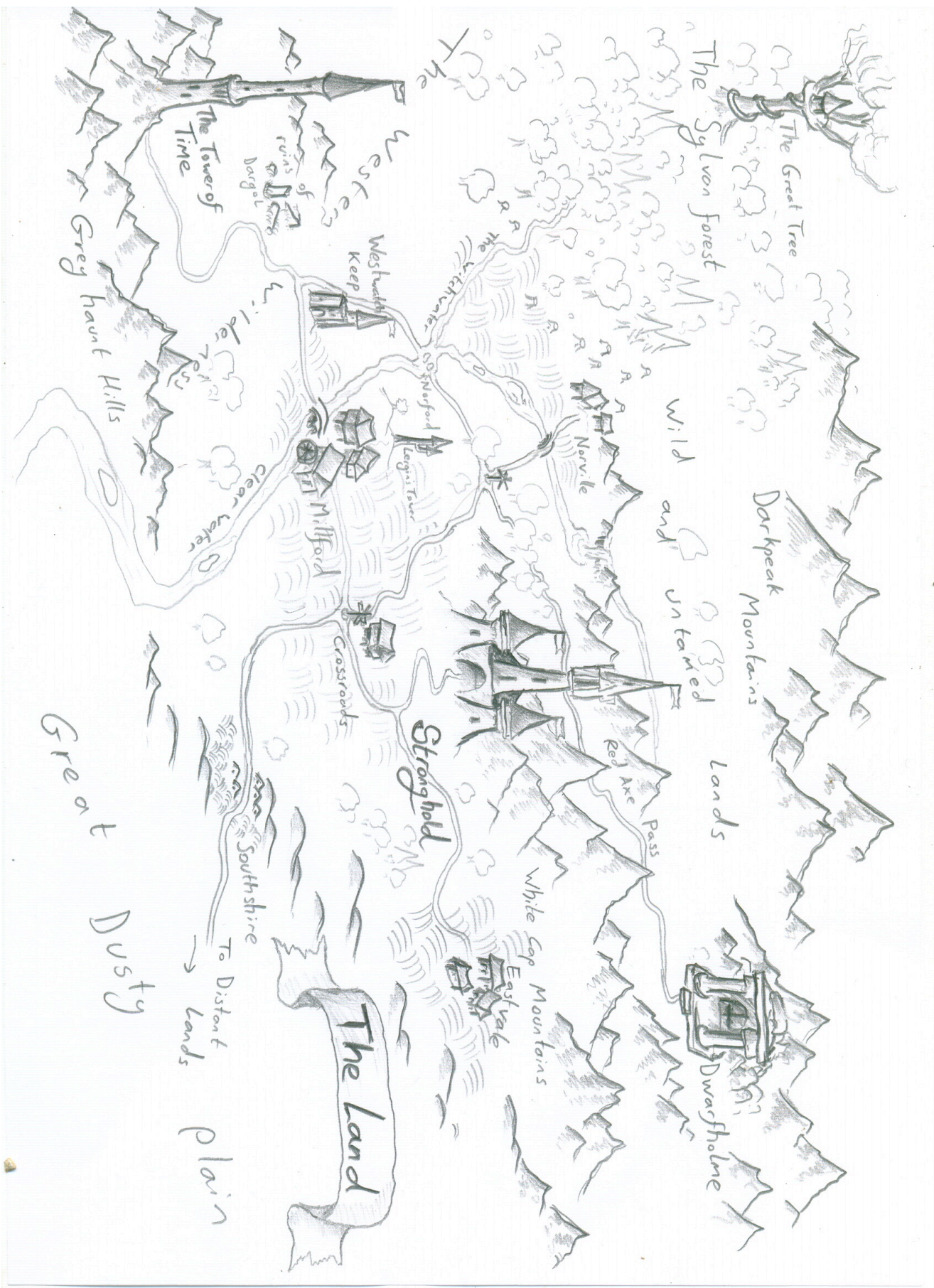


Now is the winter of our discontent



*An adventure for Dungeons and Dragons
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Introduction

The village of Eastvale

Located in a broad and pleasant valley high in the white cap mountains, Eastvale is an agrarian paradise, far from the concerns that trouble more ambitious lands. Like the rest of The Land, Eastvale worships Pelor the sun god. However, unlike their more sophisticated cousins in Stronghold and beyond, their worship is a far older and more primeval tradition.

Mostly this just means that they like making stonehenges and mucking about with sundials, but there is a darker element. Every December 22nd, a young priestess is crowned the Young Queen, the 'head of state' of the village. She goes to all the best parties, opens new inn, is wined and dined, and fawned upon by the whole community. Then 364 days later, on the shortest day of the year, her heart is cut from her chest so that Pelor will look with favour upon the village and return his light and warmth.

The girls are raised in a convent and groomed for this duty from birth. They believe they will ascend into heaven and be seated at Pelor's right hand, and are all genuinely excited about the prospect. The few that get cold feet are retired to serve Pelor in other ways, tending the grounds or caring for the sick.

The orthodox church

While this event is no secret, the rest of The Land mostly turns a blind eye to this barbaric practice of human sacrifice. The girls themselves seem more than willing and so it seems to be harming no one.

However, the orthodox church of Pelor, the great and mighty church that oversees the spiritual welfare of the capitol and most of the civilized human world, is taking an increasingly dim view of this heresy. Preachers stand on street corners and rant to an increasingly interested public. Ladies talk about the fate of these poor girls over tea. Pamphlets are printed and handed out. The time for action is now!

The new archbishop of Pelor decided that he was the man to bring the light of modernity to Eastvale. With the approval of the king, he assembled a task force to go and stop the sacrifice. Once the people

had been shown that spring returned in spite of some poor girl losing her life, they would surely call a halt to the whole thing.

Eternal winter

A month ago, the day before the winter solstice, a force of knights and men at arms invaded Eastvale, imprisoned the high priest and took the Young Queen into protective custody. Eastvale was in uproar, threatening to secede from the kingdom and sending the strongest of protests to the king. The king, a devout follower of the orthodox faith, took a hard line with Eastvale, saying that as king he was the protector of all his subjects, and this brainwashing and murder of innocent girls must be stopped!

When the world did not end, people nodded knowingly at each other and laughed at these stupid provincials and their parochial ways. The weather seemed no colder or darker than any other year. However the king's astronomer came to him with disturbing news... the days have not been getting longer. According to his calculations, they have been getting shorter! And the sun was rising ever lower in the sky at mid day.

Too subtle to notice yet with the naked eye, he had checked and rechecked his calculations but each time they had come out the same. If this trend continued... all life in The Land would soon perish beneath eternal winter and freezing night!

