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By GRIMTOOTH the TROLL

Foreword by Harley Stroh
Interview by Jim Wampler, Rick Loomis, Paul Ryan O'Connor & Bear Peters

Graphics & additional material by Steven S. Crompton

New material edited by Joseph Goodman

With art by Steven S. Crompton, Liz Danforth, Michael Von Glahn, Steve Jackson, Jim Wampler & Jeff Dee.

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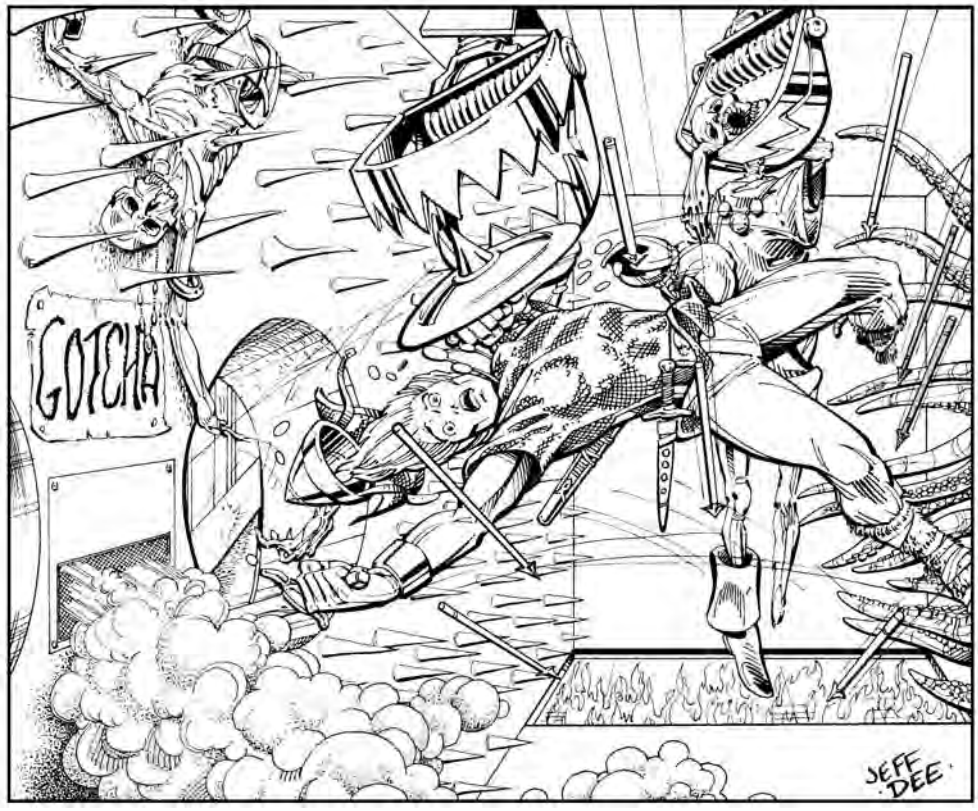


"Don't steal anything... or else!" Grimtina

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First time ever: The original black and white cover illustration for Traps Too by Jeff Dee, with no tones or shading.

Foreword

By Harley Stroh

Warning, dear reader: This book is a trap.

Within you will find the occult renderings and mad scribblings of a monster responsible for the deaths of thousands. Between these covers are more than 500 traps, tricks and ruses, created over the span of three decades and collected for the first time for your grisly amusement.

No greater catalog of gruesome death and dismemberment exists in all the Known Worlds.

* * *

Of all the tools in a judge's arsenal, the well-executed trap is the worst. Monsters - be they immune to mundane weapons, titanic in size, or fearsome in their wrath - can all be undone by clever players, usually with not much more than a mule and a barrel of flammable lard. Monsters are quantifiable; if something has hit points then it can be killed. If not today, then perhaps tomorrow, with better tactics and more mules. (There is a reason gods should never be given stats.)

But not traps. They are a betrayal of the player's imagination: when the safe corridor or chamber they had pictured in their minds is revealed - all too late - to conceal their doom. Worse is the realization that a beloved character's death could have been avoided with different choices - now obvious in hindsight. Every veteran dungeoneer has experienced this initial disbelief and frustration, emotions that eventually mature into a cagey wariness and understanding of a simple truth: In the dim light of a flickering torch, anything could be a trap.

But with experience also comes the wisdom that any trap can be averted through clever, creative play; that with attention to detail and the proper application of a 10' pole, even Sezrekan's famed Passage of Ten-Thousand-and-One Dooms can be discovered, dismantled, and finally repurposed. (Spikes with no-save poison, you say? I order the hirelings to affix them to my shield.)

At this level, the crime isn't in a trap being deadly, but in being boring. When your players have honed their wit to a razor's edge and hang on your every word in the hopes of gleaning a vital clue, another pit trap simply won't do. When their PCs drive helpless livestock (or hirelings) into the dungeon before them, pour water over flagstones in search of trapdoors, and question whether the smoke from their torches is being driven by the faintest of drafts, that's when it is time for Grimtooth's Traps.

Herein, you will find what you seek: the devious and the demented; traps that encompass entire rooms, or can be concealed within a keyhole; traps that hide in plain sight, and traps concealed behind traps. All rendered in sufficient detail to ensure that they can be defeated and circumvented by cautious play, while offering death in ways never before imagined.

And a trap that can't be imagined by a character (or his player) is a trap that can kill.

* * *

If you read this far, is already too late.

This tome is perhaps Grimtooth's most nefarious creation: a temporal trap in the guise of a guide. Turn these leaves, decipher these runes, and you will find that entire hours and days have vanished from your life. In their place you will find that the spirit of Grimtooth himself has found a home.

Five hundred traps? That might satisfy an apprentice or journeyman. But surely the world could use just a few more. And before long you will be doing HIS work, designing your own ever-more fiendish traps to inflict on PCs the Worlds over.

We have been warned.

- Harley Stroh, October 2014

Harley Stroh has designed dozens of adventure modules for the Dungeon Crawl Classics series, including several with nefarious traps inspired by a longtime appreciation of Grimtooth's work. The DCC series has more than 80 adventures in print as of this writing, and Harley's fearsome traps have been hard at work killing characters since Dungeon Crawl Classics #12.5: The Iron Crypt of the Heretics. Harley lives in Colorado with his wife, his dog, his daughter, and far too many gaming books.



Goodman Interview: Grimtooth & Friends

by Jim Wampler

Candid conversations with the chaotic crew that devised hundreds of deadly and diabolical traps guaranteed to scare the plate mail off even the most seasoned of dungeon delvers.



Rick Loomis

Founder Flying Buffalo

Goodman Games: So, let's start with a brief history recap: you founded Flying Buffalo in 1970, initially to facilitate a new play-by-mail game that you had written called Nuclear Destruction. You incorporated the company later in 1972, and later still, even purchased a micro-computer (before such a thing as personal computers even existed) in order to run your game so that you could play yourself. So Flying Buffalo started out as the world's first play-by-mail game company?

Rick Loomis: I bought the computer so that I could handle as many customers as would sign up for my game. Those MMOG's that are so popular with millions of players? That is exactly what I had in mind back in 1972 when I bought the computer. If I only had 100 customers, I could run everything by hand. But I knew that would never make enough money. The idea, and hope, was to handle thousands, and possibly millions. Yes, there were other people running Diplomacy games by mail, but I was the first person to do it for a living, instead of a hobby.

GG: Then in 1975 a very young Ken St. Andre approached you to sell a game that he had written primarily out of frustration with trying to understand the original



D&D rules. Tell us how that led to Tunnels & Trolls (T&T), the world's second published fantasy role playing game.

RL: Ken had borrowed a copy of D&D from an employee of mine, read through it in an evening, and decided it was too complicated and "not done right." He invented his own RPG, and played it with his friends, then printed 100 copies to sell to his friends. He knew I was going to the Origins game convention in Baltimore and brought me his last 40 copies and asked me to sell them at the convention. I knew this was a stupid idea - the game had no board, no counters, and no one "wins" at the end. No one would want this nonsense. But Ken was a friend and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I figured I'd take them to Origins, put them on the corner of the table, and then when no one bought them, I could tell Ken I tried. But to my surprise I sold all 40. So hey, I can admit when I'm wrong - I came home and asked Ken if I could publish it.

Shortly afterwards, another friend of Ken's, Steve McAllister, in a conversation right after a local science fiction convention, suggested that someone should make an RPG adventure like a "programmed text." I probably should explain that: back in the 70's there was a fad in education called programmed texts. The textbook would present a problem: "What is 7 minus 3? If your answer is 10, turn to page twelve. If your answer is 4, turn to page fifteen." If you turned to page twelve, it would say: "No, sorry, you added instead of subtracted. Now go back to page one and try again." If you turned to page fifteen, it would say: "Yes, congratulations, you subtracted correctly. Now here is your next problem." He thought it would be interesting if the book could lead you through an adventure that way. I agreed and immediately went home and wrote Buffalo Castle, which was the very first solo adventure for any RPG. It was in 1975, before any of those Choose Your Own Adventure or Fighting Fantasy books. Then Ken quickly wrote "Deathtrap Equalizer Dungeon" and "Naked Doom" and solo adventures became T&T's niche.

GG: In 1981, Flying Buffalo continued to pioneer the burgeoning

RPG market by publishing the Catalyst series of system-neutral role playing supplements. How did that come about and what made you decide to go with a system-neutral approach? It's a common practice now, but not back then...

RL: D&D was obviously a huge market, much bigger than T&T, and we wanted something we could sell to all those game players.

GG: Although the Catalyst series went on to include adventures, campaign settings, and treasure and magic books, the very first Catalyst series book was Grimtooth's Traps. How did that come about and why a book featuring just dungeon traps?

RL: Other folks had published books of spells, monsters and treasure. I wanted to publish something no one else was doing, and at the time no one else had done a book of traps.

GG: At what point did you realize that you had a massive hit on your hands - one that would eventually lead to a series of eight books?

RL: We released Grimtooth's Traps at the San Jose Origins Convention and sold over 100 copies at $10 each. That was our best Origins up to that point, and we were very pleased. After the convention, I heard from other publishers that it had been a terrible Origins - sales were awful. When I discovered how bad everyone else's sales had been, I realized we had a hit on our hands.

GG: On that same note - what do you think gives these books such enduring popularity? These books are all basically about how to kill player characters more efficiently in a dungeon, after all. Is it the pure insidious nature of each and every trap? The humorous approach of the books? Or being such a collaborative effort with dozens of contributors, did the whole concept simply metamorphose into something greater than any of the individual parts?

RL: I'm not really sure. I suspect it was because Paul O'Connor, the first editor, decided to go with humor. It's like you and Grimtooth getting together and laughing about how you and he are going to terrorize that poor, hapless adventurer. Humor is difficult to bring off properly, and Paul did it just right. People don't just buy the books to get trap ideas. They are always telling me they just love reading them.

Paul Ryan O'Connor

Editor, Grimtooth's Traps



Goodman Games: You were the editor on Grimtooth's Traps, Grimtooth's Traps Too, and Grimtooth Traps Lite (tell me if I missed anything)?

Paul Ryan O'Connor: I'm pretty sure I edited Traps Ate and Traps Lite, too, as a freelancer for Rick, well after I left Flying Buffalo. As with all the Traps books, it was as much or more a writing job as an editing job, as we never had enough submissions to fill out a given book, and most of what we received had to be heavily re-written.

GG: What was it like trying to ride herd on such a diverse and highly creative group of contributors? Did you feel like the lone Lawful Good guy at a Chaotic Neutral rave party?

PRO'C: It was more like being Sauron among the Hobbits. On the first Traps book, I had plenty of old Buffalo pros (chiefly Mike Stackpole and Larry DiTillio, though all the staff pitched in) to create content, sometimes under multiple names, but with every instance of Traps the books were largely written by the "editors," with most fan-submissions being heavily edited or re-written. Artist Steve Crompton was also heavily involved on the creative side, often taking crazy notes and making them into working traps that were then written and "designed" to fit his very fine illustrations.

I was always happy to award credit to the fans - that was half the fun of these books - but for the most part, the books were written by staff, and in this regard, I have to thank Liz Danforth for letting me lead the Traps project. She handed me the assignment when I was a teenager and let me see it through with minimal oversight. I will always be in her debt for the trust she afforded me with this series.

GG: The Grimtooth's Traps books are full of solid gold game content with the traps alone, but starting almost immediately with

Traps Too, the books began to include metacontent, like crossword puzzles and even a Grimtooth comic. Whose idea was all of that madness?

PRO'C: I left Buffalo during production of Traps Too, so you'd have to ask Liz or Mike or Pat Mueller about their thinking, but I expect it was a mixture of their desire to stretch the genre, of a dearth of ready traditional traps content for the book, of a looming deadline, and their own creative nature that caused them to arrive at that particular decision.

GG: What special challenges did the Grimtooth's Traps books present that were different from the other Catalyst series books?

PRO'C: The biggest challenge was in being first. Grimtooth's Traps was the first of what would become Buffalo's generic /Catalyst series books, so we were figuring that part of it as we went along. Traps was always more free-wheeling than the more serious Citybooks and such, but we still had to blaze a trail for the way generic books were written and presented.

I made two decisions as the editor of Traps that I think really made an impact on the series. The first was that the book needed a "narrator." I was thinking of someone like the Crypt Keeper from the old EC horror comics, and Liz suggested that I use the Grimtooth character that she and Ugly John Carver had created for Sorcerer's Apprentice magazine.

The second was deciding that the project should be generic, rather than Tunnels & Trolls specific (it had begun by soliciting Sorcerers Apprentice readers to send in their best T&T traps). I loved T&T, but recognized it would limit our market and pushed for a generic approach. In this, Traps was part of a wave of products reacting to the dominance of Dungeons & Dragons, a kind of precursor to the more formal Open Game License program that later publishers would use. I don't think we were the first to do generic (that was probably Judges' Guild) but along with Chaosium we really pushed that form forward. Traps lost the Origins award to Chaosium's Thieves World, which was a terrific product that has kind of been lost to the mists of time, I think largely because it wasn't generic so much as multi-system, but it was still part of that making-the-best-of-things that all RPG publishers who weren't TSR had to deal with at the time.

GG: Many gamers prefer to mainly either play in games as players or to run them as referees. As a former editor, I imagine that you prefer to referee games?

PRO'C: I suppose I ran games more often than I was a player, yes. The thing that struck me as odd - as a teenager moved out to Phoenix, run away to join the circus with Flying Buffalo - was how infrequently the Buffalo folks actually sat down to play games. I think I ran as many T&T games as the rest of them did combined during my eighteen months on the staff. Now, as an older and hopefully wiser hand, I understand how making a job of things reduces your enthusiasm for what was formerly your hobby. And to be fair, we did game quite a bit back then, just not as much as eighteen-year-old me might have liked! As a kid, I had that crazy impression that the job would be all gaming, all the time.

GG: And I have to ask... your favorite trap ever? How many player characters did it kill?

PRO'C: The Infamous Wheel Trap, of course, which as part of my editor's prerogative I gave the lead-off spot in the first Traps book. It must have killed dozens - hundreds? - of characters. We used to splash a lot of blood in my games. The guys wouldn't even name their characters until they'd gotten through the wheel room (and the decapitating roller coaster ride that preceded it in my gonzo gauntlet of doom - the Blitz Pitz). Ah, memories. We'd kill characters by the page. Kids these days, they have no idea ... (grumbles).

Steven S. Crompton

Primary Illustrator
Grimtooth's Traps, et al



Goodman Games: The Grimtooth's Traps series is a near-perfect storm of creative collaboration by a large and eclectic group of gamers. But if I were to single out any one contributor who seemed to especially symbolize the esprit de corps of these books, that would have to be you. How did you first get involved with Flying Buffalo and the Grimtooth books?

Steven S. Crompton: My younger sister Gina (and the

inspiration for Grimtina) met Rick Loomis at summer camp. He hired my sister and I to work at collating T&T solos and putting together box sets, back in 1980. Eventually, I ended up working in the Flying Buffalo store, where I met Liz. I had been taking commercial art classes in high school and she saw I could draw decent diagrams and floor plans, so she gave me the task of diagramming all the traps for this book they were working on. That book became Grimtooth's Traps. Paul O'Connors' warped humor took the book from being a semi-serious tome into something filled with dark, sardonic humor. As his twisted editing of the submitted traps progressed, my art reflected more and more that same humor.

GG: I understand that the character Grimtooth began life as Liz Danforth's humorous take on the troll depicted in the first edition Tunnels & Trolls box art. How much of the Grimtooth character in the Traps books is your doing, how much Liz's, and how much a product of a group gestalt?

SSC: Well I always thought I was just carrying on what Liz started with Grimtooth, but she says I took him in a whole different direction. Grimtooth was her design and her creation. As I drew him, certainly I was heavily influenced by MAD magazine and some of the humorous comics put out by DC & Marvel in the 1970s. I was a big fan of Superman and if you think about classic Superman comics and Grimtooth, you can see that both of them seem indestructible and both have a white dog and a blonde younger "sister." One of the other things Paul and I used to talk about all the time was the Dr. Phibes films and you can see some of that sort of humor in the Traps books as well. Liz also has a decidedly dark sense of humor and I think that remains in Grimtooth to this very day.

GG: Did you ever get tired of drawing new and gruesome ways for player characters to meet their doom?

SSC: I think occasionally when I was working on a Traps book and would get about three-quarters of the way through, I'd get "traps fatigue." Really though, I pretty much loved drawing all the Traps. The tricky part was trying not to go too gory with the art. I liked to try to experiment using different styles and techniques in each book, which always kept me excited with the results.

GG: How much of the humorous approach to the material had its origin in actual play experience? Those were the gonzo days early in the hobby...

SSC: Well Paul and I played with Bear Peters and Ken St Andre, and those two definitely have a sense of humor when they run games, so certainly what they contributed was taken from that. Most of the submissions were from fellow RPGers, but most of them were not meant to be funny, they were serious traps used to kill over-powered players (a quite common problem back in the early days of RPGs). We added the humor to the best traps we could find or create.

GG: Decades later, you re-teamed with Rick Loomis to remaster many of the early Grimtooth's Traps books. They say you can never go home again, but apparently you can go back to the dungeon. What was it like revisiting all that great material again in this day and age of the Old School Renaissance?

SSC: Well it always great to be able to go back and adjust some things that either didn't print well, or weren't as funny as originally drawn. In looking back at the older books, I was surprised by how little Grimtooth actually appeared, so I added him into illustrations and the margins to give him more of a visual presence. The other thing I noticed was that some of the traps I had drawn did not have any people in them, which tended to make the traps less interesting. So I added victims into the illos to give you a better idea of the size of the trap and how it would work. It's been great to be able to do that on art I drew over 30 years ago!

GG: What do you consider the single deadliest dungeon trap that you've created or been asked to illustrate?

SSC: In Traps Ate there is a trap called "One Orc's Sauna is Another Man's Body Liquid." Delvers fall into a superheated tube, where their liquefied remains are pored into a large "hot tub" while Grimtooth relaxes in while he drinks from a wine goblet. I don't know if it's the deadliest - but it's the most disturbing - and I drew it!

One last thing I wanted to add was that although I drew the vast majority of the traps in the books, there are five artists who actually did art for the Traps books. Liz Danforth has a dozen illos of Grimtooth that appear in the books (she also designed the original cover to the first book). Jeff Dee did the illo that is on the cover of Traps Too; Michael Von Glahn did most of the illos in Traps Fore and Scott Jackson did

some illos in Traps Bazaar. And yes, yours truly did all the other 400 illos in the Traps books.

Bear Peters

Jack of All Trades, Flying Buffalo



Goodman Games: You were there at ground zero in Ken St. Andre's very first Tunnels & Trolls playtest. Was that your first gaming experience or do you go back even further than that?

Bear Peters: Even though it seems like the dawn of time, gaming goes back well before the advent of Tunnels and Trolls and D&D. I played Risk, Diplomacy, some of the very early hex grid tactical games; Gettysburg, Jutland, Panzer Blitz, as well as other board games. My mom taught me chess at the age of 7, and given my current age, I can't remember if we had Knights or if they were called Chariots.

We also played cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians, and due to the advent of the "space age" had adventures set on other planets! These "flights of fancy" - along with the structure of boardgames - created in me and my friends fertile ground for the evolution of fantasy role playing games.

GG: You worked at Flying Buffalo as a self-admitted "jack of all trades," and were an early contributor to the Grimtooth's Traps series. Who exactly was the original Grimtooth?

BP: The "jack of all trades" thing was evolutionary. In the early days at Buffalo everyone wore many hats. I provided content, helped with game design, printing, game assembly, collating, shipping, and did a little light construction (both in dungeon building, at which I was fairly good, and in erecting shelving, which later collapsed rather catastrophically!).

Strangely, though, I was not a substantial contributor at the beginning of the Traps products. I want to say that the idea evolved from Paul O'Connor, who gave Grimtooth a voice, and some fan mail Buffalo had received over the years. As things grew and evolved it became more and more the work of Steve Crompton, whose illustrations have served to clarify and delineate the "perfection" of Grimtooth's designs over the entire run. Over the years Grimtooth has gone from a fusion of many hands to become a personality in his own right. For me, Grimtooth became "real" when he "showed up one day" trying to get his kid sister Grimtina a job!

My affiliation with Grimtooth came about when my dungeon construction, particularly morphic rooms and traps, collided with the traps concept - sometime between Traps Fore, and Traps Ate.

GG: You've written many, many games and gaming products, but I'd like to ask about Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom. If you wrote it, how come it's credited to

My First Design Meeting with Grimtooth

by Bear Peters

So there I was, sitting in my favorite tavern wondering what my next gig was going to be when up walks this short, wiry fellow with a sinister grin, wearing an olive drab trench coat and fedora.

"You Bear Peters?" he asked, plunking down his keister on an adjacent bar stool.

It kind of reminded me of the last time I saw Rob Carver, if you could ignore the pointy ears that poked out from under the fedora.

"Yeah," I said. "You look familiar. Have we met?"

Ever since I got tied up with Ken St. Andre, Liz Danforth, Flying Buffalo, and Tunnels & Trolls, long-eared, greenish, toothy guys in trench coats had ceased to surprise me.

"Not so much, kid!" He said grinning that signature toothy grin, "But I have admired your work for some time. Dungeon of the Bear, Catacombs of the Bear Cult... sound familiar?"

He took off his fedora, and tossed it on the bar. The bartender turned to him and upon seeing his bald pate and pale green face with it's long ears and sharp dentition, didn't bat an eye. (There were reasons why I like this place!)

"What'll you have?"

"Two of what he's having," the little Troll had noticed my empty pint glass.

Turning to me he announced, "Grimtooth, Trap Master Extraordinaire!" He said it in a way that made it clear that if I didn't know him by his title, I wasn't the man he was looking for.

continued next page

Grimtooth? Were you upstaged by a reportedly fictitious troll?

BP: The Traps books are supposed to be collections assembled by Grimtooth for the entertainment and bemusement of our fans. In past books he seemed to be more of a producer/director/majordomo. I wanted people to feel the same way I did, that the "little Troll" was a guiding presence. At the time it seemed like a harmless jest. Little did I know that, though I did all the "heavy lifting," Grimtooth was about to gain the limelight. Fact is that Dungeon of Doom, with the exception of three of the traps in it, is exclusively my creation (with considerable editorial help from my own "special assistants"), as well as the resolution of my desire to build dungeons and my desire to build traps to put in them.

GG: In the gaming industry, many "nom de plumes" originate in-game, but I hear that the name "Bear" stems directly from your love as a young man of bashing people in real life? Have I got that right?

BP: Me, bashing people? No! I am a mild mannered, unassuming fellow. The bashing part is at best secondary. The "true story" is different, and complicated.

Let me start by saying that I have been "Bear" for over 44 years! Longer by far than my "given" name. I am a firm believer in the native American concept of giving a child a birth name, until he or she "grows into or earns" their adult name.

I once had aspirations of entering the Society for Creative Anachronism. I adopted the nom de guerre of "Bjorn of The Broad Ax," which was immediately shortened to Bjorn. As everyone knows who has been exposed to Tolkein, or in my case Norse myth and legend, Bjorn means bear. Well, my band of friends did not graft well to the SCA tree, personalities, and politics, but Bjorn lingered. The summer following this escapade saw me join the work force at a magnesium and aluminum foundry in Phoenix, Arizona. This was a uniquely Bear-like thing to do - taking a job in a metal foundry working with metal at 1,100 to 2,200 degrees, in the Arizona desert, in the summer! This was undertaken with the assistance of the brother of a friend of mine, Fred. The crew at this business were composed largely of non-anglophones who were having trouble with the pronunciation of the Norse Bjorn (Bay-yorn?) until finally Fred said, "Just call him Bear!"

The change was immediate and, like the ripple from a falling stone, spread through the aether in a wave covering the whole world, and it was so!

GG: Finally, please tell us what your single favorite dungeon trap is, and why.

BP: How does a father choose from among his children who is his favorite? Oh my... Keep in mind that there are traps from my non-Trap dungeons that enter into this question too - many, many of them. Alas, a favorite... hmm?

I have always been a fan of self-inflicted-damage traps. Things that if the victims would just stop and think it through, they would, if not escape, at least mitigate the damage. The delver-powered escalator with the blades at the bottom would be pure slap-stick if not for the end result!

Strangely, I think one of my

The bar tender returned with two pints of an almost ink-black beverage - Sleeping Lion Russian Imperial Stout, a potable impressive enough to make you impetuous, and amped enough not to let you forget your transgressions.

The Troll tossed him an single Khosht gold piece - not something one sees on the streets or in the taverns of Phoenix Arizona. "Keep the change," he said as he flashed the sinister side of that signature toothy smile, "and give us some space."

The bartender moved down to the other end of the bar, biting the coin on the way. (I knew the barkeep was old school, which was another reason that I liked the place.)

Turning to me, the troll said, "What is this stuff, tar?"

Score one for the local boy. "Try it, you'll like it. It will keep your fires lit," I said, rallying from meeting the legendary Trapster in the flesh.

I had been talking to Rick Loomis of Flying Buffalo Games, the impresario who had been funding my success for the past few years, about arranging for me to work with Grimtooth on a project. I had an idea that I was sure would snare him.

It seemed that Rick had pulled some strings. That old wizard never fails to amaze me. And now it looked like I was going to get a chance to make my pitch!

Grimtooth sampled the brew, raised a eyebrow, and said, "Different."

Not good, not bad, just different. Maybe I wasn't ahead on points after all. Well, different summed me up so I chose to go with it.

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favorite traps is very simple. The one involving a long tunnel into a room filled with a powdery carbon-based substance. In a culture with torch-based illumination, this trap has a simple elegance. Undisturbed, this room is harmless, but there is no delver born who will just walk away from the treasure that is sure to lie within. Then the thrashing about begins, the dust rises, and - BOOM! Self inflicted, simple physics - no magic, nor in fact a detectable trap by any divination, just a store room of doom. I have to say that this is one of my favorites.

Grimtooth

Trap Master Extraordinaire

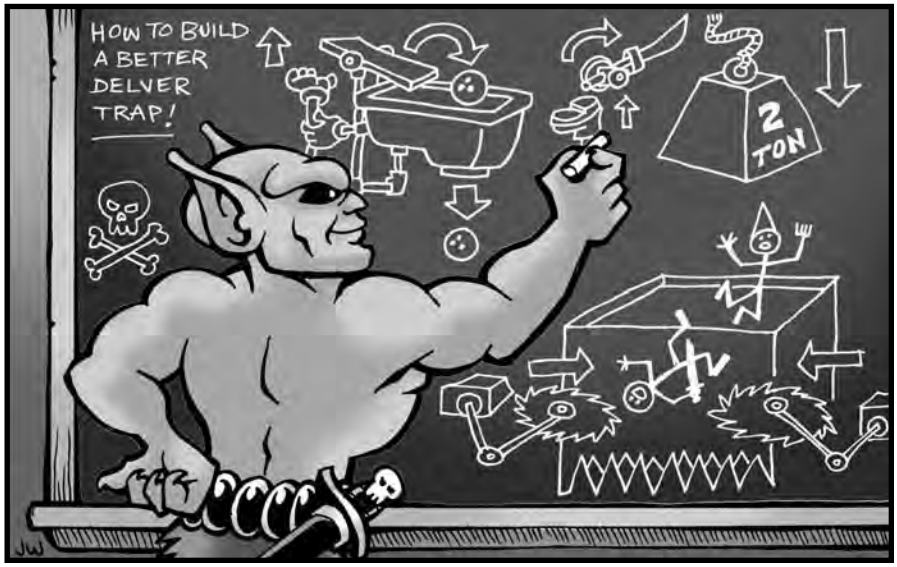
Goodman Games: As the namesake, official mascot, and credited author of the Grimtooth's Traps books, I have to assume that you deserve the lion's share of the credit for the evil genius evident in said books. Did anyone else at Flying Buffalo really even contribute to these books or were they all just cashing paychecks?

Grimtooth: Mascot? Mascot!? The last person that called me a "mascot" I had stuffed and mounted in the main hallway as an example! Don't ever call me a mascot again - or I'll add you to my collection of dead fools. Now, as for the rest of your fawning question, the answer is obvious - I did it all. None deserve credit other than me. I suppose the victims, I mean "volunteers," that died while I tested all my traps are worthy of a brief nod of thanks. But I can't think of anyone else worth mentioning. Really, they are all a bunch of hanger-ons, all trying to benefit from my labors.

GG: After all these years, can you tell us which is you favorite trap, or is that like asking you to name your favorite child?

GT: Ahhh... how does one pick a favorite child or a favorite wife? Yet, there is one that stands out in my memory. A trap of such complicated overkill, that its sheer ability to destroy a party of greedy trespassers is a joy to watch. It's my Overkill Boulder Room. I enjoy the fact that each thing the delvers attempt to do in order to escape brings on the next horrific stage of their own destruction. Some days, Grimtina and I just sit for hours watching the adventurers get their comeuppance. We often bet on how long they'll last. I think you'll find it in the megatrap section of Traps Lite.

GG: So just between you and me, what's Liz Danforth really like?



"I guess Rick got a hold of you."

"Yeah, he said you had an idea that was sharper then a guillotine, and hotter than a lava pit." He took another pull on his pint, and shook his head as if he still wasn't sure about it or me. "As you may have guessed, I've come quite a way to get here." (I guess that could be safely said of travelling from a parallel dimension.) "Show me what you got!"

Well this was it - the big time. It was then that I laid it all out for him - a dungeon such as no one had ever seen before. No wandering monsters, just the simple elegance of traps powered - in most cases without magic - but just by water pressure and delver curiosity. A dungeon that was not meant to be run as a gauntlet, but rather as a showcase of the most diabolical traps that the greatest trap designing and collective minds could gather. This would not be a simple dungeon as much as it would be an epic showcase for displaying classic trap design artifice.

He was hooked. In that place and at that time we mapped out The Dungeon of Doom. Not as a true dungeon, but as a show place for a battery of cunning traps from which, in my mind, designers were meant to pick and choose to augment their own delvings.

Little did I realize that as I set about building this thing, the little Troll had trapped me too.

Delvers came from far and wide to "challenge The Dungeon of Doom." The little fiend had tricked me into building an unendurable deathtrap, that no delver could resist!

GT: Hmm... I would guess much like venison or elk, but with a touch of Tabasco sauce and a hint of sangria. You'd be surprised at the variety of flavors humanity comes in. It's the other red meat.

GG: Any thoughts on why your traps are still so popular in these modern times of power-gaming, weird dice, and new-fangled role-playing games?

GT: Why wouldn't my tomes be popular? I have invented the greatest way to end a long, boring dungeon quest - KILL THE DELVERS! And with my books, one can do it so stylishly, so artfully, that even the victims respect their own demise. Besides, you humans loved the gladiatorial games of ancient Rome and even today you watch mixed martial arts, football and boxing. My books fit right in with your savage natures.

GG: What advice would you give to would-be trap engineers, or is that a lost art these days?

GT: Don't just kill the delvers, put a theme or a dramatic flair into your trap. Make their punishment be funny, ironic, or appropriate to their foolish actions. And always let them think there is a chance they might be able to escape (even if there isn't). You'll have fun watching them scramble to survive.

GG: Is there such a thing as a trap that's too deadly?

GT: What? Of course not!

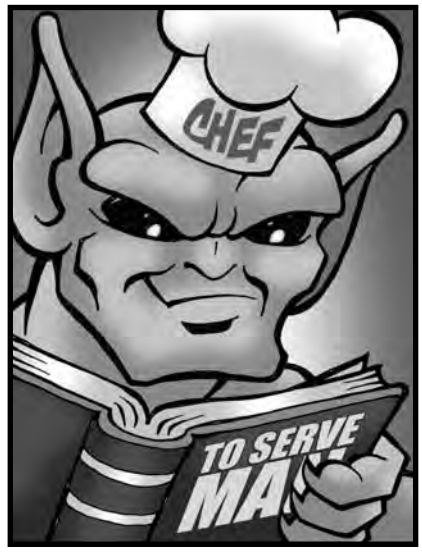
GG: Ethical dilemma: Is it better to kill a player character with a trap, or to scare them so badly that they need a change of undergarments and armor?

GT: "Ethical dilemma?" I've never experienced such a thing. That's obviously some human concept. A trap should be as deadly as you need it to be.

That said, there's no point wasting more resources than you need to get rid of a delver. A good scare near the entrance will chase off the weak-willed and the posers. As delvers descend deeper into your sacred treasure chambers, you'll need more deadly traps to eliminate those professional thieves who give up less easily. If you have a well-equipped dungeon, you can kill or keep out the riff-raff, without losing your precious valuables.

Enough of this prattle - I have traps to design and build and you have my peerless prose to share with a grateful world. Now GET OUT, while you still can...







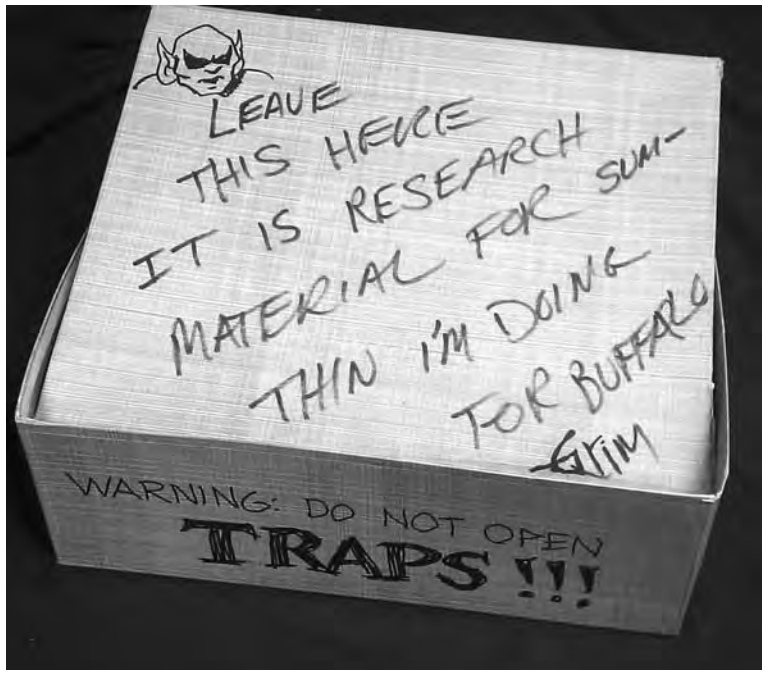
Jim Wampler is the creator of the Marvin the Mage comic and is a game writer, designer, podcaster, and artist. Jim's art and articles first appeared in Tim Kask's Adventure Gaming magazine and Judges Guild's Pegasus magazine in the 1980s. In 2006 he formed Mudpuppy Games and published Metamorphosis Alpha 4th edition, and he wrote and illustrated the GALACTA-3 science fiction miniatures game. Jim currently co-hosts the "Save or Die!" and "Spellburn" podcasts. He has also recently contributed cover art and comics to the Knights of the Dinner Table magazine, written a Metamorphosis Alpha adventure for Goodman Games, and is writing an old school-themed post-apocalyptic RPG for publication in 2015. He still selects his breakfast cereal by the prize inside.

Grimtooth Fan Letters & Trap Submissions

By Steven S. Crompton

Back in the 1980s, once the first Traps book came out, we started getting fan letters and submissions from game masters who wanted to see their designs in the next book. All the potentially useful submissions were put in a box where Paul O'Connor or Mike Stackpole would go through them when the time came for the next book. Once a Trap submission had been used, the letter was taken out of the box to make room for new ones. The Traps box was used until about 1997, at which point it was put aside and forgotten.

Flash forward to 2014. I visited Flying Buffalo to discuss the new Traps collection and to see if I could find any lost art or unpublished material that might be of use. Rick Loomis soon directed me to the infamous "Box of Traps." Here is a picture of it...



Once opened, I found dozens of traps that had been sent to Grimtooth over the years. In theory, none of these had actually been used in any of the Traps books.

Along with letters from the U.S., there were also some from Canada, England, and Sweden.

The oldest letter in the box was from 1986, the newest one was from 1997. I went through the traps and I used some of these to create the new traps section in the back of this book.

On the next page are some of the many letters that Grimtooth got....



Fan Letter to Grimtooth: 1983

9 MAY 83
1:06 AM

Dear Grimtooth:

I CANT STAND IT ANYMORE!!!

Puh-Lease! Give another tiny clue or two about the 101st trap in your TRAPS Too!!!!

PUH-LEEEEEEZE ???? I DONT HAVE ANY FINGERNAILS LEFT.

Your RESPECTFUL FAN:



FROM S.S. Crompton VICE-TROLL HUMAN RELATIONS

Dear Human:

Grimtooth will not allow me to give you any clues for this simple substitution letter code. Grimtooth says that he would be amused to hear what the final outcome is as to whether or not you solve his ~~102nd~~,... I mean 101st trap so write us again

By... for now.



S. S. Crompton

The Answer:





Reston VA

GRIMTOOTH
FLYING BUFFALO, INC
P.O. BOX 1467
SCOTTSDALE AZ 85252

Trap Submission to Grimtooth: 1991

DEAR GRIMTOOTH,

I SHOULD START BY SAYING I ENJOY YOUR BOOKS VERY MUCH (MUCH TO THE TORMENT OF MY PLAYERS - HEH, HEH!) I HAVE SPENT MANY HAPPY HOURS READING YOUR TOMES AND CACKLING GLEEFULLY OVER THE EFFECTS OF THE TRAPS THEREIN.

THUS, I HAVE CREATED THIS TRAP TO AMUSE GAME MASTERS AND KILL PLAYER CHARACTERS. HERE GOES...

ONE TROLL'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.. (A ROOM TRAP)

THE DELVING PARTY ENTERS A ROOM TO SEE A TROLL ENJOYING A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET. THE TROLL LOOKS UP AND SAYS, "ENTER, FRIENDS, AND EAT WITH ME!" IF THE CHARACTERS ARE RELUCTANT, YOU MIGHT REMIND THEM THAT TROLLS ARE EASILY OFFENDED.... ANYWAYS, TROLL FOOD IS GREAT FOR TROLLS, BUT IS POISON TO DELVERS! PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL THE PLAYERS THAT AS THEY FADE TO BLACK, THEY HEAR THE TROLL SAYING, "JUST IN TIME FOR DESSERT!"

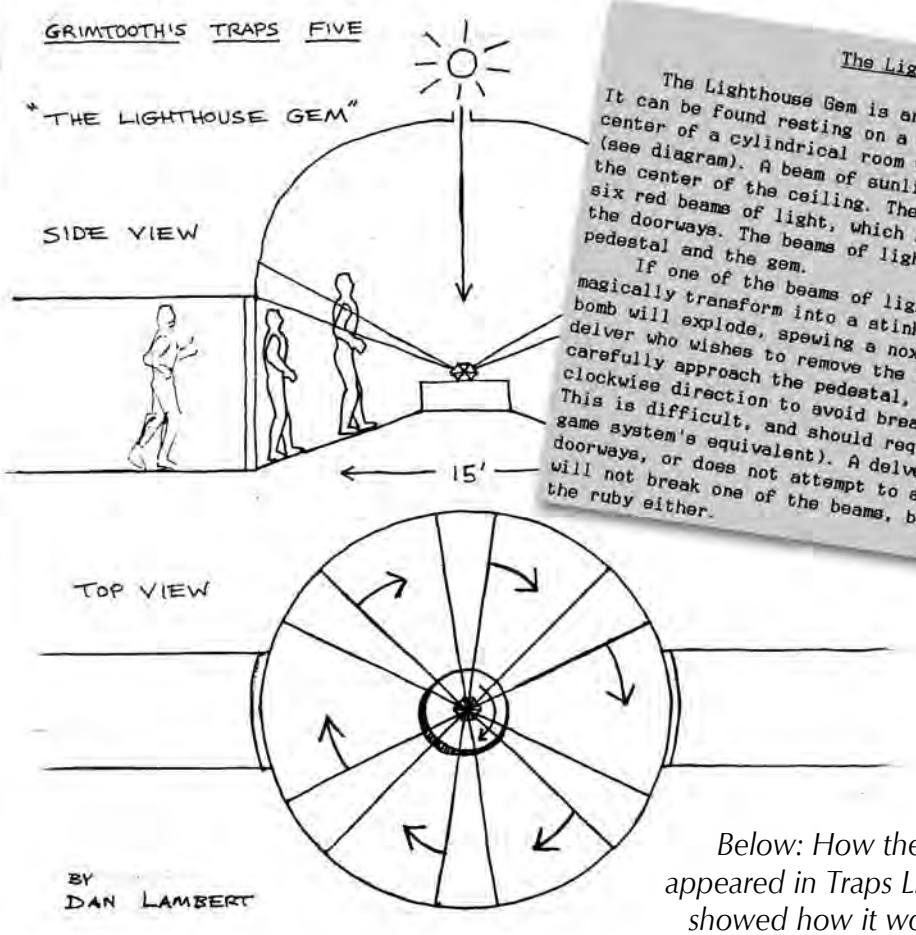
THANK YOU FOR CONSIDERING MY MEAGER OFFERINGS, AND I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR NEXT TRAPS TOME!

SINCERELY,
ROB THORPE (A.K.A. XZAMO, THE GRAND POOBAH OF THE BRANSON SCHOOL)



(See how this trap was used in the New Traps section starting on page 421)

The Making of a Trap: From submission to final version



The Lighthouse Gem

The Lighthouse Gem is an almost priceless, fist-sized ruby. It can be found resting on a slowly-revolving pedestal, in the center of a cylindrical room which is accessible by two doors (see diagram). A beam of sunlight hits the ruby from a hole in the center of the ceiling. The ruby acts as a prism, radiating six red beams of light, which hit the room's walls just above the doorways. The beams of light also revolve slowly, with the pedestal and the gem.

If one of the beams of light is broken, the ruby will magically transform into a stink-bomb. If touched, the stink-bomb will explode, spewing a noxious odor throughout the room. A delver who wishes to remove the ruby from the room must carefully approach the pedestal, while slowly moving in a clockwise direction to avoid breaking one of the beams of light. This is difficult, and should require a Dexterity roll (or your game system's equivalent). A delver who stands in one of the doorways, or does not attempt to approach the room's center, will not break one of the beams, but will not be able to reach the ruby either.

Top: Submitted by Dan Lambert, this idea included 2 views of the trap along with the description.

Below: How the final version of this trap appeared in Traps Lite. One 3/4 view of the trap showed how it worked, and more detail was added on how players might defeat it.

How the Trap Appeared in Traps Lite:



The **LIGHTHOUSE GEM** by Dan Lambert is one of those neat theme room traps, where the room is centered around a treasure which is itself a trap. Put this one high up in your dungeon, near the surface where you can get lots of light. A vertical shaft above the room will do the trick, although you could put this one in a genuine lighthouse and it would work just fine.

In the center of a circular, domed room, rises a pedestal. Atop the pedestal is a valuable magic ruby. The ruby is silvered on six facets, and slowly turns clockwise. Sunlight entering the chamber from above is reflected through the ruby and stabs out across the room in six arms of slowly turning light. The light appears gentle, but is actually a low-intensity laser. Being struck by one of the beams is enough to damage the optic nerve in the eye, even if your eyes are held tightly shut. Elves and others with acute vision are especially vulnerable.

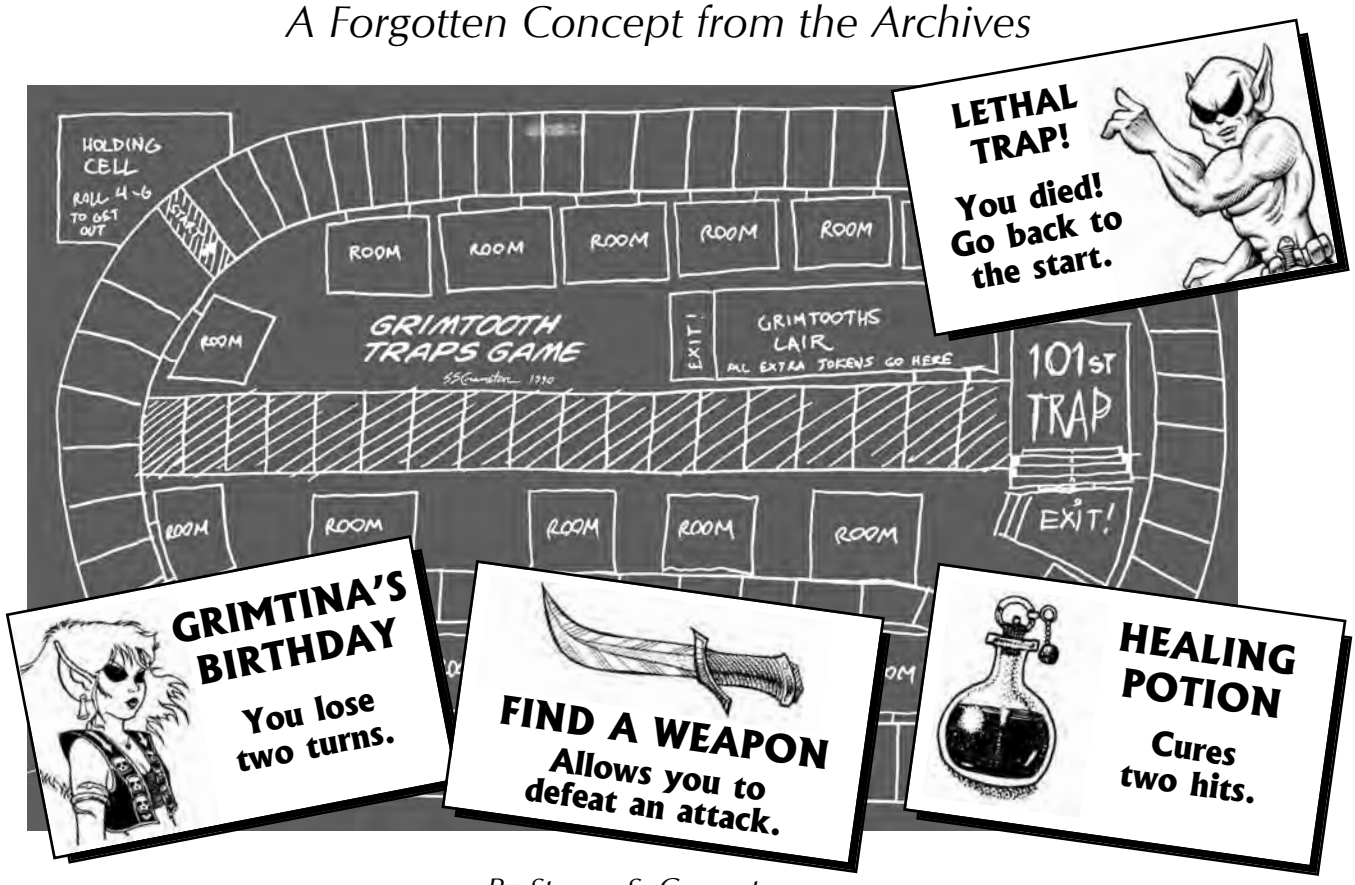


To steal the gem, a thief must enter the room at just the right time, then synchronize his movement with the gem's rotation. An uneven floor makes this more difficult than it might seem. A smart delver might also consider knocking the gem from the pedestal from a distance, or might try to block sunlight from entering the room. If you choose to use this trap, remember to guard the room at night...unless you elect to make the gem run on moonlight, as well.

(In many cases, submitted traps were completely redesigned, keeping only the basic concept.)

The Grimtooth's Traps Boardgame?

A Forgotten Concept from the Archives



By Steven S. Crompton

At various times over the years, the idea of a Grimtooth board game or card game have been discussed. Back in 1990 I wrote down a few ideas and then sketched out a rough of what the board game playfield might look like, if we did a game.

As you can see from the original sketch, the game was meant to simulate adventurers going into Grimtooth's Lair in search of treasure. You could explore rooms, avoid traps and get treasure. There would have been several different victory conditions, including who got the most treasure, died the least times or got out the fastest, but the main requirement was to get all the way through the dungeon and out the exit.

I also planned to have a deck of cards players would draw each turn, which would contain treasure, healing potions, weapons, traps, or events that would add more randomness and variety to each game. Players could even trade their cards if they were on the same space. However, the cards and the rules were never developed beyond my basic ideas.

To celebrate the release of this massive Traps collection, I have gone ahead and completed the art for the gameboard based on my original sketch. In this case though, I've made it be more of a parody of Candyland then the full game that had originally been envisioned.

Who knows? Maybe one day we'll actually take this concept to the next step and create the full Grimtooth Boardgame. In the meantime, have fun looking over something that never quite got past the concept stage...

Fold open next page to see the board game!

HERE'S A *GAME* TO TEACH YOU KIDS THE *REAL* MEANING OF *LIFE - GETTING CRUSHED, HELD BACK & DYING.* YEAH... THIS AIN'T NO *CANDY-LAND.*

Grimtooth's GAME OF TRAPS

TRAPS ENTRANCE
PLAYERS MUST ROLL A **1** TO GET PAST ANY DOOR

START HERE

TRAP! LOSE TWO TURNS!

GO TO GRIMTINA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!

SQUID TRAP! YOU DIED! GO BACK TO START!

TRAP! GO BACK 4 SPACES

RUN **3** SPACES AHEAD!

101ST TRAP ROLL **5** OR **6** TO ESCAPE

EXIT YOU WIN!

YOU DIE! GO BACK TO START!

RUN **2** SPACES AHEAD!

PIT LOSE A TURN

GO BACK TO GRIMTINA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!

PIT LOSE A TURN

YOU ARE DEAD! GO BACK TO THE START

TRAP GO BACK **7** SPACES

TRAP GO BACK 4 SPACES

TRAP GO BACK **3** SPACES

RUN **4** SPACES AHEAD!

PIT LOSE A TURN

WHICH WAY WILL YOU GO?

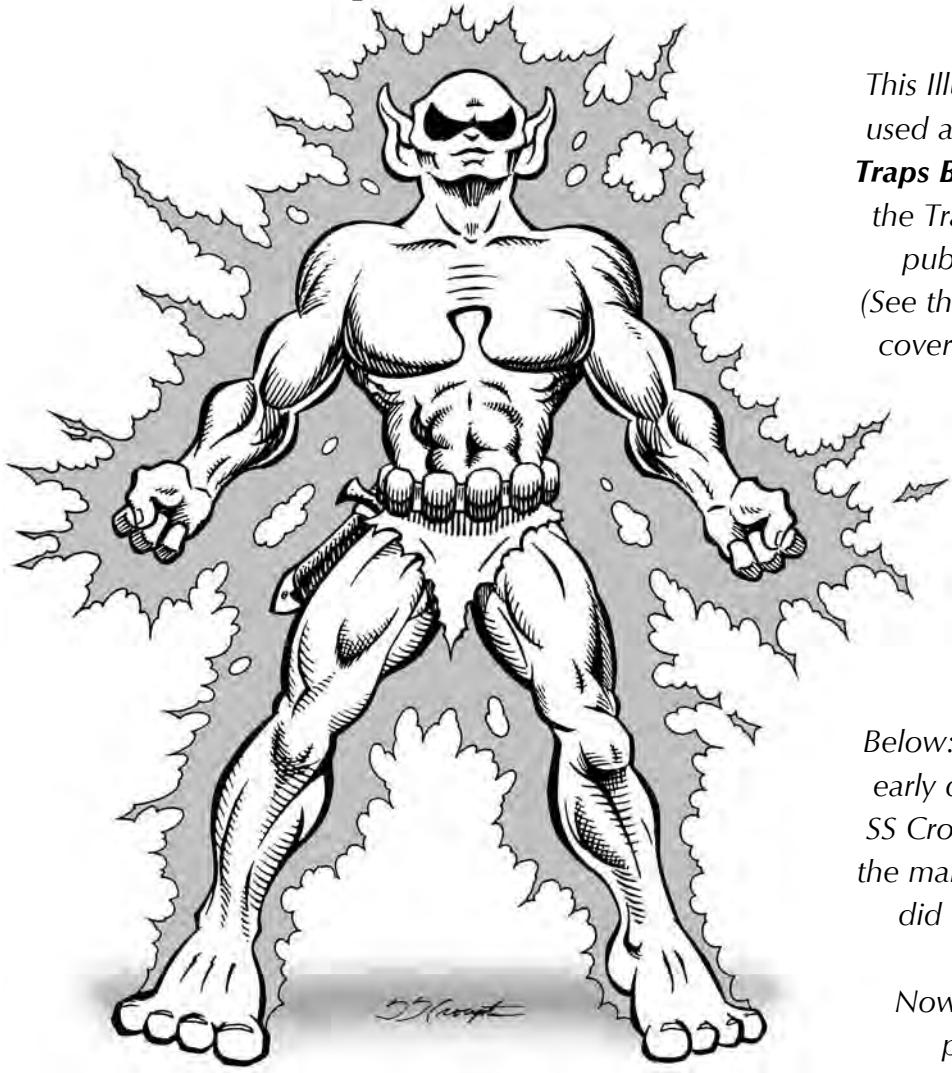
GRIMTINA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!

COME TO MY PARTY & LOSE **2** TURNS!

SS Crompton

IF YOU LAND ON A *SKULL* YOU TOOK A HIT. SIX HITS MEANS *YOU DIE* AND HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE *START*.
IF YOU LAND ON A *CHEST* YOU CAN *TAKE OFF ONE HIT* FROM ANY YOU HAVE TAKEN. ROLL ONE DIE 6 TO MOVE.

Traps Cover art Lost & Found



This Illustration of Grimtooth was used as the basis for the cover to ***Traps Bazaar,*** *the seventh book in the Traps series and the last one published by Flying Buffalo.*
(See the Grimtooth's Traps Bazaar cover in full color on page 28.)

Below: When ***Traps Too*** *was in its early design stages back in 1981, SS Crompton sketched a rough of the main cover illustration. Jeff Dee did the final cover art, so this sketch was not used. Now inked, here is that "lost" piece of Traps Too art.*

Grimtooth's
TRAPS TOO



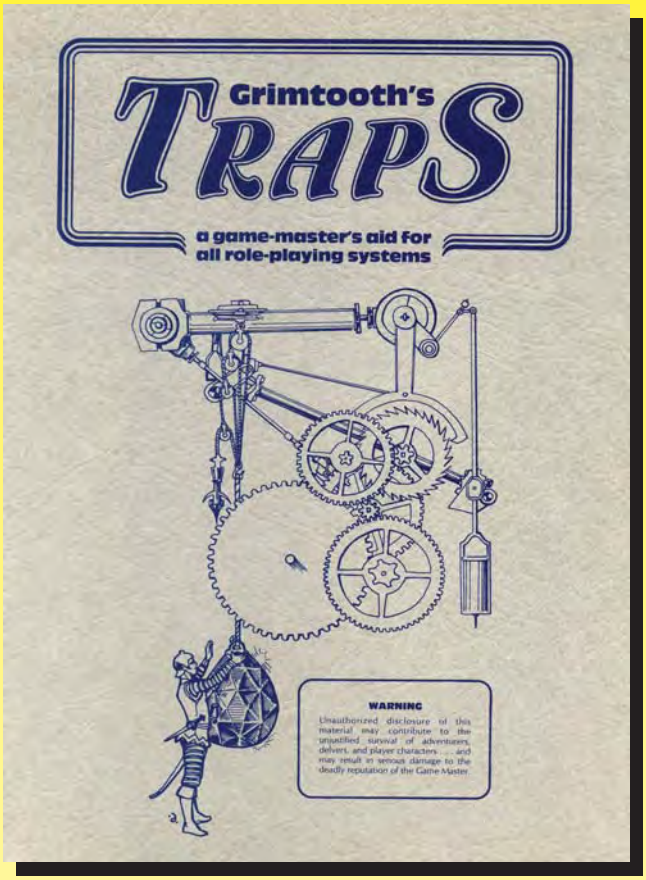
Traps Covers around the world

By Steven S. Crompton

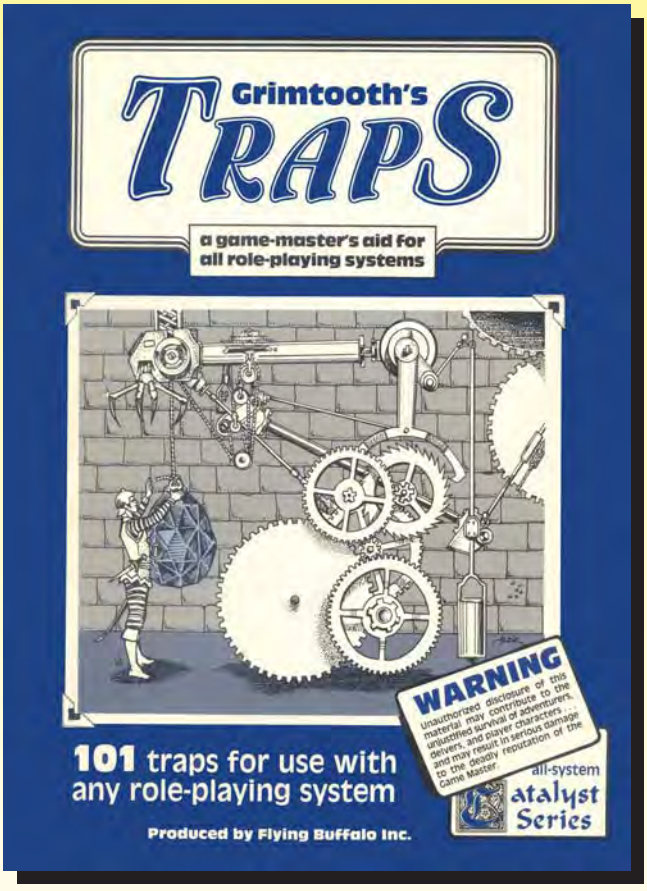
When Flying Buffalo published the first edition of Traps back in June of 1981, it was a different time for gamers. Back then, there were actually very few supplemental books for RPGs and not really even that many GM adventures. Even the idea of making a book one could use for ANY Role-Playing system was revolutionary. I'm not saying Traps was the first book for use with any RPG, but it was one of the first to get widely distributed across the US and it was of fairly high quality. The fact that over thirty years after Traps came out people are still enjoying the same book with the same art, testifies to that quality. Though admittedly I've upgraded and added a bit more art to those original pages, they are still very much the same as they were in 1981. The cover to the first Grimtooth's Traps also has changed over the years. There are three versions all of which use the same illustration by Liz Danforth and myself, but the cover has evolved into a more colorful, intricate and textured vision. *(As you'll see on the next page.)*

In fact, the very first edition of Grimtooth's Traps looks quite plain in comparison to the one most fans are familiar with. As you can see from the top photo, the first cover was printed on gray card stock which had a leatherette finish. Then the illustration and Traps logo were overprinted in dark blue. It was meant to look like a secret tome of knowledge or a wizards spell book. Though it sold very well, retailers felt like it wasn't "snazzy" enough, so we redid the cover when it was time to do a 2nd printing. That 1st version was only printed once, so its a rarity among Traps fans.

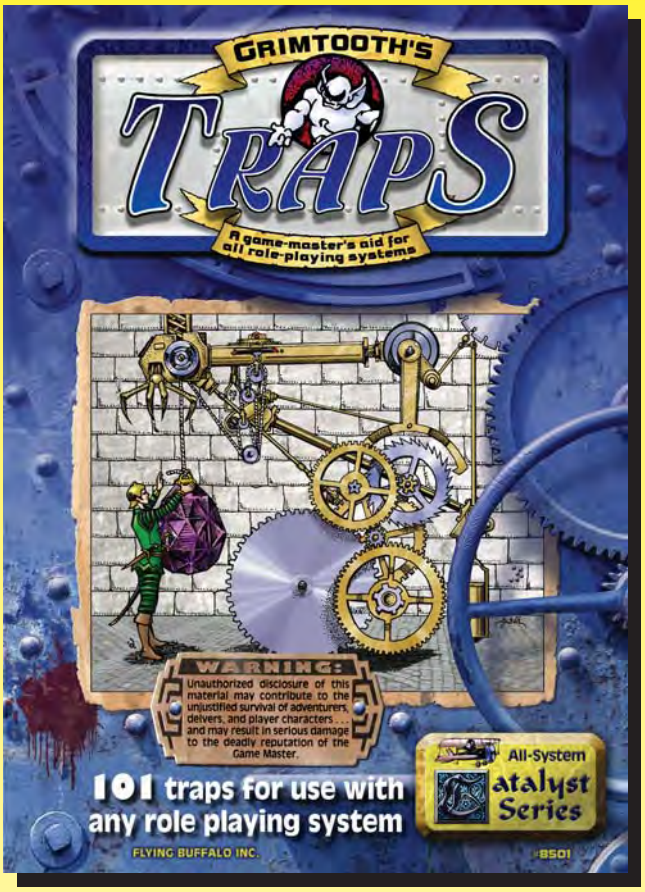
The 2nd edition cover is the one most gamers recognize. It's remained very much the same over the next twenty-five years and was pub-



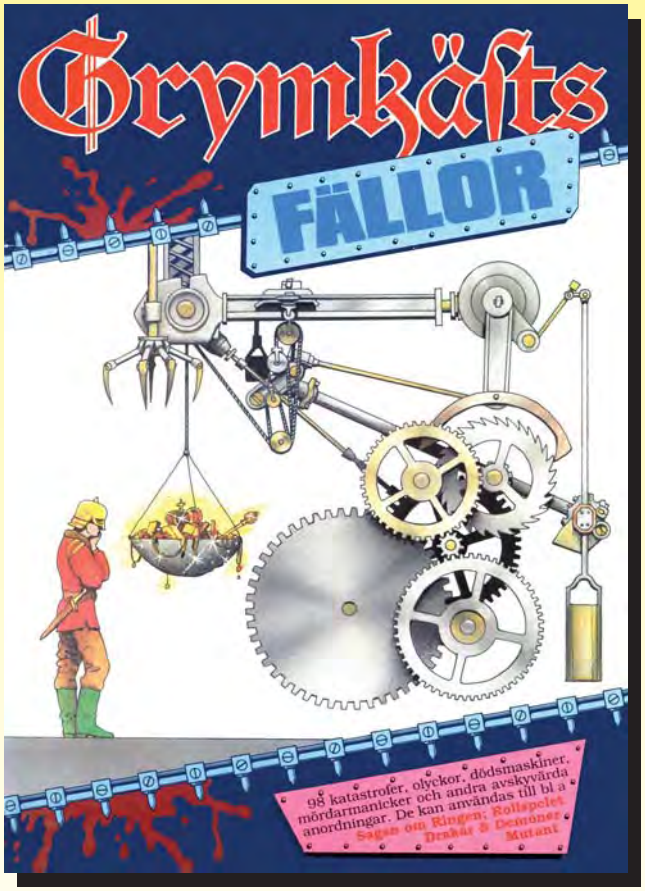
Grimtooth's Traps - 1st edition, 1981, "the gray cover" Original cover with art by Danforth & Crompton..



Grimtooth's Traps - 2nd edition, late 1981, "the blue cover." This version's look set the tone for the rest of the books.



Grimtooth's Traps - 3rd edition, 2011.
Remastered color cover with enhanced interior art.



Grymkafts Fallor - Swedish edition, 1987.

lished by Flying Buffalo, Blade, Task Force Games and then back to Flying Buffalo again. They changed the company logo on the cover and sometimes the blue ink was a different shade, but the cover effectively remained the same. The style and look of the 2nd edition Traps cover was used on many of the other Catalyst books, including Citybook, Treasure Vault, Wilderness Encounters the other Traps books.

In 2011, the printing company that mass-produced Traps lost the negatives. We had to rescan all the pages and redo the covers. Since it cost as much to print the cover full color as it did in two color, Flying Buffalo decided to upgrade the cover and bring it up to date in terms of the look and effects.

It was a great opportunity for me to have a second go at a piece of art that I had helped create when I was still a teenager. Of course, now I had become quite adept at Programs like Photoshop and InDesign, which meant I could enhance and paint the cover in ways I'd never even dreamed of in my youth. I used the original illustration and parts of the logo and color scheme, so that Grimtooth fans would have no doubt which Traps book this was. The result came out rather stunning (as far as I was concerned). In the next few years I redid the covers for Traps Too, Traps Fore, Traps Ate, and Traps Lite. Traps Bazaar and Dungeon of Doom will be next.

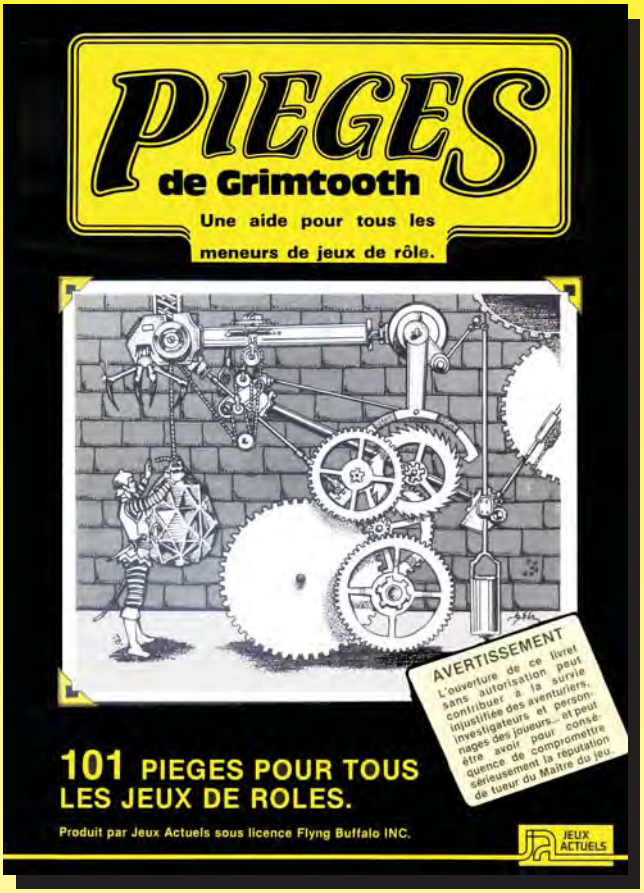
But the original U.S. covers of the first Grimtooth's Traps book aren't the only ones. There are Swedish, French, and German language editions of Grimtooth's Traps (Several versions in some cases). As you can see from the photos, some of them take the classic Traps cover and alter it, using different colors and replacing the English text with matching text in their own language. In most cases they did the same thing with the interiors of the book as well, keeping the look and my art that was used in the original. (Pieces de Grimtooth [French,1984] and Grimmzahans Fallen [German, 1985] are good examples.)

Grymkafts Fallor (Swedish, 1987) and Grimzahns Fallen (German 1996) are some-

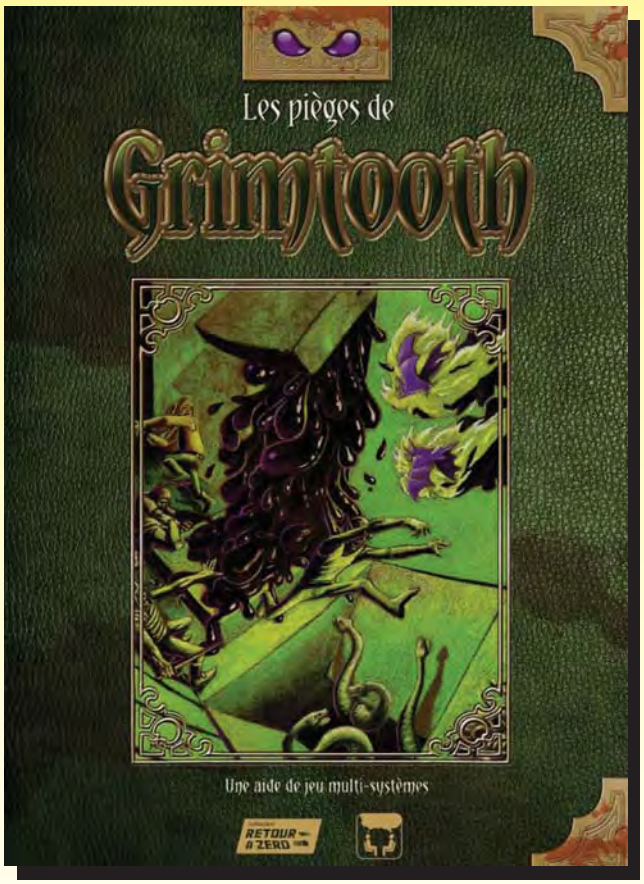
where in between a recreation of the American version of Grimtooth's Traps and a new remade version. Grymkafts uses the same design from the original art, only redrawn by one of their artists, while the 1996 Grimzahns takes the same concept for the original cover and redraws is from an entirely different viewpoint. Both books used my original art from Traps inside, but laid them out in different ways and in some cases added additional art from other Traps books or even by other artists. The German edition of Traps apparently sold rather well, and they have since translated and published at least three more of the Traps books since 1996. Les Pieges de Grimtooth (French, 2014) uses new art on the cover and inside, making it quite different from the original Traps. There is also an Italian edition of Traps, but we haven't seen a copy of that yet.

Needless to say, its very gratifying to know that a seemingly obscure book that the team at Flying Buffalo put together in 1981 would have so much long-term staying power. I was very lucky to get to be the main illustrator of this series and to be one of the contributors and creators of some of the Grimtooth legacy. To know that it is not only enjoyed in English but in other languages as well, is one of the greatest compliments one could ask for.

(See the Traps Cover gallery on the following pages to see all the varient covers and many of the foreign editions.)



Pieges de Grimtooth - French edition, 1984.



Les Pieges de Grimtooth - New French edition, 2014.

Steven S. Crompton was the lead artist for the Traps books series and has created hundreds of diagrams, comics, maps and illustrations for the series from 1981 up to this very day (2014). He also contributed many traps for the books and created a world for Grimtooth, filled with massive secret underground vaults, a booby-trapped castle, and various other characters in the series including Grimtina, Grimbuck and Spike the Grimdog.

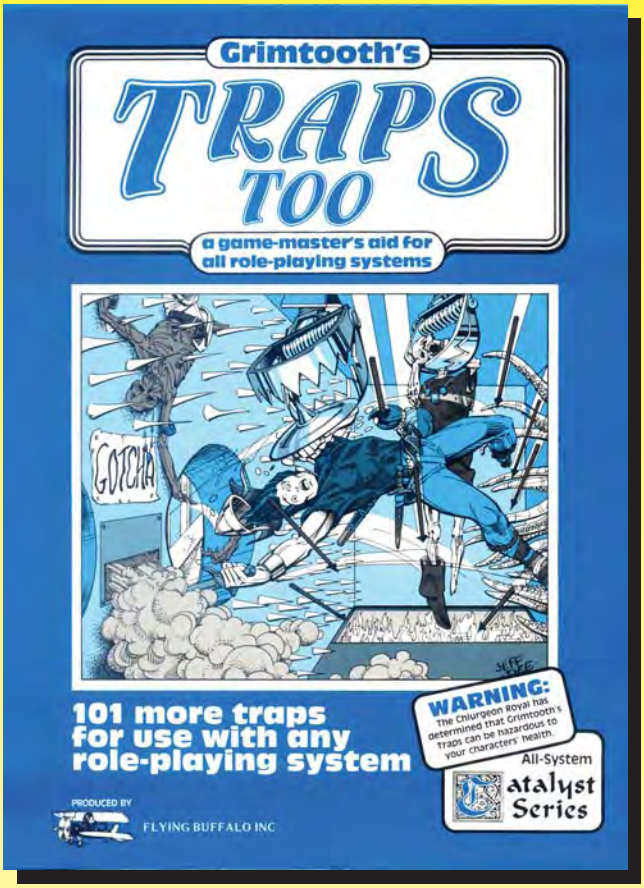
Steven is also known for his work on the Nuclear War Card Games, Tunnels & Trolls, and has done art for Traveller, Space Opera, Lost Worlds, and many other games, comics and books. ***www.stevecrompton.com***

Grimtooth's Traps Cover Gallery

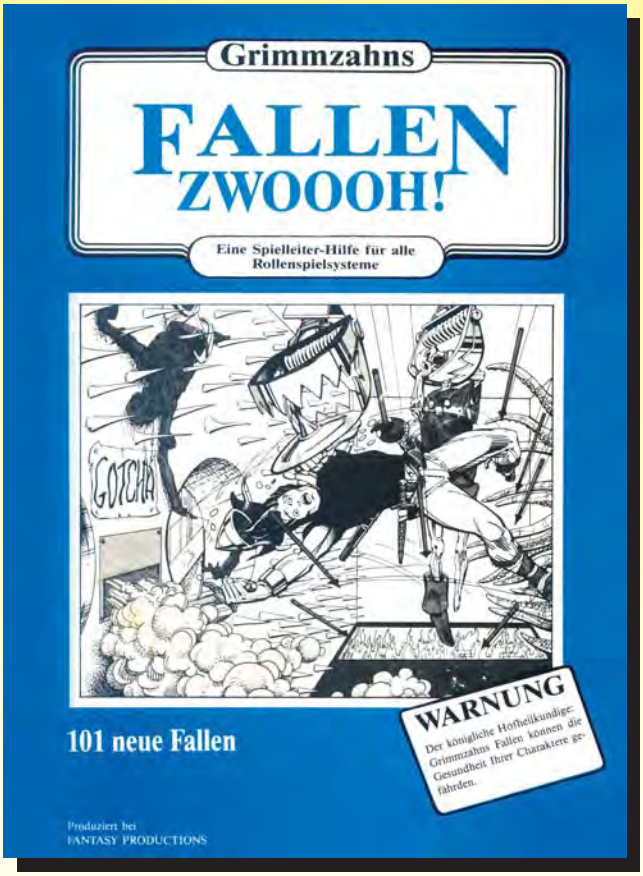
Grimtooth's Traps and its sequels have been a part of the RPG scene since 1981. During that time, there have been a several versions and changes to the covers of many of these books.

So far, there have been seven different Traps books published by Flying Buffalo, a Wusrt of Grimtooth (published by Necromancer Games) and of course this massive Goodman Games collection of the first five books you are now holding in your hands.

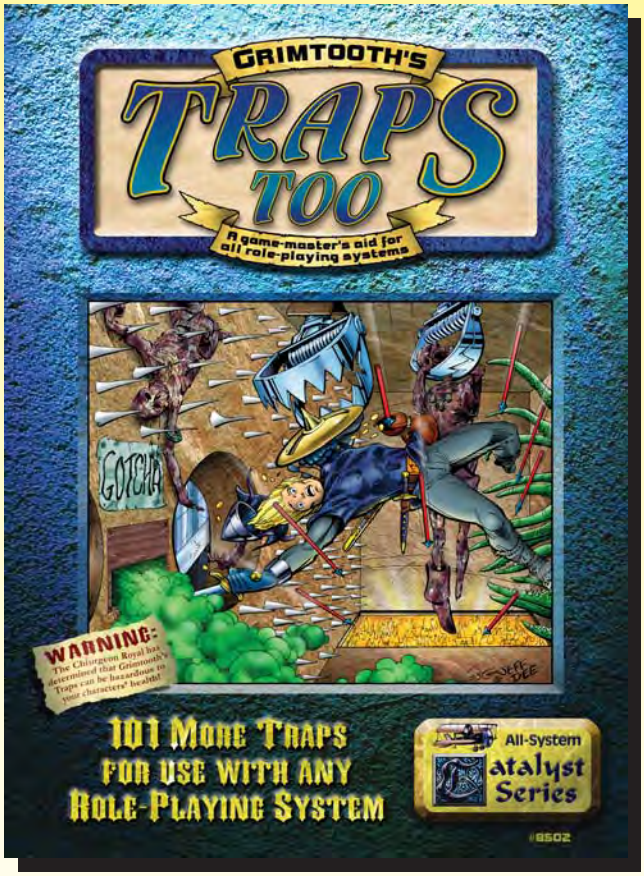
There are also foreign language editions published in Swedish, German, French and Italian (and perhaps a couple we don't even know about). Here for the first time ever is a cover gallery of virtually all the major US and foreign edition covers for Traps, Traps Too, Traps Fore, Traps Ate, Traps Lite, Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom, and Traps Bazaar.



Grimtooth's Traps Too - 1st edition, 1982. Cover by Jeff Dee.



Fallen Zwoooh! (Traps Too) - German 1st edition, 1986.



Traps Too 3nd edition, 2006. Remastered color cover with 7 page comic story & Traps puzzles.





Top: Grimmzahns Fallen (Traps)
German 1st edition, 1985.

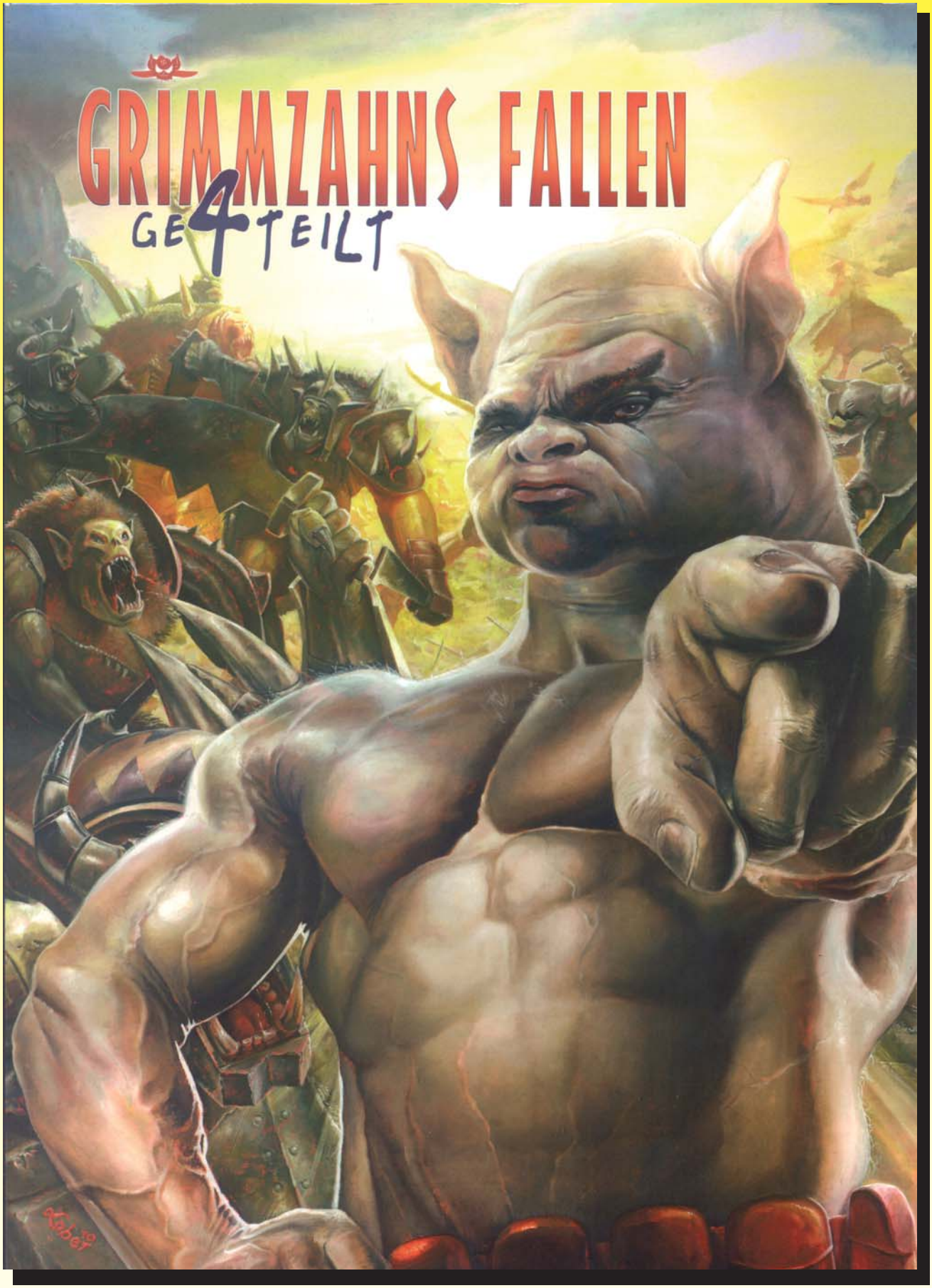
Bottom: Grimmzahns Fallen (Traps)
German 2nd edition, 1996.
Cover by Roland Wolf.



Above: Grimmzahns Fallen II (Traps Too)
German 2nd edition, 1996.
Cover by Roland Wolf.

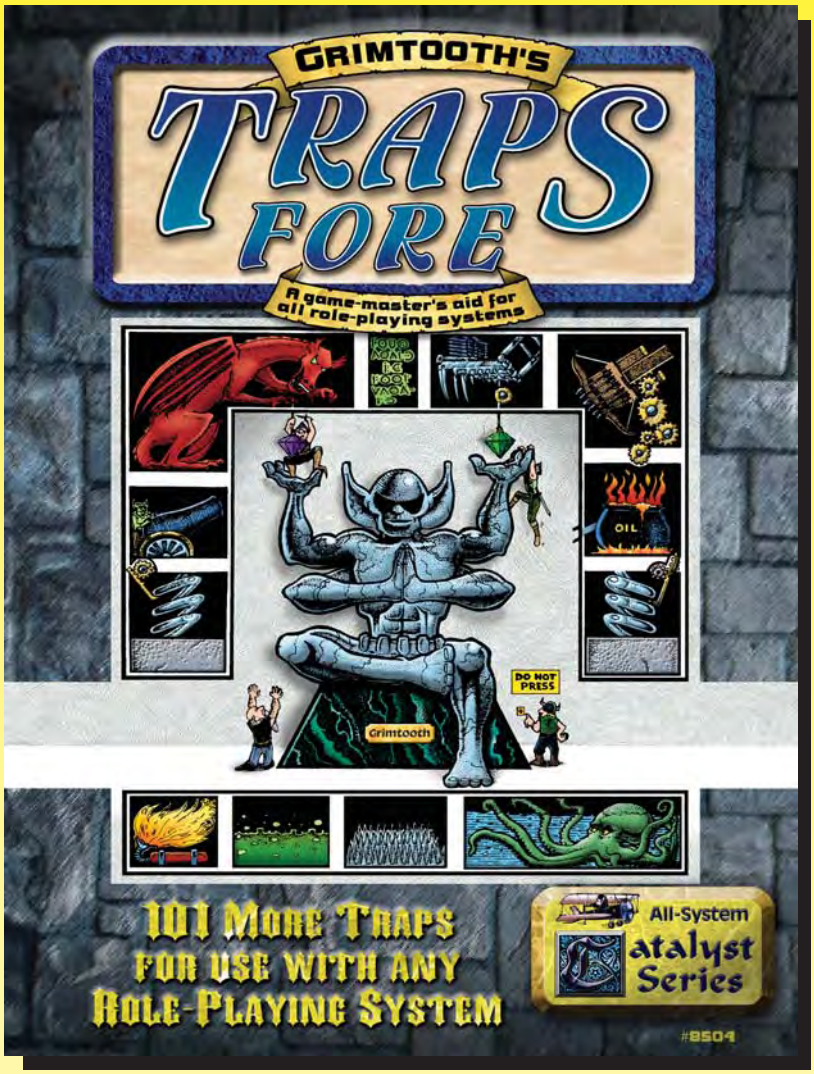
These books used the original interior art from the U.S. books, but had additional art and graphic elements added to the interior pages.

New art was used for the covers, but if you look closely, you can see that the new covers are directly inspired by the original U.S. cover illustrations.



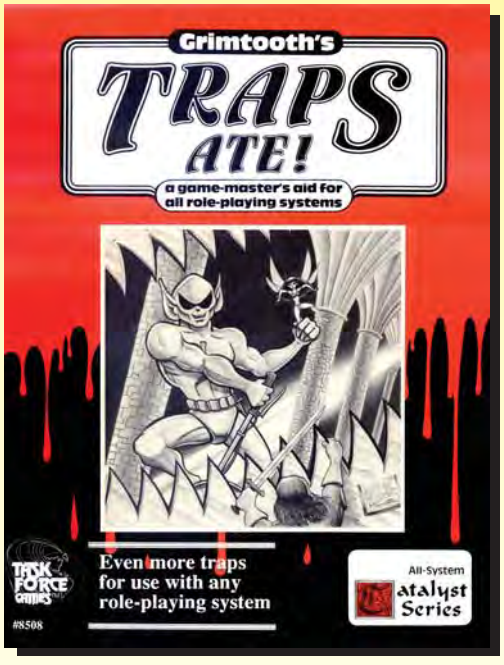
Grimmzahns Fallen Ge4 Teilt (Traps Ate) - German edition, 2010. Painting by Horst Laber.
This German color painting of Grimtooth gives him the appearance of an orc rather than a troll.

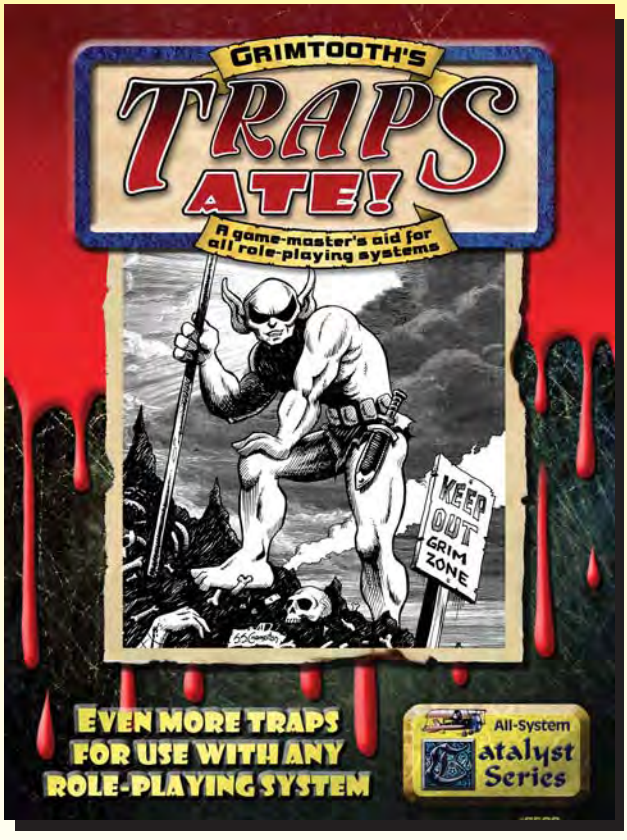




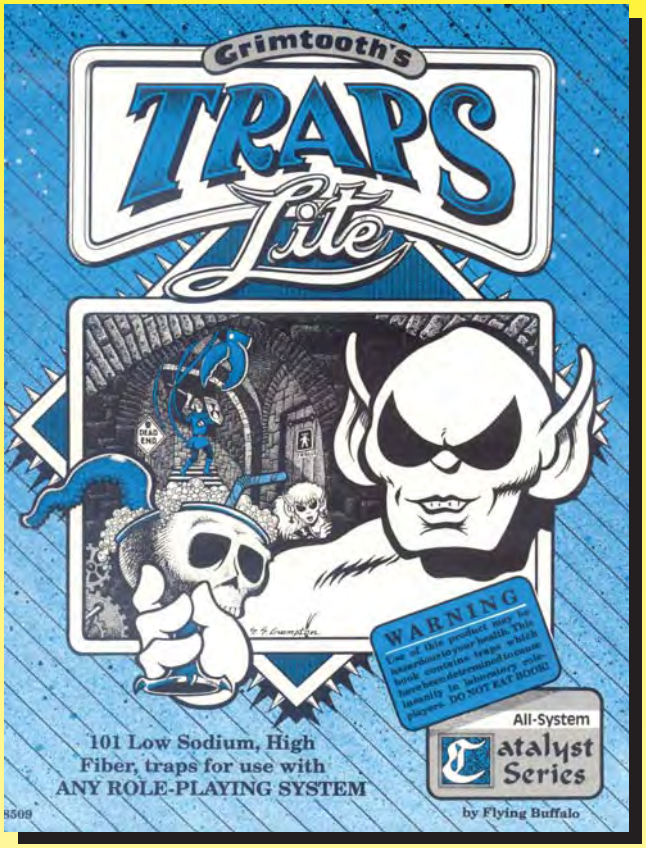
Above: Grimtooth's Traps Fore - 1st edition, 1986. Original cover with art by Crompton (a second edition of this book with a slightly different cover, re-typeset pages and additional art by SS Crompton was published in 1990).

Right: Grimtooth's Traps Fore 3rd edition - 2011. Remastered color cover, plus some additional interior art.

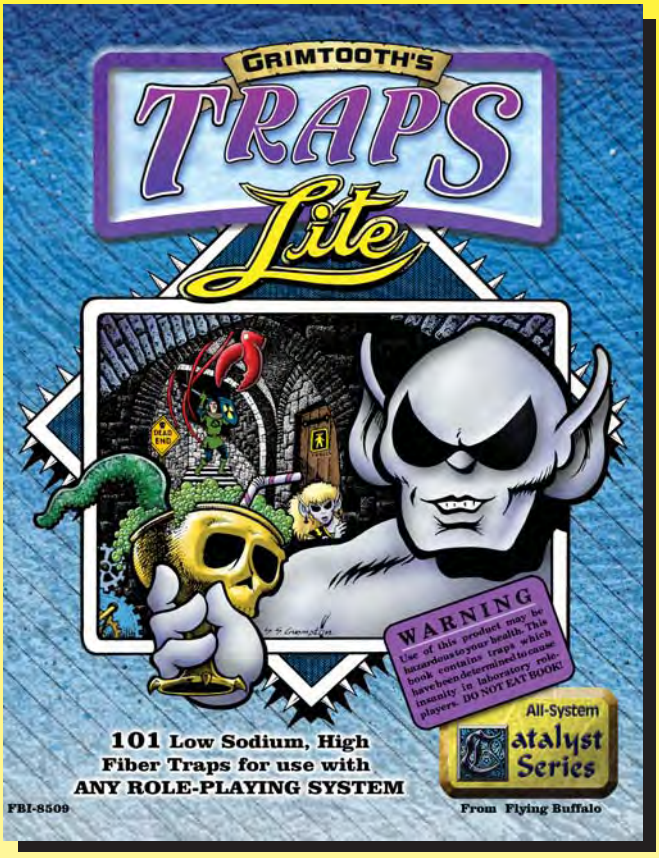




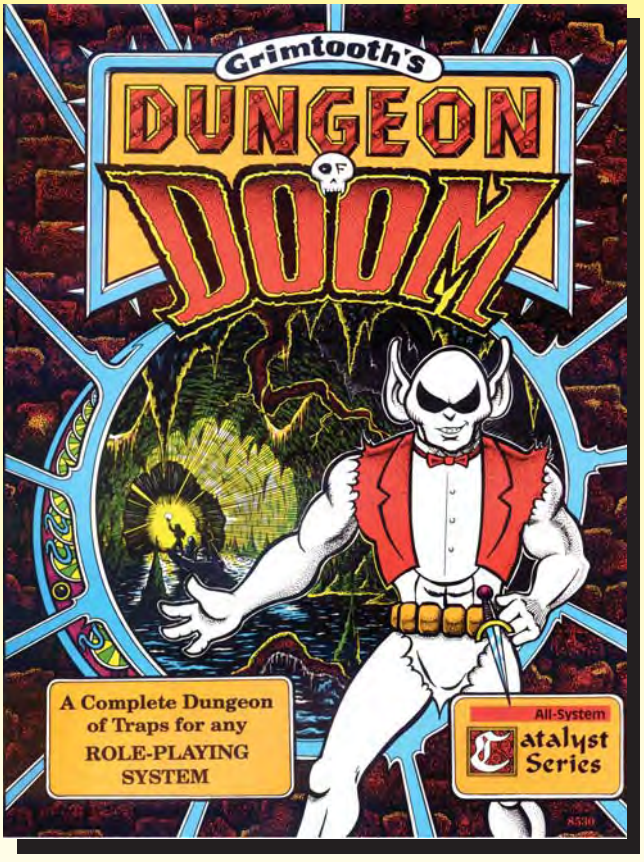
Above: Grimtooth's Traps Ate - 1st edition, 1989. Original cover with art by Crompton.
Right: Grimtooth's Traps Ate - 2nd edition, 2012. Remastered color cover, plus some additional interior art.



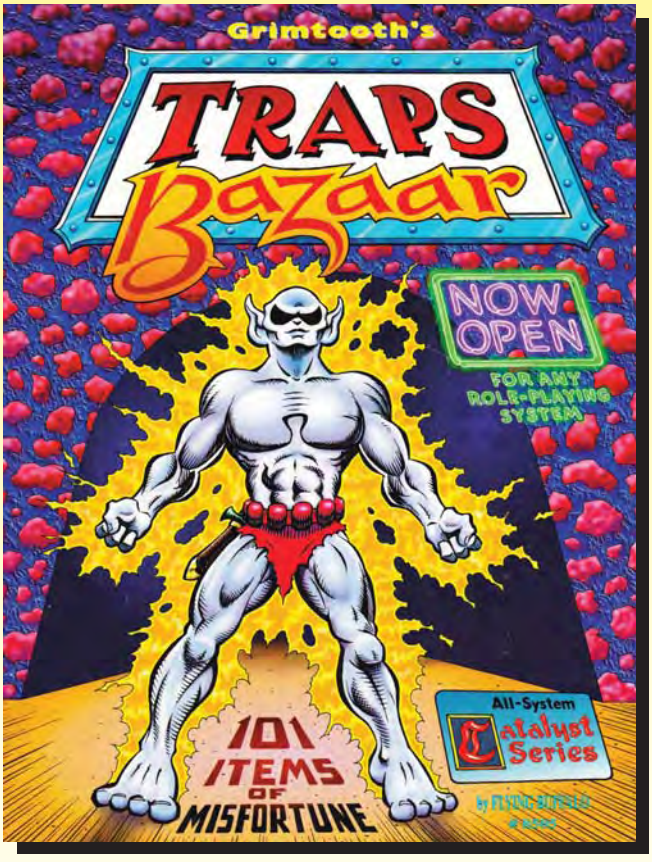
Grimtooth's Traps Lite - 1st Edition, 1991.
Original cover with art by Crompton.



Grimtooth's Traps Lite - 2nd edition, 2015.
Remastered color cover.



Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom - 1st Edition, 1992.
Original cover with art by Crompton.



Grimtooth's Traps Bazaar - 1st Edition, 1994.
Original cover with art by Crompton.

Grimtooth's 250,000 Traps?

By Steven S. Crompton

Few records were kept over the years as to how many copies of the various Traps books were printed. It almost goes without saying that the first Traps book has the most copies in print, but determining that number, will be no easy task. Not only did Flying Buffalo not keep accurate records as to when (and how many) books were reprinted, but from 1986 to 1992, the Traps books were licensed to Task Force Games, and they aren't even in business anymore. An accurate assessment of how many Traps books are in print will need some deductive reasoning along with a large collection of Traps books and their variant editions.

However, with a little research, I was able to find out when all the books and most of the variant printings came out. As the graphic designer that put most of these books together, I had that information on hand, so I just had to search through all the Traps books in my collection. I also took some educated guesses at the number of books printed after discussions with Rick Loomis, owner and publisher at Flying Buffalo.

One way to determine a baseline of copies printed is to add up the number of variant covers there are for each book. In general the average print run was 3000 copies. But in almost all cases, the books were reprinted multiple times, with no way to determine how many times the books were reprinted. So at the very least, one can multiply the number of variant covers times 3000 to get some minimal number of copies that were printed.

Just to make this clear, what I am calling a cover variant means that something on the cover was changed before it was printed again (i.e. I'm not talking about printing errors). In most cases this was the addition or subtraction of a publisher logo to the cover. There are also differences in the cover finish; some were coated with varnish, and others have a UV super glossy finish. Each of these changes indicates the book is from a different print run. Other changes are indicated in the notes below.

TITLE	YEAR	VARIANT INFO	No. PRINTED
Grimtooth's Traps		At least 7 variants	
1st edition	1981	Gray texture cover	3000
2nd variant	1982	Dark blue glossy cover (FB Inc.) *(This edition had 2 printings)*	8000 - 10000
3rd variant	1983	FB Inc. logo replaced with Blade *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 9000
4th variant	1986	Task Force Games logo added *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 12,000
5th variant	1988	Task Force, saddle-stitched book, lighter Blue cover *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 6000
6th variant	1992	FB Inc. logo returns, cover has UV glossy coating *(How many printings is unknown)*	6000 - 50,000
Remastered Edition	2011	New cover, more art, additional pages *(Print on demand)*	1000

Total estimated copies of the 1st Traps book in print, range from **50,000 to 150,000.**

Grimtooth's Traps Too		At least 5 variants	
1st edition	1982	1st use of Blade logo on a Traps book *(How many printings is unknown)*	5000 - 30,000
2nd variant	1986	Task Force Games logo added *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 9000
3rd variant	1988	Task Force, saddle-stitched book *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 6000

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4th variant	1992	FB Inc. logo returns, cover has UV glossy coating *(How many printings is unknown)*	6000 - 40,000
Remastered Edition	2005	New cover, more art, additional pages Also includes Fudge stats and comic	1000

Total estimated copies of Traps Too in print, range from **40,000 to 130,000.**

Grimtooth's Traps Fore — At least 3 variants

1st edition	1986	Task Force Games logo on cover. *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 9000
2nd variant	1990	FB Inc. logo returns, cover has UV coating. Interior pages redone, new art by SS Crompton added. *(How many printings is unknown)*	6000 - 25,000
Remastered Edition	2013	New cover, more art, additional pages	1000

Total estimated copies of Traps Fore in print, range from **30,000 to 90,000.**

Grimtooth's Traps Ate — At least 3 variants

1st edition	1989	Task Force Games logo on cover. *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 9000
2nd variant	1992	FB Inc. logo returns, cover has UV glossy coating *(How many printings is unknown)*	6000 - 30,000
Remastered Edition	2013	New cover, more art, additional pages	1000

Total estimated copies of the 1st Traps book in print, range from **30,000 to 80,000.**

Grimtooth's Traps Lite

1st edition	1992	FB Inc. logo, cover has UV glossy coating *(How many printings is unknown)*	3000 - 30,000
Remastered Edition	2015	New cover, more art, additional pages	1000

Total estimated copies of Traps Fore in print, range from **25,000 to 70,000.**

Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom

1st edition	1992	FB Inc. logo, cover has UV glossy coating *(How many printings is unknown)* This book is currently out of print.	3000 - 20,000

Total estimated copies of Dungeon of Doom in print, range from **5,000 to 30,000.**

Grimtooth's Traps Bazaar

1st edition	1996	FB Inc. logo, cover has UV glossy coating *(How many printings is unknown)* This book is currently out of print.	3000 - 15,000

Total estimated copies of Traps Bazaar in print, range from **6,000 to 25,000.**

Adding all the totals up, we can say that there were somewhere between 160,000 and 595,000 copies of all the various Traps books in print (not counting any foreign editions). Realistically though, if I had to pick a number, I'd probably say around 250,000 is a good compromise. That's assuming I've accounted for all the variant covers. Maybe some of you collectors out there know of some variant covers I missed? If so, be sure to let me know at sscrompton@cox.net

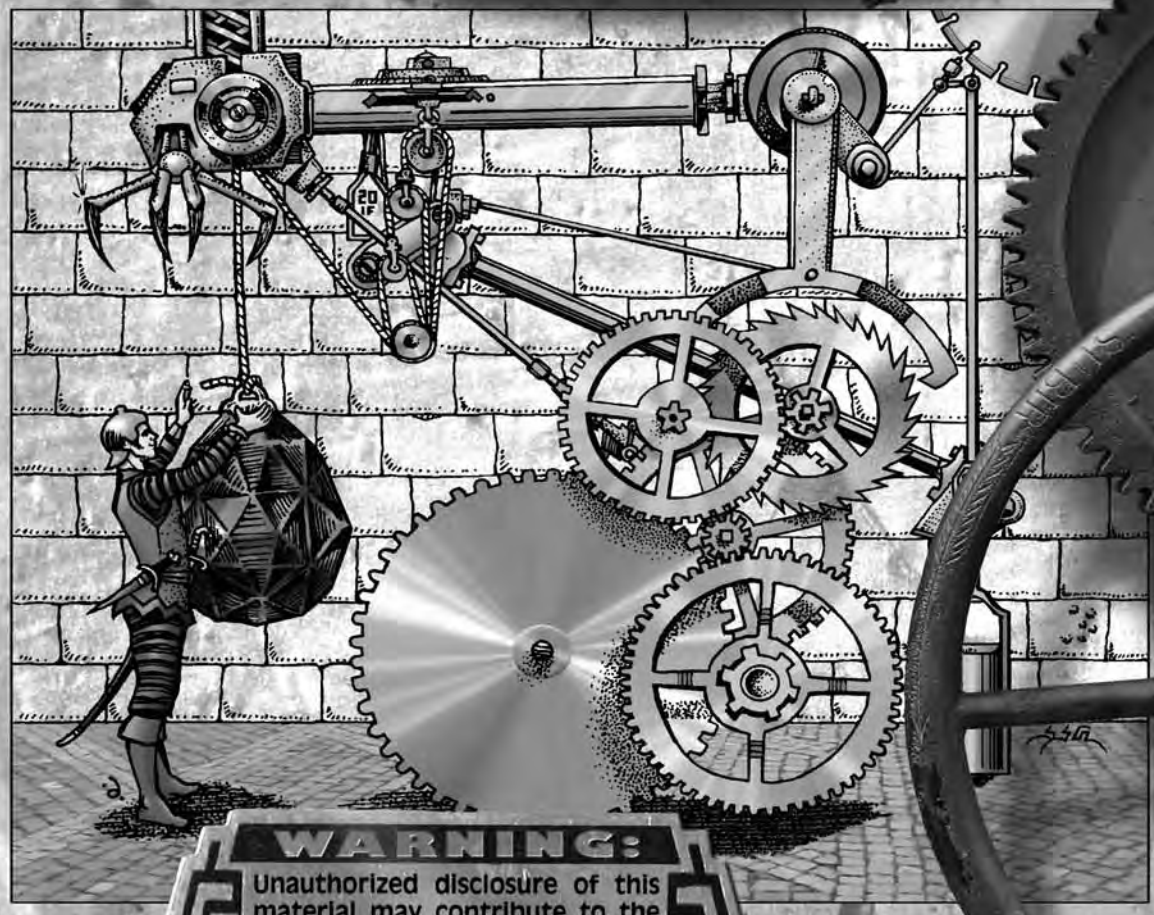
One question is for collectors: What is a 1st edition, 1981, gray-cover Traps book worth?



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GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS

A game-master's aid for all role-playing systems



WARNING:

Unauthorized disclosure of this material may contribute to the unjustified survival of adventurers, delvers, and player characters . . . and may result in serious damage to the deadly reputation of the Game Master.

101 traps for use with any role playing system

All-System Catalyst Series

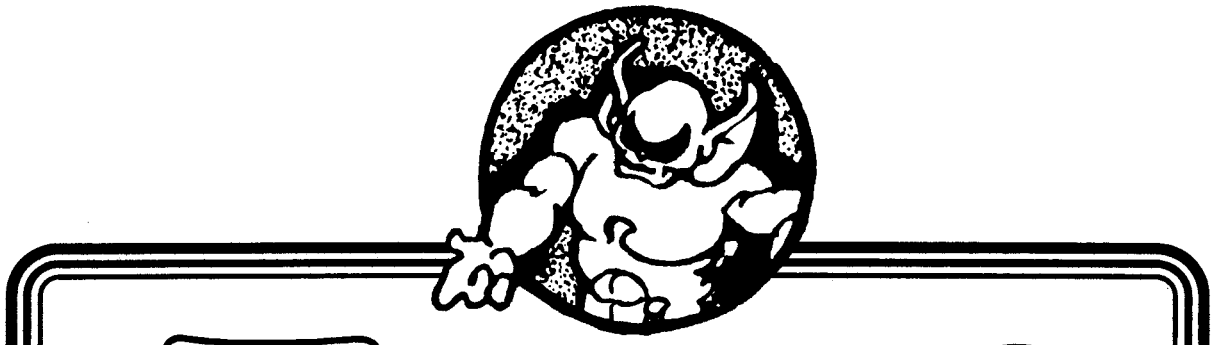
FLYING BUFFALO INC.

#8501

Yeah, this page is blank bub.

Move on...

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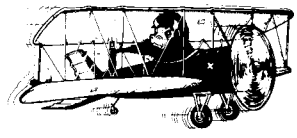
Grimtooth's TRAPS

a game-master's aid for all role-playing systems

a compendium of catastrophic traps
sinister snares, engines of evil, and deadly devices
with passing comments made on a folio of fearful fates
in all, one hundred and one ways to influence
adventurers, delvers, tunnellers, and all player characters . . .

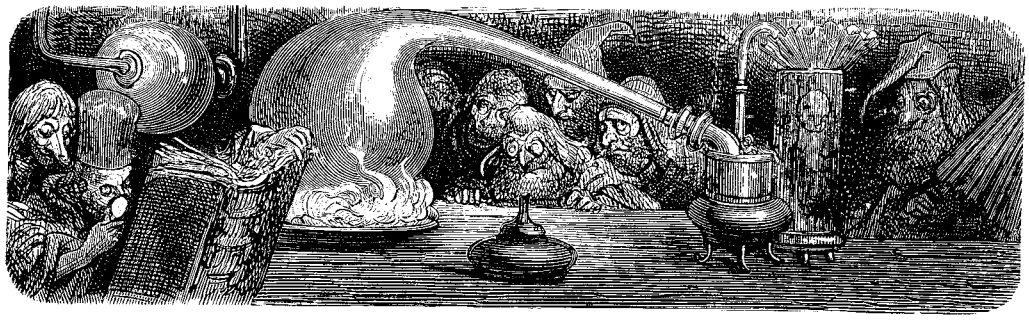
edited by Paul Ryan O'Connor

illustrated by Steven S. Crompton



produced by Flying Buffalo Inc.

ATTENTION



The traps in this booklet are designed for game purposes only. Actual construction of these traps might prove harmful, and such construction is strongly discouraged.

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A taste of what's to come...

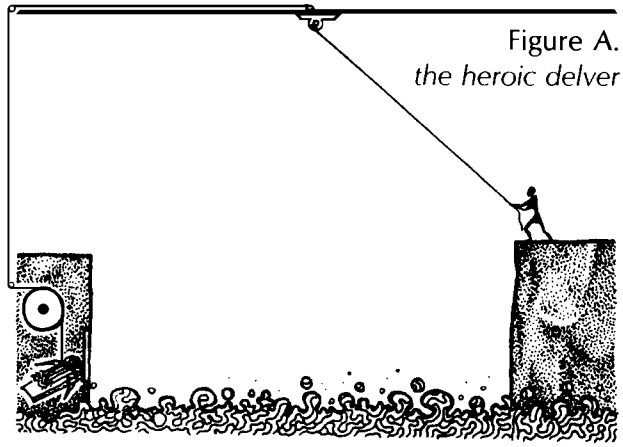


Figure A.
the heroic delver

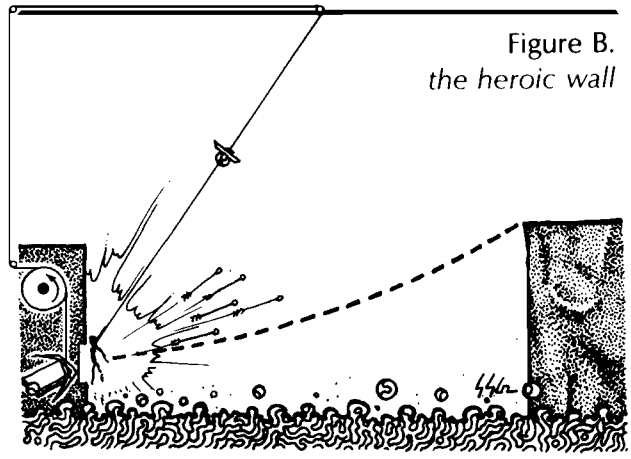
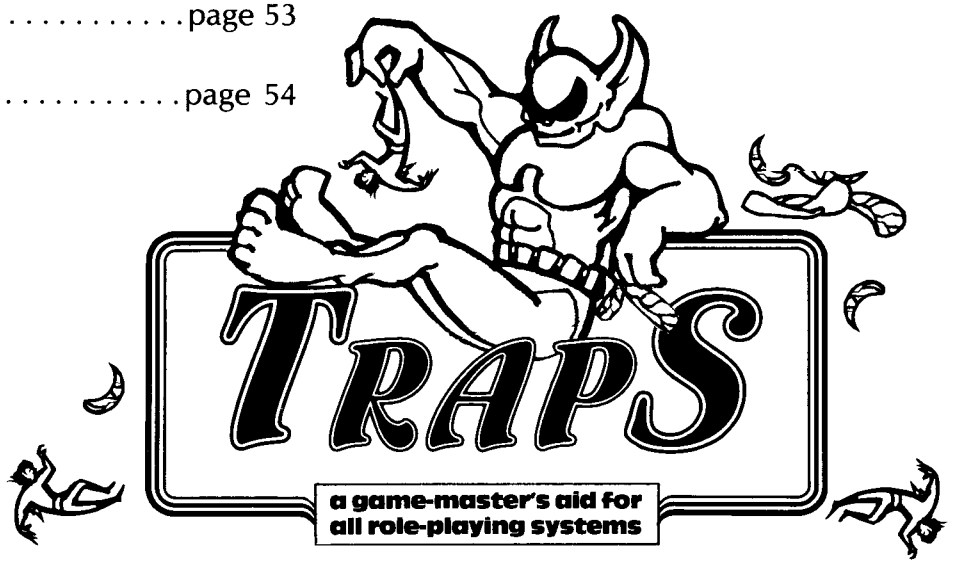
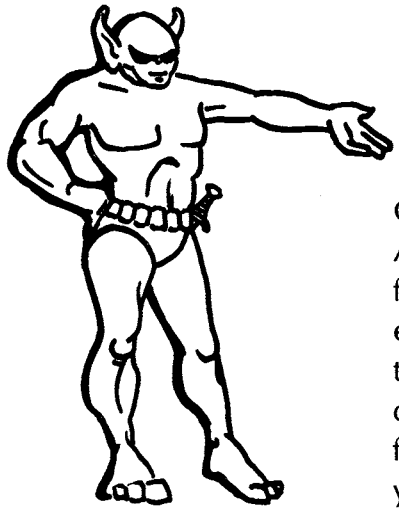


Figure B.
the heroic wall

Yeah... that's right - hurts, don't it?.





A Word From Grimtooth

Greetings, and welcome to my book of Traps. Assembled herein are one hundred and one of my favorite traps, gathered from the four corners of the earth, and presented for your approval. These traps are the work of a host of distinguished contributors – each a dungeonmaster extraordinaire. In short, I feel that you'll find this to be the most entertaining collection of traps you've ever laid eyes on.

Besides, if you don't like my book, I'll rip your lungs out.

I have organized this volume of traps into easy-to-distinguish chapters. This will better facilitate inserting them into your own pits and tunnels. With each trap, I've provided only the basic mechanics – it's up to you to fill in the blanks as to how much damage or what level saving roll seems appropriate for each device. (Hence the generous "Notes" column I've provided on each page. Pencil in your reactions there.)

To give you a general gauge by which to determine approximately how destructive a trap is, I've assigned to each trap a "Deadliness Rating": a series of skulls printed near the trap in question. The more skulls you see, the deadlier the trap. You will find that the traps in this book will range from causing broken fingers and wounded egos to forcing almost certain death.

Also note that you can increase or decrease the "punch" of a given trap by simply altering its consequences. This will, of course, depend entirely upon your mood and circumstances. By filling a pit with an obnoxious-smelling green dye instead of boiling oil, you have essentially altered the entire trap – yet the delivery system remains the same. With a modicum of monkeying around, you should be able to make any of the traps in this book leap through hoops for the edification and bemusement of delvers who journey through your dungeons.

Then again, my traps are perfect as is. You'd have to be some sort of pinhead to want to change them.

Thus, without further ado, I hereby present my book of traps. Enjoy it or die, mortal.



– Grimtooth



And Now, A Word From The Editor

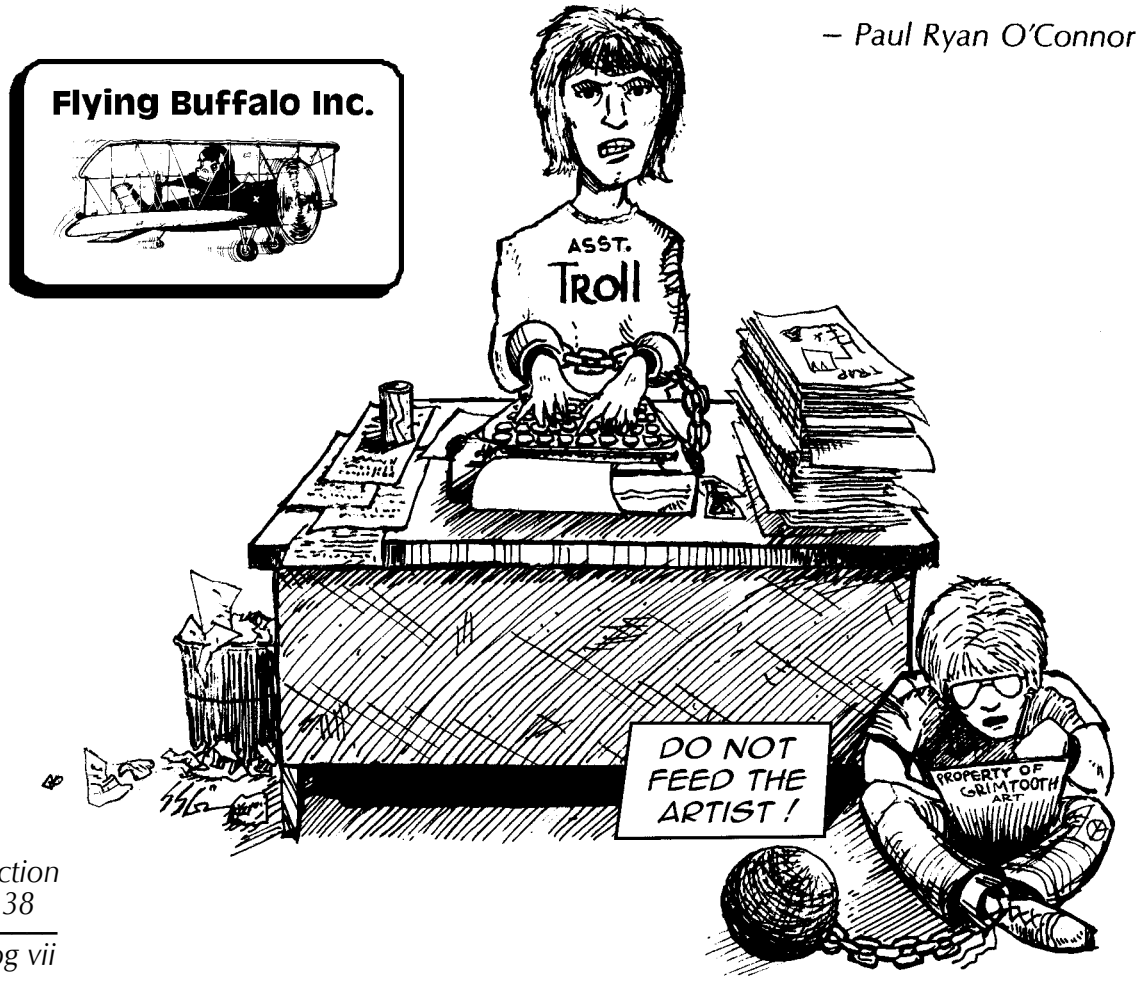
Editing Grimtooth has been an experience in the pleasure of pain. Before seeing Grimtooth's manuscript, I would have never believed that there are so many ways to ensnare, humiliate, redirect or otherwise destroy your average dungeon-delving slob. But ways there are indeed, and their number is uncountable.

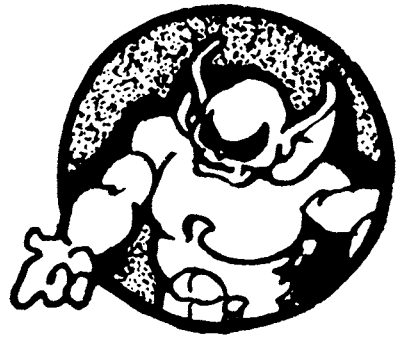
Uncountable because this book really only scratches the surface. For every trap printed in this book, there were two that were left out. For every trap that appears here I could develop at least five variations, each of which could be called a different trap in and of itself. Each variation spawns a series of sub-variations, and so on.

I've tried to present Grimtooth's best stuff here. Indeed, my job as that learned troll's editor was really one of organization more than anything else. Most of the creative (or destructive) work had already been done by Grimtooth and his contributors long before the manuscript for *TRAPS* ever reached my desk. Still, many of the traps presented in this book have seen substantial change and reworking since they were originally submitted. I apologize in advance for any displeasure this may cause to the original contributors, but I assure you that any changes made were ones necessary to preserve the overall format of the book. Besides, most of the changes were made by Grimtooth, and I refuse to be held accountable for his decisions.

In any event, I've always felt that the best editorial forwards were those that ended quickly, so I hereby pass you on to the bulk of the book before you. I can only hope that reading this book of traps will give you as much pleasure as it did me. Enjoy.

– Paul Ryan O'Connor





1

Room Traps

The room trap is probably the most feared type of dungeon doom device. It is the main event, the central attraction, the carefully-planned and patterned engine of destruction geared solely towards the destruction of those who venture within. No mere hallway nuisance or dangerous treasure are these – room traps are thoroughbred delivery systems of dismay, designed only to kill.

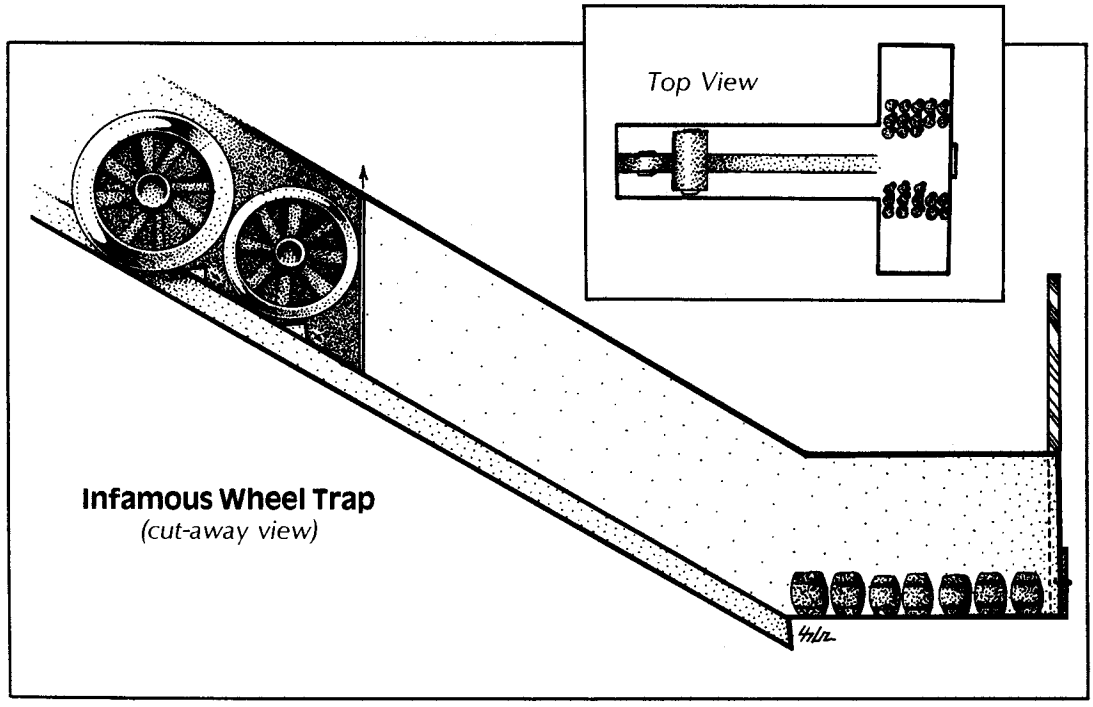
By their nature, room traps are often the most contrived and detailed of traps. They are also often the most fun to employ. Delvers, too, seem to enjoy room traps far more than any other variety – such traps often present "puzzle boxes" for the characters to strain their infinitesimal brains over, while you move in to smash them with a club. A good time is thus guaranteed for all.

Use these traps carefully. An overabundance of room traps can slow your pacing to a crawl, and will disrupt the characters' interest in continuing the adventure. When used correctly, however, room traps can provide the finest of challenges.

To begin this chapter, I present the **Infamous Wheel Trap,** designed by Paul O'Connor. You can put this trap just about anywhere you have a lot of room, although it works best when it is sprung upon a large number of delvers all at once – such as at a dungeon entrance.

The trap design is rather complex. The delvers walk through a door to find that they are standing at the base of a long ramp. The incline slopes up away from them and ends in a wall with a door in it. A 5' trench is dug down the direct center of the incline, and runs from the base of the slope to disappear beneath the door. The ceiling over the main-corridor part of this trap is quite high.

To the right and left of the delvers, as they stand at the base of the incline, are two small, featureless rooms. Entrance to these rooms is blocked by several rows of sealed barrels, arranged so as to stand partially into the main corridor. Upon inspection, these barrels will prove to be filled with a liquid of some sort (determined by the sloshing sound when they are nudged) – but the containers will also prove to be both unopenable and completely immobile. Delvers will find that with a bit of effort they can scurry over the tops of these barrels and into the rooms beyond.



Infamous Wheel Trap
(cut-away view)

The trap is activated when a member of the party actively starts up the slope. At this time, a steel curtain will slide down from the ceiling to block the doorway through which the delvers entered. At the same moment, the large wall up the corridor will drop into the floor, revealing a large, black, corridor-sized wheel. No longer restrained, the wheel begins to roll down the slope, towards the party, at an amazing speed!

The wheel reeks of strong anti-magic, and is indestructible. Thus, the party's options for evasion are limited to the less destructive methods. They can scramble over the barrels into the small rooms before the wheel reaches them; or they may attempt to leap into the trench running up the corridor, hunker down, and allow the wheel to pass by them overhead.

The methods you employ to determine whether or not a character escapes

the wheel will vary, of course, but I suggest you make the required rolls tougher and tougher as each character completes his or her evasive maneuvers. This will ensure that those who think and act fastest will have the greatest chance of survival. If you choose to be especially fiendish, you might rule that if a character fails to clear the barrels or make the trench, he or she blocks off the characters behind from attempting that path . . .

The fun is just beginning. The large wheel will pass over the characters in the trench (unless they're giants, or something equally absurd) – but those characters will be horrified to see that there's a *second* wheel, every bit as deadly as the first, rolling down the *trench* just a few feet behind the first wheel. The only way to escape the wheel is to leap back out of the trench – something that should prove considerably tougher than simply jumping in.

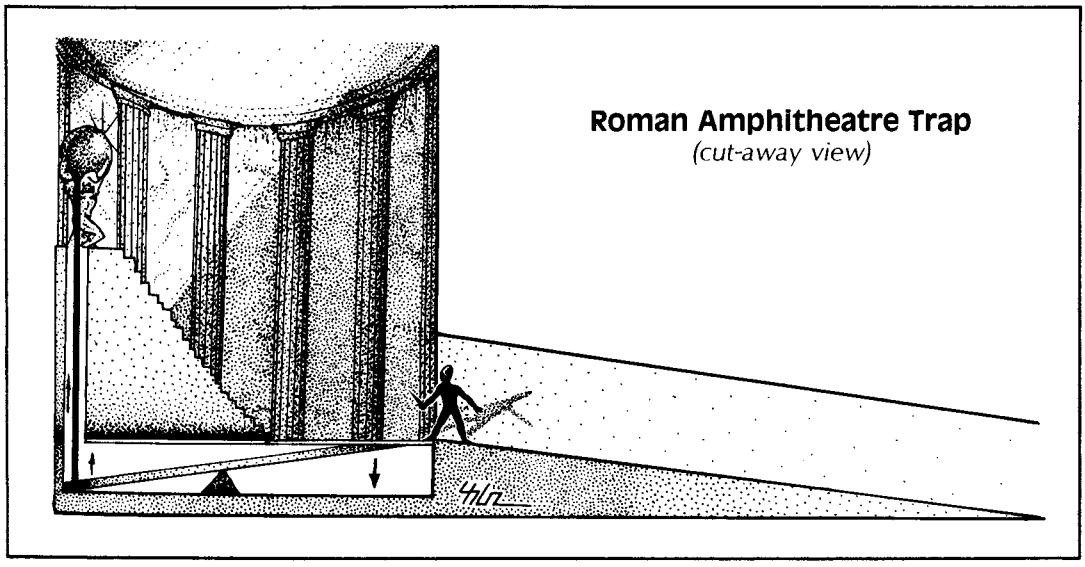
The characters that escaped the wheel(s) by rushing into the side rooms aren't out of the woods yet, either. The barrels of liquid mentioned before are intended as crash-cushions to prevent the wheel from doing horrible, tell-tale damage to the back wall of the room. These barrels will collapse scientifically, slowing the wheel just enough so it will still crush any character caught behind it, but won't do any major structural damage. The barrels, however, aren't filled with water or foam – they've been filled with a burning, corrosive acid!

The acid will spray into the side rooms, almost certainly covering the characters standing within. Armor will provide a certain amount of protection, but only at the expense of its future effectiveness – this acid is *corrosive!*

Getting the characters back into the flow of the dungeon after the destruction has ceased might prove a bit of a problem. You could design the room so that the splashing acid burned away the top layer of plaster within the small rooms, revealing a number of secret doors. Or, you might place a door at the top of the incline, beyond where the wheels were originally located. Suit yourself.

Another trap that hurls lethal objects at the unsuspecting party is the **Roman Amphitheatre Trap,** designed by Betty Kopf. This trap is a rather obvious one, but it's great for visual effects, and it will almost certainly be triggered due to the treasure it offers.

The amphitheatre itself is dominated by a crouching statue that bears a huge



Roman Amphitheatre Trap
(cut-away view)

golden globe upon its shoulders. The globe is roughly 5' in diameter, weighs in the neighborhood of 5 tons, and is worth approximately 50,000 g.p.

The amphitheatre's floor is actually an enormous, finely-balanced lever. Whenever a weight is set upon the floor (such as a dungeon party), the lever will shift, causing the pole within the main amphitheatre structure to rise and dislodge the golden sphere. The ball will bounce down the steps and into the midst of the party.

The globe itself makes quite a prize, but getting it out of the dungeon will prove a problem. Reducing the globe to a more manageable size would ruin the quality of the sphere, and would drastically reduce its value.

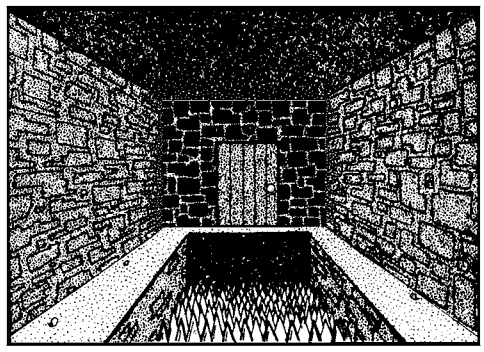


Fig. A *(trap as it appears)*

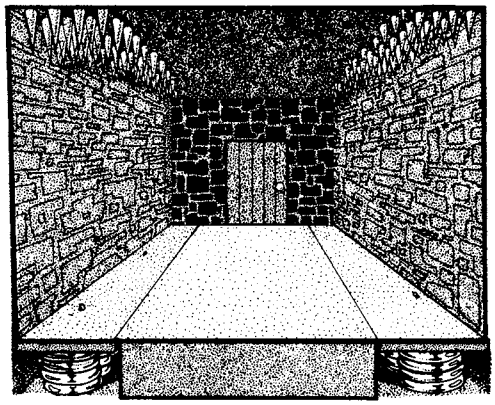


Fig. B *(trap as it truly is)*

Illusions, a fatally subtle room trap, was designed by Pat Mueller. The trap presents the delvers with a room, the center of which is occupied by a spike-filled pit. The only way around the pit appears to be walkways to either side of the spikes. (See Figure A.)

The visible pit is an illusion. Also an illusion is the section of roof above the walkways, which in reality is covered with rows of spikes not unlike those in the pit. (See Figure B.)

The safe way through this room is to walk across the "pit". Using the walkways will cause the springs beneath the floor to slam those sections against the ceiling. Ouch.

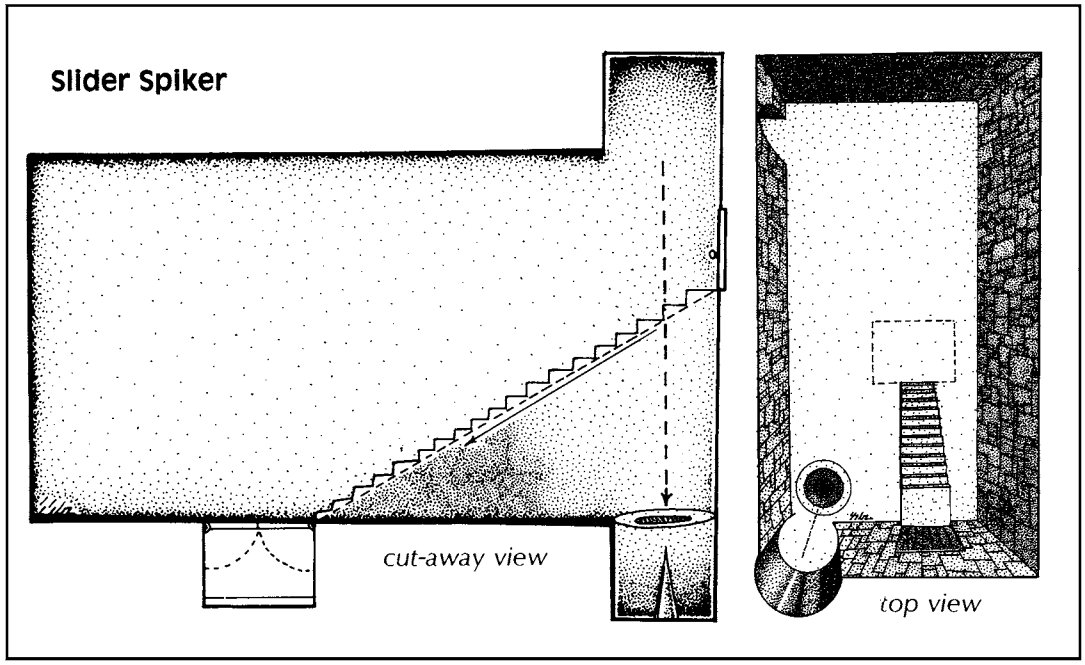
Not content with his "Infamous Wheel Trap" design, Paul O'Connor has developed two more room traps. Both are absurdly complex, and go to great lengths to dispose of characters in incredibly bizarre ways. Every now and then, when confronted with the fiendish workings of his mind, I begin to suspect that Mr. O'Connor is a distant relative of mine . . .

For example, consider the **Slider Spiker** trap, which I might have designed myself! The trap takes the form of a room with a staircase in it. This staircase runs up about thirty feet and ends in a door. The only other features noticeable in the room are a hole in the ceiling and, directly beneath it, a thin parchment target which conceals a long, sinister steel spike.

When a person climbs the stairs and touches the door, the steps of the stairs fold down, and the stairway converts into a slide. Unless the delver can somehow stop himself, he'll slide down the length of the stair to vanish into a hidden trap door at its base. The trap door will snap shut, and the character's screams will be heard receding into the depths . . .

. . . until they're heard again from the ceiling. At the bottom of the trap door pit is a teleporter pad, which transports anything that hits it to the hole in the ceiling above the target. The character in question thus falls through the floor, then completes his journey by falling out of the ceiling, through the target, and onto the spike.

A usually fatal trap. Also, an incredibly confusing one.



An even stranger room trap from Paul is the **Lobster Trap,** designed for characters who have been captured and rendered unconscious elsewhere in the dungeon. When those characters come to, they find themselves in a rather precarious position.

The delvers are being held captive in a cage suspended fifty feet above the sandy floor of a large, circular room. Hungry rock lobsters prowl the room, menacingly clacking their claws in anticipation of the feast to come. The cage itself hangs by a chain from a winch. The winch is fixed into a track that runs across the room's ceiling to terminate in a blank wall some distance away.

The cage itself has two trap doors, both easily visible and unlocked. The trap door above opens onto the roof of the cage. Characters may move freely about on the cage roof, where they'll note that the winch device is equipped with two ring-like handholds.

There is more to this situation than meets the eye. First, the cage projects an undetectable invisible-wall spell from the cage's bottom all the way to the floor. This will allow the characters to climb down the rope ladder safely, as the lobsters cannot breach the wall – but don't tell the delvers that! Second, the wall section in which the ceiling track terminates is, in reality, a thin section of painted parchment – the track continues straight on through. Finally, a hidden hollow in the floor below the cage's original position contains a treasure chest and an unmarked lever set into the ground.

The lobsters are tough, and direct combat with them would probably end in disaster for the characters – they're intentionally set up as an unbeatable menace, and the characters awoke in the cage completely unarmed! Their possessions are held in a small room beyond the only door out of this complex.

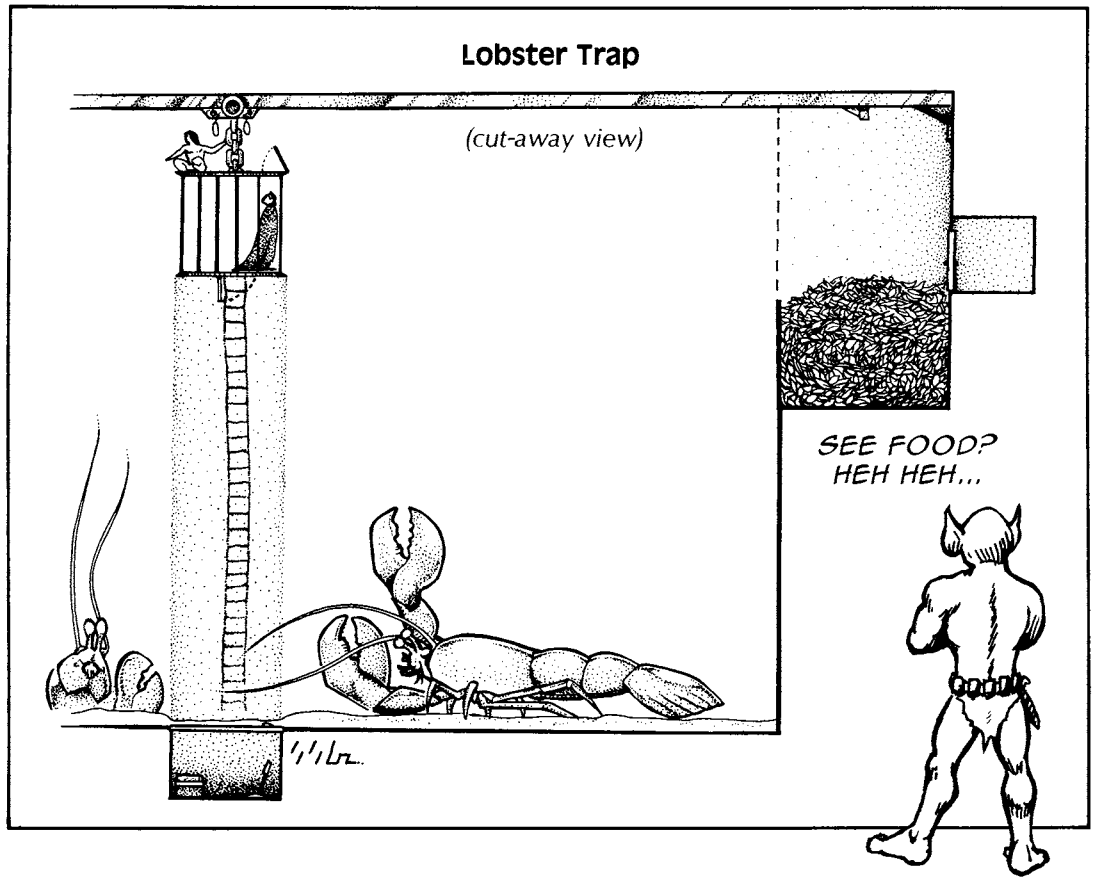
The delvers cannot simply kill the lobsters to escape. A single character must crawl on top of the cage and pull on the handhold rings with all his might. This will drain from the character some predetermined amount of strength, causing the cage to slide along the track in the ceiling and then drop. If the character is strong enough to fulfill the winch's requirements, then the cage will move through the false wall section to fall into the bed of feathers beyond. If the character in question lacks the required strength, then the cage will move a considerably shorter distance before falling – this time down to the lobsters below. Too bad.

Should the characters be fearless, and decide to climb down the rope ladder, they will almost certainly notice that the lobsters keep a respectable distance from the shield, and will probably thus learn of its existence. Any character who reaches the floor of the room will probably find the secret hollow.

The hollow contains a chest full of treasure – plentiful or poor, depending on the GM's whim. Beside the chest is a lever, the function of which is indiscernible.

Levers lead to doom for dungeon delvers. Pulling the lever immediately, irrevocably, cancels the invisible-wall spell projected by the cage. The lobsters, being sensitive to such things, will rush in greedily for the kill.

As previously noted, the characters' possessions await them in the room just off the chamber full of feathers. If you feel really mean, booby-trap them.



The Deluxe Centerpost by Rick Loomis is a much simpler trap. In the center of a simple square room, a single, indestructible deluxe magic staff is wedged betwixt floor and ceiling. The staff, a coveted prize, supports the ceiling: a free-standing 10,000-lb. block of granite. Aside from this handicap, the staff is free for the taking.



The Dastardly Lava Room, by Scot Rhoads, is another elegantly simple trap. Delvers encounter it when they enter a standard dungeon room that contains several mounds of glowing (and imperceptibly growing) lava. Regular exits through standard doors are easily accessible from any point in the room.



A medium-sized tunnel leads from this room; at the end of this tunnel the delvers can clearly see a sign. Exactly *what* the sign says, however, is indistinguishable.

A character who journeys down the tunnel to see what the sign says will be greeted with the inscription, "You Blew It". When the character turns around, he'll see that the lava mounds have moved behind him to block the tunnel entrance, leaving him hopelessly trapped.

The devious dwarvish mind of Todd Diesen was responsible for the **Hoovermatic Trap,** which takes great pains to prove the effects of a partial vacuum upon dungeon delvers.



The delvers enter this room through its only door, which will slide noiselessly shut and lock behind them once the last party member is inside the room. The door fits flush into the wall and will be very difficult to rediscover.

The room itself is lit by a strobe light. The floor is 3' deep in gold coins. The walls are made of black basalt, smooth and featureless; the ceiling is difficult to see, due to the lighting.

As the delvers greedily pack up the riches, the ceiling will begin to pull away from the floor. This causes the room pressure to change, making the air incredibly thin. After six to eight minutes of this treatment, characters will probably begin to faint.

After ten minutes, the air will be thin enough to kill the unconscious characters. Sputtering torches or lamps, the fainting of small animals the delvers might have brought along, a feeling of pressure in the ears, or the fact that characters are dropping dead right and left will probably tip off the characters. Those who fall unconscious under these conditions will bleed from the nose.

If the trapped characters realize what's going on, they would be well advised to search for the door they entered through. If they appeal to the Gods for something to breathe, feel free to fill the room with poison gas . . .

Mike Stackpole has developed a room trap he calls **The Bigger They Are.** Once again in his infinite generosity Mike has subjected delvers to another form of cliche doom.

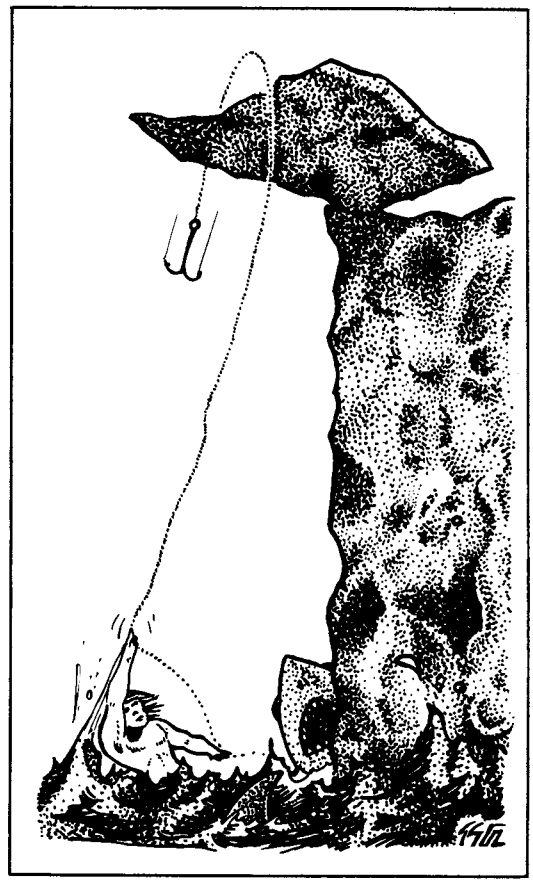


Delvers encounter the trap when they enter a large natural cavern. The entrance is quickly sealed behind them – by door, falling rocks, or what-have-you.

At the same time, the room begins to fill with water.

Somewhere near the ceiling, overhanging a ledge, is a large rock doing a credible imitation of a piton. Some smart delver will probably try to loop a rope around this rock so as to climb to safety – especially if you introduce sharks or similar nasties into the water.

The rock, however, is delicately balanced in place. Any sort of tugging upon it will cause the rock to drop – usually onto the heads of the party trying to rope it. In any event, the rock will fall – and the bigger it is, the harder the fall.





This watery room trap, submitted by Brandon Corey, is jokingly titled, **Is it the Piccolo, or is it Memorex?** It provides several levels of danger with an interesting visual effect thrown in for free.

The trap takes the form of a glassy-walled room, obviously located deep within some body of water. Large and ponderous sea creatures float by in the murky gloom visible beyond the glass. The effect is breathtaking.

Within the room, set upon an elaborate pedestal, is a beautiful bejewelled piccolo. Guarding this treasure, however, is a shambling shoggoth, as described in the works of H.P. Lovecraft.

When confronted with this situation, most characters will attempt to play the piccolo, and thus exploit the shoggoth's well-known weakness for the sounds of the same. Sure enough, the shoggoth will lurch into a ponderous dance; the shriller and higher the note from the piccolo, the less dangerous the shoggoth will be.

The real trap here, however, is the fact that the glass walls of this room are sensitive to certain pitches which an unlucky piccolo player might very well sound while entertaining the shoggoth. When such a pitch is played, the glass walls will shatter, admitting several tons of seawater into the room . . .



A truly absurd room trap is **The One That Got Away,** by Michael Austin. This trap goes to such incredible lengths to be silly that I really had no choice but to include it here.

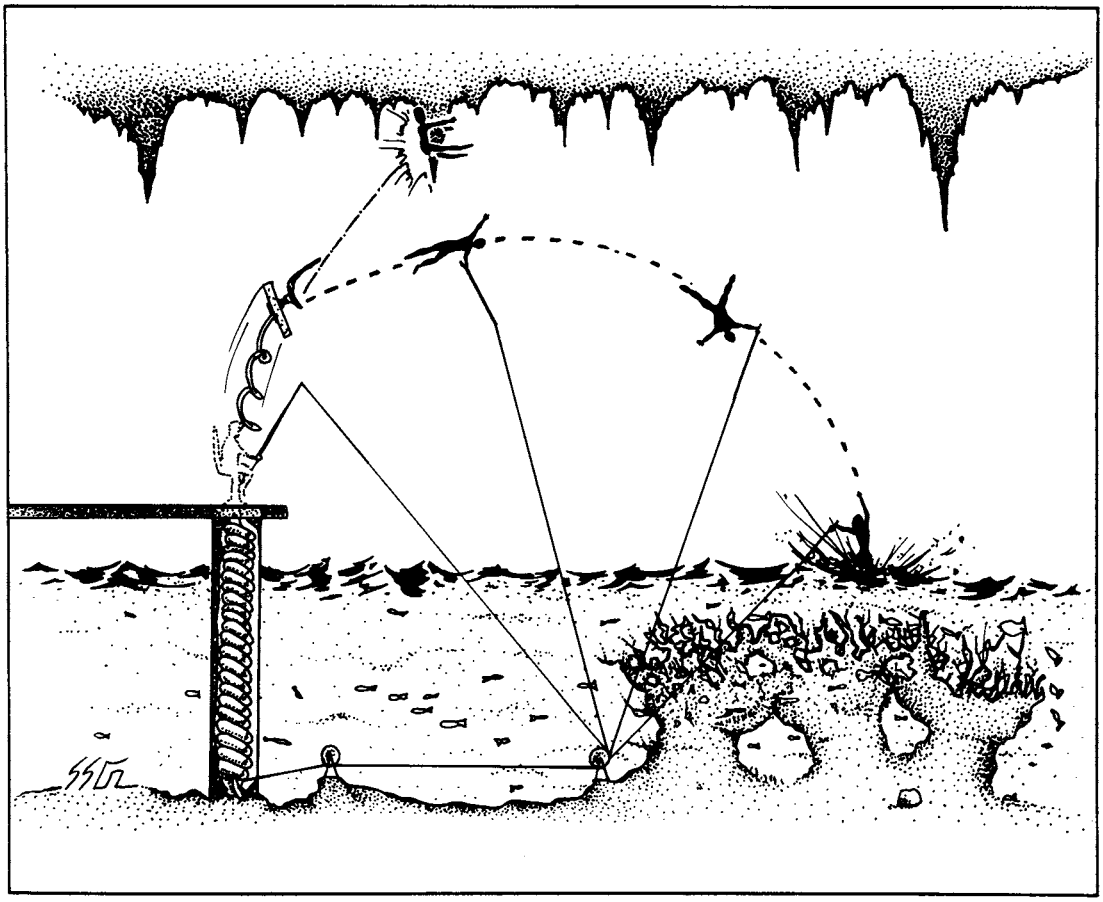
The room is formed from natural rock, complete with an array of menacing stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Most of the floor area is covered by a freshwater lake. Set out some distance onto this lake is a pier of sorts, upon

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which stands a fisherman's chair, complete with pole. The water below is patrolled by numerous hungry – and deadly – fish. There is already some tension on the fishing line, which disappears into the water below.

The chair is set upon a spring-loaded shaft; the spring will release when the fishing line becomes taut. Thus, when a character seats himself upon the chair and begins to reel in the line, the trap is (quite literally) "sprung".

The chair is thus hurled high, sending the character flying. If the character releases his grip on the fishing pole, his trajectory will intersect with one of the ceiling's stalactites with a resounding splat. If the character hangs onto the pole for dear life, he'll easily clear the ceiling – and land upon a hidden reef located just inches beneath the surface of the water.



Michael Austin has developed a pair of strange room traps. Each is designed to deal with unnecessarily violent and/or greedy characters.

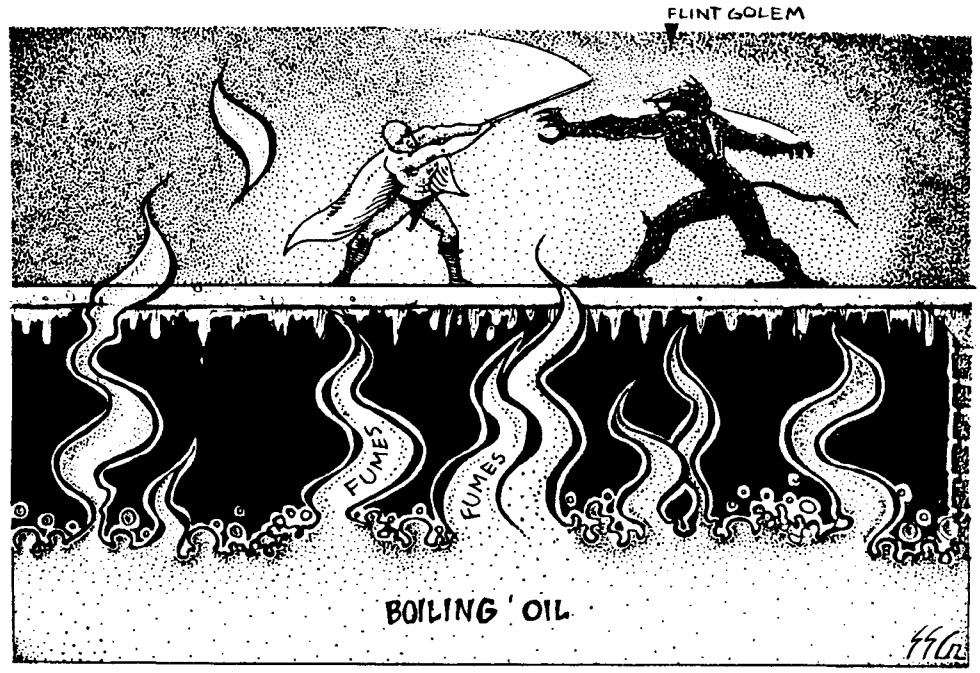
The Atlas Affair is a room filled with exquisite Greek statues. Each statue is mounted upon a turntable that slowly spins to show the statue from a variety of angles. To enhance the beauty of the statues – and thus ensure the delver's doom – a valuable gem has been set into the base of each figure.

Each statue is protected by a cylindrical magical barrier that runs from floor to ceiling. In addition to protecting the statue, the cylinders also serve to hold up the roof. Thus, if the delvers choose to loot the room by dispelling the magical cylinders, they will end up bringing the roof down upon their heads, with the appropriate effects.

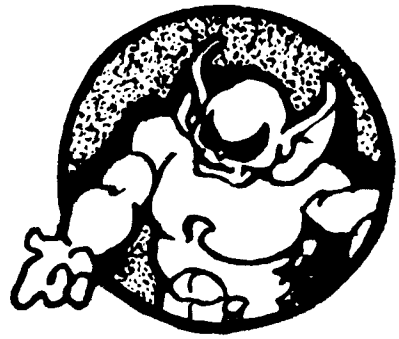
The Bridge At Rue Vincent is Michael's second strange room trap. The trap is a room filled to a depth of ten feet with boiling wax. A narrow wooden bridge lacking guardrails and the usual safety items crosses the wax. The air is laden with vapors from the boiling wax below; the wax has splashed up upon the bridge, making it quite slippery. Guarding the bridge is a magical statue of living flint.

The characters should be able to smell the wax in the air, and feel it on the bridge and on their armor. A fall into the wax below is quite likely to be fatal – if the fall doesn't kill the character outright, being suffocated in boiling wax probably will.

The flint statue is the crux of this trap. If the statue is attacked with steel weapons, the flint should send up a shower of sparks. With a bit of luck, the wax vapor will ignite, setting fire to the bridge – and probably to a number of the characters as well.



Editor's Note: For years, this Trap has remained on a mostly blank page. It was supposed to have an illustration with it, which was lost shortly before the orginal edition of this book was sent to the printer. Years later, the missing illo was found at the back of a desk during a move. So now after 30 years, this trap finally is reunited with its illustration!



2 Corridor Traps

A long, dark, damp dungeon corridor is probably the most common setting for a trap. Ceilings can fall in, walls can drop down, arrows can fly from hidden ports – a corridor is really one of the most dangerous places to be within a dungeon, despite its usually innocent appearance.

One of the main reasons traps work so well in corridors is the fact that, due to the tunnel's dimensions, you have a fairly good idea where the party will be walking, and can thus plan your horrible devices with a high degree of directional accuracy. Where else can you expect your victims to line up in a neat little row like a sequence of pop-up targets?

The traps in this chapter are intended to be used primarily within corridors and stairwells, but with a little modification you could just as easily work them into standard rooms or treasure chambers. Some of these traps will serve well to forcefully change the delvers' line of advance; others will ensnare; others will merely kill. But all of them will ensure that the delvers in your dungeon proceed down the tunnels with the utmost caution.

No running in the halls!

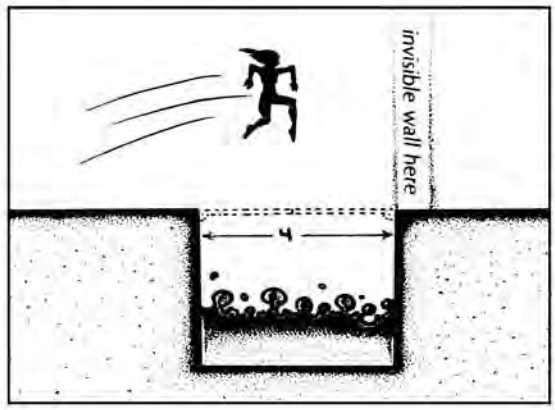
Obstructions

A popular form of corridor trap is the variety that obstructs or otherwise impedes the party's path of travel. Traps such as these can usually be overcome with sufficient effort and brain-strain, but the consequences for failure are often fatal. Due to their nature, traps such as these function well when placed athwart the route to a treasure chamber or an exit from the dungeon.

Rivers of acid, water, or molten lava crossing a tunnel are natural corridor obstruction traps. Such things are fairly common in the delving world, however, and most experienced adventurers will greet such obstacles with a yawn. They've probably seen this sort of thing hundreds of times before, and will doubtless navigate the obstruction in some tried and true way.



It was with this line of reasoning in mind that Barry Sullivan developed the **Hop, Skip, and a Jump** trap. The construction is simple. Present the party with a typical trench perhaps four or five feet across and filled with some disagreeable substance. Tell them that they could probably jump across the pit with a certain amount of effort, but that falling into the substance would be fatal. Do *not* tell them that an invisible wall stands on the opposite side of the pit!



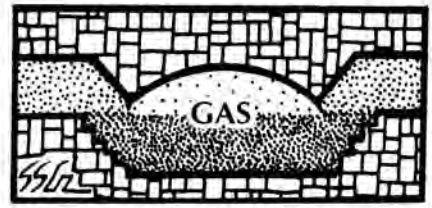
The first character to attempt the jump is almost certainly doomed. The invisible wall presents nothing to grab onto, and the incident will probably happen so quickly that the remaining party members won't have a chance to save the character before he splashes into the pit. The only way to defeat this trap is to dis-spell the wall and then jump, or to teleport across to a spot beyond the wall.

If you think this trap is a bit too deadly, there are a number of variations which can be applied. For instance, you can put up a sheet of heavy glass in place of the invisible wall. This removes all magic from the trap, thus eliminating the chance of a magic-user sensing that there's something on the other side of the pit. Also, if the character who jumps the pit is especially lucky, he might travel through the glass instead of simply bouncing off it. The delver would take a significant amount of damage from plunging through the glass, but he'd still be in better shape than if he'd fallen into the lava.

If you want to make the trap a bit more insidious (and those nasty delvers certainly deserve whatever abuse you can dish out upon them), then you can cover the pit with a trap door designed to give way when a delver treads upon it. Thus, the same pit might get two delvers – the first when the lead character falls in the pit, and the second when the remaining party members attempt to jump over the trench.

An equally subtle and deadly corridor obstruction was submitted by Scott Rhoads. The trap is called **The Gas Passage,** and is designed especially to extinguish torches and perhaps even kill the unwary or the stupid.

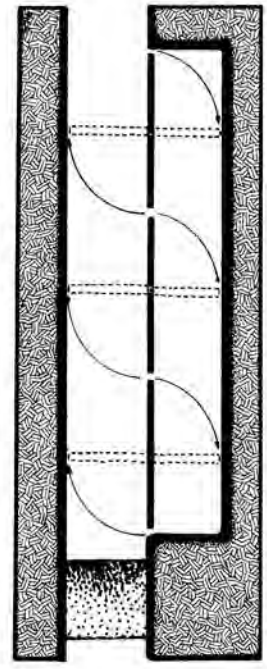
Confront the party with a lowered section of corridor filled with carbon dioxide. This will serve to put out the torches of passing parties, and will eventually kill any character foolish enough to stand around in the tunnel (you may wish to tempt the party with a few hints about secret doors to get a character to do just that).



To make this trap even more deadly, you might experiment with placing a pocket of natural gas or hydrogen above the carbon dioxide in the lowered section of corridor. This could cause explosive consequences for those delvers who try to circumvent this trap by holding their torches above the CO^2 as they pass through the corridor.

Delvers often seek safety in numbers. They walk close together, fight back-to-back, and navigate dangerous locations while roped to one another in a line. Some of the most interesting combats, however, are those which match the delvers singly against one or more monsters.

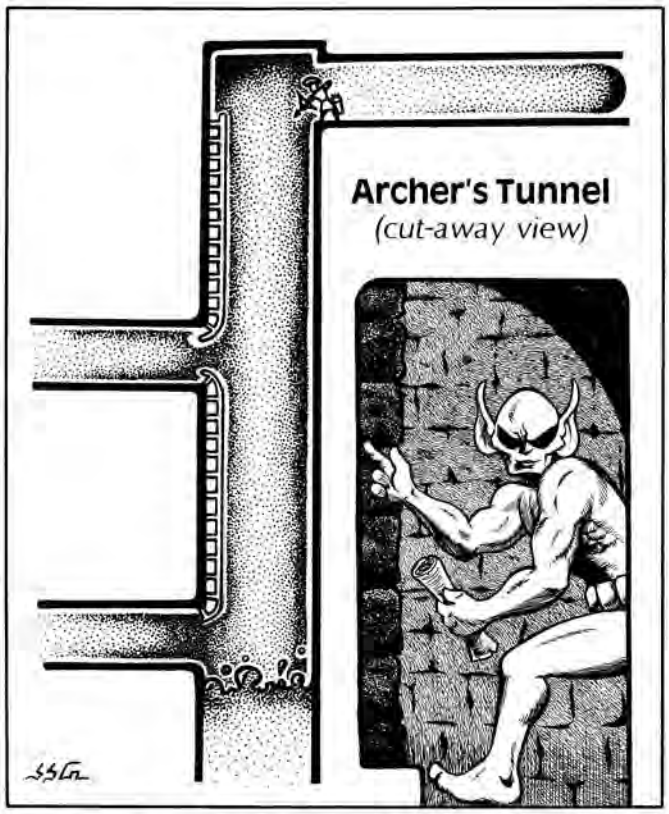
To set up such situations, Rick Loomis developed the **Sectioning Corridor.** The trap is triggered by a pressure plate concealed within the floor of the corridor. When this plate is stepped upon, the walls of the corridor swiftly turn perpendicular to themselves, isolating each member of the party in a separate section. You can release monsters into the opened sections, creating some interesting combat situations.



If delvers are walking side by side when this trap activates, they will probably wind up in the same section together. You can allow this if you're the sort who likes to give delvers a break. Then again, if you're properly fiendish, you might consider narrowing the corridor to a width of five feet, ensuring that you'll catch the party in single-file formation. In any event, be sure to provide a means of re-setting the trap, allowing the corridor to form up again and provide a way for the party to continue their journey.

A corridor obstruction trap with a twist was provided by Charles Scott Kimball, who devised the **Archer's Tunnel** to put some interest back into vertical ladder chambers.

The trap was originally designed for a dungeon with three or more levels, and probably works best when the party comes upon it from the middle level. The structure of the trap is composed of a ladder shaft, complete with a pit or



boiling lava (or some other horrible substance) at its bottom. The ladders may be sturdy, or only loosely-attached, depending upon how malevolent you feel.

At the top of the shaft stands an archer, his weapon ready. You can determine his stats to best suit your needs, but make him fairly accurate. The archer will shoot at anyone climbing up the ladder (or flying up the chute). Needless to say, the party will find themselves in a rather sticky situation – especially if the archer waits until they are midway between levels before shooting, so as to strand his targets between routes to safety. Hard-pressed to retain their grip upon an possibly unstable ladder, the party will doubtless find it hard to return fire or undertake extensive spell-casting in their defense.

Use this trap to give characters a hard time if they try to return to the upper levels of your dungeon with intent to escape. The lower level exits from the shaft, of course, lead to the deeper (and thus more dangerous) regions of the dungeon.

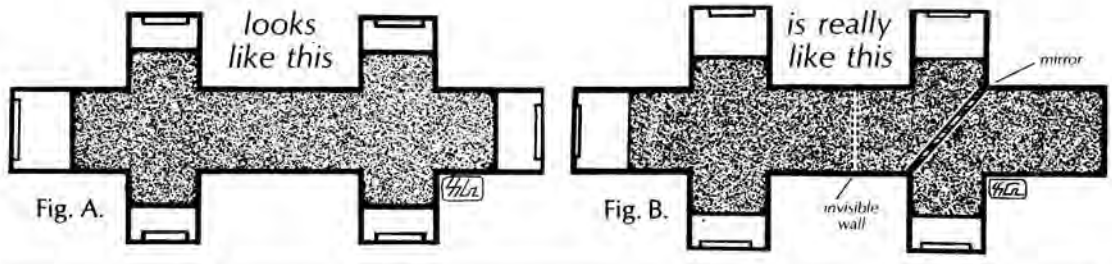


A truly clever trap, **Mirror, Mirror, and the Fall,** was designed by Maughn Matsuoka. This trap uses an evil system of mirrors to lure characters to their doom.

The delvers are presented with a room, 50' long from doorway to doorway. The area between the doorways is filled with molten gold. The delvers must find a way to cross the gold before they can continue their journey.

Halfway through the narrows is an invisible wall. The wall should present an added obstacle to the party's progress, and will also provide protection for the mirror further along.

