

# Chapter 11 Events

Elistan clothed in the robes of a priest of Paladine. He carries the Disks of Mishakal and is bringing the Word to all the world. This vision lasts only a moment. The cleric has a strong feeling that Elistan must read the Disks of Mishakal, recovered by Goldmoon in DL1, right away. This vision takes place whether or not Elistan was converted to the worship of Paladine in DL 2.

If the cleric speaks with Elistan about the disks, he appears mildly interested and says he will look at them later. That night, he takes the disks and stays up all night. The next morning he emerges refreshed and with new power and determination. Overnight, he has become a 7th level cleric of Paladine. From this point on, use Elistan's Character Card.

## Event #4: Changing Weather (Day 2, Turn 1)

The dawn breaks clear and cold. The snow-laden clouds have moved off to the east, leaving a chill blue sky.

For the next seven days the weather is clear.

## Event #5: Dragonarmies Break Through

If the characters sealed the gates of Pax Tharkas in DL 2, the dragonarmies take four days to get over the wall. If the characters did not seal the gates in DL 2, the dragonarmies take two days to organize pursuit. If you did not play DL 2, assume that the gates were not sealed. When the dragonarmies break through, this Event takes place.

In the distance, clouds of snow rise from the ground as though kicked up by some tremendous wind. Soon, the glint of weapons and armor can be seen. The dragonarmies have escaped Pax Tharkas!

The dragonarmies invade the wilderness lands. They are cautious, and their advance is disorderly. They are highly suspicious of a trap and slow to a movement rate of 10" when they first see any PCs or refugees.

The dragonarmy occupies one Encounter Area every four game hours. In order for an Area to fall, it must border an Encounter Area previously occupied by the dragonarmy. The dragonarmies cannot occupy Encounter Areas 18 (Snow Passage), 20 (Hopeful Vale), 31 (The Bog), or 32 (Skullcap) at this time.

If the dragonarmy and the refugees are in the same Encounter Area, 50 baaz draconians attack the camp once per day.

If PCs enter an Encounter Area occupied

by the dragonarmies, double the normal number of Random Encounters. In addition, the PCs encounter parties of 8 baaz draconians once every 6 game turns.

## Event #6: Dragons

This Event occurs after Event #5. There is a 10% cumulative chance, checked every six hours, that this Event happens. It can happen several times. Each time the Event takes place, start checks over again.

A ancient, huge, scarred red dragon appears overhead. Its great wings send gusts of wind to mark its passing. The dragonmaster Verminaard is clearly visible on its back. The dragon wheels overhead, then swoops to attack.

### NPC Capsule

#### Verminaard, Dragonmaster of the Red Wing

C8; AL LE; S14; I12; W16; D10; C15; Ch18; MV 12"; hp 50; AC 1

### Spells:

1st Level: *curse, cure light wounds (x2), detect good, cause fear*

2nd Level: *hold person, chant, augury, snake charm, spiritual hammer*

3rd Level: *animate dead, cause disease, prayer*

4th Level: *cause serious wounds, cure serious wounds*

Wears *plate mail +2*. Carries *Nightbringer mace +3*. On a successful hit, victim must save vs. spells or be blinded for 2-12 turns (-4 to AC, lose shield and Dexterity bonus to AC). If character of good alignment tries to hold it, must save vs. spells at -2 or be blinded permanently.

Verminaard's face is concealed behind the grotesque mask of a Dragonmaster—a vicious, almost machinelike visor that has a pair of wicked horns curving from the forehead. He wears shiny blue plate mail and a billowing blue cape. Standing well over 6 ft. tall, Verminaard presents an imposing image of evil.

Verminaard is dedicated to the ruthless destruction of good in all its forms. No shred of conscience disturbs him in his quest for power.

