



Volume 1



# *The Wonders of Ull*

## *Vol. 1*

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## *Foreword*

**U**LL is the armpit of the *World of Greyhawk*. It is not pretty to look at, it can be hairy or smelly and it's usually not important to anyone, but it is there all the same like all your other body parts, no matter how hard you try to cover it up. And sometimes, the armpit has an itch that needs to be scratched.

What drove me to my mad obsession to write everything concerning the land of Ull? The answer is plainly, the itch needed to be scratched. Back in the heyday of my 2<sup>nd</sup> edition Greyhawk campaigns I needed a remote place to send my players where they'd be cut off from the typical comforts of the Flanaess but not yet completely removed from civilization. Having already been around the map a few times to dark jungles, vast swamps and icy lands, one of the last best spots to use turned out to be Ull. From this simple beginning were my first notes on what would later become a quest to comprehensively develop a region that I had discovered around 2004 was on nobody's to-do list. Neither the triads of the *RPGA's Living Greyhawk Campaign*, nor the hordes of fanatical online Greyhawk fans seemed to give much stock in developing anything for Ull. In fact, from Gygas to present, the amount of canon material on Ull can literally fit on the front and back of a piece of paper.

That is when I decided to make it my own, writing for the Greyhawk fansite *Canonfire*. And now six years later, much to my surprise, my mastery of Ull has gone unchallenged so to say. Whether this is a boon or a curse, only time will tell. Until then I plan to continue writing new Ull material and also give my old stuff some new polish so that both old and new readers can perhaps see what they are missing in their own Greyhawk campaigns. That is the goal of *The Wonders of Ull* anthology.

Enjoy.

Michael 'mortellan' Bridges  
February 2010



# ***Mysterious Places of Ull***

*“Few intrepid adventurers east of Ket have ever heard of the relatively insignificant land of Ull. Indeed, even the most learned sages of Greyhawk City would be hard pressed to attribute any sites of interest to this supposedly uncivilized corner of the world. For explorers and researchers in the Baklunish West however, it is not ignorance but fear that keeps many of Ull’s mysterious places firmly unexplained and an indelible part of local legend.”*

*“The ferocious peoples of Ull have always been notorious for their degenerate inclinations towards worship but these questionable practices likely predate the Uli occupation to a time when the tribes of the Yorodhi claimed the sheltering southern Ulsprue Mountains as their own. Within this remote range, tales of a certain unholy site still evoke a chill in the hearts of highland ogre tribesmen and lowland traders alike.”*

## ***The Altar of Dhawar***

### **Prophecy of Devastation**

A thousand years ago the Baklunish-Suloise War was about to come to a cataclysmic end, yet before this, many Oeridian tribes wisely began migrating away from their ancestral lands rather than be killed as innocent bystanders. However, not all Oeridians chose to leave their lands behind and chiefly among them were the Yorodhi tribe. Legends passed down through time by Yorodhi elders and corroborated by dervish campfire tales, say that within the Yorodhi society existed a deeply seated doomsday cult that revered one if not more demon princes for their unique insights and divinations. The cult conducted their unholy rituals at a carved stone altar in the southern Ulsprue Mountains atop a remote peak that faced out toward the horizon where one could gaze upon the distant strife in the Baklunish Empire.

According to legend, the cleric who founded the cult was an Oeridian pariah named Dhawar. Dhawar claimed he was led to the site by visions and whispered voices that forewarned him of an impending doom. For a few years Dhawar collected like-minded followers who could help him in averting this possible cataclysm or at least keep it from

spilling over into the lands that the Yorodhi resolutely refused to abandon. While most of their clandestine gatherings involved grisly live sacrifices to gain knowledge and minor aid, none in the cult knew the lengths to which Dhawar would go to change fate.

