

The Adventures of  
**Uncle Dungeoning Ma'att**

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**The Wizard's  
Sleeve**

Success, nephew! I have my first proof that dungeons may not be spawned by the Dungeon Land itself for the sole amusement of adventurers!

Now, I know what you're thinking, one dungeon does not constitute proof of the whole, but nephew! What a dungeon!

Ralimnos the Cobalt is a name not unknown to the inhabitants of our kingdom, so when Ferguson promised to show me where Ralimnos died I immediately assumed we would be entering a dungeon of fearful power; it must be fearful if Ralimnos himself was unable to best it. But no, Ferguson clarified, this dungeon was, in fact, the home of Ralimnos. Not long ago, the dark necromancer Vaneeth secreted his way inside, killed Ralimnos, and proceeded to make use of the mighty wizard's arcane artifacts to lay siege to the surrounding countryside. Fortunately, a party of adventurers happened to be laid over by weather in a nearby tavern and they entered the great all of Ralimnos and brought down the foul necromancer.

"But," I asked, "surely if this was the home of Ralimnos, then it was no dungeon."

Ferguson merely shrugged as if the question had no meaning.

A few days later we were in the town of Sera'chi. While Ferguson secured lodging, I set about questioning the locals about Ralimnos and his fate. I found the inhabitants of Sera'chi superstitious in the extreme. Whenever I mentioned Vaneeth, they touched both ears, both shoulders, and then their stomachs; the sign of the upside down star was meant to ward off evil. I was able to confirm, however, that the triangular fortification on the side of the mountain above the town (which the locals had nicknamed "The Wizard's Sleeve" because of its shape), had indeed been the home of Ralimnos. Many of the older residents claimed that their parents worked on the building of the castle, although I doubted that any self-respecting wizard would use anything but magically summoned help to build their home.

The road, and there is one, to the front door of Ralimnos' mountainside retreat was poorly maintained. A few wagon tracks baked into sun-dried mud were all the signs of use we could find. Of course, without Ralimnos, the town would have no reason to approach the gate to sell their wares.

The front of the fortification stuck out from the mountainside and we could see, from far away, that it was indeed triangular, as the villagers had described. The rest of the structure, with the exception of the tops of two turrets, was inside the mountain.

The front doors, which were massive and well banded against intruders, stood open. Ferguson told me that adventurers never close the doors behind them, new doors will appear when the dungeon resets.

The wizard's great hall was beautiful; hard woods lined the walls and great columns dominated the room. To the left of the hall was a dining room which could comfortably seat a dozen or so, and to the right was a small reception area, decorated in warm colors with a handful of large, comfortable chairs. Both rooms, as beautiful as they were in the past, were devastated by whatever fighting had taken place here. The large fireplace in the room attached to the reception room had been split in twain, and we could see sunlight through its vents to the outside.

The other central rooms fared no better. A guest bedroom, an indoor garden, a library, a private study; they were all smashed and destroyed by careless swords, arrows, and

fireballs. The garden in particular was a scorched wreck, and I could only hope it had given back part of the abuse it had received.

The back of the structure featured two large labs, although the purpose of the jars, phials, and cages I found there could only be guessed at. The doings of wizards are beyond the knowings of mortal men. Between the two labs was a large, circular room. Through various glasses and telescopes, one could observe most of the sky, although how this was possible from the center of a mountain was more than I could guess.

Between the kitchen and a storage area filled with boxes, we found a secret passage built into the stone of the wall. Ferguson told me this was only natural, there are always secret passages in the kitchen. Hidden in the storage area, however, was a secret entrance Ferguson did not expect - a hole in the floor leading into the cavern below Ralimnos' lair. It was through this hole that Vaneeth crept; the wizard's use of natural defenses ultimately became his downfall.

At the first landing of each tower we found the remains of great stone statues of warriors, fearsome in appearance. They too had been smashed to rubble, although if this happened in combat or if Vaneeth (or possibly the adventurers) opted to destroy them for fun was unknowable.

At the top of the west tower we found Ralimnos' private chambers, where he reported met his end. Here too were signs of combat, spilling out onto the walkway that crossed between the towers many jopens in the air above the mountain.

Again, I'm left with questions, but this time, nephew, I feel confident in my beliefs that this dungeon did not spontaneously form from the landscape. Ralimnos created this fortification, of that I am certain. But is this an isolated incident? Perhaps this is not a "true" dungeon.

Ferguson and I go in search of cold weather gear for our next stop many days to the north.

