

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION: A WYRM BY ANY OTHER NAME	4
CHAPTER ONE: THE DRAGON MOOT.	5
CHAPTER TWO: THE BLUE RAT.	19
CHAPTER THREE: THE DARKNESS OF SPACE	37
CHAPTER FOUR: SMOKE ON THE WATER.	56
CHAPTER FIVE: CLIFFSIDE	72
CHAPTER SIX: TITHE BEND.	87
CHAPTER SEVEN: THE LAST DRAGON RIDER	101
INDEX.	117



INTRODUCTION

HERE BE DRAGONS

Dragons are the definitive fantasy adventure monster, and while game rules can do a lot to make one dragon different from another, nothing is more memorable than a dragon with a unique personality. *Seven Serpents* provides you with an assortment of strange, peculiar, and exceptional wyrms to challenge, mystify, or support the protagonists of any fantasy roleplaying campaign. Each of the creatures and lairs in this book are yours now. Use them any way you like, and remember, when a dragon takes the stage, two things always follow it: adventure and heroes.

SECTION LAYOUT

Each of the dragon lairs in this book is presented in the same format. Here's what you'll find in each section.

AT A GLANCE

Look here for a quick overview of the dragon and the lair. You'll get a sense for the characters and setting of the entry, as well as how you can use it in your campaign.

PLACEMENT

Here you'll find important information on the lair's surroundings. Use this section to find the right spot for the lair in your campaign world.

INHABITANTS

This section provides character profiles and complete game statistics for the important inhabitants of each lair.

THE LAIR

This meaty section describes the lair itself, including important rooms, objects, traps, and other features. Scour this section carefully before your characters venture into the lair, so you'll be ready when they do.

SCENES

When you're ready to use a lair in your campaign, look here for ideas on how adventures might develop around the dragon or the lair.

ALTERNATE VERSIONS

Lastly, you'll find suggestions on modifying the lair for different styles of campaigns or adventures.

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THE DRAGON MOOT



AT A GLANCE

Every 300 hundred years, representatives from the different dragon breeds gather for one year at the Ur Tree to confer, a meeting known as the *Ukkin* or ‘Folkmoot.’ Once a towering, magical thing of beauty that stood five miles high, today the tree lies on its side, collapsed and half-buried under a lush tropical forest. It is the only neutral ground among dragon kind, where regardless of alignment, philosophy, or religion, the clan leaders put aside their conflicts to discuss larger matters at hand; if they can’t, the powerful clan assigned the thankless task of protecting the tree puts them in their place. During the moot, the dragons consider their affairs of state and relations with the other races, and examine how noteworthy events (such as the coming of the humans’ prophesied savior or the return of the elves’ Summer King) affect dragon existence, if at all. But the tree is much more than a simple assembly ground or vast council chamber: according to some legends, Marduk — the father of dragonkind — lay down inside the tree’s enormous trunk to die, and his moldering flesh gave way to the first of the great dragons. For as long as they can remember, the dragons have returned to this place to pay respect to his memory.

PLACEMENT

The remains of the Ur Tree lie in a remote and deadly jungle landscape. The tree’s corpse is so massive that it resembles a large hill or small mountain. Its broken stumps are a taller than some of the trees that grow on its trunk, and it’s thicker around at the base than some walled towns. It is disturbingly unnatural, despite its perfectly natural origins.

There are no noteworthy humanoid settlements nearby, for the land is already much too dangerous

even without the intermittent presence of the dragons. It's a primeval place — far older than anything in human or elven reckoning — and nature has had plenty of time to take its course. Today the site is obfuscated beneath layer after layer of dirt, rock, and tropical foliage.

Consider the following when using Dragon Moot in your campaign:

- Dragons value privacy above all else. As such, the tree should be in an exceptionally difficult-to-reach location. When adventurers do come across it, they should be the first ones in a very long time to do so. No one in recorded history has ever returned from the tree *and* documented its location (though rumors of its location persist in taverns, feast halls, and other places frequented by adventurers). If the characters are in a part of the world where it is highly improbable they would find the Ur Tree on their own, transport them there by other means: the sky ship they're traveling aboard gets blown off course, a teleport spell goes horribly awry, or a disgruntled dragon carries them there herself.
- A tree that once stood five miles high is pretty hard to picture in the mind's eye, as are the remnants of such a thing lying on a rainforest floor in the equivalent of South America. Remember, it comes from an age when trees typically stood that high, when giants stood half that height, and gods and goddesses commonly inhabited the protean lands of the world. Mortals were mere animals then. If the original tree was once awe-inspiring, the dead one is a profound and terrifying mystery. Play this up when the adventurers first encounter the Ur Tree, though subtly. Don't let on that it's a tree until they get deep inside and first see familiar rings and patterns on its petrified walls, or until the tree's ghost whispers to the party's druid, late at night.

INHABITANTS

KUSIG, SON OF KULIANNA

Wild Child

"Me, Kusig. You, dinner."

Kulianna Sarrayusa (KOO-lee-ah-nah sar-ah-YOO-sah), the Ur Tree's last active guardian, often said she knew from the beginning her only child would be an angry one, judging from the odd coloration of his prenatal shell. Whereas typical gold dragon eggs are a soft, supple gold color speckled with platinum spots, Kusig's (KOO-sigs) was a dirty, tarnished brass color slashed through with virulent green lacerations. His hatching wasn't an easy one; the shell refused to crack under his repeated, impatient blows. For two days straight, he worked against it, but it refused him his freedom. Of course, Kulianna could not interfere, for if the infant dragon was not fit enough to escape his own shell then he was certainly not fit for the world (a belief many dragons hold). When the shell buckled at long last, Kusig fell face forward into the wet mulch. His strangled cry was so bitter it wrenched his mother's heart.

Later, on his seventh birthday, she told him that she blamed his father for his difficult birth. Kusig was unusual; he came from parents of two different breeds, which is normally impossible. Yet the magic of the Ur Tree had made it possible. Kulianna often said Ferndrake Azantubari, Kusig's father, was a handsome specimen of a green dragon. His scales were a perfect shade of emerald, his regal bearing was worthy of a gold dragon, and his darkly handsome eyes sparkled with intelligence and wit uncharacteristic for a green dragon. Ferndrake never knew of Kulianna's pregnancy. When he left, Kulianna was sad but not especially disappointed. She always preferred a solitary life. She never wanted or required a mate.