The king and the Archbishop tried to keep this under wraps while they tried to think of ways to solve it. The king suggested that maybe they should let the villagers sacrifice the girl after all. The Archbishop would hear none of it... if it were true that Pelor needed this sacrifice, the Orthodox faith and its beliefs would be thrown into doubt. The king went behind his back and asked the High Priest of Eastvale... unfortunately the ceremony could only be performed on the solstice for the sacrifice to be worthy of Pelor. They would just have to hold out for the year and try again... killing the Young Queen now might anger Pelor, and he might never release them from winter's grip!

As the days became weeks, rumour began to spread like wildfire. It was the worst winter on record, and lakes and rivers were beginning to freeze. Even the peasants began to notice that the days were getting longer and darker, and even the most skeptical have put two and two together. Apocalyptic fervour has gripped The Land, and it seems certain that Doom is at hand!

The Truth

One thousand years ago, The Land was a much colder place, a realm of tundra and polar bears, ruled over by a demon of Ice named Meristemopholes. A young knight named Jeremiah rode north to challenge the demon in his fortress of ice. He was beaten and taken prisoner. The demon asked him what he would give in order that his life be spared. The knight replied... that he would give the demon a thousand souls if only he would be set free. The demon laughed at his lavish cowardice but liked the idea very much.

The demon agreed that he would grant his land to the knight and his descendants for a thousand years if only he would grant him a thousand of the purist souls. Thus began the custom in Eastvale, in order to meet this grisly rent imposed on the new kingdom.

The demon has been gathering these souls and saving them up to use in a dire scheme... to harness them in order to blot out the sun and it's life giving warmth! So Jeremiah thought he was getting the best of his bargain... but it turns out that the demon had the last laugh.

Aleena is the one thousandth soul to be sacrificed to the demon. She has already been consecrated to him. She needs only to die, and the demons plans will be fulfilled! Already he has enough power to create this eternal winter. The failure of the sacrifice is but a setback... either she will die by the cold, or at the hands of his minions.



Act One

Scene One

In the hall of the King
The king outlines the problem.

Scene Two

Attack on the party... Aleena must die!

The player's audience with the king is interrupted by the arrival of the Captain of the guard, several of the king's soldiers, and a mysterious figure armoured and cloaked in black. The captain of the guard will apologise to the king... and demand that Aleena be handed over! The black cloaked figure will hiss "You know what must be done" and storm off in theatrical swirl.

Ask Bevedere to make a spot check... unless he rolls really crap (even if he does) tell him that you recognize the sword carried by the figure... it was his brothers! Serriss will recognize him as Baladar, a blackguard of some repute in Elzindore. Malcolm will also recognize him as Baladar, one of Stronghold's direst enemies.

The captain and his crew will draw swords and once again demand the party to stand aside and hand over the girl. The king is beside himself with rage and orders him to sheath his sword and stand down... the captain again apologises and orders his men to kill Aleena. They will block any attempt by the players to leave after Baladar ("Don't let them get away!" shouts the captain), while half bear down on Aleena.

Scene Three

Meanwhile, Baladar will be bearing down on the palace archives. There he will kill the archivist and leave his assistant badly wounded. He will steal Jeremiah's copy of the contract from it's hidden location and escape back to his master via teleportation.

The assistant will be a member of The Hand of Fire and will regale the PCs with the tale of Jeremiah I, first king of Stronghold, who won this land from an ice demon to the north. The assistant's version of the tale is markedly different from The Truth. In it, Jeremiah is a great hero who imprisoned the demon... however, to keep him imprisoned, the annual sacrifice must be made. The archivist pleaded with the king that the girl must be allowed to make her sacrifice, but he would not listen.

The contract (or rather, scroll with the spell of imprisonment on it according to the archivist) was written in some strange diabolical script, the assistant will recall, with Jeremiah's name signed in blood. He will be able to pull out an ancient account of his epic quest, with a map to the demon's ice fortress north of the Darkpeak mountains.

Act Two

Scene One

So the next logical conclusion (I think anyway) is for the PCs to follow the map and find this ice fortress! I am hoping that they go north via Norville, or else this scene and the next are going to fall rather flat on their faces. But hopefully Norville is the logical path to take, and adding in Kerril's background he should take an interest in going that way.

The air is crisp and bitterly cold. The sun rises sullenly above the rolling hills of southshire, shedding weak light but little warmth. The Land is painted in broad strokes of blue, grey and white, a portrait locked in ice as static as any drawn upon canvas. No livestock graze the fields, no farmers work their land, no wagons labour upon the road. Only a few birds circling in the brittle sky break the stillness, for both man and beast lie huddled in their dens, their doors shut against the frigid claws of winter.

The snow crunches beneath your feat, and you are soon chilled to the bone in spite of your furs and wools. Cracks of ice or the heavy thuds of laden branches shedding their burdens are the only sounds that accompany your footsteps. It is normally a good days travel to the town of Norville but as the sun slips back below the horizon you have only gained the main road, and face two more days of exhausting travel before reaching the kingdom's edge.

The night sky seems darker, the stars more piercing and numerous than ever you have seen them before. To the north, strange lights play across the sky, falling in sheer curtains of red and green. Wolves howl in the night, come down from the mountains and emboldened by hunger, searching for any that may have succumbed to the cold.

I'm saving the wolf attacks for scene three. If you want to string this out a bit, you might ask the players what they are doing to ensure they don't all freeze to death, maybe make a few survival rolls, but really I don't want them perishing of exposure when I can kill them with an ice demon later on!

The next day a wind has risen in the east, and long plumes of powdery snow are being blown from the peaks of the white cap mountains. Gossamer clouds drift like cobwebs, impossibly high. By days end you have gained the old crossroads. The signpost stands mute in a high mound of snow, bewhiskered by long icicles. That night the stars are veiled by ever thickening cloud, and even the wolves have sought shelter.

Morning brings the first few flakes, drifting down like leaves in autumn... but soon they become larger and heavier, falling with greater intensity as the winds pick up and begins to howl amid the skeletal trees. Ground and sky become a uniform haze of white, and visibility is reduced to only a few feet. The thickening blanket has obscured all trace of the road, and only the periodic milestones bear witness that man has ever travelled this way. It seems more by chance than design that the walls of Norville loom suddenly the white out.

The players are greeted by two fairly cheery guards, who seem rather cavalier about the weather. "Coming down in buckets, what?" "I'll say... not seen it like this since... well I've never seen it like this!" "Come into the guard room and have a cuppa, before you catch your death!"

Scene Two

The guardroom is warm... almost saunalike! The guards take off their cloaks and introduce themselves as Tim and Darryl. Tim warms his hands on a massive radiator while Darryl himself with the tea. Meanwhile they ask the usual guard questions... where are they from, what their business is, etc. Once they find out that Kerril is **the** Kerril, they will ooh and aah and gush and go on. One will disappear to fetch the Lady Farroh.

