

After many dry dusty days bouncing across the scorched red wastes of the Kalandran plains, the caravan you are guarding finally reaches Wortten's Grove. A large village on the banks of the Farris River, Wortten's Grove has prospered for many years as a way-station for travelers crossing the arid plains between the cities of Ran-pur in the east and Halton in the west.

Moving through the outskirts of the village you notice that the crops, almost ready for harvest, are untended and withering in the hot sun. Casting your eyes about you, you also see the network of irrigation ditches that criss-cross the farms are bone dry. Feelings of unease begin to grow inside you as moments later your caravan detours around a frail cow with distressed eyes gently trying to push her lifeless calf towards an empty water trough.

As you approach an ancient looking bridge covered with Dwarven runes it becomes clear why the crops look withered. A muddy trickle is all that now remains of the Farris. What has become of the great river?

Rounding a corner you pass beneath the branches of two ancient oak trees and enter the cobbled village-square where a meeting of some sort appears to be in progress. An angry farmer is yelling from the midst of a crowd of villagers at a fat man standing at the base of a large Dwarven statue. Judging by his purple crushed velvet robes and golden finery the fat man appears to hold some sort of public office.

"The village guard should be sent upriver to investigate what has become of the Farris!" Yells the Farmer.

After shouts of support die down the village official yells back "we don't even know for sure if there is anything wrong with the river! This could all just be the result of a sudden drought. In any case," he continues, "the guard cannot be spared for they now number only seven. The goblin raiding party that attacked our village three nights past killed four and carried off Captain Garvy himself! Those Goblins are probably just waiting for our gold to be left unguarded so that they can enter our village, steal it and take over our trade route." An angry murmur runs through the crowd and the official hastily adds "the town guard is also needed here to protect you and your homes."

"Your concern for our welfare is overwhelming," says the farmer, "but we will all soon be dead from thirst anyway. There is not even enough water in people's wells to maintain their families! Open your eyes Sir Myron, look at our crops withering in the hot sun and our livestock dying for lack of water to drink," he says turning and gesturing towards the fields.

Following the farmer's impassioned gestures the crowd's eyes suddenly fall on the fully laden and heavily guarded caravan. Instantly you become aware of the amount of livestock and people you are guarding.

"And how will you attract traders such as these and add gold to your already overflowing coffers when there is no water for them or their beasts?" Turning his attention back to the

official he says, "Please, we beg you, put some of your gold to good use. We cannot drink it or sprinkle it on our crops but it will buy us the services of heroes to investigate what has become of our water and our Captain and to rid us of the Goblin menace."

There is enthusiastic agreement amongst the crowd that quickly turns into angry yelling as the official begins to shake his head causing the crowd to press in around the base of the statue.

"Alright, alright!" He yells quieting the angry crowd momentarily. "Fair travelers," he says addressing the caravan, "are there any amongst you who for 10 pieces of pure gold will travel upstream to investigate our fair river, rescue our Captain of the guard and remove the Goblin scourge from our lands?"

The crowd's response to this pitiful offer is instantaneous. Anger and frustration boils over as the official is knocked from the base of the statue and lost amongst a flurry of blows. The farmer who spoke earlier quickly pushes his way towards the base of the statue and climbs upon it.

"People," he yells. "Look what we have come to! Unhand Sir Myron, this does not serve us!" The people, as if a spell has been broken, release a battered and bloodied looking Sir Myron and help him to his feet.

Turning towards the caravans he simply says, "please help us. Anything that we have is yours."

Assuming the characters take the job on they are encouraged to leave the town immediately as the crops and livestock will soon all be dead and a return of the waters will be of no use.

Leaving town

As you hike away from the town the dry wind blowing down from the mountains swirls a dust cloud around you and as it clears you become aware of the villagers lining the edges of their fields soundlessly watching you pass.

As you are passing the last of the cultivated areas a small child steps out into the path holding out a hand full of copper coins. He gives the money to the lead character and says "Please Sir make the water come back".

