

The Broken Covenant



of Calebais

by Jonathan Tweet & Mark Rein•Hagen

Lion Rampant



The Broken Covenant of Calebais

an adventure supplement for *Ars Magica*

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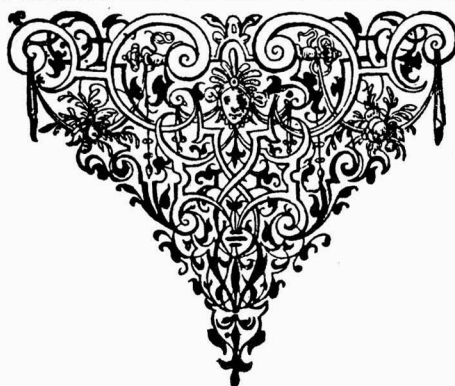


*Lion
Rampant*

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Dedicated to Kristin Hagen
(who we forgot the first time)

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Introduction

Grimgroth was disgusted with his fellow magi. For most of them, nothing on mortal earth was more important than their studies, and they were loath to leave their laboratories. They simply didn't understand the importance of these occasional unscheduled council meetings, and they always complained. This redcap had interesting news, however, information which could give them a decided advantage over the covenant of Windgraven. Fortunately, the redcap had come to them first. He supposed the Denimur ring which Consuelia gave the messenger last time she visited could have made some little difference.

"Order, I will have Order," Consuelia said, her large frame amply filling the bronze chair at the end of the council table. "We have important business at hand. Favored redcap, tell my compatriots what you told me earlier."

"I have a letter here from the hand of a nun," said the willowowy redcap. "She told me that she once lived in the covenant of Calebais, in the days before it was ruined."

Gasps of surprise and then a flurry of talk erupted from the congregated magi. Calebais of the broken crown was well known to all of them; nearly fifty years before, it had been mysteriously destroyed, the only covenant in living memory (and for wizards, living memory goes back a long way) to have fallen. No one knew what could have brought down such a carefully guarded and powerful covenant...

"She even showed me her identifying brand," the redcap continued. "It is certain, there was a survivor after all. Here is the letter. It was

written by the wizard Krenval just before his death. Some of you may have known him."

In a maelstrom of wind and feathers, the document flew into the air and landed in Vulcris' outstretched hand, just a moment before Oculo closed his hand where the document had lain. "Think of what we can find inside the ruins," Vulcris screeched. "All of its wealth and magic — the Bell of Ibyn — all of it untouched after these many years. Tell me, you, does the letter tell us how to pierce to Veil of Mormool?"

"It gives only clues, madam," said the redcap, "but perhaps the clues will be enough to let you pass through the Shrouded Glen that has stopped all others."

"So who shall we send on this important mission?" said Consuelia. "Who is willing to forgo their studies for a time to risk exploring the halls of Calebais and return its magic to us?"

After a long moment of silence, Oculo finally spoke up, "But whatever destroyed them may still be there! Don't look at me Consuelia, I cannot go; besides I am in the middle of enchanting a staff."

Slowly Consuelia looked about the council of magi, finally resting her eyes on her recently released apprentice, Grimgroth. "So, I must go," she said. "Even I, the founder of the abode for you all, am not allowed peace and rest in my old age."

On hearing this, Grimgroth stood up and looked boldly about the room, shaking his head at his sedentary compatriots. "Call out the gogs; I leave immediately."

How to Use This Book

This is, more than anything else, a mystery story. Fifty years ago the wizards' covenant of Calebais was destroyed, and in all those intervening years no one ever discovered why, or how. Now that broken covenant is finally going to be explored, and the characters will hopefully find out how such a powerful and well-defended covenant could possibly fall. This is the central mystery of this story. Its the big question of *why* — what mad force brought about the downfall of the beautiful Calebais and where dwells that danger now?

Because of this mystery, the characters may become concerned over the fate of their own covenant as well. If one covenant can fall then so could another; the danger could still be lurking about, biding its time before it moves on to other prey. This concept could become the most dynamic element of the story, and can be the source of some excellent role-playing.

Presented in this book are background notes to use in running this *Ars Magica* story. Unlike some published adventures, which

the adventurers explore room by room, section by unrelated section, these background notes present a dynamic setting that can interact with the characters. Thus, all possible actions of the non-player-characters cannot be spelled out. We provide suggestions and ideas, but how the story unfolds is up to the imaginations of you and the other players.

For this reason, you will need to be familiar enough with the setting described in this book to be able to ad lib freely and in order to have it run smoothly. The story of the Broken Covenant of Calebais requires a bit more preparation on your part than most published adventures, but in return you will have a story that better suits the needs and style of your troupe.

Throughout the text, options are presented; giving you ideas for changing the encounters as you see fit. Consider these options and others of your own creation before running the adventure. Perhaps, during the story a character's actions will make one of the options especially appropriate, so be ready to change your mind about the nature of some of the encounters as you go. Try to end up with an exciting and fulfilling story that is realistic and makes

sense. Don't let our preconceptions or yours hinder you.

If you don't plan to run this story for your troupe don't go and ruin it for yourself by reading any further. Just gently close the cover when you are done with this paragraph, and then pass this book along to the person who is going to storyguide it. C'mon, you can do yourself this one small favor.

Time and Location

The action takes place during the Thirteenth Century in mid-southern France, on the Gothic March, west of the Rhone river, just north of the Pyrenees and near the border of Burgundy. If your campaign takes place in another place or time, it should be easy to change the setting of these locales. There is very little in this story that requires it to be in France, or even in mythic Earth. It must take place, however, near the edge of a civilized area, where faeries and magi would be expected to live. All beings encountered, including any faeries, speak French (or the local language, if the story takes place elsewhere). The story will be more fun for the grogs and companions if they speak the same language as the people they will be meeting. Many of the denizens of Calebais speak Latin.

Summary of the Plot

This plot is only one possible outcome of the story; it has been designed so you and your players can choose myriad other ways to complete it. A good way to get an initial overview of the plot would be to read the short stories we have included at the start of each chapter. Below is a short summary to give you complete information of what is included in this supplement.

A redcap (see p. 112, *Ars Magica*) of the mystical Order of Hermes brings a strange document to the covenant of the player-characters. It outlines the destruction of the covenant of Calebais and tells of a bell of great magical power still hidden in the depths of this covenant (see p. 43). The magi go off in search of Two Crag Hill, the location of Calebais. When they reach the hill, they meet a knight errant, but part amicably after being given some clues to solving the riddle of the Veil of Mormool. They enter the forest that covers the hill, meet many enigmatic creatures, and eventually solve the riddle. They enter the covenant, which is tunnels built around a central well. They discover a number of ghosts and the Hrools, a ferret-like race. After dealing with the Hrools, either through combat or diplomacy, they explore some of the magi's labs that are left above the flooded areas of the covenant. After a time, they discover an entrance to the magical storerooms of the covenant. By bypassing and disarming some magical and mundane traps, they gain the magical bell and other treasure, but only after dealing with the ghosts of three magi who are continuing the conflict that brought the covenant down fifty years ago.

Theme

The theme of this story is leadership and the art of governing. In the same way most novels have a central theme, which ties together many of the disparate elements of its plot, setting, and characters; so does this supplement. Good leadership, including

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adequate means for leaders to take into account the ideas of their followers, is essential for the survival of *any* group.

Be more ready to replace Whimsy Cards which are played to further the theme of leadership and be more prone to veto cards which do not add to it. Treat "leadership" as the true focus of your story, as its central lesson. The leadership of the knight and the destruction of Calebais *do* fit together, and their combination will make a greater emotional impact than either presentation alone. An even greater impact can be made if you subtly stress and comment upon leadership while you are storyguiding. Why did Calebais self-destruct? How does the happy-go-lucky knight retain the loyalty of his men? How do the Hrools organize themselves? You can make sly, off-hand comments, and can even make your own storyguiding style more autocratic in situations where the characters are meeting an autocratic character.

Try to direct the players attention to the leadership they have within their own group. Is it anarchy among them, or is there a powerful leader? Is the wizard a good leader, or does the magus misunderstand how to give orders dynamically? And under what circumstances will the grogs rebel, or are they too loyal to ever do so?

Make the central purpose of your story be the exploration of this theme. It will make your story a better experience and will add a new dimension to your role-playing; making it more like traditional story-telling, and more of an artistic, creative, thoughtful process. In many ways, the basis of great "art" is that it teaches us something. Realize the potential of this hobby to be a kind of art, and remember your ability to make it something more than "hack-and-slash."



Introduction

Role-Playing Tips: The “First Mate” Option

You might want to try running the adventure with another gamer as your “first mate”; someone to play some of the non-player characters. The story offers many opportunities for role-playing, which will be improved if two people play out the non-player characters instead of just one. This allows for interaction between the non-player characters, who are then seen as separate individuals, rather than a single voice. Even if only one non-player character is to be encountered, a “first mate,” who has time to get into character while you are guiding the party, might be able to play it better than you.

Perhaps a non-player character will wish to join the characters, either temporarily or permanently, and if this person is being run by the “first mate,” it will not distract you from the task of storyguiding.

Being “first mate” is a high challenge, but don’t be afraid to try it. The first mate must be familiar with the story to keep from making important mistakes while ad libbing a character’s actions.

If you don’t have a first mate, you can give some of the more mature players some of your characters to play. Whenever players running grogs are not actively playing them, have them run some of your characters. This can be a great way to bring the players fully into the action and to create a more dynamic role-playing environment for everyone. At various sections of the story we suggest that you employ this option.

When you choose characters for yourself, your “first mate,” or other helpers, try to arrange it so that you and they are playing characters that suit your respective gaming styles and tastes. That is, if a helper is very good at role-playing pompous companions, give that person roles that reflect this kind of personality. Also, when you pick a ghost to role-play inside the covenant, don’t try to role-play all of them completely. Pick out a few that especially suit you, characters which you can play more thoroughly and dynamically than you normally would.

Power Balance

There is no way that we, as designers, can balance this story for the group that will play it out because we do not know the number of characters you will use, the characters’ power, or the players’ strategic ability. In addition, you have great leeway in deciding the strength and danger of the encounters the characters will have. Use this decision-making power of yours to keep the story challenging, but not too threatening. You can adjust the number of opponents in a given battle, and even tinker with their stats, to make them more suitable for the group. When in doubt, go easy on the characters. Even if they generally have the advantage, botches and zeroes on important rolls can always lead to a dead character or two.

The group might initially want to make a scouting mission, just to see what is in the ruins, and then use this information to bring along the right equipment and characters. They might even want to invent spells appropriate to the situation, such as spells that could affect ghosts or Hrools. If the group is on a scouting mission, you can increase the power of the opposition and let them come back to the ruins whenever they think they are powerful enough to do so.

Violence

“The Broken Covenant of Calebais” provides several encounters which the players can solve by violence, but with clear heads and a cooperative storyguide, players could complete the adventure with a minimum of bloodshed, even with none at all. It will partially be your decision on how many of the encounters become violent and how many remain “talking encounters.” For instance, the Hrools’ first reaction to the explorers could be shy curiosity or unprovoked hostility. It’s up to you. Violence is a welcome part of most troupe’s stories, but it is far from necessary, and we’re not going to force it onto you.

The Arrival of the Redcap

How you wish to handle the redcap’s arrival at the covenant is entirely up to you. We suggest that she hand over the letter during a specially-called council meeting of all the wizards, during which the congregated members of the covenant will read the letter (probably aloud, people haven’t learned how to read silently yet) and discuss how to handle the situation. They will need to decide whether or not to send somebody and whom to send if they want to investigate. Ash, the redcap, explains that the letter was given to her by an old nun who had been a companion at Calebais. The nun finally decided to let the letter into the hands of magi after keeping it a secret for all these years, but her position at her convent would be severely compromised if her peers knew of this, so Ash has promised to keep her name and location a secret. (This nun is Sister Larine of the Convent of the Virgin de Lenair.) Ash was told the location of Calebais, somewhere in a enchanted forest on a hill with two crags, and she offers to guide a group close to it.

If this is your very first *Ars Magica*, adventure you may want to summarize this introduction and start the story as the characters approach Two Crag Hill. You could even read the story found at

Ash of the Broken Branch - Redcap

Description: a very thin, tall woman, who looks gaunt and emaciated but is actually strong and tough. Her stub nose and long narrow face do not go well together.

Ash’s entire adult life has been spent as a redcap. She loves the excitement, the responsibility, and the freedom. If she could not travel, she would quickly wither away. Her name is of her own fabrication, and she doesn’t like questions about it. She is very respectful towards magi but secretly doesn’t think much of either them or their leadership. The only person she has ever trusted is herself and her long dead brother.

Role-playing tips: Play up her pride, independence and toughness. Use your eyes to show what a suspicious and wary person she is. Maybe let secret looks of disgust slip out when the magi do something especially stupid. Keep your chin up and neck elongated when you play her, to mimic her startling slenderness.

the start of this chapter as an introduction; simply replace Grimgroth's name with the name of the magus who is on this adventure.

Ash will give the letter to the characters only during a council meeting, though she will let the leader of the covenant — if there is such a thing — read it before she makes her presentation. She expects to be rewarded for bringing it to the magi, and don't forget to keep in mind her potential place in your saga as a future (non-) player-character.

The letter is severely torn and blotched in places, though it is generally readable. It came in a large leather scroll case, decorated in silver with the symbol of Calebais — a broken crown, surrounded by three flames and enclosed in a circle. The penmanship is of poor quality, and a Per roll of 6+ will show it to have been written very hurriedly.

What the Magi Know of Calebais

When a covenant falls, the magi in the area pay attention, so the magi of the player-covenant probably know something of Calebais' history. At your discretion they might know some of the following information. (You can use HERMES LORE/History rolls to see what the magi know. Rolls of about 11+ should give them one or more of the following tidbits, though if they are located far away from Calebais you should raise the ease factor somewhat.) Give the players large bonuses to their rolls, up to +8, if they have texts or other documents concerning the Order of Hermes to which they can refer.

- Calebais fell fifty years ago, and a trio of magi sent to investigate it determined that it had fallen prey to a powerful curse.
- Calebais was protected by a veil of illusions created by Mormool, one of the magi there. Though the covenant has fallen, the veil remains, preventing magi from investigating the site. (The player-characters have the document, so they might be able to find clues that will let them enter the ruins.)
- No one has been able to use intellego magic to probe the ruins; some spell or curse prevents any kind of scrying.
- Calebais was a very powerful, wealthy, and secure covenant. The above-mentioned Veil of Mormool made it impenetrable by mortals and even by magi. The wizards of Calebais were known in the Order for being isolated and for caring little for what went on in the outside world. The beauty and extravagance of decoration inside the covenant was legendary in its day. Expensive tapestries lined most walls, and silver and gold ornamented many statues and pillars.
- The Bell of Ibyn, a powerful magical warning device, helped ensure that no attack or intrusion of their privacy would ever come upon them unaware. Many at Calebais wore diadems (small wire crowns) by which the Bell of Ibyn alerted them to intruders. The bell was the envy of many covenants.
- Calebais was founded after a long war with and defeat of a local king. Their symbol of a broken crown came from that episode in their history. Some magi felt this choice of a symbol to be extremely prideful and arrogant.
- The wizard Oranath had left the covenant of Calebais a year before it fell and was the leader of the committee which investigated

its downfall.

- Oranath left Calebais because of a dispute with the wizard Krenval. It is thought by some that Oranath had something to do with the destruction of Calebais.

After the magi have decided what to do, you must conduct the journey to the hill. This could be a two day journey or a two month expedition, depending on where your covenant is located and where you decide to put the covenant. If you are short of time, or if this is one of your first *Ars Magica* games, you might want to skip the journey; but if you do decide to role-play it, remember that in settled farmlands and along King's Highways encounters with monsters and bandits are likely to be at a minimum. You can still have fun role-playing as the characters attempt to find an inn for the night or deal with the suspicious peasants. This could be a good time to play up the theme of leadership.

If the players are itching for a fight, start a big tavern brawl, when some of the towns guard taunt the "scum in the corner." Whatever the case, try to ensure that they get to the hill in one piece. To this aim, let Whimsy Cards be used liberally to keep the mission going, and veto any cards used to distract or end the mission.

A Word of Warning -- for the Players

Before the players start out, you might want to remind them that an *Ars Magica* story, in some important ways, is very different from the fantasy adventures that they might be used to. In their explorations of Calebais they may discover much that is mundane, and if they spend much time attempting to figure out what kind of magic the fountain has, when the fountain isn't magical at all, they may well be wasting your time and their own. The players should approach this "dungeon" in the way their characters would; they can role-play intrepid explorers if that pleases them, but they should also role-play human beings who have been put into abnormal circumstances, people who are scared and who wouldn't spend two hours scraping the silver off a statue. Fear and horror should come naturally to them in this story; bravado comes easily to an armchair general, but this is supposed to be role-playing.

If you think it necessary, remind players that they won't need to *kill* everything they meet. Every room does not contain a "monster," and all "monsters" are not automatically beatable. If the players insist on pursuing a large tribe of feral creatures into their warrens, they deserve to be ignominiously defeated. (If they don't seem to take well to this last suggestion, have them look up the fate of French Chivalry at Agincourt.)

Above all, have fun; and try to make sure the players enjoy themselves as well. This supplement may present you with situations you have never encountered before in your role-playing. These may be difficult for you to get used to at first, but we are sure that soon you will be exploring new realms of role-playing and storytelling (as well as a few dark, sinister hallways lined with traps).



This letter is for all those who would desire to avoid the sad fate of Calebais. Perilous the danger that beset us be, but inevitable it be not. It is my last wish that someone learn from the mistakes we made in dealing with the evil in our chambers. Heed my warnings well.

Mommool's spell was the beginning of the end; at first it calmed matters among us; it was to bring peace to Calebais and its environs. But in the end, it was that which destroyed us. Though it had no inherent powers of destruction, it was the subtle force which caused our downfall, which let the evil in. It caused the Code of Hermes to be completely usurped and the lure of Satan to be introduced. With its casting, the darkest peril known to magi was allowed to enter Calebais.

Beware the greed in your souls; it is the weakness that will destroy you. Unite, bond your spirits and bodies, join in union your hopes and dreams: do this lest ye be shattered.

If you achieve this then come to retrieve the Bell of Ibyr, the bell of warning that served Calebais since its founding, though it did not serve us well in our final year of need. May it protect you in a way it did not protect us.

To travel past the veil of Mommool, follow the Twelve Guides in the correct order, and then answer the riddle they pose. The thief in red should be the first, next is the creature that crawls in the air, and third the creature that crawls upon the earth. The dryad will be the last. Prove your worth and enter the beautiful and precious halls of Calebais.

Remember my friends, we of Hermes are the harbingers of renewed civilization. A new Rome will rise from the ashes of the phoenix. Work towards this day. Perhaps, through your efforts, the honor, dignity and good name of Calebais can someday be restored.

Krenval



1

The Knight Errant

"Sir, Sir! some warriors approach," gasped the young squire, running into the tent. "Oh! sorry to wake you, father Tremouse, but they carry no banner!"

"Keep your voice down, boy; Sir Montpalier still sleeps. And I'm not a father," the old man in simple robes said. "Have the men-at-arms prepare themselves, but tell them to not make a damn tournament of it. I myself will deal with our guests."

By the time he had slowly made his way outside the tent, the eight retainers of the Holy Knight had quietly gathered their weapons and were standing at the ready facing the motley group that was walking up towards them across the meadow.

"Careful lads; they're likely dangerous," Tremouse said to the warriors. "Out to hinder the quest I expect."

The travelers stopped about one hundred paces from the tent, and then one of them, dressed in elegant robes lined with fur, stepped forth from the group and walked closer. He said to Tremouse, "By no means are we here to hinder your quest; we are here only as friends."

"What manner of trickery is this? How did you hear what I said?"

"To be truthful, it was magic; and — please wait for me to finish, my good man — yes, I am a wizard, but please do not fear. I mean you no harm. You merely stand in the path that lies between me and that hill that stands behind you," Grimgroth said.

"Begone. We deal not with practitioners of the dark arts, and you may not pass. The holy templar knight Montpalier has claimed that enchanted forest as the object of his quest. As long as he is here, you are

not welcome. And, before you answer me with your haughty words, remember that the power of God and all the heavenly angels stands behind me."

"As indeed does the covenant of Calebais, once home for many others like me, literally stand behind you," said Grimgroth. "Beggings your pardon, but I shall venture there, and there is nothing on heaven or earth you can do about it."

"Why you impetuous rake! Begone before you see firsthand the powers that truly stand above you!"

"What goes on here?" the knight roared as he ducked out of his tent. "Why was I not awakened?"

"Sire. 'Tis a wizard," Tremouse said.

"Well bless my bearded chin, a wizard? Always wanted to meet a wizard. My uncle met one of you once — in Palestine. Quite an experience he said..."

"Well, yes, I am a wizard, and I seem to have met some difficulty with your father here..."

"Oh, old Tremouse isn't my father," interrupted the burly knight. "He's just my advisor — spiritual matters and all that you know," he added with a knowing nod.

"Then it appears as if we can do business. Pleased to meet you, Grimgroth's my name, and... I intend to explore that hill."

"Why so do I!" exploded Montpalier with excitement. "I'm going to slay the dragon!"

Summary

In a meadow below Two Crag Hill the characters meet a knight errant and his trusted advisor, from whom they can get information about the spell protecting Calebais. These characters might be used later in your saga as occasional visitors to the covenant, if they end up being friends, or as occasional hindrances if they end up as enemies.

Traveling to the Hill

Ash, the redcap, guides the characters across the countryside to a forest and tells them to follow the river they see until they reach a hill with two peaks; that is Two Crag Hill, and between the peaks is Calebais. She refuses, however, to enter the woods herself, saying that entering places of danger is not the duty of a redcap. If pressed, she

will blurt out that whatever killed all the wizards at Calebais is probably still there and that if it could kill such powerful magi, it shouldn't have much trouble with lesser mortals. She wishes the characters luck and asks for a parting gift of silver to pay for traveling expenses. (Twenty pennies is traditional.)

While the characters follow the woods, they could encounter marshes, woodcutters, or satyrs. The satyrs (see *Ars Magica* p. 130) are from the nearby faerie forest, out to rid their fair land of intruders. One satyr per two or three characters is plenty. It is eight miles from the edge of the forest to Two Crag Hill through "hard" terrain (see *Ars Magica* p. 149).

Eventually, however, the characters see Two Crag Hill and, while approaching it, come to Sir Montpalier's Camp which is situated in the middle of a large meadow. They could avoid it by staying inside the woods but it

The Knight Errant

would be a long, difficult walk as the meadow is very wide and there is no path through the woods.

Sir Montpalier's Camp

In the center of a large open meadow, dotted with flowers, below Two Crag Hill is Sir Montpalier's colorful red and blue striped tent. His golden griffin blue pennant flies on the central post, and colored ribbons dangle from the supporting ropes. (This is a flashier tent than most knights would care to use in the field, but Sir Montpalier is a flashy knight.) Off to one side is tied the knight's huge roan destrier along with his other horses. His eight retainers are spread throughout the clearing cleaning and cooking. Some of the foresters might be out hunting. If it is night, only one man is awake, hunched over a bed of coals, his head nodding with fatigue.

The Meeting

When the characters meet Sir Montpalier, they have the chance to get some valuable information from him, but if they prefer a fight, they will have one, with little to show for it but wounds, even if they win.

