

The Oasis of Shar

An adventure for 3 to 6 characters of levels 5 to 9.

Coming Full Circle

Part three of a three-part adventure for 4 to 8 characters of levels 3 to 6.

Gwydion's Library

Learn the history and discover the creatures of the Ijar Desert and the Radiant Tracts.

The Zalif Cultists

Detailed information on an ancient cult of Zale and their monastery in the Ijar Desert.

New Poisons

- Green-Vision ◦
- Kreal-Gan ◦
- Silental ◦
- Fer-de-Lance ◦
- Giant Sand Spider ◦
- Giant Scorpion ◦
- Flibiter ◦
- Poison-Arrow Frog ◦
- SandSpike ◦
- Torsental ◦



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IN THIS ISSUE

You Asked for It

Comments and questions from our readers 4

The Oasis of Shar

An adventure for 3 to 6 players of levels 5 to 9, by Adam D. Theriault 5

Slather's Secrets

Exclusive information provided by Slather: God of the Unknown 21

Dee Twunny

A bit of comic relief, by V Shane 23

The Showcase

Up and coming artists gallery, featuring Jeremy McHugh ... 24

Joining the Ranks

Becoming a member of an organization: The Holy Knights of Kala 25

Charmed, I'm Sure

A listing of 12 new magic spells; two new spells for each coven 27

Warning: Hazardous Materials

A listing of 10 new poisons and their antidotes 30

Character Profile I

The high priest of Dinar, by Jean Carlos 32

Character Profile II

The high priestess of Duslavine, by Jean Carlos 37

The Weapon Smith

A few new weapons from the workshop 42

What's Happening in the World Today

A listing of rumours and adventure seeds 43

The Zalif Cultists

Detailed information on the monastery dedicated to Zale, located in the Ijar Desert, by Robert Carlos 44

Mass Combat

An optional rule for running large scale combat encounters 48

Am Mudald Demographics

A detailed description of the town of Am Mudald 50

Coming Full Circle

Part three of a three-part adventure, for 4 to 8 players of levels 3 to 6, by Antonio Da Rosa 54

The Box of Sorrows

The story of the first meeting of the current Masters of the Vad Khara Academy, by David Goodner 72

Gwydion's Library

The history and current demographics of the Radiant Tracts, by Gwydion: God of Knowledge 87

Call of the Wild

A listing of wildlife found in the Radiant Tracts 93

Monstrum Enchiridion

A listing of monsters found in the Radiant Tracts 95

The Oasis of Shar

By Adam D. Theriault

Introduction

The Oasis of Shar is an adventure designed for *Undiscovered: The Quest for Adventure*. It is a low-level adventure, suitable for 3 to 6 characters of 5th to 9th level.

Read or paraphrase the information provided in the shaded boxes to the players. Other information is for the AG and is to be given to the players only when they ask specific questions or perform specific actions.

When running a pre-made adventure, it is always wise to read over the entire adventure before playing it in order to understand all of its nuances. If the combat situations seem too difficult for the characters, decrease the number of opponents and/or their character levels. Likewise, if this adventure is used for higher level characters, increase the number of opponents and their character levels. The adventure is meant to challenge the characters, not to be a cake-walk for them nor become their doom.

Monsters included in this adventure are provided at the end of this adventure. The maps provided in this adventure can be copied and handed out to the players.

To keep up-to-date on the details of the World of Arkas and the Undiscovered game, visit our website: <http://www.eilfin.com/>

Adventure Guide Background

The Oasis of Shar is a very small settlement that is often used by caravans as they pass through the desert on their way to Vad Khara. The settlement is named after the inn of the same name. Originally, the oasis was used as refuge by a caravan that was passing through the desert, but was attacked by an amphiptere. With most of the caravan leaders killed and the goods damaged, they had no reason to continue on to Vad Khara. They tried to salvage what they could, and return to whence they came, when another caravan was seen approaching. The two groups stayed at the oasis, protecting each other from the wilds. This is when Caravan Master Shar, of the first caravan, decided he

would set up an area at the oasis for refuge and safety for other caravans who pass through.