Farroh will give the party a lavish welcome, focusing her attention on Kerril of course. She is eager to show him what she's done with the magnificent gift that he gave the village. She will give him a tour of various buildings and facilities... including an enormous indoor heated swimming pool, saunas, the kitchens in the inn, mills powered by steam, and the furnaces of the blacksmiths. Finally, the party will be shown the power plant that runs the whole town... the fire elemental Pyron, kept trapped in the circle of runs fashioned by Kerril and Farroh years before, fed a steady diet of wood and coal, and enslaved to keep the population of Norville in running hot water.

Pyron is guarded night and day by The Stoker to ensure he doesn't go out, and a small team of technicians and a few dwarves to operate all the valves and pumps and levers to make the most of his bounty.

Pyron will become quite agitated at the visit, and will plead, beg, threaten and guilt trip Kerril into breaking his spell and releasing him. He will point out that only he can break this runic prison, that it is wrong to enslave him like this, that he promises to return immediately to the plane of fire, that he will do anything that Kerril wants!

I'm trying to drive the decadence of Norville, especially compared to the rest of the world which is freezing to death at the moment. People will come in from the cold all rosy cheeked and laughing, and be all concerned about this current cold snap but clearly they're not too worried. The tour will also point out how wealthy everyone has become... Norville is now the kingdom's chief producer of steal goods, their exports rivaling that of the Dwarven kingdom!

My plan for the scenario calls for the PCs to **Steal** pyron. Hopefully Pyron's pleading will be all the hint they need, and seeing how decadent the town is while the rest of the world freezes should remove any moral quandary. The Lady Farroh of course will hear none of it if the PCs suggest taking him, even borrowing him. Removing him from the circle is a one time deal... there is no way to put him back unless he agrees to it. If the PCs suggest it to Farroh then she will put a guard on the elemental's chamber and will inform the PCs that they will be arrested if they try to take him.

The PCs may come up with any plan they like for stealing the elemental. If they did not inform Farroh of their plan, then the Elemental's prison is lightly guarded. If they did, there will be a few town guards there too, and Farroh herself might put in an appearance to try and stop the PCs.

To free the elemental, Kerril has only to break the runes that surround him. Hopefully he makes a deal with the elemental **first**. This elemental, a being of spirit, will be bound by it's word. If the players just free him and hope for the best... be generous and have Pyron offer to help them anyway.

The PCs do face a problem however. Pyron needs to feed in order not to go out. He says he can make himself small in order to conserve fuel, but he will still need something to eat. He eyes Kerril's staff hungrily and suggests that he could live on that for the meantime (Kerril's staff is a +1 magic weapon, so more potent than normal wood).

Meanwhile tho, the PCs might have to stop him burning down the town, or at least eating all the coal and wood in the control room. Pyron is mischievous and even as a tiny flame at the end of Kerril's staff, he will attempt to burn any thing he can touch... things like Kerril's hat. Pyron will be a one time, fire and forget weapon... he will be able to resume his full size to burn their enemies, but after that, if there is nothing to burn, he will be forced back to the plane of fire lest he go out.

It's entirely possible that the PCs will completely miss this and totally ignore the possibility of using a **FIRE** elemental as a weapon against an **ICE** demon. If so, ah well, don't force it or drop heavy hints.

Scene Three

It will take the PCs another 3 days to cross The Wild And Untamed Lands between Norville and the Dark Peak Mountains. There are two ways through the Dark Peaks... going around, past the eves of the elven woods, or through Elzindore.

The wilderness is far wilder and more dangerous than the countryside of the Kingdom, and fraught with more dangers. There are bridgeless, frozen rivers to cross, which might crack under the weight of the party. The PCs find the frozen, half eaten carcasses of Auraux and other creatures... plus signs of a pack of Winter Wolves hunting in the area. And the PCs are next on the menu.

On the second day out, as evening falls, the Winter Wolves will attack. There are 4 winter wolves, emboldened by hunger.

Act Three

The Ice Fortress. The fortress is a "5 room dungeon". If caught for time, skip scenes one and two.

Scene One

The door of the Ice Fortress is guarded by a smallish Frost Giant. Go!

Scene Two

Here is a chamber which contains the upper reaches of the great spire of ice which is the demon's arcane machine for doing his evil to the sun. It is tended by strange creatures, pale misshapen girls in filmy rags, lips blue and hair rimed in frost, as if they had drowned in icy water. Their hands are now viscious talons.

The frost maidens will take little interest in the PCs, and go about their tasks oblivious to them. Aleena however, will recognize some of them... as the girls sacrificed in previous years! One of them, her best friend Eliza, will greet her with some joy, embracing her in a freezing hug, saying how glad she is that she has finally joined them all. Eliza will recoil from Aleena... she is so warm...

Entirely up to the PCs what to do here. They can kill them or they can walk on by, up to them really.

Scene Three

In the Antechamber of the Fortress of Ice, the PCs will be confronted by Baladar and a posse of devils. If the PCs do not have Pyron with them, this will be a posse of Devils only... substitute Baladar for the main bad guy instead.

Baladar will do a little trash talking first of course... he will try to persuade the PCs to join him, and will give them high positions in the new order to come. I hope Bevedere says "you killed my brother" 'cos then he gets to say "no bevedere... I **am** your brother!"

The crux of Baladar's argument will be that where is Pelor now? But his lord and master is very much a real presence, who is now poised to conquer the world.

Baladar is accompanied by a bearded devil or two and a handful of frost maidens. As long as Baladar is alive, a couple of reinforcements arrive every now and again if you need them.

Scene Four

The big climax! Merystemopholes sits on his throne and oversees the completion of his Anti Sun Spire. Frost maidens lounge at his feet and tend to the spire. Merystemopholes will seem nonplussed that his right hand man is dead... Aleena will make a better one, once she has died! Here is where hopefully the PCs will bust out Pyron. Pyron can fight Merystemopholes while the PCs deal with the frost maidens and bearded devils. All

the while the spire glows and throbs more and more, and frost maidens approach it and are merged with it.

There exists the possibility that Merystemopholes will punk Pyron in a round or two, if he gets a couple of lucky crits in. If this happens... hopefully he'll be sufficiently weakened that the PCs can finish him. He'll shout something like "I will deal with them myself!" and order his minions off them (just so that the PCs can concentrate on him and hopefully bring him down).

Scene Five

That was a load bearing boss!

With Merystemopholes defeated, the Ice Spire begins to collapse, and with it the entire Ice Fortress! Volkswagen sized chunks of ice begin to fall from the ceiling and smash on the floor, and it's high time people got the hell out of here! Meanwhile, the surviving frost maidens are bathed in a holy light, which seems to thaw them out, as they fade from sight with blissful smiles to a celestial choir.

NPCs

In order of appearance. Note: use the stats given here, not the ones in the Monsters Manual. I've reduced the power of some creatures to make them more manageable by the party.

