

THE GLEAMING CLOUD CITADEL

5e D&D adventure

**A deadly game of dungeons & double-dealing
amongst the Order of the Gossamer Robes.**

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THE GLEAMING CLOUD CITADEL

Eszteban, the Archmage of the Gossamer Robe Order, hides atop his tower in the Gleaming Cloud Citadel, denying his fellow wizards access to the knowledge of the Upper Library with a series of deadly traps and obstacles. Who will be brave enough to disarm this labyrinth, unravel the Order's secrets, and confront the potentially deranged archmage?

A three to four session adventure for 10-11th level characters (with combats adapted for 5-6th and 7-9th level), by Duncan Rhodes of www.hipstersanddragons.com.

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FOREWORD

Welcome dragon slayers and dungeon delvers to my first 5th edition adventure. If you want to hear a little long-winded story about how it came about then keep reading... if you're eager to meet the mages of the Gossamer Robe Order in their mountain citadel then do skip ahead to the next page where the adventure begins in earnest. You are probably wise enough by now to know that they are expecting you.

Back to the small matter of this foreword and I'm a little surprised to be writing it at all. Because I'd given up playing Dungeons & Dragons in the mid-90s, and kind of just assumed everyone else had given up around that time as well. With all the current possibilities in online and digital gaming, the idea of actually meeting in person to imagine the baddies, ad lib the rules, and generally make things up, seemed to me so anachronistic that it beggared belief that it was still happening anywhere in the world with a good WiFi connection.

Then one day at a concert in Barcelona I ran into an old acquaintance of mine. He probably wouldn't appreciate me calling him a hipster, but let's just say he arrived at the concert via skateboard. In a city full of party animals, he was also particularly famous as a hell raiser. He was maybe not the absolute last person I'd expect to be into Dungeons & Dragons, but let's just say I was more than a little taken back when he sheepishly confessed that he had swapped swashbuckling soirees in the bars of Barcelona for imaginary adventures in the towns, temples and taverns of the multiverse.

Needless to say I was intrigued and a few weeks later I ended a 20-year hiatus from the game to tumble polyhedral dice once more and revel in the realms of our collective imaginations. A couple of sessions in and I was hooked, and not content with being a player I wanted to DM. I immediately started plotting an entire campaign – and campaign world – to play with my new RPG buddies, drawing inspiration from Ancient Greece, using a bastard mix of the 2nd edition rules I could remember and the 5th edition rules I liked.

Which was all a tad overambitious. In the end the adventures went pretty well, but in my enthusiasm I kind of forgot that I have a job, and a social life, and that there are plenty of great campaign worlds already out there. That's why I wanted, a year or so later, to try and create something much more modest - but at the same time much more polished - in this my first purely 5th edition adventure.

With preparation time key, I didn't want to create whole villages that no one steps in, nor even a room to be honest... as who wants to leave a great encounter unplayed? So I'll be upfront and tell you that the Gleaming Cloud Citadel is very much a "railroad" adventure. And whilst a railroad adventure rarely offers players the ultimate RPG high of complete freedom of choice, they are often a safer bet in terms of player satisfaction, as PCs can easily get bored and frustrated when they are left to drive the story forward themselves.

There's also the huge advantage for the busy DM in that you don't need to waste any time reading or thinking about encounters that aren't going to happen, massively reducing preparation time. This has a knock-on effect in that you can focus your attention on other aspects of running the game, such as provoking player interaction and roleplaying, building atmosphere and ensuring the encounters you do play are unforgettable. Making for a much better game.

After slogging through two massive open-ended "sandbox" campaigns run by other DMs, I definitely felt that our group could do with a break from the sometimes crippling paradox of free choice and might just prefer a fast and furious three session dungeon, dealing with the problems as they face them. And that's effectively what the Gleaming Cloud Citadel is: an inverted dungeon, which the PCs gradually ascend to reach their final goal.

Having defended railroading, I should probably defend myself for revisiting the age-old trope of the wizard's tower. What can I say? It's just such a great story device. Traps or puzzles that wouldn't make sense anywhere else suddenly seem plausible; rare and fascinating beasts – ones that oft struggle to peel themselves off the pages of the Monster Manual - make for realistic guardians; and then there's the mastermind mage himself, or mages in this case, all with a collection of arcane tricks up their baggy sleeves. I have tried to go one stage further and add some politicking and intrigue to this already potent mix, and each member of the Gossamer Robe Order of Wizards has their own agenda that should – hopefully – culminate in a tumultuous showdown, the balance of which is very much for your PCs to decide.

I've probably babbled on too long already, but let me make one final point, and that is that I very much intended this adventure to be versatile. Whilst nominally it takes place in Graypeak Mountains in the Forgotten Realms, it could in fact take place on any mountain in any official or unofficial campaign of the multiverse. Designed originally for my group of five 5-11th level characters, it could easily be adapted for both higher and lower levels, as the riddles, puzzles and NPC interactions all remain the same – only the monster encounters need to be down- or upgraded depending on the party's strength (I've included a few suggestions on how to do that quickly and easily). Whilst the denizens of the Citadel may be scheming, none of them are hell bent on killing the party, and so even a low-level band of adventurers could achieve their aims if they play their cards right. Whilst a high-level party that wants to take on every fight might be in for a nasty surprise. (As a truly impartial DM I'm sure you won't take any satisfaction from dealing them their just deserts!).

I hope you and your group have as much fun as we did in the Gleaming Cloud Citadel - in fact I hope and believe you will have more fun. After all the adventure has been playtested and significantly improved since then.

Happy gaming,

Duncan of Hipstersanddragons.com



INTRODUCTION

Compelled by the flames, the dark substance evaporates into a black smoke, billowing up into the glass tube before, passing a bend in the pipe, it condenses on the cold glass and drips down into the vial - a tiny draught of liquid the colour of molten lead. Allowing it to cool for a moment, the mage slowly takes up the vial with a shaking, frail hand and raises it to his bloodless lips. A crimson firebolt from the dark sky beyond momentarily lights up the library-turned-laboratory, illuminating the wizard's cadaverous face, and bringing into relief a thousand creases in his liver-spotted skin, stretched like old parchment over his skull.

Eszteban gulps down the foul-tasting brew, which causes him to cough violently; a hollow croaking wheeze that steals his breath and pulls painfully on his enfeebled chest muscles. When the fit subsides, he feels more drained than ever. *It didn't work*, he curses - *I can still feel the poison flowing through my veins*.

Far below the central tower a lithe hand works by candlelight. Delicately holding a quill between thumb and forefinger, it carefully commits the chosen words to papyrus. Finally, it replaces the feather in the inkpot, rolls and ties the paper and seals it with the wax imprint of a spiderweb - the symbol of the Gossamer Robe Order. Lavinia Brightswann rises from her desk. She looks first out of the window, up to the lightning-assailed central spire that reaches far above her own tower. *Has it really been a year, since this storm first raged over the Citadel?* Then she moves over to the mirror above her dresser. *Just half a beauty now* she reflects, as she touches the melted flesh of her right cheek and the creased purple scar tissue of her neck and forehead, strands of which have congealed like waxy plant roots, making a mockery of her once smooth skin. It is her right eye that bothers her the most though. The lashes have been burned off, and the lids are melded with the socket, giving her a monstrous appearance that she herself finds hard to look upon. *It's knowledge, not suitors, I crave* she reminds herself. *And I will have it at any cost*.

RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

The Gleaming Cloud Citadel is a classic-style Dungeons & Dragons adventure, designed to pit players against a variety of different encounters, from riddles and traps to combats against mythical beasts and even shadowy versions of themselves. Along the way they'll have plenty of opportunity to exhibit their roleplaying skills in meetings with NPCs, the outcomes of which will shape the final course of the adventure.

The variety of play is designed to appeal to every style of player, whilst the self-contained nature of the adventure (and flexible location) means it should be easy to drop into an existing campaign. The combat encounters are calculated to be difficult for a party of four 10th level characters, however I include some suggestions to easily modify the adventure for lower levels. Experienced DMs should have no problem making the adventure harder for higher level characters.

I would highly recommend for DMs to read the adventure the entire way through before starting. You will also need a copy of the 5th edition core rulebooks, i.e. Player's Handbook (PH), Dungeon Master's Guide (DMG) and Monster Manual (MM), which I reference throughout. Creatures in bold can be found in the Monster Manual. References to information contained within this pdf will be marked simply by page number.

STORY OVERVIEW

One of Faerûn's most celebrated wizards, Eszteban The Great, has mysteriously locked himself at the top of his tower in the Gleaming Cloud Citadel, the home of the Gossamer Robe Order of mages that he founded. For decades this centre of academia and research has been the envy of many lesser wizards, and even the snippets of the groundbreaking discoveries that they have published in arcane circles puts them at the forefront of experimental magic.

Despite the success of their research, all is not well in the Order, and rumours have spread that the mighty Eszteban is no longer of sound body or mind. In a fit of paranoia, he is said to have divided the proud Citadel in two, locking himself at the top of the building's magnificent central tower - the same tower which holds the world's greatest collection of arcane tomes in its Upper Library - and constructing a deadly labyrinth above the Lower Library that the rest of the Order dare not enter.

What he does at the top of his tower no one knows. Some say he summons demons from the abyss ready to wreak vengeance on the world, others say he works ceaselessly on his masterpiece, *The Discoveries*, attempting to solve the world's greatest mysteries before he dies. Others believe that he is dead already, but the fatal labyrinth he has constructed will forever bar the world from knowing his secrets.

What is known is that the remainder of the Gossamer Robe Order would like nothing more than to dismantle this lair of traps and access the Upper Library once more so that they can reclaim *The Discoveries* and continue their Order's work.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

How can you fit the Gleaming Cloud Citadel into your campaign? What is the motivation for your PCs to visit this deadly tower in the mountains? Here are a couple of ideas...

A QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE

The party need to access knowledge that only Eszteban possesses (or is said to possess): a spell, formula or ritual that he has documented in *The Discoveries* but whose full form has never been published. In this case the party are not necessarily too interested in the Order of the Gossamer Robe's internal politics beyond how it affects their chances of getting what they came for - and getting out of the Citadel alive.

An example of arcane knowledge that the party might need could be a ritual to reverse a powerful adverse effect that either one of themselves or an ally is suffering from, or else they might require the formula to close a demonic portal.

DM'S NOTES:

When I ran this adventure myself the party's quest was to obtain the ritual to reverse a case of vampirism after Princess Silva of Comyr (an NPC our PCs have family ties with) was bitten in our Curse of Strahd campaign. You will find the spell *reverse vampirism* on p.26, however feel free to invent whatever spell or ritual you need to make your own adventure work and add it to the list of spells in *The Discoveries*.

If your PCs are not afflicted by any condition, disease or curse that you can leverage, it could be that instead the adventurers are commissioned by a powerful patron to seek a cure or piece of knowledge on their behalf. (Later it could even transpire that this person intends to use this knowledge for nefarious ends – to raise an undead army of giants for example - and that the party then have a moral duty to combat the threat they inadvertently created, leading you into a new adventure of your own making).

It might even be that a patron commissions the party to obtain *The Discoveries* in their entirety, in which case they won't be allowed to leave the Citadel without taking on pretty much every wizard in the Order (this scenario is therefore best considered only for high level parties).

BRAVE ADVENTURERS NEEDED

In this version the incentive to visit the Citadel comes from the inside. Lavinia Brightswann, the acting head of the Gossamer Robe Order, has written a letter to the party, or their patron, offering a large reward - I suggest one thousand gold pieces per level per PC, or magic items appropriate to your campaign - to anyone who can dismantle Eszteban's web of traps. She wants the Order to be reunited with their leader and to resolve their differences (or so she says! See p.8 on Roleplaying Lavinia for more on her motivation), with the aim of being able to continue their research in the Upper Library.

Another variant would be that Lavinia has put the word out far and wide, writing to the mayors of every major town within miles, potentially attracting rival, or allied, adventurers to the cause.

EXAMPLE OF THESE HOOKS IN ACTION

When I first ran this adventure for my group, I combined both these hooks together. A letter of reply arrived from Lavinia in response to the Sage of Shadowdale (an ally of my PCs), who had written to his old colleague Eszteban asking if he knew a cure for vampirism. The letter read:

Dear Sage

I am sorry to hear that the health of Princess Silva hangs in the balance. Unfortunately Eszteban is no longer the man he was. For nearly a year now he has kept himself locked up in the highest reaches of the Citadel refusing to see anyone, even me.

I have not seen him for months, nor has anyone else. I even fear he might have passed away, alone in the high tower. The rest of our Order continue our research in the lower confines of the Citadel. However the upper reaches of the Citadel have been shut off to us, and anyway are so dangerous that no one dares leave the Lower Library.

Perhaps if you came, we could regain access to the Upper Library and find the ritual you need. I do believe that Eszteban himself successfully recorded the formula to return a vampire to the living in his younger years.

Yours hopefully,

Lavinia Brightswann, Order of the Gossamer Robes

This letter was the cue for the party to head to the Citadel (The Sage was busy!) to find out what was going on and hopefully return with the spell.

GETTING STARTED

Whilst some DMs may choose to roleplay the journey to the Graypeak Mountains, throwing in encounters on the road, this adventure officially begins when the party reach the village of Frosted Firs, on the lower slopes of the mountain range. Those who want to skip the foreplay entirely however can go straight to Chapter Two if they prefer, and have the party arrive at the Citadel without incident. In all cases give the PCs a chance to stock up on healing potions before they set off... they are going to need them.

DM'S NOTES

Check out the Citadel Floorplans (p.34), and other maps, before you start reading as they will help you understand the 'geography' of the adventure.

CHAPTER 1: A PERILOUS JOURNEY

"Free from the distractions of society, I will further man's understanding of the arcane in a temple of knowledge built by my own hand.."

Eszteban's Diaries

After a long and tiring journey, the party arrive weary and hungry at the Frosted Firs village in the Graypeak mountains, the nearest known settlement to their final destination, the Gleaming Cloud Citadel.

FROSTED FIRS VILLAGE

A small settlement consisting of several dozen sturdy wooden buildings, with sharp slanting roofs to keep off the snow, Frosted Firs is a picturesque but tough place. It is populated by a hundred or so mostly human villagers, who eke out an existence by goat farming, fur trapping and foraging. The settlement's unenviable location means that few bother to threaten these hardy folk, and the nearby location of the Gleaming Cloud Citadel and the powerful Order of the Gossamer Robed Wizards deterred many a monster from settling here. However – perhaps because the Order have rarely ventured from the Citadel of late – reports have reached Frosted Firs of roving bands of goblinoids and other undesirables raiding homesteads in the vicinity, and butchering traders and travellers on the narrow mountain roads. The town is on edge and villagers are ready to defend themselves in the case of trouble, taking turns to guard the lone gate of the stakewall that helps protect the settlement against intruders. Adult villagers of Frosted Firs have the stats of **Tribal Warriors**.

There is only one hostel in town, and it's almost the first building travellers see as they follow the main path up to the mountain and pass through the village gate.

THE MAD GOAT TAVERN

The Mad Goat Tavern is a large two floor edifice and the only building in town made of stone, although it still has the village's distinctive slanting wooden roof. It has five bedrooms upstairs (one for the landlord and his wife, four for guests, each with two single beds. A bed is 3sp a night) and a kitchen and common room downstairs. It is the centre of local life in Frosted Firs - not that locals here are jovial tavern-going folk for the most part. They are honest, but generally antisocial and reticent.

The landlord, a thin middle-aged human with a pot belly and heavily receding hairline, goes by the name of Mirk. He is chatty enough and will answer any questions put to him as best he can, including giving directions to the Citadel. He says it's two days hike from the village - one day of following narrow animal trails through the forest to The Spindle mountain peak, and then another day of trekking on the bitter Western side of the ridge up to the Citadel. He will sketch an approximate map if asked.

The only other person in the tavern is a tough-looking customer called Devon Dravmor (p.28), who locals refer to as 'Axe grinder'.

Eyeing you curiously from his chair by the fire is a grizzled looking male trapper. He wears thick matted animal furs over a

rusting chainmail shirt and is tucking into a steaming bowl of goat stew. If he was human you'd suspect he was 50 years old, but his pointed ears hint at a trace of Elvish blood in his veins - meaning it's likely that he is considerably older. His face is pockmarked and lined, his chin and chops covered in grey wiry stubble. He is thickset, and a huge great axe sits propped up on the wall behind him. It looks like it's seen a lot of use.

A POTENTIAL GUIDE

The usually laconic Dravmor is curious about what brings a group of outsiders to Frosted Firs. He knows how to get to the Gleaming Cloud Citadel: "Aye, it's a bitch of a hike, but you can get there in two days from here... if you don't get lost." However he has a warning. "You don't seems like the kinda folk that are scared of a 'lil action, but if your business ain't urgent I suggest you go back the way you came. My cabin was raided three days back... and by a pretty big pack of brutes. Luckily I was in the woods hunting, but judging from the tracks they left there were a dozen creatures at least, one of them with feet so big I'd wager he was giant of some kind."

Devon is reluctant to leave Frosted Firs, where he feels the villagers have the numbers to ward off any threat, and he considers any journey to the Gleaming Cloud Citadel foolhardy to say the least. Still he's now homeless and low on coin and a fresh start somewhere warmer and safer is beginning to appeal to his aging bones. If the party offer him 250 gp they face a DC 10 Charisma (Persuasion) check for him to be their armed guide. For every 25 gp extra they offer him the DC reduces by 1.

Both Devon and Mirk will advise the party to leave their horses, if they have them, in the stables of the Mad Goat Tavern (for a fee of 2sp per horse per night), as several parts of the journey will be impassable on mounts.

REACHING THE SPINDLE

A trail heads from the top of the Frosted Firs up into the forest slopes of Graypeak Mountains. It's a narrow trail, it forks several times, and it's often ambiguous as to what constitutes a trail and what doesn't. If they set off after breakfast and Devon is with the party they automatically go the right way and reach The Spindle in about seven hours, two or three hours before dark. If they asked for a map from Mirk, the party's navigator must roll two successful DC 10 Wisdom (Survival) check to correctly interpret it. If they only asked for directions the party navigator must make two DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) checks instead. On each failure the party spends 1d6 hours getting back on course, before reaching what they recognise as The Spindle. If they lose more than 3 hours they may be forced to camp in the wilderness, or make a forced march (p.181, PH) in an attempt to reach The Spindle.



AN ORDINARY CROW?

During the second part of their hike to The Spindle one of the characters might notice - DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check – that a beady-eyed crow has been following them for around a quarter of an hour, hopping from branch to branch. The crow is the familiar of an **orc eye of gruumsh** and flies off the moment it thinks it has been spotted. If any of the party try to attack the crow (stat block: **raven**), assuming they have their weapons at the ready, they must beat its initiative roll or it disappears into the forest. A small and agile target, ranged attacks are made at disadvantage. Whether or not they manage to kill or capture the crow, its shamanic master has clocked the party's rough whereabouts, as it's able to see through the eyes of its familiar. The party are being hunted down.

MAKING CAMP

The narrow trail the party are following brings them underneath The Spindle, a tall thin peak that reaches above the forest. The path climbs over the shoulder of The Spindle, a ridge which leads to the barren western side of the mountain range. If they look over the ridge the party catch their first glimpse of the Gleaming Cloud Citadel in the distance, its vast ice-white central tower soaring into the pink evening sky. Above the tower is an isolated congregation of storm clouds that send spears of crimson lightning down the spire.

On the Western side of the ridge the icy wind blows hard and the rocks are almost completely devoid of vegetation. It's an inhospitable terrain, and almost impossible to light a fire. If the party decides to camp on this side, for whatever reason, have them roll against Extreme Cold (p.110, DMG) every hour. If they have cold weather clothing they have advantage on each roll. If common sense prevails, or Devon Dravmor is with the party, the adventurers find a sheltered clearing, protected by a rockface behind them - the foot of The Spindle - with a fifty-foot gap to the woods on the other three sides (see "Clearing Map" on p.35). A small trail leads from the clearing back to the main path.