*Ember (Pyros), ancient, huge red dragon*

### Spells:

1st Level: *sleep, detect magic*

2nd Level: *web, mirror image*

3rd Level: *haste, slow*

4th Level: *polymorph self, wall of fire*

Verminaard and Ember make two passes against the refugees. Verminaard casts spells and Ember uses his breath weapon. They do not land. Attacks made against PCs are resolved normally; attacks against the refugees cause 1d6 casualties. Once the attacks are made, the great dragon flies off. If Verminaard or Ember are killed, they must meet an "obscure death."

## Event #7: Fizban Found

This Event takes place only if the PCs enter Encounter Area 17 before they enter Encounter Area 19.

A strange, ragged old man is just ahead of you. He wears a long beard and a floppy hat. He seems to be deeply involved in conversation with a large tree. The tree does not seem to be responding. As you watch, the old man gets very frustrated that the tree is not answering.

### NPC Capsule

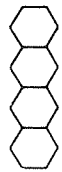
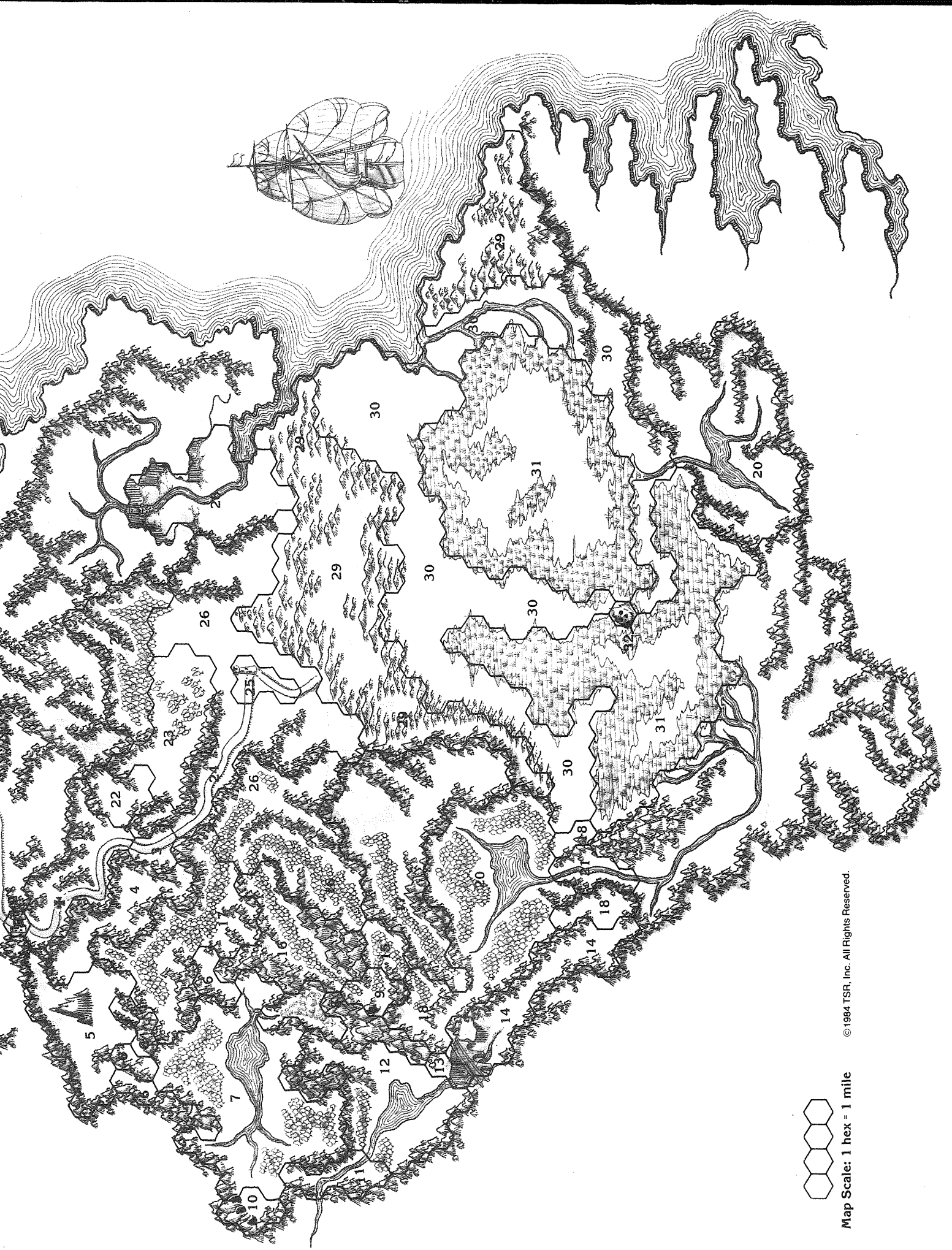
#### Fizban the Fabulous