That was many years ago. Shar is no longer alive, but his name lives on as the name of the inn he established as well as the small community that sprang up around the inn.

The Oasis of Shar is a common stop nowadays for travellers and caravans passing through the desert. That is, until just recently. A week ago, the settlement was attacked and all citizens were carried away in chains. The attackers were a group of desert dusters. Only hours after the attack, a small caravan passed through the oasis. The caravan master, Jelahn, left two of his employees at the inn to keep it running in case others pass through the oasis. There were still plenty of stored goods left at the inn, which would be extremely strange if it was closed down, but there were no dead bodies in the area, so Jelahn did not suspect foul play at the time. Being a merchant, he thought it unwise to enter any of the other houses, though he did knock on the doors to see if anyone was around; there was no answer at any of the houses.

Jelahn, ever the business man, thinks it is possible that he can gain control of the oasis and make a tidy profit from it if the previous inhabitants do not come back to reclaim it. This is why he was willing to leave his men there to run the place.

The truth of the matter is, the current owner of the Oasis of Shar, Ahmel, was running a slave ring on the side. He knows the laws of the Empire of Vrod prohibit slavery, but not being in Vrod, he has no qualms about it. He buys, sells, and trades slaves even if they do come from Vrod. All the citizens of the oasis settlement are involved in the slave ring and thus none of the citizens were spared.

The desert dusters who arrived at the oasis are not slavers. They are simply a group who have taken it upon themselves to improve the lives of those living in the Ijar Desert. They were tipped off about the slave ring by an escaped slave who they found dying in the desert sands. It was several months before the dusters were able to determine where the slave escaped from, but when they did, they made all haste to end the operations.

over to Master Jelahn as he is already "in charge" of it, so to speak.

There are often mercenaries throughout town, who have hired on as protection for the various caravans who come and go. Amongst these mercenaries, there are sometimes adventurers who are looking for side jobs. The council has decided to go to these areas to post notices of hiring a band of seasoned mercenaries or adventurers. They have also posted notices in the inns and taverns that are sprinkled throughout the community, in the hopes of catching the attention of somebody worthy of the job. The council is willing to pay 100 gold coins per member of the group, if they can discover the whereabouts of the citizens and what exactly took place. Otherwise, they will pay 20 gold coins per member of the group if they investigate but come up empty handed.

The Oasis of Shar is the first of two adventures in Issue #3. This adventure is based in the Ijar Desert. Details of the Ijar Desert are also provided in this e-zine.

rs should be in Vad Khara at this time, the call for mercenaries or adventurers have already participated in the desert adventure scenario (a full length tale from Eilfin Publishing), they may visit Vad Khara. Or, if you are currently running the Desert adventure with a party, slip this scenario in between adventures to add more variety to their quests – this will affect the Kings of the Desert adventure as a side quest to allow the character levels faster. Method of bringing the characters to Vad Khara: hire them on to a small caravan in the desert city, for protection. Perhaps even report the empty settlement. Characters learn of the proposition, they go to the council to learn more:

icion of a disturbance at the Oasis of Shar should be investigated immediately, as the starting point for many of the caravans that pass through the desert, on their way to our city. As a result, there are two people stationed at the Oasis of Shar, things somewhat functional until the disturbance is restored. The two men are the only ones that passed through the settlement

you 100 gold coins each if you can discover the whereabouts of the citizens of the settlement that has happened there. If you come up empty handed, you will still be paid 20 gold coins apiece. You should be aware of our laws here. Since Caravan Master Jelahn has left his men at the inn, when there was nobody there, the inn will revert to his ownership after one month if the previous proprietor cannot be found. The one month time frame begins when the report is made, which was two days ago now. I will leave investigation of Caravan Master Jelahn to your discretion... But do understand that Jelahn is respected here. He brings goods every year and we have never had reason to believe him of cheating or being involved in anything other than good business deals."

THE ZALIF CULTISTS

By Robert Carlos

THE MONASTERY

The Zalif Monastery is an out of the way, but potentially important location from the “Kings of the Desert” adventure. Adventure Guides may find this location useful during the “Kings of the Desert” campaign or as a location for the continuation of the provided story line.