Captain of the Guard

Level 6 lawful neutral fighter

STR	14	+2	HP	50
DEX	12	+1	AC	19
CON	14	+2	Touch	11
INT	12	+1	Flat.	18
WIS	10	+0	Init.	+5
CHA	12	+1	Speed:	20

Fortitude	7
Reflex	3
Will	2

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Halberd	+10/+5	1D10+5	x3

Feats

Weapon focus (Halberd)
Weapon specialization (Halberd)
Combat expertise
Improved trip
Improved disarm
Combat reflexes
Blind fighting
Improved Initiative

Stuff

Masterwork full plate armour
Masterwork halberd

Elite Guards

Level 3 lawful neutral warriors

STR	12	+1	HP	23
DEX	11	+0	AC	17
CON	13	+1	Touch	10
INT	10	+1	Flat.	17
WIS	8	-1	Init.	+0
CHA	9	-1	Speed:	20

Fortitude	4
Reflex	1
Will	0

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Halberd	+5	1D10+1	x3

Feats

Weapon focus
Toughness
Alertness

Stuff

Halberd, half plate armour

Normal Guards

Level 2 lawful neutral warriors

STR	12	+1	HP	15
DEX	11	+0	AC	17
CON	13	+1	Touch	10
INT	10	+1	Flat.	17
WIS	8	-1	Init.	+0
CHA	9	-1	Speed:	20

Fortitude	4
Reflex	0
Will	0

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Longsword	+4	1D8+1	19-20

Feats

Weapon focus (longsword)
Alertness

Stuff

Longsword, shield, chainmail

The King

Level 9 lawful good Aristocrat

STR	12	+1	HP	54
DEX	12	+1	AC	11
CON	12	+1	Touch	11
INT	14	+2	Flat.	10
WIS	16	+3	Init.	+1
CHA	19	+4	Speed:	30

Fortitude	4
Reflex	4
Will	8

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Longsword	+8/+3	1D8+1	19-20

Feats

Weapon focus (longsword)
Alertness
Leadership
Persuasive
Negotiator

Stuff

Masterwork longsword

Baladar

6th level paladin 3th level blackguard, Lawful Evil.

STR	16	+3	HP	96
DEX	11	+0	AC	22
CON	18	+4	Touch	10
INT	10	+0	Flat.	22
WIS	14	+2	Init.	+0
CHA	15	+2	Speed:	20

Fortitude	14
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Reflex	5
Will	7

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Sword	+14/+9	1D8+4	17-20

Feats

Weapon focus: longsword
Power attack
Cleave
Improved sunder
Improved critical: longsword

Special Abilities

Detect good
Spells: 2 lvl 1 (cause fear, corrupt weapon)
Smite good, x3/day (+2 to hit +2 damage)
Sneak attack +1D6
Lay on hands: Heal 4 hp/day

Stuff

Sword, +1, +1D6 frost damage, +1D10 frost damage on critical hit
Full plate +1, cold resistance 10
Shield, +1
Helm of telepathy 100ft (for to control demon minions)

Notes:

Brother of Bevedere, presumed dead, actually turned to the Dark Side (gasp!)

Lady Farroh

5th level chaotic neutral enchantress

STR	8	-1	HP	14
DEX	12	+1	AC	11
CON	10	+0	Touch	11
INT	16	+3	Flat.	10
WIS	11	+0	Init.	+1
CHA	18	+4	Speed:	30

Fortitude	1
Reflex	2
Will	4

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Dagger	+1	1D4-1	19-20

Feats

Scribe scroll
Brew potion
Spell focus: Enchant
Greater spell focus: Enchant
Negotiator

Stuff

Dagger, cat familiar

Spells

Lvl 1 Charm person x 2, sleep x 2, hypnotism
Lvl 2 Daze monster, invisibility, Eagle's splendour, Minor image
Lvl 3 Deep slumber, hold person, suggestion

Norville Stokers

3rd level lawful neutral experts

STR	12	+1	HP	13
DEX	10	+0	AC	10
CON	11	+0	Touch	10
INT	13	+1	Flat.	10
WIS	8	-1	Init.	+0
CHA	9	-1	Speed:	30

Fortitude	3
Reflex	2
Will	1

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Spanner	+3	1D6+1	x2

Feats

Skill focus, skill focus, skill focus

Stuff

Spanner

Chief Stoker

Level 6 lawful neutral Dwarven expert

STR	14	+2	HP	42
DEX	10	+0	AC	12
CON	16	+3	Touch	10
INT	18	+4	Flat.	12
WIS	12	+1	Init.	+0
CHA	8	-1	Speed:	30

Fortitude	5
Reflex	2
Will	6

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Monkey wrench	+8	1D10+3	x2

Feats

Skill focus, skill focus, weapon focus (monkey wrench)

Stuff

Masterwork really big monkey wrench, stout leather apron (leather armour).

Pyron

Neutral Huge elemental (Fire), 21 HD

STR	20	+5	HP	178
DEX	27	+7	AC	24
CON	18	+4	Touch	16
INT	10	+0	Flat.	16
WIS	11	+0	Init.	+12
CHA	16	+3	Speed:	60

Fortitude	11
Reflex	20
Will	9

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Slam	+22/+22	2D8+5	x2

Feats

Alertness, Combat reflexes, Dodge, Improved initiative, Iron will, Mobility, Spring attack, weapon finesse, blind fighting, weapon focus (slam).

Special Abilities

Damage reduction 5/-

Immunity to fire

Vulnerability to cold

Darkvision 60ft

Immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning

Cannot be flanked, immune to crits

Burn:

Slam attack deals bludgeoning and fire damage. On successful attack, foe must make reflex save (DC 24) or catch fire for 1D4 rounds, 2D8 damage.

Any attack by natural or unarmed hits counts as if hit by the elemental's slam attack, including burning.

May not enter a body of water or cross one it can't step over.

Notes:

Pyron is far more clever and charismatic than your average fire elemental, but not that clever. He is bound by his word if he gives it. He is mischievous and loves to play pranks. Once free, Pyron can shift back to the fire plane any time he likes. He can assume a tiny form so as to conserve fuel... in his huge form, he would quickly starve and go out with no flammable things to eat.

Winter wolves

6HD neutral evil large magical beasts

STR	18	+4	HP	51
DEX	13	+1	AC	15
CON	16	+3	Touch	10
INT	9	-1	Flat.	14
WIS	13	+1	Init.	+5
CHA	10	+0	Speed:	50

Fortitude	8
Reflex	6
Will	3

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Bite	+9	1D8+6+1D6 cold	x2

Special Abilities

Breath weapon 15ft cone 4D6 cold, every 1D4 rounds

Bite delivers extra 1D6 frost damage (noted above)

Trip: On bite, may trip, +8, may not be tripped back

Note: move silently +7

Lugor the Frost Giant

Large giant (cold), 10 HD

STR	28	+9	HP	95
DEX	9	-1	AC	17
CON	21	+5	Touch	8
INT	10	0	Flat.	17
WIS	14	+2	Init.	-1
CHA	11	+0	Speed:	40

Fortitude 12
Reflex 2
Will 5

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Greataxe	+14/+9	3D6+13	x3
Rock	+6	2D6+9	x2

Special Abilities

Immunity to cold, low light vision, vulnerable to fire, throw rocks 120 feet

Stuff

Large greataxe, a pile of rocks, several dead sheep.