As the party are making camp, anyone who passes a successful DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check hears a strange guttural howl echoing faintly against the mountain tops.

DM'S NOTES:

Make sure you know who is standing watch and when their watches start and end. Is there a campfire? Has it burnt out by the time the orcs arrive? Who has darkvision? Are the characters sleeping in their armour? (See p.77 of Xanathar's Guide to Everything for new rules on sleeping in armour). If there is a half-orc in the party you can add some flavour here by having the Orc Eye of Gruumsh from the upcoming encounter appear to them in a dream and promise them riches and glory if they agree to betray their party and serve Gruumsh instead, as their orcish blood demands.

NIGHT ATTACK

Wherever the party are camping, during the last watch of the night (approx. two hours before dawn) a party of 8 **orcs**, 1 **orc war chief**, 1 **orc eye of gruumsh** and a **cyclops** attempt to sneak up on the camp.

AT LOWER LEVELS

Levels 5-6: Remove orc war chief, and replace cyclops with an **ettin**.

Levels 7-9: Replace orc war chief with an **orog**, and the cyclops with an **ettin**.

The orcs, with the cyclops in tow, are an unwieldy crew but they are used to sneaking around in the mountains and the wind blowing through the treetops helps covers the sound of their footsteps. Instead of rolling a group stealth check, for expediency's sake consider the DC to detect them as 10 for any of the party who are standing watch.

BUFFING THE BAD GUYS

Stats for all monsters in this encounter are given in the Monster Manual; however you may choose to apply the following additional powers and attacks.

Muzgonk, Orc Eye of Gruumsh: As well as the spells given in the MM, Muzgonk also knows *find familiar* (which he uses in conjunction with the Warlock ability Voice of the Chain Master - p.111 PH - to communicate with his crow), *witchbolt*, *hellish rebuke* and *ray of enfeeblement*. As well as a spear he carries a whip, which he uses to press the cyclops into action when necessary.

The Cyclops, Special Attack (Toss): The Cyclops may substitute one of his multi-attacks to make a Grapple attack (p.195, PH). If he wins the contest he will use his second attack to violently hurl the victim of the grapple 3d8 + 6 feet. They take 1 hp damage per foot thrown. In addition, they must roll a Constitution saving throw (the DC is equal to the number of feet thrown) or be stunned for one turn.

The Cyclops, Special Attack (Sweeping Attack): When the Cyclops attacks with his great club, once per turn he can make a sweeping attack, doing half damage to second opponent within 5 feet of the original target (in order to succeed, his original attack roll must have been enough to hit the secondary target's AC).



The cyclops wears a metal collar and its back is criss-crossed with thick weltering scars. It is a slave to this group of orcs, being under the thrall of Muzgonk, the Orc Eye of Gruumsh, whose magic it fears. It is unlikely, but possible, that the cyclops can be persuaded – either via magic, or clever coercion - to change sides during the fight, especially if he sees that the party stand a good chance of winning. The Orc Eye of Gruumsh will likely counter this attempt by using the *command* spell.

If the party have Devon Dravmor with them, he will fight to the death on their side.

A BITCH OF A HIKE

The path from The Spindle to the Gleaming Cloud Citadel takes the party over the ridge to the exposed western side of the Graypeak Mountains, forcing them to contend with the incessant, bone-chilling winds that assail this part of the range. The hike is 7.5 hours to the citadel, without set backs or extended rests, and can be divided into three 2.5-hour legs. Have each member of the party roll against Extreme Cold (DC 10 Constitution saving throw - see p.110, DMG) during each leg or face exhaustion.

Adding to their travails during each leg they also need to navigate a particularly difficult stretch of path, as at times the steep trail becomes treacherously slippery, either due to packed ice or loose gravel.

After testing for exhaustion, for each of these tricky phases of terrain, have each PC make a climbing check DC 10 using either Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (without proficiency). They have advantage if they have climbing gear (they can also gain advantage if someone proficient in Athletics is [able to lead them](#) and passes their own check). If any of the party fail their climbing check they lose their balance and slip precariously towards the edge of a bluff and a very dangerous drop. Allow them to make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw. On a success they manage to grab hold of a rock or the branches of some deadened shrub and steady themselves. They can retake their climbing check.

If they fail their saving throw they tumble over the edge and free fall 2d100 feet down the mountain side, taking 1d6 damage per 10 feet fallen. If they survive consider how long rescuing the party member takes and whether an additional roll against Extreme Cold is required for all.

After navigating the second of the three legs from The Spindle to the Citadel, if Devon Dravmor is with the party he asks for his gold and turns back now. The Gleaming Cloud Citadel is within clear view and he wants to make it back to The Spindle before dark. Nothing will persuade him to spend even a night at the citadel: "I'd rather take my chances in the wilderness than with a gang of mad mages."

AT LOWER LEVELS

Reduce the falling distance to d100 feet, where required, to give lower levels characters a chance to survive.



CHAPTER 2: ORDER OF THE GOSSAMER ROBES

"I will gather the best minds in Faerûn and give them every resource to thrive..."

Eszteban's Diaries

THE CITADEL

If the party survive the hike you can read the following text:

Your faces raw and wind-lashed, your extremities frozen, you clamber up the final ascent towards the Citadel's six white marble towers; five shorter ones, and one imperious central tower that reaches far up into the sky, where a lightning storm dances about its apex. The lower part of the Citadel is built into and around the summit it perches on, so that you can see some of the lower floors below them, glistening white against the grey rock.

Once the party approach they see the following...

The vast double doors of the Citadel, like the rest of the edifice, are fashioned from ice-white marble. However unlike the glacier-smooth walls, the doors are decorated with fantastic reliefs of dragons, griffins, centaurs and harpies, and other magical beasts. The huge door knocker looks like it's been cast from pure gold, however before you even reach for it, the twin portals swing inward of their own accord revealing a long, wide corridor illuminated with the eerie glow of luminous green crystal torches. Standing in the middle of this corridor is an eight-foot-tall naked man who appears to be made out of granite. Arcane symbols decorate his chest and limbs, which glow electric blue when he moves.

The **stone golem**, granted the power of speech by his creators, introduces himself to the PCs in a surprisingly soft and gentle voice: "I am Juran, servant of the Gossamer Robe Order. Magister Brightswann would see you." And he turns and walks down the corridor, expecting you to follow.

The passage eventually opens up to a pentagonal-shaped reception chamber (see p.34 for a map). The chamber has five smaller corridors leading in/out of it, one on each corner, that lead to each of the Citadel's five lower towers, plus the main corridor, which breaks the plane at the bottom of the pentagon and leads to the entrance (i.e. the corridor the party just walked along). There is a large stairwell in the middle of the room leading both up and down, in front of which, laid out in the shape of a crescent moon, are several throne-like seats for receiving guests.

The seats are empty, but hurrying into the reception area from one of the corridors is a figure dressed in black.

The slender lady hurrying to greet you is dressed simply and elegantly in layers of exceptionally fine black robes, adorned with flashes of silver embroidery. Mirroring her garments her black hair is strewn with fine white strands that show her passage into middle age. The skin on the left side of her face

is as smooth, pale and cold as porcelain. The right side of face is covered by a black mask, made from jet stone, a hole revealing the green pupil of her right eye. As you get closer you can see that this eye has no lid, and that the skin around it is creased, crimson and burnt. You notice that much of her neck is covered in waxy creases of scar tissue. Despite the lady's severe aura she smiles warmly at seeing you. "Thank you for coming my friends. I'm afraid you do not find us in our best times." Her breath is shallow, as if she struggles for air, and at times you see that she needs to support her frail body by leaning on her wizard's staff. "I believe you coming here is a good omen for us all."

After greeting the party, if any of the party are in need of medical attention after their journey, Lavinia will lead them directly to Baelgrak The Bronze's tower, as he is a master herbalist and the most knowledgeable of the Order in the field of medicine. She leaves them with Baelgrak, telling the party that they can speak more at dinner, which will be served within the hour.

ROLEPLAYING LAVINIA

Lavinia Brightswann (p.28) is the most talented wizard of the Gossamer Robe Order, and the brains behind some of Eszteban's most important discoveries, especially in recent years when Eszteban's own creativity started to fade. She both admires Eszteban and resents him not sharing the credit of the Order's joint research and breakthroughs.

After he locked himself away and constructed a series of traps in the upper part of the Citadel, she decided to take up the gauntlet that Eszteban laid down and enter his labyrinth, together with her lover and fellow member of the Gossamer Robe Order, Valkas Skirgaila. What happened next is a mystery to even Lavinia herself, as she was found a day later disfigured and half dead at the entrance to the Great Hall with only vague and incomplete memories of her ordeal. Valkas has not been seen since.

She tries to hide her failed attempt to ascend the tower from the PCs, in case the party feel the mission is too dangerous for them. However she is keen for the party to succeed so she can confront her master and settle their disputes – one way or another.

She will not step back into the labyrinth herself and will claim to be in poor health if pressed to join them (in fact, her shallow breathing and physical frailty are exaggerated, even if her scars are real).

The fawning letter that she asks the PCs to deliver to Eszteban (p.12), whilst not complete fabrication is disingenuous to say the least. She will try to convince the party that Eszteban has gone mad, and that she is trying to rescue him from himself, but her priority is to gain access to the Upper Library once more and the knowledge she has contributed to in *The Discoveries*.

Lavinia's motivation in a nutshell: to repair the Order, and take charge of it. She will not let *The Discoveries* leave the Citadel.

BAELGRAK'S TREATMENT ROOM

Baelgrak The Bronze (p.29) is a dragonborn wizard and fellow member of the Gossamer Robe Order. Like all of the Order, other than Eszteban, his quarters occupy one of the lower towers of the Citadel. A studious academic, during the day he can usually be found in the Lower Libraries, tending his herb garden, or in his study. The PCs find him in the latter.

You enter Baelgrak's studio to find the seven-foot-tall dragonborn mage feeding two pet lizards with live grasshoppers – some of whom are able to jump to safety. "Damn!" exclaims the mage in the low guttural voice of his race. Despite the formidable appearance lent to him by his tough skin of metallic-coloured reptilian scales, there is a nobility and gentleness about him. He appears comical as his powerful claws attempt to delicately pluck the fleeing grasshoppers up from the desk and floor as they run amuck in his study.

Seeing the wounded party members, Baelgrak hurries them to his medicine room, where there is a treatment bed and shelves full of salves, ointments, potions and antiseptics – many of them enhanced by magic. On a table, around it, and underneath it, are scores of potted herbs. For each wounded character have Baelgrak make a Wisdom (Medicine) check with his modifier of +7. For each DC check point passed (5, 10, 15, 20, 25) they recover 1d4+1 HP by the morning, when the salves and ointments have taken full effect.

Whilst Baelgrak is treating the party he asks what they are doing at the Citadel. He listens carefully to what they say, although he himself is reticent. He nods, *hmmms* and appears absent-minded, seeming deaf to their questions.

ROLEPLAYING BAEGRAK

Baelgrak's loyalties lie with Eszteban, the man who invited him to join the Order of the Gossamer Robes, an invaluable opportunity in his eyes. A fierce academic, he is nonetheless the least talented of the Order and the most grateful to be part of it. He is suspicious of Lavinia's motives for bringing the characters to the Citadel and the motives of the rest of the Order in general who he blames for creating the current stand-off with Eszteban. Although he is essentially a good person, he will attempt to undermine the party's chance of navigating the upper reaches of the Citadel by providing them with fake healing potions instead of real ones. He wants to protect his master.

Baelgrak's motivation in a nutshell: to undermine the heroes, who he views as pawns of Lavinia.

AN AWKWARD SUPPER

A gong echoes through the corridors and chambers of the Citadel: dinner is being served. The party are directed down into the Dining Hall, which is situated in the lower floors - those built into the rockside of the mountain - and accessible via the stairwell in the Grand Reception chamber (see p.34 for a map).

The walls of the Dining Hall, like almost all the rooms in the Citadel are fashioned of blue-green variegated marble. A

long white marble table, in the shape of an elongated hexagon, is placed parallel to a row of arched windows looking out over the Lonely Moor and the Graycloak hills on the horizon.

The entire Order of the Gossamer Robes, except Eszteban, are gathered; that is to say: Lavinia Brightswann, Baelgrak The Bronze, Hrimmar Gimgil, a dwarf mage dressed in bright red and yellow robes (the only one not dressed in black) and Meredin Lovelock, a drow outcast. The only other person present is Dagna Goodberry, a matronly dwarf servant in charge of cooking and cleaning in the Citadel.

The atmosphere at dinner is tense. None of the Order seem to be on great terms with one another, nor too keen to air their dirty laundry in public. Lavinia keeps things civil with some small talk (questions about the political situation, news and weather from the party's homeland).

If talk turns to Eszteban, Lavinia will say that, sadly, in the last few years he became more and more unsound in both body and mind, before eventually deciding to lock himself at the top of his tower. Meanwhile, the dwarf Hrimmar, who is getting drunk, will scoff and mutter something (unpleasant) about Eszteban under his breath (for example that he is "a vainglorious, self-serving snake"). Baelgrak and Meredin will say nothing unless spoken to, and change the topic, clearly uncomfortable, if questioned about Eszteban.

Two noticeable events at dinner are that a cute pine marten appears from nowhere and nuzzles one or two of the characters and tries to steal a morsel of food. Hrimmar apologises and says it's his pet Rusty, and that he's very playful. Rusty is a young pine marten, barely a foot long. The other thing is that, towards the end of dinner, one of the party receive a telepathic *message* (p.259, PH) from Hrimmar who says: "Come to my tower after supper. I'll tell you the truth about this place."

After dinner Dagna Goodberry will show the characters to the guest bedrooms, which are on the same level as the Dining Hall and immaculately made up with beautiful views over the Forgotten Forest, with the Graycloak Hills on the horizon. Dagna herself sleeps in a smaller room at the end of the same corridor.



SNEAKING AROUND THE CITADEL

If the party want to head to any of the mage's towers after dinner they must pass through the Grand Reception area (see map on p.34), where there is a chance they could run into one of the Order on their way to or from the Lower Library (or in Meredin's case on his way to see Lavinia, see section on Dagna Goodberry, p.11), or either Dagna or Juran running an errand. Every time they want to pass through the Grand Reception roll on this table. Roll a d100. Then use the usual rules for hiding etc. if the party want to avoid them.

BEFORE MIDNIGHT

Roll	Encounter	Attitude
1-50	Nobody	-
51-75	Juran	Obstructive
76-85	Dagna	Curious / Helpful
86-90	Baelgrak	Suspicious
91-95	Meredin	Embarrassed / Suspicious
96-00	Lavinia	Suspicious / Obstructive

AFTER MIDNIGHT

Roll	Encounter	Attitude
1-70	Nobody	-
71-95	Juran	Obstructive
96-00	Meredin	Embarrassed / Suspicious

HRIMMAR'S REVEAL

If the characters accept Hrimmar's invitation, and sneak up to his tower after dinner read the following passage out loud:

Hrimmar is leaning back on a cushioned chair, reading a book and smoking a pipe of tangy-smelling tobacco, with a decanter of wine on his desk. He is meticulously well-kempt with neat trimmed reddish beard, slicked and perfumed hair. Each of his fingers are decorated with several ornate rings; he also wears a gaudy necklace, large hooped earrings and black eye shadow. His beloved pet, Rusty the pine marten, is running around a mini-adventure-playground on a table on the other side of the room. "Good, good, you came! I'm glad you did. You deserve to know the truth..."

Hrimmar explains to the characters what he calls the truth of the situation at the Citadel: that the greedy and vainglorious Eszteban, having formed this Order of the Gossamer Robes refused to share the credit of their joint discoveries, which were beginning to outshine his individual work.

"The breakthroughs in *The Discoveries* would never have been possible without my hypotheses, and yet he guards our work as if it were his alone. He flew into a rage when we challenged him, called us ungrateful swine for the

opportunities he gave us – like he made us! - and fled to the top of his marble tower. Said we'd poisoned him, the crazy old batshit for brains!

And then - to mock us - he built his labyrinth of boobytraps and forbade us access to the Upper Library. He left a message on the locked door of The Great Hall that said if we were so worthy it would be no trouble for us to pass. Damn him, hiding all that knowledge from us. Confining us to the Lower Library with nothing but books on insects, shrubs and grubs."

Hrimmar is none-too-fond of Lavinia either: "She is another Eszteban... she wants to rule over the Citadel herself as archmage, and she's nearly as arrogant as Eszteban himself. If someone did poison Eszteban it was no doubt her."

After spitting out his diatribe against Eszteban and Lavinia, Hrimmar is keen to cut a deal with the party.

"I'm going to be straight up with you. Lavinia is using you. She's using you to get to Eszteban, so she can kill him and take control of the Citadel herself. Then she'll kick me out of the tower and keep *The Discoveries* for herself. But let's make a deal, you and me," he slurs at the PCs.

"Lavinia will never allow me to come with you, but let me offer you some items that will help you in your quest. But if you succeed I want you to bring *The Discoveries* to me, not her. Remember that selfish bitch doesn't give a rat's turd about you, I promise you that!"

If the party seem to take Hrimmar's side then he gives the party a Potion of Invulnerability (p.188, DMG), and a Potion of Vitality (p.188, DMG) and a Spell Scroll (*identify*). If the PCs need any convincing to take his side, he goes to a large chest in the corner of the room and opens it up. It is full to the brim with gold, jewellery and precious stones (8,000 gp worth). "Give me *The Discoveries* and all this is yours. Lavinia won't give you a thing!"

Note, Hrimmar does not reveal to the party that Lavinia tried to ascend the tower, partly because – like Lavinia – he doesn't want to put them off trying themselves. And partly because he is scared that they will confront Lavinia, and it will be obvious that it was he who told them. In any case he finishes any talk with: "Not a word to this to Lavinia, my friends!"

ROLEPLAYING HRIMMAR GIMGIL

Hrimmar is desperate to attain the knowledge denied to him by Eszteban, specifically many of the powerful spells in the tightly guarded tome *The Discoveries* which he feels he has contributed to immeasurably. To this purpose, he has a crafty plan. Just before the party make their attempt to ascend the Citadel he intends to polymorph himself into an exact likeness of his pet Rusty and nuzzle his way into their team as an animal companion, or – if none of the party seem keen to take him with them – he plans to smuggle himself into one of their rucksacks and ascend with them that way. In this way he hopes to piggyback on their mission, scuttling to safety at the first sign of danger, whilst the PCs do the dirty work of clearing out the traps and monsters.

As soon as the party reach the Upper Library he will sneak off and try to locate *The Discoveries*, using the *locate object* spell if necessary, and flee the Citadel with it.

If his cover as Rusty is blown, during the PCs' ascent of the Citadel, he will claim that he had a change of heart and came to help them out after all, improvising a lie about why he assumed animal form.

Note: Hrimmar has developed an *improved polymorph* spell that allows the caster to assume a new form for up to 24 hours (see p.25).

Hrimmar's motivation in a nutshell: to piggyback on the party's ascent of the Citadel and steal *The Discoveries* before Lavinia can get her hands on it.

MEREDIN'S QUARTERS

Meredin Lovelock (p.31) is the most laconic of the Gossamer Robe Order. He spends most of his time experimenting in his laboratory in his tower, and making notes in his diary. He is a drow who rejected his heritage and was invited to The Citadel by Eszteban on Lavinia's recommendation. If the characters seek to speak to him he will seem shy and elusive, and state that the situation is a shame. If they are able to carry out a detailed search of his quarters (which he will not willingly allow) they would find in his laboratory paraphernalia for preparing poisons, including several doses of Purple Worm poison (p.258, DMG) and other subtler slow burning poisons (ingested).