You take a final glance over your shoulder into the drought wracked village before bending your head into the hot dust laden wind.

The road stretches along beside the river under the cover of trees that have grown up along the water way.

1. Thirsty Animals

Trudging alongside the river you are thankful for the shade from the sun the trees provide. The biting and bloodsucking insects however, that are emerging from the mud sorely test your patience as they persistently form thick clouds before your face.

As you pass around a bend in the river you startle a deer trying to drink from the muddy trickle. It tries to spring away but its hooves are stuck in the mud and it only succeeds in toppling over, its eyes wildly rolling its head and its chest heaving.

2. First night.

Whether the characters stop for the night or continue to ride read this as the moon reaches it's zenith.

As the moon reaches its zenith it moves slowly out from behind a couple of wispy clouds. A few moments later a breeze blows across your face once more heavy with the daytime heat of the mountains.

Either make a secret roll or have the characters make a listen roll (DC 22) and read the following box to any of the players that succeed.

Mixed in with the rustling of the trees you make out the sounds of approaching feet and the jangle of weapons and armor.

If none of the characters succeed then make an opposed check between anyone on guard and *Maluk* (goblin rogue) scouting ahead of the raiding party (*Maluk's* hide vs guard's spot). If the goblin wins then the characters are ambushed by the raiding party who attack ferociously starting with any obvious spellcasters then the unarmoured.

If the character wins then they have spotted *Maluk* without him knowing. They may in turn attack or follow (opposed action).

The goblins fight bravely led by *Garkrush* (the consequences of fleeing are too horrible to imagine) trying to fight tactically wherever possible. If the battle goes badly for the goblins they will not break until *Garkrush* does or he is slain.

The goblins have nothing of real value. *Garkrush* however has a small leather pouch containing 25gp (Dwarven franked) 10sp and a small uncut ruby value 15gp.

Goblin Raiders (6): CR 1; SZ S (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 6 each; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 16 (+1 Size, +1 Dex, +4 chain shirt); Atk: Short sword +1 [1d6 (19-20 x2)], Javelin +3 (1d6); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 9, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 8; AI NE. Skills: Hide +6, Listen +3 (+5), Move Silently +3, Spot +3 (+5). Feats: Alertness (+2 listen, +2 spot)

Goblin scout (Maluk) (1): CR 1; SZ S (humanoid); HD 2d6; hp 10; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 16 (+1 Size, +3 Dex, +2 leather); Atk: Short sword +2 [1d6 (19-20 x2)], Dagger (1d4), Sling +4 (1d4); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +0; Str 9, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 8; AI LE. Skills: Climb +8, Decipher script +5, Disable device +5, Hide +7, Listen +8, Move Silently +7, Open Lock +8, Pick Pocket 4, Search 6, Spot +8. Feats: Alertness. Special: Sneak attack (+1d6), Evasion (Ref SV negates all damage)

*Note: Maluk values his life and will leave **all** fighting to “expendable” troops (anyone who isn’t him) whenever possible. If all others are killed or flee he will return to the dammed area.*

Hobgoblin fighter (Garkrush): CR 1; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d10; hp 24; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 16 (+1 Dex, +5 chain mail); Atk: Falchion +5 [2d4 (18-20 x2)], Dagger (1d4); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 5ft.; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 14; AI LE. Skills: Climb +2, Intimidate +5, Listen +5, Search 3, Spot +4. Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Power attack, Weapon focus (Falchion)

The Dam

Whenever a player or players approach the dam area read the boxed text to them aloud.

A cool damp breeze blows across your face as your eyes focus on the reason for the lack of water-flow downstream. A small sparkling lake 700' by 700' is filling up behind a dam made of rubble that blocks a run that water must have once flowed through.

The sound of clattering rocks draws your attention to a huge humanoid standing at the edge of a 100' wide walkway which runs around the base of the sheer cliff that makes up the western wall of the valley .

The creature is adding to the already massive stack of rubble blocking the water. It is being aided by a group of smaller humanoids who are loading and unloading a cart from a rockslide pile towards the northern end of the walkway. One of the smaller humanoids appears to be standing off supervising. Further along this walkway past the rock pile is a large 100' wide entranceway that leads into the side of the mountain.