The characters come across Sir Montpalier's company camped out at the base of the hill on which lies Calebais. His men are standing guard and Paul will call Tremouse from the tent, or perhaps Sir Montpalier who is praying for guidance (sleeping?).

Sir Montpalier has, for the most part, overcome all fear, so he will be very open to the approaching party — provided they are not overtly hostile. He treats all visitors as if they had come to have a cup of wine with him and to have a bit of a talk. Tremouse accompanies him on his right side, intent that kind-hearted Sir Montpalier not be tricked. Montpalier will be interested in the purpose of the party, and he will not be afraid if the magi reveal that they are wizards. Tremouse may well recognize magi as magical, even if they hide their identity, and he will be wary of deceit, mundane and magical. Nevertheless, he is intensely curious about knowledge that they might have and he lacks.



Sir Montpalier will freely reveal his purpose, and he will give the magi the information he has learned if they are good people (so far as a knight would judge) and if they promise not to slay the dragon. Several times he has tried to find the dragon rumored to live between the two crags at the top of the hill, but each time he has gotten lost in the Veil of Mormool and escaped only through the guidance of a white dove (a miracle). Through diligent prayer, he has managed to make some progress in the riddle. So far prayer has revealed the first five guides.

What Sir Montpalier Can Tell the Party

- The first five guides he has seen in his visions are a red fox, a black spider, a tiny snake, a squirrel, and a red drake. These and the other guides must be followed strictly in this order. Even one deviation from the path will prevent one from attaining the summit, and one must start over once a mistake is made. He absolutely trusts this information and says that divine inspiration could never let him down — “and besides, it never has before!”
- A stone pylon inscribed with arcane symbols stands on the slope near the camp. Montpalier is willing to show the party where this is. Tremouse has translated what it says for him already, but he can't remember what it was — “couldn't have been important.”
- A dragon lives atop the hill, but no one has seen it for years. (Must be sleeping.) It is the object of his quest.

Options

- Sir Montpalier joins the group. (Your first mate or a player previously playing grogs could play him.)
- Tremouse is actually a devious manipulator, who envies the magi their knowledge and wants to get their knowledge, possibly even their magical devices. He invites the characters to return to the camp when they are done with their exploration and, once they are gone, convinces Sir Montpalier that the characters are evil. He will hide in the woods, while the warriors ambush the party on their return.
- An invisible demon is haunting the knight, trying to corrupt his followers (the knight himself having protection thanks to his relic). The demon might possess a follower and have him attack the player-characters in order to cause a fight.

Sir Gilbert Montpalier, The Knight

Description: a large burly man who appears slightly unkempt, his hair mussed and his beard slightly untrimmed. He nevertheless has polite manners, despite an unrestrained demeanor. He is tall, with blue child-like eyes and straw colored hair.

This 25 year-old knight is out in the world seeking adventure and, through tribulations, wisdom. His current project is to slay the dragon that he has heard lives atop this magical hill, but so far he has been unable to penetrate the magical riddle of the place. (The "dragon" he seeks is a rumor, started years ago when locals, delivering food to Calebais, saw the dragon statue at the bottom of the well.)

Like most knights, Sir Montpalier is well-trained and well-armed. He wears chain mail and carries a sword and shield, and will mount and use his lance if he gets the opportunity. In some ways he is a gentle man, though bold and brash of spirit. He is quite literally afraid of nothing, not even wizards or magic, and thus fear will not temper his friendliness towards visitors. His holy sword is his most prized possession, though his beard comes in a close second.

His bastard sword has the knuckle bone of St. Arustus built into its hilt, below the leather straps wrapped around it. This relic gives the sword the following powers to believers:

- +3 faith points to use in calling for a miracle
- +30 magic resistance, +45 when it is held point up and with two hands in front of the wielder.
- partial resistance to mundane hardships (cold, heat, hunger, etc.)
- partial resistance to pain (penalties from wounds and fatigue reduced 1 point)

He is currently praying over the relic for guidance.

Role-playing Tips: Imagine a friendly, slightly overbearing, southern sheriff; take away the accent, and strap on a sword and an eagerness to use it, and you have Sir Montpalier.

Int 0 Per -2
Str +4 Stm +3
Prs 0 Com 0
Dex +1 Qik +1

Confidence (3) 6

Brave +3 / Cowardly -4

Friendly +2 / Unfriendly 0

Bastard Sword +6

Shield Parry +4

Riding +4

Guile -3

Age 25

Honorable +2 / Dishonorable -2

Gullible +1 / Skeptical -1

Lance +4

Shield Attack +2

Courtly Grace +1

Subterfuge -2

Sword:

1st +7 Atk +10 Dam +19 Res 42 (it's holy)

Lance*:

1st +11 Atk +7 Dam +25 Res 10

Shield:

1st 0 Atk +4 Dam +6 Res 26

Defense (Kite Shield) +9

Fatigue -1

Soak (Full Chain) +17

Encumbrance 4

* Sir Montpalier will only use the lance on his war-horse (Size +3). He rides smaller horses (Size +2) on other occasions.

Sir Montpalier's Men

These are trained warriors, foresters, and servants but they will be afraid of the visitors if they learn some of them are wizards. They will express their fear through tense anger and hostility, but they will not strike the first blow.

They are armed with swords, two-handed spears, and crossbows; and they wear armor.

Foresters (4)

Per +1

Brave +1/Cowardly -1

Lt. Crossbow +4

Two-handed Spear +3

Spear Parry +3

TRACK/Woods +3

SURVIVAL/Woods +3

Crossbow:

Rate -8 (1 /2 mds) Atk +6 Dam +10 Range 200 paces

Spear:

1st +7 Atk +5 Dam +9 / +14* Res 14

Defense +5

Fatigue -4

Soak (Full Heavy leather) +6

Encumbrance 4

* for charging or receiving a charge (see p. 50, *Ars Magica*)

Warriors (4)

Str +1

Brave +1/Cowardly -2

Broadsword +4

Brawl +3

Shield Parry +4

Broadsword:

1st +3 Atk +8 Dam +11 Res 20

Defense (Round Shield) +6

Fatigue -4

Soak (Full Ring) +8

Encumbrance 5

In battle, the crossbowmen will form a double rank and fire on alternate rounds, but they will raise their spears to meet a charge. The swordsmen will stand by the crossbowmen waiting to be attacked.

Luc Tremouse, Advisor

Description: a gaunt, old, white-haired man with a great deal more spryness to his step than his years would seem to suggest. His aquiline nose, and bushy eyebrows give him the appearance of a formidable and impressive personage. People tend to obey his orders. Only his soft, though firm, voice suggests his years of quiet meditational study.

Tremouse is Sir Montpalier's personal and spiritual guide, an old friend of the family, who has taken it upon himself to protect Sir Montpalier from the intangible dangers of the world. He has much knowledge, but no combat abilities, and doesn't have a great deal of pragmatism. Luc speaks Latin and German in addition to French. For seven years he was a hermit, sworn to silence, and lived in a forest near Belancose Abbey to the north.

This man loves to be in charge, yet has very strong religious feelings and a strong desire to do the right thing. If his authority is bucked or someone challenges him he will never willingly back down, but if his need for authority and respect is appeased, he is quite easy to deal with, and can be very charming.

Tremouse has a relic, a sliver of the True Cross, but it probably is a fake with no powers. It is set in a bronze pendant on a necklace, and he clutches it when he feels afraid. If questioned closely on his personal interest in Calebais, he will speak of the secrets to be found "in the hill," secrets which he knows nothing about. If he begins to trust the characters he will say he had a dream about an insane evil — one who would be king — living under the hill, but that it had hidden itself in another person. (This refers to Krenval.)

Role-playing Tips: Play up his pomposity and sense of self-importance though don't overdo it; he is at base a good man. Make many sharp, though contained, hand gestures, and nervously finger your imaginary pendant.

Int +2	Per +2	
Faith +2		Age 50
Gullible -3 / Skeptical +1		Leader +2 / Follower +2
Pompous +2 / Humble +1		
Speak Latin +5		Speak German +3
Scribe Latin +3		Bargain +2
Chirurgy +2		Courtly Grace +2
Riding +1		Concentration +3
Memory +2		Legend Lore +3
HUMANITIES/Philosophy +3		OCCULT ENTITIES/Demons +2
FOLK KEN/Noble +3		SOCIAL KNOW./Politics +4
SUBT./Feign Emotion +1		DIPLOMACY/Tact +3
ECCLESIASTICAL KNOWLEDGE/Politics +5		

Luc Tremouse will not, can not fight.

Paul Guevarre, Squire

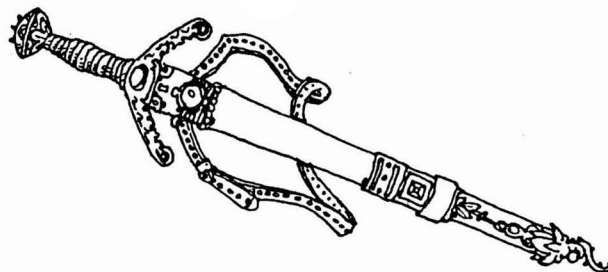
Description: a competent young man, no more than 16, with black, curly hair, who is always attempting to be the consummate squire. He scampers this way and that, so as to do all that he can for his master. In many ways, he is indeed a worthy squire of a great knight; he is energetic, diligent, clever, and knows how to mimic the behavior and attitudes of his liege.

Paul, however, is young and inexperienced, likely to break into a conversation at inopportune times: in some ways a social klutz. Only obviously scary things (like fiery spells and brandished weapons) will frighten him, since he is too inexperienced to appreciate more subtle dangers (such as magi). He will probably never become a knight; his aptitudes are much more directed towards being a man of the cloth. Fighting simply doesn't appeal to him, but pleasing others does, and he can do that well in the Church. Paul admires the wisdom of Tremouse, and serves him almost as much as he serves Montpalier.

Role-playing tips: Overdo the servility, and use your courtly graces as much as you can. Try just a little too hard to help others, even when the occasion does not entail graciousness.

Str +1	Stm +1		
Dex 0	Qik +1		
Confidence 2		Age 14	
Excited +3 / Calm -1		Brave +1 / Cowardly +1	
Servile +2 / Overbearing -2		Attentive 0 / Distracted +2	
Broadsword +4		Shield Parry +3	
Courtly Grace +1		Riding +1	
Servant Skills +3		Scribe Latin +2	
Speak Latin +1			
Sword:			
1st +3	Atk +8	Dam +11	Res 20
Defense (Knight Shield) +7		Fatigue -4	
Soak (Chain Hauberk) +13		Encumbrance 5	

Paul Guevarre will not fight unless he must protect himself or save Sir Montpalier. He actively uses his confidence.



2 The Veil of Mormool

"We'll stop here and rest. How does that sound?" Grimgroth said, standing in a clearing surrounded by strange trees. "I'm fairly sure we're about to find our way out of this place."

"We've been here before sir, begging your pardon sir," said Maryssa, leaning wearily on her staff.

"Yes, I know, but thought it would be best to rest in a place that we had been to before."

"Whatever you say, sir."

Around them was a pretty grass glade, gleaming with flowers, garden-like in its beauty. A gentle sun shone through the bright green leaves. All about them, interconnecting dirt paths that led deeper into the forest shot off at every opportunity, surrounding islands of verdant trees and greenery. In all the hours that the party had been following illusionary animals through this garden-forest, Torlen had not been able to find any plants or trees that were familiar. This was an exotic place they were lost in. He didn't appreciate having to follow a young magus whose eagerness to explore was exceeded only by his lack of experience.

"Well, what do we have here?" said a voice from up in a nearby tree, interrupting Torlen's musings. "Wanderers, lost travelers, adrift and alone in the Veil of Mormool with no way to get out." An old woman dressed in a gown of leaves and vines stepped out onto a branch and looked down at the party.

"We're not exactly lost," Grimgroth said. "But maybe you could help us puzzle out some of the mysteries of this place."

"We are lost, completely lost," interjected Maryssa. "Look, can you tell us how to get out of here?"

"I can't do that, not allowed. I might disappear or something dreadful like that. It would be just the sort of spell that Mormool would have put on me."

"Perhaps a hint or..." continued Grimgroth, trying to be diplo-

matic.

"What a pretty blade of grass that man has; it's so big! Let me have it," she said, pointing towards Torlen.

"Blade of grass?" said Grimgroth. "What do you... Madame Dryad, that is Torlen's sword, and you can't have it."

"Then you shall have no hints from me!" she cried and then disappeared into the shadows of the tree. "Be lost here forever for all I care."

Grimgroth grimaced and said, "Wait, you can have your sword, just give us a hint. Please don't abandon us."

"Well I suppose," she said brightly, stepping back out again. "Hand me that bright leaf and I shall give you a nice hint."

"The hint first."

"Promise to give me the pretty leaf?"

"Wizard's Honor, fair and beautiful dryad who retains her youth so admirably."

"What kind words. Thank you so much. And that's your hint: follow the words. They shall be bridges until you meet me again."

"Thank you... so very much. Hand up your sword to her Torlen."

"But sir!" Torlen cried, his eyes wide. "That's my sword and she's just a faerie."

"No buts, Torlen!" Grimgroth replied.

Torlen sullenly raised his sword and held it up by the blade. The dryad grasped the leather hilt and pulled the sword up to her. "Oh, heavy," she said, absorbed in her new toy, reaching out to stroke the blade. When her fingertips touched the flat of the blade, she let out a scream of revulsion, dropped the sword to the ground, and disappeared into the shadows of the forest.

Grimgroth picked up the sword and handed it back to Torlen, casually saying, "Faeries and iron, you know."

Summary

Mormool protected the covenant through a spell similar to the Shrouded Glen. In order to enter the covenant, one must solve two riddles first. Merely wandering through the area will not suffice, as the illusion will turn explorers away without their realizing it. It is this veil of riddles that Sir Montpalier is trying to penetrate, with limited success.

Entering the Veil

When the characters enter the woods, just before the first guide appears, they are hit by the spell (ReMe 70, simple roll +80 to

penetrate magic resistance, see Magic Resistance, p. 59 of *Ars Magica*). A spell this powerful will most likely destroy any Parma Magica in the group, so the magi will have to re-cast their Parmae. The spell has already hit them, however, so the new Parma Magica will not protect one from it.

When anyone reaches the slopes of the forested hill atop which is Calebais, they are pestered by phantasms of talking animals, each of which repeats a certain phrase and beckons the party to follow it. If they are followed in a certain order (explained below), a dryad appears and asks the explorers to answer the riddle that the animals were posing. The characters must therefore both determine how to follow the animals in the right order and the solution to the riddle

they present.

On the southern slope of the hill stands a nine foot high stone pylon. The characters will likely be brought over to it by Sir Montpalier. Carved into it, and well worn by time, is the symbol of Calebais (a broken crown, surrounded by three flames, enclosed in a circle). Inscribed below the symbol are these words in Latin:

**Enter not into this enchanted forest lest
ye know which guides to follow, first and
last, and the answer to their riddle.**

If you wish to speak with us, wait here.

One of our trusted will come shortly.

If you be a friend: welcome to

Calebais.

While the covenant was active, those who were not welcome and lost in the Veil would be eventually attacked by the magi or their grogs. Those waiting at the rock would be magically perceived, and someone would be sent to guide them. Now that Calebais has fallen, the promise of a guide is not likely to be kept.

The Guides

Once the party walks beyond the boulder onto the hill, images and phantoms representing the familiars and favored companions of the wizards of Calebais come to them one at a time. As the group enters the woods, one of these guides comes up to them (you decide which), says its line, and motions to them with its head or other appendage, for them to follow it further into the forest. This guide leads them to its "den," taking about five minutes, and stops there. The other guides will stop by periodically, say their own lines, and walk off (perhaps with the visitors following them) leading any followers off to their own dens, where other phantoms will come along occasionally to say their lines.

The forest itself is a strange looking place. Rather than being a tangle of bushes and trees, it is distinguished by clumps of flowers, trees, and plants, with a maze of moss covered paths, ranging from two to twenty feet wide, encircling them. Any character who makes a Woodland Survival + Per roll of 10+ will notice that these plants, including many of the trees, are all of different species from a vast variety of climates. (This was Drininkeana's main garden.)

The secret to following the guides is simple: first you follow the fox, and from then on you must follow the guide who starts its sentence with the last word in the previous guide's sentence. The fox's statement ends with "realms," so the next animal the characters must follow is the black spider, who says "Realms have crumbled..." And after the spider comes the snake and so on, until they reach the dryad who asks them for the answer to the riddle. The order of the guides must be followed exactly from beginning to end before the dryad will emerge. Remember that these guides will not come in the proper order; while waiting at each den, the party will

be approached by a few improper guides before the right one comes along. If they divert from the path at all, they will never be able to get to the end (the arrival of the dryad), though they will not be able to tell that they are off the path. If they start over again by following the fox back to its den when they see it, they can try to get through again.

At sunrise each day some of the speeches that the last six guides give are switched around, though only two or three of them may change. This ensures that someone who was led through the veil could not make their way through it again by simply memorizing the order of the guides. Mormool didn't want his beautiful creation bypassed that easily.

Below are the phantom guides in the order they must be followed, not the order in which they approach the group. Included with their physical descriptions is the "den" to which it will lead the group and the words it says over and over. These phantoms are illusions, not intelligent spirits, and they cannot understand anything the characters say, nor say anything themselves other than their parts of the riddle. Before you begin the story, it would be a good idea to write down each of these phrases on an index card and then pass them out to players as they meet each of the guides. This will make it easier for them to solve this difficult riddle and will speed up this part of the story making it more fun overall. Believe us: it makes a difference.

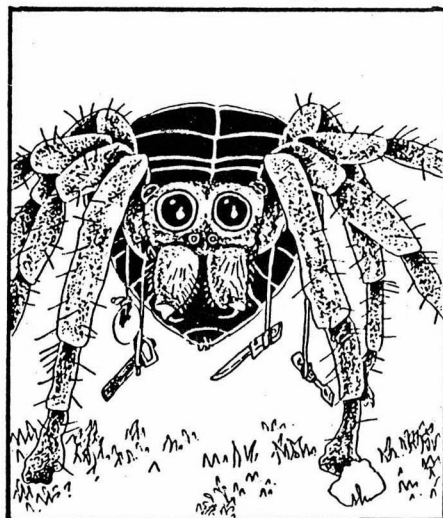
1) **Red Fox**- supernaturally dextrous and very svelte, leaps about a great deal. Its ears are extremely large and pointed. Den: a large, tangled, briar patch.

It says, "Bearing the Eyes of Quendalon,
I watch over mortal realms."

(Note: Quendalon was a famous magus with gems instead of eyes. A character who makes a Hermes History + Int roll of 13+ will tell someone this, so they will know that "eyes of Quendalon" is a poetic way to say "gems.")

2) **Black Spider**- a creature the size of a child, with stiff hairs covering it. A variety of trinkets and tools hang from its body. Den: a twenty foot diameter sink hole.

"Realms have crumbled over
warriors' lust for my power."



3) **Tiny Snake-** Brightly colored and not much larger than a dagger. Den: a large flat rock that sits in the middle of a flower-covered glade.

"Power and rule are my humble gift."



4) **Squirrel-** Twice normal size with a coat of deeper red than a mundane squirrel; has baby hands instead of paws. Den: an enormous oak tree.

"Gift I am from the most powerful of Holy Men."

5) **Red Drake-** A skittish dragon, the size of a pony covered in scales with a golden tint. Den: a shallow cave in a small limestone cliff, with a shallow pool of water in front.

"Men covet my bright skin, and the wealth within."

6) **Grey Cat-** A large cat that continually fades to invisible and reappears. Den: a nest of soft moss with a ray of sunlight shining on it. (Under the moss is a rock with the broken crown etched into it)

"Within my compass was all of Solomon's wisdom."



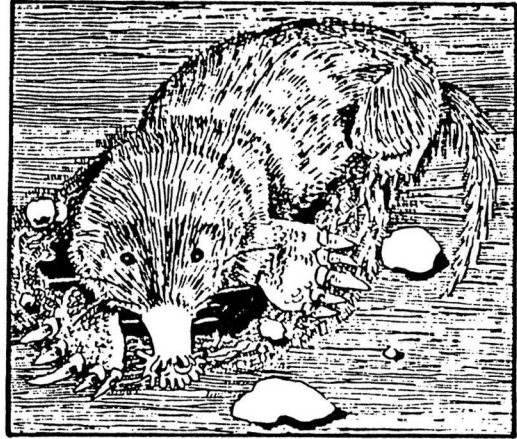
7) **Young man, dressed in green** — Well-dressed and formal in poise and manner. He bows deeply when he meets the visitors, and takes them to a large, ruined, stone cabin.

"Wisdom is not all that those beneath me lack."

The Broken Covenant of Calebais

8) **Mole-** Has the ability to shape-change, even into forms very similar to the other phantoms. It nuzzles along the ground and never looks at the visitors. Den: a large mound of earth, overgrown with small trees and plants.

"Lack I a center, round as a wheel,
yet I bear sharp peaks."



9) **Falcon-** A beautiful yellow and red peregrine falcon with a golden wire band circling its head; it meets and guides the group by flying over them. Den: a ten foot high, three foot wide, stone pylon. A basin at the top, full of wine, serves as a bird bath to a small flock of red-brown sparrows.

"Peaks of stone were the roof of my first home."



10) **Rooster-** A plucky, bold, three foot high bird that leaps out of the bushes, perhaps startling someone in the group (repeatedly?). Its comb is not red but silver, and it teleports up to three yards away at any time, as often as it wishes. Den: a small bush covered with blueberries.

"Home I have again in stone, battlements and
great rock halls, hewn by a crafter's hands."

11) **Ghost-** A nebulous, floating apparition with a deep, rasping voice; moves very slowly through the forest. Den: a grove of seven pine trees under which it is dark, devoid of vegetation, and littered with pine needles.

"Hands can barely lift my ample weight, and hearts can scarcely bear the heavy burdens I always bring."



12) **Albino Ferret-** This is a white Hrool, and it is described and pictured in the next chapter (pp. 18-19). Den: the vertical face of a large, thirty foot high rock (essentially a cliff).

"Bring me honor and service, for I sit above all the lords of the land, no matter how mighty they be."

Last) **Old Dryad-** An old, white-haired, though still very beautiful dryad, who is dressed in a living gown of leaves and flowers. If the explorers have followed all the guides in the right order, she will appear atop the large rock/cliff, and if they answer the riddle correctly, she will gracefully swoop down to the ground beside them and lead them on a roundabout path to the opening of the well (which is somewhere up, behind the rock). If at all threatened, she will quickly turn invisible and leave, not to be seen by these visitors again, no matter how many times they go through the maze. She is quite real and is no phantom.

She says,

"Be welcome to Calebais friend,
if you can answer the riddle, 'What am I?'"

The answer to the riddle is: **A Crown.**

(and congratulations to any who solve it)

If the party is having a hard time of it and simply getting lost, the dryad will approach them and encourage them on. She is very lonely here, and tired of being magically bound to this same hill, year after year, with nothing to amuse her. Although she is bound and unable to give away either the solution to choosing the guides or to the riddle, in return for being given trinkets, she will give the party very vague hints. She will choose magical trinkets over mundane ones, though in truth, it really makes little difference to her, and she can probably be talked out of her choice and into another. It is useless to try to find out where she is through magic because of the limitations on detection spells caused by Mormool's spell.

Magic in the Veil

The magic aura here is +2, but the place is under the spell of Mormool, that causes all Intellego spells (other than those in line of sight and in the present) to fail.