### **The Final Sacrifice**

It was on the hour of the Invoked Devastation that the cult was sinisterly persuaded by Dhawar to become the final sacrifice to their baleful demonic patrons. One by one their blood was spilled upon Dhawar’s Altar even as the threat of the Devastation roiled towards them on the horizon. What became of Dhawar after his cult’s demise is still shrouded in speculation to this day for there was only one witness. A single cultist doubted Dhawar in the end and hid among the crags while his brethren offered themselves in sacrifice. The vile horrors the cultist saw manifested that day were enough to paralyze him in fear and when at last the Invoked Devastation shook the region, Dhawar fell, or in later accounts, was pulled by something into an abyssal fissure that opened near the Altar. While the Yorodhi did barely survive the cataclysm, only Istus knows what Dhawar’s cult truly accomplished that day.

### **The Altar Revisited**

Over the centuries the tainted Altar would still see more hapless visitors. Local worshippers of other evil deities like Ralishaz and Incabulos became attracted to the *Altar of Dhawar* by the legends and sought to reap the rewards for their own sacrifices there. Other times lost pilgrims would find the peak on accident during their journeys to similar hidden holy sites within the Ulsprues. Eventually rumors spread to the ears of adventurers about treasure at the *Altar of*

*Dhawar* either left by cultists in sacrifice to their gods or lost by unwary pilgrims. Even more speculation abounded over what wealth could be found in the dark depths of the peak top crevice. What ever their intent, travelers kept easily returning to the Altar, at least until the ogres moved in.

### Ogres Affected

The ogre population in the Ulsprues steadily grows each year and two decades ago one of these highland tribes chose to settle in a cavern system along the same pathway that leads to *Dhawar's* mountain. The barbarous ogres knew of the tainted Altar atop the peak and at first thought it to be a sign by their god to settle in the area. Unfortunately their shamans found no favor in using the Altar for many were suddenly stricken with diseases and dementia. Many times they spoke of a shadowy form dragging one of their own into the fissure. To add to these fears, the tribe experienced several uncommon visits through their territory by evil cultists that repeatedly resulted in disappearances of several ogre women or children.

The ogre chieftain had enough and decided to bar the way up the peak. Ogre shamans marked the trails around the mountain with skulls and flayed skins on poles so that all would know the area was taboo. While the ogres were superstitiously afraid of defiling the Altar, they were bold enough to destroy parts of the trail leading up to it with rock falls and tools. Finally as a last measure to dissuade other trespassers from coming into this accursed area, they created many hand-made pitfalls and traps. Despite their crude hindrances, the tribe knows it will not completely deter outsiders from seeking this site. As a result they are ever wary to ambush or turn away anyone moving through their lands that they do not trust.

### Survey of the Altar

The peak is a flattened area about 200 feet in diameter that has an unimpeded view of the Dry Steppes. The ground here is uneven and excessively weatherworn from being flanked by two taller mountains that create a powerful wind tunnel. The *Altar of Dhawar* itself is a 6-

foot long slab of carved stone that is inconsistent with the local rock. How it was brought to this remote location is a mystery unto itself for nothing is written about its construction. The Altar is stained with the blood of innumerable beings, a stark discoloration that even the elements haven't been able to wear away. Besides sitting at the center of the peak, there is actually nothing else outwardly remarkable about the Altar. There are no symbols or inscriptions that would indicate the Altar's original religious affiliation, nor any perceptible auras to lead one to assume it is magical. The entire area does however radiate an aura of powerful permanent evil that enhances vile rituals to whichever deity it is currently attuned. Careless priests, who have neglected to first consecrate the unholy Altar, have experienced horrible curses or dubious fates.

Five feet to one side of the Altar is a fissure that nearly bisects the entire peak, giving the impression the whole area could fall apart. This tear in the peak is ten feet across at its widest, tapering towards the ends. The deceptively deep crevice leads down into the inky depths of the mountain's cavernous heart. This is where the true danger exists and possibly the greater reward. Whatever still sleeps below the *Altar of Dhawar* is old indeed and strong enough to take down a fully-grown ogre. The true nature of this unseen monster from the shadows has yet to be revealed and is confounded by contradicting stories. The creature typically only emerges when the Altar invokes a curse on someone or if some great upheaval attracts its attention, otherwise it invisibly remains in its cavernous lair. If there is any treasure still to be had, it is hid within these lightless caverns where further secrets from a time well before the Twin Cataclysms are waiting to be discovered.