Farther down the corridor, a mirror crosses the corridor diagonally. The mirror reflects the left wing of the room in such a way that it appears to be a

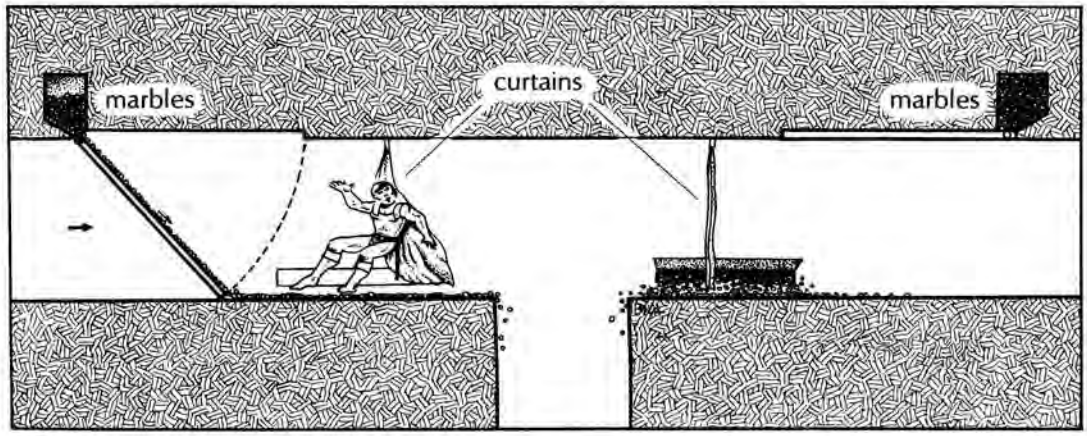


continuation of the main passage, instead of a side passage. Beyond the mirror, for an additional ten or fifteen feet, is a further expanse of molten gold.

The fact that the corridor appears so short may encourage some to attempt to teleport across. Doing so, however, will almost certainly land the magicker in the gold. The party at the other end of the room will see the mage vanish, then hear him scream, but they won't know what has happened to him.

When the delvers figure out what's going on, and breach the wall and break the mirror, you might want to surprise them with some troops in the right wing of the passage. Such troops could make it quite sticky for delvers who attempt to make it to the left wing and the door therein.

David McConnell submitted a particularly vicious obstruction trap. Called the **Magnificent Marble Misadventure** by its creator, this trap is sure to slow even the most confident party to a crawl.



The trap is first encountered as a simple, unadorned set of curtains hanging across the dungeon corridor. When these curtains are disturbed or parted, a large door swings down from the ceiling behind the party, releasing a supply of oil-coated marbles onto the floor. The characters will probably have a hard time keeping their footing at this point, and might even end up falling into the pit on the opposite side of the curtains.

At the same time the marbles are released from the ceiling, a hopper on the opposite side of the corridor opens, spilling still more marbles onto the floor. The characters may or may not notice this, depending upon how alert they are.

The delvers are now faced with the problem of getting across the pit, as the door which dropped behind them cannot be budged. The safest way of crossing is for the party to push all the marbles on their side of the pit down into the hole, and then attempt a running jump for the opposite side of the trench. Of course, the marbles on the far side of the pit won't provide much traction for someone attempting to land upon them . . .

This trap was designed to function regardless of the direction of the party's travel. Thus, by strict function, the trap should spring itself all over again when the party passes the curtain on the far side of the pit. You can ignore or implement this as you please.

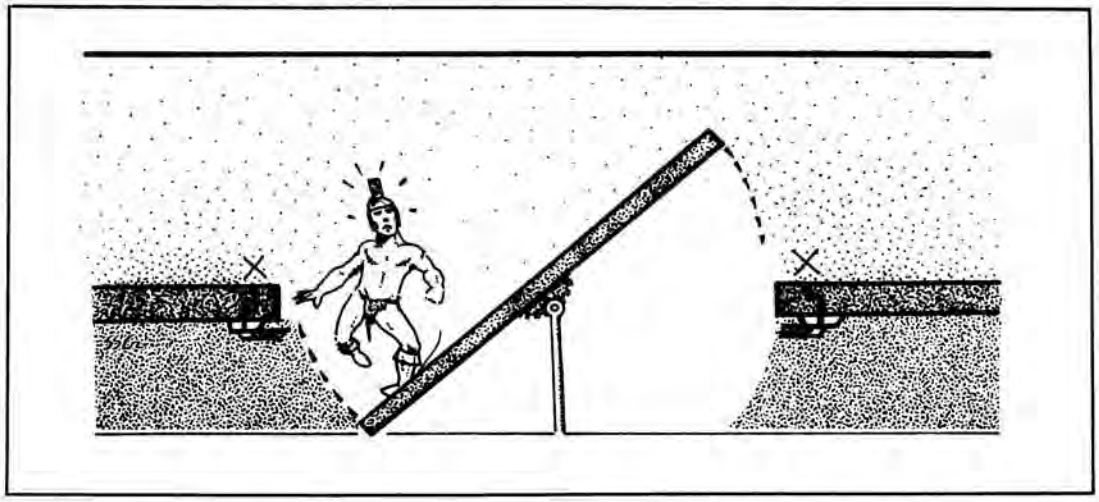
Corridor Traps: Obstructions

– *NOTES* –

Mike Stackpole has developed a pair of corridor traps, both of which use "well-worn" and "common" situations in new and unique ways. Traps such as these are sure to cause problems for those "seen-it-all-before" delvers.

Mike's first trap is the **Trip Wire That Isn't.** The main feature of the trap is a standard hinged section of floor, balanced upon a central fulcrum. The floor will give in to the slightest weight; the flipping floor section lets down into a pit, a cage, or to some other horrible fate.

Strung across the corridor on either side of the floor section is a highly visible trip wire. (However, glowing neon lights and flashing arrows would be a bit much.) The wire, when broken, causes two spring-loaded steel spikes to fire into the floor section from the corridor walls, thus securing it for safe passage. If the wire is left intact, of course, the floor section will freely tip as designed.



Another trap that punishes eagle-eyed delvers is the **Last Laugh Trap,** also designed by Mike Stackpole. The basic construction of this trap is similar to the "Trip Wire That Isn't" in that it is also designed around a tilting section of floor. The floor section operates in the standard way, but this time the device opens into a pit filled with the debris of former victims – damaged armor and weapons, bones, perhaps a bit of treasure, and maybe even a magical item or two.

The hinged slab of floor should be fairly easy to locate – either by sight or by the fact that it moves when poked with a staff. Thus, the party can "luckily" locate the trap before it's too late, and (they hope) decide to attempt to recover some of the treasures below.

The actual trap is located in the ceiling, and is activated when the hinged section of floor is tilted at an angle drastic enough to touch the roof of the corridor (as would be caused by some idiot falling into the trap, or by eager delvers who attempt to wedge the floor section into place so as to better recover the treasures below). When the floor section hits the ceiling in this manner, it depresses a pressure plate, causing the roof of the ceiling opposite it (where the bulk of the party is probably standing) to smash down to the floor.

Once the party has been reduced to paste, a clean-up crew will arrive to sweep the delvers' remains into the pit where they can serve to lure another group to their doom. Tidy traps are the best traps.

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Unsatisfied by visions of Gremlin Guacamole and Hobbit Hash, Stackpole developed another pair of thematic corridor traps. Both utilize a water-filled tunnel; to make them work, you need merely lure the characters into the water tunnel, requiring them to swim through the corridor for a prolonged period until they can discover an airpocket where they can breathe.

The crux of the **Take a Deep Breath** trap lies in the construction of the airpocket. You could, of course, simply neglect to include a pocket at all, but a somewhat more subtle solution would be to fill the pocket with poisonous gas. A knock-out gas, in place of the poison, could render a character unconscious and easy to capture.

Taking this trap one step further, you can place an undiscovered tomb chamber at the end of the water tunnel. The tomb is rich in treasure and is guarded by a mummy.

The tomb's atmosphere is super-enriched with oxygen. As the character has either been holding his breath or breathing water to reach this point, he isn't likely to notice the air change right away.

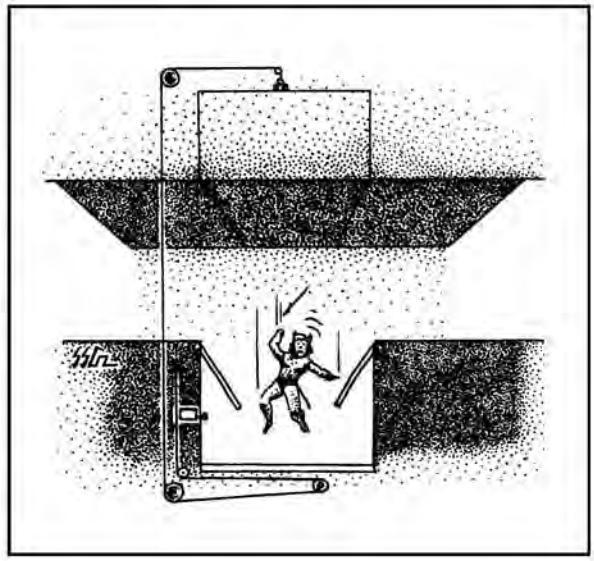
The effects of this enriched atmosphere will become apparent as soon as some sort of flame is produced (a rather common occurence when mummies are about). The fire will flare and cause more damage than expected – needless to say, some of this damage should take effect upon the character providing the fire. Shrouding the tomb in darkness might give the delvers further cause to produce a flame . . .

Yet another pair of corridor obstruction traps from Mike will pump new death into old cliches. One is simple, the other is not. Both are deadly.

The first of the pair, **Look Before You Leap,** combines magic and monsters to a terrible end. Inform the delvers that they sense magic coming from the corridor ahead of them. A detection spell will reveal a pit beneath the floor, hidden from view by an illusion spell.

The delvers, not wishing to be surprised by whatever lurks in the pit below, will probably cast some sort of magic to dispell the illusion. Lurking inside the pit is a gorgon . . .

The second trap of the pair is called **Between A Rock and A Hard Place.** The device is a clever variation on the common pit-in-the-corridor trap, and will ensure that characters keep on their toes at all times – or they will lose their toes!



The trap begins with a standard pit in the floor, activated by whatever method you choose. When a character falls to the bottom of the pit, he will find that

he is in too deep to climb out on his own.

When the trap door slams down against the side of the pit, it pushes a button recessed into the wall. This button causes a vial of acid to shatter, which rapidly dissolves a wire that runs up through the dungeon wall to secure in place the section of roof above the pit.

The wire dissolves within seconds. As long as weight remains on the floor of the pit, however, the pressure plate therein will ensure that the block of ceiling remains in place. If all the weight is removed, then the ceiling drops into the pit, almost certainly crushing anyone who still remains within.

☠☠☠ Brandon Corey has designed **The Greystoke Memorial,** perhaps in answer to the much-asked question, "What's a chasm doing in the Death Star, anyway?" I'm still not sure that I understand the reasons for the chasm. But I am sure that I understand the reason for Brandon's residence in a local mental ward.

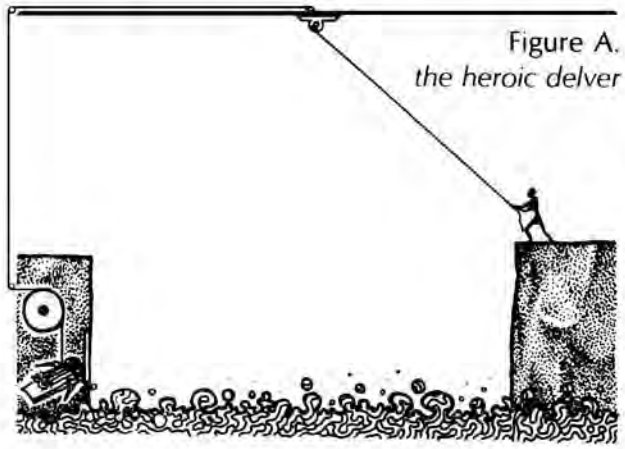


Figure A.
the heroic delver

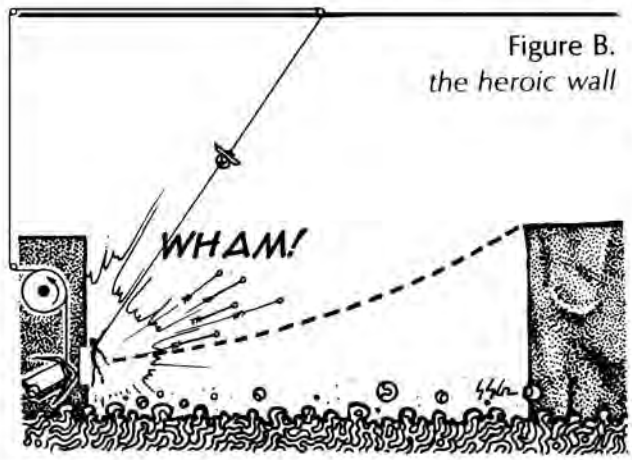


Figure B.
the heroic wall

The corridor is broken by a huge pit filled with something nasty – monsters, disgusting fluids, or what-have-you. There appears to be no way to cross the pit. Characters are liable to panic at this point, especially if they're being pursued.

Diligent observation will reveal a block-and-tackle device in the ceiling over the approximate center of the pit. With a bit of luck, a delver might be able to cast a rope to find a secure purchase, to allow the party to . . .

How sickeningly heroic. Anyway, this is where the trap comes into play. The block and tackle itself isn't actually attached to the ceiling – in fact, it's attached to a rope-and-pulley system that will come loose from the ceiling if the full weight of your average dungeon delver hangs from it. The whole tackle assembly will dip sharply down from the ceiling, altering a swinging character's trajectory. Instead of casually clearing the far side of the pit, the delver will slam into the pit wall itself.

To add insult to injury, Brandon has added a battery of crossbow bolts that fire along the delvers' projected angle of flight when tension is applied to the tackle device. Mindless overkill, true, but certainly more fun than watching yet another idiot delver act like Douglas Fairbanks.

Watch out for that first step . . .

The trap is a section of corridor that has been hollowed out to form a perfect sphere. A spherical section of stone has been set within this cavity, balanced upon fine rollers that allow it to spin within the sphere.

As might well be expected, the fitting of the ball within the cavity is tight enought to ensure that the junctions with the hallway will be difficult to detect. The ball is delicately balanced, and a character who steps into it will cause it to tip. You might wish to increase the tension on the rollers so that more than one character can enter the trap before it rotates.

When the sphere rotates, the characters will fall into the pit below. For added effect, place spikes at the bottom of the pit. If you wish to be especially cruel, install automatic crossbows in the upper half of the trap to further bedevil characters trapped in the pit below. An escape from the trap can be provided through a trap door in the upper half of the trap.

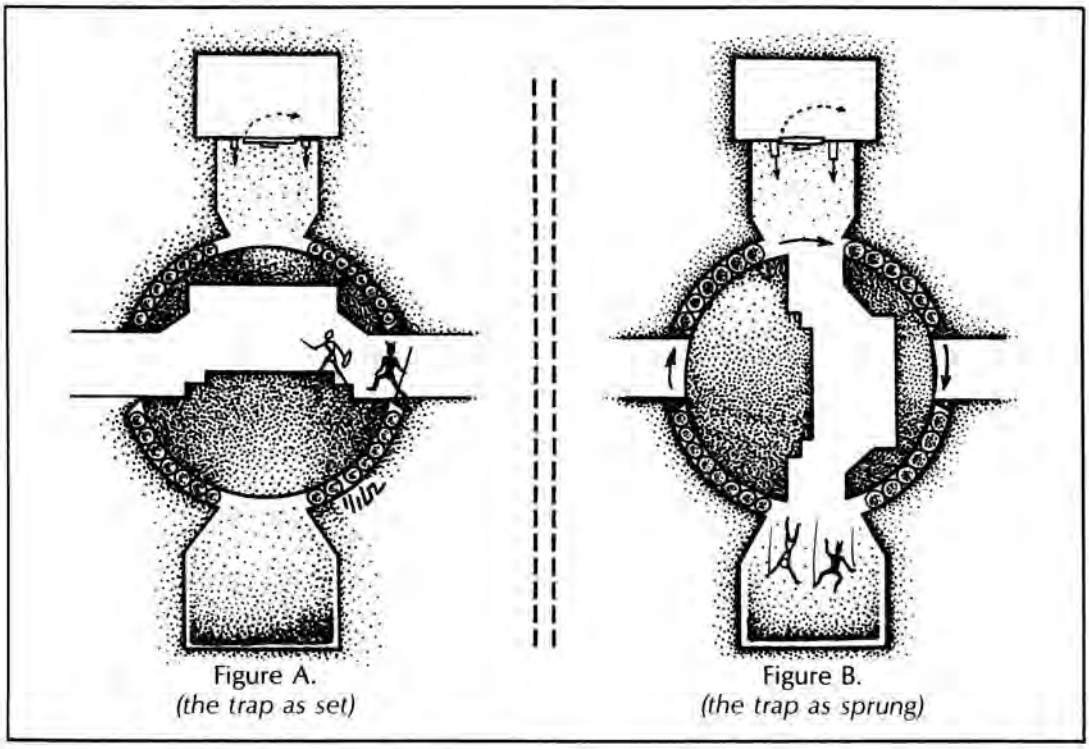
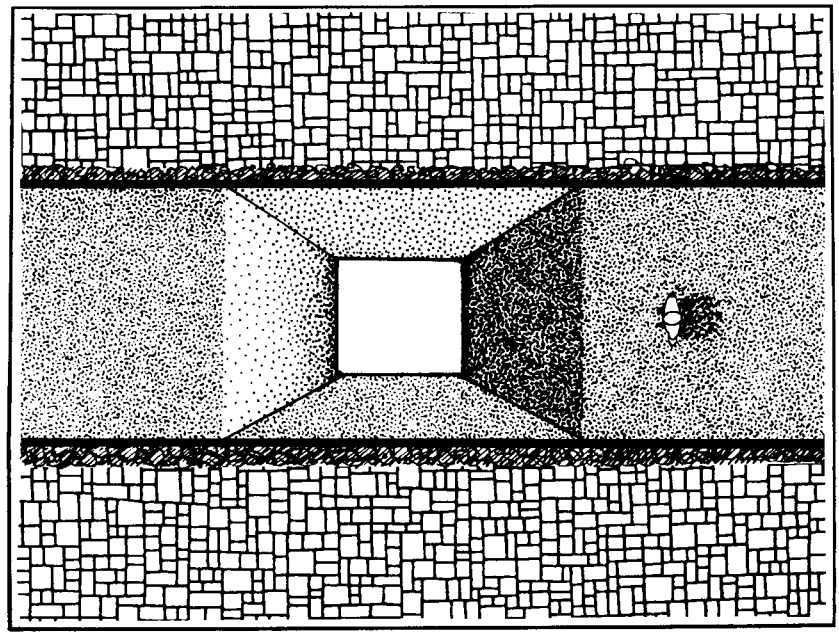


Figure A.
(the trap as set)

Figure B.
(the trap as sprung)

J. Walker designed **The Slippery Pit,** a fine trap that spells doom for those characters who insist upon using tried-and-true methods for evading obvious traps.

Interrupt a standard dungeon corridor with an obvious wall-to-wall pit trap, complete with greased and sloping floor sections. The standard way to avoid this trap, of course, is to pound some pitons into the corridor walls and negotiate the trap by hand-over-hand maneuvers. The problem with this solution is the fact that the walls to either side of the "Slippery Pit" are unusually thin; pitons secured within these walls are likely to come loose if undue weight is applied to them. For an even more devious – and deadly – solution to the "clever delver" problem, conceal a sheet of contact explosive behind the thin walls . . .

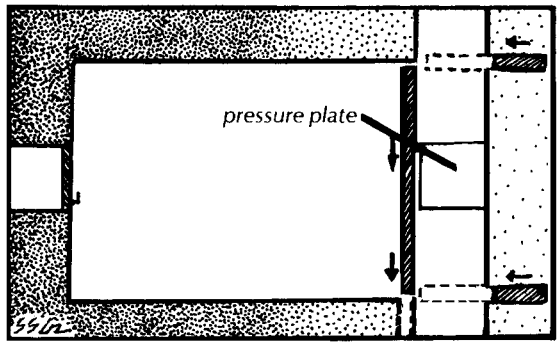


The Slippery Pit
(overhead view)

Detours

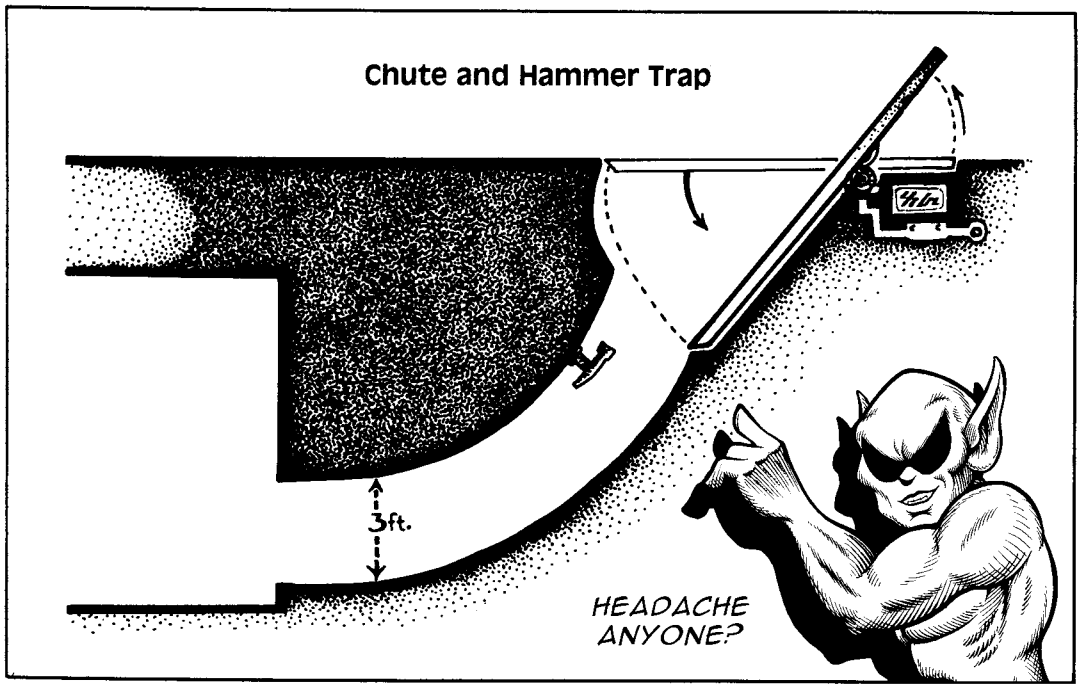
Another common type of corridor trap is the detour device, which forces the party off their line of advance and on to some alternate pathway against their will. These traps can be especially useful in dungeons where the floorplan allows the characters to wander around aimlessly while avoiding the provided encounters. Traps such as these insure that the party will "get involved" – whether they want to or not.

A typical example of this trap, **Which Way to the Front?,** was provided by Paul O'Connor. Using a simple set of sliding walls (triggered by either a pressure plate or a trip wire), this trap swiftly changes a bare stretch of corridor into a room. Such a room can be occupied by almost anything, but if you should choose to place a monster inside, remember that there's an excellent chance the party could be caught flat-footed by the sudden situation change, with potentially fatal consequences. After the party has dealt with the room situation, they are allowed to leave through the door – along a different path than the one they wished.



A rather violent method of sending delvers to lower dungeon levels against their will was designed by Jason Lujan. The **Chute and Hammer Trap** activates when the party walks past the pivot point on a plate hidden in the floor. The plate will then tilt down at a 45° angle, dumping almost anyone standing upon it into the aluminum chute below. This chute is very narrow; positioned within it is a hammer designed to strike characters in the forehead with considerable velocity as they slide by. The smaller kindreds might be able to avoid being bashed, but human-sized characters are in for a whopper of a headache.

To make this trap even more deadly than it already is, you could make the chute narrower – ensuring that the characters will fall flat. Then, turn the hammer around so the claw end faces *up* the chute – this will catch a character under the jaw if he's falling feet-first on his back, or at the base of his skull if he's skidding down on his face. If anyone should survive this treatment, they're free to continue their journey through the lower levels.

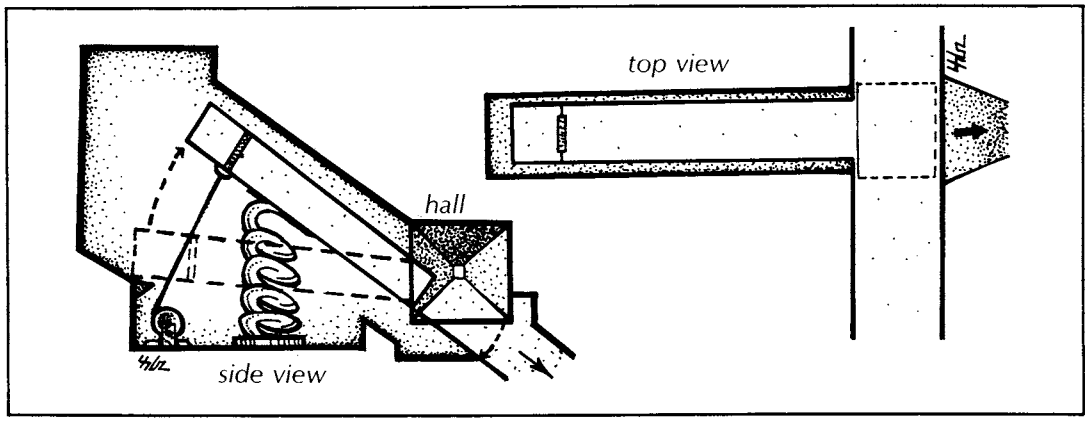


Stefan Jones has developed an even more elaborate means of sending dungeon parties plummeting towards the lower levels against their will. **Orfile's Slide of Delver Dumping** is set up in a side tunnel, off the main corridor, and can be located on almost any dungeon level but the deepest.

In its normal state, the slide appears to be a standard side corridor, leading from the main route at a slight incline and ending in a door. When this door is opened, gallons of eel oil (or some other suitable substance) are released. The oil splashes down the length of the corridor, coating the ceiling, floors, and walls, rendering them nearly frictionless.

At the same time, a large spring concealed beneath the corridor uncoils, lifting the entire tunnel upwards at a sickening angle. Delvers thus find themselves skidding down the length of the corridor at a dismaying speed.

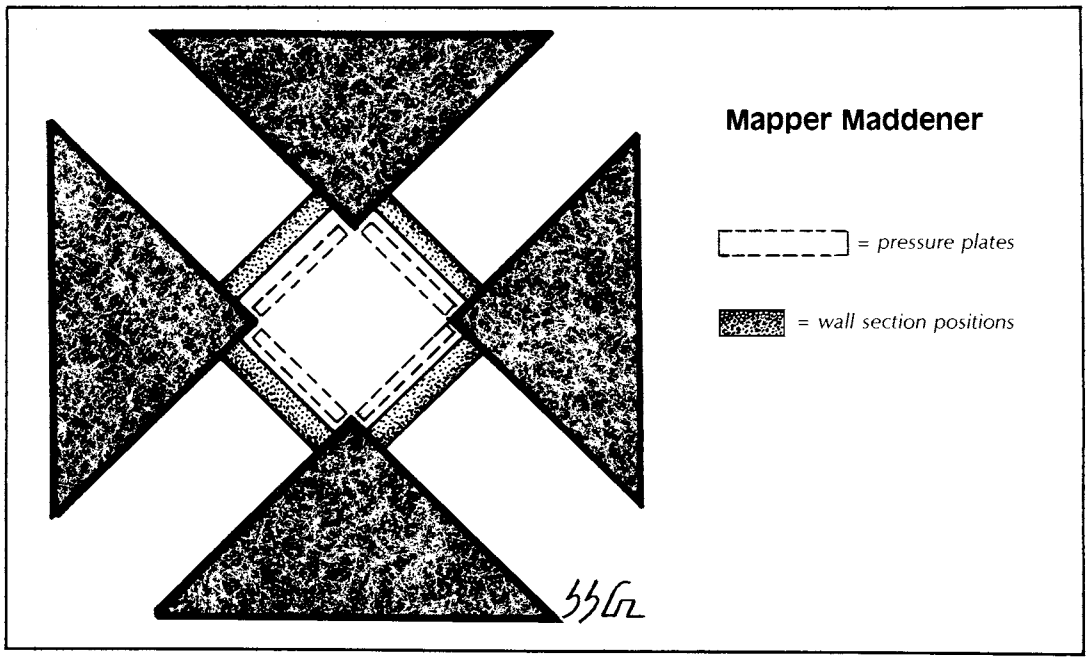
The delvers aren't out of the woods yet. A trap door located in the main corridor snaps open when the spring uncoils, forming an expressway to the



lower dungeon levels. Characters might have a chance to save themselves by grabbing at the rim of the main corridor as they shoot by – but the effectiveness of this move is left to the GM's discretion. Remember to account for the possible actions of any characters who might be standing in the main corridor, out of harm's way, when all this happens.

Dungeon monsters with a sense of neatness can reset this trap by using the hand winch provided. However, I doubt the characters caught by the trap will even notice this bit of consistency, as this ride usually proves to be a one-way journey.

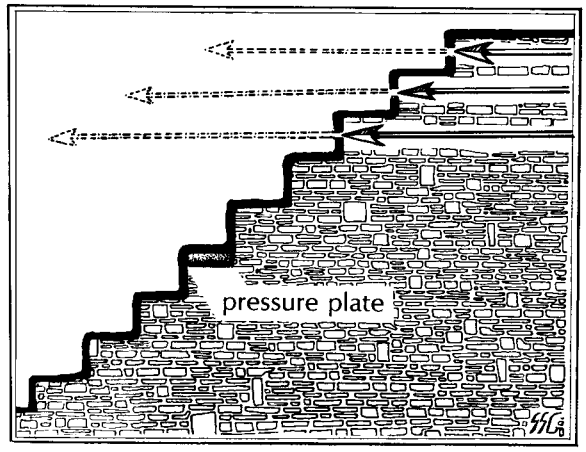
J. Walker developed the **Mapper Maddener,** a corridor detour trap designed to give mappers fits. The trap is located in a corridor intersection, and is composed of a number of sliding wall sections. The sections are designed to rearrange themselves into various positions, altering the basic shape of the intersection into a "T", a straight section, or even a corridor or dead end. Each time the characters pass by, the configuration will be different, playing hob with any maps the party may be making. Of course, the trap will only change the intersection when the delvers are out of seeing or hearing range, thus assuring their confusion.



Murderers

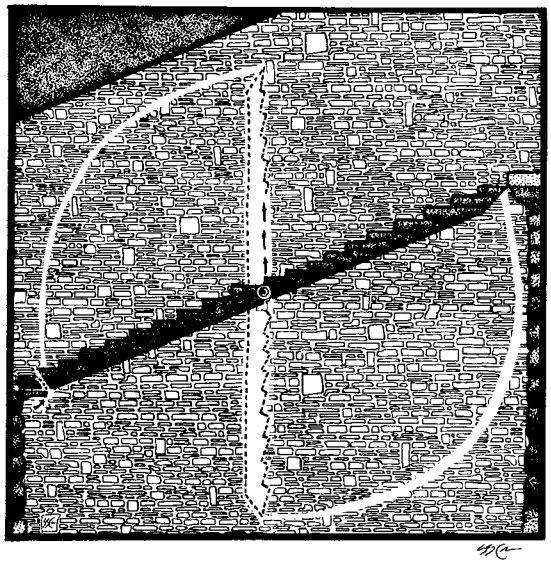
While some corridor traps may simply slow or re-route a party, others are not so kind. Many are designed only to kill anything that enters them. Such death usually comes swiftly; delvers have little chance to avoid a gruesome fate. Included in this section are a number of traps involving stairs – for some reason, a stairwell seems a natural place to put any number of fatal devices.

The inherent danger presented by a flight of stairs is well illustrated in a pair of traps from John R. Greer. The first of these, the **Pilum Pacifier,** is particularly ruthless.



The trap is activated when the lead character in the party steps upon a pressure plate concealed within the trigger step, causing three pilums to spring forth from the stairs to a distance of eight to ten feet. The pilums will strike three specific areas: three or four feet above the trigger step, an equal distance above the step below the trigger step, and about four feet above the step below that. Thus, if a pilum doesn't strike the lead delver, it may still hit the character who stands next in line. The GM should determine the extent of any damage done to the characters on the stairs, and should take into account exactly where the delver was hit. The construction of this trap, combined with the wildly varying heights of dungeon delvers, makes it possible for a character to be struck *anywhere* by a pilum.

Another of John's traps also takes its toll upon parties who venture up a flight of stairs. Called **Folly Flight,** this trap utilizes a deceptively simple construction to devastating effect.



The section of stair that comprises the trap perfectly matches the rest – but is in reality a carefully-balanced ploy. If enough weight is placed on these stairs uphill of the fulcrum, the entire device will swing downward, dumping the party to whatever unkind fate the GM has waiting below.

Exactly when this trap is triggered is a matter of logic and

discretion. If a single character navigates the stair, he might feel a shifting beneath him as a forewarning when he crossed the fulcrum. Depending on his speed, he might actually recover in time to retreat back over the pivot point. If the character was running, the chances of his doing this are very slim.

If an entire party moves along the stair, the weight won't begin to shift until the bulk of the procession has crossed the pivot point. How radical the shift of weight is will determine the speed with which the stairs drop away.

Note that the stairs are supported only at their downstairs end. Thus, a character who sets foot upon the trap from upstairs would instantly trigger this device.



An especially fiendish corridor trap, the **See-Saw Corridor** by John T.T. Longenbaugh, could prove to be the death of even the toughest characters.

Figure A. *a seemingly straight corridor . . .*

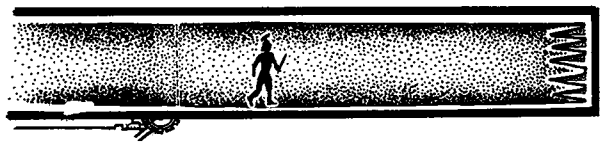
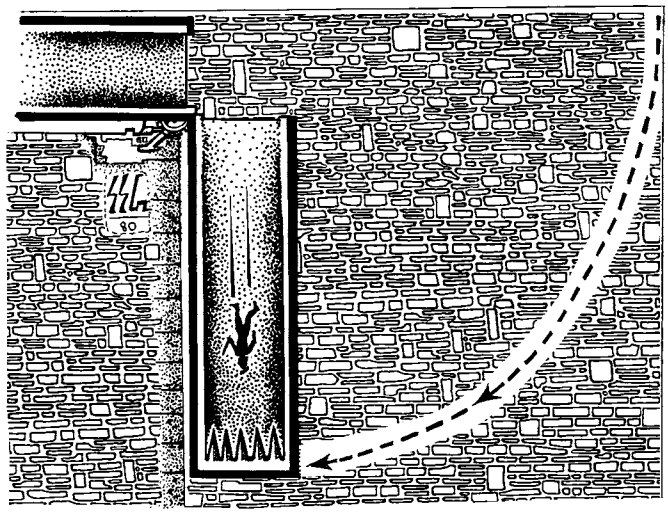


Figure B. *suddenly becomes a drop-shaft!*



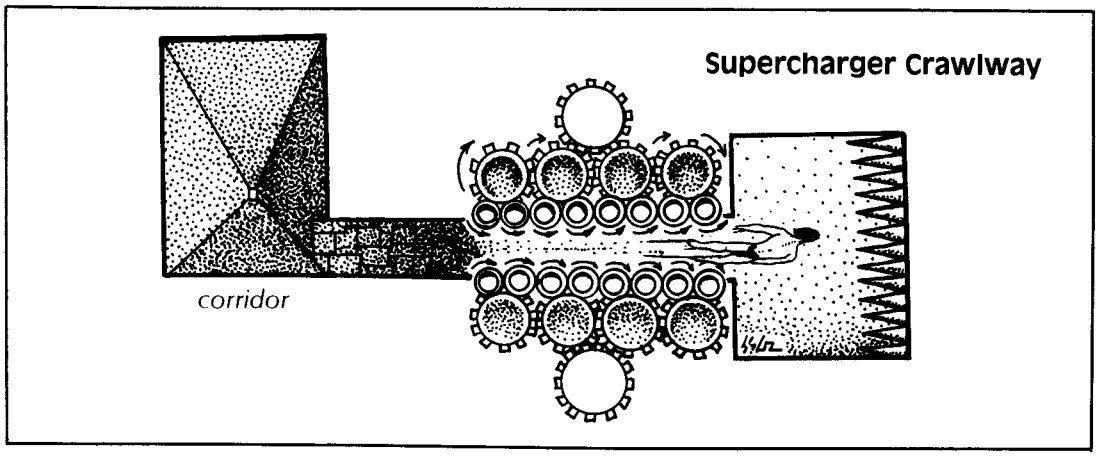
The trap works best in unlit corridors, to conceal the spikes that will eventually lead to the delvers' doom. The trap is similar to "Folly Flight" in that a significant amount of weight must move past the pivot point to trigger it, but the consequences are a bit more sinister. In a matter of seconds, the corridor that had provided safe passage becomes a deadly drop-shaft! The specifics of the damage caused by this trap are, of course, left to the Game Master, but the compounded menace of a long fall and impalement will probably do most characters in.



Paul O'Connor has designed another corridor trap that uses spikes to grim effect: the **Supercharger Crawlway.** Located in a low crawl-space off the main dungeon corridor, this trap should provide a fatal surprise for anyone foolish enough to venture within.

The crawlway is just large enough to permit passage of a normal-sized human being. The fit will be very tight, and the delver will find it impossible to turn around. Near the end of the crawlway, the character will discover a number of rubberized wheels that barely protrude into the passage through the ceiling and floor.

If the character continues, his pressure upon the wheels will trigger the trap. The primary gears begin to turn at a terrific rate, shooting the helpless character through several feet of corridor and into the room beyond. Travelling at a speed of approximately 60 miles per hour, the character bursts into the room and encounters a wall of spikes. If there lives a character who could withstand such ghastly punishment, I certainly wouldn't want to meet him.

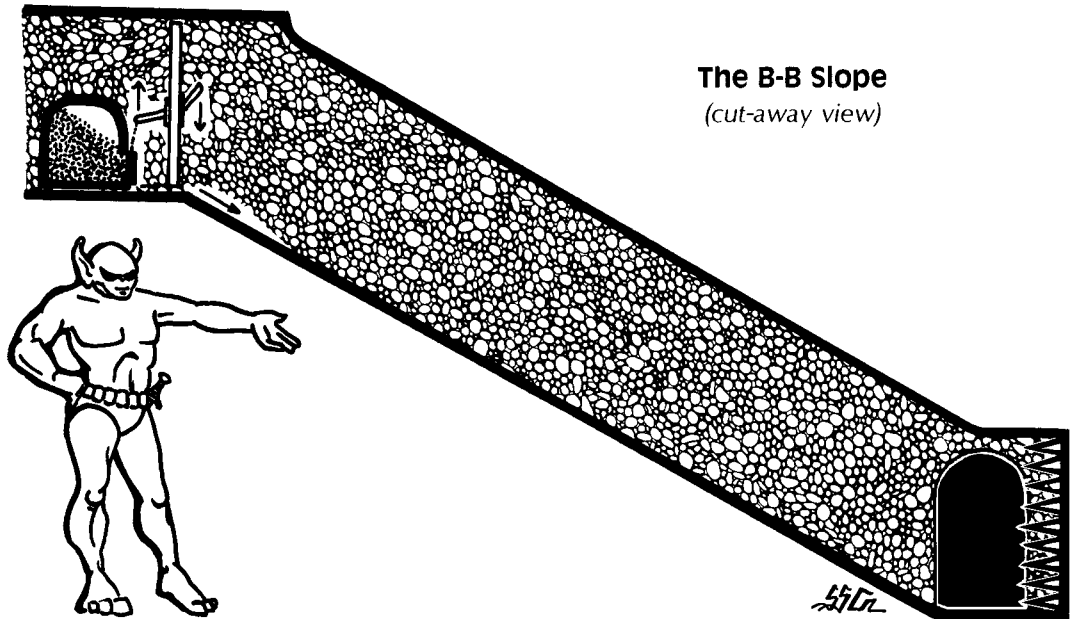


Another form of grim corridor doom, **The B-B Slope,** was submitted by Rick Loomis. A side tunnel leads away from the main corridor, and ends in a door. The wall at the door's base is covered in spikes. Beside the door at the end of the tunnel is an unmarked lever.

The door will resist all attempts to open it (in fact, it cannot be opened at all, as it is only a cleverly-disguised section of the wall). When the lever is pulled, a section of the door is lifted, releasing a hoard of ball bearings into the corridor. The characters will probably lose their footing, and slide to a painful fate on the spikes below.

To make this trap less suspicious, the incline could be replaced by a flight of stairs. While a person won't slide down a set of stairs, a tumble down them might do as much damage as the spikes at the far end. You could thus dispense with the spikes altogether, and still have an innocent-looking but quite dangerous trap.

Another possibility is to have the door release oil instead of ball bearings. The substance would certainly cause the characters standing in the tunnel to lose their footing, and if one of them were to drop a torch the corridor could quickly become an inferno.



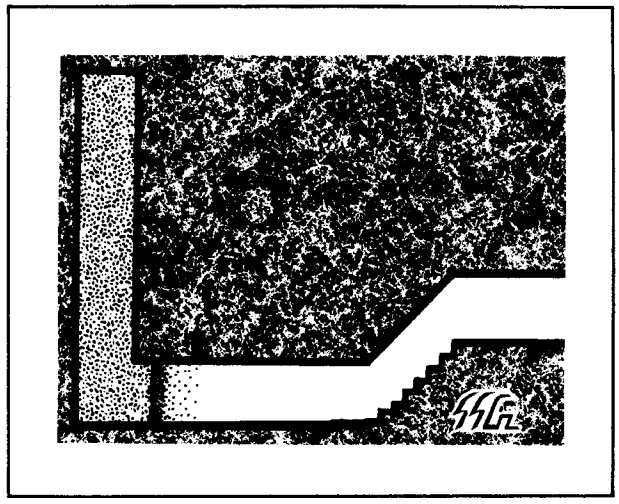
The Rolling Stone is another corridor-murder trap that Rick is fond of. This trap presents the party with an enormous stone ball bouncing down the center of the corridor. To avoid this threat, the delvers will (naturally) throw themselves flat against the corridor walls.

Unfortunately for the delvers, the corridor walls are covered with many small, poison-coated spikes. Such a surface can prove very uncomfortable to an unarmored character.

The only way to defeat this trap is to either wear clothing of sufficient thickness to thwart the spikes, or to step into the stone ball. The ball, after all, is simply an illusion, and will vanish upon contact.

Brandon Corey developed a pair of killer corridor traps that operate along the same lines. Both are a gas.

The first trap is the **CO^2 Delver Extinguisher.** This trap is constructed by filling a tall room with carbon dioxide. An invisible wall or something similar is placed across the entrance to the room. For best results, the room should be located at the end of a corridor, preferably down a flight of stairs.



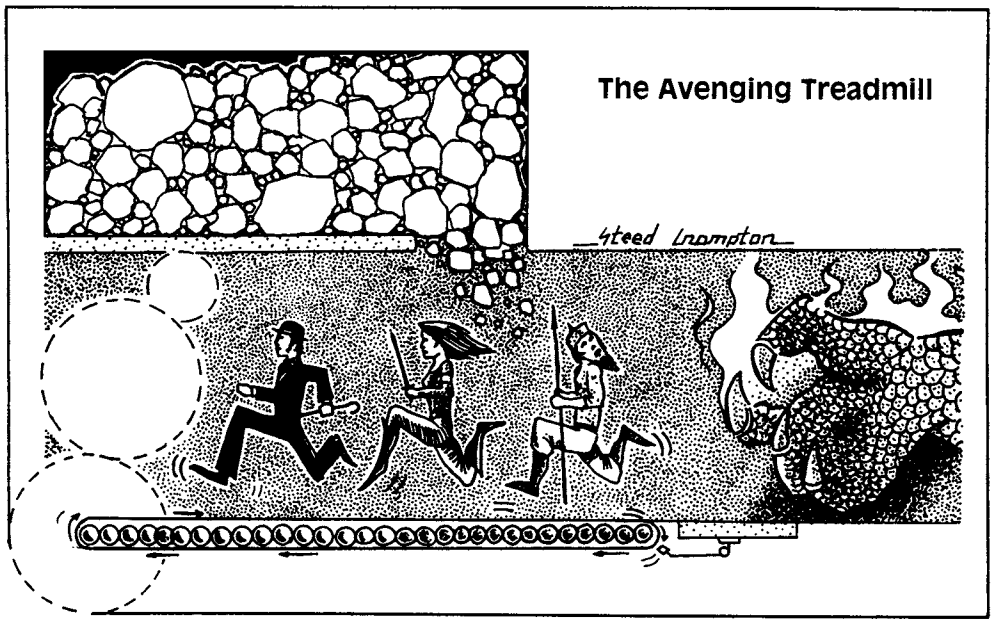
When the invisible wall is breached, the room will fill the corridor with carbon dioxide. Torches (and hopefully, delvers) will be extinguished.

Corey's second trap is the **Von Hindenburg Chamber.** This trap is a reversal of the "Delver Extinguisher"; this time the invisible wall seals off a deep pit of hydrogen from a corridor. The stair and corridor arrangement remains unchanged. When the wall is breached, the hydrogen flows out of the pit and into the corridor – creating an inferno about any character who carries a lit torch . . .

Uriah Ward developed **The Avenging Treadmill.** To function properly, this trap should be located in a *cul de sac* corridor where the room at the end contains something so horrible that the characters are likely to flee from it.

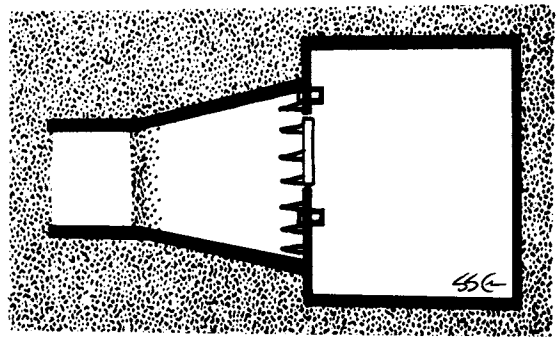
The corridor in question is, in reality, a treadmill device. The treadmill will not activate (begin to roll) until a character triggers it by opening the door at the end of the corridor.

When the party opens the door and greets whatever horrible fate you have in store, they will almost certainly attempt to flee back down the corridor. When this happens, the effects of the treadmill will become apparent. The characters will be running in place, while the horror behind them gets closer and closer!



To make matters worse, running upon the treadmill activates a gear assembly, which will pull aside the ceiling above the characters. This should release upon the characters a torrent of something nasty: for instance, a load of boiling oil or a small avalanche.

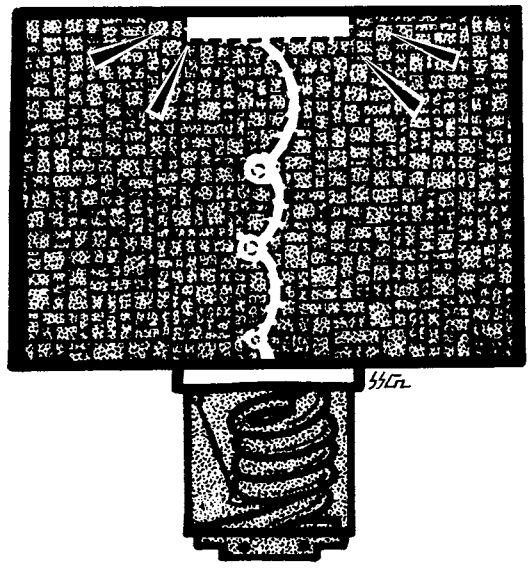
A very simple – and thus very effective – corridor trap is **Air Thee Well,** by J. Sutherland. Fill a room at the end of a corridor with a vacuum, then seal the room with an airtight piece of glass or an invisible wall. Beyond the glass, place a grillwork of spikes and barbs. When the restraining wall is breached, characters in the corridor beyond will be sucked forward – and into the deadly grillwork.



Step and Die

A distinguishable sub-class of the "Corridor Murderers" type of trap is the "Step and Die" variety. Traps of this type are uniformly activated when someone treads upon their trigger mechanism. These traps respond directly to the delver – usually through a direct extension of the trigger mechanism itself, rather than a mundane caving in of the ceiling upon the party's heads (or some similar fate).

Due to their construction, traps such as those which follow lend themselves well to a variety of locations beyond corridors and tunnels. With little or no modification, the step-and-die traps will function as well within rooms or treasure chambers. *(See next page, bub...)*



The Smashing Floor Trap by John T.T. Longenbaugh is a basic example of the step-and-die trap. The trap is activated by a pressure plate, designed to cut loose when at least 75 lbs. of pressure is put upon it.

When the trap is sprung, a tightly-coiled spring sends the entire floor section slamming against the ceiling. Most anyone caught by this trap is a goner – or, to quote John: "The person can be mailed to the funeral using only one stamp." Of course, John made this comment before the postal rate increase . . .

Using the classic principle of transforming a child's toy into an engine of death, Mike Stackpole developed the **Whirling Blade Boot Bloodier.** Propeller toys were never so cruel.

The trap is activated when a delver steps upon a pressure plate. Set below the plate is a long iron screw. set at the base of the screw is a spring-loaded razor-edged device that looks very much like a wing nut.

For this trap, the flooring should be of tile or flagstone. The length of each of the wings on the wing nut should be just short enough to allow the knife to spin freely inside the hole without striking the sides of the shaft.

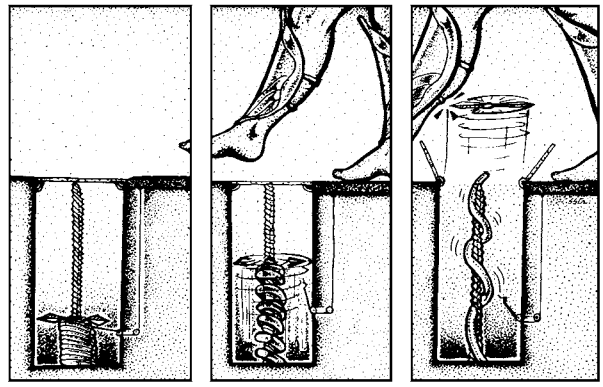


Figure 1 *Figure 2* *Figure 3*

Whirling Blade Boot Bloodier

Fig. 1. *The trap as set*

Fig. 2. *The trap as activated*

Fig. 3. *The result.*

When the trap is activated, the spring forces the whole nut assembly up the length of the screw with split-second precision. The nut completes its flight by bursting through the false tile above it and (with any luck) cutting into the character who stands above.

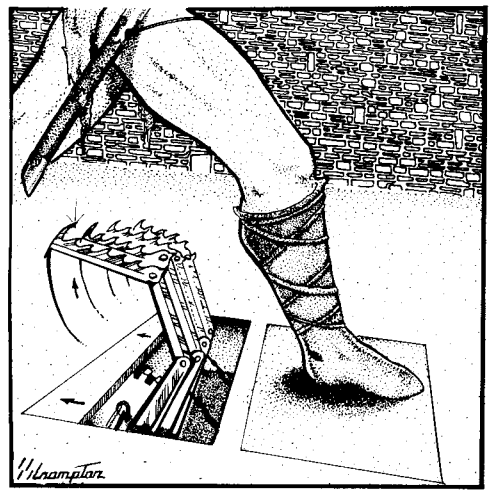
The consequences of this trap are almost certain to be crippling. After being hit by this device, a character will probably find it impossible to walk.

Another device that should prove rough on legs is the **First Step Trap,** by Lara Abrash. This trap is sure to make characters look before they leap.

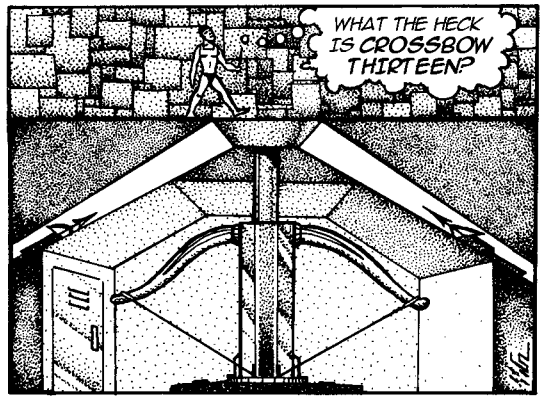
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The trap's construction is as simple as it is devastating. When a character steps upon a pressure plate, the tile slides away. A rack of barbed, razor-sharp blades flips forward, cutting into the back of the leg and heel – perhaps even severing the foot entirely.



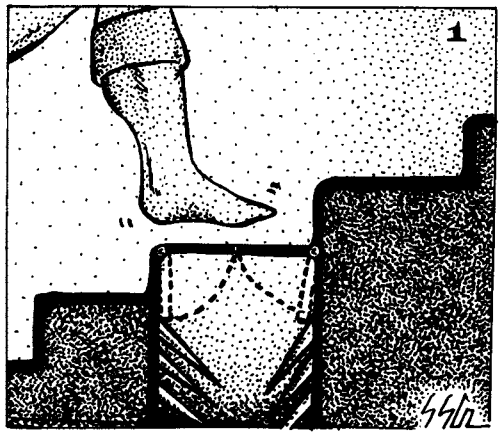
Another evil corridor trap, **Crossbow Thirteen,** was developed by John R. Greer. This devilish device is so named because it employs no less than thirteen individual crossbows to achieve an effect roughly equivalent to an exploding land mine. This trap is a wonderful example of the kind of outrageous overkill and ruthless violence found in some of the most delightful traps.

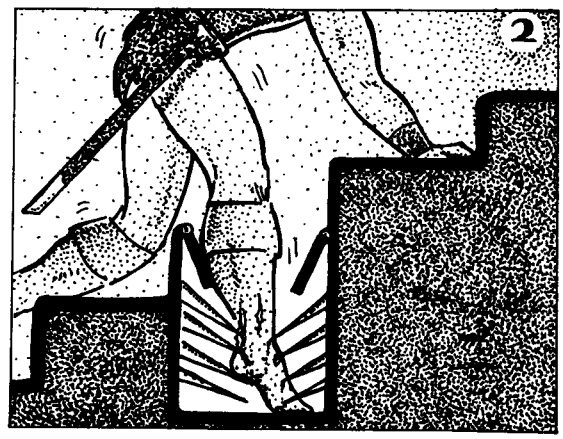


When a delver steps upon a designated section of floor, the giant, loaded crossbow beneath the floor will fire, launching its quarrel (and the chunk of flooring at its head) up towards the ceiling. This may or may not clip the character who actually stepped upon the "mine", but it will almost certainly hit the next delver in line.

The worst is yet to come. After the main crossbow has fired, twelve standard cranequins open up from a sequence of shafts placed in a circle about the main quarrel. This "shrapnel" flies forth at about a 17° angle to the floor. These arrows might strike anyone standing within 12' of the trap.

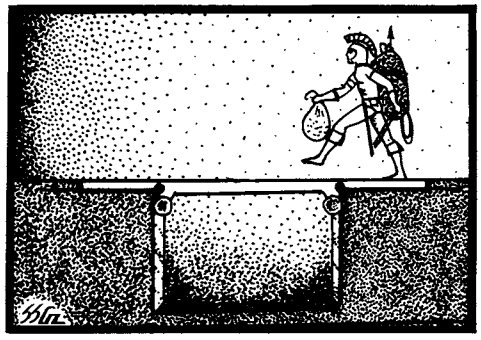
The **Stair Snare** is a simple trap submitted by Mark O'Green and Edward Schoonover. This trap will work especially well if placed in a location frequented by wandering monsters, or within a room that is rapidly filling with water. The character, probably trapped, will thus have even more to deal with than the

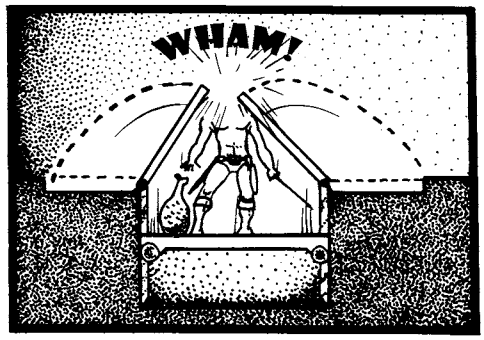




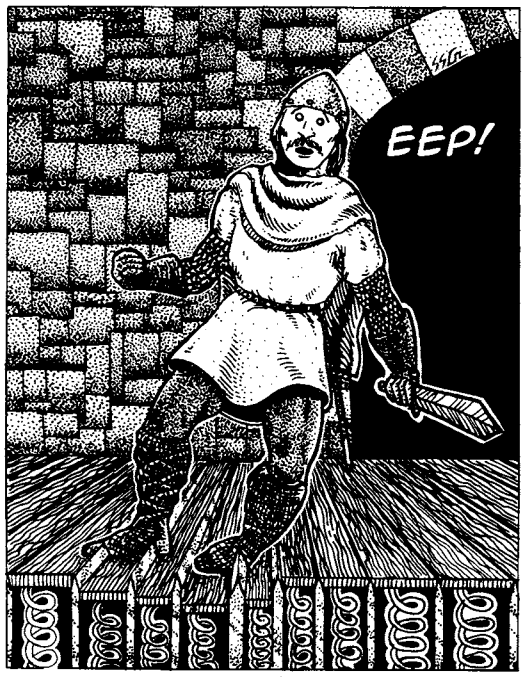
pain that the snare offers.

The trap is encountered when a character sets foot upon a false section of stairway. The step gives way, allowing the foot to pass through to become ensnared in the barbs below. While the foot will probably pass into the step without suffering excess damage, pulling it out again is another story altogether – especially if the character is in a hurry.





Mark O'Green and Edward Schoonover developed the **Hero Sandwich** trap. Pass the ketchup. The trap is really a very simple one. Cover a shallow pit with a pressure plate. When a delver steps upon this plate, his weight will cause the plate to fall, bringing hinged sections of the same plate together in a slapping motion in the approximate region of the delver's head. Add a tomato, a pickle, and perhaps a bit of lettuce, and you're ready for lunch.

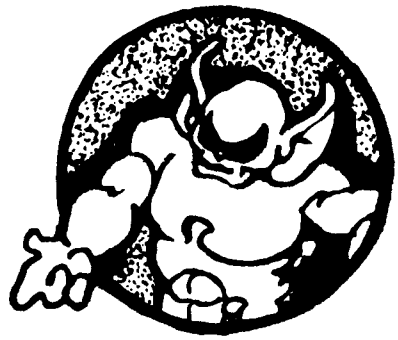


The Piano Floor, by Liz Danforth, is a scream.

Place between the slats of a tile or wooden-slat floor a number of extremely sharp, long razors. Beneath each slat should be placed a spring that will depress when the corresponding floor section is stepped upon. The result is a painful one.

For best effect, this section of floor should be located in an area that's likely to accept a sudden, great weight: at the base of a balcony (where someone is likely to land if he jumps), or in a section of hallway through which someone is likely to run (as if pursued).

The Flesh Pot, from Pat Mueller, technically isn't a "step-and-die" trap; more accurately, it's a "step-and-*stick*" device. This trap is simply a pot of sticky goo. Place the mouth of the pot in most any convenient place, where it will receive a limb – beneath a false section of floor, or deep within a hole that someone is likely to reach into. The goo instantly adheres to the delver's flesh. The pot can be pulled from its hiding place, but the limb cannot be pulled from the pot!



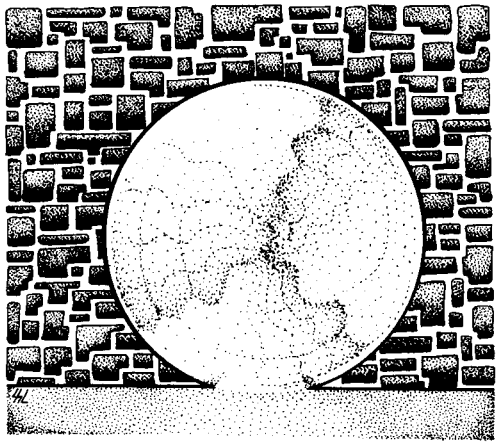
3 Door Traps

Doors are probably the most overlooked items in a dungeon, and with good reason. By and large, doors are usually transition devices between areas where the real action takes place: a warm-up act for the main attraction. As such, doors become commonplace objects, tackled with little caution and quickly forgotten.

A few well-placed door traps will put an end to this. Operating as they do – when a delver's guard is down – traps such as these are likely to create a high number of casualties. They will also lead to widespread, unreasoning paranoia, for if your best buddy gets fried by the first dungeon door, you can bet you're in for a tough trip.

Knock knock . . .

The Circular Doorway is an insidious door trap developed by Pat Mueller, and uses yet another common item to deadly effect. Present the delvers with a circular, doorless portal. The party will find that they can see a rather foggy image on the other side of the door (the room on the far side should be at least partially visible).

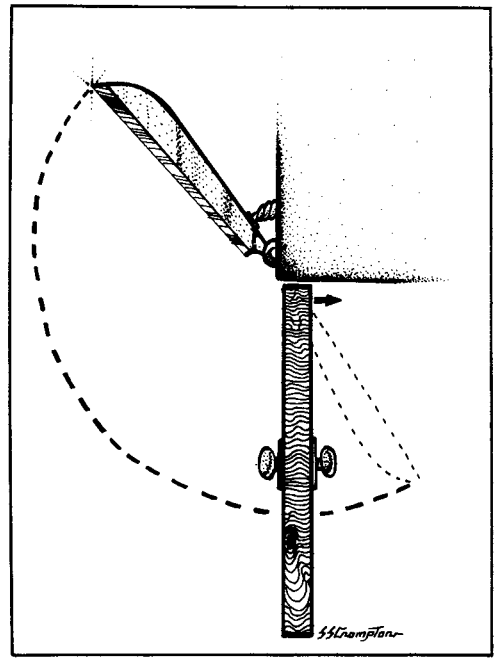


Actually, an enormous fan whirls within the doorway. Being virtually noiseless, it is almost impossible to determine that the fan is present until it is too late. The fan blades are equipped with tiny barbs and jagged edges to ensure that most anything touching them will be drawn in.

If the delvers carry torches, they might be able to detect the presence of the fan by the fact that the torch smoke is drawn towards the doorway. If, however, the characters don't realize the significance of this, then they fully deserve what they get.

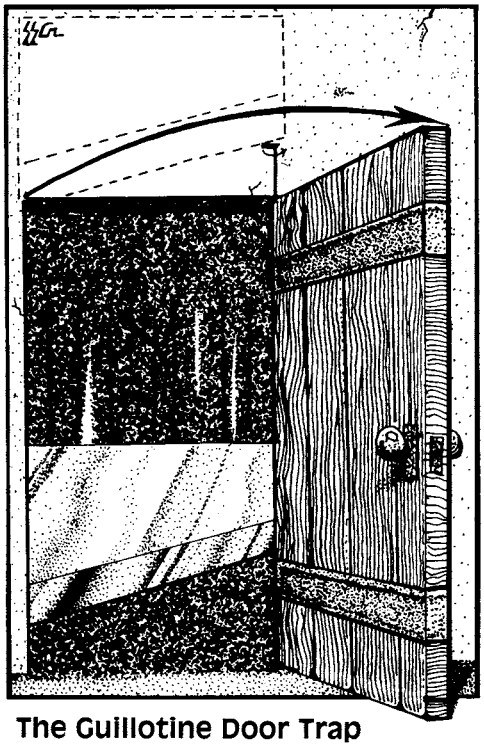
Another dismal doorway doom device was provided by John R. Greer. His **Giant's Razor** is designed to wreak havoc upon "standard door-opening techniques": standing to the side of a door as it is opened.

The door trap is held closed only by a common latch. When the latch is lifted, the weight of a 20-lb. razor poised beyond – coupled with a powerful spring – will force the door to fly open. Unless the character is trying to hold the door closed, the portal will swing open and the blade will swoop through.

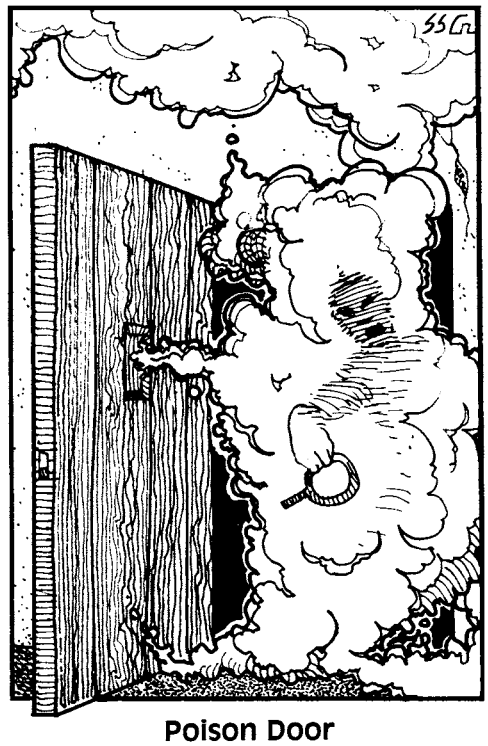


The razor's effect depends upon where the character stands. If he stands to the latch side of the door, he is in great danger of having his arm amputated. If he stands in a line with the middle of the door, the razor would probably hit him in the upper torso. A character who stood on the far side of the door from the latch would probably escape unharmed.

The Guillotine Door Trap by James Brazier and Oliver Fittock makes further use of blades and doorways to evil intent. Simple in construction, this trap simply drops a guillotine blade through the door jamb shortly after the door is opened. Severed limbs or bodies will result, depending upon the circumstances.



The Guillotine Door Trap



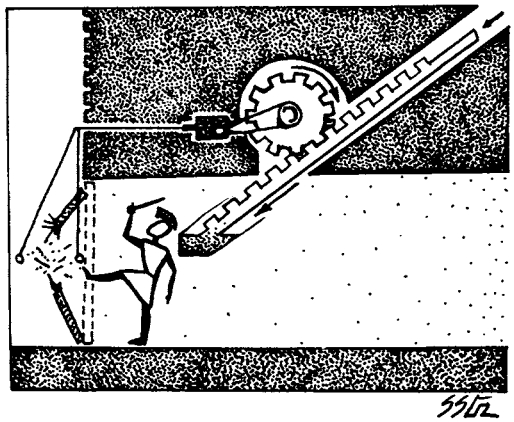
Poison Door

Rick Loomis' **Poison Door** is a somewhat more subtle device. Just because a door has a handle doesn't mean you have to use it – and if the delvers just push this door open, they'll live. Otherwise . . .

The trap is a hollow door filled with poison gas. The door is equipped with a plug "handle" which, when pulled out, releases the gas.

A somewhat more deadly (if that is possible) variation of this trap would be to fill the door with methane instead of poison gas. Odorless and colorless, methane ignites explosively in the presence of open flames (such as lamps and torches). Thus, if the delvers stand before the door, gaping at the "handle" and the hole in the door, doing nothing while methane floods the corridor about them, they probably wouldn't recognize the danger until the corridor exploded in a flash of fire.

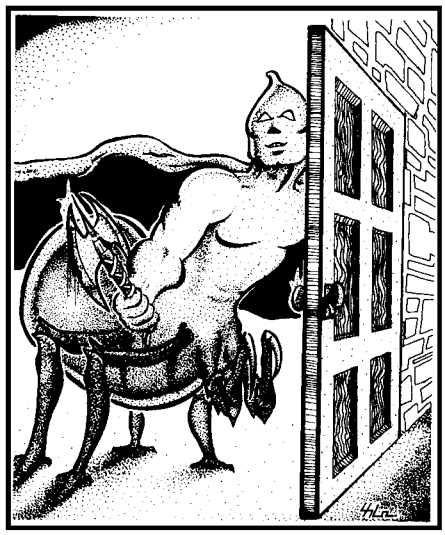
The **Cure A Kicker Trap,** by S.S. Crompton, is a much less subtle door trap, designed to take care of "lead-boot" dungeon delvers who enjoy kicking in expensive dungeon doors. After all, turn-about is fair play . . .



The trap is triggered around a weighted wire located within the door. As long as the door is opened normally, no appreciable dislocation of the wire will occur, and the delvers can

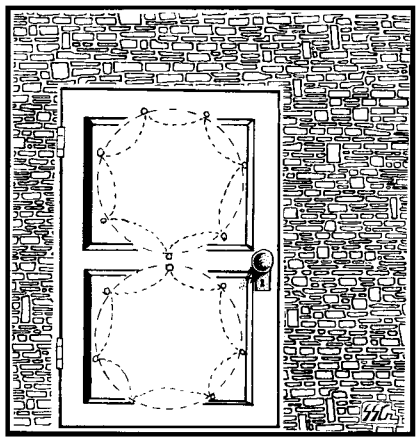
proceed safely. If, however, the door is broken (as by a kick), then the wire will be freed, loosing the gear structure above to propell a large, spear-like beam towards the character.

The "Cure A Kicker Trap" presents a wonderful display of overkill, but unless it is placed within a locked or hard-to-open door it will probably see little action. However, if you combine this trap with one of the other door devices listed in this chapter, and you have a two-edged doom-dealer sure to shred any delver.



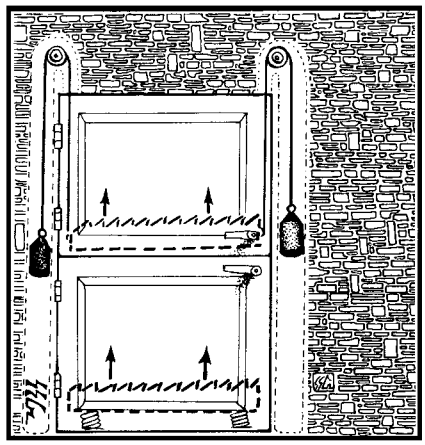
Mike Stackpole has developed a trio of traps to spice up otherwise dull dungeon doors. The first of these, the **Dry-Rot Door,** works along the same lines as the "Cure a Kicker Trap" – but accomplishes its purpose through considerably less elaborate means.

The "Dry-Rot Door" deals with foot-loose barbarians simply by being unexpectedly weak. The character kicks completely through the door, and a creature waiting on the other wide neatly amputates the limb.



Mike's **Dragging Doorway** deals with door-kickers in still another way.

Simply anchor a snare on the upper panel of the door; anchor another snare on the lower panel. A vicious kick or punch through either panel – and the snare captures the offending limb and drags it through the door into the room (and presumably off to meet some horrible fate).



Double Door Doom, another product of Mike's warped imagination, provides yet another variation on the blades-and-doors type of trap. This trap's double-door construction also leads to several other possibilities for otherwise mundane dungeon doors – your doors needn't always be standard rectangular items from the warehouse . . .

The "Double Door Doom" sports a spring-loaded blade in its lower half to slide through anyone who opens the

upper door and leans through. The multi- purpose location of the lower door, along with a second blade in the upper half, also assures that anyone who punches through this door won't keep his limb for long. When will delvers learn to simply open doors and walk through?

The **Delvermatic Dicer and Malingerer Trap** was designed by Liz Danforth and Mike Stackpole to take care of characters who open secret doors with gay abandon, but refuse to walk through them.

The secret door in question is set flush into the wall, and is designed to open by sliding into the ceiling. When the door is thus opened, delvers will see a net-like web of monofilament line on the other side.

When the door slides up, it causes a section of the ceiling to swing down into the corridor. The arc of the section is such that it should slam into any character standing roughly six feet from the door. A devilish free-swinging hook trails the ceiling section, spelling doom for any delver standing about four feet from the fellow flattened by the ceiling section. (See Figure 2.)

The ceiling section completes its arc by slamming into the floor – which is in reality a carefully-balanced platform. This creates a catapult effect, and should send anyone standing as far away as twenty feet from the door flying into the spiked side of the ceiling section. (See Figure 3.)

The poor idiot who opened the door in the first place is in for the worst fate of all. Bay doors kick out from the falling ceiling section when it finally hits the floor, propelling the hapless door-opener through the fine monofilament mesh – with the appropriate "cheese-grater" effect. (See Figure 4).

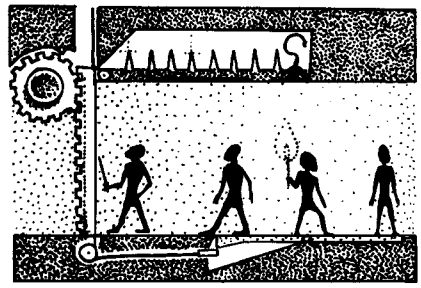


Figure 1.

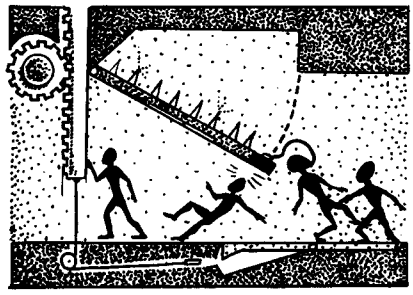


Figure 2.

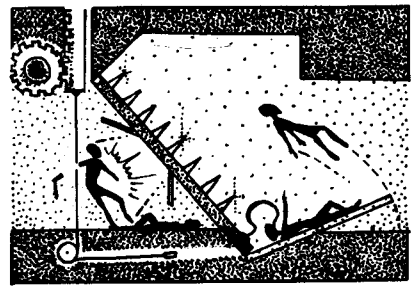


Figure 3.

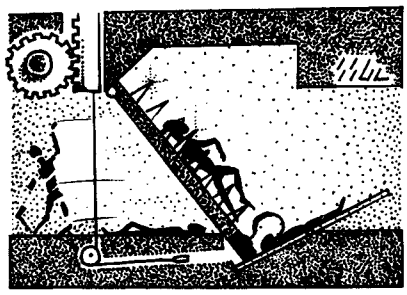
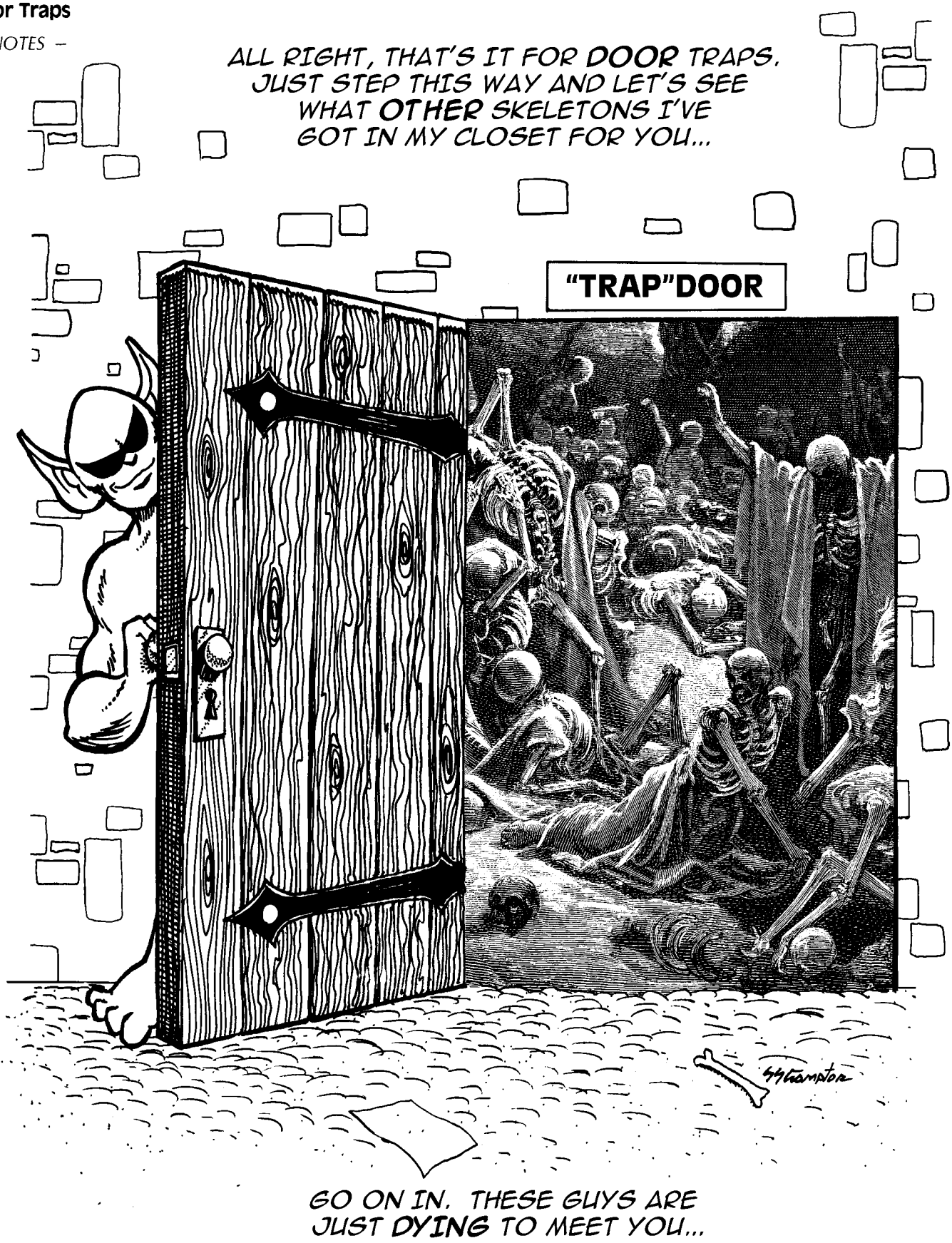
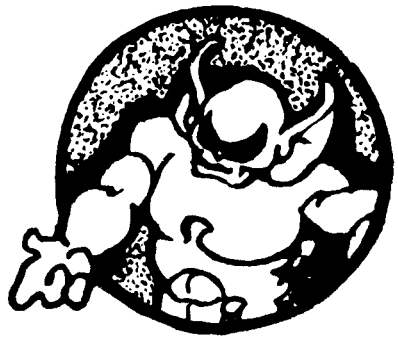


Figure 4.


ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT FOR **DOOR** TRAPS. JUST STEP THIS WAY AND LET'S SEE WHAT **OTHER** SKELETONS I'VE GOT IN MY CLOSET FOR YOU...
"TRAP"DOOR
GO ON IN. THESE GUYS ARE JUST **DYING** TO MEET YOU...
NO? WELL THEN LET'S MOVE ON TO MY **NEXT** COLLECTION...



4

Items and Artifacts

Most traps offer some sort of "bait" to lure delvers to their doom – gold, jewels, devices of power, or some other tasty tidbit. After a steady fare of such "outwit the trap and get the treasure" situations, you'll probably find that the delvers in your dungeon respond to all your devices with Pavlovian predictability. This is where items and artifacts come in handy.

The traps in this chapter take the "bait" concept to its logical conclusion – they cause the bait itself to be the trap. No elaborate machinery or bottomless pits are used here; items and artifacts as traps substitute subtlety for overkill.

The items in this chapter work best when placed among standard treasures – especially if said treasures are already guarded by some horrible beast or snare. With obvious guardians to meet and defeat, characters rarely bother to search for further dangers when they finally make it to their "reward". Rather, they have a tendency to scoop up everything in sight with both hands. Their guard is down – and that's when the fun begins.

All that glitters is not gold.

Mike Stackpole, a trap designer with an evil mind, has an odd knack for coming up with bizarre and esoteric item traps. An example of the sort of treasure you can expect from Mike is exhibited with **The Hot Rocks,** a necklace with a twist. Found in a fountain of water, this necklace is a chain of precious metal set with six round stones and a diamond. The diamond is enchanted with some vaguely beneficial magic: perhaps the ability to breathe water or undertake limited flight (nothing too powerful).

The six stones of the necklace are phosphorous, an element that will burn after prolonged contact with air. The water in the fountain insulated the necklace from the air, preventing combustion. Shortly after a delver removes the necklace from the water (and places it into his pack or around his neck, you hope), the phosphorus will undergo a heated transformation.

Note that the diamond remains magical, regardless of what happens to the phosphorus stones. If you describe the magic upon the diamond by saying something like, "When worn, the diamond will . . . (whatever)," a smart delver *might* reason out that he can take the diamond and discard the necklace, thus gaining the magic and avoiding the consequences. No one said that the diamond had to be worn with the necklace to work . . .

Another item from Mike that operates along the same lines is the **Nefarious Nymph Statuette.** This is an insidious device if there ever was one. Behind a waterfall of some sort stands a grotto or alcove, enchanted by latent magic to remain perpetually dry. Within the grotto sits a mound of treasure; resting atop the treasure is a beautiful statue of a water nymph. The statuette is made of a silvery white metal and stands about two feet tall. It is obviously of great value.

The statuette was sculpted from pure sodium, an element that will combust upon contact with water. When the characters carry this item back through the waterfall, it will almost certainly become wet and explode. The chances are very good that the character bearing the statue will be killed. Any characters who stand near the blast could be severely burned.

But Mike hasn't finished yet. He's come up with still another trap that turns an otherwise useful item into an engine of destruction. It is called the **Magnesium Torch** – as the name might indicate, it provides yet another vehicle for Mike's concept of "elemental" doom.

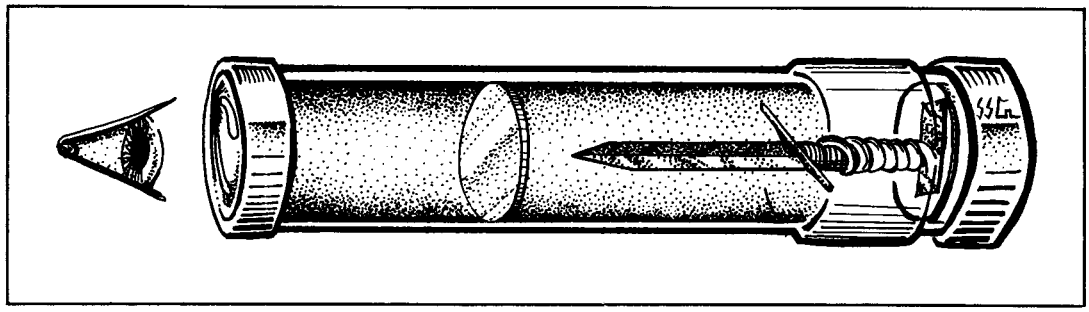
The item takes the form of an ornate metal torch that will burn oil. Once lit, this torch will burn brighter than a standard pitch torch. The oil reservoir is equipped with a lip, so the oil will not easily spill out.

The problem with "The Magnesium Torch" is that near the bottom of the oil reservoir is attached a strip of magnesium. When filled with oil, the torch will burn normally for 2½ to 3 hours. Around the third hour, however, the oil will be exhausted, and the magnesium strip will be exposed to the flame. Depending on the amount of magnesium in the strip (and/or the addition of a possible thermite core to the torch), the flash explosion that results will burn the characters. They will suffer anything ranging from surface wounds to the loss of a hand or two.

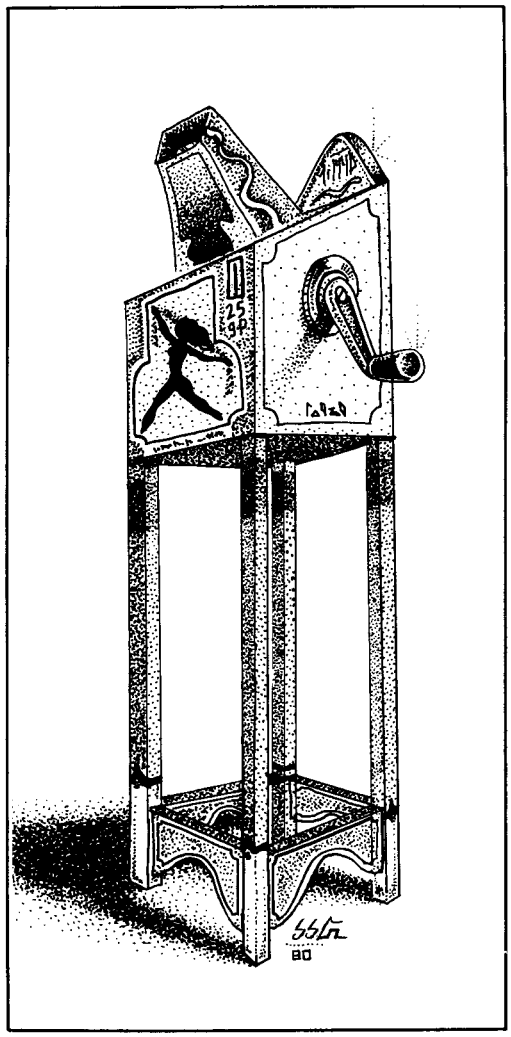
Mike moved away from the "elemental" theme for his next device. Considering the violence involved, one is led to wonder if a delver might not prefer to have his hands burned off or his clothes catch fire. At least with these fates there is a slim chance of survival. The **Spy Glass** offers no such opportunity.

The device looks like an everyday hand-held telescope. It radiates some magic. A person who looks into it will see a blurred picture of an attractive member of the opposite sex.

The act of focusing the "Spy Glass" moves a small ring inside that has been holding back a spring-loaded dagger. This dagger, a thin-edged blade, will enter the eye and perhaps the brain. Death (or at least blinding) is the result.



Liz Danforth and Mike Stackpole pooled their talents to create the **Moviola.** This device shows a devilish cruelty: it takes a character's money *and* does its level best to kill him.



The "Moviola" is much akin to the little movie viewers common in numerous arcades. It will screen a film of a beautiful woman who removes veils in the fashion of a belly dancer. The film is in four sections, each revealing more than the last; each section will cost the viewer 25 gold pieces to watch. After 100 gold coins have been paid, the woman will remove the final veil – the one that covers her face and head. When the final veil falls, it will be revealed that the woman is a gorgon, and the viewer will be turned to stone.

The moviola machine is ideal for the back of a bar. The machine itself might even be a demon that could either attack the delver or simply laugh and run off with the gold.

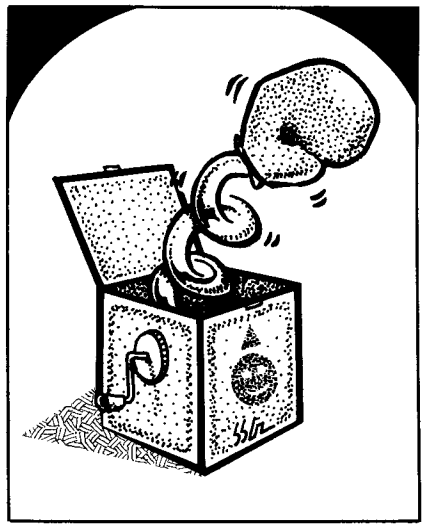
Charles Scott Kimball has designed what purports to be a **Theft-Proof Gem,** a diamond of considerable value (nothing less than 8500 g.p.). It originally belonged to an extra-terrestrial traveller, now long dead, who implanted a tiny electronic device in its center to protect it from thieves.

When anyone (except its attuned, alien owner) picks this gem up, the jewel will cause everything the delver wears to heat up at an alarming rate. This causes progressive damage to the character. If the gem is carried for more than ten minutes, there is a significant chance his metal armor will melt and his poison flasks will boil over.

Because the gem is a technological device, it will radiate no magical vibes. The wiring within the gem can be noticed only upon a very close inspection – and removing the device will ruin the gem.

Carring this item in a box or pocket will not stop the effect. The gem can only be "turned off" by throwing it away, or by having the delver strip himself of *everything* but the gem, leaving nothing for the diamond to heat up. The delver is thus faced with the unpleasant choice of either throwing away an extremely valuable gem, or of walking through the dungeon armed with nothing save a huge diamond – and what monster could resist such a target?

While high-tech items won't fit easily into every dungeon, this item could prove a bit more useful than most. If the gem were included as a single jewel within a much larger hoard, the delvers might leave the entire treasure behind if they couldn't locate the troublesome gem. Or, work the gem into a piece of armor or a ring – when worn, this item would thus cause the damage. In any event, when using this gem be sure to take note of the consequences for the more flammable belongings of the delver who was stupid enough to pick the gem up – cloth, hair, feathers, wooden items and bowstrings would probably be the first to combust.



A "quickie" item to include in your next treasure hoard is the **Jerk With The Box,** by Paul O'Connor. This item resembles an ordinary jack-in-the-box toy in all respects, and will resist all attempts at opening until the crank is turned. The box will play whatever tune you choose and then open – letting the spring-loaded boxing glove fly into the face of anyone dumb enough to hold the box. If you want to make the trap deadlier, substitute a punch dagger for the glove. For a stranger variation, load a cream pie within, instead.

Another bizarre item trap is the **Stuffed Raccoon,** supplied by Stefan Jones. This item – a stuffed and mounted raccoon that radiates intense magic and is indestructible by normal means – can be placed in most any convenient place around your dungeon. The enchantment on the raccoon is such that when it is placed within a closed container (such as a delver's sack of loot), it will wait for fifteen minutes and then return to the place it originally occupied – along with

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whatever items may have been with it in the sack at the time. The monsters of a dungeon usually catch on to this sort of thing rather quickly, and will probably haunt the area where the raccoon will return, eager to grab any treasure that might come back with it.

Harley Bates has developed a very strange item trap indeed. Whether or not it is truly an item is debatable – it's probably best defined as a creature *disguised* as an item . . .

In a few rare caverns there lurks a strange animal which few delvers will recognize, due to its similarity to a more familiar item. This creature is known as the **Rope Serpent.**



Characters may put the rope to whatever use they choose. When they are done, it is hoped that they will store the rope in their equipment pack for future use. That's when the fun starts.

A little while later – minutes or hours, whatever is convenient – you can put this trap into action. The character who carries the "rope" should be handed a card that says:

"That rope you've been carrying is, in reality, a very rare 'Rope Snake', and while you've been travelling along, it has carefully and silently wrapped itself around your neck. Don't be surprised that this went undetected – these snakes have been doing this sort of thing for hundreds of years and have gotten quite good at it.

"There is a minute chance that you might survive this encounter – but don't bother screaming for help, as the snake has tightened itself around your windpipe and speech is impossible. Fight for your life."

The Game Master should implement whatever game system he or she feels comfortable with for resolving the character's battle with the snake. The other party members can attempt to aid the choking character if they notice something is wrong; usually the character will be dead long before the other characters realize that something's happening. To preserve the element of secrecy for the combat, you may wish to include the saving roll or fighting information for the player right on the card.

This trap will usually work on players only once – after that, the delvers will be on guard. If, however, the snake strikes when the character is off alone someplace, this trap might actually kill more than one delver – there will be no evidence as to what killed the character, except possibly for a harmless coil of rope in the character's pack, just waiting for someone to pick it up.

Significantly less fatal, but every bit as insidious, is the **Speak Down** trap by S.S. Crompton. Disgusted by the way excessively vocal delvers frequently take undeserved control of a party, Steve developed this item trap. Given the proper circumstances, and some smooth talking by the Game Master, this item could very well put a game back on even footing.



The trap takes the form of a bottle of blue liquid labelled "Blue Rose: *Bottled by the Voiceless Ones*". No magic can be detected from either the bottle or its

contents – in fact, the liquid smells like a fine wine.

The liquid contains a mixture of rare and powerful chemicals known only as *Kromptonite*. This mixture, when imbibed, causes an instant paralysis of the vocal cords for a duration of not more than twelve hours. Any character drinking from the bottle will be struck dumb. The person playing the character is restricted to making gestures and writing notes – he may not speak again!

With a bit of luck and some crafty maneuvering, there's a good chance you could trick the party leader into drinking from the bottle. This will force the usually quiet characters to speak up, and might even lead to the doom of the "Big Mouth".

For our collection, Ken St. Andre has passed on a few items from the bowels of Gristlegrim. Both are magical in nature, but the enchantments involved are rather unique.

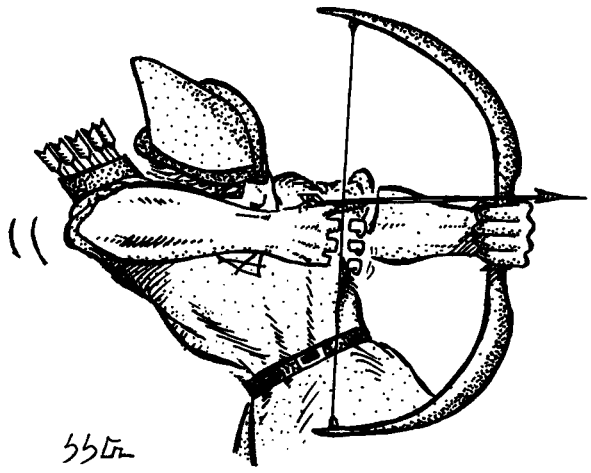
The **Lightning Gem,** found atop a pile of ashes on a table, takes the form of a huge and beautiful fire opal set in a golden ring. The gem is obviously magical, but the exact nature of the enchantment is protected from detection.

The gem is ensorcelled so that if it is ever lifted above the wearer's head it will call forth a powerful bolt of lightning, causing considerable damage to the bearer! The gem will remain intact, no matter how many times it is struck by lightning. The GM should give no hint as to what the gem will do until such time as the wearer fulfills the condition of placing the ring above his head.

Another of Ken's treasures is the **Idiot's Vase,** which will point out how *stupid* some delvers can be. The item is an enchanted crystal vase; eighty gold pieces are visible inside. The vase itself radiates negative magical vibes. Whoever carries the vase will lose 2 strength points per turn. Whoever breaks the vase will lose 6 intelligence points. Whoever reaches into the vase will turn blue, unless he is already blue – in which case he turns green. All attribute losses and changes are permanent.

The way to defeat this trap is painfully simple: merely turn the vase upside down and pour the gold out. Delvers whose mentalities are geared to destruction will seldom think of this.

Liz Danforth has developed a trilogy of item traps, each designed to deliver unto a delver a deadly dishing of dismay. Each trap, being essentially simple in construction, should work well in seemingly "harmless" locations.



The thought of encountering **Satan's Bow** makes me wince. This metal bow is skillfully crafted and glows with a magical radiance. The light is really just a sucker's hook, designed to attract characters grabby for magical items. The bow is enchanted with a self-contained light spell to maintain this deception.

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The trap portion of the bow lies in the bowstring. The string is made of a very fine, diamond-dust studded wire. The bow itself, being made of metal, will not have the flex one would expect. The result – anyone trying to draw back the string of this bow will lose three fingers for the effort.

The only way to avoid this fate is to use a thumbring when drawing the string, which is sharp enough to cut through even light leather gauntlets (and anyone who tries to use a bow with anything heaver will experience a great deal of difficulty).

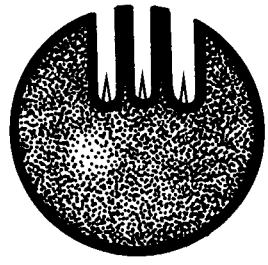
The **Cup of Golden Mead,** another trap item from Liz, is as simple as it is direct. Present the delvers with a sideboard laden with goblets, each of which contains a magical drink of "golden mead". The mead, when it hits the stomach, is transformed into an equal amount of molten gold. The character who imbibed the mead won't survive, but the party gets the cash – provided they're not too squeamish, or have "cast iron" stomachs.

Liz's final item trap is a device she calls **The War of the Ring Trap.** The trap takes the form of an ornate pedestal, with the words "War of the Ring" inscribed upon it in several different languages. Atop the pedestal rests a beautiful unadorned golden ring.

If a character is bold enough to take the ring, he learns that the ring is attached to the pedestal by a wire which allows the ring to be pulled away only so far before tugging back. The result is a somewhat comical tug-of-war; the results are subject to the particular characters involved in the battle.

If the ring wins, well and good. It returns to its place on the pedestal. If the character wins, and sticks around to pat himself on the back, he'll find that the ring and wire constituted the pin assembly of a hand grenade located in the pedestal ...

Uriah Ward has contributed an interesting item trap, guaranteed to ensure that your characters **Have A Ball.**



To use this trap, you must install a bowling alley somewhere in your dungeon. Make it fully automated, and award gold pieces or somesuch for each pin knocked down. After a while, balls are returned to the characters that have poisoned spikes carefully located in the fingerholes. *Strike!*

Michael Austin has developed a pair of bizarre item traps. Each uses the familiar function of a common item to gruesome effect.

The first of the two is the **Vincent Van Gogh Seashell.** The trap is magical, but is very simple in function, and takes the form of a beautiful seashell. The shell will seem to emit low whispers, inspiring a delver to pick it up and hold it to his or her ear.

At this time, the magic of the shell activates – the delver's ear is teleported to a loved one. And every character has at least a mother. This trap is put to best effect when placed within a treasure hoard.

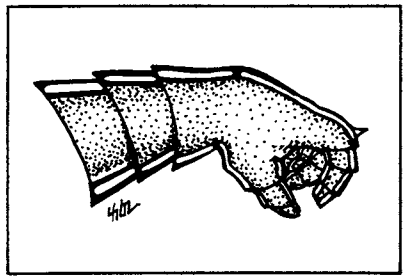
Here, Doggie! is the second of Austin's item traps. In this case, the trap is easily recognizable as a simple dog whistle. The whistle will allow limited control of canines – but is also magically enchanted to attract wandering monsters . . .



Michael Stackpole gives us **A Cask of Immolation,** a trap sure to set your imagination on fire. The trap is a simple oil barrel, complete with a pump and spout for the convenience of delvers who wish to refill their lamps.

What the delvers don't see is the sparking sub-assembly attached to the pump. When oil is pumped from the barrel, a steel rod will strike a flint strip located in the assembly, creating a number of sparks. These sparks, when coupled with the volatile nature of the oil, spell an explosive situation.

S.S. Crompton has developed a number of item traps that turn usually trusty weapons into very nasty devices indeed. Each operates upon a principle of surprise for its effect.

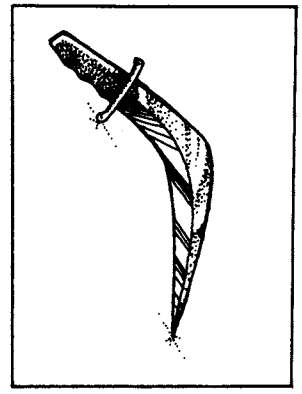


One such item is the **Gauntlets of Doom.** These gauntlets appear normal in every fashion, and will comfortably fit any normal-sized human. To make them more attractive to prospective delvers, you might wish to forge the gauntlets from silver.

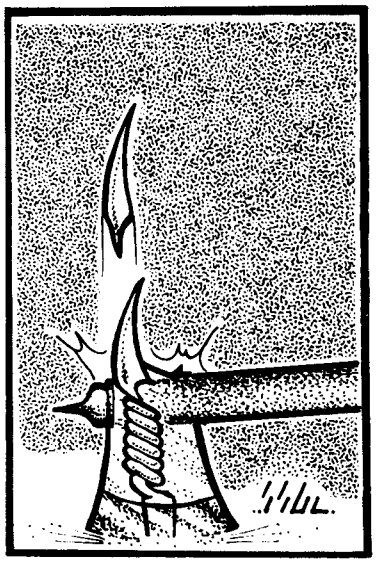
The problems with these gauntlets will become apparent the first time someone tries to punch something with them. The gauntlets are equipped with a thin bladder located between the lining of the glove and the external metal surface. If something is struck with sufficient force the bladder will break, spilling its contents onto the hands of the wearer.

Naturally, the bladder holds a fatal contact poison.

Another of Steve's item traps is called **Turn-About is Fair Play.** This is a trap that is sure to come back and haunt the delver.



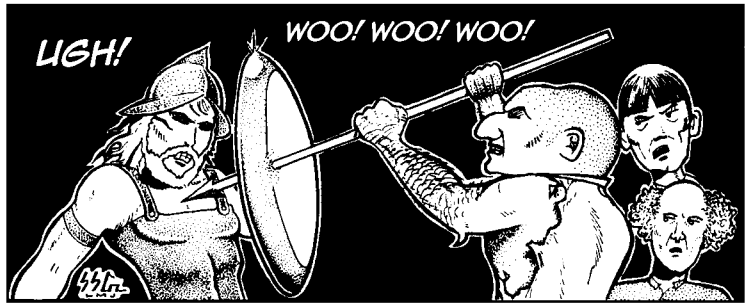
The trap is a finely-crafted curved throwing knife. It is well-balanced, and an obvious treasure for anyone interested in weaponry. However, the knife has been made so that it will boomerang when thrown. A character who hurls this knife at a foe has a fairly good chance of having it return at his face . . .



Well Blow Me Down! is sure to make the delvers in your dungeon choke out curses to your cruelty. The trap is an intricately-designed blowpipe that has been curiously constructed. When used, the poisoned dart within the blowpipe is sure to go down the delver's throat instead of towards an enemy.

Bury the Hatchet is a grim item trap indeed. The construction of the axe is such that its spiked backside will explode back into the face of its wielder when a solid object is struck. A spring-loaded chamber assures accuracy.

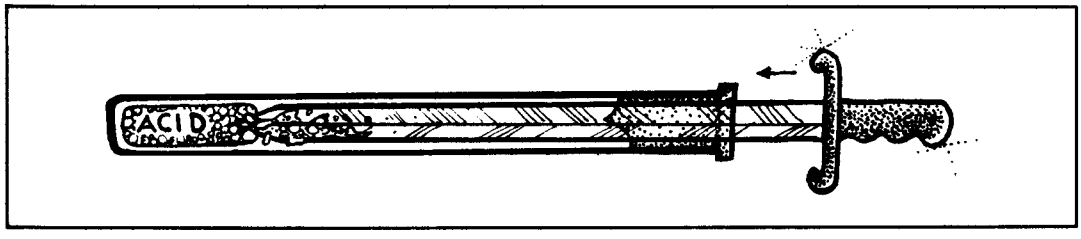
More insidious than the hatchet, yet every bit as deadly, is the **Achilles' Shield.** This trap takes the form of an ornate and beautiful shield, finely balanced for combat. In all aspects it is a fine and trusty shield, and should serve its owner through any number of desperate fights. There is, however, a small 2"×2" area in the shield that is incredibly weak – weak enough to admit a well-placed spear thrust. This trap might take a while to be discovered – but its discovery is likely to be fatal, when some stooge gets in a lucky shot, and the delver's otherwise-trusty shield crumbles before him.

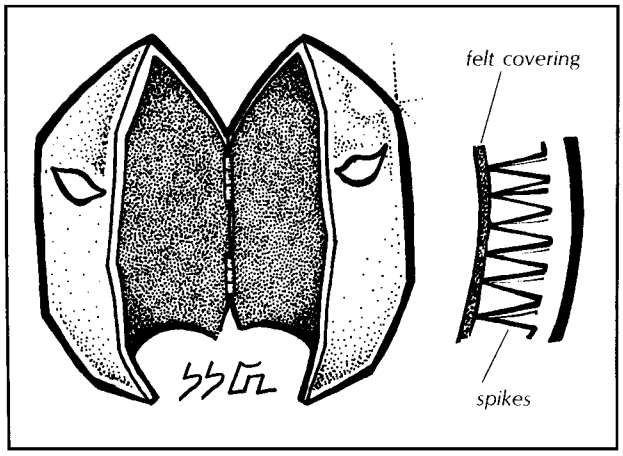


An even more subtle item trap is the **Cape of Dorian Grey.** The cape is old and tattered, yet looks like it might be worth picking up as a souvenir. The longer a character wears the cape, the better the cloak will look – and the character will seem just a little older . . .

The cape, of course, leaches age from those who wear it. The change should be very vague at first – even when the aging is detected, the cause shouldn't be immediately recognizable. After about a week, the character will be an old man . . . unless he rids himself of the cape.

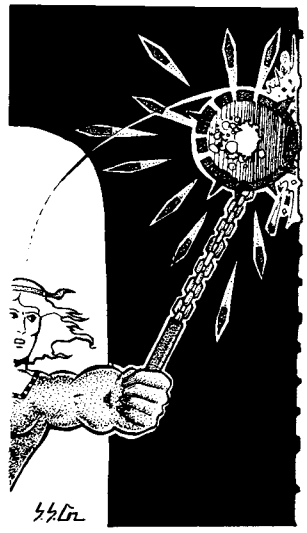
The Acid Test Scabbard is an innocent-looking, well-tooled sword scabbard designed to fit a broadsword. At the very bottom of the scabbard is a thin bladder of acid, which will be punctured when a sword is thrust within. When the sword is re-drawn, the blade's condition will leave a lot to be desired.



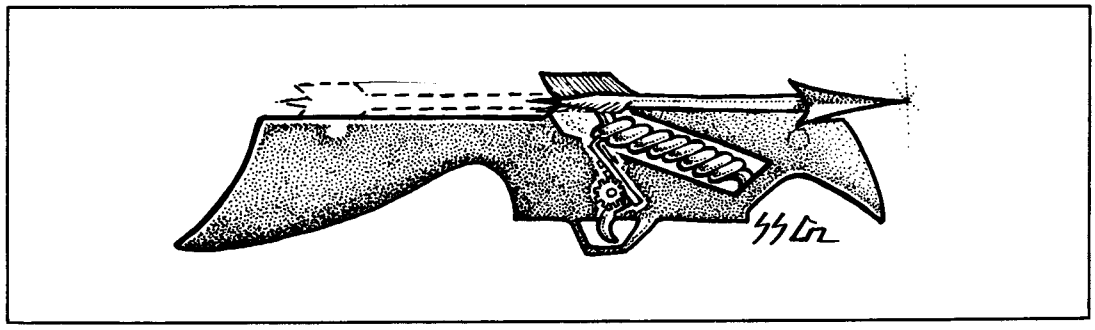


The Iron Maiden Helmet is an item trap that leaves no room for mistakes. The trap takes the form of a velvet-lined helmet, constructed in two parts with a hinge in the middle to facilitate easy wearing. Beneath the velvet lining, however, is a field of sharp spikes – which will doubtless be discovered when the helmet is fully closed . . .

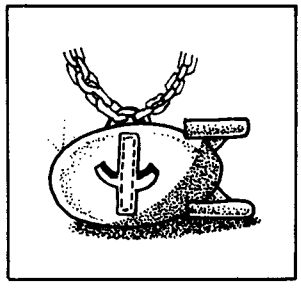
The Morningstar Supernova should provide a guiding light for those characters who feel that they can pick up just about any weapon they choose. This morningstar is built around a solid, explosive core; when a solid object is struck, the morningstar points will fire out in all directions with violence enough to make a hand grenade look like a cream pie by comparison.



Steve's final item trap is the **Double-Crossbow.** This crossbow is ingeniously designed so that it will fire its quarrels in the opposite direction from that which is expected – in other words, into the sighting eye of a delver. The crossbow comes equipped with a surreptitiously sharpened quarrel for just this purpose.



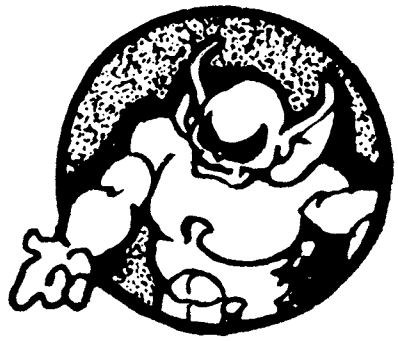
Ashley Morton decided he was tired of watching delvers loot the bodies of his dead monsters, so he designed the **Atomic Necklace.** The necklace chain is made of finely-wrought gold – beautiful enough to ensure that greedy dungeon delvers will want to make it their own.



Attached to the chain is an inch-long charm shaped very much like a bomb. The necklace is designed such that if it is ripped from the body of a monster, the chain will tear apart at the bomb, pulling its pin and causing a detonation . . .

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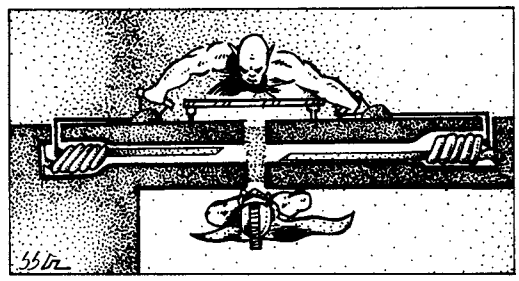
Things

What are "things", you ask? "Things" are things, I reply. Things are peep-holes drilled into dungeon walls. Things are floors that aren't, and eye-catchers that are. Things guard chests, masquerade as fountains, lie snug within dungeon walls and hide gleaming below dungeon floors.

Things aren't just any old thing. Discover them at your own risk.

Buried in the mists of time lies a rather well-known dungeon where the monsters keep track of the delvers by peering through peepholes. The casualty rate among such beings is rather high, however, as the delvers within the aforementioned dungeon have long since learned to shove their blades into such holes, thus rendering the monster unfit for his lookout duties.

Rallying to the bellows of indignation this circumstance created, Johnny Green developed the **Sword Breaker.** The construction is very simple indeed, assuring that this trap is both reliable and taxing.



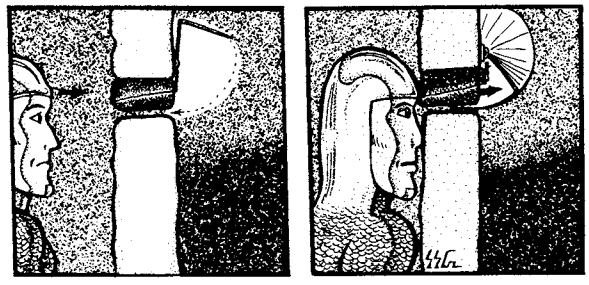
A one-way mirror has been installed behind the standard hole-in-the-wall. Behind this mirror stands a bloodthirsty and fearsome troll, his hands held ready upon twin triggers. Poised within the wall, set so as to be able to spring powerfully into the middle of the hole, sit two sharpened iron wedges.

When a delver looks through the hole, he sees the reflection of his own eyes looking back at him. The troll beyond the glass cannot be seen, due to the nature of the mirror – but the monster can certainly see the delver (and he'll probably drool with anticipation). Seeing "eyes" staring back at him, the delver will probably move quickly for his sword, then stab it deep into the hole in an effort to blind the creature beyond. When this happens, the troll releases the wedges, and *crack!* – the sword is broken.

If the delver uses his dagger instead, note that his elbow will probably pass into the wall at the point where the steel wedges usually meet. More's the pity.

Mike Stackpole has developed another way to deal with peeping toms. The **Eye-Catching Trap** is very similar in appearance to the "Sword Breaker" – but the consequences are far more horrible.

Set in a wall, perhaps partly hidden by intricate stonework, are two eye-holes. If a delver peers through them, he will see what lies in the room beyond. Fill the room with something that will interest the adventurer – anything from enemies to treasure to dancing girls should do the trick.



Inform the character that he can see a little of the room, but if he moved closer to the holes he could probably get a better view. After all, trying to peer through a small set of holes from a distance is something like looking through a telescope held some distance from the eye.

If the character moves in closer to get a better look, the pressure of his forehead against the stone wall will cause a section of the wall to move slightly, dislodging the spike on the other side of the hole to swing freely. The whole assembly will swing down into the eyes of the delver, with predictable results. For added cruelty, the pokers can be made of barbed wood that will easily break loose when the character jerks his head away from the hole in pain.

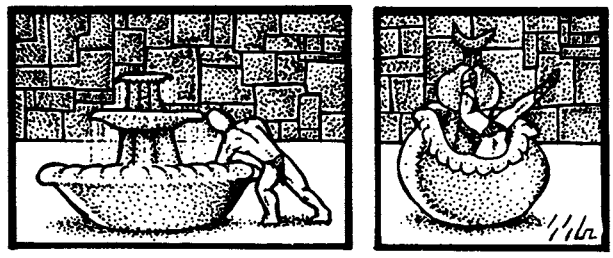
Another "thing" from Mike is the **Wall Wards.** This trap is designed prevent delvers from hacking through the dungeon walls, or converting them to mud without retribution.

The trap consists of a series of metal tubes, each containing a heavy spring. Within each tube is a crossbow bolt, depressed against the spring in such a way as to assure that it will be launched from the tube with great velocity, should the pressure on the spring ever be removed. The bolt is held into place by a concentration of concrete – the concrete of a dungeon wall . . .

When the wall is excavated, the tubes will thus become uncovered. The bolt will then fly from the tube, hitting any character in its line of flight. This trap works best when located in a wall that will almost certainly take abuse – such as the wall of a prison cell, or a wall that's designed to slide in on a party to crush them to death . . .

Paul O'Connor has developed a pair of truly gruesome "things". *Things* is really the only word for them – they certainly can't be considered mechanical traps. In fact, the two traps may even be distantly related.

The first of these is the **Fountain Trap.** The thing appears to be a normal, everyday fountain. Its water is slightly murky, but gold coins can be seen to glimmer faintly at its bottom.

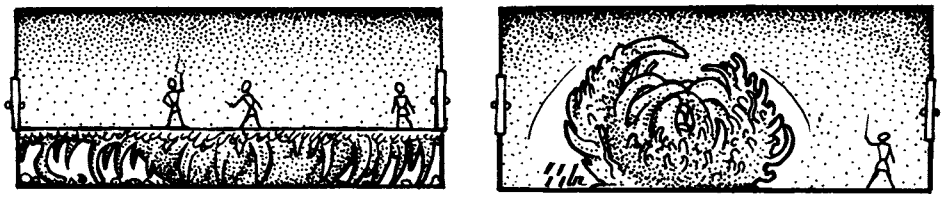


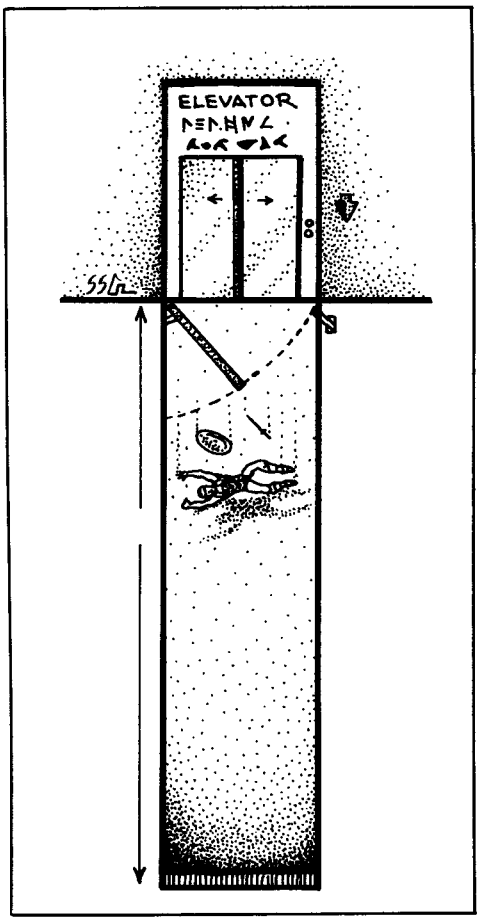
The fountain is, in reality, a living creature. An adventurer who touches this fountain or (perish the thought!) drinks from it will be quickly engulfed, with varying chances of avoiding certain doom, depending upon the circumstances. The "water" is actually a digestive fluid, which can dissolve any substance but gold . . .

A character stuck in this thing is in a lot of trouble. A solo adventurer, without buddies nearby to rescue him, is almost certainly doomed.

Similar to the "Fountain Trap" is the **Floor Creature** – another biological horror. This creature lies on or slightly above standard dungeon floors. The creature's natural coloration closely mimics the appearance of common stone. In short, the floor should appear normal, save for a slight "spongy" or "springy" feel.

When the creature feels pressure upon its hide, it will rapidly constrict into a ball. Characters standing on the creature have varying chances of jumping free, depending on how close to the edge of the room they stood. The "Venus Floor Trap" kills by constriction – again, it will probably take an entire group of characters to kill it, while those trapped inside can do nothing but scream.





A grim trap, **Going Down?,** was submitted by Carl Muncy. This trap should convince the characters to take the stairs.

The trap appears to be a standard elevator – yet when the "Down" button is pushed (and it will be – it's the *only* button on the control panel), the floor will fall away, and those standing inside the "elevator" will plummet into the dropshaft that lies below.

At the bottom of the shaft is a teleporter pad. After the character hits (and takes whatever damage is appropriate), the pad will teleport him back to the top of the shaft. If the character still has his wits about him, he might try to catch the rim of the shaft at this point. Otherwise, he falls back down again, starting the gruesome cycle over once more. Furthermore, the more damage a character is forced to endure, the slimmer will be his chances of grabbing the rim of the shaft and pulling himself to safety.

At the end of your rope? Then this next trap by Mike Stackpole and Paul O'Connor is just the thing to try out on the delvers in your dungeon.

Ariadne's Revenge is a typical sucker trap. What delver wouldn't reach for a wallet on the ground, even if he knew that it was attached to a wire designed to pluck it from his grasp? Likewise, what delver wouldn't follow a thread of gold through the corridors of a dungeon, even though he knew there was no way it could possibly terminate in a huge spool of gold thread?

Simply present your characters with the end of a golden thread. The thread can meander through corridors, up and down stairs, through doorways and into pits. If the characters reel in the thread as they go, they might very well become lost. If they merely follow the line to its source, they're in for a nasty surprise . . .

The thread, you see, is really a line of web from a Very Big Spider . . .

Brandon Corey is responsible for **Four on the Floor.** This fiend obviously gains great satisfaction from playing tricks on waitresses.

This trap will work anywhere you can put a table. Upon the table are located four glasses, each containing an opaque liquid of a different color as well as a precious gem or stone. Each glass is set on the table rim-down, so that the liquid within cannot leak from the glass.

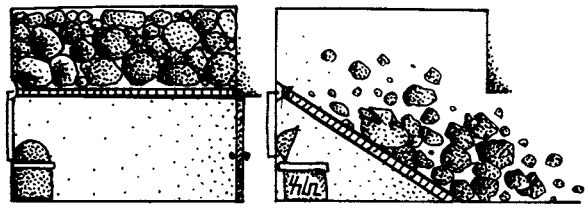
The liquids are the trap. As a glass is broken or lifted from the table, the fluid within will spill out upon the table. The fluids, when intermixed, will cause a chemical reaction – one that produces a poisonous gas as a byproduct.

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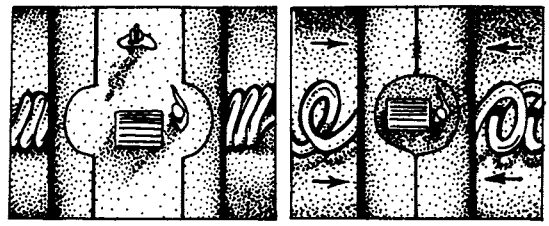
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Ever get tired of watching characters open chests and such from a distance with a pole, thus avoiding all your careful traps directed at anyone trying to loot the treasures within? ? Scott Rhoads apparently did, and developed the following **Various Killers of Paranoids.** With each of these traps, the character who opened the chest is safe, but a person standing a respectable distance away is in trouble – and someone standing out of the room entirely is subject to an even worse fate. Still, I feel that these traps speak for themselves, thus:

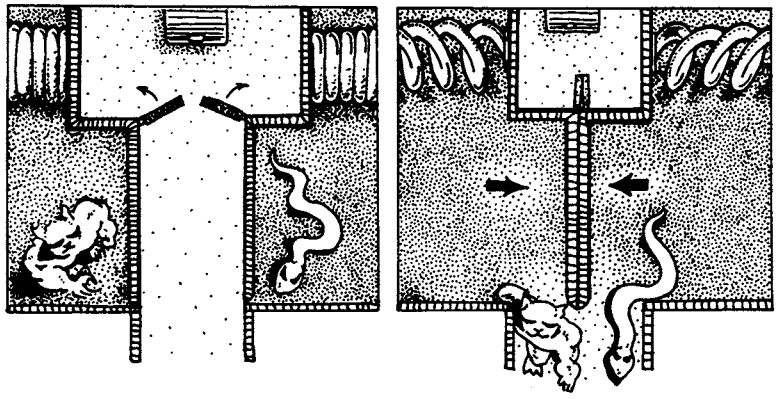
A.



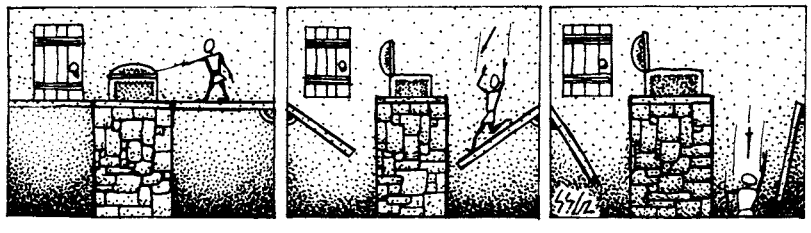
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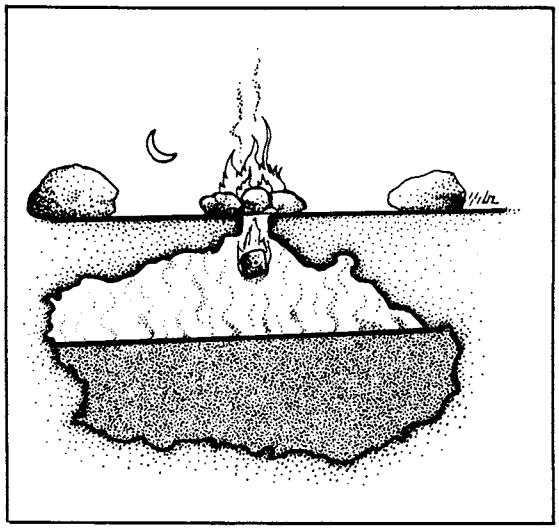
C.



D.



Mike Stackpole also contributed **A Hot Time In The Old Camp Tonight.** This trap can be located anywhere a convenient camp site is found – beyond the walls of an evil Lord's castle, upon a beach frequented by travelers, beside a well-trodden road, or upon a mountaintop visited by the adventurous.

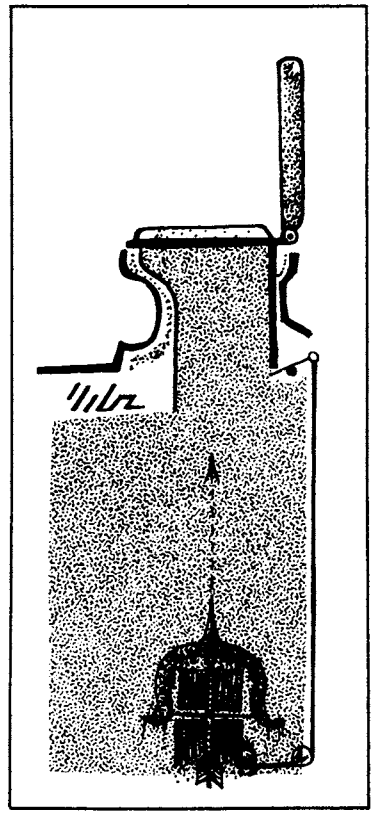


The trap is very simple in construction. In the center of a campsite is a ring of stones surrounding the ashes of a long-dead campfire. Beneath the ashes is a slab of hardwood. This wood probably won't be noticed unless the characters bother to wash away the firesite before using it.

When a fire is started here. the hardwood plank will begin to deteriorate. After a number of hours (probably in the dead of night, if the characters are camping here in earnest), the wood will burn through completely, allowing the flames to lick through into the cavity beneath.

The cavity is mostly filled with oil; air and fumes fill the remainder. Coal from the fire above, falling into this oil, could easily trigger an explosion.

For Mike Stackpole, nothing is sacred. With **The Cranequin Goose,** Mike has put a trap where you would least like to find one.



In a public facility without internal plumbing – such as an outhouse or an open-pit toilet – a character will find a finely appointed stall. If this is set in a King's chambers, you might wish to pad the seat. In any event, if a character should decide to make use of the facility, he or she is in for an unpleasant surprise.

Any pressure upon the seat activates a crossbow located in the cesspit below. The resultant "goosing" effect can range from being comical to fatal, depending upon your mood. A fine way for a high and mighty hero to die, don't you think?

E.L. Frederick has developed a different sort of "thing" trap: **The Graffiti Demon.** Legend is full of demons and other ethereal beings which are summoned to the mortal plane by various phrases and incantations.

If you take this principle one step further, you could easily develop demons that appear when a delver says something like, "Open the door!" or "This Gold's Mine and You Can't Have It!" Perhaps even reading otherwise forgettable graffiti on a dungeon wall could summon a demon called "For a good time call Snuggles the Elf".

collection pg 90
GT pg 52

The 101st Trap



As a postscript to my collection of traps, I offer you, dear reader, a sample from my own personal stock of delver destroyers. This is a rare moment indeed – never before has one of my traps seen the light of day beyond my own personal cesspit, where only the foolish and the death-doomed have thus far ventured. Still, the publication of this tome of traps is itself a rare thing, and is thus deserving of such a final performance.

Wizards are a nosy breed, and will often probe and poke about in places where they have no business. I suppose that I cannot blame them for this – a wizard's nature is every bit as inbred as a sheep's – but it still sets my blood ablaze to learn that some pesky magicker has been reading through my personal effects in search of some new and esoteric bit of thaumaturgical knowledge. In the eyes of a power-hungry mage, every dusty book on the dungeon shelf is a volume of spells – even if it is merely a collection of phone numbers of favored companions. Positively deplorable.

Thus, I developed the trap which I now reveal to you here.

The preparation of this trap was a long and trying one. I had to search the world over to find the precise ingredients required by my plans. Everything had to be just so.

After a year of careful searching, I had compiled the necessary ingredients. The ink of the rare Purple Devilfish. A tuft of hair from a blind gibbon with no lungs. The wishbone of a duck. The intangible innocence of a newborn babe. These and other items I then mixed in a great vat, shuttered away from prying eyes in the deep recesses of my pits. Accompanied by the tolling of an iron bell, I uttered the words of the softly-spoken magic spells. A moment of cosmic tension – then, finally, the deed was done.



The resultant potion was a clear odorless one that proved undetectable when spread upon most any surface. It dried to a thin, almost filmy consistency within a few moments. This film would remain undetected on the surface to which it had been applied until such time as human hands touched it. The oils secreted by human skin, you see, interact violently with the potion when the two come into contact. This results in the film regaining viscosity in the form of a fast-acting neurotoxin contact poison. The poison enters the victim's body in a matter of seconds. Painful death usually follows within a few minutes.

As a demonstration, I've taken the liberty of coating this page with a measure of this potion. By now, the poison should be well within your system. By my calculations, you should have just enough time to replace this book on the shelf where you found it before you pitch over in frothing fits.

Next time around, remember your station and keep your nose out of books that are none of your business.

Pleasant dreams.

– *Grimtooth*



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List of Contributors

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Harley Bates (p. 41)
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Digitally Remastered in 2011 by
Steven S. Crompton

A Grimtooth Production
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TRAPS REVISITED and REMASTERED

By Steven S. Crompton

Traps was the first book that any of my published art appeared in, so its always held a special place in my heart, the way your first true love does. And I think because of that, I ended up doing art for all eight of the Grimtooth's Traps books that have been published lo these many years. (Wurst of Grimtooth being the eighth)

Hard to believe really. I was still in High School when I started doing the art for this first book. (That was 1980!) Liz Danforth was the art director of Flying Buffalo and the creator of Grimtooth, who made his first appearance in Sorcerer's Apprentice magazine. She saw that I was able to do diagrams and maps, so she assigned me the task of drawing the traps to make it easier for gamers to see how they might actually work in a dungeon.

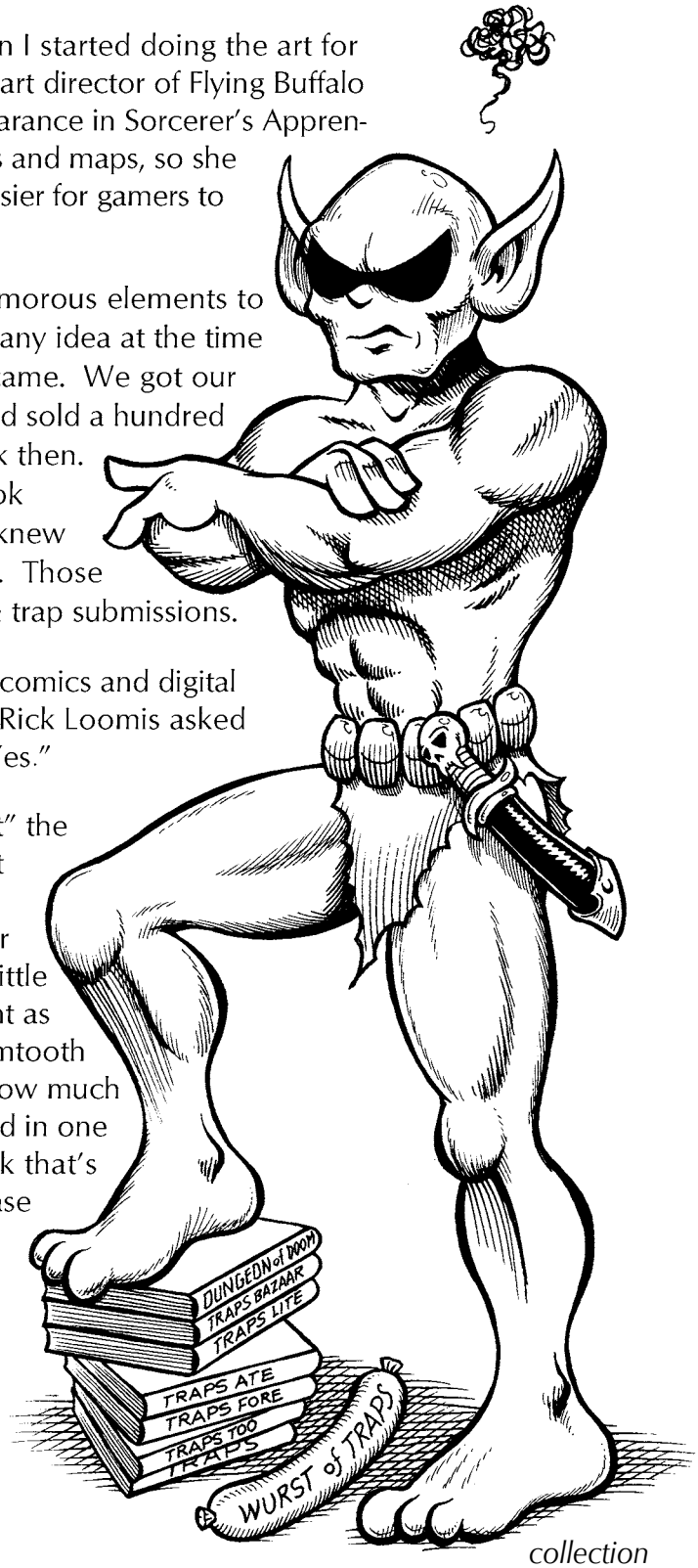
As I drew them, I began to slip in more and more humorous elements to match Grimtooth's sardonic writing. None of us had any idea at the time that the Traps books would be as popular as they became. We got our first hint when Rick Loomis took it to a convention and sold a hundred of them in one weekend! That was big numbers back then. Soon distributors ordered and reordered the first book and we had to go into multiple print runs. Then we knew we would have to do more Traps books, and we did. Those were great times, and Grimtooth got lots of letters & trap submissions.

Eventually I moved on to other things like advertising, comics and digital graphics, but over the years, whenever the publisher Rick Loomis asked if I wanted to do another Traps book, I always said "Yes."

In 2011, Rick asked me if I would be willing to "revisit" the first Traps book, scan it in, clean it up and add any art I thought might make the book more interesting. It's really a special opportunity to be able to go back after so many years and make something you did shine a little brighter and maybe fix a few drawings that didn't print as well as you might have hoped. I added more of Grimtooth art, and in many of the trap diagrams the details are now much easier to see. I also sprinkled in some more humor and in one case, I added a piece of Traps art back into the book that's been missing for thirty years! It's a bit like the re-release of a movie with missing footage and added special effects, which is why we say it been "remastered."

Anyway, thanks to all you out there who have been fans of Grimtooth's TRAPS! If you want to drop me a line, or ask a question, look me up on Facebook or visit my website at: **www.stevecrompton.com**

Steven S. Crompton
Grimtooth's long-time artist and slave!



Now Beat it!
And don't come back!
Unless I do a sequel...



~ Grim

GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS TOO

A game-master's aid for all role-playing systems

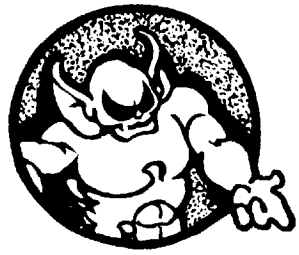


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The Chiurgeon Royal has determined that Grimtooth's Traps can be hazardous to your characters' health!

101 More Traps for use with any Role-Playing System

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Grimtooth's TRAPS TOO

a game-master's aid for all role-playing systems

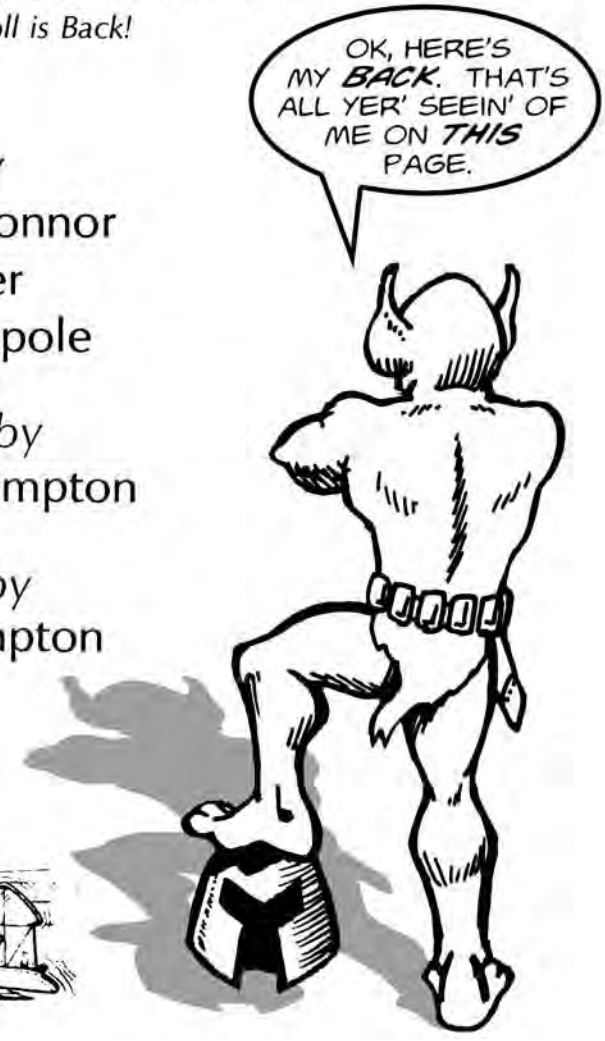
A convenient catalog of condemnable calamities, ghastly glamours, distinctive disasters, and irreverent inconveniences, as well as an astonishing array of annoying misdirections and miserable misfortunes to spring on passing adventurers, explorers, tunnelers, delvers, and all manner of player characters...

in other words, The Troll is Back!

edited by
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Michael Stackpole

front cover by
Jeff Dee & Crompton

illustrated by
Steven S. Crompton





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ATTENTION:
The traps in this booket are designed for game purposes only. Actual construction of these traps might prove harmful, and such construction is strongly discouraged. Events depicted in this book are imaginary, and should not be attempted by a real person.

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This book contains all the material from the Original Grimtooth's Traps Too, plus 9 pages of descriptions of how to use these traps in the "Fudge" system, plus 7 pages of a new Grimtooth Comic. Your comments and suggestions are welcome, especially about whether or not you'd like to see more Grimtooth Comics or more Grimtooth Puzzles, or both. Email your comments to me at rick@flyingbuffalo.com or postally mail them to the above address.
Rick Loomis

Visit our web page at: **WWW.FLYINGBUFFALO.COM**

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Grim



A Word From Grimtooth

This volume really speaks for itself. Each trap is fully explained, without going into the specifics of game mechanics, and should be easy to understand. Each trap also has a Deadliness Rating, defined in skulls, located near it – the more skulls you see, the more deadly the trap is.

So why am I writing this? Because a few of you numbskulls out there still haven't caught on to what it means to be a Game Master. A GM doesn't slavishly follow *anything* – books, manuals, or edicts from On High – except his own bloodshot instincts. For the true Game Master, any reference work such as this can only be a guideline.

But a few of you haven't learned this.

Some of you wrote to me and said that you thought my traps were too deadly.

TOO DEADLY???!!!?

What's going on here? How can a trap be *too* deadly? Most of these traps, having been designed by mere mortals, *aren't deadly enough.*

All right, I'll accept the fact that some of you out there have twisted ideas about how to administrate a dungeon. Newfangled ideas about delvers escaping with their lives, and stuff like that. To each his own, I suppose. But if you're going to be a maverick, then you've got to blaze your own trails. Don't ask me to make my traps less deadly . . . change them yourself.

Now isn't that a fresh idea? Bet you can't find a rule for that in your hardbacks.

You see, these traps are now *yours* – you don't need special permission or a membership card to change them to your liking. Use your imagination. Use these traps any way you want to. I won't come after you if you do. But if I ever receive another letter about how my traps are too deadly, I'm going to hand some wimp his head. Is that clear, human worms? Grimtooth will not be bothered again!

And now, on to my book – the greatest tome ever written about Traps.

– *Grimtooth*

P.S. If you're wondering whatever happened to my editor, Paul O'Connor, or his traditional editorial, then you should know that he, too, felt that some of my traps were a little rough. Well, who needs him, anyway? Too big for his britches, I say, to sneak that page of his into my last book. Well, I've sent Paul into an exile from which he won't soon return!

~ Grim ~



DEAD-ICATION

To those who have passed through these traps before . . . . And to those who followed behind to pick up the pieces.

—GT

A man named the Marquis de Sade
Had habits exceedingly odd.
When Grimtooth he met,
He broke out in a sweat,
For the troll was much crueler, by God!

— The Magic Rat



Room Traps

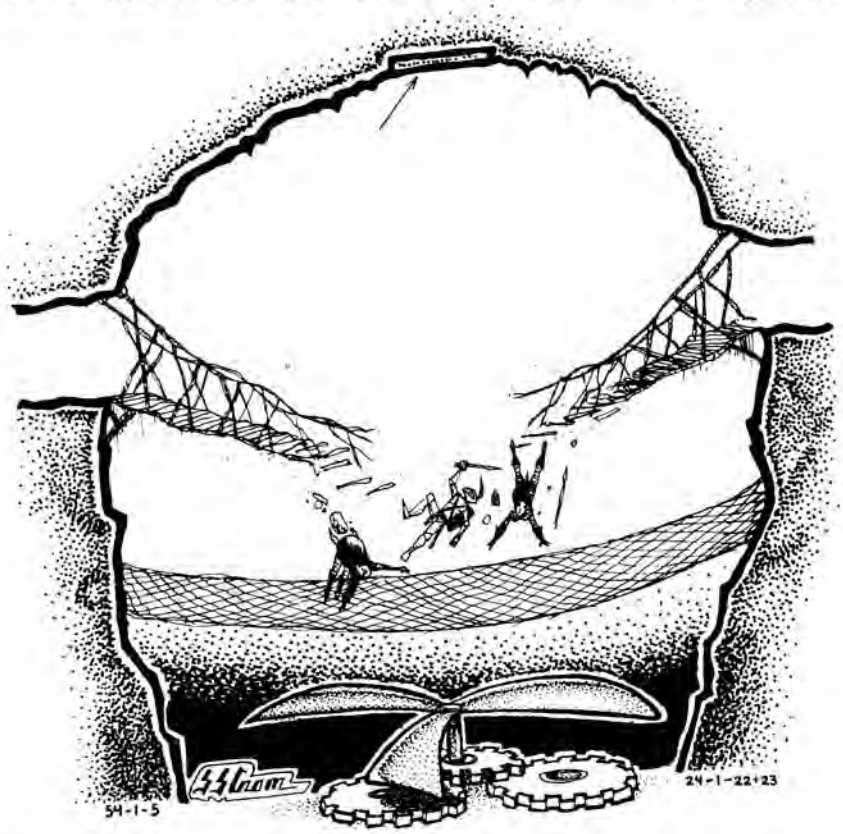
Room traps are regimented death boxes about which the wheel of fantasy gaming rotates. They are not to be dealt with lightly, for they fold, spindle, and mutilate dungeon delvers with more panache and malice than any other form of trap.

Room traps tend toward the bizarre. Rare indeed is the subtle room trap – these things prefer to scream their presence to even the most dense of delvers, abandoning all surprise in favor of snaring the curious cat. Most room traps are content to remain unsprung, but you know there will always be at least one stooge in the party who wants to investigate. . . .

In this chapter you'll find bridges, spiders, giant gas bags, and malevolent book presses plus a horde of other unlikely delver dooms . . . the stuff of legends. . . .

I always prefer to begin my collections with an outrageous trap based more in fantasy than reality. Thus, to open this chapter of my second book of traps, I boldly present the eminently logical **Beware of Low Ceiling** trap by Jason Sato, a Game Master of warped perceptions.

This trap is located in a large natural cavern with a high ceiling. A deep chasm divides the cavern. There is only one way to traverse the chasm – a handy suspension bridge has been provided for this purpose. The bridge appears to be in



good shape; it feels sturdy although it sways a bit. To forestall any hesitation – or a careful inspection of the bridge – you might arrange for the delvers to be fleeing from some hideous beast when they come to the chasm.

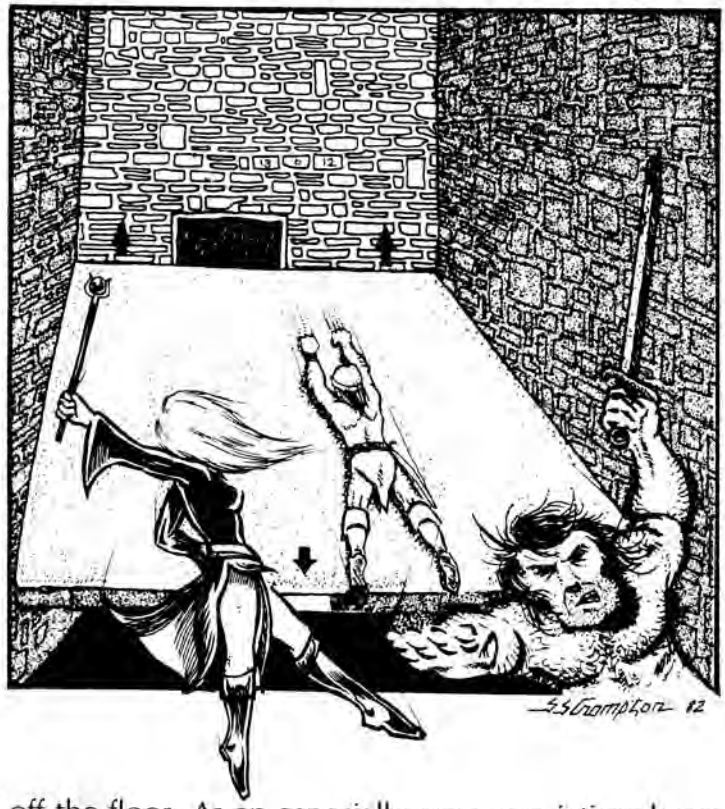
The bridge will safely support about 600 pounds (the approximate weight of three armored delvers). When this limit is exceeded, the bridge will collapse into the chasm. The characters who fall with the bridge will be caught in a strong net suspended across the chasm about sixty feet below the bridge.

When the bridge collapses, a fan of epic proportions at the bottom of the chasm begins to whirl. The blades of the fan pick up speed very quickly, and will soon generate a blast of air strong enough to whisk the characters caught in the net up towards the ceiling. This will continue until the unfortunate delvers are slammed into the cavern ceiling – and hit a carefully positioned pressure plate.

Hitting the pressure plate causes the fan below to *reverse* the direction of its spin, creating a deadly suction. This will pull the characters back down into the chasm, through the net (which is not strong enough to withstand the combined forces of gravity and suction) and into the blades of the fan itself. To demonstrate the sound and effect to your players, shove a raw hot dog into a common household fan. Kzzing!

For a bit of (low) class on this trap, place a sign next to the bridge which reads, "Beware of Low Ceiling."

The Teeter-Totter Room is Cliff Baird's contribution to the genre of room traps. Unfortunately, it wasn't designed to kill delvers; instead, it traps them (and in the process turns them into nervous wrecks).



Characters who enter this room may dance, jump up and down, or have a picnic between the door and the pivot point beneath the floor. However, when over half the weight in the room has moved to the other side of the pivot, the floor no longer rests on the support brace near the door. The brace falls away, and the floor becomes a great teeter-totter upon the pivot point.

It is up to you to decide what will happen to the characters if they fall off the floor. As an especially savage variation, have the floor slide off its pivot and follow the delvers into the pit if they blow it.

Michael von Glahn offers the **One Way or Another** trap as a possible ending to the quest for the trap that will turn adventurers every which way but loose. This beauty, while sinister in construction and implication, has certain humorous overtones in application.

The room is your normal type dungeon room. The walkway which runs from the door to a niche in the opposite wall that houses a chest neatly bisects the floor into two pits. Each of the pits is covered by an illusion of normal flooring that can easily be seen as an illusion. At either side of the niche, just barely out of easy reach from the walkway, is a lever.

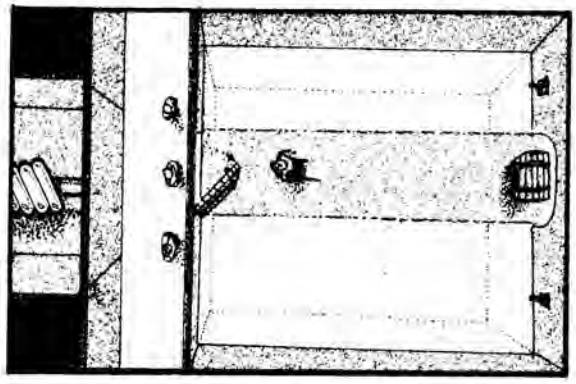
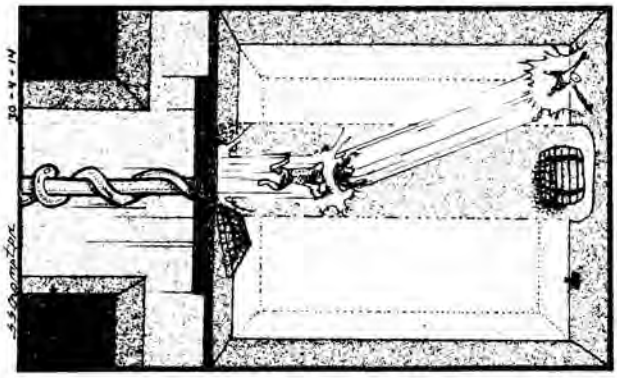


Figure A.
The trap as set . . .

In the corridor opposite the open doorway, there is a spring-loaded section of the wall that will be triggered by weight being dropped on a pressure plate in the walkway. The cautious delvers who stand in and around the doorway while someone walks out on the walkway, or while they

Figure B.
The trap as sprung.



throw the carcass of their latest victim onto the walkway to test the floor, will be rammed by the wall into the room. Those not in the doorway will be splattered against the wall. So much for those outside the room.

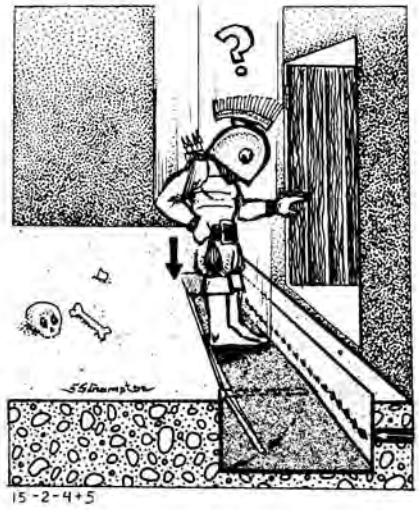
Now the delvers who have just been shot into the room, like pinballs being blasted into action, will have to act quickly. It is not likely that any will fly straight and true at the chest, though you may wish to allow this if your thirst for blood has been quenched. Those who pitch off of the walkway will fall through the illusory flooring into the pit below. Those who fly across the room and grab the levers in a last-ditch effort to stay out of the pit, will find the levers to be easily detachable fakes that they will have lots of time to examine as they fall.

As for any character lucky enough to survive this mayhem, Michael suggests something suitable in the chest to dispatch them. I suggest that GM's select carefully, for the thing in the chest should be like an aperitif after such a heavy meal. That is small, aromatic, and packed with a big kick.



Greg Day has submitted an impairing room trap. The **Toe Tickler** is sure to wreak havoc among those delvers who think of greaves as old and useless.

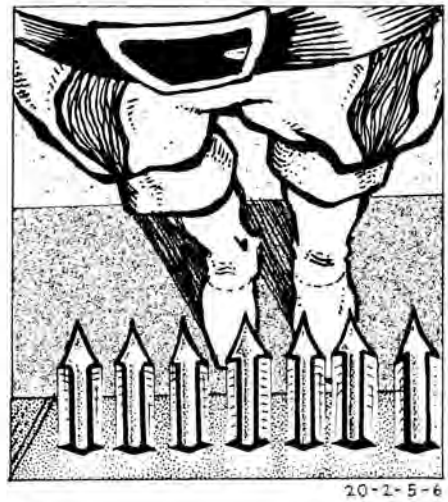
The room can be entered without mishap – the trap is triggered when the delvers attempt to *exit* the room through either of its doors. The floor of the room drops a foot and the door-side wall of the pit is revealed to have a series of two-inch holes running along it. From the holes come spears that should catch most characters in mid-shin, causing a painful wound if they do not break the shin outright. It should also slow a character significantly if being pursued . . .

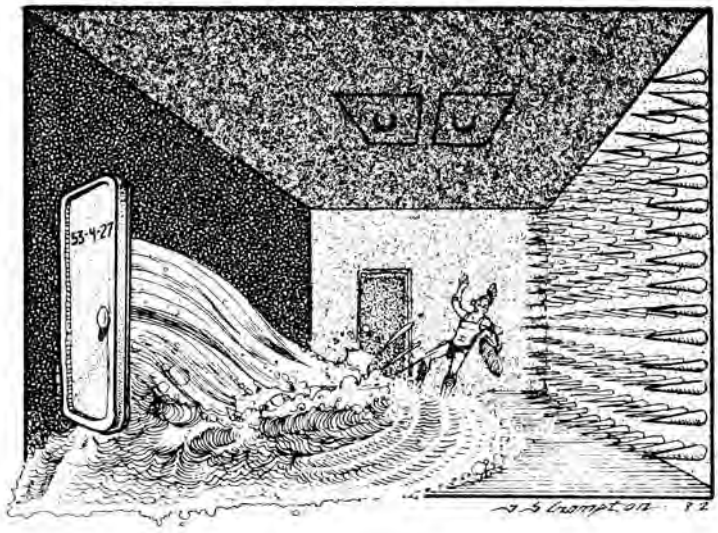


Toe Tickler

◄Side view

Top View►





Michael Arner brings us the **Fire and Ice** trap. Like many other traps in this section, this trap is harmless until some poor schmuck screws up and does (in his opinion) the sensible thing. . .

This trap utilizes a small room. Rows of nasty-looking spikes cover one entire wall; in the wall opposite the spikes is a silver door. There are two trap doors in the ceiling. Delvers enter the room through a separate door on one of the unused walls; this door seals and locks itself behind the delvers.

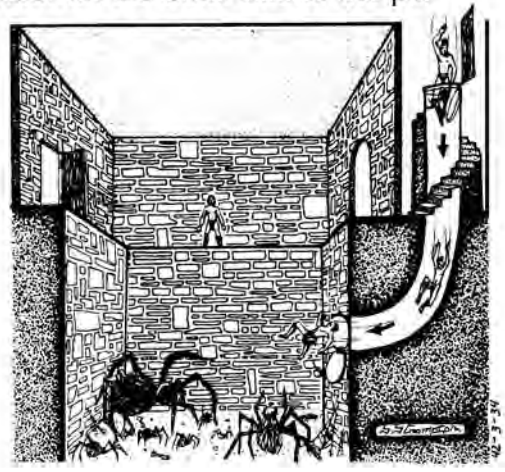
If the party opens the silver door, they unleash a torrent of spring water which knocks them back against the spikes. The water continues to gush from the door and rapidly begins to flood the room. If the delvers survive the spikes, they'll find they must drop most of their equipment to tread water. The room will fill to a level dangerously near the ceiling (and the trap doors).

The safest thing to do is to sit tight. After about five minutes, the water will drain away, allowing the delvers to exit through the now-dry silver door. On the other hand, in a panic situation like this the delvers are probably convinced that they will drown – so they'll try to open the trap doors!

However, both trap doors lead to doom. Behind one trap door is a chamber filled with sodium (an element that combusts upon contact with water). Behind the other is a chamber filled with crystals which cause water to freeze. When either – or both – trap doors are opened, the element behind will be dumped into the water to keep the delvers company . . .

Next in line is the **Door-Lover's Room**, by Caroline J. Maher. This trap uses its own snare as a red herring for its intent. Interested? Read on . . .

Inside the room is a deep pit filled with ravenous, poisonous spiders. Delvers enter the room normally through a standard dungeon door. Narrow greased ledges lead around the pit to the apparent safety of a corridor on the other side of the pit.



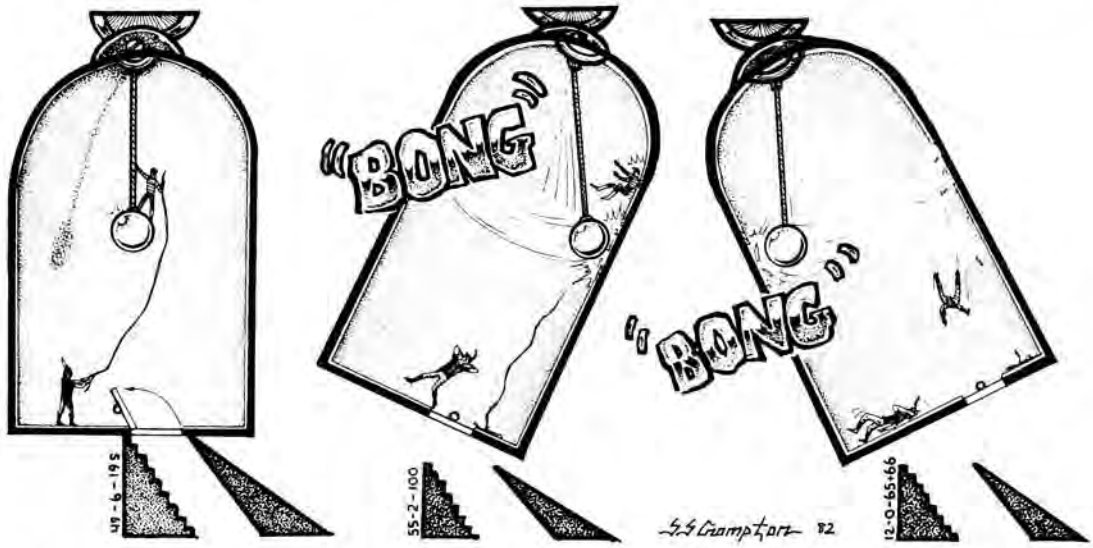
When the characters navigate around the pit to the corridor beyond, they'll doubtless feel proud of themselves for avoiding the trap. So much the better . . . within the corridor is a spiral staircase that leads up to a normal-looking door. When the delvers open the door, however, a trap door opens beneath their feet, sending them plummeting down a chute and into the spider-filled pit they've just negotiated! Never go forward until you're secure about what's behind you.

Larry DiTillio's first room trap is the **See-Saw Room**, a devious variation on Cliff's theme. This trap is tailored to deal with those inconsiderate delvers who like to play interior decorator and move every piece of furniture in a dungeon room.

The room is small and rectangular. Identical stone statues are set in opposite ends of the room; a series of glass globes supported on iron racks rest along the other pair of walls. Behind each statue appears to be a poorly-concealed secret door.

The entire room rests upon a central pivot; the statues keep small bolts in place and keep the room from tipping as soon as the first adventurer enters. If the statues are moved at all (presumably to gain access to the "secret doors"), the delicate balance of the room is upset, and the room will tilt radically to one side or the other. The delvers will be hurled towards one end of the room, and the fragile glass globes will be dislodged from their holders to shatter on the floor, spilling their deadly contents (poison gas/flaming oil/scorpions/whatever you choose). Finally, the stone statue from the "up" end of the room will plummet into the lower end of the room, pulping the delvers caught there. Oh, the fiendish wonder of it all!

This trap could also work as a corridor with a door at its midpoint and a statue at each end "hiding" a secret door. No matter how it is used, this trap is sure to be deadly.



Larry's next trap is the **You Rang?** room. This is a round room (diameter 10') with a 30' high domed ceiling. Hanging from the center of the ceiling, about 10' from the floor, is a golden ball about the size of a beachball suspended on a silver rope. The room can be entered without a mishap through a trapdoor in the bottom of the floor.

If no one fools around with the golden ball, the party will be unharmed. However, doing *anything* to the ball and rope triggers a complex mechanism above the room, and the room begins to swing from side to side – with the delvers trapped inside. The room is actually a giant bell!

The golden ball will strike against the walls of the room (now revealed to be stone-plated steel), making an awful gonging din which should deafen the characters. Those delvers foolish enough to hang onto the ball will be pulped against the walls; characters who merely stand in the swinging room should gather their share of bruises, too.

The bell also serves as an alarm for the monsters in the area. The room will stop

swinging after a few minutes – just in time to admit the hordes of hungry monsters who will have gathered nearby. The monsters should have no trouble dealing with the deafened and battered party within the room . . .

Not content to leave sleeping dogs flat with his low-humor *Low Ceiling* trap, Jason Sato strikes back with the **Dinner Gong**. This nasty room trap is a good way to feed the older monsters in your dungeon who can't beat and eat their meals like they used to.

The trap presents itself to the delvers as a simple dungeon room containing a treasure chest. The chest is securely fastened to the floor, so bands of moving-company dungeon delvers can't haul it away. On one of the walls of the room is hung a large brass gong.

Opening the chest activates a small but powerful generator hidden beneath the dungeon floor. For atmosphere, add a humming sound and slight vibrations in the floor when the generator is started.

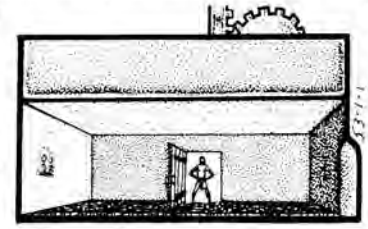
The generator powers a strong electromagnet hidden in the wall behind the gong. When the magnet powers up, any iron or steel objects in the room (including armored delvers) will sail through the air into the gong, resulting in a loud "BONNNNNNGGGGG." Delvers will be stuck to the magnet until they can free themselves of their armor.

The sounding of the gong alerts the feeble old monster in the hidden room nearby. Dinnertime! The monster should probably be something with lots of teeth and a can-opener . . .

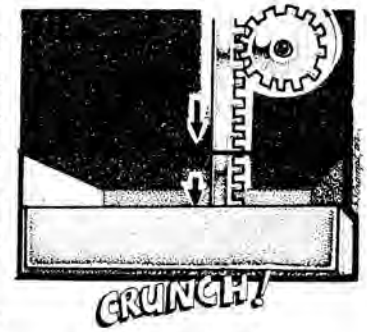
Peter Yearsley has shown, through his frequent and fascinating letters to FBI, to be a true Renaissance Man. With the flare of an Inquisitor, he has dreamed up this next devious trap. Yankee ingenuity has got nothing on this Englishman's sense of the macabre.

The Hall of the Memorial Carpet is insidious in its application because it is one of those traps where the delvers can see how they will get it, and any attempt to escape will bring it upon them more swiftly. Except for the lucky ones. . .

The room is a standard dungeon room with doors in the east and west walls. In the north wall, there is a small niche with a lantern flickering in it. The south wall contains a much larger niche which is home to a chest. The floor is covered by the Memorial Carpet, an abstract melange of metal, cloth, leather, and perhaps a bone fragment or two.



The ceiling is placed on a time delay as soon as a door is opened. After two minutes have passed, the ceiling will begin to come down and the air pressure will cause both doors to shut. The air pressure in the now closed room will increase as the ceiling drops to where the air pressure will let it. Ears will pop, and the new level of the ceiling will probably be noticed.



If either of the doors is opened, the air in the room

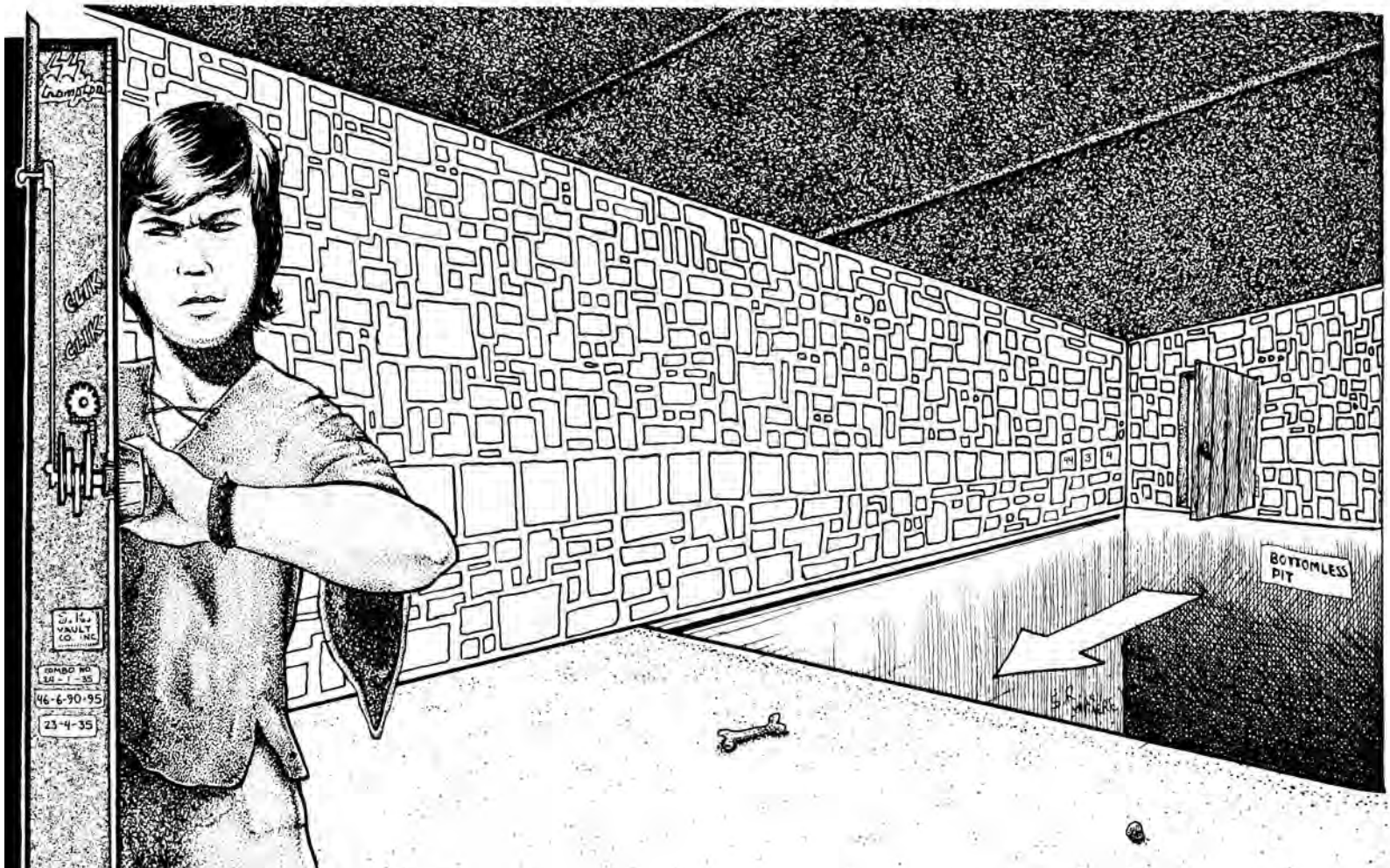
can escape, and the delvers will become the new additons to the Memorial Carpet. If either the chest or the lamp is moved, a slow leak will develop and the roof will sink towards the floor. Once the ceiling has gotten low enough, the doors cannot be opened, and neither door is strong enough to hold the ceiling up.