Alternatives to Solving the Riddle

If the characters simply cannot solve the riddle, you have a variety of alternatives to keep the story going:

You could simply have them eventually find their way out of the forest either giving up on the mission or trying again another day — with other minds in the covenant helping them puzzle the riddle out.

You can have the dryad offer them a bargain: if the entire group comes to stay with her in her oak tree(which is a small faerie palace inside) for a week, she will lead them to the covenant. The week will actually be a year to the outside world, and for aging purposes, but she does not understand this distinction and will honor the rest of the bargain.

Or better yet, you can say that they **can not** find their way out of the Veil of Mormool and are stuck in the forest for several days or even weeks, eating from their supplies and the bounty of the garden. Eventually, a party of Hrools passes by, their leader wearing one of the diadems. They are out on an expedition to battle the terrors of the outside world, proving their bravery, and hopefully obtaining meat for a feast. They do not know the secret of the riddle, but the diadem lets its wearer walk through the forest as if it didn't have the Veil over it. The characters can either befriend the Hrools, or fight them and take the diadem. It will be obvious to anyone who wears this "crown" that they can see the forest in a new way, in a more real way. (Feel free to rub it in, after the story is over, that the answer to the riddle was at one time sitting on a character's head. You could also keep the answer to the riddle cloaked in mystery, letting characters and players brood upon it for a long time to come.) Keep in mind that "not getting" the riddle is not so much a failure as it is a variant on the story. Play out the story and get as involved in the feelings of the characters as you can.

Forcing Their Way Through the Riddle

Beginning characters will have a hard time if they try to force their way through the riddle. The phantoms are just images; they cannot respond to threats, intellego spells, bribes, and such. No intellego spells below Level 100 will let the characters find their way to Calebais directly. The dryad is under a Level 50 Rego Mentem spell to keep her from revealing the answer to the riddle, and this spell can only be countered by a spell of higher level. Those who set off to follow the slope up the hill will be magically diverted, and wind up on one of the two crags, and even from this vantage point, the covenant cannot be seen through the trees. (This Veil of Illusion was created by a powerful magus, and it has no flaw that inexperienced characters can easily exploit.)

The Ruins of Calebais

Suddenly a huge burst of flame rushed up the central shaft of the ruins. The orange flames licked at the sides of the well, and for one brilliant moment the room was lit up. They could all feel the heat singe their skin.

"By Toutatis! Only an ArchMage could have cast a ball of flame that large!" exclaimed Grimgroth.

"Great, an ArchMage," said Torlen.

"That was Pitsdim, my murderer, but we cannot delay. This way to the council chamber," said the hazy ghost that was leading them.

"Yes, we must continue onwards," said Grimgroth, and then added under his breath, "I will not let the Mistrudge council call me a failure."

Single file they descended a spiral staircase and then crept their way to the council room, with Torlen leading the way. Curious to see the living in their ruined tomb, many ghosts began to follow them, flitting white shadows dancing in the corridor behind them. Rats and other vermin scuttled about in the rubble.

"That glow ahead is from the council room; it has a window into the well," said the ghost.

"Let's go then. We've got a council meeting to call, and there's no point in delaying it, I suppose" Grimgroth said.

They walked around the corner into the large vaulted chamber and saw a crazed man dressed in tatters, his faces and clothing sooty and burned, standing atop the council table in the center of the room. A yellow flame flickered from his open palm, and he wore an evil grin.

"Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Burn, Burn!" he said, and then turned towards Torlen and the others. Slowly raising his arms and muttering louder and louder, he prepared to cast a spell.

In a mad, desperate scramble, Grimgroth, Maryssa, and most of the grogs dashed out of the room and down the hall to get away what they knew would be a deadly blast. Grimgroth screeched, "Run! Run!"

Torlen, however, bravely raised his bow and fired a shot at the angry

wizard, but his arrow was incinerated before it could reach its target, and a moment later he himself was engulfed in flames and knocked to the ground.

Pain, blackness.

Torlen opened his eyes and looked about. Everything was somehow different, and the pain was gone. The mad wizard was still standing on the table, but he no longer seemed interested in Torlen.

"Damn that Grimgroth; I've died and become a ghost!" he moaned.

He rose shakily and moved down the hall to see if the others had been killed as well. His eyes were blurry, and his thoughts were cloudy with bewilderment. Torlen saw Grimgroth and all the others huddled in a tangled heap on the stairway at the end of the hall. The eyes of his friends grew wide as they watched him approach.

"Torlen," shouted Maryssa. "I can't believe you're alive."

"I'm a ghost, not a man. I've died, thanks to that worm. Grimgroth, you're a foolhardy, stupid wizard who should have never have left his laboratory. You're no leader, and you care for nothing but what the other magi say of you. Now that I'm a ghost and you can't touch me, I can finally say what I please."

Then he spat at Grimgroth, and watched with satisfaction as the spittle dribbled down the wizard's cheek. Then he watched it slowly drip down onto the floor. Gradually his anger become fear. The others gasped in surprise.

"I thought I was a ghost..." he said, staring anxiously at Grimgroth, as were all the others. "I'm, I'm, sorry..."

Grimgroth leapt to his feet, strode over to Torlen, and then walked past him, heading towards the council room with a huge smile on his face.

"That wizard was just a ghost like all the others," he said. "That's why Torlen's not dead; the flames weren't real. I should have know it all along. I'm such a fool sometimes."

Summary

This chapter concerns the inside of the ruined covenant, which is still inhabited by ghosts of all sorts and by the ferret-like Hrools. Evidence of the mad destruction of the covenant is found all about; the beauty of Calebais is gone forever. How will the characters respond to the beings they meet? With violence, good will, or sympathy? Amid the rubble they will find much that might attract their interest: exquisite sculpture, enigmatic artifacts, and the sordid, twisted tales of the ghosts. The mood created will (hopefully) be that of ever-building fear and of brooding mystery. The

best story would probably involve a fine balance between role-playing with the ghosts and intrepid, vigorous exploration of the ruins.

History of Calebais

Almost two hundred years ago, several magi constructed an inverted tower, tunneling down into Two Crag Hill. Essentially it was a deep well with rooms carved into the sides. These magi came together to share their knowledge, but over time they found it difficult to cooperate. Only at first, when they defeated a local king

The Ruins of Calebais

in a protracted war, and hence gained their symbol of the broken crown, were they unified. After that, each magus feared being taken advantage of by the others. The covenant lacked any central authority to regulate activities, partly because of the incessant conflict between senior members Oranath and Krenval, and the magi of Calebais soon became estranged from each other.

Over the years, personal conflicts between all the members grew and grew, but threatened with expulsion from the Order of Hermes, none of the magi would attack each other directly. To outsiders it appeared as if nothing was wrong at Calebais; it was prosperous, well-defended, even respected for its library. But without a setting of trust in which to work out differences, the bitter grudges of the magi grew heavier and heavier, and the cancer grew ever larger.

At last, about fifty years ago, the withheld violence was finally released in an explosion of fury — thanks to the inadvertent actions of the magus Mormool. Mormool was a master of illusions, and he wanted to protect himself from prying eyes and end the ceaseless spying that occurred between all the magi in the covenant. So he worked on spell after spell that would stop what he considered to be the essential problem. His final creation, half a drastic mistake and half his intended result, was a ward that countered all spells of detection other than those that would work in line of sight and in the present. No other magi would be able to peer magically into the covenant or to look backward in time to see what had happened there. In effect, while the magi were stopped from spying upon one another, they were also free from the threat of retribution from the Order of Hermes; they could fight out their grudges, safe in the knowledge that no one would ever be able to ascertain exactly who was to blame for what violence. This was too great a freedom for the unstable covenant to take.

What Characters Should Know

Calebais was designed with some points of information taken for granted. Magi would know these points, and you should make sure that the players know them before they enter the covenant.

- Magi rarely slay each other, preferring to resolve their differences through certamen, the wizards' duel (*Ars Magica*, p. 61). The kind of violence that destroyed Calebais is rare, almost unheard of. That's why it was easy for Oranath to fool the other wizards into thinking that only a powerful curse could be responsible for the Sundering.

- Each wizard has a sanctum, designated by a warning mark. If a magus is in another magus' sanctum, that can be taken as *prima facie* evidence that the other magus was invading the sanctum. A magus who kills a wizard in his or her own sanctum is generally assumed to have been acting in self-defense. A sanctum is often guarded by magical traps, so entering the laboratories, even in a ruined covenant, can be dangerous.

- Strange things can happen in magical areas. The magical aura can alter things, living and dead, magical and mundane, so the characters cannot be sure what to expect.

Dread, Fear, and Panic

The ruins of Calebais abound with fearful sights and sounds, providing ample opportunity for rolls against Brave and Cowardly personality traits. Encourage your players to play out the reactions their characters have to this haunted covenant. Fear can take many forms, such as flight in terror, pleading with the magi to end the mission, hesitancy to follow orders, and general reluctance to continue the expedition. Fear can also give rise to great acts of valor; and remember, without fear to be overcome there is no true bravery.

Don't forget to encourage the use of several other personality traits that are also applicable to the story at hand. "Leader-Follower" is especially applicable in light of the story's theme.

Chaos broke out in what has come to be called the Sundering by the ghosts and Hrools who were left after the conflict. Wizards, their familiars, their apprentices, and the grogs, who all had conflicting loyalties, fought throughout the covenant. In the process they killed almost all the living things therein and destroyed most of the covenant's valuables. The rooms and tunnels were severely damaged themselves as well. Nothing really remains of what was once an extremely beautiful covenant. In terms of sheer destruction, the wizard Pitsdim was unequalled in his ability to lay waste to the tunnels, and to this day, many blame him for the Sundering.

From those who fled at the outbreak of the battle, other magi of the Order gathered that some great evil had befallen the covenant; and, being greatly concerned, they sent an investigative group of three magi to determine what had happened. One of these magi was Oranath, the only wizard from Calebais to escape the Sundering. He had foreseen the storm that was approaching and had left the increasingly violent covenant a year before the disaster. For decades he had fought with Krenval over being the "leader" of the covenant, and eventually he had grown tired of it.

Oranath and the other two wizards saw that nearly all in Calebais had been slain and that ghosts were already haunting the ruins. Because Oranath's anger over the destruction of what he had so loved was immense, he wanted the ghosts to continue to suffer their restless fates. He knew that explorers might be able to lay the ghosts to rest, so after only a cursory examination, he fooled the other two magi into declaring the place cursed and infected with the taint of Satan. (Fear can work wonders.)

Since that time no magi has ever been inside the covenant itself, both because the spells that they would normally use to examine a potentially dangerous place from a distance do not function (thanks to Mormool's spell) and because they fear the curse. To this day, however, many magi in the Order are intensely concerned over what occurred to Calebais, a covenant that should have been too powerful to destroy, but none have ever managed to penetrate Mormool's Veil. The ruins, until now, have been left entirely undisturbed.

The Hrool

The Hrools are small, bestial creatures brought to Calebais by Ierimyr several years before its fall. She brought them back with her from a dragon hole, to serve as her personal guards, much to the disgruntlement of the other wizards. At first, the Hrools' minds were severely stunted, but she increased their intelligence through rituals to make them into adequate personal grogs.

During the Sundering, many Hrools were slain out of malice by the other magi and grogs, and more were slain while trying to protect Ierimyr. Enough remained, however, to repopulate the covenant, and they are now the most common type of denizen to be found.

Due to their increasing numbers and violent nature, the Hrool have split into several semi-autonomous groups. The main group of forty-two Hrools remains in the warrens that Ierimyr constructed for them. Another group of eighteen has set up residence in the banquet hall, and yet another group of eight has taken quarters in the old gardens. About a dozen other Hrools wander through the covenant, individually or in small groups. Hrools from different groups often have territorial fights, but these rarely end in death.

Combat is a matter of status among the Hrools. Occasionally, satyrs raid the covenant (the faeries apparently continuing to believe that the evil wizards are living here), and the horns of slain satyrs are made into necklaces. The more satyr horns a Hrool has, the more powerful it is seen to be. The typical Hrool has one horn, and this (by tradition) may not be taken away, but those with more horns can have all but one stolen if they are defeated in combat. Thus the leaders among the Hrool are those who have the most satyr horns or other insignia (like a magic item or trinket of some sort) which shows that they are brave and strong enough to be successful in war. The other Hrools, even the albinos to some extent, always listen to them, and normally obey their dictates. The albino Hrools do not wear satyr horns because they are not warriors. Many of them, however, wear one of the bell's diadems (p. 43). The albino hrools also occasionally lead the warriors into the outside world to hunt for faeries, gather rare delicacies (berries!), and find wood for clubs. With their diadems, they can walk straight through the Veil of Riddles without difficulty.

Without a weaponsmith among them, the Hrools have lost almost all their original armaments to breakage. Now they use wooden clubs made from forest trees. The only other weaponry that remains is a collection of heavily rusted (and worthless) swords and axes. The Hrools are very lithe, quick creatures, and they use to their great advantage in combat. They are excellent at dodging and are more proficient at getting in good blows than their diminutive sizes would suggest.

Most of the Hrools speak French, and one-fourth speak Latin as well (including all the albinos). Both tongues, especially French, have been thoroughly garbled by years of isolation.

A Hrool's body contains 1 "pawn" (point) of *animalem vis*. Each satyr horn contains five pawns (points) of *corporem vis*. You may wish to have the satyr horns actually give the Hrools improved magic resistance (+2 per horn).

Half of all Hrools have no horns on their trinket necklace, one-fourth have only one, and the other fourth have from two to five.

Adult Hrool (with no horns)

Magic Resistance +8
 Size -2 Int -1
 Str +1 Stm +3
 1st +4 Atk +6 Dam +7/+10
 Fat +3/+6 Def +7/+5 Soak +4/+7
 Body Levels: -1, -5, Incap.

(When two stats are listed, the second one is used when the Hrool is defending its home, in which case they become ferocious.)

Adult Hrool (with one or two horns)

Magic Resistance +8
 Size -2 Int -1
 Str +1 Stm +3
 1st +6 Atk +7 Dam +9/+12
 Fat +3/+6 Def +9/+7 Soak +6/+9
 Body Levels: -1, -5, Incap.

Adult Hrool (with three or more horns)

Magic Resistance +8
 Size -2 Int 0
 Str +2 Stm +4
 1st +8 Atk +9 Dam +11/+14
 Fat +3/+6 Def +11/+9 Soak +7/+10
 Body Levels: -1, -5, Incap.



Adult Albino Hrool

Magic Might (Resistance) +18

Size -2 Int +1

Str 0 Stm +3

Club:

1st +3 Atk +3 Dam +8/+11

Wielding the Invisible Sling:

Rate 1/round Atk +2 Dam +4 to +9

Fat +3/+6 Def +7/+5 Soak +5/+8

Body Levels: -1, -5, Incap.

The Albinos

The albino Hrools are honored members of the tribe and serve as shamans of sorts. They are quite a bit smarter than the other Hrools; in both cleverness and knowledge, some are even unqualified geniuses. The first albino was the familiar of Ierimyr. They possess passive magical powers as well, which enable them to change the shape of small objects. (The visitors will find all sorts of strange stone artifacts at the dens of the Hrools.) They have inherited from the Ierimyr's familiar the ability to cast Wielding the Invisible Sling at the cost of 3 Magic Might points. Sometimes they will fashion special pointed rocks to throw with this spell, which can cause +12 damage. They also have the power to chase away most ghosts, though the wizard ghosts require three or more albinos to chase them away.

Chase Ghosts- Can drive away a ghost with a roll of Magic Might + die of at least the ghost's Spirit Might. To perform this power, the albino jumps up and down, screams, and swings his or her arms over his or her head. If more than one albino joins in, each extra one can add its Magic Might to the roll. Much of the Albino magic is performed in similar fashion.

Hrool Battle "Tactics"

The Hrools fight each other, but rarely fight to the death. If they spot intruders, they will attack raucously, but they will flee if wounded or seriously threatened. Thus, it will be easy for a group of stout warriors to fend off even a large number of Hrools. The Hrools act differently, however, when they are fighting defensively. If their homes are threatened, or if they are cornered, they fight with berserk ferocity (+3 to Dam, Soak, and Fatigue rolls, -2 penalty to Def). Characters who intend to fight the Hrools must take into account not only the abilities of their opponents, but also their spirit. It might be possible for characters to lure the Hrools from their defensive positions, to get them to launch an attack; in which case the characters will again have a tactical advantage.

The Hrools are excellent at using their superior mobility to retreat until they have the advantage in terrain and reinforcements, and a common ploy is to send small groups of Hrools around to attack the flanks or rear of attackers. Groups of Hrool can move

amazingly quickly through the ruins, and their scurrying can be heard up and down the well. They are no pushovers.

If the battle is taking place near an opening into the well, two or three Hrools will charge an opponent and attempt to push them into the well, even to the point of dragging themselves along for the plunge into the water. Hrools that fall in the water merely dive down to the submerged rooms and swim up the flooded stairways back upstairs — they can hold their breath for many minutes at a time. This tactic is sometimes very useful for the smaller, outclassed Hrools to use.

Hrool Options

- Have the characters find clues leading to the original home of the Hrools. Perhaps they want nothing more than to return to that place of which they still tell wondrous tales.
- Legends of a mythic journey are strong among the Hrools, and this may make them amenable towards making another.
- An exceptional Hrool (an albino?) wants to join the group (as a player-character companion).
- Some of the Hrools are in search of a new god. They think the old god has grown weak and has lost all her powers. Thus, if the visitors display any sort of great supernatural powers, these Hrools will prostrate themselves and babble things such as "Praise the almighty Rescuer. Mercy on us, oh evil tempered one."



Magic in the Ruins

The magic aura here is +3, but intellego spells will fail unless they are line-of-sight and are concerned only with the present. Even a spell like Image from the Wizard Tom will not work out of line of sight. (It has an intellego prerequisite, and the ability to use the image's senses is countered.) The magic aura bonus is already figured into relevant stats (like Magic Resistance) for inhabitants of Calebais.

Inside Calebais

The destruction of the Sundering has left little in Calebais for "adventurers" to plunder. An active covenant is a storehouse of magical wealth, but Calebais' wealth is mostly lost. The stores of vis were used by the magi in their last struggles, and most of the knowledge of the magi was recorded on parchment, which was easily burned during magical battles. The magic items of the magi have, for the most part, been gathered by the Hrools (bestial creatures inhabiting the ruins), misused, and broken. (Magical artifacts need to be handled with care.) Only that which has been protected from the Hrools in the treasure room, or in areas which are still dangerous, remain somewhat intact. Constant activity by the Hrools has made physical clues of the events surrounding the Sundering hard to come by. Corpses were eaten, the bones scattered, and the weapons taken and, eventually, ruined.

Summary of Inhabitants

Wizard Ghosts

- Ierimyr- feeble-minded leader of the Hrools (p. 31)
- Pitsdim- maniacal magus of flames (p. 33)
- Krenval- master of control, author of the letter that brought the characters here (p. 42)
- Granordon- mistress of necromancy (p. 41)
- Uderzo- master of perception and creation (p. 42)
- Mormool - master of illusion (p. 30)

Other Ghosts

- Ferdina- distressed autocrat (p. 28)
- David- Captain of the grogs (p. 25)
- Paulo- grog with a stone-smashing hammer (p. 23)
- Josephine- grieving companion (p. 24)
- Althane - a lab assistant who starved to death (p. 35)

Living Inhabitants

- Hrools- ferret-like creatures (pp. 18-19)
- Igack- Fire Drake familiar (p. 27)
- Gemarc- Josephine's son in rock form (p. 26)
- Bats and gnats and rather large rats

The interior of the covenant gives evidence of incredible destruction. Rubble, scorch marks, broken weaponry, and occasional bones litter the floor in most places. Almost all the wood in the covenant, including doors and furniture, has been burned or smashed to splinters. The stone walls, and even sections of the ceilings, bear many cracks and holes. Pools of water have formed in various depressions throughout the covenant.

In most areas the ceilings are between eight and ten feet high, though some corridors have six foot high ceilings. There is fifteen feet between each floor.

Originally the covenant was lit by spells that made certain sections of the ceiling glow (Rock of the Lamp's Glow, Creo Ignem 20). They still provide light in all but designated areas, though the ubiquitous moss (see below) grows on the ceilings and blocks some of the light. Smashing apart a glowing section of the ceiling ends the light spell, and the resulting fragments of rock will not glow.

Magical, blue-green moss grows almost everywhere, covering walls and ceilings. In strongly magical areas, such as labs, it grows in profusion. A handful or so is enough to feed a human-sized creature for a day, and it is the main staple of the Hrools. Because the moss is eaten by Hrools, it will be found mainly in areas that the Hrools cannot get to, such as high along the walls and in labs that are still guarded. Be sure to point out the abundance or lack of moss in different rooms and chuckle to yourself as the players try to fathom its significance.

With deterioration and destruction of the tapestries that once covered many of the walls, voices sound hollow in the rooms and corridors and echo ominously. The dank air is laden with moisture, and it smells heavily of rot and animals (Hrools). Play up the sound and smell of the ruins as much as you can; it can lend a heavy air of realism to the story.

The many small denizens of the tunnels can be heard if a person listens quietly. Bats flutter about, and there are many rat warrens dug into the rubble along the walls. The magical aura of the place has affected the creatures living there making the rats, spiders, and other vermin preternaturally large and vicious.

The major denizens are the Hrools, and evidence of their presence is everywhere — to those who look. In any room where the Hrools go there might be trails through the dust and rubble, places where moss has been scraped from the walls (Sight + Per roll of 14+ to notice this subtle detail), and Hrool droppings. The Hrools frequent the upper levels of Calebais only to gather moss, and so there will be no major encounter with them until the explorers go deeper.

Any Hrools wandering the ruins, gathering moss, or looking for a fight will most likely hear the explorers coming and move out of the way. Thus the characters might repeatedly hear footsteps and sniffing ahead and behind them, but they will not be able to see or catch the Hrools.

In various areas of the covenant, stone and metal furniture such as tables and chairs may be found. We usually include them in our descriptions of rooms, but feel free to add them wherever appropriate. The decaying remnants of wood furniture can be found everywhere in spongy heaps on the floor.

Things you can Hear in the Dark...

Whenever the action slows down or the players are just talking among themselves, have the characters hear sometime strange and enigmatic reverberate through the tunnels. Characters will hear a variety of sounds echoing up the central shaft while they are exploring the ruins. The well serves as a sounding box for myriad noises made by the inhabitants of Calebais. You can use these sounds to build up the effect that the entire ruins are completely haunted and that all kinds of strange things lurk there. These sounds remind the characters that there are things moving through these ruins all the time, and that just because there is nothing where they are at the moment, they are not necessarily safe.

- Barkish laughter, often a hideous cacophony of many voices. (Hrools) Also grunt-like sniffing and soft footsteps if some are nearby.
- Pitiful wailing and crying echoing up the well (Althane, Ventus Gurgles' lab)
- Low pitched, tremulous growling (the drake)
- Sound of an distant (or near) explosion, and then the crackling of hot flames (Pitsdim)
- Maniacal laughter (Pitsdim again)
- The flap of many wings (bats)
- Splashing noises (rocks falling into the water)
- Shouts for a missing son (Josephine)
- Screams of rage (David)
- A low-pitched moan (wind blowing across the top of the well)
- Scratching noises from the corner (rats)
- Snatches of a hauntingly beautiful song (from Mormool's lab)
- Deep rumbling noise (the undertakers)
- Sounds of stone breaking (Paulo)
- Flute whistle, B flat (inexplicable)
- The sounds of a party (echoes from the past)
- The sounds of an argument and a fight (echoes from the past)
- The chime-like ring of a bell, (guards' alcove, Lab level)

Free-Moving Encounters

The inhabitants of the ruins are given definite locations where they are encountered; but since most are free to move about, you may have certain beings appear wherever and whenever a good story demands it. If the characters draw attention to themselves or if the game is moving slowly, bring in a free-moving encounter.