## *The Hidden Fortress of Conjured Sands*

Deep in the arid southern hills of Ull is a magical phenomenon that few nomads have heard of except in campfire stories. Fewer have actually sought out the *Hidden Fortress* usually intent on acquiring demonic power or magical wealth from those who lair within. The *Hidden Fortress* is a subterranean complex held by a small band of ogre magi who have secretly sworn loyalty to the infamous demon-wizard, *Tuerny the Merciless*. The *Hidden Fortress*' entrance is quite unique, appearing as a tall sand dune with no visible openings. The dune breaks up and moves along by the will of its owners to position in areas at their advantage. Only by walking up the dune can one be drawn into the fortress and by then there is no turning back as the dune swiftly swallows any being in contact with it. The magical dune is in actuality a mobile *Gate*, cleverly conjured to keep the true location of the underground fortress a secret though many suspect it is dozens of miles into the surrounding mountains.

Those foolish or unlucky enough to wander into the territory of the *Conjured Sands* are inevitably tricked and captured by the wily ogre magi. Wary nomads warn others of exotic temptresses in the barrens who lure men to the sands only to reveal their ogrish selves when it is too late. Other times the ogre magi stalk their territory invisibly, flying above the landscape in search of a new slave to snatch or livestock to steal for a feast.

Despite their methods the ogre magi's goals come second to the machinations of Tuerny. The notorious wizard may very well have created the *Hidden Fortress* as a base of operations for his interests in the Baklunish West and then put the magi in charge to guard it in his absence. Tuerny's infrequent visits to the fortress give the ogre band plenty of time to pursue their own evil schemes, as long as they don't interfere with their master's plans. Most notably they are forewarned about capturing any wizards or witches without his approval. In addition, all rare magic items or artifacts they may happen to steal are certainly brought to the Merciless One's attention.

## *Khur Razjin 'Path of Shadows'*

The remains of Ull's first ruler, *Ulaghai Orakhan* were interred in the heart of a mesa by his heir *Khuzhan the Builder*, to serve as the cornerstone of *Ulakand* when it was founded in his honor. Over the following centuries tribal khans and Uli war veterans alike have had their bones placed in the same catacombs to anchor their ancestral legacies to Ulakand. These great catacombs are an unorganized maze of natural caverns and grottoes accessed from the surface of the mesa by a highly visible and heavily patrolled sinkhole entrance. This fact however, has not dissuaded tomb robbers and foreign adventurers from chasing rumors of hidden wealth here. This is due to the existence of a well known secondary entrance from the south called the *Khur Razjin* (Path of Shadows).

Not surprisingly, locals warn that this way is fraught with danger and has contributed many more corpses to the catacombs. The *Path of Shadows* begins at a point on the base of the southern cliffs where it has eroded deeply into the mesa's interior. This ominous entrance leads to a narrow yet traversable tunnel system that eventually connects to the catacombs to the north. While the *Path of Shadows* is certainly a convenient shortcut, it is so steeped in superstition by locals that few dare to tread its craggy depths much less stand in the shadow of the cliff-side. For this reason, it is considered the most extreme test of one's bravery to walk the *Khur Razjin* and exit up from the catacombs' main entrance.

Natural sources of light are known to fail and it is said that the very shadows of those who venture there rise up to sap the strength from men's bodies. Worse yet are the demon-possessed cadavers of Uli warriors not properly put in the ground that stalk the lightless branches of the path for those who would stray and become lost. In the end those who survive the *Khur Razjin* usually discover that the belongings of previous foolhardy adventurers, who spent too much time searching for treasure, are more than they could ever find randomly sifting through the innumerable bones of Ull's catacombs.