Note on devils: All the devils presented here are immune to cold instead of fire. Rather than have fire resistance 10, they are vulnerable to fire.

Merystemopholes, Ice devil

Large outsider (Evil, extraplanar, lawful), hit dice 14

Note: This is a somewhat toned down Ice Devil.

STR	23	+6	HP	147
DEX	21	+5	AC	25
CON	23	+6	Touch	14
INT	22	+6	Flat.	20
WIS	22	+6	Init.	+5
CHA	20	+5	Speed:	40

Fortitude 15
Reflex 14
Will 15

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Spear	+20/+15/+10	2D6+9	x3
Bite	+14	2D6+3	x2
Tail	+14	3D6+3	x2
Claws	+19/+19	1D10+6	x2

Feats

Alertness, Cleave, Power attack, Combat reflexes, Weapon focus (spear).

Special Abilities

May attack with spear + bite + tail, or claws + bite + tail
Spear and tail attacks do additional 1D6 frost damage. On a critical, tail does an additional 1D10 and spear 2D10 frost damage.

Fear aura: 10 foot radius, will save DC 22

Spell like abilities:

Cast at level 13, cast at will

Cone of cold (DC 20), Ice storm, wall of ice (DC 19)

Regeneration 5, takes normal damage from "good" weapons or spells

Damage reduction 5/good

Darkvision 60ft

Immunity to cold and poison

Resistant to acid 10

Vulnerable to fire (damage x1.5)

Spell resistance 17

Telepathic control of demons

Notes:

10

I've reduced his AC and removed a lot of abilities, but this entry still assumes the PCs have Pyron as an ally and will use him here. If they do not have pyron, or have used him up already, then Baladar is as good a climax bad guy as any, just give him more bearded devil minions, especially if they unload Pyron on him.

Bearded Devils (Ice version)

Medium Outsider (Evil, Extraplanar, Lawful), HD 6

STR	15	+2	HP	45
DEX	15	+2	AC	19
CON	17	+3	Touch	12
INT	6	-2	Flat.	17
WIS	10	+0	Init.	+6
CHA	10	+0	Speed:	40

Fortitude 8
Reflex 7
Will 5

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Glaive	+9/+4	1D10+3	x3
Claws	+8/+8	1D6+2	x2

Feats:

Improved initiative, power attack, weapon focus (Glaive)

Special Abilities:

Damage reduction 5/silver or good

Darkvision 60ft

Immunity to cold and poison

Resistance to acid 10

Vulnerability to fire

See in darkness

Spell resistance 17

Telepathy 100 ft

Battle frenzy x2/day, +4 str +4 con +2 will -2 AC for 6 rounds.

Frost maidens

Medium Outsider (Evil, Extraplanar, Lawful) 2HD

STR	10	+0	HP	9
DEX	10	+0	AC	14
CON	10	+0	Touch	10
INT	10	+0	Flat.	14
WIS	11	+0	Init.	+0
CHA	5	-3	Speed:	20

Fortitude 3
Reflex 3
Will 3

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.
Claw	+2/+2	1D4	x2

Special abilities:

Damage reduction 5/good or silver

Darkvision 60ft

Immunity to cold and poison

Acid resistance 10

Vulnerable to fire

See in darkness

Alamanda Frostborn

6th level neutral good elven druid

STR	11	+0	HP	37
DEX	20	+5	AC	18
CON	12	+1	Touch	15
INT	14	+2	Flat.	13
WIS	17	+3	Init.	+5
CHA	12	+1	Speed:	30

Fortitude	6
Reflex	7
Will	8

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Longbow	10	1D8	19-20	110 ft
Longsword	4	1D8	19-20	

Skill	Bonus
Handle animal	10
Knowledge nature	11
Concentration	8
Survival	12
Swim	5
Spot	8
Search	8
Listen	7
Heal	7
Move silently	11
Hide	11

Feats

Point blank shot (+1 to hit within 30 feet)
 Precise shot (can fire into melee OK)
 Rapid shot (1 shot normal or 2 at -2 each)

Special Abilities

Spells, 5 lvl 0, 4 lvl 1, 4 lvl 2, 3 lvl 3 / day.
 Wild empathy +7
 Woodland stride (move freely through undergrowth)
 Trackless step (may choose to leave no trail)
 Resist natures lure (+4 to resist effects of fey creatures)
 May change into a small or medium animal, x3 daily, for up to 6 hours.

Snow leopard Iceclaw

HP: 46
 Initiative: +5
 Speed: 40
 AC: 18, touch: 15, flat foot: 13
 Attack: Bite +8 1D6+3
 Full attack: Bite +8 1D6+3 2 claws +8 1D3 + 1
 Saves: Fort +6 Ref +9 Will +2
 Skills: Balance +13 climb +11 hide +10 jump +11 listen +6 move silently +10 spot +6
 Notes: On successful bite, may grapple. On successful grapple, may rake (2 claw attacks). May make full attack on charge.

Stuff

Magical bow (+1)
 Leather armour (+1)
 Boots of elven kind
 Cloak of elven kind

Druid's vestments.

The World

You hale from the elven kingdom in the north, nestled against the foothills of the Darkpeak mountains. The elven civilization is in slow decline, keeping to their forests while the humans forge ahead. The humans have been valuable allies however against the wild tribes of orcs and goblins from the wild lands.

Your Story

Far from the soft lights and tidy moonlit glades of the heart of elvendom, you grew up in the wild foothills of the Darkpeak mountains. Winter came early up here, and released it's grip only tentatively in the spring. From an early age you rejoiced in the frost and snow, in the silence of winter, in the glory of the clear nights and the silver moon light.

Spending long hours by yourself in the mountains, you came across a bedraggled little ball of fluff mewling near the carcass of a snow leopard. The mother had been killed by orcs to judge from the arrows, so you took the kitten home and raised her yourself. She enjoys the winter as much as you, and has been your constant companion ever since... though now she is all grown up, no longer the helpless kitten but a formidable hunter.

Somewhere to the east is a stronghold of evil, a place you know only as Elzindore. A twisted parody of a civilized city, here all sorts of evil creatures come to plot and scheme and swap ideas about the downfall of the good races. Beholders, mind flayers, even the drow gather here in great numbers. They stir up the tribes of orcs and goblins, causing no end of trouble for those like yourself living on the edge of civilized lands.