ROLEPLAYING MEREDIN LOVELOCK

Meredin is madly in love with Lavinia, to the point of infatuation – despite the love being unreciprocated. He despises Eszteban, who he believes took advantage of the other members of the Order from the very beginning, especially Lavinia, who Meredin believes is the most gifted of all the Gossamer Robe Order and their rightful leader. For that reason, as the arguments within the Order continued to rage without resolution, he started to slowly and subtly poison Eszteban.

Eszteban grew both ill, and suspicious, in turn, and it was for these reasons, as well as to escape the Order's relentless and unbearable battles over intellectual sovereignty, that he withdrew himself to the upper reaches of the Citadel's vast central tower – the place where he has amassed all of the world's most influential books of arcana, along with all the transcriptions of the Order's best work – compiled in *The Discoveries*.

Meredin plans to use his *ring of invisibility* (p.191, DMG) and *boots of elvenkind* (p.155, DMG) to craftily and stealthily shadow the party into the upper levels of the Citadel. Once they find Eszteban he intends to plunge a poisoned dagger into the archmage's heart and finish the job he started. Despite being motivated by love, Meredin acts alone and independently of Lavinia, who knows nothing of his poisoning Eszteban, nor of his plan to kill him now.

If somehow the party are able to detect Meredin during their ascent of the Citadel (perhaps he is subject to an area effect that causes him to cry out in pain) he claims that he wanted to follow them in order to help them if they needed it. He says that he was not able to do so openly because Lavinia would never allow him. She loves him like a brother, he claims, and would not let him risk coming to any harm.

Meredin's motivation in a nutshell: to kill Eszteban and pave the way for Lavinia to become leader of the Order.

DAGNA GOODBERRY

Dagna Goodberry is a dwarf commoner who knows several cantrips (*mage hand*, *mending*, *prestidigitation*) and the *unseen servant* spell, and is the Citadel's chef and housekeeper. If the characters are keen to speak with her she

will be happy for the company and talk gladly about the condescending wizards she serves. Her partisan views about them are heavily influenced by the fact that she was once pregnant with Hrimmar's child but he forced her to have an abortion: "He didn't want to interrupt his career, he said, as if I couldn't look after it on my own." She has never forgiven him. If asked about other Citadel romances she will reveal that Lavinia used to be "doing the rumpy pumpy" with Valkas ("he was the other wizard, the most arrogant of all"), but they tried to climb up the Citadel together and Valkas died. "That's how come Lavinia has to wear that mask. She nearly died too, of the injuries she got, probably would of if Baelgrak hadn't managed to save her." She says that for almost two years there had been non-stop arguments in the Citadel, before Eszteban went and locked himself up at the top of his tower, nearly a year ago. Since then the rest of the Order barely speak to each other. Today was the first time they ate supper together for as long as she can remember. She says that in recent weeks, Lavinia started to receive "that suspicious dark elf" Meredin Lovelock in her chamber – although it seems she never invited him to stay the night. "He is completely doolally 'bout her," she says.

VALKAS SKIRGAILA'S TOWER

If the party are observant they should have noticed on the way in, or from the pentagonal design, that there are five lower towers in the Citadel - but there were only four mages of the Gossamer Robe Order at dinner. The empty tower belonged to Valkas Skirgaila, a former member of the Order and the paramour of Lavinia Brightswann. The two of them decided to brave Eszteban's labyrinth shortly after its creation, however Valkas died in this attempt, and Lavinia fled back to the lower part of the Citadel, critically injured by an acid attack, the scars of which never fully healed.

Valkas' tower is dark and almost completely empty, except his study, which is full of papers that have been neatly stacked into piles, although these piles are not ordered. There are also two trunks, covered in dust. They are unlocked and contain mostly clothes and personal possessions.

If any of the players rifle through the papers they find research notes, scraps of spells, letters etc. On a successful DC 10 Intelligence (Investigation) check they find a thin leather-bound notebook that is his diary. The infrequent entries appear to be mostly about the day-to-day life of the Order and his academic work. However the last entry proves to be revealing. It reads:

Damn that old fool Eszteban. His detestable vanity is ruining all our work. For months now we've had no access to the Upper Library and our research has almost entirely stalled. He may have brought us together but it's clear now that the Order would be better off without him. He knows it too, and it seems the fact has made him paranoid. A note has appeared on the doors of the Great Hall that accuses us of trying to poison him. What does he take us for? Common murderers? "As a result of your betrayal I have no qualms putting this labyrinth full of mortal tests between us." It is obvious the insane old crow is trying to mock us. Tonight I'll go through this labyrinth of his with Lavinia. We'll play his little game and win. And once we find him, I'll banish him from his own Citadel and tell the world the truth about The Discoveries.

If the PCs roll a 15 or higher on the same Intelligence (Investigation) check, they also find a *detect magic* and a *comprehend languages* scroll.

If the party light a torch in the upper reaches of the tower, in order to search it, there is a 75% chance that Lavinia will see it from her own tower. If so, she will arrive 3d6 minutes after the torch is lit and ask them what are they doing in a tone that suggests they should not be there.

RUSTY WANTS TO COME TOO!

The next morning Dagna Goodberry offers the heroes breakfast in the Dining Hall. Rusty the pine marten (stat block: **weasel** with +5 on Stealth) is there and nuzzles up to the PC that shows him the most attention. After eating some crumbs, he climbs into their cloak pocket, where he will stay in the hope of joining them on the ascent of the Citadel's central tower. If the player objects he scampers off and tries to sneakily climb into the PC's backpack instead. You can roll Dexterity (Stealth) with advantage contested by the PC's Wisdom (Perception) to see if he's noticed. If neither of these ploys seem to be working he will cosy up to another PC or, as a last resort, simply follow them up to the doors of the Great Hall and make a dash for it when they enter. He is one determined pine marten, and is of course Hrimmar in disguise, having cast *improved polymorph* (p.25) on himself.

LAVINIA'S GOOD LUCK GIFTS

At some point during their breakfast in the Dining Hall, Lavinia and Baelgrak show up to wish the party luck on their quest. Lavinia hands them a *dispel magic* scroll and a scroll of *greater restoration* ("in case of emergencies"), and she also gives each member of the party a *scarab of minor protection* (one charge only) which can be activated with a reaction to confer advantage on a saving throw against a spell's effects. After use, the scarab becomes a non-magical trinket.

Meanwhile Baelgrak offers each PC a *potion of greater healing* (in fact, they are only potions of foul-tasting herbal tea that recover just 1 hit point. See Baelgrak's Motivation on p.9 for more).

Lavinia warns the party that she is not sure what Eszteban's reaction to them will be but urges them not to harm him, and to give him a letter from her. She gives the sealed letter to the PC she has the best rapport with. She wishes them luck one final time and accompanies them up to the Lower Library where a grand staircase leads up to the locked doors of the Great Hall. She leaves them to ascend the staircase alone.

If the heroes break the seal on Lavinia's letter and read it, it says:

Eszteban, my dearest tutor and friend. I know we've had our differences - I bear the scars of those differences - but I beg you not to die alone in that tower. It's time to put aside our pride and unite again as the Order of the Gossamer Robes, an order of trust, respect and progress. The Order that you founded and of which you remain the rightful leader. Your loyal apprentice and friend, Lavinia.

THE CITADEL'S EXTERIOR DEFENSES

It's possible, even likely, that the party would rather plan an assault on the central tower via the outside of the Citadel. If asked, Lavinia warns the PCs that she considers the exterior defenses that Eszteban has constructed as more deadly than the interior labyrinth:

Sealed Windows: All windows from the Great Hall upwards are sealed, until the Upper Library. To enter the Citadel any PCs will have to fly or climb all the way to the top of the tower.

Tough Climb: The surface of the Citadel is made of supernaturally tough and glacier-smooth white marble. Climbing picks barely dent its surface and only those with Spider Climb ability can even attempt to ascend this way.

No Fly Zone: Anyone breaking the plane above the Great Hall, in a 100-foot-radius, is hit by an anti-magic field negating all effects of spells or magic items.

High Winds: Incredibly strong winds assail the central tower's heights (for game purposes consider this the area above the No Fly Zone) in a 300-foot-radius. Each turn anyone trying to fly must make a successful DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check or move 1d8 x 10 feet in the direction of the wind. The wind constantly changes direction (DM to determine randomly) and might take one up or down as well as to and fro.

Lightning Strikes: A lightning storm eternally rages around the Gleaming Cloud Citadel's central spire. Every round, roll a d10. On a 1 or 2, a bolt of lightning strikes the central tower. Anyone climbing the tower takes 8d6 lightning damage, or half on a successful Constitution saving throw (DC 15). On a 3 or 4, lightning supercharges the atmosphere around the tower, and any flying creature within 200 feet of the Citadel doing 8d6 lightning damage or half on a successful Dexterity saving throw (DC 15). Additionally anyone above the plane of the Great Hall and within 200 feet radius of the Citadel has a 5% chance per round of receiving a direct hit from a lightning bolt. Roll a d20 for each creature in this zone. On a 1, they suffer 12d6 lightning damage, or half on a successful Constitution saving throw (DC 20).

Air Elementals: Five air elementals guard the Upper Library from the outside and will attack any creature that comes within 100 feet of the top of the tower. They will not attack anyone leaving the tower.

DM'S NOTES

If the players insist on an exterior assault, let them attempt it, rather than 'railroad' them into the labyrinth.



CHAPTER 3: ESZTEBAN'S DEADLY GAME

"At first they bathed in the light of my genius... then they tried to claim it for themselves."

Eszteban's Diaries

ENTER THE LABYRINTH

Above the Grand Reception is the vast Lower Library, an impressive collection of books on almost every subject: geography, history, religion, botany, herbalism, animal lore, monsters, philosophy and medicine. In fact, it contains tomes on almost every field of learning pursued in Faerûn (except for arcana – virtually every book on magic and sorcery in the Citadel is kept in the Upper Library). The library is spotless and bathed in natural light from scores of arched windows. An impressive stairway of white marble, adorned with gold leaf decoration, leads up to a huge set of double doors – the entrance to the the Great Hall. The doors are magically sealed. Above them, carved into the lintel, is a statue of a monkey, wearing philosopher's robes and carrying an open book in one hand and a wooden stave in the other.

RIDDLE ME THIS

When the players approach the double doors of the Great Hall, the monkey says:

"He who would go further must answer this riddle:

I don't have eyes, but once I did see. Once I had thoughts, but now I'm white and empty. Who or what am I?

I will give you three guesses!"

The answer is "a skull". If the PCs don't answer immediately the monkey begins to mock them. "Need a clue?", "None-too-bright, are you?", "Did you say you were coming in, or not?", "Don't worry airheads, there's a new riddle tomorrow if you're not in a hurry." If they really can't get it they will have come back tomorrow, when the monkey will mock them mercilessly ("You again?") before asking [a different riddle](#).

If they do manage to answer the riddle correctly the monkey says: "Yes, it's death to enter here...!" And he starts cackling uncontrollably, as the doors open underneath him.

DM'S NOTES

If the party are struggling to solve the riddle, give them a clue if any of them make a successful DC 15 Intelligence check. If they really can't solve it, they have to wait a day; the riddle changes every 24 hours.

A PETRIFYING ENCOUNTER

You can find a map of the Great Hall on page 36.

The doors at the top of the staircase swing open and you walk into the Great Hall, an enormous chamber at least 200 feet long, 100 feet wide and nearly 50 feet high. The room appears completely empty, except for four giant pillars, six feet wide, and a score of enormous ornate tapestries hung between the narrow high windows in the upper reaches of the Hall – windows that have been sealed off to the sunlight. The tapestries depict Lord Ao creating the cosmos and the birth of Selune and Shar, as well as mankind's discovery of fire, his charting of the stars and other celestial bodies, and other pursuits of knowledge. Crystal torches, set 30 feet up the wall in brass sconces, give off an eerie greenish light in the middle of the hall, but either end of the room is shrouded in pitch darkness.

As soon as PCs move into the Great Hall, its huge doors slam close behind them. At this point one of the party receive a *message* (p.259, PH) from Lavinia, who says: "Whatever you do, don't fall asleep in the Citadel." (She either remembers, or senses, the curse of Demon Dreams that Eszteban has placed on the upper reaches of the Citadel, p.19).

The darkness veiling both extremes of the Great Hall is magical darkness, impenetrable by non-magical means. It can be dispelled using *dispel magic*. Hidden behind these veils, one on either side of the room, are two **gorgons**. As the party draw near (within 40 feet) to either one of these creatures, they will step out of the darkness towards them.

As you stare into the darkness suddenly your blood freezes. You witness the deadly sharp tips of two long horns sliding slowly out of the shadow, then you hear a snort and see a flume of green smoky breath billow into the light. Finally, an enormous head, the size of a dragon's, emerges from the darkness, its skin a jet-black carapace of sliding metal plates, its eyes two glowing-green emeralds. Lowering its horns, it charges at you with a speed belying its size...

The gorgon charges the party and fights to the death. As soon as the combat begins the second gorgon charges from the other side of the room. They are able to see normally in the zones of magical darkness.

AT LOWER LEVELS

Levels 5-6: Remove one gorgon.

Levels 7-9: Replace gorgons with two "lesser" gorgons with AC 17, 80 hp and have them recharge their petrifying breath on a 6 only.

There are two open doorways leading out of the Great Hall, one hidden behind each of the zones of magical darkness. If the party manage to escape via either doorway, the gorgons will not chase them, but return to their guardian positions. The two exits lead to two long flights of stairs that meet in the middle, taking the party to a room above The Great Hall.

SECRET STALKERS

Remember that both Meredin and Hrimmar (disguised as Rusty) may be with the party. The first uses *boots of elvenkind* and a *ring of invisibility* to be all but undetectable. He follows the party at a safe distance, allowing them to fight monsters and solve puzzles first before darting to keep up. Rusty may either hide in the pockets of one of the PCs, or scamper away if things get really get nasty. As a pine marten he has 1 hit point and therefore will revert to being Hrimmar if he takes any damage.

HOPE YOU DON'T CROAK

You enter a large room 70 feet long and nearly 45 feet across. Stretching across the entire width of the room, and most of the length, are a set of 6 by 6 feet floor tiles, seven across and seven deep – 49 in total - each with a letter on them, forming what seems to be a word puzzle. The walls on either side are covered in slippery stone reliefs of dozens of small amphibian-like creatures, frozen in the act of firing their blowguns. Water falls freely down the walls.

On the ground in front of the tiles, on a statuette of a water lily, the floor puzzle is repeated in miniature. Also written on the ground in the common tongue are the words: *Take A Baby Leap, Backwards*



(Players face these tiles from the bottom, looking up)

The answer to the puzzle is “tadpole” written backwards, so it starts with E (note the word is present written forwards as well, as a trap). If the players cross the puzzle, treading on the right tiles in the right order, then nothing happens to them. However, for every wrong tile someone steps on, the frogmen statues fire a total of three *magic missiles* – bolts of arcane energy - at them from their stone blowguns for 3d4+3 damage. If the character does not move from the incorrect tile within one round, the frogmen fire another three magical darts. Note that the *magic missiles* are only triggered if a weight of 60lbs rests on any of the incorrect tiles (tapping the tiles with a staff, or placing a bag of stones on each tile will not trigger the trap, nor tell PCs therefore which is the correct tile).

If they are not able to solve the puzzle, characters may fly safely over instead (assuming they have *fly* spell or otherwise the ability to do so), or they can try to climb across the slippery and wet frogmen reliefs. The PCs must make two successful DC 15 Strength (Athletics) checks to climb over the reliefs, with disadvantage if they are wearing heavy armour or encumbered. Each time they fall they suffer 1d6 bludgeoning damage, plus damage from the three *magic missiles* triggered by falling on an incorrect floor tile, after which they can get up and try again.

THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS

Once the party have passed the floor puzzle the room segues into a short 20-foot-long corridor that leads to a T-junction. To both the left and the right dimly lit corridors lead so far that the eye can't discern the ends of them. At the end of the left a dim blue light can be seen, at the end of the right a dim reddish glow. Directly in front of the party is a large circular brass plaque five foot in diameter. It reads:

Follow the right or left path to reach the end. Here a metal door will help you ascend.

Left Path: After walking about 500 feet the party find a blue-coloured crystal torch either side of the corridor, but not much else. The blue glow continues ahead though. After another 500 feet the party find another torch, but the glow beyond is now orange. If they carry on and approach the orange glow it starts to get really cold in the corridor. A breeze starts blowing down the passageway, which soon becomes a wind, blowing fiercely against them, slowing their progress. As they continue snow starts to fall and settle on the floor of the passageway. The party find themselves in a blizzard. The orange light continues faintly in the distance.

If the PCs wish to continue they have to pass a DC 15 Constitution saving throw against Extreme Cold, or suffer one level of exhaustion. After half an hour the orange light seems a little brighter, but the party are now marching slowly through two feet of snow, cold slush beating against their faces. They must now roll against Extreme Cold every half an hour, with the DC rising by 1 point each time. The glow at times seem to be getting stronger, other times fainter... there's so much sleet in their face obstructing their view and they've been staring at it for so long that it's hard to tell.

After they have rolled against Extreme Cold two or three times, the party see something poking out of the snowdrift in front of them. At first it looks like a simple stick, but on closer inspection they can see that it's a wizard's staff jutting out of the powder. When they get within 10 feet they can just about make out a hand, almost obscured by the snow.

If they dig under the drift they find the corpse of Valkas Skirgaila, frozen and preserved in the cold, lying next to the right wall of the corridor. He is wearing his robes, and has his staff with him (the one the PCs found, a *+1 quarterstaff*, which also grants +1 to AC), but his spellbook is gone. Clenched in his right hand is a dagger. On a successful DC 10 Wisdom (Perception) check any party member within view notices that the very end of the dagger is broken off. Once they notice this, the PCs may choose to clear away the snow around Valkas' body, in which case they see that he has carved the word "plaque" into the wall of the corridor.

SPEAK WITH THE DEAD

If any of the party casts *Speak with Dead* on Valkas, he will tell his story: that he and Lavinia attempted to scale the Citadel together. Having survived the first two rooms, they had split up to explore one of the two seemingly-endless corridors each. Exhausted by the cold, Valkas had decided to rest a little, only to be haunted by demonic dreams (see p.19). He awoke from his nightmare half way to death, and as he lay dying he realised the answer to the riddle all along... that the brass plaque itself is the metal door required to ascend.

If the party continue have them roll against Extreme Cold until they die. The corridor has no end.

Right Path: After walking about 500 feet the party find a red-coloured crystal torch either side of the corridor, but not much else. The red glow continues ahead though. After another 500 feet the party find another red torch, but the glow ahead is now green. If they approach the green glow it starts to get steadily hotter and hotter in the corridor, as if they are walking towards a furnace. The green light continues faintly in the distance.

If the party want to continue they need to succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw against Extreme Heat or suffer one level of exhaustion. After half an hour the green light seems a little brighter, but the party now feel like they are marching towards the sun itself. They will need to consume water, and they may no longer be able to hold metal items. They must now roll against Extreme Cold every half an hour, with the DC rising by 1 point each time. The green glow at times seem to be getting stronger, other times fainter... the air is so thick with heat haze it's hard to tell, and their eyes are clogged with sweat that continually drips down from their foreheads. If the party continue have them roll against Extreme Heat until they die. The corridor has no end.

Both corridors are extra dimensional spaces created by Eszteban, that obey unnatural laws of physics. They exist in as much as you can walk down them ad infinitum, however returning is five times as fast. A DC 10 Intelligence (Arcana) check helps characters understand that these corridors expand way beyond the physical dimensions of the Citadel.

In order to continue with their ascent up through the central tower of the Citadel the characters will have to correctly interpret the words on the brass plaque: "the end"

in this case means death, whilst "here a metal door will help you ascend" refers to the plaque itself. Valkas realised this too late but managed to etch the word "plaque" into the corridor wall as a message to anyone that followed him. Lavinia, finding him dead, saw the clue that he left her and continued the quest alone.