The monastery area is little more than a small, permanent village in a remote section of the Ijar Desert, a large desert region in the Radiant Tracts. Underlying that harmless looking exterior is one of the oldest cults still in existence, serving the interests of Zale, God of Death. The central temple is the only building in this cul-de-sac that appears to be able to withstand the harsh desert environment, but the original monks chose this location carefully. The surrounding mountains, which encompass the village fully on three sides and most of the fourth, manage to block out almost all wind patterns that could create sandstorms. Thus, the flimsy structures that house the inhabitants are often older than the people themselves. The temperature within the valley is slightly more temperate than the main body of the desert, and there are crops growing here that the farmers of Vad Khara would have difficulty matching, including corn, beans, cabbages, and dates. There is also a small garden near the water source where tomatoes, lemons, and various herbs grow. Any outsiders who happened across this area would likely think it an oasis, though there is precious little water available after irrigation claims its share. The only water source is a well cut into the base of the western mountain face, which taps a deep underground stream. There is little likelihood of the villagers running out of water, but the well is too small to provide for many more people than it already does.

The people in the village seem at first glance to be simple, industrious humans and half-breeds (most of whom have very strong human tendencies). There are a total of 72 people living here: 39 male and 33 female. Of the males, 18 are children below the age of 14, 13 are men between the ages of 14 and 45, and 8 are priests between 46 and 67 years old. The females consist of 15 children below the age of 14, 11 women between 14 and 45 (seven of whom are pregnant), and

7 priestesses between 46 and 60.

The elders are rarely ever seen outside of the temple – this has become their home as they have risen to a place of honour in their age and experience. Other dwellings house four to eight villagers each, and there seems to be no pattern to who lives in which house, other than the fact that mothers keep their infants with them in most cases.

If an outsider were to pay attention, they would notice that one shelter could house completely different groups of people on different nights and groups change members just as easily. The idea of possession seems to be irrelevant beyond having clothes that fit. Pottery, tools, dwellings, food and even mates are all shared as needed. Therefore, no form of trade exists here and outside offers of trade are generally misunderstood as gifts to the community. The community does, though, give freely of its resources as well, to the best of its ability.

VISITORS

Strong looking groups of travellers who enter the village will be offered food and water for their journey, and any other assistance the villagers can provide. This hospitality, however, is a façade obscuring the true nature of the settlement, and may be used to mislead the group into dangerous lands where they will (hopefully) never be heard from again. The monastery has remained a secret for thousands of years, and the monks here don't wish their seclusion to be ruined by stray passers-by.

