

DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

ADVENT OF THE AVALANCHE LORDS

2015 HOLIDAY MODULE
A LEVEL 3 ADVENTURE
BY TIM CALLAHAN



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INTRODUCTION



Adventure of the Avalanche Lords is designed to evoke the winter holiday-themed television specials of childhood, with a particularly nasty spin. While the possibility of a happy ending exists after the carnage, the player characters will have to earn their smiles and accolades. The adventure is designed for six 3rd-level characters, and if the judge runs this adventure for larger or more experienced parties, he or she should increase the frequency of the random encounters and the strength of the final adversaries to ensure an appropriate level of challenge. The adventure can be set anywhere in the cold, wintry climate of any campaign world, and though it assumes a typical medieval fantasy background, there are elements of high magico-technological wonder in the work of the elves and wizards of the far north.

BACKGROUND



Three centuries ago, the wizard Nicollo – later known as Father Frost – was a humble woodcutter, raised by northern elves, living a mundane but fruitful life in his cabin in the mountains. With his axe in hand, he cleared the great conifer forest and helped the elven community grow and flourish. He sensed an innate power growing within him that was sparked by what seemed to be a chance encounter with a kindly white-bearded wizard from the far northern lands. This bearded wizard, Meerakolos, had heard of Nicollo's almost superhuman feats as a woodsman and sought out this powerful fellow as a potential ally. For Meerakolos, bumping into Nicollo on a mountain pass was no coincidence. It was part of his plan to form a cabal that would seize absolute control of the northern lands through might and magic, harvesting the precious resources of the mountains and amassing an army that would push southward, extending their cruel icy fingers toward the more populous – and fertile – lands below.

Meerakolos knew that Nicollo, innocent and kind-hearted but filled with untapped magical potential, would not willingly join such an evil enterprise. So Meerakolos began his work. First, he passed Nicollo on the trail as but a curious wanderer. Meerakolos's questions about the mountains and the forests opened up grand discussions about nature and untapped potential. Meerakolos began weekly visits to Nicollo's cabin, where the woodsman learned the rudiments of the arcane art and become increasingly seduced by the power it offered. Within a year, Nicollo began to turn his full attention to spellcraft, working with Meerakolos to build an arcane forge beneath a dormant volcano in the northeast. He produced magical alloys and unique devices that surprised even Meerakolos. Nicollo spent most of his time pursuing his own magical passions, but he also fulfilled requests from his mentor: devices that would increase the strength of the winter storms and self-propelled sleds large enough to transport a dozen men. Nicollo worked on the projects because of the challenges they provided him, but when Meerakolos visited the arcane foundry with a pale, thin, dark-haired man who forced a chilling smile, the former woodsman knew that something was wrong. These devices Meerakolos had requested were intended for war. And this pale-skinned guest, a man Meerakolos referred to only as Skäl, seemed to be horrifyingly excited by the prospect.

Meerakolos realized that he had pushed Nicollo too far too soon. Nicollo questioned and challenged Meerakolos. Nicollo knew, at this moment, that something had changed within him, that he had forsaken everything he cared about in his once-humble life to become a

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A showdown at the icy gates of civilization! Father Frost has gone missing and Krinnleton faces explosive turmoil from within. A band of newly-arrived adventurers offer hope that the nefarious forces from the north may be routed. But the magical dome around the elven town crumbles and the might of the vile Avalanche Lords strengthens! The heroes must survive their journey through the icy wastes, past the hideous shiver serpents, beyond the edge of the snowy peaks to the old woodman's lava-drenched workshop. Only then might they defeat the marching mammoths wielding the pulsating polar energy of the terrible Celsion Engine!



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