ashheart. He quickly returns and bids them enter the court, announcing them to the Queen's son.

A group with a less-plausible tale must make a DC 13 Personality check to sway Gyphthynn into believing they should see the Prince. If successful, he acts as above. If Gyphthynn is suspicious, however, he tells the party to wait while he announces them, then enters area 1-12. A DC 15 Intelligence check notices that the herald appears to give the two guards a quick sign with his left hand before entering. Two rounds later, the guards from area 1-12 emerge and try to capture or kill the party with the assistance of the door guards. If the PCs are captured, there is a 50% chance they're brought before Prince Ashheart immediately. If not, they're incarcerated in the dungeon (area 1-8) for a short duration before the Prince desires to question them.

A fight here immediately alerts the guards in area 1-12. Half of them respond to the commotion, while the others remain in the court to defend the Prince.

Gyphthynn's staff is a simple staff of office. In his pouch, one made from the finest silk the PCs have ever seen (and worth 35 gp alone), are seven black onyx stones (15 gp value each). Each stone is engraved with a symbol of a delicate crown with barbs and thorny protrusions sprouting from it. Aside from their monetary value, these gems are tokens of passage issued in the name of the Queen of Elfland. A character presenting one to certain members of Elfland while she rules might receive a warmer welcome.

Faerie Guards (2): Init +1; Atk spear +2 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2; AL C.

The guards carry only their arms and armor.

Area 1-10—Smithy: *The sound of hammered metal and the ring of an anvil identifies this hot, dark chamber as a smithy. The only light present comes from the blazing forge, giving the room a hellish appearance. A dwarf, bare-chested and with a beard singed to the chin, hammers away on a spear head. Manacles hang from his wrists on chains long enough to allow his craft. Two hulking figures and a slim, elfin woman, keep watch over the toiling smith.*

The Unseelie faerie love dwarves, for only they can craft the iron weapons the cruel nobles of Elfland prefer to wield against lesser fairies. They enslave any dwarves they encounter and put them to work in their smithies. The dwarf here, Fimbulfambi, is one such slave.

Fimbulfambi is guarded by two fir bolgs and the Unseelie faerie, Belladonna. Belladonna is a short (5' 3") female faerie with silver hair that dances around her head as if caught in a constant breeze. She wears a black gown and corset embroidered with silver roses and thorny stems. If the smithy is attacked, she uses *enlarge* on the fir bolgs, then engages enemies at a distance with her *color spray* spell. She'll use Fimbulfambi as a hostage if the fight goes against the faeries.

Fir bolg (2): Init +2; Atk sword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 2d8+2; hp 13 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will -1; AL C.

Belladonna: Init +2; Atk dagger +3 melee (1d4+1) or spell; AC 13; HD 2d6; hp 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glamours and illu-

FIMBULFAMBI'S TALE

If asked, Fimbulfambi gruffly says he was traveling to Eng five days ago (he thinks, as time is strange inside the mound) and was captured by a faerie band while he slept beside the road. Fimbulfambi was brought before a handsome elf in a great hall that "looked like a grove beneath the stars, but t'was beneath the hill, so to speak." His lackeys called him "Prince Ashheart," and he deferred to him as nobility demands. This Prince Ashheart then condemned Fimbulfambi to toil in his smithy, making iron weapons so that "the Armies of the Unseelie might cover the land with slay-stacks instead of haystacks and remind these small mortals why they should fear Elfland once more." Fimbulfambi has been here ever since, producing blades and spearheads, and fed only the most rancid of meals.

sions, summon winds (ranged attacks have a 50% of missing outright if attack roll succeeds), spells (+2 to spell check, *color spray*, *enlarge*); SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

A fight in here is likely to go unnoticed due to the regular noise of metal being worked and the grunts of the dwarf as he works. The fir bolgs carry only their weapons and slate armor; Belladonna has a purse containing six green blossoms from an unknown flower, a pair of silver earrings (40 gp value) and the key to Fimbulkambi's manacles.

Fimbulkambi is chained to the base of the anvil and cannot aid in any fight unless an enemy gets within reach of him (say by being knocked his way by a mighty deed of arms). If this occurs, however, he enthusiastically wallops the opponent with his hammer.

Fimbulkambi: Init +2; Atk fists +1 melee (1d2+1) or smithing hammer +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 9; HD 1d4+2; hp 4; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP infravision 60', smell gold, smithing knowledge; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +0; AL L.