Below is a list of encounters that could take place in a variety of rooms within the ruins, and can be used at your own discretion. Probably not all will actually happen in your story, however. Feel free to mark this book to indicate encounters you definitely want to include, encounters you definitely don't want, and places where you might put certain encounters. If you mark the map for locations of encounters, you will have an easier time of remembering to put them in. Do not let yourself be limited by our list.

1. Any ghost, or even group of ghosts, confronts the party.
2. A curious, lone Hrool hears the party and stalks them. Perhaps it's a child.

3. During an encounter with a ghost (a friendly encounter? a threatening one?), an albino Hrool with adult guards comes screaming onto the scene, driving the ghost away.

4. Hrools start following the party, one by one forming a large group until they have enough numbers to attack. Until then, they flee from any assaults, using their superior knowledge of the terrain and superior speed to escape those who chase them. Attempts to communicate might be fruitful, and shows of tremendous force might drive them away.

5. The characters find a Hrool who has been wounded and immobilized during a fight with other Hrools. It snarls fiercely, but impotently, at the approaching characters. Should it be attacked, its howls might bring other Hrools to see what the commotion is.

6. One of the characters looks into water at the bottom of the well and sees a bright floating creature in the water, undulating around the dragon statue. It is actually one of the ghosts.

7. The characters are threatened, perhaps surprised, by a large number of Hrools who will likely try to tear them limb from limb; but the ghost of Ierimyr walks through a wall, and the Hrools stop their fighting to attend to their mistress's wishes. This gives the characters the chance to flee and regroup.

8. If the characters slaughter some Hrools, Ierimyr shows up and cries piteously and endlessly. (This will make the other ghosts very uncomfortable as she never wept when she was alive.) She still has enough left of her mind to feel sorry for her slain "children."

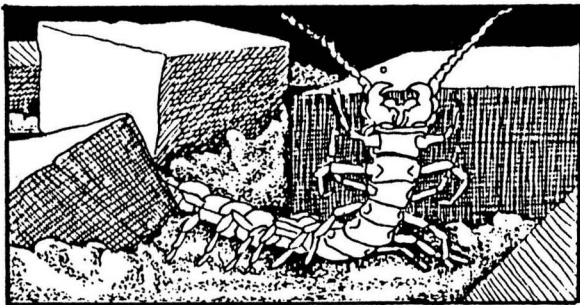
9. During a battle, Ferdina, the autocrat, shows up and orders everyone to stop their fighting, then desperately pleads with them to stop if they continue anyway. Probably no one really notices her until the fight is over. She does not stop giving persistent commands or impassioned pleas, though she is barely able to watch the bloody scene. If David, the grog captain, starts to demean her ability to keep the peace, she frantically talks right over his comments.

10. David, the grog Captain comes to the wizards of the party to report (in Latin) that there is great fighting and confusion going on, and that he is requesting new orders. He will also demand (in French) that the grogs in the party report to him. At some point, he might recognize the magi as intruders instead of members of the covenant, and he may order the grogs of the party to apprehend them (using his special power). He may also decide that these are the people he can report to, but that will take good role-playing on the parts of the magi.

11. The sounds of combat attract one of the following ghosts: David (to lead the grogs in battle), Ferdina the autocrat (to stop the fighting), Pitsdim (to join in), or perhaps all three at once.

12. The characters are getting along well with a ghost when Pitsdim shows up and launches a huge flame spell. It can't hurt the living characters, but the ghost is slain (only to return later).

13. A character who is searching through the rubble disturbs a hairy, copper-colored centipede over a foot long. The character must make a Qik - Enc roll of 8+ to get out of the way before being bitten. The poison will do +15 damage in one minute unless it is stopped. (Use only Stm + Size on the Soak roll.) (A PeAn roll of 10+ with a Co prerequisite can eliminate the poison or a CrCo roll of 25+ can bolster the victim's body so the poison has no effect.) The centipede scampers back into the rubble after delivering its bite.



14. Satyrs from the faerie forest raid the ruins and attack (or talk to) the characters. In a pitched battle, Hrools might appear to fight the faeries.

16. At sunset, a large flock of bats flies up the well out into the open air. If someone watches it from outside, it is very creepy to see the flock rise into the sky; and the soft flapping noise from inside is eerie and ominous.

The Entrance to Calebais

The surface of the ruins is a pit 30 feet in diameter with a 10 foot wide band of paved rock circling it. Five large oak trees growing around the side of the well conceal it from view from the air. Cut into the side of the well (like a groove, not like a ledge) is a set of stairs (see the first of the maps in the middle of this book).

The Slab

Sitting directly in front of these stairs is a two-foot high, four foot square, roughly hewn stone slab (sloped up away from the stairs) onto which is carved, in Latin, the following warning:

**Let these cursed ruins be,
and leave the dead
to their well-earned fate.
— Oranath**

Oranath left this marker here after the Sundering, hoping that it would dissuade people from entering. He knew that, through their actions, they might free some of the ghosts to go on to the afterlife, and he prefers that they suffer here as long as possible for their vile actions.

The Dragon

When the characters first look 140' down the well, they see an eerie, muted yellow light shining up from the bottom and a strange

The Broken Covenant of Calebais

coiling design in silhouette. A Per roll of 7+ lets a character see that there is water at the bottom, a 10+ lets one know that the coiling design is a serpent of some sort, a 14+ lets one see bubbles coming up out of the water from the mouth of the "dragon," an 18+ lets one know that it is probably a statue. You may want to roll the dice for the players and/or let them know privately what they see. This is the about the right time to start building a sense of mystery, so keeping the player somewhat blind to what's exactly is going on might be a good idea.

The thing in the water is actually a stone statue of a Dragon, which was carved for three reasons: firstly, since the covenant in some ways was designed after a dragon hole (see *Ars Magica*, p. 148), this statue gives honor to the connection; secondly the powerful magical light from its eyes help light the well from the bottom up; and lastly the air magically emanating from the dragon's mouth once helped provide fresh air to the lower tunnels. If Sir Montpalier sees the dragon statue for what it is, he will be greatly disappointed and may become despondent.

Level One

Stairway and Bridge

Just behind the stone slab with Oranath's warning on it, a stairway winds thirty feet down the edge of the well. At the bottom of the stairway stands a **delapidated footbridge** (where a small drawbridge once stood) patched and reinforced by bones and by branches from the forest. Roll a stress die + Load + (Size X 3) for each character who crosses the bridge. If two or more characters cross it at the same time, total up all their rolls. If the roll is 13+, the character falls down a slant into the central shaft and down 125' to the water, causing +63 damage times one-fourth. A character in the water might be able to climb into Ventus Gorges' balcony (p. 34).

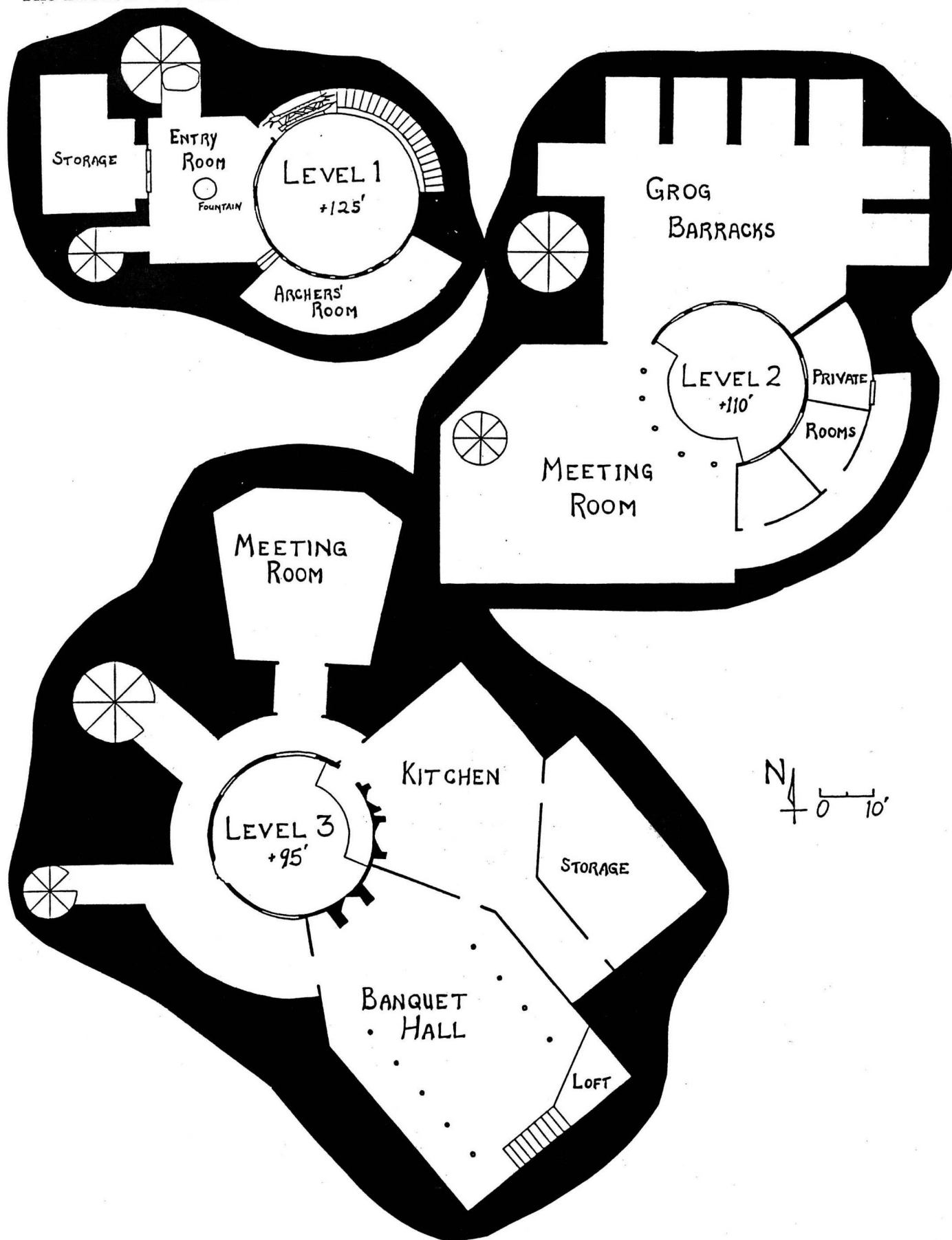
As characters descend the stairs, they can see across the shaft from them a row of arrow slits. (Paulo is there, watching the characters, but he is not visible.)

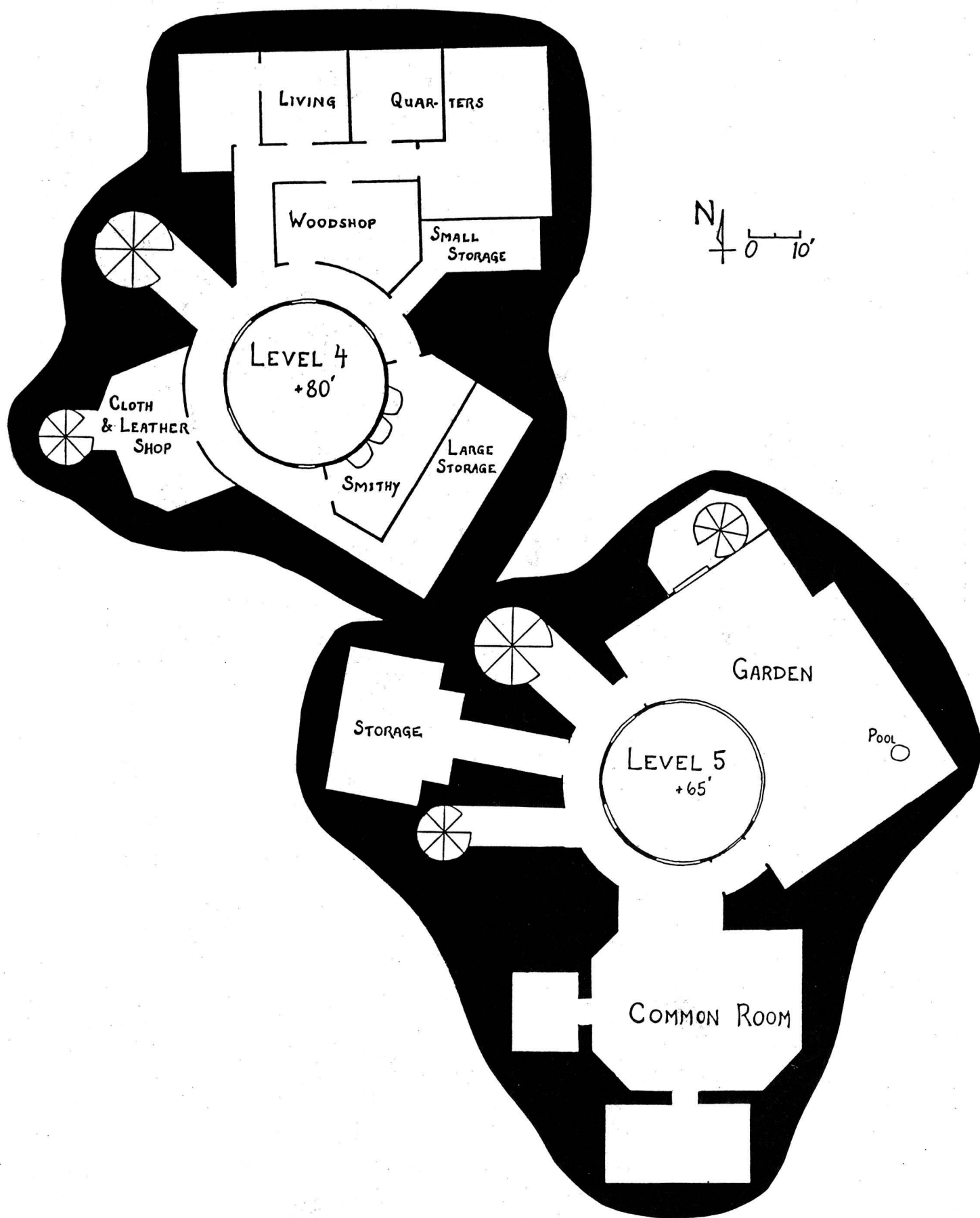
Entrance Hall

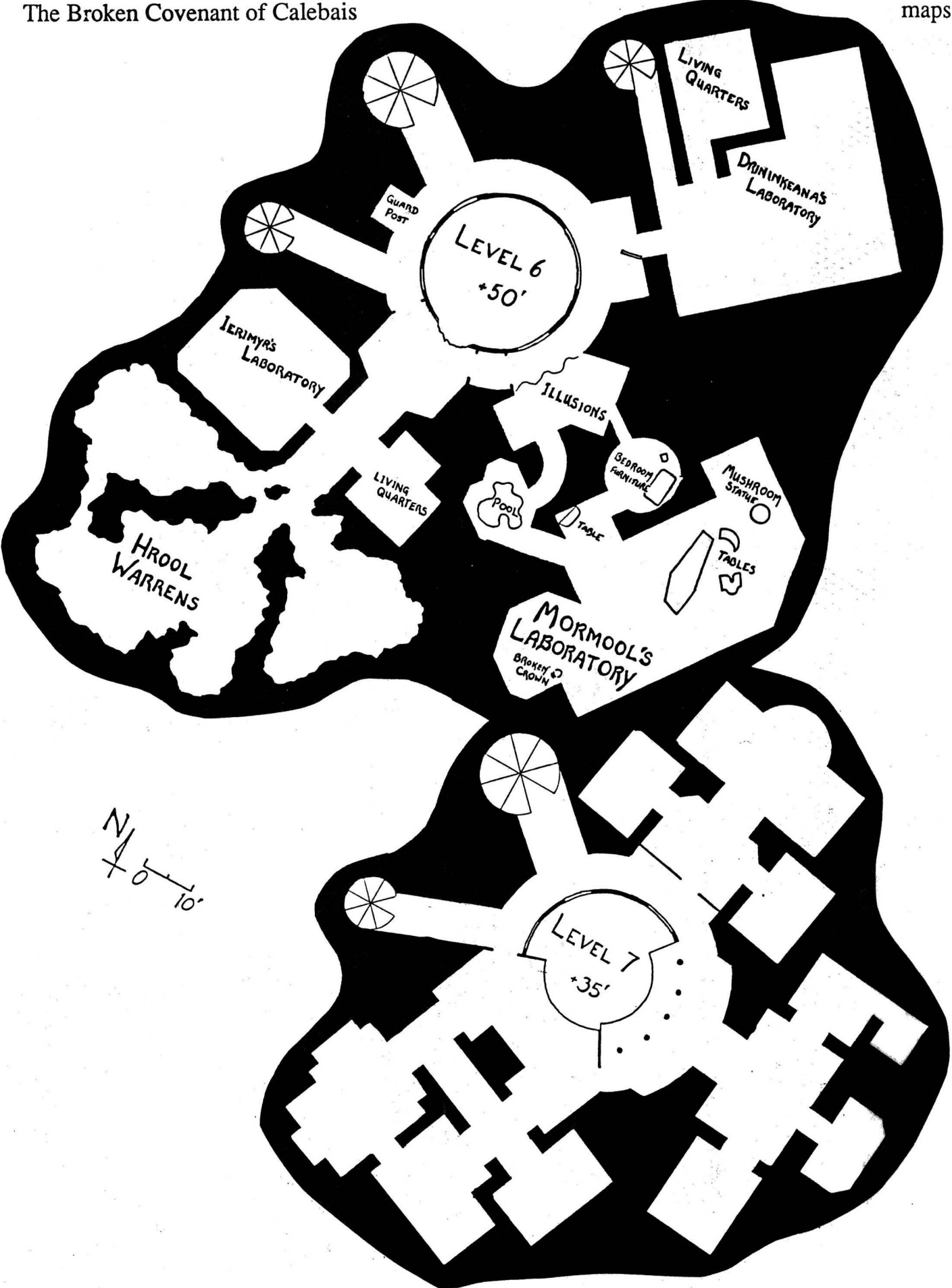
Beyond the crumbling bridge lies a rubble-strewn entrance room with a small, green marble **fountain**, four feet in diameter, now dry, sitting in the center of the room. Its centerpiece is a dryad sculpture five feet high. A Per roll of 12+ reveals its strong resemblance to the dryad they met out in the gardens.

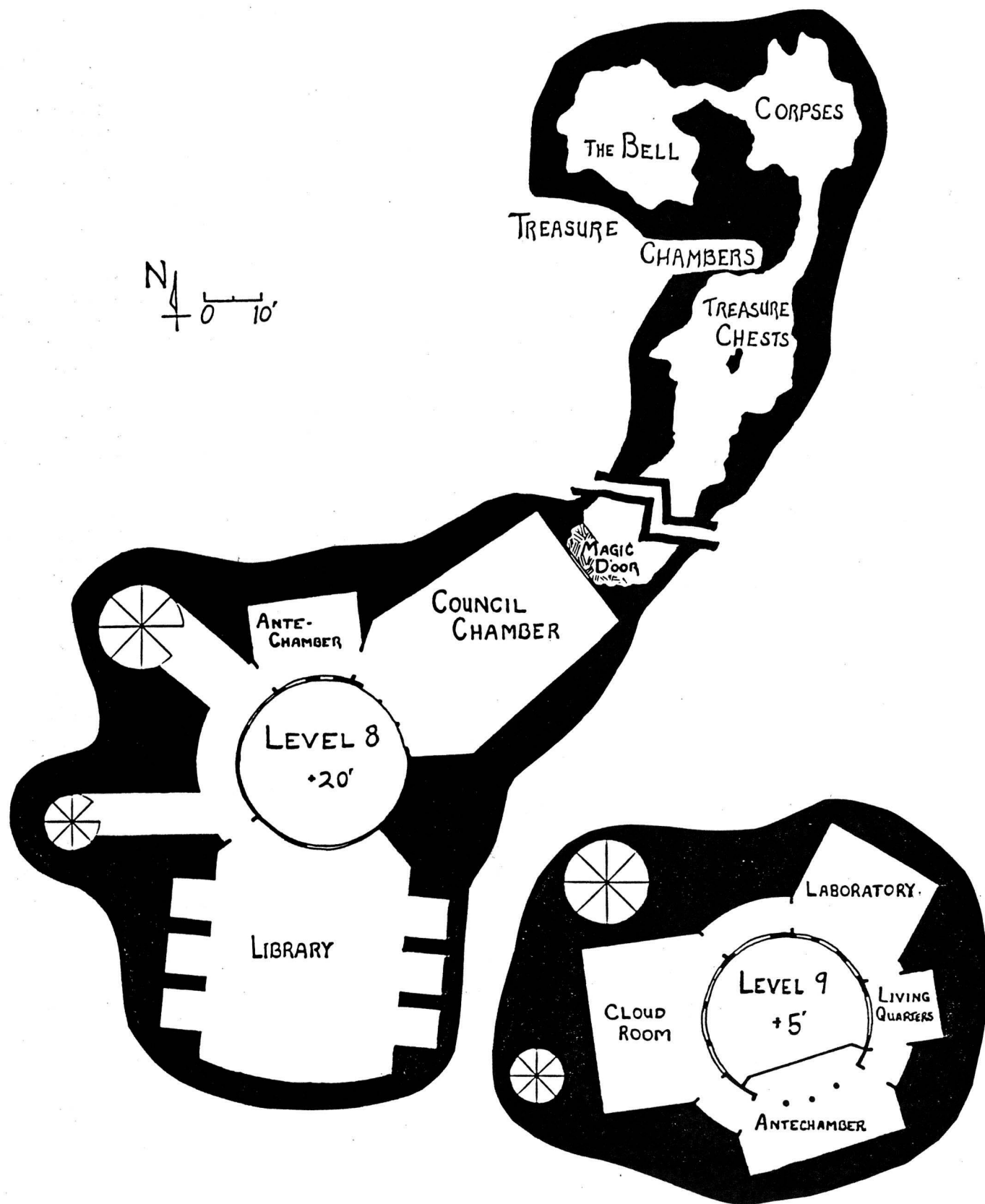
There are two short corridors leading to spiral staircases, and a large iron, double door between them. The larger staircase is the **magi's staircase**; the other is the **common staircase**. In the far wall are a short flight of stairs leading up to the **archers' room**.