The eastern wall of the valley runs down from the mountains to the lake's edge with no walkway visible.

The huge humanoid is actually an adolescent female hill giant captured and held in thrall by *Dagru* the ogre mage. If the party or scout watch for long enough it becomes clear that the goblins treat her with complete disdain and they can be seen from time to time to throw rocks at her and taunt her. Anyone who speaks goblin will be able to discover that she has been named "Slug".

Unfortunately for the characters she has been subjugated for so long that she has accepted this as a normal life. She cannot be coerced into fighting alongside the characters but if the characters attack the goblins and she is not threatened she will not attack the characters choosing to run away instead.

If attacked one goblin immediately makes a run for the entrance to raise the alarm. Those remaining once again fight in a disciplined way fully defensively (+4 AC) and move back towards the entrance and possible help. They are trying to buy time but if they are being seriously outclassed they rout and run back towards the entrance.

The Goblins have no treasure but are well equipped.

If the characters wait until night *Slug* will be chained up in area 1 where the players will also meet the goblins first seen in this area.

Goblins (11): CR 1; SZ S (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 6 each; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 16 (+1 Size, +1 Dex, +4 chain shirt); Atk: Short sword +1 [1d6 (19-20 x2)], Javelin +3 (1d6); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 5ft.; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 9, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 8; AI LE. Skills: Hide +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Spot +3. Feats: Alertness

Goblin (1) (*Taklug*): CR 1; SZ S (humanoid); HD 2d8; hp 12 each; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 17 (+1 Size, +1 Dex, +4 chain shirt, +1 shield); Atk: Short sword +2 [1d6 (19-20 x2)], Javelin +3 (1d6); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft. SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 8; AI NE. Skills: Hide +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Spot +4. Feats: Alertness

Hill Giant adolescent (*Slug*): CR 5; SZ L (giant); HD 8d8 +16; hp 6 each; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 40; AC 20 (-1 Size, -1 Dex, +9 natural, +3 hide); Atk: +10/+5 fists (1d6+5) ; Face 5ft. x 5 ft.: Reach 8ft.; SV Fort +12, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 21, Dex 8, Con 15, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 8; AI CE. Skills: Climb +5, Jump +5, Spot +4. Feats: Cleave, Power attack

Dungeon Features.

This subterranean area was carved out of the mountain by Dwarves in days long forgotten. Anyone with a racial or professional background in stone cutting will

appreciate the fine workmanship that has clearly stood the test of time. The map represents only a very small section of an enormous underground city.

The first thing that the characters notice once entering this dungeon is the deep low rumble of scraping stone. It continues for the duration of their investigations.

This rumble is emanating from enormous slabs of basalt that are being lifted by some intricate engineering inadvertently triggered by the rising water levels. The west wall at the end of area 1 and two places along the westernmost corridor are slowly in motion. These areas will not open until long after the characters have completed their mission.

If a goblin was able to escape and raise the alarm from **The Dam** then Dagu has had the hungry and angry Worgs released from area 4. The characters will encounter these creatures when they pass through any area marked with a “*” (this encounter only occurs once).

1. **The Entrance way**

A guttering flame from a torch in a wall-mounted bracket dimly illuminates this cobbled cavern. 100' wide and 30' high the cobbles stretch back into darkness to the north.

NOTE: If the characters have not dealt with the cart loading goblins from **the Dam** then that encounter occurs before any further exploring takes place (see above for the goblin's stats).

A secret door is easily located in the east wall (Search check, DC 12) that leads into the dungeon.

Read the box below if the characters investigate the cobbled way to the north.

As you travel further north along the cobbled way an increasingly strong stench of rotting flesh and many other indescribable things threatens to overwhelm you.

At the same time you also become aware of a low rumble like stone sliding past stone.

Characters who fail a fortitude roll (DC, 12) cannot progress any further than this point as nausea overwhelms them.