## ***Magic Items of Ull***

*“Magic items have spread prodigiously throughout the Flanaess since the Migrations to the point where every culture and region has dozens of unique creations attributed to their name. The craft of magical items, once the province of Power Mages and High Priests, is now practiced in every major city and town by all levels from Archmagi to simple hedge wizards. No less abundant are the wondrous items coming out of the Baklunish West, including Ull a remote region not famed at all for arcane or divine creations. It is this misconception that has kept many of Ull’s exotic treasures long hidden from adventuring eyes until now.”*

### Author’s note:

Due to the unreliable information given by Uli ‘experts’ to certain members of the *Mouqollad Consortium* and the *Seekers*, the following survey can only provide rough histories of the magic items and vague descriptions of their rumored powers. Those wishing to use these items for their own campaign will find they may be more or less powerful than hinted at, the benefit of which is you can customize them as you need for your own style of play. Furthermore, no information has been obtained on the means for their creation or a fair market value since the locals seem to eschew the Mouqollad’s standards. Blame it on Ull.

### ***Dagger of Misfortune***

*“Never take an enemy’s blade unless you know what killed him.”*

- Old Uli warband saying.

In the chronicles of arcane lore there are innumerable magical daggers, yet few astute sages bother to learn about the history of cursed daggers, finding them an annoying footnote at best. Out of the Baklunish West however, there is one dagger that has proved tenacious enough to be the talk of many a Baklunish assassin or illicit weapon trader.

The *Dagger of Misfortune* is also widely known in the shadowy underbelly of the West as the Dagger of Ralishaz or the Unlooked For Blade. Despite this there seems to be no conclusive evidence that the namesake deity desecrated this weapon for his cause, for there are vying claims from decadent mages and

demonic cultists to the origin of the blade. All agree however, that the blade has a long and grisly history that has now become part of Baklunish urban legend.

Naturally most accounts relate the dagger is found on or embedded in the dead body of its last hapless owner. For this reason in many Baklunish families and tribes it is taboo to take a dead man’s dagger. Interestingly, from a hundred documented stories over several centuries, the *Dagger of Misfortune* has turned up west of the Volverdyva River consistently even if borne into the East by a newly cursed owner. Adherents of Ralishaz say this is not fate but the hand of their god’s misfortune at work.

The *Dagger of Misfortune* appears as a mundane blade with neither markings nor any remarkable craftsmanship. The Dagger gives off no discernable magical aura or any hint of malicious alignment and even worse, once it possessed it is tenaciously hard to get rid of. It has been said to change its form to look like other nearby daggers to confuse the owner or in many cases it inexplicably swaps itself in the sheath of a new dagger if exchanged in market. Simply leaving it behind has been found to be futile as well as it merely appears in the possession of the cursed owner the next time they check. Indeed the only known ways to be rid of it is death and the power of a *Limited Wish* or greater spell.

The *Dagger of Misfortune* is a +3 weapon if the user can overcome its deadly side effects. Any time it is drawn there is a 5% chance the dagger will strike of its own accord and automatically inflict a grievous wound to a random body part of the possessor (treat as either a critical hit or a -2 penalty to use of a limb). Even once that chance is passed, the *Dagger of Misfortune* acts unpredictably. If

thrown it has a 10% of magically returning on the welder instead, striking with the same resulting roll. If used in melee, the Dagger forces the user to roll twice for each attack and take the worst of the two results. Any natural roll of a one is always considered a fumble and the dagger must re-roll to strike its owner. Some say the *Dagger of Misfortune* has been broken many times only to find its way back into circulation at some mad god's whim. Needless to say if the Dagger is ever sundered, the poor fool who accomplishes this task will suffer 1001 days of bad luck (The exact nature of the bad luck is left to the DM and this curse is as hard as the Dagger to be removed).

## Gloryseeker

*"Behold! In my hand I hold  
Gloryseeker!"*

- A gladiator's boast to the crowd.

*"That was not Gloryseeker. Pay up."*

- Phrase often heard when a gladiator's sword breaks.

This now legendary sword is an indelible part of Kester urban legend. As the stories are often retold around the fighting pits, *Gloryseeker's* true origin is unknown for certain. A popularly held belief however, is that the fabled sword was used extensively in ancient gladiator combat; primarily a symbol of excellence among many real and falsely celebrated champions.