The corridor nearest the entrance is blocked by a **large carved boulder** (flat on the bottom, round on the top), beneath which is a crushed, **skeletal Hrool** whose leg and tail bones are sticking out from under the boulder. In the ceiling is a depression the same size as the rock. The top and sides of the slab are partially covered by rubble. If a minute is spent clearing part of it away, it is easy to crawl over. The Hrool had unwittingly set off a trap, demonstrating





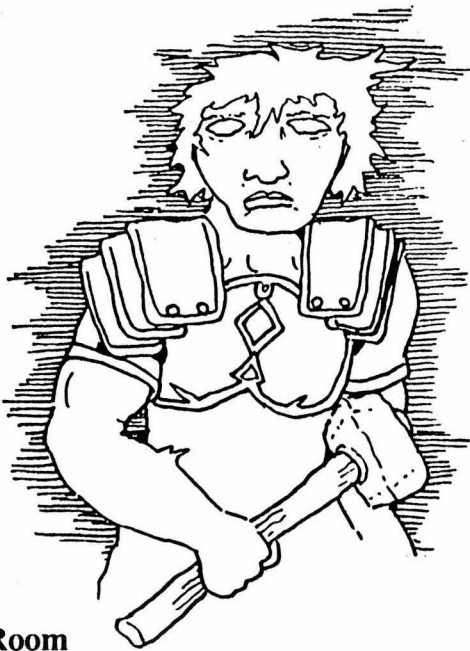




to the characters that the magi of Calebais took their privacy seriously.

Four feet in front of the stone are two large, slightly glowing, **broken crown symbols**, one on the floor and one on the ceiling. If any character walks past those symbols without saying "Ulaxarian," a very loud boom sounds. (If the boulder trap were reset, it would fall a few seconds later.) Ghosts and Hrools may be attracted to the boom, and some of the Hrools may even set up an ambush at the bottom of this staircase on the third floor. Most ghosts habitually mutter the password when they go into this stairway, even though they no longer need to.

The ghost of **Paulo** is on this level, continuing the guard duties that occupied him in life. By the time the characters reach the entrance hall, he has seen them and has hidden in the corridor leading to the common staircase. It has not occurred to him that the characters are intruders, but he thinks they might be enemies of his master, Krenval; so he watches them from a distance. He will retreat if they move to take the common staircase or follow them if they take the magi's stairs. (Sight + Per rolls of 12+ to see him).



Storage Room

Adjoining the entrance room is the equipment room with the large, iron double doors. At one time it contained much of the equipment magi and grogs used on journeys. Those doors are now barricaded from within and require spells or an impressive feat of strength to open. (Str roll of 16+ to open it; if two people push, add both Str scores +3 to the roll; if three, add all the Str scores +6 to the roll. Running shoves will add even more to the roll but may cause injury.) Two skeletons and a pile of chests and equipment are propped against the other side of the door, barricading it from within. Most of the armor, extra weapons, rope, oils, tents, tools, and dried food supplies is either damaged by fire or rusted and deteriorated through age, though some wooden shelving does stand at a crooked angle. There is a one in ten chance that a fairly common, mundane piece of equipment can be found if searched for (with a Per roll of 9+). It will, however, by no means be in perfect condition.

Paulo

Spirit Might 21

Description: a clearly defined apparition of a strong, broad-shouldered man, with a large war maul shaped like a hammer. Per roll of 11+ to see that he is a ghost on initial sighting (at least).

A warrior grog, extremely strong but passive. He now wanders about, mournful and sad, lamenting in grunts and monosyllables the end of his days as the strongest grog of the covenant — proudly serving his master Krenval. He mumbles a lot, and screams, and seems to have forgotten how to speak (though he will, if coaxed).

His main armament is a large war maul, with which he periodically hits the walls about the covenant, actually causing them to crumble. He might become infuriated with the characters and smash walls and such around him in order to scare or harm them, or even block off their avenues of retreat. It costs him 1 Spirit point each time he smashes stone with his maul, and it would take about five blows to seal off a corridor.

Paulo will pass on to the afterlife if he can do one last good deed for the covenant, such as protect it one last time. His stubborn determination to keep guarding Calebais has kept him from realizing that he has died.

Role-playing Tips: Sway back and forth when you speak, standing ready for anything. Be distrustful, but very respectful of magi. Nod a lot even if you don't understand, and never do anything you couldn't do if you were a real person.

Archers' Room

A short set of stairs along the edge of the well leads ten feet up to a small archery chamber, complete with arrow slits facing the stairs on the other side. It is now in partial ruins, gouges in the walls and all that, and is empty (or maybe not; perhaps a sick Hrool could have been left here to die by its family).

Level Two

The next level is where half of the grogs lived, serving as a bulwark to amundane attack upon the covenant. Their barracks and meeting room are located here, as are several private rooms for their companion leaders.

Meeting Room

A large balcony in the meeting room overlooks the well. A huge pile of rubble, rotting wood, ruined tapestries, and rusted metal lie in one corner. This is the lair of ten or more, two-foot long rats with gleaming, red eyes. When anyone enters the meeting room, a soft scuttling sound will fill the air as the few rats in this room retreat into their tunnels in the pile of rubble. They will wait there until they are alone again. The rats will fight only as a last resort, and their bites will *not* infect someone with disease.

Private Rooms

Two of the companions' rooms still contain personal belongings, but whatever can be found in the way of clothing and equipment will be in a sorry state; everything is in ruins.

The first room (closest to the stairs) is empty, but in the **middle room** is the ghost of **Josephine**, one of Calebais' companions. She is crying, lying on an imaginary bed with her arm hanging over her eyes. Her sobs are interspersed with lamentations about her son, Gemaric.

Josephine, companion

Spirit Might 19

Description: hazy image of a strong, young woman in torn leather armor still clutching the shattered remnants of a spear, a shortsword at her side

She was a lifelong companion of the covenant and friend of Oranath, greatly grieved by the Sundering, in which she was slain during the confusion. She has been driven almost mad with grief, and she is obsessed with telling others about the Sundering and of how terrible it was. Josephine insists that the characters confirm that her son, Gemaric, is alive and pleads with them to tell where he is. She states that she knows her "baby" is alive somewhere in the ruins and that the five year old boy is still suffering. If she finds Gemaric (who is in the form of a rock), speaks with him, and believes that somehow he will be cared for, she will pass on — her earthly duties will have been completed. If he is taken from Calebais, but she believes he will not be properly cared for, her ghost will accompany Gemaric, and will haunt whoever he is with.

Josephine will only speak to other warriors and will be very fearful if a magus or non-grog attempts to speak with her. She will turn invisible if she is threatened by any non-grog. She is very suspicious of others and believes that everyone is always lying. She can be boring and repetitive, but she is also easily angered if she is not listened to.

In life, Josephine was an accomplished thief, and even as a ghost, she cannot resist lifting the occasional bauble from the purse of a grog. To this end she can use 2 Spirit points to attempt to filch an item. She must go through the motions as if she were physically picking the pocket, and her total bonus is +8. The character being robbed must beat her roll with a Per + **LEGERDEMAIN**/Pick Pockets roll to discover the theft. Stolen objects become ghostly but return to physical form when Josephine releases them.

Role-playing Tips: Pretend to be grasping the broken shaft of the spear, and let your hands tremble as you speak; the violence of your grip symbolizes the pain Josephine feels.

The **last room**, like the storeroom upstairs, is locked and barricaded from the inside (Str roll of 12+ to open it; if two people push, add both Str scores +2 to the roll). **Paulo's body** is within, with most of his personal things, such as clothing, armor, and trinkets. Some **satanic items** can be found under the collapsed boards of his bed: black candles, a small demon statue, and a small book of satanic prayers in French. The occult paraphernalia are merely trinkets he picked up on one of his missions (unless Whimsy Cards say otherwise).

If Paulo watches the group enter his room, he will be sorely pressed to attack.

Grog Barracks

The remains of bunk beds sag inside each of the alcoves (four per alcove), and a large number of chests lie in pieces across the floors. There are piles of rubble along the wall, but the center of the floor is mostly clear of it. The remains of more than ten human skeletons in armor, with old rusted weapons besides them, can be found amid the refuse. Some cheap jewelry and silver coins may be found if people search near the bodies and the chests. In the alcove near the large staircase, crude, and sexually lewd, charcoal pictures are drawn on the wall. A few broken chamber pots lie nearby. There are no bunks in this alcove.

Third Level

Here were located the kitchen, banquet hall, storage rooms, and greeting hall for visitors. Now the floor is wholly occupied by a tribe of Hrools, who live mainly in the banquet hall. Some Hrools are likely to be spread out on this level, but when they hear the adventurers coming, they will group in the banquet hall. When the characters enter this level (and maybe before), they hear the **David's shouting** coming from the Greeting Room.

Greeting Hall

The ghost of **David** paces up and down the room, shouting at the walls with uncontained rage. There are stone benches built into all the walls, a very rotted and moss covered wooden table (and some chairs) running down the middle, and a five foot wide **magic mirror** hanging on the opposite wall from the door. At one time this heavy glass mirror with the bronze frame showed the surroundings of the stone pylon that stands at the entrance to the Veil of Mormool. The guards waiting in this chamber would use the mirror to watch for visitors to Calebais, who waited at the pylon for a guide through the Veil. Because of Mormool's spell, however, the mirror cannot function, and dark clouds roll across the image it presents. If taken outside of Calebais it will work once again, but it will still only show the pylon and its surroundings.

Banquet Hall

The ceiling near the fireplace is only nine feet high, but it slopes up, and where the walls are parallel, the ceiling jumps to 25'. Against the far wall is a set of stairs leading up to a musicians' loft

David de Simille, the Grog Captain

Spirit Might 19

Description: a well-formed, whole body apparition of a warrior in chain mail with the symbol of Calebais (the broken crown, and three flames) emblazoned in full color on his surcoat and shield, a bastard sword at his side, and bloody bandages over his abdomen.

David spent the Sundering trying to regain control of the grogs, but they had divided into factions long before, each favoring some magus who had promised them much in return for their support. The covenant had been a group of armed camps for a long time, and David could not restore unity. He is still energetically trying to figure out what is going on, to report what he has found to the council, and to get new orders. David speaks Latin and French.

If he is around Ferdina, he forgets his main mission and berates her for failing to prevent the Sundering, because "after all that's what we paid you for." He lauds her accounting skills and ridicules her leadership. David has nothing but contempt for the pathetic way she went to the magi who were fighting and begged them to stop.

David has the power to **command any trained warrior** (those that can understand him) to perform some action normally within the scope of a warrior's duties. Those commanded must make rolls of 8+ on Stm + Loyal - Follower, or follow the orders (ReMe 30, costs 5 Spirit Might points for each command [which can affect any number of warriors]). He can also **damage living beings** with his sword, flailing his opponents with blows that neither shield nor armor can stop. Anyone struck must make a Stm roll of 8+ each round or lose a body level (PeCo or PeAn 15, costs 4 Spirit points).

David hates Krenval; he tells those he trusts that Krenval killed him in cold blood and that he is a lunatic murderer who initiated the Sundering. If he ever happens to meet up with Krenval's ghost, he will use his power of command (and all his powers of persuasion) to have those with him attack the wizard, and then he himself will attack when Krenval's attention is diverted. (Since Krenval and David are both ghosts, they can affect each other as if they were both alive.) David says that he cannot pass on until Krenval has passed on before him. Before the Sundering, David was the lover of Sister Larine.

Role-playing Tips: Assume a strong demeanor and a leader's tone of voice. Don't let anyone give you crap. David will either see the characters as people to whom he can report or as intruders to scare away; it all depends on what they say or do. Strong leadership by the magi will quickly gain his respect, especially if it is exerted with an iron fist.

fifteen feet above the floor. Stone bowls and containers litter the floor, mostly empty, broken shards. The remains of many rusted (and worthless) swords and axes are also strewn all about. The fireplace vents out into the well. Nothing remains of the furniture that once filled this area. In the middle of the room sits a ten foot long, carved stone, **gilded dragon's head** (and part of its neck), a broken crown clutched in its mouth. It is covered with moss and lies on its side, a small stone statue of a Hrool is perched on its snout. This head fell from the huge relief of a dragon which looks down on the room from when the ceiling dips down from being 25' feet high to 9' feet. It also is gilded, and even though it is partly covered with moss, the impressiveness and beauty of are undiminished. (If the players don't seem to be noticing the symbolism found in a broken dragon, in a broken covenant, biting a broken crown — you may want to casually mention it to them.)

Eighteen Hrools live here, including two albinos, who live in the loft. There are all kinds of **shamanic apparatus** stored up there: dolls dangling from a stick, large necklaces, weird-colored moss, geometric statues, and stones carved in the shapes of Hrool body parts. Dozens of foot high statues of wizard-like figures and Hrools lies along the walls; they were crafted by the albinos.

Hrools: Hofot (below), Nungasing (a female albino with one of the bell's diadems, p. 43), Yuzod (male albino), ten adults, five young (noncombatants, Size -3).

Hofot, the Hrool with David's magic sword (used 2-handed). Wears a necklace of eleven satyr horns. His left arm is completely white.

Size -2	Int +1	
Str +2	Stm +5	
1st +5	Atk +10	Dam +12/+15
Fat +4/+7	Def +12/+8	Soak +8/+11
Body Levels: -1, -5, Incap.		

(When two stats are listed, the second one is used when the Hrool is defending its home, in which case they become ferocious.)

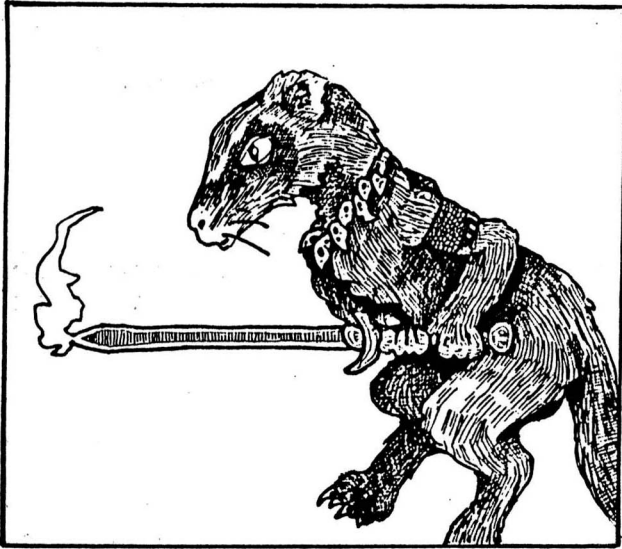
He can cause a small flame to leap from the tip of the sword if he concentrates, vastly increasing the morale of the Hrools when he does. The sword is also resistant to mundane types of damage, including rust and breakage in combat.

David's Magic Bastard Sword: Speed +5, AtkB +4, Dam +10, Prot +2/+3, Load 0.5, Res 30 (but only the opponent's weapon can break), Space 2'

The user can create a flame at the tip by concentrating, works any number of times (like Palm of Flame, CrIg 5).

Immune to normal damage.

+25 Magic Resistance for spells cast at it.



Kitchen

This once busy kitchen is now in ruins, though some heavy, wooden tables still stand. The remains of tables, kitchen tools, platters, and such is found throughout. The fireplaces vent out into the well. The balcony was used to gather baskets of food lowered to them from the outside.

Fourth Level

Here were located the craft shops of the covenant, as well as more private rooms of some of the companions. A few rats can be seen and heard scrambling about, and if it is day outside bats will

Gemarc, Josephine's "young" child

He was transformed into a rock by a Granordon during the Sundering as a way to protect the youngster. Unfortunately, Granordon never got around to undoing the spell, as she had intended, and for many years Gemarc remained a rock, unable to move, dreaming away his time. Then, very slowly, the magic in the air, the magic inherent in these ruins, mutated his form so that eventually his desire to be able to move became substantive and he gained the ability to grow and use legs. But after exploring this level, he largely lapsed back into his dream world and has spent most of his time immobile. Even when alert, his sense of the outside world is vague. If somehow the magi are able to magically speak with him (InTe 15), or if he gains the ability to talk (he could after three years of wishing), they will learn all this. If somehow they are able to make him become human again (MuTe 30 or PeVi 60), they will have on their hands a man in his fifties who has the size and mind of a child, and an incredible imagination. If Josephine sees Gemarc, she will recognize him and will be able to speak to him when she touches him. (She will hear his words in her head.)

be sleeping inside many rock cracks and crevices. Add whatever you think to be appropriate; including ghosts or Hrools.

Woodshop

Piles of rubble rise about three or four feet over the floors, especially near the walls. Throughout the rubble, old rusted carpentry tools can be found, as well as numerous pieces of wood. Hiding here is **Gemarc**, a child in the form of a two foot wide boulder. When the characters enter this room, the boulder hops up a bit; unless characters make Per rolls of 8+, they will think that it merely dislodged itself and settled. If they come over to look at it, a Per roll of 9+ shows it to not be dusty, unlike just about everything else in this tomb. When they get within three feet of it, however, it jumps up a foot or so, four little spindly legs pop out, and it attempts to run out the door. The rock has a Qik of +5 and a Dodge of +8, so it will be difficult for them to catch. It runs out the door, sprints down the hall, and dives into another room on this floor, where it will hide itself among the rubble found there. If they start searching among the rocks in this room, it remains as still as it can (Per + Sight rolls of 14+ reveal a quivering rock to searchers), and only if they touch it will it run again. The rock will run until it can't run anymore, and it may, if sorely pressed with a long chase, accidentally fall into the well. It may even lead the characters to the Fire Drake, explained below, in a desperate move to save itself. For a time at least however, it will try to lose its pursuers in a merry chase through the private rooms and the woodshop.

Small Storage Room

Here lives Igack, a pony-sized **Fire Drake**, once the familiar of Pitsdim, now eating a few rats a month to stay alive and rarely leaving the confines of its den in the storage room. (Igack was the model for the illusionary fire drake guide out in the Veil).



Igack, a fire drake

Magic Resistance +38

Size +1 Int +1

Fiery Breath (thrice per day, like a missile weapon):

Rate +4 Atk +10 Dam +10 fire damage

Bite (simultaneous w/ claw):

1st +4 Atk +4 Dam +12

Claw (simultaneous w/ bite):

1st +4 Atk +5 Dam +10

Fat +2 Def +3 Soak +14

Body Levels: 0, -1, -3/-3, -5, Incap.

Dominate Animals (ReAn 25)- Can give an animal a silent order which it carries out up to a month later.

It is frightened, lonely, and prone to treating intruders to the same fiery greetings that his master employs. In general, however, it is a trusting, fairly simple-minded creature. Pitsdim (p. 33) watches over Igack and can use 5 Spirit Might points to let the drake's fire hit three people for double damage, or 10 points to hit six people for double damage. Pitsdim, however, may not notice that Igack is being bothered. Igack speaks Latin and French with good vocabulary but abysmal pronunciation.

Smithy

Here were the forges for where the weapons and much of the wizards' lab equipment was forged and blown. Some unfinished examples of the crafters' work are strewn about on the floor: swords, glass bowls, iron forceps, and wire cages.

Large Storage Room

Two large stone bins along the wall hold sand and ingots of bronze and iron. Small chests that have obviously been forced open sit beside them. A tall pile of rotted wood planks lies in the middle of the room, and broken wooden shelves line all the walls. A series of locked chests (Dex + Pick Locks 13+ to open) hold sundry components for spells and magical research, such as stork feathers, boar hair, zinc, mercury, and sea water. Most of them are in sorry shape.

Four Private Chambers

At one time things were obviously in these rooms, but now they are full of rubble and rubbish and a few rats. A number of bats have taken up residence in the deeply cracked walls.

Leather and Cloth Shop

This room looks like someone took pleasure in reducing every smooth surface found in it into masses of rubble. The room is completely full of rubble, even the ceiling has been broken up, so there is no light here. Perhaps some of the old equipment of the crafters could be found after much digging, but it is difficult even

to walk through this chamber, much less dig it up. Perceptive characters (Per roll of 8+) notice many old leather pelts mixed up with the rubble, as well as a few rotted rolls of cloth.

Fifth Level

Here were the garden of the covenant and more rooms used by the companions, including a common room where they met and drank.

The Garden

The covenant's garden has fared well, so well that it is now overrun with plants. The bright lights emanating from the ceiling continue to work, and water still trickles in off of the walls. Vines and branches tumble out of the large window and hang down the side of the well; a few chirping birds can still be found here.

Eight Hrools live here in the vegetative morass of confusion, and they find it easy to hide from, or ambush, any who enter (+5 to Hide rolls for the Hrools).

A **small spring** bubbles out of a boulder and into a small pool. It has strange powers of fortification. If used to help bind wounds, it gives +1 to recovery rolls (CrCo 10, detects as magic, 1 pawn of Creo vis per quart, 3 quarts available).

Also within the garden are various marble garden benches, and a marble table with a chess board etched into it; all are covered by overgrown plants. Hundreds of flowers grow all about: tulips, pansies, lilacs, hyacinths, buttercups, shamrocks, and amaranths. The scent is almost overpowering, but is not magical.

A **hidden door** leads to a staircase down to Drininkeana's lab. To find it one must search thoroughly and make a Per roll of 9+ (or search half-heartedly and make a roll of 15+). Even when found, the door is hard to open because there are no handholds on this side of the door. A Level 10+ ReTe spell will open it.

Hrools: Six adults (one with the onyx staff, another with a diadem that works with the Bell of Ibyn found in the treasure room), and two noncombatant young (Size -2).

Staff with a large onyx gem on the end- Mistakenly being used as a club of sorts. This well-worn wooden staff with deeply carved runes has the power to shatter rock out to a range of ten paces. It blasts a hole three feet deep and three feet wide, like a half-sphere. The Hrools don't know how to use it, but Ferdina does. (You must say, "May the storm last eternal" in Latin and then, holding the staff with both hands, swing it over your shoulder, then back in front of you, point the gem at the rock to be broken, and finally thrust the staff forward a bit. To pluck this information out of the essence of the staff—after a month of study back home in the laboratory—requires a roll of 25+.) Usable nine times per day.

Storage Room

This room was thoroughly burned, nothing is left but ashes that have long since compacted into spongy dirt.

Ferdina, the Autocrat

Spirit Might 25

Description: a thick, white, glowing apparition of a badly burned woman (no hair, burn scars on skin, burned clothes); there is desperation in her voice.

An autocrat is a person nominally in charge of the covenant's mundane activities, including keeping track of money, entertaining guests, maintaining the place, and so on. She was a marvel of organization and could recite innumerable details about the status of the covenant. She tried desperately to stop the Sundering, but she found that the power the wizards had given her over their lives was taken away as soon as they felt no more need for her. Pitsdim casually slew her when she asked him to stop fighting. She is still trying to regain control and end the fighting.

If she is blamed too heatedly for the Sundering, by David for instance, she in turn blames David for the mess, saying his poor leadership had much to do with the fracturing loyalties of the grogs, and that she had warned him of this repeatedly. In general, it is extremely important for her to avoid the blame for the Sundering; she will never admit that her own poor leadership had something to do with it; bureaucrats never do. (In all fairness, one must admit that Calebais would have been a difficult covenant for any autocrat to manage.)

She originally came from Doissetep (the largest covenant in the Order of Hermes, located in the Pyrenees), and was sent to this covenant in an attempt to stabilize it and bring it peace. She failed utterly, and now she mainly talks and thinks about how the folk of Calebais never listened to her. She is humiliated by her failure and angered by the fact that she was "never given a chance." She will pass on if a wizard actually listens to her advice and acknowledges that, indeed, she tried and that, till the end, she did her job (and if she, herself, admits that she, in some small part, shares the blame).

Ferdina carries a magical chime that is the formal means by which a council meeting is called; the low tone of the chime can be heard throughout the covenant. Its physical counterpart has long since been broken.

She will likely be found in the lower levels of the well, rather than in the higher; she always did have a rough time of it when she ventured into grog territory.