The past month has been very strange, ever since the winter solstice. Normally this is your favourite time of the year, but the weather has been getting colder and harsher, the sun spending less and less time above the horizon when it should be spending more. In your dreams, you have become aware of a great and malevolent spirit rising in the north. The creatures of the wild don't know what to do, and if it is not righted, all may perish. You have travelled with Iceclaw to the human capitol of Stronghold to see what they know of this.

Appearance

Your skin is as white as snow, your hair like a fine lace of frost, and your eyes as blue as a brittle winter sky. Your cloak is woven with enchantments and changes colour to match the season... draped in it's volumous white folds you are all but invisible against the frozen landscape. Iceclaw is a large white ghost padding silently by your side, her spots faded almost to nothing on her thick, winter coat.

Personality

While you may love the winter, your personality is more summery, and it's rare that a smile does not brighten your face. You care deeply for the good creatures of the world, and would protect those that cannot protect themselves.

Aleena Fairbright

6th level chaotic good cleric

STR	10	+0	HP	31
DEX	14	+2	AC	21
CON	11	+0	Touch	12
INT	12	+1	Flat.	19
WIS	19	+4	Init.	+2
CHA	16	+3	Speed:	20

Fortitude	5
Reflex	4
Will	9

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Mace	5	1D8+1	x2	

Skill	Bonus
Knowledge (religion)	10
Knowledge (history)	10
Concentration	9
Heal	13
Diplomacy	12

Feats

Extra turning
Improved turning
Weapon focus (mace)
Improved initiative

Special Abilities

Domains: Sun, Healing

Caster level for healing spells counts as 7

Turn undead x10 / day. Turning check: D20 + 5

Result	Max HD affected
---------------	------------------------

6	5
7-9	6
10-12	7
13-15	8
16-18	9
19-20	10
21+	11

2D6 + 10 HD of undead turned

Undead of 3HD or less are destroyed instead

Greater turning: 1/day instead of a regular turn, destroy any turned undead.

Spells:

Lvl 0: 5/day

Lvl 1: 4+1/day

Lvl 2: 4+1/day

Lvl 3: 3+1/day

Stuff

Magical mace (+1)

+1 breastplate

+1 shield

Strand of prayer beads (may cast bless 1/day, one of cure serious wounds, remove blindness/deafness/disease, 1/day)

The World

You live in the great human kingdom, premier power of the world, ruled by the good king Merter from his seat at

Stronghold. Elves and Dwarves are the allies of the humans against such threats as orcs and trolls.

Your Story

You come from Eastvale village, a small and idyllic agrarian community high in the Whitecap mountains. The folk of eastvale village have a few quaint local customs... the main one being the coronation of the Young Queen on the day after the winter solstice. Chosen from among a group of pious young women raised in a convent, the Young Queen becomes the head of state of the village for a year. She is wined and dined, invited to all the best parties, and presides over ceremonies such as opening new inns or the prize giving at the ploughing championships.

Her most important role however is on the noon of the winter solstice... when she is sacrificed to the sun god, Pelor, so that winter may end and spring return to the land.

A year ago, you were crowned the Young Queen. All your life, all your studies and prayers, had lead to this moment. Your best friend, Eliza, had been the young queen the year before you. You cried when her heart was ripped from her chest, but were glad also, for now she is seated at the right hand of Pelor in paradise. Every now and again you grew afraid of this great responsibility thrust upon you, but each time you remembered her words, and the peace in her eyes and her secret smile only to you as she mounted the steps of the Dais. You missed her terribly, but it would not be long before you joined her once more.

Your big day approached. You were anointed and consecrated, in all ways prepared for this holy sacrament. Dreams turned to nightmares, however, when a force of knights from the capitol, Stronghold, invaded Eastvale and took both you and the high priest captive! They called it "protective custody", and claimed they were protecting you from the high priest, that this sacrifice was a barbaric heresy! The solstice came and went. You wept bitterly for days and days, begging Pelor to forgive you, for only at noon on the solstice can the sacrifice be holy to him. It seems that he has not forgiven those who did this, for he has withdrawn his warmth from the land, and even now winter is tightening it's grip.

Appearance

Many of your sisters at the convent were quite scholarly and spent their time at quiet and contemplative pursuits. You however were ever the tomboy, as likely to come home mudstained and with twigs in your hair as not. Ever since your coronation however, you have had handmaidens fussing over you and combing your hair and cleaning you up. The folk of the village all agree that there was a lovely girl after all waiting to emerge.

Personality

While you might be somewhat wild and have a rebellious streak, deep down you are a good and just person, who wants to help those around her.

Sir Bedevere

6th level lawful good paladin

STR	16	+3	HP	62
DEX	11	+0	AC	23
CON	18	+4	Touch	10
INT	10	+0	Flat.	23
WIS	14	+2	Init.	+0
CHA	14	+2	Speed:	20

Fortitude	11
Reflex	4
Will	6

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Sword	+12/+6	1D8+5	19-20	
Lance	+10/+4	1D8+3	x3	

Skill	Bonus
Ride	9
Knowledge: Religion	9
Diplomacy	11
Knowledge: Nobility and royalty	9

Feats

Weapon focus: Sword

Mounted combat (make a ride check to negate a hit on horse)

Ride by attack (may charge, attack, and move again)

Spirited charge (x2 damage on mounted charge, x3 with lance)

Special Abilities

Spells. 2 Lvl 1 spells / day.

Detect evil at will.

Smite evil 2/day (+2 to hit +6 to damage vrs evil).

Heal up to 12 hp a day by touch.

Immune to fear, allies within 10 feet get +4 vrs fear.

Immunity to disease.

Turn undead 5/day.

Special Mount: Emphatic link, share spells, imp. Evasion.

Remove disease 1/week.

Warhorse Merridir

HP:	45
Initiative:	+1
Speed:	50ft
AC:	22, touch 10, flat footed 22
Attack:	Hoof +6 to hit 1D6+4
Full attack:	2 hooves +6 to hit 1D+4, bite +1 1D4+2
Saves:	Fort +11, Ref +5, Will +6
Skills:	Listen + 5, Spot + 4
Note:	+1 height bonus vrs medium opponents while mounted.

Stuff

Magical sword (+2)

Full plate armour (+1)

Shield (+1)

Bracers of armour (+1)

Masterwork Lance

The World

You live in the great human kingdom, premier power of the world, ruled by the good king Merter from his seat at Stronghold. Elves and Dwarves are the allies of the humans against such threats as orcs and trolls.

Your Story

You are the third son of the Baron of Millford. It is traditional that the first son of the nobility study in the ways of statesmanship while the second son studies the ways of war. Tradition dictated that you study the ways of the Gods. While you were a devout young man who had a powerful personal faith in the Gods, you dreamed above all else of becoming a knight, and cursed your fate, jealous of your older brother.