If characters apply any pressure on the plaque beyond a light touch their hand will pass through the metal. Anyone sticking their head through will see that this disguised portal leads to a small chamber where a spiral staircase heads upwards.

THE GIN DJINNI

At the top of the spiral staircase is a plain wooden door, unlocked. If the characters open it you can read the following out loud:

You enter a spacious room, empty except for a large table decked out with an appetizing array of exotic foods, a large decanter of plum gin, and a draughts board. Sitting behind the table is a huge man, almost 9-foot-tall, dressed in a pink silk shirt, embroidered with flashes of gold. He is wearing several ornate golden chains and rings, ostentatious bracelets of silver and ivory, and large hooped ear rings. Parts of his luxuriant beard are jewelled with small green gemstones, and his thick black hair is tied back and heavily scented with frankincense. His giant scimitar, a 5-foot-long, scintillatingly sharp blade, is resting on the table. Behind him is a closed door, the only visible exit in the room besides the door you came from.

"Ah, at last the entertainment has arrived! I'm as bored as a eunuch in a whorehouse. Come have a seat, pour yourself some gin... I do hope I've got a challenge on my hands. My name is Obi Dew Diva, Rider of Tempests, Master of Cyclones and Tamer of Hurricanes... and, as it happens, the finest draughts player in Faerûn."

Unbeknownst to the party, Obi Dew Diva is a (gin-loving) **djinni** who was told by Eszteban to challenge any intruders passing through the Citadel. However, Eszteban didn't specify what type of challenge and the cheeky and flamboyant genie – resenting the wizard's hold on him – decided to subvert the order, challenging them to a game of draughts instead. For this challenge the DM can decide whether to represent Obi Dew Diva and play a genuine game of draughts against his players, or for speedy gameplay they can have the party contest an Intelligence check. Obi Dew Diva may also add his proficiency bonus of +4 as he is a talented gamer. Whilst any rogue in the party, or anyone with the Soldier background may also add their proficiency bonus for similar reasons. The party should choose their most able gamer and the other members will give him or her advantage on the roll by adding their brains into the mix.

There's one small complication... Obi Dew Diva is a terrible loser. He will beat the table and swear after making a bad move (or if his opponent makes a good move), and will demand a rematch, or best-of-three contest, if he loses the first game. If he continues to lose he will accuse the party of cheating or distracting him.

He will also down whole goblets of gin, spit on the floor, insult the party's mothers and hope to pick a fight if he does start losing. If the party manage to win and refuse to rouse to his bait, he will reluctantly let them pass as a point of honour. Alternatively if they let him win, massage his ego, pour him some more drinks, and play on the fact that he has no great fondness of Eszteban he may also let them pass. For this ploy to work the PCs should succeed on DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check. Consider giving them advantage if you feel that they've roleplayed the situation particularly well.

If anyone drinks a glass of Obi Dew Diva's very potent gin they need to succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or become intoxicated (see poisoned condition, p.292 PH). If they pass and decide to have a second glass have them roll a second saving throw but this time with DC 15; a third glass DC 20, and so on. The PC is intoxicated for 15 mins times the number by which they failed the throw. On the plus side each glass restores 1d6 hit points. Have Obi Dew Diva roll as well, with advantage as he has built up a high tolerance to the spirit.

AT LOWER LEVELS

The party should realise that the best way past this encounter is not via brute force, therefore there is no need to change this encounter for levels 5-9... unless you want to make combat an option. In which case you could take away one of the djinni's scimitar attacks, reduce the whirlwind DC strength check to 15 and reduce his hp to 120. When reduced to 30 hp he would use his spells to escape.

The door that Obi Dew Diva is guarding is locked. It requires a DC 25 Strength (Athletics) check to break it down, or DC 15 Dexterity check with proficiency in thieves' tools to pick the lock. The key is in a pocket of Obi Dew Diva's breeches.

THE ROOM OF CURIOSITIES

The door from Obi Dew Diva's room opens up to into a chaotic room, crammed full of ornaments: half wizard's laboratory, half museum of curiosities (map on p.38).

Hanging on the walls in gilt gold frames are six portraits, four of whom the party recognise as Lavinia Brightswann, Hrimmar Gimgil, Baelgrak the Bronze and Meredin Lovelock. The portrait of Lavinia is especially notable as she is not wearing the black mask that usually covers half her face: her skin is smooth and unburned, there is no grey in her hair, she is fuller of cheek and the party notice she was once a woman of exceptional beauty. A fifth portrait bears the name Valkas Skirgaila below it, a handsome man, cleanshaven with luxuriant brushed back hair, chiselled features and grey eyes. The sixth, the PCs divine must be of Eszteban himself. Also pinned to the walls are half a dozen stuffed birds in flight, including a snowy owl, a peregrine falcon, and a raven, as well as several stuffed lizards of varying sizes – the largest of which is a 20-foot-long crocodile. Carved from stone and protruding from the wall on the left of the door is the head of a huge dragon, its jaws agape.

The black and white marble flagstone floor is adorned with three magnificent rugs made from the hides of a lion, a direwolf and an owlbear. To the left of the room is a large table full of maps, scrolls, charts and instruments, including a telescope, an hourglass and a pendulum. Next to this desk is an expansive bookshelf full of thick, hefty tomes with colourful binding and arcane inscriptions. On the right of the room are three shelves full of what look like magic potions. In a corner, nearby to the potions, is an ostentatious treasure chest, decorated with fabulous gold reliefs. The most eye-catching object of all stands in the middle of the room: a huge milky orb, the size of an ogre's head, resting on a thickset tripod wrought from gold.

As soon as the PCs enter the room the door slams shut, locking itself in the process. It once more requires a DC 25 Strength (Athletics) check to break it down, or DC 15 Dexterity check with proficiency in thieves' tools to open.

Virtually every item in this morbid Room of Curiosities is a trap designed to harm, poison, distract or kill unworthy wizards or adventurers trying to make their way up through the Citadel.

SECRET STALKERS (PART II)

If Rusty the Pine Marten – aka Hrimmar - is with the PCs he will scuttle off at the first sign of trouble, slipping under a crack in the door from whence they came, before returning when the coast is clear. Meanwhile Meredin will be silently and invisibly skulking in the spaces the PCs don't occupy. Any area effects set off from the traps in the room may affect him, and this may cause him to cough, shout, cry out loud – at the DM's discretion. In an emergency he may end his invisibility to cast *passwall* or *gaseous form*, in order to escape the room (he will choose to leave via the opposite door the party entered by), or he may even cast *dispel magic* to protect the party and introduce himself as a sort of guardian angel for the PCs.

If the party interact with any of the following items the following happens:

The Portrait of Eszteban: The portrait of Eszteban is incredibly lifelike, showing the mage at the peak of his powers, dressed in the black robes of the Order, with gold trimming. He is bald but with a fine-kempt white beard, steely eyes and an authoritarian air. If anyone goes to inspect the portrait up close it comes to life and says: "Leave the Citadel now," with the power of a *suggestion* spell. The victim must succeed on a DC 19 Wisdom saving throw to resist.

The Telescope: Anyone who looks into the telescope will see a swirling pattern of kaleidoscopic lights and must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or be incapacitated indefinitely, gazing forever into the device. Casting *remove curse* or *dispel magic* will negate the spell, as will breaking the telescope (AC 12, 40 hit points, resistant to all non-magical damage types); however, to do so will require several very well-aimed blows as the victim will be frozen holding the instrument to their eye. A poorly aimed strike could easily become a critical hit to the victim's head.

The Hourglass: This brass instrument has black sands in its bottom half and is decorated with a small wiry dragon wrapped around it. If anyone turns the hourglass upside down, the statue of the dragon's head in the room starts to breath a foul-smelling dark gas. On the first round everyone within 15 feet must make a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or take 1d8 poison damage. By the second round everyone within 30 feet must make the saving throw or take 1d8 damage. On the third round everyone in the room must save or take damage. On the fourth round the DC increases by 2, as it does every round thereafter, until the DC reaches 20, as the dragon continues to breath poison gas until the room is thick with noxious fumes. Anyone who fails two saving throws, in addition to taking damage, is also poisoned (see p.292 of PH) and automatically fails all future saving throws against the effects of the gas. A *dispel magic* spell will nullify the effect for one minute, after which it will start up again. Destroying the hourglass (AC 10, 20 hit points, resistance to all non-magical damage types) does not break the spell once started, whilst the head itself is all but indestructible.

The Orb: Anyone who looks directly into the orb from three feet away or less feels compelled to place their hands upon it and stare deeper into its milky glow (they may attempt to make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw to resist). For a minute or so they see a hazy, dream like sequence of happy memories from their past, but soon they start to see all of their childhood traumas, and terrible recollections of their younger years. Next they begin to see some of their worst fears realised: their loved ones dying, their phobias magnified and made real, and other nightmare scenarios. As soon as these traumatic memories start to appear they take 1d6 psychic damage. On every subsequent round a PC can use their action to make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw in an attempt to drag themselves from the orb, which has a psychic and physical hold on them, or else they continue to take 1d6 damage a round as the visions continue. A fellow PC can try to pull them away, giving them advantage on their roll - if, that is, they notice the silent grimaces and despairing looks of their fellow adventurer. Alternatively, they can try to smash the orb (AC 10, 25 hit points, resistance to non-magical damage). When destroyed the orb explodes doing 6d6 force damage to anyone in the room. Those 10 feet or more away from the orb, who succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw take only half the damage.

The Treasure Chest: The treasure chest is locked and requires a DC 15 Dexterity check with thieves' tools proficiency to open. However, anyone who tries to pick the lock without first searching for traps is pierced in the hand by a poison needle doing 7d6 damage (Wyvern poison, p.258 DMG); anyone making a successful DC 15 Constitution saving throw only takes half the damage. Those that actively search for traps need to pass a DC 10 Intelligence (Investigation) check to ascertain that the chest is indeed trapped, and then pass a DC 15 Dexterity check to disarm it with thieves' tools. If they fail on the disarm check they have a 80% chance of triggering the dart. (Once the trap is disarmed, they still need to roll to pick the lock). Inside the chest are 2,500 gold pieces. Under the gold pieces there is a secret compartment, visible to someone specifically checking for secret compartments, or to someone actively inspecting the inside of the chest on a DC 10 Intelligence (Investigation) check. Inside the secret compartment is a key, which opens the exit door.

The Pendulum: If anyone sets the pendulum in motion all of the dead beasts and birds in the room morph into life, and the more ferocious ones attack the party: namely the **crocodile, lion, dire wolf** and an **owlbear**.

Unlabelled Potions: There are ten unlabelled potions. Have anyone who drinks an unlabelled potion roll on the table below to see what they have ingested. A PC making a successful DC 20 Intelligence (Arcana) check to divine the identity of any potion realises that they are all magically disguised. A failed check reveals an incorrect identity. The spell *identity* reveals the true nature of any one potion. All potions in the DMG, p.187-88.

d10 Potion Type

1. Potion of Greater Healing
2. Potion of Vitality
3. Potion of Fire Breath
4. Potion of Invisibility
5. Potion of Fire Giant Strength
- 6-9. Potion of Poison
10. Potion of Diminution

The Bookshelves: Anyone approaching the bookshelves may notice on a DC 10 Wisdom (Perception) check that the stone floor tiles around them seem to have been damaged by several irregularities and welts, as if corroded. Amongst several untidy books of obtuse arcana, one small tome, bound in immaculate black leather, stands out. The title on the spine, written in silver calligraphy, reads *The Discoveries*. The book is protected by an almost invisible *glyph of warding* which requires a DC 19 Wisdom (Perception) check to spot - and a further DC 10 Intelligence (Arcana) check to recognise. The *glyph of warding* takes effect if the book is opened and triggers an acid splash that does 12d6 damage to anyone within 5 feet and afflicts a horrible scar (p.272 DMG). Anyone passing a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw takes half damage and suffers a minor scar instead. The book is a fake and full of gibberish written in a bogus language. If the rest of the bookshelves are searched they will find various spellbooks (each with 2d6 spells of levels 1-4), and a number of scrolls hidden amongst the papers. Roll Intelligence (Investigation) to determine how many scrolls a five minute search reveals, DC 10 = 1 scroll, DC 15 = 2 scrolls, DC 20 = 3 scrolls. The scrolls are *comprehend languages*, *knock* and *blur*.

The Exit Door: The door is magically locked and anyone touching the door handle gets an electric shock (1d10 of lightning damage). The door can be broken down on a DC 30 Strength (Athletics) check or by doing 100 hit points of damage, but the door has resistance to all damage types except bludgeoning and force. It has AC 10.

AT LOWER LEVELS

Simply reduce the no. of damage dice of the more powerful traps to adjust them for weaker parties. If the party really gets in trouble Hrimmar (or Meredin) may choose to reveal themselves and help out, as they are still looking to the PCs to help them ascend the rest of the Citadel.

THE GUARDIAN GALLERY

Behind the exit door of the Room of Curiosities lies a short corridor, which leads to a zig-zagging staircase taking the PCs higher up into the Citadel. At the top of this staircase is a torchlit anteroom, at the far end of which is a large open archway...

ENIGMA THE GYNOSPHERX

As the PCs approach you can read the following text. You can find a map of this room on p.39.

Beyond the archway lies a darkened room, from which you hear the faint sound of music together with dripping water. As you get a bit closer you notice a large dark shape – it appears to be some kind of living creature - sitting on a circular stone dais in the middle of the room. The creature has the powerful body of an enormous black lion or panther, the wingspan of a mythically large bird, and the upper torso and head of a beautiful human woman. This regal creature is sitting on her hind legs, with her powerful front claws extended, her wings folded back, and her eyes closed. On her head is a golden tiara. As you draw near, her eyes flick open and you see that they are luminous white with no pupils.

“Brave adventurers!” She addresses you in a low powerful voice, that is almost a growl. “I have a riddle for you.”

The riddle of Enigma the **gynosphinx** needs to be adjusted according to the make up of the adventuring party:

What has X [insert no. of PCs +1 x 2] number of legs, Y [insert no. of female PCs x2] number of milk-giving breasts, and a short life expectancy?

The answer to the riddle is the party themselves. Note that because Enigma has truesight she can see the invisible wizard Meredin and she calculates the party as having two more legs than they would calculate themselves (hence the no. of PCs +1). If Hrimmar is in sight she can also see that he is a human disguised as a pine marten – so you can add another two legs to her calculation - however it is likely that he will be hiding in a backpack, sleeve, pocket or hood. At any rate Enigma doesn't give them more than a few seconds to figure it out, before she shouts: “The answer is... YOU!” and attacks.

A guardian spirit, bound by Eszteban to keep watch over the Citadel, Enigma will fight to the death. With only the faint glow of the torchlight from the anteroom to see by, those without darkvision suffer disadvantage to attack rolls whilst in The Guardian Gallery, whilst Enigma has advantage on her attack rolls to hit them, unless they light a torch.

AT LOWER LEVELS

Levels 5-6: Replace gynosphinx with **chimera**.

Levels 7-9: Replace gynosphinx with **nycaloth**.

CUSTOMISING THE ENCOUNTER

The gynosphinx is a formidable opponent, especially in the hands of a savvy DM, and may be too much for some parties to handle. If you need to make this encounter easier start by taking away Enigma's ability to fly. (This makes sense as the room is too small for her to be able to take off and go anywhere in a meaningful sense - you could still have her teleport above the party using her legendary actions and “control crash” down on them with her claws!).

Otherwise switch out any of her spells that you think are going to make her too deadly, such as *greater invisibility*. An arrogant guardian, she may start the counter by underestimating the party and not use her full powers until it's too late.

Lightning Eyes: If your party need a bigger challenge, give Enigma “Lightning Eyes”. Using three legendary actions she can effectively cast the spell *lightning bolt* from her eyes as a special power. Recharges on a 5 or 6.

If the PCs explore The Guardian Gallery, this is what they find.

The Fountain: Apart from the dais there is a fountain carved into the wall on the right side of the room, decorated with statues of nymphs and dryads. The water is crystal clear. Anyone who drinks it discovers that it tastes delicious and cures 1d6 hit points. However, 15 minutes later they must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or fall into a deep sleep lasting 1 hour, if they are not disturbed. If someone uses their action to try and wake them they can repeat the saving throw.

Bard Statue: On the left side of the room a white marble statue of a female, elven bard is playing the harp and singing a gentle song (although it does not move, the sound simply emanates from the stone). If the PCs stay in the room for 15 minutes or more, and are not engaged in strenuous activity, then they need to succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or fall into a deep sleep. Anyone who drank water from the fountain has disadvantage on the roll.

Anyone falling asleep must roll on the Demons Dreams table (see p.19).

The Dais: The dais in the middle of the room is 15 feet in diameter and rises 1 foot off the ground. Upon the dais there is an inscription, written in a strange ancient language (celestial), that circles an engraving of the moon. The inscription reads: *tap the moon three times to ascend*. If any of the party succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check (with disadvantage if they do not have darkvision) they notice that there is a groove in the ceiling that runs in a circle, exactly above the dais and with the same dimensions. They may deduce that this indicates a moveable door in the ceiling. They may also notice that there is a small gap around the base of the dais, where it meets the floor, that might hint that the dais too is a moveable object.



DM's NOTES

The PCs have had two chances to find a *comprehend languages* scroll by now, either by investigating Valkas's tower, or via the bookshelves in the Room of Curiosities. If however they did not find one, nor do any of them speak celestial or have *comprehend languages* as a prepared spell or ritual, then both Meredin and Hrimmar speak celestial and may find a way to intervene and keep the party moving forward - preferably without revealing themselves.

If any of the PCs tap on the engraving of the moon on the dais three times they hear a low mechanical *thunk*, followed by the grinding of gears. The visible part of the dais is actually the tip of a huge stone cylinder, most of which is hidden underneath the level of the chamber's floor, which is now slowly rising towards the ceiling. At the same time the circular door in the ceiling above starts to slide open...

THE CURSE OF DEMON DREAMS

Eszteban has woven a powerful curse on the Upper Reaches of the Citadel that affects any individual who falls asleep in any room between the Great Hall up to the Room of Mirrors, inclusive, such as those attempting to take a long rest. When this happens they experience a lucid dream, in which they wake in a deserted version of their home town: there is no sign of life, only ruins and rubble, and the cloying smell of death. Appearing from amongst the ruins is a demon (roll on the table below to determine which type) who attacks them on sight.

If the PC realises they are in a dream - you can roll DC 10 Wisdom (Insight) for them if they don't ask - they can try to wake up. To do so they can use a bonus action to make a DC 19 Intelligence saving throw to snap out of it and become conscious again. If they forgo attacking or fleeing the demon, and dedicate their main action to attempting to wake, they can make the same saving throw with advantage. For every 5 hit points of damage inflicted on them by their demon foe, the DC is reduced by 1. Damage taken in the dream is permanent, it becomes psychic damage when they wake and return to the real world.

If reduced to zero hit points the dream ends but the character does not wake up. They are unconscious and dying, and must make death saving throws as usual (p.197, PH).

A second PC standing guard or awake might notice their friend is in trouble - DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check - from their pale complexion or the sweat on their brow, in which case they can also attempt to wake them, which also confers advantage on the saving throw.

If the PC defeats their demon, they awake drenched in sweat and still suffer psychic damage of any hits sustained. They do not get any of the benefits of a short or long rest.

d20	DEMON TYPE
1-2	Shadow Demon
3-4	Barlgura
5-6	Vrock
7-8	Chasme
9-10	Hezrou
11-12	Yochlol
13-14	Glabrezu
15-16	Nalfeshnee
17-18	Marilith
19	Goristro
20	Balor

At Lower Levels: for levels 5-6 roll a d8, for levels 7-9 roll a d12, and consult the same table.