Where fiction and fact become further jumbled is in the exact dating of the blade. Most will proclaim it to be the steel of the great west Paynim riders, others attribute the sword to the pre-migration Oeridians that left eastward before the Uli came to claim the land and even more deluded opinions state the blade is of neither and really comes from someplace called *Tdon*. Attempts at authentication have been few and far between since counterfeits have been created and because the real sword has changed hands more times than can be tracked. *Gloryseeker* actually hasn't been seen for over two decades, but popular opinion is the blade still rests in the Kester area.



*Gloryseeker* is a short sword of extreme sharpness and adamantine toughness. Its make is of a curious sort for the region being both broad and double edged with a strong parrying crosspiece. It is not generally agreed on how strong of a magical emanation *Gloryseeker* exudes nor are the tales confirmed of the sword's special ability to increase the wielder's popularity to gladiatorial crowds.

## Jug of Geshtai

*"Careful fool! That could be Geshtai's  
Jug!"*

- A water trader yelling at his porters.

This two-handled weathered clay jug is tall as a gnome and to the untrained eye is indistinguishable from the thousands like it around Ull and the Dry Steppes.

Closer appraisal reveals a difference in decoration however. The Jug is painted with scenes of waterfalls, streams and wells with common women filling vessels from them. These scenes are deplorably faded and flaking from age and the elements. Clerics of Geshtai claim the vaunted Jug was created and consecrated in the Dry Steppe town of *Kanak* with the aid of the Shah of the Waters no less, but others say it dates back to the time before the fall of the Baklunish Empire even though the chances of something that frail enduring is doubtful. Despite this, the Jug in more recent lore has been attributed to the caravan town of Kester where it has last been seen by several witnesses whom have all asserted newfound piety for Geshtai after having used the Jug.

The *Jug of Geshtai* is generally agreed to be a larger variation of the well known *decanter of endless water*, operating in most respects like its smaller cousin, with the difference of its water being both purified and holy. Most reports say that the magically created water loses its holy blessing shortly after it is poured forth, but still retains its crystal clear appearance long after it is redistributed. The Jug has no stopper of its own and when deactivated appears completely empty, further masking it among other earthenware water vessels.



## *Minotaur Mask of the Ulsprues*

*“The power, I can feel it in my...RARRRRR!”*  
- A Thrall of Baphomet donning the Mask.

This hideous looking and possibly cursed item was created as a profane gift to a long dead cult of *Baphomet*, demon lord of minotaurs. Sages speculate the Mask was made to perpetuate a much larger and complex rite involving something called the *Elder Maze*. The first recipients of the Mask operated covertly among a few congregations of the ancient Baklunish Empire, who used its powers as part of their debased rituals or to go on spates of anonymous bloodshed abroad. In either case the cult's leader or champion typically wore the *Minotaur Mask*. Filled with bloodlust, the cursed wearer would then hunt down a victim before brutally killing them. Such proceedings often took place in a highly secret maze or cave complex or among the densely crowded alleys of a major city. The blood of the sacrifice was then shared among Baphomet's faithful by the wearer of the Mask hoping in turn to be granted the Elder Curse by their demonic lord.

In the years building up to the Baklunish-Suloise Wars, the Mask fell into the hands of the Suel Empire's Mages of Power. The Mask was rigorously studied for its magic in an effort to duplicate it so that the Empire could have enhanced minotaur shock troops of their own. An untold number of copies were indeed successfully crafted by the Suloise but the original was eventually stolen back by cultists at the great cost of lives and thereafter it lay deep underground until the Twin Cataclysms nearly buried the knowledge of the Mask forever. Within the last several decades the purportedly original Mask turned up in the hands of an ogre tribe living in the Ulsprue Range. With their proximity to the strange *Altar of Dhawar* they immediately brought about a resurgence of Baphomet worship in not only ogres and minotaurs but orcs and humans as well. The Mask's influence can still be felt today as clans of *Vaprak* and Baphomet worshipping ogres feud among the craggy highlands of the Ulsprues. Inevitably these chaotic clashes have led to the disappearance

of the Mask again. Whether the original Mask or any of its copies still remains in the West is left to be seen, but unquestionably many cults of Baphomet, both ogre and human are tirelessly searching for it today.