The smell is coming from rotting carcasses thrown to the adolescent hill giant *Slug* and her fecal matter.

Read the next box below if the characters have already encountered the adolescent Hill giant *Slug* and she either ran away or was slain.

If the characters have not encountered her yet then skip to the **second** box following.

Pressing on despite the smell, a short rusted chain and padlocked collar becomes visible hanging from a ring in the east wall. Judging by the height of the ring and the shortness of the chain, whatever was held there must have had a wretched existence as it would have been impossible for them to do anything other than stand when chained up.

Looming up out of the darkness a huge shadowy form with deep black eyes comes into view. A large creature is shackled to a ring in the east wall by an incredibly short chain forcing it to stand.

It looks thoroughly wretched and doesn't make any move when you bathe it in light.

If any of the characters approach the Hill Giant she shies away to the limit of the chain and passively watches. Picking the padlock is one possibility for freeing her (Open lock, DC 14) another is to lever the ring out of the wall (Strength check DC 23). If this fails initially the Hill Giant motions that they should try again but this time she pulls as well. The ring gives a short groan before pulling free. The Giant pauses for a moment before running off out of the cavern.

If the characters try to kill the Hill Giant she cowers for one round then explodes in a fit of rage tearing the ring from the wall and unleashing years of anger and resentment upon the party. She does not stop until she or all the characters are dead.

Read the box below if the characters explore all the way to the back of the cavern.

After carefully picking your way through unidentified carcasses and other refuse you reach the northernmost limit of the cavern. The rumbling noise is quite loud here and you can clearly feel gentle vibrations through the cobblestones below you feet.

A successful spot or search roll (DC 25) reveals that the back wall is actually moving upwards at a very slow rate.

2. Goblin sleeping quarters (1)

Thick stale air fills your nostrils as you enter this 20ft. x 30ft. room. Arranged evenly upon the floor are twelve piles of neatly folded blankets and straw matting.

Resting on the centre of each folded blanket is what appears to be a small collection of personal effects. One blanket has a small wooden chest at its centre

This room is the sleeping place of the goblins encountered at the dam. There is nothing of any monetary value to be found within any of the parcels as Dagrú has added anything of value to his personal horde. The personal effects would include stones with drawings on them, string, bones, chunks of leather and buttons.

If the characters are short on any spell components they could perhaps be discovered within the parcels.

The small chest has a simple poison needle trap (Disarm device, DC 14) in its locking device (Fortitude save, DC 15). Anyone failing the save is nauseated taking 1d4+2 damage and suffering a -1 penalty to strength and dexterity for the next hour. Within the chest, carefully wrapped in a scrap of velvet, is a gold and silver brooch with a moon design on it (value 15gp), 12 sp and two gold pieces (dwarven franked).

Goblin sleeping quarters (2)

Black Mildew spots pepper the walls and ceiling of this 20ft. x 30 ft. Hanging in the air is the smell of fungal spores. On one side of the floor there are six neatly folded blankets and straw matting, on the other there is a bed constructed from a wooden slat bead frame and a straw mattress.

Resting on the centre of each folded blanket is what appears to be a small collection of personal effects.

At the foot of the bed is a large wooden chest.

See #2 for a description of the personal effects on the blankets.

The wooden chest is not trapped but upon opening a large orange and black spider jumps out and attacks whomever opened it.

Spider (1) : CR 1/2; SZ T (Spider); HD 1/2d8; hp 3; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 20 ft Climb 10 ft.; AC 15 (+2 Size, +3 Dex); Atk: Bite +5 melee (1d4 +poison); Face 2 ½ ft. x 2 ½ ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SA poison (DC 11 1d2 strength); SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0; Str 3, Dex 17, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2; AL N. Skills: Climb +8, Hide +18, Jump +4, Spot +15. Feats: weapon finesse (bite).

Inside the chest is a leather pouch containing 75 gp, a glass phial containing a light green liquid which has a light herby taste when drunk (potion of cure moderate wounds 2d8) and a bolt of golden cloth (value 50gp).