The room contains a forge and anvil, iron stock, coal, and blacksmith's tools. Finished weapons are collected and stored either in area 1-13 or brought to Elfland. A crude bed stands beneath a ring set into the wall. Fimbulkambi is chained here each night and never allowed to leave the smithy.

Fimbulkambi can be freed with either the key (found on Belladonna) or with a DC 14 pick locks check. Once released, the dwarf is all for enacting violence on Prince Ashheart and/or his minions for the desecration of his beard. He may even cut the Prince's beard off in retribution if he gets the opportunity. Fimbulkambi isn't a warrior, however, and can't wield any weapon more complex than a hammer, dagger, or cudgel. The PCs might have to keep their eye on the vendetta-seeking dwarf if he joins their ranks, as his rage will drive him to take chances and engage enemies tougher than him. Fimbulkambi could even spoil an ambush or a bluff attempt if his anger overcomes his good sense. If the dwarf survives, however, the PCs have made a useful ally (see Ending the Adventure below).

Area 1-11—Courtiers' Quarters: *Sumptuous quarters containing draped beds, soft divans, and a floor carpeted with thick moss are found here. The room is lit by one of the strange burning brands of silver-green, giving it the appearance of a forest glen under the stars. A lute rests against one wall and table bearing a basin and cut-crystal urn stands nearby.*

There are five beds present here, one for each of the lesser nobles and courtiers who frequent the mound. Drawers set into the bottom of each bedstead contain courtly garb adequate for attending a faerie audience. The clothes are gossamer and seem to shine with their own soft light. However, like many things faerie, they fade away if brought out into the sunlight of the mortal realm.

The lute is faerie-made and can be played by anyone with musical skill. If the player ever bloodies the strings of the instrument with his own blood, it awakens the lute's innate magical power. From that point on, the player (and only the one who bloodied the strings) can attempt to invoke the lute's power. Doing this is similar to a spell check, but the player's Personality modifier and level are used to modify the d20 roll. The player adds +1 for each 2 levels he has rounded up. He may not spellburn to alter this roll.

The lute can be used to cast the following three spells: *charm person*, *enlarge*, and *sleep*. Any time corruption results from a spell check, the musician gains corruption from the King of Elfland patron taint list. If he ever gains all patron taint at all levels, he disappears completely along with the lute, carried off to Elfland to an unknown fate.

The basin and urn contain clean water. The urn is worth 15 gp.

Area 1-12—Mound Court: *A forest grove—or at least so it seems—lies beyond the door. Trees rise up around the perimeter, their boughs interlocking to form a ceiling of sighing leaves. Glimpses of stars, sharp against the darkness, are visible between the branches. The floor is moss and grass, and a bubbling spring brings the sound of water to the gloom. Draperies of living vegetation hang between tree trunks, obscuring further sections of the grove. A large chair rests upon a flat boulder dais. The chair is crowned with a carving of a stag's head and sharp thorns protrude from the chair's sides and back. Shadows obscure the chair from further examination.*

ROLEPLAYING THE PRINCE

If presented by his herald, Prince Ashheart welcomes them with basic hospitality, offering them viands from his stores (one of the courtiers fetches a dish of sweet fruit and cups of faerie wine, but see note about eating faerie food in area 1-6), then asks why they've come before him. The noble faerie listens to anything that sounds reasonable, but is quick to anger if the party is obviously not who they seem or are presenting him with unimportant or contradictory requests. If the charade fails completely or if the PCs display the unicorn horn or boast of its death, he commands his guards to capture or kill the intruders.

In general, Prince Ashheart is condescending without showing anger. He insults mortals overall without lowering himself to direct slights against the PCs. He treats any elves like simple-minded children who need strong guidance to correct them. Ashheart is gracious to dwarves, offering them the chance to work for him for piles of gold as high as their beards. If the PCs have met Fimbulkambi, they already know how the Prince honors such agreements. There is nothing the PCs can offer to make him cease his attacks on the people of Eng, but he will appear to agree to stop them if he sees immediate gain from such bargains, only to break them soon thereafter.

This is the court of Prince Ashheart, the Queen of Elfland's son, charged with reopening the mound and harrying the people of Eng.