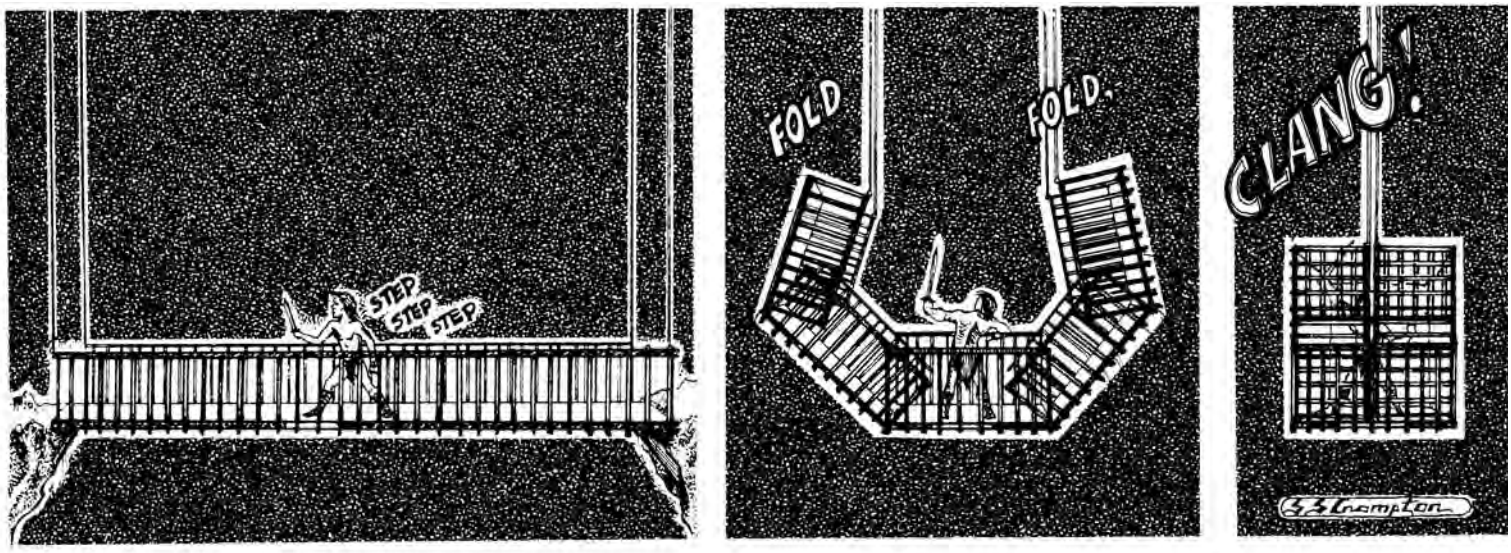
The most sinister aspect of this trap is that one or two people could save themselves by standing in the alcoves. What a fight there ought to be for that place of honor. Peter also suggests that an airlock tunnel might be located behind a secret door in the chest alcove. I'd make it an affair that only allows one person at a time. If one delver decides not to, or forgets to close the airlock door on the way out, well, wall-to-wall carpeting is nice . . .



Picture a long room with a door at one end and a bank safe at the other. The safe has been permanently attached to the wall, and cannot be moved. This is the setting for **The Safe-Cracker's Nemesis**, designed by Scot Rhoads.

Delvers, being nimble-fingered little monkeys, will almost certainly attempt to pick the lock of the safe by pressing their pudgy ears against the door and twirling the dial. To the safe-cracker's dismay, however, it will be found that every mistake the character makes while wo[illegible]g the dial causes the floor of the room to slide one foot into the wall holding the safe – revealing a bottomless pit below. Too many mistakes, and the gap between the door and the floor will isolate the safe-cracker on the wrong side of the pit! Of course, to be nice you could include a secret passageway on the other side of the safe door, to give the delvers a way out. . . .





Charles Mollenhauer brings us the **Trolls' Bridge-Work**. No, this isn't a denture for monsters, but rather a bridge over a chasm that quickly becomes a cage hanging over a chasm . . .

The trap works simply. When characters come to the deep chasm, they'll see an easy way to cross it – a wide bridge suspended by wires from the ceiling. Stepping upon the pressure plate in the middle of this bridge causes the sides of the bridge to quickly fold up around the bridge middle, like a perverted draw-bridge. The delvers are now trapped in a cage! You can either leave them dangling over the chasm, or lower the cage to the bottom of the pit (where, presumably, something horrible lies in wait) . . .

From Pat Mueller comes the **Cretin in the Circular Citadel** trap. The intriguing construction of this room should lead to the doom of many a delver.

The trap is a round room; entry is gained by a single door set flush with the wall. In the center of the room, on a raised circular dais, is a glowing ruby of great worth and obvious magical nature. Parading around and around the perimeter of the room are a number of characters of all kindreds and types. These characters all have glazed, fixed expressions on their faces, and they appear to be hopelessly searching for something. Several show signs of advanced malnutrition. There are a few dead bodies sprawled on the floor, as well.

The magical gem places a geas upon anyone who touches it. The affected character can do *nothing* until he or she finds a corner in this perfectly round room. Once a corner has been found, then the character is released from the geas and may take the ruby without penalty.

The various beings wandering around the room are all characters under the geas. Many have died (or are in the process of doing so) during their fruitless quest.

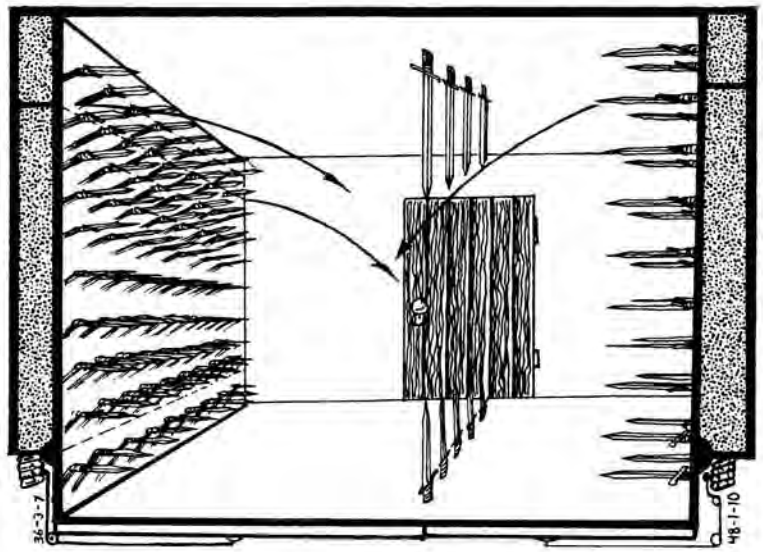
None of these characters (obviously) have discovered the way to find the corner in a round room. By simply knocking a small chunk out of any of the wall space in this room, a corner is formed – thus ending the geas.

But don't tell your players that . . .

Andy Beauchamp brings us the **Death of 1000 Slices**, a room of dangerously-positioned cutlery. This trap is so obvious, it's likely to claim many a life. . .

Two opposite walls in a square dungeon room are covered from floor to ceiling with thousands of sharp knives; the other two walls contain doors. Running along the floor, from one door to the other, is a row of knives. Running along the ceiling, exactly in line with the daggers on the floor, is a row of swords.

As soon as a character ventures more than ten feet inside the room, the trap is sprung. If he has walked to either the right or the left of the row of daggers, then the nearest wall folds over onto the floor, mincing him horribly.



The only safe way to walk through this room is to straddle the daggers. This will cause both walls of knives to fall inward at the same time jamming together above the character.

If you want to make this trap even more deadly (a technique which I heartily approve), grease the floor around the row of knives. Thus, even if the delver avoids the walls, he might still slip and fall on the knives! An even nastier addition is to have a voice over announce, in the voice of the party's leader, "Hit the deck!"

There are often times that a dungeon becomes so familiar to adventurers that they have no fear. They know what is where and can find their way around blindfolded – would that they would do us great favors by travelling that way. Pat Hollister's **Roulette Room** offers us one method for dealing with such carefree wayfarers.

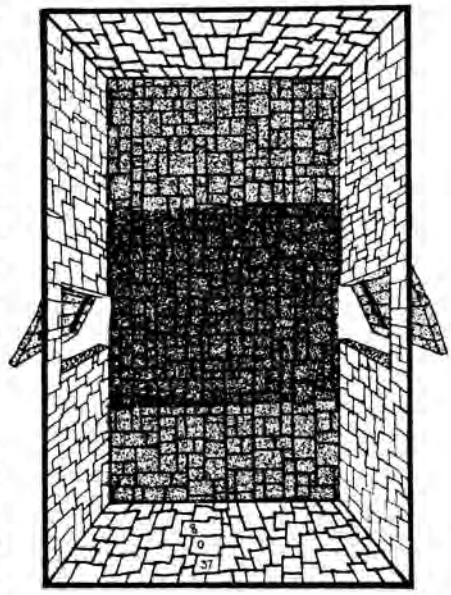
The roulette room is a circular affair with a large number of doors set in the wall. In the center of the room is a chest. When the chest is opened, the room will begin to spin wildly around, quickly making the delvers dizzy and perhaps even throwing a few out through the doors. While this is happening, a lodestone in the chest will hopelessly screw up any compasses in the room. When the room stops spinning – orienting itself randomly to true north – the delvers should be thoroughly lost, not to mention dizzy and sick.

Adding a large silver ball to bounce around and checking if any of the delvers' lucky number is up is purely optional. (If a character's number is up and the character survives, a kind Game Master should pay the character 36 times the amount of money he has on him.)

I have often found that the key to catching the most clever of characters in a trap is to provide a trap that is very simple, and provide the adventurers with the solution to it. They act upon that information and, well, see the next trap as an example.



Ted Rassieur offers **The Ceiling Trap.** The room it is placed in is a normal room with one centrally-placed door in each of the east and west walls. The doors are placed directly across the room from each other, and the room is devoid of any furnishings.



When the east door is opened – both doors open out of the room – the ceiling area between the two doors slams down. It should be quite clear to the delvers that if they had been inside the room and opening the door, they would have been squashed. The ceiling then retracts after ten seconds.

When the west door is opened, the ceiling everywhere except between the two doors smashes down. What usually happens is that characters who enter through the east door stand out of the way to open the west door. By the same token, characters entering from the west know better than to stand away from the east door when they open it. Simple, but deadly. . . .

In my quest for traps, I occasionally run across a truly criminal mind housed in the body of a human being. Matt Nadelhaft is like this, and it is criminal that his mind will be trapped in the body of a mere human. He has such trollish potential. . .

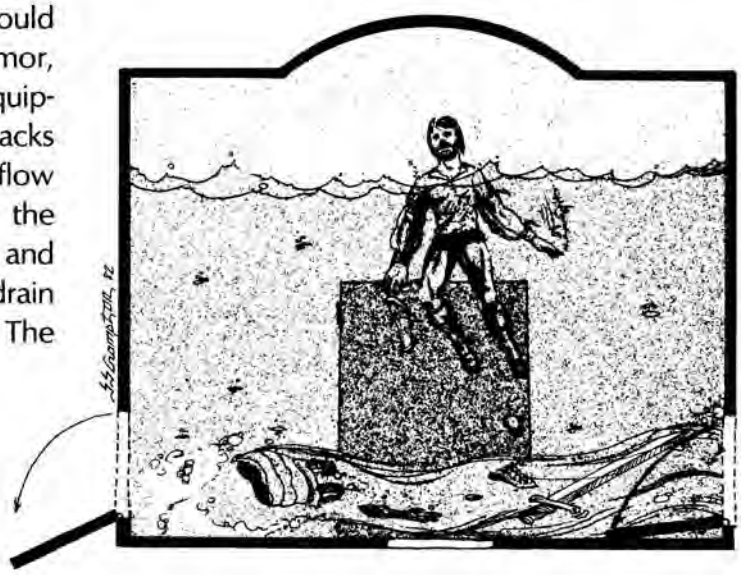
Burial at Sea is a trap for all delvers who do not own wash-and-wear armor. The characters step into a room that smells slightly of brine, yet does not have anything in it. There is a secret door in the floor, however, and what character can resist a secret door? Once the secret door is opened – and it does truly deserve to be called a trapdoor – the fun begins.

Water literally explodes through the trapdoor with the force of a tidal wave. Water will begin to fill the room, making it impossible to open the door to the room. Within thirty seconds, the room itself will be flooded, though the domed ceiling will provide an airpocket for characters light enough to float or lucky enough to fly. Characters who are too heavy will have to shed all of their armor, weapons, and the like until they can float.

A minute after the room has flooded, two smaller trapdoors will open at the base of the walls. One will pump in cold water while the other provides an

outlet for the cold water. The cold current will stay at the bottom of the room and should easily push all discarded armor, weaponry, and other equipment (including any loose sacks of treasure) into the outflow hole. After two minutes, the current will cease to flow, and the brine in the room will drain out of the outflow hole. The characters should touch down safe, yet a whole lot poorer. For an added touch of torture, remind them how much brine itches as it dries . . .

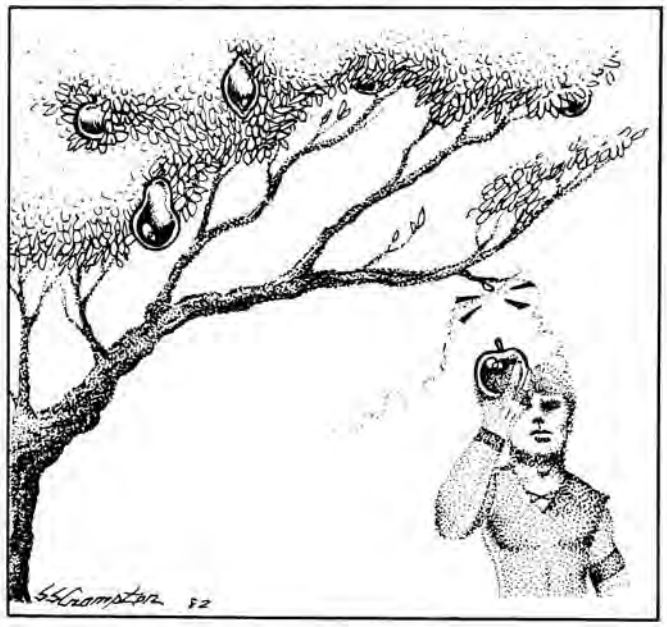
Burial at Sea



Stephen McAllister, as subtle a dungeon master as I have ever met, has a knack for providing great visual beauty along with deadliness in his traps. Mac is the sort of man who would have thought of putting thorns on roses, if I had not already seen to it. With this in mind, I present **Fruits of Misfortune.**

In a room, the adventurers discover a silver tree that bears golden fruit. The tree and the fruit seem natural to the eye or touch, yet pears, apples, lemons, and such all share the same tree. Little to no magic is felt from the fruit or the tree. The delvers can go ahead and pluck the fruit; it is solid gold, the skin being several layers of gold foil to allow that fleshy feel.

This is where the trick comes in. When the fruit is picked, it will leave a tiny hole where the stem connects to the branch. The silver tree is actually hollow, and gas will seep through the holes. The gas is of the knock-out variety, one that will affect all races and kindreds; the length of time it takes will depend upon the health of the characters and how many of the fruits have been picked. Worked well, however, the adventurers should not know they have been tricked until they begin to pass out from the gas. Whether or not returning the fruit to the tree will plug the holes is up to debate, though when was the last time a tree took back fruit?



Mike Stackpole, whom I have been forced to deal with since I dispatched my first two editors, has retreaded a concept by Matt Nadelhaft to create the **Let Me At 'Em** trap. All you have to get them to do is push the button . . .



The adventurers enter a small, dingy room through a door in the west wall. The north wall has a very strong-looking man bound to it by a steel band around his middle. As the adventurers enter the room, the captive taunts them with cries of "You sissies, I'll rip yer throats out. I'll smash ya all. I'll kill ya. I dare ya to release me; you ain't so tough." The south wall has got a red button on it labeled "Release."

At the captive's back, within the band, is a button that his body keeps pressed in. If the release button is hit, the man will be teleported away. This will release the button and allow the north wall to slam into the south wall. If the man has been killed, his body will drop from the steel band – if the release button is pushed – accomplishing the same thing. A grim application of the "deadman switch" principle . . .

Lodes of Fun is a trap devised by Adrian Passmore. Adrian is another contributor from the United Kingdom, and he clearly shows where you American colonials get your deviousness.



Adrian's trap is located in a small room, perhaps at the end of a cul-de-sac. One end of the room features a door, another wall has a secret door behind which waits a troll armed with something large and heavy. When the plain door is opened, a very powerful fan is activated. It blows thousands of BB and marble-sized lodestones out at the adventurers. The fan is powerful enough to keep all but several strong men working together from closing the door, and it will shut only off when all of the lodestones have been blown off a pressure plate in the base of the lodestone room.

The lodestones will fly out like locusts and cover any armored character. The armor will become heavier with the added metal, and it is quite likely that the stones will block eyeslits or make joints really difficult to move. Most characters will shuck their armor to collect the stones. This is when the troll steps out and greets the adventurers with his weapon.

Also remember that a character stepping into the closet will reactivate the fan and may well be blown across the room by the force of the wind . . .

The Better Mousetrap could only have been born in the mind of Brandon Corey, and many adventurers will wish it had been stillborn. In a room laid out in the shape of an L, there is a huge mousetrap. The spring is the size of a man's thigh, and the bar that would break the neck of a mouse is fully three feet wide and two inches thick. On the trigger rests a pound of cheddar cheese which radiates good magic. The L-shape of the room is so that the characters cannot initially see what they are going to confront. No character with any sense would enter a room with that big trap.



Triggering the trap is simple: just toy with the cheese. As the bar snaps down, which it will do when the bait is removed, it will hit a pressure plate at its impact point. This will activate the release catch on the doors to cages containing several

big cats (lions, tigers, catamounts, and such).

As the characters examine the cheese, they will note that the center of it contains a Cats Eye gem. The magic is coming from the gem and will attract cats to the character with the gem. Of course, the cats will only wish to play with this character, and the game they will seem to favor will be ambush . . .

Just as an added surprise, you might have the characters meet the huge mice the trap was set for originally . . .



The Better Mousetrap

Kiss of Death is another trap presented by Brandon Corey which turns the joy of anticipation into the sour taste of reality with frightening swiftness.

The trap needs to be presented with a bit of preparation and can probably best be served if the characters must ferret out information about it from many and varied sources; make it a mystery. The basic rumor to be presented is that if the characters perform a certain ritual and kiss the Statue of the Goddess of Love at a nearby temple, they will become immune to swords and fear. Details of the ritual should be difficult to uncover, but they all should be available to the characters by some means or another.

The statue they must kiss is a huge head mounted on the wall of the temple, behind the main altar. The breadth of the lips must be easily as wide as a normal human head. The head and face are carven from unblemished white marble and are that of a woman who is unhumanly beautiful. The head radiates functional magic.

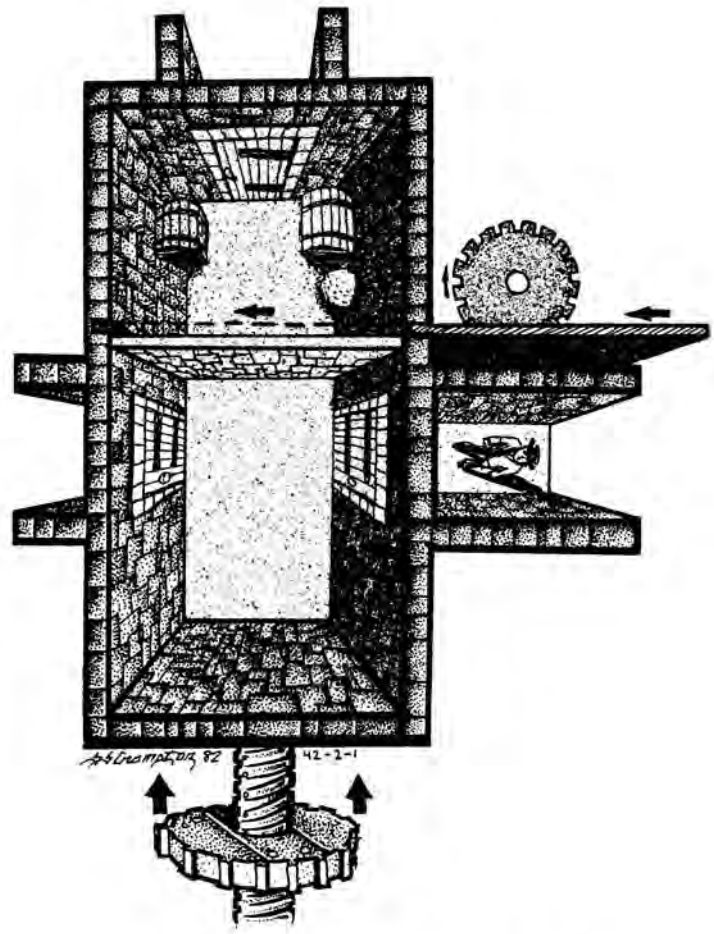
If the character attempting to gain the boon has completed the ritual correctly and kisses her on the lips, the boon will be granted. Each GM will have to modify the promise to fit the reality of the campaign world being used.

If, however, the character failed some portion of the ritual or kisses a part of the statue other than the lips, the lips will part and a sword blade will lick out like a serpent's tongue. Anyone kissing the lips of the statue should be hit in the face and

probably killed instantly. Characters kissing another part of the face would take the sword in the portion of the body at mouth level. The strange thing is, for those who complete the ritual and for those who blow it, the promise is kept.

Jonathan Bernick has claimed that the inspiration for some of his traps came from Mike Stackpole. Nonsense! In Jonathan's work, I sense an evil genius that causes Stackpole to pale in comparison. This next trap, **Another Brick Through the Wall,** will bear me out.

The room appears to be the normal sort of dungeon room that we have all come to know and love. The doors are in the east and west walls, and the room is devoid of anything. Once the delvers have entered the room, both doors close and lock. The north wall begins to move towards the south and the delvers. It looks as though they are probably going to end their lives knowing how it feels to be a grape in a wine press.



The south wall is really a flimsy construct of plaster and wood. If the delvers do nothing, they will be pushed through the south wall into a small treasure room. The north wall will stop at the old south wall, and the delvers are free to leave.

If the south wall is broken or tampered with before the north wall gets within five feet of it and trips a hidden switch, a steel grating will slip across on the southern side of the south wall. The grating should have wide enough holes in it to frustrate the attempts at bracing the wall with staves, while being narrow enough to act as a delver strainer. The hidden switch will prevent the grating from sliding into place; one case in which he who hesitates is not lost . . .

Sink or Swim is a nasty variation upon old themes. With this trap, Lee Russell punishes characters for lack of foresight or thought when something obviously is wrong.

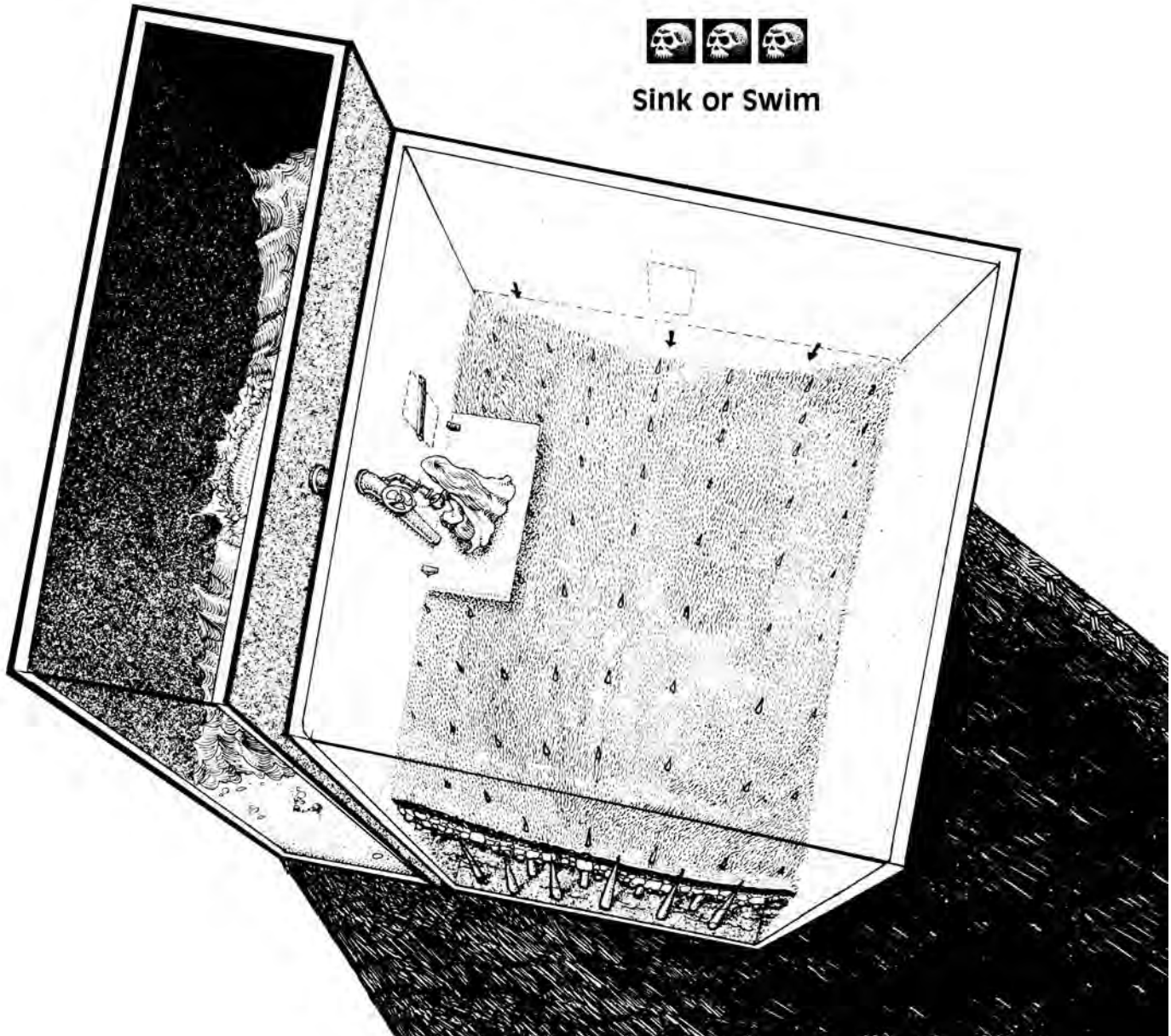
The room to be used is relatively small and probably should be entered through a secret door in the north wall. The floor is grassy, and if the characters dug down, they would find a two-foot thick layer of pumice about three feet down through the dirt. Below the pumice is water. The pumice, and indeed the whole floor, is floating upon this water.

The only feature of this room is located on the east wall. There, a small ledge is set upon the floor. A pipe that looks to be about eight inches in diameter rises from

the floor and is half imbedded in the wall. It is capped and rises to the height of four feet. From the top of it trails a small faucet. A cup is chained to the faucet and a huge wheel is located on the pipe to regulate water flow. Still on the eastern wall, near the northern corner, there is a secret door that is barred on the interior hidden side with a wooden bar.

When the large pipe is opened to allow water to flow out of the faucet, water will also begin to flow out of another pipe branching off and emptying into the room beyond the east wall. The water comes from beneath this room and draining it will result in the floor sinking. Something on the order of spikes should protrude through the sod from the bottom of the water tank, obviously a threat if the floor had drained faster or a character fell from the ledge. Since the north door now has no flooring next to it, reopening it is going to be inconvenient, and the characters will probably begin the search for a secret door.

As seen below, the secret door is there. When the east room fills with the water from the tank below, the bar on the door will float away and allow the door to be opened. The water should rush out again and probably sweep a character or two from the ledge onto the newly exposed spikes. And as the water eventually drains back through the sod, the trap should reset itself.

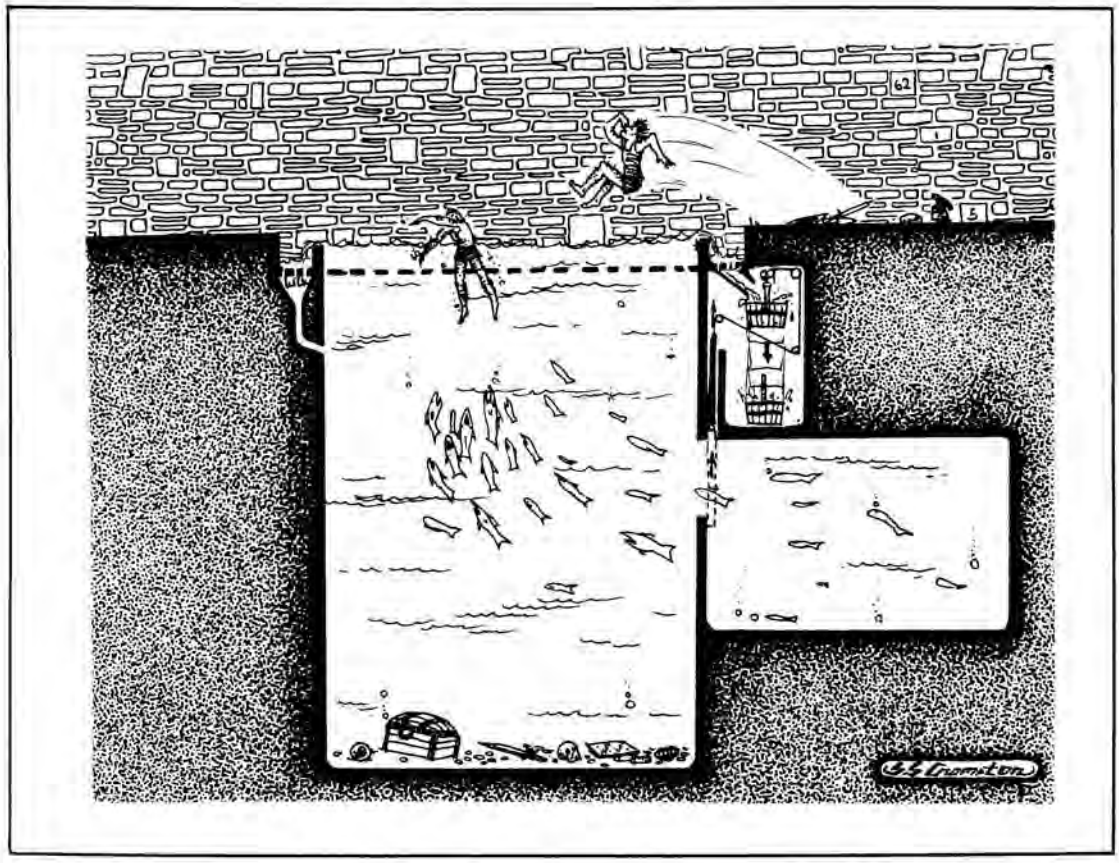


Sink or Swim

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Archimedes' Revenge



Liz Danforth and Mike Stackpole have teamed up to use sound scientific principles in a trap that shows that they have no principles themselves.

Archimedes' Revenge is a trap centered around a ten-foot diameter well sunk into a floor. Around the outer edge of the well is a one-foot deep depression about twofeet wide that would give the impression of a step down to the well. The water is absolutely to the brim of the well, but it has not spilled over onto the step. The well itself is about twenty-five feet deep. The step area contains four drains.

The bottom of the well is strewn with treasure. The water is warm but harmless. Halfway down on one of the side walls, there is a secret panel that can be detected and opened from within the pool.

Anyone diving into the pool will displace a certain amount of water. This water will flow down through the drains to a collection bucket. This bucket, once it is filled with enough water (a gallon or two will be fine), will become heavy enough to pull a pin that has prevented the spring-operated secret panel from flying open. Behind the secret door, you could place a holding tank for piranha, though the designers of this trap also offered molten lava as a possibility that will boil the delvers alive. I favor this latter idea; I prefer my food cooked, though I suppose the addition of a second secret door full of spices would be too much to ask for.

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This next little number, called **Shock Treatment,** is certain to surprise characters who believe themselves to be careful. Chris Andrews, the designer of this trap, has a knack for providing a new twist upon ordinary situations.

The adventurers find a room with a fifteen-foot diameter fountain in the center. The fountain features small jets of water from a stone pedestal in the center of the fountain. Upon the pedestal stands a beautiful figure bearing a twelve-foot long spear in an upraised hand. The statue is made of gold-plated steel, and a seam can be seen at the shoulder of the spear arm, as if the arm might be able to move down in a windmill action. The spear point is ten feet above the water level. The water is not poisonous, and the bottom of the fountain is dotted with treasure.

The adventurers will try to avoid the spear arm, fearing a stab in the back as they gather treasure. Indeed, standing upon one of the many pressure plates in the base of the fountain basin will cause the arm to fall, and only the most clumsy of characters will be hit with the spear. If the spear hits no one, it will dip into the water. This is when the large charge of electricity running through it will discharge into the water and any delvers in it as well. . . . A similar thing will happen to the witless soul who tries to scrape the gold from the statue.





Corridor Traps

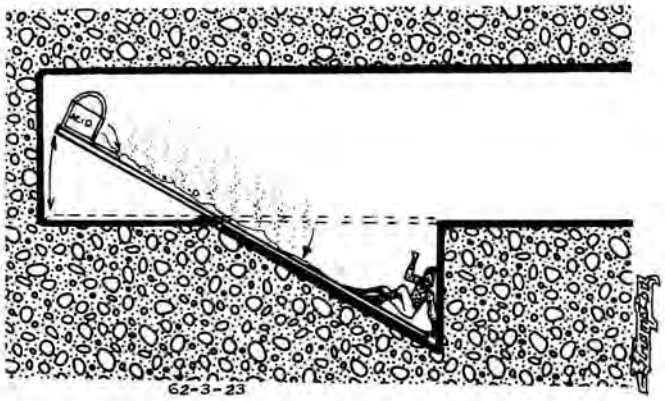
Your dungeon corridors needn't be dull passageways of stone. Employ a few of the designs in this chapter and you'll find your tunnels have become as much fun to explore as your rooms. A hallway is no place to rest – and it's time the delvers of the world realized it.

My first corridor trap comes from J. E. Todd. As Mr. Todd points out, most delvers kill the monsters and then take their treasure. **Shower of Gold** turns the tables on this familiar scene, letting the treasure kill the delvers and then the monsters take their bodies . . .

The trap is actually quite simple. In the wall of the corridor is set a lever; posted nearby is a sign which clearly reads "Treasure Vault Release." The trap is set in motion when some fool actually pulls the lever.

Pulling the lever releases the catch-pins which secure this section of corridor, allowing it to split in two and collapse into the pit below. This forms a sort of funnel, which will neatly channel the 4620 cubic feet of gold coins that were hidden in a hollow above the corridor. Assuming gold weighs about 1000 pounds per cubic foot, we're talking about 4,620,000 pounds of gold here . . .

Of course, all this gold has to flow through a 4' × 4' opening, which just *might* give the hapless delvers a chance to avoid the shower.



Brian Hammond has developed a grim topical trap called **Acid Rain**. Rather than simply ignore the problem which plagues the northeastern United States and Canada (to say nothing of the rest of the industrialized world), Mr. Hammond has displayed a true sense of dungeon-mastering malice by adapting the phenomenon into a trap. Bravo!

The trap centers around a dead-end section of corridor that balances upon a fulcrum. A false chest stands in the dead end; it is attached to the floor at its base by a hinge. When a delver enters the corridor, his weight will cause it to shift on the fulcrum, dropping down into the pit below. This causes the false chest to flop over on its hinge, releasing its deadly content – acid! – onto the slope. The acid should neatly spill down the sloping corridor and splash all over the unfortunate delver below.

Mark Bassett does interesting things with the next two pit traps. Each is standard in appearance and initial execution, but both get a little strange once they're triggered . . .

The first of these traps is the **Wet Pit**. This is a simple pit which opens beneath the feet of a delver. As soon as the delver is trapped inside the pit, it begins to fill with water, bars spring across the top, and its walls begin to creep together. However, just before the delver is drowned and pulped, the trap resets itself – the water drains out, the walls return to their original positions, and the bars withdraw. A handy ladder then pops out of the pit wall; at the top of the ladder is a sign which reads "You Have Been Warned. The Next Trap Will Be Fatal. Go Home."

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Mark has also developed the **Whipped-Cream Pit** trap. If you're tired of adventurers charging into your dungeon just for the glory of it all, you might want to see how brave a tale they can tell about drowning in a vat of whipped cream.

The *Whipped-Cream Pit* functions like a normal pit trap – but instead of containing spikes or acid to finish the clods off, it's full of whipped cream. Whipped cream is too airy to float on, too thick to paddle in, and too slippery to allow anyone caught within to grab a rope easily.

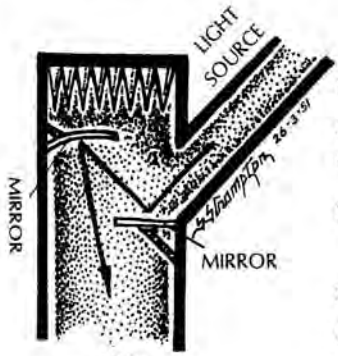
And don't forget the fun you can have, needling a player over the fact that you killed his character by submerging him in whipped cream . . .

A non-fatal corridor trap is the **Moebius Hallway** by Liz Danforth. This trick combines magic and illusion to subtle effect.

This artifice simply uses a moebius strip as a walkway in a hall, catwalk, or garden path – whatever suits your fancy. Some sort of magic is used here in that the feet of characters traveling on the strip never leave it: where a character's feet are is always oriented "down" as far as that character is concerned. Additional magic can also supply the illusions that the world remains right-side up as the characters follow the contortions of the moebius strip.

Once a character has stepped onto the strip, he will walk and walk and walk and (maybe) run – and never get anywhere. When this finally sinks home, the frequent response from most microcephalic delvers is to take a sideways step off the moebius strip. But don't forget the trap – there's a 50% chance that when a delver steps off he'll be the wrong way up in relation to natural gravity! A fall of a few feet onto one's head isn't that dangerous, but should engender a few nasty bruises.

Then again, if the strip has been located on a bridge over a lava trench . . .



Dan Manning has developed a trap that only a chump would fall for. That means it works like a charm on your average delver. Dan calls his trap **Now You See It, Now You're Dead!**, but I prefer the alternate onomatopoeic title of *Splat!*

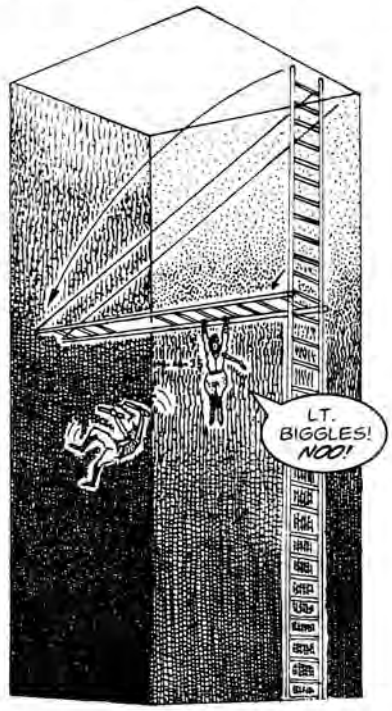
This is a homely trap which smashes a delver into several rows of spikes. The trap keys upon the claustrophobic anxiety of a delver who's been trapped underground for a while. When the aforementioned delver sees light coming from a hole in the ceiling, he will doubtless investigate – and discover a lever marked "UP" sticking out of the floor and a ceiling vent which appears to open onto a patch of clear daylight sky.

In reality the "sky" is merely an image produced by a cleverly aligned series of mirrors. Behind the mirrors is a bank of spikes. And when the delver pulls on the lever, the spring beneath his feet uncoils . . . slamming him through the mirrors and into the spikes. Splat! No more delver!



And here is a quartet of traps by Michael Stackpole, varying in deadliness from dangerous to exterminating. This is a very trollish attitude; the "safer" traps scare the adventurers witless so that the more dangerous traps will do the job that they're set there for.

Suspension Ladder is the first trap by Mike Stackpole, and it is designed to force characters to think – if they want to stop hanging around. A character finds himself in a vertical tunnel, a chimney of sorts. There is a ladder running up the side of the chimney and light at the top of the ladder. The climb appears to be about sixty or eighty feet up. Each twenty feet of climb takes the character up on a different ladder.



The third ladder is special. When a character gets to the middle of it, the ladder will swing down from the wall such that the top of it will hit the chimney wall opposite the ladder. Two steel cables, thin but high tension wire, protrude from the top of the ladder into the wall where the ladder is normally attached.

The tense part of the trap comes now. All of the rungs, with the exception of the one the character is hanging onto, are built to pull free when pressure is put on them from an angle other than normal when climbing. In other words, while they will work normally for climbing, using them like horizontal bars will pull them free and cause a long fall if the delver has not got a strong grip on the good rung.

The way out of the trap, of course, is to hang onto the outside edges of the ladder and work along that while ignoring the rungs altogether. If the adventurer gets to the cabled end, he will hit a switch that will draw the ladder upright again. If he goest to the other end, the ladder will retract slowly as the balance is changed.



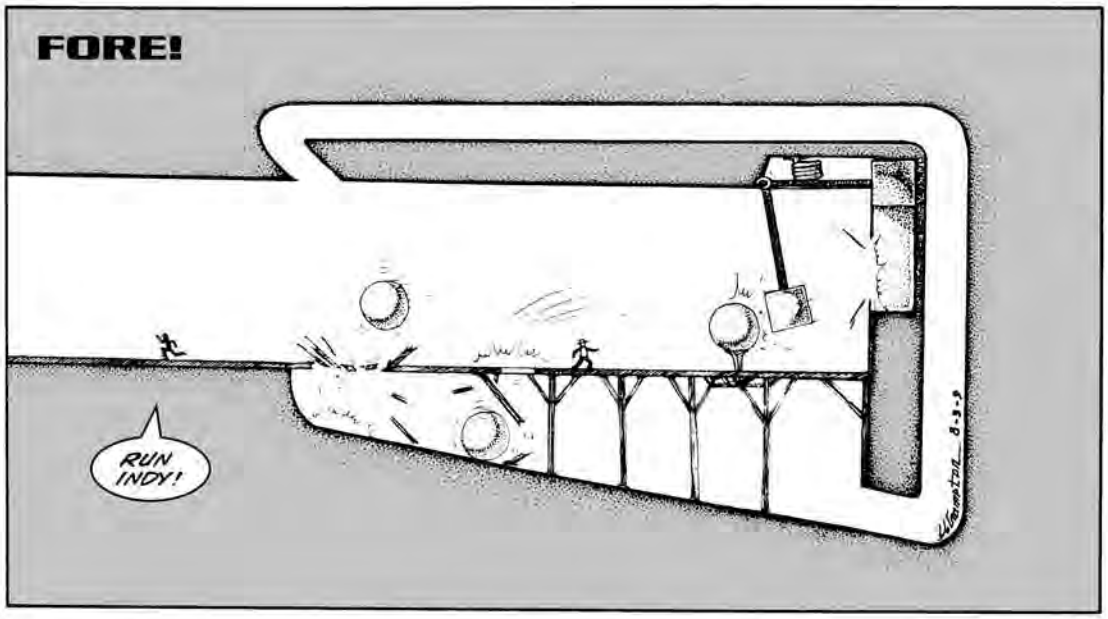
Mike's second offering is a time-activated trap he calls **Step This Way, Please**. It uses the typical human trust that what was once safe is always safe.

The trap is activated by a pressure plate being stepped upon. This will work best in a paved corridor where the plate is actually brick or stone. Once it is stepped on, it will open a secret door about thirty feet up the corridor. Obviously then, the party has found a catch for the secret door. Once the character steps off the plate, the door slides shut.



1st step: opens door | 2nd step: releases flame | 3rd step: stupifies stepper

All of the characters will gather around the door while one of their fellows steps on the stone. Whoosh! The door slides open and a blast of flame envelops the corridor up to fifteen feet away. The person stepping on the stone will be fine, but his buddies will be singed. He naturally steps off the stone to cut the flame off. This action should be rewarded; the damage should be less for the characters getting burned. Once they prepare themselves for fire, the stone will be stepped upon a third time. The third's the charm, as a weighted post slams down out of the ceiling to catch the stepper. Flame is optional this time, and yes, the post will keep the door open.

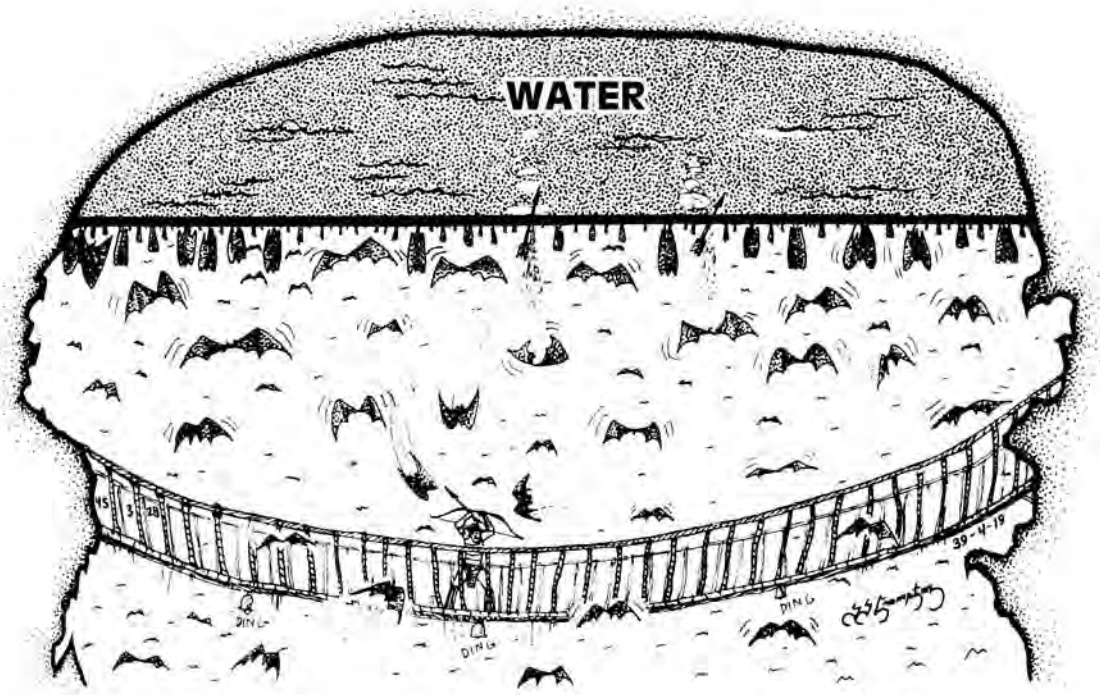


This next trap is a corridor trap only by dint of the fact that most of the action takes place in a corridor. **Fore!** has got to be one of the most unusual traps Mike has ever worked out.

The set-up for the trap begins in a high-ceilinged corridor. There is a thick center beam running the length of the corridor. In the center of the stone-floored corridor there is a perfectly round boulder of granite resting upon a thin, granite pedestal that looks much like a golf tee. To the north, the corridor narrows, and the ceiling drops to the height of fifteen feet. Once the corridor gets smaller, the floor becomes made of wooden planks.

When the delvers hit a pressure plate in the wooden floor, the center beam of the main corridor swings down on a hidden hinge. A large, heavy section of the roof comes down with it, forming it into a mallet of sorts. This hits the boulder which goes flying down towards the party in the smaller corridor. The boulder should land and bounce through the delvers before it hits a weak spot in the wooden flooring and crashes through. Once it has crashed through, it will run beneath the corridor and smash most, if not all, of the wooden floor supports. This should cause the wooden floor to collapse when delvers place weight on it.

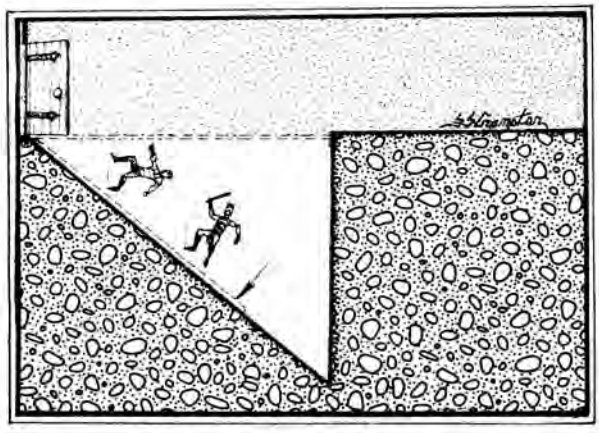
To add insult to injury, and to reset the trap, Mike has suggested the addition of a pipe for the ball that will magically accelerate its rate of speed and curve around to launch the boulder back down the corridor towards the mallet that propelled it. If all goes well, the ball will hit the mallet and smash it back into the ceiling while coming to rest back on its tee. If, however, adventurers get in the way . . .



Mike's last trap, **Beware Flash Flood**, goes to great lengths to make the delvers do themselves in. The setting for this trap is a dark cavern with a deep chasm. The sound of running water can be heard from the chasm. Crossing the cavern, there is an old-looking rope bridge. Beside it is a well-worn sign splattered with bat guano that reads "Beware flash floods washing out the bridge."

Above the bridge, there is a huge room full of water. The floor of the room also forms the roof of the cavern above the bridge. The wood has been treated so it will not get soggy, and is held in place by air pressure. The water cannot drain out because no air can get in. On the underside of it, there is the nesting place for hundreds of huge bats.

The bats are herbivores and really not much of a threat to the adventurers. Walking upon the bridge will set it to swaying, however, and that will cause the bell hung on the underside of the bridge to ring. This will awaken the bats and cause them to fly about. Arrow shots at the bats are bound to hit and go through them or miss, hitting the roof in either case. Once that wooden roof is hit, air will get into the upper room and the whole thing falls in one vast flood, quick as a flash . . .



Barry Sullivan has put his devious mind to insuring that the streets are not safe anymore. I like his style; he takes fairly simple ideas and presents them in a way that is difficult to anticipate or avoid.

His first effort, titled **We All Fall Down**, takes the idea of a pit being triggered by opening a door and makes a big production out of it. Any

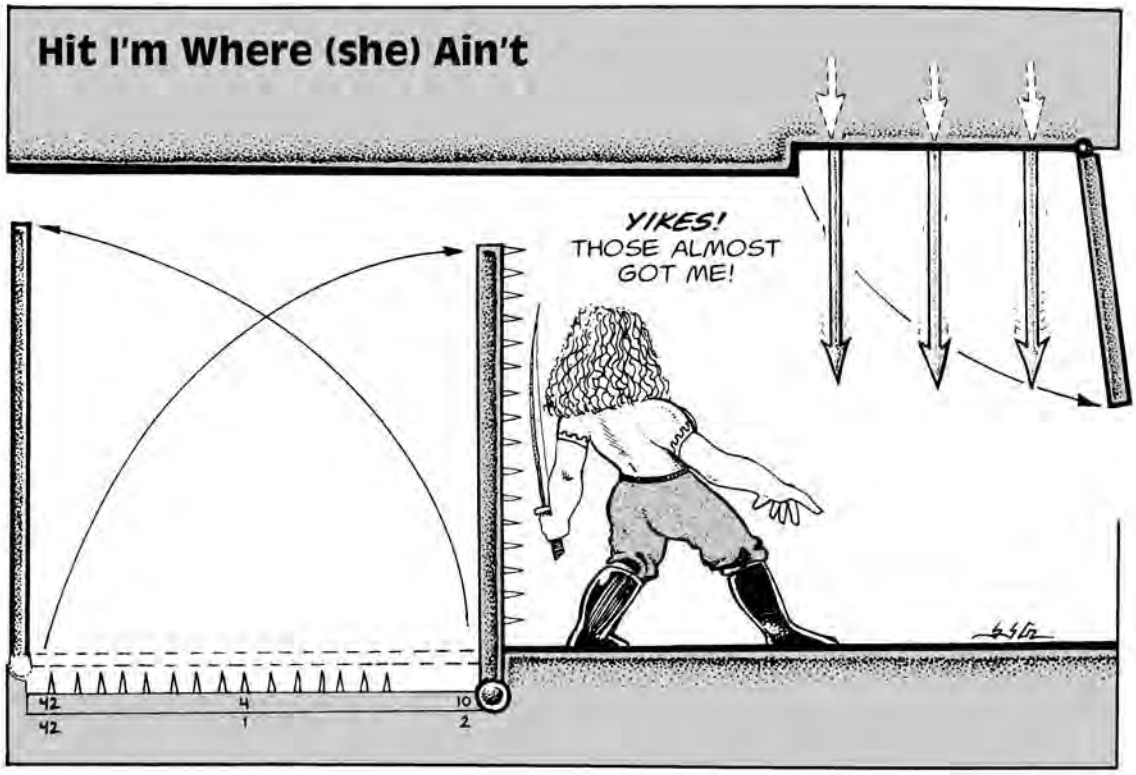
attempt to find the pit near the door will fail, because there really is no pit. Instead, when the door is opened, the length of the hallway within twenty feet of the door slides down into the floor space. The adventurers are trapped, a captive audience to await your pleasure.

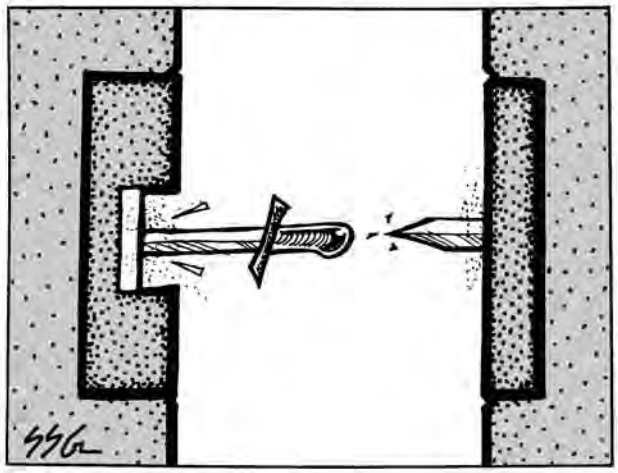
Barry's second trap, the **Beer Barrel Stairwell**, combines the simplicity of a pit trap with the power of a siege machine. As the unsuspecting adventurer plods up a set of stairs, his foot breaks through a step. Breaking the board will release the pin holding several large beer barrels on the slightly inclined slope at the top of the stairs. The barrels will begin to roll and bounce their way down the steps, careening into the lead adventurer (remember that trapped leg). They'll probably crack and break open, the splintered ends providing a threat to the delvers below.

And what if their cargo is corrosive . . .

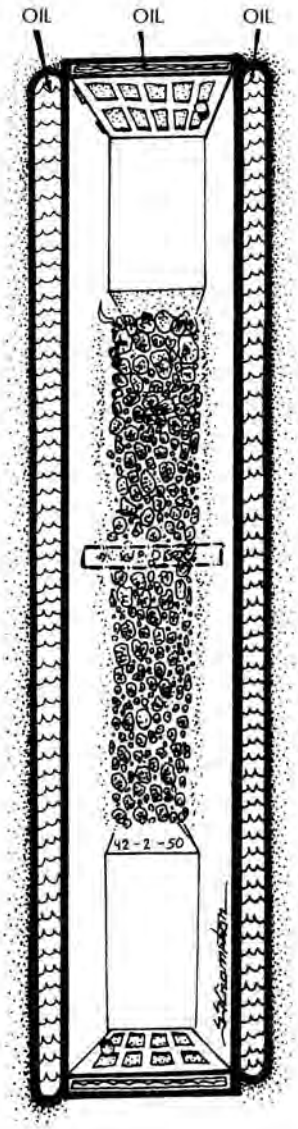
Matt Nadelhaft designed **Hit 'Im Where He Ain't**, a trap that gets the adventurer coming or going. This trap can be located in any corridor that looks innocent and harmless (don't they all?). The delver will step on a pressure plate which causes two things to happen. Above the pressure plate, a section of the ceiling swings down and away from the delvers. From that section of the ceiling, a set of spears drop. The lucky character will actually dive forward. To step backwards is a problem.

At the same time as the spears are falling, the section of the floor the delver has just passed over will slide to the side. A rack of spikes will be snapped up into place behind the delver, blocking the corridor. If the delver jumps back, bang, impaled by his own weight.





Matt's second corridor offering is another do-it-yourself doom called **I'll Take a Stab at That**. This trap is located in a very narrow corridor where the characters may well have to move sideways to pass. As they move through the hallway, they notice archer's ports on one side of the corridor. Peering into the port will reveal a set of glowing eyes very close to the port itself. A bit of magic will be sensed by those able to do so. The port is backed with a teleportation field that will make anything thrust into it appear directly across the corridor. If, then, a sword is thrust at the eyes in a northerly direction, it will reappear from the south wall travelling north. That should carry it right into the back of the character wielding it. And if the fields work reciprocally, woe be to the character who turns and thrusts at the wall behind him . . .



Peter Yearsley, having smashed delvers with his room trap, now gives us **Oil's Well That Ends Well**, a method for broiling them to a turn. I think this man would be great fun at a luau.

The delvers are forced to open a door into a section of hallway running east to west. At the far end of the corridor, there is another door similar to the door that they have just entered through. The doors are thick and heavy panelled affairs that are specially constructed. Each door is really a hollow reservoir of oil. The wooden paneling in the door will accept a crossbow bolt, but the bolt will pull free under 80 pounds of pressure. This will cause the oil to come pouring into the hallway. The backing for the oil reservoir is a layer of stone or steel that will prevent a bolt from ripping all the way through the door, the outer face of the door having been panelled to hide the steel shield.

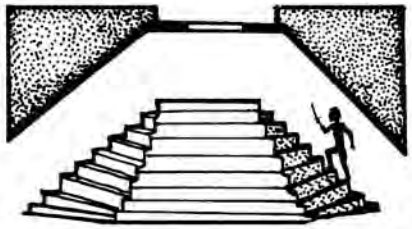
The middle of the corridor has an eight-foot long firepit that completely occupies the corridor. There is also a three-foot high invisible wall (magic or of very thick glass) that begins at floor level and cuts the corridor in half above the firepit. Heat pours out of the pit, the shimmering of the heat waves helping to conceal this wall. The pit is full of red-hot coals.

The north and south walls of the corridor are thin patinas of stone that hold back still more oil. These reservoirs will come

into play if anyone begins to tunnel around the pit or sinks pitons into the walls to aid climbing around the pit.

Every method for getting across the pit, save flying, teleporting, or walking, has been accounted for and has been provided with a flaming reward. A character who jumps will probably catch the invisible wall in the shins and pitch face forward into the far side of the pit. To damage the doors or walls works as well as pouring gasline (petrol) on a barbecue. Door damage will also sink a pin through the bottom of each door, locking the characters in until they can batter the door down.

Of course Peter does provide a way around this inferno. Walking across will trigger the magical formation of an invisible walkway that will allow passage without harm. Fiendish, and you wondered why the sun never set on the British Empire . . .



Brandon Corey has offered us another trap that is certain to earn him more electro-shock therapy. It is called the **Russian Roulette Stairway**, and it is no stairway to heaven.



The adventurers are presented with a narrow stairway going up at a 45° angle. The steps themselves are slightly rounded and are bracketed on both sides by walls. There are no handrails. As a delver climbs the stairs, he will hit one of several trigger steps that will cause a multitude of effects.

The reason for the stairs being slightly rounded is because the adventurers are looking at one of six possible faces to a stairway carousel. Hitting the trigger step on any one of the six faces will immediately cause the stairway to rotate to the right and put into effect the trap on the next stairway. In other words, hitting the trigger on set one shifts the stairs to set two and causes the trap in set two to go off. A tad complex, but the need for this type of deception is vital.

DELVERS ARE JUST A FEW STEPS AWAY FROM THEIR OWN *DEMISE*...

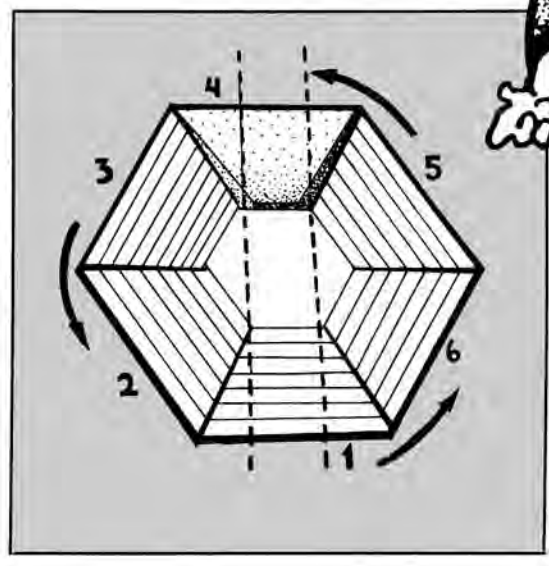


The first set trap is to have the stairs flatten to a slide. When all weight is removed from the slide, the steps will reset and be prepared to trigger set two.

Set two will cause the steps to heat up and toast the toes of characters on the stairs.

Set three will freeze, a nasty effect if the feet have been roasted on set two.

The fourth set will swing around and present the characters with a pit. The bottom of the pit is the trigger for the fourth set; anyone landing on the pit bottom will cause the stairs to whirl again. The people in the pit will then be trapped.



The fifth step is probably the most cruel. The trigger step for it will collapse, sinking a character knee-deep in the floor. As the stair turns the character becomes much shorter.

The sixth and last set has a amusing magical effect. All characters over six-feet tall will have their height cut in half and anyone shorter than six-feet will be

doubled in size. Two trips on this set should be enough to get everyone back to normal, but it can be fun.

One last word about the characters trapped in the pit. They can, by jumping up and landing at the same time on the floor, cause the stairs to turn. Whether or not the stairs open onto more than one corridor is up to you, but that might well be a way to capture or divide the party you are coursing.

The **Spring Slab** is a floor trap by Cathy DeMott that should work quite well in a corridor. The trap consists of a two-ton monolith which rests on top of a powerful spring. When set, the monolith fits neatly into the floor – but if someone steps on the stone, the spring is released, sending the stone (and its cargo) into the ceiling with great force. The stone then drops back into place, causing the spring latch to catch and reset the trap for another crew of unwary delvers . . .

Fred Meyer is responsible for the next three traps. I recommend that you install these only in tunnels where the walls are already darkened or stained, as these traps have a tendency to dispatch delvers in a rather messy way. After all, you don't want to give away any clues as to what's ahead.

Fred's first trap is the **Bee-Hive Trap**. You can place it either in a dead-end corridor or on the ceiling of any hallway. The characters are likely to be a bit apprehensive when they spot the operating factor of this trap – a steel bee-hive with many perforations – but the gamble here is that such an odd object will make the delvers curious enough to abandon their normal caution.

The trap itself is activated when a pressure plate a few feet before the hive is

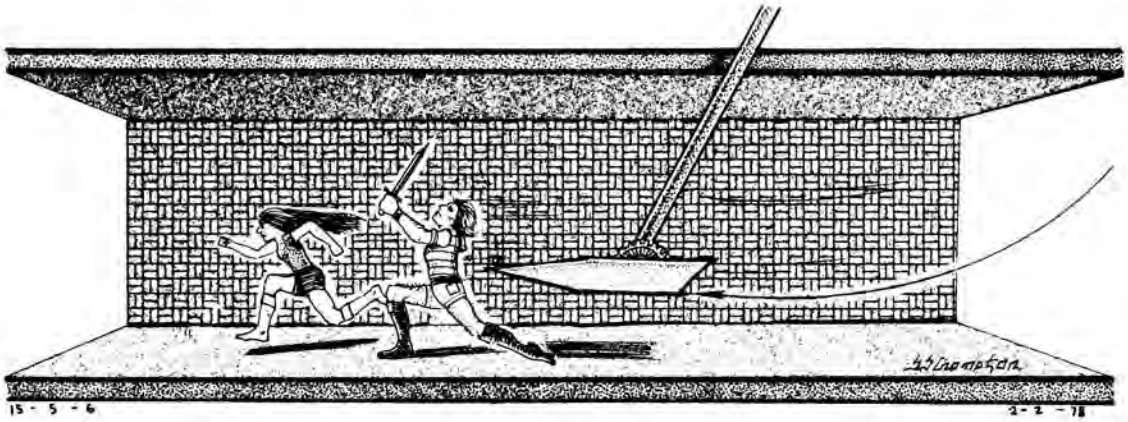


stepped upon. This causes the hive to fire over one hundred half-inch steel darts down the corridor at a dismaying speed. The darts will bounce off stone but will rip through flesh and most armor, resulting in total chaos in the section of corridor about five feet away from the hive.

For depravity above and beyond the call of duty, you can make the darts rusty or coat them with poison – or do both! – to ensure that even the merest nick will be painfully fatal . . .

Fred's next trap, **The Double Scythe**, is no less heinous; the Grim Reaper (a distant relative of mine) gets them coming and going. If you want your killer traps to leave their victims in handy bite-sized chunks, then this is the trap for you.

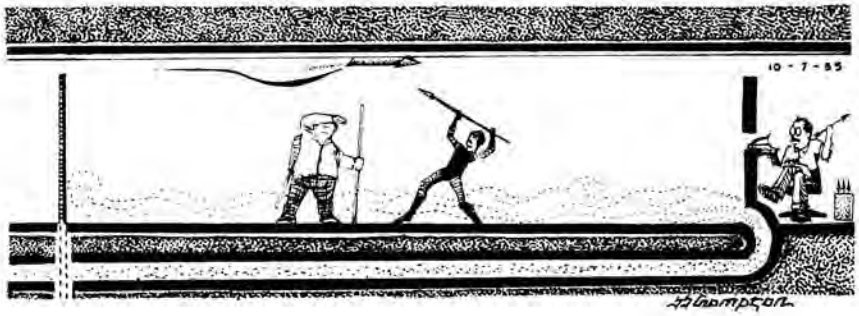
Stepping upon a hidden pressure plate releases two scythe blades – one from the ceiling and one from the floor. The blades skim through the corridor at a sickening speed, in opposite directions. Even if a character is wearing armor thick enough to turn or stop the blades, he still faces the very real danger of a broken back from sheer impact damage alone.



Fred's final corridor trap, **The Pendulum**, is similar to *The Double Scythe*. However, it was designed to decimate a drove of delvers, rather than a single character.

This trap is also activated by a pressure plate. However, instead of scythes, a long, large pendulum is released from the ceiling to swing down the length of the corridor. The pendulum bob is a wide, flat blade (similar to a hatchet) and fills the corridor to less than 6" from the walls on either side. At the beginning and end of its swing, the blade should catch characters in the upper body; near the midpoint of the swing, it will hit knees and ankles. Considering the weight and velocity of the pendulum, it should slice neatly (or not so neatly) through almost anything.

James Walker, the smiling, cherub-faced demon of fantasy games, has offered **Pyromaniac's Comet** as an exciting way to torch those who love battering everything to death. The delvers find themselves in a long, dark corridor. Torch or lamplight will reveal twinkling pieces of quartz set into the floor. It could almost look as though the characters were walking upon stars. Down at the far end of the corridor is a newly constructed brick wall. A block is missing from each of the two lower corners as well as the middle, and two bricks are gone from the top row.



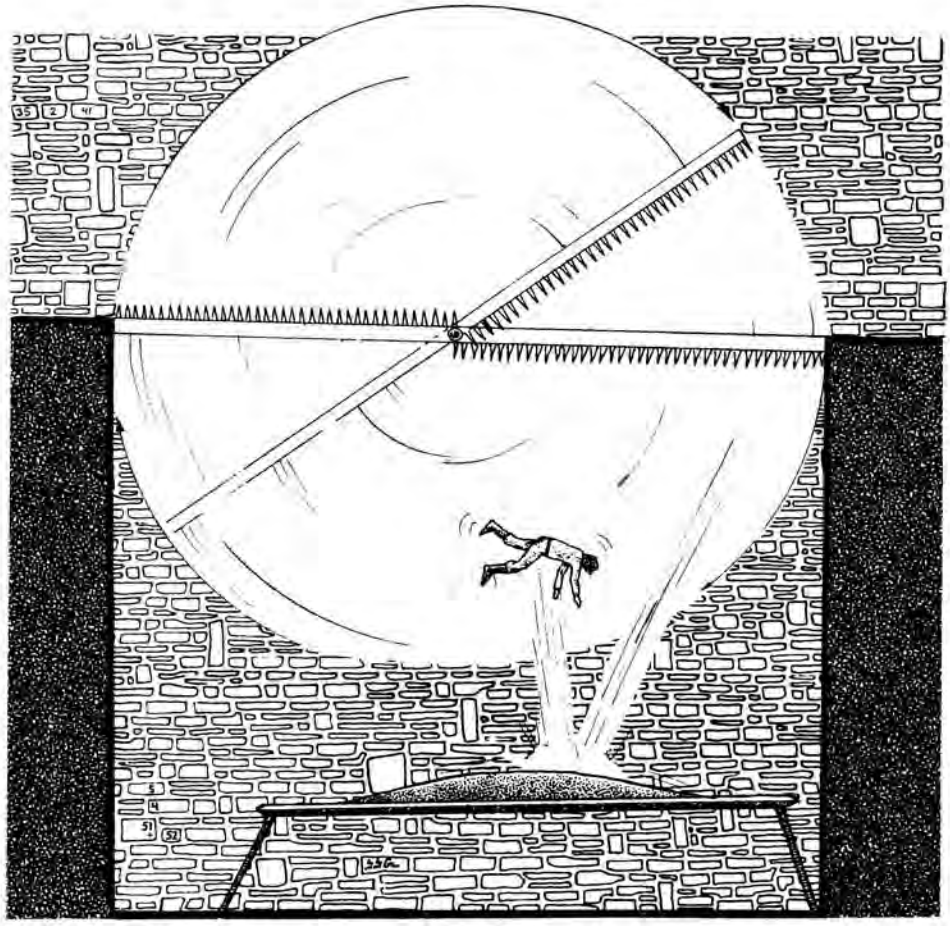
As the characters move down the hallway to investigate, a wall will silently slide up from the floor and cut them off. This quiet wall has two squares cut from it that

correspond to the two top bricks missing in the wall. In sliding up, it opens two channels that will allow natural gas to flow out of the lower holes in the brick wall.

Natural gas, being odorless and heavier than air, will flow into the small section of the hallway unnoticed and hover around the legs of the characters. Short characters may well fall prey to this gas; lucky them. They won't be around for what follows.

On the ceiling, running through the openings on both walls, there are two tracks. Down each track, literally fired from a secret hideaway near where the characters enter the hall, will come gunpowder rockets or flaming arrows. If left alone, the rockets and arrows will pass through the gassed area and cause no problem. If, however, they are batted from the sky by spell or weapon, the introduction of fire into a natural gas pocket should prove interesting.

The reason for the hole in the middle of the brick wall, you ask? As the party members scrunch to the middle of the corridor to avoid the rockets, they line up perfectly for crossbow practice by any monster in the area.



Larry DiTillio has designed a pair of corridor traps for this chapter. Each is truly bizarre – which should make them uniformly successful in any tunnel complex.



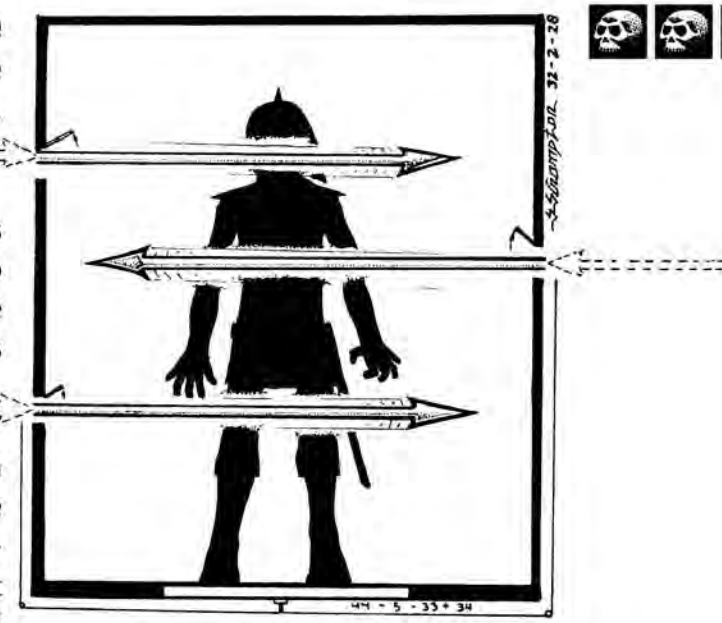
Larry's first corridor trap is the somewhat ridiculous (yet deadly) **There and Back Again**. This trap appears to the delvers as a veritable cornfield of 5′ high wooden stakes poking up out of the floor. This section of floor, in combination

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with an equal expanse of corridor floor in front of the stakes, forms an immense swinging trapdoor which covers a deep pit.

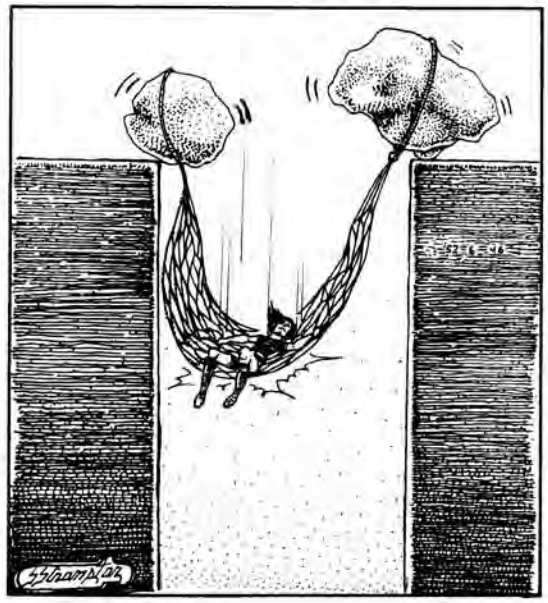
When a delver comes to within a few feet of the stakes, he will upset the balance of the trapdoor and drop into the pit below. As this happens, the trapdoor will continue to swing around and re-cover the pit – with the spikes facing down! Meanwhile, the delver will have hit the trampoline at the bottom of the pit. He bounces back up and onto the spikes, causing the trapdoor to flop back into its original position with the delver messily impaled upon the spikes . . .

Larry's second corridor trap, **The Mangler**, is also his most savage. Its title tells it all, it was designed to bend, spindle, and mutilate most any delver.



The trap is activated by stepping upon a pressure plate. This causes three tempered steel rods to whip out from the nearest wall at three different heights. The two end bars move in one direction; the middle rod moves in the opposite direction. They should catch an average-sized human in the knees, the small of the back, and the head – simultaneously. If such treatment doesn't kill the charcter outright, it should certainly cause some severe changes to his or her "alignment" . . .

Brian Marrs brings us **Rocky Point**, a pit-and-stake trap that not only adds insult to injury, but adds injury to injury as well.

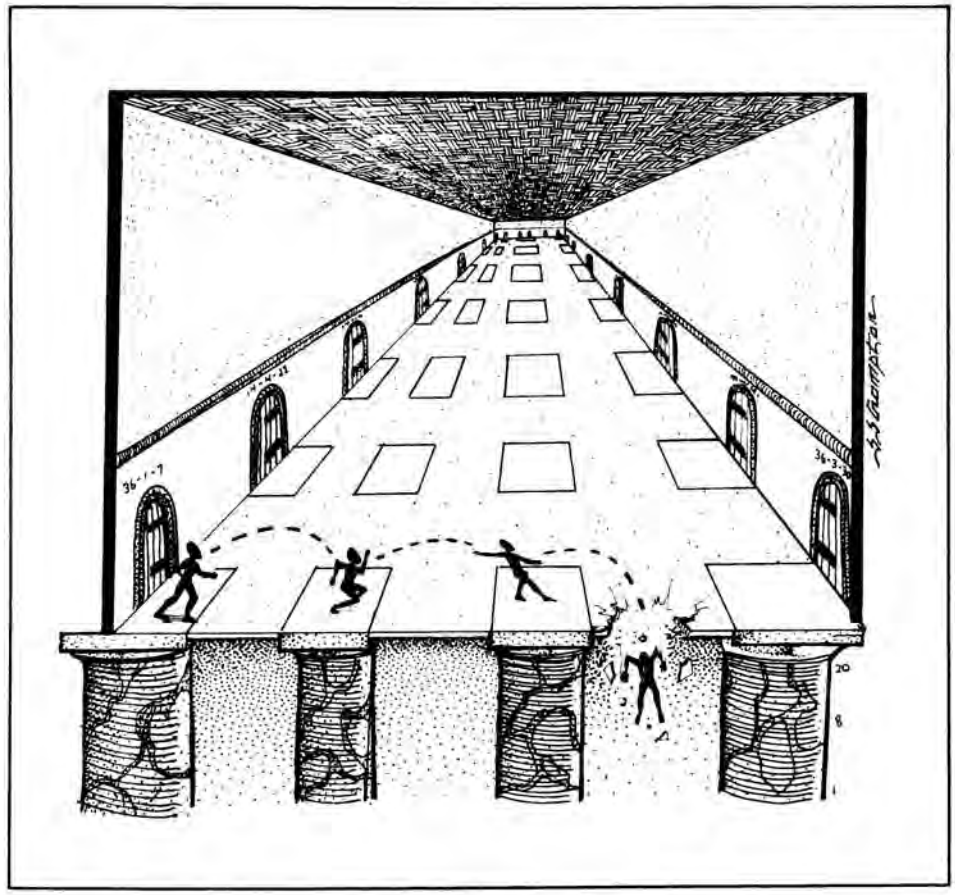


The trap is sprung when a hapless victim tumbles through a trapdoor in the floor. A short fall lands the delver in a net; unless he is unusually light, he'll dislodge the net – and the two heavy boulders which were attached to the net and precariously balanced on a narrow ledge. When the delver hits bottom, he'll be impaled on the stakes below, with nothing but stone above for comfort.

Only Time Will Tile is a corridor trap by David Steven Moskowitz. The setting is a long corridor with an object of great value displayed enticingly at the far end. The floor has been decorated with marble tiles which are separated by wide patches of grout or plaster; the tiles are placed just far enough apart so that a character must leap from one to another to remain on the tiles.

Whenever a delver steps on a tile, a stream of poisoned darts shoots from a nearby wall, passing within inches of him. The delver will doubtless think his alertness and agility have saved him from certain death – but the darts are *supposed* to miss. However, they should encourage characters to step off the tiles and onto the plaster.

The marble tiles are actually the tops of pillars in the room beneath this corridor – and the area between the tiles is only a thin layer of plaster. The result: when a delver puts his full weight onto the plaster, he'll fall through the floor to whatever doom awaits him below . . .



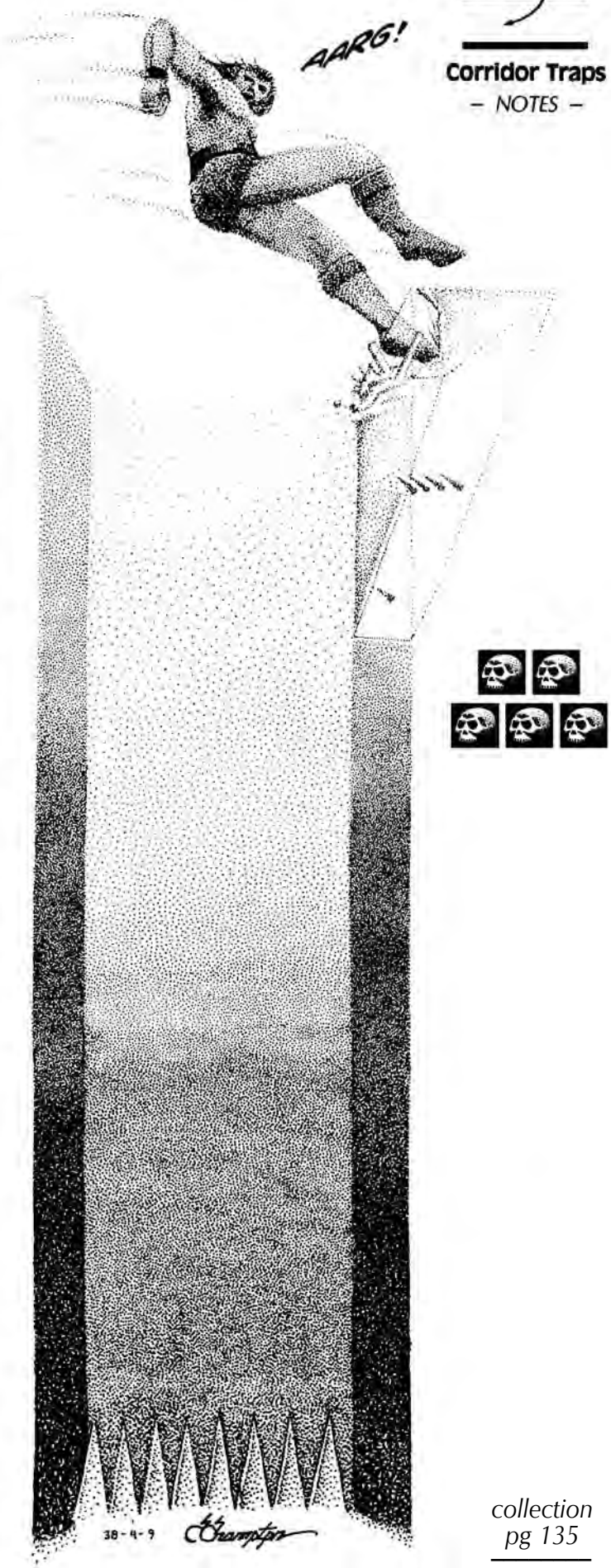
P. D. J. Wright offers us the British eye view of a nasty pit trap entitled **Meet the Pit**. As there are many ways to skin a cat, most of them painful, this trap shows us that there is more than one way to pit a delver.

The pit is a mere six feet across and as wide as the corridor itself. The delvers may walk to the edge of the pit and look in to see the bottom 25 feet below. The pit may be filled with anything – the sharper, the better – making the pit obviously something to be avoided. And what delver is going to be daunted by a leap of six feet?

The trap comes in when the delver lands on the other side and finds that the

other side was an illusion. Even nastier is the idea of building the opposite lip of the pit up of balsa wood and plaster, a construct solid enough for coins to land but weak enough to collapse under the weight of a jumping adventurer. Below the false lip is a 45° slope leading back into the pit. After sliding down the slope – perhaps it is studded with razor blades or hooks – the delver should have a fall of 12 feet into the bottom of the pit he just avoided.

We have met the pit, and we are his . . .



Ken St. Andre has come through this time with a number of strange and interesting traps. Ken says that his first two traps are so fiendish that he's never used them on anyone. I really must have a talk with that boy. He's slipping.

Ken's first trap is called **In Case of Fire**, and it is set within a long, 10' wide corridor. One wall of the corridor is rough-hewn stone; the other wall is clearly made of tempered plate glass. It is very dark on the other side of the glass, but from time to time delvers will see tiny lights moving about randomly. If they watch carefully, they might even see a huge suckered tentacle swipe across the glass . . .

The corridor floor is paved with brownish-black chunks of stone that make walking slow and difficult. Noxious fumes rise up from these rocks, making the delvers' eyes blear and water. In point of fact, these blackish stones are lumps of coal liberally soaked in kerosene – and the slightest spark will convert the corridor into a raging inferno.

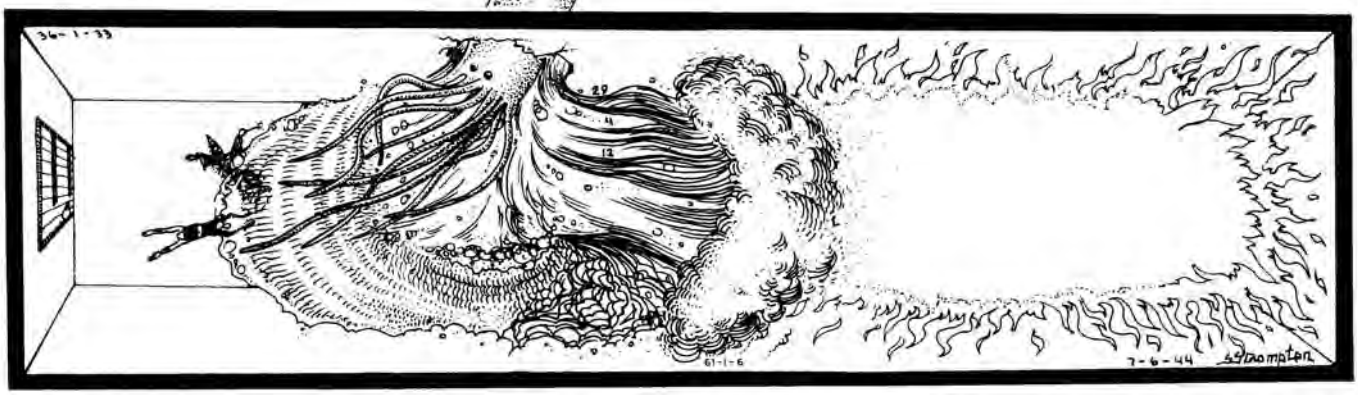
Painted in huge red letters on the stone wall is the message: "In case of fire, break glass."

At this point, smart delvers will turn tail and flee. However, since everyone is still inside the corridor, things get interesting . . .

When the party has picked their way about ten feet inside the corridor, an orc who has been observing them from the far side of the hall will fling a shuttered lantern onto the coal. The lantern will break, igniting the coal, and the corridor will quickly become an oven. Only those characters immune to fire can hope to live for more than a few seconds.

If (by some fluke) a delver should act with

In Case of Fire



great presence of mind and smash the glass wall at the first sign of flame, the sea behind the glass will rush in to fill the corridor. For the first few seconds, water hitting the coals will turn to steam, converting the entire corridor into a vast sauna that should boil even the toughest delvers alive. The fire will then be extinguished – but now the hallway is filled with water (you may want to install watertight hatches on the corridors near this trap, unless you actually want to flood your whole dungeon!).

Some mega-characters may actually claim to survive the fumes, the flames, the boiling, and the drowning. If that's the case, remind him that there's still an enormous kraken lurking in the water beyond the corridor (remember that tentacle?). Whatever gaming system is being used, the kraken should be about as tough as monsters can get. Bye-bye mega-character.

Suffice it to say that unless a delver can teleport out of harm's way at the first sign of trouble, he's a goner.



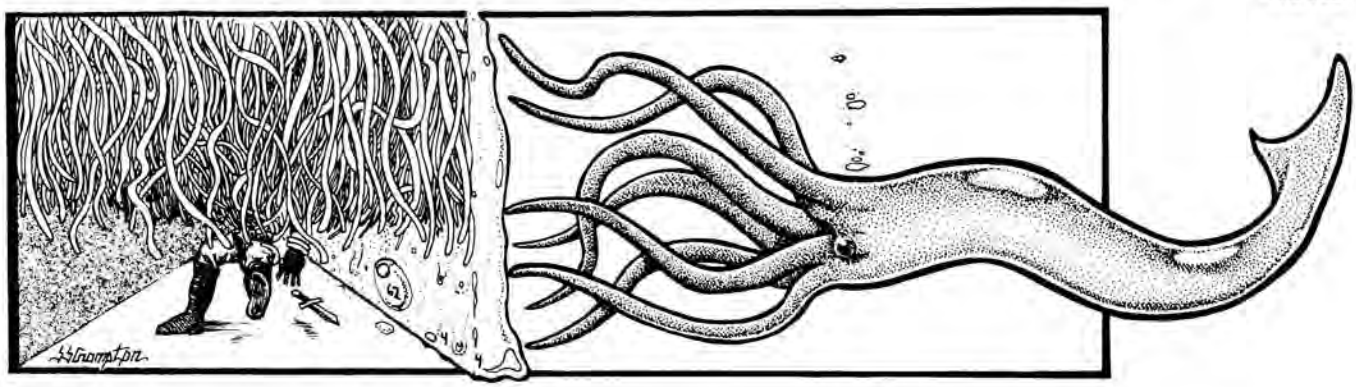
Too Many Tentacles is another trap that uses the sea and kraken seen in the previous trap; however, it's probably located in a different part of the dungeon. These two traps could be thematically linked together to provide the final obstacles to a quest for some fabulous undersea treasure like Davy Jones' Locker or an old army boot.

The trap is a strange corridor that is about six feet wide. One wall of the corridor is beaten iron with a number of barely perceptible cracks (the delvers will have to search diligently to find them). The opposite wall is made of a soft gelatinous substance that seems vaguely magical in nature. It has a pink glow and a nauseous stench, and it feels cold and clammy. Beyond this wall of slime lies the ocean – and the kraken – as described in the preceding trap.

The corridor ceiling cannot be seen, for suspended from it are thousands of whip-like tentacles. These tentacles extend to within three feet of the floor, and they are in constant motion. Each tentacle is about as tough in combat as an average human and can deliver a powerful, poisonous sting akin to that of a medusa jellyfish.

As if this weren't enough, the floor of this corridor is also booby-trapped – it's a jungle of pressure plates. Some of the plates release clouds of poisoned needles. Some activate trap doors which drop characters into pits filled with spikes fouled with gorilla dung. Others set off mechanical chakram-throwers that fog the clear

Too Many Tentacles



part of the corridor with whirling disks of death.

After the delvers have survived about 150′ of pressure plates and tentacles, the *true* horror of this trap strikes. A very large pressure plate causes a 100′ section of the steel wall to slam across the corridor, smashing into the delvers like a charging behemoth and driving them through the gelatinous wall and into the sea beyond. The sudden pressure change should make almost any delver explode like a cherry bomb. Failing that, there's always the kraken waiting around for din-din . . .

Those characters who are stuck inside pit traps (beneath floor level), or who are thoroughly entangled by the tentacles near the ceiling, will be fortunate enough to avoid the steel wall by virtue of being out of its way. If they can avoid the spring-loaded steel wall in this manner, they should find themselves behind it in another section of the dungeon if and when they escape their present predicament. After a decent length of game time (say, five minutes), the trap will reset to catch the next group of characters to wander through . . .

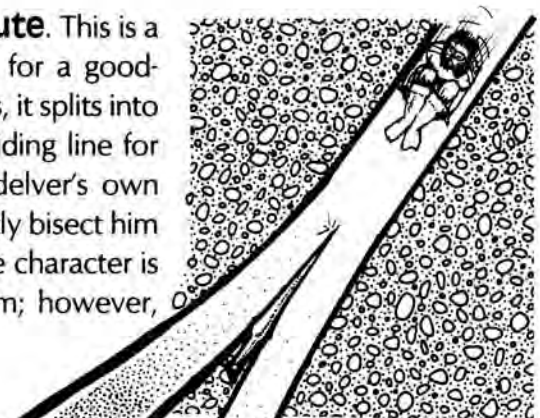
Ken set aside his obsession with tentacles and other creepy crawlies when he designed this next set of traps, all of which depend upon the theme of a dungeon interconnected by chutes and slides instead of stairs. You can do a lot of interesting things with chutes, and I'm having some installed next week . . .



Ken's first chute trap is called **Chute the Loop**. It utilizes a long, steep chute which curves abruptly at the bottom, executes a large loop, and then dumps the slider back into the chute on his downward progress once again. By placing a levitation spell on the upswing of the loop, you can keep whatever poor fool of a delver who gets stuck here looping around and around until he either dies or is rescued.



Next on Ken's list is the **Amazing Ginsu Chute**. This is a very slippery chute that is barely large enough for a good-sized human to fit into. Just before the chute ends, it splits into two chutes half as large as the original. The dividing line for the chutes is a razor-sharp blade. The sliding delver's own momentum should provide enough force to neatly bisect him when he reaches the parting of the way . . . If the character is wearing heavy armor, the razor won't harm him; however,



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the impact will probably knock him silly enough to try to climb back up the slippery slope, whereupon he'll simply slide back down again (doubtless becoming more and more simple-minded in the process) . . .



Dead End adds a nice twist to your typical chute trap. The chute is large enough for one or two characters to enter at a time – and, as might be expected, terminates in a wall of spikes ready to impale whatever slides down to meet them.

However, this trap has an added feature. Halfway down is a spring-loaded guillotine blade which is triggered by the weight of a passing delver. After a character flashes by, the blade will shoot out and cut any rope which may be trailing back to the entrance of the chute . . .

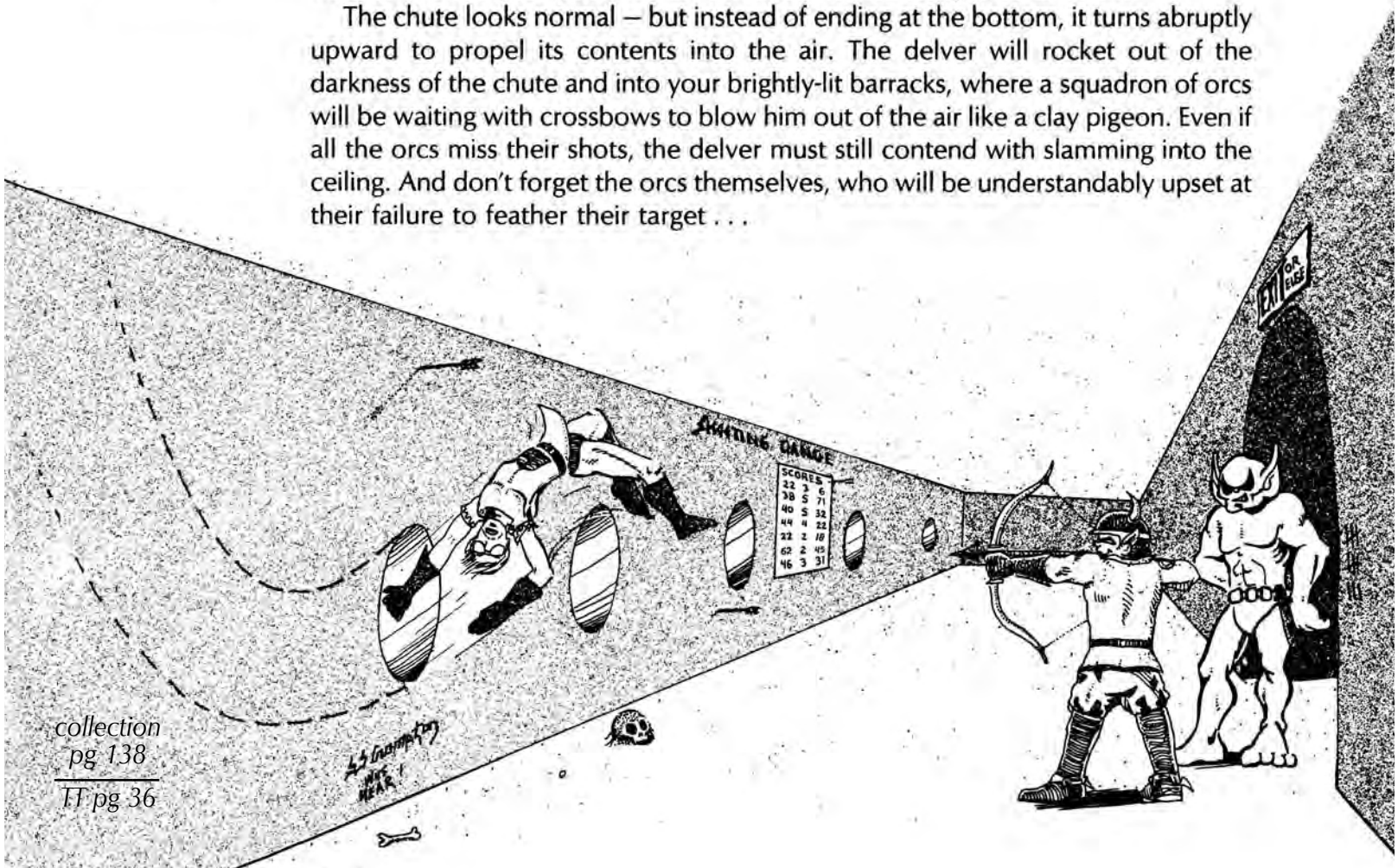


Ken's next chute trap is called **Emergency Exit**. Near the entrance to this chute, post a sign saying something like "Emergency Exit – this chute is guaranteed to get you out of the dungeon alive." The chute itself should be very long – thousands of feet, at the very least – so that the delver must spend several minutes sliding through it in total darkness. When at last the chute ends, the victim will whiz out of a hole on the face of a cliff that's at least 500' high. The character has indeed exited the dungeon alive, and he is in fine shape if he can only fly. Otherwise, the exit has indeed caused a real emergency . . .



A **Chuting Gallery** is a nice item to install in your orc barracks, especially if you want to provide your poor monsters with some interesting entertainment.

The chute looks normal – but instead of ending at the bottom, it turns abruptly upward to propel its contents into the air. The delver will rocket out of the darkness of the chute and into your brightly-lit barracks, where a squadron of orcs will be waiting with crossbows to blow him out of the air like a clay pigeon. Even if all the orcs miss their shots, the delver must still contend with slamming into the ceiling. And don't forget the orcs themselves, who will be understandably upset at their failure to feather their target . . .

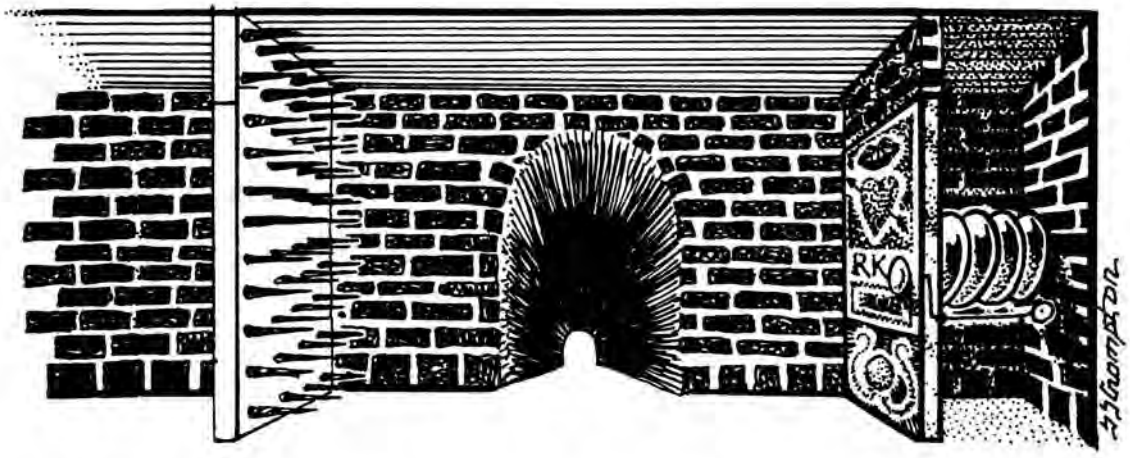


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Dungeon masters seem to love door traps more than anything else in their worlds. I suppose there's something inherently hysterical in watching delvers get diced by door jambs. But it seems like such a worthless way to go . . . door traps seldom guard anything of worth – rather, they frequently lead the way to still more gruesome traps and dangers!

I've put several of the following traps to their best use at the front door of my cave. I change the door every once in a while; so far, I've bagged three salesmen, fifteen religious fanatics, a politician, two mailmen, and the paper boy.

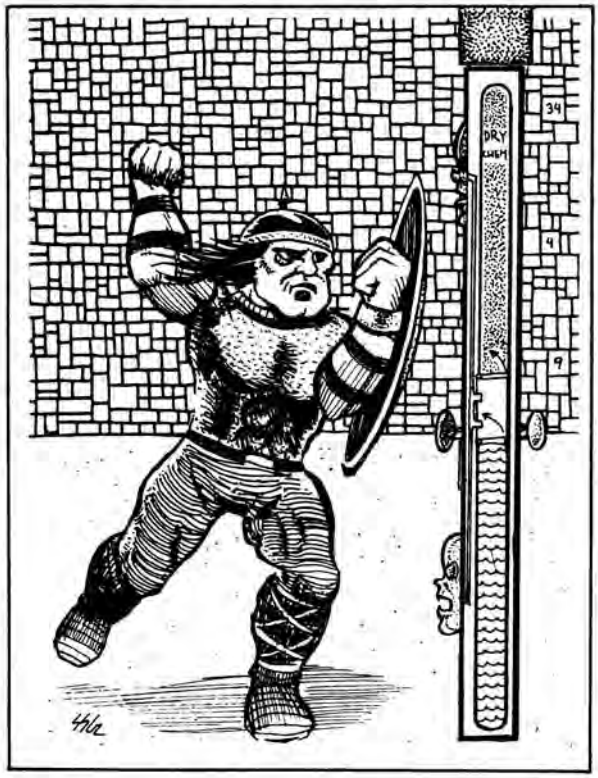


I open this chapter with the ever-devious Mark Bassett's **Double Trap**. This is one of those devices that just screams "Trap!!!" to anyone who sees it – but Mark puts this effect to amazingly good use.

On one side of a corridor is an ornately carved door; on the opposite wall is a heavy panel, also ornately carved, with lots of iron spikes attached. Apparently any attempt to incorrectly open the door will tenderize a delver – and numerous bloodstains in the area only serve to reinforce this suspicion.

However, the spikes don't move – the door does. In fact, the door is just a false front for an enormous spring which is set to slam the door across the corridor and into the wall of spikes. The spring is cocked at hair-trigger readiness, and the delver who monkeys with the door will be pulped before he can draw his last breath.

There *is* a door here, but it's a secret one. Where is it hidden? Why, behind the spikes, of course . . .



The **Sandman / Doorman** trap by Michael Austin opens up a new way of dealing with those characters who steal dungeon fixtures for treasure and deftly avoid the traps laid for them.

The door that is set up to be stolen is made of solid gold. Friezes of villagers doing normal peasant-type things are exquisitely sculpted upon the door's surface. Details, such as nostrils and mouths, are included and are vital to the trap. The value of such a door, either for the gold or for the sculpture, is incalculable.

The trap is within the hollow interior of the door. In the upper half of the door is packed great

quantities of a solid chemical that serves as one half of a knock-out gas. In the lower section of the door, there is a liquid that serves as the second half. In between the two halves are two glass doors that are hinged to open up towards the dry chemical. The doors have about a foot between themselves and the dry chemical or liquid when the door is upright. The glass doors touch and do not allow mixture of the two chemicals.

The trap should be obvious. If the door is battered upon, the glass will shatter and enough of the dry chemical will drop down to begin the manufacture of sleeping gas. The people attempting to batter the door down will become drowsy very fast. They will also destroy many of the sculptures.

If the door is removed from its hinges and set down gently, the liquid will seek its own level, knocking the lower of the glass doors down. The liquid flooding the upper chamber will produce lots of gas which will leak out through the sculpted nostrils. Any characters in the immediate area, lifting or lowering the door, should be overcome. I would imagine that their dreams might not be so pleasant.



Andy Beauchamp brings us **Spring Cleaver**, a door trap that could be sponsored by the prosthetics industry. This trap is a door with a sign hanging upon it which reads, "Open and Watch Me Spring Into Action." A spike protrudes a few inches out from the doorknob itself.

Turning the doorknob releases a spring which shoots the knob at the person who turned it. The spring is so powerful that the character holding the knob will probably lose his grip on it. At the same time, razor-sharp blades spring out from inside the knob, blossoming into a lethal cleaver. While this trap may not kill a character, it will certainly maim the person who trips it.

Shrieker Shrinker



J. E. Todd contributes his **Shrieker Shrinker** to this chapter of traps. His door trap was designed to deal specifically with those delvers who like to open a door, take a quick peek into the room, and then slam the door and run away. If the monsters in your dungeon are tired of chasing after these peeping toms, you might install this trap for them.

This trap is activated by lifting the latch on a seemingly standard dungeon door. A hidden wire releases a portcullis from the ceiling on either side of the door, trapping the characters in a 10′ × 10′ section of corridor in front of the door.

If the delvers then walk through the door, nothing else happens. If, however, they attempt to raise a portcullis, they will release an 80-ton block of granite from the ceiling above their heads. Subtle, is it not?

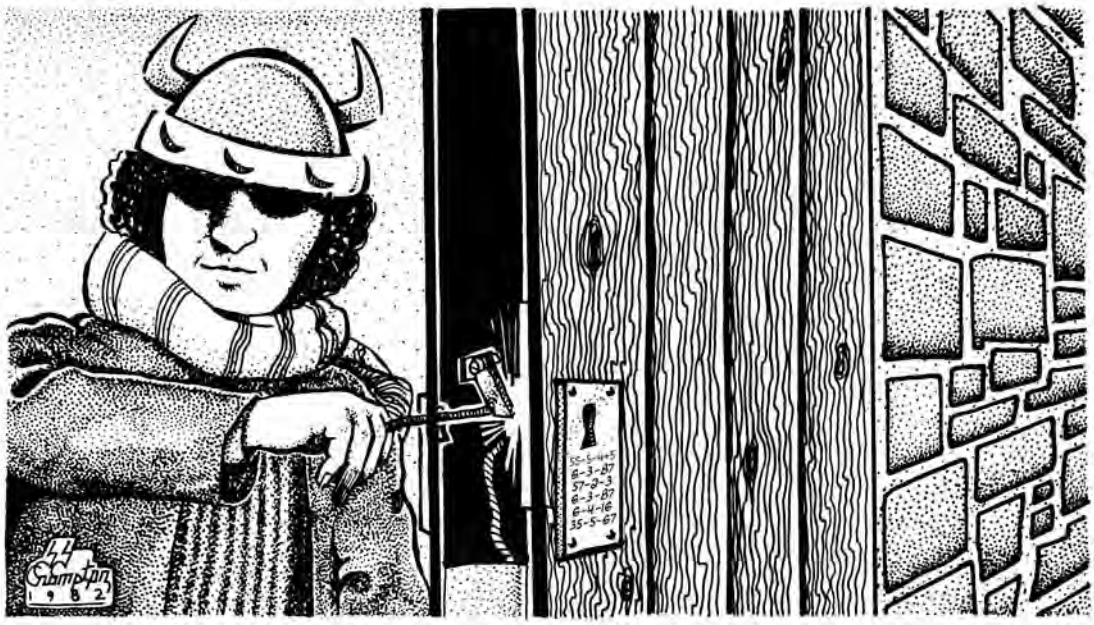
The Catastrophic Keyhole is a door trap by Bruce Woodcock. It was designed to destroy the pesky lock-pickers that infest any dungeon-delving group.

This trap is hidden inside a standard dungeon door; there are no marks or unusual features to arouse a character's suspicions. But appearances can be deceiving – the door is actually a cleverly-designed bomb just waiting to be set off . . .

When a key or lockpick is inserted into the door's keyhole, a lever is tripped.

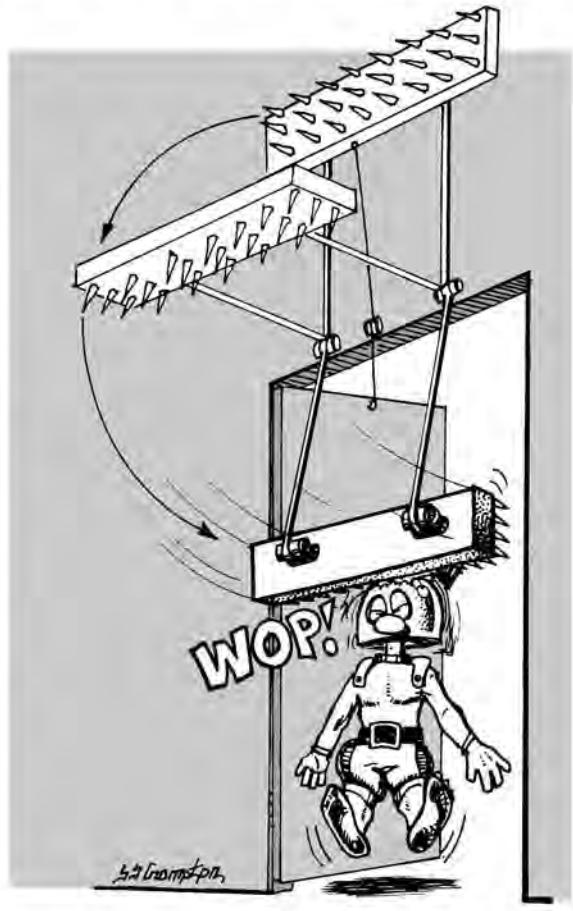
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The Catastrophic Keyhole



The lever is actually a steel striker, which slides along a flint plate. One poke, or even two, might not cause a spark sufficient to touch off the specially prepared (and highly flammable – of course!) piece of cloth which is all around the strike-plate. But as the interloper continues to work the lockpick or the key that *seems* to fit, eventually a spark will catch on the cloth. (Guncotton is a suitable material: it catches a spark well, and burns just right). This cotton acts like a fuse, and burns down its length to the reservoir of gunpowder which fills the lower portion of the door. The resulting explosion should at the very least blind the character who set it off. It's far more probable that he'll be blown limb from limb. . .

What lies beyond this door of doom is up to you—but a blank expanse of brick wall is perhaps the most offensive sight, given the situation. . .



An even less subtle yet horrendous doom-bringer, is Greg Day's **2x4 Headache**. This is sure to be a slap in the face for any careless delver. . .

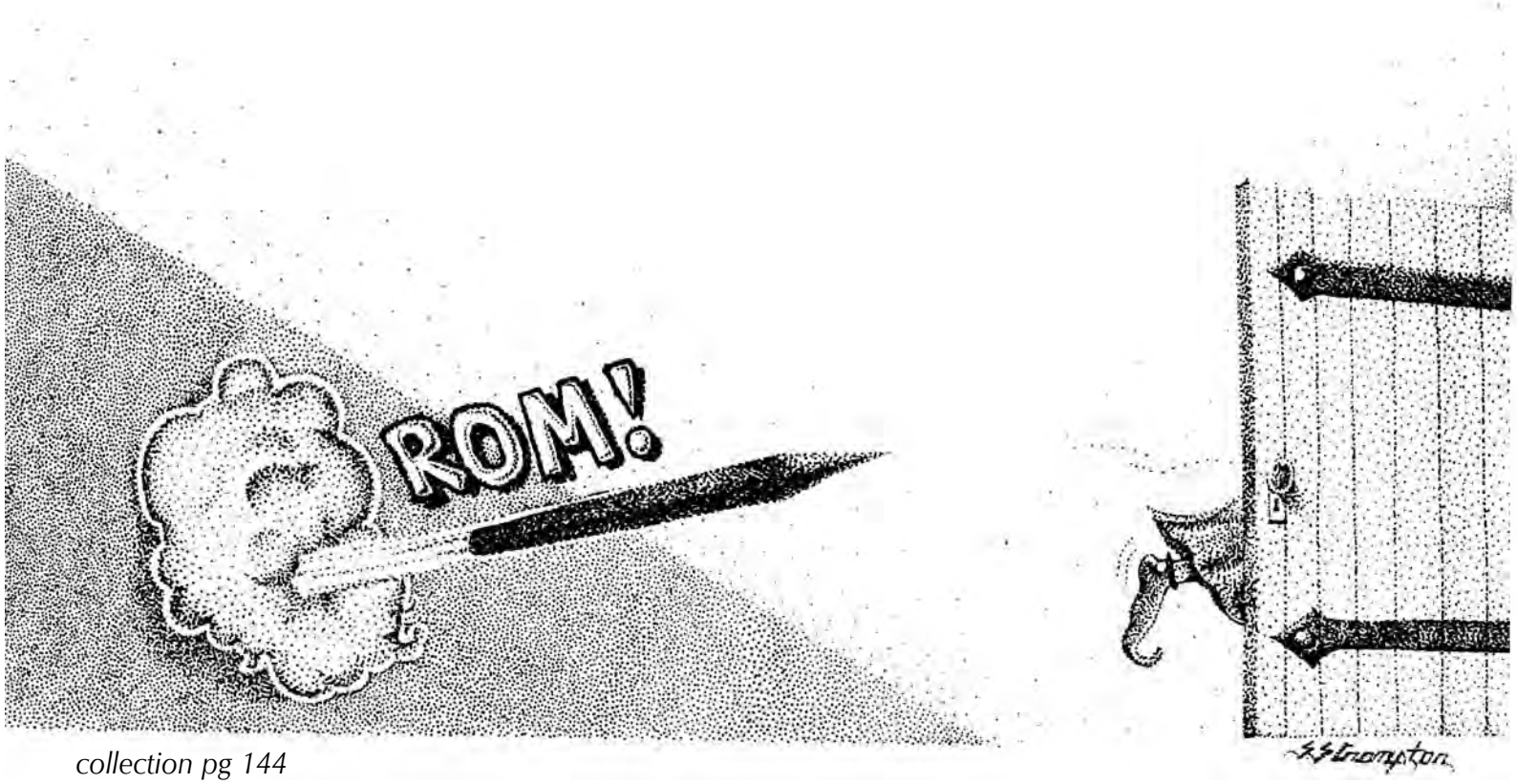
Simple in its contruction, this trap merely consists of a spike-studded board which flops over into the doorway whenever the door is opened. If the delver is of normal (that usually means human) height, he receives a face full of spikes. If they are taller or shorter . . . well, you can use your own vivid imaginations to envision the possibilities!

What You Don't Know Will Hurt You is a revolving door trap from Brandon Corey (who is recovering quite nicely, thank you). This door trap is notable inasmuch as it sinks to new depths – or at least the delvers caught in it do.

The revolving door will only move in a clockwise direction; near the end of the door's rotation, the floor drops away into a pit. If a delver is running through the door with careless abandon, his own momentum will sweep him into the pit. And even if the delver should notice the pit in time to stop the door, he'll still be trapped – the door revolves only in one direction. He'll escape only if he can somehow make it across the pit . . .

Tired of adventurers finding your well-placed poison needle in the lock trap? Charles Manson was, so he designed the **Backstabber**, a splendid demonstration of overkill at its finest.

The delvers are presented with an innocuous-looking door. When the handle to the door is worked, the enormous, poisoned, sharpened telephone pole hidden in the wall opposite the door is fired toward the delver's back at tremendous speed. This ought to plaster the delver opening the door, and may take out a number of his buddies if they're standing close behind him. This pole is going fast enough to knock down the door, so don't use it to guard your teacup collection . . .



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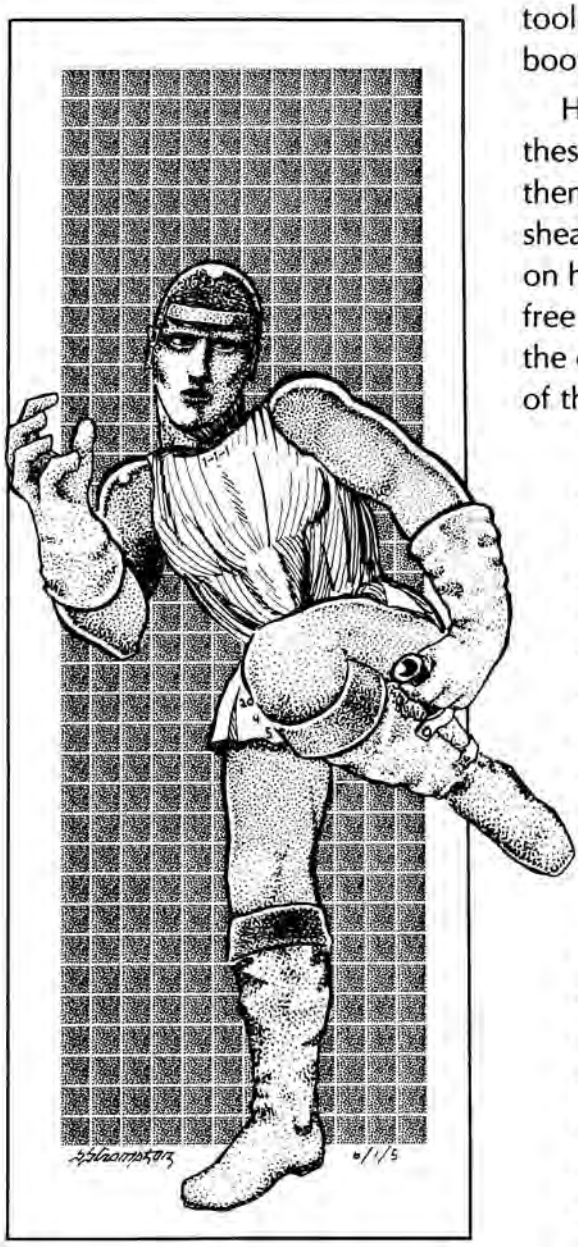
Item Traps

If it's possible to go overboard with traps, then item traps are the easiest to overdo. Almost any item you can think of can become a trap – from a pair of boots to one's gauntlets, from ornamental armbands to a delver's trusty shield.

It pains me to say this – but go easy with these traps. As much as I enjoy watching delvers perish, it isn't as much fun when everything the party touches is a bomb waiting to explode. If you use too many item traps, your delvers will become paranoid nervous wrecks – and your dungeon trips will slow to a crawl.

This chapter opens with a trilogy of oddball item traps for Pat Mueller, an avenging oddball in her own right. None of these traps are lethal, but each is sure to frustrate and annoy delvers . . .

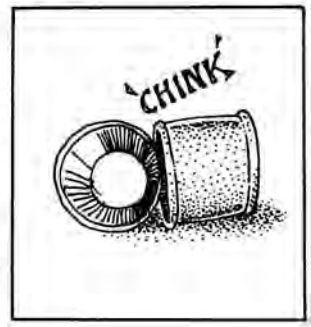
First on my list is **They Cried With Their Boots On**, a normal-looking pair of knee-high leather boots that can easily be added to any monster's cache of treasure. The right boot has a built-in dagger sheath, complete with an elaborately tooled dagger, which should make the boots attractive to almost any delver.



However, there's some strange magic in these boots. As long as no one is wearing them, the dagger can be pulled from its sheath. As soon as a delver puts the boots on his feet, though, the dagger won't come free for all the tugging in the world – and the character's hand is now stuck to the hilt of the dagger!

The magic is cancelled, freeing the dagger and hand alike, once the boots are removed. Inordinately clumsy characters should make fools out of themselves while trying to contort their way out of these boots with one hand stuck uselessly to their right ankle . . . especially if they're trying to fight at the same time . . .

Metal armbands have been all the rage since fantasy artists started clamping them on the naked biceps of their barbarian heroes. I have always considered them quite useless. After all, they are pitifully small to be armor, and nothing can help the looks of barbarians. Simple things amuse simple minds. A delver ought to leap at the chance to own a pair – and, hence, Pat's next deceptively subtle trap: **Magnetic Arm Bands.**



Should a delver slip on these ornate armbands, they will build up a biomagnetic charge within about five minutes. They'll clamp together – *ka-chang* – and will be very difficult to pull apart. If these armbands are donned by an especially wimpy would-be barbarian, the attraction of the bands might lead to dislocated shoulders.

Pat's last trap is the **Slime Gauntlet**, which is sure to amuse idiots for hours and hours.

The trap is a magic gauntlet which, if it touches any loose gemstones, transforms them into an inanimate slime of the same color. The slime is useless, but functions admirably as a toy for the feeble-minded . . .

Similar to the *Slime Gauntlet* in feel but different in effect is Larry DiTillio's **Glue-Gems**. These are odd-looking jewels, colored something like rubies and emeralds, that are always found in an airtight container. In reality, the gems are a weird form of "super glue"; when exposed to open air, they steadily melt into a gluey, gelatinous gook.

The delver who casually dumps these gems into his pack or pouch – or pocket – is in for a big surprise. Once melted, the gems cannot be re-formed, and everything they come in contact with is permanently stuck together (sort of like peanut brittle). These gems can be especially nasty if they're deposited into a sack containing a mage's favorite scrolls or spellbook.

If you're kind-hearted (fie!), you can create some sort of solvent to unstick the mess.

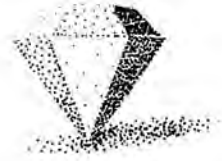


Figure 1.



Figure 2.



Figure 3.

Torches always make good item traps, and the **Ole Smokey Torch** by Larry DiTillio is no exception. This torch looks like an ordinary firebrand in appearance. When it burns halfway down, however, the flame touches off a concentration of noxious chemicals which causes thick black smoke to pour out and engulf the torch-holder and anyone near him. If nothing else, this should prove rather inconvenient for the party.

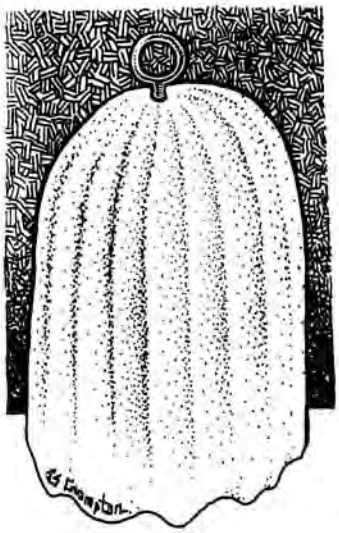


James Brazier brings us the **Scold's Bridle**, a must for loudmouths in the dungeon party. It works especially well on egomaniacs with swollen heads.

This trap appears to be a heavily jewelled crown of great worth. With any luck, the loudmouth of your dungeon party will claim

this pretty bauble for his very own; he'll probably even try it on. As soon as this crown is upon a character's head, however, it shrinks to an uncomfortable fit and cannot be removed.

Every time the crowned character attempts to unfairly boss the party around, the crown will tighten slightly. Eventually it will crush his skull, but should cause blackouts and brain damage first. And perhaps the rest of the party will take the opportunity presented by the loudmouth's condition to remove his head for the crown atop it . . .



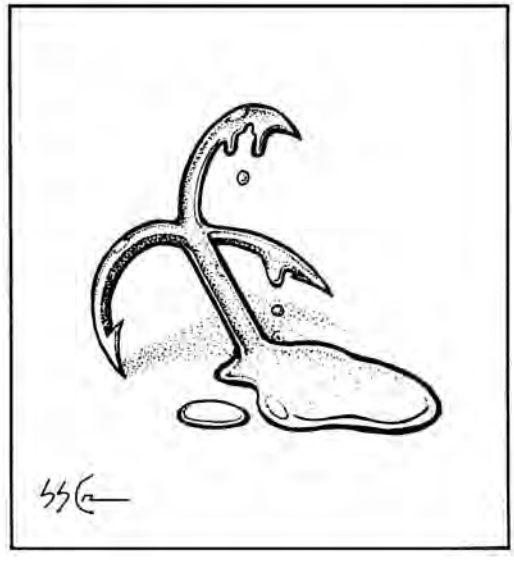
For Someone Special is an elegantly simple item trap by Caroline J. Maher. This trap is sure to be a killer, so make sure you save it for the most special of targets.

This Trap is a parrot cage draped in a silk cover. You can ornament the cover with whatever sentiments you choose. Clear the room before someone removes the cover, however – for within lurks a basilisk!

When not displaying his talent with a brush or pen, Steve Crompton is a fiend in his own right. His second contribution to this year's trap book comes in the form of the **Gallium Grapple**, a trap as cold and cruel as the environment needed to make it work.

Hidden at the base of a huge, icy cliff where the temperature is well below zero, the adventurers find a padded grappling hook with a length of rope attached to it. At the top of the cliff, something is glowing, and strong, beneficent magic can be sensed.

Using the grappling hook and rope to ascend will take four casts of the hook. The final cast will hook the top of the cliff. Here is where the trap is sprung because the hook that has held on for the other three times will now fail. Gallium has a low melting point, and the magic on the cliff top causes everything to warm up to 100° F within thirty seconds of landing there. That should be enough time for a character to be in mid-climb before the hook melts and goes away. It works as a costly experiment in practical chemistry.



Liz Danforth and Mike Stackpole offer a quick and simple trap designed to have players tearing their hair out in frustration, or something to the same effect. **Excaliber Reprise** begins

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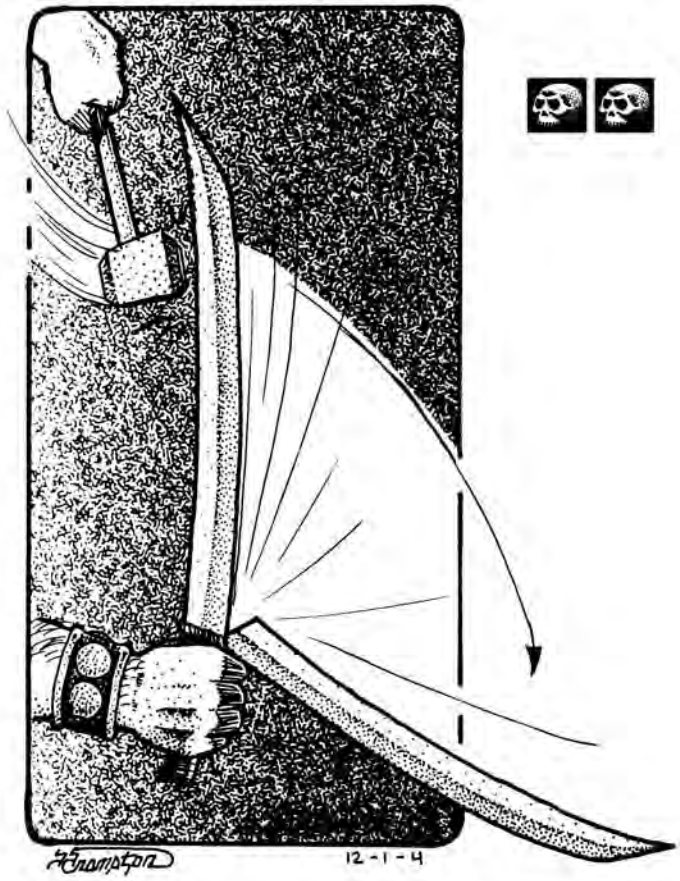
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when the characters discover a huge boulder in the dungeon. Sunk up to the hilt in the boulder is a sword. The hilt is black and large enough for two hands. When the sword is pulled from the stone, and it should take some strength to do so, the adventurer finds he now owns a five-foot long black broadsword with glowing runes worked up and down the blade. The runes are strange, one of them consisting of three megaphones within a circle, the smaller end of each pointing at a dot in the middle of the circle. The runes, when translated – and it should take a long time to do so – will read "Property of the Nuclear Regulatory Agency." The runes glow without magic, you see, and when a character's hair begins to fall out, and other signs of radiation sickness begin to show themselves, translating the runes will be the least of the character's worries. One should never go pulling irradiated swords from their lead-lined boulder sheaths. . .

The following item trap was designed by Scot Rhoads; it is a weapon with a twist, and should lead to any delver's undoing.

The **Swiss Army Sword** looks deceptively normal. However, the hilt of this sword is another case entirely – it is split such that the sword blade can pass freely between the halves. One good whack in combat, and the tang will break free from its rear supports, causing the sword to pivot back through the hilt on one pin. If you sharpen the tang as well, you can relieve the delver of any extra fingers . . .



Most treasure comes in the form of loose coinage, so it only seems natural that coins should be trapped somehow. The following two traps describe ways this can be accomplished. While neither trap is "dangerous," each insures that the coins they protect won't be had without paying a price.

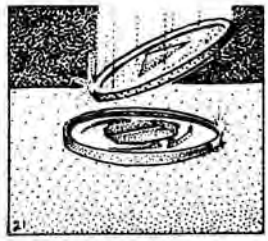


Figure 1.



Figure 2.

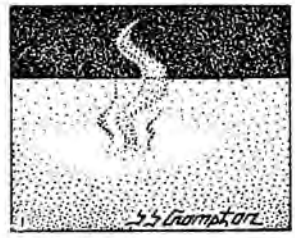


Figure 3.

The coins in Liz Danforth's **Funny Money Trap** are magical, and work best when found apart from some massive treasure. Whenever one of these coins comes into contact with a normal coin, both disappear.

Most characters just dump loot into their packs – to do so with *Funny Money* means they'll end up with less than they started out with. Effective use of this trap requires you to keep track of how much money your characters keep where, but I think you'll find the frustrated responses of your delvers to be well worth the effort.



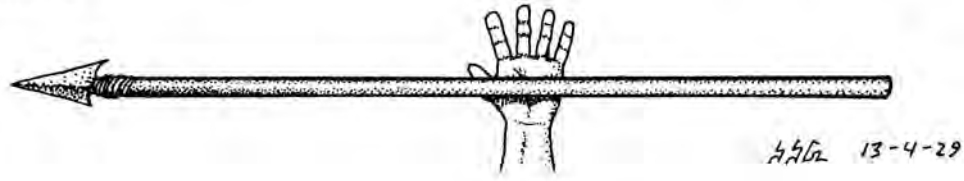
John Strain's **The Heavy Coins Trap** uses real money, but is no less frustrating. A thin, transparent coating has been applied to the coins of any hoard; this coating causes the coins to weigh about half again as much as they should. A delver who picks up a single coin probably won't be able to feel the difference. However, when he dumps the hoard into his pack, he'll probably stagger under the increased load.

You'll have to decide how the coating could be removed. Intense heat or a sharp blow might do the trick.

Larry DiTillio has come through for me again with a weapon trap that spares nothing to provide the utmost in discomfort for delvers.

The "Don't Sweat It" Polearm trap is a nifty-looking pole-arm, embellished with a magical glow for effect. Its bearer will find that it functions just like any normal pole arm . . . with just one catch.

The haft of this two-handed weapon has been liberally coated with a super-adhesive that is activated by sweat. Unless he wears gauntlets of one type or another, a person using this weapon will find that his hands are glued to it! The pole-arm is indestructible, so our hapless delver has a new quest: the search for the proper type of solvent.



The next two item traps were designed by Bucky Hernandez, my favorite dungeon master from south of the border.

First is the **Matchless Shield**, a fine wooden shield decorated with a boss of set stone. Unbeknownst to the lucky finder of this shield, however, the stone portion is flint, and the wood has been impregnated with a flammable oil. A careful inspection will probably reveal these anomalies – but whoever said that a treasure-grabbing delver is always careful?

The shield will hold up quite well in combat – until it is used against a foe with steel weapons. Then, any shot taken on the flint boss will strike a fat spark – which will ignite the shield! The shield will burn in a most spectacular manner, as will the delver's arm . . .

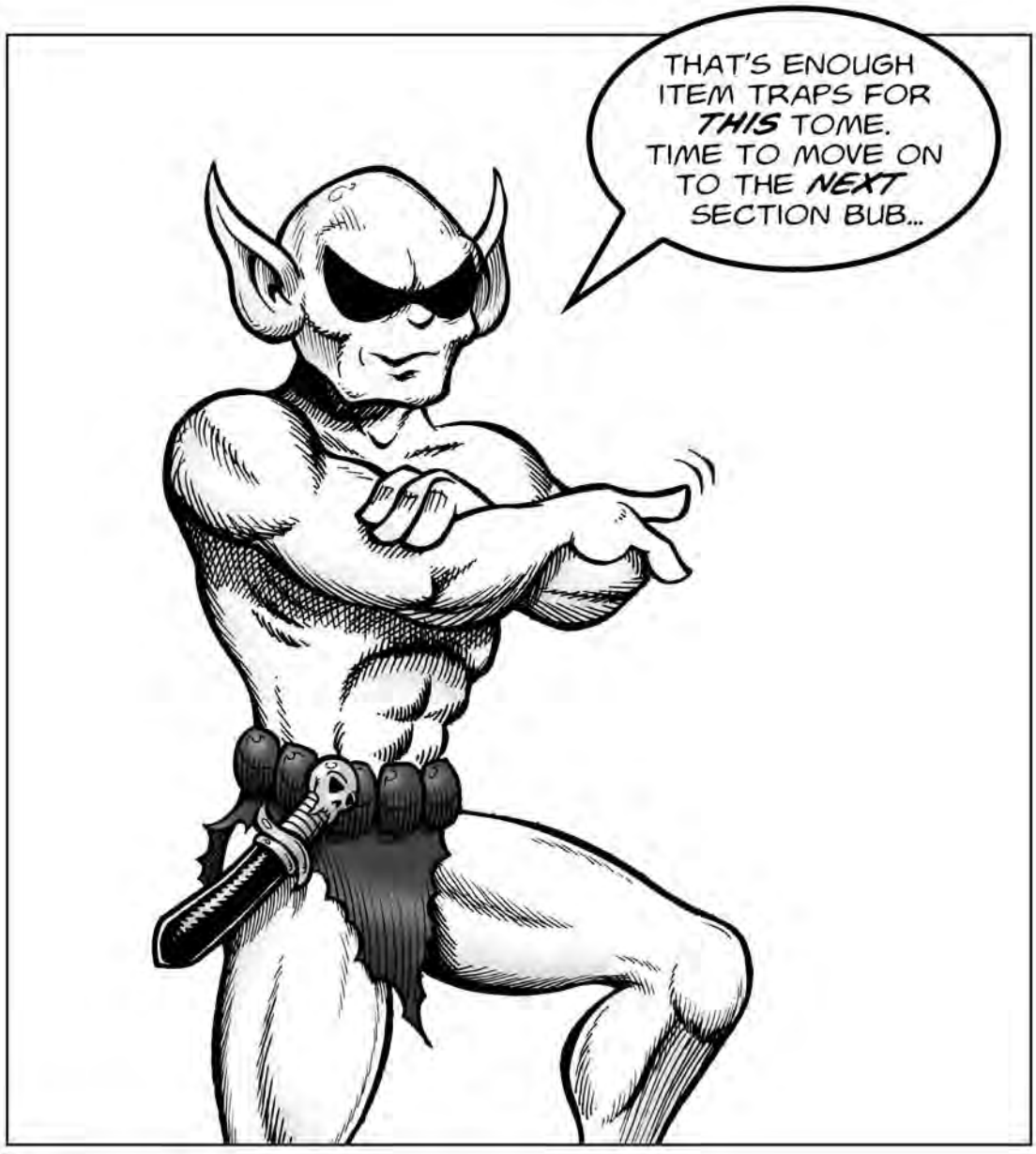
The End of Your Rope takes the form of a heavy length of coiled rope with a grappling hook attached. While the rope appears to be normal hemp, there is, in fact, much more to it than meets the eye.

The entire rope is woven around a long fuse. Attached to this fuse at the rope's midpoint is a small, airtight vial filled with a volatile chemical compound. When the rope is stretched (something that happens when it is used to climb something, or to pull a person out of a pit), the vial opens and the chemical hits the fuse. The rope smolders for about a minute before burning up all at once from the inside out. This could cause a bit of a panic if the rope is being used to scale a cliff . . .

Of course, if the delvers cut the rope open, they'll discover its true nature – but who's going to think of that?






THAT'S ENOUGH ITEM TRAPS FOR THIS TOME. TIME TO MOVE ON TO THE NEXT SECTION BUB...



As usual, I have a number of traps that just won't fit neatly into a category. They're not rooms, or corridors, or doors, and can't be stuffed into a delver's knapsack. However, they will burn, maim, squash, bloat, and generally annoy almost anyone.

Things can come in almost any form – but when you get right down to it, "deadly" is the shape of the things to come . . .

Things

My first two "thing" traps were created by Mark Bassett. If you combine both traps, you could flypaper a delver to the floor while roasting the flesh from his bones. Good sport, what?

The **Epoxy Trap** is to be found in a corridor that is covered with foul-smelling, oily puddles. One puddle will coat the feet or boots of anyone who sloshes through it with a gooey substance. If the delver doesn't pause to clean his feet, but immediately steps into the next puddle, he completes the application of epoxy – and finds himself stuck to the floor. The epoxy quickly hardens, and no human can pry it loose. The epoxy can only be removed through tedious picking with a sharp knife, or through the application of the proper solvent.



Once your victims are stuck to the floor, try springing the **Napalm Rocks** trap on them. The "rocks" are actually rare root bladders found in the lairs of snollygosters; the roots store food in the form of a jellied fatty oil that is highly flammable.

Attach several of these roots to the ceiling of your dungeon. They'll be inconspicuous until someone touches a torch to them – which will burst the skin of the root and shower flaming oil onto the delver below. To be fair, the delvers might actually notice the oddly shaped and colored lumps in the ceiling, and recognize the abnormality before they get fried . . .

Jonathan Bernick's sinister brand of trap construction oozed forth again in **Genius Gold**, and this gives us perhaps a glimpse of how Jonathan comes up with his diabolical devices.

In a chest, or a sack or pile, adventurers find gold coins that look fairly normal. The unusual feature to these coins, on the surface at least, is that instead of having a face or profile stamped upon them, they bear a representation of a brain. They stack, feel, smell, and taste like gold, but despite the glitter, gold they are not.



Genius Gold

Each of the coins is a piece of a hive mind. The more a delver gathers, the more powerful the mind he is transporting gets. The coins begin to use the delver like a horse to get the delver to transport them where they wish to go. They subtly take control of the delver's mind. They influence his choices by adding illusory, auditory, and other clues. From one

passage, the adventurer might possibly hear the laughter of women and children playing, or think he smells fresh air, while another passage looks dark, dingy, and smells of brimstone.

When the mind has gotten where it wants to be, it will probably make the delver believe there is something to spend his money on or a fountain to wish upon before him. Once he has thrown the mind away, the delver will be sent off. The mind will wait . . . until the next time.

Tired of delvers burning up your giant spiders? These next three traps are sure to put some new life into the old cliche of torching spiders in their lairs.

The first is the **Spiderweb Fuse Trap**, by Bucky Hernandez. This trap is sure to re-educate those anti-arachnid types who delight in burning up the homes of poor innocent spiders.

The trap takes the form of a room apparently filled with spiderwebs. For effect, include a clever mock-up of a large nasty spider. When the delvers set their torches to the webs for kicks, they'll find that they have just ignited an interlocking series of fast-burning fuses! The fuses are connected to kegs of oil or black powder in the walls of the room. When the flames touch off the kegs, the resulting explosion will either fill the room with flaming oil, or bring the ceiling and walls crashing down in a thunderous explosion on top of the callous home-wreckers! Bammo – delver quiche!



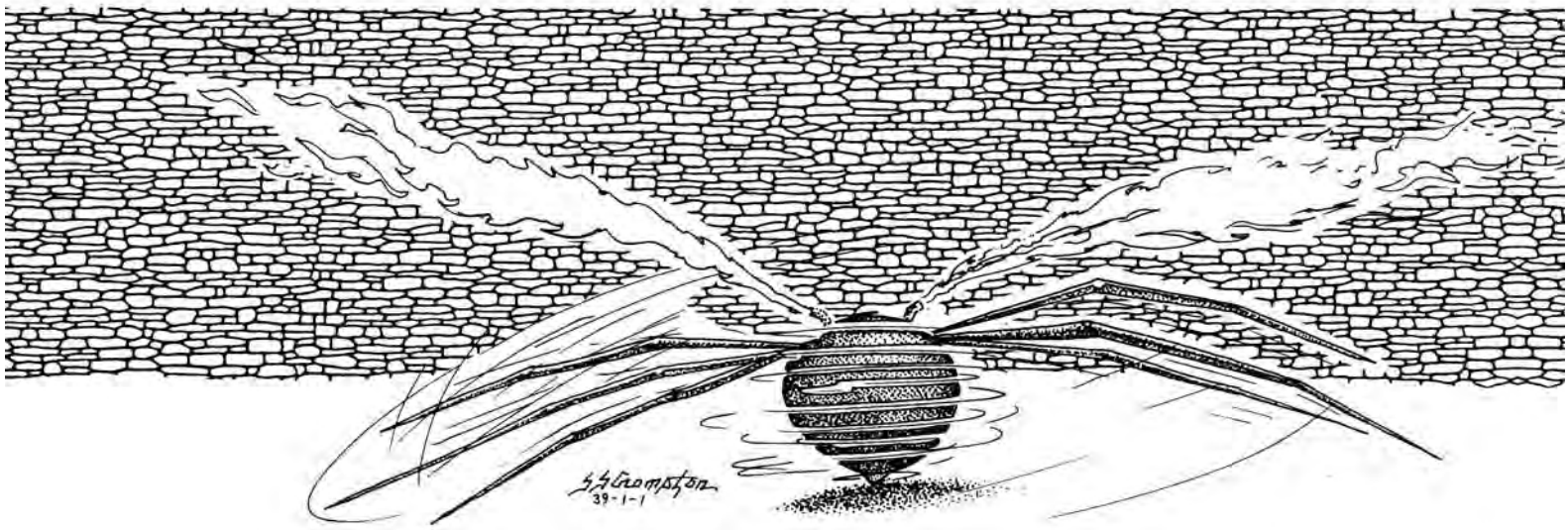
The next trap in this trilogy of spider-savers is the **Miss Moffat Engine of Destruction**, designed by Michael Austin. Its construction is simple and elegant – and its effect is ghastly.

The central feature of the trap is a large bronze sphere. Inserted into opposite sides of the sphere are two L-shaped pipes which point in opposite directions. The device is similar to Hero's steam engine – except that the globe is filled with a flammable liquid instead of water.

The sphere is camouflaged until it looks like the abdomen of a large spider. Legs and a forebody are added by using clay, paper mache, or any other acceptable material. The spider is then placed in the center of the floor, in an area relatively free of obstructions. To heighten the effect, add spiderwebs.

If the delvers hit the "spider" with a torch, the sphere will ignite. The L-shaped jets will cause the sphere to spin madly about on the floor, spewing flaming liquid throughout the room and onto the party.

As the final horror, consider combining this mocked-up spider with the *Spiderweb Fuse Trap* described above. Now you're talking about mayhem . . .



Our last "spider trap' is the **Black Widow Piñata** by Larry DiTillio and Paul O'Connor. This trap is designed to reward quick action.

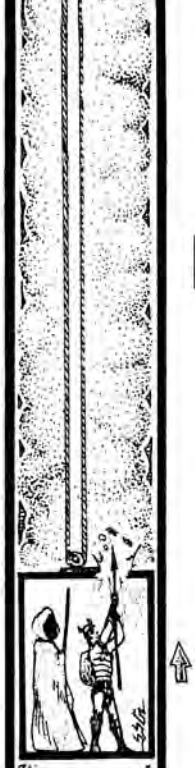
Opening the door to this room trips a hidden catch, which silently releases what looks like a huge black widow spider. The spider hurtles down towards the door on a web line. If the delvers rush forward and slash open the spider with their weapons, they'll find that the spider is really just a hollow papier maché mock-up – and is filled with thousands of live, normal-sized black widow spiders which now scatter onto the party. Olé!!

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Steve Crompton's **Hellevator** is a trap which capitalizes on the propensity of a delver to lock himself into a box and then try to punch his way out. The adventurers find an elevator, though to them it would have to be explained as a room that moved from one level of a dungeon to another. The elevator is air-tight and operates on a simple cable and pulley system operated from above. Occasionally, however, the elevator gets stuck between floors.

Filling the elevator shaft is chlorine gas. It's not odorless, it's not colorless; it is extremly hard on the respiratory system of those foolish enough to inhale it. Since the elevator is air-tight, the delvers will not find out about the chlorine until they breech the top or sides of the elevator when it gets stuck. Having a magically produced voice urge "Please stay where you are; help will arrive within the hour" is one sure way to get the delvers to crack the elevator in an effort to escape. After all, if you had just looted someone's treasure chambers, you definitely would not want to meet anyone who is most likely to come to your aid.



This next oddball "thing" was developed by Chris Weitz. To work, it relies upon misconception and the never-failing ability of delvers to take things at face value.

A party of delvers might find **The Trojan Dragon** anywhere in your dungeon – but if they encounter it in a deep chamber filled with treasure, the effect will be heightened.

The "dragon" isn't a dragon at all, but rather a balsa wood mock-up that looks very much like the real thing. Any weapons used against this contraption will lodge in its "skin." As anyone who has made model airplanes knows, blades are difficult to remove from balsa wood.

Lurking in the hollow "stomach" of the dragon are a number of rather intelligent monsters. When they hear the sounds of delvers hewing into the dragon, they'll rush out through the thin skin of the mock-up and engage the characters in combat.

Of course, setting fire to the dragon will make things uncomfortable for the monsters hidden inside. But what delver in his right mind would hurl a torch at a sleeping dragon?

Stefan Jones, a first-class "thing" trap in his own right, has sent in two traps for this chapter. The first is called **Crossed Swords** – although "crossed wires" might be a more appropriate title.

Hanging over a cheerfully burning fireplace are a pair of

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beautiful swords. The jewels in the hilts are obviously real, and the swords themselves would make an admirable prize.

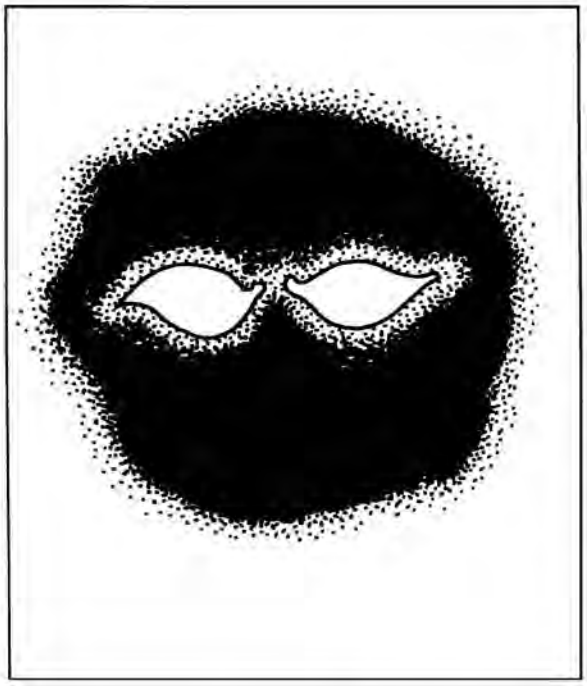
If the swords are pulled off the wall, however, a sack of tightly-packed gunpowder hidden behind the wall is released. The sack falls into the fire, and . . . well, the delver who grabbed the swords won't have much need for them anymore.



Water That Glimmers, Shimmers, and Kills is David Steven Moskowitz's entry to the "thing" trap derby. This trap is simply a waterfall of living diamond, which should look like nothing more than a beautiful sparkling waterfall. Everyone knows that the hardest substance around is the diamond – and when its razor-thin and falling, it will cut through almost anything. Pity then the delver who sticks his hand through this waterfall, or tries to gain entry to the cave beyond . . .

The **Paranoid Frustrator** is a magical effect presented to us by William Toivainen. This trap is more fun than dressing up like an old woman to frustrate do-gooder boy scouts.

This nefarious and sneaky trap is dependent on a magical spell which is centered on a chest or another item of dungeon decor that is attractive to adventurers – but usually the hiding place of some nasty trap. The paranoid delver (and we have all seen the type), will certainly open the chest or touch the item with something as long as the proverbial "ten-foot pole." When this happens, the magic is triggered, and the effect centers on whatever is touching the chest. In this case, the delver will become the owner of a ten-foot pole that has received an noticeable boost in the apparent quality of its appearance. Evidently, had a character touched this chest, he would have received a bonus to his charisma, or some equivalent attribute. The character will probably pick up a desire to touch the next chest he comes across. If there are several such things presenting in apparent "sequence," the delver will almost certainly be seduced into a close encounter of the worst kind with the next chest he sees, and that is the best part of the trap.



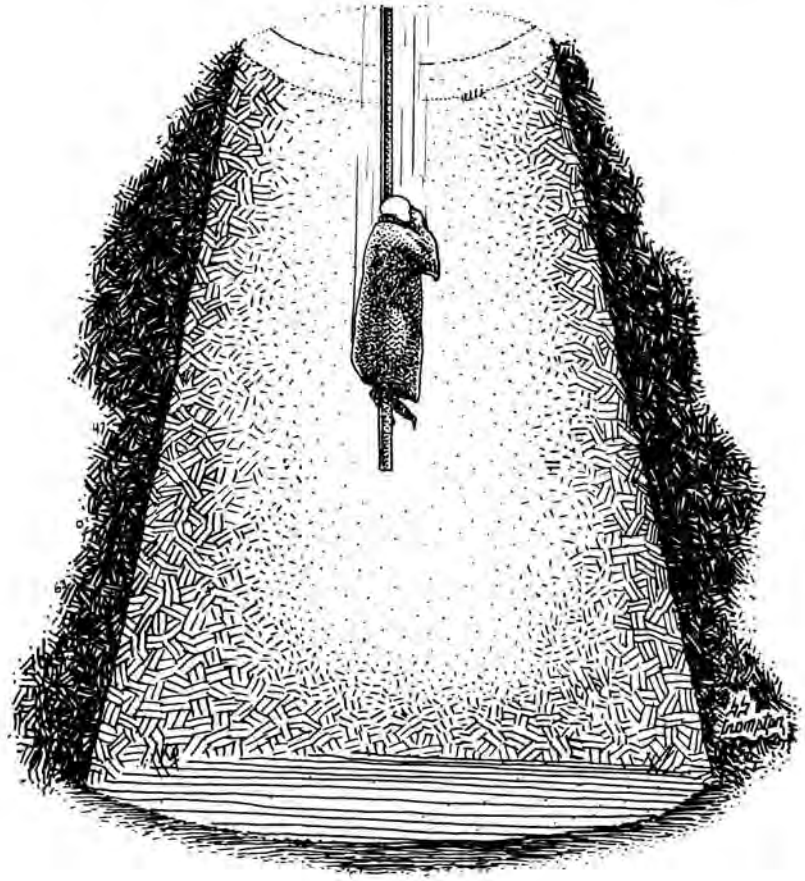
The Eyes Have It is an interesting nuisance trap by Steve McAllister. It can be put almost anywhere in your dungeon, although a corridor with a high ceiling is perhaps the ideal location.

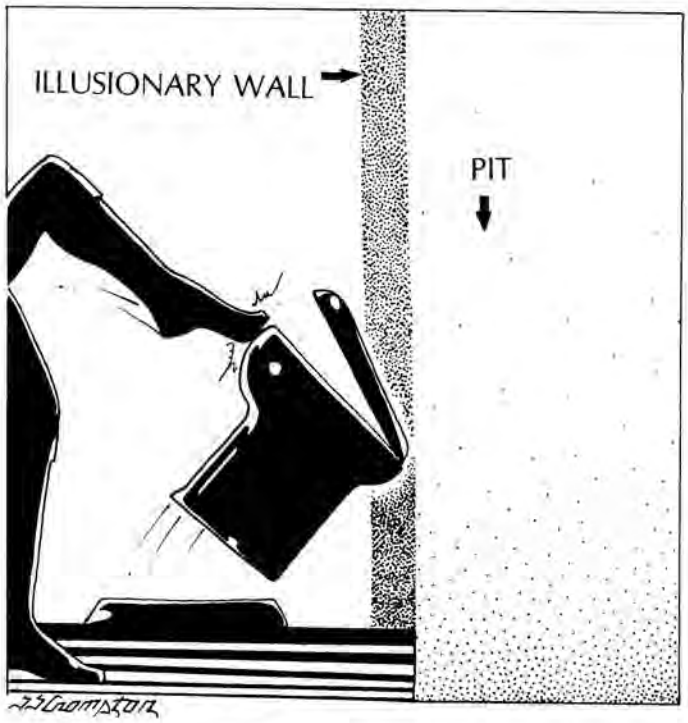
The delvers will see two large luminous eyes peering out at them from the darkness down the corridor, some distance above the floor. If you play this right, you can frighten the party into wasting missiles and magic on the imagined horror before them. To the party's eventual chagrin, they will find that the eyes are only a clever illusion painted upon bare stone with luminous paint . . .

Equally unsettling is the **Fireman's Pole** by Steve Jackson. This trap takes the form of a simple brass fireman's pole which is bolted to the ceiling and disappears into darkness through a hole in the floor. When delvers jump onto the pole to slide down, they are in for a nasty surprise or two . . .

The most cost-effective thing to do is to end the pole several feet above the floor of the room below (assuming, of course, that the room actually has a floor). Depending on how far you want them to fall, the delvers could really be in sad shape after they land . . .

A more bizarre possibility is to construct the last ten feet or so of the pole out of an elastic substance, and still have it end several feet above the floor. Thus, when a sliding delver reaches the elastic, the pole will stretch under his weight (and *might* touch the floor). It's likely that the pole will stretch for a given distance and then snap back like a rubber band, flinging the character into the ceiling!





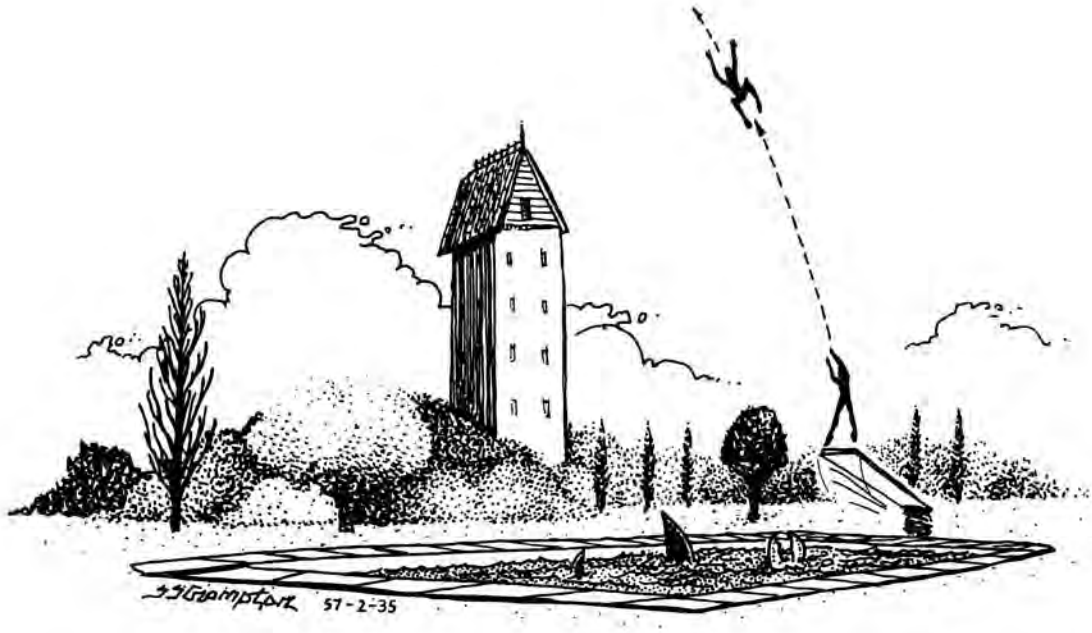
Stefan Jones' **Tumble Toidee** appears to be an ordinary privy which is extraordinarily clean (which may be a tip-off for worldly delvers). No amount of thumping on the seat will trigger crossbows, trap doors, or alarms. There is nothing hidden under the privy seat; there is nothing concealed beneath the privy; and there are no invisible weights suspended over the room.

When someone sits on the seat, however, and places his feet on the foot-rest, the whole assembly will be free to rotate backwards through the illusionary wall behind it, to tumble its occupant into the shaft below. This trap is sure to catch delvers with their pants down . . .

Fibber McGee's Closet of Caltrops is a nasty addition to my book by Bob Greenwade. While most people will understand what happens from the title, a bit of an education in classic radio for those who don't understand is in order. Once upon a time, there was a man named McGee who had a closet jammed full of everything in the world. Whenever someone opened the door . . . CRASH! And none of those things were as soft and cuddly as caltrops.

Delvers are always looking for trouble – and they'll certainly find some here with **The First Sign of Danger**, by Rick Loomis. On a stone dungeon wall is a sign reading "DANGER!", with a few lines of smaller print below the main lettering. The fine print cannot be read from afar, but when someone leans close to the sign to see what it says, a powerful spring rams the sign itself into the character's face. This sign is printed on a block of stone, so the danger here should be quite evident.





Ken St. Andre is to blame for this next "thing" trap, titled **Leaping Wizards**. The trap resembles a modern swimming pool with a few major modifications. It can be located either indoors or outdoors – whatever suits your fancy.

A suitably enticing treasure is scattered about on the botton of the pool in such a way that it will prove impossible to net or drag it out without entering the water. Anyone who tests the water will find it to be incredibly briny. Every now and then, something black and awful will surface (fill this pool with a variety of toothy aquatic horrors that most delvers wouldn't want to tangle with . . .).

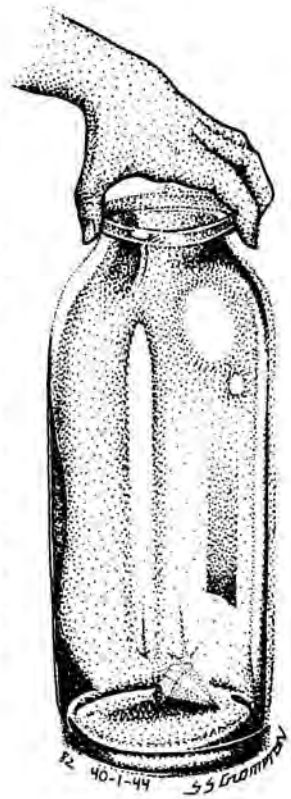
At the deep end of the pool is a diving board; on the board, in red non-skid letters, is painted this inscription: "Whoso diveth from this board is safe from the Dangers of the Pool."

The real trap here is actually the diving board, which is sturdy and springy and radiates functional magic. Anyone who leaps from the board, no matter how gently, only goes up! The character won't come back down unless the magic of the diving board is somehow negated. For those of you who insist upon a rule for everything, the character's upward speed is equal to the acceleration of gravity, $D - 32t^2$ where D stands for distance and t is time in seconds.

If this trap has been placed outdoors, a character who dives off the board may find himself bidding farewell to the planet of his birth. If this is an indoor pool, then the "diver" will probably smash into the ceiling (taking damage proportional to the distance traveled). Last one into the stratosphere is a rotten egg!

The Accordion Throne is a weight-loss device by Pat Mueller that should make the bench press obsolete. It's a high-backed marble throne, ornately carved and decorated, which ought to nicely fill a vacant corner in your tomb complex.

When some egocentric delver-who-would-be-king seats himself upon the throne, the arms neatly fold together like a monstrous beach chair, making the delver extremely slim in a matter of seconds. No fad diets! No medication!



Taking his inspiration from an old Indian monkey-trap, Larry DiTillio designed **The Blotomoto Trap**. It won't draw blood – but it should hamper any delver stupid enough to fall for it.

This isn't really a trap at all; rather, it's a contact poison which causes any living tissue it touches to swell up to five times normal size. The effect isn't permanent, but you'll have to decide how long it will last.

A large gem of great worth has been dusted with this chemical, and then was dropped into an indestructible vase made of some clear material. A delver who reaches into the vase to grab the gem will find that he can't get his hand out! If the character was smart enough to shake the gem out onto the palm of his hand, his hand won't be trapped – but he won't be able to use that hand for anything for a while . . .



Matt Scholl doesn't sound like an Egyptian name, but this **Rigged Mummy** is dedicated to the memory of such devious architects as designed the depths of the Great Pyramid and other ancient deathtraps. This trap is another answer to the truly ancient question of how one can deal appropriately with those foul adventurers who feel no remorse at the destruction of the bodily remains of someone's favored ancestor. The usual response of these heartless blackguards is to torch the resin-soaked remains, resulting in an inpromptu cremation. While it may not be possible to protect one's predecesors from the effects of flame, it *is* possible to wreck havoc among those destructive incendiarists who fire off their enthusiasms by torching a mummy booby-trapped like this. The favored pharoah would surely appreciate the irony – and most certainly won't object to taking revenge posthumously on those who destroy him. Hidden under the wrappings, below the unbeating heart, rests a keg of gunpowder: the conflagration which results should daunt the survivors, if there are any (which is unlikely, at best).

So there you go - 100 more of my traps. Use them wisely. What's that? This book is supposed to have 101?

Very well. Remember you asked for it...

The 101st Trap



Again, again I find that my task here has drawn to an end. Wearisome as is the work of reading and evaluating the offerings from pitifully human minds, I take a small delight in finding some humans truly do have the talents to live up to the evil reputations passed on by my smaller kith and kin – the orcs, gremlins, ogres and the rest. They speak of such terrors inflicted at the hands of humans, one would imagine a species more troll-like – how droll!

I do take pride in the tales I have heard of the malevolent gigglings caused by reading my first book of traps. And I anticipate much more of the same with this collection of cretin crushers. I also anticipate the reaction of many of you who read my first primer of peasant pacifiers. Even now I can feel your gloved fingers fumbling with the pages. You seek to take any precaution, no matter how feeble or futile, to protect yourselves against my destructive abilities. Come now, you flatter yourselves. I have killed kings, maimed maharajas, evicerated emperors and diced druids. Do you honestly, in your heart of hearts, believe you could stop me?