Role-playing Tips: Speak crisply and precisely, keep your back straight and never forget your manners. Let this thin veneer crack, however, under pressure, especially if other ghosts taunt you and tell the characters the truth about your failure here. If Ferdina can't get respect, she'll accept pity. If treated with respect, she will be astounded, and will likely aid such "dignified folk" as much as she can, short of betraying the covenant (and she might even be able to be talked into that).

Common Room

At one time it was very comfortably furnished, but now most of its luxuries have deteriorated. Some rickety chairs and tables still stand, and a large keg of very old vinegar (it was once wine) rests on a stand in the east corner. The two rooms connected to it are relatively clear of rubble but are empty, except for some piles of rotting wood and rubbish strewn about.

It is the meeting room where **Ferdina**, the covenant autocrat, tends to sulk away her days. Frequently, she imagines that she is once again sharing a joke with **Knalrack** the Librarian, offering advice to **Parcimides**, the scribe, or is deep in conversation about the parameters of magical reality. To her these old friends are quite real and, sometimes, a person outside this chamber will hear more than one voice in conversation...

Sixth Level

The sixth level is home to the laboratories and private chambers of three of the magi.

Guard Room

The alcove in the hallway between the two main stairways is empty, except for a stone bench the length of the chamber, built into the wall, and a foot high bell fastened to the ceiling. A chain hangs down from the bell's tongue, and pulling it rings the bell. In the days of old, this alcove served as a guard post — the bell has a distinctive gong-like ring to it that can be heard up and down the well.

Drininkeana's Laboratory

Drininkeana was mistress of the plants and keeper of the gardens. She spent much of her time in the forest of the riddle and made it the haven of diverse plant life that it is. She also was in charge of the covenant gardens on the floor above and even has a private staircase leading up to it from her lab. Her entrance to the gardens is concealed by stone door that can be barred from the inside and is nearly flush with the wall on the outside.

A large bronze door stands at the entrance to her quarters. It has been broken in and now hangs at an angle by one hinge. The inside of the lab can be clearly seen.

Her lab has a rocky dirt floor in which live its guardians, three massive undertakers (earth elementals). If anyone steps into her lab, one bursts forth from the ground and crushes the intruder. If all three undertakers are engaged in combat or destroyed, characters can enter safely. The Hrools avoid the lab for fear of the undertakers, so moss grows in great profusion here.



All her laboratory equipment and personal possessions have been ruined and at least partially buried by the undertakers, which periodically stir up the floor. Sticking up at an angle through the earth floor is a three foot high bronze pillar with a sundial on top, set into a small dish. This was used in many of Drinkeana's rituals. If the characters sift through the dirt, rocks, and garbage, they may find the following:

- a number of intricately carved walking staves, each using a different plant as a motif
- the remnants of what was once ornate and gilded furniture made of rare woods - Palestinian cedar and faerie oak
- two impossibly well preserved silk robes
- an irregular three foot wide slab of many-hued glass (once much of her lab equipment)
- a large number of small, colored glass balls, half an inch thick
- eight crystal vials with magical potions inside: three green ones are Gift of the Frogs Legs, two light blue ones are Converse with Plants and Trees, and four deep black ones are Leap of Homecoming (to this lab)

Undertakers- Earth Might 30 + 3 for aura (use for Summon & Bind Factors and Magic Resistance)

An undertaker moves as a spirit through the ground, only taking physical form when it comes to the surface, which is usually to attack. Its three or four tentacles are made from the ground around the target. The tentacles then curl in around the victim, pulling him or her to the ground, where they squeeze and pull the victim in. When the victim is dead, the undertaker pulls the corpse underground.

To avoid the grasp of the undertaker, one must leap to the side and make a Qik - Enc roll of 9+. Otherwise the character is caught. The undertaker does +15 damage to the character at the end of each round. Armor only protects the character on the first round. After that, the armor cannot be counted in Soak rolls. A trapped victim may try to make a Str roll each round to break free but must roll a 14+.

Other characters may hack at the tentacles encircling a victim. First roll "to hit." A 0 means that the character has struck the person trapped within the undertaker; otherwise the undertaker is struck. Thrusting weapons do half normal damage. For each full five points of damage done by the blow, the character trapped gets a +1 on subsequent Str rolls to escape, cumulative. A character may also try to free someone who has been caught by prying the tentacles away, but one needs a Str roll of 16+ to do so.

Spontaneous spells can damage the undertakers. Each five points of a Perdo Terram or four points of a Creo Aurum spell will allow a +1 on Str rolls vs. the affected undertaker.

The small room adjoining her laboratory was Drinkeana's personal quarters, and it is not as ruined as her laboratory, although it also has an earth floor. The room is dryer than most, and most of the walls are still covered with extremely dusty tapestries, moldering as they might be, which depict life in a faerie forest. Portions of the tapestries will break away to the touch, so they cannot be transported. An unstained cedar table lies overturned in the middle of the room, along with two high-backed chairs. The top of the table has a large ink stain on it. A chest near the table contains decayed parchment, two completely ruined books, and a variety of broken quill pens. Against the northeast wall sits a large beautiful bed frame made of unstained cedar, its mattress rotted away atop the bed boards. Beside the bed, near the door, is a four foot long trunk full of rotted clothing, and on the other side of the bed is a large, free-standing cedar closet. Inside is Drinkeana's skeletal corpse in a wizard's gown; she has a jeweled dagger through her heart and rests atop a pile of decayed gowns and robes. A small open chest lies beneath the bed, and it is partly filled with 4 jeweled rings, 4 vine-shaped wooden bracelets, 5 pairs of insect-shaped, gold earrings and 3 topaz necklaces. The total worth of this jewelry is about 1200 silver pennies.

On the northwest wall of this room is a pair of two huge bronze doors, almost taking up the entire wall. They are inscribed with various runes (Magic Theory + Int roll of 10+ reveals them to be danger wards). They have two huge handles but are welded shut. A Perdo Terram of 10+, or a 15+ of a similar spell would loosen the seal.

Behind the doors are row upon row of shelves, two feet deep, with hundreds of gleaming, fragile, translucent crystal plants and flowers sitting on them, each in a small vase. The beautiful, still "sculptures" are perfect replicas of their respective species. If one of the plants is held for a few seconds in a living person's hand, it suddenly turns into a real plant. (If it was being held by any place but the vase, for instance by a leaf, it might break and fall to the ground.) The flowers and plants are exquisite specimens, and their colors still gleam brightly, as if they were picked less than a minute ago. If undamaged, they return to crystal form after being released.

Mormool's Laboratory

Inside these rooms is a web of confusing illusions, which constitute the "landscape" of Mormool's lab. This was part of an elaborate trap Mormool has set during the Sundering to keep other magi out of his quarters, but it backfired when a grog who became lost in the illusions killed him. Other details of these rooms are not really important because the real physical structure of the lab has been lost amid the illusions. But since characters may be able to feel their way around different objects here is a brief description of some of the things left.

The major furnishings of Mormool's quarters are marked on the map. They include:

- weirdly shaped stone lab tables — but with all the equipment ruined and in pieces upon the floor
- broken bedroom furniture
- a pool of water
- a three foot high statue of a mushroom

The Nature of Illusion

What are illusions and how do you “run them” in your stories? Do you let players disbelieve things they see and get saving rolls to see if they can see the images for what they really are: empty air? Illusions in *Ars Magica* are actually created or altered images, and as such they cannot be “disbelieved.” The *image* of a phantasmal tree is real; it’s an illusion because the image does not correspond to a physical tree. Only weak or difficult illusions disappear when touched. An illusion that can fool someone into thinking it has a solid form must be of extremely high level. The illusions in Mormool’s lab are moderate ones: they will not disappear on touch, but they will not mimic solidity either. Extremely high level illusions may actually feel like the bark of a tree; but if a person gets up the courage to really push, their hand will go right through even that illusion.

- a stone statue of a broken crown set into the floor, two feet across
- Mormool’s corpse (could be anywhere)

The web of illusions works by drawing ideas from the minds of those trapped in it and turning those ideas into illusions. Have all the players secretly write down some event that was important in their characters’ pasts; events that might be in the backs of their minds while they are exploring this covenant. Take these player notes and mix up these memories with all the things Mormool is thinking about concerning the Sundering, to create a web of confusion and illusion worthy of a bard.

Here you can really let your imagination and creativity go wild; what you have here is a marvelously powerful *Mentem*, *Intellego*, and *Imagonem* spell, that was powered with sixty pawns of raw vis. (The spell is all within line of sight so the *Intellego* component of the botch can still function). The illusions can take any form, including entire landscapes, which can change in the blink of an eye. (But don’t do that too often; it gets *too* confusing.) It is impossible to keep directions straight while walking through this lab; they change constantly and are, in the end, irrelevant. The characters can feel the walls, which seem to be invisible barriers with landscape beyond, but the furniture in the room serves as objects in the illusionary worlds. Thus a table may look and feel like a boulder, and only those who carefully feel the “boulder” will be able to discern its true shape.

If a character seems to be “getting into” the illusions, rule that even when they “carefully” try to figure out the true shape of something it seems like the illusion. If the characters begin to run around, don’t stop yourself from having them run into the walls, but when you do so change the illusion so that some sort of wall is really there, and then insist that it was there all along (and that you had clearly mentioned it to them before). If you can evoke the confusing nature of these illusions through your storyguiding style, it will add much to this scene.

Magic cast within the illusions will have no effect if the thing it was cast on is not there at all, but if a *terram* spell is cast at a

boulder and it’s actually a stone table, then it will probably work. Spells cast on people will usually work, if they are where they seem to be. All aiming rolls are at -5.

Characters who concentrate very hard can make the illusions they see match reality more closely, but they will never be able to see reality itself, only less distorted reflections of it. Thus one could make the boulder “turn into” a stone sarcophagus, but not into the table that it is.

Somewhere in these illusions, as an integral part of them, you can place the ghost of Mormool; he may be sitting under the oak tree singing a ballad to himself, or leaping from cloud to cloud trying to escape a flying demon. Have fun with this. It may be hard to run, but it will be well worth the try.

Mormool, master of illusions

Spirit Might 47

Description: a vivid image of a male wizard with a multi-colored robe, wild, curly hair, and a confident, steady demeanor

This confused wizard is trapped in a web of his own crazed images which he set up to guard his laboratory during the time of crisis. It was his spell which made out-of-line-of-sight *intellego* spells impossible in the covenant.

Mormool was an energetic, youthful magus in life, and his vibrant energy has carried over to his ghostly existence. He rarely questions himself and takes joy in watching the unraveling of the illusionary world about him. If questioned about the illusionary qualities of the images in his room, he laughs and says, “But all of life is an illusion, don’t you know that?” The new images and scenes that the characters bring in with them will delight him; and if he can, he will try to manipulate the illusions to keep them in his chambers.

His corpse is lost somewhere within this illusionary room, and he does not realize that he has died. After several decades in a room of illusions, he has a hard time separating hallucination from reality. He may periodically lose interest in the party, even after they explain things to him, because he still is in the habit of treating everything as illusions which he can ignore or change when he grows bored with them.

Mormool is fascinated with the role he played in destroying the covenant. He mulls over those events over and over in his mind in an attempt to *feel* something, but he has never felt any emotion over what happened. For some reason his heart is clear. Until he can feel remorse over his tragic mistake he cannot pass on.

Role-playing Tips: Never pay attention to any one person for a very long time, and even while listening be constantly looking away from them and at the living world of “illusion” around you. Play out his dazed, confused qualities as thickly as you can.

Ierimyr, the Mistress of the Hrools

Spirit Might 48

Description: a hazy, translucent image of a woman wandering aimlessly with a vacuous expression on her face, wearing forester's clothes (breeches, shirt, short cloak, cap), a bloody puncture wound on her abdomen.

She brought the Hrools to Calebais from a dragon hole and granted them improved intelligence. Even though she is now feeble-minded, the Hrools still practically worship her and try to follow her orders (whenever she says anything that can be understood).

During the Sundering, Eono destroyed her mind, but she survived, tended by the Hrools. A few years later, however, raiding satyrs stabbed and slew her. She doesn't quite realize that she is dead.

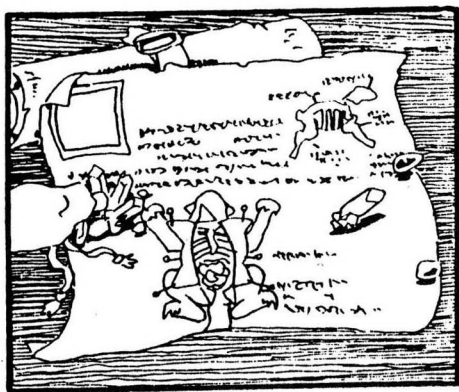
In a fight she may be able to aid the Hrool directly because of her close emotional connection to them. This may entail healing them, calling for Hrool reinforcements, and giving some of them magical strength, among other things.

Role-playing Tips: Don't just role-play a drooling idiot here; try instead to play an "absent-minded professor" who just got hit on the head. Be very emotional and respond to others only on an emotional level. Rational and intellectual arguments or questions mean nothing to you; the Hrools mean everything.

Ierimyr's Laboratory

These rooms were owned by Ierimyr, mistress of the Hrools. In them can be found her ghost, and Hrools, lots of Hrools. Two huge wooden doors that once stood at the entrance to her abode now lie on the ground before it, partly covered with rubble and refuse.

Ierimyr's laboratory proper is not overrun with Hrools; it's taboo to them. The Hrools will not let anyone into the lab to loot it. The lab was partly ruined during the Sundering, so bottles, scraps of parchment, flasks, tubes, and so on are scattered all about. Her U-shaped stone lab table still stands, albeit a bit chipped, in the middle of the room. Much of the lab is ornamented with scorch marks, and much rubbish and fragments of rock litter the floor. Literally covering the north wall are a large variety of different sized iron cages, with the remains of different animals within, both



magical and mundane. Four of the skeletons contain raw vis: the giant otter- 6 aquam, the five foot long worm (now a husk)- 4 terram, the dog with the horns- 8 animale, and the boar with the golden tusk- 5 animale. All the cages are locked and heavily rusted. Moss, of course, grows thick here. Diligent searching through the rubble may uncover the following (Per rolls, use your own method):

- small crystals scattered among the rubble next to the leather pouches that once held them. A total of 24 pawns (=points) of vim vis. Moss has grown over them.
- a large scroll with notes about the art Animalem. It is unreadable to anyone with an Animalem score below 10, while anyone with an Animalem score between 10 and 18 can gain 30 experience points from it (but cannot bring the score above 18). Study comes at the usual rate of 3 per month. The scroll is in perfectly legible Latin.
- a scroll with some passable poetry concerning the beauty of wild animals (deer, wolves, hawks, etc.) and a few thoughts about how the natural magic of animals works in conjunction with their symbolic qualities (which may strike the interest of a player magus)
- nine, three inch tall, green stone statues of Hrools. They will be found in the remnants of a wooden box wrapped in yards of mushy felt
- eleven splintered and fragmented stone platters with maps carved on them. They lead to dragon holes, sources of raw vis, and sites of danger, and have many comments written upon them. If care is taken in collecting them it should not be very hard to reconstruct them, but if they are just thrown into a bag it will take at least a month for a wizard to piece them together. Whatever the case, important pieces are missing and portions are illegible. Use these maps as starting points for new stories. The magi should have leads to some important, if contested, sources of raw vis.
- a two foot high, bronze, stoppered beaker filled with acid
- a soup bowl sized, blue marble mortar and pestle

Ierimyr's Quarters are very clear of rubble and are strangely clean. Where parts of the walls have collapsed, the rock has been taken away and the dust swept up. The only moss that grows is high up on the walls and on the ceiling. In the center of the room is a pile fifteen feet across and five feet high, of Hrool skeletons. This room is the graveyard of the Hrools. If characters look closely, they notice that all the skulls have been broken apart, or have large holes in them, and that some bunches of bones have been tied together with vines.

Beyond the antechamber and lab are the warrens of the Hrools. The lighting is very poor; only occasionally is there a small patch of magical light on the ceiling. Along many of the walls are colorful paintings made by the Hrools. They detail many of the Hrools' legends about fantastic journeys, rescue by a wizard-god from a hell-like pit in the ground, arrival in a kind of heaven, and then the destruction of that heaven when their god was defeated in spiritual war. The stick figures of beings pictured can be described as primitive at best, but they are usually recognizable as Hrool,

humans and magi. There is even a certain degree of beauty in some of the paintings.

As in the banquet room upstairs, there are small **wizard and Hrool figures** along most of the walls and erected on little rock platforms. Some of the wizards might be recognizable as Ierimyr, some others as Pitsdim. Empty stone bowls and containers also litter the floor; broken shards and a collection of heavily rusted (and worthless) swords and axes are strewn all about. In the far corner of the north cavern are the **puppies** of the clan, they scamper about, play fighting and squealing at each other. They will have taken no notice of anything that has happened in the caverns.

This group of Hrools possesses **David's shield** (used by Hukla) and **breastplate**. The breastplate is too big for a Hrool to wear, so they keep it in the back of the warrens. The breastplate works automatically when it can, using the following spells on the person wearing it:

Alleviate the Serpent's Bite (PeAn 10), 3 times per day.

Chirurgeons' Healing Touch (CrCo 20), only on an incapacitated person, "sun." duration, once per day.

Calm the Motion of the Heart (PeMe 15), when the wearer is afraid, 10 times per day.

Parma Magica 20 (ReVi 20), +20 magic resistance. The effects of this breastplate do not have to penetrate this parma. Three times per day.

In addition, the breastplate is immune to normal types of damage. Worn alone it provides a Protection score of 8 (2 Enc). Worn with chain mail (the typical combination), it provides a protection value of 15. Sometimes damage that would have been done on the wearer of the breastplate will be passed off onto the equipment of the bearer. Thus, a particularly vigorous blow that just glanced off the breastplate (didn't do any damage by a point or so) may shatter that person's dagger or break a boot strap.

Hrools: Hukla (see below); two albinos, Arz & Kremin (each has one of the bell's diadems, p. 43); thirty-three other adults (pp. 18-19), and six noncombatant young. If the player characters are especially weak, reduce the number of adult Hrools to thirteen — they just suffered a Satyr attack.



The Broken Covenant of Calebais

Seventh Level

The seventh level is almost completely collapsed. Here were located three laboratories. Krenval had to collapse the whole level, by casting a huge Terram spell, just to kill Pitsdim — whose decayed remains can be found somewhere beneath tons of rubble. Now only the area near the stairway remains fully open; the rest is chock full of rubble. Hrools and verminous creatures (and poisonous ones?) might be found crawling in the maze of small tunnels excavated throughout this level and at the few spots where small chambers in the rubble remain.

Play this floor by ear (include lots of eerie noises too). The characters can search it if they are extremely rambunctious or are maddeningly efficient explorers. Or, if you wish, you may have this level be clear and stock it with your own good ideas: new ghosts, magic items, traps, or whatever.



Hukla, the Hrool with David's magic knight shield, a hero among his kind. Wears a necklace of eight satyr horns. Uses a one-handed club, with nail spikes imbedded in it. He wears a diadem looped around his neck.

Size	-1	Int	-1
Str	+3	Stm	+4
1st	+5	Atk	+9
Dam	+12/+15		
Fat	+4/+7	Def	+14/+12
Soak	+7/+10		

Body Levels: -1, -3, -5, incap.

If he stays still for three seconds while holding the shield he becomes invisible, only to become visible as soon as he moves. The shield is resistant to normal damage.

Eighth Level

The eighth level is the location of the council room of the magi, its antechamber, and the covenant's once large library.

Antechamber

The antechamber to the council room, has stone benches built into the wall opposite the pit, and its floor is covered with a complicated mosaic of colored tiles, detailing a golden dragon flying out of grim, black hole in the hollow of a mountain. There is no rubble in this room, and only a few decaying tapestries litter the floor.

Council Room

The council room has a long stone table running down the middle of it, around it are chairs of different kinds, all of them large and ornately carved. This chamber is in fairly good shape, and some heavily tattered tapestries still hang on the walls. The only one whose design can be deciphered has a map of the region around Calebais, but much of the detail has been worn away. Standing on the table is the mad wizard **Pitsdim**, unless the players have encountered him elsewhere. He is casting relatively small fire spells up at the ceiling and will be delighted to see that he has visitors.

If the characters don't flee Pitsdim, they notice some of the details of this room. The characters will see that most of the chairs around the council table are made of wood (and they are yet unrotted), some are of stone, and yet others are made of bronze or brass (only slightly tarnished). Many of the chairs are covered with moss, as is most of the table, but close inspection may show them to be of high artistic quality (HUMANITIES/Art + Int roll of 10+). On the backs of the chairs, inscribed in silver, are the following phrases, one per chair:



- Ierimyr - Mistress of beasts
- Pitsdim - Master of flames
- Krenval - Master of control
- Uderzo - Master of perception
- Eono - Master of the mind
- Malevolus Videri - Mistress of destruction
- Ventus Gurges - Master of air
- Dargaud - Practitioner of all things
- Granordon - Mistress of necromancy
- Mormool - Master of illusions
- Erechtheus - Master of changes
- Drinkeana - Mistress of the plants

Pitsdim, Magus of Flames

Spirit Might 52

Description: a fully visible, perfect image of a middle-aged, crazy magus in burned and tattered robes, wild hair, and wilder eyes; he holds a staff

Pitsdim caused great damage within the covenant before he himself was slain by Krenval. He was one of the main perpetrators of the violence that brought the covenant down, and the other ghosts still hate him. In ghostly form he still wanders the covenant in the frame of mind he had during the Sundering. This frame of mind is best described as "Burn! Burn! Kill! Ha ha! Hee hee! Burn! Burn!" The characters may hear snatches of his maniacal laughter from below them as they explore the upper levels.

He can cast enormous fire spells, probably the biggest the characters have ever seen or heard of. If he sees them in a balcony above him, he will send a huge ball of flame up the well; it will be so large that it will continue to burn in the sky above the hill for a minute or so. Unfortunately for him, his ghostly spells have little effect on the living. Those struck feel and look burned, but the illusion passes quickly and leaves no damage. If he sends a bolt of fire at the party, they may think they are injured, for they will feel the horrible burning sensation of the flames, but will probably realize that it wasn't real after the initial shock has worn off.

Pitsdim does not know he is ghost, and since he is terrified of ending up in Hell, and will fall apart if he learns that he is actually dead. It is this fear, and his destructive insanity, which has kept him on earth. He hates Krenval and mumbles a lot about the terram wizard's evil ways and the insanity which allowed him to destroy the covenant.

Role-playing Tips: Practice the maniacal laugh (but not within hearing distance of those who wouldn't understand) and give his voice and the crazy things he says, all the gusto you can.

There are no inscriptions on the base of the table (it was for guests), and there isn't even a chair at the head of it.

A window looks out over the well, and carved on the wall opposite is a huge gilded symbol of Calebais, the broken crown with the three flames. It is fully visible from the council table.

On the far wall from the entrance to this room, behind the head of the table, is a Terram-based **magical door**. One of ghosts (David or Ferdina — if they've been treated respectfully) might tell the characters about it, if properly questioned ("Where was the treasure of Calebais stored and how do we get to it?"). They can tell the characters that the wizards would cast a spontaneous Muto Terram spell every time they wanted to go through the wall and then they pushed their way through the rock, which had become the consistency of thick pudding. What happened after that they didn't know; only magi were allowed in the treasure vaults.