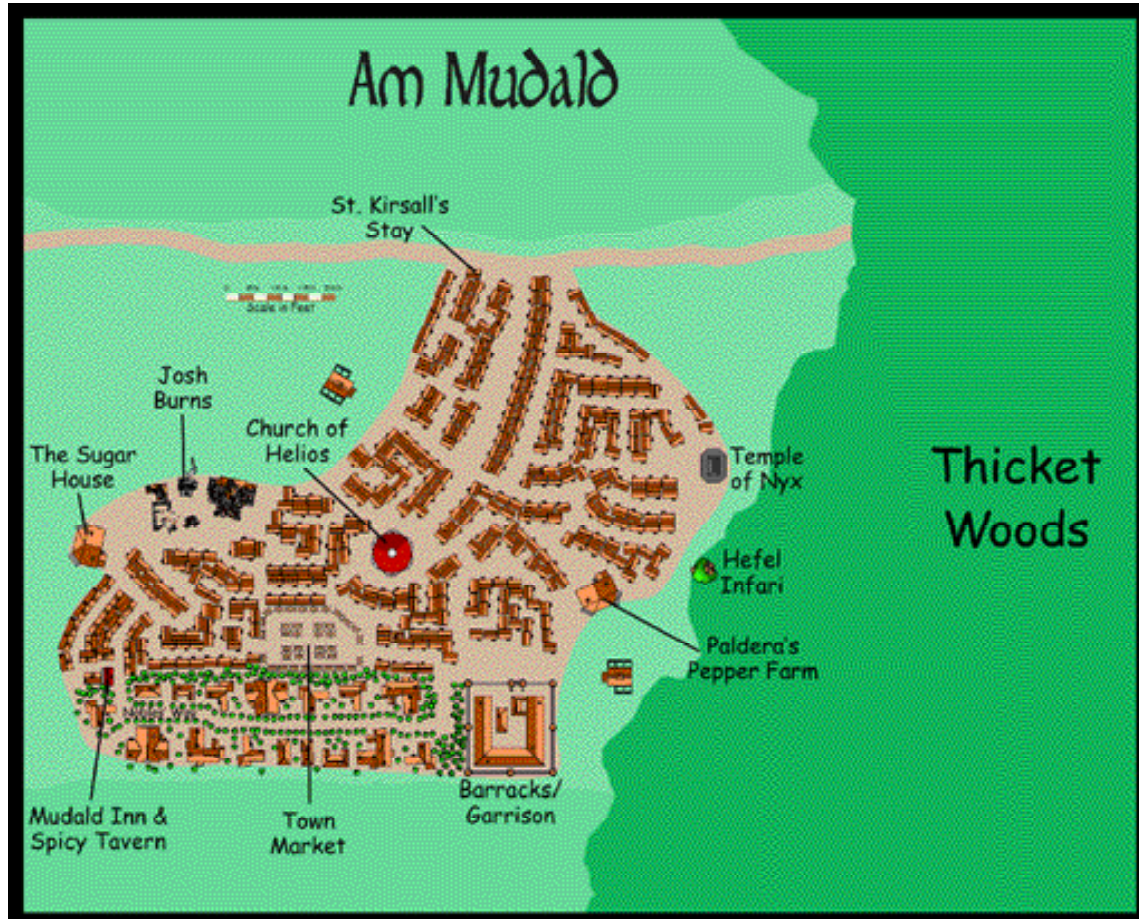
Weaker groups and individual wanderers will quickly discover the truer nature of their predicament. The monks will appear to be as helpful as possible until the newcomers are herded into a large-enough group of villagers, where the tables will be suddenly turned. They are all monks in the service of Zale, and though their spell-casting ability is usually minor, they will attack in force to subdue their weaker “guests” quickly, and carry them to the temple for the evening ritual. The common monks outside the temple are rewarded with praise from the elders living within the temple for any outsiders that they bring to the ritual. This praise is the only truly valued thing among the people.

The Zalif Monastery was presented in our first published adventure module, *Kings of the Desert*. This short piece, by the writer of the *Kings of the Desert Adventure*, details the monastery, the monks, and the high priests who run it.

As in each of our e-zines, we have provided a map and detailed description for a town setting that can be used in any fantasy based game.