I thought not. Relax; remove the gloves. I need not stoop to repetition. I have other ways.

For the trap I present here I went to great length; others went to great pains. I knew what I wanted for an effect, yet I was quite at a loss for a means to accomplish my end. On the suggestion of several companions (may they rest in peace), I distilled various bodily fluids from noxious creatures that crawl and slither in places best left unmentioned. Then I ventured across tall frigid mountains cloaked in blizzards to jungle basins flooded with insects, disease and pesky natives. Always what I sought eluded me.

Then my studies turned to the paths of sorcery. Late hours and priceless



101st Trap

– NOTES –

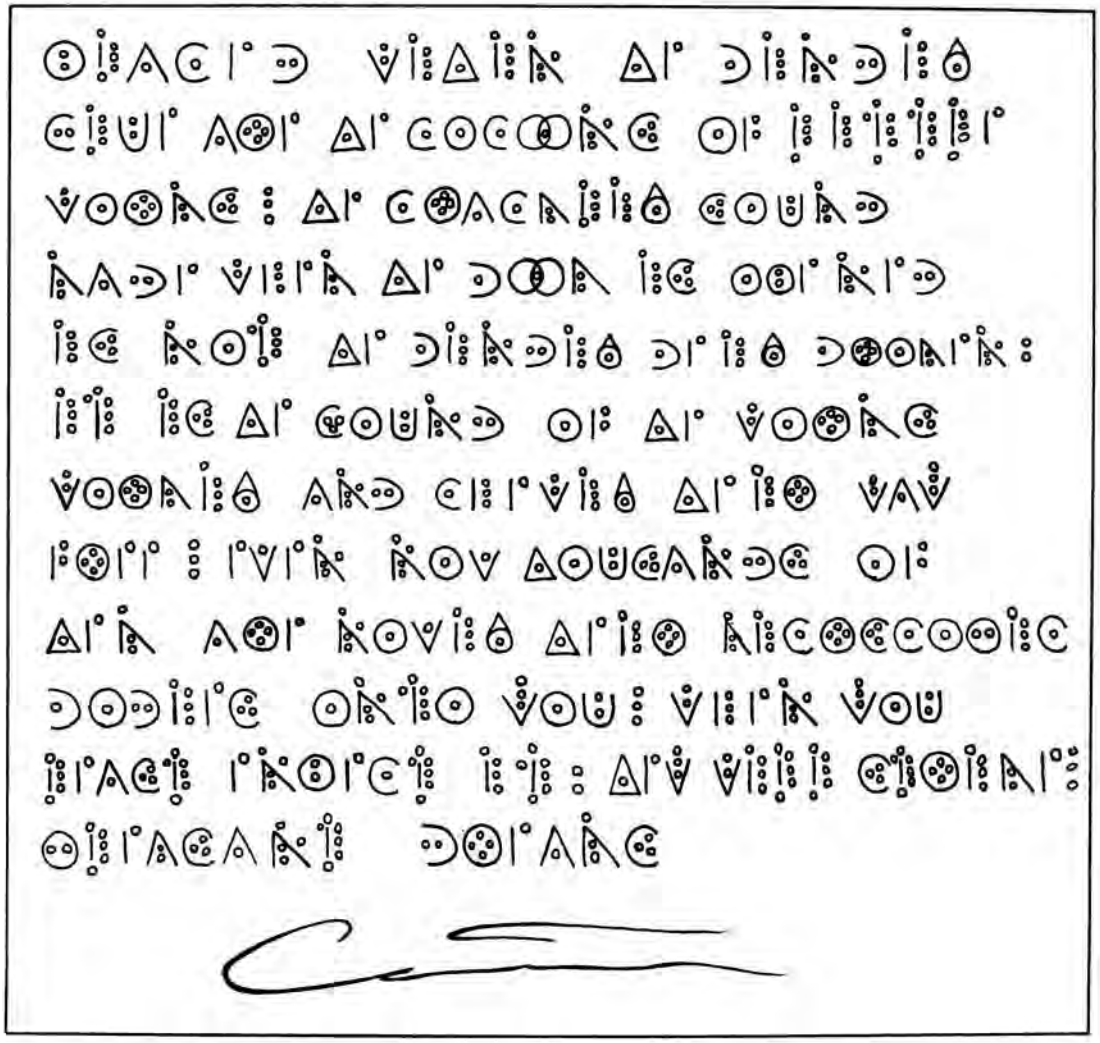
sacrifices went unrewarded as I strove mightily to pierce the veil of chaos that surrounded my subject. Even when I discovered new facts, new formulae to help me with other works, I was frustrated in my primary search.

Daunted though I was, defeated I was not. While your kind may struggle against adversity, I take it by storm. I combined my studies, taking samples from my multi-world travels and subjecting them to eldritch witcheries. And in this I succeeded, even beyond my wildest dreams.

You see, my task was once again to visit a suitable form of retribution upon those who ransack my libraries. Now that it is known that I protect my books, they are stolen unread; others destroy my precious volumes in an attempt to rob me of information. (Indeed, an attempt of that sort interrupted my studies, though it was dealt with effectively enough). Also, I found a large number of individuals using my books while wearing gloves, or developing baths to wash away my "fixative."

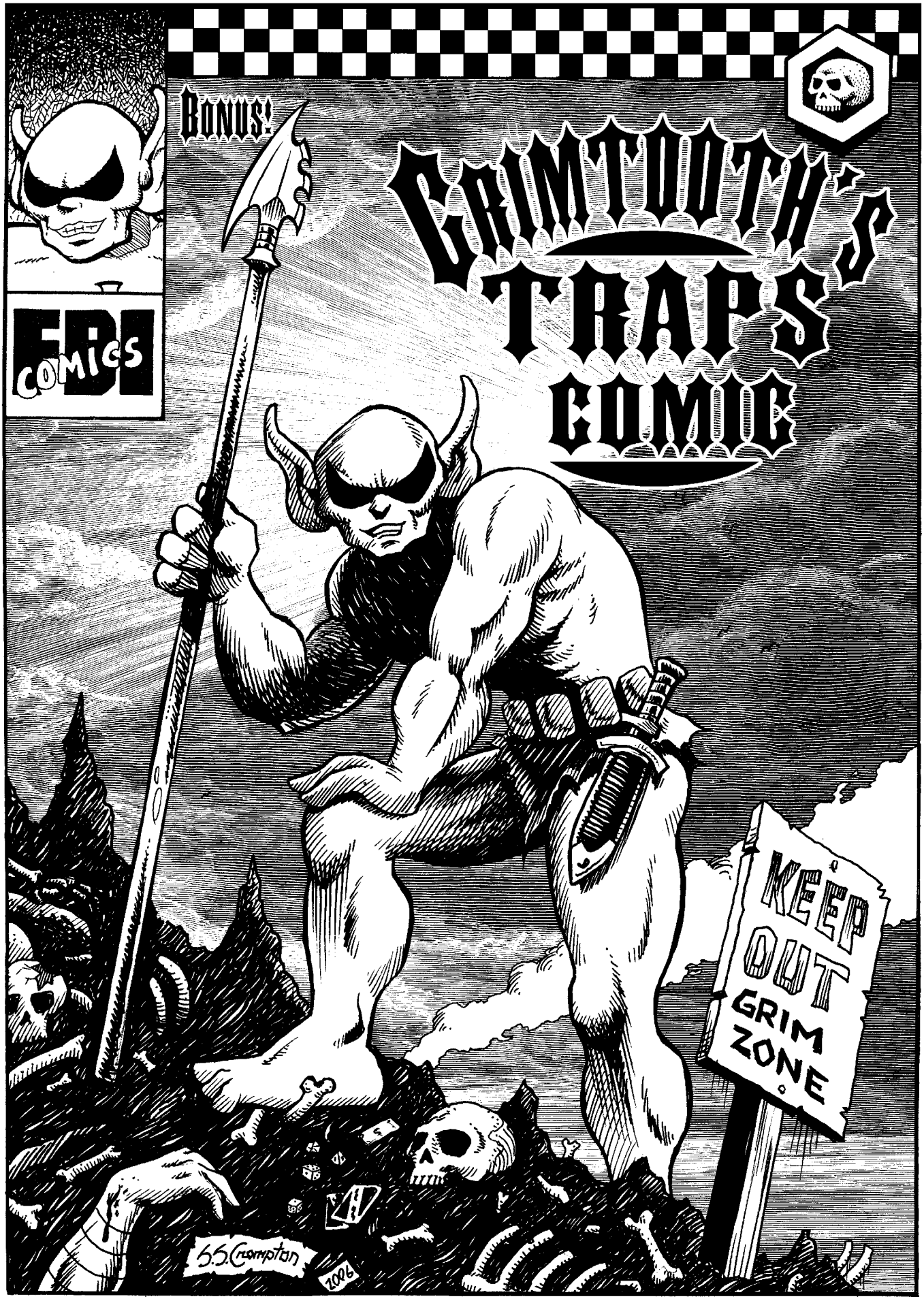
What I sought was a bit more . . . active. They would travel to the inquisitive louts, arriving when they least expect it. They would attack the bumpkins at their own leisure, slowly, carefully, and quite thoroughly. Before the vile blackguards even knew what happened, it would be too late.

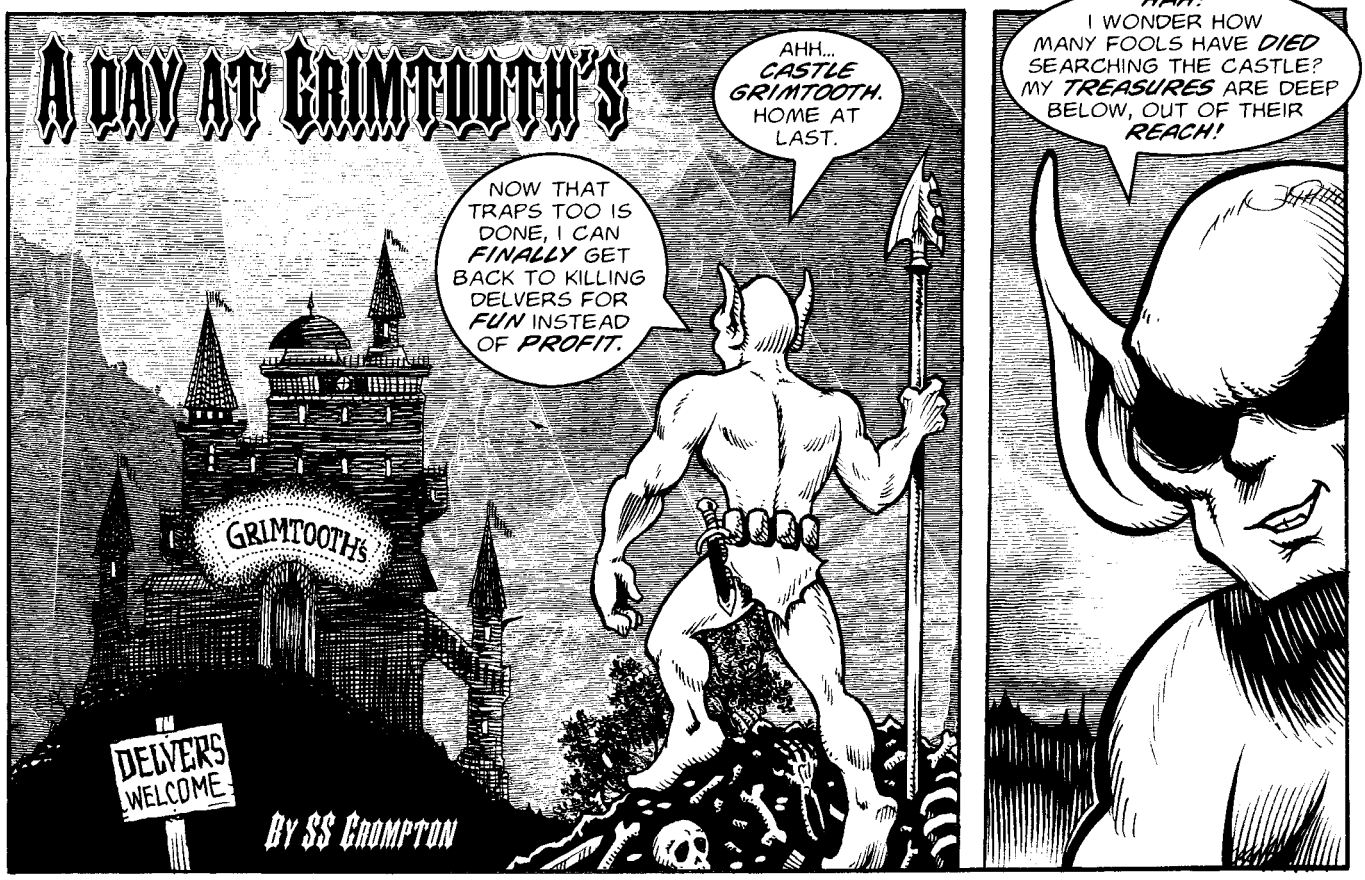
Encoded in the cypher below I offer you my 101st trap. Break the code and you'll have the trap – but not before the trap has you! (Besides, it'll be good practice for later – if you survive long enough).

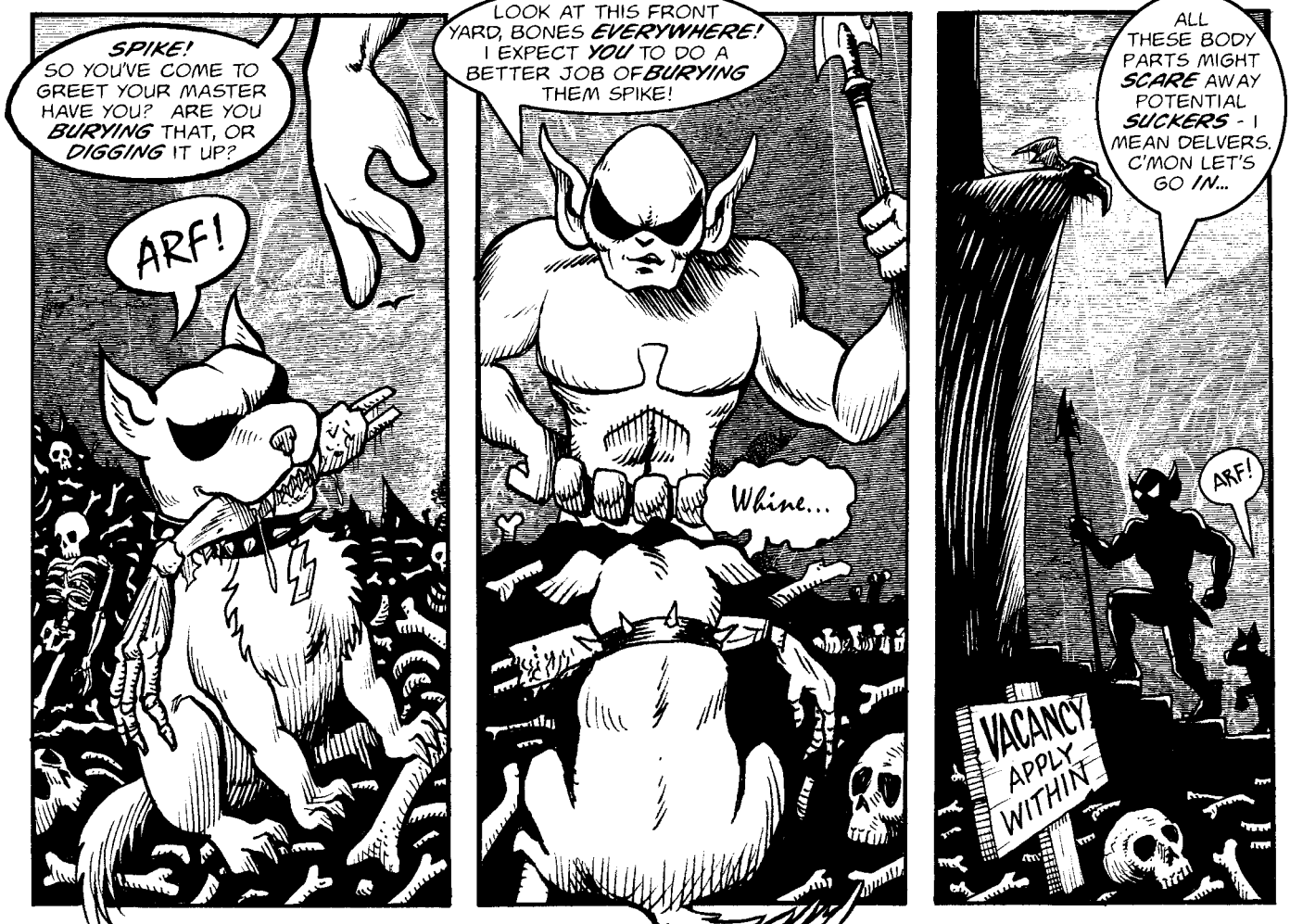


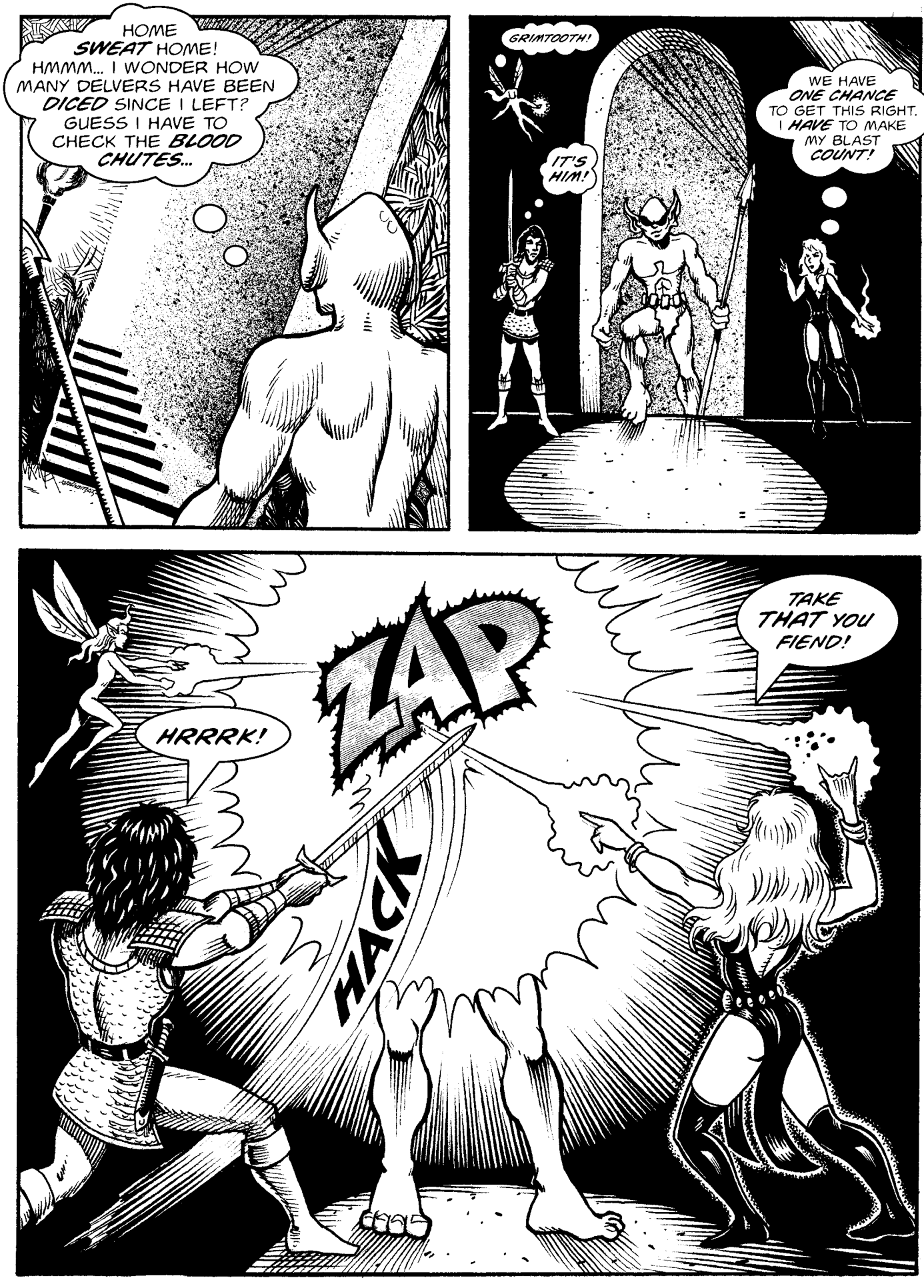
collection pg 164

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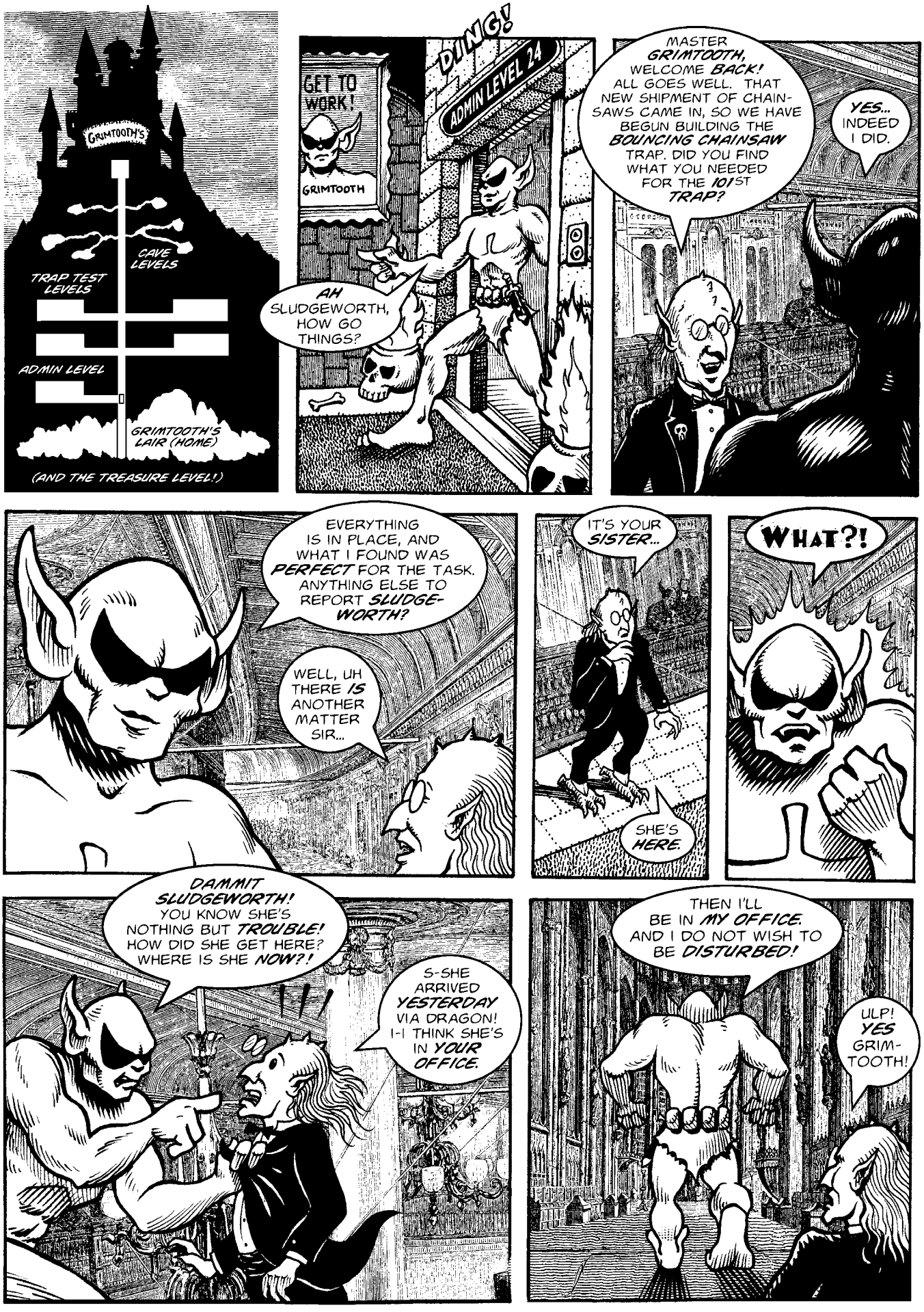

BONUS!
GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS COMIC
FBI COMICS
KEEP OUT GRIM ZONE
S.S. Crompton
2006


A DAY AT GRIMTOOTH'S
AHH... CASTLE GRIMTOOTH. HOME AT LAST.
NOW THAT TRAPS TOO IS DONE, I CAN FINALLY GET BACK TO KILLING DELVERS FOR FUN INSTEAD OF PROFIT.
GRIMTOOTH'S
DELVERS WELCOME
By SS Crompton
HAH! I WONDER HOW MANY FOOLS HAVE DIED SEARCHING THE CASTLE? MY TREASURES ARE DEEP BELOW, OUT OF THEIR REACH!


SPIKE! SO YOU'VE COME TO GREET YOUR MASTER HAVE YOU? ARE YOU BURYING THAT, OR DIGGING IT UP?
ARF!
LOOK AT THIS FRONT YARD, BONES EVERYWHERE! I EXPECT YOU TO DO A BETTER JOB OF BURYING THEM SPIKE!
Whine...
ALL THESE BODY PARTS MIGHT SCARE AWAY POTENTIAL SUCKERS - I MEAN DELVERS. C'MON LET'S GO IN...
ARF!
VACANCY APPLY WITHIN


HOME SWEAT HOME! HMMM... I WONDER HOW MANY DELVERS HAVE BEEN DICED SINCE I LEFT? GUESS I HAVE TO CHECK THE BLOOD CHUTES...
GRIMTOOTH!
IT'S HIM!
WE HAVE ONE CHANCE TO GET THIS RIGHT. I HAVE TO MAKE MY BLAST COUNT!
HRRRK!
ZAP
HACK
TAKE THAT YOU FIEND!


IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT?
MY TURN!
UGH!
SPLAT!
I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO WASTE A TRAP ON YOU PATHETIC FOOLS!
WHAM!
NO!!
I'M FEELING RELIGIOUS TODAY, SO I'LL JUST MAKE YOU ALL HOLEY!
UHH A PUN!
CHUNK
CHUNK
CHUNK!
YOU CAN HAVE THE LEFTOVERS SPIKE. I'M HEADIN' FOR THE LOWER LEVELS TO CHECK THE CHUTES.
SLURP!


GRIMTOOTH'S
CAVE LEVELS
TRAP TEST LEVELS
ADMIN LEVEL
GRIMTOOTH'S LAIR (HOME)
(AND THE TREASURE LEVEL!)
GET TO WORK!
GRIMTOOTH
DING!
ADMIN LEVEL 24
AH SLUDGEWORTH, HOW GO THINGS?
MASTER GRIMTOOTH, WELCOME BACK! ALL GOES WELL. THAT NEW SHIPMENT OF CHAINSAWS CAME IN, SO WE HAVE BEGUN BUILDING THE BOUNCING CHAINSAW TRAP. DID YOU FIND WHAT YOU NEEDED FOR THE 101ST TRAP?
YES... INDEED I DID.
EVERYTHING IS IN PLACE, AND WHAT I FOUND WAS PERFECT FOR THE TASK. ANYTHING ELSE TO REPORT SLUDGEWORTH?
WELL, UH THERE IS ANOTHER MATTER SIR...
IT'S YOUR SISTER...
SHE'S HERE.
WHAT?!
DAMMIT SLUDGEWORTH! YOU KNOW SHE'S NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! HOW DID SHE GET HERE? WHERE IS SHE NOW?!
S-SHE ARRIVED YESTERDAY VIA DRAGON! I-I THINK SHE'S IN YOUR OFFICE.
THEN I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE. AND I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED!
ULP! YES GRIMTOOTH!


CRASH!
GRIMTINA!!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT ST. ANDRE'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD TROLLETTES!
GLEEP!
EXIT
BIG BROTHER! I-I HAD TO COME HOME...
YEAH. SEE, LIKE THE SCHOOL BURNED DOWN. I THINK IT WAS DRAGONS...
DRAGONS WAS IT?... DIDN'T YOU ARRIVE HERE BY DRAGON?
UHH YEAH..
A PET DRAGON PERHAPS?
oh Fudge!
OK, OK - YOU GOT ME! MY DRAGON BURNED DOWN THE SCHOOL AND THEY BANISHED ME, SO I CAME HOME. DID YOU MISS ME?
NOT FOR A SECOND. THAT WAS THE LAST TROLL SCHOOL IN THE REALM! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO WITH YOU?
I CAN ALWAYS HELP YOU WITH YOUR NEXT TRAPS BOOKS!
WHAT!? RIDICULOUS.


FORGET IT. BESIDES, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'LL EVEN CREATE ANY MORE TRAPS BOOKS?
THIS LETTER FROM YOUR PUBLISHER SAYS YOU AGREED TO DO AT LEAST 3 MORE TRAPS BOOKS, BIG BROTHER...
Flying Buffalo
GRRR.. GET AWAY FROM MY DESK!
ZAT!
YOWCH!
BESIDES, I HAVEN'T AGREED TO ANYTHING... YET.
AND YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO WORK ON A TRAPS BOOK. THE WORLD ISN'T READY FOR YOU. MAYBE IN A COUPLE OF YEARS...
FOOEY. I NEVER GET TO HAVE ANY FUN!
Flying Buffalo
WE GOT A SHIPMENT OF CHAINSAWS IN TODAY. GET ONE OF THOSE AND GO UP TO THE CASTLE. LOOK FOR DELVERS - YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO. NOW GO. I HAVE WORK TO DO...
REALLY? I CAN PLAY WITH THE DELVERS? COOL!
The End?

GRIMTOOTH'S PUZZLE BOOK



Ah, my dear friend Murphy has struck again. The Traps Too book has been so popular that we have sold out of all copies, and it is time to reprint. Between the time we originally printed it and now, we have changed printers. The old printer used to print 8 pages at a time, and the new printer prints 16 pages at a time. Yes, you guessed it. Traps Too (and apparently most of our old books) had an odd number of 8 page groups in it! Our penny-pinching publisher [and Penny is really getting annoyed too] was going to print 8 pages of ads in the back of the book, but I "persuaded" him to let me provide you with a little more entertainment. I have long wanted to publish my own personal line of "Grimtooth's Puzzle Books" (tm), but failed to convince the accountants that anyone would buy such a book. (You would buy anything with **MY** name on it, wouldn't you?) So I'm taking this opportunity to come up with 5 or 6 pages of "fun" puzzles. Don't look in the back for any "solutions". Solution pages are for wimps. And don't let me hear anyone complaining that these are "too hard"; that the maze is too tiny and hurts your eyes; or the clues are too vague. Of COURSE it's hard. These are GRIMTOOTH'S puzzles!

I expect you all to keep working on these until you have solved them all. No excuses. However, after you have finished, if you want a copy of the official solutions (just to check your work of course) you may send a STAMPED self addressed envelope to: Grimtooth's Puzzle Solutions, PO Box 8467, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. This will of course give our greedy publisher a chance to sell your name and address to plentiful peddlers of produce, but that's ok, since I get a commission. [a little reminder: a stamped self addressed envelope, also known as an SASE, is an envelope addressed to YOU with a POSTAGE STAMP on it. Anyone who can't correctly figure out THAT little puzzle will NOT get a solution. Instead, his or her letter will be passed around as an example of the pitiful state of education in our country today. Our foreign friends are welcome to send a postal reply coupon instead of the stamp.] And as long as you are writing, we welcome your comments about the puzzles. But remember, I will be reading them!

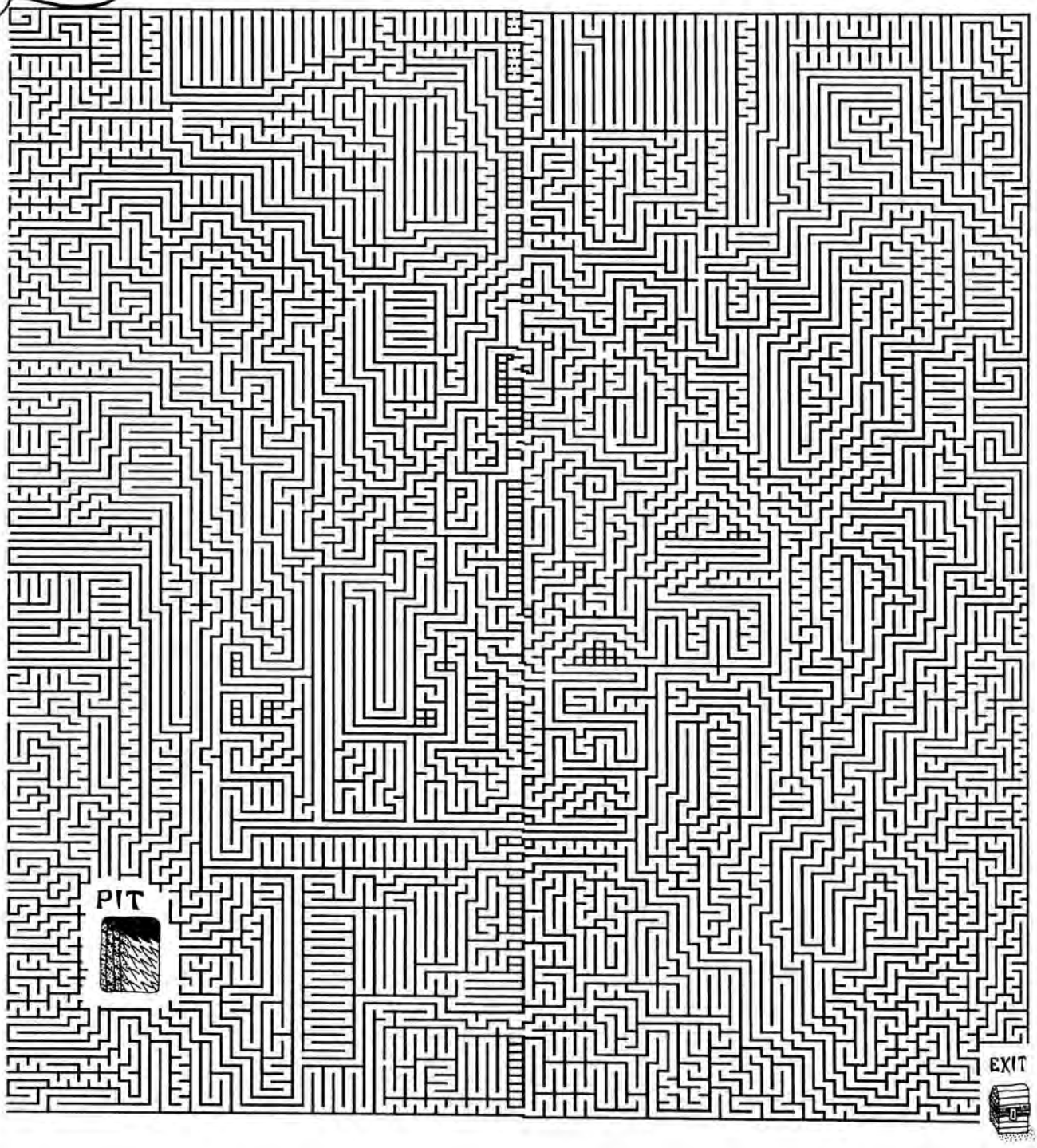
Enough of that: on to the puzzles!

~ Grim

MAZE MADNESS!



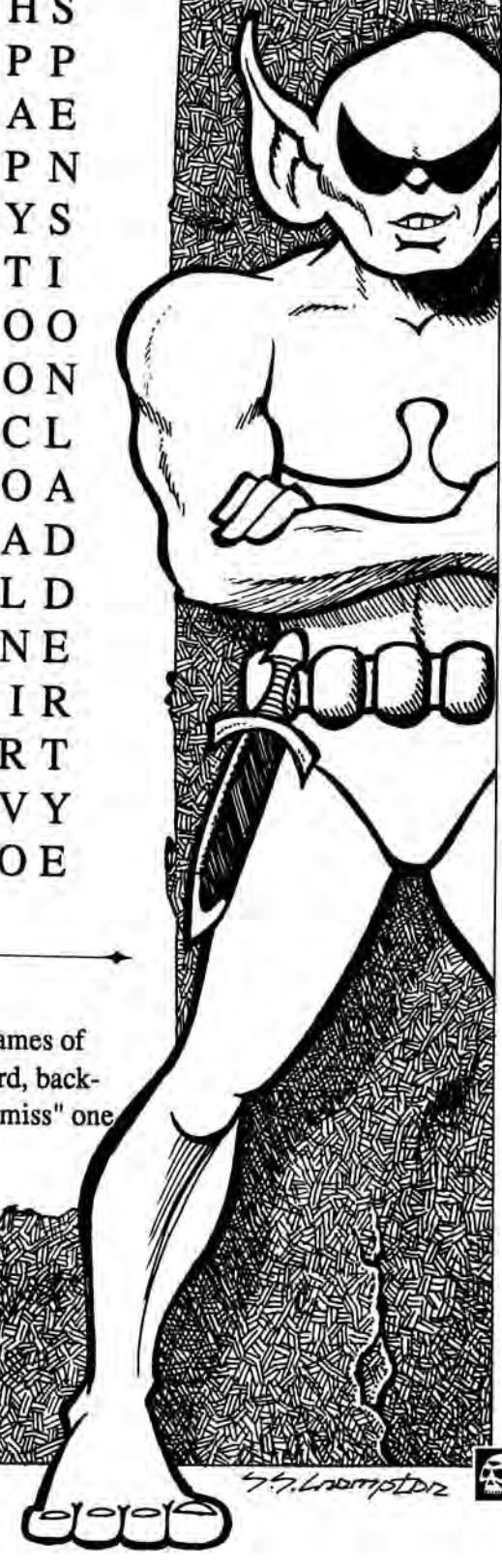
OK brave [foolish] adventurers. Your first task is to complete a maze. Adventurers love mazes, especially if there is gold at the end. The rules are simple enough. Start at the left side of the page, at any entrance you care to. Try to find the one true path all the way to the treasure room at the lower right. Don't touch the walls (they are electrified!). You will note that there is a pit in the lower left hand corner, with lots of corridors leading to it. If you should find yourself passing through the room with the pit (heh, heh) you must roll a six-sided die [preferably Flying Buffalo DEATH DICE (tm)]. If a one comes up on the die roll, you fall into the pit, and you lose! Roll the die each time you pass through the pit room.

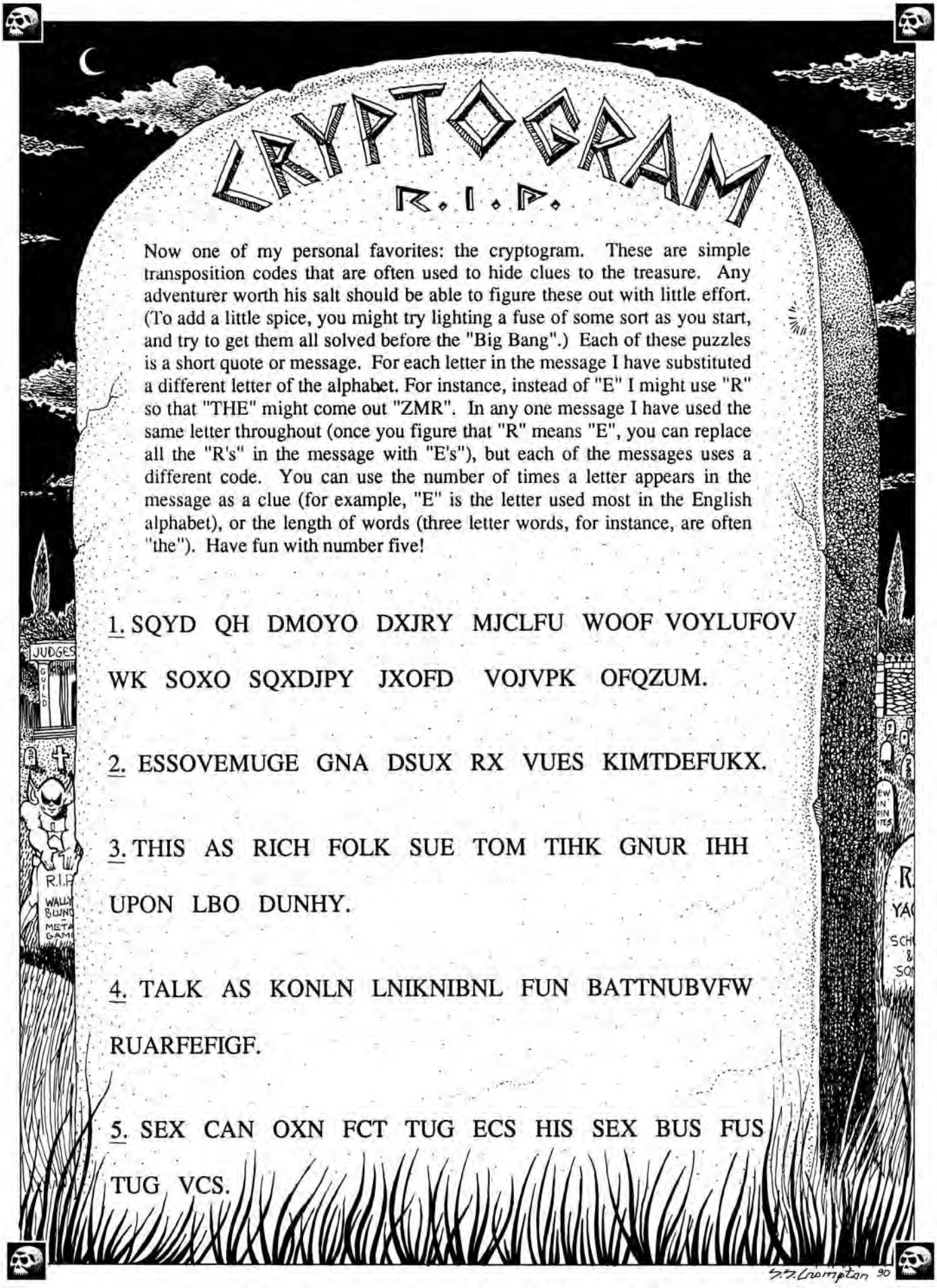


"SEARCH FOR TRAPS."

T R A A Y R E V A E L C G N I R P S
R K I S S S S MO K E Y T O R C H U
A P I P D D D L O G F O R E W O H S
G O O S E T R A L R T B A R C O P P
L O D E S O F F U N N O T K O I A E
U P P E R O F OO E S I T I D N P N
E Y A T I M F U N R O R A E O O Y S
G F I R E A N D I C E D R R O O T I
E I A U T N O D E A D E N D D A O O
MV I N O Y O E T A E A O E Y I O N
S E I A R T X M I Y T S A N O T C L
O R T L N E E O O B T H E C U P O A
B A L S G N I R P S O R E A R O A D
S T I E T T O V E E T H B A A T L D
T T I E V A H S E Y E E H T N O N E
O L V T O C L Y M M U M D E G G I R
R I E D D L O G S U I N E G G I R T
L V R R A E S T A L A I R U B L V Y
E I N C A S E O F F I R E N T D O E

Now here's an easy one: hidden in the matrix above are the names of twenty one traps from this book. They may be written forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Try to find them all. If you "miss" one perhaps it won't "miss" you!





Now one of my personal favorites: the cryptogram. These are simple transposition codes that are often used to hide clues to the treasure. Any adventurer worth his salt should be able to figure these out with little effort. (To add a little spice, you might try lighting a fuse of some sort as you start, and try to get them all solved before the "Big Bang".) Each of these puzzles is a short quote or message. For each letter in the message I have substituted a different letter of the alphabet. For instance, instead of "E" I might use "R" so that "THE" might come out "ZMR". In any one message I have used the same letter throughout (once you figure that "R" means "E", you can replace all the "R's" in the message with "E's"), but each of the messages uses a different code. You can use the number of times a letter appears in the message as a clue (for example, "E" is the letter used most in the English alphabet), or the length of words (three letter words, for instance, are often "the"). Have fun with number five!

1. SQYD QH DMOYO DXJRY MJCLFU WOOF VOYLUFOV WK SOXO SQXDJPY JXOFD VOJVPK OFQZUM.

2. ESSOVEMUGE GNA DSUX RX VUES KIMTDEFUKX.

3. THIS AS RICH FOLK SUE TOM TIHK GNUR IHH UPON LBO DUNHY.

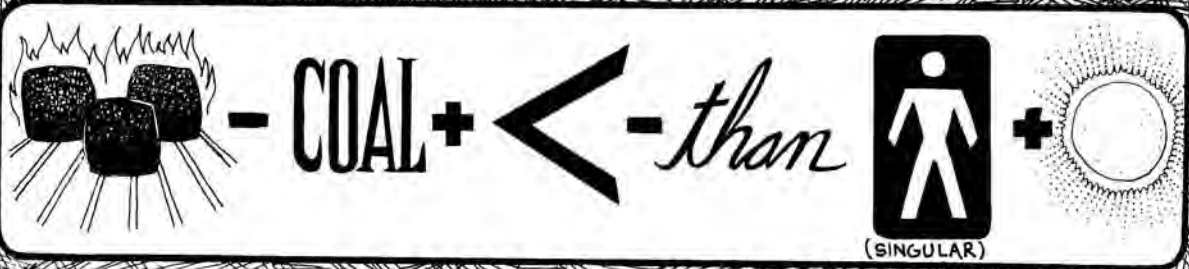
4. TALK AS KONLN LNIKNIBNL FUN BATTNUBVFW RUARFEFIGF.

5. SEX CAN OXN FCT TUG ECS HIS SEX BUS FUS TUG VCS.

REBUS PUZZLE

Below are arranged the names of some of the more notorious contributors to my first two volumes. Their names are as plain as day for a troll to read. However, you humans may have trouble, so I shall explain the rules of a Rebus. You must decipher the picture, then add or subtract letters based on the + or - symbols. A space between pictures with no + or - means the beginning of a new word. Some pictures have a small arrow which points to a specific item in a drawing. Being trollish, I of course put the most difficult one first and the easiest at the end.













1 E	2 E	3 D		4 L	5 D	6 B		7 F	8 B	9 H				
	10 N	11 M	12 M	13 G	14 M	15 Q	16 A	17 E	18 J	19 G				
	20 C	21 K	22 I		23 L	24 P	25 C	26 G		27 Q				
28 A	29 H	30 B		31 H	32 K	33 B	34 F	35 J	36 P	37 L				
38 H	39 Q	40 A		41 D	42 N	43 K	44 L	45 N	46 G	47 N				
48 A		49 F		50 D	51 L		52 K	53 Q		54 M				
55 I	56 J	57 M	58 N	59 F	60 B	61 N	62 M		63 M	64 K				
65 J	66 P	67 J	68 Q	69 G	70 J									



A. ___ ___ ___ ___ Osculate.
48 28 16 40

B. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ Without exception.
6 33 60 8 30

C. ___ ___ Northwest (abbr.)
25 20

D. ___ ___ ___ ___ What every adventurer hopes to get (quickly).
3 50 41 5

E. ___ ___ ___ Many times
2 1 17

F. ___ ___ ___ ___ Something you may lose if you dare to enter Grimtooth's Lair.
59 49 7 34

G. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ A reckoning.
26 69 46 19 13

H. ___ ___ ___ ___ Something you'll find in Grimtooth's Lair.
29 38 31 9

I. ___ ___ Some would say Grimtooth is stronger than one of these.
22 55

J. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ A river in Texas.
35 67 18 56 70 65

K. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ Grimtooth's favorite kind of trap.
32 64 52 43 21

L. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ The condition of the spikes in the "Wet Pit".
23 37 51 4 44

M. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ An instrument for measuring the amperes in your electrical trap.
11 12 14 54 62 57 63

N. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ Kobold.
10 47 45 58 42 61

P. ___ ___ ___ What most adventurers want most after they enter Grimtooth's Lair.
66 24 36

Q. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ Mother of pearl.
53 15 27 68 39

This is a special kind of crossword puzzle. The puzzle is a quote from a well-known magazine. When you get done, the first letters of the clues will spell out the name of the person who said it, and the magazine in which it appeared. You can use the puzzle to help you figure out the clues, or the clues to help you figure out the puzzle. Note that as you fill in the clues, the letters go in the numbered spaces in the puzzle also.

Bye Now!
~Grim



Grimtooth's Traps Too and Fudge

by Ann Dupuis, Joseph P. Gill, and Brett Sanger

Grimtooth's traps are best used as obstacles to provide roleplaying and puzzle-solving opportunities. Much of the interaction between traps and characters (as they try to detect, avoid, or disarm) can be "fudged," handled through description rather than dice rolls. GMs should adjust the Difficulty Levels and other stats to suit specific campaigns.

Fudge Game Stats

We use the following attributes and skills as a "standard" for defining ***Fudge*** game stats for Grimtooth's Traps. GMs should substitute equivalent traits if they don't use the specific attributes and skills listed below.

Reasoning: use when character attempts to disarm a trap. May substitute skills such as Disarm Trap, Engineer, etc.

Perception: use to determine if a character can spot a trap before activating it. May substitute skills such as Detect Traps, Observation, Search, etc. GM may roll in secret.

Willpower: use as a save against magic or when "common sense" may help the character survive. May substitute Magic Resistance Gift, etc.

Strength: use whenever a character needs physical strength to break free of restraints, force open a door, etc. May substitute Escape Artist and similar skills in some situations.

Agility: use when a character attempts to avoid an activated trap by jumping out of the way, etc. May substitute Acrobatics/Tumbling, Balance, Jumping, Running, or other skill based on circumstances.

Health: use when a character has been exposed to poison or extreme physical stress.

Substituting Skills

When substituting a skill check rather than rolling against an attribute, reduce the Difficulty Level by one. For example, if a character tries to climb a wall to escape a trap, the Difficulty Level might be Good for Agility but only Fair if the character uses a Climbing skill. This reflects the advantages of training and experience over raw talent.

Damage Factors

We've assigned Damage Factors to the traps that do physical damage to characters unlucky (or careless) enough to get caught in them. Use these as a guide to determine whether a character is Hurt or worse. Note that many traps have Damage Factors of 9 or higher, indicating that the trap is lethal. The GM decides when "Near Death" becomes "Dead" (instantaneously, in some cases).

Damage:	1-2	3-4	5-6	7-8	9+
Wounds:	Scratch	Hurt	Very Hurt	Incap.	Nr. Death

If you wish to add an element of randomness to the amount of damage done by a sprung trap, adjust damage points by the number of levels by which the character lost the attempt to evade the trap once sprung. For example, if the Difficulty Level for evading a trap is Superb, a character with a Fair Agility result would suffer an additional 3 damage points (having missed the Difficulty Level by 3).

Alternatively, use a Situational Roll to adjust damage points (see *Falling*, next page).

About Fudge

Fudge is a roleplaying game written by Steffan O'Sullivan, with extensive input from the Usenet community of rec.games.design and other online forums. The core rules of ***Fudge*** are available free on the Internet at http://www.fudgerpg.com and other sites. ***Fudge*** was designed to be customized, and may be used with any gaming genre. ***Fudge*** gamemasters and game designers are encouraged to modify ***Fudge*** to suit their needs, and to share their modifications and additions with the ***Fudge*** community. The ***Fudge*** game system is copyrighted ©2000 by Grey Ghost Press, Inc., and is available for use under the Open Game License. See the fudgerpg.com website for more information.

Trademark Notice

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Falling

Use the following chart to determine base damage from a fall. Make a Situational Roll (a roll of Fudge dice or equivalent for a result of –4 to +4, no trait involved) and subtract the result from the damage done. Remember, subtracting a negative number is the same as adding a positive number. If the Situational Roll is Terrible (–3) damage will be increased by 3 points. Then compare the amount of damage to the Wound Track (see *Damage Factors*, above) to determine whether the character is Hurt, Near Death, or whatever.

Distance of Fall (round up)	Damage Points
10'	3
20'	4
30'	5
40'	6
60'	7
80'	8
100'	9
120'	10

Falling characters may attempt to land on their feet and roll with the impact. A Fair or better Acrobatics result or Good Agility allows the character to reduce damage by one Wound Level. For example, a character falling 20' with a Fair Situational Roll (–0 to damage) would normally suffer 4 points (a "Hurt" result). With a a successful Acrobatics or Agility roll, the character would only suffer a "Scratch."

Poisons

Poisons may be rated for their potency, on the Terrible – Superb scale. Effects vary, as do methods of exposure. Contact poisons must touch bare skin to have any effect. Other poisons must be imbibed, or inhaled. Possible effects include unconsciousness, physical damage (equivalent to wounds), paralysis , etc.

When a character is exposed to a poison, make a Health roll and compare against the poison's potency. If the result equals or exceeds the poison's potency, the character fights off the worst effects of the poison and takes reduced damage, suffers lesser effects, or recovers more quickly. The actual effects are up to the GM.

What's Fudge?

Fudge is a customizable roleplaying game that each Game Master adjusts to suit a specific genre, campaign world, and gaming style. Although every ***Fudge*** game will be different, there are some game design decisions at the core of ***Fudge*** that are used by most Game Masters.

Characters and Character Traits

Fudge characters are described by "traits," including attributes, skills, gifts, and faults. ***Fudge*** uses ordinary words to describe attributes and skills:

Superb
Great
Good
Fair
Mediocre
Poor
Terrible

There is an additional level: Legendary, which is beyond Superb. GMs may restrict Legendary traits to non-player characters.

Most attributes default to Fair (average). Most skills default to Poor – it takes training and experience to improve a given skill.

Character creation is also customizable. Players who are comfortable with "just fudging it" may simply describe their characters in ***Fudge*** terms (subject to GM approval). ***Fudge*** also offers several more "objective" methods of character creation.

Action Resolution

For any action the player character wishes to perform, the GM must determine which trait is tested. Some actions are so easy that the character succeeds automatically; others are impossible (no rolls needed).

When the outcome of a given action is uncertain, players roll dice and add the results (from –4 to +4) to their character's trait level. "Fair" plus 2, for example, is "Great." This is compared either to a GM-set Difficulty Level (if the action is unopposed by any character or NPC) or against an opponent's trait level plus dice modifier.

Difficulty Level

The GM will set a Difficulty Level when a character tries an Unopposed Action. If the character's trait plus the dice roll modifier meets or exceeds the Difficulty Level, the action succeeds.

For example, a character with a Fair Detect Trap skill would need a +1 result to detect a trap if the GM has set the Difficulty Level to Good. (Good is one level higher than Fair on the ***Fudge*** trait scale.) A –1 modifier would produce a Mediocre attempt at detecting the trap; unfortunately for the character, not good enough!

Opposed Actions

When a character's actions are Opposed by an opponent, the character's trait plus dice modifier is compared to the opponent's trait plus dice modifier.

Relative Degree

This refers to how well a character did compared to another participant in an Opposed Action. The relative

continued next page...

Grimtooth's Traps Too and Fudge

If the poison is one that causes damage, it should be assigned a Damage Factor. Use the Relative Degree by which the character wins (or loses!) the Health Roll to adjust the damage done. For example, a contact poison with Good Potency and Damage Factor 4 would cause "just a Scratch" with a Superb Health Roll (Damage Factor 4 minus Relative Degree of 2), and would Incapacitate a character who got a Terrible result on the Health Roll (Damage Factor 4 minus Relative Degree of –4 for a total of 8 damage points).

Chapter 1: Room Traps

Beware of Low Ceiling

Fair Perception spots the trap. Superb Agility to jump out of the way. Damage Factor is 10.

The Teeter-Totter Room

Fair Perception spots the trap. Good Agility to jump off. Damage depends on what the characters fall into.

One Way or Another

Great Perception to spot the trap. Superb Agility to avoid. Damage Factor 15 to characters who get squashed. Damage Factor 5 for characters bashed into the room. Damage from pits and chest traps left to GM.

Toe-Tickler

Good Perception to spot the trap. Good Agility to avoid the spears. Damage Factor 4 for spears. Poor or worse Agility roll results in one or more broken shins.

Fire and Ice

Great Perception to spot the trap. Superb Agility to avoid the spikes. Damage Factor 6 for spikes. Opening either trap door will likely be fatal. GMs might allow a Reasoning roll to avoid these trap doors.

Door-Lover's Room

Superb Agility to negotiate the ledge. Spiders should be fairly easy to kill if the delvers decide to do that. Great Perception to detect chute trap. Superb Agility avoids

...continued from previous page

degree is expressed as a number of levels. If a PC gets a result of Mediocre in combat against an opponent with a Good result, the relative degree is -2 from the character's perspective, and +2 from the opponent's perspective. This Relative Degree affects how much damage a character suffers in combat.

Fudge Dice and Other Random Generators

Fudge dice are six-sided dice with two sides marked + (+1), two sides marked - (–1), and two sides left blank (+/–0). Rolling four Fudge dice (4dF) gives results from –4 (sub-Terrible) to +4 (trans-Superb).

Alternative 3d6 dice method: Roll 3 six-sided dice. Add the numbers and compare to the following table:

Rolled								
3-4	5	6-7	8-9	10-11	12-13	14-15	16	17-18
–4	–3	–2	–1	+0	+1	+2	+3	+4
Result								

Wounds

Damage to a character can be described as being at one of seven stages of severity:

Undamaged (no wounds at all)
Just a Scratch (no real game effect)
Hurt (–1 to actions)
Very Hurt (–2 to actions)
Incapacitated (only the most basic actions allowed)
Near Death (unconscious; death without medical help)
Dead

Determining Wound Levels

Fudge offers many ways to track combat damage. The Objective Damage System assumes each character will have an Offensive Damage Factor (the total of modifiers, including any applicable Strength and Scale bonuses, that reflects the deadliness of the weapon used) and a Defensive Damage Factor (the total of modifiers, including Scale and armor, that reflects the character's ability to withstand or avoid damage). To determine how much damage is done in a given combat round, use the following formula:

Winner's Relative Degree + Offensive Damage Factor
– Loser's Defensive Damage Factor

Damage:	1-2	3-4	5-6	7-8	9+
	☐☐☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
Wounds:	Scratch	Hurt	Very Hurt	Incap.	Nr. Death

Most characters can withstand three Scratches, one Hurt, and one Very Hurt. Further Scratches are marked as Hurts, further Hurts are marked as Very Hurt, etc.

For more cinematic games, GMs may adjust the wound boxes, allowing two Hurts instead of one, for example:

Damage:	1-2	3-4	5-6	7-8	9+
	☐☐☐	☐☐	☐	☐	☐
Wounds:	Scratch	Hurt	Very Hurt	Incap.	Nr. Death

Free Fudge!

You can download a free copy of the ***Fudge*** roleplaying game at http://www.fudgerpg.com.

dropping into the chute. Superb Agility allows delver to catch himself in the chute. Good Climbing allows delver to climb back up the chute. Factor is as per falling 30 feet, plus any damage caused by giant poisonous spiders (Poison Potency = Fair, Effect = Paralyzation)

See-Saw Room

No Perception roll needed to spot the secret doors. Superb Perception required to notice trap nature of room. Superb Agility to avoid getting squished by the statues once the trap is sprung. Damage depends on what the GM puts into the glass globes.

You Rang?

Fair Engineering or similar skill to notice nature of room. Damage Factor 5 for swinging ball. Characters falling from the ball take 15' falling damage. Characters will be Deafened (Stunned) for one minute (–1 to all actions).

Dinner Gong

Good Perception spots the trap. Good Reasoning disables the generator. Superb Strength to free oneself. Game Master determines monster.

The Hall of the Memorial Carpet

Great Perception reveals nature of trap. Good Reasoning disables the mechanism. The trap is fatal if activated. Players should be able to figure out that alcoves are safe zones; allow characters to notice this with a Mediocre Reasoning if the players miss it.

The Safe-Cracker's Nemesis

Good Perception identifies nature of the floor. Great Reasoning disables the mechanism. Superb Lockpicking to open the safe if the GM decides there's a secret door behind it. If there is no secret passageway, no attempt to open the safe will be successful; each attempt will cause the floor to retract. GM determines depth of pit and difficulty level for jumping across. Great Agility to climb around the pit using the joint between wall and sliding floor.

Troll's Bridge-Work

Great Perception to find pressure plate or notice nature of trap. Fair Reasoning to disable the pressure plate. Characters must be clever to escape; Superb difficulty level.

Cretin in the Circular Citadel

Great Reasoning to divine the reason for the slack expressions. Superb Willpower roll to resist the geas (characters with any form of magic resistance will get a bonus).

Death of 1000 Slices

Good Perception to notice that the walls will fold in when trap is triggered. Superb Agility to avoid getting sliced when sprung. Good Agility to negotiate the daggers (Great if greased). Great Reasoning disables mechanism. Damage Factor 9 for falling walls. Damage Factor 2 for dagger if character falls.

Roulette Room

Great Perception to spot and nullify effectiveness of trap. Superb Agility to avoid getting tossed out. Legendary Reasoning to disable the mechanism. Superb Reasoning to avoid confusion. Superb Agility to avoid falling. If the GM includes the bouncing ball, a character will be hit by the ball on a Situational Roll of Poor or worse. Damage Factor 4.

The Ceiling Trap

Superb Perception to spot trap. Legendary Reasoning to disable. Damage Factor 20.

Burial at Sea

This trap should be roleplayed. Characters who can't swim probably won't drown as it's all over in 4 minutes – but you can make them think they will! Feel free to include additional traps or monsters beyond the outflow hole.

Fruits of Misfortune

Superb Perception to notice gas after fruit is picked. Gas functions as poison (Potency = Fair +1 for each fruit picked, Effect = Unconsciousness). GM may add monsters to take advantage of the incapacitated characters.

Let Me At 'Em

Superb Perception to spot trap. Legendary Reasoning to disable. Damage Factor 20.

Lodes of Fun

Fair Perception to spot secret door. Superb Perception to spot fan activator on plain door, Superb Reasoning to disable the fan activator. Legendary Reasoning to disable fan after activation. Lodestone covered armor is –2 to all actions.

The Better Mousetrap

Superb Reasoning to deactivate mousetrap itself. Superb Reasoning to deactivate pressure plate under the striker. Cats will be freed if trap is triggered. Legendary Agility to avoid being hit by the striker if on pressure plate. Damage Factor 4 for striker.

Kiss of Death

Legendary Agility to avoid the sword thrust. Damage Factor 4 – character will be Near Death (or dead) if hit in the head. This trap is magical in nature, and cannot be deactivated without dispelling the magic (and hence any possibility of a boon).

Another Brick Through the Wall

Fair Perception to spot nature of the false wall. Superb Reasoning to prevent the grate from activating if located

on a Superb perception to find the activation device. Damage Factor 2 for fake wall. Damage Factor 20 for grate.

Sink or Swim

Fair Perception to notice true nature of the floor. Great Reasoning to disable the floor draining mechanism. Good Perception to discover secret door. Great Agility to avoid being hit by the water. Damage Factor 4 for spikes.

Archimedes Revenge

Superb Perception to spot nature of trap. Fair Perception to find the secret door. Fair Reasoning to prevent secret door from opening if nature of trap and secret door have been discovered. Damage depends on what's behind the secret door.

Shock Treatment

Superb Perception to determine nature of trap. Superb Reasoning to disable. Poor Agility to avoid falling spear; Superb Agility to avoid electrocution. Damage Factor 3 for spear, 8 for shocking damage.

Chapter 2: Corridor Traps

Shower Of Gold

Legendary Perception to divine the nature of the trap (Great Perception will reveal the seam in the floor). Superb Reasoning to deduce a means to disable the trap. Superb Agility to avoid the shower of gold. Damage Factor 4, but characters trapped underneath the shower will continue to take damage until freed or the gold runs out.

Acid Rain

Great Perception to reveal the seam in the floor, Superb Perception to notice the basic functioning of the trap. Superb Reasoning to disable the mechanism. Superb Agility to avoid the damage, otherwise treat the acid as an external poison (Potency = Good, Damage Factor 4).

Wet Pit

Superb Perception to notice the trap, should anyone be looking for it. Great Agility to leap away before the floor falls away. Great Reasoning to disable the trap. For maximum effect, try to convince the players they are in truly desperate straits.

Whipped-Cream Pit

Superb Perception to notice the trap. Once noticed, Great Reasoning can disable the trap. Great Agility to leap away if the trap is triggered. Treat all tasks done within Whipped Cream as one level more difficult.

Moebius Hallway

Superb Perception will notice the nature of the walkway before long, and if the characters become suspicious, Superb Reasoning will also determine its method. Falling rules apply to characters who step off. Generous GMs will reduce falling damage for characters who prepare themselves or attempt to put themselves nearest to "vertical."

Now You See It, Now You're Dead!

Superb Perception to notice the mirrors. Once suspicious, Superb Perception can discover the nature of the trap and avoid it. If sprung, Superb Agility can twist and ricochet the character so as to avoid all significant damage, otherwise the Damage Factor is 6.

Suspension Ladder

Great Perception will notice the nature of the upper rungs, hopefully before the trap is sprung. Superb Agility can grasp the ladder as a rung falls away. Superb Reasoning can disable the mechanism once it is discovered (requires Superb Perception and a search, which might be difficult if the trap has been sprung!) Damage as per a 40' fall.

Step This Way, Please

Superb Agility can dodge the jet of flame. Superb Reasoning can disable the trap, but since the "secret" of the trap isn't the pressure plate but instead what happens when the door opens, the characters may be injured regardless. Superb Agility is required to avoid the post. Damage Factor 4 for the flame, Damage Factor 5 for the post.

Fore!

Superb Agility to avoid the oncoming boulder (Damage Factor 6). Superb Perception can locate the trigger if sought, and Superb Reasoning can disable it.

Beware Flash Flood

Great Perception will notice the bell Superb Reflexes to cross without causing the bell to ring (increase difficulty if more than one character is moving across the bridge at once) Once the bell is reached, it can be disabled with a Mediocre Reasoning roll. Superb Perception (again, assuming range of vision) will notice something odd about the ceiling.

We All Fall Down

Great Perception will notice the floor seam 20' from the door. Superb Perception can find the mechanism, which can be disabled with a Good Reasoning roll.

Beer Barrel Stairwell

Superb Perception to notice the trapped step. If sprung, wrenching the trapped leg free before the barrels hit requires a Good Strength roll (one chance only) and causes a Scratch. Characters not trapped can avoid the barrels with Great Agility rolls. A trapped character can free himself without injury if there's no hurry. Damage Factor 5 for barrels.

Grimtooth's Traps Too and Fudge

Hit 'Im Where He Ain't

Superb Perception to find trap if searching. Good Reasoning to disable. If sprung, Great Agility to avoid (Good Agility if the character jumps forward.) Damage Factor is 5 either way, but impaling yourself is more embarrassing.

I'll Take A Stab At That

Damage Factor is determined by the character's own attack, handled as an Unopposed Action (the character's not expecting to be stabbed in the back!) with Difficulty Level Mediocre. Magical senses may notice the nature of the trap.

Oil's Well That Ends Well

Great Perception will notice something odd about the room's paneling. Magical senses might notice the wall over the pit or the invisible walkway. Damage Factor is 10.

Russian Roulette Stairway

Good Perception will reveal the odd construction of the stairs as extremely suspicious. Superb Perception can find the trigger stairs, and Superb Reasoning can disable once found (or common sense can avoid them.) Great Agility can avoid damage from each trap, and each damaging trap has Damage Factor 3.

Spring Slab

Great Perception will notice the suspicious stone (not to mention the dark spot on the ceiling...). Damage Factor is 10, Superb Agility can leap off in time.

Bee-Hive Trap

Superb Perception will detect the trigger. If sprung, each character that doesn't have sufficient cover (such as another character!) will suffer Damage Factor 5.

The Double Scythe

Superb Perception to detect the trigger (the grooves for the scythes may be noticed with Good Perception). Great Reasoning to disable the trigger. A Great Agility roll is required to dodge each blade. Damage Factor is 6 for one blade, 10 if struck by both.

The Pendulum

Superb Perception is required to notice the trap or detect the trigger. Superb Reasoning can disable the trigger. Damage Factor is 10. Play up the effects of the non-lethal damage, depending on where the character was struck.

Pyromaniac's Comet

Damage Factor 6 if the gas explodes. Note that a dropped torch, or one carried by a short character, will also touch off the gas.

There and Back Again

Great Perception will notice the trap (skeletons amid the spikes might serve as a clue). Great Reasoning can prevent it from triggering. Damage Factor 5 if impaled. Hints of potential treasure amongst the skeletons can invoke player greed, making the characters easy prey.

The Mangler

Great Perception will notice the spearholes. Great Perception can detect the trigger, and Good Reasoning can disable it. Superb Agility can avoid damage, otherwise it is Damage Factor 10.

Rocky Point

Good Perception will notice the trapdoor. Superb Agility to avoid falling. Damage Factor depends on depth of pit – doubled due to the boulders, plus 2 for spikes.

Only Time Will Tile

Superb Perception to discern the nature of the floor. Great Agility will save a character from falling through the plaster. Damage Factor is as per distance fallen.

Meet the Pit

Magical senses may detect the illusion if the far side is disguised with an illusion rather than mechanical means. Superb Agility to save oneself from a fall. Damage Factor as per falling, plus 2 for spikes.

In Case of Fire

The best way to escape this trap without magic is to avoid it entirely (Good Perception or Reasoning to discern nature of black rocks; Superb Perception to notice the Orc with the lantern). Superb Agility will avoid damage only if the character is near the entrance when the trap is sprung. The trap is almost certainly fatal otherwise (Damage Factor 10 for each successive damage-inflicting circumstance).

Too Many Tentacles

Superb Perception to notice the cracks in the steel wall if examining it. Tentacles have Combat Skill Fair, Damage Factor 1 plus Poison (Potency=Fair, Effect = Damage, Damage Factor 4). Great Perception to notice each pressure plate, including the one that springs the steel wall trap. Damage as per trap sprung by pressure plate (falling damage for pits, etc.). Great Agility to avoid any sprung trap, except for the steel wall, which requires Superb Agility to leap up into the tentacles above to get out of the way. If pushed through the gelatinous wall, it's a matter of swimming to the surface (Great Swimming skill needed) while avoiding or defeating the kraken.

Chute the Loop

Great Perception to notice the trap before falling into the chute. Good Agility to avoid falling into it. Legendary

Agility needed to climb back up the chute before succumbing to the loop portion of the trap.

Amazing Ginsu Chute

Great Perception to notice the chute, Good Agility to avoid falling into it otherwise. Legendary Agility to climb back up the chute. Damage Factor 10 if character doesn't manage to slow descent before the split and isn't wearing solid armor.

Dead End

Great Perception to notice the chute, otherwise Good Agility to avoid falling into it. Great Perception to notice guillotine blade, Legendary Reasoning (and some means to stop descent) to disable it. Damage Factor depends on length of chute (treat as Falling except decrease Wound severity by one level). Damage Factor 2 for spikes.

Emergency Exit

Superb Agility to grab the edge of the chute before launching into the air at the exit end. Legendary Agility to climb back up the very long chute.

Chuting Gallery

Great Agility to land gracefully and ready to fight or dodge. Combat difficulties and damage factors as per monsters in barracks.

Chapter Three: Door Traps

Double Trap

Superb Perception discerns the true nature of this trap, though a kind GM might lower this by one if the player specifically states that the character is checking the door. Superb Reasoning disables the trap, but any result of Fair or worse sets it off. A Great Agility check avoids the Damage Factor 9 smash/spike combo.

Sandman/Doorman

Superb Perception spots this trap. Superb Reasoning disables it, but any result of Poor or worse will break the glass doors and start the reaction. The sleeping gas has Great Potency but causes no damage; affected characters will sleep for ten minutes for each level by which they missed their Health roll.

Spring Cleaver

Good Perception to discern the nature of this trap. Superb Reasoning disables the trap, but any result of Fair or worse sets it off. A Great Agility roll avoids all damage; otherwise consider the hand Incapacitated.

Shrieker Shrinker

Superb Perception spots this trap. Superb Reasoning disables the trap. Great Agility to roll under the falling portcullises (Damage Factor 8). Once the portcullises have dropped, Superb Perception may spot the second trap; Superb Reasoning disables it. Great Agility to tumble through the open door and avoid damage. Damage Factor 12 for the stone block.

The Catastrophic Keyhole

Superb Perception spots this trap. Superb Reasoning disables the trap. Great Agility to avoid injury from the Damage Factor 10 explosion, but Superb or better is necessary to avoid blindness.

2x4 Headache

Superb Perception spots this trap. Superb Reasoning disables the trap. Great Agility to duck in time. Damage Factor 7.

What You Don't Know Will Hurt You

This trap should be nearly impossible to detect prior to entering the revolving door. Once inside, Great Perception to spot the pit, otherwise Superb Agility to keep from falling in. Damage as per "Falling," adjusted for spikes, etc.

Backstabber

Superb Perception spots this trap. Superb Reasoning to disable. Great Agility to avoid the pole. Damage Factor 10 plus poison (Potency = Good, Effect = Damage 6).

Chapter 4: Items

They Cried With Their Boots On

Magical senses may detect this trap. Superb Willpower (or Magic Resistance) will allow the character to remove his hand from the dagger, but only a single roll is allowed. Good Agility to remove the boots without difficulty.

Magnetic Armbands

Magical senses may detect this trap. Mediocre Agility avoids dislocated shoulder (treat affected arm as Hurt for penalties and healing purposes). Great Strength required to separate armbands. All skills requiring the use of the hands or arms will be at a –3 while the armbands are joined.

Slime Gauntlet

The only game mechanic necessary to enjoy this magical gauntlet is good old-fashioned roleplaying!

Glue Gems

A Superb Perception roll *might* allow the character to notice "something strange" about these "gems." A Great Alchemy roll will reveal the gems' true nature.

Smokey Torch

Superb Perception to notice the noxious chemicals midway down the torch-head. Good Alchemy can identify. Other than extinguishing the flame early, there is no way to disable this "trap." Once smoking, visually based Perception rolls are at -2 penalty. Noxious smoke acts as poison (Potency = Great, Effect = coughing, choking, gagging).

Scold's Bridle

Magical senses may detect the nature of the crown. Once donned, only the appropriate magic will allow the crown to be removed.

For Someone Special

If a character looks under the cloth, make an Opposed Agility check against the basilisk's Superb Agility. If the character loses, he's turned to stone. A Great Health roll or magic resistance may resist the basilisk's gaze.

Gallium Grapple

Like the other items in this chapter, this is mostly a role-playing hook. Great Alchemy to recognize the gallium and be aware of its properties.

Excaliber Reprise

Radiation poisoning can be handled as a daily Health roll. After exposure for a suitable time (a month is good), require a Health roll every day. Symptoms of radiation sickness appear on a Mediocre result. On a Poor or worse Health roll, the character loses a level of Health as well.

Swiss Army Sword

Great Perception to notice the nature of the hilt. A Good Combat Roll with the sword frees the blade from the rear supports. Great Agility to avoid injury. Damage Factor 3.

Funny Money Trap

This is a magical trap immune to mundane detection.

The Heavy Coins Trap

Superb Perception to notice the coating, though not its function. Fair Alchemy to determine how to remove it.

The 'Don't Sweat It' Polearm

Superb Perception to notice the coating, Fair Alchemy to determine how to remove it. Actions involving the hands (including combat) are at -1 due to inability to shift grip.

Matchless Shield

Great Perception to spot the shield's abnormalities. Great Agility to drop the shield before being injured. Damage Factor 5, all to the shield arm.

The End of Your Rope

Good Agility to release the rope prior to his hands being burned. Treat a burned palm as a Scratch, but it's very painful to hold anything in your hand. Additional damage as per "Falling" if the rope was being used to climb.

Chapter 5: Things

Epoxy Trap

Mostly a role playing situation. Superb Strength can rip the owners out of their footwear, but not break the epoxy.

Napalm Rocks

Great Perception to notice the true nature of the "rocks." Damage Factor 4; flammable equipment may be damaged.

Genius Gold

Mostly a role playing situation. Great Perception might notice something strange after some time.

Spiderweb Fuse Trap

A suspicious character can find the fuses with Superb Perception. Damage Factor is 10.

Miss Moffat Engine of Destruction

Superb Perception to notice trap. Damage Factor 4; flammable equipment may be damaged.

Black Widow Pinata

The spiders are easy to kill, one by one. They are poisonous (Potency = Good, Effects = intense pain and cramping; paralysis and even death in more severe cases.)

Hellevator

Treat Chlorine as poison (Potency = Good, Effects = Damage 4 per10 minutes; eye, nose, and throat irritation).

The Trojan Dragon

This is a role playing situation. Superb Perception from a charging character, or Good Perception from a character that hangs back, to notice something odd about the dragon. Good Strength to free blades trapped in the dragon mock-up. The rest of the encounter depends on what type of monster is using the dragon to ambush the characters.

Crossed Swords

Superb Perception by a suspicious character will reveal the trap, and Superb Reasoning can deactivate the trap. Damage Factor is 10 to anyone within 5' of the fireplace.

Water that Glimmers, Shimmers, and Kills

Superb Perception to notice something wrong about the water, or Great Perception if light stronger than torchlight is used. Damage Factor 10.

Grimtooth's Traps Too and Fudge

Paranoid Frustrator

This is a role playing hook. Note that increase is in appearance only, not the effectiveness of the item that is altered.

The Eyes Have It

This is a role playing hook.

Fireman's Pole

Treat this as a pit trap, with damage as per "Falling." Great Agility to stop descent before hitting the end of the too-short pole. Superb Agility to climb up the pole.

Tumble Toidee

Treat this as a pit trap, with damage as per "Falling." Legendary Agility to keep from falling into the pit if trap is activated while sitting.

Fibber McGee's Closet of Caltrops

Great Reflexes will avoid all damage. Damage Factor 4.

The First Sign of Danger

Great Agility to avoid being smashed in the face. Damage Factor 4.

Leaping Wizards

Ideally this is a role playing adventure to save the unfortunate character as she sails upwards. Should all attempts be unsuccessful, treat impact with the ceiling as though the character had "Fallen" the distance from the board to the ceiling.

The Accordion Throne

Superb Agility to leap out of the throne in time. Superb Strength check to free a character trapped by the throne. Damage Factor is 8.

The Blotomoto Trap

This is an opportunity for role playing. Contact poison (Potency = Great, Effect = extremely painful swelling). If it becomes relevant, the character is at a -2 to all tasks that require use of the affected limb.

Rigged Mummy

Exploding mummy does Damage Factor 10, reduced for characters farther than 10' away or with cover. Great Agility reduces Wound level by one (Very Hurt becomes Hurt, etc.).

The 101st Trap

Just fudge it!

Sample Monsters

When creating "monsters" for ***Fudge,*** simply describe them in ***Fudge*** terms, using only those traits that are likely to come into use during an encounter. Leave everything else to description and role-playing.

Kraken

Kraken are enormous, intelligent, malevolent squid-like creatures. They live in the depths of the ocean, but may come to the surface to hunt and wreak havoc. They've been known to drag entire galleons beneath the waves.

Combat: Good
Attacks: 8 tentacles, beak
Special: Jet propulsion, ink cloud
Scale: 25 (In ***Fudge***, Scale measures mass/strength/size; it acts as a modifier to Offensive and Defensive Damage Factors. Humans are Scale 0 in most ***Fudge*** games. While the Kraken's size makes it hard to kill, it cannot exert its entire mass in combat – hence the disparity between its Offensive and Defensive Damage Factors.)
Offensive Damage Factors (includes Scale):
Tentacles 10
Beak 10
Defensive Damage Factors (includes Scale):
Body and Head: 25
Tentacles: 10
Combat Notes: Once a Tentacle hits a character, it can grab and hold, continuing to do 4 points of squeezing damage each combat round. Wounds inflicted on a tentacle affect that tentacle only, not the beast as a whole. Wounds inflicted on the body and head *do* affect the beast as a whole. The Kraken can eject a cloud of black ink, causing Terrible Visibility in the area.

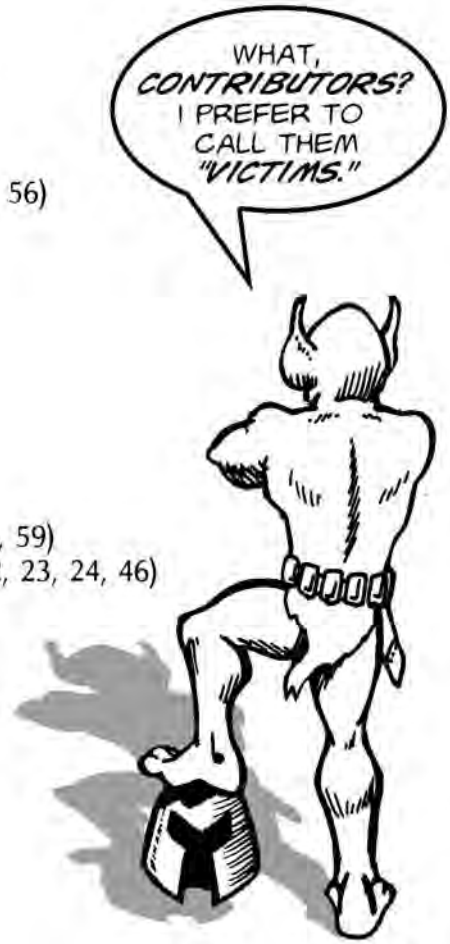
Orc

Orcs are humanoids that subsist mostly by raiding and pillaging other communities (human or otherwise). They are hairy, brutish, and tusked.

Combat: Fair
Attacks: By weapon (battleaxe, shortsword most common)
Special: Some orcs may use primitive magic
Offensive Damage Factors: By weapon
Club: +1
Shortsword: +2
BattleAxe: +4
Add Strength bonus if individual is particularly strong
Defensive Damage Factor: By armor, plus Toughness +1
Unarmored: +1
Leather Armor: +2
Heavy Leather Armor: +3
Combat Notes: An orc's combat style depends on brute force rather than finesse or skill. ■

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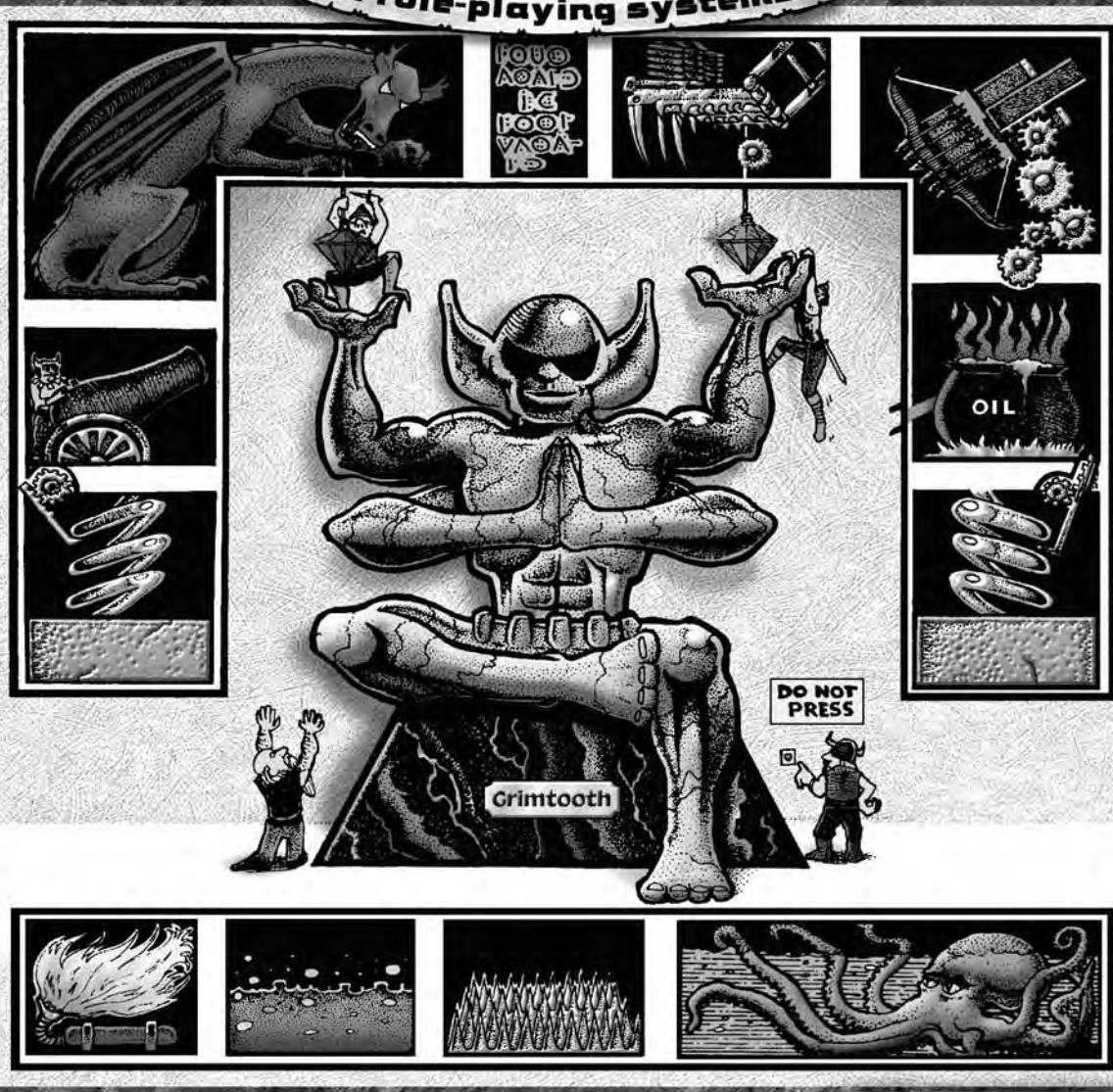
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GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS FORE

A game-master's aid for all role-playing systems



101 More Traps for Use with any Role-Playing System

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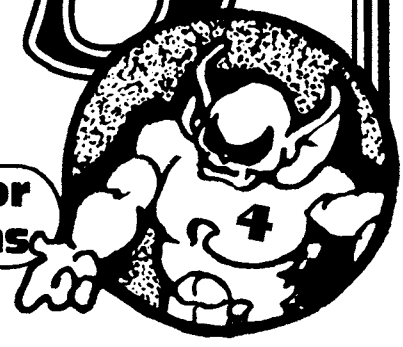


"I'm not really supposed to be in Traps Fore, but I found this blank page and snuck on anyways. Don't tell my Big Brother..."

-- Grimtina the Trollette

page 190

Grimtooth's TRAPS FORE



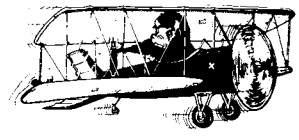
a game-master's aid for all role-playing systems

an anthology of agonies
compiled with fiendish glee and tender care
to accelerate the execrably lethargic
extinction of the miserable creatures who,
in their temerarious fits of egotism,
have the audacity to style themselves Heroes.

edited by
Elizabeth T. Danforth
Michael A. Stackpole

cover & new artwork by
Steven S. Crompton

illustrations from the 1st edition by
Michael von Glahn



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ATTENTION



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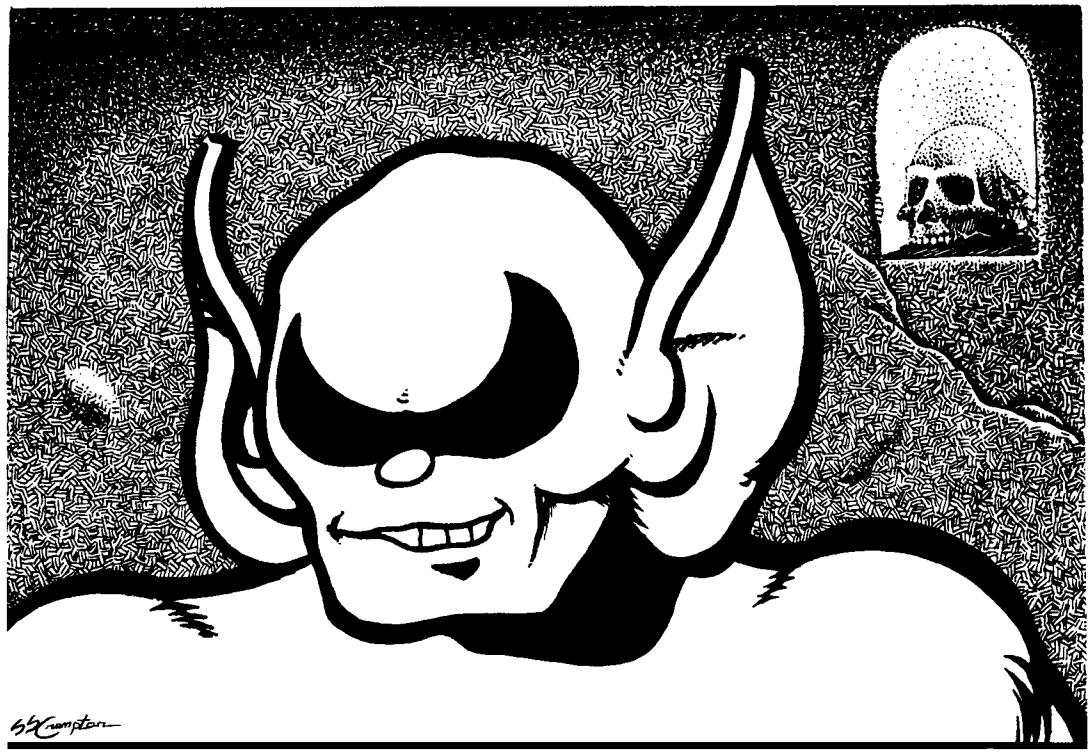
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A Word From Grimtooth



Here, for your edification and delight, is another volume of traps. Each of these traps has a full description that should make its intricate workings obvious to even the most careless of readers. The skull rating located next to each trap is equally as simple - the more skulls you see, the deadler the trap is.

This brings me to a nagging, painful problem that some of you seem to have when dealing with my previous books on traps. Many of you seem to think the traps are *too deadly,* as if such a thing were possible. Many of you continue to think this way, even after I carefully explained you could adjust and customize the traps yourself to dull or possibly whet the lethality of each offering.

At times I am left to wonder why I even bother to share my wisdom with you, when you so callously ignore it.

Any fool can kill adventurers with incredible ease, and perhaps my traps have merely given them new and more complex weapons. If this is true, it is a pity. I have found killing not nearly so much fun as terrifying.

The most delicate and vulnerable part of any delver cannot be armored, it cannot be strengthened by magic or regrown after drinking a potion. I speak of course of the character's ego. All to often it is forgotten and left unmarred by Dungeon Masters who scarcely deserve such an honored title. It is to the pursuit of ego shredding that this new volume of traps is dedicated.

Some of you have asked where my third book of traps is. To start this book off right, and show you how fragile egoes actually are, I've forced one of my human aides to humble himself and reveal how HE blundered and lost my third tome. I hope you find it as informative as he finds it humiliating.

But enough of that. Please, sit back and prepare to discover the joys of inflicting etherial as well as physical damage. Steel cuts well, but ridicule cuts deeper, and the scars, while invisible, hurt nonetheless.

– Grimtooth





A [sic] Humiliating word from the Editor

Despite what Grimtooth said in his editorial, ah, I'm not really to blame for the third book vanishing like that. Um, I just drew the short straw and was forced to write this explanation and apology to you.

Back when we'd finished the third book, we were joking around and suggested that we send a couple of proof copies (pre-publication copies of the book) to certain foreign and domestic intelligence agencies. I thought we'd get letters back thanking us, and we could use them in advertising; you know, "The book with traps so horrible the FBI refused to buy it," kind of stuff. I thought it was a good idea, and with Grimtooth's bregrudged blessing, I sent the books out.

Grimtooth went off on a well deserved vacation, we sent the book to press, and I waited for letters from the agencies. I didn't get letters: I got action.

Before we knew it, a US agency - acting illegally within the borders of the US, I might add - descended on our offices and took all our copies and files for the project. Then the printer called and said bunches of guys with funny accents hit him and took all the printed copies of the book, his plates, and the negatives! Inside an hour, all traces of the book were gone.

Needless to say, Grimtooth was not happy. He stormed around the offices and I said we could sue to get the books back, but he only glared at me and said he'd take action. Now, no one here believes that the release of a secret CIA guerrilla manual, and the death of a Soviet leader were more than coincidentally connected in time to the Traps fiasco, but Grimtooth has been grinning like a saber-toothed cat since then, and I guess your having this book in your hands proves he got some sort of a message across to the right people.

We have been informed that the third traps book will be declassified in the late 1990's so maybe we can get it to you after all. Until then, you'll just have to be content with the fine collection of traps right here. --Michael A Stackpole

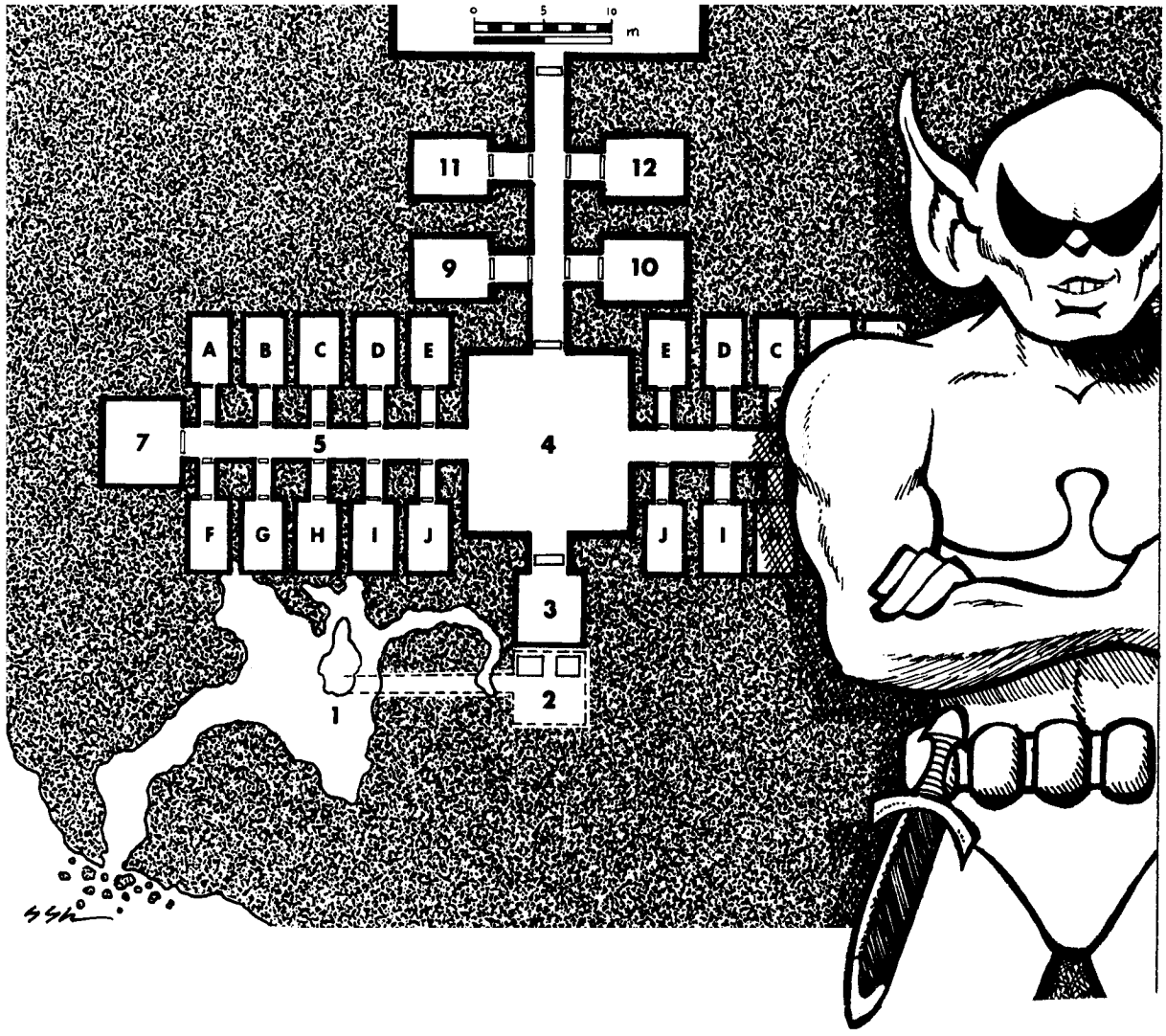


A Message from the Publisher

The above was an amusing joke when we wrote it back in 1986. However, with the invasion of the Steve Jackson Games offices by the Secret Service this year, along with the confiscation of all copies of their planned GURPS Cyberpunk game book (under the claim that it was a 'handbook for computer crime'), suddenly the joke is less funny. It was just a joke. Honest. There was no third book of traps. And the above joke (printed in 1986) was not a psychic prediction by Flying Buffalo that such a raid was going to happen to someone in the game industry. And for that matter, the fact that in 1987 we printed a map for our World Wide Battle Plan play by mail game that shows Iraq and Kuwait as one country was also just a coincidence. Trust me on this. There is no world wide conspiracy, and I am definitely not part of it.

Flying Buffalo is not a front for the CIA. Nor the FBI. Or even the KGB. Really. Definitely!

— Rick Loomis



Room Traps

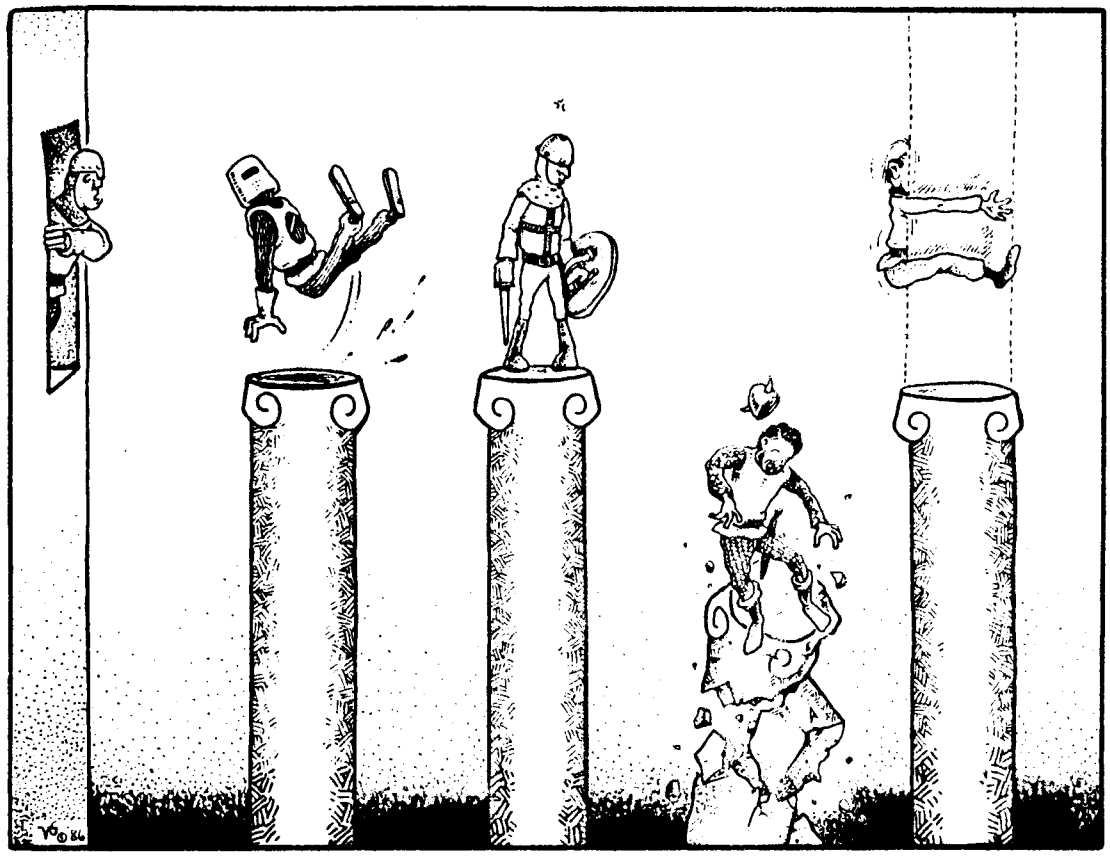
I believe it was Napoleon's mother who first said, "Good things come in small packages," but she obviously had reason to lie. Many people view the height of creativity as being able to assemble a hideous engine of destruction and place it inside a tiny object; an object far too small to be able to cause any destruction at all. Those small minded individuals lack the imagination to be able to conceive of havoc on such a massive scale that only a room could contain it.

Room traps are the bread and butter, the meat and potatoes, of dungeons spiced with traps and trick to ensnare the unwary. The necessary complexity of an entire room that is a trap delights me no end. What delver can ever feel safe when he just knows death lurks beneath the polished floor, or while he expects the walls to open and mayhem undreamed of in his worst nightmares explodes all around him?

Room traps are not simple devices to construct. They take time and careful planning to create. The ultimate room traps combine innocent surroundings with destructive capabilities that dwarf the potential of a modern army. The first room trap in this tome just such a trap and is more than worthy of its starting position.

Occasionally a trap is sent to me by someone passing himself off as "merely human." But I can tell a trollish design when I see one. Such attempt at deception was the submission of this room trap, **The Peerless Pillar Room,** submitted by a troll-kin masquerading under the nom de plume of Mad Roy Cram. Blood will out.

The room of pillars is meant to hamper tomb robbers, and it is well to locate it in a tomb because the survival rate of the robbers is not going to be very high. The room is large and deep, featuring five rows of five pillars in each row. The pillars are 30' high, at least, and only the cut-away tops are at the party's level. The pillars that rise from shadow-shrouded depths are each three feet in diameter; there are four feet between each pillar and its closest neighbors. The pillars are polished and greased, so climbing or clinging to them is impossible. There are no exits from this room at the level of the pillars' bases, but there are seven doors around the room at the same level as the tops of the pillars. While every door has a 24" wide ledge before it, only one door leads deeper into the complex.



The appropriate task of jumping from one pillar-top to the next might seem simple. It is not. Any character in heavy armor will have difficulty with his or her momentum, and could tumble off the edge of any pillar if unlucky or clumsy. That, however, is likely to be the least of the possible problems. Roy has provided a sample of traps for the individual pillars, and with such inspiration, more can surely be invented as needed.

One pillar is made of fragile material that will crumble under 75 pounds of weight. A long fall. Another pillar, slightly similar, is hollow; its plaster top will break through with the sudden weight of a jumping character. The kicker to that pillar is that the solid circumference of the pillar is metal, with a sharpened edge to sever ropes and quick fingers. Another pillar actually extends all the way to the ceiling - it just doesn't look it. Glass or a magically invisible wall will correct the assumptions of the character who "jumped to his conclusion." Another surprise in store is the pillar with a top that has been well greased. My favorite of all is the two-pillar trap: playing "follow the leader" is deadly when jumping on one pillar sends the last one flying up into the ceiling, provided there's at least 75 pounds worth of delver standing on it.

And do not forget there are six sham doors; any or all of them could have nasty things hiding behind...!

Children's games have an underlying fiendishness that is usually attributed to the extraordinarily rotten or the homicidally insane. Ben Curtis has adapted the children's party game of Musical Chairs into the terribly twisted **Musical Squares**. Let the music begin...

The room with this trap has two doors - I recommend that it be an important point of transit between one area and another, just so the characters can come to appreciate your cleverness through repeated encounters and increasing familiarity. An area just inside the door has a pressure plate which detects the passage of individuals, and thereby "counts" the number in the party. (Characters who are flying at this time will only be making things worse for themselves, as you should realize as you read on.) Immediately after the last person enters the room, the door through which the party entered slams & locks.

Before them the characters now see a very large room with the only useful exit on the far (far, far) side of the room. There are numerous black squares, 3' on a side, at random places around the floor.

The trap is activated when someone touches one of the black squares. Since there is a collection of black squares immediately surrounding the doors, this is extremely likely.

A mild creaking groan from overhead should draw the delvers' attentions. Openings in the ceiling appear, directly corresponding to the black squares below. There may be more black squares than there are openings, since there are exactly as many openings as there are characters in the room (except for those who didn't activate the pressure plate upon entering.) One normal human-sized character will fit - safely - on a black square. If the characters hustle their buns to leap onto a square, they *will* be safe when the ceiling descends *en masse* one minute later. The hole in the ceiling above a



black square on the floor means the character on the square will not be crushed.

The ceiling retracts. Anyone who wasn't on a black square beneath a hole in the ceiling is now flatter than ... well, if his friends want to take him home for burial, they'd better have a putty knife to remove his remains.

Now, the fact that there were individuals on the black squares means the trap is still set. One minute later, the ceiling will come down again, perhaps with a slight warning click just to give the characters a chance to scramble for safety again. However...

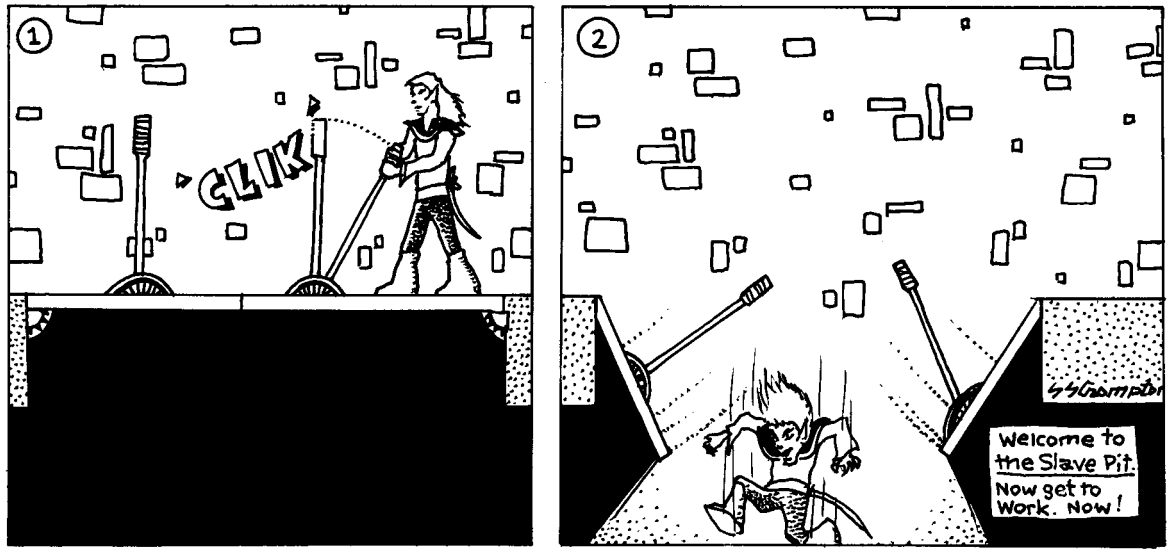
This time there is one less safe square than there was before.

This "unsafeness" can be relatively kind (a pit opens beneath the character's feet, and he or she plummets to be captured below in a slave holding pen) or the "unsafeness" can be thoroughly unkind (a pillar slams through the open area, crushing the in-hapless-itant of that square seconds after he or she thinks safety is assured). Either way, give them a moment to scream: it'll get the others excited.

If the room is large enough, it could take at least 2 or 3 slamming ceilings before the fastest sprinter can reach the other side. Rooms that large can be awkward, so covering the floor of a smaller room with a layer of sand over harder rock can slow the delvers down. Sand is devilishly hard to run fast in, and it is the logical result of a ceiling smashing down on rock over a long period of time. The painful result of getting caught off a black square would be *slightly* mediated, but probably not enough to keep body and soul together. Besides, sandy wounds are always a bother to keep clean.

Of course there are other ways to coerce the characters into remaining a little longer. Try dropping a little treasure down on each survivor's square. The treasure gets better and better the longer the characters remain and take their chances in the room. Or hide the exit door. That's always good for an extra round of scrambling.

Ben really can't leave well enough alone, either. The final "gag" in this room won't work more than once, but perhaps it will offer a place for the inventive to add small changes with each encounter. At the exit of the room are two levers, one on either wall well away from the door. Anyone curious or foolish enough to pull one of these levers finds they both do the same thing: the floor tilts away from the wall and dumps the characters down into the slave holding pits beneath the main floor.



Mike Stackpole, like Ben Curtis, has a fiendish fascination with Musical Chairs and the implications it has for a pack of delving characters. **Odd Man Out** offers characters a chance to show their greediest, most selfish sides - and a chance for the good-hearted (if any) to catch them at it. This is a room set to induce serious role -playing; give the players room and time to do so.

The characters are introduced to this room via a chute that seals up behind them. The rooms appears to have no exits, and ordinary searching will find nothing. Even magical searches will prove fruitless. On the wall are a series of pictographs which show: a copper coin with a hole in it, an unusual dagger, a key, a small rock, a peacock feather, an intricately knotted piece of rope, a small featureless box, a scroll, and a twig. At the end of this odd sequence of items are the words "is freedom."

In the center of the room is a large plain table. On the table the characters will find a number of copper coins with a hole. There are as many coins as there are characters - almost. Actually one character will find himself without a coin: if there are ten characters there are only nine coins on the table.

Eventually all the characters, but one, will take up a coin. After all, nothing else happens until all the coins are gone. When the last coin has been taken, all lights extinguish for a few seconds. When the room is lit again, the character without the coin is *gone,* and on the table are a number of unusual daggers... again, short by one of enough to go around.

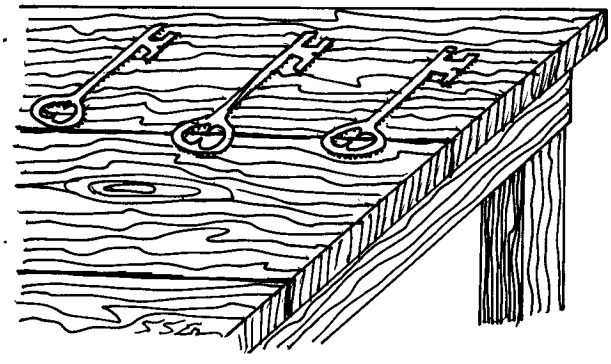
Ideally the dungeon master should provide enough unique *type* items so characters will be eliminated down to just one person - just one character should be able to acquire every single item shown on the wall. Thus, depending on the party size, the dungeon master will have to add or subtract from the total number of items. If there are only eight characters in the group, there should be only seven types of things.

The fact is, it only requires the key to leave the room. If the key is the second or third item offered, all the bad consequences that follow can be considered the delvers' own fault. When the keys are picked up and the room goes dark, a small, inconspicuous keyhole appears on one wall. Any key holder who finds it can use his or her key to open the portal and pass through to whatever else you have in mind. But if they searched the room at the beginning, are the characters likely to search it again after each companion is eliminated? Bluntly, no.



The characters will try all sorts of contortions to avoid being eliminated, from stabbing one another in the back (and you wondered why daggers were the second item to appear on the table), to two characters holding onto the same object. In the first case, shake your head and say tsk, tsk . In the latter case you could randomly decide which person holds the bigger half. Give no clue to anyone, victim or survivor, as to the fate of those who disappear.

The game masters's judgement must be called into play now. There may be individuals who stepped back and said "No, you take it, I'll pass." (Obviously a social deviant under the influence of mind-warping drugs.) There may be greedy, vicious characters who have slain their companions for their chance at the freedom offered. At the very worst, one character has hogged all the items, leaving any number of his friends standing around empty-handed. Aside from that, however, reward the generous and good-hearted (because they are easy marks you can get later) and chastise the mean and selfish. How to tell one from another? Chances are that the generous and self-effacing are the first



collection
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eliminated - via a special teleport they've joined those who run this room, watching the back-stabbing and jockeying for those special treasures that seem to mean freedom - or death. In other words, the characters can watch their adventuring companions sink to their lowest level, or rise up to high ideals. It is sure to be an eye-opener!

If the characters still want to associate with their erstwhile companions, you can reunite them when the last one(s) exit the room. If everyone has been miserly, teleport the characters out to holding pens. Your local Circe can probably find some suitable animal form to house their wretched little minds, or you can put them to work in the potato farms on your bottommost level....

This next trap is another that can turn the most destructive forces inside a dungeon against each other. I refer, of course, to the adventurers themselves. The bizarrely diabolical Victor De Grande has designed a bizarrely diabolical room trap which he says has been **Serving Delvers For Years**. I can just imagine...

The delvers fall into this room through any pit-and-chute arrangement the GM feels is suitable. The group should arrive not much the worse for the wear, and find themselves knee-deep in water. This wet room is bare to its metallic walls, floor and ceiling. The only feature is a beautiful chandelier hanging from the center of the ceiling. A minute after the characters drop in, a steel panel slides down over the chute by which they entered the room. Immediately thereafter, a steel panel slides up on the far wall, revealing an unfastened door set above the water level. The party is free to take this opportunity to walk out.

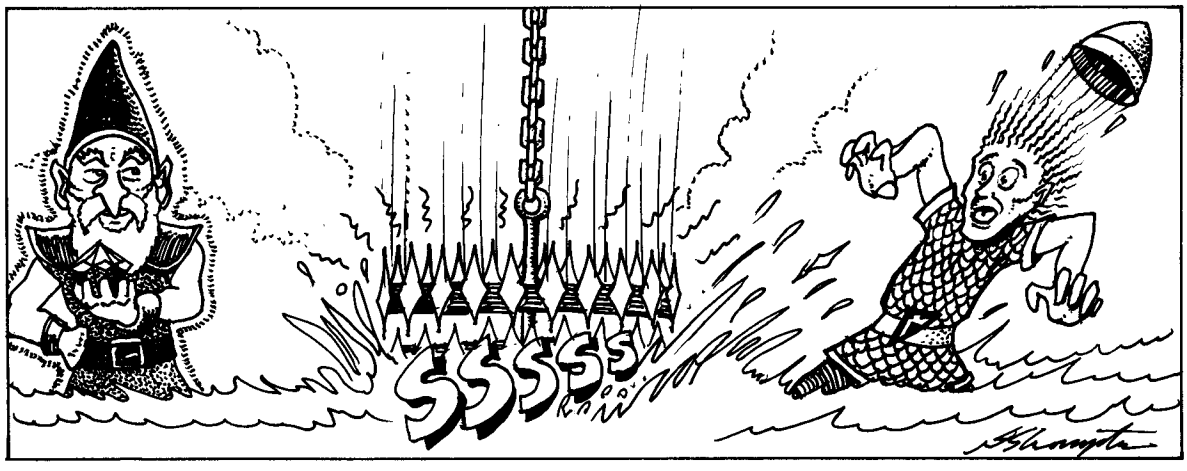
The one reason they might not leave instantly is that even casual study of the chandelier reveals it has a gorgeous diamond as its central finial. The diamond radiates a bit of magic, thus increasing its potential value. The usual tricks to knock such a thing loose are of no avail; only by grabbing and twisting it will the gem come free of its setting.

That's when the fun begins.

A steel panel slams across the far door and the chandelier crashes into the flooded floor. The metal walls and floor begin to heat up, raising the water to a rolling boil within three minutes. Everyone will feel rather uncomfortable as they start to cook - everyone, that is, but the person lucky enough to be holding that diamond in his hot little hands. The fortunate person will be totally immune to the heat, and will also be unable to imagine surrendering the gem without a fight. (Lest the heroes in fancy armor believe their ElfMart Blulite Special underwear will protect them, remind the foredoomed characters that their *lungs* may not be able to handle the searing steam.)

The room will remain heated, and the doors sealed, until all the water has boiled away or until there is only one person alive in the room. The cuisine brought out of this room is tasty and done to a turn. Even old dwarves come out juicy!

How to avoid the trap? By passing though the room without disturbing anything.



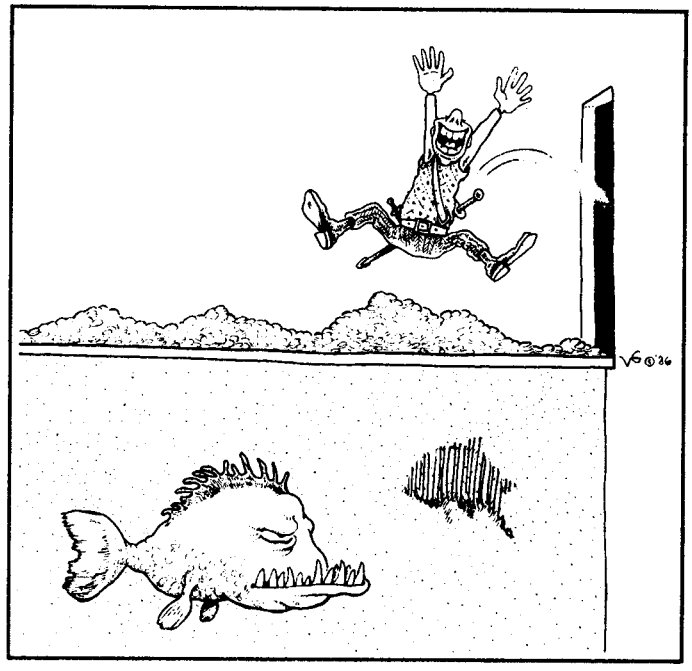
Intra-party violence has its appeal, but confusion can lead to squabbling just as easily. Mike McClymont has devised a convenient way to confuse those delvers who would rather keep a map than plunge their arms to the shoulders in heaps of gold. These people will find themselves in **The Double Trouble Trap.**

The adventurers wander into a brightly-lit room that seems fairly normal as dungeon rooms go - perhaps a treasure chest sits in the corner to serve as bait. Once the group is all in, the door shuts and all lights in the room extinguish at once. I favor a gust of dusty wind at the same moment, in order to get every character to shut his or her eyes just for a second.

During that brief moment, the characters are all teleported to a different room, otherwise identical to the one they left. The lights come back up, and it appears to the party that a particularly vicious monster or group of monsters has been teleported into their room, hungry for delver-filet. Assuming the characters can dispatch these guardians, they may loot the treasure and exit the room - only to become slowly aware that the room they left is not the same as the room they entered.

Since it is strictly a one-way teleport (deeper into the dungeon, I trust), the delvers' work will be cut out for them - or cut out of them - before they can return to the surface.

For another trap which is not just as it appears, we turn to Brent Jones' design. This one is targetted for those characters who want to plunge into more gold than they can imagine - even if they can imagine quite a lot!



Greed is the motive for many adventurers, and all of them harbor the secret dream of swimming in a sea of gold coins. **All That Glitters Is Not Gold** may fulfill that dream - and turn it into a nightmare.

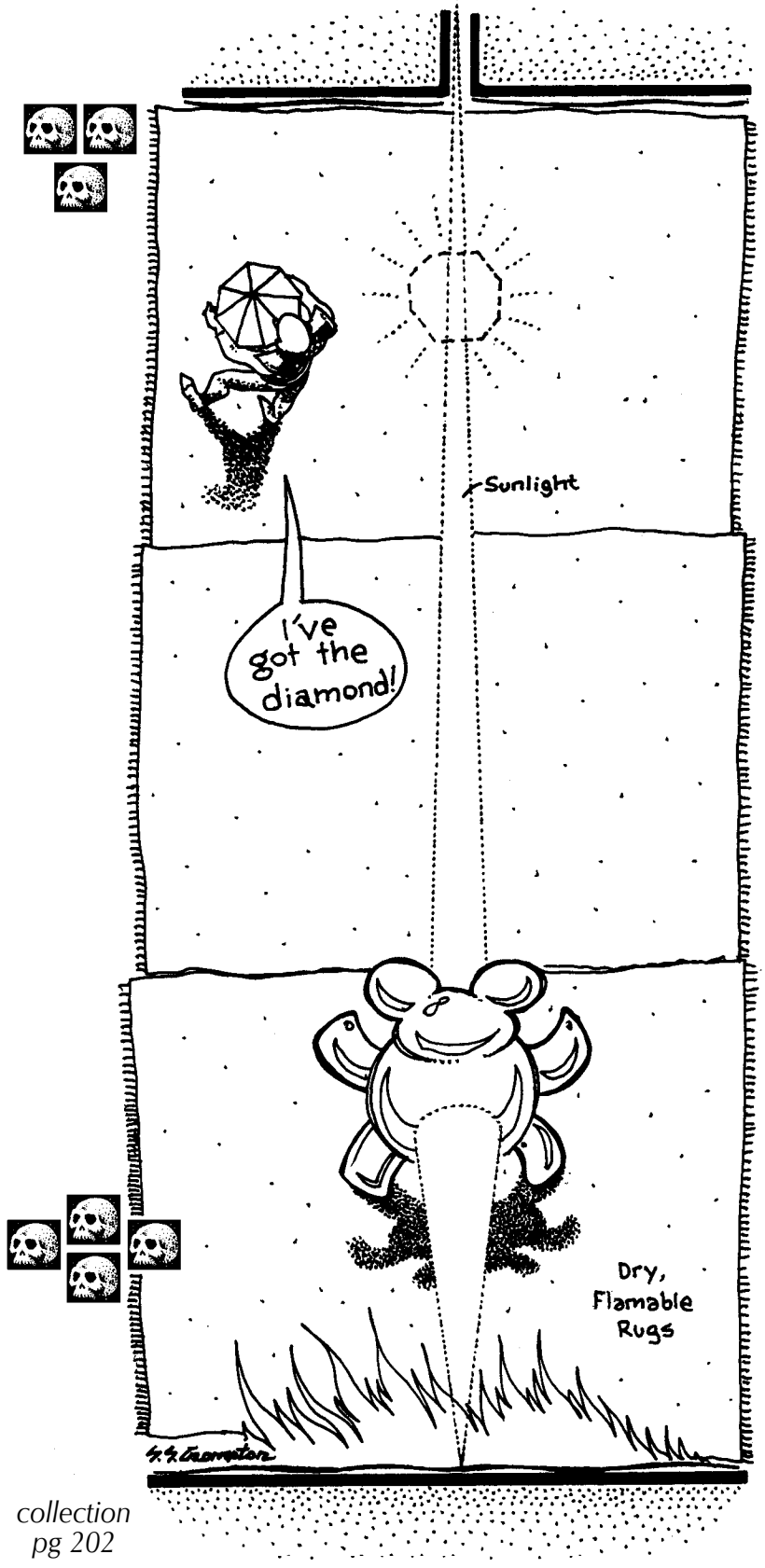
The trap is set in a room with a veritable carpet of gold coins in it. Most of the coins are wooden slugs painted to look like gold, with real coins sprinkled among them. The coins rest on a glass floor. The glass will sustain the weight of the coins, and approximately another 75 pounds. The glass floor is over a pit 20' deep; the pit is filled with water and voracious finned nasties.

Adventurers who poke and prod with spears will find there is a floor there beneath the coins. Stepping into the room to scoop up coins will cause the delver to break through the glass and sink below. The wooden coins will float and give the impression that the adventurer has merely vanished into them. If the character cannot find the hole he fell through, he will drown or have to deal with the toothy fish trying to eat him. And when he goes looking for that hole in the glass, ah, don't forget those very sharp broken edges!

A good room trap is often replete with special effects. The next several traps all feature some special effects which, when combined with the party's childlike sense of wonder, produce some very deadly results.

Sunlight makes my skin itch, moonlight isn't bad but gemlight... it's second only to the glow of a burning village at midnight in my idea of pleasant illumination. Charles Manson offers this touch of **Gemlight** to shed some light on the consequences of greed. Sticky-fingered delvers are advised to take heed. This room trap makes a good cap-room for the very apex of a wizard's tower, though other locations will work as well.

The room is square, hung on every wall with floor to ceiling tapestries. In the center of the room is showcased an ornate piece of what looks like sculptured glass, exquisitely crafted. It can't be broken or removed. Its beauty is enhanced by the rainbow of colors that fill the room. This light comes from an enormous prismatically cut diamond suspended close to the wall, in front of a tiny parting of the draperies. The diamond sparkles more brilliantly than any leaded crystal prism, filling the room with color and light.



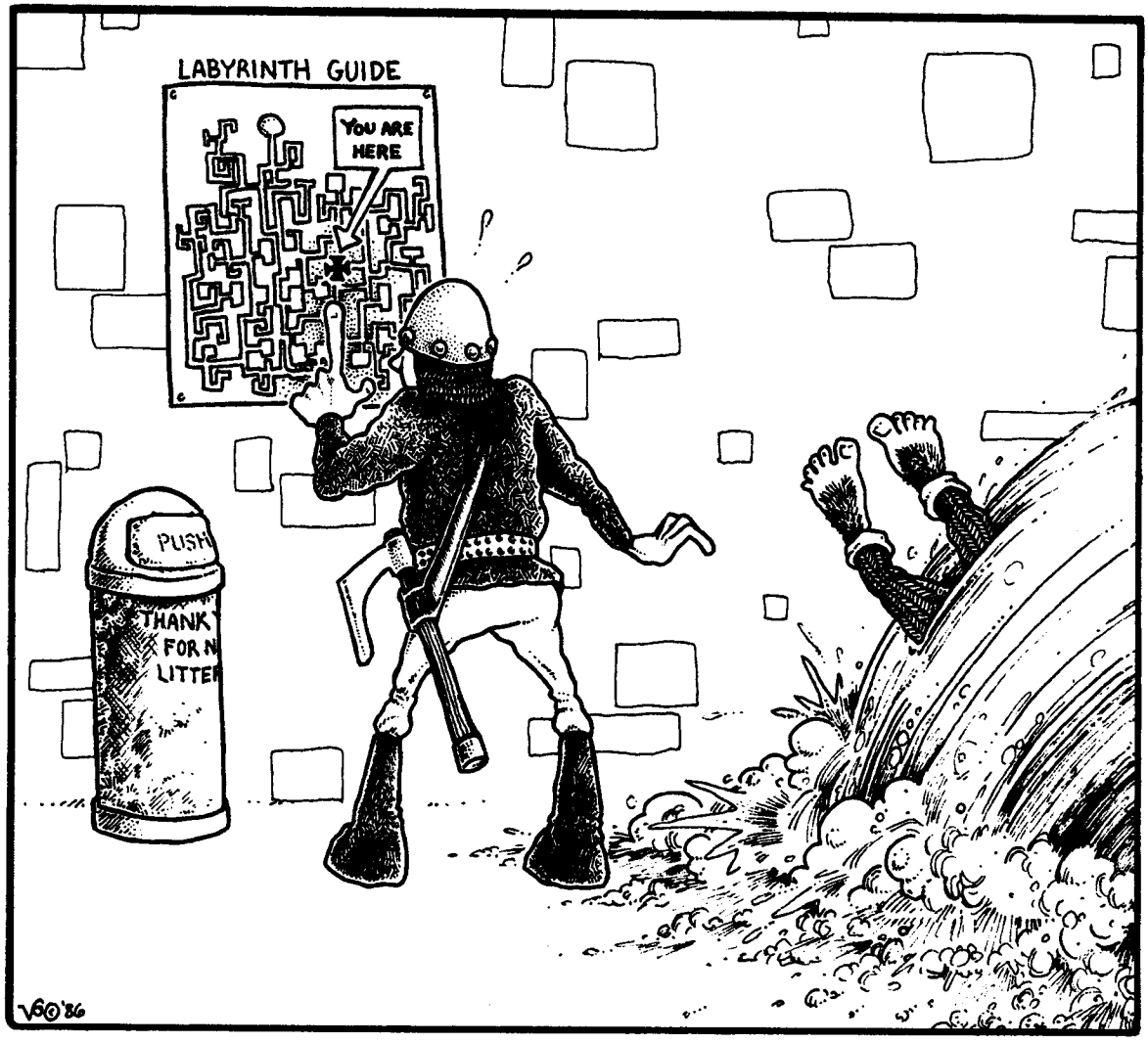
Close examination of the diamond and the wall behind it reveals that the diamond is suspended before a small hole. Sunlight enters through the hole, channeled there by magic no doubt, to keep light there at any time of the day. The sunlight strikes the prism and disperses to beautify the room and the lovely glasswork statue.

What delver can resist taking the diamond? Especially if he or she was frustrated by the intractability of the glass sculpture? Anyway, diamonds are easy to exchange for coin of the realm.

When the diamond is removed the sunlight spears into the room, striking the glass statue. Its curves are those of a magnifying glass, focusing an intense pinpoint of light on the tapestries on the far wall. Since the tapestries are made of a highly inflammable material, the room quickly becomes an inferno. Pity....

It's Amaze-ing is a room trap that will use up a substantial portion of your real estate, but if a character springs this elaborately simple trap of John Olsen's, neither he, she nor many (if any) of the characters' companions are likely to bother you in the future. They will curse and laud your diabolical cleverness as they gurgle their last.

Characters are relatively blase' about the mazes they occasionally encounter. This one is unlikely to excite, until later. It is only reached after the characters have traversed a very long flight of spiral stairs. At the bottom of the stairs is a cavern, low-ceilinged but quite wide and long. The cavern is filled with a maze constructed of very thick and sturdily-made brass and steel latticework dividing the stone walls every ten feet or so. This gives tantilizing glimpses of the depths beyond the next corner to lead the delvers on. If you like, add some small enclosures (but not complete rooms) with trapped treasure chests, unruly wandering monsters or other things to keep the adventurers occupied and unaware of the trouble they have dragged themselves into. Make sure anything you want to recover is waterproof.



The exit of the maze leads to another circular flight of stairs, this one enclosed inside a tower. It rises only a third of the height the delvers climbed down on the original staircase and ends in a small room at the tower's top. The room has one section of wall made of clay.

The clay wall has three large scintillating gems set in it. The gems are not magical. In fact, although casual examination indicates they have considerable value, the gems are only finely cut glass and gem paste: convincing frauds. The scintillant glow is because there is a very large, clear lake on the other side of the wall. The water transmits shimmering sunlight to the gems, and the gems pass this glow onto the greedy delvers' eyes.

Some silly person will remove one of the gems, for the stones pry free easily. As soon as one gem is removed, the seal holding back the lake water is broken. The water will rush through, shredding the clay wall in seconds, and flow down the tower into the maze (sucking the characters after it on a bumpy ride down the stairs). If they climb back up, after the lake empties, they will discover a metal support lattice washed clean of clay by the water that prevents them from leaving through the dry lake bed.

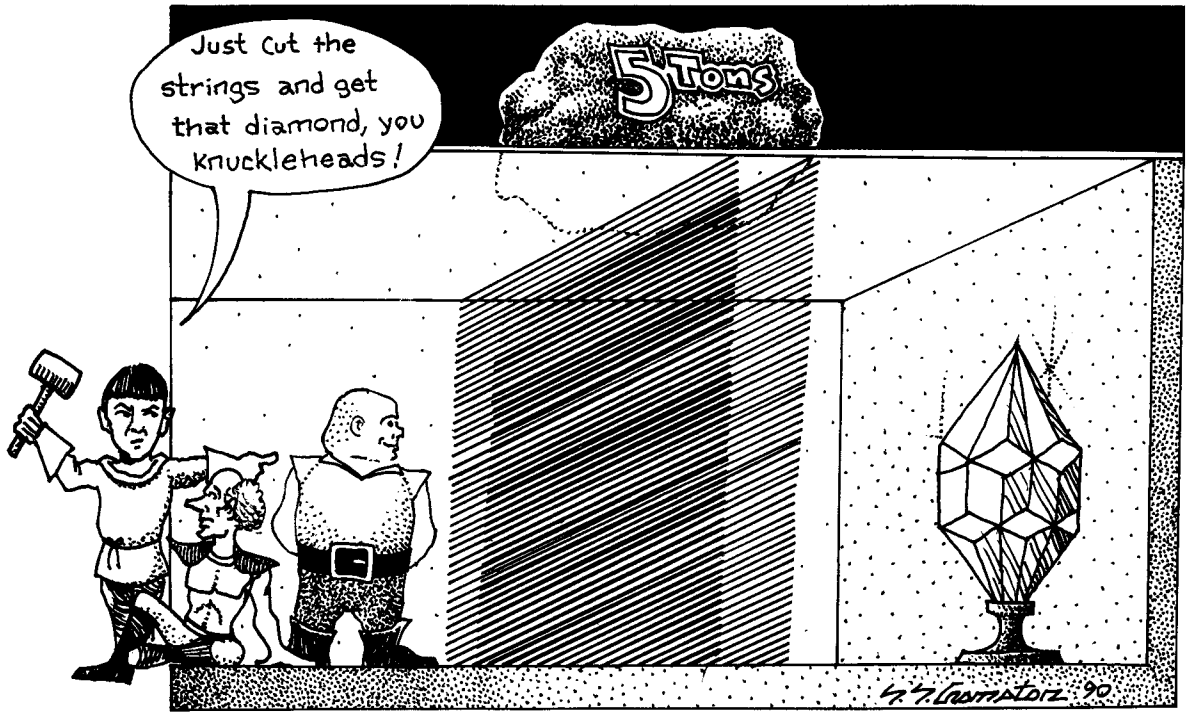
The flooded condition of the maze - now the metal lattices make sense, no? - makes it impossible to traverse. Unless the characters quickly grow gills or can otherwise breath water for the two or more hours it would take to get through the maze, they will remain for the rest of their pitiful and wet lives as your guest.

Todd Shafritz is the party responsible for **No Strings Attached** - and a wild party it must have been, too.

The delvers enter a rectangular room from the only entrance. On the far side of the room is an enormous diamond of incredible value. The gem is easily 5' high. The only barrier between the delvers (now disgustingly drooling all over themselves, of course) and the diamond is a wall of a great many closely spaced, very taut strings. The strings disappear into tiny holes in the wall. The only magic to be sensed in the room is that which prevents the use of any spells of teleportation.

There is enough string to hold up a 5 ton boulder. The string passes through the wall, through a sequence of pulleys, and attaches to just such a boulder. Though it seems there are many strings, in reality there is only one string supporting the boulder's incredible weight. The boulder itself is attached to the slab of rock which serves as the ceiling over the main room by a heavy cable threaded through a sturdy pulley.

Cutting just a single string is as good as cutting them all. The boulder crashes to the ground beyond the walls of the room and pulls the ceiling slab to the side. Above the slab are many, many gallons of oil kept at near boiling temperature. (Building this trap near a friendly neighborhood lava vent for easy heating can save you thousands of gold pieces in utility charges.) Deep fried delvers, once they are shelled and cleaned, are excellent. An added joy is the look of terror frozen upon their faces when they watch that one string go whipping in and out of all the holes and they realize how big a mistake they just made.



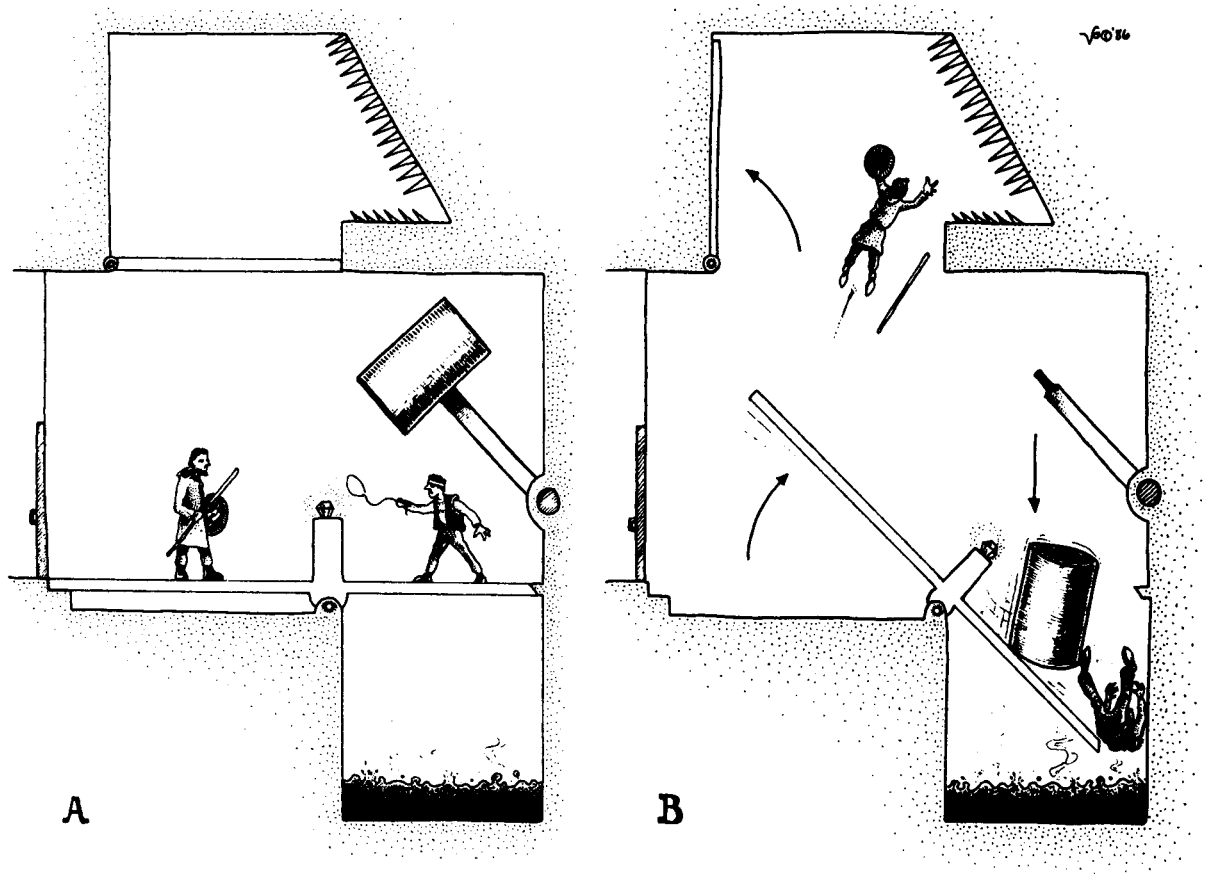
Ed Heil says he's only 14, but the complex deviousness evidenced in his **Obvious Trap** leads me to wonder if he means "years" or "centuries." I'm inclined to assume the latter since convoluted thinking like this requires endless years of study or a memory spanning the last dozen incarnations.

The party of characters enters a 10' x 10' room to find a fist-sized gem (or other desirable item) on a pedestal in the center of the room. Attached to the opposite wall is a gigantic hammer, positioned so that it is "obvious" that the hammer will crash down if anyone touches the gem. It will certainly shatter the treasure and thief alike into at least a trillion pieces.

Aha! think the clever delvers. *The dungeon master has forgotten that we can stand to one side and loop the gem from the pedestal with our rope!*

But there are unseen facts relevant to the situation. 1) The entire floor is a pivoting plate supported by a very strong spring. The balancing shaft runs from one side of the room to the other, directly under the pedestal. The weight of the party (unless truly monumental) is not enough to tilt the plate. 2) The back half of the ceiling is paper-thin and disguised to look like a normal ceiling. A trap door would work as well, but it must move easily and swiftly. Behind the false ceiling is a small room with spiked walls or hungry dungeon denizens willing to work fast for a bite to eat. 3) The front half of the main room has a deep shaft filled with something nasty. Dredge your imagination for whatever's suitable: lava, piranha, acid or Donny and Marie tapesI

When the gem is moved (by whatever means the delvers decide are prudent and safe) the hammer does not swing down. After enough of a delay for the delvers to think themselves safe and grab the gem (a whole second or two should be sufficient) the hammerhead falls to the floor... all several half-tons of it. This is enough to tilt the floor, with a vengeance. Anyone in the back half of the room is thrown up through the false ceiling and anyone in the front half nearest the hammer is dumped down into the shaft. If the hammerhead rolls after them, in addition to causing more damage as it falls, the floor will snap back up in position, trapping the characters.



Some adventurers make outrageous claims as to their main profession - they don't loot tombs and slay troglodytes, they're musicians. Todd Miller has designed a room trap which snares these would-be minstrels with a catchy special effect, and the result is **Music To My Ears.**

The bait to this trap is a beautifully crafted lute, decorated with gold inlay, studded with winking gems and equipped with platinum strings. Doubtlessly the characters faced sharp difficulties before coming to this place, and even in this room there some minor (and silent) obstacles to overcome before the would-be virtuoso could lay hands on this princely instrument.

One good strum across the platinum strings by the arrogant bardling, and the acoustics of the carefully-designed room will make him wish he'd never twanged a note of music in his life! "In tune" with the lute, the walls of the room amplify and distort the sound, creating good



vibrations that sound like hundreds of gongs resounding on either side of one's head. It will be several minutes before the lute's last reverberations die away. At that point not only will all the adventurers in the room be temporarily deafened, but all the tunnel inhabitants will know exactly where to find easy pickings. What else is the dinner gong for?

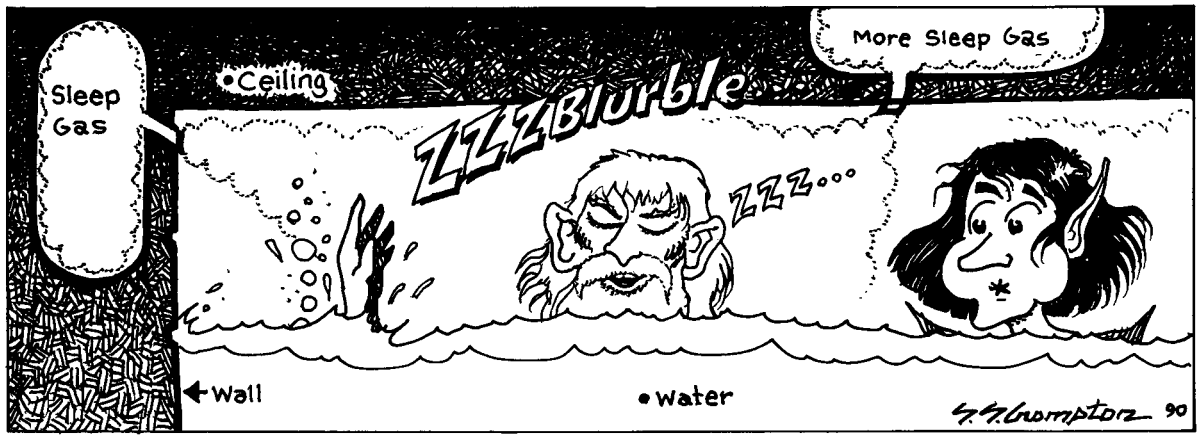
Todd has designed a second room trap which is both cunning and deadly, and astonishingly simple in execution. And "execution" it is, so use **Sweet Dreams** sparingly, or as a last-ditch effort to guard some worthy treasure.

In a normal-looking room, the doors seal and lock behind the characters. The GM can make the door-closing triggered when a pressure plate is depressed, or when a chest is opened, or when any other bait is taken into the room. When the door (or doors) have been sealed, narrow wall sections pull away, exposing grills. Through the grills pour hundreds of gallons of water. It takes very little time for the water to nearly fill the room, during which time the characters will probably be rapidly shedding their heavy weapons and armor, not wishing to drown, dragged under by the armor's weight.

The water stops rising when it is perhaps a foot or two from the ceiling. Feeling very fortunate, the characters may celebrate briefly, grateful for the breathing space. Given a little time, they may be able to figure some other way out of the room.

But they are not granted the gift of time. One by one they drop off to sleep. In water this deep, sleep is not the healthiest thing an air breather could choose to do because his breathing reflex will still make his lungs work. Of course, under water his lungs will fill with water and he will drown. After a half hour or so, clean-up crews can drain the water and release the bodies to the the shark tanks.

Up by the ceiling, obviously, are gas jets. Any vaporous sleeping agent will do the trick, from ether (which is smelly) to clean natural gas (which is colorless, odorless, and tasteless - the usual smell associated with natural gas is an additive for safety's sake).

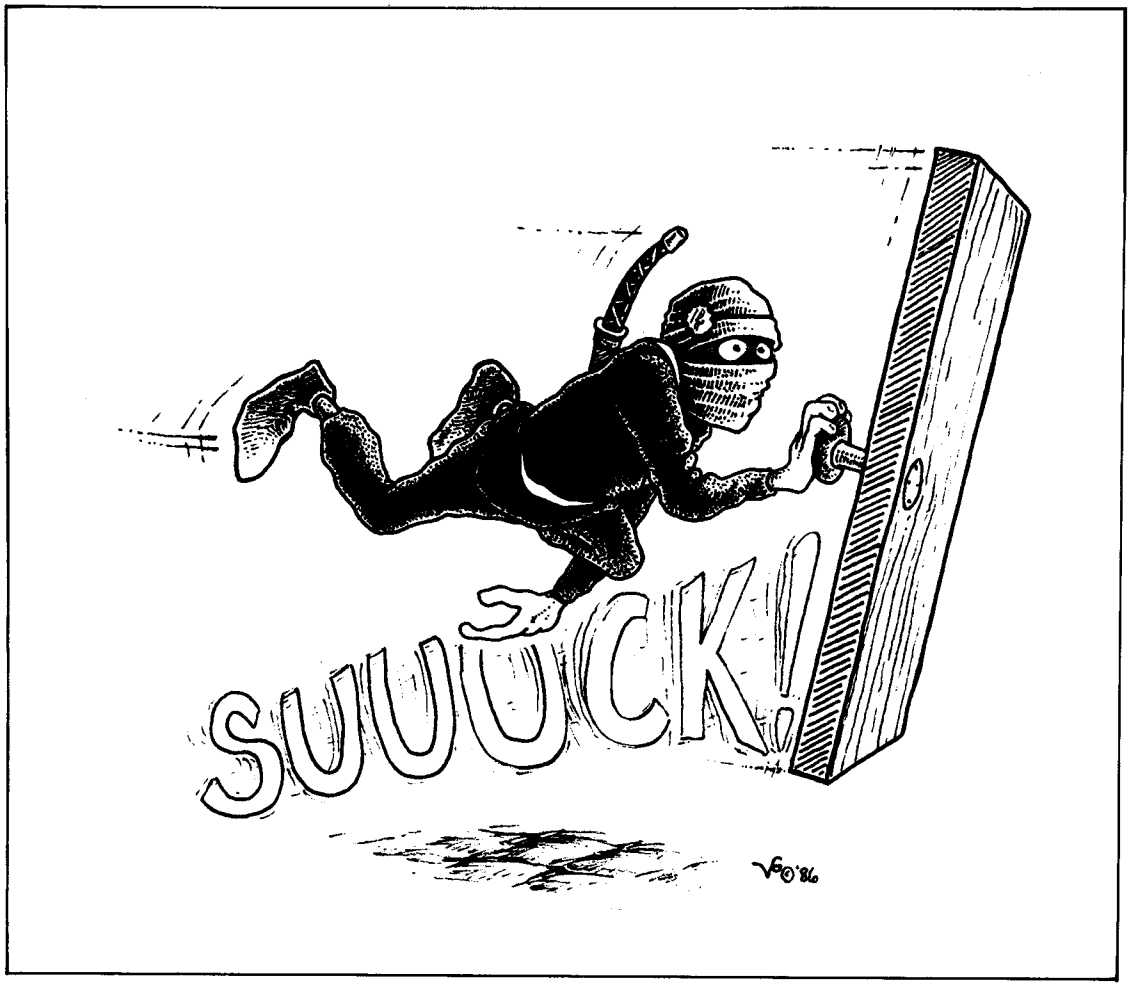


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If you find this trap too deadly as a snare to slay the entire party, consider making this a pit trap. One person falls in, the pit seals at the top, and when the water enters from the bottom the result will be as dire. Or you can simply wait for the character to go unconscious and drag him out to awaken in your holding pens. Of course if you modify the trap so it only picks off pieces of the party you will have something truly ingenious for the survivors to look forward to...

Dungeon keepers frequently go to an incredible amount of work, effort and brain-sweat to develop interesting and usual encounters for the fools who would traverse their meticulously designed halls. The next two traps are designed to separate the wimps from the heroes.

Maxwell Roberts has developed **The Vacuum Chamber** to catch those craven delvers who peek into a room and, if they fail to understand it instantly, nervously flee rather than explore. Here, if they take a peek, they're committed. Rubber walls are optional.



A vacuum pump is kept in working order by monsters with strong backs and weak minds (captured delvers for example); the pump sucks most of the air from this room. The room has only one door which opens inward. When the delvers cautiously release the strong spring-catch, the door flies in and the characters are drawn in after!

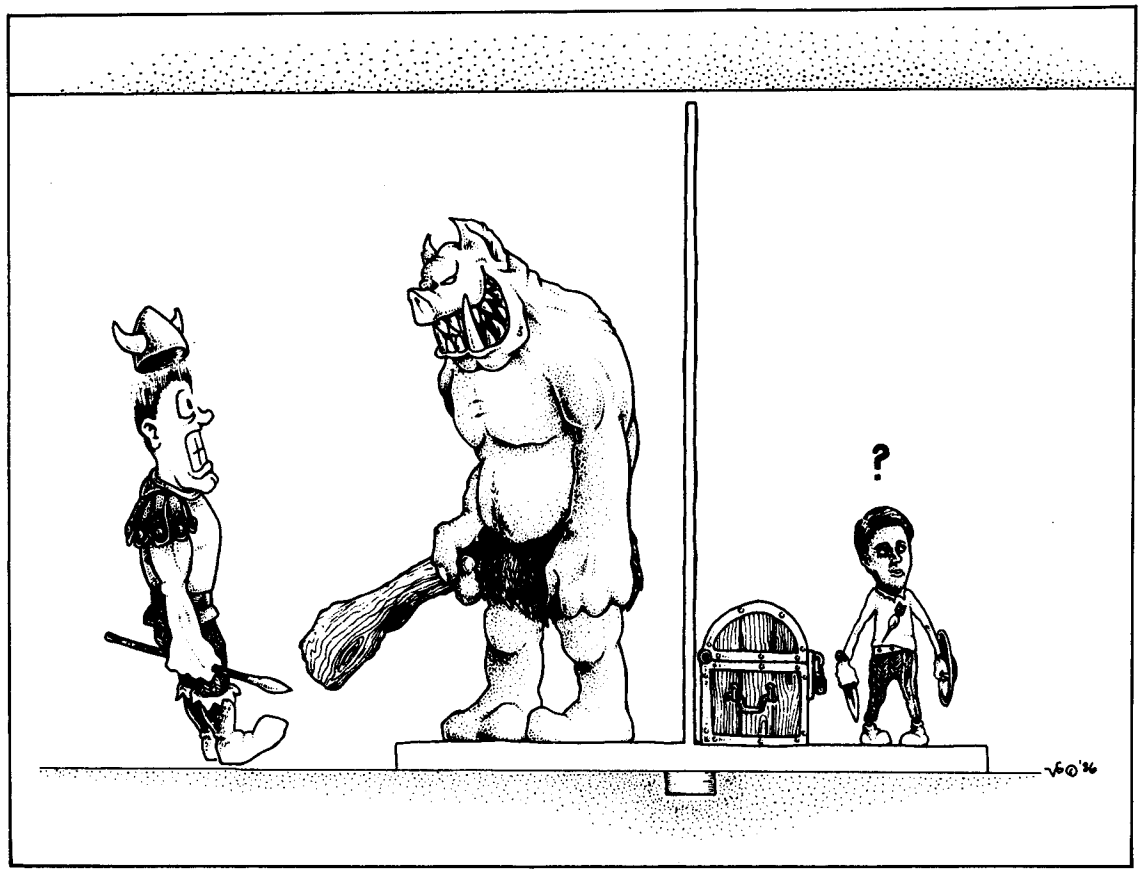
If the suction is unnaturally strong - dwarves at the pump - Maxwell offers his favorite encounter once the characters enter. The opposite wall is made of white phosphorus. The delvers are flung against the wall when they fly in and get covered with the stuff, if not actually embedded in the wall itself. As the room has suddenly filled with oxygenated air from the corridor beyond, the phosphorus bursts into flames...

With **Wimp's Revenge,** Chris Alexander reminds us that not all who wear the title "hero" deserve it. Too often a smaller, weaker character (even stupider than his tormenter) is bullied into taking risks for which the "hero" takes the credit - and the goodies.

A 15' long corridor comes to an end in an open doorway that leads into a large room. The room is bare except for a large, ornate, enticing chest on a raised dais against the far wall.

True to his style, the "hero" will send in the wimp to investigate, while the "hero" remains a few feet outside the entrance where he or she can see what happens.

When the brave but bullied wimp touches the chest, the entire dias rotates, swapping the wimp and the chest for - what's waiting on the other side. At the same time as the dias rotates, a steel plate shuts off the corridor behind the "hero." This forces the character to prove whether or not he wears the title honestly. Of course, if the corridor is clear and the "hero" runs away, he leaves no doubt as to the veracity of the title!



What's waiting on the other side of the wall? A very big ogre with a very big club might give our "hero" very big trouble. For variety, a keg of explosive material (fuse activated when the dias turned) could be promising if there's a whole party of "heroes" hiding in the corridor.

What about the wimp and the chest? If you're kind hearted (fie!), put some legitimate treasure in the chest. However, an easy exit from the dungeon, even empty-handed, would probably be best.

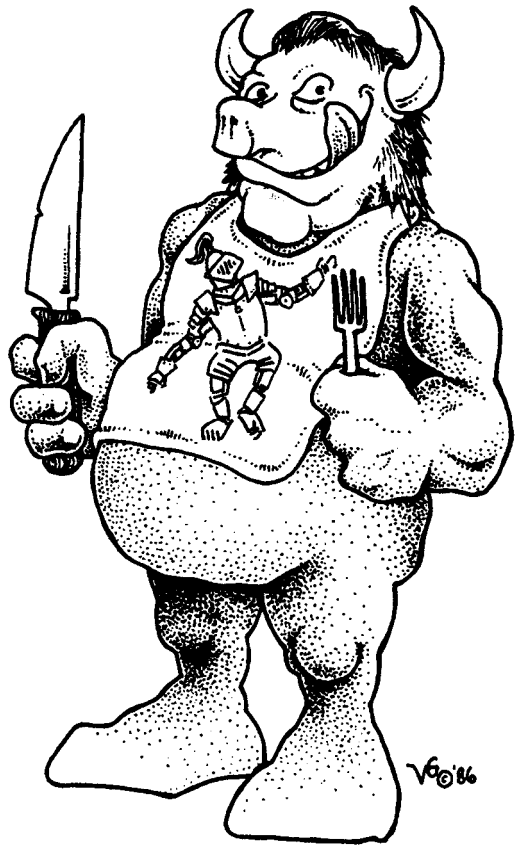
In many species, one finds the female deadlier than the male. This is also true of humans, for females of the species are far nastier in their way of doing "business" when it comes to murder and mayhem. Like a black widow spider, Laurel Goulding lays a trap that forces characters to bide their time, or pay dearly for their impatience. In **The Delver Steam-O-Matic** the adventurers are presented with a "standard" dungeon room ten feet square. The solitary door shuts and seals with a slab of steel and stone once the delvers enter.

The characters should instantly note the floor on which they stand is unusual - it is made of thick glass and contains hundreds of holes three inches in diameter. Water is visible below the floor. Across the room from where the characters entered is a lever.

If the characters are content to wait patiently, doing nothing, the main door will open again of its own accord after one hour. If the characters play with the lever, they will not have a contented wait.

The lever opens the floor of the water pit below the glass, and dumps all that water on a live lava flow. An incredible amount of superhot steam is produced instantly and it greedily hisses into the room through the holes in the glass floor. I recommend adding a little salt to the water for flavoring; drawn butter is superior for those armored cretins who have been boiled like lobsters in their own shells.

And if the delvers do not trip the lever; well, the time they've wasted can be spent gathering a "dinner reception" for them when they leave through the only available door, the one they entered through.



Of course, most characters will avoid live steam like the plague, but the idea of a warm bath after a long day in a cold, damp dungeon complex is something few can resist. What better than a sauna, for example, to burn the cold from chilly bones? Well the Mad Doctor, Paul Ronkas, has devised a ghastly room trap called **Sauna** that warms my heart, but will chill the delvers' blood.

This room trap could be a deceitful shelter in artic wastes or simply a magical room in a cold, dank dungeon. The adventurers discover an elegant public-style bath, about 10' across and a full 30' deep. It is heated to just the right temperature by an underground hot spring. Anyone entering the water will shortly discover two things: while they are in the water they are gifted with the ability to breathe water (wouldn't want any accidental drownings here, would we?); and on the bottom of the pool they can find scattered coins, gems, weapons or whatever treasure you see fit. A very observant swimmer might notice there is no wood, cloth, bones or other organic material - just glass, stone or metal. Delvers may also notice small, helpless snails throughout the pool, busily cleaning algae growing in the tepid waters.

Swimmers remain pleasantly comfortable for about ten minutes after the first person enters the pool. That should be enough time for your average delver to discard his aimless paranoia and hop in for a good hot soak. When the ten minutes are up, the hot springs stop flowing into the pool, and the water immediately gets colder - much colder. If the water-breathing delvers (remember the "gift") swim quickly up from the bottom where they've been gathering goodies, they'll find an ice crust already formed across the top of the pool; the crust gets rapidly thicker.

Those who remained out of the pool won't be able to shout warnings to those below the ice. Those who choose to just soak their feet should be up to their ankles in ice. The delvers below the water, after their initial panic, will probably settle down and wait to be chopped out. After all, they can breathe under water, right?

Right. For another five minutes.

Five minutes after the ice covers the pool, the first person into the water can no longer breathe water. His buddies underwater with him can only watch him drown, knowing their own fate is creeping up behind them. Of course, with the speed the water is turning solid, they might freeze to death first.

If some party members remain outside they can work at chopping or burning a hole in the ice with some hellacious spell. But unless the spell or the ice chopper is powerful, it'll take time. And time is something the swimmers are notably short on.

If the worst occurs, the snails will clean up afterward. They won't get everything, though, because even the most voracious snail has no taste for metal, stone or glass...

If the ice-crusting water isn't to your liking, you can be equally diabolical by making the water-breathing spell permanent after about ten minutes. That's "permanent" as in "fish" or "snail" - either a full transformation or perhaps the swimmers simply discover that breathing air will suffocate them as it would a fish.

If this room (in its basic form) is located deep inside a monster-populated dungeon, and you're seeing to the monsters' health and welfare, dispense with the snails. Stack some fishing poles, gaffing hooks, and large spoons nearby. Several hours after the delvers have "investigated" this room - or whenever feeding time rolls around - turn the hot springs back up to "Simmer" and provide your chilly monsters with a good hot meal... Soup is good food! Come 'n get it!



The Mad Doctor isn't content to make the dungeon monsers fat and lazy with home-cooked meals. For another homey touch, he designed this **Spin Cycle** room. Wash 'n wear delvers, take note.

To inital appearances, this room is a simple one: circular, about 30' in diameter, with just one entrance. At the door is a narrow pressure plate, difficult to detect. When first stepped on, the trap is set. After one minute goes by without 100 pounds or more weight on the pressure plate, the doorway shuts and seals flush with the wall.

The room then begins to spin. It rapidly gains speed, and centrifugal forces pull the dizzy delvers to the wall. Delvers crushed against the stone can move along the wall (up, down, sideways), but only the strongest will be able to battle their way to the still center of the room. Of these, only the most agile will be able to stand.

These same strong, agile folk will,de facto, also be the least fortunate. After the room has reached top speed, the floor splits and drops away. Those characters plastered against the wall are safe, but the heroes will find themselves treading air over wall-to-wall sharks, piranha, alligators or whatever slimy, toothy horrors lurk in your imagination.

So the heroes are aquasnacks. What about the others?

When the floor splits and falls way, the ceiling slides off to the side. With centrifugal forces holding them securely against the wall, the delvers can climb to safety. Which they'd better do in a hurry, because the room now begins to slow down! If they tarry, they'll join their stalwart buddies in the drink.

Up at the top is a room of an upper level. I suggest you populate it with less fishy, less massive, but no less hungry, inhabitants. After all, the adventurers will be very dizzy and commensurately less capable of putting up a good fight. And even the little guys have to eat sometime.

It's possible the last room trap would be better entitle "Fish in a Barrel," but for all its rampant overkill and aura of unpredictable violence, I venture to say it's capable of catching more than a few curious characters.

Delvers, you see, just cannot keep their hands off other people's toys. Often this means the delvers themselves become toys for someone else's amusement. Drew Deitz's **Shooting Gallery** goes to unthinkable lengths to give the delver exactly what he or she deserves for fooling around with this trap.

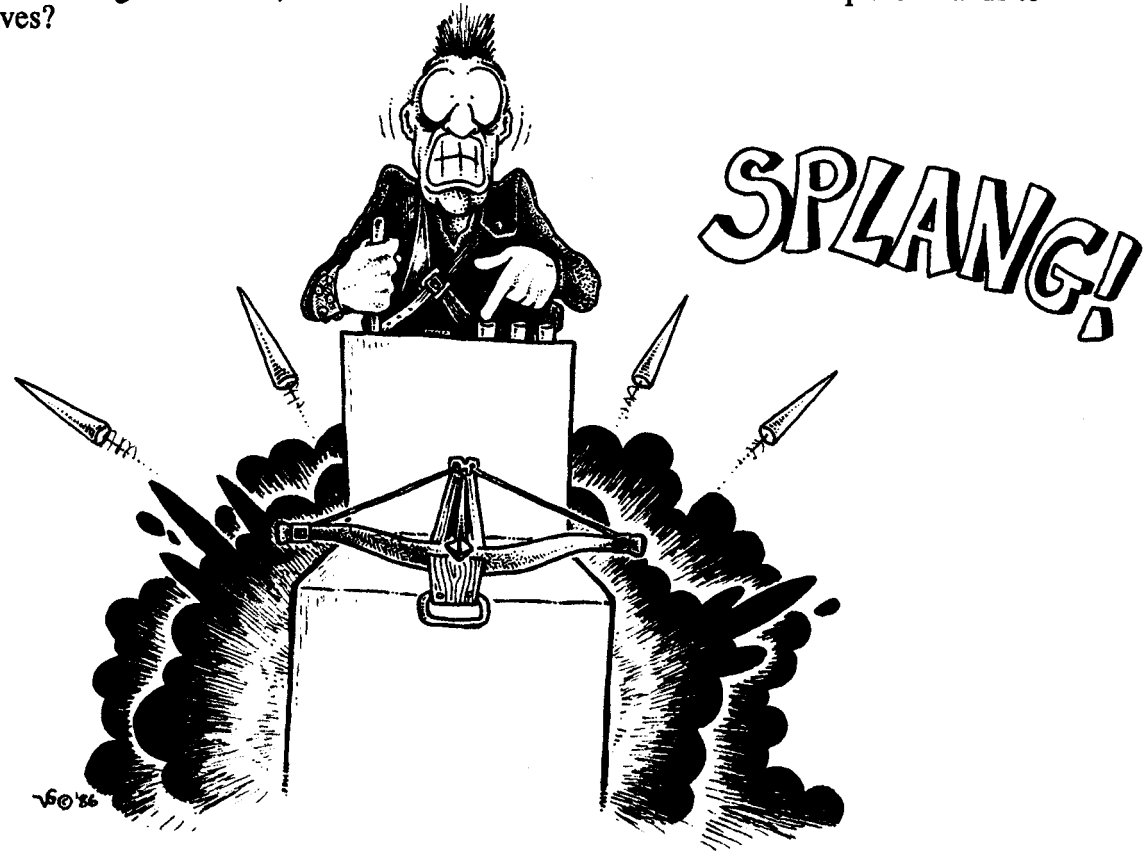
This trap can stand alone, but it is worth being the centerpiece of some long dungeon room. In appearance, this trap seems to be a podium with three buttons and a lever on it. A crossbow mechanism points down the length of the room to a target at the far end. (Having a taunting goblin-head in the center of the target would not be amiss here.) Close examination of the podium reveals that the buttons and the lever have labels: the top button (green) is marked *Start*; the middle button (red) is marked *Fire*; the bottom button (blue) is marked *Stop*; and the level is marked *Up* above and *Down* below.