3. Worg's den

Read the first text box below if the alarm was raised and the Worgs were released. If the alarm was not raised and the Worgs were not released read the second box below.

The door to this room is ajar and issuing forth from the darkness is a strong feral smell.

Inside the floor is strewn with many large and small bones, ripped pieces of material and punctured chunks of armor.

Silence beckons from behind the doors to this room and the feral smell around the doorway is unmistakable.

Read the next box if the characters open the door. If they continue to listen they gain no further information. The Worgs inside are waiting to use the element of surprise to attack the characters.

As the door opens you have only a moment to register two huge wolf-like shapes crouching in the darkness before they leap forwards to attack, their white fangs flashing and their fetid breaths hot in your face.

Worgs (2): CR 2; SZ M (magical beast); HD 4d10 +8; hp 30 & 33; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 50; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural); Atk: Bite +7 melee (1d6 +4); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 5ft.; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 17, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 10; AI LE. Skills: Hide +7, Listen +9, Move Silently +7, Spot +9, Wilderness lore +2. Feats: Alertness

5. Fire room

The door to this room is warm to touch and a hint of smoke can be detected in the air.

In the center of this room is a large smoldering fire pit surrounded by a ring of scorched rocks. Above which the fire the ceiling is totally black except for a small and clearly inadequate chimney hole which opens out to the sky.

The walls are adorned with crude drawings made with sooted fingers. The drawings are difficult to decipher but they all clearly involve death and destruction of one sort or another.

A large stack of firewood has been placed in the north-west corner of the room and in the north-east stands a table covered with surprisingly clean pots and pans and cooking implements.

Anyone examining the stack of firewood will discover several partially destroyed leather-bound books. Anyone able to read Dwarven will be able to identify them as Dwarvish religious texts. The books come from #9.

Anyone examining the drawings and making a successful decipher script roll (DC 16) can figure out that the drawings could quite possibly be of the battle with the people of Worten's grove.

6. Sick room

Lying curled into fetal positions on rough looking blankets are what appear to be two badly injured goblins. Their injuries must be grave as they do not even notice your enter.

Their armor and swords lie at the foot of their straw mat.

The room also contains sacks of the goblin's provisions lined up against the north wall.

The injured goblins pose no threat to the characters even if they are roused. They are too weak to even cry out. If the characters attack them they expire immediately.

They have nothing of value.

7. Entryway to the Temple of Moradin

This is a small 10 ft. x 20 ft. room with a grey stone bench resting along the north wall. A matching bench also once stood in the south but it has recently been lifted and hurled at two ornately carved stone doors in the east. The smashed remains of the bench lie at the foot of the doors holding them slightly ajar. The surface of the doors have also been smeared with what appears to be blood.

Despite these recent attacks the doors still clearly depict an image of a god anointing the followers at his feet with a glowing warhammer. One foot rests upon a huge anvil while the god's other arm is raised above his head clutching something in his hand. Whatever the god was clutching must have had some value has recently been roughly prised out.

Any Dwarves or Bards in the party instantly recognize this as creation image of Moradin the god of dwarves forging his children from gems and precious metals.

Anyone who can read dwarf can decipher the blood smears as saying "Hextor".

8. The Temple of Moradin

Upon entering this room you are bathed in a scintillating light created by reflections and refractions in the massive veins of raw crystal that line the ceiling 40' overhead. The walls in contrast are smooth and bare and simple stone pews stretch towards a large altar in the east.

The altar, like the doors, has also come under attack with blood smeared across it and blows from a heavy object evident.

A small door is visible at the east end of the northern wall.

There is nothing of value in this room.

9. The Ante-chamber

When you enter this room your attention is immediately attracted to a candle burning atop a short dresser against the western wall. As your eyes sweep further around the room you notice an oil painting of warring dwarves hangs above a tidily made bed and sitting at a desk in a small alcove in the north eastern corner is a barely corporeal dwarf dressed in holy vestments.