SHADOW CLONE WARS

As the dais lifts the characters up to the next room (map on p.40) you can read the following aloud:

You here the muffled sounds of cogs, and stone grinding on stone, as the dais heaves upwards slowly from the ground. It looks for a minute that the moving platform might crush you against the ceiling when the circular door above you starts to slide open and you are transported steadily upwards into a pitch-black room, whose domed ceiling you can momentarily make out before the last vestige of light from the Guardian Gallery is extinguished. As the dais clicks into place, becoming part of the floor of this new chamber, a dozen crystal torches suddenly spark into life, illuminating the room with a cold blue light. Reflecting this light are [insert visible number of humanoids in the party] huge mirrors, evenly spaced around the room, each the size of a stable door. There is something unnatural about the mirrors, and you quickly realise you can't see your reflections... instead a smoky shadow starts to coalesce in each of these polished surfaces, where you'd expect to see yourself. Within seconds these shadows become solid black figures, and - armed with exactly the same weapons as you are - they burst from the mirror planes...

Each shadow is a carbon copy of each PC, and slowly they start to transform from formless black shapes to humanoid figures before finally becoming spitting images of the party. Their eyes remain jet-black however, their breath is a thick grey smoke, and a shadowy aura surrounds them.

These “shadow clones” fight to the death and have the same amount of hit points and spell slots as the PCs when they entered the room. Ditto special skills, abilities, armour, clothes and weapons. They DO NOT however have any of the PCs’ magical items. The clones can also be destroyed either by reducing them to zero hit points, or by attacking the mirrors they emerged from. Each mirror has AC 10, 30 hit points and resistance to all damage types, except blows by magical weapons, and thunder and force damage.

AT LOWER LEVELS

Levels 5-6: Reduce the hp of the mirrors to 20 to make this encounter easier.

Levels 7-9: Reduce the hp of the mirrors to 25.

If the PCs defeat their clones, they find themselves in an empty room. If they conduct a search, and pass a DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation) check, they find a secret door.

THE UPPER LIBRARY

The secret door reveals a narrow staircase that spirals up over the top of the dome ceiling of The Room of Mirrors below, like a path winding up a hillock, before reaching its apex. At this point it continues as a regular spiral staircase leading directly up. As the PCs climb these steps light begins to spill down from a room above and, looking up through the stairwell, they can make out the tops of bookshelves. Finally the stairs deposit the party right in the middle of the Upper Library (see map on p.41).

The Upper Library is a large circular room, three quarters of which holds rows of bookshelves that reach 15 feet high and are filled with a wondrous cornucopia of arcane works, many of which are decorated in silver and gold leaf, whilst others are bound in bright, colour-dyed leathers. Some are even covered with the skins of fantastical beasts. A number of sliding wooden ladders, attached to the shelves by mechanical parts, help academics access the upper tomes.

Above the book shelves, set high in the walls, are a series of windows through which the eternal storm that rages above the Citadel is visible, as lightning bolts of supernatural colours relentlessly spear the sky, and throw alternate flashes of light and shadow over the library.

In the only segment of the room not given over to books lies a huge desk. On one side of this counter rest several vials, beakers and tubes, and what looks like a preserved human brain in a jar. On the other is a scattering of open tomes, a lit candle, as well as an inkpot and quill, and a few leaves of papyrus. Behind the desk, wearing the flowing black silk robes of his Order, sits Eszteban. He appears extremely thin and frail: his face is almost skeletal, with sallow cheeks and sunken eyes. The skin on his bald head is splotchy with purple and brown liver spots, and his once luxuriant white beard is now thin and wispy. He is leaning back on his chair with his hands on the desk, and his eyes closed.

“So, you passed my little tests...” he says with a soft voice, that still carries strength despite its quietness.

Suddenly he draws a deep breath, sits up bolt straight, opens his eyes and stares at you directly. “I suppose that makes you more deserving of this Citadel’s secrets than the petty idiots of the Order I created. So tell me, who sent you? You hardly look like scholarly types. Or are you just Lavinia’s paid assassins, sent here to finish me off?”

Behind the ancient wizard, two narrow staircases lead up from the left and right side of the room respectively. They meet in the middle at a small landing in front of a door set in the wall 15 feet above the ground. This door leads to another spiral staircase, this time up to Eszteban’s chambers, the highest room in the Citadel.

SECRET STALKERS (PART III)

If Rusty the Pine Marten is with the party, he is not so interested in Eszteban’s prattling and, appearing to smell a mouse, he scampers off to explore the library. Rusty is of course Hrimmar in disguise and is trying to locate the whereabouts of *The Discoveries*, so that he can flee the Citadel with it.

Eventually he will hazard a guess, cast *locate object*, or overhear Eszteban say that the book is in Eszteban’s chamber. He will then look to take advantage of the first moment of distraction – most likely to be when Meredin attempts to kill Eszteban – to run up the stairs behind Eszteban’s desk and ascend to his chambers. The gap below the door is too small for him to squeeze through though and he will have to revert to his dwarven form to open it.

If Meredin is with the party, either having been discovered, or still invisible, he will at first listen to some of what Eszteban has to say, but before long will grow impatient and attempt to plunge his poisoned dagger into Eszteban’s neck. If he succeeds in his mission to kill Eszteban he will try his very best to stop Hrimmar escaping with *The Discoveries*, killing him if necessary.

Once the fight for *The Discoveries* is settled, if he is still alive and thinks he can overpower the party Meredin will happily kill them to be rid of them. Otherwise he will offer them 1,000 gp each as a thank you for their services (i.e. defeating the labyrinth and enabling him to kill the corrupt and crazy old mage, Eszteban) and he will in fact negotiate up to 3,000 gp each just to be rid of them. His ultimate goal is to re-establish the Order’s sanctity with Lavinia at the head and become her lover in the process, and he is willing to go to extreme lengths to achieve this.



ROLEPLAYING ESZTEBAN

Eszteban suspects that he was poisoned, probably by Lavinia, the most gifted but also the most spirited of the Order, and he distrusts the PCs, believing they have been sent to do her dirty work, unless they can persuade him otherwise. Bitter and disappointed, he does not want Lavinia or the other wizards to profit from his life's work after his death. He considers them unworthy self-promoters and believes they significantly overestimate their role in the many grand findings of *The Discoveries*. If the heroes have a better plan for the book than leaving it with the Order he may well give them his blessing. However, he will soften his stance towards Lavinia if the party remember to give him the letter she asked them to deliver for her. She was his favourite pupil and, before he dies, he wants to believe that their relationship was genuine, and that she is innocent of any wrongdoing. The cynic in him needs convincing however.

Eszteban's motivation in a nutshell: To pass *The Discoveries* onto a worthy heir.

ESZTEBAN'S CHAMBERS

The door above Eszteban's desk leads to a spiral staircase, which ascends to a landing. On one side of the stairwell is a small washroom and privy, on the other side, behind a sturdy but unlocked wooden door, is Eszteban's chamber (see p.42 for a map). The archmage's quarters contain a four-poster bed, a snow leopard rug, a small bookshelf and a large chest full of robes. There is also a black orb set on a silver tripod that crackles and fizzes, as if it held lightning within. *The Discoveries*, a (magically) small book just 9 x 6 x 2 inches, is hidden under the archmage's quilt. There is a *glyph of warding* on the book that triggers a *finger of death* spell when anyone except Eszteban touches it. This barely invisible glyph requires a DC 19 Wisdom (Perception) check to spot and a DC 10 Intelligence (Arcana) check to recognise. Doors on either side of the room lead out to spacious balconies.

If Hrimmar manages to enter the room before the PCs, his first action might be to cast *locate object* (if he hasn't already) to find *The Discoveries*, or he may choose to cast *arcane lock* or *wall of stone* to buy himself more time to conduct a thorough search. Once he locates the tome he is smart enough to anticipate Eszteban's *glyph of warding* and will stop to cast *dispel magic* before picking it up. If he has time to cast this spell he will likely afterwards cast either *polymorph* (giant eagle, speed 80ft.) or *fly* (60ft.) on himself and attempt to flee with the book via one of the balconies, but not before he dashes the black orb on the stone floor, smashing it into a thousand pieces and breaking the Citadel's lightning *storm defence* (p.23).

END SCENARIOS

If the heroes are unable to stop Hrimmar before he flies away with *The Discoveries*, or are unable to pursue him and retrieve the book, it's possible that Lavinia and Baelgrak notice the dwarf's escape from the bottom of the Citadel and give chase (although it is not absolutely certain that they would catch or overpower him). If one of the Order manage to reclaim the book they will be firmly in the driving seat of any negotiations on the future of the tome, although they may be willing to copy out a spell etc. to reward the party for their efforts.

Otherwise, if the book is not recovered from Hrimmar, the spell or knowledge the party seek (if that indeed was their motivation for coming here... see Adventure Hooks on p.3) may have been recorded in some other lesser tome before being committed to *The Discoveries*. Depending on the party's relationship with the remainder of the Order, they might be willing to help them search the Upper Library in order to find it. They won't be in the mood to offer the party any further rewards though, having lost their opus magnus.

If the party seize control of the book from Hrimmar and / or Meredin, they will also have to deal with Lavinia, who will not suffer to see the book leave the Citadel without a fight – although if she can win it back by stealth or negotiation she will do so. She will likely press Juran the Stone Golem into helping her win any combat or non-combat encounter, and possibly Baelgrak. She will neither fight to the death, nor will she kill any of the party unless they give her no choice. If they are left at her mercy she will most likely imprison them, or lock them outside the Citadel, having confiscated their weapons, magical items and spellbooks.

OTHER SCENARIOS

What happens if the PCs are close to death during the ascent of the Citadel, or they manage to flee back the way they came?

WIZARDS TO THE RESCUE

If the entire party are about to die at any time during the ascent of the Citadel, it is very likely that one of either Meredin or Hrimmar would step in to save them... not out of any goodwill for the PCs but because they need their help to ascend the tower.

If the PCs die in the final encounter, more out of bad luck than bad judgement, and you don't want their deaths to be permanent, you could invent plausible motives for them to be revived by any of the Order (the Order are not murderers after all and have the power to bring them back).

In this case they wake after the fate of *The Discoveries* has been decided. They have failed in their mission, and may too have had their armour, weapons and magical items confiscated if they are deemed to be dangerous to the surviving members of the Order. They will however be allowed to leave the Citadel alive, ready to adventure another day.

FLEEING THE CITADEL

Eszteban cast the spell *memory blank* (p.25) on the door of the Great Hall, so that anyone fleeing his labyrinth would not be able to pass on what they learnt to any new challengers. Anyone passing through the door must make a DC 19 Intelligence saving throw or forget everything they experienced in the last 48 hours. The preserved human brain on his desk is the material component of this spell. If destroyed, the spell is negated.

The doors of the Great Hall are magically sealed shut. A successful DC 30 Strength (Athletics) check is required to smash them open; or else a *knock* spell.



APPENDIX A: TREASURES

By far the most valuable object in the Citadel is *The Discoveries* tome of magic. Obsessively guarded by Eszteban, this priceless spellbook contains the fruits of the combined research of all the members of the Gossamer Robe Order – namely scores of spells otherwise unknown in Faerun.

THE DISCOVERIES

A small book (9 x 6 x 2 inches) bound in simple black leather with silver trimmings, the cover reads: *The Discoveries, a chronicle of the arcane knowledge and practices laid bare in his lifetime by Eszteban The Great and his Order of the Gossamer Robed Wizards*. In fact it would be several heavy tomes, but it has been magically reduced in size by *Lavinia's book of many pages* (see below). It contains the following spells:

BAELGRAK'S ANIMATED ILLUSTRATION

1st level illusion (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a live insect, which is crushed to make the spell)

Duration: Permanent, until dispelled.

Harnessing the power of illusion you cause an existing image, such as a drawing, painting or tapestry, to appear to move, either continuously or in response to a trigger you determine (for example someone turning a page, or coming within a certain distance of the image). The movement can be subtle, such as the painting of a siren who winks or waves from her rock, or more involved, such as two knights fighting. The illusion can be up to 5-foot-square in size, per spell slot level expended.

BAELGRAK'S PLANT GROW

1st-level enchantment

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (compost)

Duration: 24 hours

Weaving a charm you speed up the natural growth of plant life to ten times the speed of nature. The charm takes effect on an area of soil 5-foot-square, per slot level expended.

BRIDGE

2nd level conjuration

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration, up to 10 minutes.

You create a shimmering bridge of energy 5 feet wide and 30 feet long, which arcs 5 feet above the ground at its highest point.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a 3rd level spell slot or higher you can create a bridge that is an additional 5 feet wide, 10 feet long and arcing 5 feet higher for every extra spell slot expended. Additionally the duration of the spell increases by 10 minutes per spell slot used.

CHAMELEON

Illusion cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a piece of chameleon skin)

Duration: Concentration, up to 10 minutes.

You take on the appearance of your immediate environment, making you invisible when absolutely still. The spell has no effect on any creature that has already seen you, as long as you remain within its line of sight. The spell's effects cease the moment you move, although small and slow hand movements may go undetected (those with line of sight can contest their Perception vs. your Stealth).

DEMON DREAMS

9th level illusion

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 300 feet

Components: V, S, M (Onyx statue worth 1500 GP)

Duration: Permanent

Using a demonic statue as a focus, you create a powerful mind illusion that takes hold the minute someone falls asleep within 300 feet of the statue. The person has a vivid dream where they come face to face with a demon from the abyss (determine randomly), on a desolate plane of ruin. The demon immediately attacks the victim and any damage it inflicts counts as psychic damage in the real world, causing the victim to die if they are reduced to 0 hit points. If the victim realises they are in a dream they can try to wake up. To do so, once per turn they can use a bonus action to make an Intelligence saving throw to snap out of it and become conscious again, or they can use their main action to make the same saving throw with advantage. For every 5 hit points of damage inflicted on them by the demon, the DC of the save is reduced by 1. The spell is broken if the statuette is broken.

d20	DEMON TYPE
1-2	Shadow Demon
3-4	Balgura
5-6	Vrock
7-8	Chasme
9-10	Hezrou
11-12	Yochlol
13-14	Glabrezu
15-16	Nalfeshnee
17-18	Marilith
19	Goristro
20	Balor

ELECTRIC MISSILE

2nd level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You create three crackling darts of electric energy. Each dart hits a creature of your choice within range. A dart deals 1d4 +1 lightning damage to its target and you can direct them to hit one creature or several. Each targeted creature must make a Constitution saving throw or be stunned for 1 round. Any creature targeted by more than one dart has disadvantage on their save.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a 3rd level spell slot or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot level above 2nd.

ESZTEBAN'S PERMANENT EFFECT

4th to 9th level transmutation (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (Diamond worth between 800 and 1800 gp, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Permanent, until dispelled

Powerful wizards have forever laboured to make the effects of their magic permanent. Whilst many have succeeded, few have been able to repeat their successes with as much regularity as Eszteban. In this spell, arguably the most important in *The Discoveries*, he lays out his formula for rendering permanent many of the multiverse's best known incantations. For this to work *Eszteban's permanent effect* must be cast directly after the "active" spell whose effects the caster wishes to make permanent, using a spell slot 4 levels higher than the one required to cast the active spell (a cantrip counting as a level 0 spell). *Eszteban's permanent effect* works in conjunction with *dancing lights*, *light*, *minor illusion*, *alarm*, *fog cloud*, *grease*, *illusory script*, *silent image*, *arcane lock*, *darkness*, *gust of wind*, *magic weapon*, *major image*, *sleet storm*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *hallucinatory terrain*, *ice storm*, *wall of fire*, *wall of force* and *wall of stone*. The spell consumes a diamond worth 200 gp per spell slot expended. If the caster is usually able to move the effects of any given spell, they lose that ability when the effects are made permanent.

DM'S NOTES:

I designed *Eszteban's permanent effect* to legislate for wizards who weave permanent magic into the multiverse's dungeons. It could be applied to other spells not on this list at the DM's discretion, however it should never be used to confer a permanent ability, such as invisibility, to the caster or his ally.

ESZTEBAN'S SERPENTINE SURPRISE

4th level transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (a snake's fang for every weapon transformed)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute.

You transform up to three weapons within range into **poisonous snakes**, which attempt to bite their wielder(s), acting as soon as the spell takes effect (and afterwards at the same initiative as the caster). The snakes have +5 to hit, do 1 hit points piercing damage, and on a hit the target must make a DC 10 Constitution saving throw taking 5 (2d4) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The snakes have AC 13 and 2 hit points, and return to their original form if killed, or when the spell is ended.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a 5th level spell slot or higher, you can transform an additional three weapons for each slot level above 4th.

ESZTEBAN'S STORM DEFENCE

9th level conjuration

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 1000 feet

Components: V, S, M (metal rod and a large glass orb)

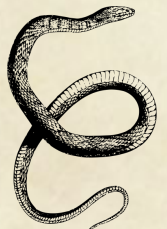
Duration: Permanent

You invoke a raging storm to permanently protect a building or area from intruders. High winds make any approach difficult, whilst constant lightning strikes do deadly damage to those who come near a focus point you decide.

High Winds: Incredibly strong winds blow in a 300-foot-radius from the focus point. Anyone trying to walk through these winds must make a DC 12 Strength (Athletics) check per round, or be pushed 1d8 x 5 feet in a random direction and knocked prone. Anyone trying to fly in this zone must make a DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check, or be buffeted 1d8 x 10 feet in a random direction.

Lightning Strikes: The storm rages more fiercely in 200-foot-radius of the focus point. Every round there is a 20% chance that lightning supercharges the atmosphere in this zone doing 8d6 lightning damage to anyone in it, or half on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw. Additionally, any individual within 200 feet of the focus point has a 5% chance per round of receiving a direct hit from a lightning bolt, doing 12d6 damage, or half on a successful DC 20 Constitution saving throw.

The potency of this spell is locked into its material component, a glass orb. Destroying the orb negates the spell.



FLASH BANG

3rd level evocation

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: 90 feet

Components: V, S, M (a pinch of saltpeter)

Duration: Instantaneous

You trigger a blast of magical force, accompanied by a thunderclap and flash of bright white light, that affects any creature within a 30-foot-radius of a point you choose within range. The blast does 2d10 force damage and causes victims to be stunned for 1 turn. On a successful save, the creature takes half as much damage and isn't stunned.

FORCEBALL

3rd level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 150 feet

Components: V, S, M (various)

Duration: Instantaneous

By tinkering with the somatic and material components of the well-known *fireball* incantation, you are able to unleash other types of damage (8d6) on your foes. *Forceball* (a crystal worth 50gp) causes an invisible explosion of pure force; *iceball* (single scale of a silver dragon) unleashes a hissing white ball of death-inducing cold; *thunderball* (a thimble of rainwater gathered during a storm) a booming detonation of thunder damage; *acidball* (single scale of a black dragon) a searing burst of corrosive acid.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher the damage increases by 1d6 for each slot level above 3rd.

DM'S NOTES

You can make this spell more or less powerful by stating whether the caster needs to prepare in advance a specific version of the spell; or if they can decide on the fly what type of damage they want to deal as circumstances dictate (assuming they have the right components to hand).

GOSSAMER SHIELD

2nd level abjuration

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you are hit by an attack or targeted by a spell.

Range: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Varies

Gossamer shield is activated in the same way as *shield* (p.275 PH) but lasts for a number of rounds equal to the caster's Intelligence modifier. Instead of offering a flat +5 AC, it offers a bonus to AC, and to Dexterity saving throws, equal to that of the caster's Intelligence modifier for the duration of the spell.

GOSSAMER WARD

2nd level abjuration (ritual)

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (turtle shell)

Duration: 90 days

You grant an object up to 20-cubic-feet in size resistance to a damage type of your choice, from acid, cold, fire, force, lightning, radiant and thunder. For every extra level spell slot expended you can ward an object 20-cubic-feet larger, or add an extra resistance type. The resistance protects the integrity of the object, but not (automatically) those wearing it (armour) or in it (house, boat). For example, wearing plate mail with acid resistance would not give its wearer resistance to a Black Dragon's breath weapon (although it might at the DM's discretion confer advantage on their saving throw).