Slight movements of the lever seem to adjust the crossbow's aim. Squeezing the lever shoots the bolt out of the crossbow. Pushing the green button reloads the crossbow - at least the first time.

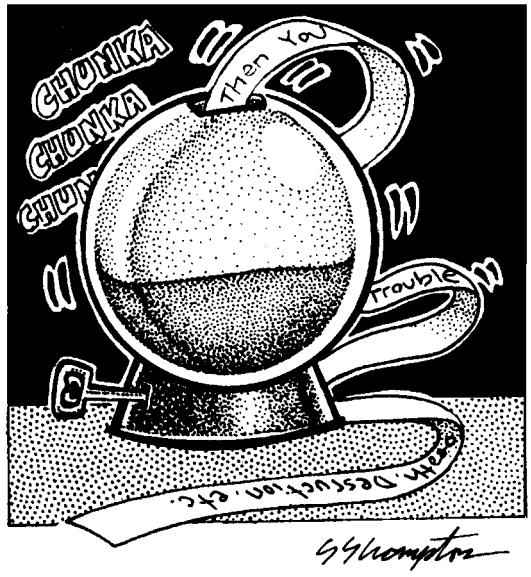
Everything and anything else the delver could do will increase that delver's familiarity with pain. At the delver's feet is a pit (if he or she is standing normally at the podium). Pushing the green button twice in a short time will release spikes in the pit that will explode upward and impale the delver's feet on 6 inches of triangular steel with small holes about an inch below the tip. Pushing the blue Stop button causes needle sharp spikes to come out from the base of the podium, at a right angle to the floor spikes, and shoot through the delver's legs to lock within the holes in the floor spikes. If the lever is roughly jerked down, as might happen when a character was in a spasm of agony, the spiked floorplate will drop away and deposit our victim in a pit where he might face more spikes, or the plate locked into his feet might drag him beneath the surface of a stagnant pool of water.

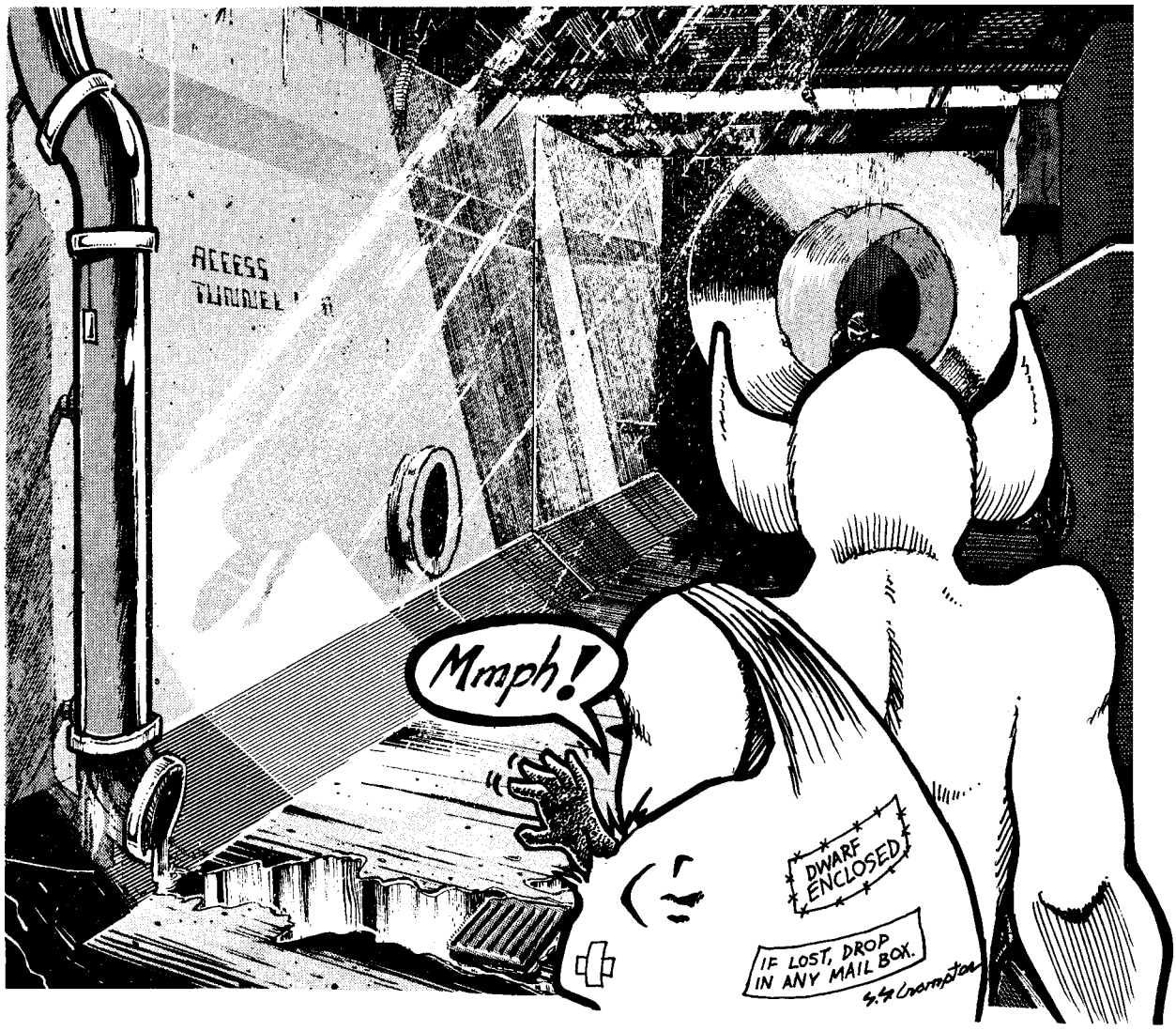
Oh, and the "Fire" button marked in Flaming Red warning colors. If the delver isn't fireproofed, there will definitely be claims made against his accident indemnity insurance. Small openings appear overhead and around his feet. Jets of oil spurt out, igniting just as they leave the spouts.

A tad long on overkill, but how else can we train characters to keep their hands to themselves?



There is no secret trap printed in invisible ink on this page.





Corridor Traps

Perhaps I was a tad harsh when I suggested the old saw, "Good things come in small packages," was a lie. Small, after all, is a relative term and can be used to describe anything from a "small" weapon like a stiletto to a "small" disaster, such as two empty seats on a wagon full of wizards going off a cliff. And a "package" is merely something that contains an item or items.

A corridor, therefore, could be considered a "small package" of sorts. If you think about it, it is often filled with delvers more tightly packed than ten-pins. If they thought of corridors as anything more than a way to get between one treasure room and the next, they'd never consider cramping themselves so into such a tiny box.

So, "small packages" - corridors - can contain "good things" - delvers. And, as another proverb has it, to all "good things" must come an end. Herewith, then, are the corridor traps.

Pits are the foundation of many good corridor traps, so I chose to make pits the foundation, the firm beginning, of this chapter.

Pits can be too common, too easy to circumvent. Adventurers all train so they may leap vast pits with a single bound. The invisible wall midway across the pit has become so common that a delver would sooner slit his own throat than attempt a jump without checking for such an impediment.



Quasimodo's Lament by David Steven Moskowitz is the first of two traps that infuses new life into the old pit trap. This pit blocks a corridor, as usual, and is completely visible and obvious. The difference is that the ceiling of the corridor slants down, reaching a height of four to five feet above the pit. Tall characters will have to stoop just to approach the pit. As simple as it seems, the jump is anything but simple. Most characters will not realize that leaping a pit requires height as well as distance. They should become aware of this fact halfway across the pit, when they run into the ceiling.

Of course the pit can be filled with something vile or not, at your discretion.



No Toll, No Life is the second of the new generation of pit traps by David Steven Moskowitz. Once again the primary obstacle to the adventurers is an obvious pit. Across the corridor, about a foot in front of the pit, is a barbed steel bar running parallel to the floor, neatly bisecting the corridor. In the wall on the right is a chute. Over the chute is a sign reading "No Toll, No Life."

The barbed bar will prevent any character from being able to leap the pit with a running start. Most characters will begin to dump gold or jewels into the chute to get the bar to retract. The amount of wealth needed to remove the bar is up to you; I favor a round 25% of what they have plundered to date, or some bothersome magical item like a sword (can you imagine it?) that detects traps.



A delver's life is one of grueling indecision. To act quickly may mean salvation or death, and sometimes is worse than taking no action at all. Taylor Deupree's **The Path of Indecision** will add to the delver's measure of indecisive grief.

This pit trap is sprung like any ordinary pit - tripwires, pressure plates, or dumb bad luck. The only unusual factor is that the pit is exceptionally deep, and well lit enough near the bottom for the character who falls to see clearly the spikes and blades waiting hungrily for him at the bottom. The stink of magic will be apparent.

The magic is the illusion of spikes and blades, plus a triggering spell which, if someone seeks to dispell the illusion, will create real spikes and blades of real, nonmagical steel.

Of course, for those without magical skills, the fall will not end on spikes - they are only illusory after all. A bed of feathers cushions the fall, and an open well-lit doorway entices the characters much, much deeper into the bowels of the dungeon where sterner fates await.

Rich Bourgeois has submitted a pair of particularly cruel and vicious traps. He evidently has a fascination with pits and spikes, as they are the furnishings of two corridor traps.

I was told, once, that what separates you humans from the beasts is your use of tools to do something easily accomplished by brute force. That judgement may be a bit harsh. As Rick Bourgeois proves with his **Impaling Pit**, tools can accomplish the task with finesse.

The hapless (and soon to be deceased) character begins his own downfall by stepping on a pressure plate seconds before he plunges into a hidden pit. Pressure on the plate severs a wire, yet prevents the weight on the other end of the wire from falling. As the delver steps

forward and falls into the pit, the weight is released. As it falls, the weight draws a section of flooring across the pit, making it seem as though the delver has been swallowed up by the floor itself.

The fallen delver finds the floor of the pit a curiosity in that there are one-inch diameter holes all over it. Steel spikes slowly grow out of these holes, rising toward the roof of the pit. When the first weight fell, it also severed a line that released two other weights, gently counterbalanced, that would raise these impaling stakes through the pit - and through anything in the pit. Death should take about 30 minutes.

Movable corridor sections are a tried and true friend to all dungeon masters, and Rich designed **The Pivoting Pit** with this firmly in mind. Chances are fair the nosy delvers will be punctured twice on the same set of spikes: double duty! Be sure to put this trap on a level well below ground level.

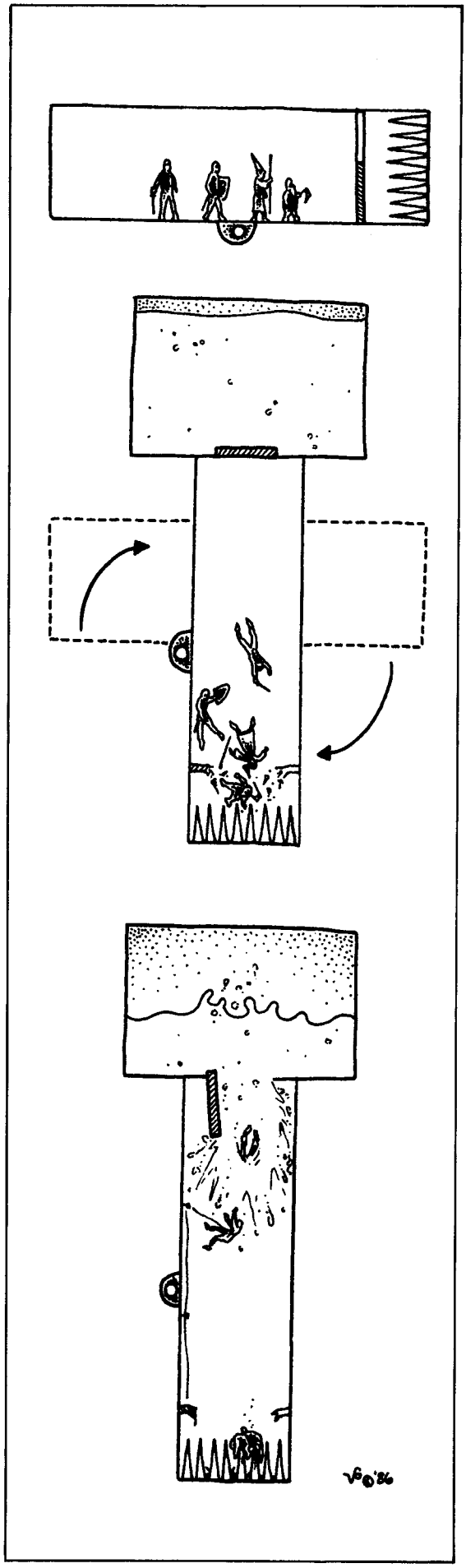
A corridor at least 30 feet long terminates in an ordinary door. The corridor is otherwise featureless. However, when the majority of the party passes the pivot point in the middle of the corridor, all 30' of corridor pivots down, throwing the entire group head over heels toward the door.

Unfortunately for the adventurers, the door is only a replica cunningly painted on thin cloth shim. The delvers will rip through the cloth and have an intimate encounter with the bed of spikes waiting behind.

Okay. But Rich isn't content to let it go at that... a sure sign of a properly devious mind in a trap-designer.

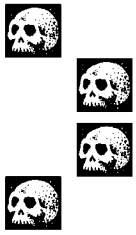
The corridor, now locked in a vertical position, provides access to a room on the level above (best left accessable in no other way). Those who survived the short 15' fall (and some will, most likely) can devise what means they will to climb 30' up into the room above.

Opening the trap door will be a disaster. The room above is full of rubbing alcohol. When the door is opened the liquid will rush out under such pressure that anyone climbing up will be knocked back down onto the spikes. And even if someone manages to hang on to a rope and not fall back on the spikes, all that alcohol is bound to sting worse



than a Mantichore in the spike wounds earned earlier!

Mad doctors have always played my favorite parts in late night movies, and Dr. Paul Ronkas is apparently one of the original models. He's created some of the most grisly traps in this tome. **The Sucker Sucker** is possibly the most gruesome of all, and a novel use for the ordinary spiked pit trap.



The trap appears only when it's encountered: a fairly typical ten foot square pit, hidden by illusion or paper-thin covering, with a self-closing steel plate for a lid when sudden weight hits the bottom of the pit. Instead of massing bone-breaking, skin-shredding spikes that the bottom, however, the floor of the pit is carpeted with tiny inch-long hollow needles, something like hypodermics. When a delver (or delvers) clumsily blunder into the pit, the same switch that closes the lid also releases a heavy block underneath the pit floor. The block pulls away (the floor, with its needles remaining), creating a slight vacuum that increases in suction as the block falls. The effect of the vacuum will be to start drawing the victims' blood and other vital bodily fluids through the needles and into the cavity below. The sheer number of needles will also make it difficult for a desperate delver to move; the suction will hold him in place unless aided by someone else in the pit lucky enough not to be stuck.

The block eventually uncovers a small hole in one wall, allowing the blood to drain into a large catchbasin in the opulant lair of an ingenious (and very lazy) vampire. This draining will release the suction on the victims(s), but by then they will probably be feeling too "drained" to care.

Of course, any substantial armor will defeat the tiny spikes, and allow the encrusted hooligan to help his buddies (if any). But there's still the problem of the covered pit, and for neatness' sake, there's probably something on the way to clean up what's left... something big. And hungry. And unlikely to take argument from its food very politely.

Brent Halverson has devised a pair of pits sure to increase caution in the most careless adventurers.



Some traps are ingenious, devious and twisted, but Brent maintains **The Simpler, The Better**. In an ordinary chute trap in an ordinary corridor, don't put ugly spikes at the end... make the floor resemble a cheese grater. For a midnight snack of delver nachos (preheat oven to 450oF, cook for 7 minutes), nothing could be better. You could even include a small slicer running through the center. What slivers off you can put on canape's for those more elegant monsters who can appreciate the artistry of delvers sliced like radish curls.

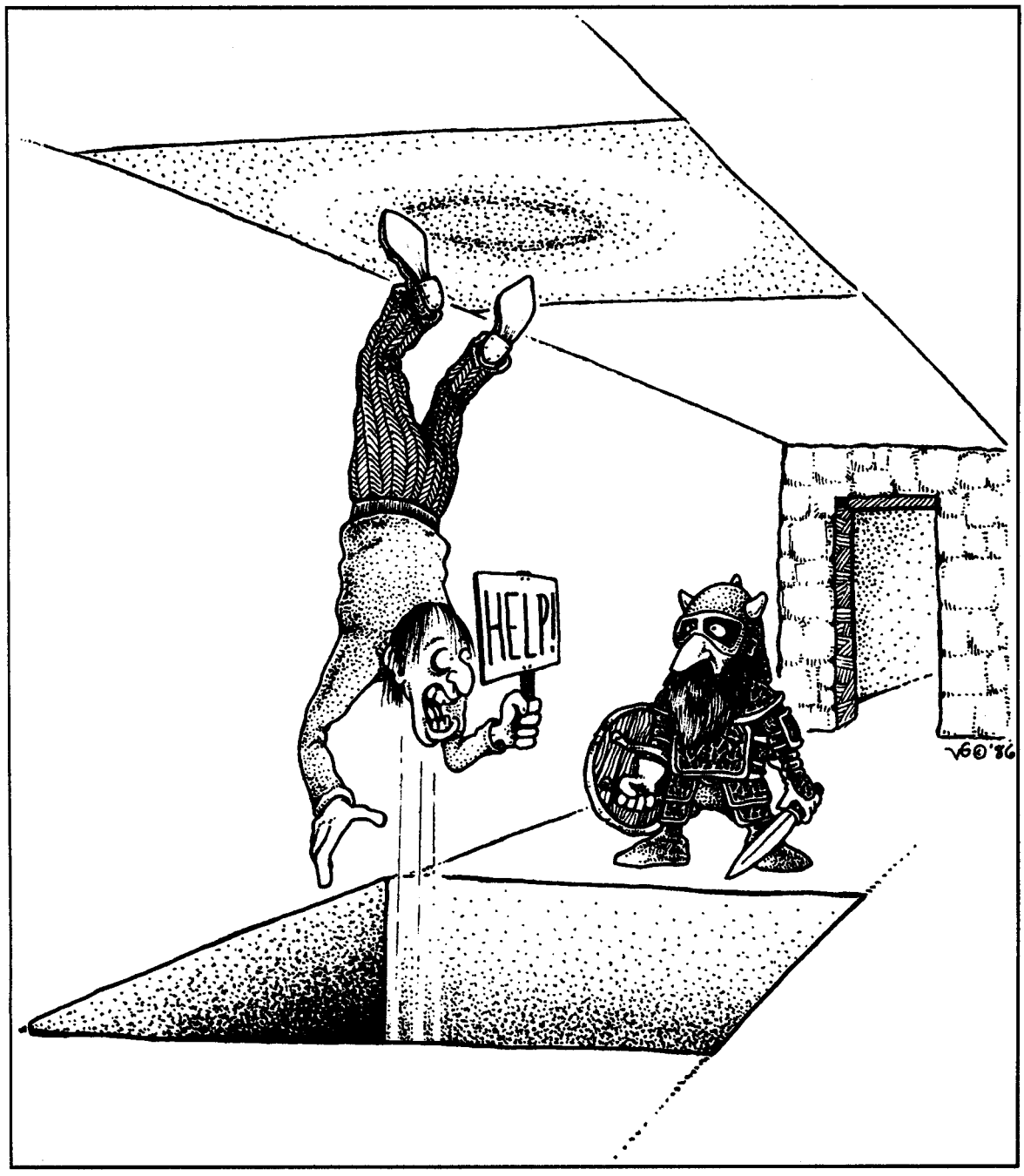
And at the bottom of the chute? Salt water to "soothe" their wounds would be appropriate...

For his second pitfall, Brent gets considerably more elaborate. This pit-full of doom is called **Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?** and again, the delver brings about his own grief.

In its simplest form, this pit could be just an annoyance. At the bottom of an ordinary pit is a teleport pad. Its mate is on the ceiling directly above the pit. A character only has to almost touch the bottom plate to be teleported up to where he almost touches the top plate. He falls until he almost touches the bottom plate and is teleported up again... you get the idea. Most importantly, the character never touches any surface, so he continues to fall faster and faster, just as if he were going down a bottomless pit. Eventually he'll reach his maximum air speed, probably something around a respectable 120 mph.

You can just let it go at that. Eventually his friends should manage to get him out of the cycle. However, if you want a character to be the instrument of his own destruction, provide a way out. Open a panel on the side of the pit after the character has reached a healthy

speed. This panel should be down low, where only the "falling" character can see it. Behind the panel are four buttons. Give him another fall or two to think about it. Unless his friends have a better solution prepared, the plummeting character will eventually push one of the buttons as he flies past.



Button Number One will in fact save the delver by casting a spell that will slow him and stop him at floor level where he can step free. Button Number Two simply shuts off the teleport pads about two seconds after being pushed. That should be enough time for the character to teleport up to the top of the shaft for his last fall. Button Number Three will cause a bed of spikes to rise up through the teleport pad (although you could combine Brent's previous suggestion with this one by tilting the shaft into the grater chute). Of course, the teleport pads keep working, which keeps the falling character "coming back for more." Ouch. Button Number Four is my favorite, but I have a weakness for Delver Julienne. A grid of fine wire pops across the pit above the teleport pad on the bottom. Shouldn't this stop the delver? Well, no, because the grid isn't all that fine, and the wires are covered with diamond dust so they achieve a truely Razormatic* cutting edge. The, uh, sauce resulting after just a few teleports is just right for pouring over elf ears flambe'.

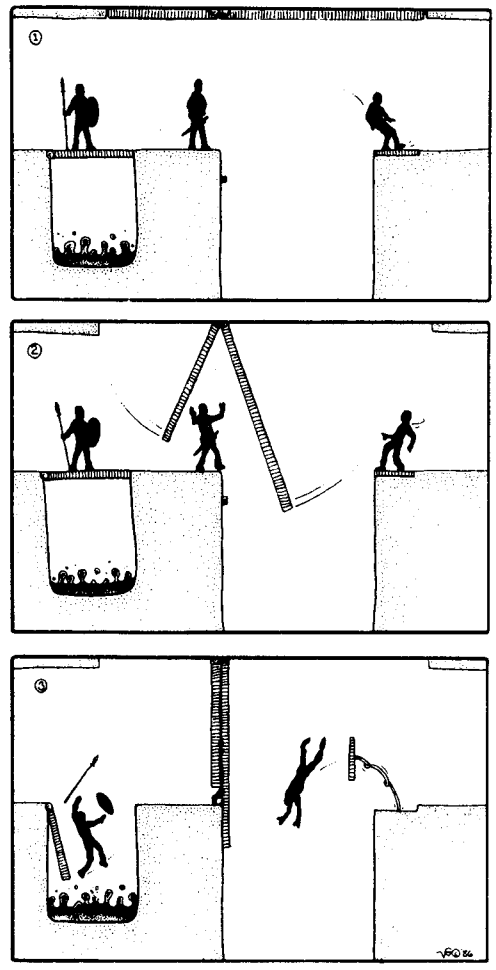


Delvers have numerous wily precautions against the pitfalls they face, probably because they face so many. Some pits are simple, some are complex, but Leonard McRoberts' pit of **Rat Rations** probably rates as one of the bloodiest.

A character falling into this pit - through whatever cause - tumbles into a forest of slim steel poles that extend into the pit from the sides. A victim might try to hang onto the poles, but not for long. Not only are the poles covered with countless curved razors, but the poles themselves rotate and are hooked into the wall on something like a stiff ball-and-socket joint. Thus, they give gently under a person's weight. Gaining purchase to try to climb out will be exceedingly difficult. Any movement will draw blood and shift the character slightly deeper into the tangle of poles.

The shreds that reach the bottom are cleaned up by the family of rats that inhabit the narrow sewage drain running below the pit. Very tidy...

Many are the pits of peril a delver will face during his short life. As with the pit above most are mortifyingly simple in construction and really offer nothing in the way of suspense before they deliver the coup de grace' to the delver unfortunate enough to have stumbled into them. Chris Crotty's **Pits and Pancakes**, on the other paw, anticipates the delver and hits him when he feels he's well out of danger with a trap complex and expensive enough to have been built by a defense contractor.



Coming upon this trap the characters walk over a covered pit disguised to look exactly like normal floor. The pit cover is solid under their weight, and unnoticeable. Besides, the characters will have focused their attention on the immediate problem before them: a deep, visible pit which you may fill with more than spikes if you wish to make the party absolutely paranoid.

After appropriate precautions have been taken (to insure safety), one character will cross to the other side of the pit. Once his or her full weight (at least 50 pounds or more) trips the pressure plate on the other side, the bloodbath begins.

First two steel plates swing down from the ceiling, hinged right above the visible pit's nearest edge, to meet snugly and pulp characters standing there. The plate swinging down through the pit area is longer than its companion and it hits a button set inside the near pit wall that releases two mechanisms. One is a spring beneath the pressure plate (below the character who crossed

the pit to start all this). The spring catapults that character back into the open pit.

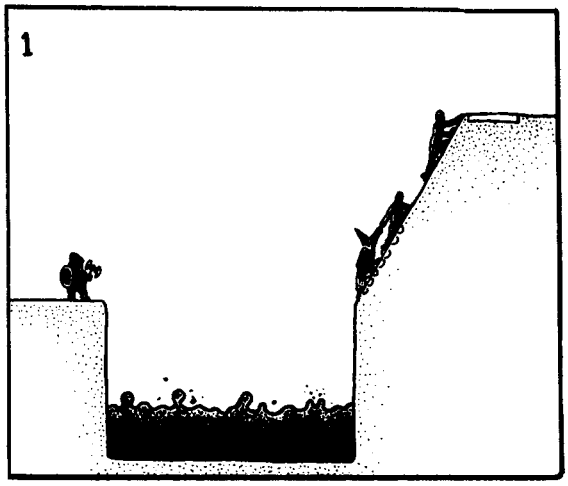
The second mechanism opens the "floor" over the enclosed pit, where the rear guard of the party has been standing. Even as they thank their lucky stars they were not involved in the carnage before them, the floor opens and dumps them into the previously hidden pit. Instead of filling the pit they fall into you might drop a horror upon them from the area opened up when one of the ceiling plates swung down. Even if you elect to let them fall unharmed, the adventurers will have a difficult time crawling out of the pit and then getting beyond the steel panels blocking the corridor before them. It'll keep 'em off the streets for a little while...

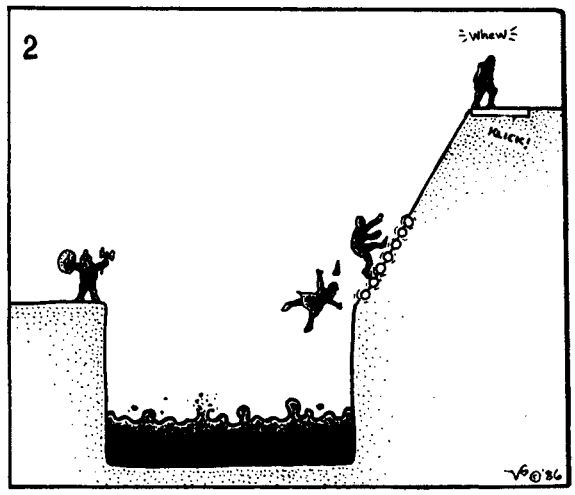
Brannon Moore is a trap designer who enjoys a good double-think double punch to do in delvers. The next three traps will put an extra twist on a character's thinking - or failing that, a twist in the character's thinking apparatus.

Brannon's first corridor trap proves he is, in fact, a reincarnation of a troll. It's a pity to find such a noble spirit trapped in a human body, but I am gratified to see it making itself felt with a trap like **Going Up?**

The delvers, traveling a corridor, find themselves walking up a 45degree slant. Soon it levels out into a landing about 20' long and 10' wide. At the end is a door. The most disturbing thing is that the roof of the landing is covered with spikes.

Once the door is fiddled with, a portcullis slams down, cutting off the landing from the sloping approach corridor. The landing begins to slowly rise toward the spikes, inexorably. Anything used to brace against the roof and landing will be shattered or destroyed. As the landing gets within a foot and a half of the spikes, the portcullis springs up and an avenue of freedom presents itself. Adventurers may scramble for safety onto the sloping corridor.





Unfortunately, the floor of the sloped corridor is now a bed of rollers which will accelerate adventurers toward the diamond dust wire mesh now strung across the end of the slope. Monsters may be waiting for fresh delver filet on the other side.

And if the characters had not dived from the landing? Since the landing stops a foot away from the spikes, only the chubbiest would be endangered. Patience is a great virtue...

Brannon's next example, **Anything He Can Do,** has to be one of the more technically exacting traps in this tome. Here he brings his double-think to a high state of refinement. What adventurer imagines there could be any trouble if he does exactly what he just saw his buddy safely do? Precautions seem unnecessary, but doom comes as swiftly as ever.

The characters come up to a section of corridor bisected by a pit containing boiling oil. Beyond the trap the corridor slants up at a 60 degree angle, with the first 15' of corridor paved with rollers like rolling pins. The corridor continues its upward

slant another 20', then levels out again.

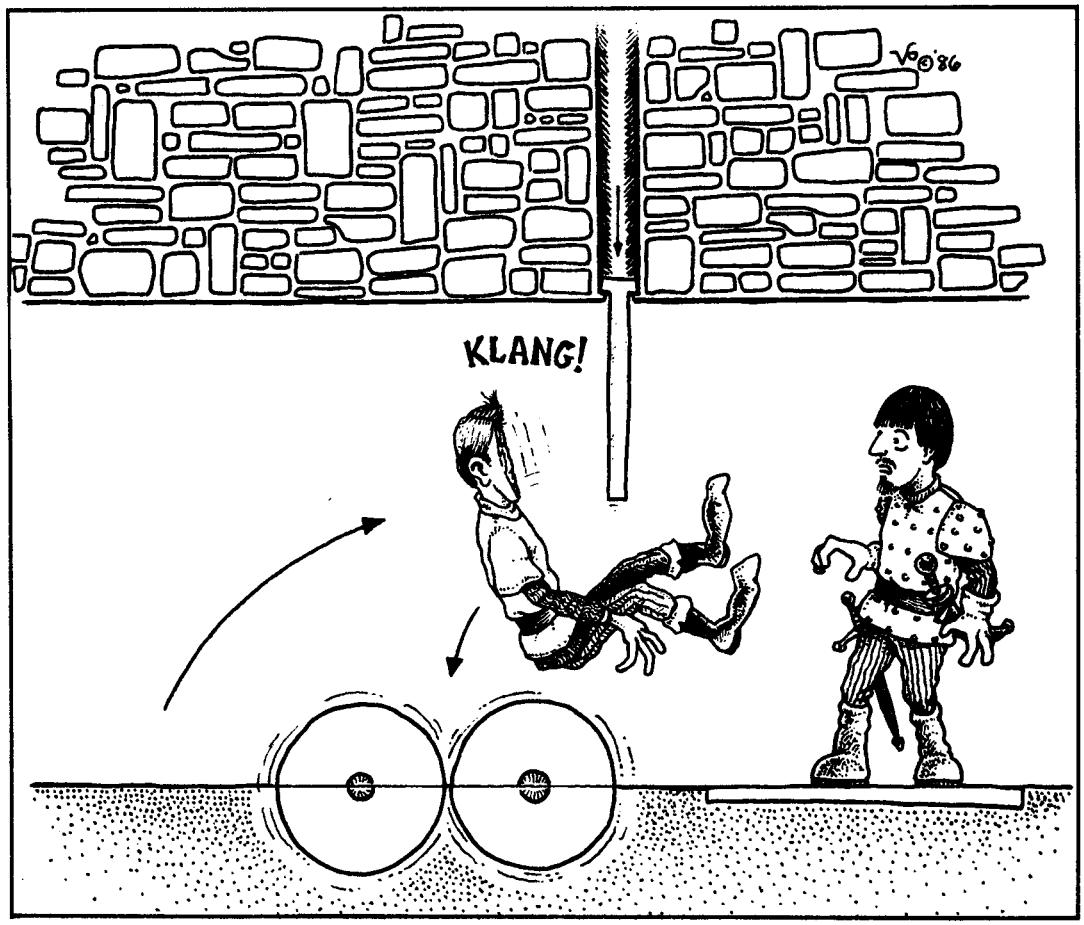
The delvers swiftly discover that the rollers will not turn. In fact, the rollers are blocked. The first character scrambles up the slope; at the top, he hits a pressure plate that removes the blocking mechanism. Now the adventurers on the rollers will find them rolling freely, sliding anyone back into the boiling oil. The careless followers will pay dearly for their presumption of safety.

Brannon's last offering, **Roller Derby**, also catches the cowardly second in line while allowing the brave first to pass unscathed. If Brannon has a fault, it's a fixation with rollers, but the result makes that easy to overlook.

The party finds the corridor blocked by two rolling cylinders. Each cylinder rolls toward the other so anything landing on them will be sucked down between and flattened. A coin tossed onto them will vanish between and reappear all squashed and thin below the cylinders. The characters will laugh about not wanting to end up like that, and on the surface, it would appear that they will not because the cylinders are only 5' across and rise 3' off the floor at their highest point. It is an easy jump at the worst of times.

When the first character leaps over the rollers, though, he lands on a pressure plate that drops an invisible wall down from the ceiling to just about a foot over the rollers. As the next character leaps, the wall stops him in mid-flight, and the rollers press his suit of armor very nicely, and without starch in the collar!

If you really want to be nasty you make the first character set the pressure plate, and the second character activates it when he lands. The plate springs up and dumps anyone on it back into the rollers. A tad crude, perhaps, but getting the characters who believe the danger is behind them just proves there is no statute of limitations on the offense of believing you have outsmarted the dungeon master!

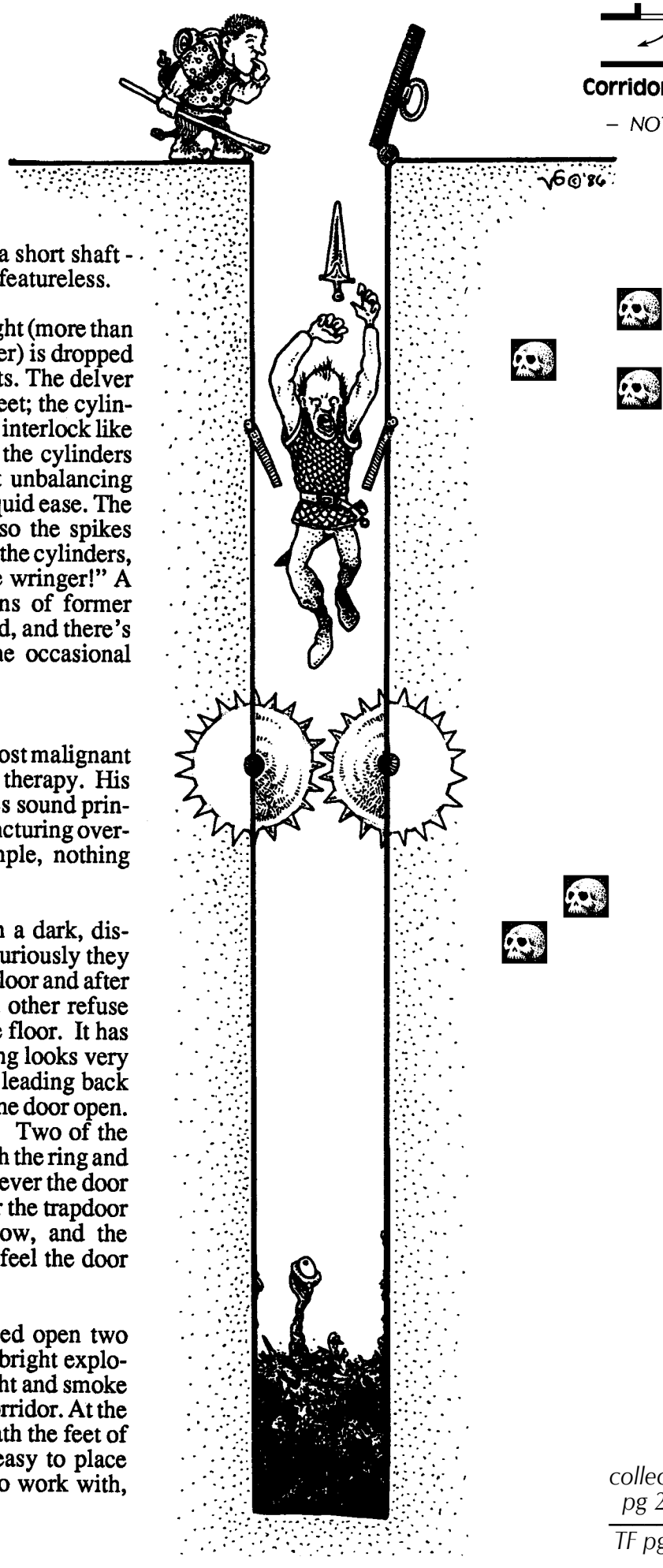


Traps that pick up after themselves are a pleasant reprieve for those weary ogres and goblins who have to re-set pressure plates, re-fill oil kegs, and change the water in the kraken

tanks. Ed Heil's **Wringer** is fittingly tidy, even though he shares Brannon Moore's fixation with rollers!

Nosy delvers discover a trapdoor which, while small, can be wrestled open with a little leverage. Below the trapdoor is a short shaft - almost like a one-person little room, featureless.

When a certain amount of weight (more than a few coins, less than an average delver) is dropped to the floor of the shaft, the floor splits. The delver drops through to where two rollers meet; the cylinders are covered with short spikes that interlock like gears. The central pivoting shafts of the cylinders are delicately balanced - any weight unbalancing them causes the rollers to turn with liquid ease. The shafts have a little room to "give", so the spikes catch on the poor fool that unbalances the cylinders, and that character is "put through the wringer!" A pit below holds the mangled remains of former passers-by. The pit is very deep indeed, and there's probably something surviving on the occasional feasts that drip down from above....



Brandon Corey has to be the most malignant mind ever to survive electro-shock therapy. His **Leveraged Dropout** is a trap that uses sound principle to get down to the business of puncturing over-inflated egoes. Everything is so simple, nothing could be amiss, could it?

The party finds themselves in a dark, disused section of a dead end corridor. Curiously they spot monster tracks in the dust on the floor and after they clear away wood, iron bars and other refuse they find a trap door set flush with the floor. It has a big steel ring in it and the whole thing looks very heavy. The hinges are set in the edge leading back down the corridor and no one can tug the door open.

But delvers are a cunning lot. Two of the strongest grab a steel bar, jam it through the ring and after setting a fulcrum, up proceed to lever the door open. The rest of the party stands near the trapdoor to surprise whatever is waiting below, and the heroes on the bar announce they can feel the door giving way!

When the trapdoor is wrenched open two things happen immediately. A small, bright explosive bursts at the door with enough light and smoke to temporarily blind everyone in the corridor. At the same moment a trap door opens beneath the feet of the men operating the lever. It was easy to place because, given the material at hand to work with,

there was only one place they could stand to lever open the door. Once the heroes have fallen into the pit the trapdoor beneath them swings back shut so when sight returns to the rest of the party they will wonder where their friends have vanished to!

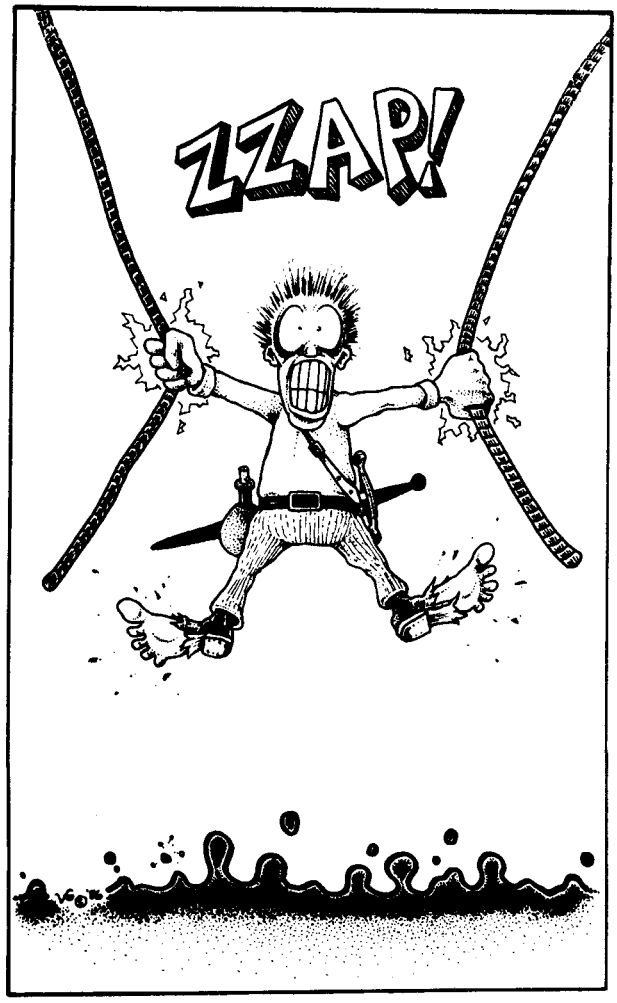
Brandon suggests you also add a "Jack-in-the-box" creature to spring up out of the open trapdoor, but making it look like a nurse with a hypodermic needle probably does not fit most dungeons. Certainly something crawling out of the opening would give the party something to think about, and would garner you the time to haul their captured companions off before they can even begin to search for them.

Let the delver curse his own childish stupidity. That's the philosophy behind Charles Manson's **Slayground Ride**. As a detour, it's a straight shot to the lower levels. As a trap, it's a do-it-yourself delver dicer.

A delver thinks he's entering a room through an ordinary door. When the handle is turned, however, a large section of the floor slides away, and zip, the delver slides down the chute.

Halfway down are handholds. An intelligent delver (could one be found) wouldn't take a favor from a dungeon master. Since intelligent delvers are a rarity, the delver will grab a handhold as he or she goes by. Alas, the handle breaks away instantly, releasing the catch holding back a veritable forest of razors that pop up along the lower half of the chute.

At the bottom of the chute, be sure to supply a thick pad of cotton batting to soak up the blood. It can also cushion the fall for those bright folks who leave the handles alone, and don't take favors from strangers. (And most dungeon masters are unequivocably strange, thank you.)



As long as we are on the subject of strange, Maxwell Roberts offers a strange doom with **The Amazing Electric Hero,** a nasty test for those adventurers who seek to emulate Tarzan.

The party is fleeing something large or numerous and horrifying when they come upon a lava-filled chasm. Those who can fly probably will; those who cannot will have to consider using the series of ropy cables suspended from the ceiling far overhead.

The first brave delver finds the cable is made of metal. If you feel cruel, and want more death from the same trap, grease the cable liberally; the pointman will almost certainly fall to the lava bed below. Such elaborations are not really necessary though, because when the delver grips the second cable, he or she finds all the cables are charged with electricty. By completing the circuit with his body, the character is severely jolted by the electricity. If he survives that (and can actually make his hand let go - a possible problem in an electrical "accident" like this), he'll find the third cable is oppositely charged again, and so it goes with the remaining cables across the chasm.



Of course, if the character actually makes it clear across without muscles spasms that plummet him to his death, then the potential of the current must not have been very severe. This trap can be merely discomforting, or decidedly deadly, all depending upon how much juice you pump into the system.

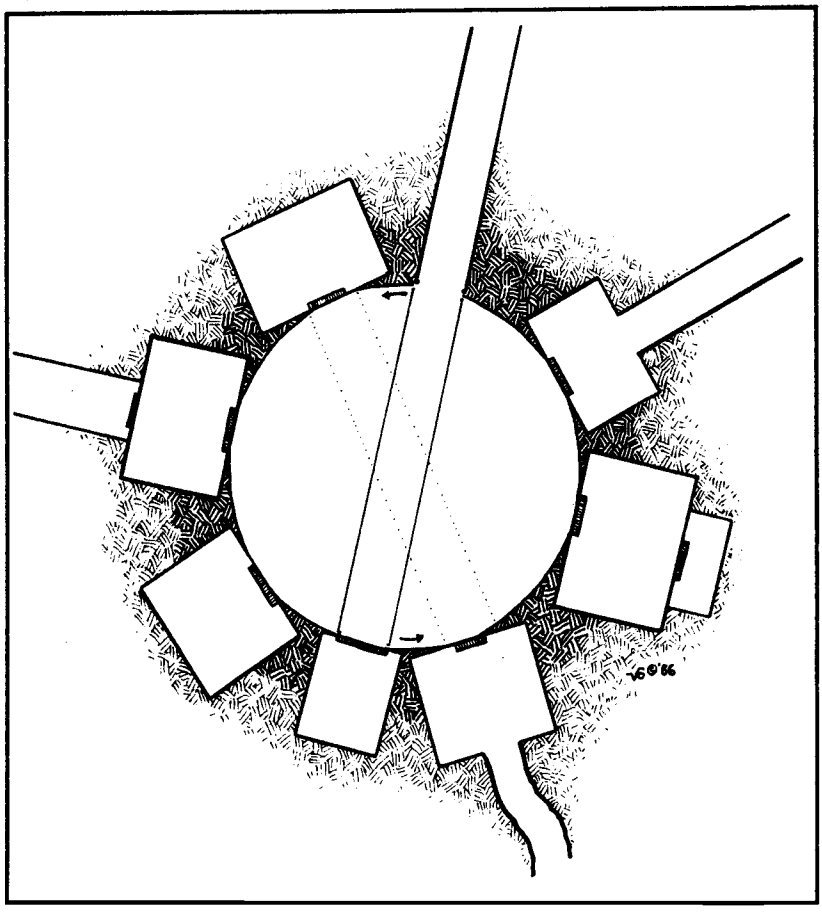
There are countless ways to slay adventurers, from the complex to crazy and back again. However, subtle stresses can be more satisfying than bludgeoning characters with obvious fates. The next several traps are bewilderers and confusion-makers, and the effects on a party can be more fun than a barrel of hobbits.

The Click Plate, by Brent Jones, is not at all deadly in and of itself. It will, however, make many other traps more difficult to avoid.

This type of pressure plate is located randomly through the corridors and byways of a dungeon. When trodden on, the plate produces an audible *click*, perhaps no different from any other pressure plate that isn't kept properly oiled. Enough of these Click Plates™ will have the party flinching and wincing in confusion and paranoia, like sheep around a shepherd periodically crying "Wolf!"

When they least expect it, the adventurers find a pressure plate that clicks. And activates a real trap, for a change....

Adventurers who carefully map dungeons and strongholds are an abomination. They always know which way is out and are never easy to trap far from safety. **Revolver**, by Joe Formichella, provides a simple way to confuse and disorient such characters.



The trap is activated by a pressure plate set in a very long hallway. The first time the plate is stepped on it causes an imperceptable counterclockwise rotation of the entire hall. At the end of the corridor, the delvers will locate a secret door designed to look much like the other dungeon walls. This door should lead into a room with something to entertain the characters, but not kill them all. After all, your entertainment is just about to start.

Leaving the secret room behind (the only entrance or exit is into the revolving corridor), the characters now discover the other end of the corridor appears to have been sealed off. As they head back toward the sealed-off corridor, they will hit the plate again, and set it, moving the corridor counter-clockwise again. Once more the party's eagle-eyes can find a secret door, but it doesn't lead out of the corridor via the route they entered. It leads to another room, with more "entertainment" for the adventurers. Once cleared away, the characters will have few options but to troop back to the other end of the corridor. The corridor rotates again, there's a third room behind yet another secret door.

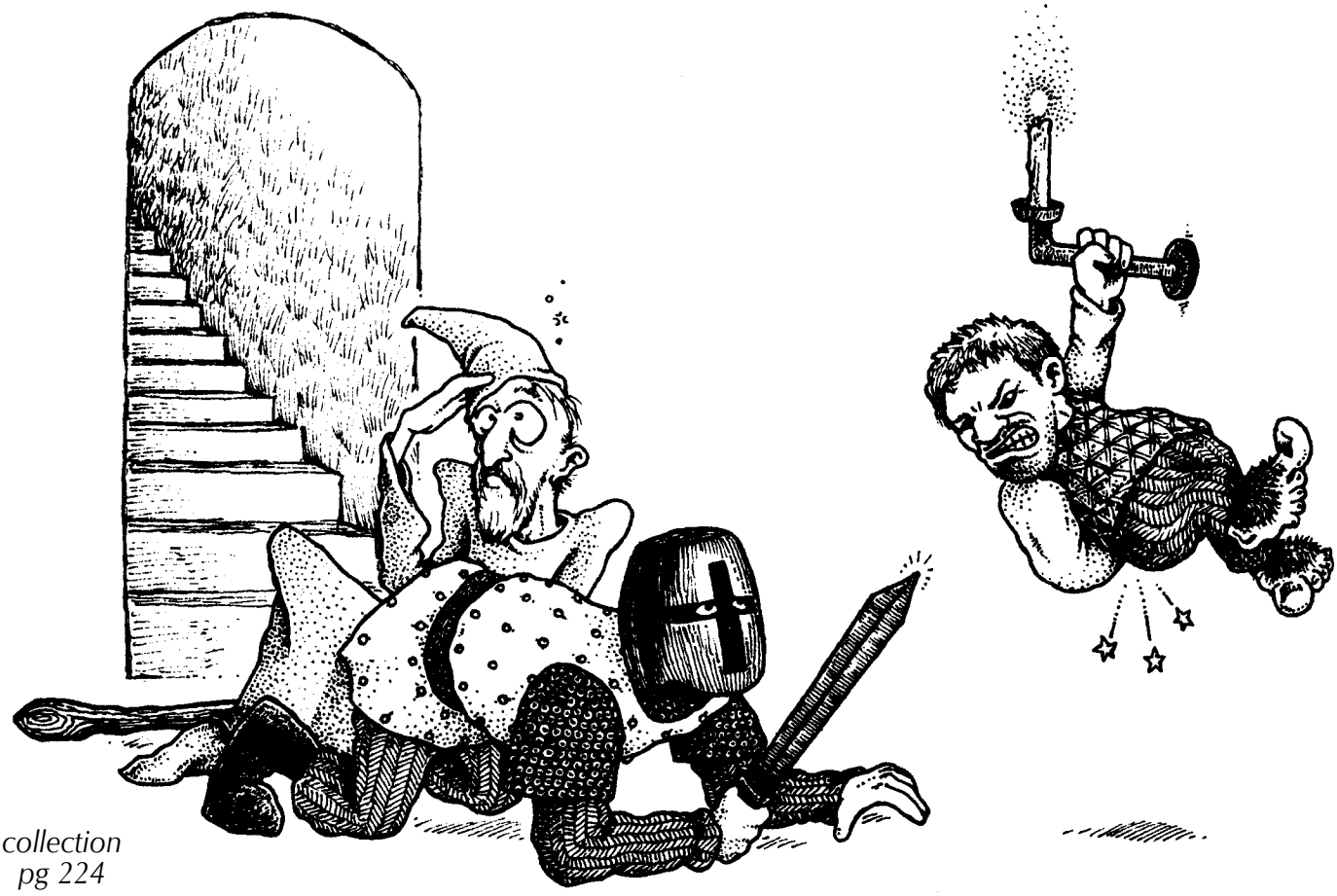
This sequence of bouncing back and forth between hidden rooms will stop after a fourth, fifth, and sixth room, totally disorienting them with the paradox of what appears to be three rooms in one. If these rooms offer other exits, the party may never know at what angle they've gone. And imagine their problems if one Revolver corridor leads to another, and another, and another....



Subtle modifications in reality like the Revolver corridor are likely to go unnoticed by characters at the best of times. If the delvers have something else to think about (like walking down stairs), the effects can be even more graphic. Wayne West has exploited this face with his simple admonition, **Speed Kills.**

The delvers begin to walk down a long flight of stairs and do not notice that the stairs begin to move, almost imperceptibly at first, like a modern escalator. A markedly plain wall will disguise the real movement, which does not need to be terribly fast to begin with. When they reach the bottom, the characters will be moving faster than they imagined and will lose their footing on the landing. This can be augmented with a little oil where they step off.

Just a little extra speed would be enough to make them all crash together. And it will give them a good taste of what their "always drawn" weapons can do.



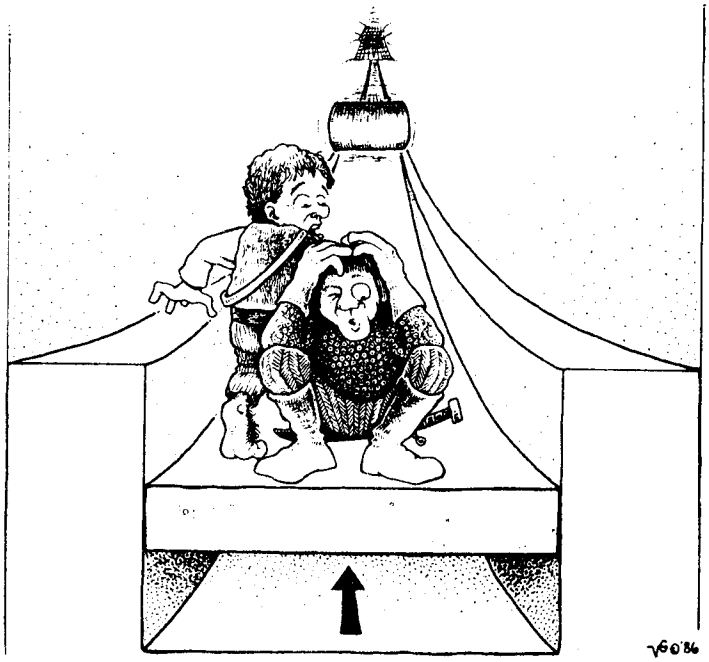
A genuinely rotten corridor trap was devised by the insidiously clever Mark O'Green. While things are not as they appear, this trap will do more than confuse the delvers. Nobody will be rushing up to answer the question of **Who's On First?**

This corridor trap will work best if the party is pressed for time - as in being chased by your favorite nasties. Turning a corridor, the unfortunates may notice numerous long slits at various heights along both walls. Each slot contains long knobby staves something like over-long, too-thin baseball bats mounted grip to grip on a central spindle. Any movement in the corridor will start the spindles turning, filling the corridor with dangerously whirling staves. If the party has a hostage (you could supply one), the group may throw the hostage forward to test the punishment - or some brave fool will try to wriggle his way through on his own.

As soon as anyone makes contact with one of the thick poles, they will find the wood is friable - rotten clear through - and it does little or no damage as it breaks.

So off the party goes again, hot-footing it to the far end of the corridor, breaking off the poles as they go. However, because there is not as much weight to spin as before, the spindles will speed up. Centrifugal force will release the joined razor-sharp blades, which slide out of the broken ends of the poles and into... let's just say that the characters in the last half of the party had better be "on the ball" at this point!

Even more destructive is the next trap. Action-adventure movies not withstanding, great juggernauts of stone rolling to crush our erstwhile heroes makes for a heart-thumping adrenaline rush. Greg Fisher's **Coney Island Express** will provide this thrilling experience to adventurers of every stripe, though I doubt if the ungrateful boors will thank him for it.



A dark side corridor of roughly finished stone branches off the main tunnel. Something entices the characters to explore this side passage: a chalk-mark of an arrow pointing down it, or a slithering rustle, or a choked-off cry of a missing party member. Footing is precarious here because there is a fairly long downslope which, maddeningly, some thoughtless architect neglected to provide stairs for. Still, it is no slick slide, and all but the clumsiest should be able to negotiate the slope without coming to harm.

Some distance down, the corridor levels off and the wary will notice a trench cut into the center of the passage floor. The trench is perhaps two or three feet wide, and equally deep. Observant eyes will see the tunnel floor and the trench then begin to rise back to the main level.

At about the same time as these features are noted, the characters will hear an earth-deep rumble from back the way they came. If they left their cowardly friends up in the main corridor, those nervous nellies will see an immense stone cylinder crash through the "wall" opposite the entrance of the side corridor (the "wall" is false and thin, and does not slow the juggernaut in the least). The stone tumbles into the corridor, picking up speed coming down the slope. By the time it reaches the bottom, it is going dangerously fast.

If the delvers are quick-witted, they will see the trench is the only possible haven. If they are equally quick in action, they'll reach it in safety. If not...

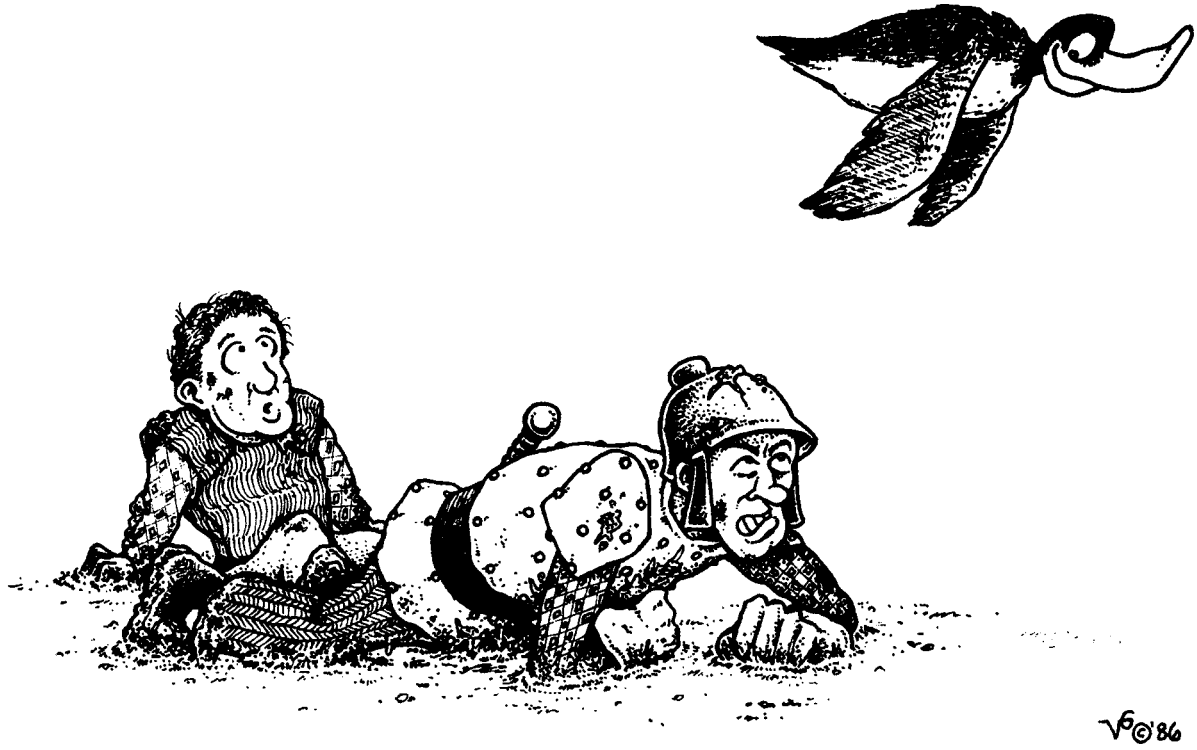
The stone's momentum carries it to the top of the rising slope beyond. There it meets a series of catchnets which slow, stop, and reverse it. There is also a ratchet which releases the gear works holding down the floor of the trench. When that catch is sprung, the floor of the trench rises up to the level of the rest of the floor, with agonizing slowness, and just in time for the stone cylinder to return!

Running, flying and fleeing - upslope - is the only route to safety as the stone rumbles back through its appointed course. The stone will have an easier time going up the incline than the adventurers will, but what a heart-clutching thrill they'll have if they make it safely over the top!



What is it that everyone needs, everyone gives, everyone asks and that very few take? The answer is Advice. Taking Wally Blunder's advice to **Duck!** in this trap may save a life, at the expense of one's dignity.

Characters are walking down a simple corridor when a loud voice cries out "Duck!" At the same moment, the top quarter-inch of the floor turns into a very smelly, sticky, but essentially harmless sludge. If the characters just stand there, nothing happens. If they throw themselves to the floor, they get up again looking pretty silly, to say nothing of smelling like an alley cat's leftovers. In a moment or two later a large duck flies past. (The party could shoot it down for a duck dinner, if they aren't too angry.)



When the players have stopped groaning and grousing about the GM's warped sense of "humor," the characters again hear the voice cry out "Duck!" This time a large wooden bar comes flying out of one wall about 4' above the floor. It swings across the corridor, bowling over anyone who didn't duck. They'll be knocked down into the muck with their cautious friends, but not seriously hurt even though the bar moves with enough force to knock down even a fairly large, strong character.

After everyone stands up, gets themselves in order, and prepares to move along, the voice yells even louder than before "DUCK!" This third time the bar swings back in the other direction, and more dangerously: the back side of the bar is braced with sharpened metal blades. The GM can have the bar move with enough force to cut a character in two, or just slash the slow.

And the Gamemaster should carefully consider the strength of his relationship with the players before uttering the final remark by the voice: "Well, I gave you three warnings..."

Dungeon hallways are occasionally marked by unnecessarily ornate or just peculiar examples of the mason's handiwork. Strange stonework is all the warning offered delvers who wander into **The Stairway To Mortuary,** a fiendish design by Greg Fisher.



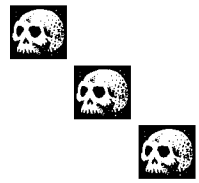
In a normal corridor, a short flight of steps leads down to a level about 6' below the original level. A few paces ahead, an equal number of steps return to the original level.

About halfway down each side is one step doing double duty as a pressure plate. The first time it is stepped on, the trap is set. The third time it is stepped on, the trap is sprung. Note that stepping on the trigger steps in any sequence will do - two steps on one side and one step on the far side will trigger the trap as easily as three steps on one trigger.

As the weight is removed from that step, two steel blades spring out to meet midway. They'll be about 3' above the lower floor level and will cause grievous disfigurment to anyone caught in between.

Who's caught there? If three characters are moving single file, the blades should catch the leader about waist level, the second in line at the knees, and the trap-tripper through the ankle. Note that if only two characters walk this section, the trap will spring when the lead character first steps from the trigger step on the opposite side of the dip. Then the lead character will lose an ankle and the follower will become sensitive to Short People jokes.

Characters will be on their guard in a corridor with any remarkable features, so Leonard McRoberts' next corridor trap, **Step and Slide,** will have to be in the proper surroundings. I recommend this as an entrance to an underground adventure so the trap may be found in a wood-floored ruined chalet or something equivalent.



The corridor is floored with 12" wide parallel strips running from side to side through the corridor. The strips can be wooden planks, square-edged tiles, or even very regularly-laid stones. The characters can test the corridor through much of its length without finding anything unusual. However, there is one strip which will give way, swinging down to expose a razor-sharp edge crossing the corridor. The release of that strip will throw a gear releasing all the strips throughout the corridor, both in front of and behind the triggering strip. All the strips will swing down and expose their razor edges.

Some of the characters will stumble as footing becomes precarious, but even the fortunate and agile may not be able to remain unscathed. After all, simple pressure against a sharp blade may not cause a wound. When a blade is dragged across a surface, that's when a blade cuts deeply.

Therefore, a few moments after all the strips have turned sharp-side up, one side of the corridor tilts down sharply. The characters all slide down the length of the blades, under the corridor wall, and into whatever collection area the GM has devised.

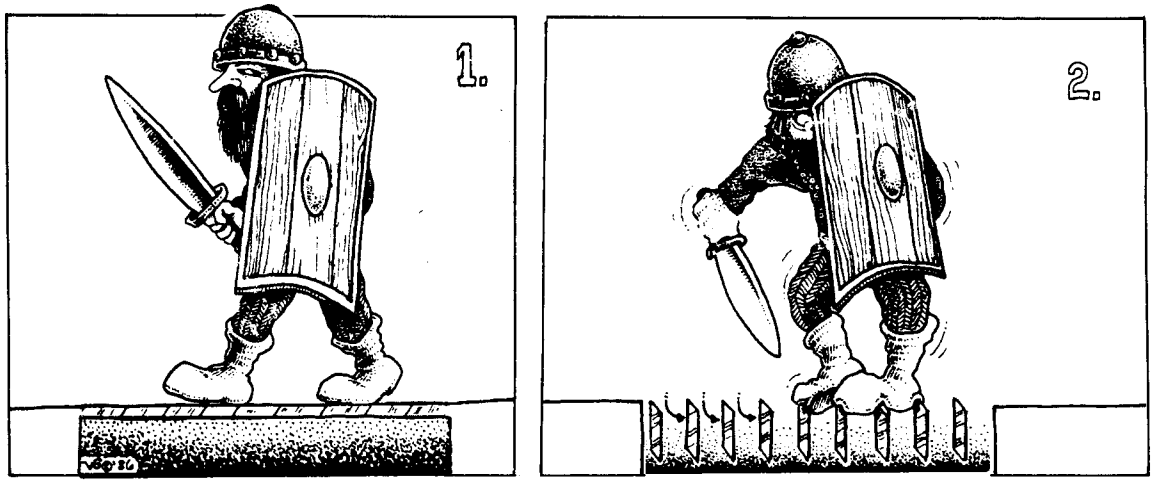
Laurel Goulding offers another trap of the "step and die" variety which is also dependent on decorative flooring. **That Sinking Feeling** is enough to make the strongest heart falter. The wrong step will have the mightiest hero on crutches for good.

The characters come to a section of corridor (or even a complete room) floored with neatly set, decorative tiles, each about 12" square. Many of the tiles are perfectly safe to step on. Quite a few, however, are not. Stepping on one of these randomly-placed tiles will be a

disabling experience. The trapped tile sinks about 5" and two of the surrounding tiles snap shut around the character's ankle. The enclosing tiles could be razor-edged, of course, although making them stone or blunt metal would be enough to make Major Macho Hero limp around on a smashed ankle for two or three weeks at best. And placing this trap right before a room where one has to jump from pillar to post, as with our opening room trap, can make for lots of fun with a broken ankle.

But stairs remain an excellent focus of fear. Instilled in most children is a wariness about stairs, and an equal wariness about tools left lying about. Leonard McRoberts has combined these two concepts and produced **A Household Accident.**

Passing along a corridor, the characters come to a flight of stairs leading down. As the lead character approaches the first step, he or she trips a pressure plate. This releases a catch below the stairs and the footboards of the top eight feet of stairs swings over and back - like when one steps on a rake, and the handle flies up to strike you in the face!



Brian Hammond also takes advantage of household dangers, bringing to light **The Troll Co. Retractable Blade Trap,** which he says shaves as close as a blade... The design of the trap is simple: the first character in line trips into a hidden pit without warning. This triggers the section of the floor on the other side of the pit into flipping completely over, assisted by a spring-loaded release, on top of those who are coming behind.

Where do the blades come in? They flip out of the flooring tiles as the floor section begins its downward swing, impaling and slicing anything in their way.

The final trap in this corridor section is a perfect example of how a trap does not need to kill or be expensive to be effective. Julie Hoverson, who actually solved the cypher in Traps Too and wrote to my minions in that code, has provided **Shuffle and Deal With It** to help all of us get more blood for our gold with a very simple plan.

The party rounds a corner or enters a small room - either will do so they don't have a clear view of the corridor behind them - and the lights flicker or some other sign is given to the characters that something is wrong. When they look back the way they came, they see the corridor has changed, a new intersection is revealed, and their compasses tell them they are heading in a different direction than they thought they were.

But all this teleportation must be expensive, right? It would be, but the party has not moved an inch.

Back up in the corridor the wall has been shifted back about 12' to reveal a new intersection that was not there before. In addition a huge lodestone has been unshielded to totally reorient the delvers' compasses. With just a few of these sliding walls strategically placed through a tunnel complex you can have the delvers traveling around in circles and hunting for an exit in an area totally away from where it really is.



Door Traps

What does one say about doors? Portals from one place to another, characters are either exceedingly nervous or contemptuous of these thin barriers and the real estate nearby. I can only hope the following ***Doom Doors*** *make contempt the less common response. With these gems in place no one need ever hang a "No Solicitors" sign on a door again.*

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I begin this chapter with a trap that is ingenious in its implication and sincerely horrid in application. Brent Halverson has designed the **Beware of Dopplegangers** door to accurately face the delvers with a puzzle and a threat they'll be dying to defeat. And really all they're fighting is themselves....

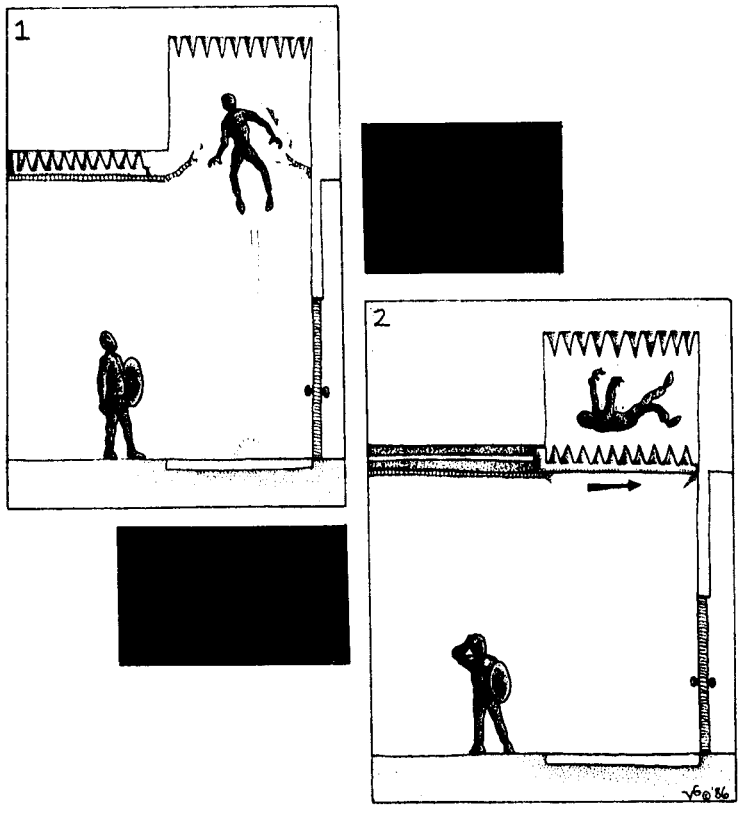
The delvers find a door. It can be anywhere, although it doesn't actually lead much of anywhere. Somewhere rather low on the door is scrawled "Beware of dopplegangers!" in what looks to be dried blood. A dying delver's last message to those who might come after? Doubtless. If the delvers are actually warned off, well, better luck next time.

However, if they open the door, they face a pitch black void that no light penetrates. There would definitely be a sense of magic, for a few feet inside the doorway is a teleport plate. A delver enters with all due caution, and poof! He reappears in the vicinity of the door among his erstwhile friends.

Three things are relevant: 1) the void and blackness are intense enough that the abrupt return to a lit corridor will somewhat blind the character; 2) it is the nature of the void to briefly scramble the character's auditory mechanism, meaning his friend's voices sound like orcish grunts and dire threats; and 3) a thin voice, as from a considerable distance, cries out from inside the void, "No! That's not me! Don't let 'im fool you arruugghhhI!" Handing the player of the unfortunate character a note that reads, "The figure in the corridor is you, now you convince them you are you, without showing them this note." is all the proof the other players will need that he is indeed a doppleganger!

With a formula like that, you should get a pretty good fight. And just for yucks, the second or third time the teleport plate is activated, you really could capture the real character and send out a doppleganger. If they keep shoving in characters, they deserve it.

Diana Harlan claims it's elvish blood in her background, but she's a troll-hearted lass down deep inside. Diana's **Upsidaisy-Downsidaisy** will have delvers pushing up daisies. Definitely.



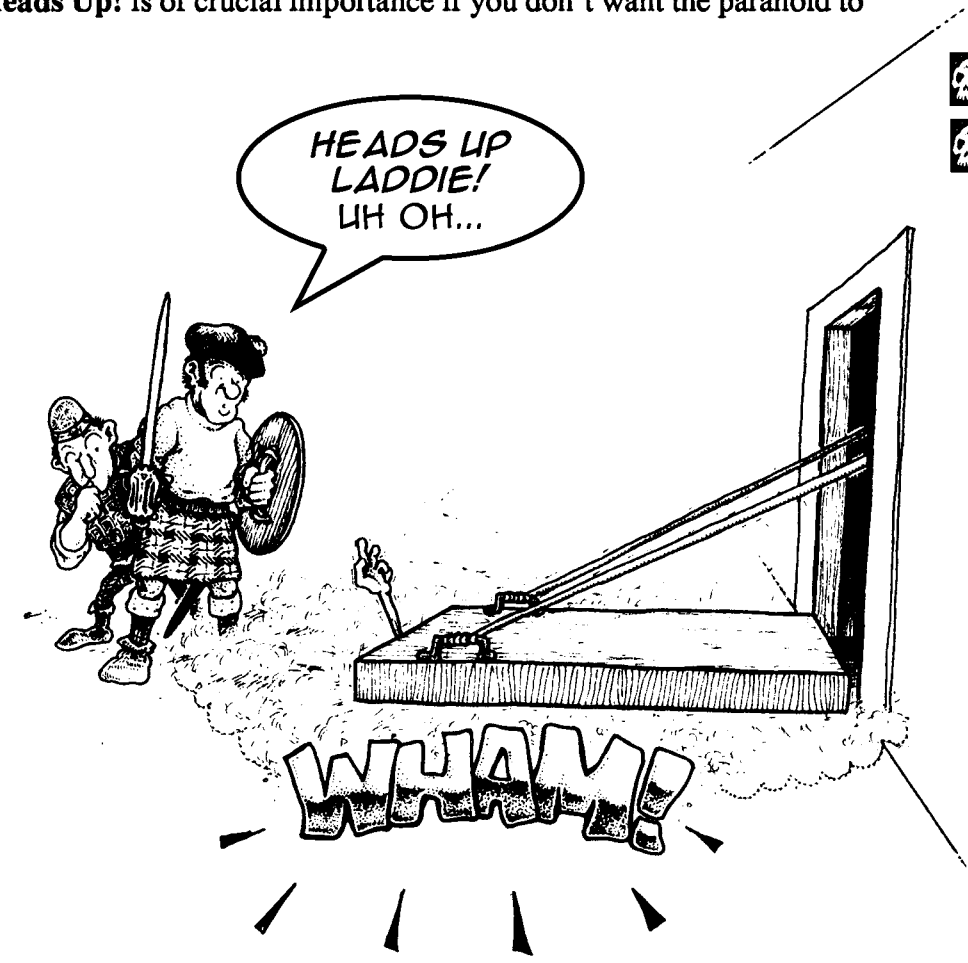
Prepare the delvers for this ahead of time by given them object lessons against opening doors violently. When they've got their manners back, spring this on them - it's activated by someone touching the door handle in a normal fashion.

When the handle is touched, a pair of magical plates "turn on." One plate is at the delver's feet and the other is overhead. The area in a ten foot square in front of the door is transformed by a heavy reverse gravity field. Anyone standing in the area will fly up to the ceiling, and break on through the thin balsa shim that just looks like ceiling. His flight ends against the spikes in the real ceiling.

When the false ceiling breaks away, a catch releases and a second bank of spikes slides forward to block the opening. The reverse gravity field shuts off, and the flying delvers has a "punctuated" landing on the lower spike bed.

For especially nasty dungeon masters - are there any other sort? - add a hungry monster or three, and dose the spikes with a mild paralysing poison....

The next trap also requires a relatively normal approach to the door, so the placement of Charles Manson's **Heads Up!** is of crucial importance if you don't want the paranoid to easily circumvent it. Place this door at the head of a deadend corridor, with the corridor not significantly wider than the door itself.



The door has no handles or other fixtures by which to open it. On the right hand wall, however, the delvers see a small button with the label "Open" on it.

Pushing the button will open the door. It drops out into the corridor like a drawbridge, crushing the simpleton who pushed the button.

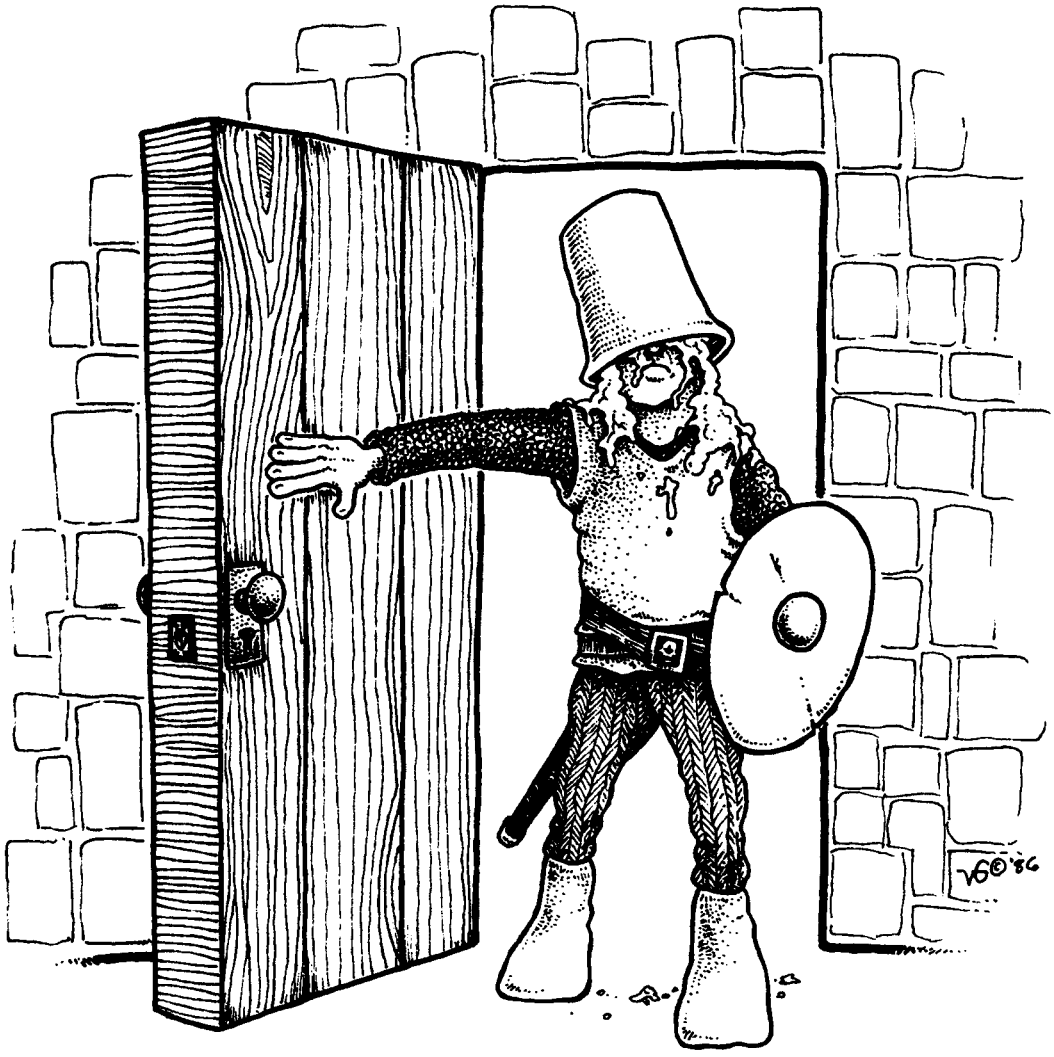
On the other hand, how simple can 250' of door be? Such massive portals usually decorate the very entrance of a tunnel complex, or indicate something Very Large Indeed lives behind it. Characters who only anticipate trouble after they pass through the door are fair prey for Caroline J. Maher's **The Downer Door.**

Joe and Jane Averagedelver (of the Soggybog Averagedelvers) whip out their trusty ropes to help them open the massive door with its latches/knobs/knockers placed too high to work in any ordinary fashion. After all, the portal has been examined for smaller entrances (and there are none), and the hinges indicate the door swings outward.

The hinges are false. When the delvers pull, they'll find the door is only propped up. Numerous spring-loaded bolts, triggered when the door moves an inch or two, slam into the top of the door and substantially increase the rate of its fall. It will be a very speedy delver, or one who teleports, who escapes getting flattened - the latches will smash into the door itself on impact, so there is no breathing space under the door after it falls.

Putty knives should be issued to the clean-up crew.

Lovers of practical jokes will appreciate this trap, so simple as to be beyond the expectations of the average delver. Charles Manson reminds us that **The Bucket Over The Door** has all the potential of a joy buzzer or a squirting plastic flower... and when is a door not a door?



In simplest form, a door left slightly ajar provides the balance for a bucket full of, well, take your pick. The variations are endless. Ice water in a damp, cold dungeon may be unhealthy without being devastating. Fine glassy sand would get into the joints of armor, and under and into everything else. The itching and grating would be maddening, if non-fatal, but nothing to brag about back at the tavern.

Brine is another annoyance. Cold, and wet now, and outrageously itchy and uncomfortable when it dries in one's clothing. A nest of red ants or a bees' nest inside the bucket could have unpleasant consequences - more people die each year from bee stings than from snake bites! Bright yellow dye would be laughable and might damage spell books; Eau de Comestible Monsterum could be dangerous, and plain old skunk oil would be enough to disband the party.

Naturally, more viscious options are available, from acid (in a glass bucket) to a bucket full of mercury. What's so nasty about mercury? Well, it'll be tough on the digestive system of anyone who swallows some, but more importantly, it'll thoroughly coat anything they have that's made of gold, like gold coins for starters. There's no decent way to unbond mercury from gold, so the characters will have a sack full of coins that look suspiciously like fake goods. Then there is the old stand-by: a bucket full of lead-heavy rocks could cause a concussion or three.

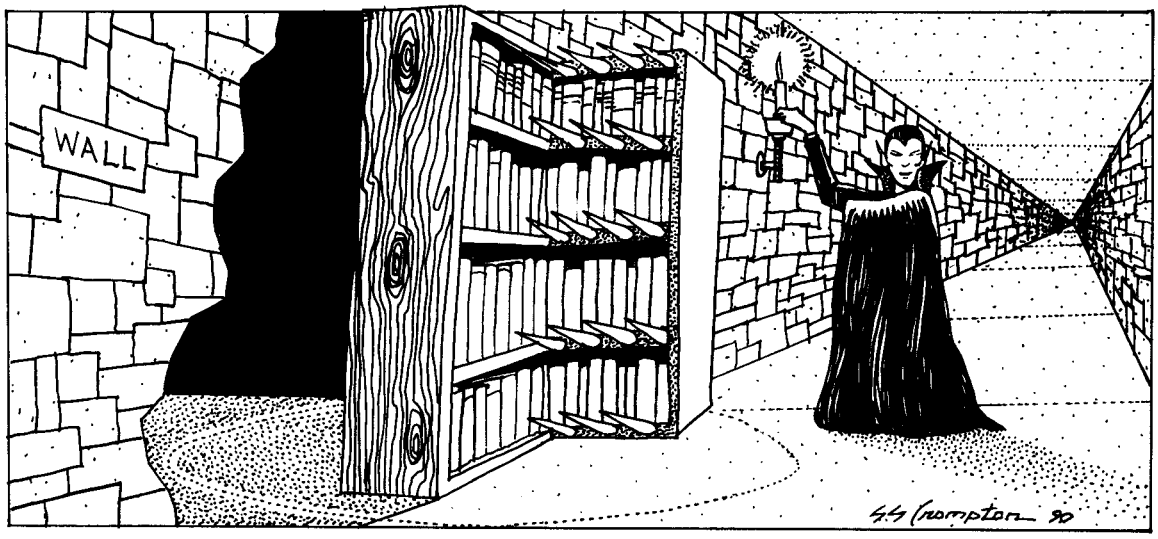
Of course even a mildly suspicious delver might think to look up when encountering a door that is not a door. (Because it's *ajar* !) The door can be left closed. The same assortment of exasperating annoyances can be kept in a reservoir above the door to spray out when the door is opened more than an inch or two!

Laurel Goulding provides yet another dreadful destiny for delvers in the unusual portal called **The Bookcase Cliche'**. She may have seen too many movies, but this trap is treachery incarnate. Not designed for the depths of a dank and dreary dungeon, this bookcase could be the main secret entrance to a tunnel - just to start the party off on the right foot.

The Bookcase Cliche' looks to be just that: a swiveling floor-to-ceiling bookcase of the sort one generally sees in old movies. Torches are conveniently placed on either side of the bookcase, and twisting either one of the sconces will cause the bookcase to make a very fast 180! turn on its platform. Perhaps the delvers will catch a glimpse of a passageway behind. An identical bookcase - previously the "back" of the other one - now rests where the original was.

The obvious solution is to get onto the platform and then have the torch sconce pulled for you. Easier said than done, but undoubtably the cunning characters will find a way.

Unfortunately, the second time the bookcase is activated, without a safety switch known to the book's owner being thrown first, one half of the "bookcase" sprouts spikes just before it pivots in the middle directly onto the other half.



A little less vicious, but with a similar result, is this next trap. From the frozen wastes of Alaska to the foggy streets of London, John Longenbaugh is making sure no delver is safe.

The Door of Manners is an object lesson in politeness. If the door is opened normally, by turning the latch, nothing untoward happens; a rod assembly is engaged and the door operates in the ordinary fashion.

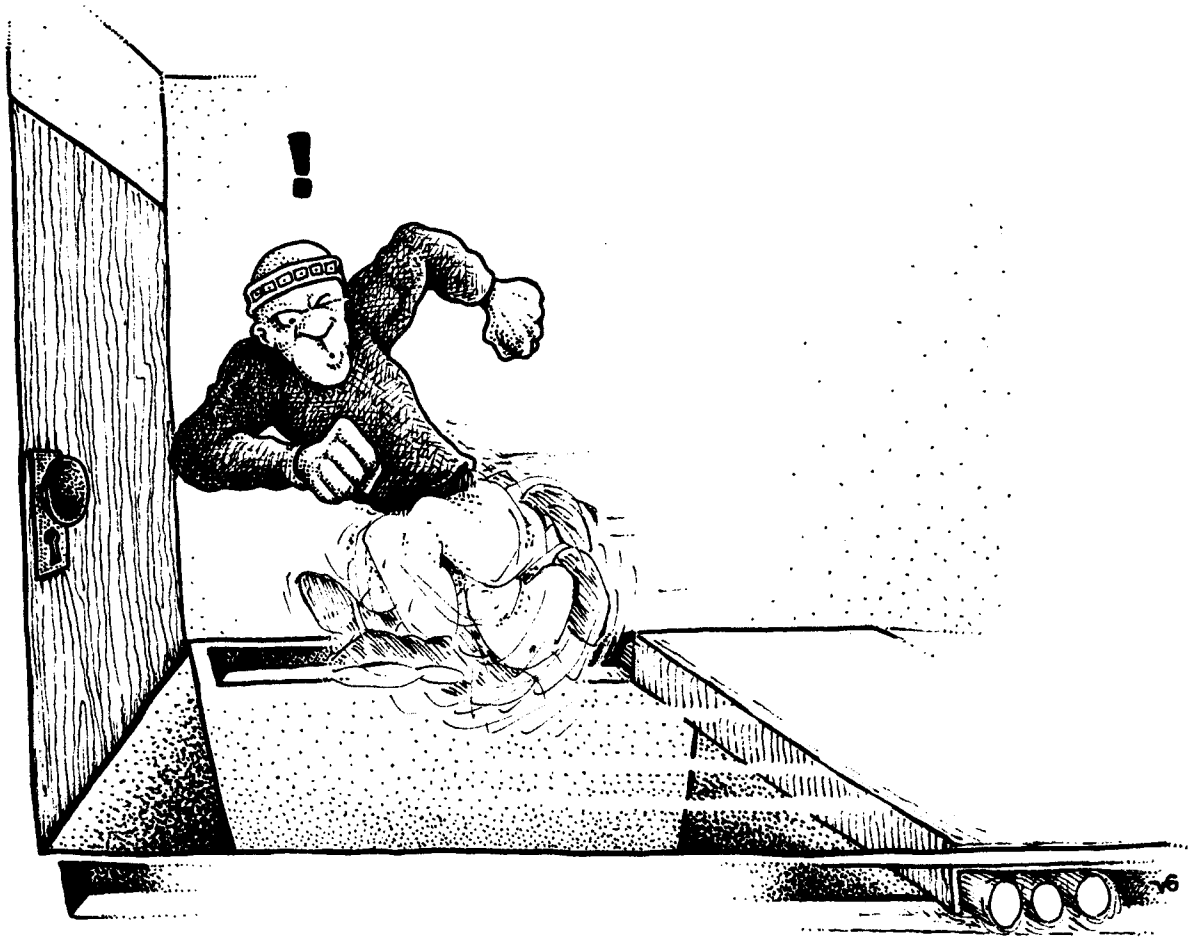
If the door is kicked in, however, the trap is released. A hinged panel set with spikes has been concealed in the wall. Unless the rod assembly is engaged, the panel will snap around from the hinge side of the door, driven by a powerful spring, to clobber the kicker and anyone else standing nearby.

John Olsen is responsible for this door trap, **A Slipshod Operation.** The intrepid adventurers find a strong wooden door sign with a sturdy doorknob and lock. The door bears the carefully lettered sign "Authorized Personnel Only." This, of course, has no power whatsoever to stop the characters, who now want nothing so much as to find out what's on the other side of the door.

They can fiddle with the lock all they want, and even normal magical means to unlock doors will fail. This will probably just whet their appetites. When someone finally gets exasperated enough to try to bash the door in by throwing his weight against it, or kicking it in, then things get really interesting.

The floor immediately in front of the door is mounted on rollers, allowing the floor to suddenly slide back. Underneath the flooring is a very deep pit with - well, whatever you like to keep in very deep pits. Whoever was trying to force the door will probably plunge straight to the bottom. At best, he or she will be clawing at the doorsill with fingertips, while toes clutch helplessly at the other side of the pit.

How does one get through this door? Well, it does say "Authorized Personnel Only." Authorized personnel have keys.



Mark O'Green has concocted a trio of doom-doors which will incite fear and frustration in almost any red-blooded delver - especially when it's his red blood that's leaking all over the floor.

The Windmill is the most elaborate device dredged so far from Mark's fiendish imagination. With a little experimentation, even the dumbest delver will discover the door slides to either side, out of sight of the wall. Someone gives the door a good shove, the door slides away, and the first character steps into the doorway - just in time to catch the next blade rotating through the door from the other side.

The "door" itself is one of four sharpened blades on a windmill-like arrangement, with the hub of the wheel high above the door. Moving the door either direction severs a wire; the wire was preventing a weight on a rope from falling. The rope was wound around the axle of a wheel. As the weight falls, the rope causes the wheel to whirl, spinning the blades faster until the rope plays out. The blades slice through the doorway, catching anything in its path and slicing it neatly in two.

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For added nasty effect, you have the weight turn up and down on the axle like a yo-yo, periodically reversing both speed and direction. Eventually it'll come to rest again, but not before causing some small difficulties to the adventurers.

Mark's second offering is a good old standby he calls **Buster's Facade.** Although my previous collections of traps certainly have nothing to do with the rampant paranoia of modern dungeon delvers, few characters are comfortable opening doors from the front. They cluster to either side of the door, cringing as one foolhardy soul gingerly twists the door's handle.

This in mind, Mark dedicates this trap to the memory of that famous old comedian. When the handle is turned the entire wall around the door falls out onto the party. Only the person with the handle in his hand - and the stupid look on his face - will escape unscathed. He'll also be a real "hit" with any surviving party members!

Tarbuddy is Mark's last trap, another famous "stuff inside the door" trap that has its beginnings in a childhood story. It's very good at catching the child-minded delvers.

The insides of this thick door are filled with exceptionally sticky tar-like adhesive. The door-kickers will get their just desserts when they sink into it up to their knees. Just ask Brer Fox. And keep it at the right stickiness: it should be rather hot.

Mike Stackpole must have heard the same story back when he was a child (millions of eons ago), because he presents characters with **A Sticky Situation.** Here, the door's exterior face is covered with a transparent, sticky substance that will go unnoticed - until it is touched. A character placing his ear to the door to get a clue to what is going on beyond will find his ear firmly stuck. Placing hands or feet against the door to pull free will probably work, but hands and feet will be stuck. The door is egalitarian: anything touched by it will get firmly attached.



If you're cold-hearted, provide a solvent for the adhesive. It's kept in the room beyond the door, agonizingly just out of reach of someone stuck to the door...

Adventurers take up their trade as much for the great stories they can tell as for the loot they hope to acquire. Laurel Goulding's **Ear's Looking At You Kid** will *not* provide that satisfaction to the delver who is caught by this trap. Place this door in front of your barracks, or some other place where the monstrous inhabitants are likely to be having a noisy, friendly game of poker or Black Brontosaurus when the adventurers stumble upon the closed door.

The door seems quite normal. However, when a character presses his or her ear to the door to listen, ear, hair, and perhaps some lightly-placed fingertips will be stuck to the covering sheet of very strong adhesive. A guillotine then drops, the blade perhaps a half-inch from the door. It'll be a very close haircut, and the character at the door will only be buying half sets of earrings in the future.

As a favor to the natural inhabitants of the room, the dropping blade could also ring a warning chime inside. It'll give your guards a few extra moments in which to tot up their winnings and gird for battle.

And remind your monsters to be considerate of the poor character who was maimed by the door. I instruct my ogres to pound the delvers on the "good" side of the head until everything is evened up again.

The final door trap comes to this tome courtesty of Brandon Corey. He's very used to people bursting unexpectedly into his rooms up at the Home....

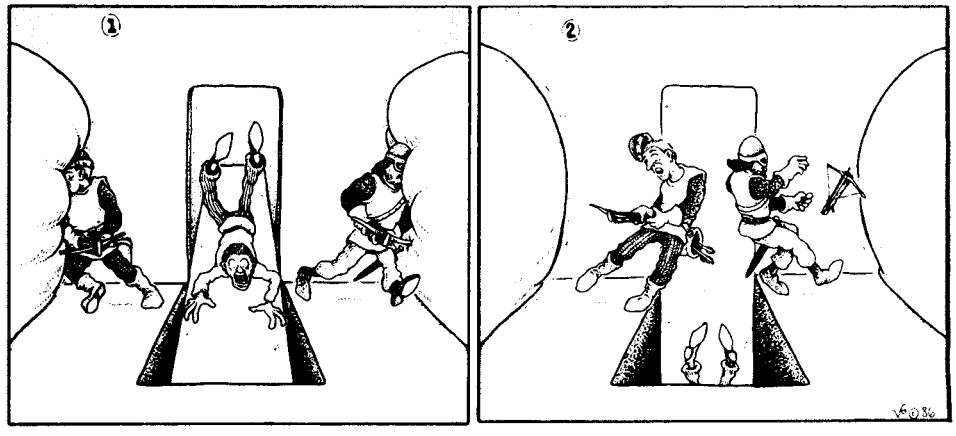
Brandon claims this trap was designed to deal with the adventurers who burst through doors, two crossbowmen slipping in to each side of the door, ready to destroy anything lurking within. **Swatting SWATters** combines Brandon's intimate knowledge of rooms with rubber walls and his unique grasp of theoretical physics.

Outside the door is a section of flooring nearly the same size as the door; this flooring covers a pit. The slab also extends under the door into the next room, where the opposite end of the floor section is heavily weighted.

When the door is torn from its hinges by an adventurer's puissant kick, a pin is pulled loose and the weighted end of the slab rotates down into the pit. The outside end of the slab rises, propelling the kicker into the room, and sealing the doorway.

The two crossbowmen who dashed into the room just ahead of the kicker discover rubber bumpers occupying the same space where they had planned to be. The crossbowmen rebound, collide with one another, then drop into the pit with the kicker.

The party is now cut off from their fellows, who are left to whatever fate you deem suitable.





G.S. Frampton '90

Item Traps

Adventurers are a very curious lot. Instead of settling for an honest trade, they head off into dark and forbidding - though not forbidding enough - places that really are quite foreign to them, in search of wealth and excitement. Excitement we give them, in brimming, gory buckets full, and wealth we hand over all too freely, but for most delvers this type of diversion quickly grows boring. Ho hum, another ten orcs slain today, and four thousand gold pieces in gems. So, did anything exciting happen to you today?

But even the most jaded delver - magically inclined or otherwise - smiles when he comes across an item. His heart quickens at the sight of an elixir, and his pulse pounds in his ears when he sees a magic sword or a jeweled ring. Items are unique and remarkable. They are worth much more than the value of their parts. They are treasure!

They are also the traps the delver willingly, and greedily, gathers to himself until they take action and destroy him.

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I begin this chapter of trapped items by directing the GM's attention to those delvers who read. This skill apparently has nothing to do with innate intelligence, as evidenced by those characters who will fall for some of these incredibly simple traps.

Ryan Scott leads off with **Read the Label,** which is as effective a trap as any in this collection. This trap is centered around a chest. On the chest is bolted a big sign which reads "Do Not Open Chest (details inside)." Prying off the top layer of the sign would indeed reveal the details of the poison gas trap inside the chest. Many adventurers will end their careers as they open the chest trying to discover the secret to the joke. It gets them every time.

Perhaps it is the ingenuousness of literate delvers that traps them: they actually tend to believe what they read. Chris Alexander takes advantage of this trustful attitude with the deviously surprising **Poison Surprise.**

This trap would best be found as part of a minor treasure/reward that includes a variety of other items. The delvers find an ordinary vial such as poison typically comes in, and there's even a label with "Spider Venom" neatly calligraphed on it. To all appearances, it is the ordinary paralysing venom which Stetson-hatted spider ranchers provide the City apothecary for use by dungeon delvers who like a little extra "edge" when facing denizens of dark dungeon demesnes.

Of course, it isn't. Instead of paralysing spider venom, the vial actually contains highly concentrated spider adrenalin. Be sure it is a big monster hit with a blade or arrow carrying this "poison;" the monster will speed up into overdrive instead of becoming paralysed! It'll hit twice as fast instead of twice as slow, and do commesurately more damage to the poor stooge who fired up its afterburners!



Of course, dungeon monsers are a tough breed. They're able to handle injections of this adrenalin in moderate quantities. If, however, a surviving delver thinks to use the remaining Spider Adrenalin on himself, he could be in for a second surprise, especially if he overdoses himself (easy to do). When the concentrated adrenalin hits his system, the delver's heart will beat harder and faster than it ever has before. Blood pressure will climb, putting a tremendous load on his circulartory system, and especially the small, delicate blood vessels of the heart and brain. Rending claw or talon isn't necessary if the delver gives himself a heart attack or disabling stroke.

Although Chris misleads characters with his little vial, Matt Willson takes the idea one step further: offer the characters the entire contents of an alchemist's laboratory (after they have faced suitable resistance). All the pills, potions, and vials have carefully lettered labels identifying them as "Smarter," "Quicker," "Invisible," or things like "Black Destruction," "Death," and "Endless Sleep." Matt will soon have all the characters asking, **What Are The Ingredients, Anyway?**

"Smarter" pills cause immediate heart failure, "Invisible" clots all the blood in one's body, and "Quicker" dissolves bones - just for examples. Many of the more deadly sounding items, however, are anything but. "Death" pills make a character smarter, "Black Destruction" increases strength, and so on. But just to keep the uninformed from being too cocky, any of the items with a deadly label which are packaged in blue bottles (say 25% of the total) are just what they say. "Endless Sleep" potion in a blue bottle will indeed cast the imbiber into never-ending sleep.

In fairness, provide the alchemist's notes behind a well-concealed hidden panel (like The Bookcase Cliche' back in the Doors section of this book) somewhere nearby. These notes should contain a key to the "mis-"labeling of the bottles and vials. If the characters take the time to find a key, they deserve not to discover the bottles' contents the hard way.



Vending machines are certainly an anachronism in the dank tunnels explored by sword-wielding warriors and mad-eyed mages. If that sort of anachronism is bothersome to you... well, how in the world can you have any fun at all? Loosen up a bit! These two machines are definitely for fun - since playing with characters' brains from the inside out is my idea of a good time.

Rick Loomis brings up a particularly trouble-making item with his **Sweet Drink Machine.** Far back in some dreary hole they're exploring, adventurers discover a tall rectangular box, brightly colored. Mages, mad-eyed or not, will announce that an aura of arcane magic surrounds this bright red and blue thing. (Legend has it that some of these boxes are red and white, while others are green and silver. No one reads the language the words are written in, however, so what these different colors mean, no one knows.)

The box has a number of large buttons, a slot the size to take a coin (and a painted arrow pointing to the slot), and a small niche near the bottom third of the box. Any coin of any denomination can be put into the coin slot. If the button is then pushed, a paper cup drops into the slot (usually right side up), and the cup fills with a foamy brown liquid. (except in the case of the green and silver machines where the liquid is clear.)



There is no magic sensed from the cup or its contents. Appropriate tests report it is definitely non-poisonous. Someone who drinks the liquid will find it tastes sweet, cool and refreshing.

An hour later, the character has a sudden flash: he MUST have *another drink from that machine!* Neither water, ale, nor any other drinkable satisfies the craving. In short, the character is hideously addicted to the vending machine's drink. Unfortunately, even if the party thought of it, the character will find the drink he brought along with him goes stale, flat and is unsatisfactory in a very short time. If unable to get back to the machine the delver will first experience headaches, twitches, a ravening thirst, blurred vision, and be very nervous. More serious complications follow...

Speaking of following, Rick suggests that it may prove amusing to have the machine follow the character(s) who drank from it. This can be awkward if the delvers want to go down a passage too narrow for the machine, and if it follows too closely, it could interfere in combat. I wouldn't recommend letting the machine follow a character outside the ruins/ dungeon where it is found - unless you want to provide that character a sinecure back home.

If you must have a cure for the poor player, I would suggest a pilgrimage to some distant shrine, which forces the character to haul the machine over hill and dale. Once he reaches the shrine he undergoes a three day ritual that involves fasting, praying and doing certain things with branding irons that I won't mention for the sake of delicacy. And when he's finished with all that, and free of the habit, the shrine's monks direct him to carry his machine out back and to put it with the thousands of other machines just like it...

The machine is insidious and subtle, waiting to strike. Every hour on the hour, the character must have another drink from the magical innards of the machine. Any coin will buy it - but it must be had. Here, kid - *the first one's free...*

Delvers are heavily into material acquistions. Whatever they have, they want more. Why else should they go out grubbing in dingy holes? Tom Quaid offers **The Vexatious Vending Machine** for those acquisitive characters who have more money than sense; I applaud his means of retrieving some of the cash stolen from the treasure vaults of somebody-or-other's esteeemed ancestors!

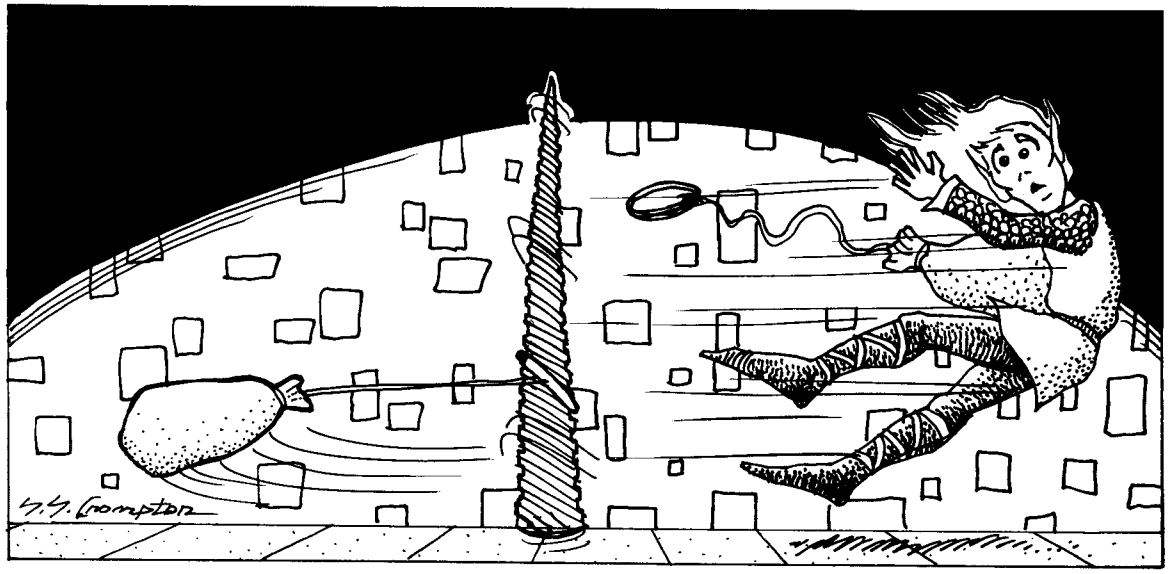
The boxy vending machine - make it as big or small as you like - definitely contains magic. The magic apparently exudes from the weaponry, armor, wands, scrolls and sundry other peculiar items that are lovingly displayed behind a thick sheet of crystal or glass. Each item is numbered, and there is a bank of buttons on the side of the box which apparently correspond to the numbers on the items. A slot in the side of the machine says "Insert Coin Here." A hopper large enough to catch any of the items is near the bottom.

Avarice blossoms in the delver's heart. How to resist? A coin goes into the slot, the button is pushed - the gem-hilted glowing sword does not pop down into the hopper. Well, there are no prices listed for the items - perhaps one must insert more coins. More precious metal dribbles down the chute, but sadly the desired item is never released. So push a button for something that looks less costly - no luck. Look for a coin return?

No Luck.

The coins are gone. The main magic on the vending machine is that all the pounding, beating, kicking, magic and explosives applied to it will not harm it or convince it to regurgitate its coins or bait.

If you suspect the characters won't fall for this machine, set it up in the space formerly occupied by your local dungeon smith and sword-maker - you know, the one who did decent work for the adventurers in the past. You should be able to convince them the smith has merely automated his establishment.



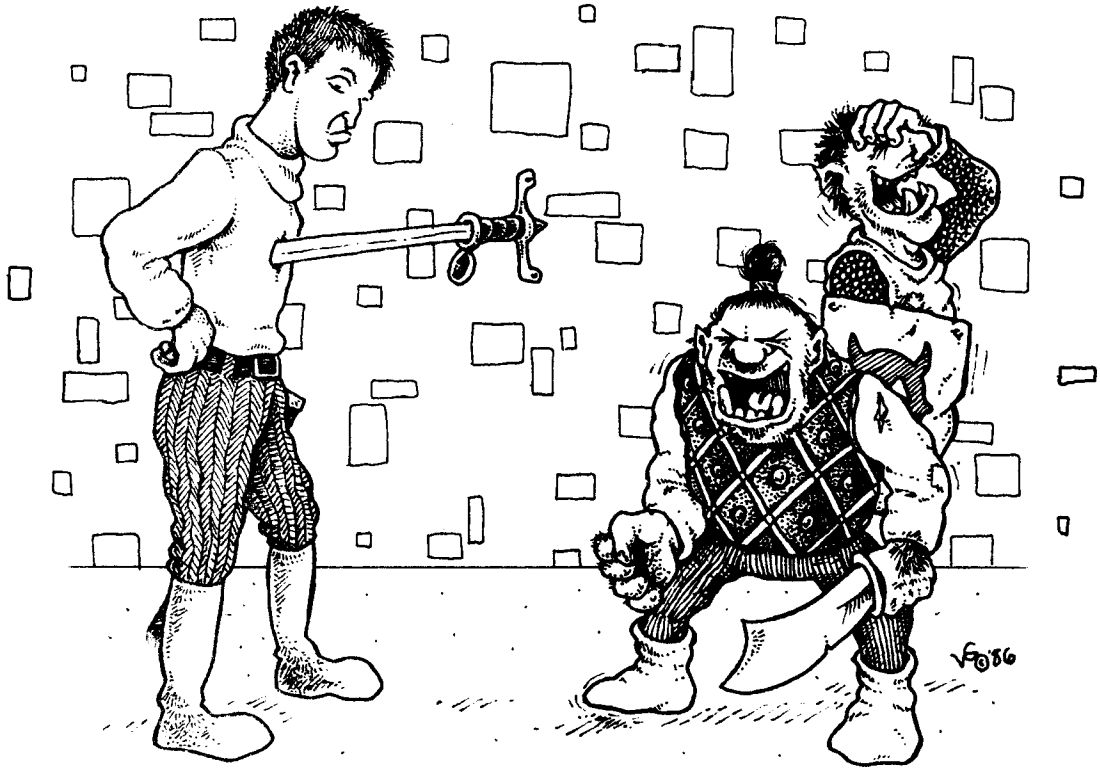
While not a vending machine, the next trap definitely qualifies as a great peculiarity - which is why I include it in this chapter instead of in with the Room traps. Occasionally, a designer of traps will go to substantial lengths to offer the obscure and the arcane. Such is the **Sasquatch WDB** trap, submitted for your consideration by Brent Halverson, with assistance from Monty Liebrant and Stanley Rutledge. Little is known of the secret rites of the Siberian sasquatch - and Brent, Monty, and Stanley know more than most (possibly more than they're telling)! If your tunnel complexes aren't presently inhabited by Siberian sasquatches, then Caribbean sasquatches - those with very little fur and good tans - will do as a substitute.

These rare beings are known to build tall spires in secluded rooms; the spires are threaded like a screw. A sturdy cable rope is wrapped once around the spire, and at either end of the rope is tied a 50 lb. bag of dirt. At the single entrance (quite wide and high, of course, to admit two or more sasquatches standing shoulder to shoulder) a pressure plate starts a round platform spinning at the base of the spire. The platform winds up the spire, spinning faster and faster (up around 150 rpm). When the rope and the attached bags of dirt reach the top of the spire, the whole whirling mess goes spinning off toward the entrance. Now, when there are sasquatches at the door, they know what's going on and catch the bags (though quite a feat it is considered the proper thing to do when visiting)!

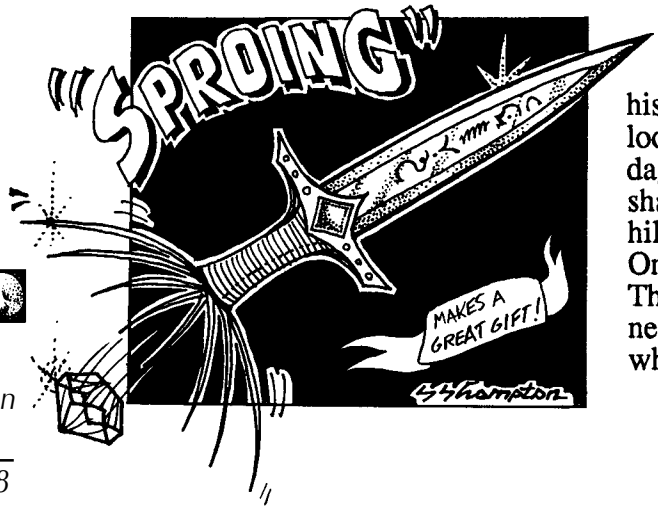
The unitiated - and ill-mannered - will be caught by the whirling dirt bags (WDBs). The bags and rope will wrap around like an enormously oversized bola, and quite probably break a spine or two. To add insult to injury, the bags may break, burying the delvers under a hundred pounds of dirt. So gratifying to see a nice, peaceful delver's grave...

Trapped items that are apparently good weapons are daily fare for dungeon delvers, but still they cannot easily refuse a free weapon. Offered now are several traps masquerading as delvers' favorite toys.

Two minds that think alike are Mike McClymont and Billy Leslie. Mike developed **The Sliding Sword**, a blade that will work perfectly well until it is used to thrust instead of slash. When used in a thrust, the blade slides out the back end of the hilt to impale the person wielding it.



Billy created its companion, a dagger he calls **Reversie.** Because it is not as long as the sword it cannot hope to impale its user. Instead, when the blade sinks in through the hilt, its opposite sharpended end slides up the character's wrist. What a pity, if either the Sliding Sword or Reversie were to take effect when the blades had previously been poisoned...



Billie Leslie provides another variation with his deadly dagger **Backfire,** a moderately sound-looking item with a fair gem decorating the hilt. This dagger, too, will backfire on first thrust. A cluster of sharp poisoned needles pop off the gem capping the hilt; the needles expand like the ribs of an umbrella. One of the needles is sure to prick the user's wrist. There the skin is thin, rarely protected, and has lots of nearby blood vessels to carry the poison straight to where it will do the most good.

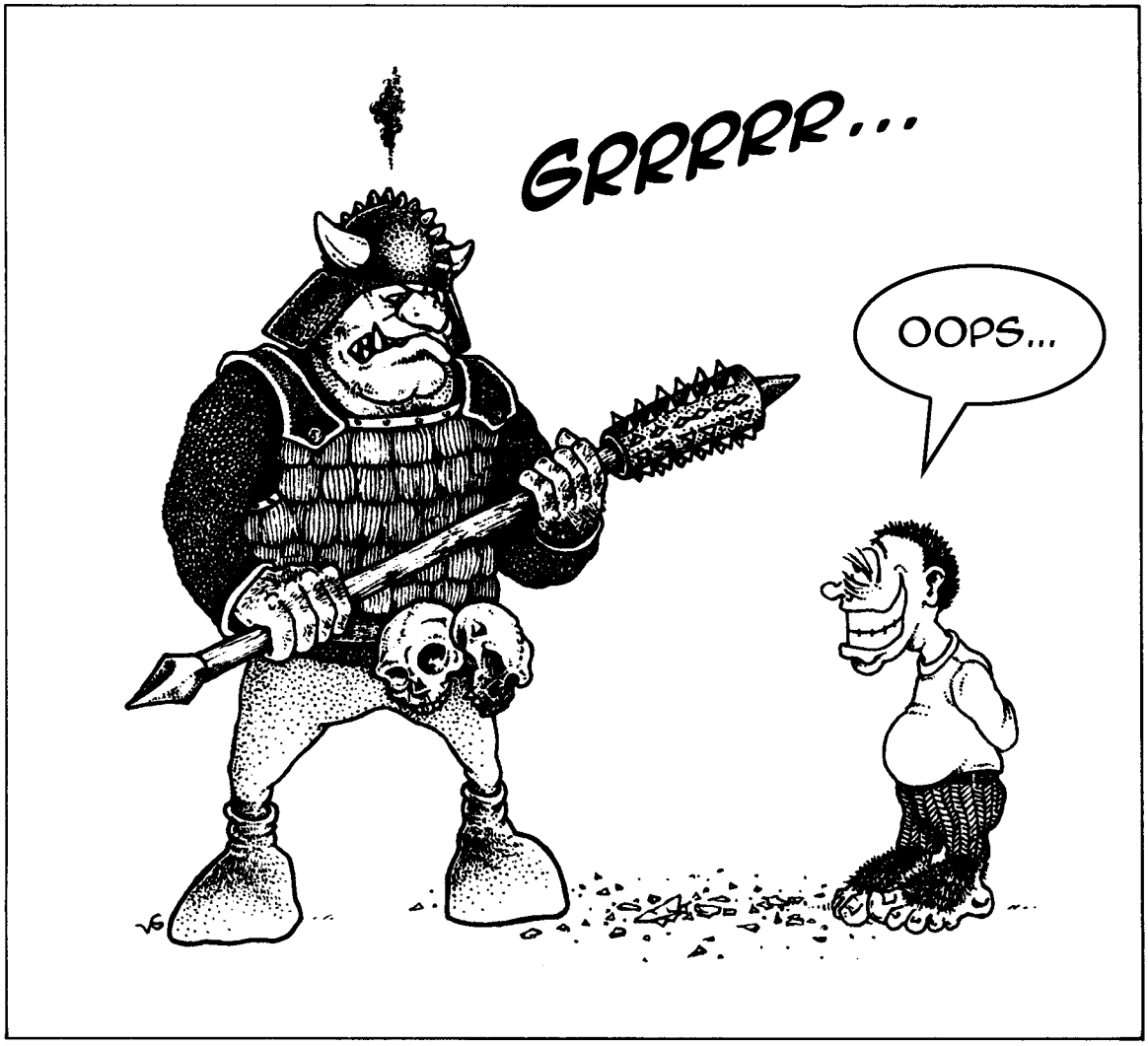
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Justin Levitt contributes a lovely weapon with an esthetic touch in his **Deadly Work of Art.** In some appropriate location - an armory, perhaps - characters find a particulary beautiful, finely-crafted, all-metal spear standing alone. It shimmers with mild magic, enhancing its attraction.

Actually, the magic has another purpose. Whenever an orc comes within 50', the spear calls out in a very loud voice, "Hey, you, Fatface!"

So? The character appears to have insulted a fumble-footed dungeon monster, right? He'd probably do it by choice, if he'd known the critter was there. And if a fight comes about, no big problem with a nifty new magical spear in hand, eh?

The nifty new magical spear is made of glass, thickly coated with metallic paint. It will shatter as soon as it's used, harming no one - unless you consider being instantly disarmed while facing an angry, insulted, "fumble-footed" dungeon monster to be *harmful...*



But Justin's sense of esthetics doesn't stop with an objet d'art like a fine glass spear. Jewelry is also within his purview, as his **Ring of Doom** clearly shows. He brings the concept of liquid crystals a new perspective.

A ring is found, probably among some other treasures, with a large, lovely diamond glistening in the setting. Obviously valuable, nothing untoward happens until or unless the ring gets wet - if the characters take an unexpected dip in a watery pit, or after a long and difficult fight makes his hands quite sweaty. Then the ring abruptly shrinks at record speed. The character will have to find a spare digit if he or she wants to count to ten when it's finished!

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In case the character won't fall into wet holes, or manages to avoid strenuous exertion, he or she may still take a jarring fall. A sharp rap will shatter the "diamond," which proves to have been hollowed out and filled with water. It contains, in fact, just enough water to make the ring do its grisly work.

Another digit devastator is Brannon Moore's **Ring Around the Finger**. The ring is strongly magic, and if you favor giving them a fair warning, leave one half of a dead bug in the box where the ring is found.

The ring is a one-way teleport band which only activates periodically - say, once an hour for just one minute. Anything inside the ring - like a finger joint - is delivered to the Keeper of the Finer Fingernail Collections.

If the ring has some other, more useful magic power (accessible only while being worn, of course), you can probably hook the character into keeping the ring in use while occasionally losing his fingers in the process (since the ring is not all that regular in its cycle). Loss of fingers implies loss of manual dexterity - a serious problem to a mage, to say nothing of the obvious limit to the number of digits a character can sacrifice.

And if your characters have magic enough to regrow the digits after they are lost, consider expanding the ring and letting them use it as a circlet...

Strange minds devising deadly devices can be found anywhere. Start by looking in the mirror, but stop at no sea shore. Trollish hearts trapped in human bodies have spoken up from both side of the Atlantic, and now Jos Valdman offers his masterpiece from Down Under.

This last disabling ring is **The Ring That Won't Let Go**. Again there is magic, which might entice someone into putting the ring on since there is nothing unusual in its looks.

The ring might feel a bit uncomfortable, as if it were knobby on the inside. A wary character will pull the ring off and find, much to his dismay, that most of the flesh and sinew on that finger comes with it, as if shredded by hundreds of tiny cat's-claw curved razors inside the band.

The magic prevents the razor-sharp barbs from being seen, and lets delvers slide the ring on in one direction - but not off the other way.

From trapped jewelry, we progress to the trapping of certain other items of apparel. Somewhere amidst a treasure trove, or perhaps just in the back of a forgotten closet, is the place for Dorothy March's **Acid Boots.** This trap threatens the delver with the very thing he fears, something you humans call poetic justice. How "fitting."

The boots are nicely crafted and very comfortable. A label sewn into the lining near the top proclaims the boots to be made from the finest basilisk leather, completely acid-proof. A worthy treasure indeed.

Between the sole of the boot and its inner lining (which is not acid-proof) is a thin bladder made from the stomach lining of the poor basilisk who gave its all to make the boots. The bladder is, of course, acid-proof and contains a quantity of the most powerful acid known

to man or troll. The bladder is removable and is present in the boots for salesmen to remove and pour on the boots to prove the claims on the label.

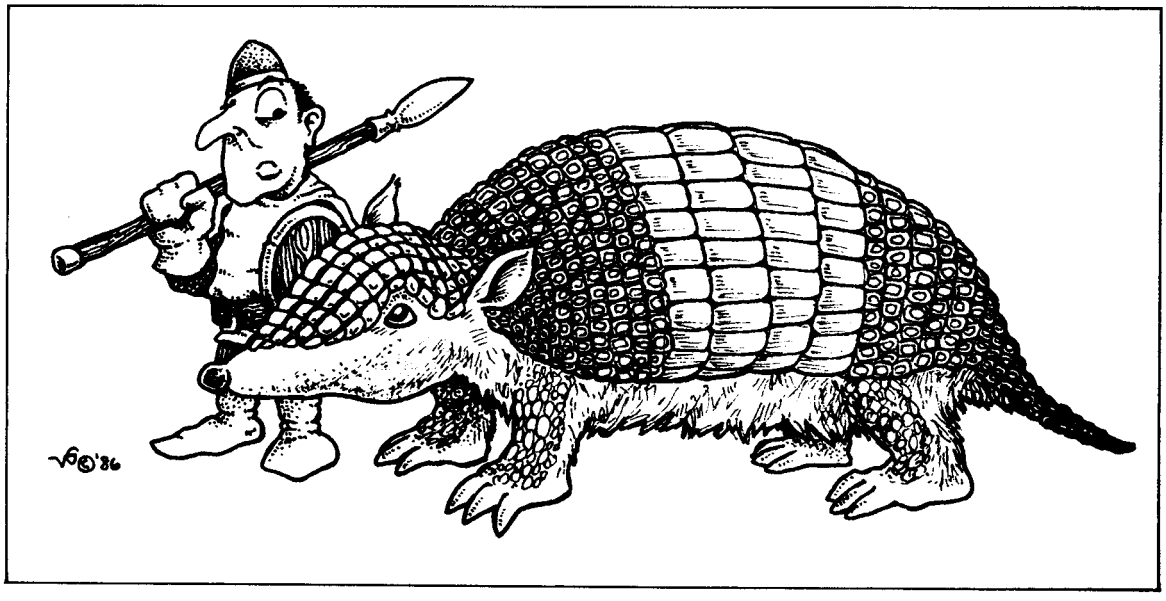
The bladder, being slightly flexible, will not burst under the impact of normal walking, but when the wearer takes his first few running steps (increasing the pressure on the bladder from just his weight to four times his weight by running), or - the gods forbid! - jumps any distance, the bladder will burst in each boot. The unfortunate delver now finds himself standing in a small pool of acid - neatly confined by his acid-proof boots - and he will be in a desperate hurry to get them off before his feet disappear entirely.

Of course it would be an excellent time for the delver to discover the thing he is running or jumping away from is the boot-basilisk's mother...



Dorothy March also understands that magical armor is an item much prized by adventurers who have serious respect for the integrity of their own skin. Thus, her **Armordillo** will probably be snapped up as soon as someone lays eyes on it. Such a character is another victim of poetic justice.

The suit of fine scale mail practically screams that it is magical; even the most cursory inspection will reveal that its power in the arcane is considerable. The armor should have at least one power which can come in handy in the dungeons for which it is designed: if you have a watery theme, the armor allows the wearer to breathe underwater; if people traipse around in the desert, the wearer stays clean, cool, and immune to sunstroke. Whatever this polishing touch is, make it worthwhile to the adventurers. Remember, you'll get back out of this what you put into it, and more.

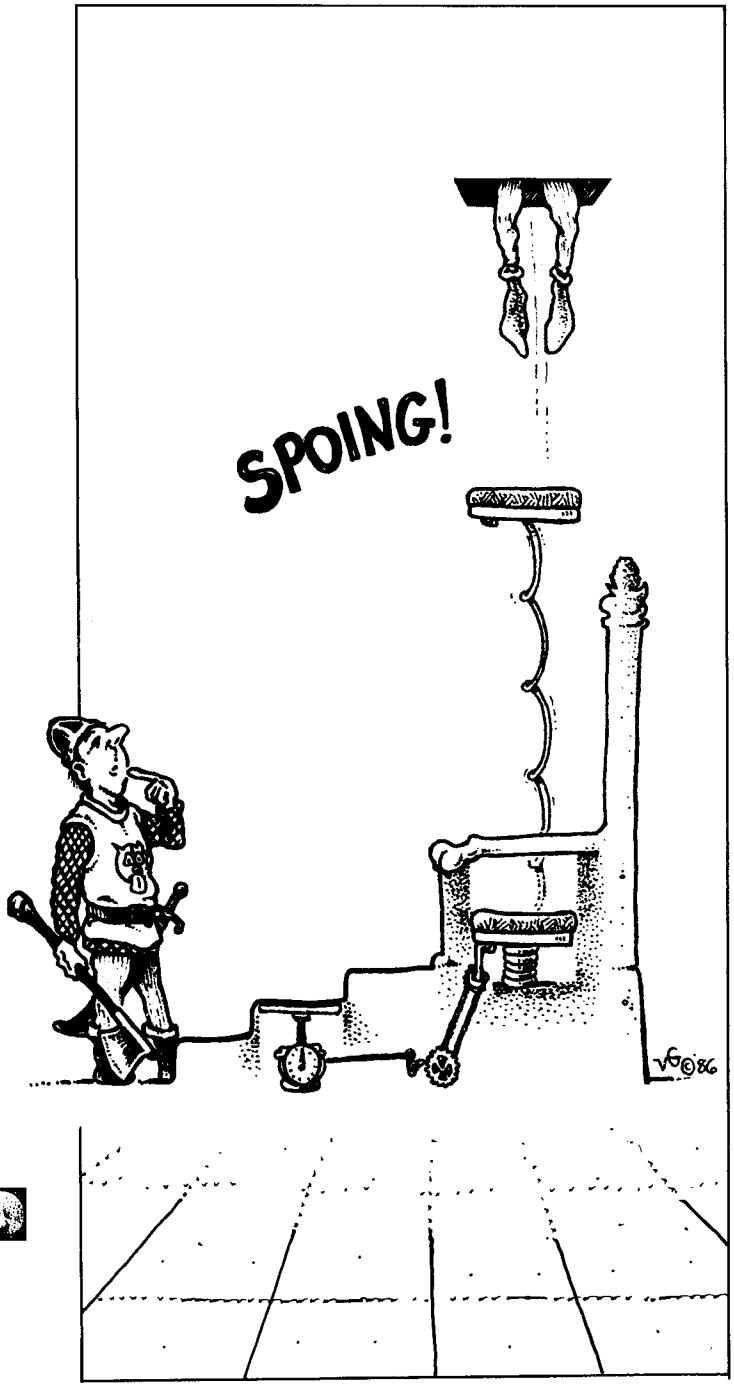


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The insidious thing about this armor is that a curse underlies its special abilities. Once donned, the armor will graft itself onto the wearer's body and transform him or her - slowly, so the character has time to think about it - into an armadillo. A large, magically radiant armadillo that breaths water (or whatever), but in the end, just an armadillo, plain and simple.

The rest of the party will have to come up with a collar and leash, or your tunnels will have a new "wanderer."

Doug Chasant delivers up the deadly simple (and simply deadly) **Ejection Seat** for those characters who think more with their hinder parts than with their brains. The item in question is an ornately carved throne which must be approached by going up two or three steps. The throne is much decorated with reliefs of flying birds and other airborne creatures. An inscription on the throne reads "Whomsoever sitteth upon this throne will gain the power to fly."



When a character walks up the steps to the throne, a measuring device gauges his or her weight. When that same weight is lowered into the seat of the throne, the trap activates. (This subterfuge prevents a wily delver from dumping his pet rock on the seat just to see what happens. Also, if weight remains on the steps, nothing happens, so his companions will have to stay back.)

When the trap springs, the ceiling splits open and the seat of the throne catapults the character into the sky blue yonder. Unless the character already has the power to fly (in which case, why take a seat on the throne?), it will be a long, long way down, during which time the delver can practice missing the earth.

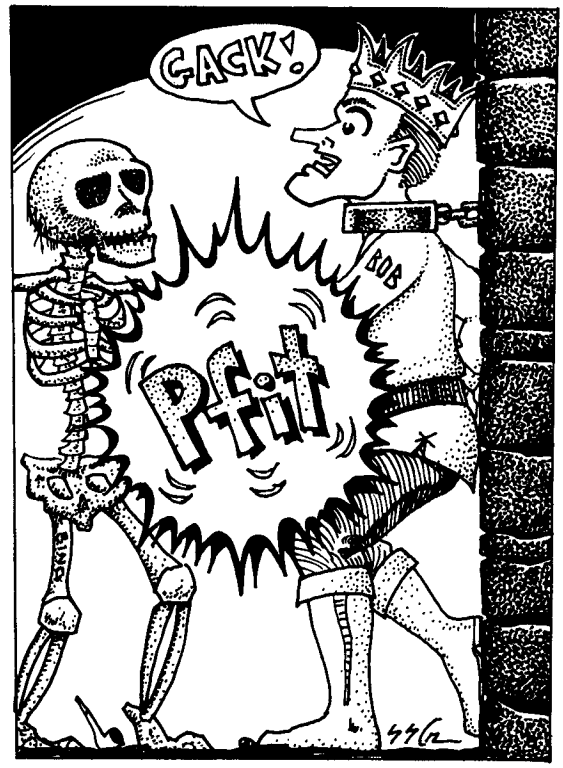
You may need to add guardian monstrosities so the delvers don't think they are granted the chance to sit on the throne too readily.

British trap designer Maxwell Roberts comes from a country with a long history of king and queens, so his **Royal Collar** is a fitting tribute.

The delvers enter a room where several skeletons litter the floor. Against the far wall is a skeleton chained by the neck to the wall; on the skull rests an elaborately worked and quite expensive looking crown.

The character who takes the crown (whether he puts it on his head or not), immediately switches places

with the skeleton. He is now the one chained to the wall by the neck, with the crown securely resting on his cranium. Since the chains are deeply set, and undoubtably crafted by your courteous local adamantine dealer, the character could be there quite a long time. And if the crown-snitcher is the typical bull-necked bully, he might even have a little difficulty breathing!



Naturally, any spell designed to shrink a person would provide a safe way out of the trap - so you might instruct the adamantine dealer to engrave a warning that implies, true or not, that such a spell would shrink the collar first, and not the person. (While not the truth, no one said we had to be totally honest all the time, did they?) If such magic isn't available, finding a person whose head is smaller than the collar is a practical alternative. But you certainly don't have to suggest it.

If the characters are still seeking to emulate royalty after the last trap, Privileged Information is waiting to enthrone the arrogant. Elija Dixon and Scott Rogers have conspired to trap adventurers who pride themselves on their brains.

The trap is set in "**The Throne of Knowledge,**" a high-backed chair created of obsidian and inlaid with gold, silver, and ivory. If the party can avoid trashing it for the loot, a character might sit in the throne. When he does so, he is immobilized and his head begins to swell (an affliction common enough among delvers and game designers). The character's mind is bombarded with all sorts of information on high-speed dump; if he is not pulled off the throne within 10 seconds, his brain will "explode" or burn out from too much knowledge.

To be on the safe side, the precise amount of time needed to burn out a brain might be linked to the character's original brain capacity. In other words, idiots would blow up faster than geniuses. And what if a character is pulled off the throne in time? You could make all the information date from when the throne was last used by someone who could add instead of just draw information. Court gossip from 1000 years ago might be interesting, but it probably is not going to be much use now.

Equipment can be trapped to good effect. Characters are occasionally constrained to climb steep mountainsides and sheer cliffs, so they tend to be familiar with the art of mountaineering and the equipment that goes with it. Matt Willson has conceived **The Poisonous Pitons** to take advantage of this. If the characters find pitons, hammer and rope as part of a "treasure" shortly before they require them, they'll consider themselves fortunate. It's such a pleasure to raise hopes just before dashing them...

Most of the pitons are perfectly sound, but a number of them are hollow and filled with poisonous gas. Although their weight seems normal, these special pitons are brittle and the first time they're struck with a piton hammer, they'll shatter and the deadly contents will puff out. Since the only safe way to pound in pitons is to work with them close to eye level, and since even heavily armored characters must breathe, the result is quite horrible.



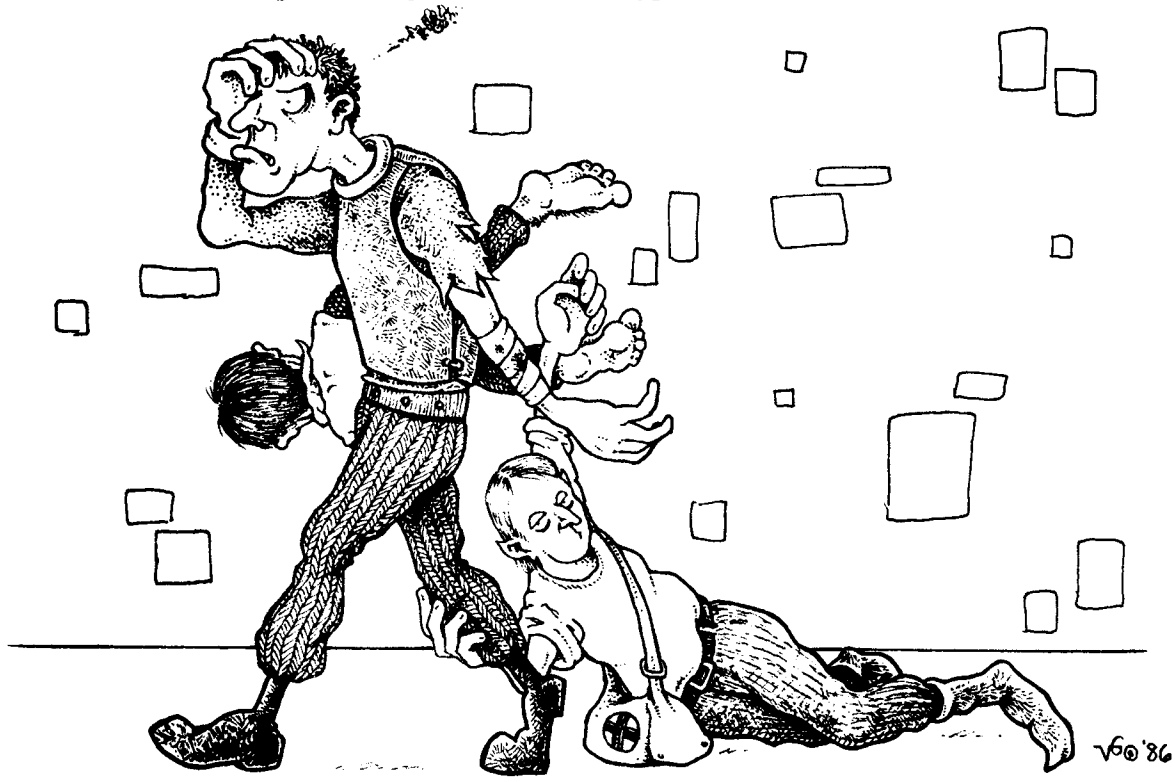
A variation on this theme is to have the special pitons with a slow acid core. When pounded the glass capusule containing the acid is shattered, and the acid slowly weakens the piton from the inside out. A piton that once took weight is now flawed, and will make climbing a true adventure.

Most characters either take first aid for granted, or ignore it entirely. This should not be so - a delver should be educated in the ways of bandaging wounds to speed recovery and ease pain. Then springing David Steven Moskowitz's **Painful Aid** will make the education a mixed blessing.

Set up the delvers in advance of their need for it. A wandering vendor could sell these bandages just outside the tunnels. With a sufficiently hearty sales pitch, the characters will part with a little cash to safeguard their blood and bones later.

Perhaps some portion of these bandage rolls are actually "as advertised." But if the vendor is in league with the dungeon denizens, these could be a serious annoyance at the worst possible times. Variety is the key.

Imagine, if you will, a delver wrapping a slashed forearm with a bandage that, once exposed to moisture (i.e. blood) hardens. A dagger won't cut it free and so the delver might loose use of his arm. (On the other hand, this makes fine modular armor, once they figure it out - so don't provide a great deal of this type.)



Or consider the sticky problem of putting on a bandage with a quick-acting adhesive. Wounded delver and helpful friend would find themselves too tightly wrapped up in each other to gainfully search the dungeon for a solvent.

And of course the most rotten thing to do is coat the bandages with contact poison or venom that must enter the bloodstream to be effective.

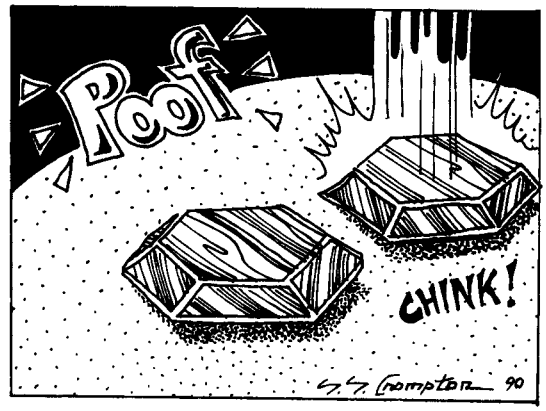
Charles Manson's **Interdimensional Book of Magic** is sure to catch the eyes of the greenhorn magic-users who can't resist the urge to pole through the weighty tomes of their betters. Even more experienced sorcerous types succumb to the temptation to check out the latest magical experiments of their peers.

The book is definitely magical, and it definitely does deal with interdimensional magic. It must be read one page at a time, starting at the beginning. The first few pages are just conventional nattering about the subject, nothing even the rudest tyro couldn't have picked up long since. However, when page five is turned, the book's true nature is revealed: it is itself an interdimensional object, rather than being a book about interdimensional magic. Five steel spikes shoot out of the book from this nether dimension, spiking the nosy neophytes and putting a permanent end to his rude inquisitiveness. Thus, it even fulfills the implied promise of teaching a mage how to exit from this plane of existence...

Now we come to the magical deviousness of Steve McAllister. Steve is unquestionably one of the subtlest minds on this planet, and the traps and tricks he has devised to dismay delvers over the millenia have probably caused more players to rip out their hair in frustration than any other dungeon master, ever. His **Magic Gems** have a nearly Zen-like simplicity.

The party locates a small treasure trove of gems in some out-of-the-way location. The greediest delver reaches out to collect his just reward - and disappers. An eagle-eyed companion might notice one more gem lying on the floor. Like all the other gems, it too is magical. If a companion picks up that newest gem, he too disappears. There's yet another gem on the floor, also just as magical.

Yup. It goes on indefinitely.



Magic Gems turn characters into magic gems that turn characters into magic gems that turn characters... but you get the idea. If treated as a powerful curse, the party might eventually be able to retrieve a lost character. But even with the most careful handling, getting a gem-character to a place where the curse-dispelling could occur might leave the party with more gems than characters. And as for cashing them in? A shopkeeper or moneychanger who has been transformed into a gem would have a hard time giving fair value!

These next few item traps range from the sublime to the outrageous, and occasionally are both simultaneously. Don't be fooled by the foolishness; some of these traps can be the most humiliating of all to those adventurers dim enough to be caught by them.

Evil simplicity is the crux of some very effective and clever traps. With **The Nothing Box**, Marc VunKannon has dispensed with the elaborate clockworks, vile chemicals, and twisted mechanisms favored by many trap designers. The box is the inevitable chest somewhere in an inevitable room. On the chest is pasted a notice which reads: "There is Nothing in this chest."

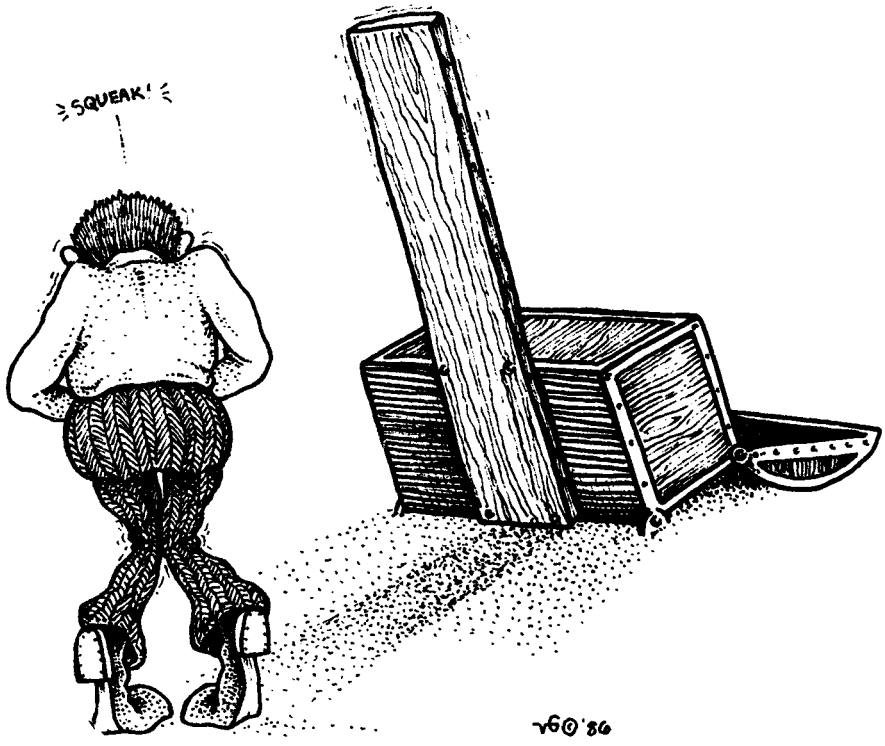
Such a disparaging statement is the greed-beacon for the average delver. He won't be fooled by such an old trick, no siree! With commendable industry, the character struggles to open the chest - and in fact, it is considerably more difficult to open than it appears. That should merely whet his appetite for the valuables he expects to find inside.

Surprise, surprise. When he finally does wrestle it open, he finds the box really is empty - mainly because it is an interdemensional gateway to interstellar space. The suction caused by the room's air rushing through the box into the void will usually draw any loose items, and possibly a few loose adventurers. (If the fool bashed in the lid, your clean-up crew will have some difficult work cut out for them. Then again, there won't be anything to clean up for a long time, will there?) If the lid was pried up, it will shut again, when the delver holding it is sucked out into the endless chasm. The small amount of air in the box when it closes rapidly evacuates, and once again the box contains... Nothing.

Little attention is paid to the truly vulnerable parts of the average adventurer - by which I mean his mind and his ego, of course. Mark O'Green's **Soprano Chest** effectively plays with his mind while it crushes his ego, among other things.

The chest in which this trap is set looks normal, like the previous trap. Also like the previous trap, the lid is incredibly heavy and difficult to lift. As the delver huffs and puffs, and eventually pushes the lid over, he will discover that the chest is itself on a pivot. As the weight of the chest beings to topple backward, a plank from the floor will also rise sharply (something like the unweighted end of a seesaw) and will catch the delver amidships.

You'll want to consider putting a monster or other threat in the pit where the chest had been. I, however, favor the idea of having a mirror there to show the character how foolish he looks gasping like a fish...

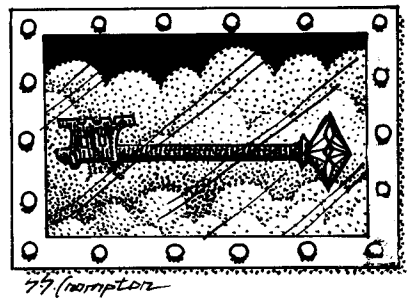


While a trap like those above feature a traditional chest in traditional settings, there are some traps which, while simple, are best sprung in elaborate surroundings. Such is Matt Willson's **Pillow of Mung Lung**. I recommend a place deep in your tunnels, defensible to a delver's eye, and with all the trappings of sybaritic luxury and relaxation. A temple complex, perhaps, with the unearthly priestesses ready to tend wounds, offer refreshment, and allow the weary adventurers a good safe night's sleep. If you give the temple an Oriental flavor you could even call it the "Temple of Mung Lung" and no one will ever know the difference.



The trap is pathetically simple: all the pillows on which the adventurers might rest are filled with Rabulus mungum fungi spores. When a character rests his head on a pillow, the microscopic spores puff out, too small to see, but easy to inhale. The spores will infest the character's lungs - but they do it slowly. Chances are good that when the character wakes the next morning, he'll have no symptoms more discomforting than might presage a head cold. However, by nightfall, he'll be collapsing, cyanotic, strangling, and soon dead. Even before he gets that far gone, he'll be short of breath (a problem for someone having to fight his way out of a dungeon), and slow to recover from exhaustion. Add the aura of a curse that is rumored to take out those who venture into the dungeon's halls, and this Mung Lung infestation is a means to make it seem true - without connecting the unearthly inhabitants to the characters' demises.

Unearthly did I say? Of course: they don't breathe.



In keeping with my chosen theme of discomfort over death, it's a pleasure to offer Brannon Moore's **The Key To Pain**. The delvers come to a door with a big brass handle and a keyhole that resists the best efforts of the lockpickers. However, even cursory investigation

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will turn up a panel nearby. Behind the panel is a glass globe containing swirling mists and a jeweled key. Breaking the glass sets off no alarm and the delvers will discover the key is a perfect fit for the lock. When the key is turned, however, it begins to spin at an incredible rate of speed, scraping flesh from the thumb and forefinger of the character unlocking the door. Wait until they try to collect a Purple Heart for that "battle wound!"

Matt Willson is a trap-designer with an evil mind. (He bought it at an odd boutique in Denver.) Using this mind he discovered that "the only thing worse than a brutal warrior is one with **A Plaid Thumb.**" Silly? Doubtless. But picture a 6'7" warrior with the ability to lift 49,764.112 pounds who has to walk into taverns and explain *this*...



As found, the item is a plaid sphere about 6" in diameter. It exudes magical vibes; eventually someone will pick it up. When that person does so, his or her thumb sinks all the way into the sphere. It is physically impossible to remove, break, melt, paint, bleach, bend, or destroy the sphere - although thumbodectomy remains an option for those who don't care to hold anything in that hand ever again. (Limbs cut off and then magically regrown still have the color problem.)

A glove can be constructed to mask the disfiguration, but it will still look like the character has a tangerine stuck on the end of his or her thumb. More insidiously, if the plaid area is not exposed to light regularly and as much as possible, the discoloration will start to spread further. The plaid will creep up the arm, around the neck, across the face, down the chest... suffice to say that it gets more and more difficult to disguise. Regular and prolonged exposure to sunlight will cause the plaid to go "into remission," although it will never cover less area than the character's swollen thumb.

It's an interesting exercise in role playing, one hopes, or at least good for a laugh. If the former, you could start the rumor that if the character can locate the (far distant/probably hostile/virtually unknown) clan whose tartan it is, the plaid can be removed through some extensive and adventurous ritual. Of course, the clansmen might not understand why the character would wish to disavow connection with their noble people. And the clan's feud-foes might want to remove the tartan in their own way...

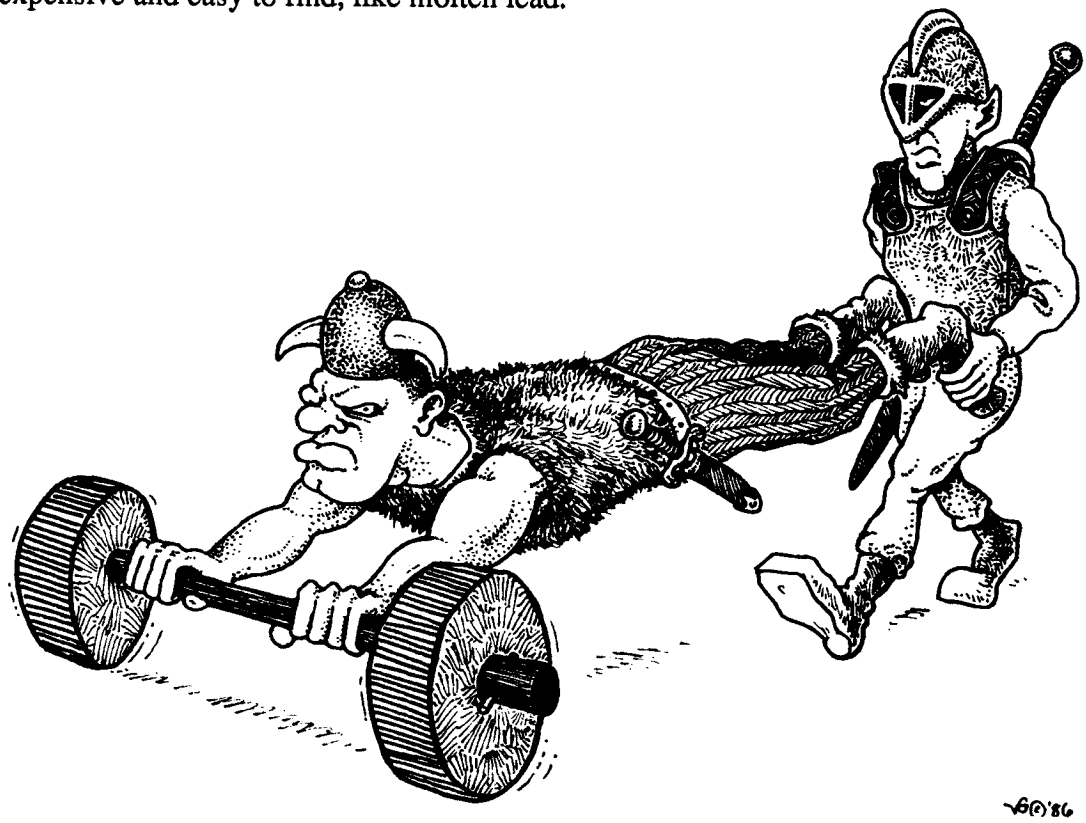
Another trap whose main purpose is to teach humility is Brent Jones' **Barbells of Death.** Its secondary purpose is to substantially weaken the party by challenging the pride of the strongest member.

The group discovers a room with weights on bars, as if for weight-lifting. With a sly word dropped here or there, the strong characters can probably be goaded into testing their prowess by pumping a little iron. There are two catches: 1) the weights are easily ten times heavier than the labels indicate; and 2) every bar is coated with a strong, fast-acting contact adhesive.

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The result is that the mighty character, having attempted to lift a weight he cannot possibly lift, is trapped in a crouching squat - a useless, embarrassing, and vulnerable position. The character can move about since the weights turn like wheels, but the weight absolutely cannot be removed from the bars. Unless he or she can fight crouched over with sword in teeth, the trapped character will be little more than a pitiable tag-along who'll have problems negotiating stairs. This has an incredibly traumatic effect on a delver's ego, so be sure to give the problem all the attention it warrants.

Of course, you *should* provide a solvent for the adhesive. You can even give them a choice: something expensive, difficult to find and difficult to transport - or something inexpensive and easy to find, like molten lead.



Someone who has succumbed to The Barbells of Death will have nothing to fear from Brent's last scurrilous trick, **The Magical Binoculars,** since the weight-lifters won't be getting their hands on the prize. Everyone else is fair game for this jest.

The magic binoculars definitely should be part of a hoard the adventurers have worked hard to find, making this "trap" the last laugh of the being who has been ripped off. The binoculars are made of brass, well crafted, and the lenses even appear to be of a quality surpassing anything else available. Best of all, an inscription on the side reads "Use Magic Binocs To See Through Darkness."



The field glasses do indeed let one "see through darkness" but it probably isn't in the way one expects. The magic of the binoculars places a smeary black circle around each eyes of the character who uses the field glasses - a *permanent* smeary black circle. Looking through black circles could be said to be "looking through darkness."

This trap is purely designed for fun. If you can keep the afflicted character from finding out what happened, the joke can last quite a while. (Plan ahead: provide a slip of paper for everyone in the party - except

Ol' Raccoon Eyes - which explains the appearance of the adventurer who used the glasses.)

The final pair of traps in this Items section are a tad grimmer than the traps above, but are a fitting end to this chapter. They literally get the characters coming and going.

One definition of creativity is the ability to think of the unusual way to do an ordinary thing. Greg Fisher's **Handy Treasure** will force a little creativity from the characters - or make them pay for the lack of it.

The adventurers locate a chest of stone and steel immovably attached to the floor. It is solid, making it unlikely that the delvers will breach its sides. The characters will just have to open the chest in a conventional manner.

Inside they will find some respectable treasure, and a sense of magic. The magic is like the film of a bubble. The bubble senses anything entering the chest, like a grabby hand. When the "bubble" is breached, two blades scythe across the top of the chest almost too fast to see. This usually results in the addition of hand or two to the contents of the chest. The "bubble" remains active, and anything substantial coming into the chest will be cut in two, up to and possibly including magical swords and the like.

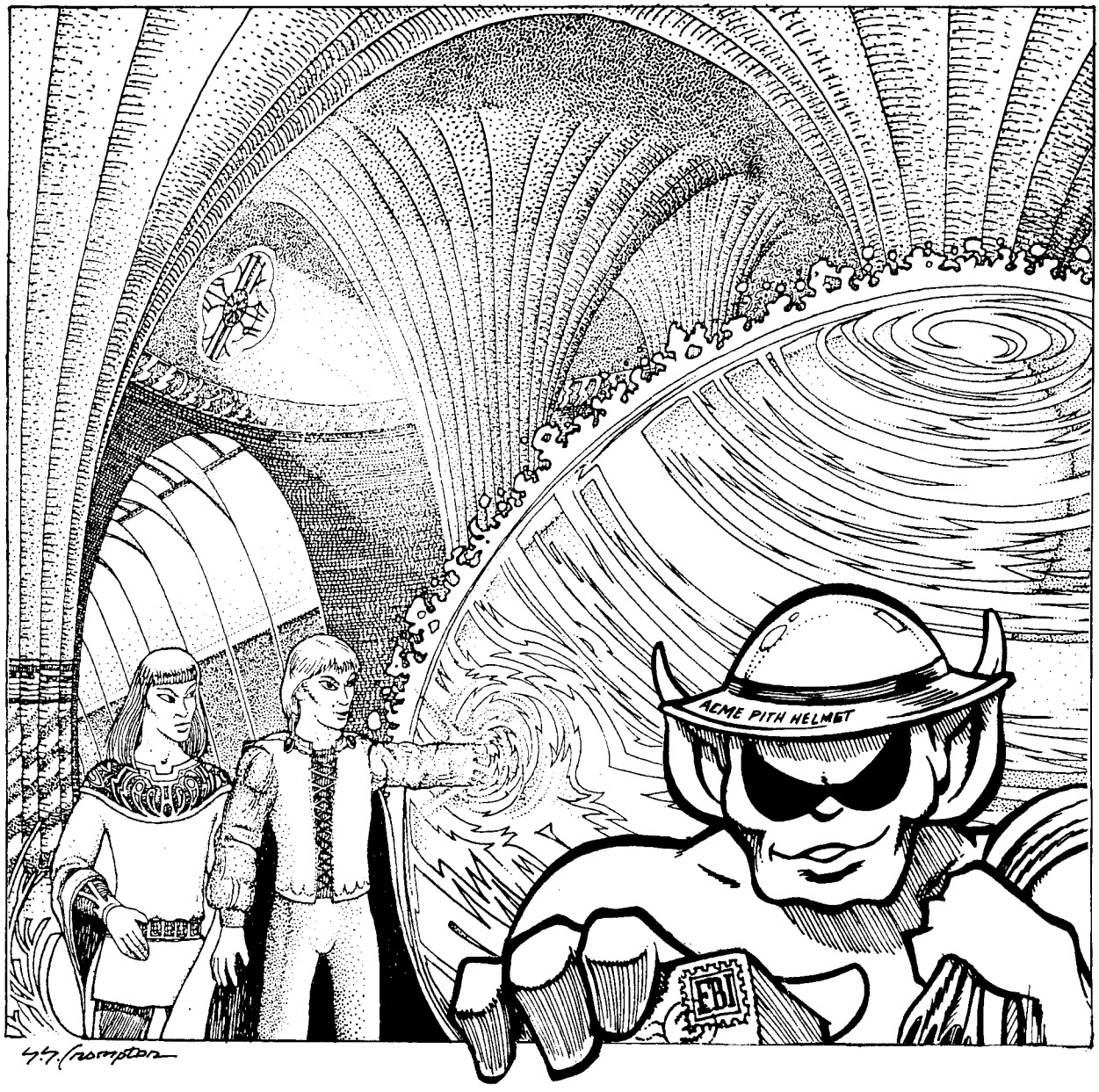
After a hand is amputated, a favorite weapon smashed, and a quick thief discovers she ain't quite quick enough, the party may get frustrated and walk out. It's a shame their magician isn't creative enough to think of levitating the contents of the chest. Since the goods are going out, not in, the material will emerge unharmed.

Finally, **The Not So Soft Drink** by Maxwell Roberts is a means to catch the adventurers who, when faced with a mysterious potion they cannot identify, simply throw it into their packs and continue merrily on their way.

The oily potion they discover does not appear powerfully magical, but it is quite beyond their abilities to identify. When one character finally dumps it into his or her pack, the group sets off again. Before they've gone two steps, a magical sign appears before them. The sign informs them that the vial contains nitroglycerin. Just watch the delvers try to remove that pack without jiggling it!

Just for the record - nitro is poisonous if taken internally. And you should always shake before swallowing. Or after, as the case might be...





Things

I have been accused in the past of putting any trap that does not fit into another category into this final "catch-all" chapter called Things. I think this really does a disservice to Thing traps. Instead of looking at Things as those traps that fit no other category, perhaps we should think of them as traps that are not so easily pegged with a label. This difficulty in easily defining Thing traps makes them less easy to spot, to figure out and much less simple to avoid.

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Thing traps seem well tailored to let the delvers be the instrument of their own destruction. I begin this chapter with Brent Jones' **Help!** which is exemplary among its kind. If the characters want to call for help, their careless wish will be answered.



The adventurers find this trap in a room more like an office than your typical dreary dungeon room. There is a desk at the far end of the room, and a rope bellpull hanging against the wall close behind the desk. The occupant of the desk is out - certainly not to be seen - but he, she, or it has left simple instructions on the desktop: "To Call For Help, Pull On Rope."

Too many delvers think selfishly. In this case, that means the delver who pulls on the rope assumes he'll be summoning help - someone to give him assistance, first aid, or directions to the nearest treasure hoard.

The rope bellpull rises up into the darkness that substitutes for a ceiling. Up in the darkness the rope winds up over a ledge, and attaches to the tail of a nasty man-eater sleeping on that ledge. A really good tug will pull the creature right off the ledge and into the lap of the bell-puller. Neither beastie nor delver will have their tempers soothed by such a tumble!

The delvers wanted to call for help? That's exactly what they'll probably be doing with a grouchy monster hot after them!

Another variation on this theme is Laurel Goulding's **Not Quite Rapunzel**. Delvers who grew up on tales of white knights rescuing fainting damsels in distress will fall easily for this sucker trap, especially if it's set up with all the right trimmings. (Some might object to picking on such "romantic" individuals, but anyone stupid enough to base career decisions on fairy tales has got it coming. Never see me under any bridge...)



The bold adventurers are confronted with a sheer wall leading up several stories to a tower window. On the window ledge they see, perhaps, a flicker of thick golden braid. Visions of childhood fairy tales blossom in their small minds, and they call up sweetly "Rapunzel, Rapunzel...," - well, they can call out anything actually, and the braid will twitch, then come tumbling down. The adventurers can climb up the braid or use their own ropes, but they will be unpleasantly surprised when they reach the top, regardless of how they get there. A huge Golden-Tailed Multi-Clawed Short-Tempered Head-Crusher was awakened when the characters raised their voices, and it can hardly wait to teach them the error of their ways...!

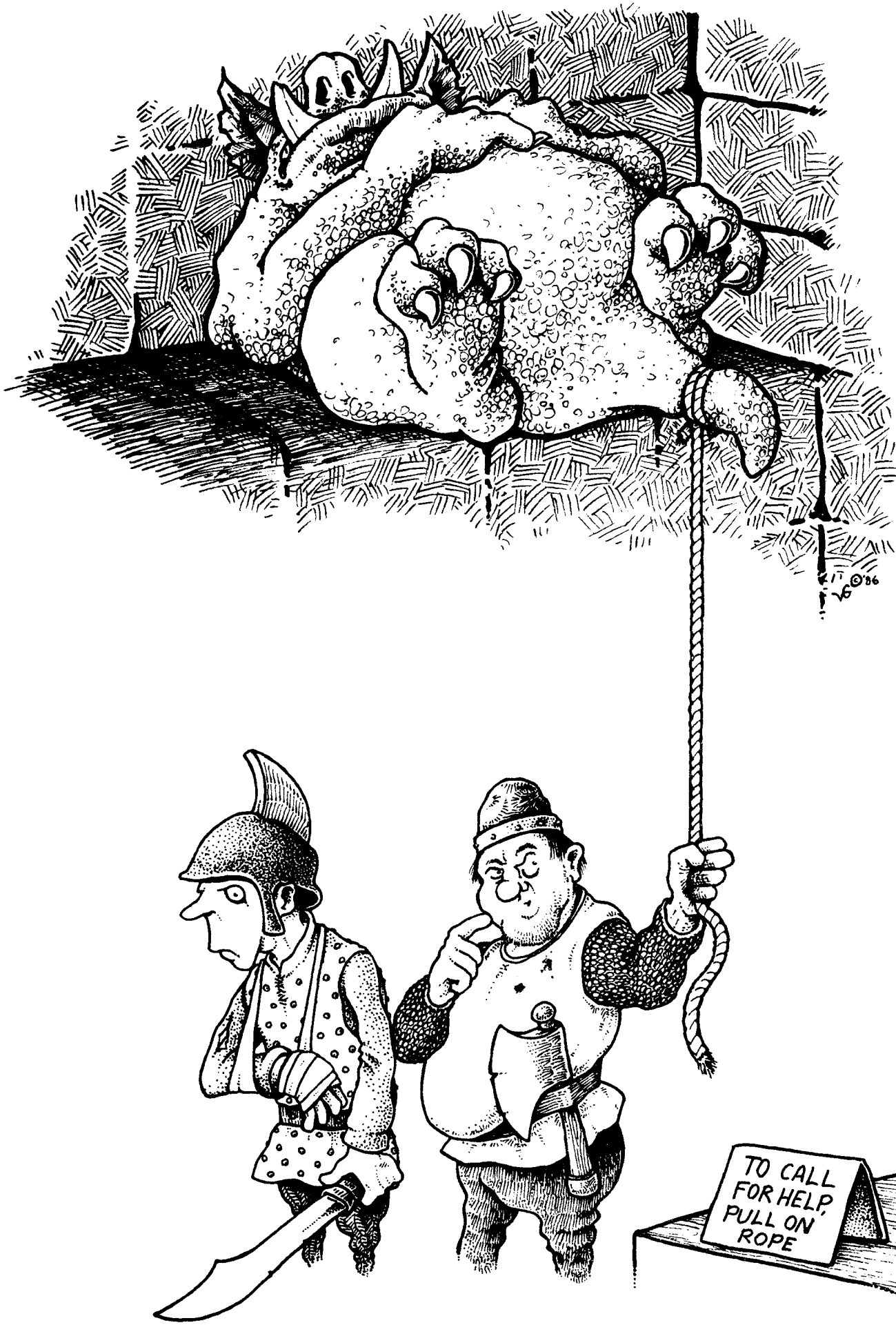
Laurel Goulding shows a definite flair for adapting tales into wails with yet another bait-and-switch tactic for those well-read adventurers who imagine themselves to be heroes of myths and fairy tales. **Daphne's Revenge** takes place in a glade (or room that looks like a glade). The characters discover an enchanted laurel tree guarded by some unfortunate goblin or gremlin you want harshly disciplined.