Fizban is a magic-user of indeterminate level. He appears to be senile, but was obviously once a sorcerer of great power. He seems to lead a charmed life. Although he always appears befuddled and absent-minded, the things Fizban does always turn out for the best—but never in the way expected.

Fizban should be played for comic relief for now. Only Raistlin has a sense that Fizban might be something more than he seems.

Fizban never attacks, and only casts spells as noted in this adventure. His true nature and purpose will be revealed in future modules.

Fizban welcomes any invitation to join the party, since he has nothing better to do. Even if the party doesn't invite him to tag along, he will follow anyway.



Map Scale: 1 hex = 1 mile

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## canticle of the dragon

Out of the darkness of dragons,  
out of our cries for light  
in the blank face of the black moon soaring,  
a banked light flared in Solamnia,  
a knight of truth and of power,  
who called down the gods themselves  
and forged the mighty Dragonlance, piercing the soul  
of dragonkind, driving the shade of their wings  
from the brightening shores of Krynn.

Paladine, the Great God of Good  
shone at the side of Huma,  
strengthening the lance of his strong right arm,  
and Huma, ablaze in a thousand moons,  
banished the Queen of Darkness,  
banished the swarm of her shrieking hosts  
back to the senseless kingdom of death, where their curses  
swooped upon nothing and nothing  
deep below the brightening land.

Thus ended in thunder the Age of Dreams  
and began the Age of Might,  
When Istar, kingdom of light and truth, arose in the east,  
where minarets of white and gold  
spired to the sun and to the sun's glory,  
announcing the passing of evil,  
and Istar, who mothered and cradled the long summers of good,  
shone like a meteor  
in the white skies of the just.

Yet in the fullness of sunlight  
the Kingpriest of Istar saw shadows:  
At night he saw the trees as things with daggers, the streams  
blackened and thickened under the silent moon.  
He searched books for the paths of Huma  
for scrolls, signs, and spells  
so that he, too, might summon the gods, might find  
their aid in his holy aims,  
might purge the world of sin.

Then came the time of dark and death  
as the gods turned from the world.  
A mountain of fire crashed like a comet through Istar,  
the city split like a skull in the flames,  
mountains burst from once-fertile valleys,  
seas poured into the graves of mountains,  
the deserts sighed on abandoned floors of the seas,  
the highways of Krynn erupted  
and became the paths of the dead.

Thus began the Age of Despair.  
The roads were tangled.  
The winds and the sandstorms dwelt in the husks of cities,  
The plains and mountains became our home.  
As the old gods lost their power,  
we called to the blank sky  
into the cold, dividing gray to the ears of new gods.  
The sky is calm, silent, unmoving.  
We had yet to hear their answer.

Then to the east, to the Sunken City  
scarred in its loss of blue light,  
came the Heroes, the Innfellows, heirs to the burdens,  
out of their tunnels and their arching forests,  
out of the lowness of plains, the lowness  
of huts in the valleys,  
the stunned farms under the warlords and darkness.  
They came serving the light,  
the covered flames of healing and grace.

From there, pursued by the armies,  
the cold and glittering legions, they came  
bearing the staff to the arms of the shattered city,  
where below the weeds and the birdcall,  
below the vallenwood, below forever,  
below the riding darkness itself,  
a hole in the darkness called to the source of the light,  
drawing all light to the core of light,  
to the first fullness of its godly dazzle.