Nonetheless you applied yourself diligently to your studies of Pelor the sun god. The bottom fell out of your world, however, when you got a letter summoning you home... your brother had died fighting the orcs of the White Cap mountains. You were now required to fight for the king in his place.

Your dream of being a knight was finally realised, but more than anything you wished that your brother was still alive, and you were eaten by guilt, that you wished ill of your brother, and that your parting was marred by your jealousy. You vowed that from here on in, you would strive to be the best of knights, to become worthy of your brother.

You have retained many ties to the church, and indeed your faith lends considerable strength to your arm in combat. A month ago you were part of a force sent against Eastvale village, a remote and isolated community in the Whitecap mountains. Here they practiced annual human sacrifice on the winter solstice, and you were able to prevent this heinous crime. Unfortunately since then, the weather has gotten colder and darker, and it seems the world is locked in perpetual winter.

Appearance

Tall, rugged, with the square jaw and granite hewn features of a comic book superhero. Your armour is crafted of the finest steel and polished to a mirror finish, draped in a white tabard and cloak with the sunburst of Pelor picked out in gold. Merridir your trusty steed, an immense white warhorse, stands 18 hands high at the shoulder, in gleaming barding and white caparison.

Personality

While you strive to be the best knight you can be, to follow the laws of chivalry, and to do good in the eyes of Pelor, lord of the sun... at the back of your mind doubt gnaws at you. You are racked with guilt over your brother, who had to give his life so that the whim of a selfish boy who wanted to be a knight could be satisfied.

You are convinced that your actions at Eastvale were correct, and they did not cause this current weather problem. They were ordered and sanctioned by Archbishop Vledimar himself (head of the church of Pelor). The thought that a sacrifice in some parochial village is needed by Pelor is simply ludicrous.

Kerril the Astronomer

6th level lawful neutral Transmuter

STR	8	-1	HP	23
DEX	12	+1	AC	13
CON	12	+1	Touch	11
INT	19	+4	Flat.	10
WIS	16	+3	Init.	+1
CHA	12	+1	Speed:	30

Fortitude	4
Reflex	4
Will	8

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Dagger	+3	1D4-1	19-20	10
Staff	+3	1D6	x2	

Skill	Bonus
Knowledge (arcane)	15
Knowledge (the planes)	12
Spellcraft	17
Concentration	14
Decipher script	8
Knowledge (astronomy)	13
Knowledge (weather)	11
Spot	10

Feats

Scribe scroll
Brew potion
Spell focus (transmutation)
Greater spell focus (transmutation)
Combat casting
Magical aptitude

Special Abilities

Spells lvl 0: 4/day, lvl 1: 5+1/day, lvl 2: 4+1/day lvl 3:
3+1/day (The "+1" must be a transmutation spell)
Familiar (owl)

Stuff

Rod of empowerment (3/day spell variable effects 150%)
Ring of protection (+1)
Amulet of natural armour (+1)
Masterwork dagger
Magic staff (+1)

Spellbook (spells marked 'T' are transmutation)

level 0 (all except necromancy and enchantment)
level 1
Shield, Mage armour, Magic Missile, Feather fall (T),
Unseen servant, Identify, Comprehend languages,
Reduce person (T), Expeditious retreat (T).
level 2
Invisibility, Mirror image, Levitate(T), Alter self (T).
level 3
Dispel magic, Fireball, Haste(T), Slow(T).

The World

You live in the great human kingdom, premier power of the world, ruled by the good king Merter from his seat at Stronghold. Elves and Dwarves are the allies of the humans against such threats as orcs and trolls.

Your Story

You were born to a wealthy family of merchants in Stronghold, capitol of the human kingdom. You received a first rate education and showed a magical aptitude from an early age. At the magical college in Stronghold three names consistently rose to the top... yours, that of Lergin, and Farroh, whom you had an almighty crush on. The three of you became fast friends, but also rivals as each tried to outdo the other. Your friendship ended in the final year of college, and the three of you parted on cool terms at best.

You were appointed to replace the aging court astronomer at the royal palace, a prestigious post. Farroh returned to her home in Norville while Lergin studied under the great Chronomancer of the west. You became the land's foremost authority on both celestial phenomenon and the planes.

About a year ago fortune threw you and Farroh back together. She was now the Lady of Norville, and had grown both in beauty and power. However, she needed you and your knowledge of the planes and it's denizens... a mighty fire elemental was terrorizing the countryside, and it had to be stopped! It was far too powerful to be confronted directly, but by working together the two of you devised a magical circle to trap the beast.

Your trap was successful and you were hailed a hero, but even as you were returning Lergin went and saved the whole **world** from destruction by time gone mad, stealing your thunder. Someday, you would show him. You thought that your experience with Farroh might bring ye back together, but a dangerous ambition burned in her eyes as bright as the elemental, and you gladly returned home. As far as you know she still keeps it in it's circle.

About 3 weeks ago while taking some standard measurements you noticed a very odd thing... rather than getting longer as they should after the winter solstice, the days have continued to get shorter! This trend has not reversed itself, and now The Land is locked in the worst winter on record. You think that somehow, this plane is shifting, merging with some icy hell, but you have no idea how to stop it. But if you could... that would sure show that Lergin! Somewhere there must be some immense focus, in order to channel the energies needed to do this.

Appearance

Somewhat tall and gangly, with wild hair and sometimes wilder eyes. Long nights spend staring at the stars has lent your skin a pale complexion, emphasized all the more by the black robes of the court astronomer, embroidered with moons, stars, and other heavenly bodies.

Personality

At your heart lies a burning curiosity and a thirst for knowledge, but also a thirst for order. Like the bodies move through the heavens on preordered tracks, so you like to think the mundane world too can be made orderly and perfect. You also burn with a jealousy over the accolades won by your peer Lergin, and are eager to prove your worth as a magician.

Malcolm Black

4th level chaotic neutral rogue/ 2nd level ranger

STR	14	+2	HP	39
DEX	18	+4	AC	19
CON	14	+2	Touch	14
INT	16	+3	Flat.	15
WIS	14	+2	Init.	+4
CHA	10	+0	Speed:	30

Fortitude	4
Reflex	11
Will	3

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Dagger	+10	1D4+2	19-20	10
Short sword	+10/+9	1D6+4/+3	19-20	
Longbow	+10	1D8+2	19-20	110

Skill	Bonus
Jump	11
Survival	9
Knowledge nature	8
Move silently	13
Spot	11
Search	11
Hide	10
Listen	11
Climb	7
Use rope	9
Open lock	10
Gather information	4
Sense motive	6
Bluff	4
Disable device	9

Feats

Track (use survival skill to track)
Two weapon combat
Two weapon defense
Weapon finesse
Weapon focus (short sword)
Dodge (+1 AC vrs 1 opponent)

Special Abilities

Favoured enemy: Human. +2 to bluff, spot, listen, sense motive, and damage vrs humans.
Wild empathy: D20 +4, as diplomacy for animals.
Sneak attack: +2D6 hits to flat footed or flanked enemy
Trapfinding: can find (search) and disable traps
Evasion: can save for no damage instead of half
Trap sense: +1 reflex save or AC vrs trap attacks
Uncanny dodge: retains dex bonus while flat footed

Stuff

2 magical short swords (+2 and +1)
Leather armour (+1)
Bracers of armour (+1)
2 masterwork daggers
Masterwork composite longbow
Masterwork thieves tools

The World

You live in the great human kingdom, premier power of the world, ruled by the good king Merter from his seat at Stronghold. Elves and Dwarves are the allies of the humans against such threats as orcs and trolls.