After the party has dealt with the overmatched guard, they will have time to notice the tree has a bracelet around one of its major limbs and a ring on a branch that could pass for one of several fingers. In fact, the whole tree has a feminine cast about it, and smart delvers will be reminded of the story of Apollo and Daphne. They'll soon assume the tree is a shape-changed woman - and they'll be quite right. As soon as they dispell the magic, the character will briefly understand why the woman-tree was guarded.

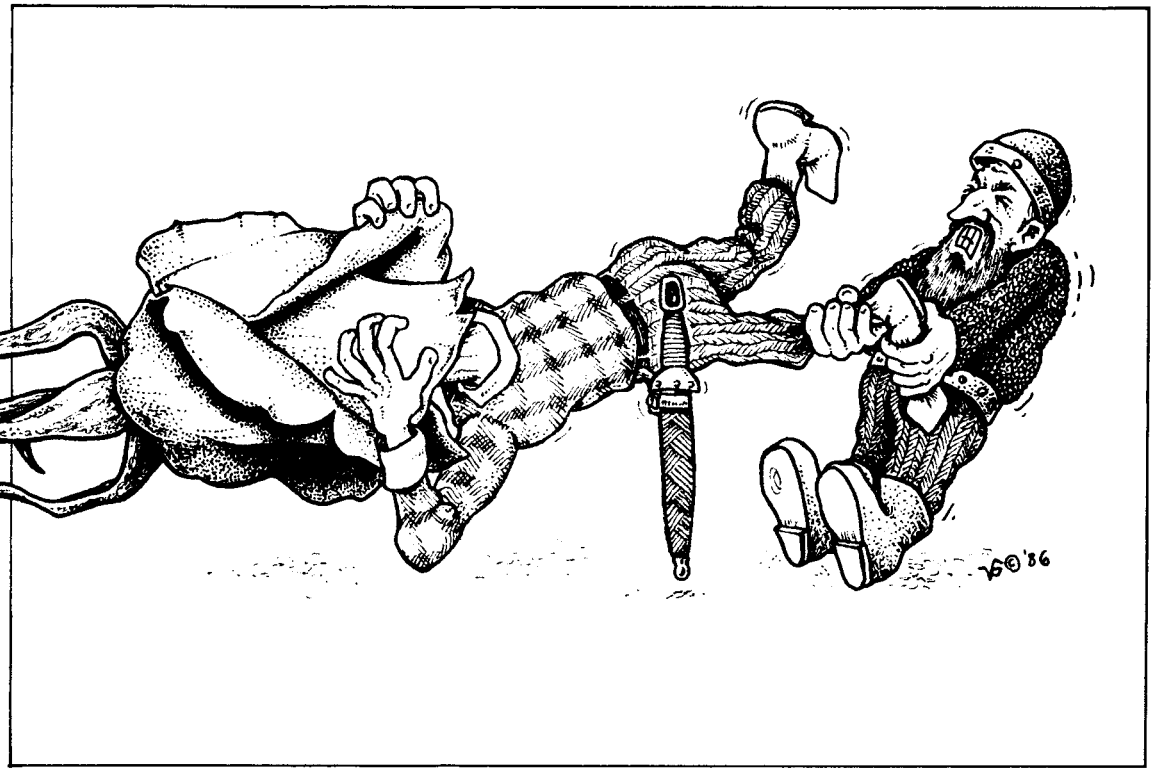


In her natural form, the lady is a gorgon.


©'86
TO CALL FOR HELP, PULL ON ROPE

One garden trap deserves another. Elsewhere in the herbaceous byways of the dungeons, the delvers discover a gigantic, absolutely gorgeous rose. If they are not totally creatures of wanton destruction, the delvers will pause to sample the heady aroma of the flower. Brent Jones' **The Scent of Death** will be sprung.

The first delver who shoves his massive proboscis into the flower will find it is an exquisitely-crafted fraud. The metal petals will close and fasten about his head, forcing him to breathe deeply of the scent of the flower. If the character is not pulled swiftly from the flower's strong grasp - which might cost the character both his ears - the perfume will prove deadly in a very short time.



Brent Halverson has a businessman's acumen - also an amazon's toe and a politician's heart - but it is the business sense which fires up his next two traps. **Getcher Fresh Hot Toasties!** will allow enterprising freelance monsters the golden opportunity of setting up a fresh-fried refreshment stand. You don't need kings, clowns, colonels or arches to go into the food business, just a way to make food fast!

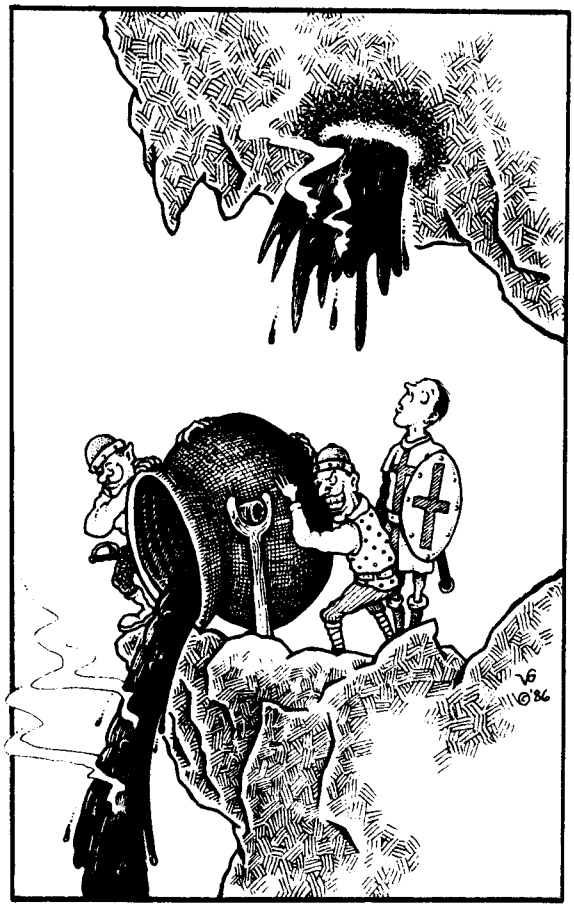
Permit the cleverest of delvers into the area "behind the scenes" back where your monsters live (and presumably come for their food when off duty). A small tunnel - hidden behind a secret doorway - leads up to a lookout over a cavern where several sleeping monsters lie snoring away. A spur of rock extends from the path out over the cavern room below. And on the spur off rock the delvers find a cauldron.

Clearly another party wrestled it this far because it is all set to pour its contents down on the room below. In fact it is still full of hot oil bubbling merrily away. There is even magic on the pot which a wizard knows keeps the contents of the pot boiling at a steady even heat - it was once a witches' cauldron. Even the most stupid of characters can see this seigemaster's dream of a pot is ready to wreak havoc on the monsters below!

That is exactly what would happen, except for two mid-air teleport fields shimmering unnoticed: one below the oil's probable trajectory, and the other... over the delvers' ledge, of course.

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If you've got your monsters on a diet and are trying to cut out the greasy fried foods, substitute boiling water.



Brent's next business is just the right kind of encounter for adventurers who have been sent on a wild goose chase to rescue a missing prince or princess. **Frog Prince** may not be what they had in mind, but it should keep them occupied.

In a secluded room, or a shabby tent on the fringes of a bizarre bazaar, the characters find an old blind man seated beside a pool or bucket which contains 20 or 30 bullfrogs. A sign nearby reads "Kiss A Frog - 5 Gold Pieces."

If one of the adventurers actually pays the man (who can tell a gold coin from a lead slug - he's blind, not stupid), the fellow produces a net, catches a frog, and offers it to the customer. One kiss actually bestowed, and... poof! An amazing transformation!

One of the frogs is actually a prince or princess, although it might not be the one the adventurers are looking for. All the other frogs are nasties-of-your-choice transmuted into froggy bodies - and released with a kiss.

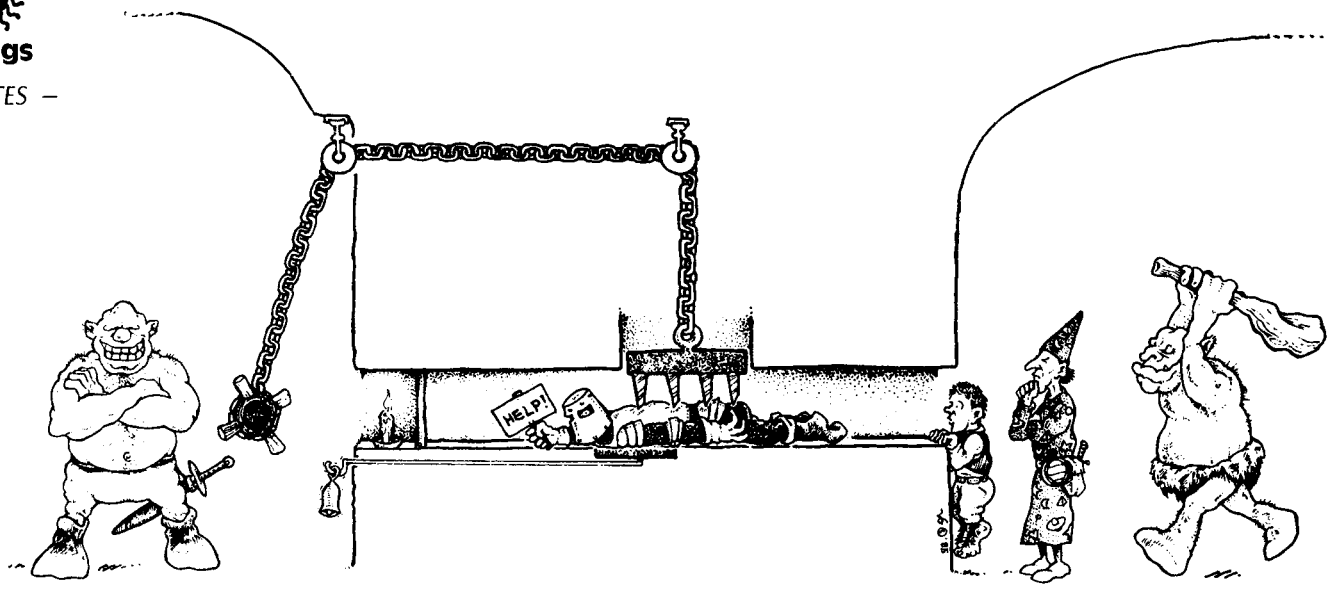
Lest the characters take out their frustrations on the "blind" old man, let them think about this: considerable magic power is required to transform 20 or 30 vile beasties into bullfrogs. Is their ire worth the rest of their lives being spent wet, cold and eating flies? There's room aplenty in that bucket!

Frogs and toads are such lovely creatures, it's a shame no one thought to provide them with fangs! Alas, they're condemned to be foolishly bloated beasties frequently found in strange places - which is why the next trap, in their honor, is called **Toad In The Hole**. Jos Valdman forces the delver to become a toad, after a fashion, and it will take more than a kiss to put him right again.

This trap is quite dangerous for the sorry bloke who crawls into it. But since he won't obey signs anyway, he should be removed from the gene pool. Because delvers in general are prone to ignore written warnings, it's possible this trap could work repeatedly in different locations.

Over a narrow crawlspace hangs a neatly lettered sign. It reads "Employees Only - No Entry Without Authority." Peering in, delvers can see a pale rectangle, as if the crawlspace debouched into a dimly lit room perhaps 20' away.

Eventually some character will summon his courage and creep in. However careful he is, about 13 feet in he will depress a pressure plate. It doesn't have to give much, so he may not notice at all, especially if he is in armor. The plate jangles a bell, and the bell alerts



the ogre (orc, goblin, or hobbit-gone-bad) who inhabits the other room. The bell won't be heard because the crawlspace doesn't actually go all the way through. The far end is just a luminous square (or thick parchment before a candle if you want to fool magick-sniffers).

When he hears the bell, the ogre knows there is unauthorized entry into the crawlspace - everybody is unauthorized to be there. The ogre leaps to a winch and lever mechanism that swiftly lowers razor-sharp blades that divide the character into equal sections. Note that curved blades make the slicing easier...

Should your creeping crawler be encased in endless plates of impenetrable armor, you have two options. The first is to allow the fellow his miserable life for the expediency of wearing armor in the first place. He'll still be pressed firmly against the ground by at least 4 or 5 thick blades in a space too small for his friends to assist him. When the ogre finds his winch won't lower the blades all the way, he can send his buddies out to harrass the characters who are trying to help their companion out of his predicament.

If you prefer the short and sweet, use the blades first. If they don't cut through, leave them in place to hold your victim still - then lower the optional needle-sharp spikes or power drill to punch through the ferrous carapace.



Taylor Deupree has conclusively proven that it's possible to completely frustrate greedy adventurers without causing them any physical pain whatsoever. **Good Things Come In Small Packages** is one of the most potentially aggravating trap set-ups I've seen, remarkable in its simplicity.

This trap is located in a rather plain side-branch off a regular corridor. The side corridor appears quite long, and there's something - perhaps an open chest - at the far end.

However tremulously the characters approach, they find two things: 1) the corridor has a definite aura of magic; and 2) there is a chest at the end and it is filled to overflowing with coins, gold plates and flatware, fat ropes of pearls, and much more. The chest also seems rather large. In fact, by the time they get up close to it, the chest is the size of a 2-story house! - a fact not in the least apparent from the beginning. From where they stand, the characters can look up and see a coin balanced on the edge of the chest, and the coin is as big as a double bed!

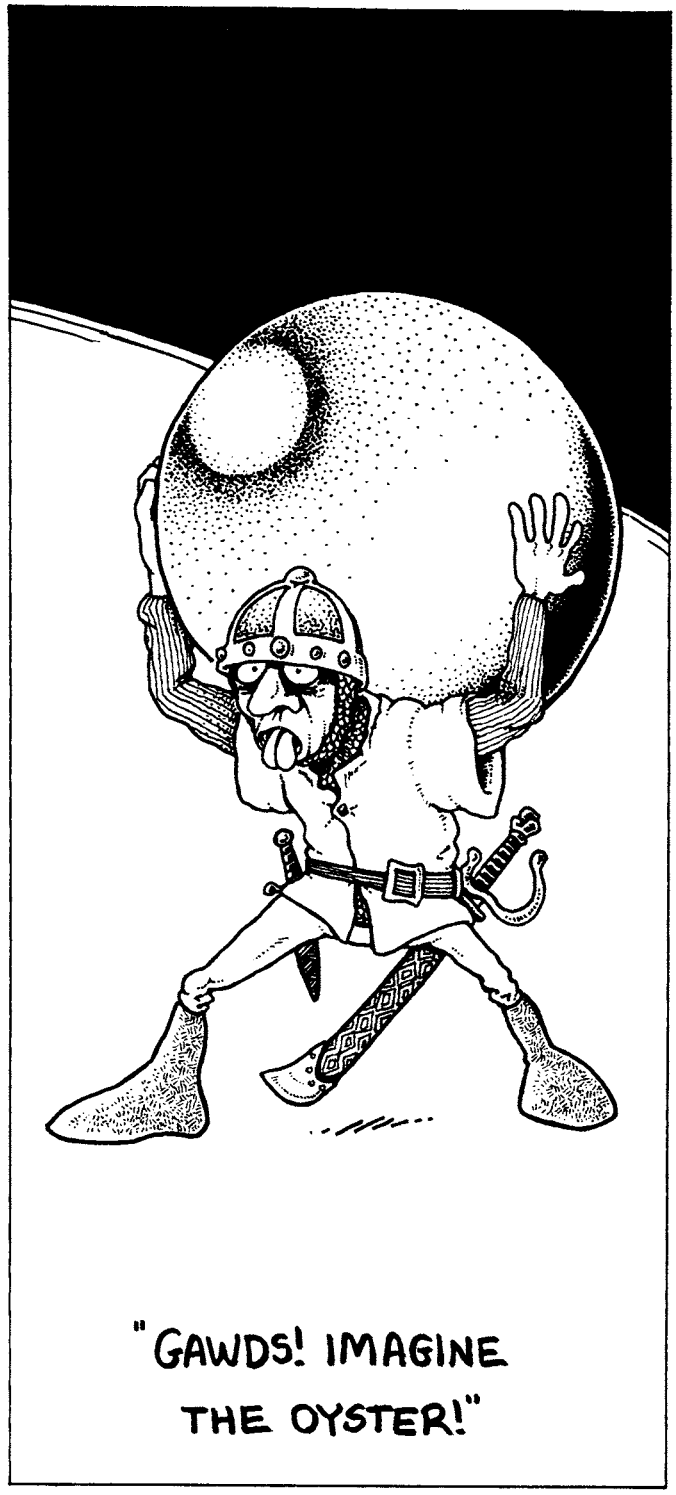
It's quite likely the characters will devise some way into this gigantic chest. They will find everything in it commesurately immense. The very smallest pearl gruntingly pried out of a pinkie ring is the size of a head of cabbage.

A character who takes that cabbage-sized pearl back up the corridor will find that by the time he reaches the intersection, the pearl is as tiny as a mustard seed. If he had casually tossed it into his pouch, he might have trouble finding it without a magnifying glass.

The magic of the corridor makes the characters shrink. All the treasure is normal in size, but the tunnel itself is constructed to fool the eye's sense of perspective so it seems that one misjudged the length of the corridor originally. Magic cast by others tends to get muddled in the corridor: teleporting into the corridor, a character will still arrive as small as ever; trying to teleport out with the treasure just doesn't work.

The characters are welcome to set up a bucket brigade to get out what treasure they can handle, but aside from tiny pearls and gem dust, they shouldn't have much luck. Even the most unbelieveably strong character must be able to get his or her hands around an oversized item. Since belongings also shrink, rope is more likely to break than retrieve so much as a fork.

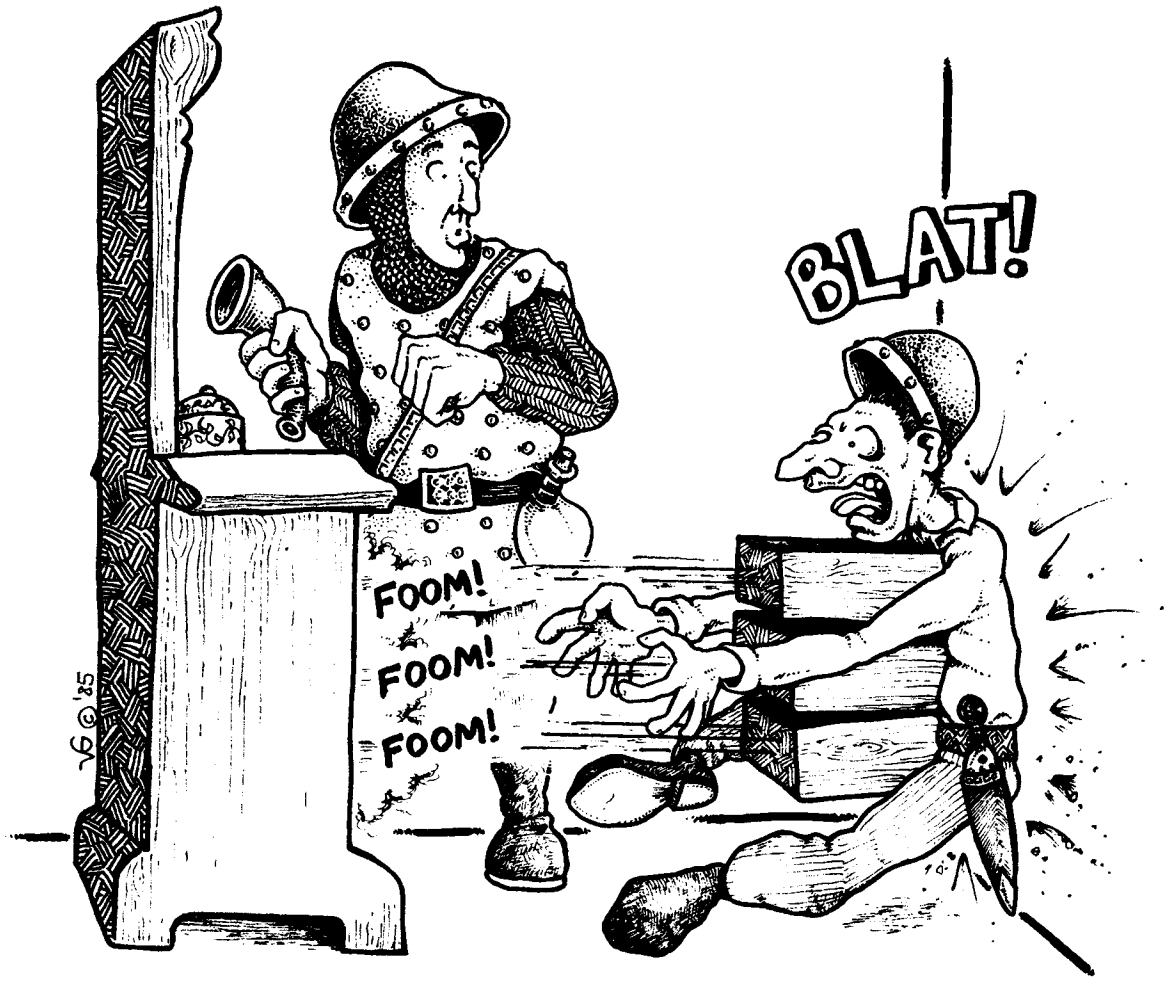
And while the party is lifting and toting, you should send wanderers along to see how they're doing...



The final "thing" in this chapter is a piece of furniture. Sort of. It's an uncommon delver who, when finding a desk, dresser or chest of drawers, can resist the temptation to search through it. Matt Willson's **Never Trust A Drawer** may not end this uncivilized nosiness, but it may slow it down a little. This should allow the more conventional nasties in your halls an advantage to shift the delvers' gears from Slow to Stop...

The characters locate a piece of furniture which has drawers. It's handy if the drawers are relatively numerous and stacked one over the others. The intrepid adventurer gives one drawer a tug and finds it a little hard to pull open. This should encourage him to stand right in front of the drawer and tug harder. Doing so, the adventurer finds the drawer releases suddenly - hard and fast. So do all the other drawers.

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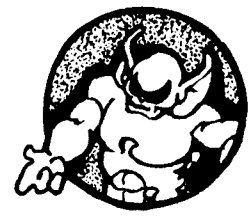


The drawers are made of steel and are spring-loaded. They will shoot out with considerable force, crunching kneecaps, smashing shins, belting breadbaskets and ravaging ribs - at least. If that's not enough, while the crippled delver lies in front of the dripping furniture, a heavy poisonous gas may be released. It should sink to floor level - which is currently nose-level for the erstwhile adventurer - and finish the job.



And that finishes **this** job ... well **almost...**

The 102nd Trap



Now, for the fourth time, I come to the point where I must set quill aside after the arduous task of collating all the traps contained herein. I must say this collection was somewhat easier to compile than the three that have preceeded. The selection of traps I had to choose from was very wide, and seldom was an offering abandoned because it was not useful. My thanks to all the contributors. Without their efforts and labors I should have spent years, and the total male population of several small countries, in gathering and testing the traps above.

Before I pass this volume to my aids so they may prepare it for final production I do want to leave you with a final trap. There is no need for gloves or environment suits this time; what I did thrice before I need not repeat again. After all, if I've not gotten you by now you've proved your worthiness to share my wisdom.

In many ways this trap has been worked through the pages of this book. It was subtle in construction and, in fact, many of you may not have noticed it at all. For its foundation it took my reputation - a formidable base for any trap - and added a hint of harmlessness by using something you are more than familiar with. 1 clue was thrown in midway through the book, but the trap itself is yet to be sprung!

Now, turn back for a few pages and look at the skulls. Notice the "seemingly random" pattern of their distribution. See how they form odd shapes and are spaced differently. Notice that no pattern is the same throughout the book! All the patterns are unique. What could these sinster symbols mean?

Humans are inquisitive creatures, and a mystery will hold their attention as a shackle might hold an ankle. Curiosity burns in them like a hot poker and the very thought of leaving a clue unsought or a puzzle unsolved makes them uneasy and spurs them on to even greater and greater acts of stupidity in an effort to prove how smart they are.

So, what is the mystery of the skulls? There is no mystery. The skulls are randomly placed on the pages in a pattern that is no pattern. Had you but seen the loathsome creature placing them you would know any sort of complex pattern was beyond him.

My point is this: place objects that seem incongruous or slightly out of place within your demense. Certainly nothing that might upset the fine thematic balance you have labored hard to present, but enough to be noticed as different or unusual. Imagine, for example, a wall painting that depicts the life of a great hero, and suggests a location for his tomb. Adventurers will look for more clues to piece this puzzle together so they can find the tomb and - instead of setting up a shrine appropriate to such an individual - loot it. As long as they feel there is one more clue that will make everything fit together, and that said clue is just around the corner or over the next hill, they will drag themselves through gauntlet after torturous gauntlet to find it.

Then again, there might be a pattern to the clues you offer, and the solution to that puzzle might well lead to worse than they faced gathering the clues.

That is, after all, the way it is with the skulls above.

Pleasant Dreams,

-Grimtooth

~ Grimtooth

Pearls of Wisdom

There's a sucker born every minute
-P.T. Barnum

And they die about that fast, too.
-Grimtooth



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Some "lost " Grimtooth art



Over the Years Flying Buffalo put Grimtooth on posters, t-shirts, cards and advertising. While many of the ads and T-Shirts have been lost to the mists of time, Here are a couple of examples of Grimtooth doing his part to help Flying Buffalo sell a few games.

Right: This piece was actually part of an 11 x 17 poster that was sent to stores as a promotion back in the mid 1990's. (The Dice of Doom & The Halloween T-Shirt are no longer Available - don't try to order them.)

Bottom: This piece was used as the cover for Fyling Buffalos mail order catalog for several years in the early 1990's. The idea of having Grimtooth deliver packages to your front door may have brought a mixture of excitment and fear for those knew what kind of 'deadly' packages he was likely to deliver!





DID YOU KNOW?

Grimtooth was created by Liz Danforth to be a cartoon version of the Troll on the cover of the Tunnels & Trolls Rulebook? Take a look at the T&T ad in this book to see Liz's inspiration for the Grimtooth we all know & fear.

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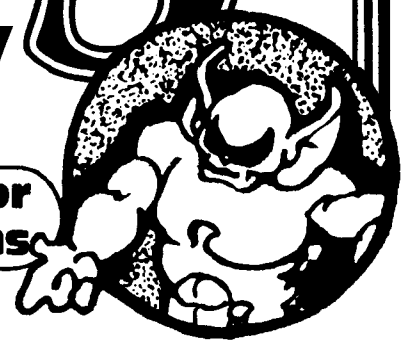
W E L C O M E



"Yeah, come on in. Be careful though, its easy to get lost in here"

Grimtooth's TRAPS ATE!

a game-master's aid for all role-playing systems

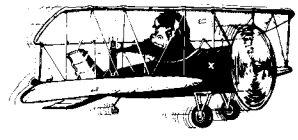


A complete compendium of better mouse-traps, delver mishaps, adventurer mish-mash and a sarcastic smorgasbord of stealthy strikers, cryptic confusers and character crushers.

Edited by Paul Ryan O'Connor

Illustrations & Graphics by Steven S. Crompton

Additional Illustrations by Liz Danforth



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ATTENTION



The traps in this booklet are designed for game purposes only. Actual construction of these traps might prove harmful, and such construction is strongly discouraged.

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THE CASE OF THE "MYSTERY TRAP"

A FEW OF YOU NOTICED THAT THE TRAP ILLO THAT'S ON THIS PAGE DOESN'T ACTUALLY ***APPEAR*** IN THIS BOOK. SO WHERE DOES IT COME FROM? THIS TRAP IS ACTUALLY USED IN THE T&T GM ADVENTURE: ***CATACOMBS OF THE BEAR CULT***. I ***LENT*** THE GOBLINS THIS TRAP, SO I'M SHOWING IT OFF ***HERE***. CONSIDER IT MY ***GIFT*** TO YOU...



The Goblin Pitfall

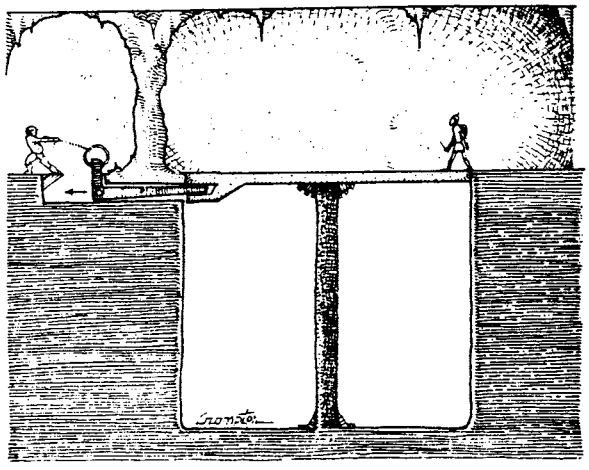


Figure A. The trap as set.

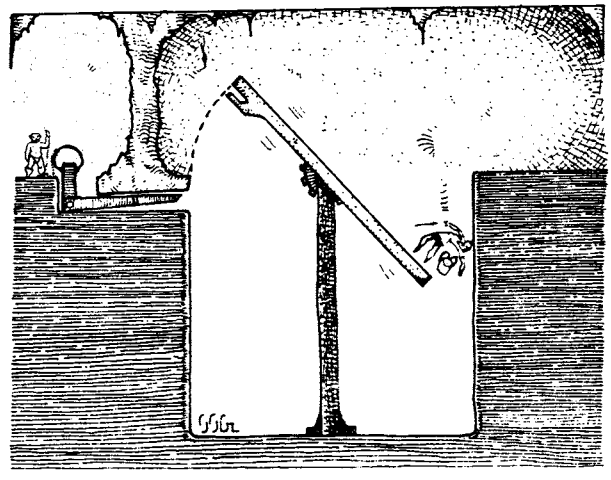


Figure B. The trap as sprung.

TROLL TALK

It's been awhile. I thought by now you clowns would have had enough. All I get is negative reviews from pinheads and mamby-pamby pleas to clean up my act. Listening to you humans squawk, you'd think I'd made the Ten Most Wanted List.



Somebody must be reading me. The three previous volumes of my peerless series have spawned a number of degenerate cults, and every once in awhile a fan letter finds its way to my cave demanding more traps, more insults, more violence, and more Steve Crompton artwork!
And it has been a while since my last book...

Tough. The Troll marches to the beat of his own drummer. You'll take what I give you and like it!

While cursing me out one side of your mouth, you've all clamored for more from the other, and believe me when I say the mere mortals at Blade and Task Force have not been deaf to your cries. But the Troll doesn't work cheap, and I've enjoyed my life of semi-retirement, so as much as the world has needed another TRAPS book, you've all had to do without. I'm dying for you guys. I really am.

It took awhile, but the publishers finally forked over enough maidens and mead to get my attention, and the result is TRAPS ATE--Now let's get one thing straight! This is my fourth book of traps. Everyone bought

GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS and TRAPS TOO. There was a third book of traps, but the less said about that fiasco the better. A couple years ago I gave you TRAPS FORE, and now you have TRAPS ATE. Clear? Good...

...because I'm sick of all you provincial bozos complaining tha ɔooks aren't numbered as humans render counting. It's a wide world, you know, and not everyone counts consecutively. If you human zombies all want to count the same way--four follows three follows two follows one--that's your business, but don't expect Grimtooth to shuffle lockstep into oblivion with you!

Right! On to business. Within this volume you'll find all the mayhem you've come to expect, and not a few good ideas besides. As before, I've provided no feeble "game stats" for any of my traps--if you want to know how many "dice" damage the **Delver-matic Pinsetter** does, then round up some trolls to bowl a few frames and decide for yourself. As much as it may scare the milk out of you, I expect my fans to do a little honest creative work now and then, and that means modifying my already perfect designs to suit your needs. To get you started in the right direction, I've provided ample note space on each page, and all my traps have a "deadliness rating" in the form of skulls...the more skulls you see, the deadlier a trap is. So no more whimpering! Take responsibility for your own worthless lives, and for the way you use my traps!

Long time fans of this series (those few they still allow on the streets) will notice a chapter new to this volume. With a title like TRAPS ATE, a "Food" section seemed in order, but be warned! Don't expect trite little recipes for dragon wine or basilisk pie--that stuff is for girlscouts! This is the real thing, boys and girls, and that means a collection of traps that either kill you with food or turn you into the same--frequently both!

So strap on your lobster bib and ask mom for a sharp knife. It's time to take a bite out of TRAPS ATE. Hold hands and don't get separated, and be sure to sign the release before you read any further. It used to be I could poison a gamer every now and then and get away with it, but lawyers are ruining all my fun. In my next volume of traps, you can expect whole chapters devoted to barristers and insurance brokers, but for now its hack and slash time!

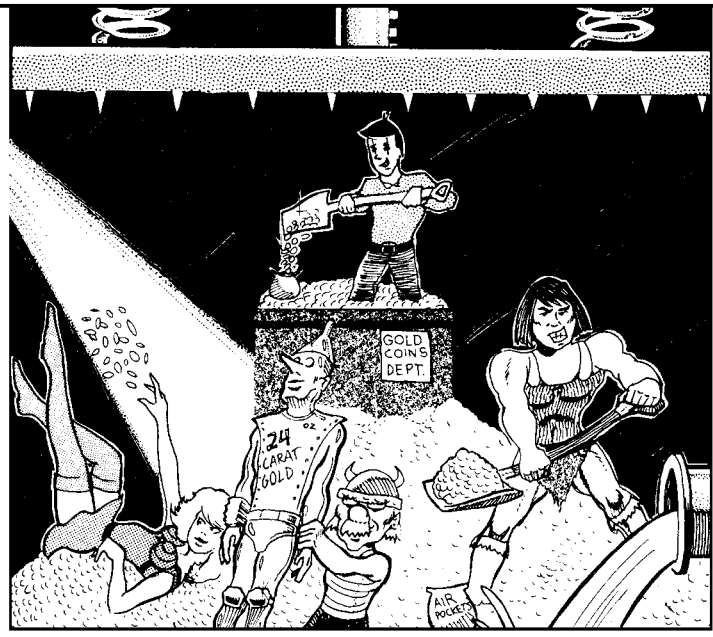
Screw up your courage and leave your stomachs by the door.
Anyone who faints gets left behind!

--Grimtooth, Somewhere In The Toxic Wilderness

P.S. DO NOT FEED THE MONSTERS!!!



1



Room Traps

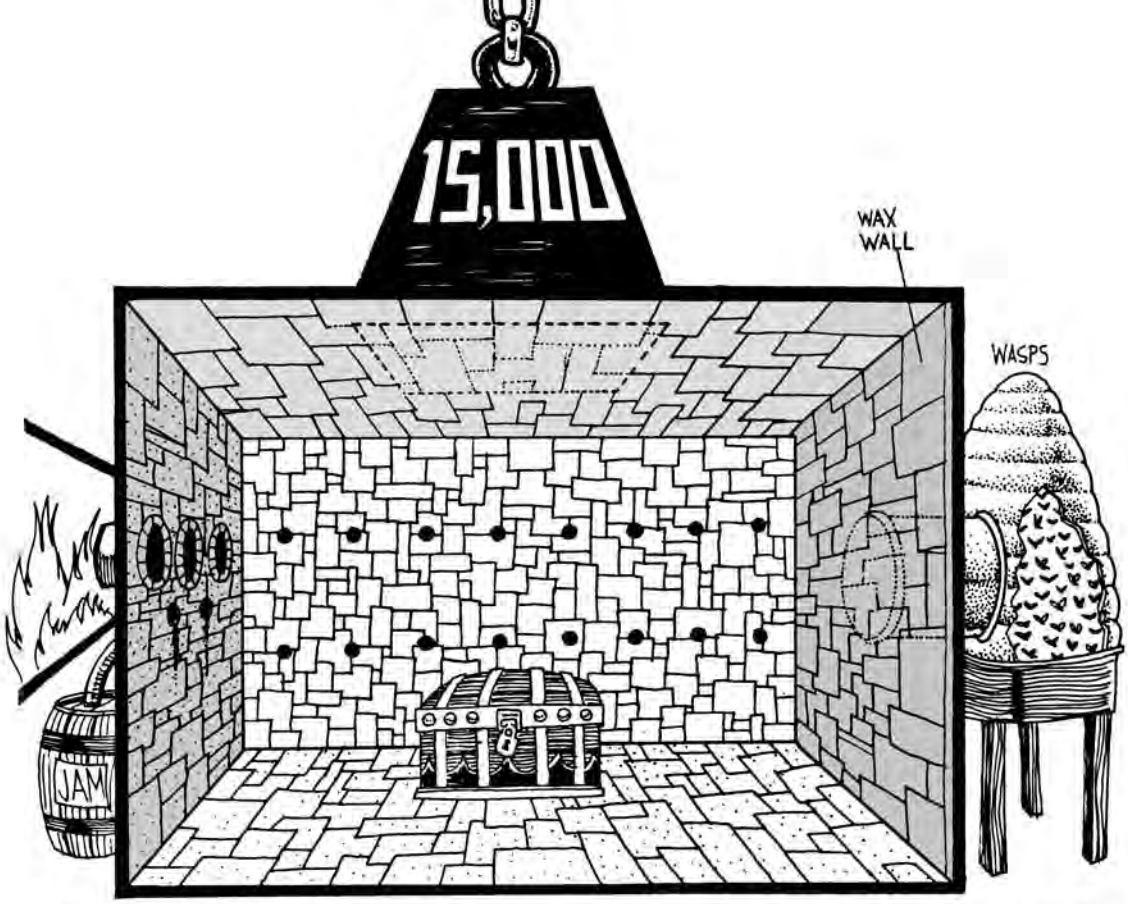
Far be it for me to lecture you lot on room traps. I've seen the average gamer's room, and I wouldn't dare venture inside without a pack of my mates at my side. As bad as old pizza and smelly socks can be, there isn't a one of you who couldn't do without a pointer or two on the fine art of building a room trap. It isn't enough to simply smash a delver flat with a 10,000 pound weight, although it might hold your attention for a century or two. To build a truly memorable room trap, remember Grimtooth's Three Rules:

1) MAKE IT BIG! How much can another few squares on the grid paper cost? Think SCOPE!

2) MAKE IT WEIRD! Never use an orc where a moose will do. Make sure your victims remember your trap, and have something to tell their pals when they're killing time up in heaven (or in that other place).

3) MAKE IT VIOLENT!!! No half measures! Crack some skulls! It's a new decade, and it's time to make it count!

Got it? Good. Now listen up and watch your hands and fingers.



Brian Lawton identifies himself both as "Thorgrim Ghastlybeard" and the "Homicidal Bugbear of the Year" when introducing his submission. I'm afraid there is nothing I can do for you, Brian. Perhaps having your trap published will bring you great fame in your native land of Scotland, and help you raise funds to purchase the spare parts your head requires.

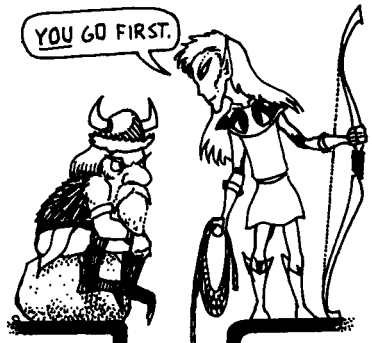


Brian calls his first trap **The Danger Room**, a title with which I have no problem. It wouldn't do to call this "The Rumpus Room", or "The Dining Room", or whatever--Brian's title is understated, but it works. What it is, Brian.

As with so many room traps, this place screams "trap" to anyone with half a brain in their skull, which means most delvers will blunder right into it. Characters are presented with a room containing the ubiquitous treasure chest. Observant individuals will notice rows of holes on the walls directly behind and to the right of the treasure.

The fur begins to fly when a pressure plate located just inside the door is activated. A shower of spears then fly from the upper row of holes opposite the door. A standard dungeon delver drop drill will dodge the spears, but the characters aren't out of the woods yet. When the spears hit the wall surrounding the door through which the characters entered the room, a concealed 15,000 pound lead weight is released to crash through the ceiling and land on the treasure chest (and maybe on a greedy delver or two). Simultaneously, a second volley of spears is released from the lower row of holes, which should upset anyone who avoided the first volley by dropping to the ground.

Brian's not done. The lead weight oh-so-subtly triggers yet another pressure plate, causing great gorps of raspberry jam to eject from holes on the left wall...the room should shortly be sticky with the stuff. This is followed by gouts of flame also issued



from the left wall, the purpose of which is to melt the wax facade on the right wall--behind which is a tank of killer wasps.

Thus speared, crushed, gorped, and stung, the characters should be about done. Brian suggests that if anyone survives this treatment, they find the treasure consists of a single gold coin guarded by something small and gruesome and toothy. Those Scots are crabby, aren't they?

Brian's next room trap is a tasty entry probably better suited to one of Carl Jung's dream journals than a trap manual, but we're running short of ideas, so what the heck. **Tongue In Cheek** should be placed near a location where the characters are likely to be bleeding, as the trap requires blood to operate. May I suggest locating it near the delvers' accountant's office, especially if it is tax time? Orcs are nasty, but if you really want to open a vein, consult the IRS.

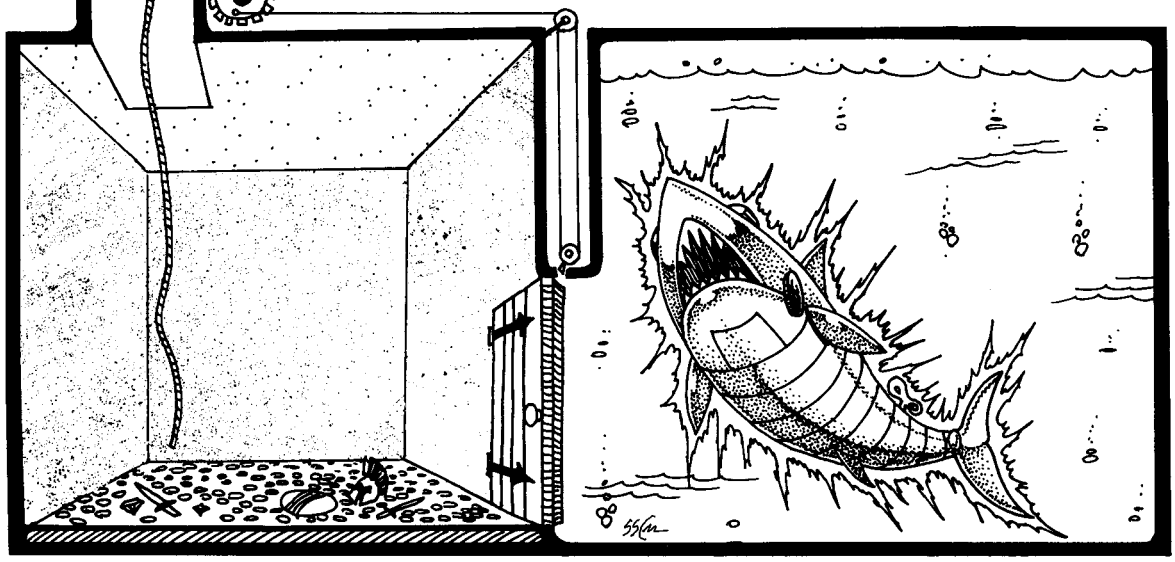
At first this appears to be a lavishly decorated room with an intricate red mosaic on the floor. One wall is perforated by two rows of holes, which should make everyone nervous, particularly if they've already faced Brian's "Danger Room". With any luck, the delvers will elect to crawl across the floor to avoid the holes, and that's when the fun starts!

The floor is actually a large mass of tongues. All together, now...YUCK! The tongues love blood, and will latch onto any bloody bit of flesh that slithers by. Think of all those bloody hands and knees, and all those tongues. Hard to keep your mind on business, isn't it?

So where is the trap? I suppose that's up to you. Some folks like tongues more than others, and I refuse to take a stand on such a ticklish subject. It's worth noting the tongues start to flip like fish out of water if gorged with enough blood, so using the holes to pump the room full of the red stuff will make for a memorable experience. And remember, kids--don't try this at home!

Eric Watkins offers the **Electric Shark Trap** for your abuse. This room is located at the bottom of a drop shaft, so characters will have to find a novel way of descending to their own deaths. The floor of the room is littered with treasure--real or worthless, it really doesn't matter. What does matter is the floor of this chamber is insulated, which will probably escape the notice of anyone twisting with the greeds from all the loot lying around.

The trap is activated when someone opens the door leading from this room. Metal shears



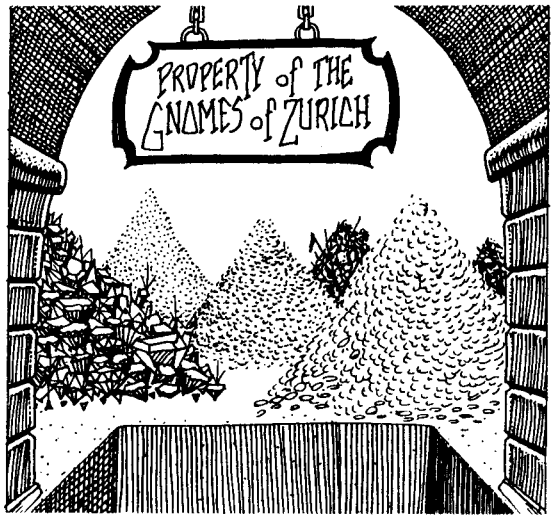
spring across the drop shaft, neatly severing any ropes the characters may have secured behind them to provide for their escape. Behind the door is a room filled with water, which will quickly flood into the room at the bottom of the drop shaft. It's unlikely anyone will drown, but they're in the soup when the electric shark residing in the watery room is released into the chamber. The mechanical fish isn't very well put together, nor is it insulated, but the occasional 2000 volt electric bursts the beasts emits should finish anyone floating in the water...anyone not wearing rubber armor, that is.

Wait a second. Rubber armor?!? Exactly what game are you playing, Eric??



No doubt you've heard of the Gnomes of Zurich? Some say they control all the world's commerce. If you have any gold, the chances are excellent one of the Gnomes has handled it at one time or another. I suspect Doug Jacobs is closely affiliated with the Gnomes, if indeed he is not one himself. I hope Doug is at least on good terms with the Gnomes, as they are going to be very upset for his revealing the details of their **Treasure Sorter.**

This is a room entirely filled by a seemingly bottomless pit, on the far side of which is a visible



treasure chamber. The treasure chamber is protected by an invisible wall. Within the chamber piles of treasure are in full view. The treasure is neatly sorted into piles--gold, silver, copper, gems, weapons, and armor each have a separate pile. A plaque near the edge of the pit reads, "Property Of The Gnomes Of Zurich".

The pit is a teleporter. Anything entering the pit will vanish amid a cloud of magical blue sparks. The teleporter automatically separates organic and inorganic matter. Treasure is sorted by type, while the organic matter carrying the treasure (the character) is teleported elsewhere in the dungeon. Doug teleports the character a respectful distance down the hall. I suggest teleporting them into the "Lobster Trap" from the original GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS, but then again I'm cranky.

To complete this trap, after a character vanishes into the teleporter, an illusion of that character happily looting the treasure chamber is projected on the invisible wall. Hopefully other party members will take this for a good sign, and elect to enter the pit after their companion, only to suffer the same teleporting fate.

One last note. Remember the teleporter separates inorganic matter from organic matter. This can come as a rude shock to anyone with a steel plate in his or her head, or a hand of living diamond, or a glass eye, or...well, you get the idea. Have fun.

Maybe I'm getting mellow in my old age, or maybe I'm just old fashioned, but it seems to me the best traps are those that provide some chance, however slim, of a character escaping with life and limb intact. Don't get me wrong! If anyone out there starts saying Grimtooth has gone soft I'm going to leave their cheese in the wind!



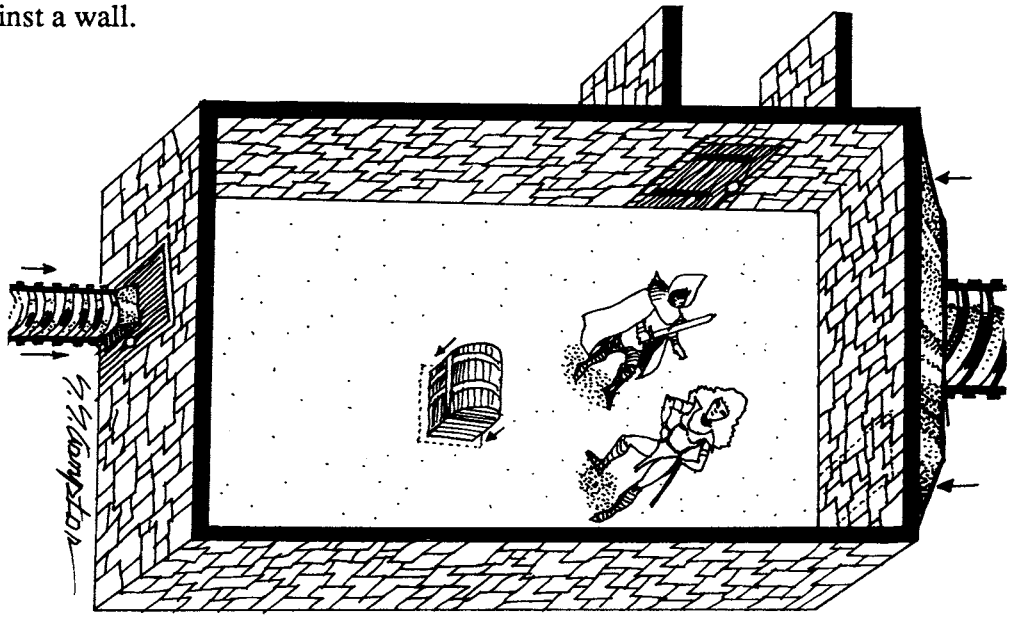
Anyway, dying is easy. Escaping from a trap is hard. Chris Herborth's **Thief Squasher** is an old fashioned type of trap. This is a rectangular room containing a treasure chest. The party enters through the door in the west wall, while a similar door in the south wall promises escape. Inspection will reveal the south door is

locked, however, as is the treasure chest. Especially sharp characters might locate the secret door in the north wall, but will find that it opens onto a blank wall--there is no room or corridor beyond.

The fun starts when someone tampers with the chest. First, audible clicks will be heard from the west and south doors. The west door is now locked, while the south door is unlocked. Next, the treasure chest slowly sinks into the floor. The chest is itself made of solid wood, so there's no way someone can open the chest and hide inside. Simultaneously, the north wall begins to ever so slowly inch toward the south wall. The motion of the wall and the chest are synchronized such that the chest will drop all the way into the floor seconds before the wall passes above, meaning there's no chance the characters can use the chest to somehow jam the approaching wall.

Opening the south door just makes things worse. The entire door is in fact a spring loaded ram which will pulp anyone trying to open it against the approaching north wall. The only way to escape is through the secret door in the north wall, which itself now no longer backs up against a wall.

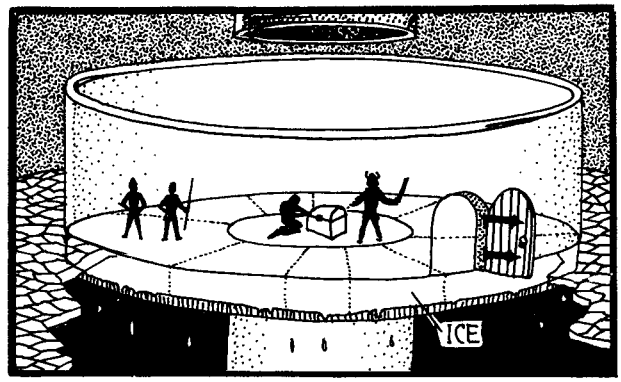
Once through the secret door, the party will notice two things. First, the treasure chest has risen from the pit to resume its original position. Second, the secret door is of the one-way variety--characters can pass through it from the south, but it doesn't exist at all from the north. Observant characters will also note the west door is once again unlocked.

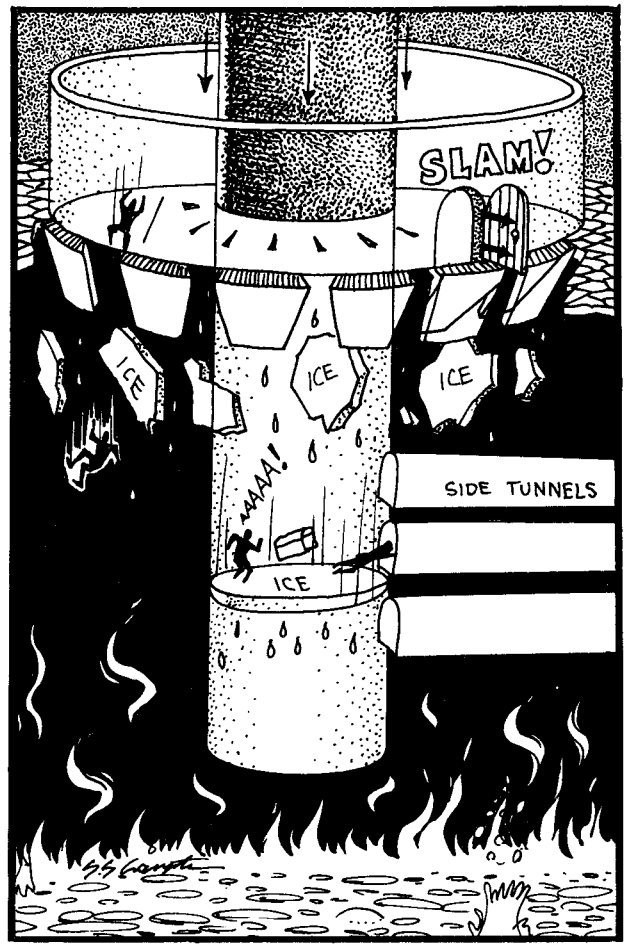


If the party wants to leave now, they are free to do so. I know it hurts to let them get away, but there are lots of fools in the sea, and you'll have another chance to get them if you're dungeon is worthy of the name. If, however, the party gets greedy, and tries to mess once more with the treasure chest they already know is a trigger, then they deserve what happens next.

No proper trap is without a means of resetting itself. After pressing against the south wall (and thus resetting the ram in the south wall, if it was sprung), the screw powering the north wall will operate in reverse after someone mucks with the chest. The treasure chest will once again sink into the ground to allow the wall to pass above, but this time there is no escape. Without the secret door to scuttle through, the party will be crushed to death by the north wall as it returns to its original position. Try this one and see if you don't agree a trap is all the more insidious when it offers a whiff of freedom, then takes it away again.

If arbitrary death and destruction is more your style, try Ian Milham's **Ice Cube Lube Tube.** As with the previous trap, a chest provides the trigger, but that's where resemblance





ends. The trap begins as a round room with a treasure chest in the center. The floor is a solid block of ice, which should make everyone think "trap", and at least give them some chance to take precautions about what happens next.

This time, opening a treasure chest seals off a round room, and simultaneously isolates one or more characters standing by the chest with an entirely new ring of walls. Shortly thereafter, the floor beneath the surrounding section of walls falls away, dropping anyone standing therein into whatever predicament you desire.

Those characters that remained near the chest now have problems of their own. The icy floor section rapidly drops away--only several chains attached to the ice check the party's fall down a long tube. A few feet of clearance between the icy floor section and the tube allows the characters to see what awaits. It's a pool of molten lava!It doesn't take much intelligence to figure what will happen when the slab of ice hits the lava. If the characters don't have much intelligence, let the edges of the slab begin to melt away as the slab drops into the lower reaches of the tube. You can drop everyone into the lava and kill them out of hand, but it's more fun to allow the party to escape through a series of tunnels branching off from the main tube.

Anyone who has ever lost their chariot keys has experienced the frustration of Jersey Turnpike's **Oh There It Is Room.** Working with the theory of parallel dimensions, Jersey has found a way to transfer small items from one realm to another, much to a delver's chagrin.

Jersey uses a domed circular room roughly thirty feet across as the location for his trap. The floor of the room is filled to knee height with a clinging mist. The room is occupied by innumerable invisible magical sprites. The sprites delight in assaulting anyone who enters the room, doing their level best to steal weapons, jewels, helmets, and basically anything that isn't tied down from the characters.

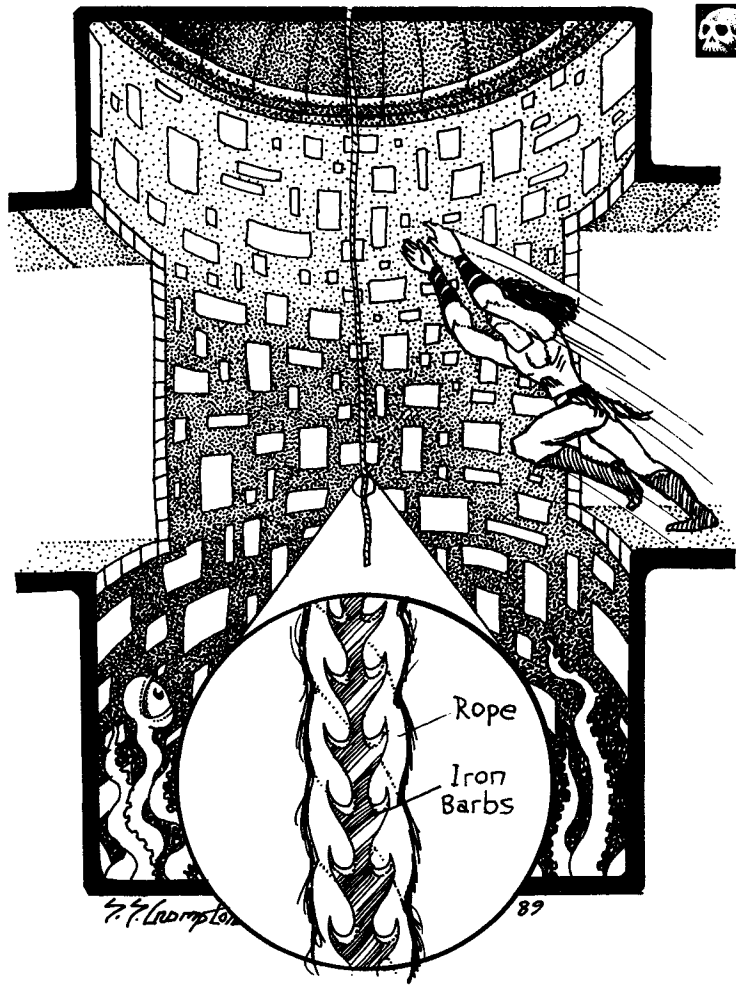
The sprites drop anything they grab, and when something drops into the mist cloaking the floor of this room, it disappears to an alternate dimension. Simultaneously, an object of approximately the same mass comes over to our dimension from some other, effectively replacing the object that was lost.

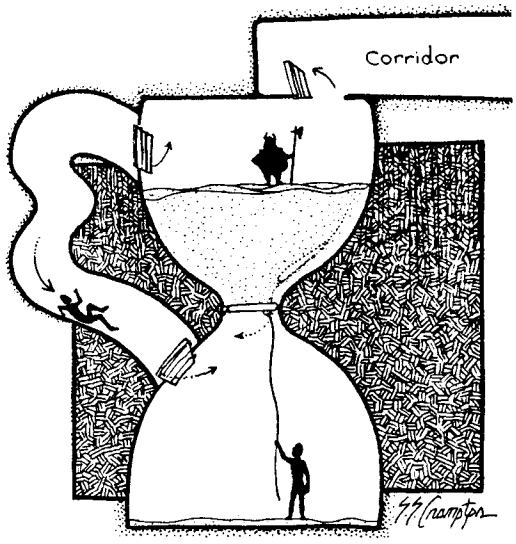
If a delver loses something of value in this room, they're likely to crawl around in the mist trying to locate it. With a little bit of creativity, you can have a lot of fun with this room. Say someone drops a magic shield

collection pg 280

through the floor...why not replace it with a bear trap ready to spring shut? If you maintain a list of everything a party loses in this room, you could possibly return those items during a later visit to this place--or you could continue to torture the characters with all sorts of odd and lethal artifacts from some other realm. If you aren't certain how to work one of my many item traps into your dungeon, this is your cue. Oh, and by the way...if you find my chariot keys, please forward them to one of my stooges at Blade.

Andrew Bander offers **Permanent Rope Burn** as a means to foil would-be Tarzans in any dungeon party. Place a room or chasm placed somewhere in your dungeon athwart the likely line of advance. Hanging over the abyss is a rope. The most obvious way to cross the chasm is to leap out and grab the rope, but those who do are in for a nasty surprise. The rope is in fact tightly wound around a barbed steel cable. The barbs stick up at a ninety degree angle, and the rope sheath surrounding the cable is very loose and thin. The results for anyone trying to hang onto this horrible thing should be obvious. If this trap is placed in a sufficiently dark location, you may not even need to disguise the cable. From a distance, it will be impossible to spot the barbs until it is too late.





The Sands Of Time, by Joseph Yeager, is a classy room trap that properly foreshadows what will happen to anyone caught in its deadly embrace. This trap is a two story room entered from the top through a trap door. The floor of the upper room is filled with fine sand, and should seem slippery and treacherous enough to make the party feel this sand is in fact the entire trap. Perceptive characters may notice this chamber is shaped something like the inside of a bell, but with the floor of the chamber covered in sand, the exact dimensions are impossible to

determine. A careful search will reveal a secret door at ground level, behind which is a slick slide spiraling down. Anyone traveling down this slide will be disoriented, and should have a hard time determining exactly where they end up. In fact, the slide lets out into a dark bell shaped room directly beneath the first--a room which forms the lower half of a huge hour glass. The only feature of this room is a rope hanging from a cork in the ceiling. Pulling the rope frees the cork, and permits sand from the room above to flow into the lower chamber, suffocating anyone within.

While this may at first seem a painfully obvious trap, remember tumbling down the slide will disorient most characters, and few will understand they are in fact directly beneath the sandy room. Furthermore, never underestimate a delver's curiosity. Someone is bound to pull on the rope, even if only to see what it does.

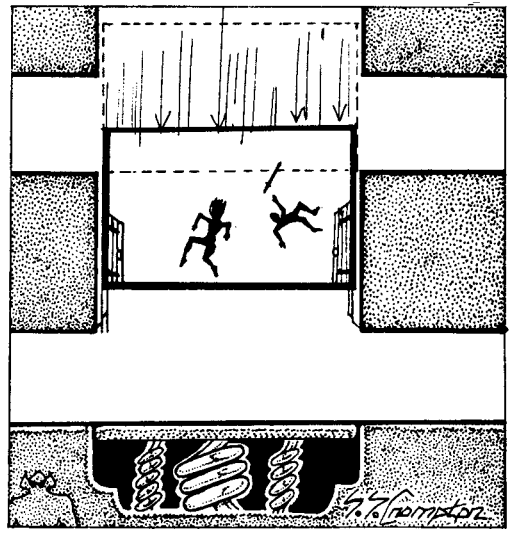
Osborne Lone is a big sports fan, and for years his favorite show was ABC's Wide World Of Sports. It wasn't so much that Osborne was hung up on figure skating and gymnastics--mostly he just wanted to watch that ski jumper wipe out in the opening credits. In recent years the network has jerked around Wide World's time slot, and its almost impossible to see that great ski accident when you want. So, Osborne created the **Agony Of Defeat.**

This trap is preposterous, but install it in your dungeon and maybe some maniac will give you a smile. The delvers find a huge chamber artificially frozen by cold spells and captive elementals. The body of the room is filled by a steep ski slope. The slope terminates in a ski jump--on the far side of the room, separated from the character's location by a wide chasm, is a warm cave filled with jewels and gold.

Near the top of the slope the party will find several sets of skis plunged half way into the snow. If someone were foolish to take a run down the slope, he might just be able to clear the chasm by going off the jump. Of course, this is an almost certain ticket to death, but consider all those riches just out of reach in the cave across the chasm. If you want to provide the players with additional motivation, lock them in this room and create a blizzard. They'll start looking for a way across to that warm cavern in no time.

The ski jump is safe, provided the characters pack along their own skis. A skilled ski jumper can even clear the chasm with a good run down the slope. Anyone using the skis provided in this room is in for a violent end, however. Each ski has a hidden magnetized core of opposite polarity. When a skier flashes down the run and approaches the ski jump, powerful hidden lodestones on either side of the slope activate and instantly attract the skis. Depending on which ski is on which foot, a victim will either suffer a permanent case of the splits, or abruptly helicopter around in the air and hit the jump running backwards. Either way, you've in for the thrill of victory as your victims make like Eddie "the Eagle" Edwards.

Jersey Turnpike's **Free Fall Room** is one of those wimpy traps that plays hob with map making attempts and disorients delvers, when it really should be busy breaking heads. To each his own.



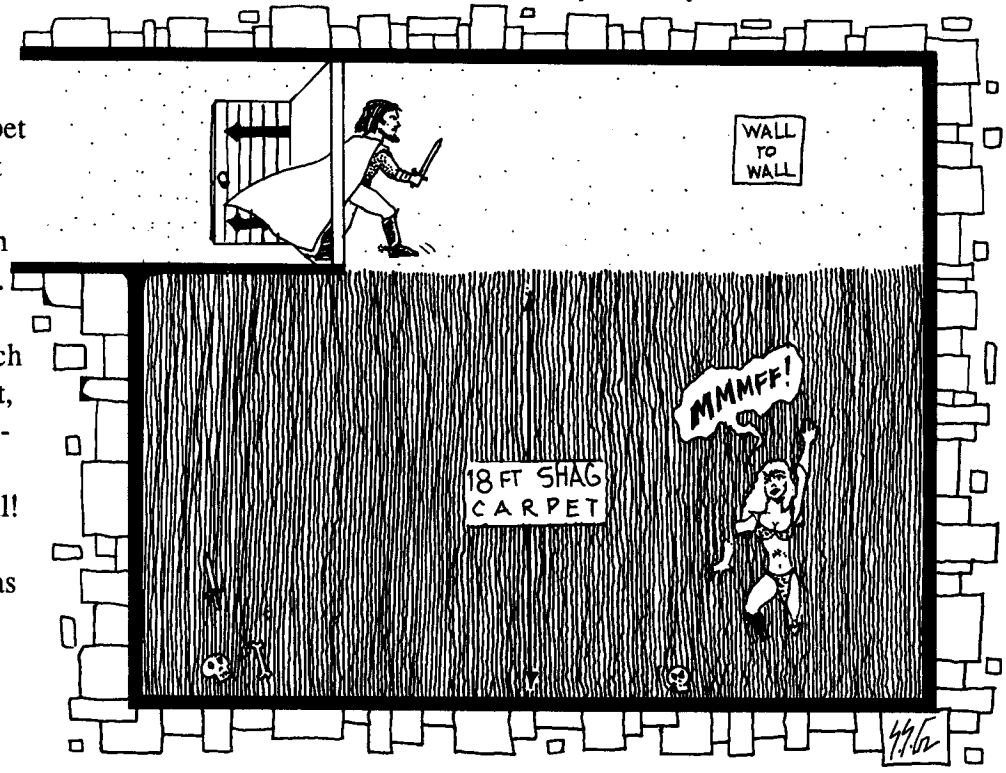
The party finds a normal dungeon room at the end of a featureless corridor. Within the room is a sign reading, "Warning! Room subject to periodic bouts of anti-gravity!". The floor is heavily padded, and the walls are supplied with a number of hand-holds.

Padding and hand-holds? What is this, Jersey, a filthy pleasure cruise?! I bet you sanded all the corners off your table

when your baby sister started to walk, too.
Anyway, the "action" in this place is something as follows. Sensible delvers will either flee the room altogether or ready themselves for a bout of "anti-gravity". Sure enough, within a few minutes the door to this room slams shut, and the entire room drops down a shaft to the next level of the dungeon, although to delvers isolated in the room it may very well seem that gravity has abruptly gone away.
Put away any images you may cherish of elevators plummeting out of control. Mr. Turnpike, weenie that he is, has even designed a shock absorbing spring for the bottom of the drop shaft to cushion the room's fall. The delvers are now free to leave the room through a corridor every bit as featureless as the one through which they entered, although they will now unknowingly find themselves on a new dungeon level.

All at once, now...oooh! Scary! I'm sure you'll agree with me this trap is improved by a troll laying in ambush in the lower corridor armed with a crossbow ready to blow the delvers' fool heads off. †
My mother kept a meticulously clean house. She was always scrubbing or sweeping or wiping or dusting, and absolutely every day she vacuumed. For dear old mum, however, the more she vacuumed, the more discouraged she became. Our cave had a deep shag carpet--quite a luxury, in those andedeluvian days--and bits of crud and flesh were always hidden in the roots. It wasn't mom's fault. With a litter of trolls running around the house, we were always dragging some kill or another across the carpet, and stuff just got ground into the rug.

Anyway, I well remember mom vacuuming away to beat the band, working up a crimson sweat on her craggy brow. Every time the story would be the same. No sooner would she cease vacuuming than one of our pet hellhounds would wander by, stop, sniff suddenly at the carpet, and then eat something too small for us trolls to see. Mom's vacuuming always brought up goodies from the roots of the carpet. No matter how hard she cleaned, it only got worse.
You might encounter similar troubles should you install Dave Logans' **Eighteen Foot Deep Plush Carpet Trap** in your dungeon. From the door, this room seems trimmed with a deep rich carpet, and it is. Unfortunately, the carpet is eighteen feet deep. Anyone stepping into the room will vanish amid the carpet's roots, there to thrash and struggle along with crumbs and bits of flesh and everything else you find in a well-used patch of shag. Furthermore, a great section of the carpet extends under the corridor leading to this room, making it just that much tougher to find one's way to safety.



A true nerd might suffocate in the carpet before escaping, but it's a lot more fun to let my mom come in and vacuum him up. Even if the old Hoover doesn't punch the character's ticket, the ever hungry hellhounds that trail in my mom's wake will!

Molly Ringworm has insomnia, and one night when she was unable to sleep she

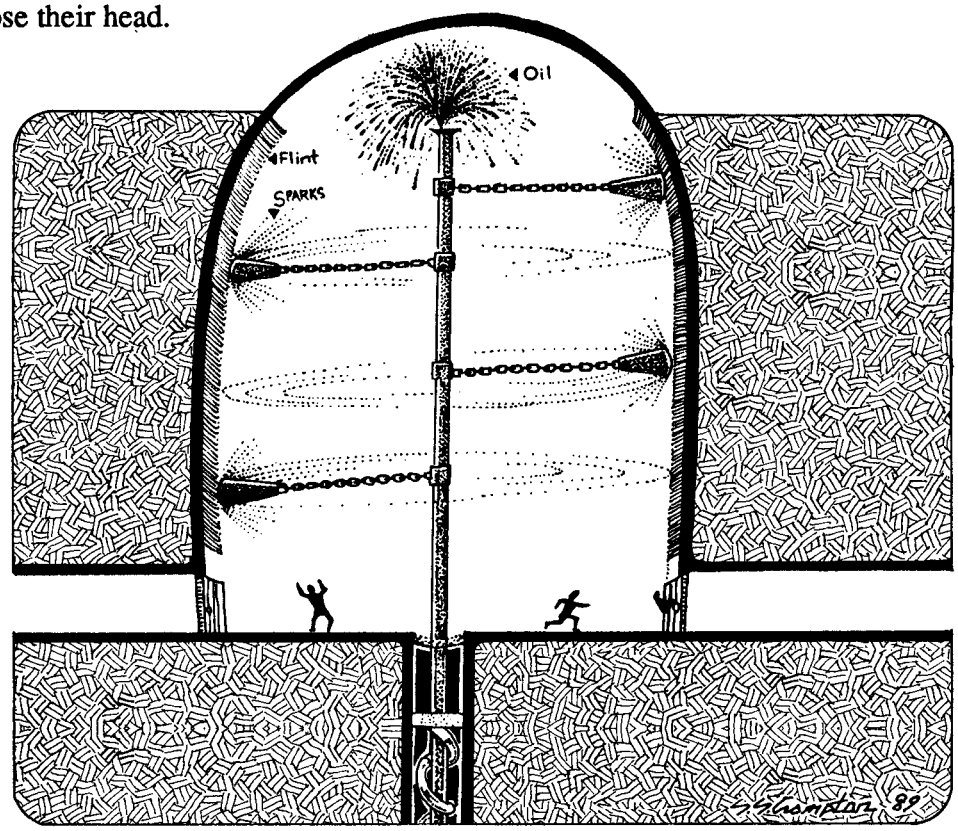
conceived of **CycloneThe Deadly May-pole.** Some of the best traps flow directly from the subconscious when the mind hovers between dreams and waking, as this design clearly attests.

A tall circular room is accessed through one or more corridors. The floor is vaguely slippery, as if oil has recently been spilled on the flagstones. High up on each wall are continuous bands of black stone that look something like flint. The bands are regularly spaced, and run all the way around the room as they march toward the ceiling. There appears to be some sort of circular depression directly in the center of the floor.

When anyone enters the room, all the doors slam shut and lock. A tall maypole then rises from the circular depression mentioned above. Hanging from the maypole at several different levels are long chains, at the end of which are heavy steel weights.

No sooner do the characters take all this in than the maypole begins to rotate. Centrifugal force causes the steel weights to fly up and away from the maypole, and in short order the chains and weights are whirling around the room perpendicular to the pole. Unless the party hits the deck in a hurry, someone is going to lose their head.

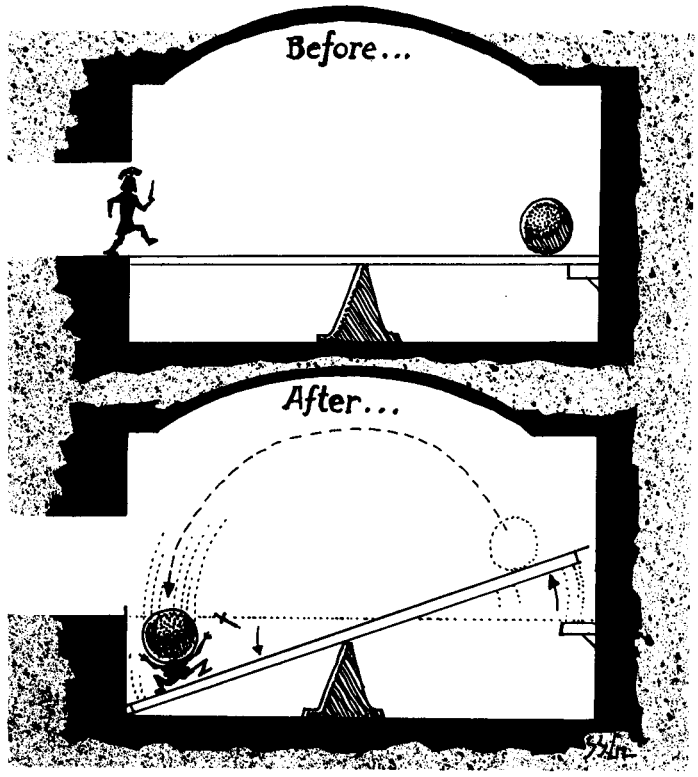




When the maypole reaches its top speed, the steel weights are brought level with the multiple bands of flint running around the room. Great showers of sparks appear where the weights strike the flint. Then, just when things seemingly can't get any worse, flammable oil begins to gush from the top of the maypole, showering everyone and everything in the room. Combine the oil with the sparks and the lethal motion of the steel weights, and you have a May Day celebration to remember!



Napoleon Bonaparte revolutionized the use of artillery in warfare, and Osborne Lone takes the Little Corsican's principles to their logical limit with his **Indirect Fire Skullcrusher Ha Ha trap.** Actually, anyone who has ever stepped on the blades of a rake or messed around at a playground has already encountered this simple trap, but simple designs are less likely to malfunction, so expect to nail a high percentage of delvers with this one.

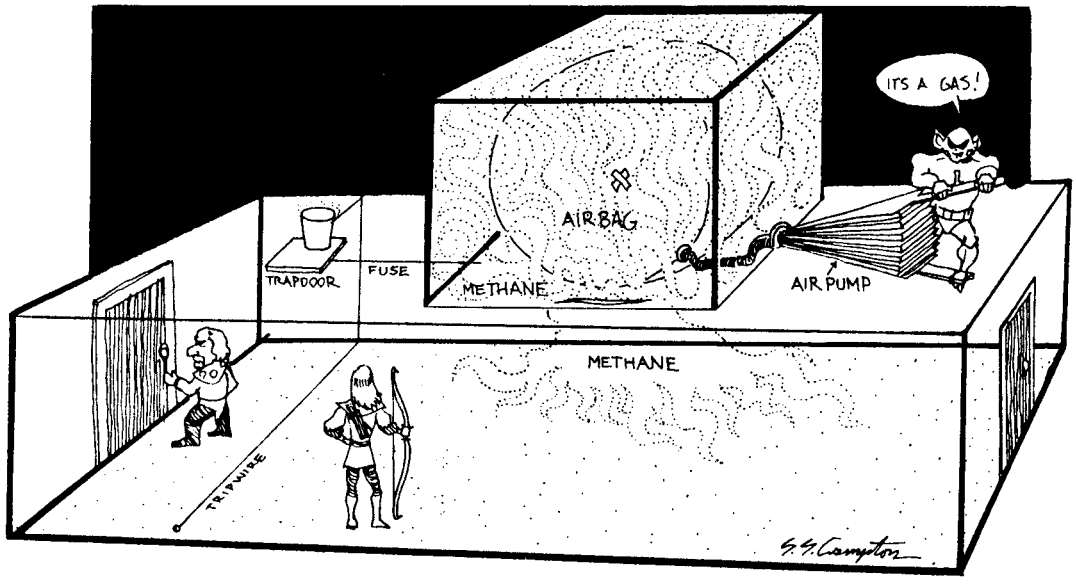


From the threshold, this room appears to be nearly featureless save for a single cannon ball sitting opposite the door. Midway across the room is a low wall that does not entirely bisect the room. The ceiling also has an odd arc up and away from the floor. What the delver cannot see is the middle section of the floor is actually a teeter-totter. Anyone walking into the room directly from the door will depress the near end of the teeter-totter, sending the cannon ball flying up into the air. The odd arc to the ceiling allows the cannon ball to follow a lobbing trajectory over the wall and onto the head of whoever stepped on the teeter-totter, thus illustrating the essential principles of indirect fire. Next, we invade Russia.



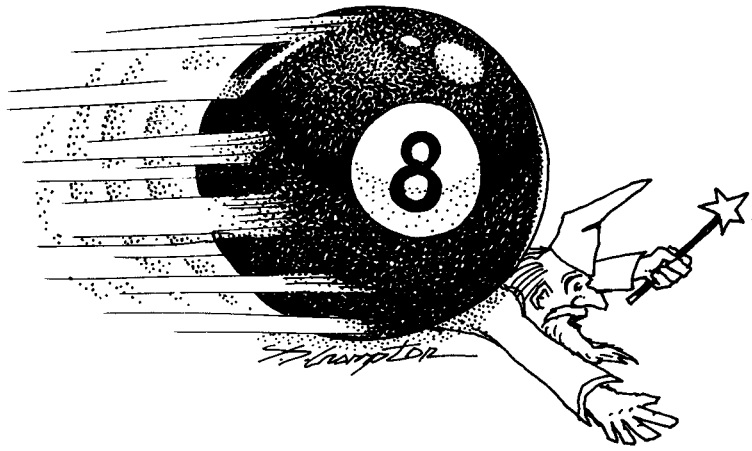
Fritz E. Voss lives in Nebraska, which is nowhere near the top of the world, so he must have gotten the idea for his **Midnight Sun trap** from a dream. I understand Fritz runs a very dark dungeon, so maybe this is just a good hearted attempt to provide delvers with a source of light but somehow I doubt it.

This long dark room has an entrance at one end and a false door on the opposite wall. Anyone approaching the false door stands a good chance of triggering the trip wire that stretches across the floor. The trip wire is very hard to spot in the darkness. Tampering with the wire tips over a bucket concealed on the other side of the ceiling, and dumps a ball of white phosphorus and oil through a trap door and into the room. This will at best produce a weak lick of flame that might hurt someone standing directly beneath the trap door, but in all likelihood the delvers will figure the trap has misfired.



While your victims are yucking it up, the real mechanism of this trap kicks into motion. The flame passing through the trap door will light a fuse that quickly burns across the top of the ceiling and into a secret room directly above that in which the party is located. The secret room is filled with methane. The fuse activates an air pump, which rapidly fills a canvas balloon inside the hidden room. As the balloon expands, the methane gas is compressed, quickly causing a loose plank in the floor to break away.

With the plank removed, the methane gas can flood into the room where the delvers are located. Even just a feeble patch of burning oil left over from the original trigger mechanism of this trap will be enough to ignite the methane, filling the room with bright light and intense heat. It's not quite so hot as a sun, of course, but most delvers will be flash fried so quick they won't be able to tell the difference.



When I was a wee troll, the noble game of billiards was all the rage, but in the last century or so its been impossible to raise a decent game of snooker. Kids these days have no sense of what's important. Instead of hanging around smokey pool halls and engaging in criminal activities, everyone runs off to libraries and class rooms and concert halls. What is the world coming to?



Chips White obviously loves a good game of eight ball, otherwise he'd never devote so much of his dungeon space to the **Giant's Pool Table**. If giants might use the standing stones of Stonehenge as dominoes, imagine a pool table built to the same scale. You can place the table indoors, or locate it in some secluded glade...if you're really ambitious, consider using a spare plateau as your pool table. The surface should have six pockets in the usual places, and green felt is recommended for the playing surface. Really huge tables might benefit from a field of natural grass.

Occupying the billiard field is the standard compliment of one cue ball and fifteen object balls. Also occupying the field, if this is to be any fun, should be at least one party of dungeon delvers. How you get the delvers there is your problem. I suggest you either teleport them in, or deliver them through one of the many slide traps detailed in this and other volumes of my spectacular series.

Things get moving when the cue ball hurtles itself across the playing surface and collides with the object balls, which are of course arranged in the standard diamond formation. Within moments, colossal pool balls are hurling every which way, bouncing off one another and the sides of the table, and generally making things hazardous for the characters.

As with a standard pool set, seven of the balls are stripes, seven are solids, and one is the eight ball, which is neither a stripe or solid. Different things occur when various balls collide. When balls of a like variety collide (stripe/stripe or solid/solid), both

explode, sending lethal shards of stone speeding across the pool table. Should a stripe and a solid knock together, one or the other of the balls will change type, either becoming a stripe or a solid, just waiting for the chance to strike another of its ilk and explode.

The cue ball is the scratch ball, and the only thing really working in the delvers' favor on the table. When the cue ball hits something--another ball, or a delver, or whatever--that thing disappears. Utterly. If the delvers are lucky, the cue ball will clear the table before too many balls explode, thus considerably increasing the delvers' life expectancy.

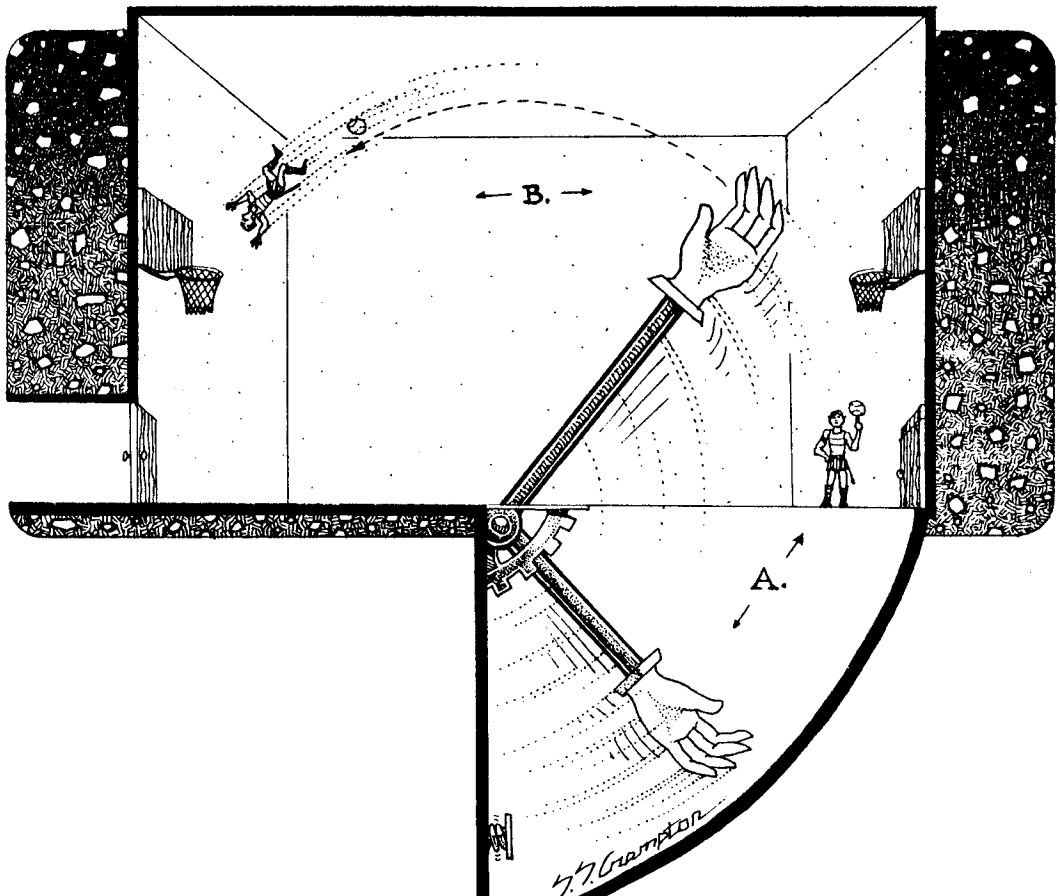
It isn't enough to simply duck and cover, however, as there is still the eight ball to be reckoned with. The eight ball is intelligent, and it will pursue the nearest delver with horrific speed. A smart party may be able to manipulate the eight ball using bait and switch tactics, maybe even getting it to strike the cue ball, which would end the menace of the eight ball altogether...but with things exploding and bouncing every which way, who is going to think of that?

This is a terribly lethal place, and if the delvers have any sense they'll leave. Getting off the table is tricky if it entirely fills a room, or is positioned atop a high mountain plateau. A desperate delver can find temporary safety in one of the side pockets, as each features a delver-sized cubby-hole at the bottom, but when a ball rolls into the same pocket the character will be entombed beneath its great mass. There's no way for the delvers to get a ball out of a pocket once it has come to a rest. I suppose a really dim fellow might try to knock an opposing ball into the one sitting in a pocket, but imagine how little would be left of anyone trapped underneath a ball after it blew up!

The easiest thing for the delvers to do? Die. The second easiest? Stay light on their feet until all the balls stop moving, or blow up, or come to a rest in a pocket. Good luck.



The Kareem Abdul-Jabbar Memorial Sky Hook Trap by Molly Ringworm is kind of a weak design, but it is dedicated to one of my all-time favorite humans, and thus deserves a place in my book. Most dungeons already have a gymnasium in the lower levels, so it shouldn't be hard to include this well-deserved tribute somewhere in your tunnel complex.
This room trap takes the form of a basketball court completely filling a room. Doors access the court



through walls directly under each basket. There is nothing dangerous about the court. If you like, roll out a ball and let the delvers shoot some hoop...maybe even some full court action with a squad of giants is in order.

After the game, any delver trying to exit the room via the door opposite that through which he entered is in for a rude surprise. Turning the door knob triggers a spring loaded arm hidden beneath the floor. The arm will quickly shoot from the floor, gently catch the delver in the palm of its mechanical "hand", and launch its victim toward the basketball net on the far side of the gym.

Anyone who has ever seen Abdul-Jabbar shoot the Skyhook knows it is the most gentle of shots, and if the character doesn't panic he'll land on the basketball rim with minimal damage (or even pass all the way through, if he's tiny enough). Most characters will thrash about as they fly through the air, however, which will lead to a painful encounter with the backboard. If your victims complain about their treatment at the hands of this trap, you can always threaten them with the Wilt Chamberlain Memorial model--the one that reproduces Wilt's powerful slam dunk from the night he scored 100 points in a single game...



M.A. Harris uses air pressure to interesting effect with his **Vacuum Chest trap**. This appears for all intents and purposes to be an ordinary treasure chest sitting in the middle of a room. Paranoid characters might notice the doors leading to this room are unusually thick, and in fact the entire room is air tight.

The chest will prove incredibly difficult to open. The chest is itself fixed to the floor (for reasons that will shortly become obvious), so any attempts to open the thing will have to take place within the room. The chest is secured by no visible lock or latch, so delvers trying to open it are in for some frustration.

In fact, the chest acts as a giant valve for an airless chamber located beneath the one in which the characters stand. The powerful suction of the vacuum is what makes it so difficult to open the chest. Should the party manage to wedge the chest open just a little bit, the room in which the delvers are located will quickly lose all of its air. It is also likely anything the delvers are carrying--and maybe the characters themselves--will be sucked through the open chest and into the chamber below.

After a few seconds, pressure will equalize between the two sections of the chamber. Depending on the size of the vacuum chamber, the oxygen remaining in the room could prove too thin to breathe. By adjusting the size of the vacuum chamber, you can either knock a dungeon party senseless or kill them outright, at your discretion.

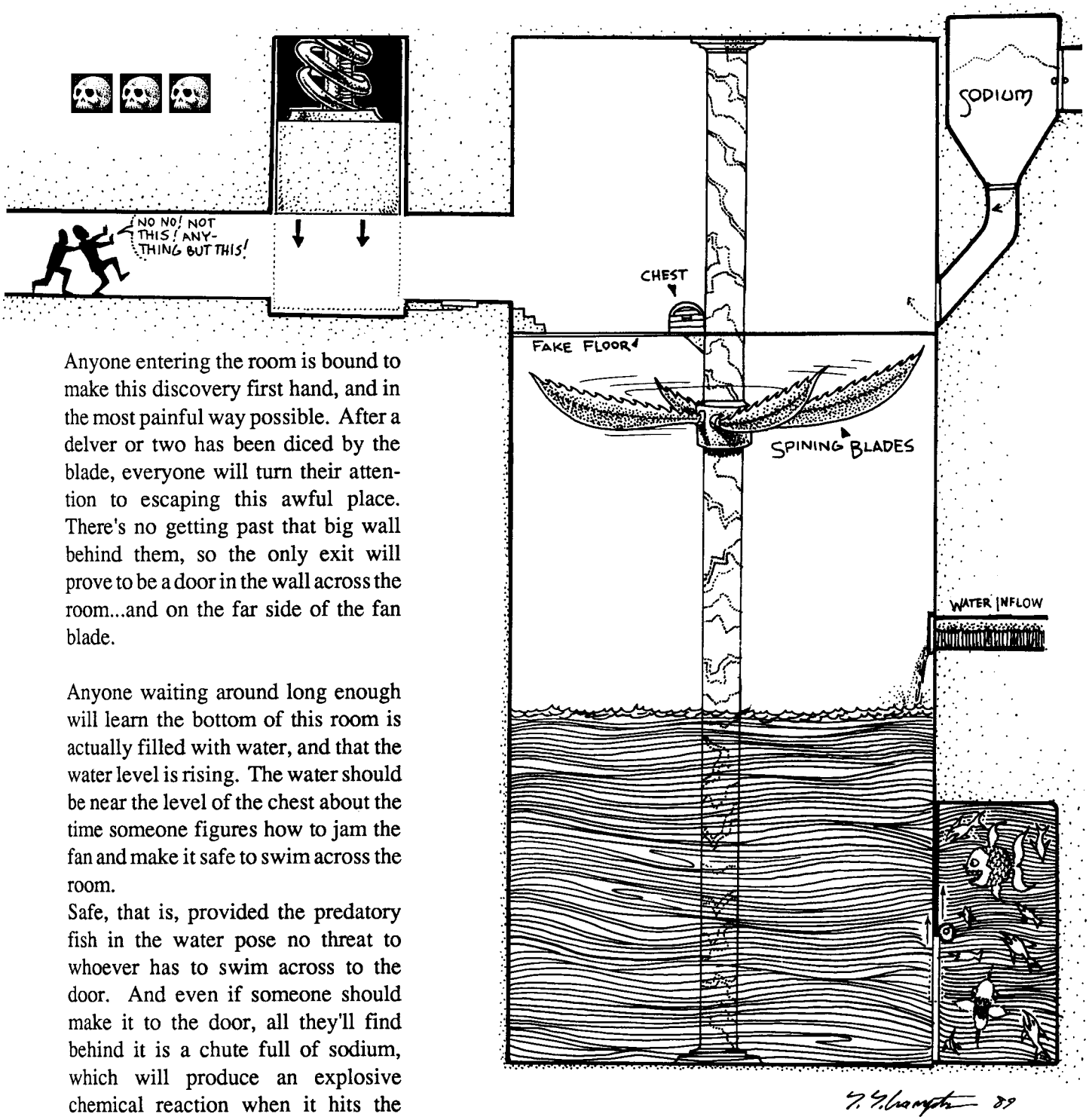


But why, really, should you put off actually killing the party? If you just want to punch some tickets, sink your teeth into **After The Flood,** by Chris Hubbard. This trap is obvious from a distance, so if the party gets wiped out they have only themselves to blame.

Locate this trap at the end of any long corridor. Just past the room's threshold the party will see a shallow trench in the floor. On the far side of the trench is a trigger mechanism. Stepping on the trigger causes a huge section of wall to fall from the ceiling and settle into the trench, crushing anyone standing there, and ensuring the bulk of the party is now trapped in the room.

The room itself seems featureless save for a single treasure chest. Alert delvers might detect a faint humming, as if a machine were operating near by. The machine is in fact a huge fan blade that whirled into motion when the trigger was activated.

The chest actually sits in the middle of a false floor. The floor can be an illusion, but it less expensive to build it from thin wood or cloth.The chest is supported by a long column which reaches down to the actual floor of this room. The column is also the axle for the fan blade, which whirls about just beneath the false floor.



Anyone entering the room is bound to make this discovery first hand, and in the most painful way possible. After a delver or two has been diced by the blade, everyone will turn their attention to escaping this awful place. There's no getting past that big wall behind them, so the only exit will prove to be a door in the wall across the room...and on the far side of the fan blade.

Anyone waiting around long enough will learn the bottom of this room is actually filled with water, and that the water level is rising. The water should be near the level of the chest about the time someone figures how to jam the fan and make it safe to swim across the room.

Safe, that is, provided the predatory fish in the water pose no threat to whoever has to swim across to the door. And even if someone should make it to the door, all they'll find behind it is a chute full of sodium, which will produce an explosive chemical reaction when it hits the water. After the flood, there should be little left of the party, and all you need to do is replace the false floor to make this trap ready for the next batch of suckers.



Nothing brightens up a room like a fire. In the dead of winter, when long shadows stalk across the floor of my cave, I like to hurl a couple elves on the fire and gather the family around the hearth.

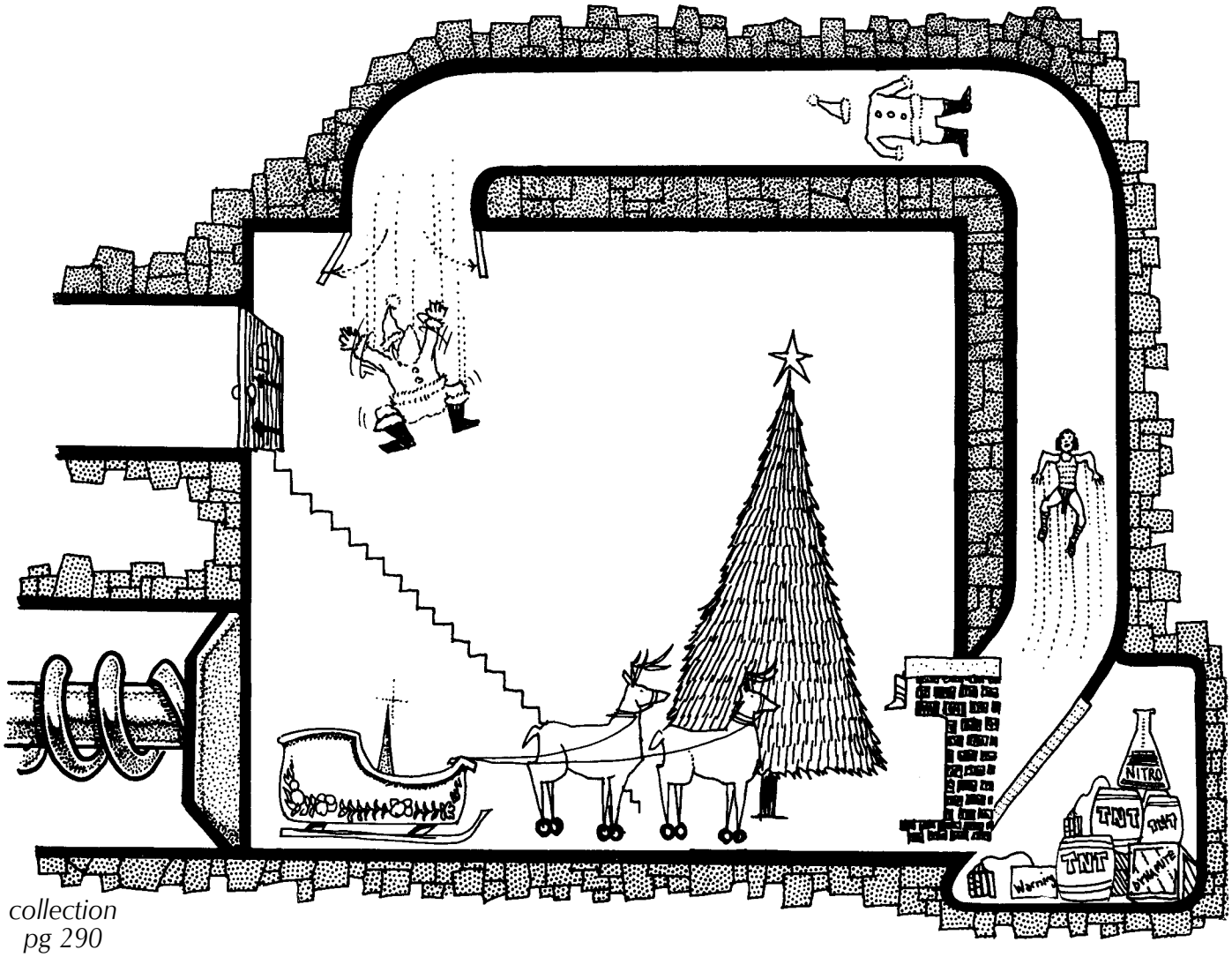
In the old days we used to suck smoke, then some bright boy came up with the idea of a smoke hole. From this developed the chimney, a terribly unsafe innovation that allows large men in red suits unrestricted access to your home.

Bryan James Gregory's **Make Sure The Flue Is Open** addresses this same problem, although his target is children who hang their stockings by the fire with care, rather than devilish old Saint Nick. This room presents a festive holiday scene, including a full size sleigh with a compliment of mock reindeer. The only evidence of a trap is the huge sharpened metal spike that occupies the driver's seat in the sleigh. You can load the sleigh with toys and goodies if you wish, but I'm sure most delvers are far more naughty than nice, and they probably don't deserve any presents this year.

Directly across from the sleigh is a merrily burning fire. A plate of cookies and a glass of milk waits beside the fireplace. Paranoid delvers might deploy in front of the fireplace and expect some monster to emerge from the chimney, but no such fun is in the offing. Nothing happens until someone inspects the fireplace.

When someone stands in front of the fireplace, a powerful magic suction will snatch him off his feet and bear him up a shaft on the far side of the hearth. The shaft bends up and around the room, passing through a waiting one-size-fits-all Santa suit hidden above the ceiling, then terminates in a trap door directly above the spike in the sleigh. Thus the victim is sucked through the fireplace, fitted with a Santa suit, and dropped onto the waiting steel spike.

But that's not all! When someone lands on the spike, a powerful steel ram is activated, which plunges the sleigh, the mock reindeer, and anyone standing near the same through the fireplace and through the wall, where the whole lot crashes into a hidden chamber full of explosives. Merry Christmas!





Anyone who has ever tried to do an entire term paper in one night will appreciate Rowdy Rhodes' **Deadline trap.** This insidious design pits individual characters against a freakish yet true statistic, and is really more of a curse than a trap. Save this one for somebody very special.

Your victim must be teleported into this trap, so call up a demon who owes you a favor, or use one of the many teleporting traps in this or other volumes of my series. After a brief period of disorientation, the victim finds himself in a long room that seems to stretch to infinity. In the dim distance, the character can just perceive the horizon curving up, further adding to the alien atmosphere of the place.

The noise in this infinitely long room is deafening. It sounds as if thousands of rocks were being continually bashed together. The noise rings in your victim's skull to the point he will want to drill a hole in his head to let the sound out. Sorry. That would be too easy.

The walls of this gallery are lined with tier upon tier of wooden benches, and seated on the benches are millions of monkeys. Each monkey furiously pounds away at a manual typewriter--hence the deafening noise. None of the monkeys will pay any attention to the character. The sheet of paper rolled into each typewriter--and all the various sheets of paper stacked around this room--are covered with random flurries of keystrokes.
Directly in front of the character is an uncomfortable office chair, a low table, and a golden typewriter. Beside the typewriter is a digital clock that reads, "Deadline: The Rest Of Your Life". A piece of paper is rolled into the golden typewriter, and one line is already typed upon it: "The Complete Works Of William Shakespeare, Reproduced From Memory By (followed by the character's name)."

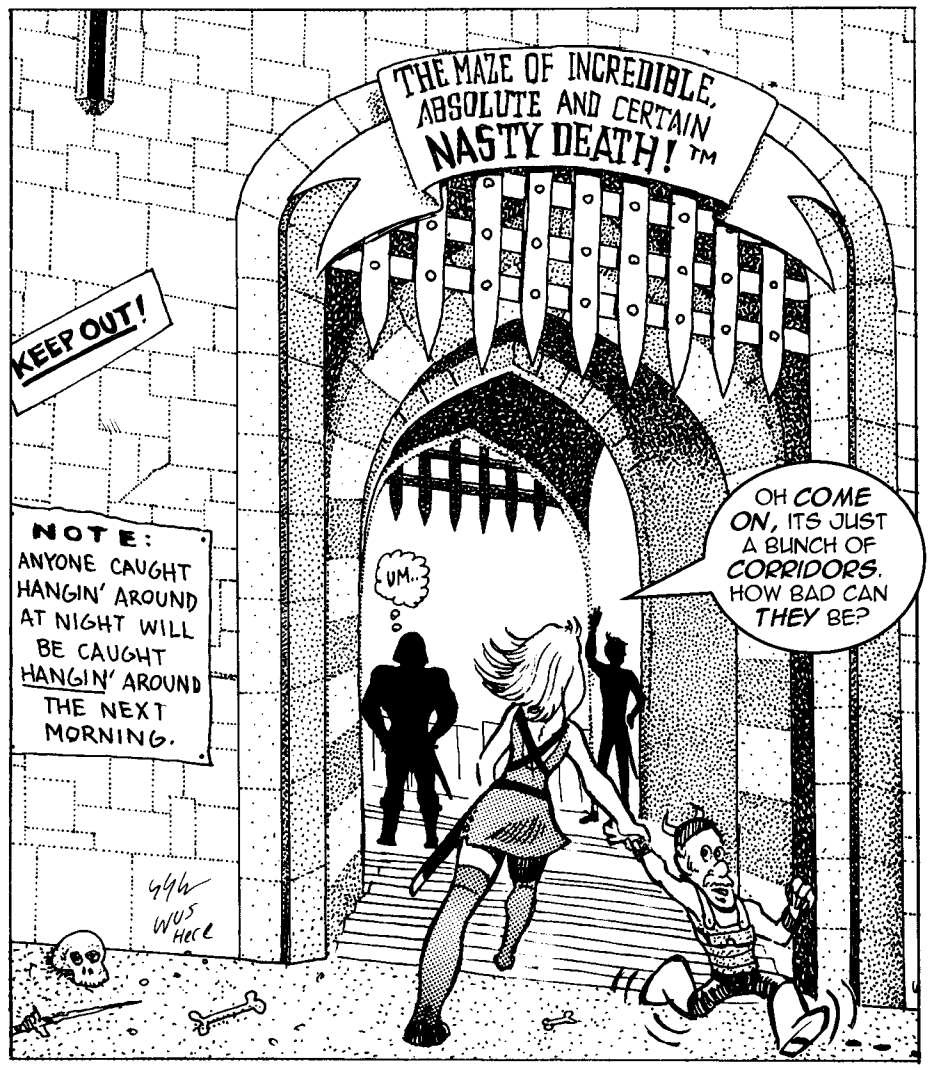
The character must remain here until he reproduces exactly word-for-word the life's work of the western world's greatest author. He has the rest of his life to do so. Of course, the character is doomed. An ironic twist is provided by the odd statistical fact that some day, some how, the monkeys will eventually complete the same task...entirely at random.

When the character finally dies, he changes into a monkey and takes a seat with his brothers. How's that for deadline anxiety??

2. Deadline Anxiety. . .



2

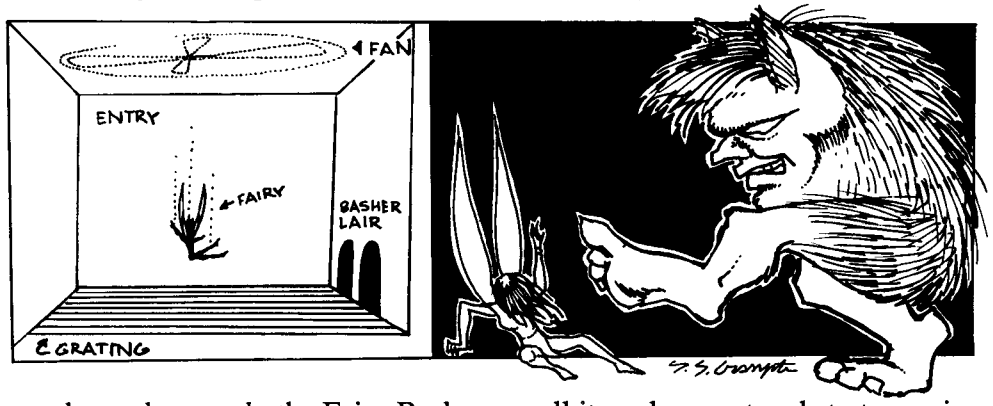


Corridor Traps

Since long before my first book of traps was published back in 1981, corridors have been dangerous places. I once saw my aunt and uncle come to blows over how they were going to paper a hall in their cave.

For whatever reason, corridors are dangerous places, and I'm sure I don't have to belabor the subject. You can read all about targets being lined up in a pretty little row in my other books. My only suggestion this time around is that you not locate these corridor traps in front of someplace you want the delvers to go--like a carefully constructed room trap. Corridor traps are killers, and if you locate them at every turn, the delvers are going to take their toys and go home. Wouldn't that be a shame?

To start, let's reprint an old classic: an entrance trap by Rick Loomis that was first printed in Wargamers Information in December 1976. Actually, this trap is built by a critter called a **"Fairy Basher"**, which hangs around the entrances of dungeons, citadels, and abandoned castles. Fairy Bashers are usually found in groups of 1000, and they build sophisticated air blowers that will knock fairies and other insects out of the air and onto the floor. When a Fairy Basher sees a fairy which has fallen onto the floor, he comes running out of his lair and stomps on the fallen creature with his big feet, and then eats the remains. Fairy Bashers are very fast: if you kill one, two more instantly take its place. If the delver tries to carry a fairy into the dungeon in



his pocket or knapsack, the Fairy Bashers smell it, and run out and start gnawing at the delvers feet in an attempt to get at the little critters. The amount of damage done to the delvers feet and legs depends on how much you (the gamemaster) hate fairies, and how long the delver stands around trying to fight the Bashers off instead of running away! (The Fairy-Bashers just hang around entrances and do not follow anyone into the dungeon or castle.)

Molly Ringworm, a very dangerous lady indeed, is the sick genius responsible for the **Jade Juggernaut.** This is an extensive trap around which a complete dungeon level, if not an entire dungeon, must be constructed if it is to be used to best effect.

The first step is to establish a continuous track running all through your dungeon. The track should run through a series of corridors all its own, intersecting normal dungeon corridors and rooms as you desire. The special corridor should be of magical green stone, and the corners must be rounded smooth like a bobsled track. A foul brown stain of unguessable origin runs down the middle of the special green corridor.

Patrolling this special corridor system is an infernal mechanical device known only as the Jade Juggernaut. The Juggernaut is a vast statue made entirely from one piece of jade, and all by itself it would be a priceless treasure. The Juggernaut rapidly swoops along its corridor in a continuous direction and at a constant speed on hidden wheels--not too fast, but not so slow that an average armored delver has any chance of outrunning it. Anything struck by the Juggernaut will have several bones broken, before being ground beneath the statue's base (hence the ugly stain on the Juggernaut's track).

If you have any sense of style, you'll clue the party into what's happening by having the Jade Juggernaut flash past one of the intersections with a normal dungeon corridor. Their curiosity aroused, a dungeon party should pursue the Juggernaut down one of the green corridors. Depending on where they enter, the party could find

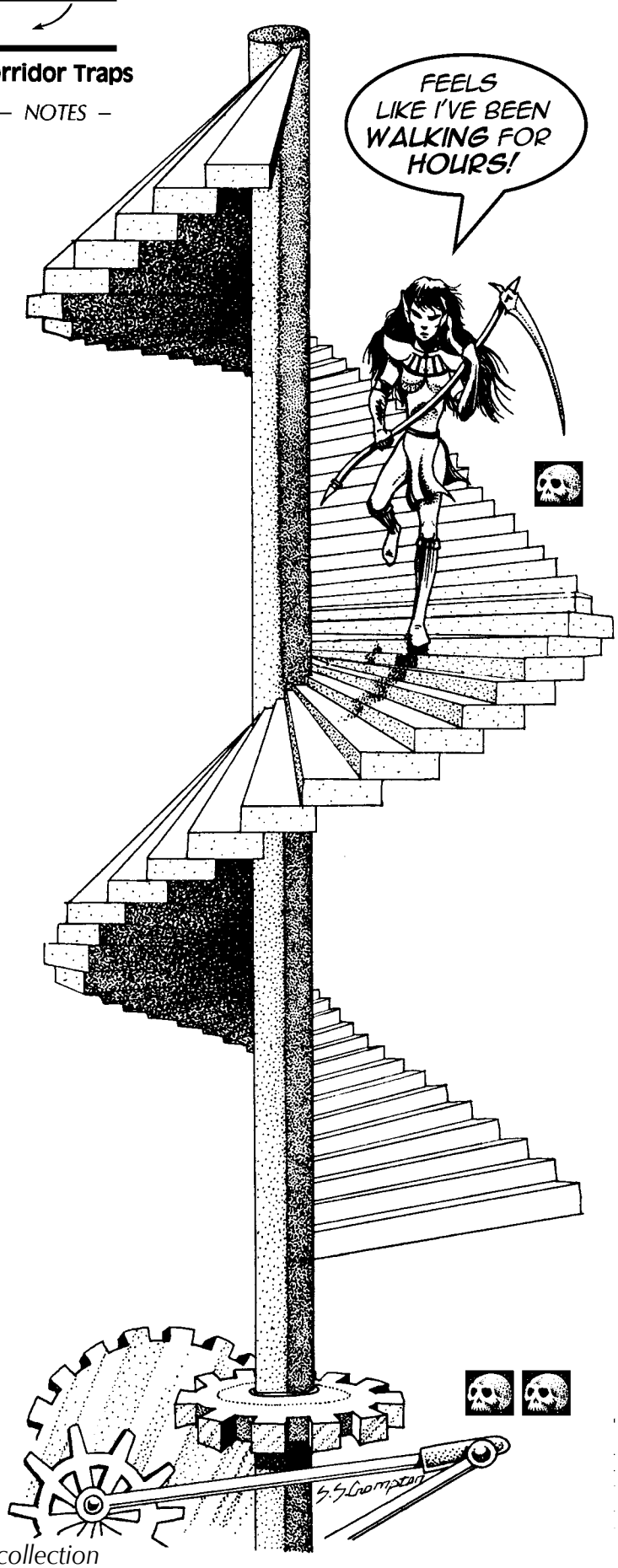


an exit to some other part of the dungeon, or they might be trapped in a long section of track when the Juggernaut completes a lap and comes around behind them again!

The only way to defeat this thing is to time the Juggernaut's lap speed from some safe vantage point. When the characters have come up with a rough idea of how fast the Juggernaut moves, they can venture onto the track with some confidence, and if they charge directly into the heart of the Juggernaut's track network, they might just find the engine's hidden control room before the device laps around and threatens the party again. Inside the control room are levers and switches that will bring the Juggernaut to a halt, putting an end to the thing as a menace, and leaving the delvers with the puzzle of finding a way to carry its vast bulk out of the dungeon and back to civilization, where it should fetch a hefty reward.

Dave Logans' **Statue Trap** is designed to snare only one delver at a time, but I can forgive him because what it does to the character it catches is so absurd. The trap is activated by a sensitive pressure pad designed to spring itself on the rear member of a party. The victim vanishes through a trap door and strikes a teleporter pad, sending him or her to whatever reward you devise. The motion of the trap door, however, is enough to rotate a generic stone delver statue into the corridor where the character formerly stood.

While the features of the statue will not exactly match those of the missing delver, it is likely other party members will overlook this in their confusion. Doubtless the party will decide they're being stalked by some creature with the ability to turn flesh to stone, which will lead to some anxious moments if not outright panic. If the party really buys this simple deception, and if they hold their unfortunate companion in high esteem, they might even lug the useless statue around with them for the rest of the adventure. Ultimately, they may waste perfectly good gold or magic trying in vain to return their friend to his or her "normal" form. If you want to be really savage, make the statue a gorgon that has itself been turned to stone, so when the curse is lifted, the well-meaning party is stoned for their trouble!



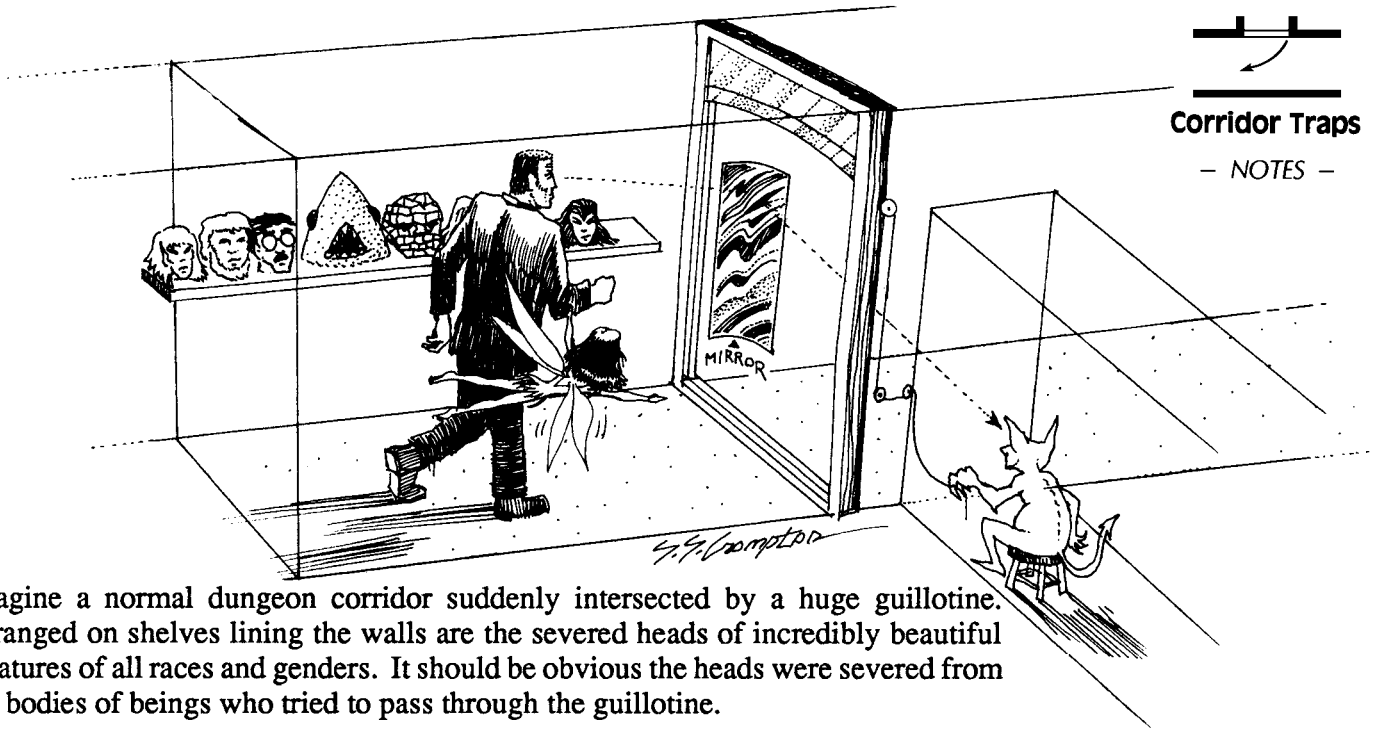
Not every dungeon can afford unlimited floor space and infinite depth. Especially in the case of modest tunnel complexes constructed beneath old castles, there is only so much room to go around. In this day and age, with megacitadels growing ever larger, and giant new dungeons opening at every hand, old establishments may have a hard time attracting new victims to explore their mysterious depths.

This really is a shame, as it is usually the oldest dungeons that have the most to offer. One way to "expand" an old complex with space concerns is to provide an illusion of size. Tyrone Shoes' **Spinning Spiral Stair** is just the thing for desperate dungeonmasters on a budget.

Locate this stair anywhere you want to hint another dungeon level exists, without actually wanting to build the level. For all intents and purposes this seems a normal spiral staircase, but when the party travels half way along the stair, the whole structure begins to turn. The turning motion is subtle and imperceptible--when the party stops moving, so too will the stair stop turning. The stair always turns in the same direction the party is moving, so this trap works whether the party is moving up or down.

This amounts to a treadmill stair that endlessly turns under the party's feet. If you carefully synchronize the rotation of the stair with the motion of the party, the characters will think they've stumbled upon an incredibly long staircase that leads to heaven knows where. Eventually the party will give up in its quest to reach one end or the other of the stair and retrace their steps, in which case you should reverse the motion of the stair to simulate an equally long return journey. The result is the characters' perception that a separate level of your dungeon exists where there is nothing at all. If you get lucky, some genius may even try to blindly teleport to where he is "sure" a dungeon level exists...and instead wind up in solid rock.

Molly Ringworm is a fine trap designer, but she is a very ugly woman. As a friend of mine might say, she could scare dogs off the back of a meat truck. That's a shame, because Molly is a fine person...which might have something to do with why Molly titled this next trap **Beauty Is In The Eye Of The Beheader.**



Imagine a normal dungeon corridor suddenly intersected by a huge guillotine. Arranged on shelves lining the walls are the severed heads of incredibly beautiful creatures of all races and genders. It should be obvious the heads were severed from the bodies of beings who tried to pass through the guillotine.

While the party is trying to decide what to do, a deep voice speaks from the darkness. "Only ugliness will I destroy--if you are fair, you need not fear my blade. Step across the threshold and be judged." The wise thing to do is to run the other way, but if something suitably important is on the other side of the guillotine (such as the exit from the dungeon), you should be able to harvest a few heads.

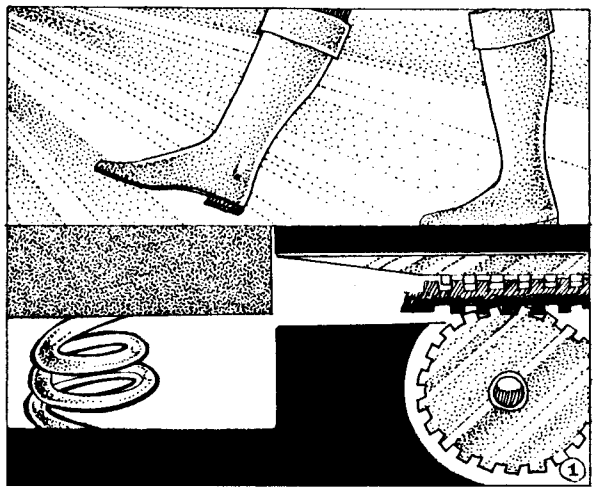
Characters inspecting the guillotine will notice there is a mirror hung near by, and that the mirror is distorted like something you'd find in a funhouse. The mirror is angled such that it faces around a bend in the corridor on the far side of the guillotine. No light or image can be seen in the mirror. Some indication might also be provided that the guillotine is triggered by someone sitting around the corner...right about where the mirror faces.

Characters tempting the blade will learn that turnabout is fair play. A vicious little gremlin sits on the far side of the corridor, his finger just itching to pull the trigger on the guillotine. His standards of beauty are conventional, but he is positioned such that he can view the characters only through the distorted glass of the funhouse mirror. As a result, beautiful characters will appear ugly, while ugly characters will appear beautiful. The gremlin will act appropriately when someone tempts his blade, pulling the trigger on a beautiful character, but allowing an ugly one to pass by...because beauty is in the eye of the beheader.

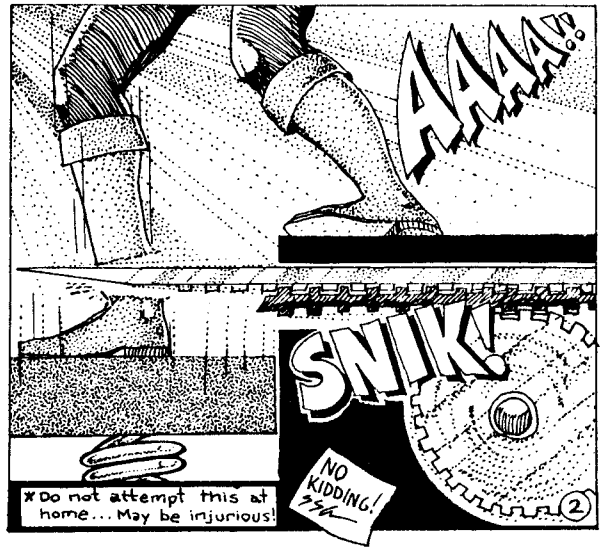


Tom Keefer, the scientific genius who brings us the pressurized corridor trap found elsewhere in this chapter, takes issue with the ubiquitous **Glowing Moss** that seems to light so many dungeons nowadays. For whatever reason, dungeonmasters are loathe to light their tunnels with torches and lanterns, preferring instead to provide light from a more nebulous source.

According to Mr. Keefer--a physicist at Hilario University in Los Gatos, California--the glowing properties of moss can only be accounted for by radioactivity...specifically radioactive uranium. Uranium in trace amounts is sufficient to cause cancer, but when the uranium glows bright enough to see by--say to the tune of 10 billion times a safe exposure--Tom assures me the result is instant mutation!



This is a true thing. You can look it up. And we're not talking about a delver fathering a baby with two heads after receiving a dose of this stuff, either. Instant mutation means just that...a sudden and random change in the victim's physical form. Thus, if a dungeon party suddenly sprouts odd limbs, antlers, and leaking blisters, explain that you don't know what is going on, unless it is a trick of the light.



How could a TRAPS book go to press without at least one trap that does something horrible to the feet? My first volume of traps devoted a whole subchapter to "Step & Die" traps! This volume has but one, but it is such a ferocious design it should be more than enough to satisfy all you foot freaks out there.



Andrew Bander's design could indeed be the source of **Achilles' Willies**. The trap requires a large trigger pad to operate, so it is best located in the midst of a mosaic, or some other floor type that easily hides lines and shifting surfaces. This trap also requires that its victim step directly onto it to function, so you can improve your batting average by locating several of these in close proximity to each other.

The illustration pretty much tells the tale with this trap. The downward motion of the foot pad brings the victim's foot into line with the horizontal blade. A character stepping full into this trap will have his foot severed. If the victim only partially strikes the pad, he may still lose some toes before he can fully remove his foot. Don't forget it will be almost impossible to walk after suffering any sort of severe foot injury, so springing this trap on someone deep in a dungeon could ensure the victim never limps out to tell the tale.

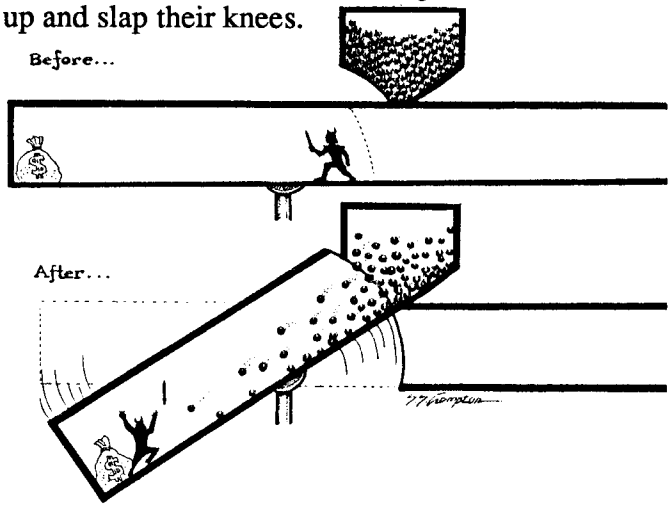
It's a shameless terrible old groaner of a pun, and we've all heard it a million times before, but Rowdy Rhodes' sheer audacity forces me to publish this next trap. I apologize in advance for what's about to happen.



A party traveling down any normal dungeon corridor discovers an unusual sight. Before them rises a fantastic wall inscribe with gold moons and stars. Characters with scientific knowledge will notice the wall diagrams depict with astonishing accuracy the movement of local celestial bodies. The wall is a work of art, and the

region positively glows with magical energy. At the center of this cosmic masterpiece is a hole about the size of a closed fist. When the characters draw near, a ghostly voice seems to speak from beyond the heavens. "The mysteries of the universe lay open before me. Within my heart there are no questions, only answers. **If you would know your fate, step forward and have your Palm Red."**
It's one of the oldest jokes in the book, but I bet you someone will fall for it. Anyone inserting their hand in the hole will feel cold and wet for a moment--when the hand is withdrawn, the victim will find it is stained with a rich red paint. Peals of hysterical laughter will issue from behind the wall, and I have no doubt a similar chorus will shortly spring up from the victim's fellows. Palm red! What a jerk!

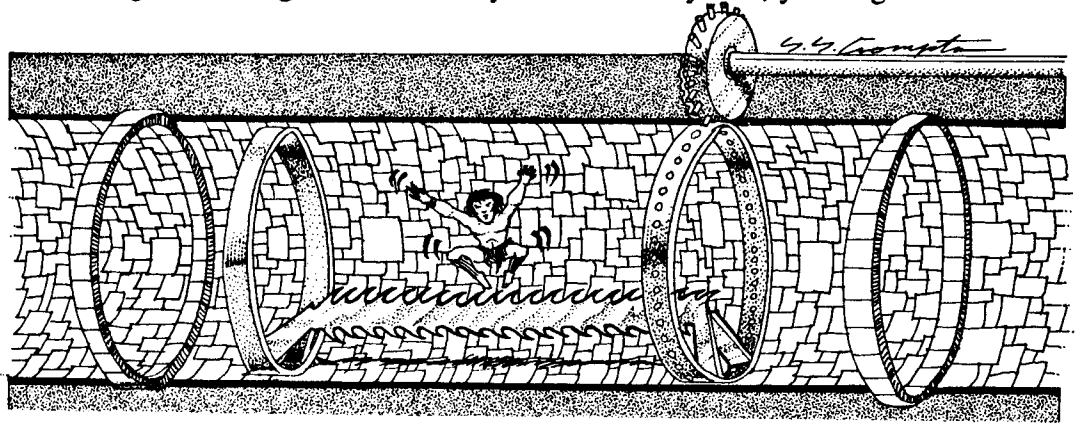
Has there ever been a bigger flash in the pan than Max Headroom? Norm Strange gives the poor fellow a shot at a comeback with his **Max. Headroom, Five Feet trap.** Any corridor can be improved by this simple trap. Hang a sign on one wall reading, "Max. Headroom, 5' »", with an arrow pointing in the direction of the supposed obstruction. Anyone looking down the corridor won't see anything blocking their path...but that's because the obstruction is an invisible wall! The wall hangs down from the ceiling such that anyone five feet or taller will walk right into it face-first. Shorter characters can yuck it up and slap their knees.



While many traps rely upon incredible complexity to operate, it is the visual simplicity of Brian Lawton's **Tipping Corridor** that wins this next design a place in this volume. This trap can turn any dead end corridor into a truly dead end corridor, and you won't even need to rip out a bunch of walls to make it work.

Lure your victims into the dead end with any suitable bait--a treasure chest at the far end of the corridor should do the trick. When the party walks sufficiently past the fulcrum hidden beneath the corridor floor, the whole corridor tilts down, revealing a secret reservoir of whatever you like within the ceiling. Bowling balls should do nicely. Even if the characters survive the initial action of the trap, they may still find themselves entombed behind the simple sliding surfaces of this design.

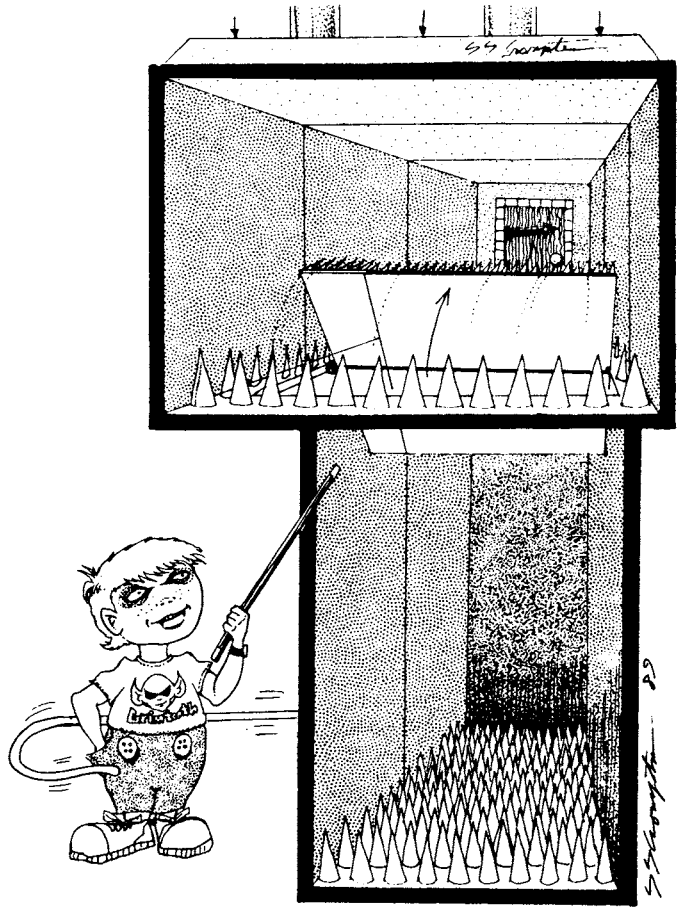
After examining M.A. Harris' **Rotating Corridor**, I am led to wonder if he has ever visited Universal Studios in California. One of the tour's attractions is a cheesy tram ride through a rotating ice tunnel. If you're unusually dim, you might think for a



moment that you were spinning around, rather than suffering visual disorientation from a moving surface.

That silly tram ride would be a lot more exciting if some of Mr. Harris' design ideas were implemented. Place this trap in any circular corridor. There isn't much subtlety to this trap, but in my mind that makes things just that much more fun. The delvers will know they've found a trap when they see two steel rings set roughly forty feet apart from each other limiting access through the tunnel. The rings are connected by an obvious steel blade...the rings rotate at a constant rate, and the blade sweeps around and around the perimeter of the tunnel, sort of like a jump rope.

The motion of the blade is regular and easy to time, encouraging delvers wishing to pass by this thing to make a break for it. The entire length of this section of tunnel is pressure sensitive, however, and when a delver comes into range, the motion of the blade becomes erratic--first it is fast, then it is slow...first it turns clockwise, then counterclockwise. It's tough enough to skip over a jump rope when it moves in a predictable fashion, but when the rope starts going all crazy, just forget it! Unfortunately for the delvers, and fortunately for you, this blade is no jump rope. The corridor should be littered with hands, feet, and legs in short order.



Brian Lawton offers **Instant Mash**, a device with which he is obviously quite pleased. His description positively dotes over this trap designed to smash those creeps who have an answer for everything. I'll step aside for a moment and let Brian take over. Be kind to him. He's new at this troll business, and you know how parents are about their kids. How come it's always the neighbor kids that are ugly, and never your own? Brian?

"Ahem. Thank you, Grimtooth. And now--my trap!
"At first glance, my trap appears to be a simple corridor with spikes on the floor. 'Ah, no problem!' you say. 'Anyone in plate mail can crawl across without being injured.' Not so! The passage is bound by two large springs and the floor is a trigger. The slightest pressure on the spikes will bring the roof slamming down on whoever crawls below!

"'Ah! But wait a minute!' you say. 'We can jam the roof and the floor!'"

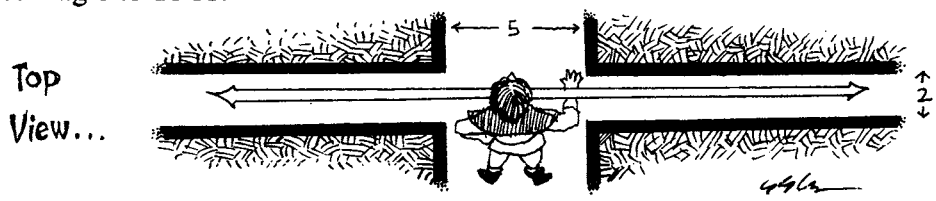
Excuse me. This is Grimtooth again. Did anyone really say they could jam the roof and the floor? Anyone at all? Well, humor poor Brian. His face is red and he wants so terribly to be liked. Play along a little, okay? Back to Brian.

"As I was saying...you can't wedge the ceiling. A staff or roofing beam would shatter beneath the terrific force of the ceiling, showering everyone with splinters. A metal bar is equally useless--it will merely punch through the ceiling when the trap is activated, doing nothing to save anyone on the spikes.
"Give up yet? You should. Those of you with a sticky head-foot similar to certain mollusks may try to climb along the ceiling to avoid the spikes. Sorry. Mid-way through the corridor is a loose section of roof designed to break away beneath any weight, dropping the delver onto the spikes, and a previously unseen trap door! Ah! Ah! But! But! Some characters can fly, or cling to walls like those sticky rubber octopi the Japanese manufacture from industrial waste! Sorry once more--when the trap door is struck, it pivots around on its fulcrum, and is released to pursue its victim to the bottom of the pit.

"Ultimately, an enterprising party could shoot a line down the corridor to the door on the far side, then crawl across like vermin on a ratline. That's up to you--I suggest you let the door explode, or have someone open it when the party is halfway across the corridor, letting the fools sag onto the spikes despite themselves. Take my advice...find another way in!!"

Thank you, Brian. You can stop sweating now. Someday you might be a troll, but in the meantime, don't give up your day job.

The enigmatic Norm White is responsible for the subtle **Phantom Polearm Through The Head** trap. A normal corridor is intersected by a narrow two foot wide tunnel. If the party is not alert, they may not even notice the intersecting corridor. An invisible plane of magical energy occupies the narrow corridor, entirely crossing the normal passage. The magic plane cannot be detected unless the party specifically uses magic to do so.

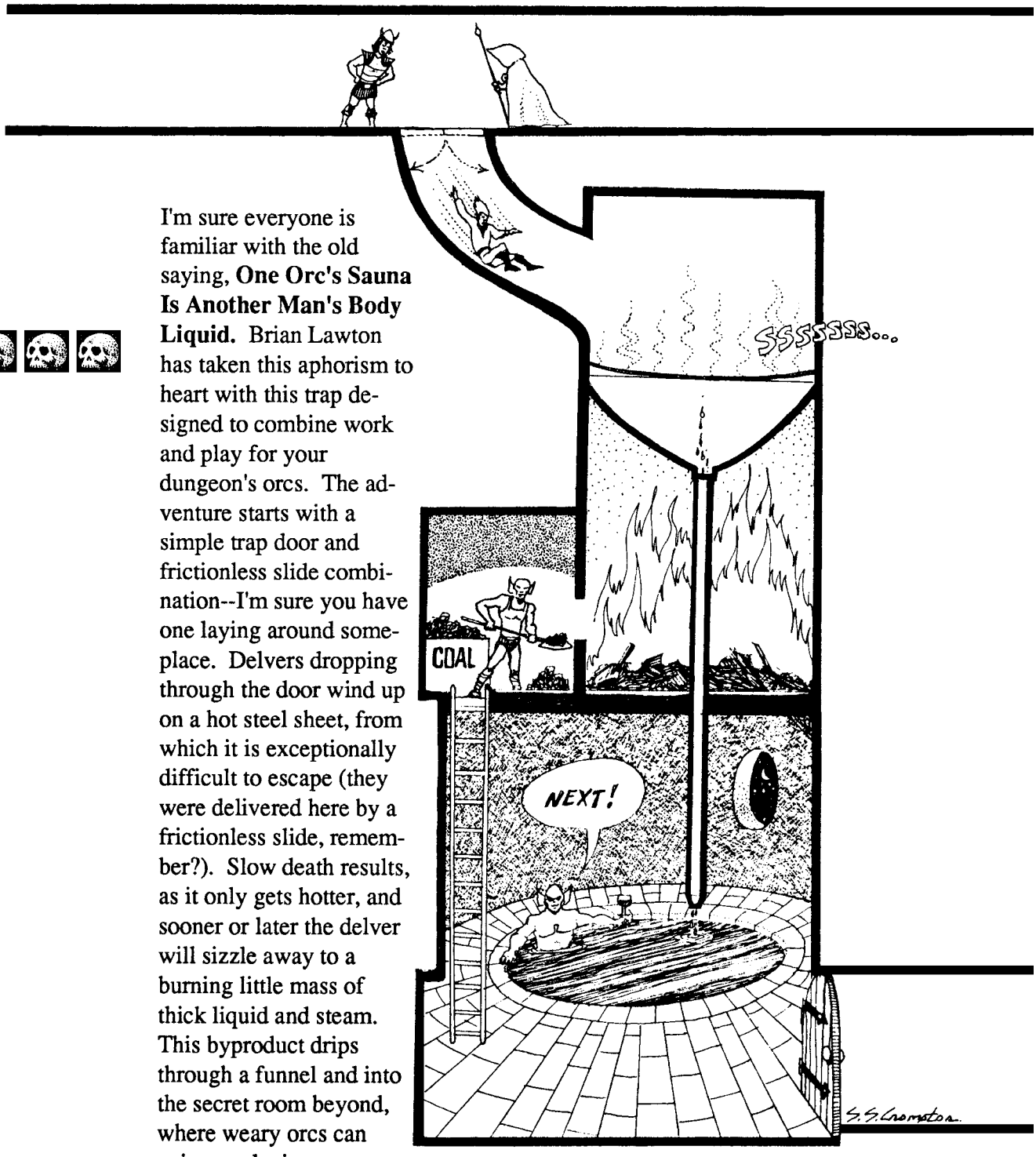


Nothing happens until someone tries to walk through the magic plane. Then...BAMMO!...polearm through the head! Whoever steps into the plane will find a ten foot pole arm complete with barbed head has passed all the way through his or her head. Remarkably, the character feels fine. In fact, they will experience excellent radio reception should your dungeon support advanced technology. Receiving the polearm through the head in no way injures the victim. You can safely think of the polearm as an unusual set of antlers rooted to the character's head.

The polearm is indestructible. It cannot be removed from the victim's head without killing him or her, nor can it be cropped down on the sides to lay flush with the character's skull. The character will have to get used to having a pole through his or her head. It's not so bad once you get used to it. A dexterous character can even become a dangerous opponent--by standing in place and spinning in a furious circle, the character can wield the polearm in a dangerous fashion.

Now is when the fun starts. With the polearm occupying the length of the narrow crossing tunnel, the character is going to be hard pressed to free him or herself and continue down the corridor. The ceiling does not provide sufficient clearance to let the character twist out of the narrow corridor, and it's impossible to turn in place more than a few inches without the polearm bumping up against a wall. Only magic or brute force will solve this predicament. The dungeon walls encumbering the character can be demolished with proper dedication. A teleport spell might also come in handy.

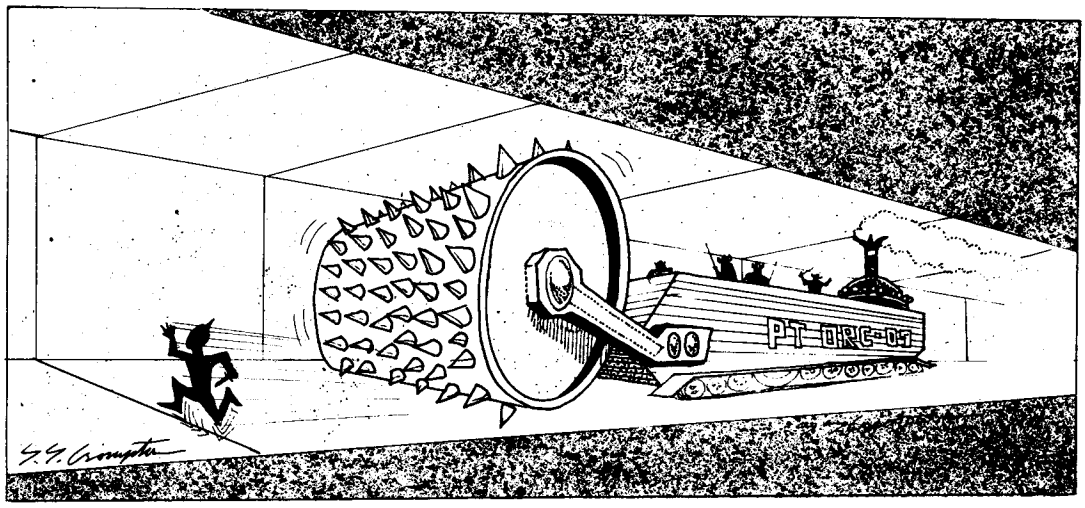
If the victim manages to escape from this corridor, things really get interesting. It's tough enough to carry a polearm indoors, let alone walk around with one through your head. The thing is terribly heavy, & it's a real production to fit through stairs. Phone booths are an ordeal, & spiral staircases are out of the question. Even death is no escape. Where'll you find a coffin big enough to bury someone with a 10' wide head?



I'm sure everyone is familiar with the old saying, **One Orc's Sauna Is Another Man's Body Liquid.** Brian Lawton has taken this aphorism to heart with this trap designed to combine work and play for your dungeon's orcs. The adventure starts with a simple trap door and frictionless slide combination--I'm sure you have one laying around someplace. Delvers dropping through the door wind up on a hot steel sheet, from which it is exceptionally difficult to escape (they were delivered here by a frictionless slide, remember?). Slow death results, as it only gets hotter, and sooner or later the delver will sizzle away to a burning little mass of thick liquid and steam. This byproduct drips through a funnel and into the secret room beyond, where weary orcs can enjoy a relaxing sauna before resetting the trap.

Mike Patton has found a better use for a common gardening implement with his Delver Mulcher. This massive device is designed to supplement your dungeon's normal orc patrols. Instead of arming your hard-working guards with sticks and stones, try this engine of destruction.

This is basically a big cart pushed by a crew of orcs. Supported in front of the cart is a huge spiked cylinder, designed to slowly turn as the cart is pushed along. In the bed of the cart are several orc warriors armed with spears.



This device is best employed in a corridor just barely large enough to house it. When presented with an oncoming spiked cylinder, characters will either run the other way (and hopefully into another of your traps) or attempt to climb or spring over the cylinder. Should someone manage to get past the spikes... ...well that's what the orc warriors are for.

Stealing Home by Rick Martin isn't especially deadly (rats!), but it is painful, which is the next best thing. With this trap, the "treasure" is itself a snare. Take any standard dungeon corridor and liberally coat it with diamond dust. Make sure the dust adheres to the corridor, resulting in a very gritty sandpaper-like finish. While your average greedy dungeon delver is trying to figure a way to collect the diamond dust, tilt the corridor down at about a forty-five degree angle. The entire party will find themselves sliding into "home" like Jackie Robinson down a surface that will prove unkind to armor and downright cruel to exposed flesh. And what is at "home"? Mike suggests a pile of salt, to irritate the myriad cuts the victims acquired during their long painful slide.

Striding down a corridor is one thing, but ask a delver to crawl through a narrow passage and even the most heroic will come down with a case of the wigglies. Octavio Ramos, Jr. offers one possible reason with his **Snakes Into Sticks** trap. For best effect, this trap must be located in a low corridor through which delvers must crawl. In the middle of the corridor the characters will find a simple bamboo tube fixed against the ceiling. The characters can't see through the tube, indicating something is within. The tube is positioned such that it would command an impressive line of fire, if it contained a missile weapon.



In any event, the delvers are likely to tap or prod the tube, or maybe even stick something into it, either out of curiosity or as some feeble attempt to spring the trap. So much the better. Sleeping inside the tube is a poisonous

snake, which will not take kindly to having its slumber interrupted. Under normal conditions, a competent delver could handle a snake without breaking a sweat, but trapped on one's hands and knees in a low dark corridor, it's a different story altogether.



Jersey Turnpike says the **Corridor O' Flypaper** is his idea of a good time, which has me very concerned indeed. With a title like that, I think Jersey has been losing too much sleep staying up to watch the Orc fights.

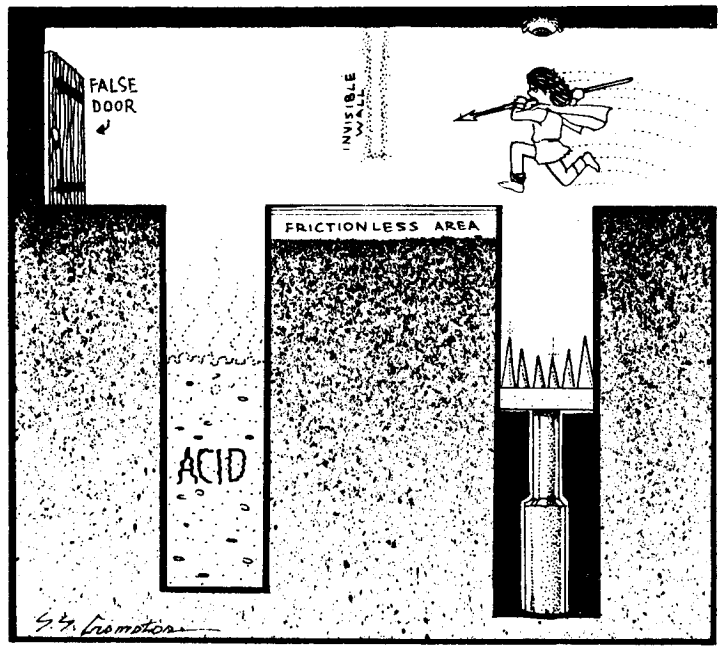
As with most corridor traps, Jersey's idea is most effective if used in an area where dungeon delvers are running from something. From a distance, this will appear to be a normal corridor, but on closer inspection the floor will prove to be covered with regularly-spaced white squares of paper. Even harder to spot is the thin tripwire located just within the corridor. Of course, if the party is on the move, they aren't likely to take much note of this, let alone care.

The paper squares are, of course, pieces of flypaper laid sticky side up. Anyone running through the corridor will pick up several pieces of the stuff on their boots, and if someone is sent sprawling by the trip wire, they'll be papered from head to toe. As anyone who has ever seen a comedy from the silent movie era can attest, it's deuced impossible to remove flypaper from one part of your body without having it stick to another, especially if you are impatient or in a hurry.

Notwithstanding the humiliation any proud delver would feel after being wrapped in flypaper, Jersey's design does have a dark side. You see, this is magic flypaper, and any piece of armor to which it is stuck is temporarily nullified. Think of the paper squares as little windows through which armor is breached...if a square is stuck to someone's breast plate, and the victim receives a spear thrust to that region, it's skewered delver time! Where did the spear come from? Why do you think I said the delvers should be fleeing something when they encounter this trap, Holmes?



Brian Lawton makes no excuses for his outrageous puns, but he does offer us a **Tale of Two Pitys**, a dastardly corridor pit trap. The party should know something is up when they see a spiked pit blocking the corridor before them. Directly above the pit, looking down into its dark depths, is a genuine living eye...the glassy orb alternatively rolls and stares, keeping the party in view.



A living eye in the ceiling is going to unnerve everyone, but the safest thing to do is destroy the eye by blade or fire. Otherwise, the eye is going to watch as the characters try to cross the pit...and will trigger the spring loaded ram beneath the spikes at the

bottom of the pit. This will cause the spikes to slam up to the ceiling--but note the gap in the spikes, designed to protect the eye should it still be alive when the spikes are activated.

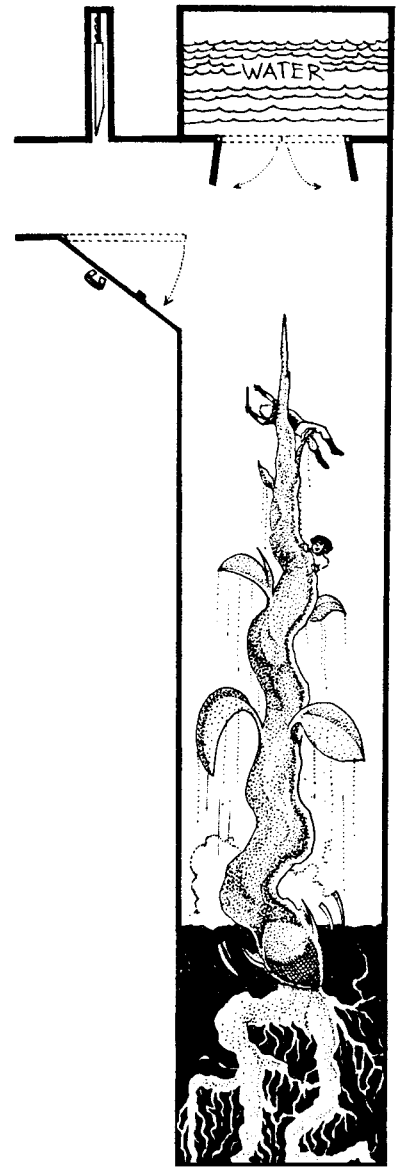
After a casualty or two, the delvers should feel confident they can get over the pit...but the ground on the far side is a frictionless slide, and anyone landing upon it will lose their footing and slip into a waiting pit of corrosive acid. If someone takes a really long jump, they will collide with the invisible barrier hanging from the ceiling, and then probably slide into one of the pits despite his best intentions. Flying characters are also likely to run into the invisible barrier.

Should the party avoid both pits, the frictionless slide, and the invisible barrier, they will find a door at the end of the corridor. Opening the door triggers a trap door beneath the character's feet, dumping him or her into the acid pit. Behind the door is...a brick wall. Pity.

With **For A Case Of Fire**, Drew Deitz puts a twist on the old "I dare you to throw this lever" routine. This is a good trap to spring on paranoid characters, because if your victims just sit on their hands and do nothing, then their goose is cooked!

Hitting a pressure plate in the floor activates a thirty second time delay trigger. Unless the party is very observant, no one is likely to notice a pressure plate has been triggered. Chances are the characters will be occupied with inspecting a lever sticking from the wall. Beside the lever is a sign reading, "For A Case Of Fire, Don't Pull Lever".

If someone pulls the lever within thirty seconds, the time release trigger is neutralized and the trap is disarmed (drat!).
If no one pulls the lever, walls slam down before and behind the party, and the corridor is sealed off from the rest of the dungeon. Simultaneously, the whole floor section near the level plunges down into a hidden reservoir of oil. Hidden tubes are also activated, spraying the closed off section of the corridor with oil. Finally, flame jets open up from the ceiling, ensuring this section of the corridor has indeed become "a case of fire". Remember, he who hesitates is toast!



Like so many little pink humans, Colin Everett was raised on fairy tales, and one that obviously made an impression on him was Jack and the Beanstalk. At least, I assume it was that tall tale that inspired Colin's **Cracked Back And The Beanstalk** trap. This trap is absurd, inefficient, and a lot of fun --my favorite combination.

Locate the trap at the end of any corridor. Unbeknownst to the party, the last twenty feet of the corridor is actually a plank that extends out over a hollow section of the floor. From a distance, all the party can tell is the corridor obviously ends in some sort of drop shaft.

Fearing a trap, most heroes will send someone toward the shaft to investigate, perhaps tying a rope or line of some kind around the brave soul's

waist as a precaution. A scout should just about be able to reach the end of the corridor before his weight will cause the floor to sag, bending down something like a diving board. If the whole party heads down the corridor, the plank bends just that much faster. As the corridor begins to sag, characters should catch a glimpse of the bottom of the pit. It is filled with a rich dark earth, and several large seeds lay on the surface.

As soon as the corridor starts to move, powerful magnets are activated under the floor, urging the corridor section to sag all the way down to its lowest position. This will both tumble characters on the moving section of corridor into the pit, and will activate a contact switch.

The contact switch causes a spring-loaded blade to flash down from the ceiling, maybe splitting a delver, but more likely severing any ropes a safe member of the party might maintain around someone snared by this trap. Simultaneously, a trap door above the drop shaft opens up, dropping a torrent of water into the bottom of the shaft.

By now anyone on the sagging section of corridor should have lost his footing and tumbled into the pit. A long fall into rich soil now turned to mud will bruise more egos than backsides, but this trap hasn't delivered its punchline yet. The water and the soil mix with the magic seeds to sprout a beanstalk...a beanstalk that grows with lightning speed up the shaft, through the open trap door in the ceiling, and into an expanse of solid rock beyond. Anyone in the pit will get a rocket ride atop the beanstalk, and can look forward to a cracked back (at the very least) when they smash into the ceiling. I guess Jack's "magic beans" weren't such a bad investment, after all!



Tom Keefer is part mollusk, as hinted by the prolonged periods of time he spends underwater. During one of his many scuba diving expeditions through the briney depths, Tom came up with the idea for his **You See A Bends In The Corridor** trap.

Tom uses this corridor as the sole means of escaping from the lowest level of his dungeon, which lies several miles beneath the surface of the earth. The corridor is actually a series of corridor sections, each connected to the next by an air lock. The corridor slopes sharply upward. All doors in the corridor sequence are of the one-way variety, allowing delvers to travel up the corridor, but not back down again.

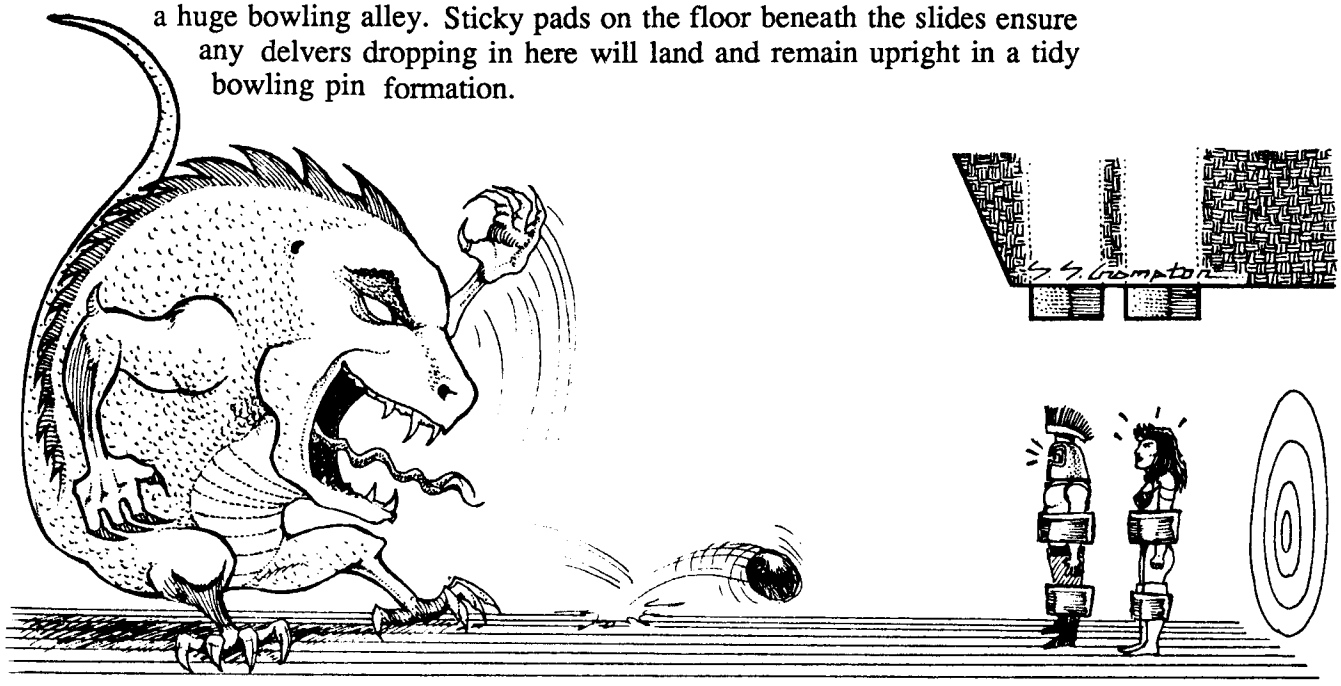
The purpose of the airlocks is to ensure each section of corridor maintains an atmospheric pressure five times greater than that outside the dungeon. In the first section of corridor the pressure is the same as that at the dungeon's lowest level, and each section thereafter subtlety increases the pressure. If the corridor is sufficiently long, it will be possible to build your way up to a crushing five atmospheres with the delvers feeling nothing more than a mild sting in the ears.

When the delvers finally reach the end of the corridor and arrive again at the surface realm, they'll be in for a nasty surprise when they open the last door. A normal body will be hard pressed to compensate for the sudden change in atmospheric pressure, likely suffering a case of the bends, a deadly affliction most commonly experienced by divers using ill caution in rapidly returning from the ocean floor. Expect nitrogen bubbles to form in the blood stream, exploding in the heart, brain, and veins. Tom says at least one victim can expect to have his eyes pop out of his head! While the delvers are flipping around on the ground,

maybe its time to send along an expedition of wandering monsters from your dungeon. If nothing else, they can collect whatever valuable treasure the party recovered from the bottom level of your dungeon. After all, a long pressurized corridor is expensive to maintain, and the delvers can't expect to use it for free!

Osborne Lone obviously enjoys bowling a frame every now and then, or he would never have come up with his **Delvermatic Pin Setter.** This trap starts off innocently enough as a corridor floor abruptly dumps away to a hidden slide, hopefully netting an entire dungeon party in the process. After a rapid plunge into the depths, the slide separates into several different chutes, each of which is large enough to permit one delver to pass at a time.

The delvers thus sorted, they find themselves dropping down an ever-narrowing chute, the sides of which draw uncomfortably close. Near the bottom of these chutes the delvers are bound by constricting steel bands that should neatly trap legs together and arms overhead. The slides terminate above the business end of a huge bowling alley. Sticky pads on the floor beneath the slides ensure any delvers dropping in here will land and remain upright in a tidy bowling pin formation.