HEART ATTACK

7th level necromancy

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (a sheep's heart, crushed when casting the spell)

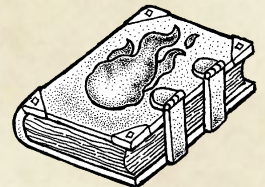
Duration: Instantaneous

You wrap a spectral hand around the heart of a giant-sized target or smaller within range and squeeze. The target must make a Constitution saving throw, and then roll a d12 and consult the following table. If they pass their saving throw they may add 3 to the roll.

d12 (+modifier) Spell Effect

1	Heart explodes causing instant death
2-4	Heart collapses reducing target to 0 hit points
5-10	Heart attack. Target is paralysed taking 4d6 damage each round until saving throw (one at each of their turn) is passed.
11-15	Target suffers excruciating heart tremors doing 4d6 damage.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a 8th level spell slot or higher you can target one additional creature per spell slot expended.



HRIMMAR'S DAZZLING DEFENCE

4th-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 minute (activated with a reaction)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (something phosphorescent)

Duration: 24 hours

You weave a protective aura around yourself (or a willing subject you touch) that you are able to trigger using a reaction the moment you take damage from an attack. When triggered a dazzling burst of lights blinds anyone within 30 feet of you for 1 turn, unless they succeed on an Intelligence saving throw. At the same instance you may teleport up to 60 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see. The spell must be triggered within 24 hours of casting or be lost. Only one protective aura can be active per person at one time, and it can be triggered only once.

IMPROVED FLY

6th level transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a wing feather from a migrating bird)

Duration: Concentration, up to 8 hours

You gain a flying speed of 60 feet for the duration. When the spell ends, if you are still aloft, you fall to the ground.

IMPROVED POLYMORPH

6th level transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a live caterpillar)

Duration: Concentration, up to 24 hours

Improved polymorph works the same as *polymorph* (p.266, PH), with an improved duration of up to 24 hours. The caster must touch the target, making a melee spell attack if it is an unwilling target. If the caster succeeds in touching the target they receive their saving throw as usual.

LAVINIA'S BOOK OF MANY PAGES

1st level transmutation (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a collapsing paper accordion).

Duration: Permanent

Using this charm you are able to turn the largest of tomes and spellbooks into a manageable and portable book just 9 inches x 6 inches x 2 inches in dimension. With a word the user can return the book to its former size for reading at a desk, or back again for carrying or reading on the go.

LAVINIA'S STUNNING ESCAPE

5th level evocation

Casting Time: 1 minute (activated with a reaction)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a pair of cymbals)

Duration: 24 hours

You weave a protective aura around yourself (or a willing target you touch) that you are able to trigger using a reaction the moment you take damage from an attack. When triggered a stunning blast of magical force affects anyone within 30 feet, doing 2d10 force damage and causing them to be stunned for 1 turn. On a successful save, the creature takes only half the amount of damage and isn't stunned. In addition you may turn invisible as per the conditions of the spell *invisibility* (requires concentration, ends if you attack a creature) and teleport up to 60 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see. The spell must be triggered within 24 hours of casting or be lost. Only one protective aura can be active per person at one time, and it can be triggered only once.

MEMORY BLANK

8th level necromancy

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (a preserved human brain)

Duration: Permanent, until dispelled

You create an invisible field of energy up to 20 square feet in size that attacks the memory of any sentient being that passes through its plane, from a single direction determined by the caster, causing it to forget anything that happened to it in the last 48 hours on a failed Intelligence saving throw. On a successful save the creature remembers all incidents as usual. At the DM's discretions those who fail their saving throw may recall hazy details or may have dreams that reveal certain incidents from their memory blank.

MEREDIN'S QUIET FEET

1st level illusion

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (mouse fur)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 hour

You cause the footfall of a creature within range to become completely silent for the duration, giving them advantage on Stealth checks against creatures that rely on sound for perception, such as humans. It confers no advantage when contesting a Stealth vs. Perception check against a creature with keen smell.

MEREDIN'S MIGHTY APPLAUSE

4th level illusion

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (a flower in bloom)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

Any humanoid within a 30-foot-radius of the targeted creature of this spell must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or be overwhelmed by a need to applaud this target, dropping whatever is in their hands to do so. This enthusiastic applause takes up the entirety of their turn. They may repeat the saving throw at the end of their turn. The spell ends for an affected person if they take any damage.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you increase the radius of the spell by 10 feet for each spell level above 4th.

PERMANENT CURSE

4th to 8th level necromancy

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Permanent

When using your action to cast certain spells – namely *blindness/deafness*, *bestow curse*, *polymorph* or *Valkas' sleepy touch* (p.27) - you can use your bonus action to add this subtle but powerful additional manipulation of the arcane weave to attempt to make the effects of the first spell permanent. To do you must use one spell slot 4 levels higher than the active spell (on top of the spell slot used to cast the original spell). The target makes two saving throws. If they pass their first saving throw the spell has no effect, if they fail their first saving throw but pass their second, the spell takes effect as per the usual duration, whilst if the target fails both saving throws the effects become permanent. Casting *dispel magic* or *remove curse spell* may reverse the effects, but only if the caster makes a successful spellcasting check. The DC is 10 + the level of the spell slot used to cast *permanent curse*. On a failure they must wait 24 hours before trying again. And if they fail three times the caster must wait until they level up before trying again.

RESILIENT OBJECT

1st level abjuration (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (a lump of basalt stone)

Duration: Permanent, until dispelled.

This charm renders usually fragile objects remarkably resilient and is typically cast to protect the vessels of magical potions or valuable ceramics; however it can be cast any object of 3-cubic-feet or smaller (or up to nine objects if each is under 1-cubic-foot in size). Objects protected by this charm have 30 hit points.

REVERSE VAMPIRISM

5th or 7th level necromancy (ritual)

Casting Time: 12 hours

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (personal items, vial of werewolf's blood, bath of holy water).

Duration: Permanent

You attempt to reverse the hold of vampirism on a creature, using the minimum of a 5th level spell slot to rescue a vampire spawn, or the minimum of a 7th level spell slot to rescue a true vampire. The process is an elaborate ritual that must be performed at night, and whose components include at least three personal items of the victim's past life (such as diary, doll, livery etc.), a tiny vial of werewolf's blood and a bathtub full of holy water. The ritual ends exactly at dawn when the vampire is forced to drink the vial of werewolf's blood, then thrown into the bath of holy water and exposed to the sunlight of the new day. To see if the ritual is successful the caster must roll a spellcasting check with a DC that depends on how long the target had been in a vampiric state.

Time	Vampire Spawn	Time	True Vampire
< 1 month	8	< 1 month	10
< 6 months	12	< 6 months	15
< 1 year	15	< 1 year	20
< 5 years	20	< 5 years	25
< 25 years	25	< 25 years	30
< 50 years	30	< 50 years	35
50+ years	35	50+ years	40

For every level of spell slot used above the minimum slot required you can subtract 5 from the DC. On a success the person is successfully restored to their living self. They have only shadowy memories of what occurred during their time as a vampire, and they may suffer side effects or be aged prematurely (DM's discretion). On a failure the vampire remains a vampire and takes damage from the holy water. On a critical failure the administered dose of werewolf's blood proves too strong and the victim becomes afflicted with lycanthropy.

SHADOW CLONE

6th level necromancy

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (large mirror)

Duration: Permanent

You cause a shadowy clone of your target (humanoid of large size or smaller) to appear from a mirror, which must be within 30 feet of both yourself and your target. There must be nothing obstructing the line of sight between the mirror and your target. The shadow clone has identical stats, skills and equipment to your target, barring magical items, and has the same number of hit points (and spell slots if applicable) as the target at the moment the spell is cast. The shadow clone attacks the target relentlessly until one of them dies, at which point it disappears. It also disappears if the mirror it spawned from is broken.

SUMMON GUARDIAN

8th level conjuration (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (amethysts worth 50 gp x challenge rating of the guardian summoned, which the spell consumes).

Duration: Permanent, until death.

The caster attempts to summon an aberration, elemental, fiend or otherworldly monstrosity from their native plane to guard a space within range. To succeed they must make a spellcasting check: the DC is twice the challenge rating of the guardian they are trying to summon. On a failure nothing happens and the material components of the spell are wasted. On a success they conjure the guardian of their choice, who is then bound to guard the space they occupy from intruders. The caster can give simple instructions, such as 'pose a riddle to intruders before attacking', 'ensure that no one passes this

point', or 'attack anyone other than myself and my servants', provided they speak the same language. Otherwise the guardian will attack any creature of small size or above, other than the caster, who comes within its movement range (ie. its speed as given in the Monster Manual). It will fight to the death, before returning to its post if victorious. It will not stray more than 200 feet from its post during combat. Typical guardians summoned include genies, sphinxes, gorgons, displacer beasts, demons, devils, minotaurs, medusas and nagas. The guardian is bound to remain at their post until their death (or that of the caster), although guardians requiring food and water will die if the caster does not provide it.

At Higher Levels. Casters using a 9th level spell slot gain advantage on their spellcasting check to summon the guardian of their choice.

REBEL GUARD

Many guardians may resent their subjugation. Have them roll a secret Charisma saving throw. If they pass they are still bound to remain at their post, but may not carry out their orders to the letter.

VALKAS' SLEEPY TOUCH

4th level enchantment

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V

Duration: 10 minutes

Whispering a few cabalistic words at the very moment you touch a creature, you put them into a deep magical slumber. If the creature sees your intention or you're in combat, make a melee spell attack roll. If you succeed your victim must make a Constitution saving throw or fall asleep for the duration. The victim cannot be woken by any non-magical means during these 10 minutes (*dispel magic* or *remove curse* will cause the creature to wake), however every time it takes damage it may repeat its saving throw. Any attacks made on a sleeping creature are automatically treated as critical hits. If it is not roused by magic or taking damage, the affected creature can make another saving throw at the end of the spell's duration to wake up, otherwise they continue to sleep a deep natural sleep, waking up only if roused or if subjected to loud noises. Huge and Gargantuan creatures are immune to this spell.

VALKAS' TREMENDOUS TREMOR

2nd level evocation

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Striking the ground with your staff (or hand) you cause a powerful wave of energy, 10 feet wide and 60 feet long, to ripple through the ground in front of you. Any creature in this area of effect must make a Dexterity saving throw or fall prone. The spell's effects are visible in the ground afterwards: earth is churned, floor tiles are cracked and broken, and the beams of a ship hull may even snap and break.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you increase the width of the effect by 5 feet and length by 10 feet for each slot level above 2nd.

DIVINE POWERS TAPPED

Based upon the research of the Order, Eszteban has successfully found the arcane patterns to replicate several well know spells usually only conferred by divine favour by the gods to their priests. As such those in possession of *The Discoveries* can cast the following spells as rituals, using the noted components, which are consumed by the spell. To do so they must use one spell slot level higher than that given for priests in the Player's Handbook, as per the table below:

Priest Spell	Material Component	Wizard Level
<i>zone of truth</i>	a nugget of pure gold (25 gp)	3rd
<i>lesser restoration</i>	turquoise gemstone (30 gp)	3rd
<i>speak with dead</i>	a silver horn (20 gp)	4th
<i>greater restoration</i>	diamond dust (250 gp)	6th
<i>resurrection</i>	(same component)	8th

MEDDLING WITH THE DIVINE

If you have cleric PCs in your campaign consider whether these divine powers infringe on their role in the party. If so ignore them.

OTHER TREASURES

If you wish to reward your PCs with more treasure, and the party are in a position to take what they want from the Citadel, then for each of the wizard's chambers successfully looted roll once on Treasure Hoard: Challenge 5-10 for gems and art objects (ignoring Magic Items column) and once on any one of Magic Item Tables A, B or C for each chamber.

Anyone spending time in the Upper Library should be able to find any spell they have heard of from the Player's Handbook with a successful DC 10 Intelligence (Investigation) check, after 1d4 hours of searching.

You can also randomly allocate 2d6 spell scrolls.



APPENDIX B: NPCs

In this section you'll find all the stats, skills and prepared spells of the wizards of the Gossamer Robe Order, and other NPCs, with some background on each, which will help you understand their motivation within the scope of the story. For more on their individual motivations check the boxed texts that appear within the adventure.

DEVON DRAVMOR

A grizzled and tough outlander, Devon has travelled half of Faerûn making ends meet as an adventurer or mercenary guard. His experiences made him none-too-fond of civilisation, and for the last 15 or so years he has lived on the slopes of Graypeak Mountains, working as a furrier and trapper. He doesn't like to admit it but he's getting too old for life in the wilderness, so retiring somewhere warm and safe is beginning to appeal.

DEVON DRAVMOR'S TRAITS

Devon's traits:

Ideal "Money would make life easier, but it's no good to a dead man."

Bond "Where I lay my axe is my home."

Flaw "You can't trust people, only their motives."

DEVON 'AXE GRINDER' DRAVMOR

Medium humanoid (half elf), neutral good

Armor Class 14 (chain shirt)

Hit Points 49 (5d10 + 15)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Str +6, Con +6

Skills Athletics +6, Medicine +4, Nature +4, Perception +5, Survival +5

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Orc

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Improved Critical. Devon scores a critical on a 19 or 20.

Greater Weapon Fighting. Devon can reroll 1s or 2s on damage dice.

Action Surge. See p.72 of Player's Handbook.

Second Wind. See p.72 of Player's Handbook

Actions

Multiattack. Devon makes two attacks with his greataxe.

Greataxe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12 +3) slashing damage.

LAVINIA BRIGHTSWANN

A half-elf given up at birth as a young girl, Lavinia became the slave of a mage in Thay who instructed her in the arcane arts, so she could be of better use to him. By the time he died she knew enough of spellcasting to survive and study independently. When she heard Eszteban was meeting a circle of wizards in Thay, she gatecrashed the party, asking several questions that betrayed both her naivety and, at the same time, her potential. After staying in contact, Eszteban was impressed enough with her research to invite her to study at the Gleaming Cloud Citadel as part of an elite group of arcane academics – the Order of the Gossamer Robes. She proved to be Eszteban's star pupil, making several breakthroughs that formed the basis of much of his best work, which he charted in his tome *The Discoveries* – but then guarded jealously. The resulting friction between them rose to boiling point, until Eszteban, suspecting he had been poisoned, took the drastic option and locked himself at the top of his tower in the Citadel, activating a deadly labyrinth as a safeguard between himself and the rest of the Order. Lavinia made the first and only attempt of the Order to navigate the labyrinth and confront Eszteban, along with former member of the Order, Valkas Skirgaila. Valkas died in the attempt and Lavinia herself was badly burned by acid triggered by a trap, which melted the flesh from the right side of her face, over which she now wears a black mask fashioned from jet stone.

LAVINIA BRIGHTSWANN'S TRAITS

Lavinia's traits:

Ideal "Success is the fruit of hard work and talent combined."

Bond "My work is the most important thing to me – and the credit I deserve for it."

Flaw "If I have to manipulate others to get what I want, I will."



LAVINIA BRIGHTSWANN

Medium humanoid (half-elf), neutral

Armor Class 17 (*mage armour* and +2 *staff of protection*)

Hit Points 70 (17d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	11 (0)	19 (+4)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Int +10, Wis +8

Skills Arcana +10, History +10, Insight +8, Investigation +10, Perception +8, Religion +10

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 18

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Elvish
Challenge 11 (7200 XP)

Spellcasting. Lavinia is a 17th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 18, +10 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *chameleon* (p.22), *mage hand*, *message*, *improved minor illusion*, *ray of frost*

1st level (4 slots): *feather fall*, *mage armour***
shield, *thunderwave*

2nd level (3 slots): *detect thoughts*, *invisibility*, *knock*, *Valkas' tremendous tremor* (p.27)

3rd level (3 slots): *counterspell*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *forceball* (p.24)

4th level (3 slots): *dimension door*, *greater invisibility*, *Meredin's mighty applause* (p.25), *polymorph*

5th level (2 slots): *lavinia's stunning escape* (p.25)**
wall of force

6th level (1 slot): *chain lightning*

7th level (1 slot): *forcecage*

8th level (1 slot): *feblemind*

***Lavinia casts these spells on herself before combat*

Illusory Self. Once per day Lavinia can interpose an illusion of herself, as a reaction against an attack. (p.118, PH).

Actions

+2 Staff of Protection. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8+1). The staff also confers +2 AC.

BAELGRAK THE BRONZE

A junior contemporary of Eszteban's at The Blackstaff Tower, where they were both students for a time, Baelgrak and Eszteban enjoyed a friendly and respectful relationship in their earlier years, before Eszteban set off exploring the world and gathering the tomes, tablets and books that would form the Gleaming Cloud Citadel's enviable Upper Library of arcana. Years later Baelgrak was the first that Eszteban invited to join the Gossamer Robe Order. Whilst Eszteban's aloofness meant that their friendship was never more than a working relationship, the two remained on good terms throughout their time together at the Citadel. A peaceful and calm soul, with little ego or grand ambition, Baelgrak enjoys the everyday routine of learning and research and the practice of herbalism.

BAELGRAK'S TRAITS

Baelgrak's traits:

Ideal. "The pursuit of knowledge is as great as knowledge itself."

Bond. "Eszteban built this Order, my loyalties lie with him."

Flaw. "The life of a great man is worth that of a 100 or more ordinary folk."

BAELGRAK THE BRONZE

Medium humanoid (dragonborn), neutral good

Armor Class 14 (*mage armour* and +1 *staff of protection*)

Hit Points 62 (12d6 + 12)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	17 (+3)	16 (+3)	9 (-1)

Saving Throws Int +7, Wis +7

Skills Arcana +7, History +7, Medicine +7, Nature +7, Religion +7

Damage Resistances lightning

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages Common, Draconic, Dwarvish, Elvish
Challenge 8 (3900 XP)

Spellcasting. Baelgrak is a 12th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *chameleon* (p.22), *mage hand*, *message*, *minor illusion*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost*

1st level (4 slots): *feather fall*, *mage armour***
shield, *Tasha's hideous laughter*

2nd level (3 slots): *gossamer shield* (p.24), *invisibility*, *hold person*

3rd level (3 slots): *counterspell, dispel magic, flash bang (p.24), fly*

4th level (3 slots): *dimension door, polymorph*

5th level (2 slots): *cone of cold*

6th level (1 slot): *globe of invulnerability*

***Baelgrak casts this spell on himself before combat*

Actions

+1 Staff of Protection. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4). The staff also confers +1 AC.

Breath weapon (1/Day). As an action Baelgrak may use his breath weapon, a lightning bolt 5 ft. wide and 30 ft. long that does 4d6 damage to anyone in the area of effect, or half as much on a successful Dexterity saving throw, DC 13.

HRIMMAR GIMGIL

Flamboyant and independent from an early age, Hrimmar had no appetite for a typical dwarf's life in the deeps of Mithral Hill, and so left the stronghold of his birth, joining a travelling caravan of entertaining tricksters. The basic spells he learnt from the showmen magicians he travelled with gave him a taste of the power and mystique of magic that set him on the wizard's path. He took up many apprenticeships with many mages, but none lasted long, as his ambitious and difficult nature often put him at odds with his tutors. At length he heard about Eszteban's academy of researchers at the Gleaming Cloud Citadel and wrote to him, begging for an audition to join the group. Impressing Eszteban with his unorthodox approach to the arcane arts he was invited to join the Order. Almost from the beginning however the two of them had a difficult relationship, as the dwarf mage was not given the autonomy and credit he wanted. On the other hand Hrimmar was fully aware that the Citadel's Upper Library was the biggest and best arcane resource in the world, and he was unlikely to be afforded a better place to perform his research. For this reason he never seriously considered leaving, but rather he continually made his complaints known as the atmosphere in the Citadel deteriorated.