The sky above is actually a faerie glamour and, if touched with iron, disappears to reveal the stone and dirt ceiling of the mound. The spring's waters are fresh and bear a minor enchantment that awakens any magically sleeping creature if splashed with the liquid. The Prince's throne is well-made, but has no special properties.

If the party reached this far without sounding an alarm, Prince Ashheart is enjoying music performed by his courtiers and contemplating further ways to torment the mortals outside the mound. If alerted, his men are hiding behind the vine draperies ready to spring an ambush, while Prince Ashheart uses his shadow-cunning to hide in plain sight upon the throne. Faeries seldom sleep, so the court is in session regardless of when the PCs reach it, day or night.

If Fimbulfambi is presented before the Prince, not only is the Queen's son upset that they liberated his favorite new and useful pet, but the dwarf must make a DC 18 Willpower save to avoid rushing at the Prince and trying to kill him.

It is likely that the PCs ultimately confront Prince Ashheart and attempt to capture, kill, or force him to flee the mound. Nothing the party or the people of Eng can offer will convince him to cease his attempts to tormenting mortals and if it becomes known the party killed his unicorn, he grows enraged and immediately uses his guards and magic to capture or slay them as the mood strikes him.

FIGHTING THE PRINCE

Prince Ashheart's guardsmen and his courtiers attempt to screen the Queen's son from the party, forming a defensive wall in front of the throne. The Prince uses this opportunity to summon a shadow using his shadow-cunning and his magic against the PCs. He will attempt to *sleep* and/or *charm person* the most formidable-looking warriors and wizards, and use *ropework* to bind others. His *ropework* spell causes the various hanging creepers, branches, and other vegetation in court to entangle and trap his enemies.

Prince Ashheart: Init +2; Atk longsword +3 melee (1d8+1) or spell; AC 13; HD 3d8; hp 22; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glammers and illusions, shadow-cunning (DC 15 Intelligence check to see him in shadowy conditions, can summon a shadow [q.v.] to fight for him, Unseelie curse (DC 13 Will save or be afflicted by a curse, see Prince Ashheart's Curse below), spells (+3 to spell check, *charm person*, *sleep*, *ropework*); SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3; AL C.

Faerie Guards (4): Init +1; Atk spear +2 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glammers and illusions; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2; AL C.

Courtiers (2): Init +2; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8); AC 12; HD 2d6; hp 7 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, automatically notice glammers and illu-

sions, play music (the courtiers will use their music to incapacitate a PC if under the appropriate curse bestowed by the Prince); SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

If more than half his defenders fall or the Prince is in direct combat, he uses his power to curse one or more PCs so that he can use this doom as a bargaining chip. If the curses fail and it is clear his men are near defeat, Prince Ashheart will flee to area 1-15 to seek Herne's aid against the PCs.

PRINCE ASHHEART'S CURSE

The Queen's son can afflict an individual he can see within 50' with a curse. If the afflicted individual fails a DC 13 Will save, they become cursed and suffer one of the consequences listed below as chosen by Prince Ashheart.