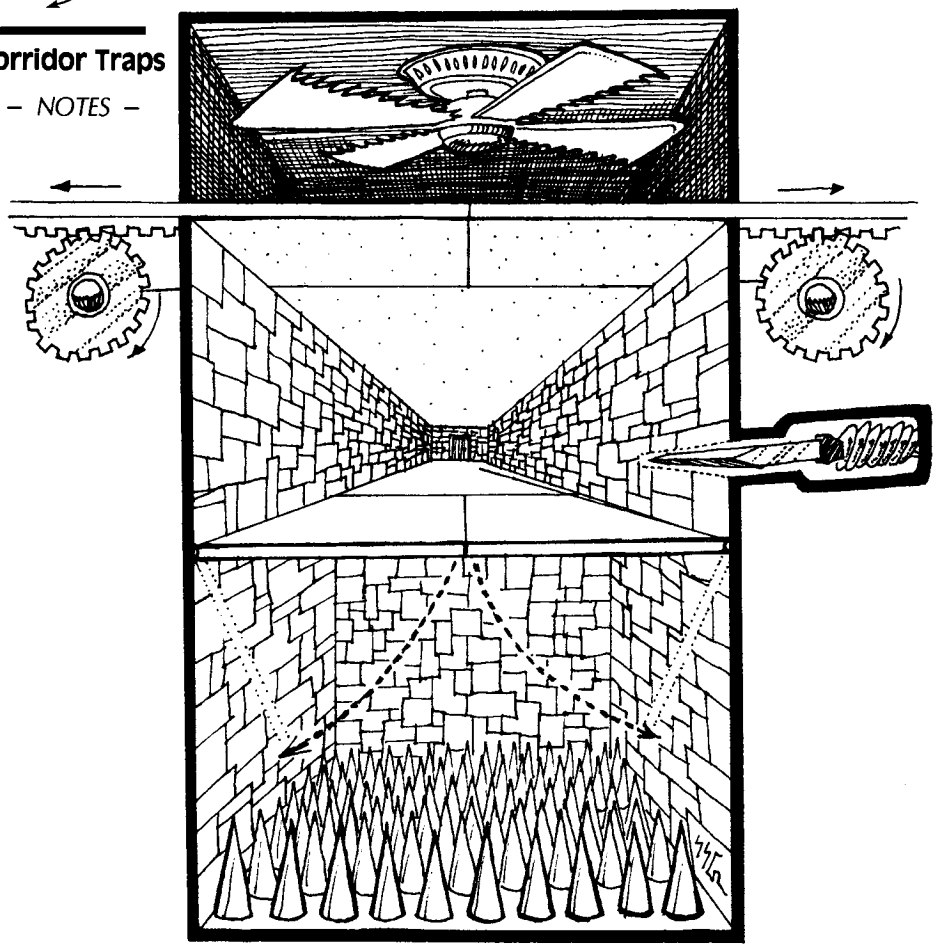


With the victims lined up, it's time to knock 'em down. Once the word gets around you should have no trouble recruiting monsters for your dungeon's bowling league. They very idea of hurling heavy objects at helplessly bound dungeon delvers should send them running from miles around.

As the victims of this trap will learn, bowling styles differ among monsters. Trolls bowl overhand, which is deadly enough, but it lacks a certain elegance. For this trap I think I prefer leaving the bowling in the hands of living skeletons, who can do little more than roll the ball down the lane--but to delvers helplessly bound at the far end, what could be more horrible than the deliciously distinct sound of a rolling bowling ball growing louder, and ever louder, and louder still...STRIKE!!

Remember when slowly revolving Casablanca ceiling fans were all the rage? Well, Sidney Greenstreet wouldn't dare sit under the fan in this next trap unless he wanted the top of his head removed. Dan Logans is responsible for the **Triple Trap Tunnel**, a terribly lethal corridor trap in the grand old fashion.

The trap is triggered by a pressure plate. Things happen almost too fast to follow. First, a long blade springs horizontally across the corridor. Dave says the blade



should travel at 184 miles per hour, but my own tests have shown considerably greater velocity is possible if a properly large spring is used.

No sooner does the blade strike home than the ceiling is rolling away, revealing the furiously rotating fan. Engineer Dave claims a top speed of 9,835 rpm for the fan, but once again I think there is room for improvement. The ceiling fan descends to head height. The fan should rapidly dispose of the upper half of anyone impaled by the blade.

To complete the carnage, the horizontal blade retracts just in time for the pit to open beneath the party's feet, dumping any struggling bits of flesh that otherwise might survive onto the spikes below. The spikes, of course, are superfluous, but Dan's alternate name for this trap is "Overkill", so he can be forgiven his excess.

Everyone is familiar with Wally Blunder's "Theory of Relativity: Everything is relative, and my relatives are worse than most." Dan Logans uses this spurious premise to somewhat more practical effect with his **Cursed Comical Corridor.** This is a magical corridor approximately forty feet long. An objective observer can see the corridor is one tenth so high at the far end as at the near, and that the corridor narrows to its slightest width all along its length. Travellers through the corridor have no such objectivity, however, as they shrink in proportion to the corridor with each step they take. Thus, a character normally standing five feet tall would find himself only six inches tall (or one tenth his normal height) when he reached the narrow end of the corridor. Of course, because the delver's surroundings shrink right along with the delver, it will be all but impossible to notice the change. Moving from the narrow to the tall end of the corridor returns a character to normal size.

This trap is not in itself lethal, but it can certainly lead to trouble, especially if the short end lets directly into the rest of the dungeon. Even puny terrors such as rats and spiders will now tower above the delvers, who will likely assume they've stumbled into a giant's palace, rather than realizing they themselves have been shrunk. Imagine the party's surprise should they find a way to the surface without returning through the magic corridor, where they will find the world ten times bigger than they remember it!

We've all seen giant wheel traps before, but Tyrone Shoes puts a new twist on an old theme with his **Wheel of Misfortune.** Spring this horror on a party traveling along any sloping corridor section in your dungeon. The party's worst fears are realized when a huge wheel appears at the top of the slope, bearing down directly on the characters.

You can always let the delvers run away, but that's boring. Far better to point out the wheel is not quite so wide as the corridor, and that a deft delver might avoid doom by pressing flat against a wall and letting the wheel roll pass. Armored characters are likely to take this option, as we all know how hard it is to flee when clad head to toe in gleaming plate mail.

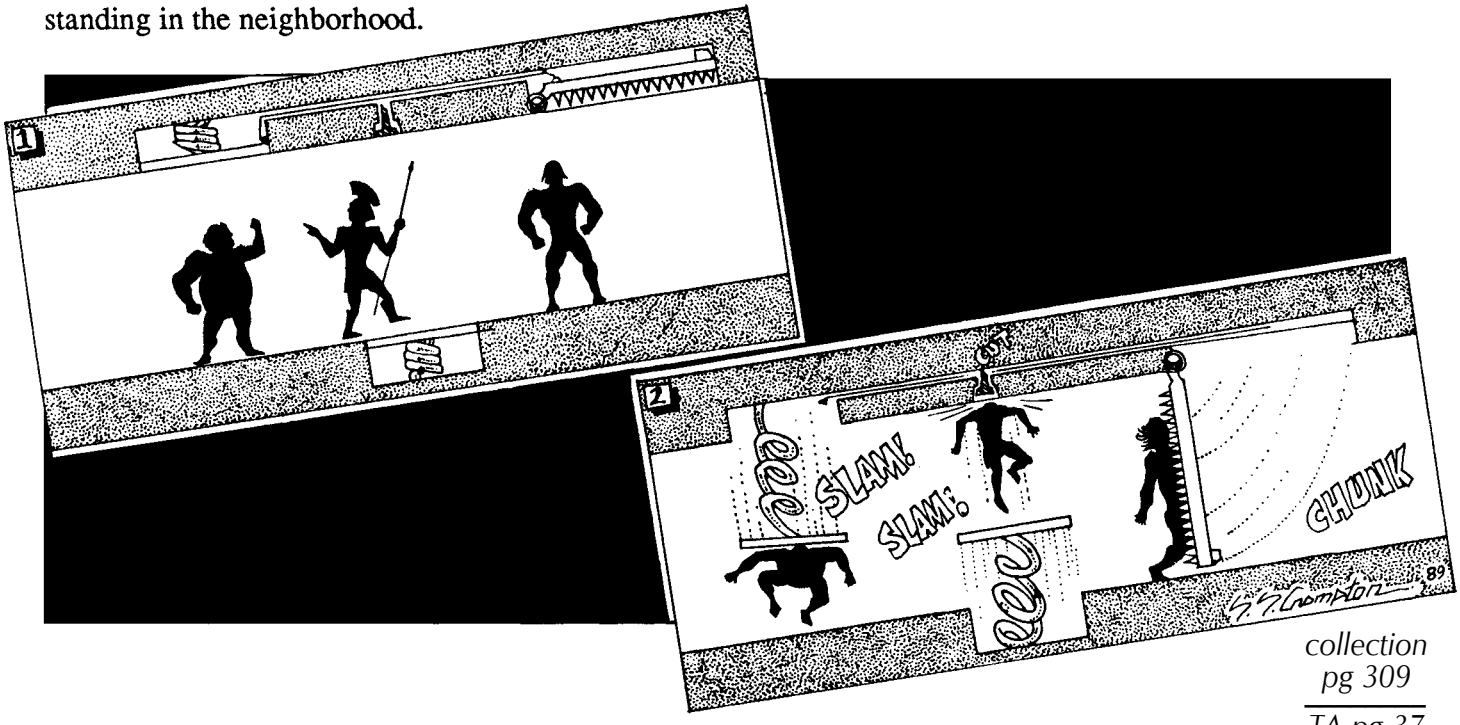
As soon as the armored characters bail for the wall, their doom is sealed. The wheel will indeed roll past without striking the party, but the interior of the wheel is itself a powerful magnet. Armored characters will get stuck to the side of the wheel straight away, while unarmored characters should lose their weapons at the very least.

Thus stuck to the wheel, trapped characters will find themselves rotating around and around as the device speeds down the corridor to whatever doom you devise. Abruptly reducing the width of the corridor neatly solves the task of having to remove delvers from the wheel by hand.

Once upon a time, I journeyed the world in search of the meaning of life, and after a series of incredible trials, I found myself kneeling at the feet of a wise masked guru. He explained to me that if you could take all of life and bake it in an oven, you would eventually burn away the falsehoods that interfere with a proper understanding of existence. After a century or so of slow baking, an extremely potent and powerful brick would result--and that brick would be professional wrestling.



Shane Wilson's **Body Slam** trap certainly hints at pro wrestling roots. Once again, the trap swings into motion when the party leader steps on a pressure plate, triggering a spring-loaded section of floor. The trapped floor section slams up into the ceiling (squashing anyone unfortunate enough to be standing on the same). This triggers yet another release, and a trapped section of the ceiling slams down to the floor, which should finish off just about anyone still standing in the party...all except the leader. While it might prove more cruel to let the party leader live with the knowledge he got all his friends killed, Shane prefers to stick it to him. After the two trapped sections of the corridor have slammed into place, a spiked ceiling section slashes across the original trigger area, nailing anyone standing in the neighborhood.



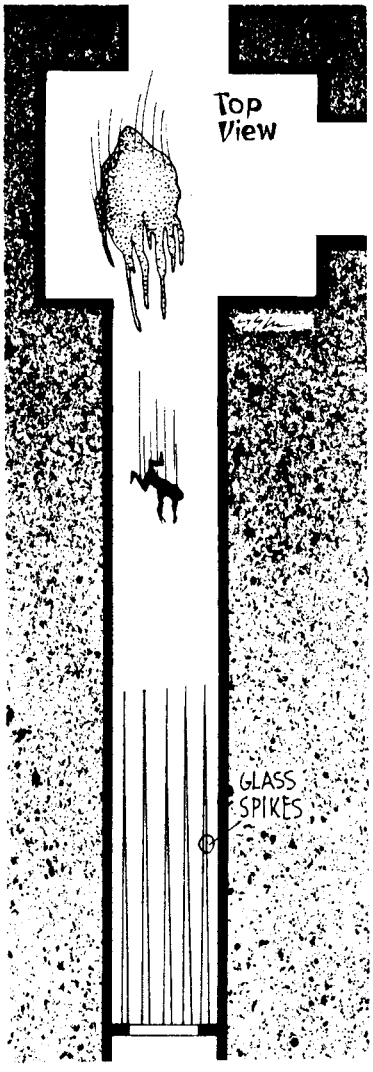
A pack of scum represented by Erik Noble contributed **Pinheads R Us**, a magical device that ensures even if a delver escapes its deadly embrace, he won't be half the man he used to be. In fact, merely having your head shrunk might seem like a bargain to a victim of this trap.



The trap is triggered when any section of corridor abruptly dumps away into a slide. One or more characters will tumble down the slide...it's okay to get the whole party, but it's a lot more fun to let a few dopes escape, to make sure there's someone on hand to see what happens next.

Anyone looking down the slide after the heroes who vanished will see a glowing tunnel that obviously radiates magic. The tunnel tapers away into the depths of the dungeon, and casual observation will show the tunnel narrows as it drops away from the corridor. The exact perspective might be difficult to judge, but it should seem the tunnel is ultimately too narrow for the characters who tumbled into it to safely pass.

And what of the missing characters? They find themselves in a normal sized room at the end of the long sliding tunnel. The victims of this trap will have experienced no difficulty passing down the chute, although they may detect the presence of strong magic. The only feature of the room in which the delvers are trapped is a big red button on one wall.



What's going on here? The tunnel is enchanted to shrink anything that falls through it to a fraction of its original size. Delvers dropping into the chute shrink at a constant rate as they tumble down the chute...a victim should be unable to determine he is changing size, as it will seem to him he is simply falling down a long slide.

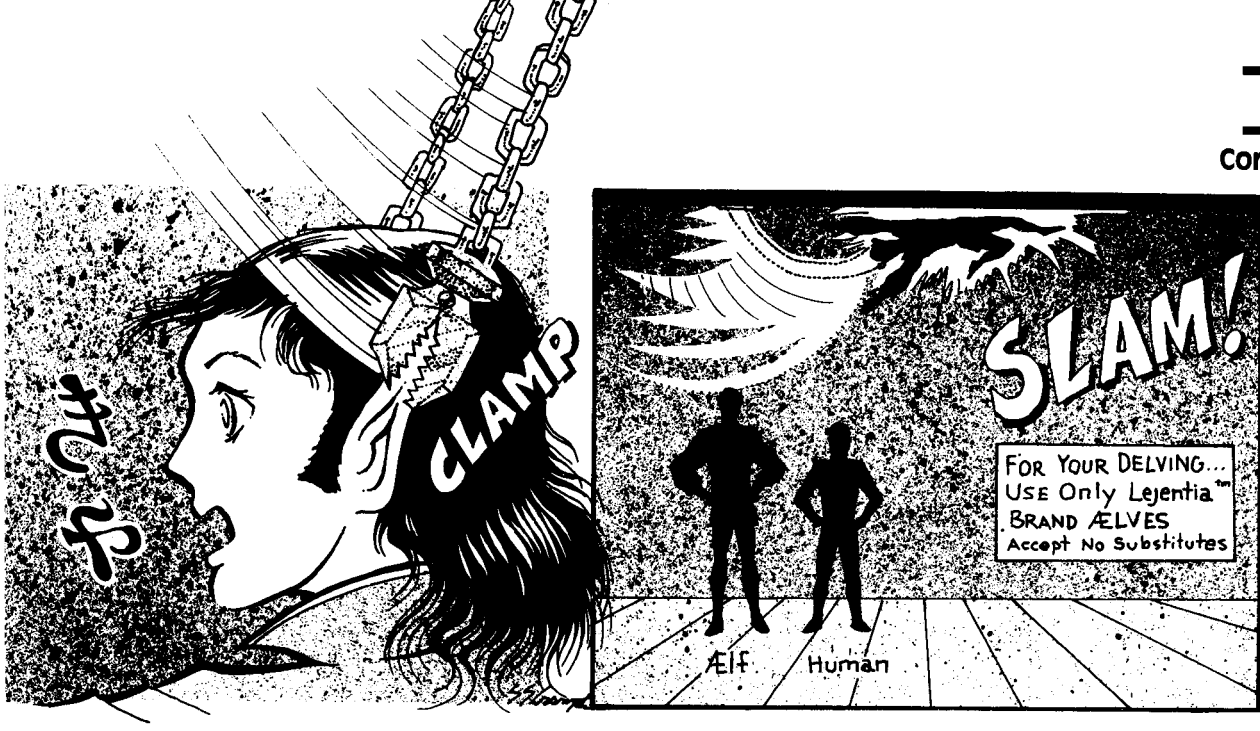
Characters viewing the chute from the corridor might figure out what's going on, especially if they drop something down the chute and watch it shrink. Rescuing friends from the bottom of the slide will prove difficult, as any ropes or poles lowered into the tunnel will shrink, thus requiring an incredibly long rope to actually reach the bottom of the shaft. The magic is also one-way...that is to say, delvers crawling up out of the shaft will not grow, but will instead find themselves but a fraction of their original size. A bad fix, certainly, but it could be worse.

How? Remember that big red button in the room at the end of the shaft? Well, pushing it restores the delvers to their original size...in a room only a few inches square. If anyone is peering into the tunnel when some genius punches the button, be sure he gets a chance to dodge the pressurized stream of red goo that is bound to spurt of the tunnel after the victims are reduced to a pulp. More fun than Old Faithful, don't you think?

We've all seen delvers impaled on sharp spikes before, but Dan Logans pumps some new blood into the idea with his **Heart of Glass** trap. I found out at a young age how sharp glass can be--my daddy hurled me through a plate glass window, once.

This trap takes the form of several very long and flat glass spikes affixed to a wall at one end of a corridor. When viewed point-on from a distance, the spikes are very difficult to see...at best, a character might see something shiny in the darkness. Have something big and mean chase a delver toward the spikes and his doom is assured. Even when right on top of the spikes a potential victim will be hard-pressed to notice the danger--until he is impaled on the spikes, and finds he has a heart of glass.





Odd Norm Strange strikes again with **Lose The Spock Ears, Clyde**, a trap designed to rid dungeon parties of elves, fair geeks, and Trekkies. This trap takes the form of two stiff metal rods, at the end of which are vicious metal clamps. The trap is activated by a pressure plate, causing the two stiff rods to flash down from the ceiling and whiz past the average delver's head. The metal clamps engage when the rods reach where the trap estimates the target's head should be located. The margin for error with this trap is very slight, and it might not work when you try it, but it's the thought that counts. Your average dungeon delver probably won't get hit by this thing, but will instead suffer an uncomfortably close call as the dangerous clamps whiz over his or her head. Elves, however, are a different story. Where I come from, Elves are taller than the average Joe, and they have those freaky long pointed ears...just long enough to give the clamps a target. With a bit of luck, the clamps will catch an elf by the ears and yank the little bugger right off his or her feet, slamming the filthy cuss into the ceiling. Slapped into the roof by the ears --how is that for a special kindred bonus?!

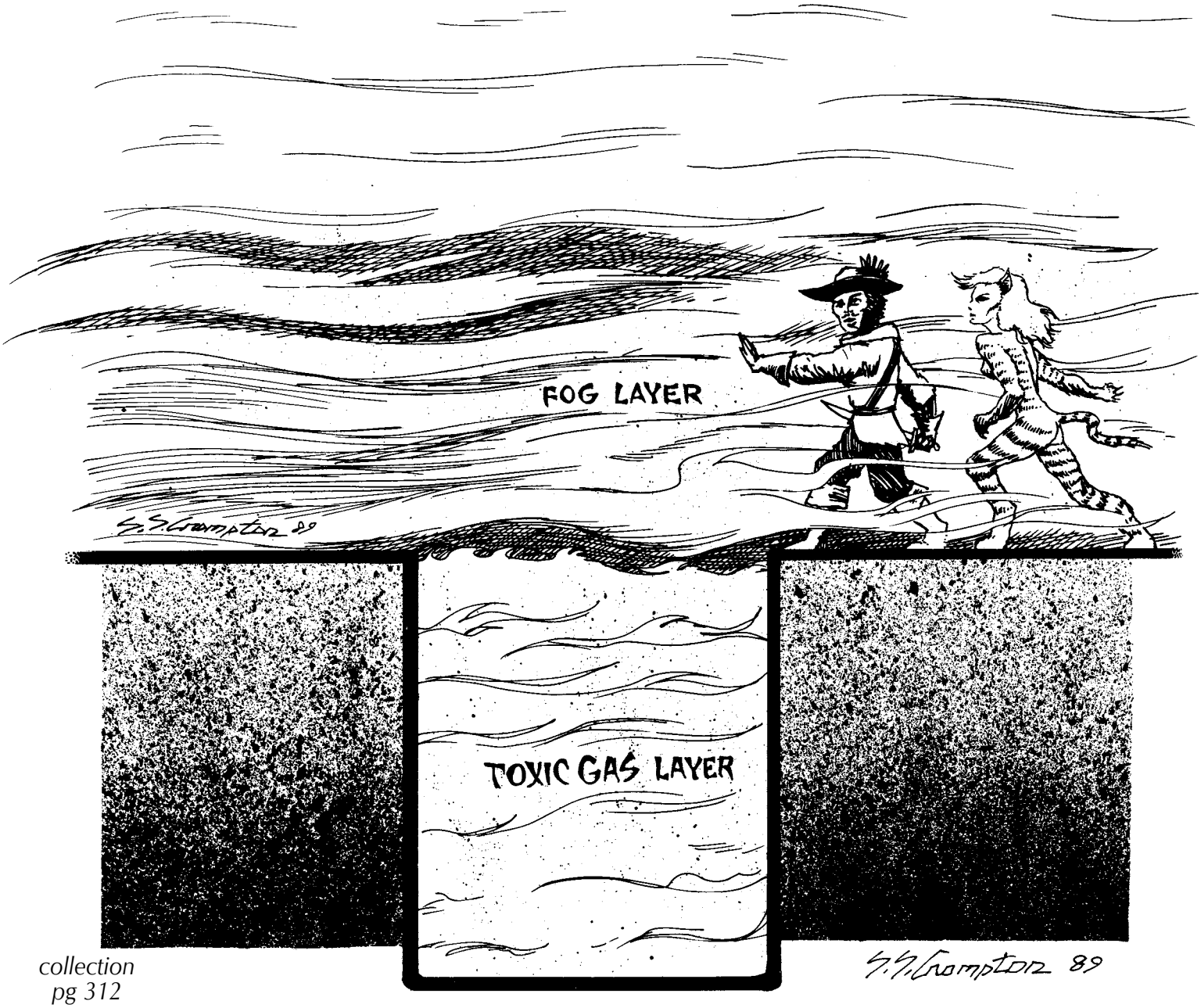
Rick Martin's **Flipside** trap probably won't kill anyone, but it does lead to an interesting problem. Hide a metal section of floor in the middle of a normal dungeon corridor, painting it to resemble stone. Armored characters walking on the steel plate will notice a change under foot, but by then it's too late to do anything but curse.

The metal section of the corridor is hinged, and rapidly rotates around on an axis parallel with the line of advance. While this will dump some characters onto the bed of spikes hidden below, armored characters get a reprieve. When the corridor flips to its upside-down position, hidden contact switches click into place, and current flows through the floor section from two massive batteries. The result is a potent electromagnetic field that adheres armored characters to the ceiling of the secret room reveal by the motion of the trap.

Characters stuck to the ceiling can either wait for the batteries to run down (which takes a LONG time), or they can try to squirm free of their armor...but with a bed of spikes awaiting below, that could prove to be a ticklish process. Someone surviving a fall onto the spike might try to disconnect the batteries and thus free someone captured by the magnet, but I'm sure I don't have to tell you how dangerous it can be to mess with live current.

Stephen Fitzgerald's **Gas Pit** is simple and deadly, and might be just the thing to install in a dungeon running short of gold from building all the other hideous devices detailed in this volume. All you need do is fill a corridor to knee height or so with a thick obscuring layer of gas. This gas needn't be toxic--in fact, if you really want to nail anyone with this, it might be better to cloak the true trap by using a fog machine or pouring water over dry ice.

After you've set up a suitably moody and foggy corridor, dig a pit somewhere in the middle. Fill the pit with a heavy and toxic gas. The gas will remain in the pit if it is thick enough, as the swirling fog above should form an inversion layer that will seal the pit. Anyone walking down the corridor will blunder into the pit, and probably choke to death before his or her companions figure out what's happened. Best of all, this trap doesn't rely on any sort of mechanical trigger to operate, so it's almost impossible for the design to backfire.



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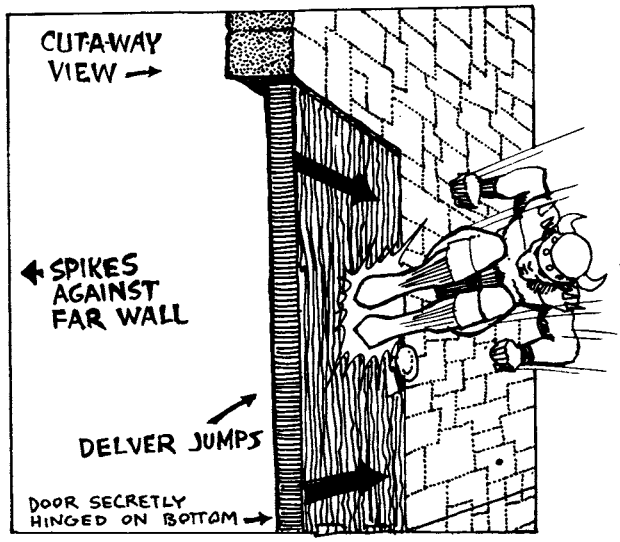


Door Traps

No one has come up with a really good new door trap idea since Monty Hall went off the air. Remember the time he zonked the big hot dog with a gorgon behind door number two? That guy really broke me up.

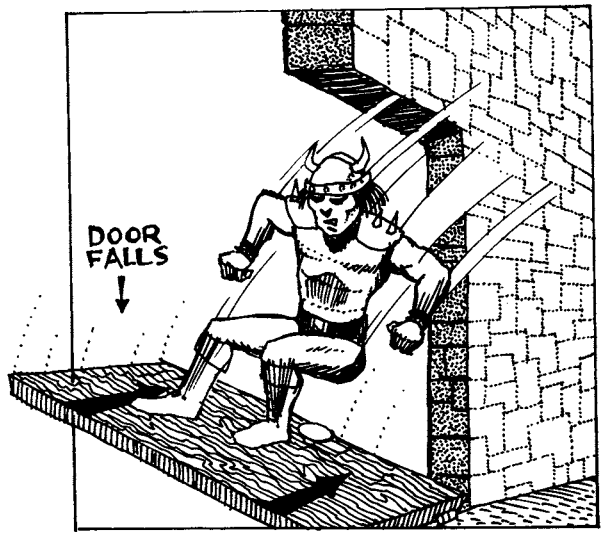
Alas, Monty has been reduced to hawking timeshare castle condos on late night TV, so it's up to us to carry on in his stead. A good door trap is worth its weight in gold, but don't expect to see me paying up for the submissions presented below. These designs are good, all right, but the Troll doesn't pay for trap submissions. Understand?

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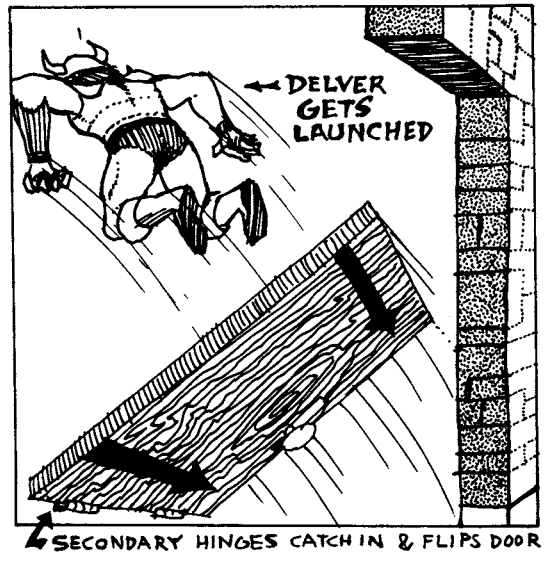


Springs 'N Spikes is Drew Dietz's contribution to this volume's door traps chapter. I liked this trap so much I've made it an event for this year's Orc Olympics, replacing the very silly but less lethal triple jump event.

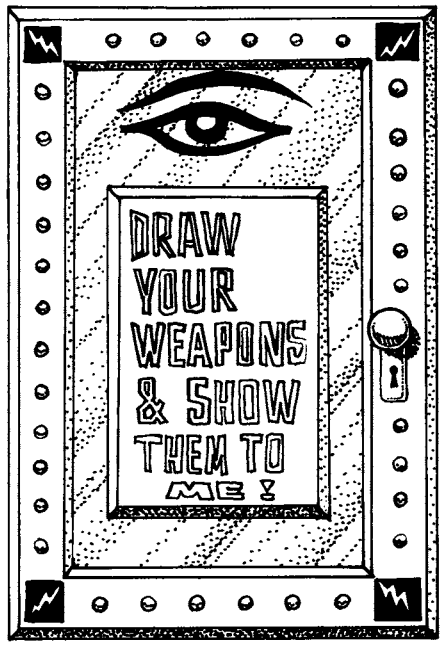
This door seems wedged shut, and the characters should realize nothing short of ramming it down with a shoulder or forehead will get it open. When struck with sufficient force, the door--which is hinged on the bottom--will fall away, and the delver should land atop it. The original hinge disengages, and a new hinge snaps into place at the top of the door, turning the door into a primative catapult when the spring on the far side of the door engages. The final result? One hero hurled onto spikes!



Jon Hancock uses the Heisenberg Effect to excellent effect with his **Boojum Trap.** This trap is literally what the characters make of it. The trap takes the shape of a simple closed door that exudes magic. The door is in fact an illusion. If someone decides it isn't there, then it isn't. The trap becomes whatever the players say it is--even a heaping chest of gold, if you feel generous.



You'll have to carefully listen to your players to get the most from this trap. If someone says, "I suppose the door is locked," and tries the knob, then the door is indeed locked. If someone says, "I saw this in TRAPS TOO, and I think there's a pit trap on the other side," then make his worst fears come true. The trap is actually easy to defeat unless the players assume the worst. When was the last time you met an optimistic dungeon delver?



Eric Taylor is responsible for **Draw!,** a shabby pun that should frustrate any party that takes themselves too seriously. Eric is almost apologetic about this trap, seemingly upset that it only toys with a character's mind, but I've found human brains every bit as much fun as superballs, and much larger besides.

The characters are confronted by a metal door inscribed with the image of a giant eye. Written above the door is, "Draw your weapons and show them to me!" Any attempt to open the door with force or magic meets with failure. If someone follows the door's instructions--drawing a weapon from its sheath and brandishing it before the door--a jolt of electricity will burst from the eye, which will annoy everyone.

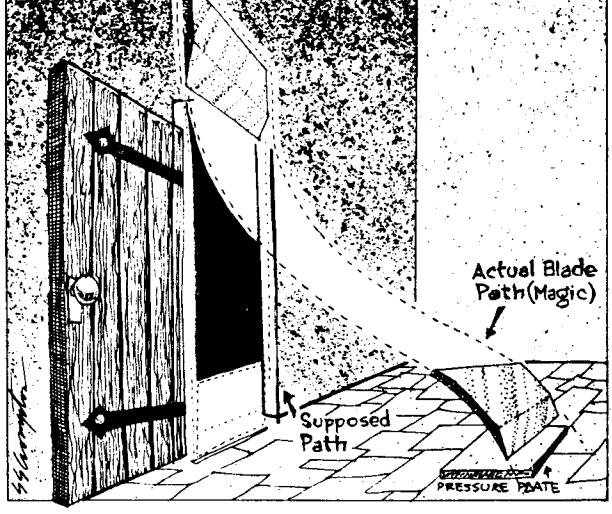
The answer, of course, is for each character to physically draw their weapons on a piece of parchment, then show the drawing to the eye. The eye will blink and the door will open, after which you can smile knowingly when the party tries to make literal sense of everything they read for the rest of the expedition. It might be worth testing the waters with a door marked "Cut your throat." Hey. You never know.

We've all seen the old routine where someone bangs their shoulder against a locked door a few times, only to tumble helplessly through to the other side when that same door is suddenly opened. Molly Ringworm uses this idea to savage effect with her **It's Open!** trap.

Locate this door at the end of any hallway. Delvers approaching the door will trigger a pressure plate in the floor, although nothing will happen as a direct consequence. The door is stubbornly locked, and will resist any attempt to batter past it by force. The door should give just a little, however, to encourage the victim to keep battering away.

Your average dim delver will figure he needs to take a longer run at the door to make it give, and will retreat back up the hall to gain some running room. This will trigger the pressure plate for the second time, which unlocks the door. When the character rushes down the hall and hurls himself against the formerly unyielding door, the door will fly open and the delver will hurl across the threshold...and into the bottomless dropshaft on the other side!

Lee Russell lives in Phoenix, Arizona, a town I affectionately refer to as the Devil's Armpit. Thus it's easy to understand how Lee came up with her **Sweaty Door** trap. This is as much an environmental condition as a trap. In any region of suitable humidity, wooden doors will swell to fill their jambs, becoming difficult if not impossible to open. If the party closes a wooden door behind them, and the room in which they find themselves suffers a sharp rise in humidity due



to magic or mechanical means, the characters could find themselves trapped. Lee assures me they will swelter to death. Having spent a night or two at the old castle when the swamp cooler wasn't working, I can assure you that isn't a pleasant way to go!

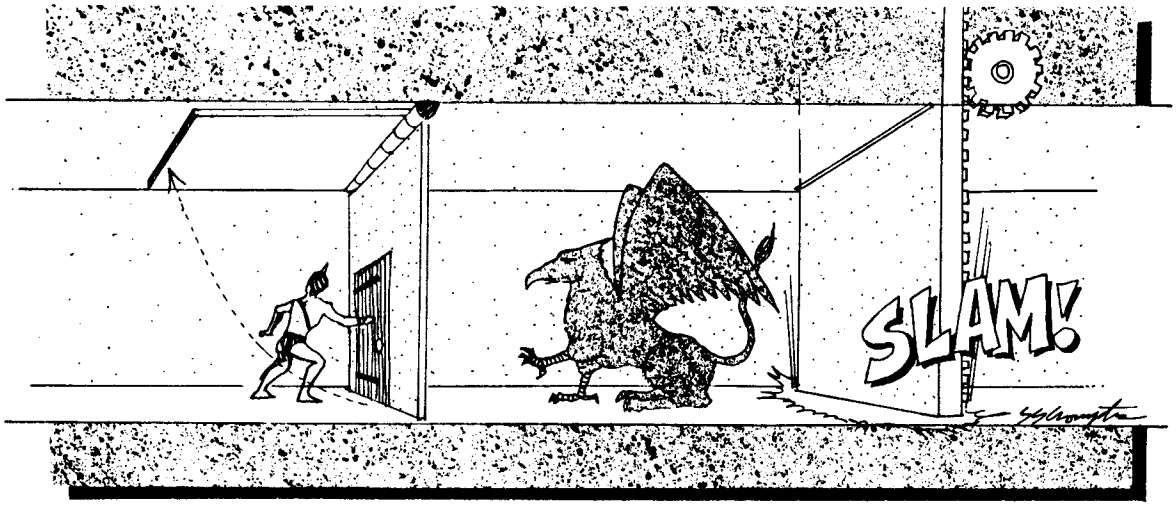
The next time you want a door that will **Cut Them Down To Size,** try this trap by M.A. Harris. Not only will this trap nail whoever is foolish enough to lead the way through the door, it also has an even shot at the brave heroes who trail in his wake.

Upon first inspection, this appears to be a standard guillotine door--the door jamb is even grooved to permit passage of a blade. Indeed, a careful inspection will reveal a trigger mechanism hidden in the floor just before the door. Feeling that they've avoided this trap, most parties will carefully step over the trigger and pass through the door.

The trigger and the groove in the door are intended to misdirect attention from the true threat. A genuine trigger is hidden just a few strides inside the door, and when activated the true nature of this trap becomes painfully apparent. A guillotine blade does indeed flash down from the top of the door, but it's path quickly changes to send it flashing into the backs of the dungeon party, sawing most normal sized characters clean in half. With your adversaries now reduced to a manageable size, it should be easy to deal with them as you please.

Swing Shift is another clever door trap from Mr. Martin, although it is unfortunately not nearly so bloodthirsty as his previous offering. This is in fact a false door fixed into a false wall at the end of a corridor. The door will not respond to a push, nor will the knob twist or turn, but if someone pulls on the doorknob, they'll get more than they bargained for.

The false wall and door are attached to the ceiling by a hidden hinge. When someone pulls on the door, the whole wall swings up toward the ceiling like a garage door. Simultaneously, a counter-balancing wall drops into place behind the "door" through which the characters originally wished to pass. In fact, once the door is given any sort of tug at all, the trap is going to swing into motion regardless of what the characters may desire.



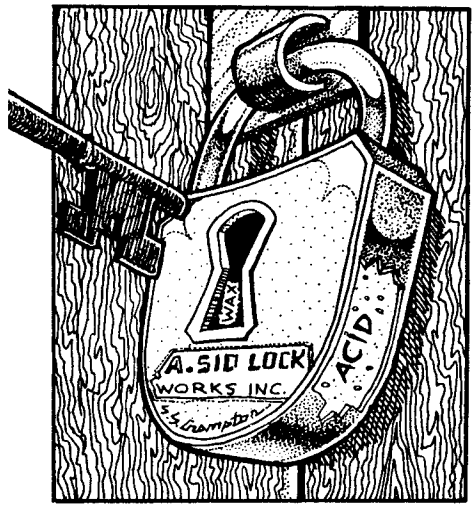
The counterbalancing wall blocks off further travel down this corridor, and also reveals whatever horrific monsters you've positioned behind the door. This is a good opportunity to employ one of your stupider or more cowardly monsters, as having a wall dropped into place behind it should provide ample motivation for the monster to charge into the midst of the party.



Mike Patton offers a pair of interesting door traps. First is the **Guillotine Portcullis**, a deadly little barrier that smart characters will just leave alone. This is a simple heavy portcullis, remarkable only in that it seems constructed of two separate halves, with a brief gap between the two. The separation, of course, permits a guillotine blade to flash down if someone tries to lift the portcullis, severing limbs or at least fingers. Mike suggests placing a false winch (presumably controlling the portcullis) in whatever room this trap guards, to encourage characters to wiggle under the barrier.

Mike's other trap is the **Mock Padlock**, a device that can be used on any door, or even on treasure chests. This is simply a lock containing a wax covered gelatinous acid membrane. Anything inserted into the lock--such as a thief's tools, or a pesky magic key--will rupture the membrane and be ruined. The lock itself is false, so while releasing the acid will destroy it, the party will be no closer to opening the door or chest, but they will have ruined their tools.

This next trap only loosely qualifies for the "Doors" chapter, but as I don't have enough submissions to form a "Telephone Booth" chapter, we'll recognize delvers must pass through an odd door to spring this trap and leave it at that. Besides, good advice is hard to come by these days, so when Osborne Lone says **If Cthulhu Calls, Don't Answer,** I think we should take him at face value.

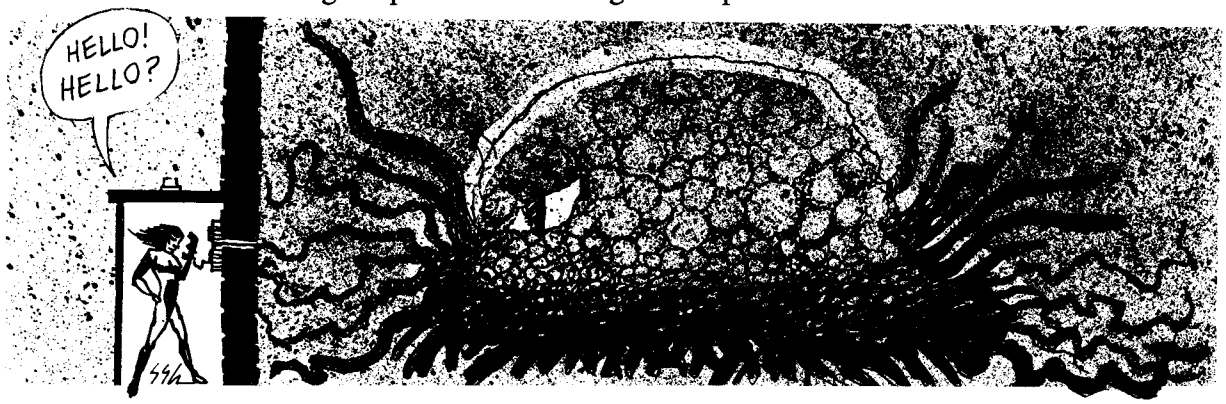


Locate a telephone booth up against any vast wall in your dungeon. The phone will ring as the delvers approach, encouraging them to enter the booth. Within

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they will find an old fashioned telephone equipped with a crank, external bells, a mouth horn, and a separate ear piece connected to the phone box by an odd wire. Anyone bothering to look will see the phone cord is in fact warm and soft to the touch, and a little bit slimey.

Anyone stupid enough to answer the phone truly deserves what happens next. Crouching on the far side of the wall is Cthulhu, H.P. Lovecraft's infamous arch deity. The phone cord is in fact the trailing end of one of Cthulhu's many tentacles. Answering the phone and holding the ear piece to one's head will alert Cthulhu of



his prey...and with a tentacle already wrapped half way around his victim's head, it will be child's play for the great Old One to pull the delver through the wall and to unmentionable doom.

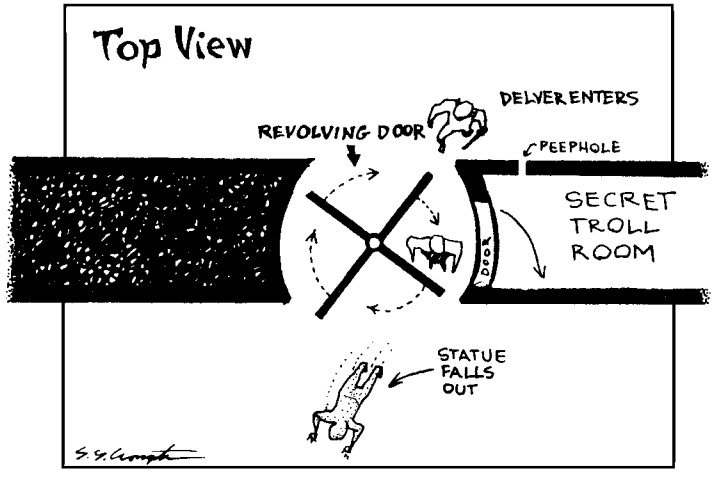
If you don't want to use Cthulhu, you can substitute any other tentacled horror. I suggest either an insurance agent or a Mets fan.



Norm Strange offers the **Molecular Screen Door** as an accessory for any dungeon door, trapped or not. Your dungeon's monsters will appreciate these in the summer, when they'll be able to leave their doors open at night without having to worry about delvers getting in.

The screen door has a light metal frame, just like any normal screen door. The screen, however, is made of incredibly fine material. In fact, the material making up the screen is just one molecule thick, meaning it is entirely too small to be spotted by the naked eye, but it exists all the same. Considering that the screen material is a tough as regular steel, anything blundering into the screen will be cut to ribbons. Woe to the character that takes a look at the screen door frame, decides there is nothing there, and then walks boldly through the doorway. Spaghetti.





Ugly John Carver took time out from designing the fabled second level of Uncle Ugly's Underground to provide our next trap. **The Golem Doorway** is a prime example of the twisted genius that has made Ugly John one of the most feared dungeon-masters in the land.

This trap takes the form of a simple revolving door. The

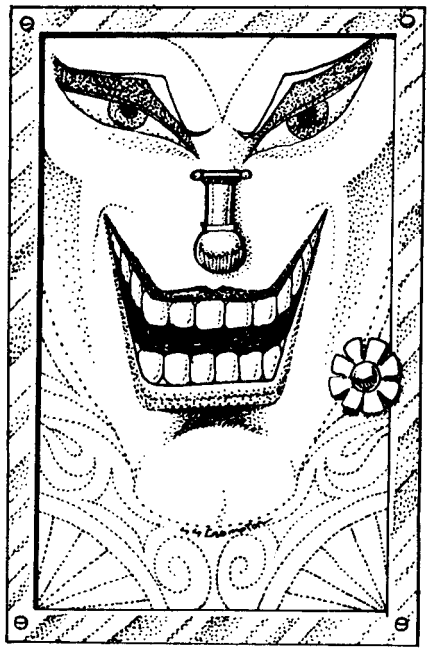
door revolves in a clockwise direction. The door is only so large enough to permit one character to fit in each section at a time. While a revolving door might excite a delver's suspicions, the door is in fact entirely safe.

It is the wall through which the door passes which the delvers must worry about. One section of the wall hides a secret room, in which resides a troll with a frying pan and several clay golems. The troll can view the party's approach through a hidden peep hole. Making careful note of the number of delvers in the party, the troll readies his frying pan and takes up a position behind a secret panel. After allowing a delver or two to pass safely through the revolving door, the troll makes his move, springing out from behind the panel when the door's revolution brings the intended victim into position.

I'm sure you're familiar with the distinctive sound of a frying pan striking someone in the skull. It's a common enough noise around my house. With one blow from the magic frying pan, the delver is knocked unconscious and dragged into the secret room by the troll. Simultaneously, one of the clay golems magically acquires the features of the smitten delver...and strides into the revolving door, to take the delver's place in the party.

A party passing through the door will know only that they heard an ominous noise, but they should have no idea of what happened. The golems are very good about deception, and only a very suspicious hero would notice one of his or her party has been replaced. Hopefully the party will elect to pass back through the revolving door. The rotation of the door will protect the party on their return trip, but should they decide to pass through the door yet again...BAM! Add another golem to the group! If the delvers are especially dim, you can replace the entire lot of them with imposters.

What to do with the golems, should you manage to replace one or more party members? Shame that you should even need to ask. The least subtle option is for one or more golems to turn on the party when they least expect it, but far better for them to stay with the group indefinitely, working against them in more devious ways. Perhaps the clones can lead the party deeper into your dungeon, where they can activate a more horrible trap the delvers would otherwise avoid.



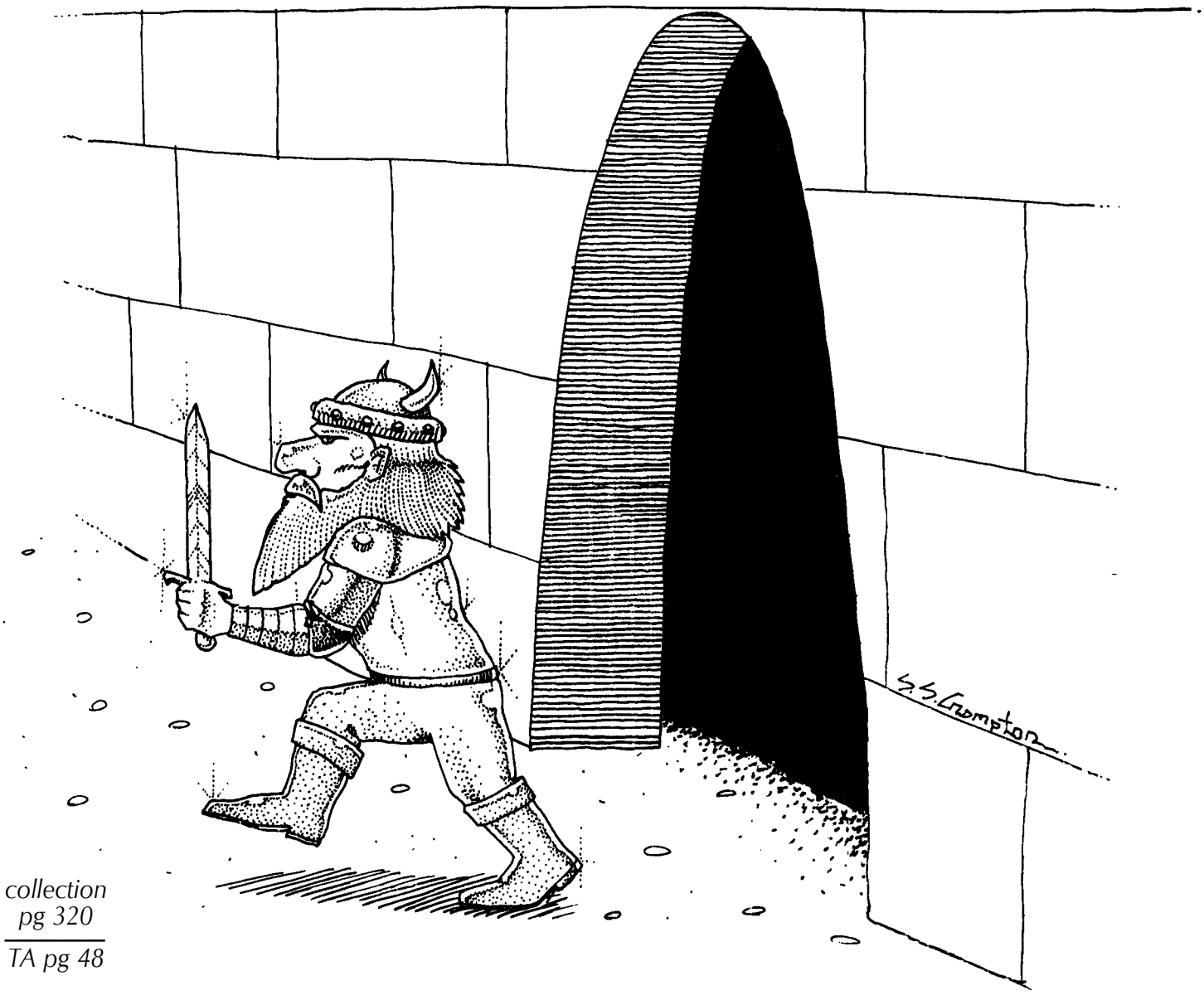
Not nearly so stylish, but twice as childish, is Norm Strange's **Knock Knock Door.** This is an iron dungeon door possessing a living mouth and eyes, with a big brass knocker where a nose should be. Right about where a person would wear a flower in a lapel is the door handle...a handle that bears an incredible resemblance to a daisy.

The door is in fact an immensely powerful and indestructible magic demon. The only way to get past the thing is to endure a silly and tiresome ritual, which should really irk those boors who think there's no place for low comedy in high fantasy. The first step is to use the knocker--only two knocks, in

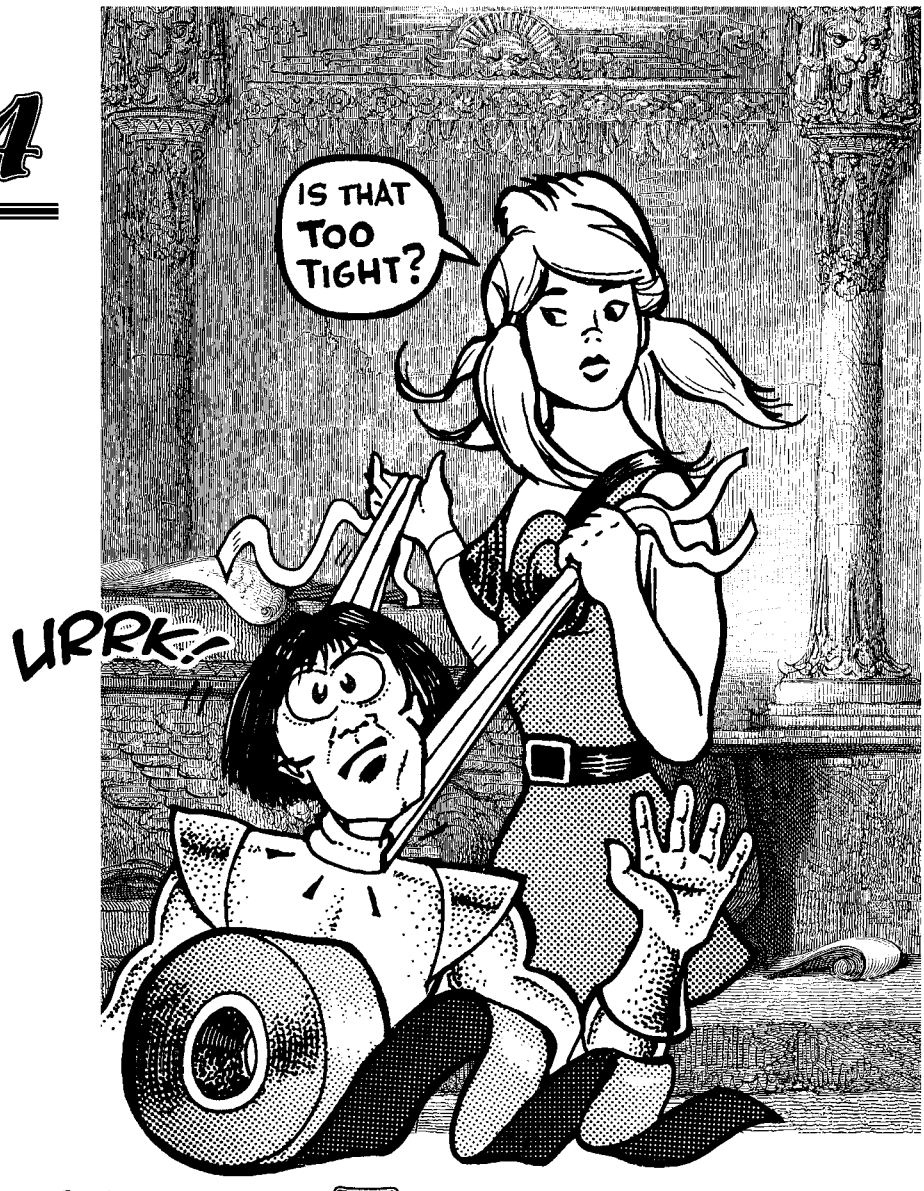
quick succession, with initiate the sequence. In effect, the delvers must say, "knock knock".

Need I say more? That's your cue. When the delvers say, "knock knock", the door mouths, "who's there?", and it's up to the delvers to come up with a suitably witty response. If the knock-knock joke thus offered is to your liking, the door opens and the delvers may pass. If you don't care for the joke, give the party a little squirt from the center of the daisy--skunk oil if you feel forgiving, acid or poison if you don't. And don't forget everything else you can do with that mouth...laugh, belch, spit, curse, even vomit! Wow! Fun for all ages!

Another of Rick Loomis' favorites is the **Golden Archway.** This is a quite ordinary-looking doorway that instantly turns anything passing through it into solid gold. A delver walking through becomes a golden statue. If the other party members try to drag the "treasure" back through the doorway, they will quickly find out that anything coming BACK through the doorway is turned back into whatever it was before. A pity. It's great that Pfred, the dwarf, is back with us again, but all that gold... If the party includes anyone terribly inventive, they may think of digging a hole in the wall near the doorway, so that something can be put IN through the doorway and taken out through the hole. (Make it properly difficult). This works. Unfortunately, the magic of the doorway only works until the item leaves the dungeon, at which time the item once again regains its previous form. What a waste of time!



4



Item Traps

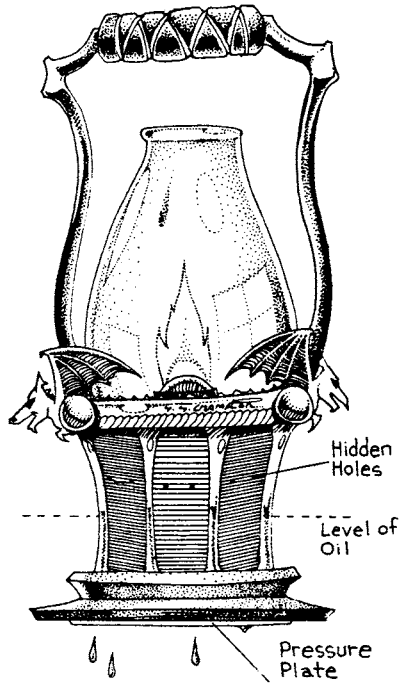
We're coming into the home stretch now, kids, but I don't want any of you to nod off. I kill more delvers that way. It seems that just because someone escapes a death trap or slays a dragon they automatically assume they are due a reward. Time and time again heroic chumps greedily accept whatever treasure they are offered, and time and time again they complain when one of my item traps goes off to devastating effect.

The message? Delvers are most vulnerable when they're holding out their hands. It's like dropping a grenade into the open sack of a angelic trick-or-treater on Halloween knight...the expression on your victim's face is as much fun as the brilliant explosion that follows shortly thereafter. The next time some fool hollers for a reward, stick him with one of these beauties.

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We've all seen Michael Jackson impossibly slide backwards like Curly Howard on ball bearings, and with this trap delvers can try it too. Drew Deitz is responsible for these **Goonwalker Boots**. On first inspection, these boots seem blessed with some beneficial magic--maybe they'll make your run fast, or tap dance like a kobold on fire. In truth, the boots don't help much at all. Furthermore, they are made from the skin of a living creature, skin which will sweat profusely after someone has worn the boots for an hour or two. This sweat is very slippery, so unless the character using the boots wears just one snappy glove, he or she is going goonwalking!! Results will range from ridiculous to deadly, depending on when the sweat kicks in.



The **Dribble Lantern** is just one of the many reasons why Tom Keefer is such a gas at parties. Leave this item lying around where a dungeon party is likely to need some light and you'll keep your friends in stitches!

This looks just like an ordinary lantern. The flame burns a little low, but it should seem it might burn a little brighter if some oil were added to the lamp. The trap is sprung when someone picks up the lantern, releasing a pressure plate trigger in the base of the lamp. A timing mechanism is thus activated, ensuring the lantern will explode in about fifteen minutes. This will be a minor explosion--hardly enough to damage a hardy adventurer--but if the victim behaves as Tom predicts, the explosion will prove very deadly indeed.

Seeing the lantern is burning a little low, a wise delver might decide to add some oil. This will seal the delver's fate. When the oil level inside the lamp rises just a little bit, oil will dribble out of the lamp through a series of holes too tiny to view with the naked eye. Hopefully the oil will drip onto a hand or arm or pant leg before the leak is noticed, and even then the delver is likely to think the oil leaked on him by mistake when he refilled the lantern. With the delver thus primed with flammable oil, an exploding lantern will cause considerable damage. Nothing like a human torch to brighten up a party!

Jon Hancock attached his John Hancock to **Dangerous Trevor**. This is a magical black sword Jon suggests you locate at the end of some dangerous trial to ensure the characters feel they've really earned something when they find it. In fact, they have. Dangerous Trevor should possess several significant abilities. Maybe it



provides it's wielder with steel-hard skin, or perhaps it destroys lawyers, or puts out fires. Make it something good.

Because, you see, Dangerous Trevor also talks. It talks a blue streak. When first claimed, the blade will moan and emit pulsing darkness, then speak with the voice of Una O'Connor, a distinguished character actress from the early days of Hollywood. For those of you who haven't seen "The Invisible Man" lately, its enough to note Ms. O'Connor has a very shrill voice. Anyway, Dangerous Trevor will instantly bond to whoever holds it, saying "About time! I've been here for years with no fun, no killing, and oh the dust! It's just murder, I tell you, and those orcs! The less said the better, and..." And on and on and on, ceaseless, until the end of the delver's days. The sword will continually nag and criticize the party, particularly its new owner. The sword so potent the party may wish to put up with this nonsense, but if Dangerous Trevor is insulted it will sulk, and refuse to fight until proper apologies are tendered. Have you ever tried to hide with a sword that continually chatters and insults anything that moves?

Andrew Bander has probably been watching too many David Lynch movies. Andrew's **Sponge Armbands** would compliment the Elephant Man's wardrobe, and would be right at home in one of Henry Spenser's twisted nightmares.



This trap appears to be a simple pair of magic wristbands. The wristbands are made of porous material, much like a sponge. Like so many magic item traps, once the wristbands are put on they will prove very difficult (if not impossible) to remove.

Donning the wristbands yields no immediate result. The sickening nature of this trap reveals itself over time. Wristbands are of course designed to absorb sweat. These wristbands do their job very well, but any sweat they absorb does not evaporate. After just a few minutes of exertion the wristbands will swell to twice their original size. At the end of an average dungeon delve a victim of this trap will find great pendulous sacks of sweat dangling from either wrist. Not only does this smell perfectly awful, but having all that weight hanging from each wrist makes swinging a weapon incredibly tiring, and precision work with one's hands is almost impossible. Anyone trying to cut away the swollen portion of a wristband will make a disgusting discovery. The sponge is not sponge at all, but has instead become flesh!



Fearing the imminent national savings and loan failure, Eric Taylor has converted all his gold into **Acid Assets**. These coins really aren't coins at all, but tiny acid-filled vials hidden inside lead coins plated with gold. An alert delver may notice these trapped coins are a little heavier than others, but who really spots small details when grabbing goodies with both hands?

With any luck, these coins will find themselves clinking along in a sack with lots of other treasure. A sudden jolt or continued pressure will break the glass vials and release the acid, with predictable results. Not only will any surrounding treasure be damaged, but the bearer will suffer from a fountain of acid springing up in his or her pack. I won't even mention the consequences if a character is in the habit of testing the authenticity of a coin by biting into it.

The last time I dropped around the pub I saw one of my favorite bar sports was making a comeback. The sport is called Halfling Hurling (that's Midget Chucking for you norms). Basically, a gang of the boys gets together and downs a pint or two, then they start looking for a halfling to hurl. Halflings, being drunken little sods, are never hard to find around a tavern. Scoop one up by the ear or the ankle and give him a fling--you might like it.



It's always just a matter of time before the rules lawyers get a hold of any activity and turn it into a strictly regulated sport. Alas, Halfling Hurling is no exception. Troll gangs from all over the land now meet for organized competitions, hurling the little monsters for distance and accuracy. They've even rounded up a pack of willing halflings to participate, if you can imagine such a thing!

Where's the trap in all of this? Consider Tyrone Shoes' **Halfling Handles**. These handy handles adhere to any surface, and imme-

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diately render any object's mass null and void. Originally developed by a serious Halfling Hurler, this item has applications well beyond simple sport. Sticking a pair of these magic goodies onto a halfling makes him infinitely easier to hurl, and there's no reason your dungeon's monsters can't use them to equally good effect on all kindreds of delvers. These handles are also useful for carrying prisoners around, and thus are recommended for use with any of the traps in this manual that require a pack of subdued victims to operate.

The **Soprano Chair** is a fifty/fifty trap. It will prove painful to one gender and devastating to another. The delvers in Andrew Bander's dungeon may sit on strange chairs without provocation, but to make this thing work in your tunnel complex you may need to disguise it as a throne. Many societies punish anyone who dares to sit on the leader's throne--add a secret button or lever to this trap that disarms the mechanism described below, and you have a throne that will guard itself.



The operation of this device should be obvious. Sitting on the chair activates a trigger mechanism. This, in turn, releases a weight beneath the chair, causing a section of the floor to rapidly strike the victim where the sun doesn't shine.

Nothing good ever comes from hanging around in bars. Who wants to spend an evening with a bunch of maudlin drunks? As rumormills, bars are overrated--I get my best tips at health clubs, hangings, and celebrity golf tournaments. This is off the subject, but I bring it up because our trap uses a different sort of bar--the sort that guards cells and blocks doors. Brawny adventurers have no fear of bars, figuring they can easily bend them into pretzels or funny animal shapes. Markus Wande's **Brittle Bars** hope to put an end to this practice. After running across this item, maybe delvers will give iron bars as wide a berth as that they should afford to cocktail lounges.

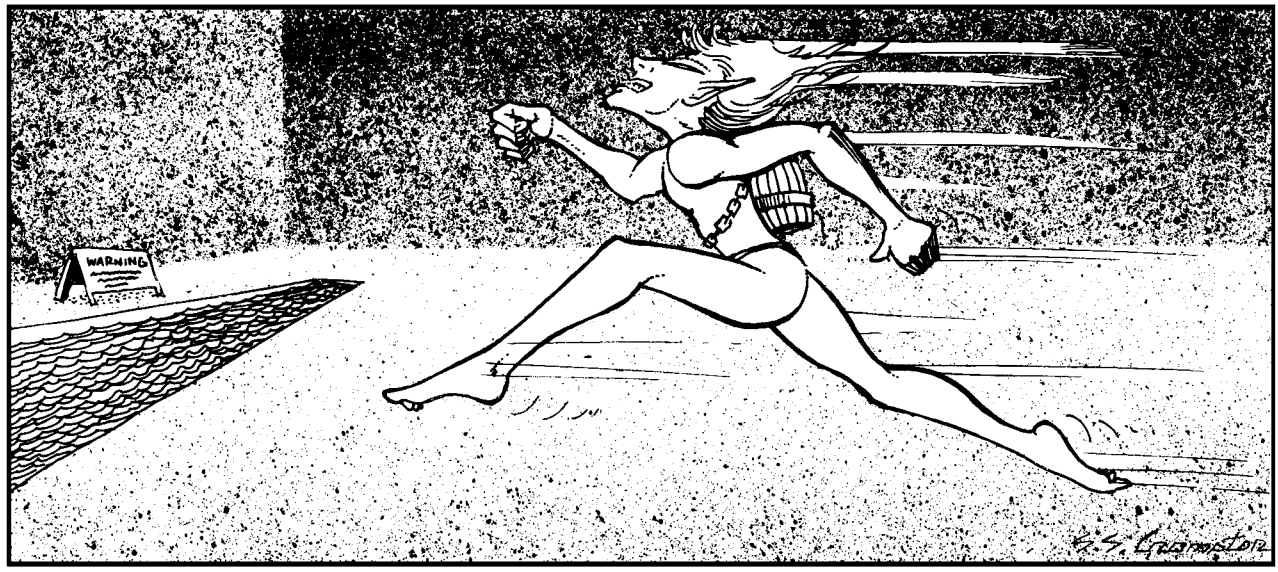


This item works best when placed in the center of a row of normal bars. Someone wishing to clear a way through a barred window or door will usually try to bend those bars in the center, and flanking Markus' bars with the genuine article will improve the deception of the trap. The trapped bars are in fact hollow, and made of a soft metal such as lead. Thus they will easily bend and break, releasing whatever you care to hide inside. Markus suggests acid or poisonous gas, but his dungeon obviously requires frugal measures. In my personal pit, the hollow interior of the bars leads to a pocket dimension composed entirely of perfect vacuum. Thus, when a bar is broken, it sets up a powerful suction that few delvers can resist, and while the diameter of a bar is too small to permit a character to pass through, it is impossible for a delver to free himself after being sucked against the opening.

Ugly John Carver and Paul O'Connor have both experienced prolonged periods of unemployment, and during one such period those great friends decided to sponsor the world's first Pirate Olympics. The two devised a number of competitions, among them Parrot Chucking, Peg Leg Gymnastics, and Hooks Only Arm Wrestling. Alas, the 1980 United States boycott of the Moscow Olympic games undermined all attempts to sponsor this competition, and the event never got off the ground.



One idea from that twisted dream remains, however--a savage little competition called **Run, You Sucka!** Come to think of it, this deadly contest has almost nothing to do with pirates, although the boys may have intended it as a means of entertaining the many prisoners a competent buccaneer acquires in the course of



his work. To inflict this trap on a group of delvers you will have to capture them first, but if you haven't learned how to do that by now, my life has been a waste. It's also best if you nail victims one at a time with this thing, as two or more characters can usually team up to solve their mutual troubles with little effort.

To begin the competition, strip a delver down to his jock strap and fit him with a wooden keg full of black gunpowder. Lock the keg across the delver's back with chains and a lock, and make sure the victim can't reach the keg no matter how hard he tries. Have a troll or some other beast light the uncomfortably short fuse trailing from the keg and point the victim toward a trench full of liquid one hundred yards away.

The fuse is short, and the delver doesn't have much time. There's no way the delver can reach around behind him and snuff out the fuse, nor can he expect to shuck out of the harness holding the keg before his time is up. The delver's only chance is to make a break for the trench in hopes the liquid found therein will extinguish the fuse. If the delver makes like Carl Lewis, he or she might just make it to the trench before the fuse burns all the way down and blows the victim to kingdom come.

If someone makes it to the trench, Paul and Ug suggest you show them what a generous person you are by allowing them to douse the fuse in the water found therein. I say to the devil with such nonsense, and insist you fill the trench with oil! One way or the other, it's big boom time!



Jim Palasty is a troll after my own heart. He, like me, agrees that matrimony is important to everyone but the happy couple. How else can you explain the next pair of item traps, each of which is ideally suited as wedding gifts for youngsters about to tie the knot? As jewlers are always reminding us, **A Diamond Is Forever**-most women are thrilled beyond words when given a diamond ring. Jim's ring, however, is of a very dark variety. It is not the diamond, but the ring itself, that is the trap. Once worn, the ring cannot be removed. Furthermore, the ring ex-

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udes a horrible stench, powerful enough to return the breakfast of anyone standing near by. While this might improve the smell of your average goblin bride, most common folks will get a quick case of cold feet when this item kicks into action.

Providing a gift for the bride while leaving the groom empty-handed is of course an unforgivable breach of manners, so Jim devised the **Incredible Shrinking Armor.** This is a spectacular breast plate of superior workmanship--just the thing to complete the formal wear of a proud and heroic bridegroom. The breastplate fastens in front and back by snapping into place. No straps or buckles of any kind are visible, and with good reason. You see, once the breastplate is in place, it begins to shrink, and shrink, and shrink, and...I'm sure you see where this is going. It's one thing to get tight under the collar on your wedding day, but having your ribs crushed is worse than having to slow dance with your mother-in-law.

Even the most eager young couple might have a little case of nerves when their wedding night rolls around, but if awarded a supply of Rick Martin's **Love Potion Number Nine,** the honeymoon should be full of fireworks. Anyone sipping from a bottle of this stuff will fall madly in love with the next being they see...not a problem if enjoyed in private with that special someone, but a bit uncomfortable if used as Rick suggests. For whatever reason, Rick thinks it would be amusing to have a couple zombies hanging around when this potion is sampled, pointing out a variety of odd love triangles could result. I'll say...next thing you know, our happy young couple will find themselves appearing on the Newlydead Game!



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I just can't let go of this marriage thing. You know what happens when you offer a slim and pretty gremlin girl a wedding ring, don't you? It's like pulling the ripcord on an life raft. No sooner are you hitched than your bride has ballooned up into a horrid obese beast. Inside of five years her transformation into a square bulldog woman is complete, and the only thing left to do is to escort her to Las Vegas, where she can exercise her grotesque puffy arms and elephantine elbows by pulling slot machines...while you slink off to watch vaguely attractive forms bounce across the stage in some sleazy cocktail show. Ah, marriage!



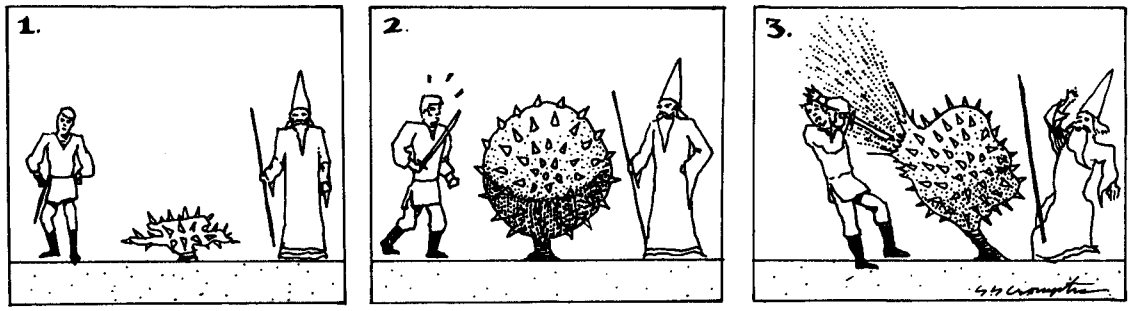
Tom Keefer wisely reminds us that **You Can Teach A Guy All You Want, But You Can't Make Him Any Smarter,** alternatively titled Brain Man. Anyone finding this magic book entitled "The Tome Of Knowledge" is bound to make this discovery for himself, although probably not before it is too late.

The first time someone reads from this book, you should provide them with a true and very tasty secret about your dungeon. I know this is like a magician revealing how he does a trick, but there is a method to Tom's madness. Give a character the first hit for free, and he'll be hooked for life.

In his quest for secret understanding, the owner of the book is bound to return to its pages sooner or later. This time, provide a slightly less useful but still interesting bit of knowledge to the character. At the same time, secretly reduce his intelligence by a point.

When the character returns to the book yet again, provide him with a significantly less interesting fact, and reduce his intelligence yet again. Although the player won't be excited about the information you provided, explain to him that his character actually finds this new bit of knowledge as interesting as the last.

I'm sure you can see the pattern that's developing. Each time the character checks the book you provide him with a fact duller than the last, but each time the character is equally interested, because his intelligence is decreasing at a constant rate. There's only so much you can learn from books, and eventually they get in the way of experiencing life first hand. If you take this trap to its logical limit, you will reduce a character to idiocy, but he'll be delighted to experience such startling revelations as learning the sky is blue and that the sun rises and sets each day. Scratch one big brain!





Speaking of expanding gas bags, consider Stephen Fitzgerald's **Spike Bag.** This item should take center place in a room specially devoted to its operation. Initially this looks like a deflated football covered with metal spikes. It is in fact a leather balloon...a balloon that starts to inflate even as the air begins to be pumped out of the room. In fact, the two phenomena are unrelated, but dim delvers may decide the inflating leather balloon is to blame for the sudden lack of oxygen. If things go your way, someone might decide to rupture the bag in a futile attempt to replace

the air in the room...which triggers a savage explosion. You see, it was not air, but hydrogen that was being pumped into the bag...hydrogen that is bound to explode when a weapon strikes a spark against one of the many spikes dotting the surface of the bag. Of course, the delvers could avoid striking the bag altogether...but they'll either fall prey to suffocation or perforation as the balloon eventually swells to fill the entire room.



The next time a delver needs to undertake a sensitive mission, convince him to try a belt of Osborne Lone's **I'm Invisible, Nyah Nyah potion.** You can either slip this potion to your victim through an unscrupulous alchemist, or leave it lying around in a dungeon where a sucker is likely to find it.

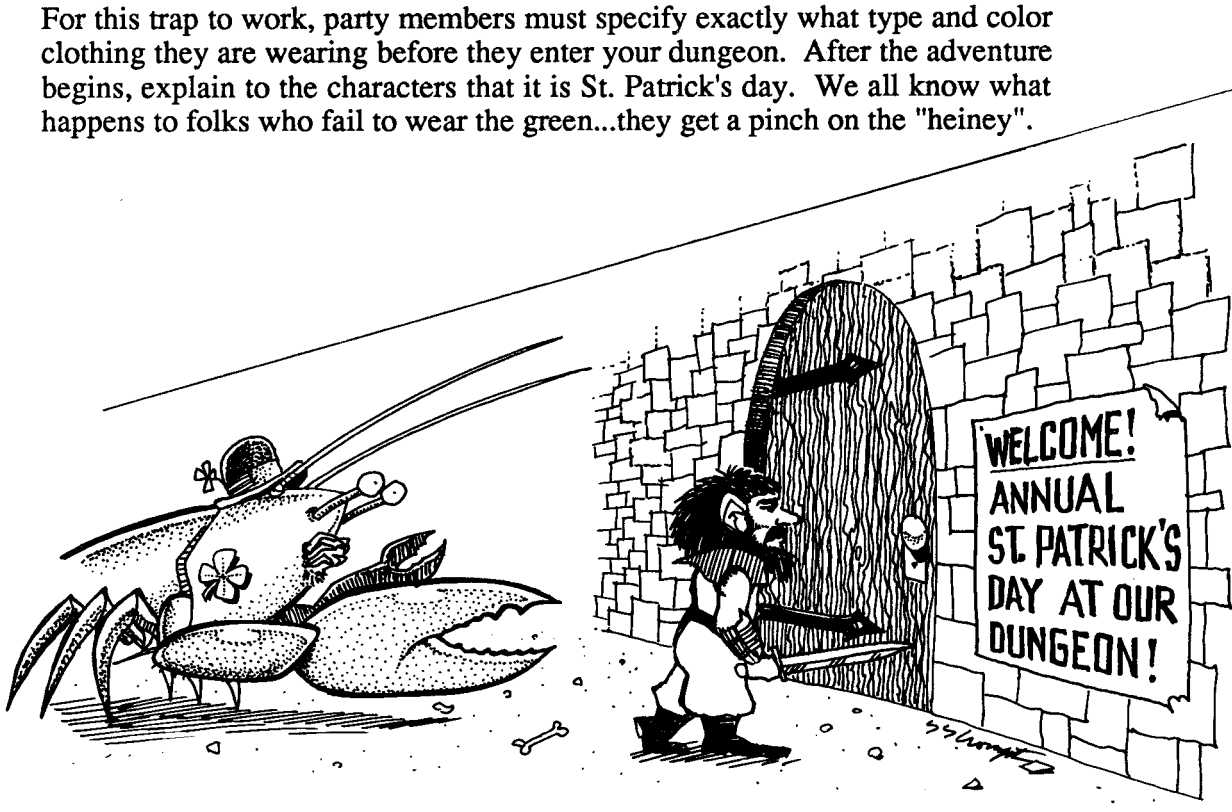
The first time the potion is used, it works as advertised. The imbiber is indeed turned invisible, although he must remove all his clothes and drop his items to be completely unseen. While the character can see himself, no one can see him. The potion lasts for about an hour, during which the character can copy all the great Claude Raines schtick he can remember. After again becoming visible, much to his glee, the character will see there is enough potion in the bottle for one more dose.

Anyone drinking this potion develops an immediate immunity to further dosages. Thus, the next time the character takes a swig of the potion, he will not turn invisible...although he will think he has. Unless the victim has some friends around to straighten him out, someone is about to run around naked in public, convinced he is invisible, while everyone else is certain they're seeing a naked loon. Try this routine at a court ball or in a dragon's lair and see how far you get!



Chips White is a festive fellow. All the holidays are important to Chips, but St. Patricks' Day is the most important of all. How else can you describe his trap--actually more of a curse--called **Feel The Pinch?**

For this trap to work, party members must specify exactly what type and color clothing they are wearing before they enter your dungeon. After the adventure begins, explain to the characters that it is St. Patrick's day. We all know what happens to folks who fail to wear the green...they get a pinch on the "heiney".



Hold on a minute. I can't believe I said that. Did I, mighty Grimtooth, the world's most bloodthirsty troll, make reference to someone's "heiney"? Of all the things I could call a rump, a sitter, a backside, a better half, a moon, a ham, a bun--I chose "heiney"! Never in a million years would I turn such a phrase, unless I was magically influenced by the powers of good. Beware, Mr. Chips White, lest you feel the wrath of the Troll!

As long as I'm on the subject, what's green, four blocks long, and has a collective IQ of three? Oh. You've heard that one already. No matter. On to the next trap.



If you want to give an archer fits, stick him with a quiver full of Tyrone Shoes' **Boomerang Arrows.** These appear to be high quality magic arrows complete with silver tips and fletching drawn from some exotic bird. The arrows radiate magic. A master archer might notice the shaft of each arrow has a gentle but definite curve.

This trap won't work unless used outside, and even then you've best make sure your intended victim is using a longbow. When shot from a bow, these arrows take off like quicksilver. The archer will be unable to determine where his shaft has gone, and will likely shield his eyes and search the horizon in vain for a sign of his shot.

The arrows are enchanted to fly true at incredible velocity until they strike something, at which point that thing is destroyed. If used outdoors and in suitably open terrain, the curve of the arrow shaft will cause one of these arrows to fly in a great flat circle when launched from a bow. If nothing gets in the way, the arrow will take about a minute to complete its flight...by striking the archer who shot the arrow in the back of the neck.



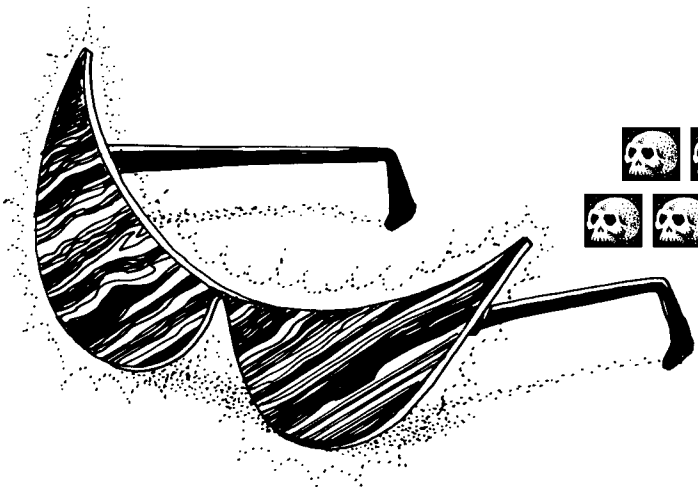
Tom Keefer is a dangerous heretic long since marked for termination by the Dungeonmaster's Guild. Chief among his many offenses is Tom's concept of **Anti-Trap Traps.** With this sickening innovation, Tom hopes to turn the tables on your hard working monsters and trap engineers...by using your own tricks against them. Gasp!

This is really more a concept than a trap. Tom has a variety of suggestions, most of them as simple as his mind. The simplest is for delvers to carry a spool of fine wire and a set of pitons for creating tripwires. By stringing wire across a corridor at ankle height, delvers might gain an advantage over otherwise invincible wandering monsters. Tom also suggests rigging "buckets of water, anvils, or sledgehammers" over half-open doors. I guess Mr. Keefer doesn't distinguish between the lethality of a bucket of water and an anvil. And they say I'm too deadly!

Tom's other suggestions are a little more sporting. Himself an avid bowler, Tom's dungeon parties are never without a supply of bowling balls. By rolling the balls ahead of themselves, a party might be able to trigger any unseen pressure plates that lay before them. This I don't mind so much--bowling balls are heavy, and a pain in the neck to carry around, and more often than not they roll right into the hands of a troll or two, who then treat the party to an example of trollish bowling. As revealed elsewhere in this volume, trolls bowl overhand.

For what it's worth, Tom also suggests delvers pack a supply a furry little animals

along on their expeditions. What you do with them, I'll leave to your own devilish imaginations.



Scot Sanner offers **Shades of Death,** a pair of sunglasses that definitely aren't cheap, no matter what Z.Z. Top may say. This vicious little item can be introduced anywhere, although if a monster is to wear them, it must either be blind or resistant to magic. If you want to be kind (gad!--the idea!), you could even place them on a bust or statue, to provide some warning of what is to come. Your dungeon must also support an unusually high technology level to permit this trap to exist.
This item for all intents and purposes appears to be a normal set of very dark sunglasses. They will radiate strong magic, and a cursory inspection might reveal a tiny design inscribed on the lenses. Actually wearing the glasses, or giving them a close visual inspection, will turn the delver to stone, however...

...for the inscribed design is an astonishingly life like three dimensional holographic rendering of a gorgon.

What would a TRAPS book be without at least one mummy trap? Mummies, like spiders in a forest of webs, have nearly become an endangered species since characters learned how easy it is to dispose of them by fire.

The Shrapnel Mummy is Michael Gittings' attempt to offset the unfair advantage delvers have built up over the years. I'm in favor of anything that gives mummies a fighting chance...they're about as sturdy as moths, and they move slower than the U.S. legal system. Anyone wasted by a mummy is a dork.

Maybe this mummy will help turn things around. We've seen exploding mummies before, but Micheal wraps the volatile core of his mummy with steel shards and buckshot, ensuring that when this puppy explodes, its going to take someone with it. For best effect, hide this dummy mummy after a series of conventional mummies and daddies...you might have to lose a tomb or two of King Tut types to a pack of firebug delvers, but the explosive climax will be worth it!

Dan Logans' **Trap Detection Amulet** does indeed perform as advertised, but perhaps not exactly in the fashion a delver would like. Dan suggests you place this amulet at the center of a maze guarded by a number of painfully obvious traps. Several of the traps should be sprung, and the remains of dead delvers should be at every hand.



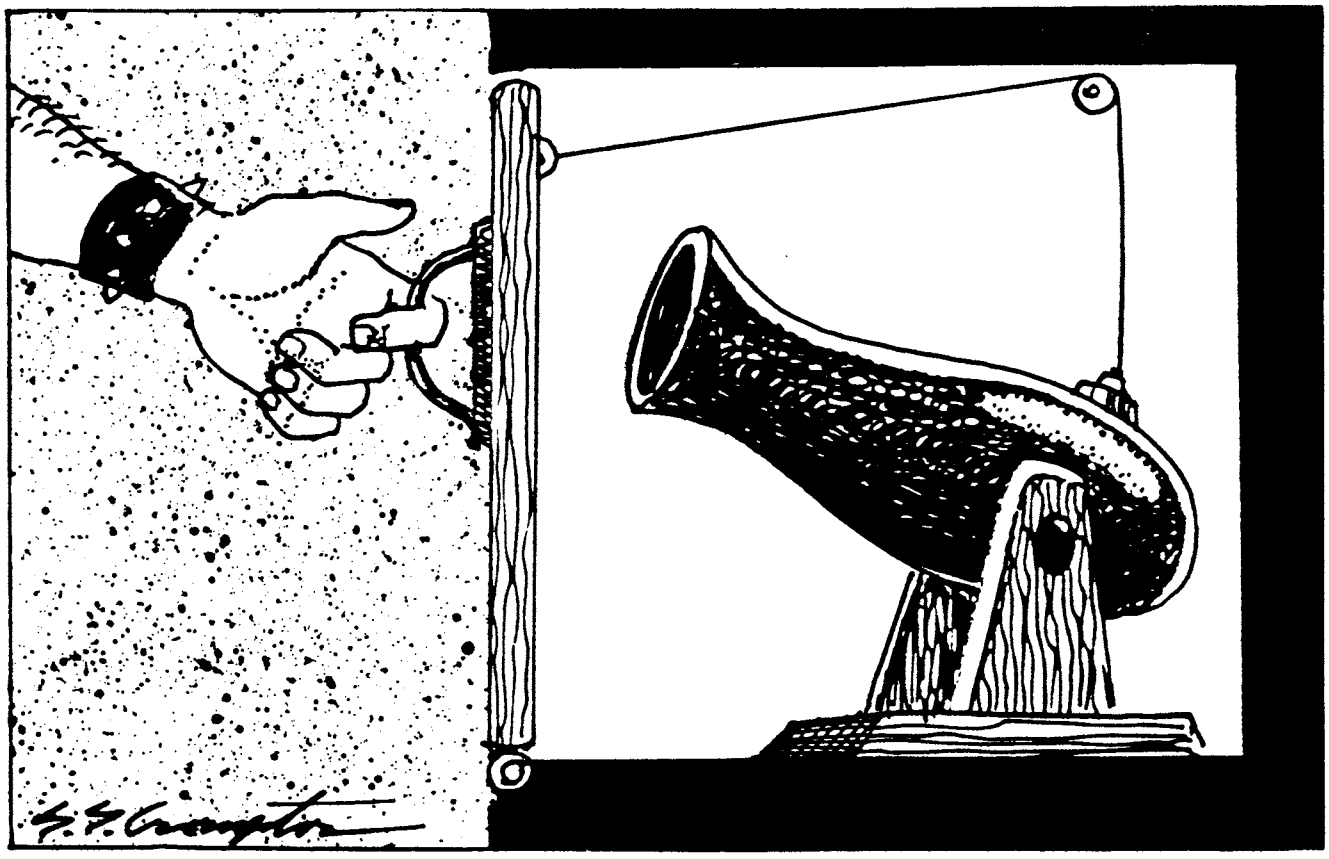
At the center of the trapped labyrinth, the characters will find the amulet resting on a pedestal. An inscription on the amulet indicates it will detect traps, and aid in disarming the same. The amulet does in fact detect traps, but it also interferes with the party's senses. The result is that even simple traps will prove difficult to defeat, as the party will be deluded by the amulet's magic into thinking a trap has been disarmed, when in fact it is still poised to kill. In effect, a character's chance of getting killed by a trap is increased ten-fold when this amulet is on hand.

When the last of the party is killed, the amulet teleports itself back to the pedestal at the center of the maze. Now you know where the remains of all those delvers came from, and how they could fall prey to such a variety of simple traps.



I make Andrew Bander's **Suggestion Box** the last item trap in this chapter because I want it to make an impression. Considering the incredible number of lousy trap submissions this volume received, I think I'll use this trap to collect suggestions for my next book. Like the "All You Can Eat" trap from the FOOD chapter, Andrew's trap is violently understated.

This is a clearly marked suggestion box. The box is accessed through a door similar to that on U.S. Mail boxes. When the door to this box is opened, however, a cannon waiting on the other side blows the head off anyone standing in front of the box. Now that's my idea of proper editorial form.



5



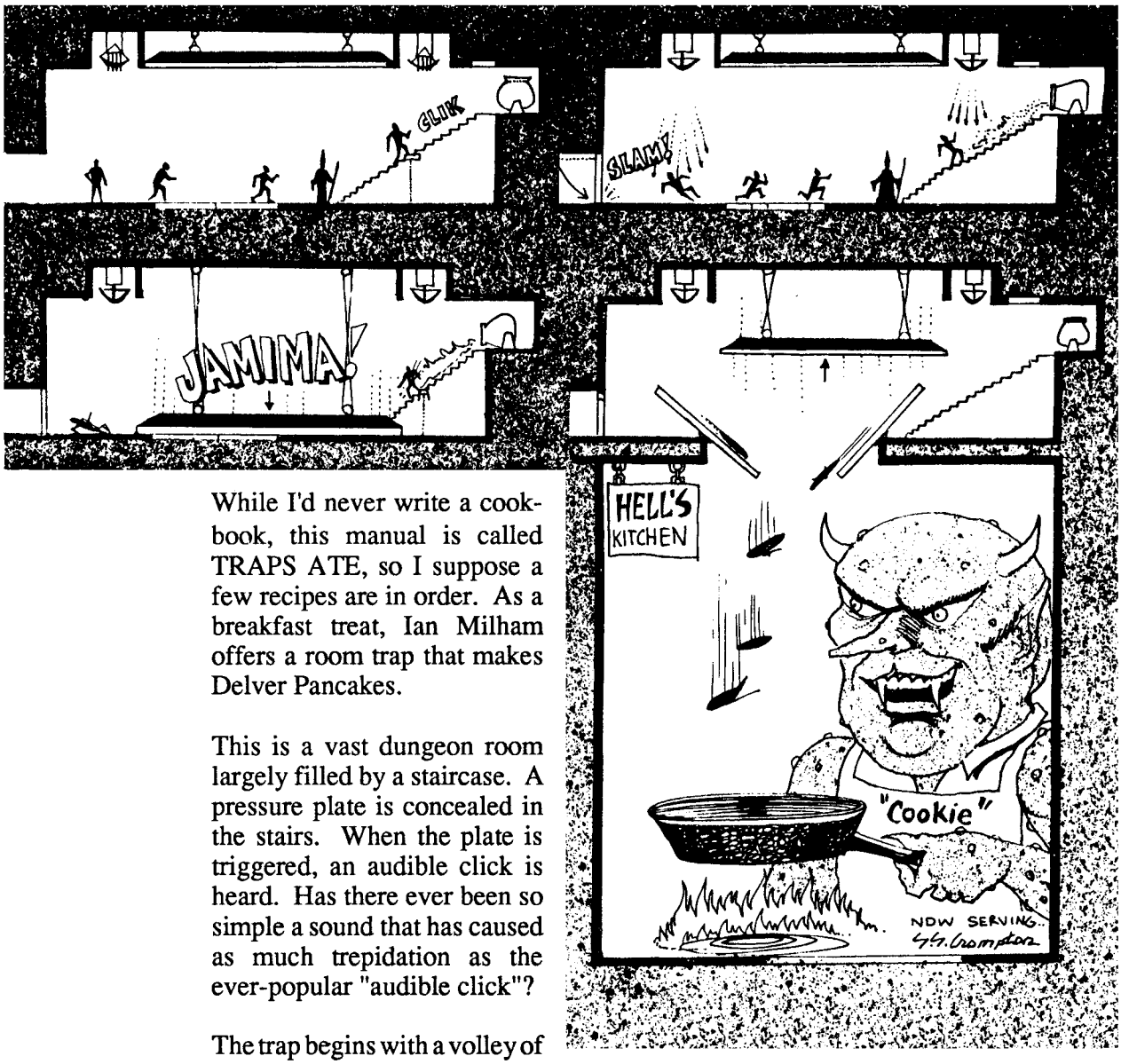
FOOD Traps

Often neglected by you Dungeon Masters is the possibility of an entire theme by which your hell-hole can revolve around. An overlying purpose to which all the creepie-crawlies slither about. Why are all these monsters hanging around? How about for a quick bite to eat?

I never thought it would come to this, but here I am introducing a whole chapter full of food traps. I mean, do I look like Betty Crocker to you? If I do, you need help.

Ah well. Might as well give in. This is what you've all been waiting for. Take all you want; eat all you take.

collection
pg 333



While I'd never write a cookbook, this manual is called TRAPS ATE, so I suppose a few recipes are in order. As a breakfast treat, Ian Milham offers a room trap that makes Delver Pancakes.

This is a vast dungeon room largely filled by a staircase. A pressure plate is concealed in the stairs. When the plate is triggered, an audible click is heard. Has there ever been so simple a sound that has caused as much trepidation as the ever-popular "audible click"?

The trap begins with a volley of crossbow bolts from the ceiling designed to nail characters near the front and rear of the party. Anyone else on the stairs will shortly have to contend with a spilling caldron full of boiling oil that is revealed beyond the top step. As if that weren't enough, the entire ceiling of the room slams down to the floor, crushing anyone standing in the room. Bammo! **Delver pancakes!**



It's unlikely anyone will survive this rude treatment. If they do, they will very likely pack it in when the trap tidies up and resets itself. After the ceiling snaps back into place, the floor drops away, depositing the fresh delver pancakes onto the hot griddle below, where they can be browned to your taste. The floor then snaps back into place, leaving anyone who survived the trap by fleeing out the exit to wonder what's become of the rest of the party. Perhaps the cheerful odor of hotcakes on the griddle will offer a clue.

That makes me hungry, and reminds me of the last time I dropped by Mom's Diner for the All You Can Eat elf special. I cleared a space at the counter and dug into my first helping of elf. I've had better elf, but at a place like Mom's you go for quantity over quality. I polished off my first platter in record time, but imagine my chagrin when Mom refused to serve me a second helping. "You've had your elf-

-that's all you can eat!" she laughed, at least until I persuaded her to see the error of her ways. Maybe a cheap play on words is enough to shake down the average dwarf, but with the King of the Trolls it just won't cut the mustard!



All of which reminds me of the next trap, submitted in somewhat cryptic form by Winslow Condon. In Mr. Condon's semi-hallucinatory writing style I sense a budding D.H. Lawrence, so rather than try to improve on his submission, I will quote, "I made up a new trap called **All You Can Eat!** First the character walks into a room and there are a thousand ice cream cones...they are magical, and if you eat one you have to eat more! So the character kills himself eating ice cream cones!" Bravo. Short, sweet, and savage. Maybe the next time Mom tries to cheat me out of an honest meal, I'll treat her to desert at Winslow's ice cream parlor.

The great W.C. Fields advised us all that we should **Never Give A Sucker An Even Break,** advice which Tyrone Shoes has taken to heart with his trap of the same name. This trap must be located in a narrow corridor where delvers can pass only one at a time, and ideally should be somewhere in your dungeon where delvers have found themselves separated from the group. Locating this design right after the Ice Cube Lube Tube trap from the "Rooms" chapter will do the trick.



The trap is triggered by a pressure plate. The narrow dungeon corridor suddenly becomes a death trap as metal clamps spring from the walls to hold the delver in place. Thus bound, the delver is powerless to resist as an evil little gremlin crawls from a hidden cubby hole. He is armed with a ball peen hammer and an all day sucker.

Fright may momentarily turn to delight when the gremlin shoves the sucker into the sucker's mouth. After all, it is quite yummy. But remember, you never give a sucker an even break. No sooner is the sucker driven home than the gremlin goes to work on the delver's shins, taking care to break each an odd number of times with his hammer. When the gremlin's work is done, the manacles are released, and the delver is free to writhe about the floor in agony. If the victim proves exceptionally brave, you might wish to let him keep his sucker for a reward, but you should otherwise take it away--how are these brats ever going to learn anything, if you spoil them all the time?

We've seen whirling fans blocking doorways as long ago as my first volume in this series, but the subtle application of Dan Logans' **Devil's Food Processor** makes it worthy of inclusion in this manual. Locate this door in a section of the dungeon where no artificial light is possible--either damp gusts extinguish torches, or some minor magic makes light impossible.



You will, of course, provide light of your own, in the form of a carefully synchronized strobe light. If you've ever viewed a fan under a strobe light you know it appears motionless, even through the fan may be spinning. Thus, under the effects of the strobe, this doorway looks as if it is guarded with motionless fan blades...an illusion that will be painfully dispelled should someone actually try to pass through the door. Thousands of delver fries, ready for preparation, courtesy of the Devil's Food Processor.

Dan has an odd food fixation with doors. Anyone trying to open a door in Dan's dungeon without mouthing the proper password will find a pit opens beneath their feet. No spikes or acid or bubbling oil awaits in pit...that would be easy. Instead, this is the **Jello Pit!**



Think of it! Imagine being smothered to death in a twenty foot deep pit filled with tepid gelatin. Imagine if it were lime jello...anyone watching this comedy might

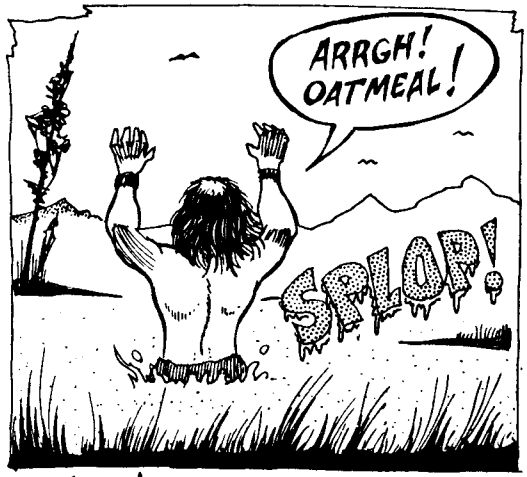
mistake the jello for some common dungeon slime, and waste his or her time trying to kill a monster instead of rescuing the victim. And even if the delver does escape from this grotesque trap, imagine trying to live down the reputation of having almost drowned in a pit full of jello! Might as well just suck in a lungful of wild cherry, Jackson.

Tyrone Shoes has got to be hanging around on the tracks with the orc frat boys, or he would never have learned to play **Beerhunter.** Dwarves have lately begun distributing their beer in aluminum cans contained by an ingenious pull tab mechanism. Beer will keep a long time in such a container, but it is packaged under pressure, and if you vigorously shake a full can before you open it, beer will shoot out all over the place.



The idea with Beerhunter is to pick one beer at random from a six pack and shake it for a minute or two. Then replace the beer with the rest of the cans and scramble them around. Everyone playing the game selects one beer at random. Simultaneously, everyone has to open their can under their nose --someone is going to get a beer blast they'll never forget, while everyone else gets to laugh.

This contest will test the nerves of any hearty adventurer, especially if he or she is captured by a gang of rowdy orcs and made to play the game. The game goes on until everyone is unconscious or comes to their senses...although if the game drags on long enough, a delver and his orc captors may find they've forgotten what they were fighting about in the first place!



Oatmeal... Because its the right thing to do.

Trust Chris Seibert to come up with a meal that will **Stick To Your Ribs!** You can use this trap just about anywhere, but it will function best in a swampy environment, so maybe this is just the thing to locate in the howling wilderness surrounding your favorite dungeon.

Imagine a bubbling bog complete with dense foliage and a compliment of prehistoric beasts. Any armored dungeon party would be hard pressed to pass through such a region while at full strength, let alone complete a return

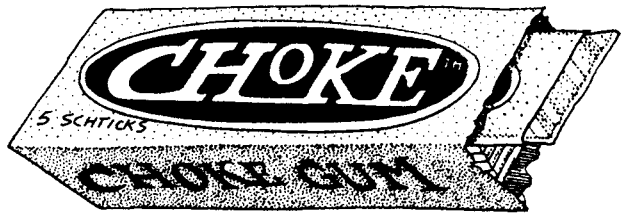
journey burdened with treasure and wounded companions. While you can easily populate a bog with savage goblins who pick off a party with blowguns, why not have a little fun and create a few bogs full of hot oatmeal?

From a distance, it's tough to tell the difference between quicksand and oatmeal. If you've taken care to "reward" the party with some item that permits them to thwart quicksand -- maybe a pair of boots that allow someone to walk across a quicksand bog -- you can really throw the characters a curve by dropping an oatmeal pit in their path. This is especially true if you allow a party to outrun a dinosaur or other nasty by skipping across a quicksand bog early in the journey. The next time danger appears, the characters will try to escape the same way, and they'll blunder right into your hands.

While sinking hip deep into hot oatmeal won't kill anyone, it will scald exposed skin, and it will slow someone who figured he was going to rush past the obstacle. Dinosaurs also appreciate an occasional variation in their diet now and then, and coating a delver in oatmeal is just the ticket. If you want to give the characters a break, sprinkle some sugar and a pat of butter on top of your oatmeal bog -- but I say let the delvers blunder right into the pit, then chastise them for playing with their food!



Back in elementary school, I was quite a prankster, so I can imagine what kind of fellow Norm Strange must have been. I enjoyed fooling my chums with joke gum, but Norm gives his old standby a deadly twist with his fiendish **Choke Gum.**



This appears to be ordinary chewing gum, and comes in both regular and spearmint flavors. After chewing this gum for a few moments, the victim's friends should be amused to see black spittle running down the chewer's chin. Surmising this is ordinary joke gum, a good-natured victim might even have a good laugh at himself.

Cheers turn to jeers when the disgusting truth of this trap comes out. The gum, in fact, rots teeth in the twinkling of an eye--so fast that a victim's teeth will be gone before he or she feels more than a little numb. Rotting teeth eventually liquify, and the black spittle is the result of just the first few teeth coming apart. When the rest of the unhappy chump's teeth fade away, the resulting sludge is as like as not to congeal in the throat...hence the name of this trap.



Shish-Ka-Delver has long been one of my favorite delicacies, and Eric Taylor offers this inviting recipe for its preparation. The only warning characters have of their impending doom is a rapid rise in temperature in whatever corridor they occupy. An ever-popular pressure

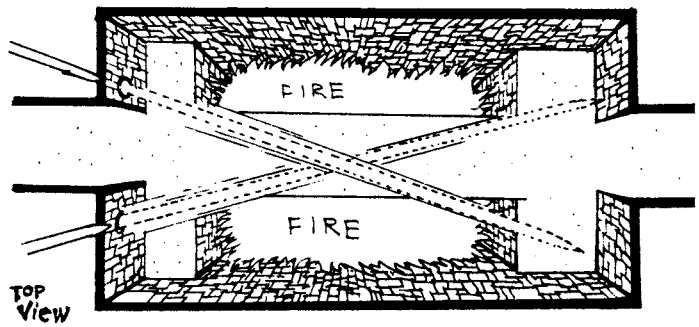


plate gets things rolling...literally, in this case, as the floor rapidly rolls away into the wall, revealing a fiery pit beneath. A stone wall drops down behind the party, so escape is impossible, but no one need fear for falling into the fire, as a huge barbecue spit simultaneously springs from the opposite end of the corridor, neatly impaling the party along its length. Thus speared and held above the fire, I suppose you could leave the party to their doom, but Eric suggests hiring an ogre or two to turn the delvers over the fire. After all, how many times has your Shish-Ka-Delver been ruined by being burned on one side?



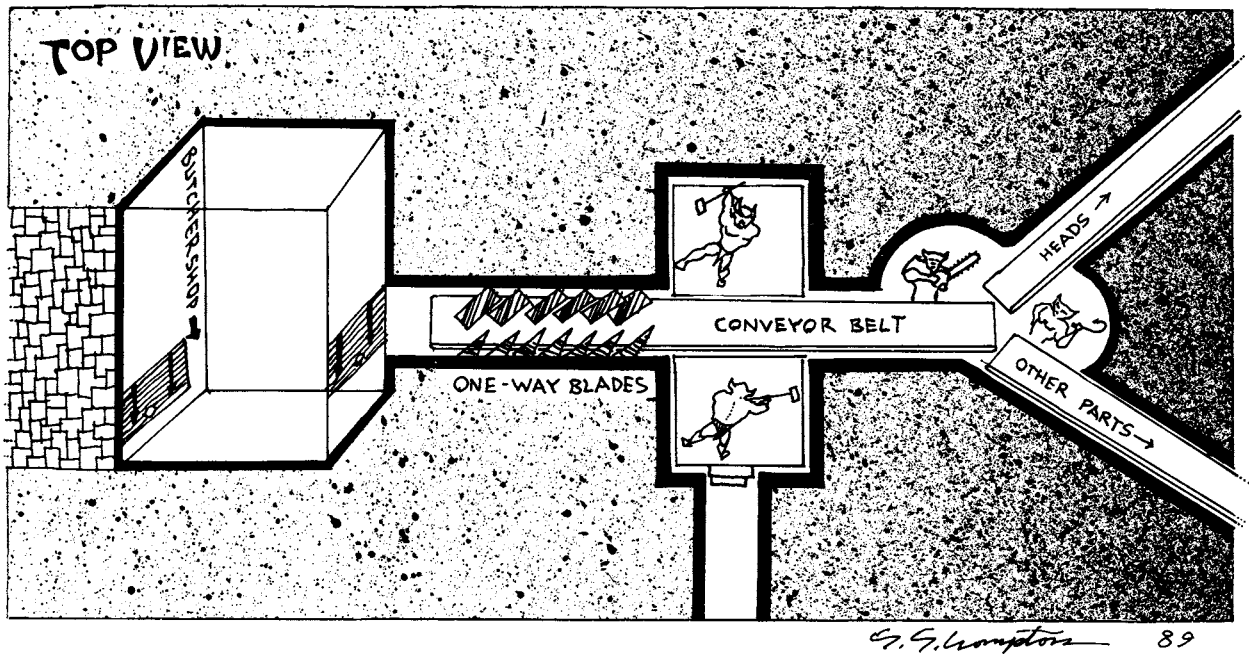
Rowdy Rhodes works in the kill pit at a major slaughterhouse, so I guess we should believe him when he says **If You Knew How They Made It, You Wouldn't Want To Eat It.** Rowdy says with pride that he's a mean cuss with a stun hammer, and that he expects to move up to chainsaw in a year or so. It's so good to see young people doing something productive with their lives.

You should front this trap in your dungeon with a fully stocked butcher shop. Meat is meat when its all cut up, and if no one asks too many questions, the source of this shop's fine wares won't become evident until it is too late. Allow the party to shop for tongue and headcheese a bargain prices, and invite them to enjoy a delicious coldcut sandwich if they have time for lunch. The viands are wonderful--they have a mysterious and forbidden flavor that sets the senses racing.

Unless the party exits the way they came in, they are doomed...because the only other door exiting from this room lets into a dark corridor, after which the door seals and locks behind the party. After the characters advance a step or two, a conveyor belt activates beneath their feet, and bears them off down the corridor.

The corridor is lined with blades sharpened only on one side...characters can pass through the blades like swinging doors so long as they go with the conveyor belt, but should they try to turn around they will face a forest of steel. The blades are the least of the party's problems.

Still in the dark, the party passes beneath a pair of elevated platforms on either side of the conveyor belt. Atop the platforms are two trolls accustomed to working in



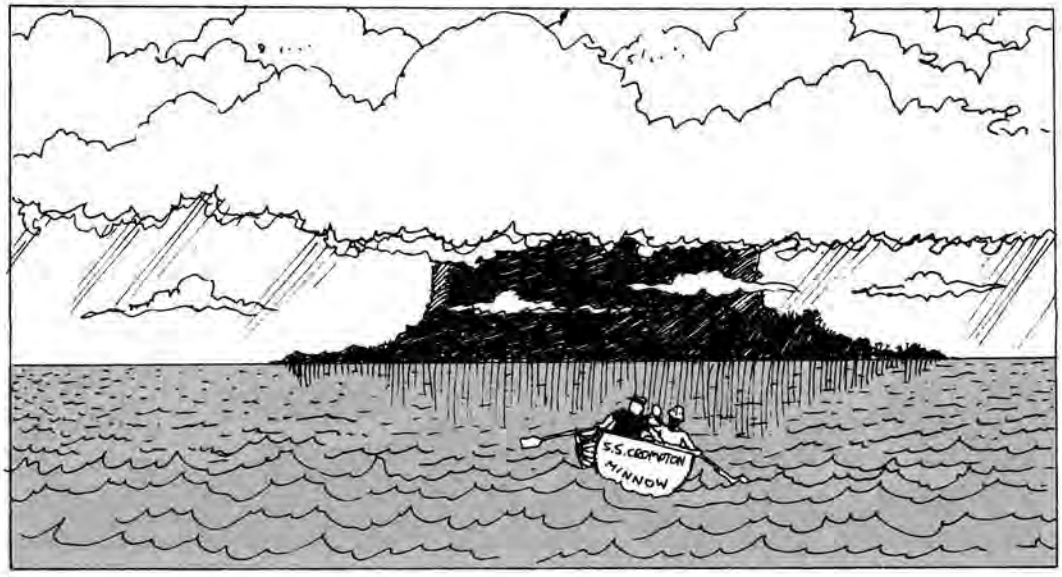
the dark, and very adept with their weapons of choice--the stun hammer. Delvers blundering past along the belt take a hammer in the head, which will stun but not kill the character.

After passing the stun hammers, the victims travel beneath yet another platform, upon which stands a troll with a saw. It is the saw troll's task to separate the victim's stunned head from the numb body in a flash. The troll is very good with the saw, and this is a humane way to go. Alas, the victim won't feel any pain.

Shortly after the saw troll, the conveyor belt branches in two. Above the split in the belt stands a troll with a long pole, at the end of which is a hook. This troll's job is to make sure delver heads travel down one branch of the belt, while everything else goes the other way. Sometimes the hook troll messes up, but that's what gives delver sausage its special spice. You see, the heads and the bodies continue down the conveyor belt until...oh...if you knew how they made it, you wouldn't want to eat it. Pass the bacon.

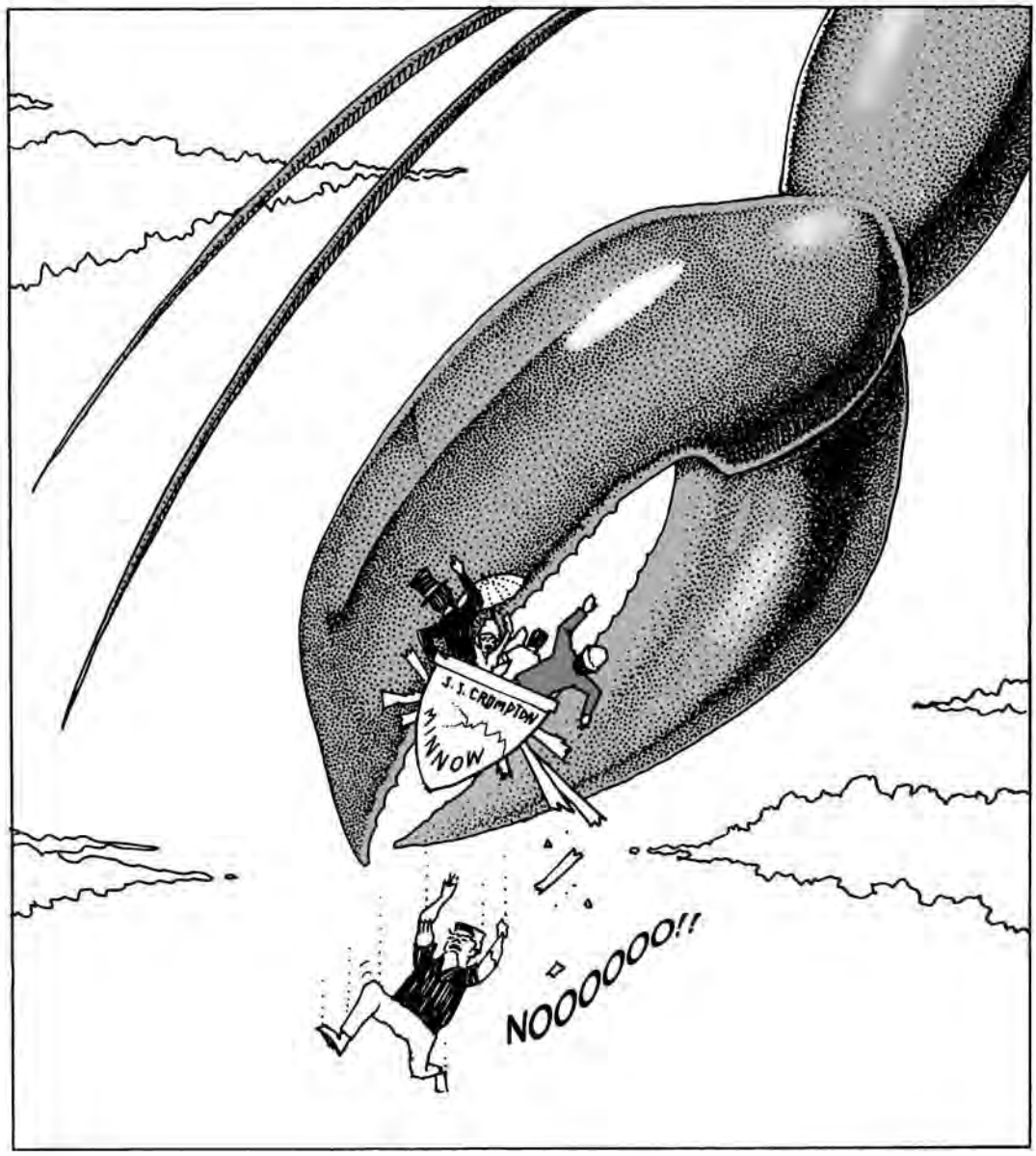
If that last trap didn't make you run out for a sandwich, consider this next submission. Nearly a decade ago, Paul O'Connor contributed the Lobster Trap to my inaugural volume in this series. Years later, Paul is ashamed to admit how many innocent lobsters have perished at the hands of vicious delvers thanks to his shoddy trap design.

In an attempt to balance the books, Paul has designed the **Lobster Trap Revisited**. Using one of my rules for a memorable room trap, Paul built this thing big--incredibly so. He claims the trap works best when you have a spare ocean to use, but I think you can safely implement this mad plan with an average underground lake.



Victims are lured into the trap when they find a boat moored on a desolate shore. Aboard the boat they find several dozen lobster bibs, a case of lemons, and a dozen or so nutcrackers. Looks like someone was planning a party. Most delvers will dump the junk overboard and get to where they are going.

After several day's journey at sea, the characters will have to admit they are lost. The sky is full of strange stars, the sun does not appear, and weather patterns are very odd. Right about when the characters lose hope, they spot a brilliant magic isle on the horizon. The isle is massive, and great cliffs of enchanted glass rise up from the waterline and march toward the clouds.



Eager to find a friendly port on this strange sea, the delvers will set a course for the magic isle. When they come within a few miles of their destination, they will realize with horror that giant monsters lurk within the cliff. Incredibly large lobsters await on the other side of the glass. They're wearing bibs with human beings on them!

The horrible truth swims into focus as a claw sweeps down from the heavens and plucks the ship from the sea. Ship and delvers alike are hurled into a boiling pot of water the size of a city, where they horribly scald to death. Turnabout is fair play! The lobsters will have their revenge! And lobsters consider humans a delicacy, and it is so luxurious to pick your meal from a fish tank while it is still alive, then consign it to the cook's pot. Only the freshest delver is served to the giant lobsters at Paul's.

THE 101ST TRAP.

Unfortunately I have run out of ideas for the 101st trap, so there is none in this book.

No, really, there isn't one.

I'm serious. Honest. TRUST ME! There is no 101st trap in this book. No secret codes, no clever poison, no tricky paradoxes. Zip. Zilch. The big zero. Nada. Nyet. Nicht. Nein. Nope. Nuh-uh.

Hey, you got 100 traps. What more do you want from me?

No, it's not a trick. There is NO 101st trap! Have I ever lied to you?

What do I have to say to convince you? Cross my heart and hope to have to eat Delver Crunchies without any milk? This book does NOT have a 101st trap.

I REALLY mean it. No deception, deceit, delusion, illusion, fraud, gullery, trickery, treachery, swindle, dodge, diddle, or surreptitious bogus chicanery.

What, are you still here? Can't you understand what I'm saying? You are NOT going to find a trap hidden on this page. There just isn't one. I haven't had time, and besides, it isn't necessary. It's not in my contract. It's not my responsibility.

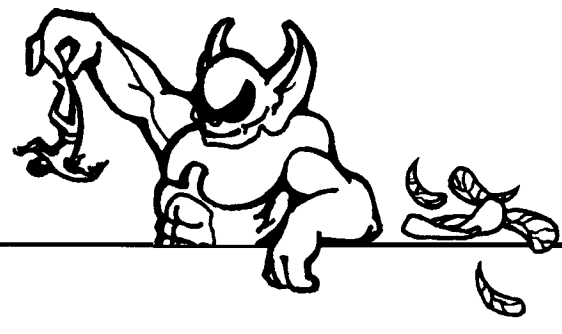
For the last time, FORGET IT. There IS NO 101ST TRAP!

Ok, ok. Look, if you don't believe me, you really think there is a 101st trap, and I cannot convince you otherwise, send a STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED* envelope to:

~ Grim

Grimtooth's 101st Trap, Book Ate
c/o Flying Buffalo Inc
PO Box 8467
Scottsdale, AZ 85252

*For those ignorant mortals who don't pay close attention: A "stamped, self-addressed envelope" is one that has a POSTAGE STAMP on it, and is already ADDRESSED to YOU. If you do not follow these two simple instructions, your request will be posted on my cave wall for a few days to be pointed at and laughed at, and then burned in the fireplace unanswered. If you are from some foreign country where you cannot get a U.S. postage stamp, enclose an international reply coupon. This will be your ONLY warning!





A NOTE FROM GRIMTOOTH

It has been drawn to my attention by those of you who have purchased my second tome of traps that the encoded message might be too difficult to decipher. Leave it to mere mortal minds to stumble over the most simple of problems, and complain when things fail to come easily to hand. I steadfastly refuse to publish a *solution* to the code, but the incessant mewings of befuddled mortals has driven me to reveal some *clues* to my code. The price for this solution, as you will all soon come to regret, will be a third collection of my top-notch torturous traps!

The code is a simple substitution cipher, where a symbol takes the place of a letter in your clumsy common tongue. Those of you intelligent enough to have gotten that far will nevertheless have detected over *thirty* different symbols in the code — more than the twenty-six letters you commonly use. This is because there are two punctuation marks in the message, and separate symbols for common two-letter combinations like "th", "ng", and "oo."

Perhaps obvious only to one who is unaccustomed to viewing your scrawlings, the very code symbols are drawn from the *shapes* of the letters used in your written language. An "A" has a tent-shape, and so do "K", "M", "N" and "X." The other letters were similarly grouped, even as birds of a feather (or humans of a clan, so to speak).

Perhaps most odd is that no one has complained about the 102nd trap cipher used. It is based upon a common human cipher that is almost impossible to break without the key. The numbers refer to page, paragraph, and a word in that paragraph. The book used for the code must be one owned by both the sender and the receiver of the message. *Imagine what book that might be. . . .*

I trust these clues will not overburden your minds with their complexity. Fear not, in my next tome of traps (for which I am deigning to entertain submissions, for all you trolls in human clothing) there will be no codes. Instead, I'll have something to keep your little idle hands busy, busy, busy. . . .

—Grimtooth

Grim

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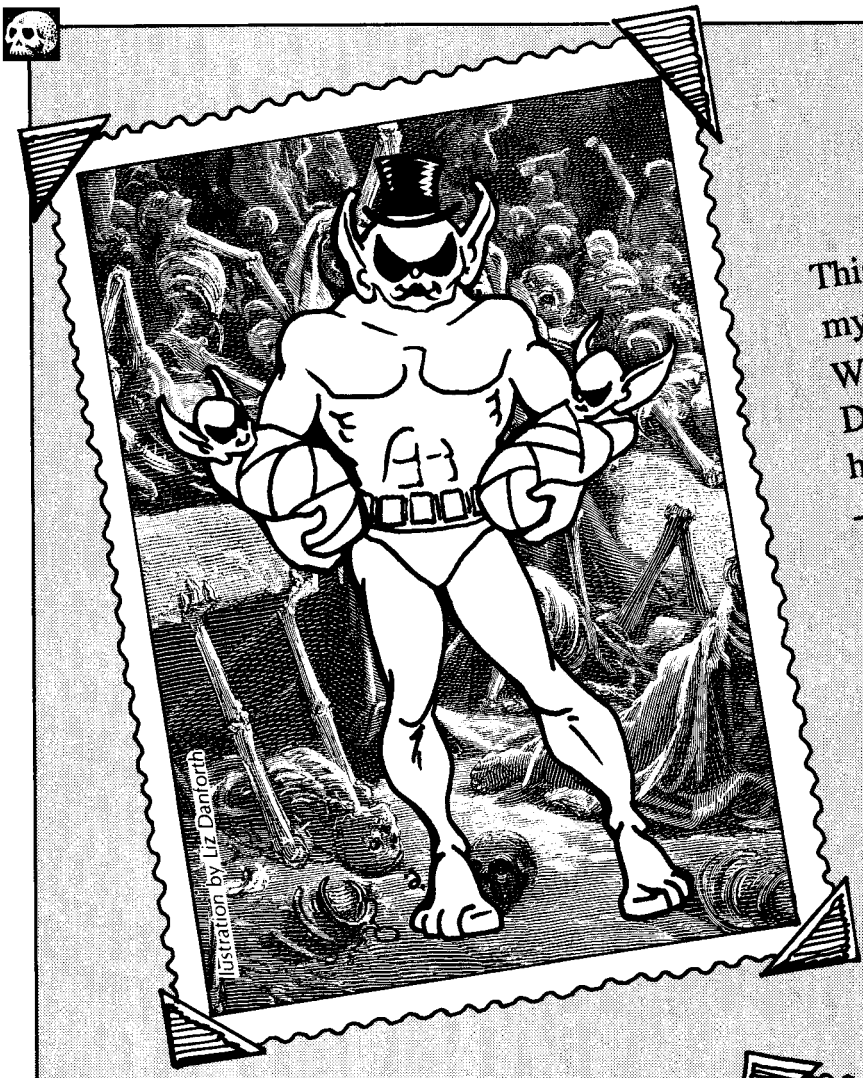
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GRIMTOOTH'S SCRAPBOOK

Since I have a few pages left, and we have a little time, I thought I'd show you some of the pictures in my scrapbook. [Where are you going? You aren't LEAVING are you? I thought not. I'm so glad you want to see my pictures. Don't worry, that arm will be as good as new in a few weeks.]



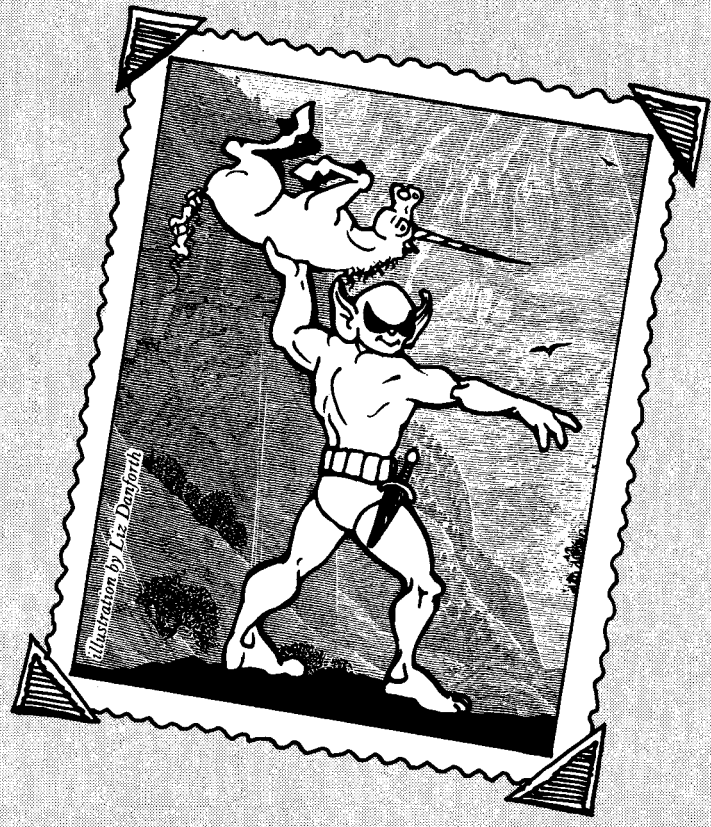
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

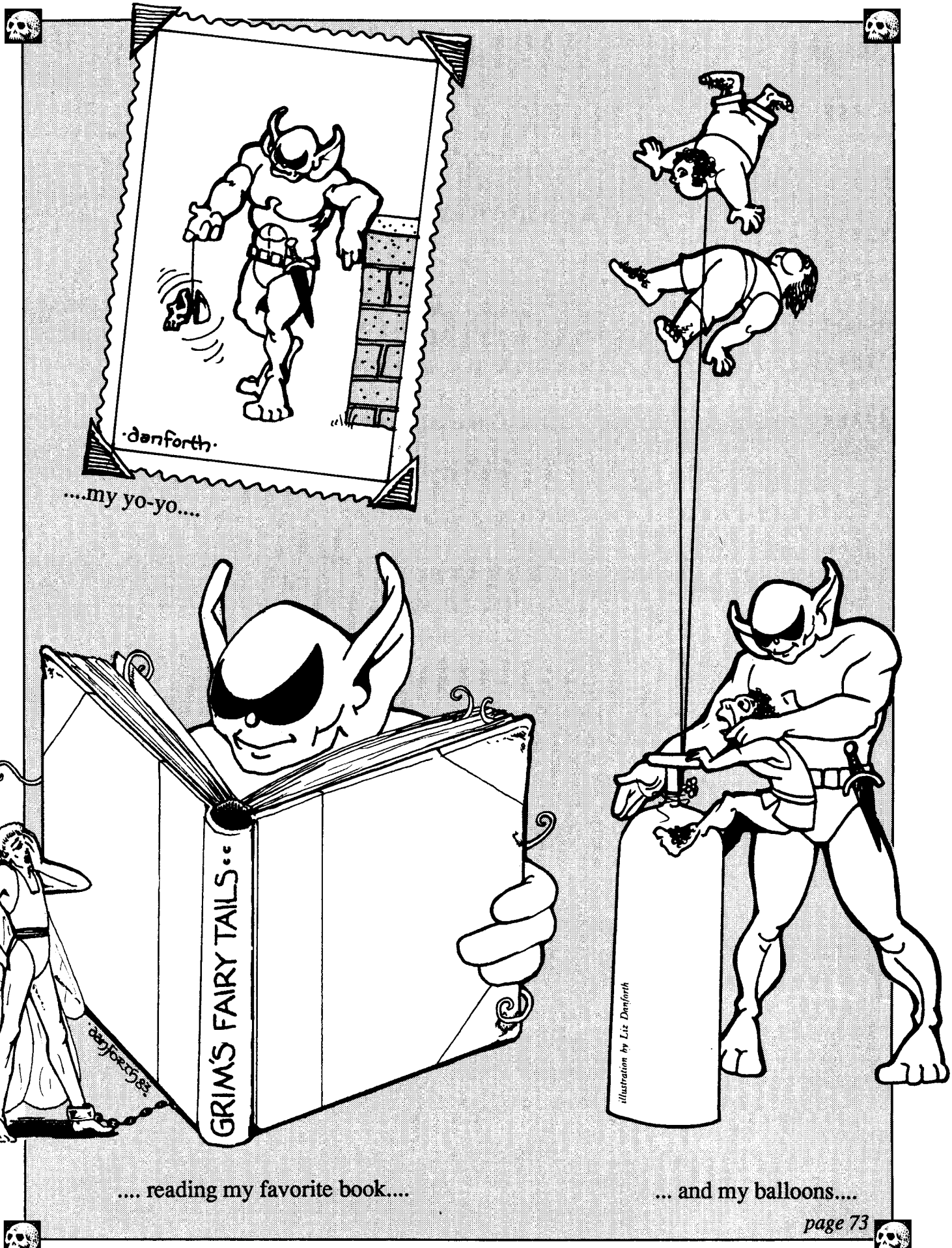


This is my father, holding me and my evil twin brother "Skippy". We don't talk about "Skippy." Don't ask. Dad sure is a handsome devil, isn't he?



I was a playful lad. This is me, playing with my dart set...




·danforth·
....my yo-yo....
GRIM'S FAIRY TAILS
·danforth·
.... reading my favorite book....
illustration by Liz Danforth
... and my balloons....

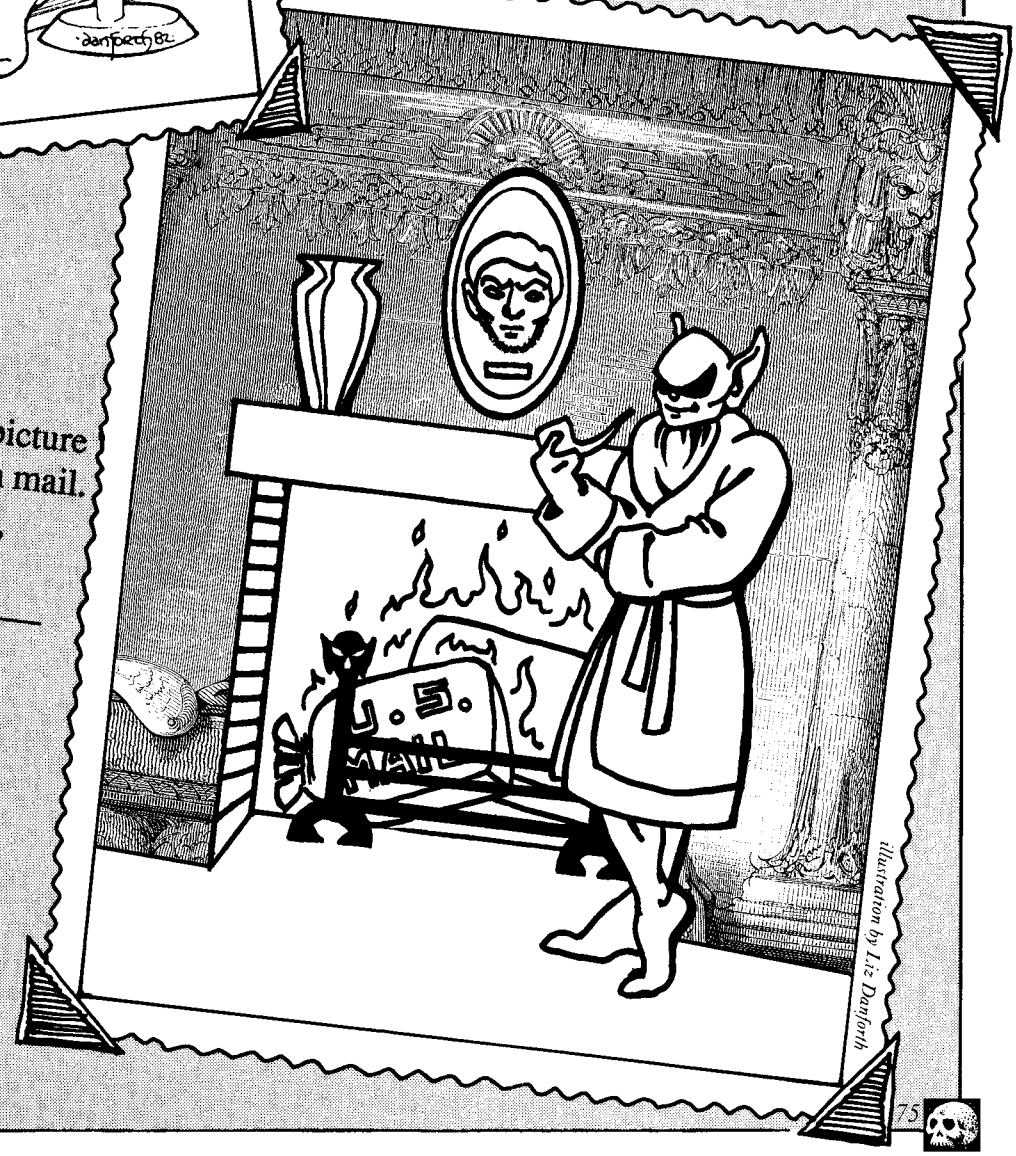
Happy Holidays



....and playing with my train set one Christmas Eve.



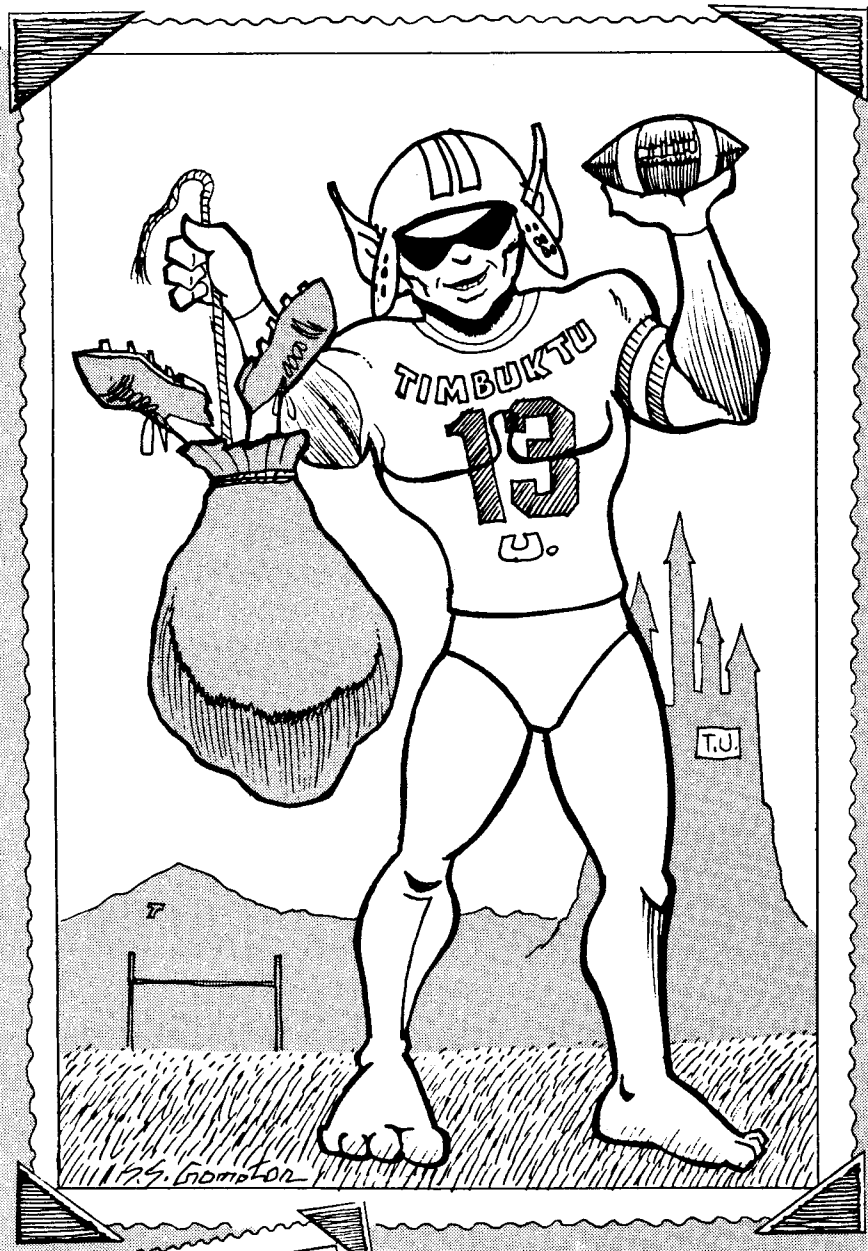
Here I am at my first job. My "lemonade stand" was a little more advanced than most. I passed up a chance to buy a "Rat On A Stick" franchise, though.



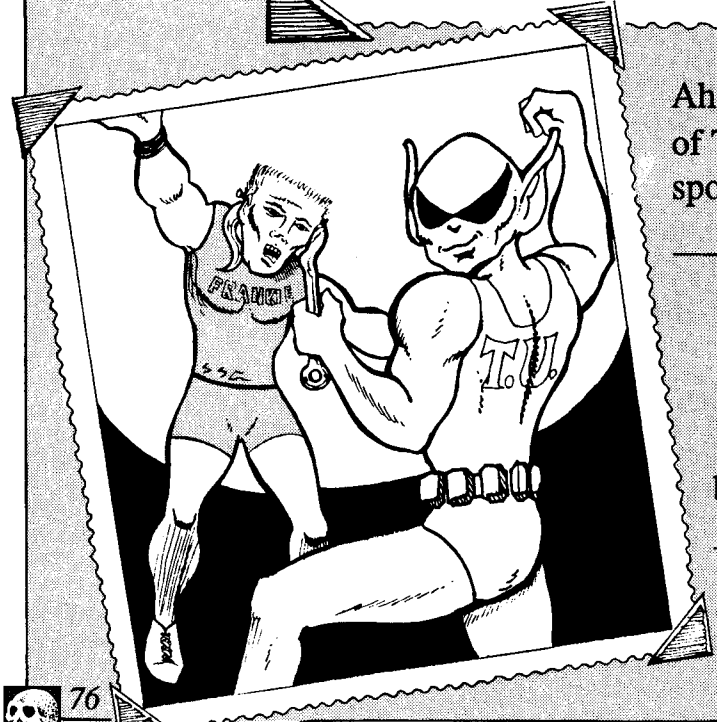
This is a more recent picture of me, enjoying my fan mail. Note my favorite artist, over the hearth.

illustration by Liz Danforth

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Here I am sacking the Quarterback in football...



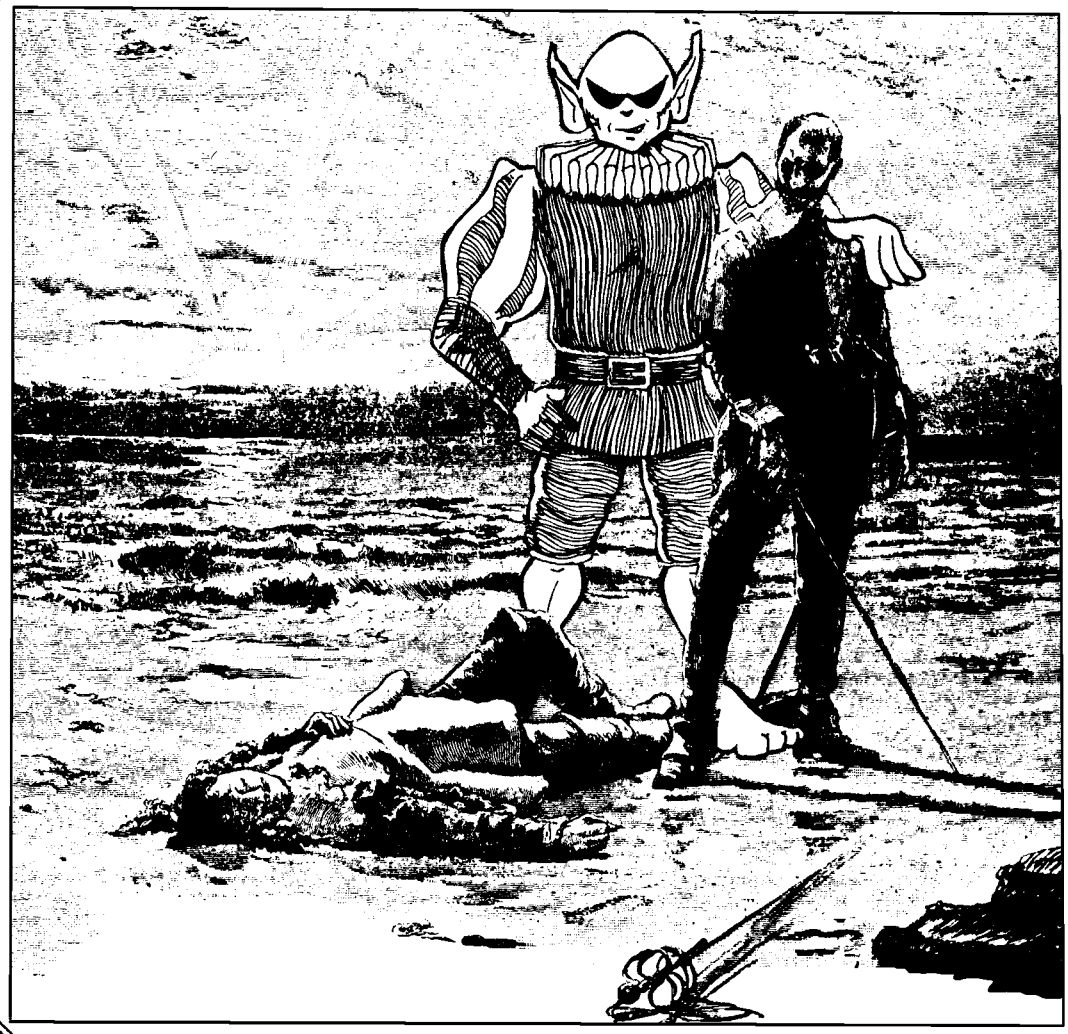
Ah, good old school days at the University of Timbuktu. I was really involved in sports at Timbuktu U.

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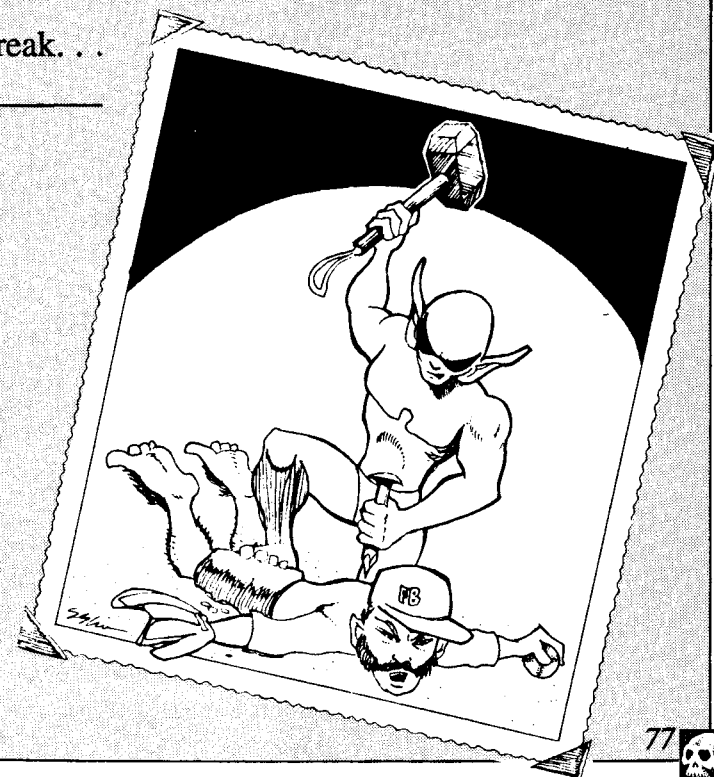
boxing with my famous left hook.

_____

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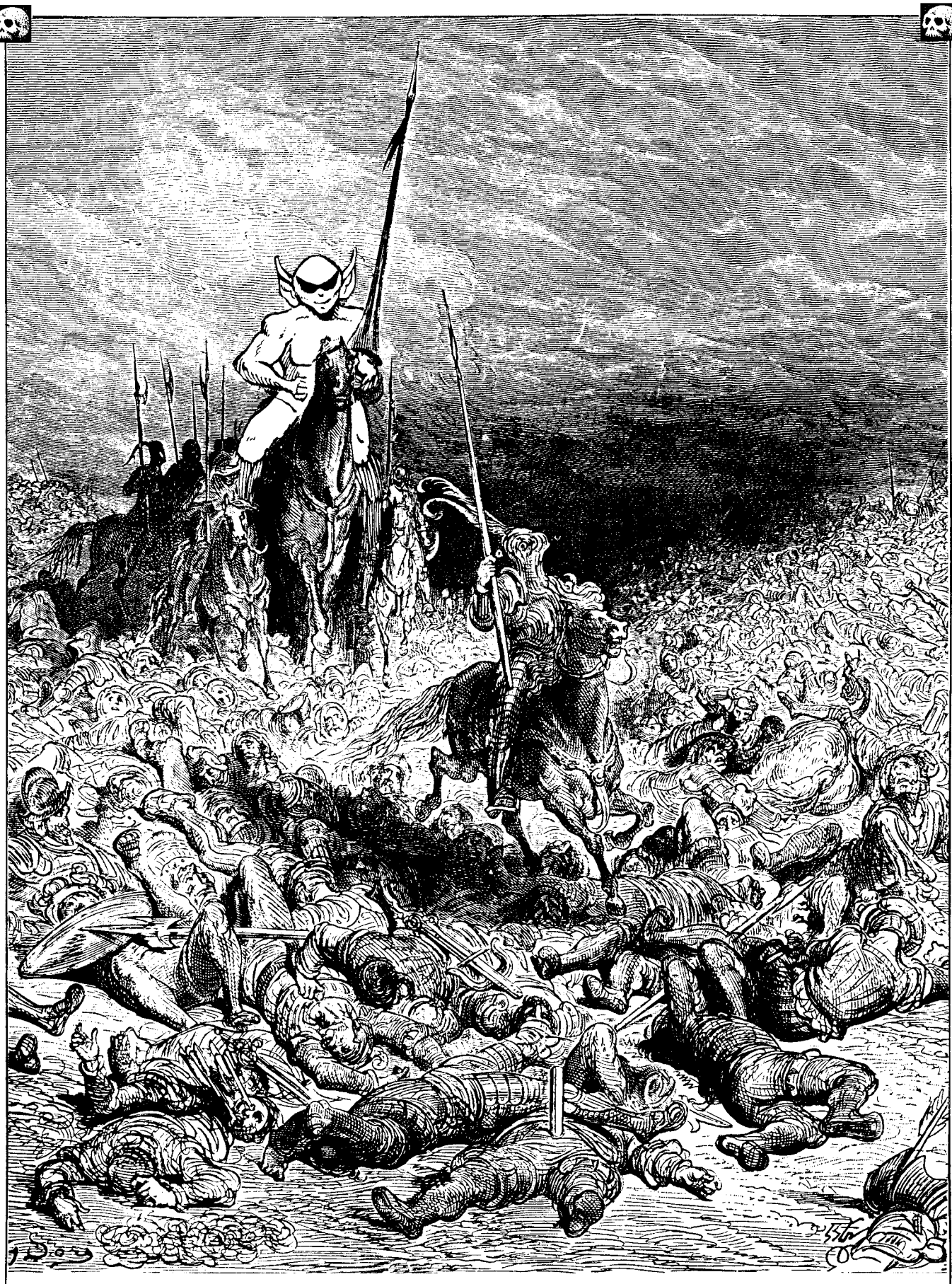


playing on the beach during Spring Break. . .

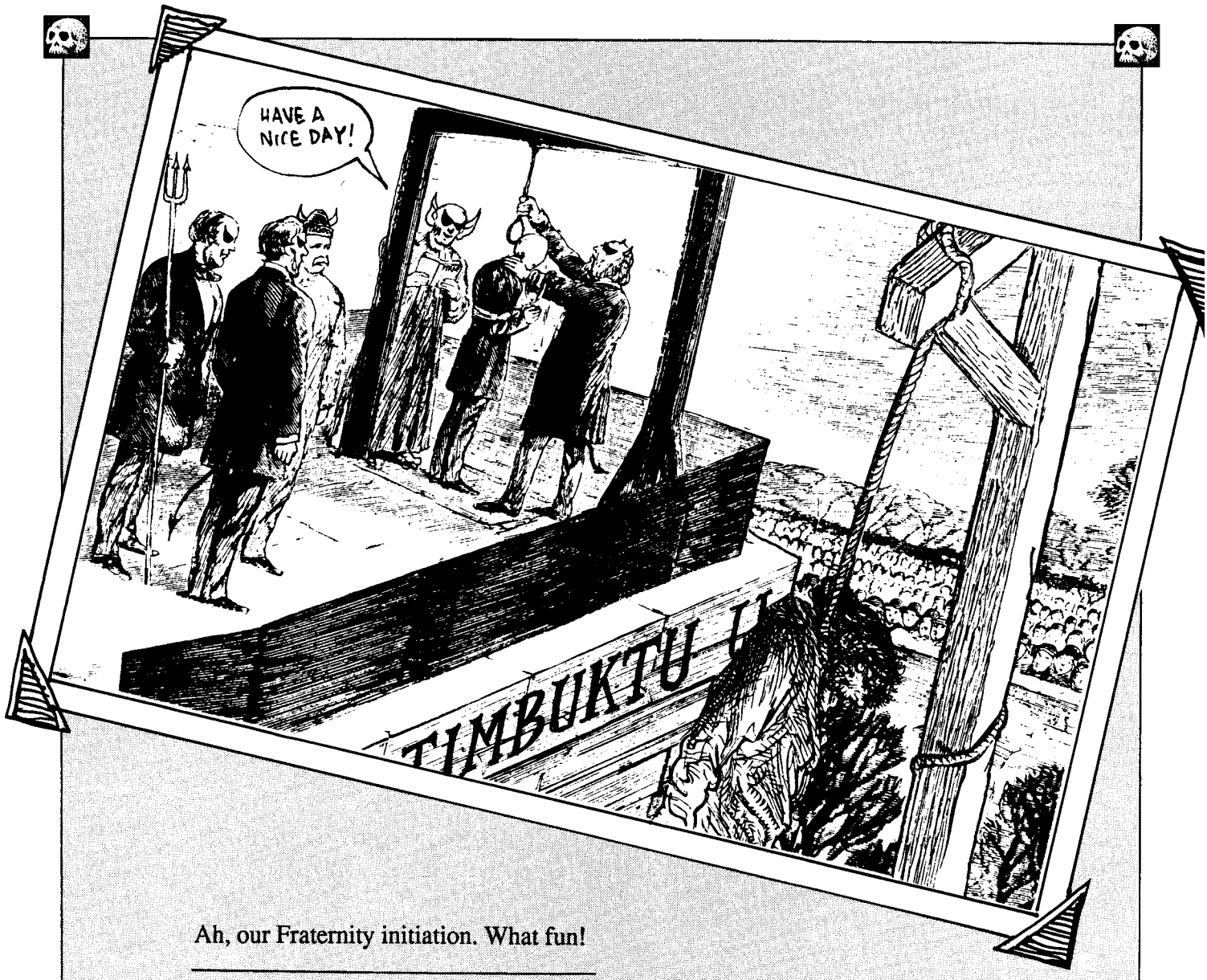


and spiking the
second baseman in baseball...

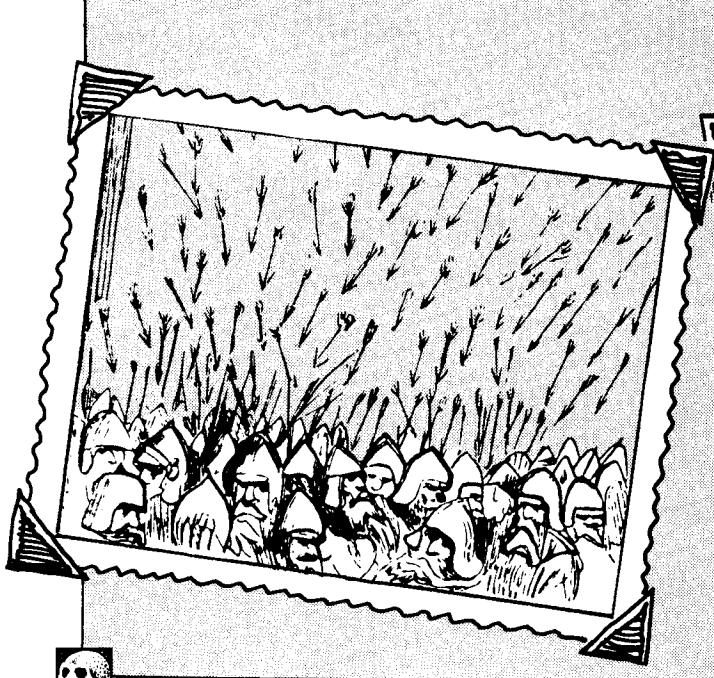
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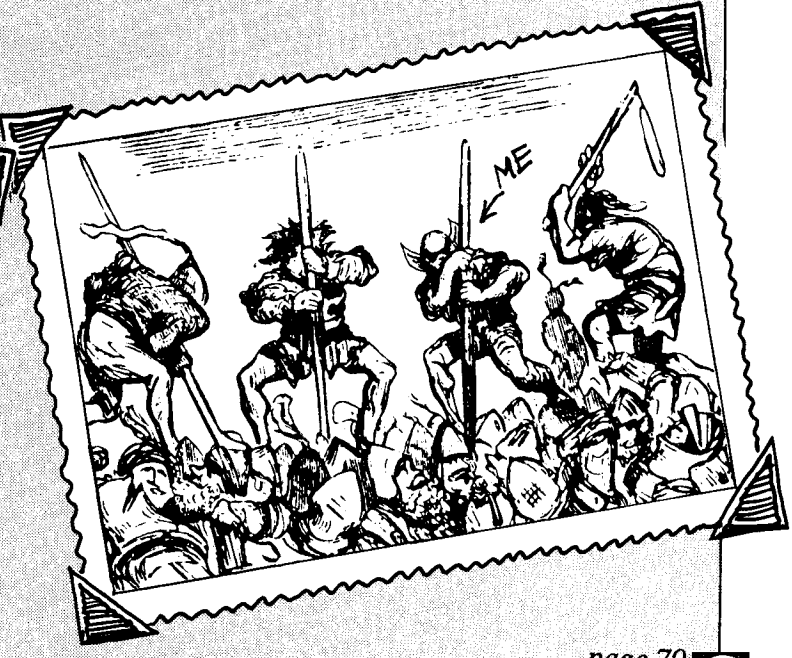


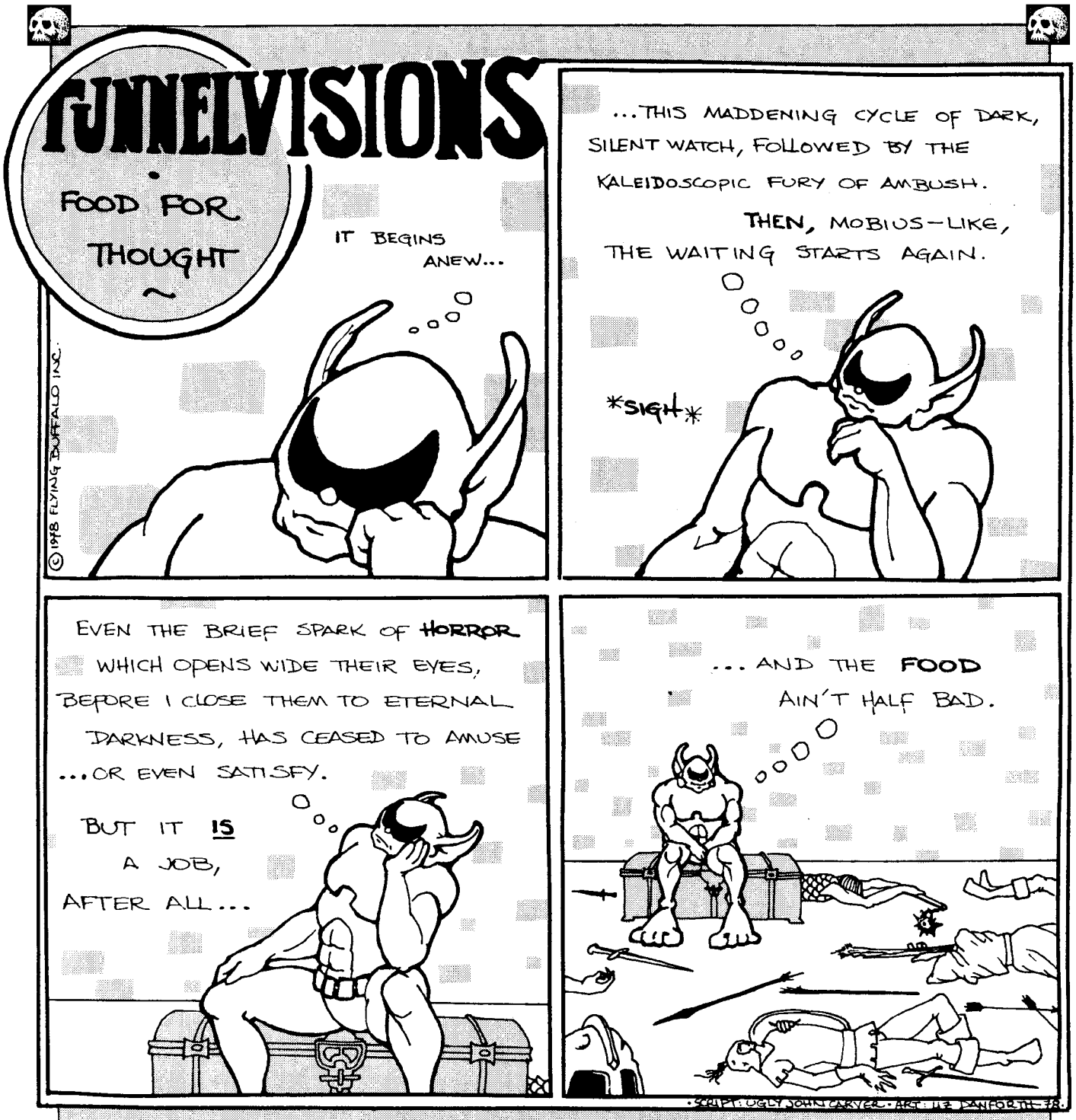
I am particularly proud of our championship polo team.



Ah, our Fraternity initiation. What fun!



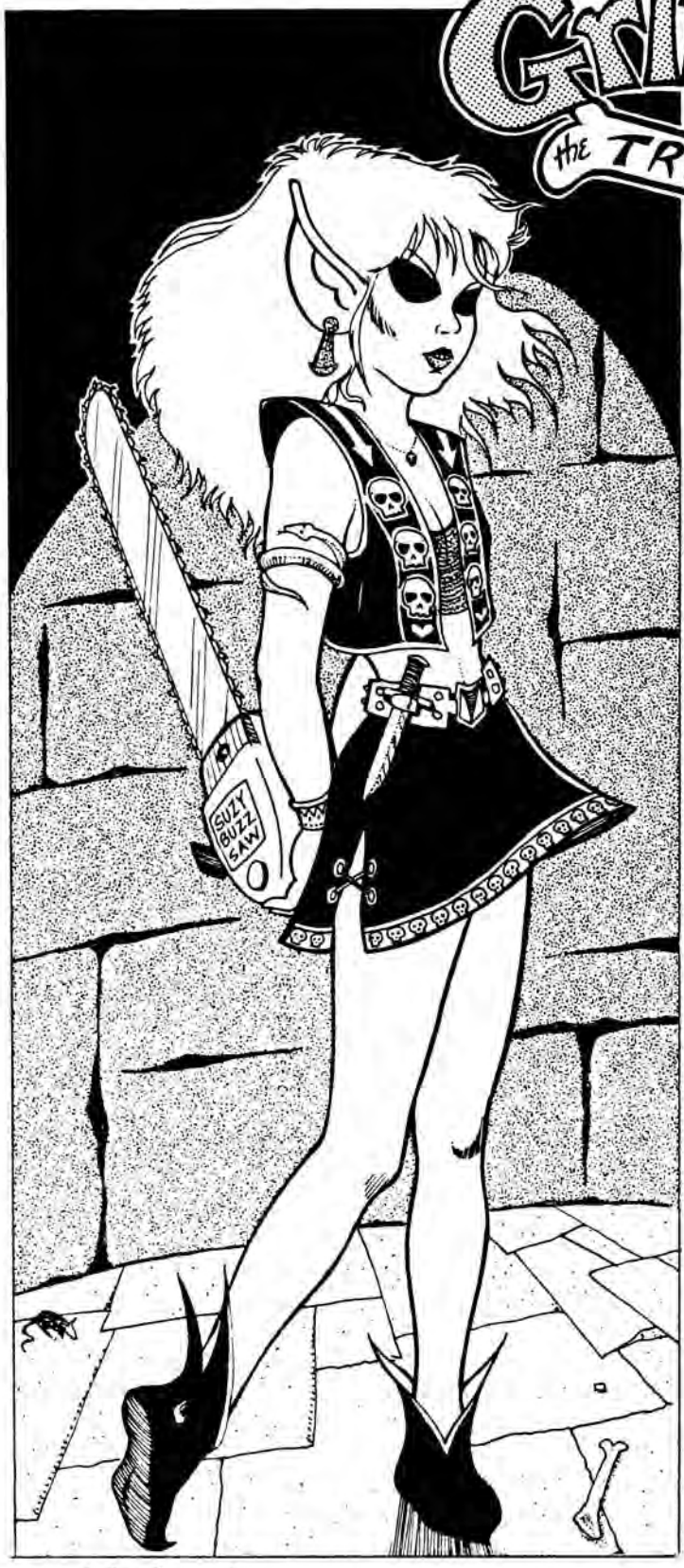




This is the very first Grimtooth cartoon that was ever published, in Issue #1 of Sorcerers Apprentice back in 1978.

I hope you all enjoyed my scrapbook. If you ask VERY politely, I might consider showing you some of the rest of my pictures someday!

Grimtina™ the TROLLETTE



For all these years my big brother (Grimtooth) has gotten all the credit for his Traps books and NOT ONCE has he mentioned me, his kid sister Grimtina! He hasn't even used any of my neato traps! Well I don't need any big giant fancy machines or lobsters the size of Vermont! I'm my very own trap.

I put on some beat up old clothes and wander around the dungeon waiting for you adventuring types to show up. Then I cry & act like I'm lost or something.

If the adventurers are <u>really</u> nice to me, I might just lead them to some treasure. But, like, if they are mean to me or ignore me, I pull out my invisible chainsaw and let 'er rip! Serves them right! Those greedy trespassers!

Anyway, now you know who I am so you had better watch out in case I <u>saw</u> you first!

♡♡♡
~Grimtina

Grimtina loves to wander the realms of any underground domain and is always looking for new ideas for the family cave. "I like to think I'm on the 'cutting edge' of interior cave decoration" says the fashionably dressed Trollette.

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Wally Blunder

Available in stereo in selected areas.

Ælves supplied by the World of Lejentia.

The producers of this book would like to thank the people of Phoenix, AZ for their co-operation in the making of this book and owe them a debt of gratitude for withstanding the 124 degree temperatures they had to endure to test many of Grimtooth's theories concerning human endurance.

Any resemblence between persons living or dead for other than satrical purposes is strictly coincidental and was not intentional on the part of the producers or distributors of this book. . . Of course, what Grimtooth intended is completely beyond the control of mortal man or corporate entity and we can not be responsible for the acts of a Troll!

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Grimtooth's TRAPS Lite



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Use of this product may be hazardous to your health. This book contains traps which have been determined to cause insanity in laboratory role-players. DO NOT EAT BOOK!