The figure turns towards any intruder and holds his fingers to his lips before his eyes open wide in terror and he clutches his chest slumping down on the desk amongst the opened books.

After a few moments the figure rights itself and continues to read oblivious to your presence.

The figure is a priest of Moradin slain by the invaders that destroyed the dwarven city. His spirit is stuck, unable to pass on to the afterlife.

The characters can help him on his way if they perform a blessing upon his unquiet spirit. If they perform this blessing the spirit simply says "Thank you" before the mist disperses and is gone forever. Other than to thank the characters the spirit is unable to communicate in any way.

The books are old and heavy but they would be of great historical and perhaps financial value to the ancestors of the dwarves that once lived here.

10. The Great Hall

A blast of hot air strikes your face as you open the doors to this room. As you enter the room the source of this hot blast becomes obvious. A huge fireplace dominates the north-eastern corner of this 60 ft. x 60ft. room while the rest of the room is dominated by the shadows of two huge humanoids crouched in front of this fireplace, their bodies silhouetted by the dancing flames. As they stoke the fire they laugh and gesture towards their left where a beaten, bloodied and bound man has been tied to the legs of one of the enormous stone tables that fill the room.

From the description the Mayor of Worten's Grove gave you the man appears to be the captain of the guard who was carried off by the survivors of the first goblin raiding party.

The two Ogres whooping it up in front of the fire are unlikely to notice the presence of the characters as they are too lost in their conversation about consuming the captain of the guard.

The captain of the guard is quite dead although the characters will not know this until they examine him closely.

Ogres (2): CR 2; SZ L (giant); HD 4d8 +8; hp 28 each Init -1 (Dex); Spd 30; AC 16 (-1 Size1, -1 Dex, +5 natural, +3 hide); Atk: Huge greatclub +8 (2d6 +7); Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 10ft.; SA Spells; SQ Regeneration 2; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +1; Str 21 Dex 8, Con 15, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 7; AI LE. Skills: Climb +4, Listen +2, Spot -2. Feats: Weapon focus (greatclub)

11. The Master's Chambers

The hallway you are following opens out into a large square room 40 ft. x 60 ft.. Golden braziers hanging from the walls and sitting on makeshift pedestals illuminate this room with an orange light that makes it seem like the walls themselves are on fire and the air is thick with the smell of burning incense.

Sitting behind a stone desk on a slightly raised platform sits a huge creature with jet black hair small ivory horns and light green skin. The instant you enter the room he rises and says in perfect common.

“So you are the pests that have been interfering in my plans” As he does so he comes out from behind the desk his mail shirt jangling softly against his flowing robes.

This is the Ogre Magi *Dagru*. The way that he reacts to the characters depends upon how they react to him. He will go along with anything that the characters say while he assesses the situation and determines his best course of action. He will offer them money and jewelry from his horde in short anything to buy time to get within 30' of the players so that he can employ his cone of cold 9d6 (Reflexes, DC 18). Once that weapon has been unleashed he polymorphs himself into a Fire Giant and closes in to attack the players.

If things start to look bad for *Dagru* he moves into gaseous form and flees as far as the Great Hall before waiting for the spell to wear off. He then turns himself invisible and returns to wreak his revenge on the unwary.

Dagru will defend his horde at all costs and uses whatever means necessary to do this.

Ogre Mage *Dagru* (1): CR 8; SZ L (giant); HD 5d8 +15; hp 37 Init +4 (improved initiative); Spd 30 (fly 50); AC 18 (21) (-1 Size +5 natural, +4 chain shirt); Atk: Huge greatsword +7 [2d8 +7(+15)]; Face 5ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 10ft.; SA Spells; SQ Regeneration 2; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 21 (31), Dex 10, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 17; AL LE. Skills: Listen +6, Spellcraft +4, Spot +5, Wilderness lore +2. Feats: Alertness

NOTE: the parenthetical values represent *Dagru*'s values as a fire giant.

15. Horde room

This room is totally empty

Dagru has over extended himself in recent times equipping his small army and has little or no horde to speak of. What little wealth he does have he has hidden