HRIMMAR GIMGIL'S TRAITS

Hrimmar's traits:

Ideal "Knowledge of the arcane arts is where true power lies. Those who further that knowledge deserve glory."

Bond "I have given my best years to the Order. I want my just deserts."

Flaw "So what if I'm a prima donna? With my talent and body of work I should be head of this Order."

HRIMMAR GIMGIL

Medium humanoid (dwarf), chaotic neutral

Armor Class 16 (mithral chain shirt)

Hit Points 58 (14d6)

Speed 35 ft. (with transmuter's stone)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Int +9, Wis +7

Skills Arcana +9, History +9, Perception +7, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +8

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 17

Languages Celestial, Common, Dwarven, Elvish

Challenge 10 (5900 XP)

Spellcasting. Hrimmar is 14th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 17, +9 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *chameleon (p.22), message, mage hand, minor illusion, firebolt*

1st level (4 slots): *shield, feather fall, thunderwave*

2nd level (3 slots): *invisibility, arcane lock, locate object, knock*

3rd level (3 slots): *dispel magic, counterspell, fly*

4th level (2 slots): *confusion, Hrimmar's dazzling defence (p.25)**

5th level (2 slots): *dominate person, wall of stone*

6th level (1 slot): *improved polymorph (p.25)*

7th level (1 slot): *reverse gravity*

**Hrimmar casts this spell before combat.*

Transmuter's Stone. Hrimmar has created a transmuter's stone that grants whoever carries it a 10-foot increase in their speed whilst unencumbered (p.119, PH).

Shapechanger. Hrimmar can cast *polymorph* on himself once a day and become a beast of challenge rating 1 or lower, without expending a spell slot.

Actions

+2 Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d4 +5)

Necklace of Forceballs. Hrimmar also possesses a Necklace of Forceballs with five one-time charges (doesn't recharge). He may use his action to throw one bead of the necklace up to 60 ft., which otherwise acts exactly as the spell *forceball* (described on p.24).



MEREDIN LOVELOCK

An exile of the Underdark and his own people, whom he detests, Meredin found, if not acceptance, at least anonymity in the dog-eat-dog land of Thay. Through a chance encounter he met Lavinia, a fellow outsider and sympathetic soul, and the two became companions. Meredin was the last to join the Order, gaining acceptance largely due to Lavinia's recommendation. A loner with few friends, Meredin is entirely besotted with Lavinia; and whilst he does not believe himself worthy of her love, now with Valkas dead (and Lavinia horribly scarred), he nurses the idea that one day she might accept him as a lover. Almost from the beginning he hated Eszteban for the condescending way he treated the others in the Order, especially Lavinia, who he believes to be a greater talent than Eszteban. He devotes all his energy to supporting her cause within the Order. Short and slim even for his race, he appears nervous and fidgety in front of strangers. He wears his long white hair over his shoulders.

MEREDIN LOVELOCK'S TRAITS

Meredin's traits:

Ideal. "The most deserving should flourish, the lesser should not stand in their way."

Bond. "Lavinia is the most beautiful, intelligent and talented woman I've ever met. I will ensure she becomes the head of this Order at all costs."

Flaw. "Obsessed? Moi?"

MEREDIN LOVELOCK

Medium humanoid (elf), neutral

Armor Class 17 (studded leather +2)

Hit Points 62 (12d6 +12)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Int +7, Wis +4

Skills Arcana +7, Investigation +7, Medicine +4, Perception +4, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +7

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Celestial, Common, Elvish, Undercommon

Challenge 8 (3900 XP)

Spellcasting. Meredin is a 12th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *blade ward*, *dancing lights*, *mage hand*, *improved minor illusion*, *poison spray*

1st level (4 slots): *expeditious escape*, *shield*, *Tasha's hideous laughter*

2nd level (3 slots): *electric missile* (p.23), *gaseous form*, *misty step*

3rd level (3 slots): *counterspell*, *dispel magic*, *fly*

4th level (3 slots): *greater invisibility*, *Meredin's mighty applause* (p.25), *Otiluke's resilient sphere*

5th level (2 slots): *passwall*, *telekinesis*

6th level (1 slot): *circle of death*

Illusory Self. Once per day Meredin can interpose an illusion of himself, as a reaction against an attack. (p.118, PH).

Drow Magic. Once per day Meredin can cast *faerie fire* and *darkness* without expending a spell slot.

Boots of Elvenkind. Meredin makes no sound when he moves (p.155, DMG).

Ring of Invisibility. Meredin can turn invisible at will, using an action, although he becomes visible again if he casts a spell or makes an attack. (p.191 DMG).

Poison. Meredin carries a vial of Purple Worm poison (4 doses) (p.258, DMG).

Actions

Glass Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, range 20/60 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d3+3) piercing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 19 Constitution saving throw or take 12d6 poison damage, or half that amount on a successful one. This hollow glass dagger is filled with Purple Worm Poison (p.258, DMG) and breaks on impact.

ESZTEBAN THE GREAT

Eszteban spent his early career studying magic as an apprentice of Khelbun Blackstaff at Blackstaff Towers. Feeling, however, that he did not have the autonomy that he wanted he left the tower and started to travel Faerûn with the threefold purpose of: understanding the world; gathering rare components and spell materials; and amassing a formidable library of arcane and natural lore. By the time his travelling days were over he was keen to avoid the distractions of society and he founded the Gleaming Cloud Citadel in the heights of Graypeak Mountains in order to concentrate on his work. Here he placed the vast library of books and tomes he had sourced from around the world and founded the Order of the Gossamer Robes to help him in his research. By the time this story begins, he has fallen out with almost all of the Order, and - whilst still incredibly powerful - his body is weak, nor is his mind what it once was.

ESZTEBAN'S TRAITS

Eszteban's traits:

Ideal. "The unworthy fall at the first hurdle. Great men cannot be stopped."

Bond. "I will die soon. The world should know my genius. The worthy should continue my work."

Flaw. "Overbearing, vainglorious and devious? You don't think I've heard those insults before? I won't apologise for anything."

ESZTEBAN THE GREAT

Medium humanoid (human), neutral

Armor Class 13 (mage armour)

Hit Points 21

Speed 15 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	11 (+0)	7 (-2)	20 (+5)	16 (+3)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Int +11, Wis +9

Skills Arcana +11, History +11, Insight +9, Investigation +11, Perception +9, Religion +11

Senses passive Perception 19

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Dwarvish, Elvish, Primordial

Challenge 7 (2900 XP)

Spellcasting. Ezteban is a 20th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 19, +11 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *blade ward*, *light*, *mage hand*, *message*, *prestidigitation*,

1st level (4 slots): *shield*, *expeditious retreat*, *illusory script*, *mage armour**

2nd level (3 slots): *blindness/deafness*, *gossamer shield* (p.24), *invisibility*

3rd level (3 slots): *counterspell*, *dispel magic*, *feign death*, *flash bang* (p.24).

4th level (2 slots): *Ezteban's serpentine surprise* (p.23), *Otiluke's resilient sphere*, *permanent curse* (p.26)

5th level (1 slot): *wall of force*

6th level (1 slot): *chain lightning*

7th level (1 slot): *forcecage*

8th level (1 slot): *feeblemind*

9th level (1 slot): *time stop*

*Ezteban casts this spell before combat.

Spell Mastery. Ezteban can cast *detect magic* and *detect thoughts* at will.

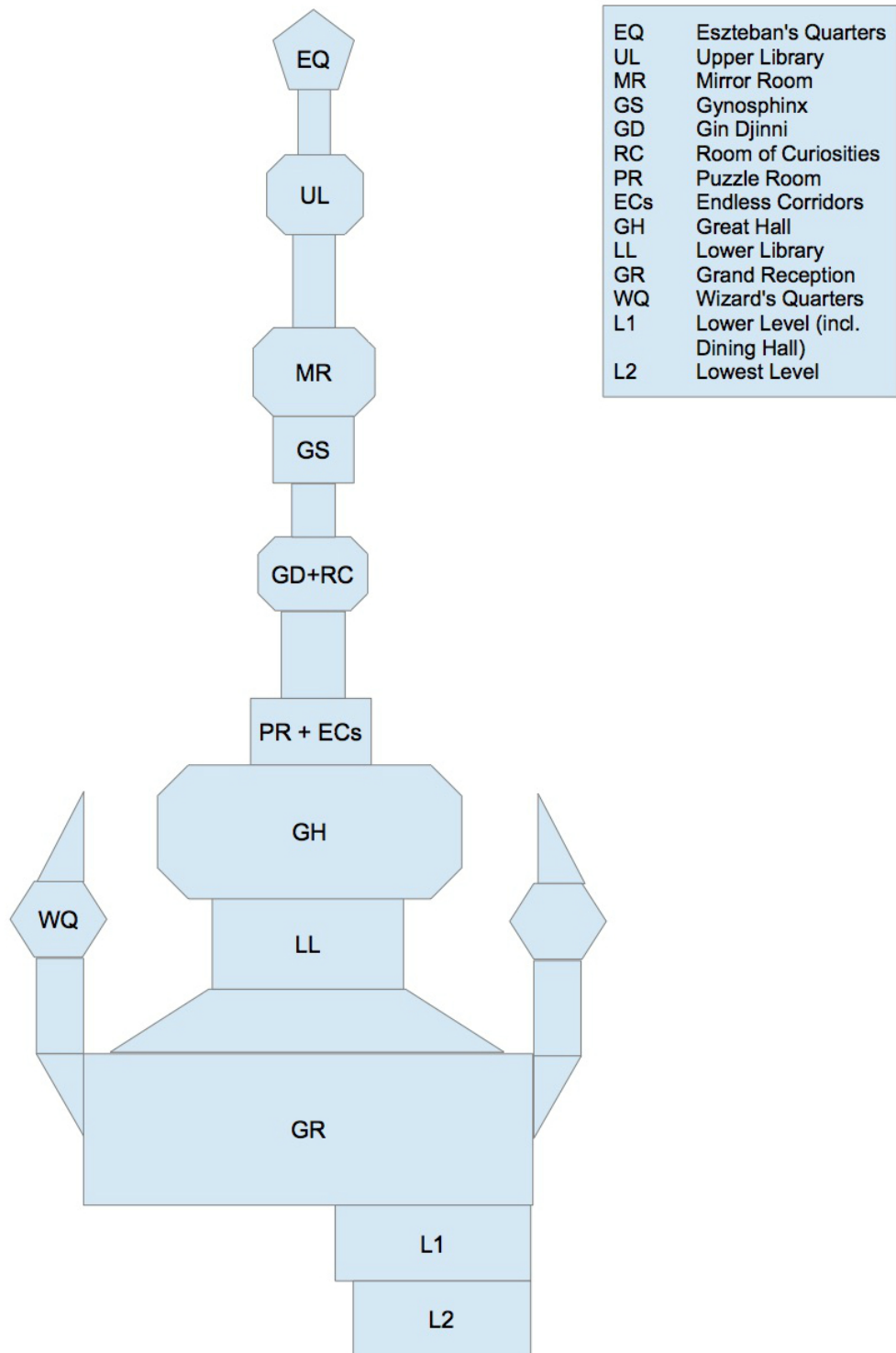
Signature Spells. Ezteban can cast *dispel magic* and *major image* between rests without expending a spell slot.

Severely poisoned. The poison running through Ezteban's frail body gives him the equivalent of four levels of exhaustion (p.291, PH), giving him disadvantage on ability checks, attack rolls and saving throws. His speed is reduced to 15 ft.. His poor physical condition is also reflected in his reduced hit points, spell slots and spells prepared.



APPENDIX C: CITADEL PLANS

I. GLEAMING CLOUD CITADEL - CROSS SECTION

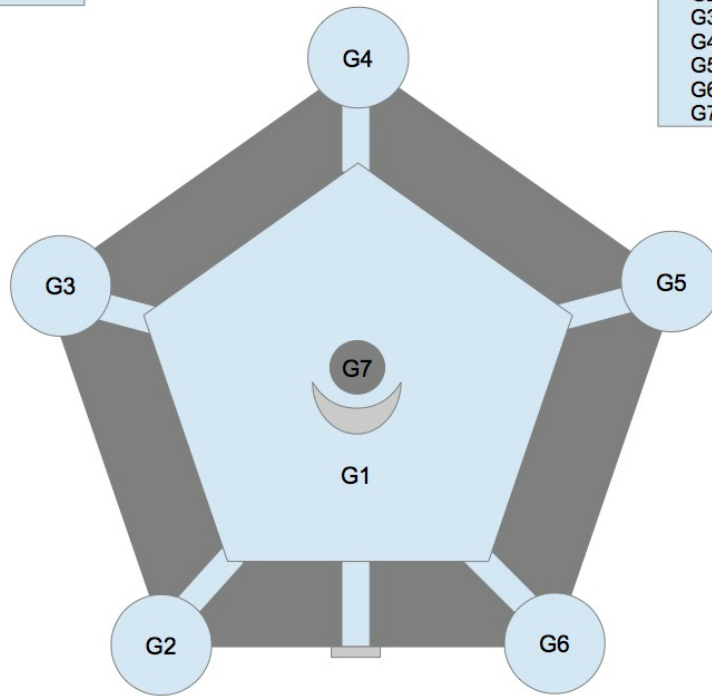


DM's NOTE:

There are five 'wizard's quarters', all accessible via corridors leading to/from The Grand Reception area (see the floorplans on the following page). Note that whilst the Guardian Gallery that houses the Gynosphinx is the same size as The Mirror Room, there is an outer wall around the latter, where a secret winding staircase is hidden, hence the larger size on this map.

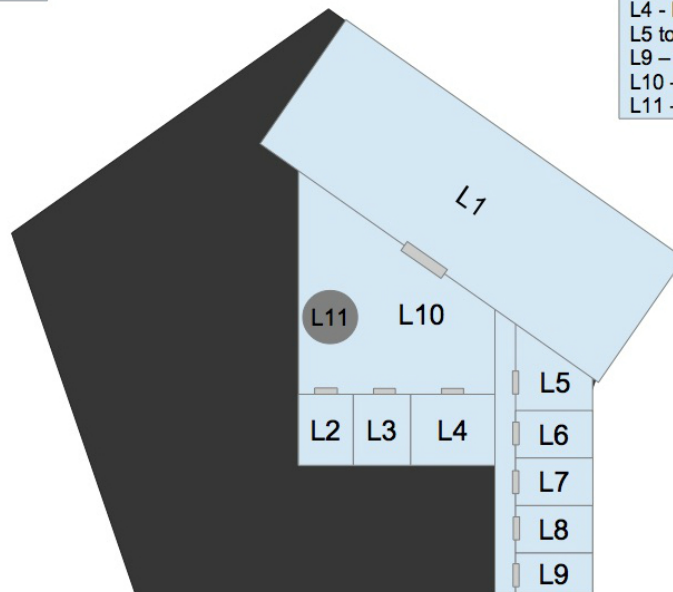
II. FLOORPLANS OF GROUND AND LOWER FLOOR

THE GROUND FLOOR



- G1 – Grand Reception
- G2 – Hrimmar's Tower
- G3 – Valkas' Tower
- G4 – Lavinia's Tower
- G5 – Baelgrak's Tower
- G6 – Meredin's Tower
- G7 – Stairwell

THE LOWER FLOOR



- L1 – Dining Hall
- L2 & L3 – Storage Rooms
- L4 - Kitchen
- L5 to L8 – Guest Bedrooms
- L9 – Dagna's Room
- L10 – Atrium
- L11 – Stairwell

DM's NOTE:

There is also another 'even lower floor', beneath The Lower Floor, which I have not troubled to map. It contain more storage rooms and an unused prison cell.

APPENDIX D: MAPS

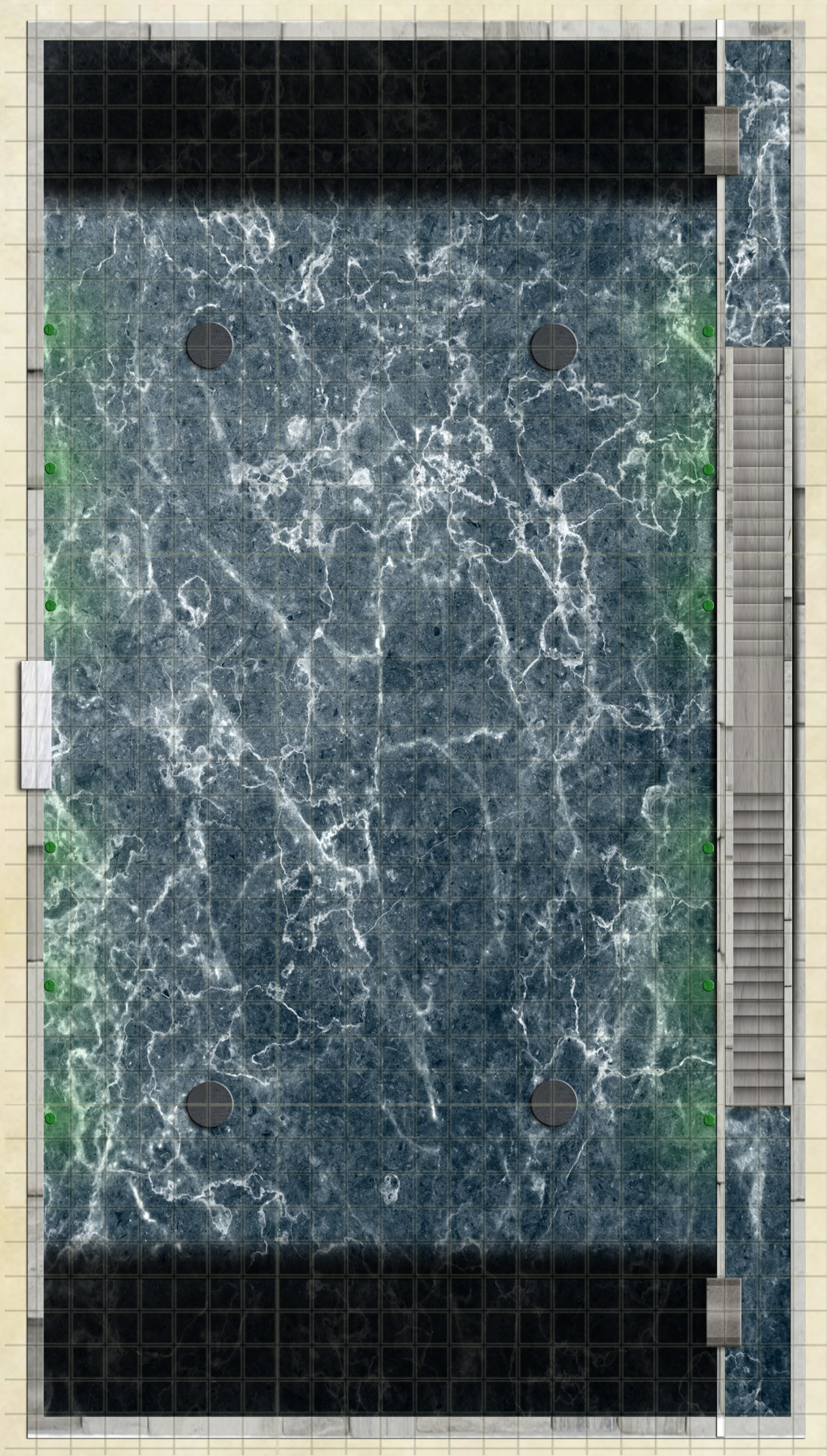
Please note that I have not provided maps of every single room in the Citadel, rather only for areas / rooms, where combat is likely. In all cases the scale of the maps is 1 square = 5 foot squared.