The mask is indeed a real minotaur's skull with the lower jawbone missing, but still sporting a pair of dull, timeworn bull horns. To verify authenticity a glyph of Baphomet is etched with dry blood into its forehead. A strap likely made of minotaur hide is attached in such a way any creature of small to large size can buckle it over their head and covering their face. Once it is secure the magic of the Mask activates instantly. The user undergoes a swift and visually grisly alteration as the skull melds with the wearer's own head making it appear as if the long dead minotaur has been given flesh, blood and life again. The change is by no means permanent and only extends to the wearer's head and neck, leaving the rest of his body the same, including worn items. Individual appearances will vary by whom wears the Mask for it will usually match hair and eye color of the owner and even resize proportionately to body size for ease of motion.

The Mask imparts the user with knowledge of its powers but at the same time affects his personality for the worst. Besides having the superficial appearance of a minotaur, the Mask makes the wearer immune to the spell *Maze* and imparts a +4 bonus to checks for secret doors and traps. The Masked one is enraptured with a bloodlust that allows them to rage as a barbarian 1/day (or one additional time if already able to rage) and while raging may use their altered head as a gore attack when doing a charge for 4d6 damage. Once per day the Mask wearer can also emit a terrible roar that acts as a *Shout* spell cast at 10<sup>th</sup> level. Donning the Mask results in 1d4 Wisdom damage that cannot be cured until the item is removed and it can only be removed voluntarily with a DC 16 Willpower check since the user becomes enamored with the unholy power of Baphomet. Once the Mask is removed it will not function again for 24 hours, but the benefits of wearing the *Minotaur Mask* often keep the user eager to wear it again soon despite its side effects.

## *Ring of the Yorodhi*

*“The Yorodhi shall have their birthright!”*

*- Heard minutes before an Uli Warlord was found murdered in his tent.*

This magic ring is held in high regard by the *Yorodhi* hill folk as a symbol of tribal heritage and tenacious strength. It appears as a thick band of silver etched with airy Oeridian glyphs and inset with several tiny sapphires between the line-work.

The origin of the Ring like anything else in the region has been spun into great tall tales to facilitate the *Yorodhi*'s self importance. Most stories claim it to be crafted in a time before the *Baklunish-Suloise Wars* when the Oerid people were at their strongest in the West and not to be outdone it was supposedly worn by a great King of their people. Whether this apocryphal Oeridian monarch and his kingdom truly existed within present day Ull is debatable but what isn't generally dismissed is that the Ring was first turned up in the foothills of the *Barrier Peaks* by tomb plundering Uli shortly after their occupation. Infuriated by these robberies, the *Yorodhi* have waged years of secret vendettas against any Uli or foreigner who have ties to the stolen Ring.

The Ring's powers haven't fully been studied since its owners have been on the run constantly, but legend states that it brings great morale to the hearts of those around the wearer much akin to a Paladin's *Aura of Courage*. Other fanciful tales relate that the Ring can only truly be used by one of pure Oeridian blood, a claim at the heart of the *Yorodhi* vendettas. Allegedly the wearer can also boast to be imbued with heroic physical prowess but to what extent hasn't been verified yet.

## *Robe of Incabulos*

*“It's your funeral.”*

*- A bodyguard moments before his master put on the robe.*

This vile robe was created by a necromancer devoted to the Dark Rider, *Incabulos*. While he is said to have perished decades ago the Robe still remains somewhere in the vicinity of Ull. It has been blamed for the deaths of many hapless souls and is even listed by *Alhamazad* of the Circle of Eight as a profane item that should be destroyed on sight. The *Robe of Incabulos* nonetheless has changed hands many times and has proved worth the risk to possess.

Writings related that it is a typical hooded robe, charcoal grey in color with frayed edges. It is in every respect a *Robe of Eyes* when identified, but its latent powers cannot be unlocked until it is worn for the first and possibly last time. After donning the Robe the wearer is afflicted with a fast acting magical disease which so far nobody has been able to cure by any means short of *Wish*. Furthermore, the Robe cannot possibly be removed during the initial stages of the disease which onlookers have described as a disturbing nightmarish sleep-state where the wearer screams, thrashes and manifests bodily sores. If the wearer manages to live through the trials of the Robe, he awakens fully healthy save some sanity and is thereafter free to remove and put the Robe back on. In addition to the comparable powers of a *Robe of Eyes* it is said the successful wearer of the *Robe of Incabulos* is also immune to all disease and poison, a trait that many in Ull or beyond would and have killed for.