AM MUDALD DEMOGRAPHICS

The Town of Am Mudald, in the Territories of Princedom, in the Empire of Vrod



BASIC OVERVIEW

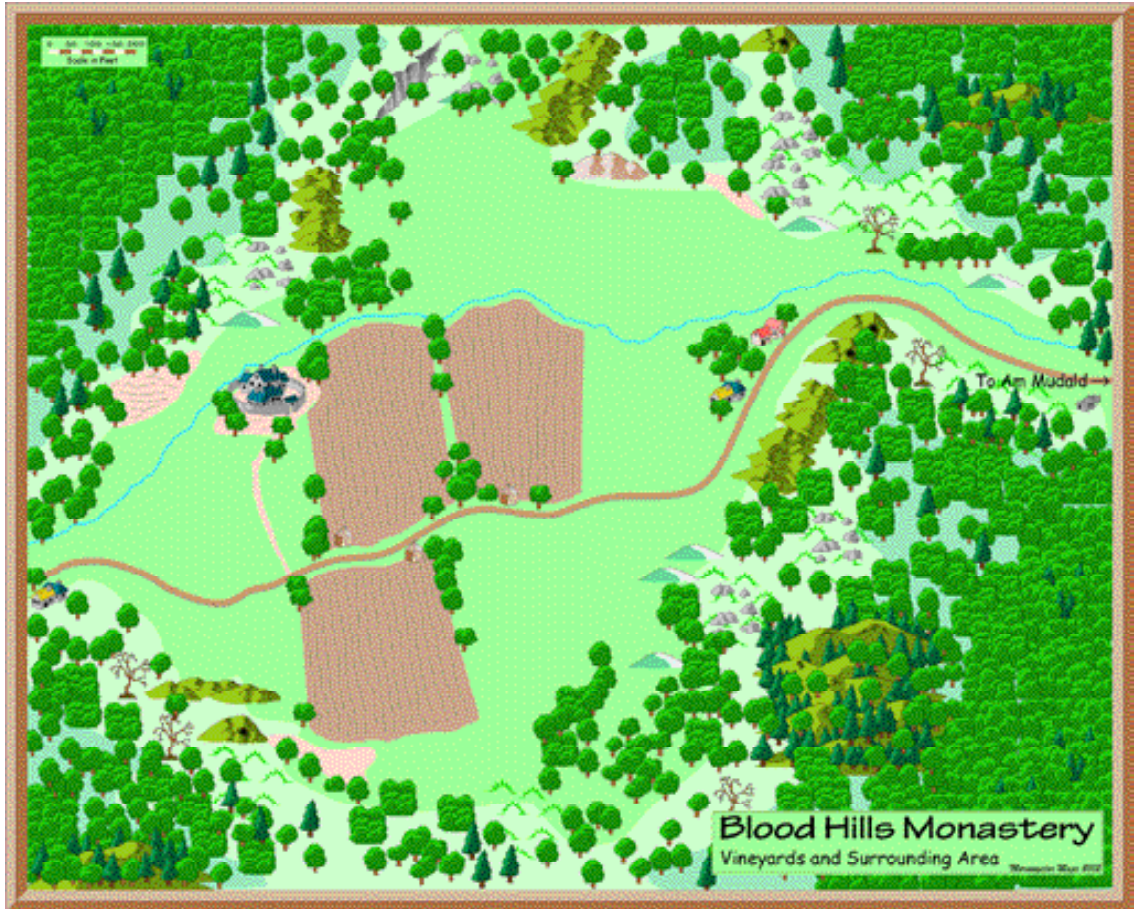
Population: 3,200

Races: Human (72%), Dracomenscs (14%), Goblins (11%), Wood Alfar (2%), Other (1%)

Languages: Vrodic (main), Common (trade), Dracomican (community), Goblinese (community), other racial languages

Surrounding Area: Am Mudald is built by a small forest. The town lies approximately 50 miles east of Old Fort Graylok and 100 miles due south of Prince Graylok, the capital of Princedom. There is a small monastery nearby, called the Blood Hills Monastery, that is home to the monks of the Order of St. Kirsall.

Town Overview: Am Mudald is an agricultural community for the most part, having two spice businesses set up in town.



As a stand-alone adventure, Ulen will still be after Dracos, so this mis-adventure should not deter them at all. Additionally, there should be some proof that Dracos was actually behind this, giving them even more of a reason to chase after him. In this case, perhaps Josh got a glimpse of his captor just before he was knocked out and dragged into the forest.

During Barollin's investigation, he has learned that the monks were in town when the merchants were also in town, and that the merchants disappeared when the monks had returned to their monastery. This, coupled with the fact that St. Kirsall's Inn has just been burned down has put Barollin on the trail to the monastery as well.

The Blood Hills Monastery

It's a full days travel between Am Mudald and the monastery. The trek seems long, considering that this is a rather hilly region. The road wanders quite a bit along the way, but it is very peaceful country and there is not much traffic on the road as you go. There are farms interspersed along the way, and you can see a few workers in some fields, but nobody else is on the road. You eventually make your way through a pass in the hills and see a couple houses beside the road here. About a half mile ahead, you can see a large field of vineyards surrounding what you would guess is the monastery.