Your Story

Not everybody gets to be a hero. Not everyone gets the breaks in life. You had to struggle to survive from day one, growing up an orphan in the squalid back streets of Stronghold. You figured as life never gave you anything, everything was yours for the taking. The city guard soon knew you on a first name basis, and you were brought before the magistrate ten times before your tenth birthday. They tried to put you in a home, run by the priests of Pelor, but that was just another prison. At least you didn't get preached to in real prison.

So you ran away, scraping a living in the woods, poaching, thieving, even robbed a few stages on the highway in your time. You had only one code that you lived by... nobody dies. You figure life may have dealt you one from the bottom on the sly, but that was no reason to go taking a life.

But being in the life you choose you fell in with the wrong crowd. And you got lucky... the next coach you stopped was carrying none other than Princess Peony, daughter of King Merter himself. She would fetch a high price in ransom. Behind your back however, the low lives you were running with went and sold her to a band of Gnolls... they had money right now, and weren't likely to try exacting revenge. Knowing the fate she would meet at their hands, you ran off to rescue her like a big dumb hero.

Brought her all the way back to the palace yourself, and the king was so pleased he pardoned you of all crimes and gave you a new job... doing all the jobs that needed doing but were too dirty for anyone to know someone as good and pure as the king needed them done. Mostly it's countering agents from Elzindore... Evil's own version of stronghold, a city high in the Darkspear mountains where every monster and freak from the wilds can gather and talk shop.

Cought one fellow the other day skulking around, a Drow, and he's rotting in the dungeons even now. You wish you could capture Baladar, a known blackguard and prime mover among the enemies of Stronghold. Things are afoot however... an unnaturally long and cold winter has set in and one things for sure... whoever's behind it has incurred the king's displeasure.

Appearance

You have a sneer that could curdle milk and your chin sports stubble grizzled enough to sharpen blades. Your eyes are cold and hard, shadowed by your broad brimmed hat.

Personality

You are fanatically loyal to the king, the only man in the whole world who's ever done anything for you. You are hopelessly in love with Princess Peony, but you know that it can never happen. You like to take this out on the kings enemies.

Serriss Threll

Lawful evil Drow 3rd level warlock 2nd level fighter

STR	12	+1	HP	34
DEX	20	+5	AC	21
CON	14	+2	Touch	16
INT	14	+2	Flat.	16
WIS	10	+0	Init.	+9
CHA	12	+1	Speed:	30

Fortitude	5
Reflex	6
Will	3

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Rapier	+12	1D6+3	18-20	
Eldritch blast	+9	2D6	x2	60ft

Skill	Bonus
Concentration	12
Knowledge (the planes)	9
Knowledge (religion)	9
Bluff	10
Intimidate	7

Feats

Weapon finesse
Weapon focus: Rapier
Combat casting
Dodge (May select 1 opponent, get +1 AC)
Improved initiative

Special Abilities

Eldritch blast: Ranged touch attack, at will.
Hideous blow: May make a single melee attack, damage from eldritch blast is added to melee damage.
Detect magic, at will.
Damage reduction 1/cold iron
Dark one's own luck: May add +3 to any one saving throw (choose at time of casting), may be cast at will.
Darkvision 120 feet
Spell resistance 16
Dancing lights, Darkness, Fairy fire x1/day

Stuff

+1 Mithral breastplate
+2 rapier
Goggles of not being screwed over by sunlight.

The World

Deep beneath the Darkspear mountains, in the ruins of the ancient halls of dwarves that delved too deep and too greedily, lives a whole society which the surface world knows nothing about. Orcs, goblins, drow, and stranger creatures plot and scheme against each other. Only the city of Elzindore bears witness to this underworld, for those clinging to the surface to see.

Your Story

As a man in a society dominated by women, you were never going to amount to much in the underworld. The best you could hope for would be to become some powerful woman's plaything, a favoured concubine until someone new and more interesting came along. You

decided that you would rather give yourself over at least to someone who would grant some form of power in return, and so you became a disciple of Baalathan, lord of fire and baron of the lower hells.

All of course not nearly as dramatic as it sounds. You left the realms of the Threll clan to seek your fortune elsewhere, and this led you to Elzindore. Here, unlike the more segregated caverns below, all manner of folk gather, trade, interact, plot, and scheme. Beholders, mind flayers, even a few dragons can be seen all busily talking shop and gossiping.

While the vast majority of the energies of the denizens of Elzindore are spent at important things like getting one up on the orcs or keeping the kobolds in their place, occasionally the small human kingdom to the south gives trouble. With your nifty magic goggles, you can operate almost as well in the hard light of day as under comforting cover of darkness, and you have become a first rate spy.

Stronghold, the human capitol, reminds you a lot of Elzindore. People are people wherever you go, you guess. You have been trying to track down a particular man, a human who frequents Elzindore, by the name of Baladar. This one is dedicated to a devil of ice, a great rival of your lord Baalathan, named Merystemopholes. As far as you know he skulks in a fortress of ice somewhere to the north, in the tundra beyond the Darkspear mountains. Elzindore is built at the only pass through the mountains... the only other way north is to go round for miles, through the woods of the forest elves or the halls of the dwarves... not a prospect for good health.

You don't know what business Baladar has in stronghold, but had tracked him there and were about to end his evil ways when you were apprehended by a group of human guards.

While sitting idly in the human's dungeons (so plain and boring compared to the ones back home... they don't even get hot half naked chicks to come and torture you, what fiendish... torture... is this? You demand your rights!) you have noticed quite a commotion among the populace. Even from your cell you have noticed winter tightening it's grip when spring should be beginning, the days growing shorter and colder. Has this ice demon made his play already? Even stranger, you have been summoned from your cell to an audience before the human king...

Appearance

You are a fine example of Drow elven manhood... short, lithe, and graceful. You get more than your fair share of attention from high ranking females, but you know they're only after your body. You wear your gleaming white hair long, usually falling rakishly over one violet eye. Your black cloak and armour compliments your dark dusky skin quite nicely.

Personality

You are somewhat edgy and paranoid compared to regular humans or elves, but are fairly easy going and live and let live compared to your drow elven kin...life in Elzindore has made you broad minded.