Another means for characters to find out about the door is the **mummified hand** sticking out of it. Characters are likely to overlook it when they first enter the room because the walls are splotched with stains and moss and because the lighting is bad, but as they approach the far wall they come to see the hand sticking out from it, about three and a half feet above the floor, as if someone were trying to reach out of the stone itself. (This is David's hand. He was killed by being trapped in the door.)

An Intellego Vim spell of 5+ can show the door to be magical, and one of 10+ can show it to be a Muto Terram based portal. If a magus casts a spontaneous MuTe spell on the door of Level 5+, a six foot high by five foot wide section of the wall becomes passable. (The first time this happens, the mummified corpse of David crumples down and falls partially out into the council room.) Those going through the door must hold their breaths and push through five feet of rock till they get to the other side. Characters need to roll at least a 7+ Brave. A high Cowardly roll (13+) might mean that the character panics while inside the rock. Beyond the portal is a corridor that leads to the treasure vaults of Calebais. (See the next chapter.)

Library

The library is a large chamber, with two lines of pillars giving the twenty foot high room a grand feeling to it. The upper parts of all the walls all have **gilded carvings** on them, depicting the potential that education contains. The north wall shows a wizard standing proudly before a bearded, bare-chested giant sitting on a throne. The east wall shows a magus finding an enchanted clearing in a jungle like faerie forest. The west wall contains an outstretched magus standing before a vast panorama of gold gilded stars. The south wall pictures a magus leading a sea of people up a mountain. Etched in careful letters across this panorama are these words in Latin, "Your vision was wrong, Krenval, you had too much pride. We could have worked together." This was written by Oranath, and it refers to Krenval's unceasing efforts to lead Calebais and his wish to lead the mortals towards his vision of a perfect future.

All the books have been burned. It looks as if some madman had fun in here; as indeed Pitsdim did. If the books were in good shape, they would have been a fantastic treasure, giving the characters a covenant library with some arts learnable up into the

teens, and hundreds of perfected spells. But the books have, unfortunately, been thoroughly destroyed. The burnt books and bookshelves can be found all over the room. They are covered with ashes, and it appears as if someone dug through them and ensured that all were ruined. Small middle sections of certain books can be read but they will be of no real use to the magi. If they were carefully pieced together after months of work perhaps some mundane information could be retrieved, but to learn from books on magic requires that they be essentially complete.

There are six semi-private study alcoves built into niches in the walls. They are essentially separate little rooms that once had wooden screens blocking them off from the rest of the room — some alcoves even had some simple lab apparatus in them. Like the rest of the library, these alcoves are utterly destroyed.

Ninth Level

The laboratory here has no contact with the rest of the covenant except through its balcony onto the well. The balcony is ornately carved and on the wall above is a bas-relief of a great eagle in flight. At one time the relief was gilded, and some gleams of it remain. Characters can see this balcony from the upper floors, but only if they look for it.

Ventus Gorges' Lab

The lab of **Ventus Gorges**, a very powerful magus, and his private chambers are located here.

The **antechamber** to this floor is dominated by a huge, still somewhat intact, tapestry of a cloud, done with silver thread, with a black background. It's more than twenty feet long and eight feet high, and bolts of lightning run from the cloud to the bottom of the tapestry. On the balcony is the emaciated **corpse of Althane**, Ventus' assistant. The corpse is of an old woman with a fractured leg. Her ghost haunts this level (see the next page).

The **laboratory** was once well-equipped, though little sign of the equipment remains. Rubble lies about everywhere. Seven round boulders lie about the room, each in the middle of a maelstrom of destruction. If anyone touches the massive table in the center of the room, a **bright spark** (accompanied by a sourceless cackle) flies from a small silver knob on the west wall onto the table's center. If the lab were still functioning, this spark would light the flammable material here, causing a mighty explosion, but the lab materials are long gone and the trap is ineffectual.

The north wall of his laboratory is covered with niches of all sizes that have been carved into the wall, floor to ceiling, creating a mosaic of square holes. To this day many of them are full, though very little of value remains intact. Most of the books have been ruined, though two on the history of the Order of Hermes (HERMES LORE 4), three on Roman history (Roman Social Knowledge 5), and five on storm weather phenomena (40 experience points in Aurum for those with scores between 13 and 16) are still are somewhat legible. Five goblet-sized glass containers each hold a ball of viscous, blue-black smoke, which is worth 4 aurum vis each. Another three bucket-sized glass bottles are clearly marked in Latin as containing air elementals. What varieties and types of air elementals is up to you. Some other niches hold bottles with

The Ruins of Calebais

strange (and mundane) liquids inside, others only hold jars of fur or butterfly wings, and some contain silver objects formed into small hand-sized sculptures in the shapes and symbols of clouds and lightning bolts.

The room across the well from the laboratory has a large, thirty foot long **gray cloud** in the middle of it, and its bowl-shaped floor is partially filled with water. Soon after the characters enter, the cloud begins to rain. This was once the test area for Ventus; he practiced his magic here and designed and perfected new aurum spells using the cloud. If the characters attempt to cast aurum magic at the cloud, they find it exceptionally easy to affect and manipulate. Characters who walk under the cloud may just get wet, or perhaps a small lightning bolt will strike them doing +15 damage.

Two more boulders lie in the small living quarters, and nothing is left of personal belongings here, except the occasional pile of rubbish. Angular, ten foot high, silver symbols crowd the walls of the room, which is gently lit from above by myriad bright stars shining on the otherwise black ceiling.

Somewhere in these rooms the characters will discover Ven-

tus' lab assistant, **Althane**. They will probably meet her almost immediately because she will not wait long to approach the guests to her master's lab.

The Flooded Levels

The tenth level is completely flooded as is the eleventh level. Many of the magi's laboratories were located in this area, though not all of them had direct access to the well.

If the characters have means to explore the flooded area, they should be rewarded. If they just explore the bottom of the well they will find ten feet below the surface of the water a bundle of waterlogged branches cut to a yard in length. Each of the nine branches contains two "pawns" (= points) of *Herbam vis*. You can extend the adventure indefinitely as the players explore this nominally inaccessible part of the ruins. A better way to extend the adventure may be just to put more details into the upper levels because these flooded levels would make for a good story a few years down the line — "Return to the Broken Covenant."

Althane

Spirit Might 18

Description: an elderly, emaciated woman in rags hobbling on a cruelly fractured left leg, her eyes wild with hunger.

Althane starved to death after the Sundering because her master's laboratory has no physical connection with the rest of the covenant, except through the central shaft, and her wounded left leg (broken during some violence) prevented her from even attempting to climb out. She will tell of everything in the laboratory and everything she knows of the covenant to get some food to quiet her hunger, which has grown ever since the Sundering. To feed her, food must be given a spiritual quality so she can imbibe it. (A spontaneous *Muto Animalem* spell of Level 5+ with a *Mentem* prerequisite could make meat acceptable to her, for example.) She was always physically weak and emaciated and extremely cowardly. Althane remains spiteful towards magi for she believes it is their lack of involvement in the day-to-day leadership of the covenant that led to its fracturing, and eventually the Sundering. She sometimes sits on the balcony and pours out her sorrows in loud weeping.

Althane has the power of possession and may try to take over the body of a grog so that she is able to eat. This may result in a humorous episode, but try to make it somewhat grim as well. The fear and horror for this tomb of Calebais should be growing by now.

Note, she was an assistant, not an apprentice, so she knew no magic herself.

Once fed, she can pass on.

Role-playing Tips: Let your head dangle from your neck, and speak in a raspy, trembling voice. Stop speaking entirely every few sentences, and look woeful.

Options

- The characters can attempt to convene a meeting of the Council of Calebais. They will somehow have to coax the magi to come, going around to each one of them to try to talk them into it. With the addition of Ferdina as a voting member they have a quorum, so they can vote on such issues as giving the treasure to the newcomers, disbanding the covenant, ending the hostilities, and so on.
- The ghosts found in the treasure vaults may visit the upper levels if their labs are being ransacked.



New Rules for Ghosts

Ghosts are disembodied spirits still confined to earth because of some task they have left to do in the mortal realm. Many are angry, dark, sinister, souls living tormented lives in the physical world without being able to partake in any real way of that world. Ghosts are often insane, sometimes violently so, and may fear and hate living beings. They have the power to haunt the living and can take pleasure in creating suffering; some even attempt to possess the bodies of the living. While some ghosts are capricious and cruel, others are good of heart, and diligently seek to complete the earthly task that has bound them here so that they can continue their spiritual journey. Ghosts are as individual as living beings, and each has its own powers and personality.

The appearance of ghosts can vary from being very real and physical to being just a luminous haze in the air, with only the vaguest similarities to the human form. It all depends on the spiritual strength of the ghost, its ghostly experience, and its own knowledge of its twisted fate. A ghost that knows it's a ghost may appear less corporal than one which still believes it is alive. All ghosts can become invisible at will, and only a few can come close to anything more substantial than translucent. The more Spirit Might (see across) a ghost loses, the less corporal it becomes. Ghosts with a might over 25 can appear almost completely solid, while ghosts with only 3 or fewer points left can scarcely be seen.

Many ghosts do not realize they are dead and many refuse to believe those who say they are. (Thus, some of the ghosts in this story may state matter-of-factly that the great mage Pitsdim is alive.) Only ghosts who are "experienced" as ghosts can move through walls and otherwise treat the physical world as clouds to move through. For most ghosts, especially the ones that do not fully realize they are dead, the physical world is as real as it was before, except that people will not always see them. But if a ghost jumps into a pond, a person might hear and see the splash. Usually, however, the water will not react to the ghost. Ghosts are "real" to one another, however, and can touch one another.

Two things to remember about ghosts in general: 1) their purpose, which gives them added strength in certain situations and 2) their site of death, which, when they are there, makes them more formidable, but also presents their weaknesses. A ghost will rarely be able to resist showing a person to which it is speaking the site of its death. It is a strange compulsion they all seem to share.

Every ghost has a reason for being on earth rather than going on to the afterlife, usually some task that has not yet been finished. Strong emotions tied to someone's death might be enough to get that person to return as a ghost. Ghosts almost universally despise their fates, and often turn their agony into hatred of the living.

Ghosts are generally unable to affect something that wasn't at the site of its death when it died. The things which they can affect are usually limited to things they had a strong connection with in life.

Each ghost has a **Spirit Might** score, which serves as its Magic Resistance score, Magic Penetration score, and its ability to resist certain spells designed to affect ghosts specifically. If the ghost has special powers (such as spells), using these powers can temporarily decrease Spirit Might, as described later. The Spirit Might of a ghost depends on the power that the ghost had while alive and (sometimes) the manner of its death. A ghost of a powerful person has a high Spirit Might, as would a ghost who was betrayed and slain, and has therefore come back to get revenge. The power of the magical aura of the ruins has already been added to the Spirit Might scores of the ghosts in this story.

Ghosts gain back used up Spirit Might at different rates, depending on the intensity of their emotions. In general, a day or two is long enough to recover all used Spirit points.

The average ghost has a Spirit Might score between 15 and 20.

Most ghosts have some powers, if nothing more than causing fear. Often, they have powers appropriate to their activities in life. Especially strong powers cost Spirit Might points.

When a ghost finally does "pass on," play it as more than a simple declaration; make it a production. Describe the process in detail, and portray a vivid, awe-inspiring scene. When a ghost is finally able to leave the confines of the mortal world, it is a very big affair indeed. Play it that way; pull all those metaphorical adjectives off the back burner.

Magic and Ghosts

Ghosts can be affected by mentem spells, both those intended for living people and those designed specifically for ghosts. When a spell opposes Spirit Might directly (as two of the following do), the magus need not make a magic penetration roll. When a ghost does make a magic resistance roll, use its current Spirit Might score plus a quality die. Here are the revised versions of spells to affect ghosts.

Perdo Mentem

Lay to Rest the Haunting Spirit: Gen.

Near, Inst.

Destroys a single, non-corporeal spirit if your roll of stress die + Level at least equals double the ghost's current Spirit Might. Philosophers concur that the spirit goes to the afterlife or is perhaps weakened to helplessness, but is not actually destroyed. (Souls, after all, are immortal.)

Rego Mentem

Coerce the Spirits of the Night: Gen.

Near, Conc.

Makes a ghost obey you as long as you can coerce it with threats, such as defiling its grave or banishing it to Hell. The more lurid and dramatic the threat, the more cooperative the ghost will be. (Little need the ghost know that your threats are empty.) To affect a ghost, you must beat its current Spirit Might on die + Level + Com + Intimidation. (The storyguide should always give a bonus or penalty depending on the potency of the threat.)

Rego Mentem

Incantation of Summoning the Dead: Lv 25

Reach, Conc.

Calls up the ghost of a dead person. You must be in the spot where they died or have the corpse. Alternately, you can summon up any ghost that haunts the area you are in if you know the ghost's full name. Those that are buried by Church ceremony are not available for summoning.

Possession

A fear that most mortals share is that of losing control of oneself; the ghostly power of possession makes this fear tangible. Some ghosts are able to inhabit and control mortal bodies, leaving the mind of the victim a mute, helpless observer. Unlike demons, however, they are unable to maintain possession for long. Possession takes place in two stages: contact, in which the ghost penetrates magic resistance and enters the body; and control, in which the ghost forces the body to take a specific action.

Contact. The ghost physically touches the target and tries to enter the body. Roll Spirit Might vs. Magic Resistance. (Magi can resist with Rego Corporem scores.) If the ghost succeeds, it is "in the target's head." If not, it has been warded off. In either case, the ghost then loses 3 Spirit points.

Control. In the same round as successful contact, the ghost attempts to overthrow the target's mind to take a specific, short-term action. Roll Personality Trait vs. Personality Trait, using whatever traits are relevant to the conflict at hand. For instance, if a ghost is acting out of anger, and the target resisting out of loyalty, the ghost adds Angry or Malicious while the target adds Loyal. Ghosts have extreme personalities, so the average score for a ghost is +4.

If the ghost's roll exceeds the target's, the ghost has control of the body to perform the task chosen. It still must expend 1 Spirit point. If the target's roll at least matches the ghost's, the ghost is held off and loses 1 Spirit point for each point by which it lost the roll. The ghost can try Control again next round, as long as it does not lose by 3 or more points. A mortal under attempted possession is completely wrapped up in mental self-defense. All one can do in such a case is writhe, scream, or thrash about. But if a mortal beats the ghost's personality roll by at least 3 points, he or she can act for one round without suffering the ghost's attack.

Once the ghost has gained control and performed one action (e.g. killing an enemy, speaking a prophecy, running to a secret door), the ghost must roll for Control again to take another such action.

When a ghost runs out of Spirit Might in its attempt to possess a target, it is dispelled and will not reappear until it has regained its spent strength.

Possessed Magi. Magi use the above rules when being possessed with one exception: their training allows them to attempt to regain control of their bodies on their own initiative. A normal mortal has to wait until the ghost starts a new action before resisting, but a magus can strike back immediately. Each round that a magus initiates the struggle for control, he or she must make a fatigue roll or lose a fatigue level.

In a struggle between a magus and a ghost, the battle for control is almost incessant. Both sides will be locked in the combat until one is defeated. The only exception is if either side beats the other by 3 or more points, the victor has one round to use the body freely before the struggle begins again. They could thus cast a spell to affect something going on outside of their internal battle. A ghost that was once a wizard uses the spells it knew when it was alive, and powers them with its Spirit Might (1 point per 5 Levels of the spell). If a magus falls unconscious, the possessing ghost can control the body and move it about as if "dazed" (-5 penalty).

Wizard Ghosts

Magus ghosts retain knowledge of their spells, but almost entirely lose the ability to affect the physical world. To cast a spell takes 1 Spirit point per 5 Levels of the spell. Their spells can affect spiritual beings, such as other ghosts, normally. They can affect things in the immediate environment they haunt, but only by expending Spirit points permanently. (A ghost must always retain at least 1 permanent Spirit Might point.) Ghosts cannot use spells on physical things from outside the area they haunt (such as explorers).

Note, however, that just as a mundane ghost might have a unique ability to affect the physical world (like Paulo with his maul), so might a magus ghost. A ghostly wizard's spells in general do not affect the physical world, but one might have special abilities much like spells that do.

If a living magus tries to control a magus ghost (such as with Coerce Spirits of the Night), the ghost, if not controlled, can strike back with a mentem or corporem spell that affects the attacking magus. The living magus has made a connection between the physical and ghostly worlds, and the ghost can use this bridge as surely as the living wizard can.

Magus ghosts have high Spirit Might scores, generally their Creo + Vim scores + 10.

4

The Treasure

Grimgroth leaned wearily against the wall of the cavern, holding up a torch to see what had become of the party after the last battle. He had not been much involved in the fight because a fearsome ghost had nearly taken control of his body, and he had concentrated all his might on holding off the possession. Now he saw that things had not gone well. The zombies that had sprung from the knee-high water had torn one of the grogs apart, and several others were severely wounded. Worse, their fighting spirit was ruined. Fighting a mob of clutching undead in this ice-cold water would have broken even those in the best spirits, and to be honest they had already been in dubious morale. They were cold, hurt, and scared. Grimgroth was terrified himself, and they knew it. All them wanted out of this miserable hole.

Torlen stopped fishing through the water for his sword and looked up at Grimgroth, searching for his eyes.

"I'm sure the treasure is just a little farther," said Grimgroth, nodding his head toward a tunnel. His voice sounded more hollow in the

large cavern than he thought it would. Torlen and the others looked at him blankly, and Grimgroth suddenly realized that they would no longer forge ahead into unknown dangers at his command. He could turn back and face the ridicule of Vulcris and the other magi back at Mistrudge, or...

"This way," he said, and walked towards the tunnel at the end of the cavern, holding the torch in front of him. Impressed by their leader's courage, and realizing that without weapons or armor, and in a sorry mental state, their magus needed some sort of protection, Torlen, Maryssa, and the others shuffled through the water to catch up with him.

Grimgroth slowly led them through the tunnel and then into a larger chamber. It was getting more and more difficult even to stand, and he vaguely wondered how stupid a thing this was that he was doing. Then he saw it; the torchlight had caught its brazen skin. There, on a pedestal, stood the Bell of Ibyn. He had won. He had lived.

Summary

The characters find the treasure they have been seeking in Calebais, the Bell of Ibyn (that is if they can avoid or survive the traps).

The Sloping Cave

When the characters push through the magic door from the council room, they come out into pitch darkness. (This section of the covenant is not magically lit.) Once they have a light source, they see a rough-hewn cave sloping down, with a smooth stone wall at the far end which is obviously blocking the passage. Near the wall is a skeleton in rotted wizard's clothing, still clutching a staff. (Unfortunately it is not magical). Etched crudely into the wall, at an extreme angle, are these words in Latin. Per + Scribe Latin or + Speak Latin (whichever is lower) roll of 7+ to make it out.

Return to your own world.

This is the tomb of Calebais; do not disturb the slumber of its inhabitants.

I shall always remain to protect the pitiful remains of my comrades.

Forgive us their folly.

Krenval.

In a corner can be found (Sight + Per roll of 10+ for anyone who goes near it) the dried husk of a fox, the remains of Krenval's familiar.

Once they get past the ten foot thick wall, will find a cave fashioned into a ramp spiralling down into the darkness. There are numerous ways to break through the wall, including enlisting the aid of Paulo, using spells, using the onyx-tipped staff, or applying brute force with picks. For magi, the wall should not be a major impediment. The walls in this cave are very roughly hewn and uneven. Close inspection reveals the solid rock walls to have been dug out with a huge scoop not less than two feet in diameter. This ramp descends forty feet (which takes it below the waterline of the flooded pit) and makes four complete revolutions.

The air beyond the wall is very stale, and it becomes heavily laden with dust as the characters walk around. Have characters make a Stm roll (stress) for each round of heavy exertion or lose a level of fatigue. They must roll over the number of people in group +3.

Thunderbolt Trap

Halfway down the ramp, perceptive characters will notice a stylized picture of the sun, with three clouds around it, etched into the rock of the ceiling. (Make a Sight + Per roll of 10+. Roll a separate die for each player as well. If a player succeeds but you roll a "0", that character sees the symbol of Calebais — the broken

crown with three flames around it. The extra roll throws some doubt into the game and may have the effect of teaching players to not trust "successful" Perception rolls so much.) If a character walks past this motif on the ceiling, a short thunderbolt flies out and strikes the character's head. Anyone who is magical, whether a magus or a companion with magical attributes, is struck by two thunderbolts. All who are within 30 feet will be effectively deafened for a minute, ten minutes if they roll five or less on a stress roll, forever if they botch. (The thunder was made loud enough to warn the magi that there were intruders in the treasure vault.) Anyone struck takes +25 damage to the head for each thunderbolt, and will be made unconscious if they drop more than two levels. ("Two body levels lost in a blow to the head causes unconsciousness" could be made a standard rule in your troupe.) Soak is made without armor bonuses, but one gets a +5 if wearing a helmet. The thunderbolts are CrAu 25, with +25 to penetrate magic resistance (see *Ars Magica*, p. 59). A magus with an acceptable Parma Magica should be able to ward off the bolts. The only effective magical elimination of the lightning is a Perdo Aurum spell of 20+; other magic may also be effective at your discretion.

If the person states aloud, while standing exactly under the drawing of the sun, "**The crown is broken,**" they are allowed to pass unharmed. Any sentence that contains the words "broken" and "crown" will be equally effective, as long as it is stated directly under the drawing of the sun.

Trickling Water

If Paulo is still angry at the characters, you might want to remind them of this by having him yell or act up about now. It might be important for them to remember Paulo and his maul, as you will see.

Just after the lightning bolt trap, it is evident that **water is seeping in** through the cracks in the wall and trickling down the ramp. This clue should remind them that they are indeed under the waterline. The solid rock has obviously been cracked here, but the characters cannot tell what caused it. (Krenval cracked the rock to flood the tomb and thus further seal it. He would have made larger cracks, but each physical spell permanently reduces his Spirit Might, and he doesn't want to lose his power.)

The rest of the walk down the ramp is very tricky, as the wet rock is very slick. Each character should make a Dex and a Qik - Enc roll of 7+ or fall and slide down the ramp. Characters sliding down the ramp can catch themselves by rolling 6+ on Dex; otherwise they tumble all the way to bottom and take a stress roll +18 in damage.

As they reach the bottom of the ramp, **Paulo** (p. 23), who is likely still angry at the party and may have been smashing walls around them the whole time they have been exploring the ruins, will certainly **smash the wall** through which the water is trickling once the characters have descended below it, thus catching them in a tremendous deluge. Thoughtful players will realize this ahead of time, and the party will have to calm Paulo down or otherwise deal with him before walking past the weak wall.

Characters who do not realize the danger ahead of time will hear Paulo pounding on the wall above them. They will then have

to choose between fleeing back up the ramp and trying to get above the deluge, charging blindly down the ramp, or standing around in confusion. To flee up past Paulo requires a Sprint + Qik - Enc roll of 6+; otherwise the character is caught in the flood (see below). Those who race down the ramp must make Sprint + Qik - Load rolls of 6+ to make it to the relative safety of the far caverns; otherwise they are caught in the flood. In the near caverns, one will still be struck by the flood and will suffer +10 damage from being battered around. Those who stand around, or who fail to get out of the way, will be dashed against the stone floor and knocked down into the caverns, taking +30 damage. The caverns below will fill almost completely full of water, but characters who are able to stay afloat and keep on the surface can work their way out (providing that they're not in heavy armor). Getting the spoils of the treasure vault, however, will be difficult, to say the least. Only powerful magic could keep it drained.