As you get nearer, you see walls rising 20 feet high surround the monastery. You can see that there are a number of workers in the vineyards as you pass them

The second adventure in this issue, *Coming Full Circle*, is Part 3 of a 3-part series. Part 1 (*Trading Company Troubles*) can be found in Issue #1 and Part 2 (*Breaking the Ice*) can be found in Issue #2. Each piece of this series can be played as a solo adventure in a full gaming session, or as a complete series over several sessions.

THE BOX OF SORROWS

STORIES FROM THE ANNALS OF HISTORY

By David Goodner

“Stay down, boy, or we’re dead.” Kahlad’s whispered voice cut through Darel’s whirling emotions even as his hand was like a vice on the boy’s wrist.

The sand was hot against Darel’s face, tickling his nose with each shallow breath, and scratching at his eyes. His heart was beating so loud he was sure they would hear it.

Bandits were moving through the camp, prodding at bundles and packs, and setting fires. Darel could hear their harsh laughter and cruel voices. The few women who had been travelling with the caravan were wailing. All that is, except for Jasmine, the antiquary’s daughter, with her soft brown eyes and shy smile. She had been talking to Darel when she was gutted by a spear. Her blood seeped over Darel’s back and ran into the ground around him.

The bandits seemed to stay forever. Darel was sure they would discover him. He couldn’t understand how Kahlad could remain so still.

Finally, they left, taking with them every drakah they hadn’t killed. It was several long minutes before Darel dared to move.

Kahlad was already looking around. Darel followed his lead and surveyed the carnage. “Kahlad, what are we going to do?”

The desert duster merchant looked at the path of churned sand trailing behind the departing bandits. “We follow them.”

“What? We can’t fight them. You said there was too many before.”

“Fight them? Don’t be stupid. We follow them to stay alive, not to die. They took all our water, and our mounts. We might survive without one or the other, but not both. But, they didn’t bring any water with them, which means they knew where to get more.”

“Oh.” Darel was finding this trip more and more disappointing. At first, he’d been expecting a grand adventure and found his friend’s unbending practicality a great detriment. Now, the first time he saw any adventure at all, he’d nearly soiled himself with fear. It wasn’t like the bards’ tales at all.

* * * * *

Dremen hated the desert. By day, the sun beat down and turned the dunes into an oven. By night, the stars shown and stole as much heat as the sun gave. Then there was the sand, which got everywhere. His two desert duster companions were not bothered by it at all. And then there was the noise. The desert looked like a quiet place, but the buzzing and chirping of insects had been their companion for most of the evening and it was getting steadily louder.

They were as heedless of security as they were of sand, sun, or stars. Thorla had once again ranged ahead. The tracks of her camel ranged out of sight between the valley of two dunes. Chrelasha was a little more manageable. Dremen could hear her riding just behind him. He looked over his shoulder to see her with her hood down and her veil across her face. Dremen had learned the value of such things in his time in Vad Khara, even if they did nothing to keep the sand out of his beard and braids.

“Tacks!” Thorla called from up ahead. “And lots of them. Hurry up, you two.”

Harrumphing, Dremen complied. “You know she’ll get us into trouble, don’t you?”

“That’s why we have you to protect us.” Chrelasha smiled, but Dremen detected a bit of hesitation. Chrelasha wasn’t quite as dedicated to spreading the word of Kala as her older sister. But whatever dedication she lacked for Thorla’s quest, she made up in dedication to Thorla herself.

Dremen supposed he did as well. The young priestess had a fire in her heart greater than any master’s forge. She was smart, too, despite her lack of years. She could shake the world one day. Dremen spurred his mount to catch up. “Ye’r right, that’s a right lot of hoof prints.”

“It’s a caravan. Lots of drakah close together; three strings. There are outriders, too.” She pointed to a string of tracks to either side of the main mass. “They’re heading for Alt Valreth. If we hurry, we can probably catch up to them.”

“And how are you knowing it’s not bandits or something?” Dremen queried.