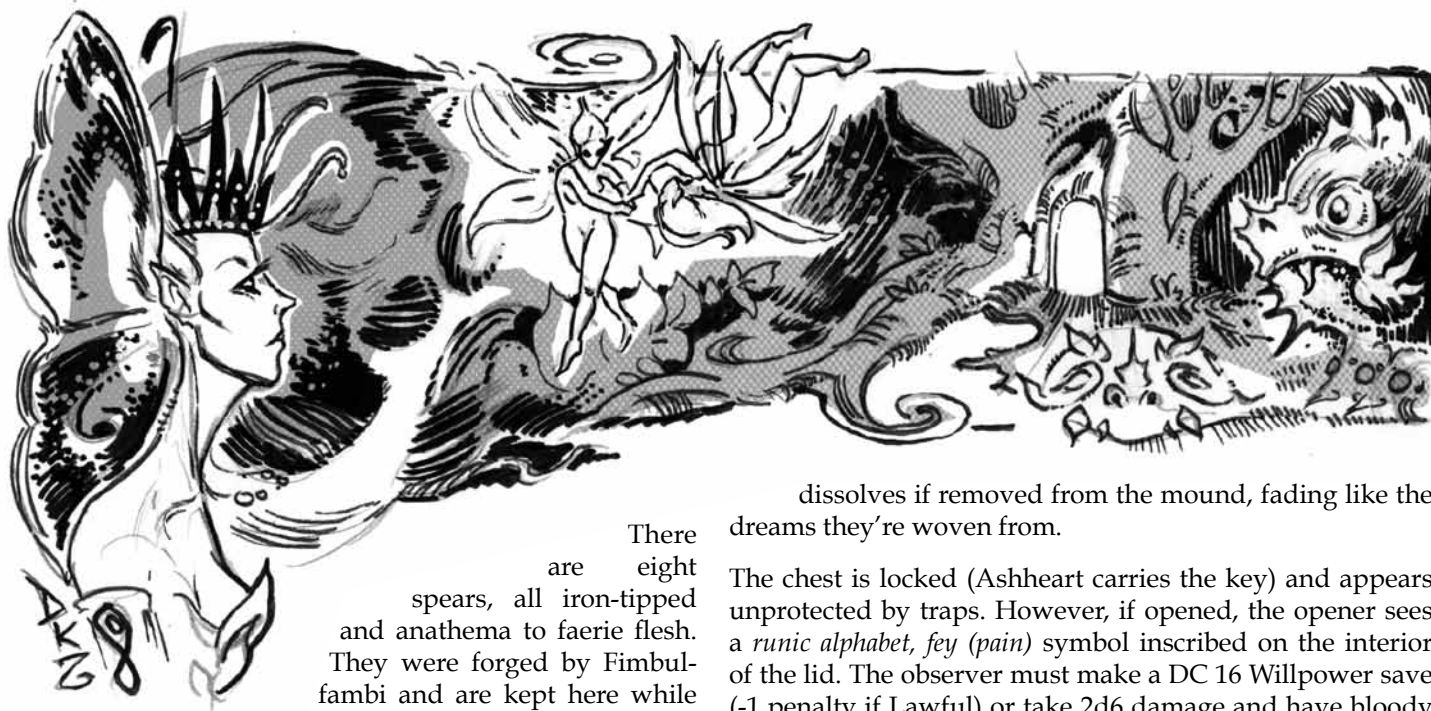
Table 1-1: Faerie Curses

- 1 Victim is unable to eat food of non-faerie origin. Each day the victim goes without eating faerie food, he or she suffers 1 point of Stamina damage that cannot be healed until the PC eats faerie food for at least 1 day.
- 2 Victim cannot bear the glare of the sun and suffers 1d4 damage each round he or she is exposed to direct sunlight. Indirect sunlight, such as that in a wooded glen, a shady place, or if covered by a cloak or other clothing, inflicts 1 point of damage per turn.
- 3 Victim is compelled to dance whenever music is heard and dances for as long as the music plays. While PC hears music, he loses all action dice and cannot move other than to caper to the tune. While dancing, the PC is limited to a 10' square area around where he stood when the music began. After each hour of dancing, the PC must make a DC 10 Fort save or suffer 1d4 damage. The difficulty of the DC increases by +1 each hour.

Once an Unseelie curse is bestowed, it can only be removed by the faerie who placed it upon the victim, the King or Queen of Elfland, or by a *remove curse* spell with a spell check of 34+.

If the Prince is in direct danger and succeeds in bestowing the curse on a PC, he calls a halt to combat to inform the party that one of them is under his curse and slaying him dooms the victim forever. A DC 20 Intelligence check (DC 15 for elves) allows a PC to know the full story (that the King/Queen or a very powerful cleric could also remove it). Otherwise, they have nothing but Ashheart's statement to go on, and he seems quite sure of himself. The party can either continue the fight or agree to the Prince's demands (see Treachery and Violence below, area 1-15). Slaying the Prince temporarily ends the threat of Faerie upon Eng and its people, but now the party must find a means of removing the curse.

Area 1-13—Armory: Several metal spears lean against the wall of this small grotto. A quiver of arrows hangs from a peg and a trio of longswords are sheathed in green wooden scabbards hung on baldrics of living vegetation. A small box lies on the ground beside them.



There are eight spears, all iron-tipped and anathema to faerie flesh. They were forged by Fimbulfambi and are kept here while Lord Ashheart decides to either send them back to his mother for her troops or to hold onto them should he need to strike fear in his own court.