The Three Caverns

At the bottom of the ramp are three large caverns. Per rolls of 9+ will show them to be mostly natural. The caverns are partially submerged in water, a result of the slow rivulet which has been trickling in over the last few years.

Chamber of Treasure Chests

The floor of the first of the three caverns is covered with water two feet deep. The water here and in the other caverns is very cold, and characters exposed to it for too long must make Stm rolls of 10+ or lose a fatigue level, one per failed roll. (Call for the rolls as often as seems appropriate.) Much treasure was here at one time, but almost all of it has long rotted away under the still waters. As the characters walk about, they feel the floor slide about beneath their feet, and if they start digging around they find pieces of furniture, metal rods, lengths of chain, chess pieces, etc...



Three large chests sit spaced about in the water, their lids clearing the surface of the water by about half a foot. Massive locks, still fairly intact, hold shut each of the chests. The ease factor for picking each of the locks is 16 (high because of the rust), and don't forget that other, more forceful, methods may harm the contents. Two of the chests contain silver coins, 4910 in total, a sizable fortune and a considerable weight. It could take hours to count the silver accurately; characters should not attempt to do so here.

When the third chest is opened, a massive pair of "Hands of the Grasping Earth" (MuTe 15) emerges from the ground and grabs at the person who is standing closest to the chest (*and* is within five feet of it). Then, two long arms emerge from the wall behind the chest. Once per round, the fists will give a one/two punch to the immobilized person. The fists get a +7 Atk and deliver +18 brawling damage (Ars Magica p. 44), and the target can either dodge both fists normally, use a shield against one only, or use a shield at -4 against both. The third chest once contained the covenant's stores of vis, but it is now empty. During the Sundering, Krenval took it all to aid him in collapsing the eighth level. By the way, the wizard's used spells to open the third chest without setting off the trap.

Boulder & Pit Trap

To the north side of the first cavern is a twenty foot long corridor leading to the second cavern. In the middle of the corridor is a trap whose effect has been somewhat altered now that the area is under two feet of water. There is a 20' deep pit with three rows of iron spikes here, covered by an illusion of the floor. Now that the floor is flooded, the characters can't see the illusion anyway, and they won't fall to the bottom fast enough to hurt themselves on the spikes, even if in heavy armor, though they could well drown. When a character comes within ten feet of the pit, the illusion of a large boulder appears behind them (with accompanying noise). The boulder seems to roll toward the characters and was intended to get them to flee down the corridor and into the pit. Unfortunately, the illusion cannot take into account the water, so there is no

splashing. Per rolls of 6+ let characters notice this anomaly, but only if they take the time to look carefully. Most characters will run headlong and fall into the pit, which should give rise to a swim roll or two. (For those in armor, it could be a *long* swim/sink.)

Chamber of Corpses

This chamber contains the three ghosts and twenty-two corpses (hidden beneath the water). Five of the corpses are "incomplete."

During the Sundering, Krenval gathered twenty-two corpses in this room and began an enchantment to hold the ghosts here so he could finally be ruler of the covenant (or whatever was left of it). Partway through the ritual, however, he was deeply wounded by a warding spell on Uderzo's "sundered lance," whose magic he had wanted to drain. With his last effort, he wrote wrote the letter that the player-characters, created the stone wall at the top of the ramp, sent David into the magic door, froze him their, and finally died.

When characters walk into this room, they will invariably run against the bloated but well-preserved corpses on the cavern floor, but they might not realize what the things are at first, since the water is two feet deep here as well. Mostly they notice the three ghosts here.

The Confrontation

When the characters first come into the second cavern, Krenval talks with them in a very polite and ceremonious way and invites them into the room (the better to trap them). Uderzo keeps up a barrage of rude comments, and warns the characters indirectly of the danger they might face from Krenval and Granordon, as well as from the caverns themselves. Granordon will be very anxious about the visitors; she is paranoid about her body being defiled and watches the characters closely to see that they don't somehow trick her. She is also interested in them because she thinks they might be able to prove that the Sundering was not her fault. Krenval will try to keep the characters talking as long as possible before making his move; his one aim is to see them dead.



The things Krenval says are intended to stall the characters while subtly convincing Granordon that the characters are a threat and that they seek to desecrate her corpse. For instance, he might ask questions like, "Naturally you've come to this tomb to find valuable things for your studies, right?" If he is friendly enough that the characters say that they are, Granordon will take that to mean that they are after wizards' corpses. As Krenval speaks, he moves towards the senior magus. (You might want to act this out.) When he feels the time is opportune, he suddenly shouts to Granordon "I see it all now: they want to use your corpse for strange and hideous experiments. Quickly, Granordon, wake the dead, wake the dead, before it's too late!"

If the characters have been courteous enough, Granordon might hesitate long enough for the characters to interject and convince her that they seek no such thing, but if they have been threatening, or if the players want a climactic fight, battle ensues.

Krenval attempts to possess the senior magus, his spirit rushing inside the body in through the (hopefully) open mouth. See our rules on possession in our section on ghosts (pp. 36-37). Each round that Krenval gets possession of the body without having to resist counter-possession (i.e. if he beats the magus by 3+ in the battle for control), he will cast a Level 10 Rego Corporem spell to knock a character down (Qik - Enc roll of 7+ to stay upright). Each time he casts this spell, Krenval loses 2 Spirit points permanently, so he will only cast this spell three times at most. If he gains control of the body after casting these three spells, he will use the control to make the magus's body do something destructive, like leaping at a fellow party member.

Granordon, meanwhile, raises the water-logged corpses (except her own) from the water. Suddenly, all around the characters, partially decomposed bodies rise moaning from the black, icy waters, spreading their withered arms menacingly. These corpses are soft and pulpy, not tough like those whose stats are given in *Ars Magica*, so they are not very powerful. Still, it will be a deadly fight. Consider:

- The zombies, 17 of them, arise from all around the party, ahead and behind (providing the characters were in the center of the room). Zombies will probably outnumber the characters, so remember the rules for ganging up on someone in combat (p. 49 of *Ars Magica*).
- This section of the ruins is not magically lit, so the party depends on torches or lanterns, which go out if dropped in the water.
- The torch-bearer(s) might be pulled into the water, extinguishing the light source(s).
- The abysmal fighting conditions demand four botch rolls for any 0's rolled (for zombies as well as the living). The characters suffer -3 on Atk and Def rolls if there is torch light. If the room is somehow well-lit, as by magic, the Atk penalty becomes only -2.
- Incapacitated characters will likely drown during the fight if they are not seen to immediately.
- Various independent body parts (including those created during the fight) move through the water, grasping at the characters' legs. Mostly this attack is ineffectual, but creepy and demoralizing (but woe to any who fall into the water).

- One of the magi is occupied in a possession battle with Krenval. When Krenval gains control of the body, he can use it to cast spells at the characters.

(If the characters are getting destroyed, Granordon's spell *can* fade away, leaving the zombies to fall back into the water.)

Granordon remains to watch the fight, but all that remains after this mighty effort is a hazy cloud, and she retains but one permanent Spirit Might point.

Zombies

They have no weapons, so they attack by grabbing their targets and attempting to pull them into the water. This is such a terrific, memorable way to die, that at least one grog should be submerged and shredded by a mob of water-logged corpses.

Magic Resistance +3

1st	+2	Atk	+3	Dam	Spec.
Fat	n/a	Def	0	Soak	+10

Body Levels: OK, Splattered (yes, "splattered")

Grappling: Each time a zombie makes a successful attack, the target must make a Qik + Size - Enc roll of 6+ or fall. Even if the roll is successful, the zombie will hang on to the character, causing a -2 on all further rolls. Each round that a zombie remains clinging to a character, it bites, claws, and wrenches the victim, causing +1 damage (but armor does not count in Soak, unless it is full body armor, not hauberk or cuirass). A character can break free from a zombie's grip by spending a whole round devoted to doing so and making a Str roll of 6+ (to which penalties for having zombies hanging on you do apply). A character who breaks free from one zombie can try to break free from another in the same round, throwing off the attackers one by one, until an attempt fails.

Zombies know no fear.

If the characters actually try to search the bodies, they may find something of value: raw vis, weapons, a diadem or two, and maybe money. Most of their belongings, however, have been either decayed by the water or were destroyed intentionally by Krenval. No magical artifacts can be found amid the bodies; Krenval used them all up to power his spells.

The Ghosts

In this area can be found the ghosts of three of the magi. (The rest have passed along, either naturally, or through the war that the ghosts are still engaged in.) The three remaining ghosts lie in torment here, attempting to finally win over their enemies, the ones who caused the Sundering, and to watch over the last treasure of their once mighty covenant, the Bell of Ibyn. The characters will likely meet them in the second cavern.

Play up their interactions with each other. These three ghosts have been here in the caverns for fifty years, day and night, and have had time to explore each others' foibles and personality defects. They know one another too well, and with the partial exception of Krenval, hate each other. Each is trying to put the blame for the Sundering on the others, and they are continuing the Sundering itself in their ghostly lives by having magical, ghostly battles. You

Granordon, Master of the earth, practitioner of the dark arts (dealing with the dead)

Spirit might 45

Description: long black hair and a disheveled, dirty black gown are the most prominent features of this well-built woman. Although she walks about as if she were statuesque and queenly, her actual appearance is much more mundane.

She is a lover of mortal men and of all the decadent pleasures. Despite her specialties in necromancy and hedonistic interests, she is generally an honest, open woman, interested in justice above all else, and of the survival all that is pure in the world. Underneath her brash exterior she is a caring, compassionate individual, who is truly concerned for other things beside herself. What keeps her on earth is her desire to be exonerated for the Sundering and her obsession to see that her grave be left undisturbed. If characters can somehow get her to believe what they say about the good they intend to do with the Bell of Ibyn, and promise to leave her grave alone, she will let them have it with thanks. If they somehow "seal the grave," and if she is able to face the truth of the role she played in the Sundering, she will pass on.

Role-playing Tips: Be calm, never lose your cool, and until you have made your mind up about a person, treat them with respect. Be interested in good looking men. You speak with a slight lisp and are somewhat dainty in your mannerisms. If you decide someone is vile and contemptible, get rid of them as quickly as possible.

Krenval, Lover of the arts, Master of Control

Spirit Might 52

Description: a long, lanky, yet sinuous man with dark, bronzed skin and thick, heavy, black eyebrows, and white hair

Krenval has a distinct dislike of not being in control of a situation, and in life he took great pleasure in controlling the actions of other people. Krenval was a major factor in provoking the Sundering through his inability to work with others and his constant efforts to take charge and ensure no one else did if he couldn't. He was also a good man who tried hard to preserve the honor of the covenant and of the Order of Hermes; it was he who prepared the mass grave in the second chamber.

If asked about the corpse in the magical stone portal at the top of the ramp, he says that it was a companion who was helping him carry the bodies of the fallen to a mass grave in the second cavern. Krenval had given the companion (David de Simille) a letter to take to magi in other covenants, but at the last moment had realized that the tomb must never be disturbed and so he had frozen the man in the door. (Unknown to Krenval, Sister Larine, picked up the letter from David's outstretched hand and brought it with her to the convent.)

Role-playing Tips: Ensure that every other thing you say is an order of some kind, though not necessarily a malicious or pompous one (e.g. "Get me a chair; my feet grow weary.").

React poorly to anyone attempting to command you; reject anything that anyone says if stated as a command. Anger comes quickly to you, and self-control is not something you have practiced much. Let your eyes have a hunted look to them, stop moving them only when you speak. Generally behave normally, after all, you're not crazy...

Note: you are crazier than you seem, and let that slip occasionally. Come close to a breakdown of sanity if you are questioned too closely about your reasons for trapping David in the magical door. When Krenval really loses it he will just start shouting, "But I was the oldest, I should have been in charge, I was the oldest!"

Uderzo, Master of Perception and Creation

Spirit Might 49

Description: a short, squat man who is missing his left hand and has difficulty standing up straight; his ghostly image is very "solid" and quite realistic; his hair is flame red in patches, but in other places, is a whitish grey; burn marks appear all over his simple burlap tunic. He carries a six-foot broken lance in his left hand.

A cranky, old man, Uderzo is hot-tempered and has a very cynical outlook on life. When the characters first come into the treasure vaults, he will likely say, "Well what are you waiting for? Don't you know how to loot a treasure trove? Get on with it!" He likes people to do the most that they can do, and he will show nothing but contempt for those who fail. Uderzo cheers on the characters, considering their actions a show of sorts. If he happens to be the "leader" at the time, he feels it is his duty to hinder the party. He will use magic, and will try in many different ways to misdirect the characters, taking great glee when they fall for one of his tricks. He was the proud owner of the sundered lance, a magical broken lance, seven foot long capable of negating the effects of Creo magic by 20 levels in power at whatever it is pointed at and with the permanent effect of striking great fear in any hereditary noble. The physical lance has been destroyed, but Uderzo still has its ghostly double.

Uderzo warns the characters that they face more danger than they think, and will wait and watch them deal with it. Uderzo will not pass on until all questions about the causes of the Sundering have been answered to his satisfaction and he is assured that somehow the Order will know about it. Uderzo suspects Krenval, but is not sure. Of all the wizards at Calebais Uderzo, probably had the purest heart, despite his exterior.

Role-playing Tips: Be an old sour puss; Uderzo is only happy when others fail, but he will give his grudging approval and admiration to those who succeed. Practice your grimaces in the mirror before you start playing and develop perfect a series of taunts. Don't forget to have trouble positioning the lance you always have with you whenever you move about, even as a ghost.

and the others who will play these characters (like your first mate) should try to bring out the eccentric relationships and personalities that they have. If you play these characters alone, pick your favorite of the three and have that person be the "leader of the day." (If it fits your conception of the ghosts, they may take turns, day by day, to be the one to run things. These ghosts have perfected the conventions of war.)

Chamber of the Bell

The third cavern is inundated with water rising three feet above the floor. In the center of this cavern is the **Bell of Ibyn**, which constitutes the warning system that was described in the letter from Krenval. It is not a round bell, but has two convex sides that meet in points at the edge and travel up to a flat top. It is five feet high (while also sitting on a two foot high stone platform) and three feet wide. It looks, if viewed from the bottom, like an eye, with the heavy tongue on the inside serving as the pupil. The sides of the bell are inscribed with all sorts of strange, feathery looking runes, which are the invention of the two magi who constructed the bell. (For your own information, these wizards got much of their inspiration for the bell from Cathay, but figure out your own story about how they got in contact with the Orient.) There is also a series of twenty-three knobs on each side, each knob a round projection about two inches long and an inch thick. At the very top of the bell is a massive bracket in the shape of an upside down U, but the wood frame to which it was formally attached has now rotted and lies submerged in the water near the bell.

There is a **small chest** sitting beside it the bell, now entirely submerged, inside of which are three gold wire, C-shaped **diadems**. Each has a two inch, eye-shaped, green gemstone which sits on the forehead when the diadem is worn. They are like small, wire crowns, with these massive gems as their focuses. The back of the diadem is open, and it naturally clasps any normal-size head. Other diadems can be found throughout the rest of the covenant.

The bell has two powers:

- Any person wearing a diadem is directed towards any intruder who comes within a mile of the bell. (The person with the diadem must be within a mile of the bell as well.) The directing comes as an intuitive hunch that intruders can be found in a certain direction. InCo 30 to detect intruders (with all prerequisites to detect animals, demons, ghosts, etc.). CrMe 20 to direct those wearing the diadems (bypasses Parma Magica because the people wear the diadems).
- The bell also rings if any magical creature or magical artifact comes within five miles of the bell. (The people wearing the diadems hear this toll as well, as long as they are within five miles of the bell). InVi 40 with all necessary prerequisites.

The bell may have other powers, at your discretion. A few extra interesting powers can add a lot to the mystery of the bell, especially if they lead to new possibilities for role-playing.

By the way, getting the Bell of Ibyn out of Calebais, and even getting it home cross country, would be a very difficult task. If you have the time and energy you might want to run through it. Role-



playing through such a mundane task is often, surprisingly, enjoyable. But if you are out of time, don't hesitate to just call for a general roll to see how well they do, and let them get it back to the covenant. The players have already proved their worth by getting hold of the bell in the first place, it can be assumed that such competent characters can haul it home. Do have the players figure out how they carry it back, just so that everyone can visualize the great efforts they went through. Letting Whimsy Cards tell the story can be a good way to make it a complete part of the game.

Options

- Krenval is, and has been for a long time, haunted by a demon that dwells within his heart. In order to attain the power and dominance that he desired, he made a bargain with a demon, but gradually the demon has taken command of Krenval's will. This explains the dual nature of Krenval's personality in a more direct and unambiguous way than it is currently. When, and if, Krenval dies, the physical demon actually crawls out of the wizard's ghostly heart, and after a short speech ("Pedifilers, mortifilers and vilifiers you! Curse your pitiful rapturements over the murder of a useful worm. But have no fear, I shall return! Mounted upon a great steed of flame to set fire to your chicken hearts!") flies away through the floor.

- Krenval is a good guy who has been framed by Oranath. He worked hard to prevent the Sundering and was mortally wounded when he tried to put an end to it. His only wish is that Calebais be left in peace, and that her old wounds not be reopened. About its destruction, he is sad beyond mortal ken.

Ira Furor Brevis Est

- Horace

Appendices

Conversion to Other Role-Playing Systems

The emphases in this story on background and role-playing make it easily usable in role-playing games besides **Ars Magica**. The conflicts depicted here are universal, not tied to any game system. Only the details of this supplement will be lost in translating it to a different game. While we cannot provide conversion rules for each major game system, we can provide some easy guidelines for how to convert our statistics into yours.

1) Put the story first. You can use most of the background with only cosmetic changes. When this story introduces something that is new to your system, try to incorporate it into your saga rather than eliminating it.

2) In situations that your game system handles well, use that system; but when **Ars Magica** offers new and better ideas, bring those ideas into the game, at least for this story. For instance, in the case of possession you can use other characteristics (e.g. Intelligence or Power) in place of the personality traits, or you can make up the personality traits on the spot (usually -3 to +3).

3) To understand the difficulty of various rolls described in the story, you need only understand their "ease factors." Generally, an ease factor of 6 represents a moderate task, 9 a difficult one, 12 a nearly impossible feat, and 3 a pathetically easy one.

4) For combat stats, base them on monsters from your own system, using your conception of the monster rather than our stats as your guide. Do not hesitate to change the Hrools into orcs or whatever else is convenient.

Upcoming Products...

The Order of Hermes

So what is this "enigmatic Order of Hermes" anyway? This expansive supplement will cover the history of the Order, the Houses to which all magi belong (great background for characters), more stories, internal political structure, information about the Code that guides the wizards' lives, more about apprentices, and the friends and enemies of the Order.

Role-Playing in Ireland

Our house saga takes place in 13th century Ireland, and we've found it a fascinating setting. The wee folk, the invading Normans, the duns and moors and misty glades of this enchanted isle. Come with us to the very edge of the world and explore the mysteries of mythic Hibernia.

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Life isn't simple; neither are the worlds of Mindscape. Twist the fabric of reality and of your mind in this entirely original role-playing setting.

We're also working on an **Ars Magica** novel, following the middle years of Grimgroth's life. Not just an adventure novel, this tale portrays our new understanding of wizards, whose sagely and arcane lives have more to tell us than we might think.

Also watch for **Ars Magica** articles in **White Wolf** magazine.

If you have any ideas that would make good supplements, send them in. We'd be happy to hear from you.

Pax!

Jonathan Tweet & Mark Rein•Hagen, Lion Rampant, PO Box 621, Northfield, MN 55057

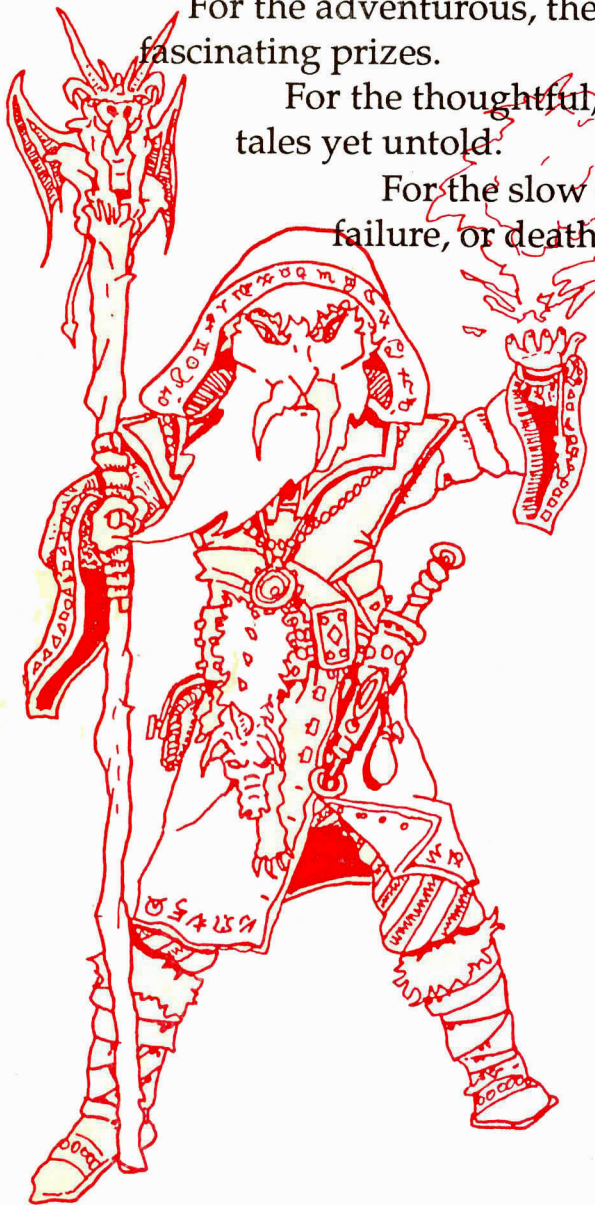
The Bell of Ibyn Never Tolloed.

And so the covenant fell. The wondrous bell warned the magi of all dangers, or so the wizards of Calebais thought. But fifty long years ago some dark force destroyed their beautiful covenant, and its opulent halls have remained untouched ever since. Until now. Into your hands has fallen a document that hints at how to pierce the protective Veil of Riddles, and you have an opportunity denied to all wizards before you: to explore the covenant of Calebais, to loot its treasures, and to solve its mysteries. But how did Calebais fall, and does the danger lurk there even yet?

For the adventurous, there wait bestial creatures, deadly traps, and fascinating prizes.

For the thoughtful, there wait riddles, mysteries, and tales yet untold.

For the slow of mind or body, there waits failure, or death.



This story includes:

- Mormool's challenging and intricate Veil of Riddles, which one must solve in order to reach Calebais. More than a cliched plot device, this riddle makes sense in terms of the story.
- An inside look at a wizards' covenant, a source of ideas for the players' own home.
- Rules for intriguing ghosts which give them new vitality, interest, and possibility.
- A great variety of role-playing opportunities with NPC's whose personalities are clearly defined and believable. Role-playing tips for each major character maximize your acting talents.
- Profusely detailed with realistic and innovative encounters and "finds." Creatures to talk to, to fight, and to flee.
- At last, a "dungeon" that makes sense, whose inhabitants have reasons for being where they are and for doing what they do.
- Cross-indexed and cleanly laid out — to provide flexibility and detail with minimal hassle. An adventure organized and written so you can actually use it, not just steal ideas.

A story worthy to be told, a mystery worthy to be solved,
a prize worthy to be pursued.