Chrelasha pulled up a little to the side. “You don’t

The Box of Sorrows is a short story, introducing several of the NPCs that appear in the Kings of the Desert adventure module. This story is set many years before the adventure takes place and gives a great overview of the desert region of the Radiant Tracts.

The size of the sea foam varies with the length of time the victim stands in it. The first round the victim stands in the sea foam, one cubic foot will attach itself to the victim. Each round the victim stands in sea foam, and additional cubic foot attaches itself to the victim. If the victim has waded into the sea foam, it may take more than a few rounds to get out of it, allowing more sea foam to attach each additional round.

Special Abilities:

Attacks:

- **Acid:** Sea foam automatically begins to release acid the round after first clinging to a victim. In cases where it is in contact with metal armour, there is no effect, but it will continue to climb to find organic material. The amount of damage inflicted depends on the body surface covered. Each cubic foot of the creature produces enough acid to cause 3 points of damage per round and it can move around a victim at one cubic foot per round, thus increasing the damage by an additional 3 points each round until the victim's entire body is covered. If the sea foam has covered the victim's face, blindness will occur after 1d6 rounds, so it must be washed off quickly. Skin will become scarred, but can be healed by a priest with the Regenerate Life miracle.

Defences:

- **Weapon Immunity:** Sea foam cannot be harmed with weapons, normal or magical, as they do not have a solid body. Weapons (including magic) with properties of intense heat or cold do affect the creature, causing either dehydration or freezing. Though, for obvious reasons, care must be taken when using these methods of removing the creature.

Age	Combat Speed	Life Points	AR	DR	Initiative	Attacks	Damage
All Sea Foam	1 cubic foot/round	5 per cubic foot	—	0	—	1	Acid: See description
Sea foam begins to release acid the round after clinging to its victim. Anybody can avoid living sea foam (while stepping through sea foam) by making an escape equal to their Luck score.							

GOBLIN, DESERT

Level	—	Alignment	0 to -4	Prevalence	Uncommon	Diet	Omnivore
Type	Optional race	Habitat	Desert	Activity Cycle	Any	Society	Communal
Strength	20 + 5d10 (47)	Intelligence	30 + 5d10 (57)	Agility	40 + 5d10 (67)	Charm	25 + 5d10 (52)
Endurance	35 + 5d10 (62)	Spirit	25 + 5d10 (52)	Dexterity	35 + 5d10 (62)	Luck	30 + 5d10 (57)

Description: Desert goblins are very similar in appearance to regular goblins, being short, grotesque creatures with arms that seem much too long for their bodies. They stand roughly 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 feet tall. This diminutive stature gives them a +2 DR bonus. Unlike normal goblins, desert goblins do not have rubbery skin. It is believed that this is because the heat of the desert has weakened this natural defence, to allow the goblin to more easily cool their body. As with all goblins, they are a short lived race, averaging between 45 and 50 years old.

Their skin is either gray or light brown in colour and their hair is gray. They have no preference for night or day, but they are gifted with night vision, having a range of 60 feet, allowing them to see in the dark if a light source is present. They can be found living in rocky areas of deserts and semi-deserts. This lifestyle gives them natural skills at hunting and tracking desert creatures.

Ecology: Goblins are communal beings. They have even been known to create towns and small cities. Outside of these communities, they can be found wandering in groups of up to 30 (3d10). Among these groups, most goblins are only tricksters, being not much more than an annoyance and bother to many humanoids, though a shaman or a warrior may accompany them. However, groups consisting of mainly warriors can be found as well, often accompanied by a mystic and/or shaman. Their main diet consists of snakes, scorpions and small game. They will eat other humanoids if luck favours them.

Combat: Because they are intelligent creatures, goblins are able to learn skills just as humans. Thus, they can have skilled warriors, psychics, mages, priests, and combinations of these. Warriors are most often skilled in the use of daggers, short swords, sticks, or crossbows. Priests, normally referred to as shamans within the commu

Several animals and monsters close up the e-zine, such as the above Sea Foam and Desert Goblin. The goblin presented here can be used as a normal monstrous creature, but we have also provided details on how it can be used as an adventuring character.