The quiver contains a dozen arrows with arrowheads that resemble ice. They are cold to the touch, yet do not melt even in the hottest fires. These are “elf shot,” enchanted missiles that inflict both injury and debilitating illness if they strike a target. They are considered +1 arrows for attack purposes and for injuring creatures susceptible only to magical weapons. In addition to normal arrow damage, a creature struck by an elf shot arrow must make a DC 18 Fortitude save or temporarily lose 1d8+2 points of Strength from faerie sickness. Creatures of faerie are immune to the illness, but do suffer damage from the arrow. The lost Strength returns as normal once the target is healed of all physical damage. Once a target is struck by an elf shot arrow, the icy arrowhead melts and the arrow is no longer enchanted.

The longswords are well-made and are crafted from mithril, but have no additional properties. The box holds two dozen spearheads lacking shafts.

Area 1-14—The Prince’s Quarters: Behind this drape of living plants is a comfortable grotto containing an opulent bedstead, divan, three wardrobes, and a stone chest. Burning torches of eldritch fire illuminate the place, the light of which fails to fall beyond the now-open drapery.

Prince Ashheart rests here when the duties and celebrations grow tedious. His bed is fragrant and comfortable. Any mortal creature touching its soft bed clothes or mattress, must make a DC 12 Willpower save or fall asleep. Only the kiss of a faerie creature or the waters in the court outside will revive them. Otherwise, the afflicted PC sleeps until dawn.

The wardrobes contain courtly clothes suitable for an Unseelie noble. Each is of gossamer, like woven dreams, and soft as baby’s breath. There are three dozen robes and courtly gowns present, each of which would fetch 500 gp or more if sold to the tailors of royalty. Unfortunately, the clothing

dissolves if removed from the mound, fading like the dreams they’re woven from.

The chest is locked (Ashheart carries the key) and appears unprotected by traps. However, if opened, the opener sees a *runic alphabet, Fey (pain)* symbol inscribed on the interior of the lid. The observer must make a DC 16 Willpower save (-1 penalty if Lawful) or take 2d6 damage and have bloody wounds suddenly appear on their body.

Within the chest are four sacks. Three contain 250 gp each; the fourth holds only yellow oak leaves. The money is faerie coin, unfortunately. If brought outside of the mound, the gold becomes worthless sand. However, if the leaves are brought outside and exposed to the sun, they permanently transform into 300 pieces of gold.

There is also a number of letters written on albino parchment and penned in red ink. Most are communiques from the Queen requesting updates on how the tormenting of the mortals goes, but one, the oldest of the messages, contains the Prince’s orders. See Appendix A for the full contents of this note.

Area 1-15—Backdoor: The ceiling of this chamber slopes down to the ground at its far end. Set into the curved face of the earthen wall is a large hewn stone dolmen. Spiral patterns decorate the rock. Set in the arch formed by the stone slabs is a massive set of double doors closed with a bar that resembles a giant’s shin bone. In the center of the room is a vaguely humanoid-shaped pile of stones measuring 6’ high. The walls also bear a number of trophy heads, which include massive stags, dire wolves, and even a human or two. A table sized for a giant man stands near the west wall and is littered with fresh skins, boning knives, and other tools for gutting animals. A large bowl of offal sits on the floor besides it.

This room is both the exit back to Elfland and the chambers of Herne the Huntsman, an Unseelie faerie who lives solely for the hunt. It was he who captured the unicorn and presented it to Prince Ashheart as a gift. Herne hunts both Elfland and the mortal realms: the traveler found outside Eng torn to pieces actually fell prey to Herne’s hounds. Herne and his hounds are out hunting in Elfland when this room is first entered, but he may soon return (see below and Ending the Adventure for further details).

The dolmen door leads to Elfland proper. It can either be opened by Prince Ashheart, Herne the Hunter, or another faerie noble with a gesture, or by the porter. The porter is the

pile of stones, which animates to its full 8' in size, stomps over to the door, removes the bar, and opens the valves if given the command: "Knocker, open!" It closes, seals, and returns to its position when given the command "Knocker, close!" Otherwise, no physical means can remove the bar and only a *knock* spell with a spell check of 22+ will unseal the great valve.

Examining the pile of stones reveals the word "Knocker" in Elvish inscribed across the broad boulder that is the porter's shoulders. This might provide a clue on how to open the doors without an Unseelie noble or access to a *knock* spell.