I. THE CLEARING



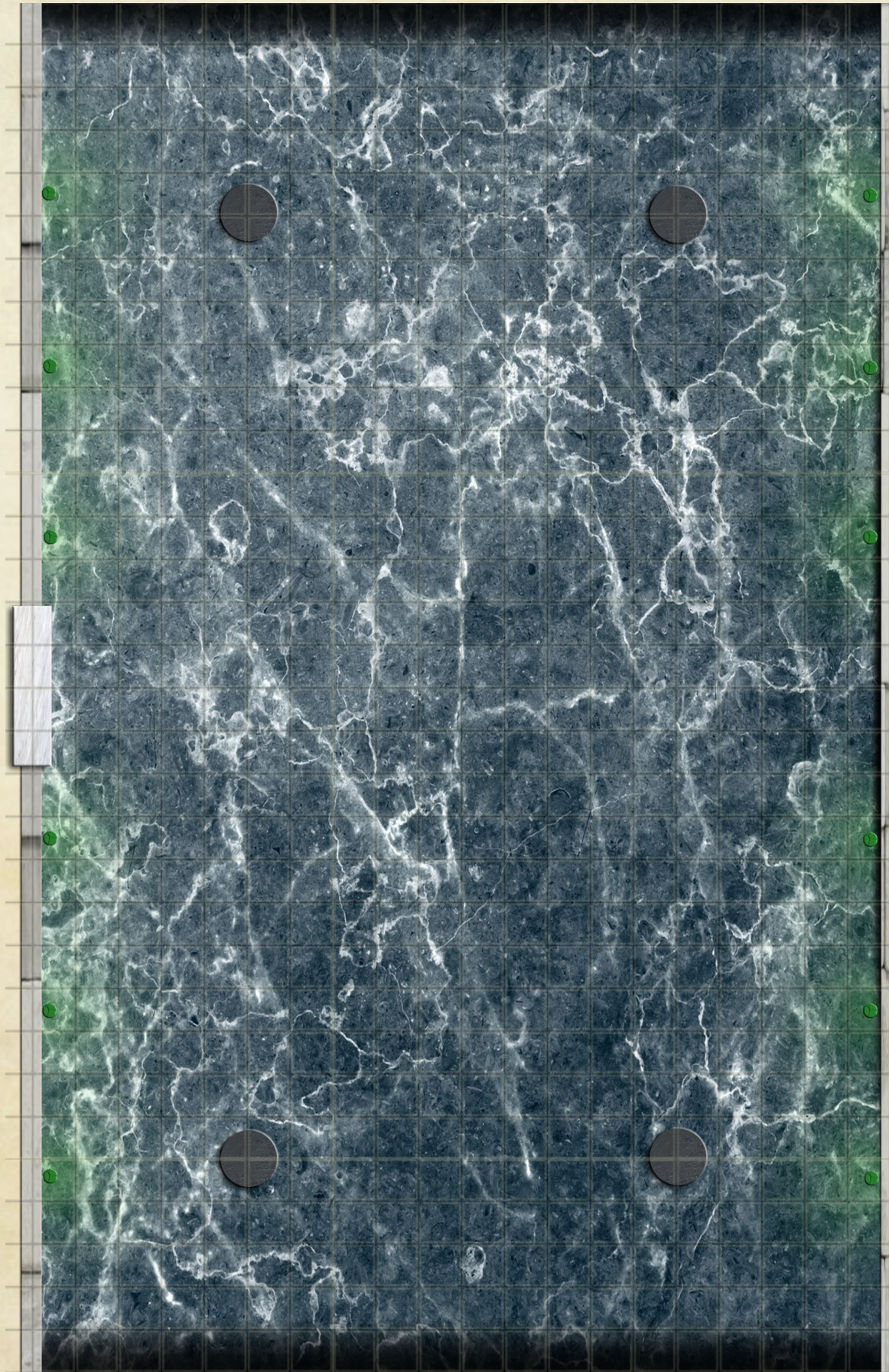
If you would like an image file of this map you can download and use on your Fantasy Grounds or Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

II. THE GREAT HALL



If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

II (B). THE GREAT HALL (PLAYERS' VIEW)



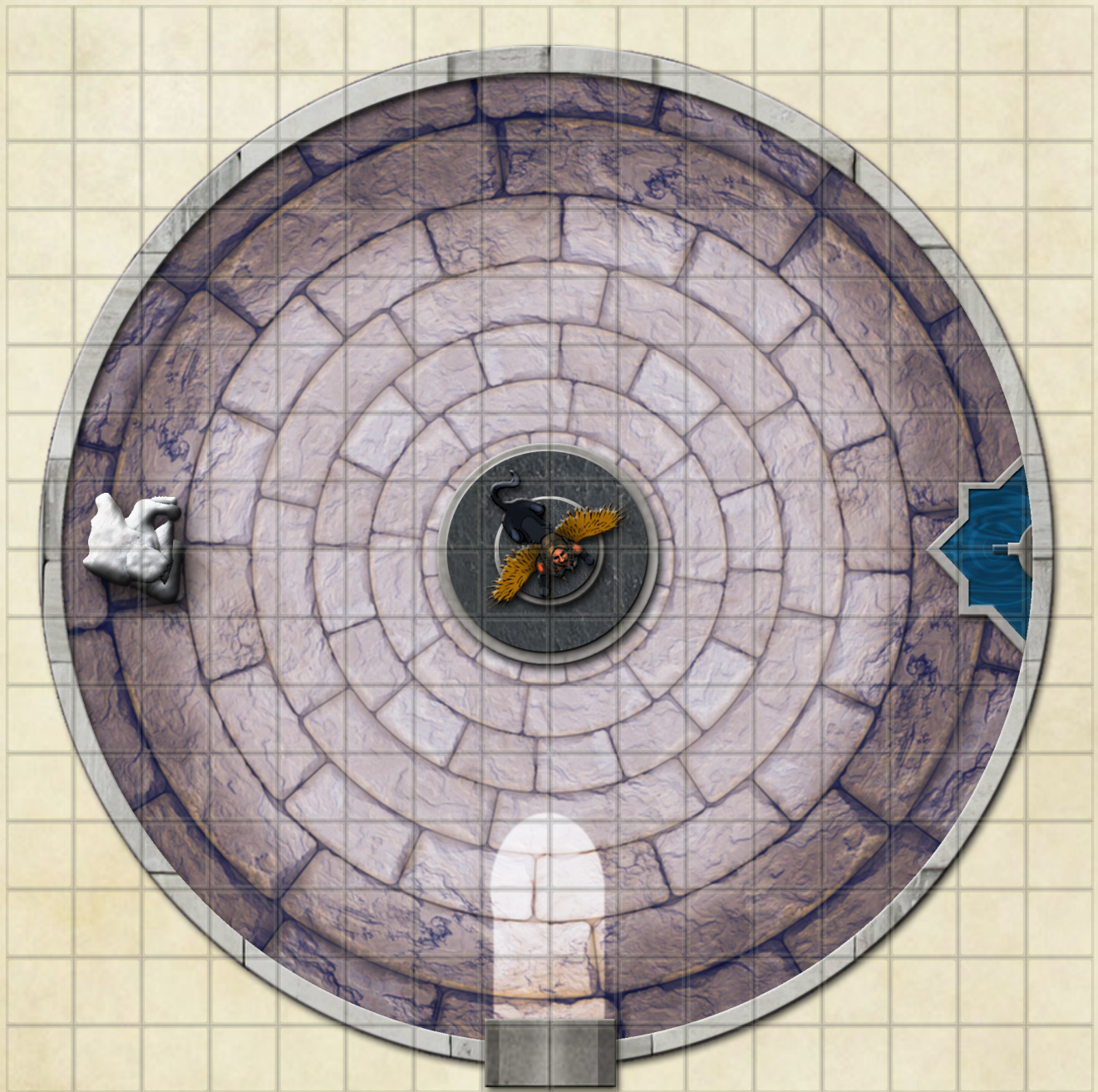
If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

III. THE ROOM OF CURIOSITIES



If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

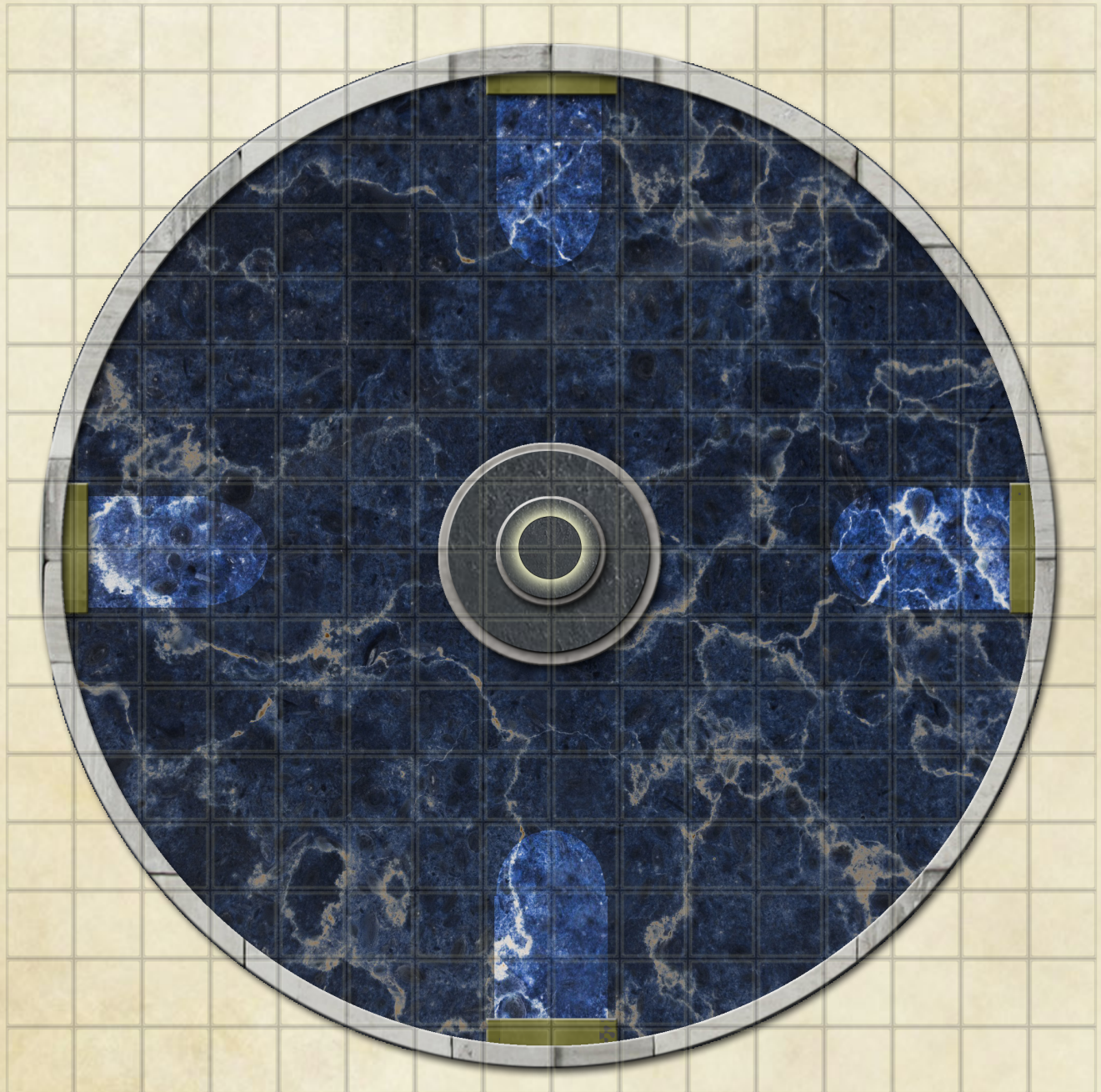
IV. THE GUARDIAN GALLERY (GYNOSPHERINX)



If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

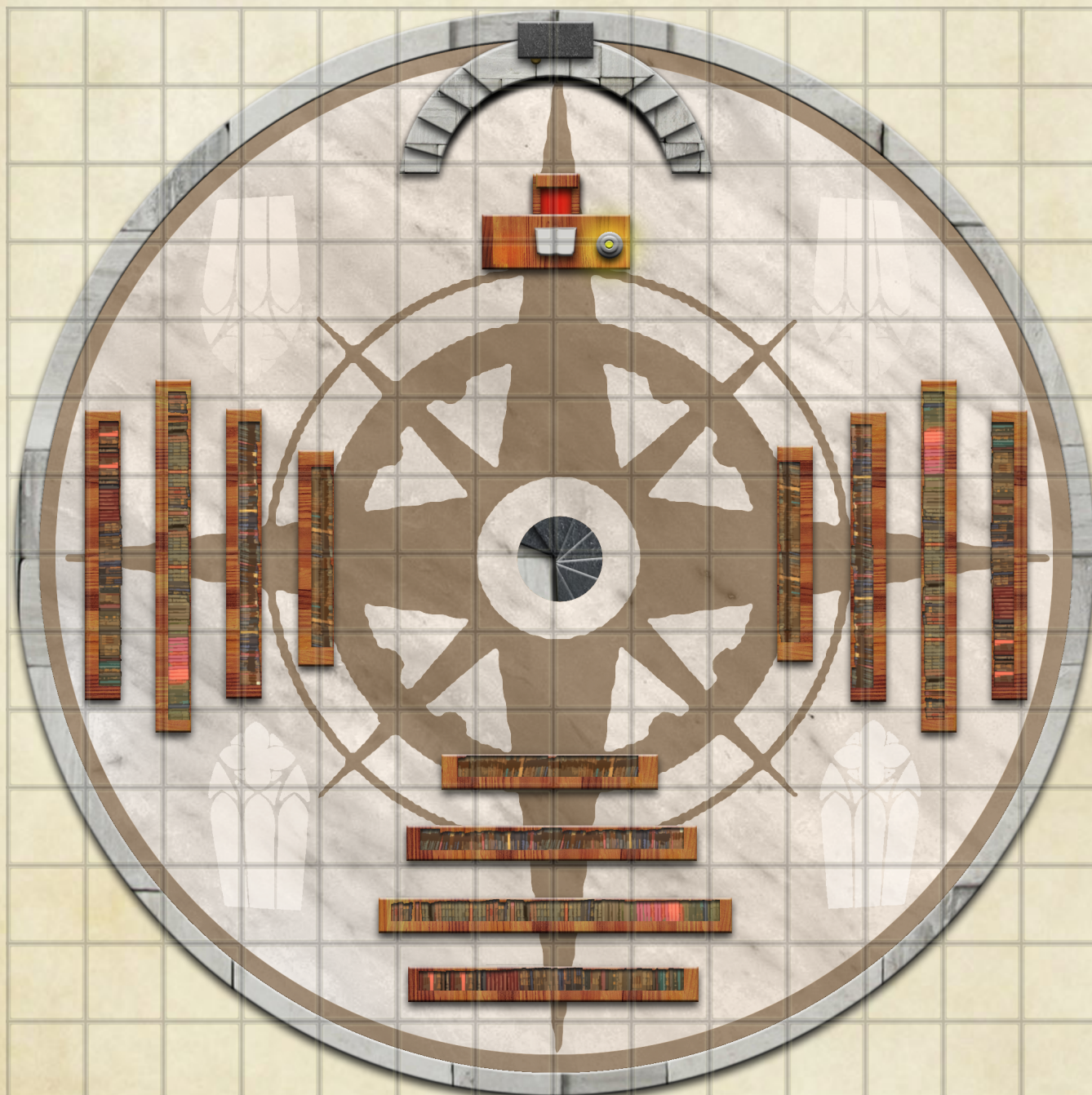
V. THE MIRROR ROOM (SHADOW CLONES)

Note that the number of mirrors appearing in this room, dynamically changes to match the number of visible humanoid creatures entering the room. From each mirror a shadow clone is spawned. (Alternatively, if you prefer, the number of mirrors can remain fixed, meaning you can use this map whatever the size of your party. In this case more than one shadow clone could spawn from one mirror etc.. The most important thing in this encounter is that one shadow clone is spawned for every visible humanoid entering the room).



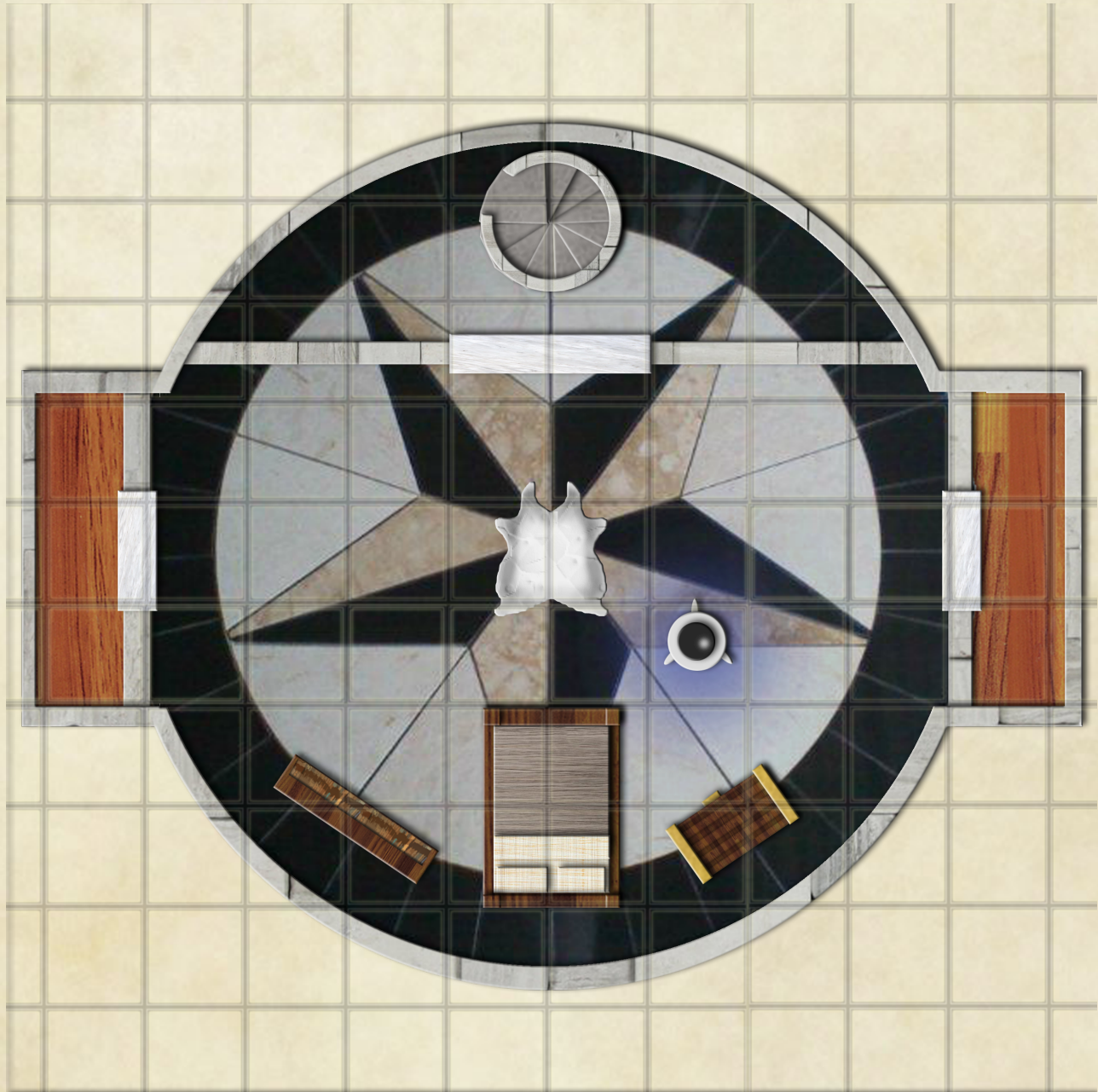
If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

VI. THE UPPER LIBRARY



If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).

VII. ESZTEBAN'S CHAMBER



If you would like an image file of this map to use on your Fantasy Grounds / Roll20 campaigns you [can find one here](#).