## *Rod of Dhawar*

*“Fear Gorrg! Gorrg am your master now!”  
- An Ogre shaman to a summoned Nalfeshnee.*

This rod is said to have belonged to the self-styled prophet Dhawar, for use in his demon worshipping cult during pre-devastation times. It became lost during the initial throes of the *Invoked Devastation* and likely lies buried among the Ulsprue Mountains today, occasionally finding its way into the hands of some ogre shaman or explorer, but always somehow returning to the craggy heights where Dhawar once presided over his Altar.

The *Rod of Dhawar* is an unremarkable blackened metal bar that is tapered in the fashion of a human leg bone. It bears no markings save numerous nicks from attempts to break its adamantine like hardness. When first held the rod is said to make the owner more self assured and improve his presence to others as a *Rod of Splendor* might. In the right hands however the rod’s true power can be fully exercised. Many superstitious ogres and other aspiring cult leaders whisper the rod excels at summoning demons that are otherwise beyond the ability of the possessor to call upon. Few realize unfortunately that the Rod doesn’t exactly give the same amount of control over what is summoned, resulting in some messy rituals.

What loremasters also can’t figure out is why all those who have had the Rod feel compelled to come back to the Ulsprues. Speculation is that it is tied to the *Altar of Dhawar* at some spiritual level and must eventually go back there to recharge.

## *Staff of the Barrier Peaks*

*“Find any metal poles?”  
- Joke told among weapon dealers and explorers.”*

No magic item in Ull legend has vexed more minds than the enigmatic *Staff of the Barrier Peaks*. Less than a century past a strange pole made of metal was first brought to the land of

Ull by a dying slaver whose band had ventured deep into the Barrier Peaks for humanoids to capture. The last survivor of the expedition related mad delusions of a hidden valley with marshy ground and filled with seemingly intelligent plant-life and grotesque animals unknown in the West. According to his story a lucky few in the party found temporary refuge within a bizarre cave of light and sound. It is there that they found many strange treasures including the Staff.

Normally such a rant would have been dismissed if not for the proof of burns and abrasions on most of the man’s body and the curious metal pole that allegedly saved him alone from the horrors of that place. First thought of as a weapon, the Staff has since passed on to many ambitious if not failed gladiators and slavers who put too much stock in the tales. Interestingly the most recent sighting of the metallic Staff was on its way back to the Barrier Peaks as its last owner decided to retrace the origins of the item there in search of answers.

The *Staff of the Barrier of Peaks* is the length and weight of a normal quarterstaff, yet it is composed of bands of very strong, interlocking metal. It is topped with an embedded crystal that can be hid by a button activated shutter built into the bands. The craftsmanship is a point of contention among lore seekers for some would quickly attribute the Staff to dwarves while experts of that race would point to the *Mage of the Vale* for such a strange item but others would say it is perhaps something of the *UnderOerth*. In any case the item is hypothesized to emit an inaudible *Antipathy* effect on intelligent plant-life and in less sentient creatures it has even been known to cause them unseen pain. The Staff has otherwise proven itself to be slightly ineffective in combat compared to normal bludgeoning weapons, except in durability of course.



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## ***Personal Sources and Acknowledgements***

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# Plains of the Paynims

Wadi Khijar Trail

Ceshra Trail

● Falla-nil Monastery

● Ulakand

● Azor-khem Monastery

Ulzha Trail

ogre tribes

Ulsprue  
Mts.

# ULL

Barrier Trail

● Oerid Ruins

● Semust

silver mines

● Oerid Ruins

● Altar of Dhawar

● Okkand

● Kunukand

ogre tribes

● Tower of Abi Dalzim

copper mines

● Kester

Dust Road

Dry  
Steppes

● Yorod

Yorodhi hillmen

The Barrier  
Peaks