The table and bowl are sized for a person 8' tall. The table has three hides on it: a stag's, a strange dark fur with iridescent highlights, and a pure white hide of some six legged beast. The dark fur is of a shimmer cat and can be used in spell rituals involving illusions or invisibility to add +6 to the spell check. A DC 15 Intelligence check by any spellcaster identifies this useful property. The white fur is merely a curiosity, one worth 200 gp to the right buyer.

The bowl of offal shows signs of being partially eaten. These morsels are given as treat to Herne's hounds.

Herne and his hounds return to this room under two conditions. The first is if Prince Ashheart is brought or flees here (see Treachery and Violence below). The second is if the party has triumphed over the rest of the mound's occupants (such as slaying the Prince and his guardsmen) and enters this room while continuing to explore and/or plunder the mound. In the second case, the sound of a horn is heard faintly from beyond the dolmen doors after the PCs have been in the room for a few minutes. The porter animates and opens the door, revealing a twilight-lit landscape beyond. The air blowing in from the gloaming vista is sweetly scented, far fairer than anything the PCs ever smelled before. It is heavy with fragrant flowers, exotic spices, and other unidentifiable scents. Moments later, Herne and his hounds bound in through the open door and the PCs must deal with the returned hunter who is displeased to find mortals in his home! Stats for Herne and his hounds are presented below.

TREACHERY AND VIOLENCE

If the party spared Prince Ashheart's life, he demands he be allowed to return to Elfland unmolested, and will only remove his curse once he stands on the threshold back to Faerie. He is bold and brash, even going so far as to hint that if the party kills him, he'll return one day for his vengeance ("Fools! Don't you know that we Kindly Folk cannot be slain for good so long as there are those that believe in and fear us?"). If the PCs found Oldor the Vicar's book previously, they may even believe this boast.

Prince Ashheart hopes to be brought to the Backdoor to gain the aid of Herne and his pack. He dawdles, collecting his belongings from area 1-14 and otherwise delaying his return (taking a long time bidding adieu to his courtiers if they still

live, for example). If he manages to do this, read the following once the group reaches area 1-15.

Prince Ashheart looks upon the great double doors set into the dolmen and, with a glance, they begin to grind open. "You've brought me here, now I'm bound to remove my curse. Step through into the blessed gloaming of Elfland, mortal, and I can undo what the power of Faerie has wrought." The doors continue to open, allowing you the first glimpse of the twilight lands beyond them. Purple skies hang over a dusky landscape filled with flowers with scents you've never smelled before. Fireflies of blue dance in the evening's beginning, and the vista nearly makes your heart break with beauty. Prince Ashheart extends his hand to lead you across the threshold. What do you do?

Allow the PCs to debate and argue and otherwise decide how to proceed. Once a decision is about to be made, the following occurs:

The sound of a great horn breaks the peace of Faerie here on the threshold between worlds. Suddenly, a trio of hounds, great mastiffs as large as ponies come howling and barking through the doorway. Behind them strides an 8' tall man, his body covered with hair like hanging moss and his skin a deep green as the heart of the forest. A rack of great antlers crowns his head, and he bears a spear in one hand and a horn in the other.

"Mighty Herne!" the faerie noble shouts. "These mortals seek to despoil Elfland. Attend to your lord and slay them!"

Use the above description minus the Prince's words if the PCs encounter Herne at the Backdoor while they explore the mound.

The Huntsman and his pack immediately assail the party.

Herne the Hunter: Init +2; Atk spear +2+deed melee (1d6+deed) or antlers attack +3+deed melee (1d4+deed); AC 14; HD 4d8; hp 30; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects, Mighty Deeds (deed die 1d4), automatically notice glamours and illusions; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

Faerie Mastiffs (3): Init +3; Atk bite +2 melee (1d4+2); AC 12; HD 1d8+3; hp 8 each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP immune to sleep and charm effects; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

Prince Ashheart takes the first opportunity to get through the door into Elfland, using his shadow-cunning to cloak himself as soon as he is in the gloom. If not seen with a successful DC 15 Intelligence check within three rounds, he escapes pursuit, leaving the cursed PC still under the effect. The Prince may return to plague the PCs in the future, especially if they venture into Elfland in search of a way to remove the curse.

Herne and the hounds fight until slain—but are they truly dead? The fate of slain faeries is left the judge's discretion. Perhaps the words of Oldor the Vicar are true, but they can just as easily be myth.



ENDING THE ADVENTURE



f Prince Ashheart is captured, he agrees to remove the curse and does whatever he can to spare his life. He'd rather go back to his mother in shame than be imprisoned for good in the mortal realm. He can use his Unseelie power and his noble title to seal the mound if the PCs demand it, preventing (until another faerie noble decides to reopen it) further incursions and troubles from Elfland upon the people of Eng. The mound becomes a normal, non-magical hill and regains its frightful reputation among the Eng folk. All avoid it in the years to come. Farmer Marrow scoffs at the notion that faerie troubles are gone for good, however. One day, the borders will reopen and Elfland and the mortal world will again interact.

Slaying the Prince leaves the mound open. Any surviving faeries soon abandon it upon learning of the Prince's death. Some bring the news back to the Queen of Elfland, while others attempt to hide in the Twilight Lands, fearful of what the Queen might do to them for allowing her son's death. For a time, Elfland leaves Eng alone but after a pause, troubles begin anew as the Queen, now enraged, sends even greater threats to destroy Eng and its champions. The judge can either detail this resurgence or await the forthcoming sequel to this adventure which covers such events.

If Fimbulfambi has survived, the dwarf returns to his people but never forgets the PCs' aid. He is a talented smith and quickly discovers that his brief time on the border of Elfland has imparted an unnatural quality to his work. His craft becomes in high demand and he grows rich as a result. He'll gladly assist the party again if asked, perhaps lending his talents to forging a sword to be enchanted by the party's wizard, for example.

There is one final curious development once the party has dealt with Prince Ashheart: they discover time moves differ-

ently inside the faerie mound. Each time the party exits the mound, roll on the following table to determine how much time has passed in the mortal realm when they emerge. Eating faerie food while inside the mound affects this roll (see area 1-6).

Table 1-2: Time Passed While Inside the Mound

1d7	Time Lost
1	No time. The PCs emerge at the very moment they first entered.
2-3	An hour. Regardless of how long they tarried in the mound, only 60 minutes have passed outside it.
4	Twelve hours. The party emerges to discover it is noon on the following day.
5	A full day. No time seems to have passed, but in fact it is the following evening.
6	One week. The Parliament of Eng has given up on the party, believing them dead or fled.
7+	One month. The people of Eng are certain the party has died.

Once the party has reemerged, they can collect their reward from the Parliament. However, if they decide to follow up on the clues found in the Prince's private quarters or seek a cure for their cursed comrade(s), the PCs might find themselves across the borders of Elfland and confronting a foe more powerful than any they've encountered. Look for the sequel to this adventure for the conclusion of the Queen of Elfland's vendetta against the mortal realms. Adventure never ends in the world of Dungeon Crawl Classics!

APPENDIX A:

THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND'S LETTER

This letter should be either read aloud or handed to the party when discovered in the Prince's private quarters:

My Beloved Son, Scourge of Shadows and Master of Misery,

Attend to your mother and Queen. Your hated father has been usurped and I once again rule Elfland. Unlike your patriarch, I see no need to pardon those lowly mortals who dwell beyond the Ivy Mound. Their duke may be dead, but his crime is not forgotten. The King may have forgiven them, but I do not. You must act in my stead.

I charge you to reopen the Ivy Mound and unleash all manner of misery upon the mortals. I trust you will find suitable measures to remind them why they should rightfully fear Elfland. I've once more extended the borders of Faerie to the mortal realm, and opening the mound anew will be a trivial matter. I hereby grant you permission to take such guards, courtiers, assistants, and lackeys as needed to fulfill this task. I even give you leave to employ the Huntsmen and his pack if you so desire. A small gift of affection for my lovely boy.

See you uphold your duties to your mother and your Queen. I shall be wroth if you fail me. A cell adjoining your father's and your sister's awaits you as a reward for displeasing me.

Her Majesty, the Queen of Elfland.

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THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND'S SON

**#97: A LEVEL 1 ADVENTURE
BY MICHAEL CURTIS**

Strange attacks in the night plague the people of Eng. Slaughter and shadows keep the villagers inside after dark. Mighty adventurers are needed to seek out the source of these threats and stop them for good. This quest will take the heroes to the very borders of Elfland and pit them against the cruelty of the Unseelie Court of Faerie. Will the heroes overcome the machinations of the Queen of Elfland or will they fall victim to the glammers and wiles of Elfland's malicious nobility?