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TROLL TALK

HOLD IT! TRAPS LITE? LITE?

What's going on here?

GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS wasn't enough for you? TRAPS TOO didn't sate your appetite? TRAPS FORE was a bore?

All right! Everyone who thought TRAPS FORE was a bore can leave. Now.

TRAPS ATE couldn't fill you up? You want still more of this gore? What, you filling up a hollow leg, or something?

I was blissfully retired, you know. TRAPS ATE was the last word in traps manuals. I mean, after the "Lobster Trap Revisited", what's left to say?

Some things seem impossible to escape these days. They keep going, and going, and going —
(if a pink rabbit banging a drum and hawking batteries marches across your page, you have my permission to kill it .)

— but maybe it's best if we accept these things at face value. For better or worse, the Troll is back with an all-new book of traps.

But TRAPS LITE? LITE?

Okay. After the meaty stuff of TRAPS ATE, you're ready for something Lite. Something... less filling. Something... less fatal.

LESS FATAL!!?!!??



I'm outta here! Hurl cream pies if you want, but I'll not lend my name to some mamby-pamby, wrist-slapping collection of bucolic sight gags. Send me your checks, your H.G. Wells awards, and your unrelenting praise — because I deserve it — but reserve your blame for the pinheads at Flying Buffalo. We are with Buffalo again, aren't we? What happened to those Task Force guys? Sheesh, eat an editor and some people get the wrong idea.

Where was I? Oh yeah — fixing blame. TRAPS LITE wasn't my idea. I wanted to do HEAVY METAL TRAPS, a collection of all those SIX-skull traps they wouldn't let me print in my previous four books. I was ready to kick butt and take names. I figure you're ready for it. But, noooooooooo... the publishers are stuck on this TRAPS LITE notion, and there's no moving a Buffalo once the beast squats. Well, he who has the gold pieces makes the rules, so TRAPS LITE it is, and you're welcome to it. You call it TRAPS LITE, I call it something else, but the word they'll let me print is...

...hooey. It's all a bunch of hooey. I want nothing to do with it. I won't even finish this introdu *

(editors note: please turn the page, as we have temporarily lost contact with Grimtooth.).

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Trollette Talk

Hello? Grimtooth's like, been in a bad mood since the Raiders traded for Jay Schroeder. Don't let him bother you. He acts all tough, but he's just a big pussycat. Or maybe he eats big pussycats. I get confused sometimes.

My name is Grimtina. I'm Grimtooth's kid sister. Some of you probably remember me from TRAPS ATE. I was the 102nd Trap. You don't remember? You didn't call me on my toll-free, uninhibited "900" number? Oh well, your loss. I disconnected my chat line months ago. Grimtooth made me. He said it wasn't fair to tease boys like I do. He said it wasn't right to demand my suitors mail me their ears as a token of devotion. What's so bad about that? Van Gogh did it, and he's famous, even if he's crazy and mutilated and dead these days. His paintings are still worth a lot, and it's money that matters, right?



I'm off the point. I get confused, sometimes.

Anyway, seeing as how Big Brother has stalked off in a huff, I guess it's like my job to keep this thing going. Don't worry, I've been watching Grimtooth for years, and there's nothing to his job. Besides, I have a feeling Grimsie will return when he learns the Trollish Bikini Team is helping me present some of the traps. If he doesn't come back, then who needs him? There are plenty of narrators around here — GrimBuck, our cousin from the Far Future; Spike, the GrimDog, and of course there's little old me.....Grimtina.

*Stick together and hold hands! Boy, girl, boy, girl. All right, boy, girl, it, boy, girl, **it**, if you must. Don't mind the invisible chainsaw. I don't use it on my friends.*

P.S. In keeping with the "Lite" tone of this volume, we've done away with the "deadliness rating" of past books in favor of rating the "nuisance value" of the trap. Thus you won't see skulls in the margin, like so:



but you will see little businessman icons, representing insurance salesmen, IRS agents, lawyers and other annoying influences, like so:



The more suits you see, the more annoying the trap. It's up to you to adapt these generic designs to the mechanics of your favorite game system For those of you with a slide rule, 3.336 suits equals one skull. Conversion charts will be available in the second edition of this work...



Room Traps

Grimtooth loves room traps, because he works with an unlimited budget, and only a room trap lets him exercise his unhealthy love of giant lobsters. I know Grimtooth told you all to think big when it comes to room traps, but I prefer to think small. You should see my room. It's in a zillion shades of crimson, decorated with posters of the Dead Kids On The Block, and teen idols savaged by wild beasts for Tiger Beat centerfolds. I have my very own Bone Phone, a wardrobe of the cutest little short skirts, and of course more wizards and unicorns than you can shake a stick at. The real thing, of course. No pewter miniatures for THIS girl!

If you're very, very good, maybe I'll let you see my room sometime. But don't count on it. And we'll have to leave the door open, no matter what.

In the meantime, consider this latest collection of dream rooms...

collection
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The first trap comes from Rory Madden, a young Englishman obviously influenced by his native land's rich mythology. Rory offers **TO HIM UNGROUNDED**, a potentially deadly twist on one of the seminal images of Western folklore — the sword in the stone.

Actually...I didn't write that. I captured an English professor who should have known better in the first place and sometimes I make him write the beginning of trap descriptions when I get stuck. Sometimes the white paper makes me afraid. Okay. Now I'm started. Here goes.



A high ceilinged room in your dungeon should contain a vast stone or anvil into which is plunged a great battle blade. The hilt of the blade stands about five feet off the floor, so anyone who wants to try to pull the sword from the stone will have to climb on top of the rock to do it. An inscription on the blade or the stone reads, "To Him Ungrounded", a subtle twist on the legacy of Excalibur, which supposedly belonged "To Him Unconquered" (thanks again, Prof!). To lend atmosphere to this scene, cloak the room in mist, and have storm clouds gather overhead. Wow, this must be a really big room. Rory must be following my brother's advice to "make it big"!

Anyone grasping the sword by blade or hilt will receive an electric shock. The voltage isn't strong enough to kill, but it's potent enough to lock the delver's muscles in place. Most characters won't be able to let go of the sword once they grab it. If the victim's friends try to pull their friend away, then they'll be trapped, too, each locked on the next.

The victim(s) will remain trapped until they find a way to short out the blade, or a wandering monster comes along to make their day. If you want to be mean, have those storm clouds open up with a torrent of rain that floods the room to a height of four feet or so — then you'll see what happens To Him Ungrounded.

I think lighthouses are soooooo romantic. Sometimes I'd like to live far away in a lighthouse all by myself. I'd keep the light burning day and night so mariners would know they'd always be safe with Grimtina on the job. If I got lonely, I'd just wait for some foggy night when there was no moon, then I'd "accidentally" forget to turn on the light. By the time I made it down to the rocks, I'm sure I could fish up a date or two with sailors who just happened to run aground.



The **LIGHTHOUSE GEM** by Dan Lambert is one of those neat theme room traps, where the room is centered around a treasure which is itself a trap. Put this one high up in your dungeon, near the surface where you can get lots of light. A vertical shaft above the room will do the trick, although you could put this one in a genuine lighthouse and it would work just fine.

In the center of a circular, domed room, rises a pedestal. Atop the pedestal is a valuable magic ruby. The ruby is silvered on six facets, and slowly turns clockwise. Sunlight entering the chamber from above is reflected through the ruby and stabs out across the room in six arms of slowly turning light. The light appears gentle, but is actually a low-intensity laser. Being struck by one of the beams is enough to damage the optic nerve in the eye, even if your eyes are held tightly shut. Elves and others with acute vision are especially vulnerable.



To steal the gem, a thief must enter the room at just the right time, then synchronize his movement with the gem's rotation. An uneven floor makes this more difficult than it might seem. A smart delver might also consider knocking the gem from the pedestal from a distance, or might try to block sunlight from entering the room. If you choose to use this trap, remember to guard the room at night...unless you elect to make the gem run on moonlight, as well.





Nowadays marriage isn't hip, but I'd still like to get hitched someday. I want a chance to live life a little first, of course. I want to travel, and have a career, maybe even open a little dungeon of my own. When I do find that special someone and decide to settle down, it will be the shortest marriage on record if my groom decides his wedding vows obligate him to **LOVE, HONOR, AND HURL.**

This Clinton Gaskill room trap is really ridiculous, so I love it. First you need capture a delver, which shouldn't be hard, with five volumes of this TRAPS series in print for inspiration. For maximum effect, pick a male delver with a beard. Dwarves are great for this. It also helps to capture someone who takes himself too seriously.

The victim is imprisoned in the bridal suite in the lowest level of your dungeon. Huh? Your dungeon doesn't have a bridal suite? I thought every dungeon had a bridal suite! Well, better get to work building one, Holmes! The victim is also dressed in a white wedding gown and placed under a sleep spell before being layed out on the bed. Dwarves have some nerve wearing white, let me tell you!

Allow the rest of the party a sight of this unlikely circumstance, either through a window or via some magical scrying device. After they've gotten over the giggles they'll get from seeing their dwarf warrior dressed up like a dream bride, they'll realize they must find the bridal room to rescue their comrade. When they finally find their way to the room, they'll find an invisible force field blocks entrance to the suite. Hanging on a rack beside the doorway is a black tuxedo. The only way to enter the room is while wearing the tuxedo. And I mean get it right — down to the bow tie, top hat, and tails. Once properly attired the would-be rescuer can pass back and forth through the door into the room.

Once in the room, the rescuer will find nothing can wake his bridal friend. The only option is to lift the slumbering captive from the bed and carry him across the threshold and out of the suite. At sight of this lovely scene, a magical voice will intone —

"Awww — how romantic! But you cannot carry the bride through the door."

— whereupon reaching the doorway both characters will be knocked back into the room. Experimentation will prove that while the character in the tuxedo can pass back and forth across the threshold, the slumbering bride cannot.

There are two ways to get the bride out of the suite. The more cumbersome way is to dress the sleeping bride to the nines in the tuxedo, then pass him through the door to waiting friends, who then strip the bride and pass the tuxedo back to the delver still in the suite, who can then dress himself and walk out of the room. The quicker method is to hurl the bride through the door, then follow behind him, because while the magic spell prohibits carrying the bride across the threshold, there's nothing against throwing the character across the same.



After rescue, the victim will awaken. He'll have a hard time living this one down, especially if a little goblin photographer appears to click shots of the event, and makes sure all the victim's friends receive a copy.

I don't listen to heavy metal music. It's just so much bad opera to me. I like something with a beat that I can dance to. I don't care about the music so much as the beat. And the way the singer looks, of course. When I watch videos, I turn the sound down.

I don't know much about Lee Russell's music tastes, but you can judge for yourself after examining her **DEAF LEOPARD** room. The central attraction of the room is a vast circular platform mounted atop a fantastic, clock-like machine. Various mechanical musicians stand inert atop the platform, waiting for someone to activate the machine and bring them to life. The musicians are cast in bronze, and each appears to be a humanoid leopard. The platform and the room itself is decorated in a human hands motif — hands held in some purposeful pose, as if to impart an unguessable message.

Nothing happens here unless someone chooses to turn on the mechanical musicians by throwing a large and obvious switch. Gears turn and hidden bellows pump, bringing the musicians to life. The cavernous room is instantly filled with deafening music, which may cause permanent damage to all characters present. Once turned on, the machine will run it's course, playing half a dozen songs before the musicians again grow still.



Perceptive characters might be able to fathom the significance of the various hand depictions decorating the room, after all. The hands deliver a message in sign language, explaining the music is intended for the enjoyment of the deaf, who while they cannot hear the music, can dance to the strong vibrations the mechanical musicians will produce. If the delvers can't decipher this message before they trigger this trap, be sure to explain it to them afterwards!

This next entry is a little weak, but part of the goal of TRAPS LITE is to spoof popular beer commercials, so this one makes the collection as an "editor's choice". Sounds of a loud, argumentative row will be heard clear down the hall from Lee Russell's **TELEVISION CULTURE** room. Delvers foolish enough to enter the room will see two groups of orcs, standing on opposite sides of the room, swilling beer and howling at the tops of their lungs. One group shouts, "Tastes Great!" The other yells, "Less Filling!" Between the two stands an erudite elf in a mortar board trying without success to mediate the dispute. I don't like boys who drink.

When the characters enter the room, each group of orcs will beg the heroes to settle their disagreement once and for all. This is a no-win situation. If the party chooses one side over the other, the side not chosen will become violent. If the party refuses to get involved, both orc bands turn nasty. If the party behaves sarcastically, the orcs get REALLY nasty. You see, this is a terribly important dispute for the orcs, and they don't take kindly to people looking down on them. Who does?

How does the party get out of this situation? Pin everything on the elf, of course! The professorial elf will ignore the party, but he'll keep up a steady stream of derisive commentary. The orcs don't understand the elf, so they haven't turned on him. A sample of the elf's monologue:

"What a shame. This is what passes for culture. Consumer-crazed morons mouthing commercial slogans like mantras. Yuppies singing the theme from GILLIGAN'S ISLAND. Plateheads seriously trying to follow the continuity of PLANET OF THE APES movies. What has happened to learning in this country...?"

Yup, you guessed it — this is the captive professor I told you about in the TO HIM UNGROUNDED trap!



If the party can convince the orcs that the elf is putting them down, the orcs will turn on the elf long enough for the party to slip out the way they came. Remember the orcs are none too swift, and drunk besides. Doubtless many of them are playing BEERHUNTER (see TRAPS ATE for details). The party won't be able to reason with the orcs. They'll have to find a non-verbal means of turning them on the elf. A boot in the groin is a good start. It's always worked for me.

Girls aren't such a mystery, you know. Boys treat us like we're from another planet. We like simple things. Candy. Flowers. Yachts. And dinners by candlelight.

Rory Madden has the right idea with his **CANDLELIGHT** trap. This is a fatal trap and shouldn't be in this volume, but like I said, girls are suckers for romance. A pair of sloping corridors lead down to this high-ceilinged room. The room is empty save for a wire mesh cage hanging from the rafters. Inside the cage is a beautiful candle, encrusted with diamonds and rubies. The candle provides the only illumination for this room, bathing the party in a warm, happy light.

After the characters have had a chance to view the candle, and maybe hatch a scheme for stealing it, they'll hear a roaring from each corridor entering this room. Great waves of lamp oil then flood the chamber, crashing into the characters with enough force to knock them off their feet. Strong characters might be able to force their way up the now-slick corridors to safety, fighting against the roaring oil, but most likely the party will be knocked off their feet, and find themselves treading oil in a room rapidly filling with the inflammable liquid.



Now, of course, that candle becomes a concern.

As the oil level rises in the room, the party will rise near the candle. They need to find a way to extinguish the candle before the oil reaches it, or they'll be deep fried. Remember the characters will be covered in oil, so if they try to hack open the cage and grab the thing, they'll likely go up in flames. The safest bet is to try to blow out the candle, but the oil level will have to be near the ceiling before a floating character will be near the cage, and he better get it right the first time. I don't know about you, but I'd sure be winded after swimming to keep my head above the oil for an hour or so while the room filled up, and I might not be able to summon the breath to blow out a candle...

Rowdy Rhodes must have used this design to supply his DEADLINE TRAP that was published in TRAPS ATE. This time, Rowdy assures us his design is more fun than a **BARREL OF INFINITE MONKEYS.** The delvers enter a room heaped high with bananas ripening in bunches, in the middle of which stands an average-sized barrel, no bigger than the barrels in which the Marx Brothers stowed away in Monkey Business. The outside of the barrel bears the inscription,

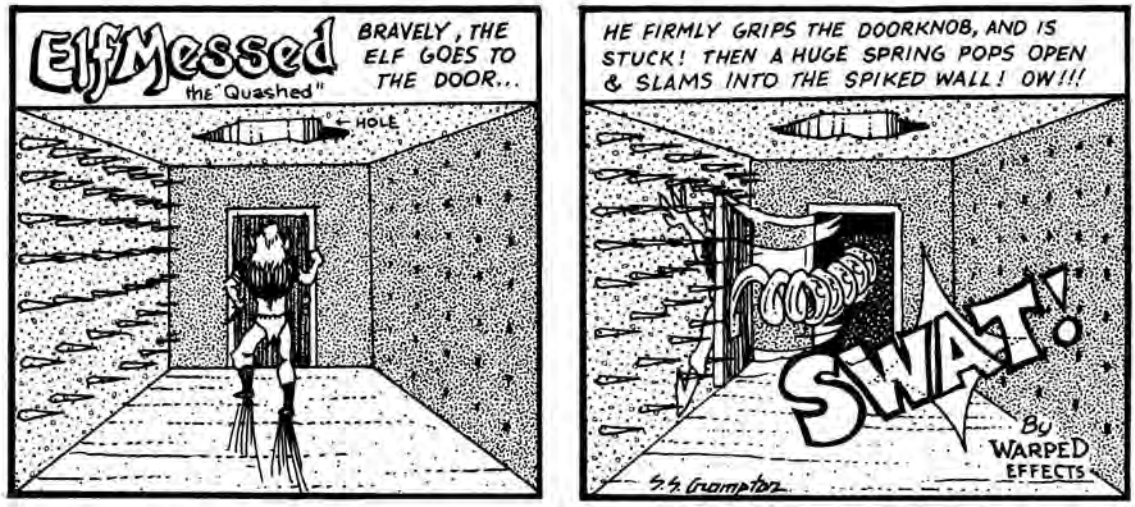


"More Fun Than A..."

The barrel radiates faint magic. If the delvers open the barrel, a monkey pops out. The monkey eats a banana and jabbers at the characters. If the delvers look in the barrel, they'll see it's empty.



A minute later, two monkeys hop out of the barrel. The barrel is still empty. If the delvers hang around another minute, four monkeys hop out. They, too, eat bananas and fight with each other. What's the trap, here? The monkeys NEVER STOP COMING. Two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, six-four of the things...in no time the whole dungeon, the whole province, the whole world will be overrun by monkeys. I always knew the world wouldn't go out with a bang. It will go out with an ook!



The designer of this next submission signs his letters, "I'm Bob Brown and I'm English." I promise not to hold it against you, Bob. I still like your trap, titled the **HOLE AND THE WALL BANG.**

This room belongs on the second or lower level of your dungeon. Upon entering a room, the delvers will notice four things. First, the north wall of the room is covered with cruel metal spikes. Second, the floor of the room is etched with grooves and scrape marks running north/south, making it seem that the spike wall is mobile. Third, the south wall is pitted with holes such as the spikes might cause, and is bloodstained besides. Finally, there is a hole in the ceiling leading through which delvers stumbling into a pit on an upper level would tumble. Putting it all together, the party will reason victims fall through the hole in the ceiling, and are then crunched against the south wall by the moving wall of spikes. "Fortunately" they avoided the pit when they passed above, and now get to laugh at this crude trap because they've entered through the service door.

Let them laugh. I always get even with boys who laugh at me. Especially haughty elf boys.



Who ever tries to open the door leading out of this room is in for a shock. The doorknob is coated with adhesive, which will bond with whatever touches it. Hopefully, this will be the victim's naked hand. Next, the door is battered open from the north by a powerful spring. The door will slam into the victim, who will be unable to release the doorknob, then bang him against the wall of spikes. That should end the laughter.

Sebastien Blouin contributes our next trap, called **CAPTAIN'S LOG — HE'S DEAD, JIM.** I'm not sure about the reference, but I think it has something to do with science fiction. If so, I wonder why this isn't in GrimBuck's chapter. Also, I don't see what the title has to do with the trap, aside from the fact the trap features a log. This is typical of kids who are into sci-fi. I find them sooooo weird. Why don't they act normal and watch the shows that I like? Golden Girls, for instance, or Designing Women. Guy!

Sebastien's trap is set in a dark room empty save for an old brown log laying in the middle of the floor. I hate it when Grimtooth leaves a brown log in the living room. If the party enters the room, the door will slam shut and lock behind them. Then the walls start to close in. A quick-thinking party will position the log so as to brace the moving walls. And that's when things get fun.

The moving walls have a critical flaw built in along the baseboard. If they press up against either end of the log, the log will punch straight through, spilling the contents of two hidden reservoirs of oil into the room. Reservoir. Is that French? I think French is soooo romantic.



Remember, I said this room was dark. Things will get pretty hot with all that oil flowing into the room if the party is using torches or even lanterns to light their way. You'll have to fry the party if you're going to get anyone with this trap, because the walls will stop moving on their own whether

or not the party tries to wedge them with the log. Things will be tight, but the party won't be crushed, and then the walls will slowly rumble back to their original position, allow the party to pick the lock on the door and escape. If they haven't burned to death, that is. You will notice the party can save themselves a lot of bother and danger by doing nothing in this room. If the walls stop on their own anyways, and the delvers never punch holes in the walls by moving the log, then there won't be any oil to worry about, and the party can go on their way. And we all know how likely that series of events is, right?



You know what else I find romantic? Boats. Boys who own boats are usually rich. Besides, it's fun to go for a pleasant little row around the pond, just a boy and a girl, alone together under the moon. And the galley slaves, of course. You can't expect us to row our own boat!

Kenneth Harn uses a boat in this trap he calls the **LOWEST BIDDER**. I don't understand the title of Kenneth's trap. I think it has something to do with the news and the military and defense contracting. You know — boy stuff. Bor-ringgg!

This room contains a huge, underground lake. On the far shore, the party can see a way out of the room, or maybe even a pile of treasure. Searching for a way across the lake, the party will find a boat drawn up on the near shore, cloaked in shadows or behind some reeds. An investigation will reveal the boat is structurally sound.

Until the party gets to the middle of the lake, that is. The hull is drilled with a series of holes, each of which is plugged with rock salt. After a few minutes in the water, the rock salt will dissolve, flooding the boat. The party might be able to swim to the shore (after losing most of their equipment and treasure, of course), or maybe they'll be eaten by aquatic beasties. Or maybe they'll just drown.



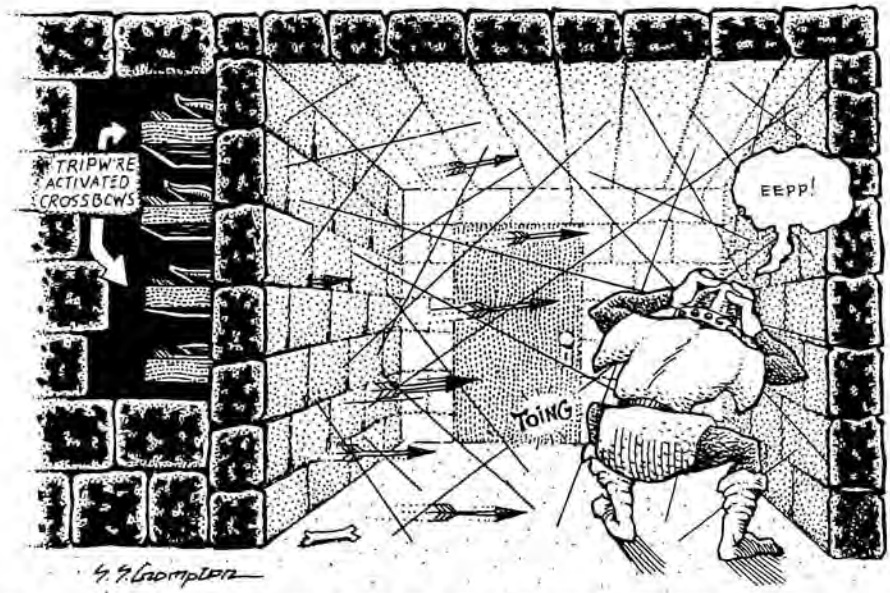
Hey, what's with this rock salt stuff? I thought this was supposed to be TRAPS LITE. You know, lower in sodium, and that stuff? Well, at least we don't have any of those exploding balls of sodium dropped in water traps. Although, if you wanted to plug the holes in the hull of Kenneth's boat with a mixture of sodium and rock salt, you wouldn't get an argument from this little trollette!



Phil Dean says his **(PERMANENT) GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP** is a trap, but I can't figure what he means. There doesn't seem to be a trap here. I'll describe Phil's idea as best I can, then you tell me if you can find the trap.

Phil describes a luxurious canopied bed, all done up in pink silk sheets, with fluffy pillows and the blankets turned down just so. The head and footboards are carved from exotic wood and engraved with heavenly scenes. About the base of the bed is a delicate dust ruffle, just barely sweeping the floor. The effect of the bed is intoxicating. Anyone looking at the bed will feel an overwhelming desire to nap. The bed will prove too inviting to resist.

Of course, underneath the sheets and goose down comforter, this is a bed of nails. Just like the bed in my room. Phil seems to think that disguising a bed of nails is some sort of a trap, but I can't figure it out. Everyone sleeps on a bed of nails, don't they? Help me on this one.



David Stevens calls his next trap **OH WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE**, which I think is a quote from Shake Spear or maybe President Kennedy but I asked the teacher if it would be on the test and he said no so I didn't bother remembering it. I mean, if it's not going to be on the test, why bother learning it, right?

David fills a room with spider webs. Yuck! I hate spiders! Excluding those spiders I've dated, of course. Sitting on a shelf just outside the door to this room is an atomizer. I know what you're thinking — "Guy, not more science! I never pay attention in science!" Well, I felt the same way, but then I found out an atomizer is really just a fancy name for a perfume spritzer. Science guys call them atomizers because they create a fine spray of mist from a reservoir of liquid, like spraying perfume from a bottle. David doesn't say if the atomizer is bejeweled or of precious glass or anything, but in my dungeon you can bet it will be!



Okay, so we got this room full of webs and a handy atomizer on the outside. What's it all mean? Is this going to be on the test? Tripping any of the webs releases a crossbow bolt from hiding, designed to strike whoever triggered the web. If someone blunders about in the web room, they're going to look like a pin cushion. If some bright boy hits on the standard notion of burning out the spider webs with a torch, all they'll do is release a wave of crossbow bolts. What to do, what to do?

This is where the atomizer comes in. If sprayed with a fine mist of water, the webs, previously near-invisible, will now glisten with reflected light. With the webs now clearly visible, the party can make their way through the room without triggering any of the crossbow bolts. If you want to work a giant spider into this routine, it's up to you, but in keeping with the Lite nature of this book, I'll give it a miss.

Lee Russell's **QUICKSAND BOX** would fit right into your favorite Slayroom. Lee suggests locating an ordinary drinking fountain somewhere in your dungeon. Surround the drinking fountain with a patch of sand. The fountain functions normally, but for every unit of water the victims drinks, ten units of water are pumped from a hidden pipe beneath the surrounding bit of sand. If you haven't guessed, in this case water plus sand equals quicksand, which could prove to be ankle, thigh, or even waist deep depending on how thirsty your victim is. While this trap isn't likely to kill anyone, it should cause a few moment's panic, and will slow the party a bit while the victim is rescued.

David Stevens promises to deliver a **GRATE TREASURE ROOM** with this next offering, and I guess he comes through. Personally, I don't understand what delvers find so attractive about treasure rooms. I mean, why rush past all the monsters just to run barefoot through a room overflowing with gold, and silver, and copper, and jewelry. Boring.

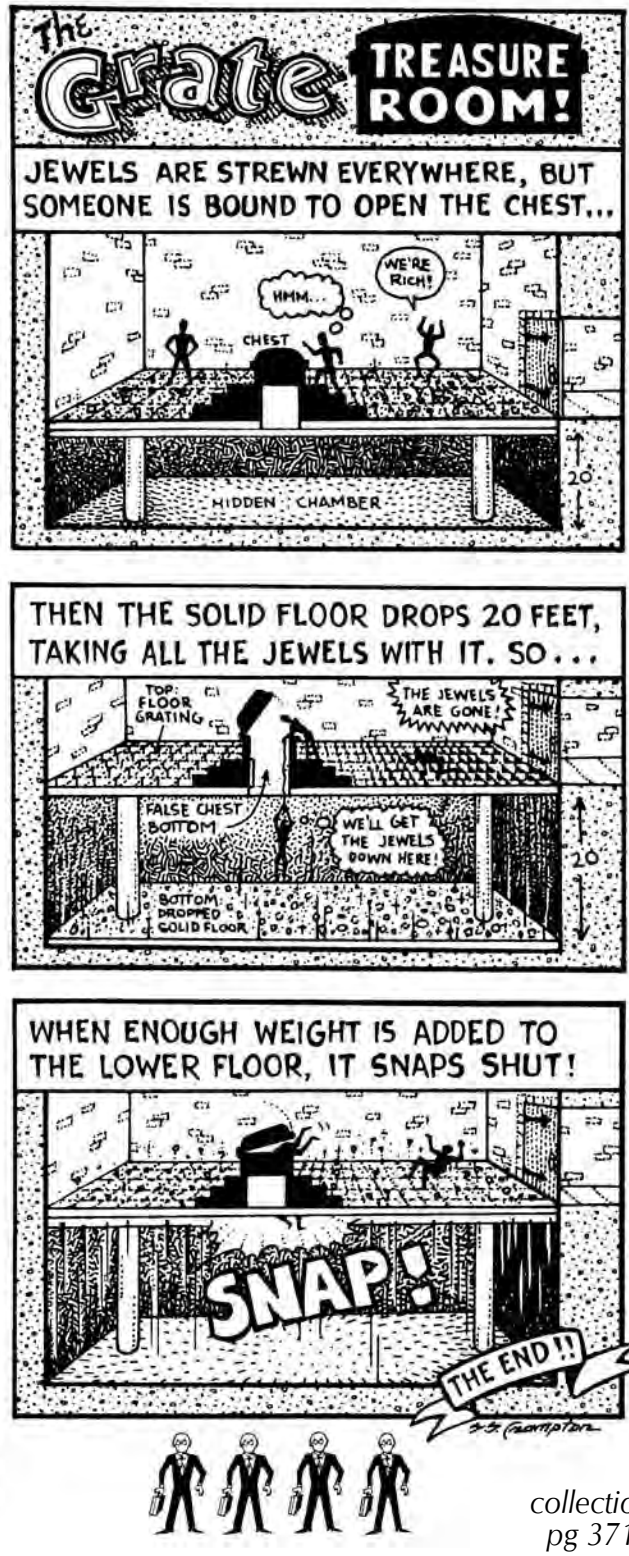
Huh?

Did you say jewelry? You mean someplace in the dungeon gives away jewelry? Man! No wonder Grimtooth won't let me into the treasure room! If I'd know their was jewelry for the taking in that stuffy old chamber, I would have looted it long ago. I sure know where I'm going when my shift is through on this book. Of course, if Grimtooth had laid out his treasure room the way David suggests, I wouldn't be in quite such a hurry.

Right. Imagine a room overflowing with jewelry. Scrap all those coins, it's the diamond and rubies and pearls that matter. Pile the room high with the stuff. In the center of the room should stand a treasure chest, rising high above the piles of loot. The chest should radiate magic, and be guarded by a complex lock. If anyone thinks to look, they'll notice the floor is carved with an inlayed grid pattern forming squares roughly half a foot long on a side. But who's going to look at the tile with all those shiny baubles laying around??

No sooner is the lock picked and the chest opened than the fun begins. Give the party just enough time to recognize the chest is empty, then have the floor drop away. Well, not actually drop away. Remember that inlayed grid on the floor? It really was a grid, which remains stationary while the actual floor drops away twenty feet or so. The party will be able to remain standing on the elevated grid that results, but all the treasure is going to tumble through the gaps in the grid to land on the new floor of the room, out of reach twenty feet below.

The party can stick chewing gum to the ends of ropes and fish for treasure if they like, but a persistent thief might notice the empty treasure chest has a false bottom, and that beneath the bottom is...a trapdoor letting through the grid! So, the party can drop down to the treasure after all...except for the fact that the floor is pressure-sensitive, and when the weight of three normal delvers has been added to it, the floor will rapidly rise back to it's original position. This will make the treasure easy to snag once more, but will squish anyone unfortunate enough to be stuck under the grid when the floor snugs back into place. I hope they don't bleed on anything precious.



Sometimes I sneak into Grimtooth's room and listen to his records. He doesn't have much worth listening to. None of the good stuff. No Gloria Estefan or Paula Abdul in my big brother's collection. Grimtooth has a tin ear.

I did find one record I sort of liked. It was by the What or the Why or the How or something like that, some really weird name. I think the song was called **PINBALL WIZARD**, which may have influenced design of this room trap of the same name by Lee Russell.



The trap begins in a corridor. From up ahead, the party can hear bells and whistles and sirens, and see lights flashing on the walls. Right about now I'd be saying, Oh my god! It's a disco! No doubt the party will rush ahead to join the fun. No sooner do they turn a bend in the corridor, though, than they are thwacked on the behind by a powerful force, knocking them down the last of the tunnel and into the midst of a giant pinball machine!

A hidden wizard controls all this, of course, so how long the party will be buffeted about in the flashing lights and shocking bumpers is anybody's guess. He is a pinball wizard, after all, and he should be able to keep the party in play a long time. Seeing as how the playing field is nearly frictionless, the party should skid and slide all over the place, powerless to bring themselves to a halt, shocked and bruised at each new contact. And those flippers at the bottom of the alley are none-too-gentle, let me tell ya!

Anyway, after a wild ride, the party will find itself deposited in the dead ball gutter, banged up and dazzled but otherwise no worse for the wear. Sort of like going to a disco, after all, but you don't get that yucky smoke smell in your hair. Hey, line me up!

This chapter's final trap is by Norm Strange, and features the **TROLLISH BIKINI TEAM**, which is really a drag because they're like, you know, offensive to women. I mean, I know they're like totally gorgeous and everything, and they do a killer job of selling beer, but it's wrong to think of women as slabs of meat. Really, it is, boys.



Anyway, Norm says this room should go on the bottom floor of your dungeon, at the end of an increasingly deadly series of rooms and traps. It should come after the treasure room. This is a room where all the delvers' dreams come true. They are serenaded with soft music, they are warmed by a friendly fire, and they are at last allowed to unwind from the perils of the dungeon delve they have just completed. Kegs of beer fall from the sky and break open in never-ending streams. It's at this point in the infamous commercials that some Einstein turns to his mates and says,

"Boys, it doesn't get any better than this." And that's when the Trollish Bikini Team and a crate of ten-thousand pound Maine lobsters falls from the sky, crushing the lot of them...



"I'M NOT SO EASILY SHOVED ASIDE!" – GRIMTINA



Corridor Traps

All right, I'm back. Those troll girls got to me, I must admit. And the lobsters. But don't think for a minute you've found a weakness in Grimtooth's armor! I may be mellowing with old age, but I'm still a mean cuss when I want to be.

Stop sniggering!

Right. What's next? I can't read Grimtina's handwriting. And I thought trap submissions were scribbled in a palsied hand! Let's see... Hmmm. Looking past all the stickers and the black hearts and the "i's" dotted with big open circles, I think I can make some sense of my sister's notes. If this next chapter is a mess, blame Grimtina, and not me. What a scatterbrain. Remind me to scatter her brains on the floor when she comes back.

I think this is the corridor chapter. Bear with me. Why? Because I said so, beanhead!

Rick Loomis calls this trap **PLEASE TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE, SON!** Rick's first mistake is saying, "Please". His second mistake is phrasing his demand in the form of a question. The only way to get a brat to lift a talon around here is with threats. For instance, "Take out the garbage, rug rat — RIGHT NOW! And no eating on the job!" That ought to get it done.

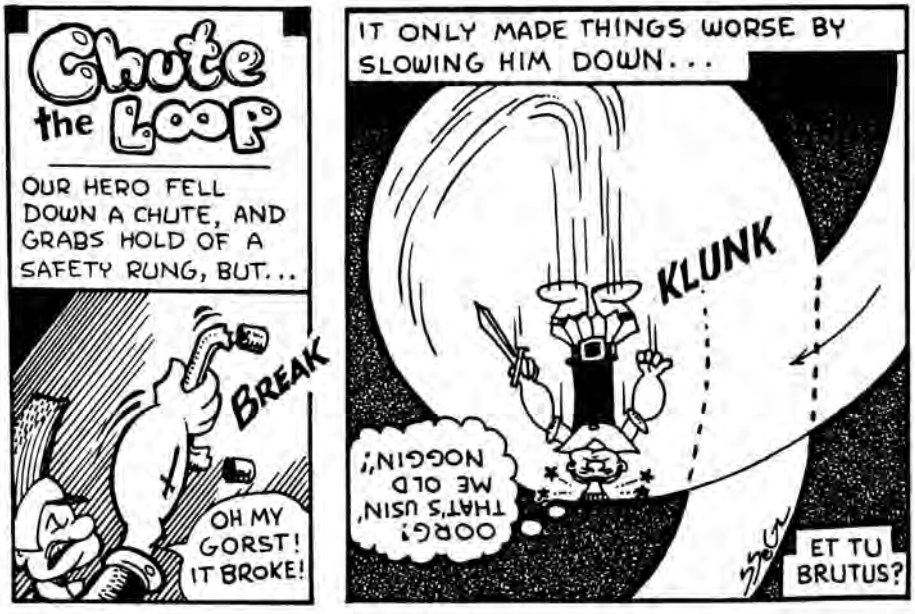


A party heading down a slanting corridor finds the floor rapidly gives way beneath them, dumping the whole group into a steep shoot. Down and down the hapless delvers plunge, passing through narrow portions of the chute lined with sticky brushes loaded with a powerful glue. Thus coated with goop, the party concludes their plunge by landing in a huge garbage heap. The characters will find themselves covered with rubbish.

Not very scarey, but when the delvers leave, they will "take out the garbage" with them.

Eric Boyd invites us to **CHUTE THE LOOP**. I'd rather shoot the editor. "Lite" my ears. I'll never live this down. At least this next trap has some teeth to it.

This is a simple chute trap with a twist — literally. A corridor pressure plate dumps the party into a steep, greased chute. The victims rapidly gain speed as they plummet into the darkness. Characters who keep their wits about them will notice a series of hand-holds along the roof of the chute. Considering the party's expected downward velocity, even the most dextrous delver shouldn't be able to grasp hold of one of these obvious safety rungs after he's fifty feet or so down the chute. Grabbing a hand hold is easy, because that's where the trap kicks in.



Let the poor sucker think he's safe. For about five seconds. Then the grip breaks.

Once again the delver speeds into darkness. The chute curls abruptly up and opens out on both sides to reveal an open cavity. The chute curls back on itself in a complete 360! loop before continuing on to whatever destination you desire. I suggest it lead to a tank filled with giant lobsters, but even I admit I'm a little fixated on this subject. Delvers who didn't grab a hand hold will have sufficient velocity to shoot around the curl and continue on to safety (or the lobsters). Delvers who broke their fall by grabbing one of the brittle rungs will find they haven't the speed to complete the loop, and will instead drop back down to the bottom of the loop when they reach the apex, which may not kill them, but it won't feel good, either. Those of you who've been with me awhile know well know how to spice this one up with some spikes or fish-hooks, so I'll say no more.



We're all familiar with the story of the boy who stuck his finger in the dike, who with his quick and expedient action saved his village from being washed away by a flood. I hate that little brat. I paid a pack of mutant beavers good money to demolish that dam, and one little Dutch kid happens along and gums up the works. The next time some punk sticks his finger in a leaking hole he's going to get more than he bargained for, I tell you — thanks to Clinton Gaskill's **CHINESE FINGER HOLE.**

Clinton locates this trap in a corridor, although any old wall will do. Sink finger-sized hole into a wall and put something valuable or interesting in it's depths. A gem or a burrito will do. Delvers

can poke away with tools or knives as long as they wish, but the treasure will remain vexingly stuck in place. If only there were some way to manipulate the thing. Hmmm — a little finger action should do the trick. That's when the trap kicks in.



The sides of the hole are lined with clinging fabric similar to a Chinese finger trap. Delvers can slide their finger into the hole, but they'll catch on the fabric when they try to pull their finger back out again. The harder they pull, the more firmly they'll be gripped by the fabric. There are only two ways to free the delver's finger from the hole. One is to hack apart the wall. The other is hack off the finger, which is what the delvers are likely to do if suddenly menaced by wandering monsters or rising water, as I recommend. Now, where's that weasel kid in the wooden shoes...?

This next trap's a little more to my liking, because a fatality or at least an impalement is likely to result from it's use. The **TRAMPOLINE OF DOOM** is Paul O'Connor's idea of good, clean, backyard fun, although Paul chooses to locate his trap in a dungeon corridor.

The corridor is interrupted by a pit, at the bottom of which the delvers see a trampoline. The quickest way to cross the pit is to leap down onto the trampoline and bounce up onto the other side. Of course, this arrangement will holler "trap" to anyone with an ounce of sense...so expect to get plenty of characters with it. Especially dwarves, who are known for lack of sense.

The first character who leaps onto the trampoline will bounce gracefully to the other side. He can even bounce up and down on the thing to his heart's content, should he have a mind to. It's unlikely he'll hear the barely audible sound of hidden gears behind the walls lowering the trampoline approximately two feet. Once back up to the other side of the corridor, it will take a keen eye for detail to notice the trampoline is two feet lower than it was before. The next delver onto the trampoline will likewise probably not notice when the gears lower the thing a further two feet.

The third delver will definitely notice — because the surface of the trampoline will now be located scant inches above a cruel metal spike located beneath the exact center of the trampoline. Anyone leaping onto the thing will push the canvas of the trampoline down onto the spike, and stick themselves a good one. At least, let's hope they do, because this is one of the few chances we have this volume to genuinely bag a delver!

Dan Lambert must have been influenced by the Food Traps chapter of TRAPS ATE when he designed the **DUNKIN' DELVER.** This is a simple and comical corridor trap activated by a pressure plate or trip wire. If you need to create jobs in your dungeon, you can also hire an orc to stand by and activate the thing manually, as in the example.

The first inkling the victim will have of trouble comes when mechanical arms snap out of the ceiling

and seize him by the collar. If you want to make the arms a little less precise and come off the collar onto the head, you won't get any argument from me. The victim is rudely jerked into the air, as the floor slides away beneath his feet, revealing a pit filled with molten chocolate. Simultaneously, as bin filled with peanut chunks is revealed above the corridor, while an air blower hums to life.



The delver is then immersed in the molten chocolate, which will burn like heck even if the victim is clad head to toe. Once covered with the stuff, the delver is jerked back out of the chocolate, where he can be covered with a spray of peanut chunks scattered by the blower now hanging from the ceiling. The floor then slides back into place and the claws retract, leaving the delver laying on the ground covered in rapidly hardening chocolate with a special garland of peanuts. I'd suggest you blow a hole through the middle of the sucker to complete the doughnut analogy, but this is TRAPS LITE, remember?

Anyway, even if the delver isn't seriously burned by this routine, the party will suffer a delay while they chip their friend out of his chocolate casing. Diets will go by the wayside, no doubt.

I don't usually print fan letters, but for Englishman David Stevens I'll make an exception. David claims to have run a trap consulting business, but it got out of hand. Says David, "...(I)t just grew and grew until I couldn't control it any longer. I didn't mean to, honest I didn't, but they kept asking for more. IT WASN'T MY FAULT, GRIMTOOTH! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! But I'm over it now, and I'm giving the business to you, Grimtooth. I hope you can do well with it, and make a living by it, and I hope you can cope with the stress, and the pressure. I really hope you can. I really do. BUT THEY'LL KEEP TRYING TO BREAK YOU. THEY WANT MORE AND MORE UNTIL YOU BECOME OBSESSED!"

This is a wise man.

I gladly accept David's stock of traps, one of which is the **DEATH SLIDE**. Off to a good start, at least. England must have relaxed liability laws, because these things are supposedly a common sight at playgrounds across the pond. A corridor is interrupted by a yawning chasm, the bottom of which is lost in murky depths of water. Crossing the chasm are three ropes, running down steeply at an angle. Wheels are attached to the ropes, and handles to the wheels, such that a character can grab hold of the handles and hang beneath one of the wheels as it zips down the rope to the other side of the chasm.



The wheel on the first rope is coated with diamond dust. Expect the delver to make it about half way across the chasm before the wheel cuts through the rope and tumbles the character into the water. The second rope is illusory, so whoever tries to wheel down it goes straight in the drink. The final rope is my favorite — it's made of elastic, so the victim will find he sags right down to water level, and can go no further. What's in the water, you ask? That's up to you. I'd suggest giant lobsters, but of course I'm obsessed, just as David warned in his fan letter.

A simple bit of advice is to **GARGOYLE WITH MOUTHWASH FOR FRESH BREATH**. Which has little to do with the substance of Eric Boyd's trap, but I'm a sucker for bad puns. This is a vast stone bridge crossing the ubiquitous ominous chasm. The bridge is flanked with rows of stone gargoyles — leering brutes that are bound to set the delvers' nerves on edge. The heights of the chamber are occupied by animate gargoyles, swirling, flapping shadows with evil, glowing red eyes. The gargoyles flying in the darkness are intended to distract the party. They mean the characters no harm, but the party will be so fixed on the horrid things they'll blunder right into this one.



The stone gargoyles flanking the bridge are the real threat. Simple grey ropes are tied to each stone gargoyle. The ropes lay strewn across the bridge, tied in open slip nooses. The stone gargoyles are precariously balanced on their perches. When the characters pass near, the vibrations they create will cause the statues to tumble off into the chasm...and if one of the delvers has unwittingly stepped into one of the all-but invisible nooses laying around on the bridge, he's going to get pulled right into the void on the heels of the plummeting gargoyle. Under normal circumstances a character might not be so incautious, but with all those monsters swirling around overhead, the party will be distracted — and you might get a few of them with this simple trap.

ARROW



Rob Thorpe's **DROPPING DELVER DICER** was too violent for this collection —

<gasps, coughs, hacks!>

I can't believe I had to say that. They've really pulled my fangs. Anyway, Rob's trap wasn't appropriate in it's original form, so I've softened his design a little. This corridor trap is triggered by the ubiquitous pressure plate, launching a cream pie from a hole in the wall directly at the victim's head. If the victim jumps forward or backwards, he's safe, and the pie will splatter harmlessly against the corridor wall. If he drops straight down, however, the redistribution of his weight on the pressure plate will trigger a spring loaded blade in the wall, which shoots out across the corridor and cuts the delver neatly in half!



How did I soften this trap, you ask? Well, Rob's original plans called for a crossbow bolt to shoot from the wall, which I deemed too vicious. A cream pie is more in keeping with TRAPS LITE, don't you think? And keep your hands off that blade that shoots out of the wall, do you hear? Softening the bolt is enough, I say.

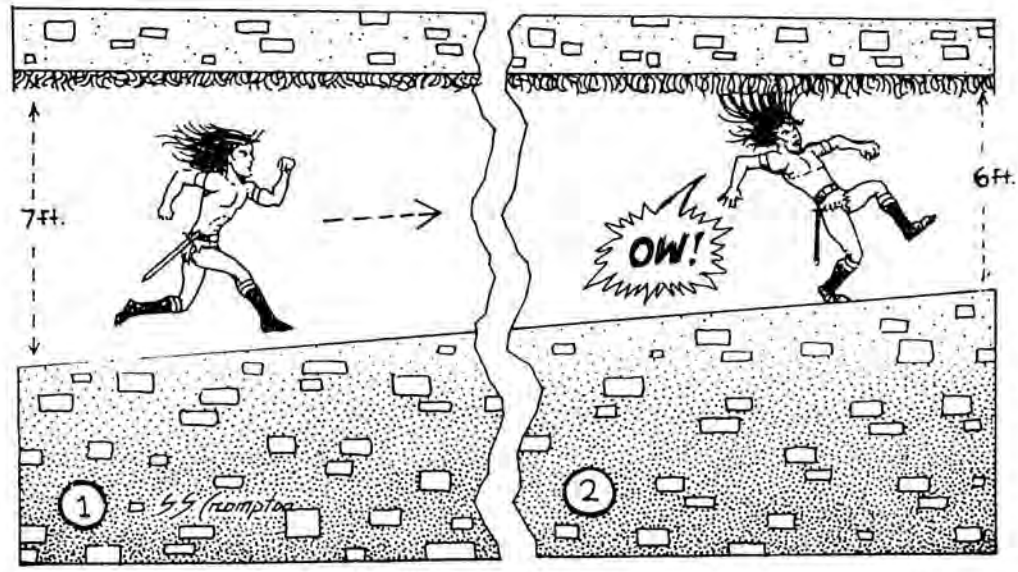
Ari Marmell seems like a literal-minded fellow. His **UPS AND DOWNS** trap has certain similarities to the GOING DOWN? trap from my very first volume, but it's been a decade since that book was published, and Ari has put a few original twists on his design, so he makes the cut. The party finds an elevator car waiting for them with it's doors open. Inside the elevator is a sign, reading —

"Push to go up."



Beneath the sign is a single, black button. If someone pushes the button, the doors slam shut, and the elevator rockets away DOWN so fast the delvers will become momentarily weightless, losing their footing and probably their lunch. When the delvers regain their equilibrium, the elevator will come to an abrupt and violent halt. The sudden, jerking stop of the elevator is enough to cause the floor of the car to give way, tumbling the party into the elevator shaft to face whatever doom you have devised. A bottomless pit should do nicely, but in keeping with the LITE nature of this collection, a feather bed is probably more suitable. Yuck.

By the way, if the delvers follow the literal instructions of the sign, and push the sign itself, the elevator will go up as advertised, delivering the party to a higher level or the safety of the surface as you see fit.



I'll have you know the trolls in my family are naturally bald. A shiny scalp is a sign of virility, you know. I LIKE it this way. The next clown who sends me a brochure for the Hair Club For Men gets a bomb in the mail. I'm serious.



Proof of the superiority of us bald guys is provided by Dan Lambert via his **VELCRO CEILING** trap. Simply put, this is a corridor that gradually slopes up while the ceiling remains at a constant height. The slope is subtle enough few delvers will notice the encroaching ceiling until it is too late. The ceiling, you see, is covered in Velcro, and will entangle the hair of characters tall enough to scrape against it. Short characters, such as dwarves and hobbits, or chrome domes like me, won't get stuck in the stuff, which is the first and last time you'll catch me comparing myself to a dwarf.

Getting stuck by the hair isn't much of a trap, but you could use this chance to spring a pack of wandering beasties on the party. You can even let the delvers hack a bit of the stuff out of the ceiling to take along as a treasure, if you like. I know a guy that glued a strip of velcro to his bald head to help secure his toupee in place. Now it doesn't come off when he swims, but does tear off with a lovely scraping sound when Willard needs to vacuum his piece.

This next trap is a subtle bit of illusion crafted by Kenny Bolser, and it's guaranteed to saddle your victims with **THE LONG WALK HOME.** This appears to be a long, featureless corridor in which is felt a slight draft. Characters travelling in this corridor will be hard-pressed to notice the floor shifts subtlety under their feet, in the manner of a conveyor belt, similar to those leading to distant terminals at airports. The draft the party feels is actually the wind whipping past as they move at an astonishing if difficult to detect rate of speed. The illusion is so complete that when the party thinks they've moved approximately sixty feet down this corridor, they will in fact have travelled nearly one hundred miles! Should the party want to retrace their steps they'll find they're moving against the flow of the moving floor, and only three odd months of non-stop marching will allow them to find their way back out of the corridor. Unless the delvers have packed some serious rations, a trip down this corridor is a one-way affair, destined to deliver the party to whatever delights you have in store for them.



Jason Shannon warns us against **DROPPING (IN) ACID.** This simple trap takes the form of a clear pool of acid in the middle of a dungeon corridor. The pool is so clear it might easily be mistaken for water. In fact, to make this trap especially effective, you might conceal it in a grotto or near an underground river, to lend the impression the pool is filled with benign liquid.

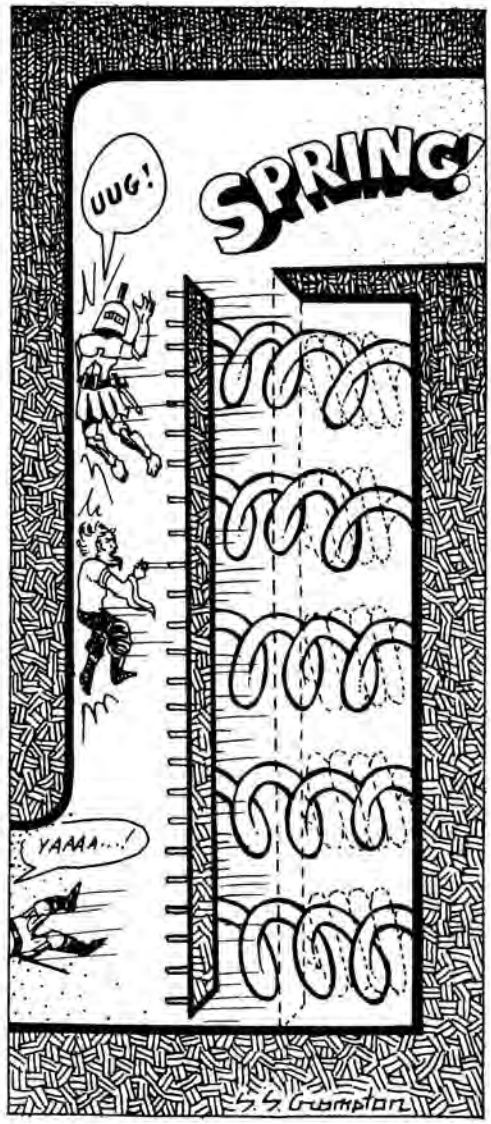


While pools of acid are worth some yucks all by themselves, Jason adds a special twist by putting a magic coin at the bottom of the pool. The magic silver coin is enchanted to resist the corrosive effects of the acid. The enchantment does not extend, however, to the hands of anyone fool enough to reach into the pool after the coin. Just call him stumpy.

Corridors go up and down as well as back and forth, and all too few dungeonmasters fully exploit the trap possibilities inherent with vertical shafts. To correct this oversight, George Andricopulos offers **SEE YA LADDER,** a vertical corridor trap with a painful punch line.



A vertical shaft contains a ladder set flush into one wall. Iron rungs protrude from the wall, providing steps and hand-holds for delvers wishing to transit the shaft. The rungs are sturdy and will resist even the most diligent attempts to remove them. The middle rung in the ladder, however, is trapped. No sooner does the trapped rung bear the full weight of an average delver than will the entire wall and ladder assembly smash against the opposite side of the shaft, impelled by a hidden battery of springs. Whoever is on the ladder at the time is going to get munched, and might even suffocate to death before his fellows can free him from the crushing pressure of the springs. The rest of the party will find their way up or down the shaft blocked by the now useless ladder and the coils of steel spring behind it. Yowza!



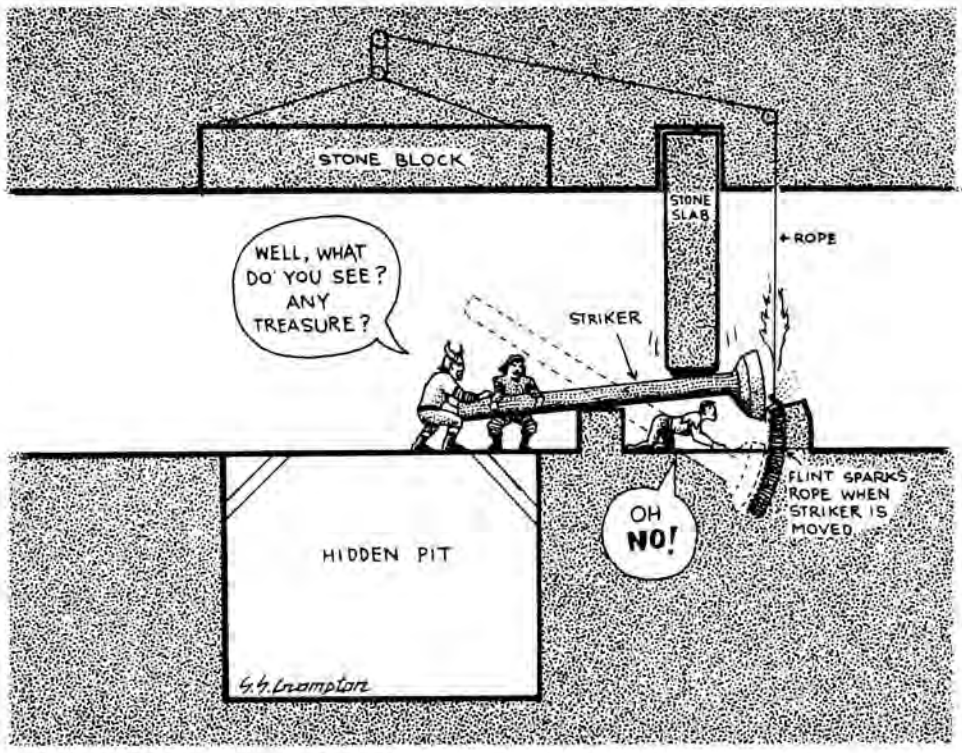
George reveals his Greek heritage with this next trap. I think it was Archimedes of Pythagorus or one of those ancient geeks who remarked, **GIVE ME A LEVER LARGE ENOUGH, AND I'LL MOVE THE WORLD.** Delvers moving the lever in George's clever trap will move themselves into the next world.

The party will encounter a stone slab blocking the corridor with a wooden beam wedged beneath it. The beam in turn rests on a granite fulcrum, encouraging the party to pull down on the beam "lever" and raise the stone slab, thus clearing the way down the corridor. The fulcrum greatly assists this process, and with moderate effort the party will be able to raise the slab high enough to create a two-foot crawl space under the slab. If the delvers want to push even harder on the lever, however, they're in for smashing good time.



Hidden from view, on the far side of the stone slab, the end of the wooden beam is coated with iron. A vigorous push on the beam will cause the iron tip to strike against an block of flint, producing a spark that will quickly consume ropes hidden on the other side of the rock slab. The ropes are all that secures the now free-falling block of stone positioned directly over the party's heads. Should the characters smell burning rope and quickly release the lever before the stone block can fall, the sudden transfer of weight will cause the party to break through into the pit hidden beneath their feet. Then you can laugh it up while the panicked party tries to scramble out of the pit before the slow-burning ropes loose the stone block to entomb them in the pit forever.

Yeah, I know George's trap ain't exactly LITE, but my name's still on the book, right? A troll's got to have some fun, you know.



What would a TRAPS book be without a "Step & Die" trap? All right, maybe not a Step & DIE trap, but how about a Step & Ouch design? Alison McDaniel's **HOTFOOT** is bound to blow the toes off a delver or two, and will keep the local pirate supply house low on wooden legs for months.



This trap must be located someplace where the victim is likely to hit it on the run. That, at least, shouldn't be hard. When the delver lands on this section of floor, his weight will depress a steel rod hidden beneath the stone. The rod is tipped with a file, and rests in a circular hole lined with flint. Beneath the rod is a reservoir filled with gunpowder, or some equally vile and explosive substance. When the victim hits the pressure plate on the run, he'll depress the rod through the hole, striking a spark into the gunpowder supply. Bammo! Instant gimp. If the victim objects to the notion of a peg leg, threaten to saddle him with a peg head.

Lisa Walker obviously believes in putting delvers to good use. If an adventuring party is going to trundle through your dungeon, the dungeon might as well get something out of it. We all know the best wine is crushed by human (or other) feet, a fact Lisa exploits with her **FEATS OF CREATION** trap.



A normal dungeon corridor abruptly narrows to three or four feet across. The floor is lined with wooden planks. A sign instructs the delvers to remove their footwear and proceed. If the delvers do as instructed, they'll find they've entered the winemaker's guild. The barefoot delvers are invited to help crush grapes, and for their troubles are awarded with a glass of wine and a minor cash prize. If the characters want to make this an excuse for Dionysian revelry, I wouldn't stand in their way.

If the delvers fail to follow instructions, and find themselves in the guild with their shoes on, they'll be reprimanded by the clerks, who will try to bully the party into cleaning the wine vats as penance for the grapes the delvers spoiled by trodding on them in their boots. Where I come from, such requests are likely to end up with clerks drowning in vats of wine, but give it a shot if you think you can get away with it.

Of course, Lisa assumes the stewards of the guild would want every barefoot adventurer that happens along the way to crush their grapes. Lisa's obviously never examined what grows between the toes of your average hobbit. Or maybe she has. Could halfling toejam be that "secret ingredient" that gives Lisa's wine such a distinctive aftertaste...?

David Stevens must have been a pill in school. When that staccato bell started ringing, and the other students dutifully shuffled out of the room to assemble at their pre-determined point, David must have shouted, **SCREW THE FIRE DRILL!** At least, this would account for this wicked twist on a conventional fireman's pole.



A normal, iron pole disappears through a hole in the ground. Examination will prove the pole seems to conduct delvers down to the next level of the dungeon. Characters gleefully sliding down the thing will have a smooth ride for the first fifty feet or so...but the last twenty feet will be a painful experience. This is because the pole tapers to a screw-like point, similar to a corkscrew with sharp edges. Anyone with bare hands and thighs wrapped around this beauty will find himself "in the groove"! This can be fatal or annoying, depending on how high above the floor the delver encounters the screwey portion of the pole, and what lays below the pole itself. I suggest you suspend this device over a tank filled with giant lobsters, but I think I'm repeating myself. The brain goes first, you know.

BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE, by Rick Loomis, violates state fire codes by it's mere existence, so I suspect Rick will get a visit from the horrible scarred Fire Marshal Bill any day now. A simple dungeon corridor is reinforced with wooden supports. The supports line the walls of the corridor and criss-cross over the ceiling above, in the fashion of deep dwarven mine tunnels. The wooden supports are soaked with a highly flammable substance that will ignite when exposed to even a moderate open flame, such as a delver's torch passing below. Once ignited, the flames will rapidly engulf the corridor, spreading across the ceiling and down the walls. This will instantly choke the corridor with acrid black smoke, disorienting the party. Unless the delvers flee immediately — which won't be easy with all that smoke and flame — they'll be on hand when the fire-weakened supports give way, causing the corridor to collapse. Just as well. Saves you the trouble of sealing off the corridor until you can comply with the fire code.



How does this deathtrap get into TRAPS LITE? Well, it's got "light" in it, right? Anyone got a problem with that? Do I have to go away and leave this thing to Grimtina, again? I didn't think so.

All right, quit complaining. If it's light traps you want, then light traps you'll get. Geeze, I'm turning into Count Floyd. I need to seek other work. Rick says that a "lighter" version of this trap is **CEILINGS, NOTHING MORE THAN CEILINGS**: rather than corridor supports, just the ceiling is flammable. Fill the "attic" above the ceiling with marshmallows, and after the roof burns away, tons of gooey melted marshmallow fall on the hapless invaders. Add this to the Dunkin' Delver trap and you'll have Delver SomeMore's!



If that's not wimpy enough for you, Dan Lambert's **GLO MOSS** should satisfy you. Bunch of panzies! Glo-moss is a special hybrid strain of luminescent moss, purposefully grown by pirates and sorcerers on the walls of their underground complexes as an early-warning system. Me, I use a machinegun as an early-warning system, but I'm old fashioned. And cranky.



Anyone who ingests the glo-moss, or merely touches it with exposed skin, will notice an allergic reaction within ten minutes. The infected character will glow in the dark. This will make the character stand out like a beacon in underground locales, allowing your monsters to easily locate and intercept the intruding dungeon party. A glowing delver can attempt to ENTIRELY cover himself from head to toe to suppress his radiance, but doing so will doubtless encumber him, and may be more trouble than it's worth.

Happy now, you bunch of lefty weasels?

Now, if you want my idea of how to use stuff growing on walls, take a look at David Stevens' **CREEPING DOWN THE HALL, CREEPING UP THE WALL.** This is more like it. A normal dungeon corridor wall is cloaked in creeping ivy. This won't seem remarkable if the corridor in question is near the surface, where plant roots may very well penetrate your dungeon stone. Setting this corridor on the way to or from a wine cellar is particularly effective. The ivy is unremarkable, aside from being slightly irritating to the touch. There is no indication the ivy is about to animate and attack the party, or some such rot. Delvers can be so paranoid!



Of course, as Dr. Hunter S. Thompson has pointed out, there comes a time in life when so many people are after you that there is no such thing as paranoia anymore. Most delvers have probably reached this point. They will certainly have reached this point when they reach the middle of this ivy-clad hall and step on a pressure plate, causing the corridor to give way beneath them. When faced with the option of tumbling into a pit or leaping onto the ivy, most adventurers will cling to the vines. The ivy will hold firm, and if the delvers are especially strong and dextrous, they'll be able to climb back along the corridor wall to safety. This must entail continuous and intimate contact with the ivy, which will prove to be an especially virulent strain of poison ivy. What seems mildly irritating to a casual touch will prove downright uncomfortable with prolonged contact, either causing the characters to release their grip and tumble into the pit after all, or suffer an itching infection for many weeks after finally escaping the corridor. Either way, the delvers' will be inconvenienced, or worse.

Molly Ringworm is known for her startling red hair, indicative of a fiery temper. Small wonder, then, that Molly is responsible for the **SHORT FUSE** trap, a design that will have it's victims at the end of their rope in no time. This is one of those elegantly simple traps that requires little explanation. Simply locate a rope such that it hangs down the middle of a vertical corridor. The corridor is not trapped in any way, and delvers will find the easiest way down is to use the rope.



The bottom end of the rope is tied to a bell, hanging a few inches above the ground. A troll lives in a chamber near the bell, and when he hears the bell ring (indicative of one or more delvers on the rope), the troll springs into action. Grabbing a firebrand from his cooking pit, the troll will set fire to the bottom end of the rope, which in this case will have a startling and violent effect. The rope is no better than a fuse, you see, and the flame will rapidly race up the rope and onto anyone climbing the same. At the very least your victim will be burned. At best, he'll be burned AND he'll drop a couple stories down to the bottom of the shaft, where your dedicated troll can enjoy some good sport. Maybe you'll nail a whole party, if the troll times his actions just right...

I had an argument with GrimBuck over Kenneth Harn's **TUBE CITY.** While this trap uses future technology, construction of this device is within the powers of most pseudo-medieval engineers, and the trap is more thematically at home in a conventional dungeon than the far future. In the end it was a toss-up, so I the trap gets put in my chapter because my name is on the cover, and I'm still Top Troll around here, no matter what my brat sister thinks.

Right. The party finds it's way by hook or crook into a perfectly round, tunnel-like corridor. The way is blocked by a metal cylinder that completely fills the corridor, and may only be passed via a

round, hatch-like door. This is a one-way door — the party may pass through, but not back out again, something your victims will discover when they find themselves on the other side.

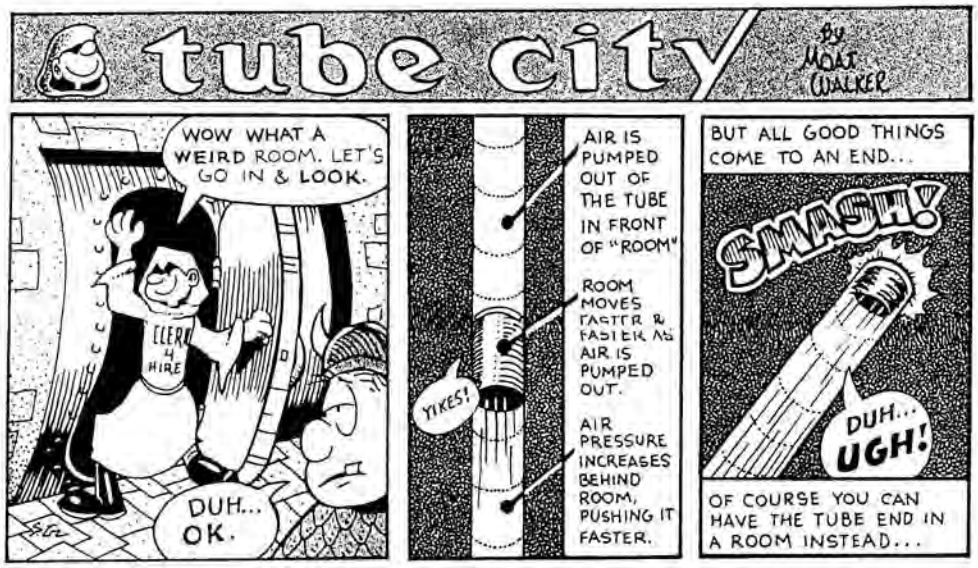
The round portal door lets into a small, cylindrical iron room. The room is devoid of features save for a triple-reinforced glass wall on the wall across from that through which the party entered. Something horrible is going to happen, you see, and it's no fun unless the party can view impending disaster through their very own windshield.

No sooner does the party enter the room than the round corridor sequence through which they were travelling is sealed off. Hidden pumps surge into motion, removing air from the closed-off section in front of the room, and raising the pressure behind the room. This creates a partial vacuum, which will impel the room along the tube like the car it actually is when the brakes are released. I suggest the brakes make a startling, sickening, booming thud against the hull of the iron room/car, just to make everyone uneasy as the room lurches into motion.



The room is really nothing more than a container stuck in a pneumatic tube system similar to those used in office buildings. Vacuum impels the car through a series of opening and closing walls, building momentum until the car is moving at breakneck speed. Remember the car can go up, down, or sideways at your discretion. Remember also there's nothing to hang on to inside the featureless iron car. Remember also the party can view their mortal peril through the windshield you've so thoughtfully located in the nose of the car. What fun!

I can get this one into TRAPS LITE because it's up to you to decide where and how this wild ride ends up. My suggestion, as you'd suspect, involves giant lobsters (yet again), but you can deposit the party wherever the whim strikes you.



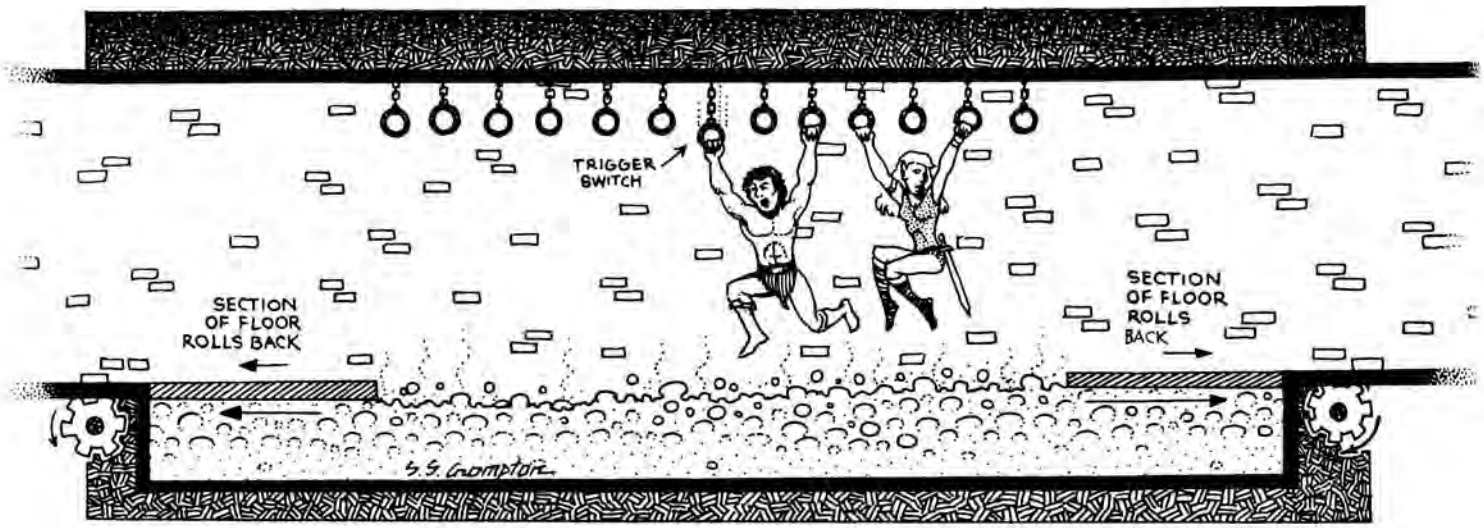
All right, so that last one could be a little rough. Wouldn't want you to soil your skirts, boys, so let me balance things out with a light bit of fluff from Eric Boyd. **SEA WHAT I MEAN?**, Eric says, when he suggests a simple pit trap filled with sea water. The idea is that if this pit is located deep enough in your dungeon (and it's easier to conduct water down to a lower level than to pump it up to a higher floor), the victim will have come through more than one scrape before he reaches this dangerous level. At least, such will be the case if you plateheads have been paying attention to my series of peerless collections! Anyway, dump some schmuck already cut and skinned on his hands and knees into a briney pit filled with sea water, and he'll howl a blue streak. You're helping him out, of course, as sea water helps cleanse wounds, but don't let that ruin your fun. When I'd cruise on my yacht (when I still had a yacht, before the tax collectors got me), I'd sometimes flog the cabin boy just for yucks, and he never failed to thank me properly for the sea water restorative I offered him after the experience. Arrr, it's a man's life, between endless sea and endless sky. Makes me lust for peg legs and parrots!



David Stevens is back with another nasty trap called **GRAB FOR THE BRASS RING**. A normal dungeon corridor is blocked by a wide stream of fatal liquid. Acid, lava, or even molten diamond supplying the hot tub in the last chapter of this book — take your pick. From the ceiling depend a series of rings on chains leading out over the liquid, offering a way across the deadly stream to where the corridor continues on the other side. Brave characters may attempt to cross via the rings, especially if pursued by sufficiently frightening monsters. Scientologists, maybe.



I'll leave aside the obvious potential of greased rings for David's more insidious suggestion. When the center one in the ring sequence is pulled upon, sections of the corridor floor slide away to reveal the stream of deadly liquid is wider than originally surmised. Whereas before the party could reasonably expect to cross the barrier via the rings, or at least make it back where they started, they're now stranded above the stuff, hanging by rapidly weakening hands, breathing in the hot and toxic steam of whatever bubbles below...well, like I said, I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions about what should happen next. Just to prove this trap is survivable, however, I'll suggest inventive victims might begin by roping themselves to whatever ring they hang from, then consider swinging back and forth until they arc over a safe section of corridor. I must be getting soft in my old age.



Because this is a LITE collection, I can't have any Step & Die traps, but I can come close with Phil Dean's **LOANSHARK'S HELPER.** Phil must be running a numbers racket on the side, because he is uncomfortably familiar with the tactics used to collect debts. Phil was probably the kind of kid who offered you "reasonable" interest rates on some extra milk money in elementary school. My kind of boy.



This trap is best concealed in a flagstone-lined section of corridor. At least one of the flagstones should trigger the trap, rapidly sinking two feet or so into the ground, or roughly knee-level for an average sized delver. Neighboring flagstones then crash together, shattering the victim's knees. The delver is then free to continue, suitably reminded what it means to cross the boss. Remember, if someone owes you money, it does no good to off them, but a broken knee or two can get the message across.

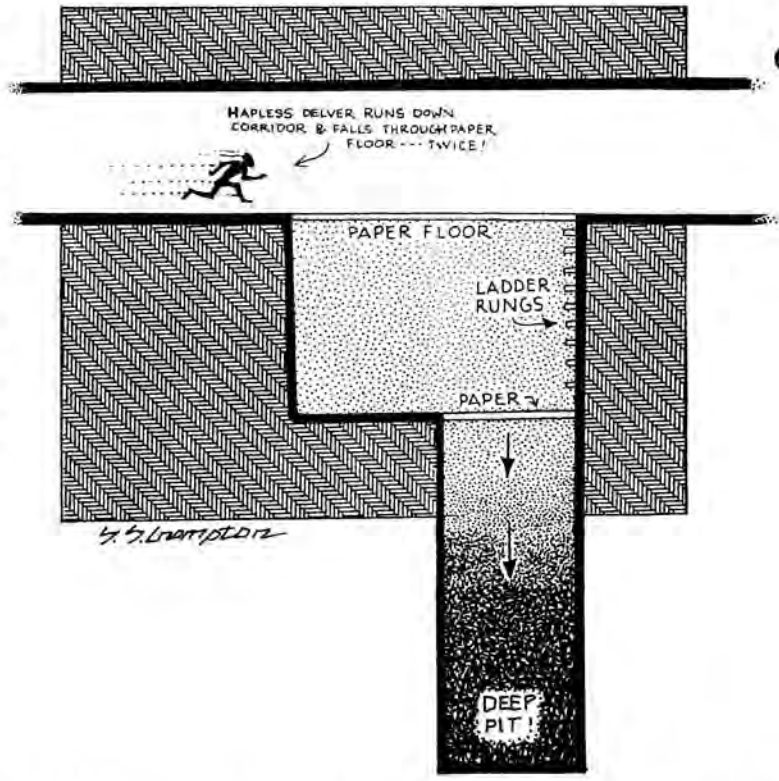
LIFE IS THE PITS, says George Andricopulos, like it's supposed to be some kind of bulletin. If you've any boundless optimists in the next party that delves your dungeon, be sure to introduce them to this bit of wickedness, to ensure they keep their eyes on the corruption of the earth beneath them, rather than the boundless domain of the heavens above. Unless they want to quickly visit heaven, that is.

This is a simple pit trap with a difference. A paper mock-up of an ordinary section of floor covers a pit in the corridor. Anyone stepping on the paper will tumble into the pit below, suffering moderate damage. After picking himself up and dusting himself off, the victim will cast about for a means out of the pit. How considerate — there's a ladder up one side of the pit wall leading back to corridor

level. Optimism rewarded! This is the best of all possible worlds!

Beanhead.

Directly before the ladder is a second pit, again covered with paper, and if you get the same guy a second time, he deserves whatever awaits him at the bottom of your second pit. Maybe the second pit shouldn't even have a bottom, so your optimistic, cheerful victim can tumble through space forever, certain he'll land in a soft space right up until the time he starves to death.





Rita Moshier says that **ONLY A STUPE STOOPS**. I'm not so sure about that. American Civil War historian Shelby Foote says General Ulysses S. Grant used to remain in a perpetual stoop while reviewing battle plans in his tent. If Grant was hunched over at his table, and needed a document from across the room, he'd get up and walk over to get his document then return to his table without straightening up, so great was his concentration on the task at hand. Grant may have been a lousy President, but he was an expedient and bloodthirsty general (my favorite flavor), and I wouldn't call him a stupe.

Still, Rita makes her point with this trap. We've all had fun teasing old drunks with a piece of string attached to a wallet. When the geezer bends over to pick up the wallet, we jerk the string, and make the ol' gummer look like a fool. This trap works along similar lines. A thin piece of string is attached to a gold piece, and the gold piece is left in the midst of a normal corridor. When someone thinks to bend over to pick up the coin, a hidden orc gives the string a tug, pulling the coin into the corridor ahead. Most characters will remain bent over as they lunge after the coin. Depending on how determined or stupid they are, they might lunge after the coin two or three times before giving up in disgust, and finally straightening up.

Gotcha!

While the victim is scuttling about with his eyes on the ground, he won't notice that he's been lured into a corridor section with an unusually low ceiling, so that when he straightens up, he'll get a bonk on the head. More humiliating than deadly, I know, but this is a LITE volume, and if you knew Rita, you'd know she's incapable of wishing greater harm on anyone, even some stupid stooping dungeon delver.

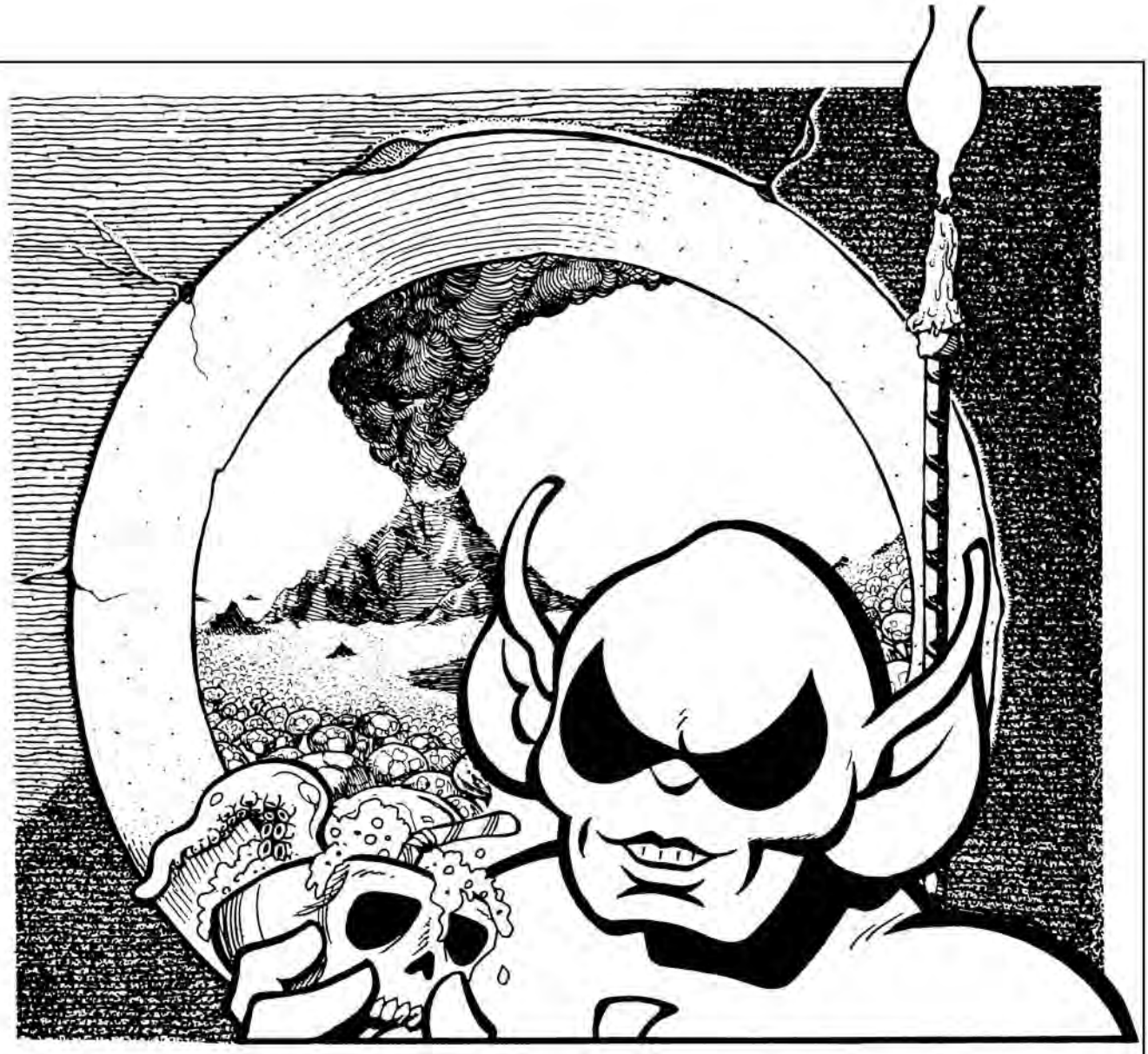
Osborne Lone gives hieroglyphics a new twist with his (appropriately named) **HIEROGLYPHIC TRAP**. The party traverses a corridor decorated with elaborate hieroglyphics, an ominous series of beast-headed humans always viewed in profile. Try as they might, the delvers won't be able to figure what the hieroglyphics relate, although if someone starts to whistle the Bangles' WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN, they should perhaps be spared what happens next.



The hieroglyphics, you see, are alive. That's right — they're malevolent, two-dimensional creatures from another realm, and they thirst for human blood. When the party is in their midst, they'll spring from their ambush along the walls and set about their victims with a will. The delvers should find this a tough fight, as when the living hieroglyphics turn sideways, they disappear entirely. You must hit a two-dimensional creature head-on if you're to hit them at all. Maybe the hieroglyphics will get the last laugh...

...something long overdue for wall flowers — and role-players — everywhere.





Door Traps

Door traps require a subtlety of design usually not required of corridor or room designs. Delvers naturally think of doors as gateways to danger. When confronted with a door your average dungeon delving party will conduct a Chinese fire drill, piling out in all directions, ranging themselves along this wall and that, someone watches the rear, someone watches the front, someone watches the amazon's rear, someone stands in front of the door, someone stands besides the door...it really can be a bore, after the second or fifth or tenth time you've seen it, but more often than not the characters protect themselves from harm with their actions. Frequently delvers adopt a standard operating procedure when they reach a door, and go through their preparations wordlessly and without much enthusiasm. That's when their attention begins to wander. Just when they thing they're safe — such as after traversing a hall with one hundred untrapped doors — THAT's when to spring one of these beauties on them...

collection
pg 387



Door Traps

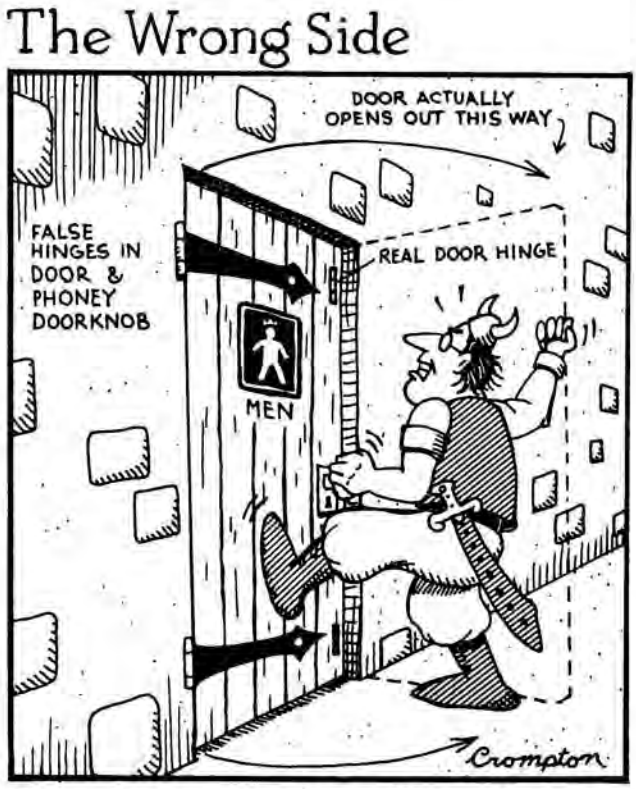
– NOTES –



HE WHO GOES FIRST GOES HEADFIRST is Clinton Gaskill's motto. This simple door trap is best located at the end of a long hallway, just before a stairway to a lower level. In front of this door is a pressure plate upon which a character must stand to open the door. When the doorknob is turned, the pressure plate slams the character against the door, which is in turn broken off it's hinges and knocked inwards. Now atop the door, the character will enjoy a wild ride down the stairs on the other side, terminating in a crash landing on the floor below. The victim will get a headache (or worse) while his companions will get a good laugh, if they're anything like the guys I hang with.

When I was just a little troll, before I became independently wealthy, I held a series of jerkwater jobs. I rolled rocks uphill, I helped collect debts, I etched bad poetry on mountainsides, and I worked as a desk clerk in a wholesale torture equipment warehouse. The door to the warehouse was quirky. It looked like you should push it to enter, when in fact you had to pull it to get it open. At first I thought of fixing the door, but then I found it was a lot more fun to watch customers bang into the thing all day, so I left it the way it was.





Try as he might, Melvin the Barbarian Could not force his way into the Kings throne room.

Jason Shannon's **ON THE WRONG SIDE** works much the same way. There is no threat involved in this trap, much to my chagrin, but it will make delvers a little nuts. To all intents and purposes this appears to be a standard door. Hinges are visible on the side from which the delvers approach, clearly indicating the direction the door should open. In fact, the hinges are false. The real hinges are located on the opposite side of the door, on the side where the doorknob is located from the character's point of view. Someone grasping the doorknob, then pulling or pushing, will think the door is "stuck", when in fact all he need to do is push on the false "hinges" side of the door, and the thing will open normally. If the delvers are really dense, they'll waste spells and time trying to unlock the door, or maybe they'll go so far as to remove the false hinges — and still be no closer to getting through the door! Oh well...

Sebastien Blouin has the right idea when he warns **SOLICITORS WILL BE IMPALED**. I wish I had this beauty installed at the cave when the tax collectors came to take away my mint condition copy of ELDRITCH WIZARDRY (the one with the naked lady on the cover), and my autographed copy of VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMS, by a well-known role playing designer who shall remain nameless on advice of my attorney. Heh! Tax collectors just grab with both hands, you know, and auction your stuff at a fraction of it's fair value. All you can do is stand in the driveway, blink, and sway uncertainly from one side to the other. Me and Red Foxx, man.

The victim finds a locked door at the end of a hall. He must stand on a concealed pressure plate to work with the door. The door is unlocked, and appears to be jammed shut. A couple good solid blows should open the thing, but the door stubbornly resists punches, kicks, and even bravado from humanoid wolves who threaten to huff and puff and blow the house down.

Eventually some bright boy will hit on the notion of getting a running start, then throwing his weight against the door to batter it open. You can lead your victims to this conclusion by having the door budge just a bit to physical attempts to force it. When the victim runs down the hall to smash into the door, his momentum will ensure he hits the pressure plate with considerably greater weight than when he merely stood on it. There's a formula to explain this phenomena, but you'll have to ask GrimBuck for the numbers, or take it on faith from me. When the pressure plate is finally activated, a wall of spikes is pushed through the door — just in time to impale the delver as he lands against it. *(Fun for the whole delver family!)*

Well, okay, it doesn't actually impale him. This is TRAPS LITE, after all, but it sure will put a lickin' on whoever thought to throw his shoulder against this portal!

Clinton Gaskill has a caustic solution for obnoxious salesmen determined to **PUT A FOOT IN THE DOOR**. Simply put, Clinton has made a door out of glass, and painted and textured the outside to resemble a common wooden dungeon portal. The door is locked and will resist most attempts to open by skill or stealth. Eventually some bruiser will decide to kick the door down, and then you've got him! Not only will the victim cut the dickens out of his foot when it smashes through the glass, but he'll also be in for some frenzied hopping about when he finds the glass contains a reservoir of fast-acting acid! Install multiple doors of this ilk in your pit and you'll find plenty of takers for the three-legged race at the next company picnic!



Jersey Turnpike has scared himself more than once with what he's seen in the mirror, so he must know whereof he speaks with this **LAST OF THE MIMES** trap. Place this door in any dungeon corridor. Bolt the door, nail it shut, remove the doorknob, and wedge the thing in place, because behind it lurks the consummate horror. Post signs warning delvers away from this portal. Lace the corridor with explosive pressure pads and post guards beside the door. Do what you must, but make sure the delvers know this door is not to be opened under any circumstances! They'll be sorry!

So, of course, the schmucks will move heaven and earth to open the door.

The door conceals a mirror. That's all, just a mirror. As a victim stares into the mirror, he'll watch as his own features take on a ghostly, white pallor. Dark lines will arch above his eyebrows. The image in the mirror will bring two white-gloved hands to either side of it's suddenly expressive face, and show a round-mouthed display of amazement. That's right. The character's mirror-image has been turned into a mime.

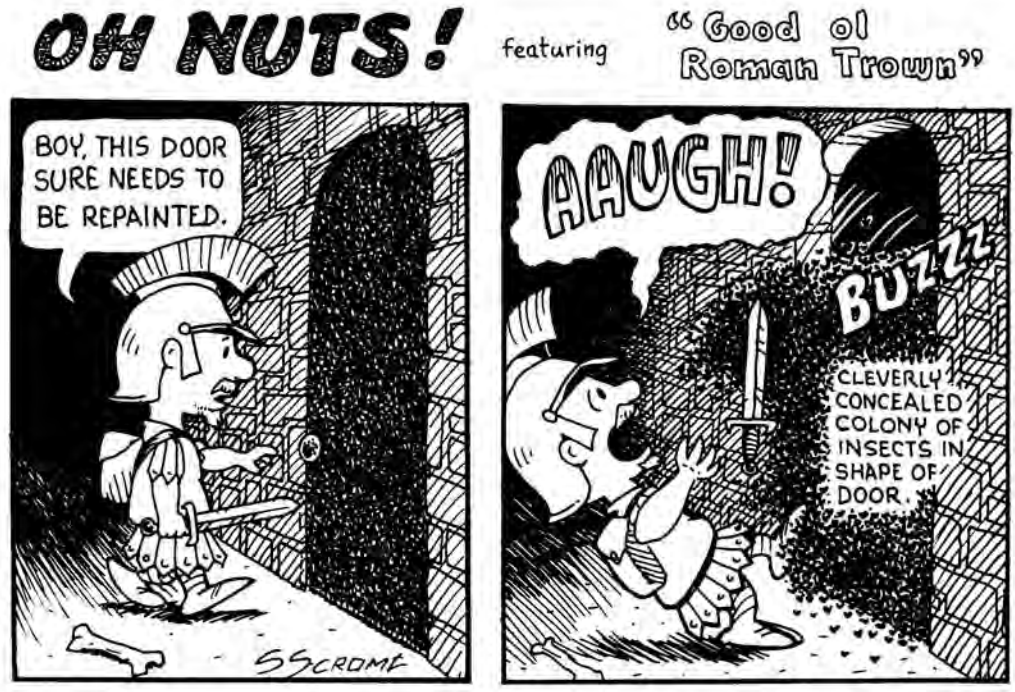
Worst of all, it's a ghostly mime. The mime will step from the mirror and dog it's victim, mimicking his double's every move with exaggerated and derogatory grace. When the mime isn't busy making his victim look like a buffoon, he'll walk against the wind, press against an imaginary pane of glass, and peel and eat invisible bananas. What a pain in the neck! And because the mime is a ghost, he cannot be physically done away with.

Breaking the mirror will dispel the mime...at least until the character next observes his own reflection, when the mime will appear again. And again. And again. And again...

The atomists, Leucippus and Democritus, developed their theory of atomism in answer to the claims of Parmenides, who asserted reality consisted of an indivisible, indestructible mass, wherein change is not possible. To side-step Parmenides' objections to change, and to answer Zeno's infamous paradoxes, the atomists introduced the notion of space, allowing for separation between bodies, and thus both motion and change.



Which has only a little to do with Kenny Bolser's **BUG DOOR,** apart from relying on the theory of atoms for proper understanding. If atoms are indeed tiny particles of matter packed very close together to form the objects we experience, then the best way to think of Kenny's door is to imagine billions and billions of insects crammed together to make a door. That's right, this door consists of a single mass of uncountable billions of insects, each piled one atop another in a remarkably convincing door-like shape. Someone encountering this bizarre mass blocking a corridor will rightly assume he's met a door with a poor paint job, but when he presses against the door, he'll learn the truth...as those same untold billions of insects collapse from their door-like shape atop the victim. Suffocation may result, unless you choose to make the bugs poisonous. Either way, rely on your bugs reassembling in door form after the offending delver has disappeared, one way or the other.



One of Dr. E. L. Frederick's favorite door tricks can be used anywhere one might want to **OPEN THE DOOR.** No doubt you are familiar with the mythology of "Demons" in that if you say a Demon's name out loud, there is a chance he will hear you and appear. Suppose you had a Demon named "Opin Thedoor"? Every time your delvers say "We open the door", you make a die roll to see if he shows up. If he does appear, make him a suitably obnoxious but non-fatal sort of creep. He hangs around the party making bad puns and wisecracks until someone pays him to go away. He prefers magical items.

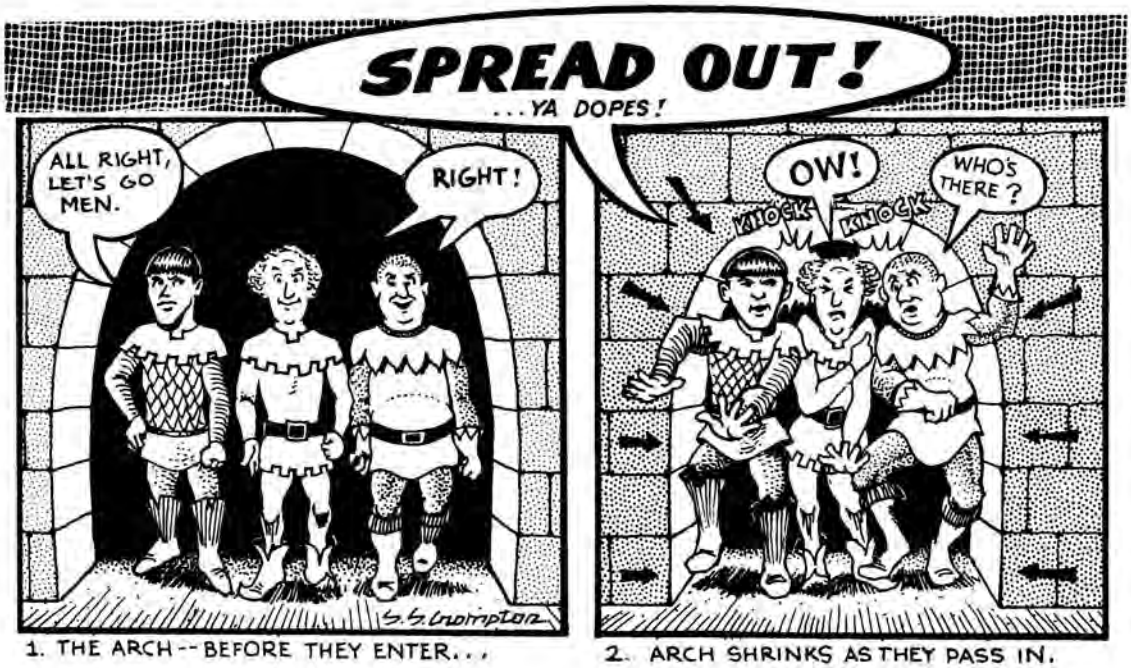
Of course we all know that demons are mythical creatures that only schizophrenics and religious fantics believe in, which is why religious fanatics try to ban all books that mention demons. So if you know anyone who believes in demons, don't tell him about this page of this book, or we might get picketed. We'd be in all the newspapers, on tv, and all that publicity would be . . . hmmm. Do I get a royalty on every copy of this book we sell?



Way back in 1981, S.S. Crompton had 'em rolling in the isles with his Achilles' Shield trap, ably assisted by society's greatest stooges. No, I don't mean Congress. I mean those three guys in the Columbia shorts. Short films, not Bermuda shorts! Gee whiz, you guys, broaden your horizons!

Over a decade later, ol' S.S. continues his StoogeQuest with **SPREAD OUT!**, a corridor trap guaranteed to at least annoy your delvers, and possibly do worse. The trap is hidden in a simple open door jamb. There is no door, merely an open arch. The arch is wide enough to permit multiple characters to pass at one time, and that's just what you want them to do, for when anyone passes through this door, the frame suddenly shrinks to half it's original width. In algebraic terms, let "w" equal the width of the door. When characters pass through the door, the width narrows to w/2, and as we all know, "w/2" is perilously close to "Woo woo woo woo woo woo woob", which in turn is close to "Nyuck nyuck nyuck," which is another way of saying, "Spread out!". If you don't understand this relationship, you're either too young to know any better or far too intelligent to be reading this book.

When a couple characters are suddenly crammed shoulder to shoulder trying to pass through this door, they'll likely say something less polite, but if anyone thinks to say, "spread out," offer bonus points and consider letting the poor stooge live another night. With such a culturally bankrupt background, he's of no danger to anyone.



1. THE ARCH -- BEFORE THEY ENTER...
2. ARCH SHRINKS AS THEY PASS IN.

Almost as dear to me as stooges and giant lobsters are bad puns, which drive the **TRAPDOOR RIDDLE** trap by Alison McDaniel. The party finds a stout, oak trapdoor in the midst of a corridor. The door has a bolt, but it is drawn back so the door remains unlocked. Inscribed on the door in silver letters is a message that reads,

"What's the best way to eat a trapdoor?"

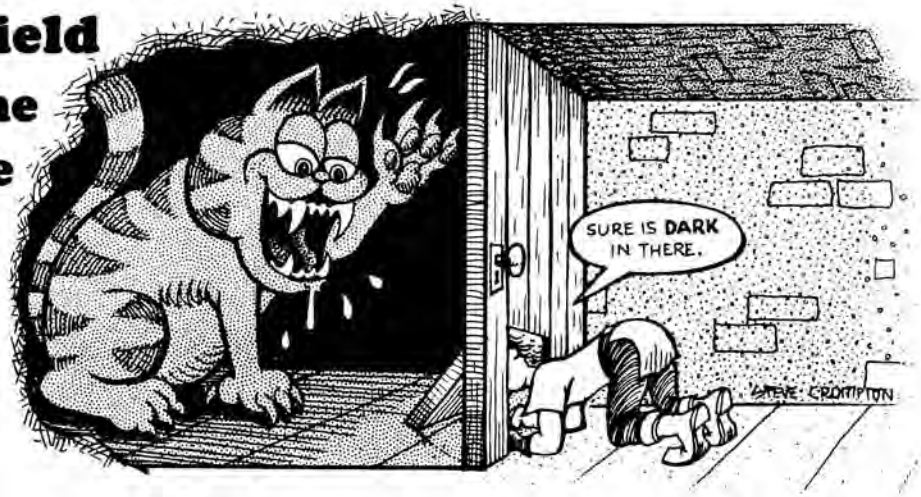
Allow the delvers to puzzle over this one for a bit, and when they prove unable to answer the question, have a goblin pop out of the door with the solution on his lips, a chainsaw in his hands, and murder in his heart. "Just bolt it down!" the goblin will howl, as he goes about his bloody work. Should the party anticipate this answer, and actually lock ("bolt down") the door, they'll avoid this rude punchline, but don't bet the farm on it happening.



The final entry in this volume's slim doors chapter is from Jersey Turnpike. Strange, how there are so few doors traps this time around. I guess Oliver Stone already said everything there is to say about the Doors. In my next volume, look for plenty of dead president and conspiracy theory traps. Yeah, kids, stand around on one leg waiting for that one to make it into print.

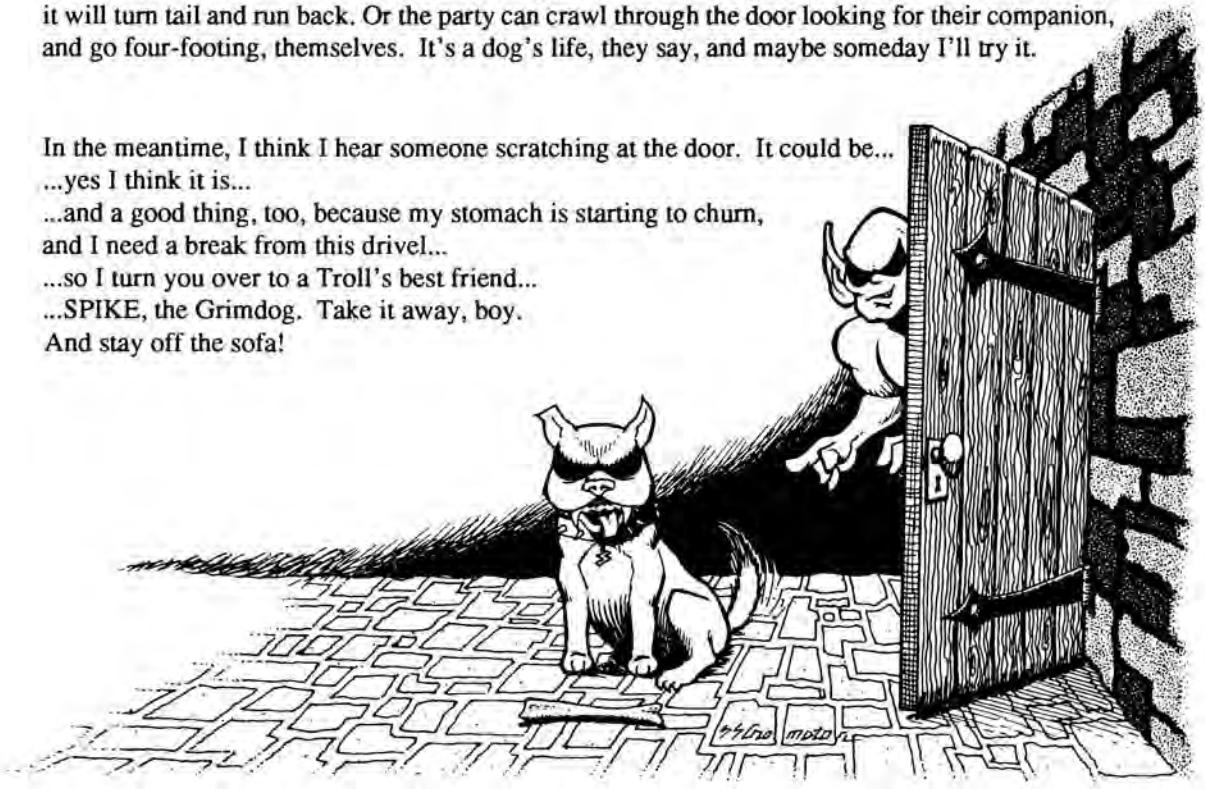
Jersey's designed the **DOGGY DOOR.** This powerful magic portal will cut any delver down to size. Place this locked door at the end of any hall. Try as the party might, they won't be able to breach this door. Kick and bash though they may, all the delvers will manage to do is set up a wailing from what sounds like a house cat on the other side of the door. The only way to pass is through the free-swinging flap at the bottom of the door, very much like a large doggy door. Of course, anyone passing through the doggy door is turned into a dog.

Scarfield in: The Doggie Door



Not fair, you say? Too pat and potentially disastrous for this LITE book of traps? Take a pill, pal! To reverse the enchantment, all the doggy delver need do is pass back through the door. Provided he thinks of it. Or has the time. Remember that wailing house cat? Well, the fat little cat exists only to bolt away in a furry frenzy at the first sign of a delver turned into a dog, and no self-respecting dog can resist chasing a cat. Off the delver will go, in pursuit of that cunning cat... Of course, the small cat runs back to its' mother, an over-fed giant, killer cat that just hates dogs. If the dog is lucky it will turn tail and run back. Or the party can crawl through the door looking for their companion, and go four-footing, themselves. It's a dog's life, they say, and maybe someday I'll try it.

In the meantime, I think I hear someone scratching at the door. It could be...
...yes I think it is...
...and a good thing, too, because my stomach is starting to churn,
and I need a break from this drivel...
...so I turn you over to a Troll's best friend...
...SPIKE, the Grimdog. Take it away, boy.
And stay off the sofa!



the

Spike the Grimdog



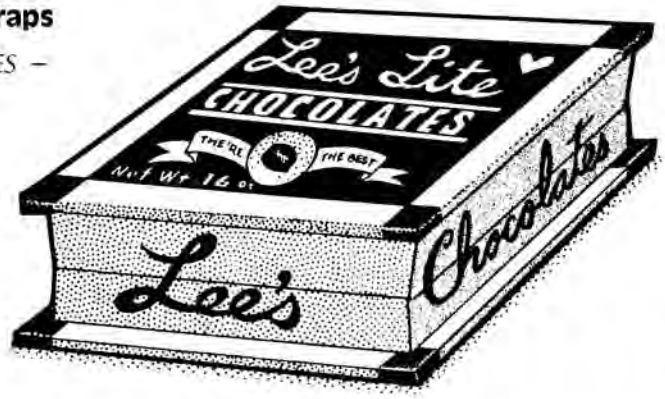
Items and Artifacts

*Woof woof bark woof woof bark woof. Grrrr. Woof woof woof woof, bark bark. Bark woof, woof woof woof garowl. Bark! Woof woof bark bark woo **



** good at last Grimtooth's Speech Spell has taken effect. I am Spike the GrimDog and I will host this Items chapter. I am just a dog and not very good at these things so let us get right to it. No guff from you. Remember my favorite bone is in your leg.*

collection
pg 393



Lee Russell wrote the LABYRINTH solo dungeon and deserves respect. She submitted many traps to the last book but Grimtooth took only one of them. Well now I am in charge and I say Lee Russell's traps are the best. Okay here it goes.

Lee Russell gives us the **HEY, PIZZA FACE** trap. Lee Russell says this is a resubmission of a formerly rejected trap. Lee Russell reasons her trap was not heavy enough for Grimtooth and was rejected but she figures it will fit in just fine with this collection. Nothing is too heavy for Grimtooth to lift so I do not understand this. But I do understand the trap.

I

This trap is a box of chocolates all in a nice pretty wrapper. Leave it anywhere but in the sun because it will melt. The chocolates are impossible to resist even if you only bite half way into them to see what the centers are before chewing the whole thing. Grimtooth left the Halloween candy out on the counter once and I jumped up and ate it and cut the devil out of my throat on the razor blades that somehow got into the candy. The candy box said it was inspected by number fifty-six so I went down the street to house fifty six and expressed my opinion on the lawn in my own inimitable canine manner.

Delvers can not resist this magic box of chocolate. If they smell one piece they must eat one piece. If they eat one piece the must eat all the pieces. With any luck the delvers will struggle over the box. They will punch each other in the nose while any dogs in the party hop around excitedly sideways and bark. The joke is on the delvers because when you eat the chocolates your face instantly bursts out into running sores and blemishes which humans find repulsive but which dogs don't notice at all. Any delver so effected will lose all their charisma which would be an improvement for some of the dungeoneers I have seen in the pits lately. Woof.

I I I



Rick Loomis designed the **RING OF DOOM**. I do not like it when the doorbell rings. I clatter across the cave and put my head down flat on the front hall tiles and bark myself silly when the bell rings. This is a different sort of ring of doom though so I will get right to it.

The party finds a gold ring of exquisite manufacture as part of a treasure trove. The ring is engraved with images of dogs running away with their tails between their legs. I agree this is hitting too close to home but I did not design this trap so do not blame me my doggy friends. The inside of the ring bears an engraving that reads

"RING OF DOOM. Wear on index finger. Point at biggest, nastiest enemy. Shout the worst insult you can think of. The worse the insult, the better the ring will work."

Of course this ring is really just useless junk jewelry. The dog motif is in especially poor taste. The ring has no magical effects but if some poor idiot follows the instructions he should find the ring does indeed ensure his doom. Arrrrooooo!

Ari Marmell reminds us that accessories are the key to the sartorial success of every **SHARP DRESSED MAN**. This trap takes the form of a fine pair of soft leather boots inlayed with gold trim found in the wardrobe of some great lord or wizard. My favorite boots belong to Instep du Brain-Brain who is the most bizarre wizard in the world. When Instep du Brain-Brain visited Grimtooth during the Autumnal Dwarf-Tossing Festival I got hold of one of the wizard's size thirty-five boots and chewed it up real good. Instep du Brain-Brain was not pleased and turned me into a man for the week as punishment.



I would not want to chew the boots Ari Marmell describes. Hidden beneath the soul of the boot and running down the exact center of the shoe is a long sharp and thin razor blade. The leather hiding the blade from detection is thick enough the razor will not be discovered when examined with gentle probing pressure but you can bet your bottom dog biscuit the delver will discover the knife when he thrusts his foot into the boot. At the very least this will split open the victim's foot and cripple him or her. Sensible parties will leave such cripples behind or at best drag them along to use for opening doors and triggering pressure plates. Poisoning the blade seems like overkill but in honor of my master Grimtooth I will mention it. Bark!

Sir Harry Flashman is Grimtooth's favorite literary hero because he is a cad and a bounder and he gives everyone the business and lives to get away with it. When Grimtooth is not busy bashing delvers I usually find him in his study laughing out loud at one of George MacDonald Fraser's Flashman books. Maybe Kenny Bolser is a Flashman fan too because he designed the **FLASHBLADE**. For the right character finding this magic sword could be the beginning of a fantastic career. The Flashblade is a beautifully crafted cavalry sabre that radiates magic. The sword has a powerful ego and most characters will find they are bewitched by the magic blade. The Flashblade will command its owner to discard all other blades and wield only the Flashblade.

Whoever holds the Flashblade will find his charisma and popularity on the rise. All who meet the wearer of the Flashblade will count that character as a hero among heroes. The blade itself is a potent weapon capable of striking killing blows and routing foes and shooting bolts of lighting and just about anything else you want to allow. The catch is that whenever the bearer of the Flashblade enters combat the blade takes control and forces the user to flee like a craven dog. Hey let's not get personal! Woof! No foe is too weak to inspire fear in the Flashblade not even a grasshopper. If cornered the bearer of the Flashblade will turn and fight but only long enough to clear a path to safety whereupon he must flee again until out of danger. The sight of the character running for the rear will likely ruin his reputation no matter how much the sword makes him seem a hero so the bearer of this blade will have to do some quick thinking to maintain his own good name.

I do not watch baseball. I prefer the dog races. I hear they call catchers' equipment the **TOOLS OF IGNORANCE** but I do not know why. I do know why Steve Laybourne chose this for the name of the next trap though. Any thief or second story man foolish enough to use these tools is an ignoramus indeed.

This trap is a collection of finely crafted magic tools carried in a black velvet-lined leather case. Each tool is designed to sucker the victim by working perfectly the first time it is used. After that the tools always backfire. Included is a screwdriver that will remove any screw the first time it is used but



afterwards permanently welds screws in place at the slightest touch. A small hammer will drive one nail straight and true with a single stroke before exploding on the second blow. A crescent wrench will budge even the tightest bolt the first time it is used before automatically stripping any nut to which it is later applied. Skeleton keys are useful for picking locks and the one included with this set will open any lock the first time out. The next time the key is used it will permanently lock whatever it is used to pick. Finally there is a little hacksaw that will cut through anything once but thereafter serves to strengthen whatever material the delver tries to cut. It seems to me that once the true nature of these tools was determined that they could be used for positive purposes. But I am just a dog and what do I know?

Tyrone Shoes says **NOTHING GOES AS FAR AS IT USED TO**. Tyrone Shoes claims this trap is based on a real life experience he had in his junior high school algebra class. Tyrone Shoes had a math teacher who was obsessed with the demonstrability and measurability of the universe. The math teacher was a frustrated scientist who took solace in the notion of a mechanical cosmos in which all phenomena obeyed rational physical laws.

Hooooooooo! All these big words make my doggy skull ache!

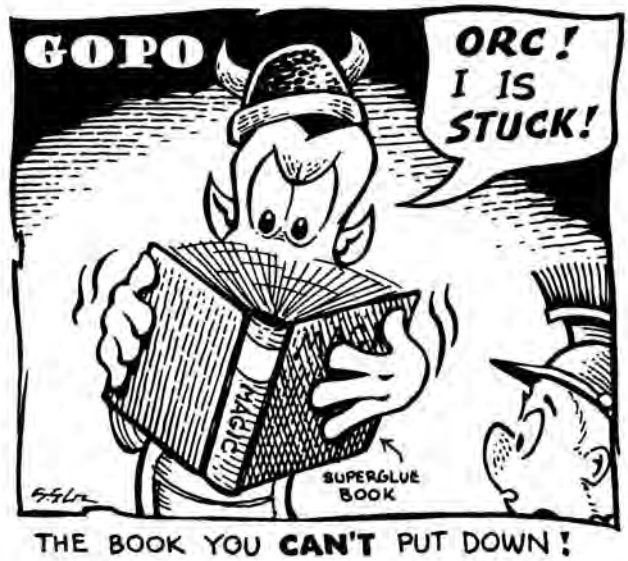
Anyway Tyrone Shoes tells me his math teacher's most prized possession was a stainless steel ruler exactly one foot long. This ruler was the paradigm by which the math teacher's universe was measured. The ruler was exactly one foot long and from that base unit of measurement was all the world measured. The math teacher used his ruler to demonstrate every element of his curriculum with precise straight lines on the blackboard.

The math teacher's life began to go awry when his calculations failed to balance. Try as he might his geometry problems continued to come up short. He should have caught on when he realized he was experiencing a continuous and identical margin of error. At last one afternoon the math teacher noticed his ruler had been broken off exactly one inch on the low end. His one foot ruler was in fact eleven inches long although he never noticed because he looked only at the end that showed the twelve inch mark. With the discovery of this insidious bit of vandalism the math teacher went mad. He was abruptly aware that all his calculations of the last fortnight were wrong. In grief the maddened mathematician took a pair of erasers full of chalk dust and before his horrified students erased himself from existence.

The point of Tyrone Shoe's long anecdote is to alert the devious of how easy it can be to mess up the works of complex engineering products. An eleven inch ruler assumed to be one foot long could seriously damage the calculations of engineers building walls to protect the local town from monster raids from your dungeon. In the right hands such a ruler could likewise ensure maps made of your dungeon were incorrect. If nothing else you could use this item to cheat little kids out of one inch of their foot-long wieners and make yourself rich selling concessions at the ballpark.

Rowdy Rhodes says his next trap is **ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A RUBBER CRUTCH** and that the title says it all. This trap is just a convincing prop crutch made out of rubber that will of course crumple under the weight of anyone who tries to use it. This seems like a weak trap to me but Rowdy Rhodes says lots of times we publish traps that are really nothing more than bad puns or tired cliches. I would not know because I am a dog and I can not read. Fortunately I can bark dictation. Rowdy Rhodes says he has a million such traps and he will gladly install screen doors in submarines and give a moose a hat rack and haul coals to Newcastle. I do not understand so if you can clue me in please do. Arrroooo!

We have all heard that when you find a good book **YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT IT DOWN!** Clinton Gaskill has taken this notion to it's logical extreme with his item trap of the same name. I suggest you build a library to house this trap and the other book traps that have appeared in past volumes of this series.



THE BOOK YOU **CAN'T** PUT DOWN!

Simply put this is an attractive red leather book that radiates faint magic. The cover should have a pretty picture to attract dwarves and dogs like me. Arrrooo! The delver can pick up the book and read it or thumb through it or whatever but when he goes to put it down he will find the book is coated with superglue! Arrrufff! Arrrrufff! No matter what the victim does he will not be able to let go of the book save by peeling the flesh from his bones. Remember the book itself will remain sticky and will bond with anything else that touches it like clothing weapons or the victim's other hand!

Someone who does not have to worry about the previous trap is Tom Keefer because he can not read. He could read when he was a kid but school cured that. I think he also read his own TOME OF KNOWLEDGE trap from the last book and made a mental midget of himself.

Anyway Tom Keefer has an item trap he calls **THE LAST UNSIGHTLY BULGE YOU WILL EVER SEE**. This trap has a gun in it so I think it belongs in another chapter but I am just a dog and I have no say in these things. Simply put this is a hunting rifle with a shell already in the chamber and a subtlety tapering barrel. Most delvers will not notice the narrow barrel and certainly will not notice the barrel is in fact smaller at the far end than the bullet that must pass through it. Anyone pulling the trigger of this gun is going to have an explosive surprise right in his face. Woof!

The **HOT BREASTPLATE SPECIAL** is designed by Cinnamon Lynn Allen and even if this were not a good trap I would run it anyway just to suck up to anyone named Cinnamon Lynn Allen. I hope she really exists. Woof!



This is an elaborately bejewelled breastplate. In addition to being a work of art the breastplate will offer moderate armor protection. A faint magical aura may also convince some sucker to put this thing on. While in the depths of the dungeon the breastplate will function normally. When the victim leaves the dungeon is when the fun begins. A big ruby set in the middle of the breastplate serves to magnify sunlight like a laser and directs a beam of the stuff into the wearer's chest. This will either burn the delver's chest or punch a hole straight through him depending on the intensity and angle of the sunlight. The laser is not strong enough to be used as a distance weapon but it's more than powerful enough to give whoever wears this breastplate a serious case of heartburn! Arrroooo!

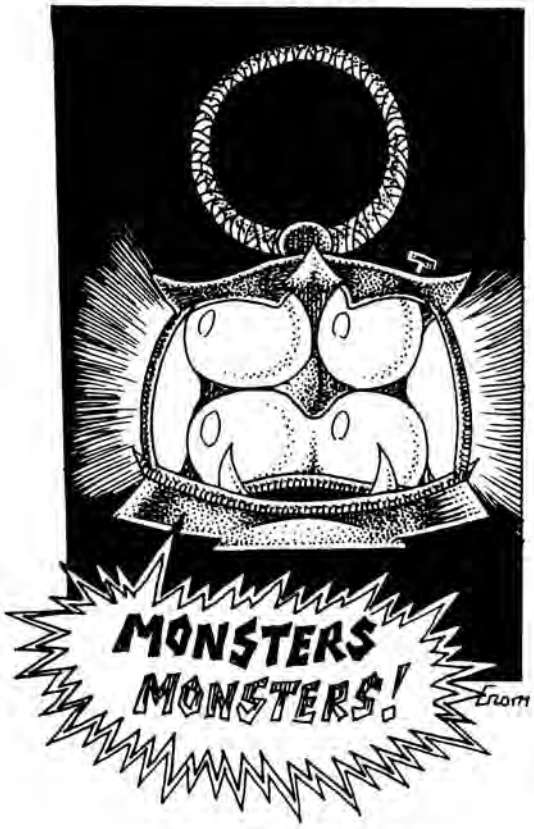


Rick Loomis promises to **CAUTERIZE THE WOUND** with this next item trap. This appears to be a common torch complete with a handle wrapped in cord and a head soaked in oil. The torch will burn normally and cast average light for approximately one hour. At that time the flame will have consumed enough of the torch to release the spring-loaded switchblade hidden in the shaft of the torch. Once released the blade will rapidly swing about and slice through the fingers of anyone holding the torch. If the victim complains for having his fingers cut off tell him how generous you are by providing an open flame to cauterize the wound. Once I heard about a guy who cut his fingers off with a power saw. The doctor said the fingers could have been reattached if the guy had acted fast enough but there was no chance because his dog ate the severed fingers. True story. Arrrroooo!

But Rick Loomis is not done. Rick Loomis says **HERE THERE BE MONSTERS** and backs it up with a magic lantern. The lantern bears an inscription written in Orcish that reads

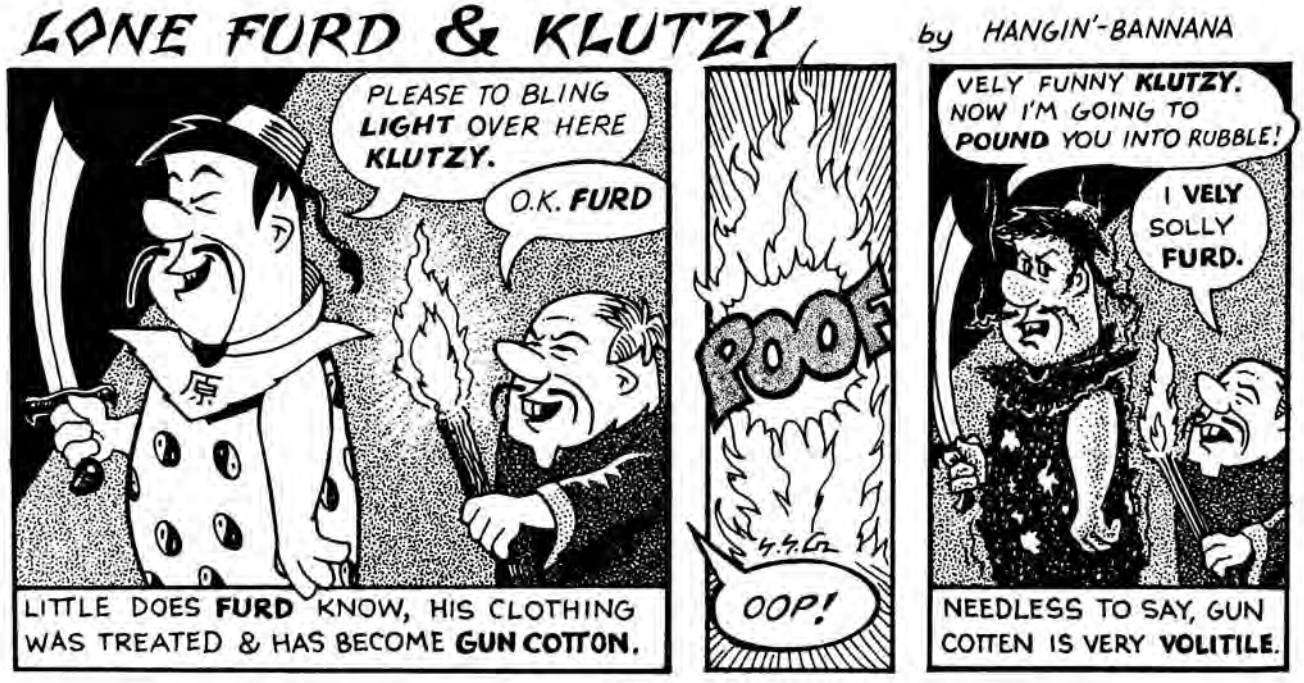
"When lit, lantern warns of approaching monsters"

When the lantern is lit a disembodied voice will howl "Here there be monsters" unless an orc is present in which case the lantern will remain mum. Human delvers may figure the lantern is broken but they are wrong. After all this lantern is an orcish invention and to orcs HUMANS are the monsters! So long as the lantern does not shriek in a high tone or say "Here there be hydrants" we hounds are immune.



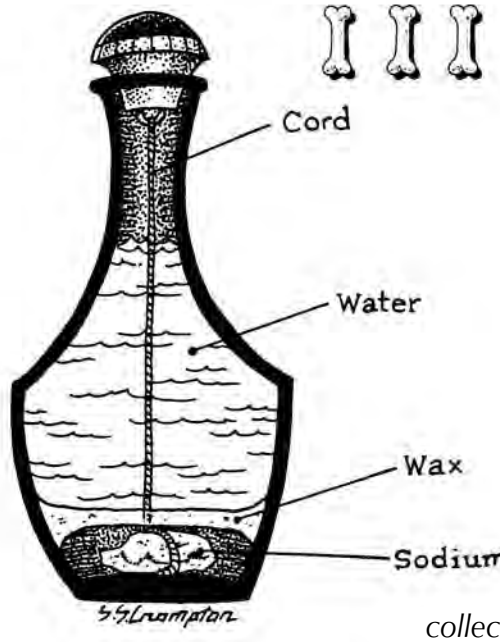
Despite his young age Brian Moroz must have a criminal record because he is familiar with the workings of one-way glass. Anyone who has ever spent time in a police lineup is acquainted with this stuff. I've been hauled into the clink a bunch of time for an expired dog license. From one side this glass appears to be a mirror but from the other side a person can see right through it. Handy for seeing others while not being seen. Brian Moroz uses such glass to construct his **FROM ACROSS THE ROOM THEIR EYES MET** trap which is nothing more than a mirrored shield made of one-way glass. Leave this item laying around your maze where gorgons or other gaze attack monsters dwell. Then howwwwwllllll with evil glee when some poor fool picks up the shield to avert a gaze attack only to learn he can see right through the thing to the monster he was trying to avoid. Your victim will have a long time to consider the error of his ways as he will then be fit for little more than occupying the center of a park as a particularly pompous stone statue. I love it when Grimtooth takes me to the park so I can moonwalk backwards on the grass next to trees just before doing my duty. Woof!

Eric Boyd claims to know how to make gunpowder but I am not sure he is telling the truth. Then again I am just a dog and GrimBuck is not around to lend his opinion so here it goes. Eric Boyd says that cotton plus sulfuric acid makes guncotton which is a powerful explosive. Eric Boyd says his **GUNCOTTON SWEATERS** are an accident waiting to happen. All you have to do is spray a delver's cotton clothes with a fine mist of nitric and sulfuric acid then introduce a flame to watch the results of your action. I think Eric Boyd is playing fast and loose with the laws of science but I have no way to check his theory. Give it a try for me and let me know how it comes out. Send your test results to Grimtooth's Doghouse which is located on the lowest level of Grimtooth's Dungeon which is coming soon to a game shop near you or so I am told. Arrrrooo!

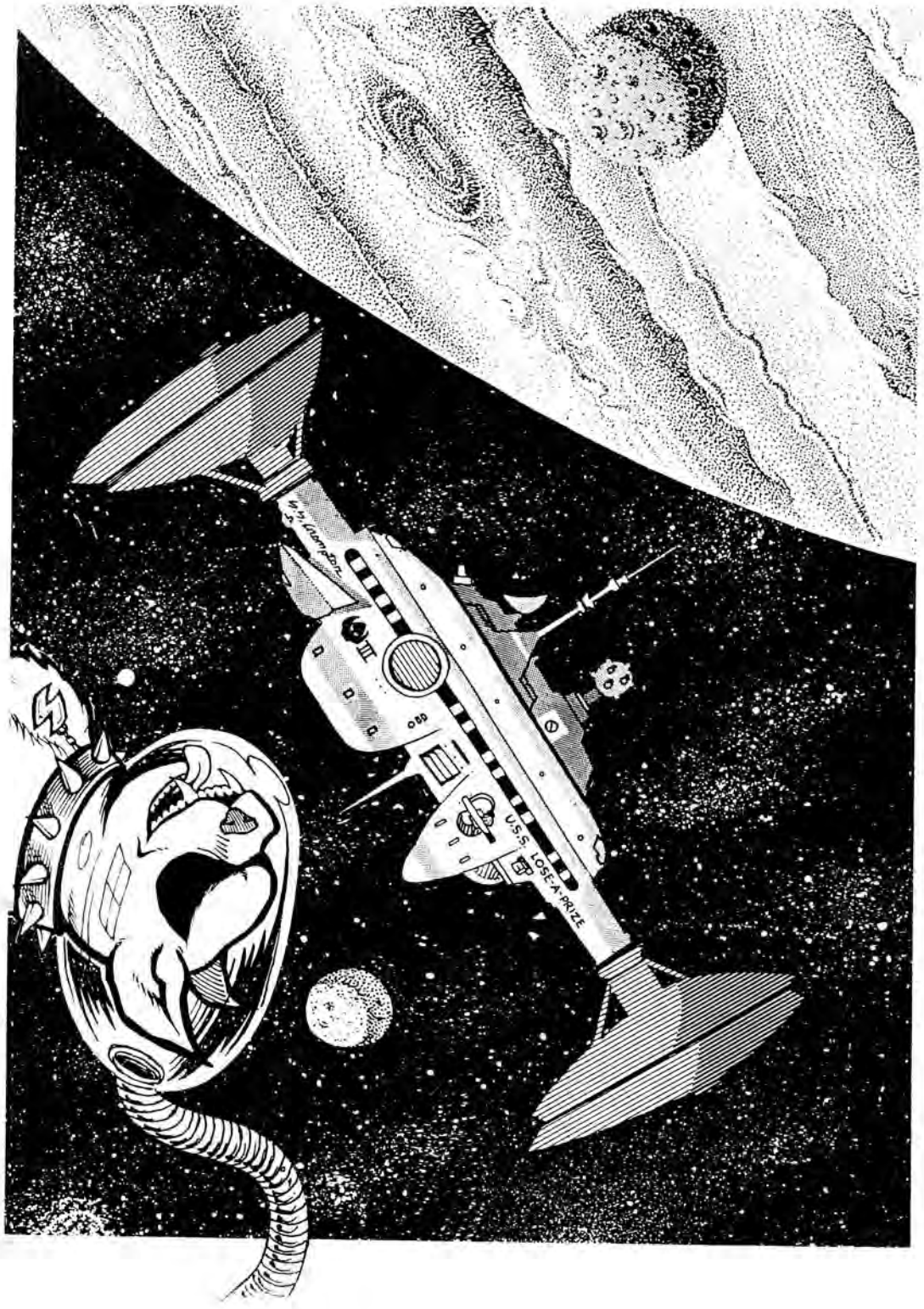


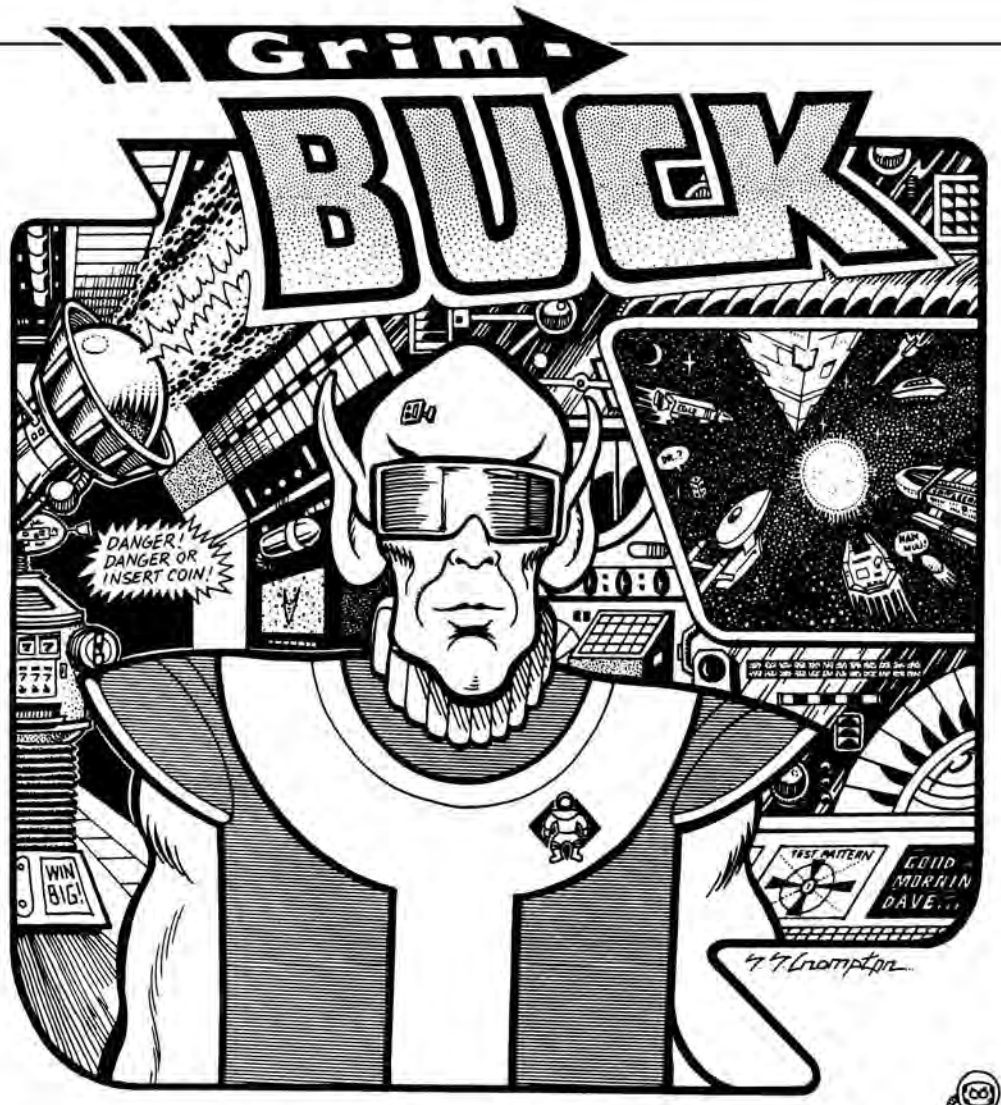
The publishers said this book had to be less filling and low in sodium so no sodium traps were allowed. But I am running out of traps so **NICE WINES DON'T EXPLODE** by Alison McDaniel gets my doggy nod. Besides this trap does not use much sodium (and no MSG), so we can still say this is a low sodium collection. I do not understand what all the fuss is about anyway. We dogs do not have heart attacks so often as you humans so maybe you should scrap the sodium angle and live like hounds.

The diagram for this trap really says it all. An opaque flask is closed with a glass stopper. Shaking the flask reveals it is filled with liquid. The liquid is water. What the victim can not see is the thick layer of wax at the bottom of the flask covering a deposit of sodium. A cord attached to the stopper is likewise anchored in the wax seal so that when the stopper is removed the sodium pocket is exposed to the water. An explosion will result. The glass bottle will serve as fragmentation in the blast.



All of which is about as much as my doggy jaw can take. It is not easy to talk you know. I hope I have not been barking up the wrong tree with you guys. It really was up to me to host this chapter. Grimtooth would not touch it. And Grimtooth will not do the next chapter either because it takes place in the far future and only one creature is qualified to boldly go where no troll has gone before...





Sci-Fi Traps



In the beginning of the eightieth decade of the nineteenth century A.D. (old earth reckoning), the barbarous inhabitants of the ancient city of Phoenix, Arizona, produced GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS, which they asserted was suitable for use with ALL role-playing systems. Being but simple and unevolved children, the editors of the original TRAPS book can of course be forgiven for their conceit. As all residents of the future realize, GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS was far from compatible with ALL game systems, because no provision was made for imaginary contests set in the future.

Thanks to a call from Grimtooth on the TimePhone, I — GrimBuck — have the opportunity to correct this oversight. In this chapter we'll examine traps and tricks with a futuristic slant. If your dungeon supports high tech items you can use these in your dark age contests, as well, but for our purposes we'll focus on traps suited to the Final Frontier...

collection
pg 401



JED, I

The **HOLOBLADE** is the creation of Dan Lambert, who while a resident of twentieth century earth, is obviously wearing his future thinking cap. Due to some spurious bit of film space opera from your era, adventurers are forever searching for "Lite Sabres" left behind by the vanished "Jed Clampet" knights. Please forgive me if I mangle your precious cultural icons, but research into the entertainment of your era has been spotty, and a few inconsistencies are inevitable.

In any case, the victim finds a palm-sized duraluminum tube with a button on the handle. Eagerly anticipating what must come next, the character will point the open end of the tube away from him and press the button. As expected, a shaft of light approximately three feet long will leap from the handle, accompanied by a humming sound reminiscent of a great bumblethrax. The heft and weight of the thing will convince the character he has indeed found a legendary Lite Sabre, and unless he takes care to test the blade straight away, he is doomed to learn of his error at the worst possible moment.

The blade is in fact no more than a projected hologram, a carefully constructed illusion designed to deceive even the most discerning eye. Several million of these gag gifts were dumped on the market last Halloween, when a cousin of mine from Alpha Centauri hoped to make a killing with Jed Clampet costumes for the little tykes. Alas, then as in your own century, the kids all wanted to dress as martial Asian turtles, for no reason anyone can determine. Research into this phenomena indicates the custom may originate in your era, for which you have our eternal enmity.

Similar to Dan's phoney blade is the **UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING**, by Tyrone Shoes. Aside from the title, Tyrone's trap has nothing to do with Milan Kundera's 20th century novel of the same name. In fact, this really isn't a trap so much as a concept that can be used in a variety of ways.

One of the problems with illusion traps in the pseudo-medieval environment is the tell-tale register of magical vibrations. Even simple enchantments are bound to leave a magical "signature" which can be detected by items, spells, and sensitive magic-users. The presence of magic in an unlikely place usually spells trouble, so many otherwise clever traps are placed at a disadvantage if they must rely on magical illusions.

In my day, of course, convincing illusions are possible without resorting to magic. Even a child's holographic projector is capable of creating realistic illusions. Unlike magical illusions, projected holographs are almost impossible to recognize as fakes until it is too late. A few of my favorite applications are to project the image of a bridge crossing a chasm, or the image of an arm chair in front of my desk. There's nothing better for getting a face-to-face meeting off to an uproarious start than having a client sit on a chair that isn't there.

Magnetic boots are essential apparel for most EVA activities — whether it's adjusting your main communications array or just going for a recreational space walk. Without magnetic boots to adhere you to the surface of your ship, you're courting disaster with any sort of extra-vehicular activity. I hate it when that happens.

Norm Strange's **ANTI-MAGNETIC BOOTS** are no help at all. These appear in every way to be a normal set of standard-issue magnetic boots. Hidden inside the sole of the boot, however, is a

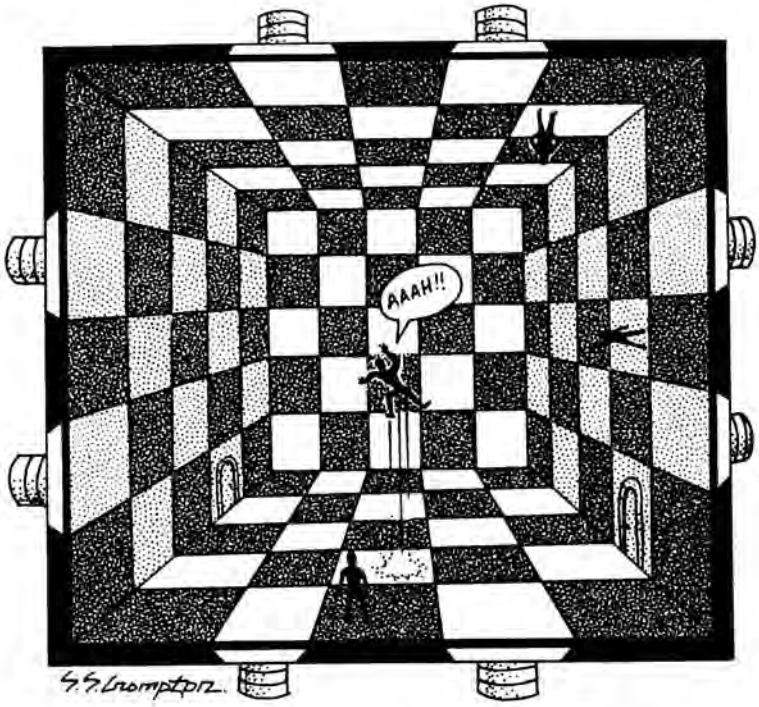
pressure-sensitive timer. The timer is located directly under where the wearer's heel must go. When a character thrusts his foot into the boot and starts walking around, he's bound to activate the timer.

Nothing unfortunate will happen for one standard hour. Note that is one "standard" hour, not to be confused with one "earth hour", one "earth minute", or one "earth hotdog". Once a standard hour has elapsed, the timer triggers a microscopic electronic device hidden in the sole of the boot which reverses the polarity of the boot's magnets. Whatever was formerly attracted to the boots (such as the hull of a ship) will now be repelled, and vice-versa. With luck, your victim will find himself jettisoned into space. If nothing else, the character could find himself floating in zero-G inside some ship corridor at an inconvenient moment.



ONE STEP BEYOND is really a door trap, but it's also a future trap, so I get to explain it. Suppose you have a door that is also a special time travel machine. The first person who walks through it, gets teleported one hour into the future. However, the machine uses all of its stored energy transporting the first victim, and will take one to six hours to recharge. To the party, it looks like their "point man" has disappeared, and of course to him it looks like the rest of the party has disappeared. Most likely, one or the other will wander off before the hour is up and they may never find each other again. S. S. Crompton says for even more fun, you can have the time machine work with decreasing efficiency with each delver, so that the first one goes one hour away, and the next one goes 30 minutes away, etc. But I wouldn't want to try to keep track of more than two simultaneously! If you really want to get complicated, suppose the first person who steps through the time gate looks around, sees everyone has disappeared, and steps back through the gate. Since in real time, an hour has passed, the time gate may be recharged already! That means if the first adventurer steps through again, he will now be two hours ahead of the rest of the group instead of one! You can see how monsterous this simple trap can become.

Here's a fun use for the artificial gravity generators aboard your ship. Jason Shannon's **NEGATIVE G-WHIZ** room is a perfect 50' x 50' x 50' cube. The floor is laid out in an alternating black and white checkerboard pattern, with each square measuring ten feet on a side. Two doors — one leading into the room, the other leading out — are located on white tiles on opposite sides of the room.



ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD GENERATORS AT WHITE SQUARES

The black squares have positive gravity. That is to say, characters stepping on a black square will be oriented toward the normal "down" direction on your ship. The white squares have negative gravity. Characters stepping onto a white square will suddenly find the ceiling is "down", and will fall up to the ceiling and adhere to the same. Remember this room is a perfect 50' cube, so falling up to the ceiling could be a violent experience. Working your way across the room, from one "ceiling" to the next, will be difficult. Especially difficult will be getting through one of the doors, as they are at "normal" ground level in the room, although they occupy white squares, meaning the characters who want to use them will be sticking to the "ceiling" fifty feet above the door! This trap isn't likely to terminate anyone, but it will slow the party down, and could make for some laughs. To make things really interesting, douse the lights in this room...

If my information is correct, it was in your era that the notion of Virtual Reality got it's start. It's a common enough thing today, of course, but for those of you not in touch with technology — or if I'm missing the mark with this thing by a decade or two — let me explain.

Virtual Reality is a means by which a computer user is transported into an artificial realm created by a computer. Originally, the user donned a pair of goggles that displayed an artificial landscape generated by a computer directly before the user's eyes. When the user moved his head, the landscape shifted to mimic the motion. Sensor attached to the user's body, usually in the form of a "data glove", continued the illusion by translating body movement into the "virtual universe" of which the user was now a part.

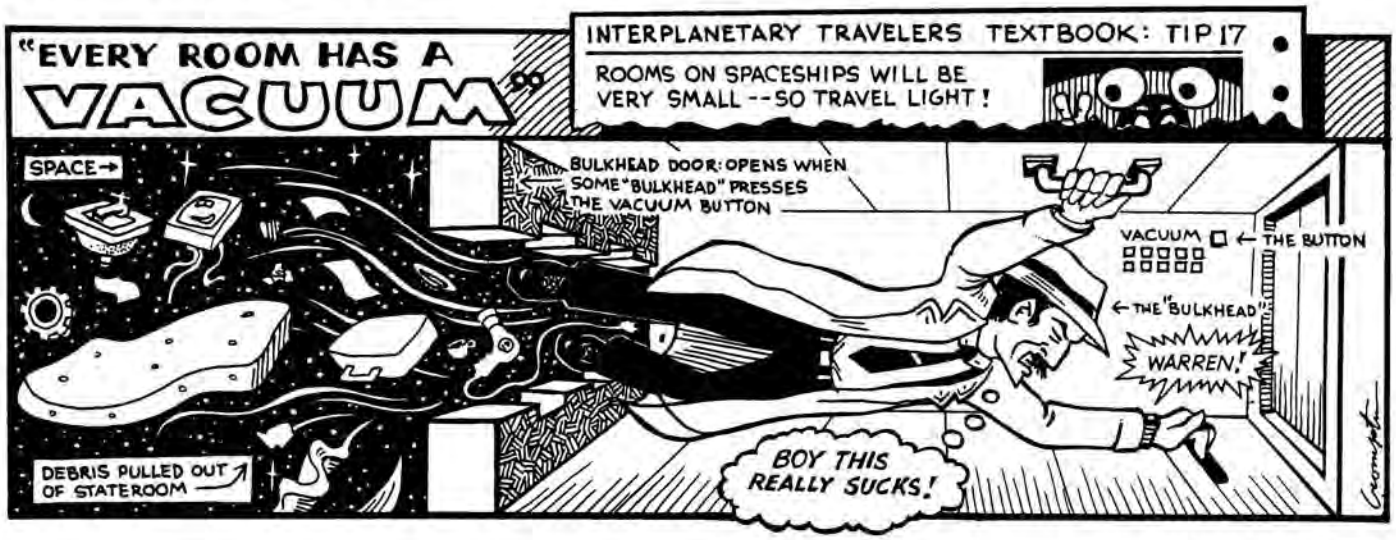
Great things were predicted for Virtual Reality. It was supposed to change lives, eliminate television and novels, and revolutionize industry and space exploration. Not quite. It killed role-playing, but television is stronger than ever. Never underestimate the passivity of a couch potato. All they want to do is lay back and watch the same stories over and over again. Certainly no one wanted to step INTO a re-run of I Love Lucy! "Choose your own adventure" shows went the way of American car manufacturers and the Soviet Union around 2005.

In my era, of course, Virtual Reality is a common and underappreciated phenomena. Thrill seekers still use the thing to enter imaginary worlds where they can fly, battle monsters, survive in deep space, and generally behave in a god-like and irrational manner. The cumbersome goggles and data gloves of your era have been replace with micro-fine attachments all but invisible to the unaided eye. It is in such an environment that Molly Ringworm's **NOT-SO VIRTUAL REALITY** should thrive.

Simply put, you need merely construct an ACTUAL fantasy land, then permit victims to enter it only after they've been convinced they're in a "virtual" environment. The first time the victim tries to fly or walk through fire he'll be in for a rude awakening. This trap is especially effective if you intermix virtual and genuine elements of reality, letting the victims fly about for a bit before transporting them unknowing to your genuine killing ground.

Back on old Earth, the Japanese really got something started with their notion of mini-hotels. They started in airports and quickly moved into Tokyo itself. Given the lack of room in that old metropolis, I suppose it was only natural hotel rooms little bigger than coffins should become a success. Businessmen on layovers in the airport for half a day or so found it convenient to rent one of these little boxes in which they could sleep, watch television, or read in relative privacy from the thronging masses outside. If you weren't claustrophobic, the notion was a godsend.

Now, of course, the original Japanese mini-hotel is the model for most space-borne accommodations. Space is at a premium in orbital facilities, and the luxury of expansive staterooms sank along with the Queen Mary in the Great California Earthquake of 2029. The best lodgers can hope for when staying off-planet is a little box scarcely more advanced than those the Japanese designed, although made for palatable by Virtual Reality hookups and the like. As part of their bitter competition to lure customers, hotels of my era engage in advertising wars. Jersey Turnpike might attract some customers with his claim that **EVERY ROOM HAS A VACUUM**, but he better get his guests to pay on the way in. They'll be in no condition to pay on their way out.



Jersey suggests you set up an automated hotel with ultra-low prices. Advertise that each room comes complete with a series of automatic functions, including a vacuum. When a victim checks into his box, he'll find the place is a bit of a mess from the last guest. No problem, asserts the management — just shut the door, and press the "vacuum" button. Victims doing so will find their room is neatly cleaned as the entire box is exposed to the vacuum of space. Sure straightens up a room in a hurry to blast all that rubbish — including the victim — into an unstable orbit!

Tom Keefer once told me of his shocking experience from whizzing on an electric fence, so Tom knows whereof he speaks when he describes his **SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT** trap. This is a simple electric fence, such as that used to surround penal institutions, or ward off hostile beasts from a fledgling colony. Characters inspecting the fence should be told the barrier appears to be defective. The fence is not fully juiced, but rather seems to pulse with current at regular intervals. Observant characters will time these intervals, and arrive at the conclusion they can clamber over the fence between bursts of electricity.



They could not be more wrong.

The fence is pressure-sensitive. After bearing weight equal to approximately one character, the fence shuts off. For thirty seconds. Then the fence comes on, full voltage, and remains on for five full minutes. The height of the fence ensures even the most agile character will be no better than half way up the fence when the voltage kicks in. A shocking development, indeed.

Ari Marmell has obviously never written a set of game rules. If he had, he'd know his **DEVIOUS DE-SIGNS** trap would have little chance of working. In your day scarcely anyone took the time to read, and in my era the situation is little better. It's not that the populace is illiterate. It's that no one bothers to READ. No wonder Grimtooth went bald pulling his hair out. Don't let my antediluvian cousin give you any nonsense about being naturally bald.

Ari's trap is located in one of those air-tight rooms so common to space stations or colonies on exotic worlds. After your victims enter the room, slam and bolt shut the door behind them. Then flood the room with chlorine gas and begin to lower the ceiling.

Across the room, through the swirling gas, the party will see a vast sign light up. The sign reads,

"Only by following these instructions can you save yourselves."

Beside the glowing sign is a glowing arrow, pointing toward a second, smaller sign. The party will have to cross the room, wasting precious breath and seconds, to read what is written on the second sign:



"Do not read these instructions".

That's right — anyone who fails to act immediately by bashing down the bolted door is a dead, pure and simple. But don't worry. No one reads anymore, anyways.

Crowd control is as much a problem in my era as in the ancient realm you inhabit. We still have not found a way around the necessity of having citizens stand in line when seeking important information or goods. Some lines are so long — such as those to secure a RS-39/HJF form as ordered by the Internal Revenue Service Line Reduction Act of 2033 — that patrons have been known to fall asleep or even starve while awaiting vital services.

To ease the burden of chronic line-standing, Dr. Cosmo McMoon has created **SUSPENDED ALIGNMENT**, a well-meaning notion that is easily perverted into a trap. Applicants joining the back of the line are frozen solid by dipping them in a super-scientific substance similar to liquid nitrogen. The applicant then enters a zero-time state, permitting him to wait in line indefinitely without noticing the passage of time, and without growing hungry, tired, or even older. The frozen applicants and placed on a conveyor belt, and conducted one-by-one to the head of the line, where they are thawed and dealt with efficiently and at the top of their form.



The crux of the trap is in the conveyor belt. Doctor McMoon suggests you freeze every part of the applicant's body except his head. Then place him standing up on the conveyor belt and ignore his complaints as he's trundled off into darkness along with the rest of his frozen line-mates. What frozen folks don't realize is these conveyor belts aren't the smoothest things around, starting and stopping as they do with sudden jerks. Those jerks cause the belt's frozen cargo to wobble...and as a frozen body has the consistency of fine crystal, a tumble from the conveyor belt would be a shattering experience. If a character is frozen solid, of course, he's no way of knowing he's in danger. But if your victim has a thawed head, and can see the possible doom that awaits him, yet is unable to move in any way...well, that's more like it! Start the belt, stop the belt, start the belt, stop the belt. Each time the frozen line of statues wobbles ever so slightly, threatening to tumble into each other or off the belt to the floor below. Lovely.

This next trap by Kenneth Harn is a bit of advanced super-science possibly best employed in the conventional medieval environment. With **COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET**, Kenneth resurrects one of the oldest and most over-used monsters in the genre, but with a special twist.



Use this trap anywhere you have a closet, be it a ship's locker or the upstairs cupboard at your dear great-grandaunt's house. Anyone opening the closet door will be greeted by the hoariest of horror movie cliches: a corpse pitching out of the closet. The poor dead guy was propped against the door, and when the door was opened, he fell right over. The stiff has been stiff for some time, judging by his stiffness. The party will shout, laugh, or search the corpse's pockets (perhaps all three) before moving on. Possibly they'll notice a broken bottle of oily fluid in the corpse's pocket, that broke when the body hit the floor, soaking the corpse to the skin.

Then the corpse gets up. It will trail the party at a discrete distance for a time before closing in search of what every ghoul wants. Fresh brains, of course. What sets apart this zombie-with-a-difference is that he is a creation of SCIENCE! That bottle in it's pocket contains the miracle ingredient RetroGrow. Originally designed to grow hair on heavy-gravity worlds, RetroGrow is potent enough to animate a corpse, at least for a little while. If encountered in a medieval environment, the clerical members of the party may feel they can turn aside this apparition from the grave with a casual gesture, but as this zombie is a scientific creation, they'll find it is unaffected by the usual magic and religion. And if you use this zombie in the far future, no one will know the first thing about magic — although they may understand enough to burn this fellow down with a sidearm.

Corey Tex reminds us we can have **FUN WITH THE AIR SUPPLY**. This point seems so obvious it hardly needs making, but sometimes the most obvious traps are the most brilliant, and the most frequently overlooked. Corey suggests replacing part of the oxygen supply in any spacer's suit with a canister of nitrous oxide. Leave enough oxygen that the spacer won't die, so you'll be able to enjoy the spectacle as he overdoses on laughing gas. Your victims will begin laughing uncontrollably, after which they'll find themselves impervious to pain, which will come in handy if the fools have torn a hole in their suits while staggering around with the giggles. For a more savage and complex variation on this scheme, you can arrange for spacesuits to gradually empty of oxygen, rather than providing fresh stuff to breathe, resulting in suffocation leading to death. But this is supposed to be a LITE collection, so we'll stick with the joy juice.

Jay Dahmer invites us to **BITE THE BULLET** with a pair of traps that will have your victims beaming up to the dentist. If the dentist can replace a missing jaw, that is. Jay suggests modifying objects that are commonly clenched in the teeth to devastating effect. For instance, a jawbreaker candy ball with a special nitro glycerin core lacks subtlety, but it does evoke a pleasing image. Likewise, constructing an athlete's mouthpiece from super-strong epoxy that is activated when bitten upon could have delirious consequences. Whether your victim never opens his mouth again, or doesn't have a mouth to open, you'll not have to listen to his complaints.

As popularized by an over-rated superhero group of the late twentieth century, danger rooms were all the rage for awhile. The theory behind a danger room is simple. Danger rooms provide intensive training for fighting bands by generating a series of increasingly deadly challenges in a controlled environment. When the party is tested to their utmost limit, the danger room automatically cancels the simulation, to ensure no one is seriously hurt. Presumably this helps the team train as a unit.

The problem with danger rooms is that they are either too wimpy to take seriously, or they have minds of their own and keep running amok. A far more sensible (and less expensive) option is to equip a room to handle Bob Brown's **BOUNCIN' CHAINSAWS.** This is a cheap and simple means of testing the skill of any group of characters caught in the room, and you needn't worry about anyone not getting a proper workout.



Transport the party into a rubber-walled room from which the only exit lays in the middle of the ceiling. No sooner does the party get its bearings than the door in the ceiling slides open, and several dozen chainsaws are dumped into the room. But these aren't normal chainsaws, not by any stretch of the imagination. The body of each chainsaw is enclosed in a hardened rubber solution, like a superball, leaving only the whirling blade exposed. When the rubber ball portion of the superball hits one of the rubber walls, you can bet the chainsaw will begin a series of dangerous and impossible-to-predict bounces about the inside of the room. The party will have to work together to escape the room, all the while keeping an eye out for the bouncing chainsaws. And as the chainsaws run on miniature fusion motors — the standard power source here in the far future — characters waiting for the saws to run out of power will wait a long time indeed.

Here in the future, amazing microtechnolgy permits weapons to me more accurate than ever before. Whereas once homing weapons were so sophisticated only the most powerful nations could afford them, now homing technology is as common in the toy room as the battlefield. Tom Keefer makes good use of cheap homing technology with his **BOOMERANG HANDGRENADE.**



Homing devices are that much more accurate when they have something definite to home in on. This grenade, clearly marked "Homing Grenade", may excite the violent imagination of whoever finds it, but when this baby is lobbed, the party is in for a surprise. The grenade homes, all right — it homes on it's very own pin! User pulls pin, user throws grenade, grenade homes in on pin (usually in user's left hand)...BOOM! Or maybe I should say, BOOM-ERANG!

It's a truism that **YOU RUN INTO DEBT, BUT YOU CRAWL OUT**, as evinced by this next trap by Stu Lateforme. Here in the far future, of course, we've long since swapped to a cashless economy. All commerce is conducted with credits, and credits are electronically tracked through a complex inter-galactic banking system. You think remote charges at ATMs are bad in your era? You should see the fee for using my PlutoCharge at Mercury's Hotside Fern Bar!

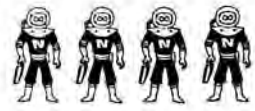


With credit machines located on gambling worlds and in virtual reality arcades and all matter of irresponsible places, it's easier than ever before to run up big credit deficits unknowingly. Did you know that at 19% interest, a $2000.00 debt on one of your ancient credit cards would take more than TEN YEARS to pay off. if you made the minimum monthly payment? Stu suggests you make it even easier by informing your victim they've just won the lottery, and have had their credit account squared or cubed or suddenly expressed with scientific notation (with a POSITIVE exponent, of course, unless you're really trying to ruin someone's day). Called the "Lying Lottery", this is really just a vicious method of credit assassination by encouraging the poor victim to spend even more credits he does not have...and creditors are not likely to put much stock in accepting a payoff from some dimly-defined mysterious lottery committee. Seems to me the victim will have to scare up some credits in a hurry or he's going to end up washing magnetic bottles for a loooong time.

I understand whips were all the rage in your century following the success of a movie series featuring an archeologist who got himself into all manner of scrapes in pursuit of lost treasures of antiquity. To judge by this cinematic hero, whips could disarm foes, serve as ropes with which to swing across chasms, and bind adversaries about the shoulder or ankles.



Heroes intent on reproducing such unlikely antics will be in for an unpleasant surprise should they come across Corey Tex's **CORDITE WHIP.** This appears to be a simple bullwhip, but hidden in the handle is a bottle of nitro glycerin, bound beneath a stick of ordinary dynamite. The whip itself contains a fast burning fuse that will be set off the first time someone snaps or cracks the thing in the air. Crack, sssssssss, boom! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back, which is more than I can say for the middle movie in the aforementioned series, which was an astroturkey if I ever saw one.



Science has revealed we're really no more than bags of chemicals. And like any organic creature, we're subject to stimulus by drugs or more subtle natural agents...

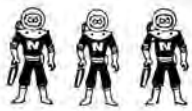
...like pheromones, about which Tom Keefer's **WHAT'S THAT SMELL?** trap revolves. Tom suggests you guard a treasure cabinet with an assortment of the universe's most deadly creatures. Denobian GloopBats should do nicely. Adventurers will think twice about trying to pass by such guardians, but they've really nothing to worry about. The GloopBats are pacified, you see, by a steady stream of pheromones sprayed into the room. These pheromones have no effect on humans (unless dear old dad left some dirty secrets on Denoba), but they keep the GloopBats tranquil.

In the middle of the room, encased in glass so that everyone can see, is a treasure of significant import. The Emperor's Iridium Crown should do. A thief spying the crown may very well decide to brave the GloopBats to win such a prize. How delighted he will be to find he can safely walk right past the chamber's guardians and open the very case containing the Crown. Ah, but then...



...then the GloopBats smell the pheromones in the small case with the Crown, pheromones that drive them into a mating frenzy. And as you all know, GloopBat mating rituals are a bloody affair, and something humans would do well to avoid. Being stuck in the middle of a crowd of GloopBats suddenly in the mood should have immediate and unfortunate circumstances. I refer you to your exobiology instructors at the Academy, should you need additional information.

Like so many others with a great future behind him, Jay Dahmer's **FUTURE WAS BRIGHT UNTIL HE WORE SHADES.** See if your local mall optometrist can fill an order for these sinister shades. Jay intended his trap to be worked into a pair of dark sunglasses, but it could as easily be made a part of the blast shield or visor of a spacesuit, particularly those used on worlds where ultraviolet radiation is especially strong.



This trick is simple and effective. Worked into the sunglasses are micro lasers roughly one micron apart from highly sensitive photocells. When the photocells encounter sunlight, they trigger the lasers, which shoot a beam of light into the victim's eyes, dazzling or even blinding him. Higher intensity lasers could punch through the victim's eyeballs altogether and burn a hole into the brain, but I'm having a treatment and my autodoc says avoid excitement, so I won't think about such things.

This next trap has absolutely no scientific basis. While this fact hardly sets Norm Strange's **EXPANDING UNIVERSE** trap apart from the rest of this volume, Norm's disregard for the laws of physics is particularly egregious. Norm says he got the idea for this trap from an old WARLOCK comic book, but that still doesn't excuse playing dice with the universe.

Still, this trap will provide me with a pseudo-scientific explanation for my marital unit the next time I put on weight, so here it goes. It is remotely possible the universe is expanding. Certainly the galaxies are flying apart from one another. That's not what Norm means. Norm contends the universe — and everything in it — grows larger every moment. As all things expand at an equivalent rate, it is impossible to detect this growth. After all, if you grow just as fast as a voxstalk, how are you to notice the voxstalk is getting taller?

With me so far? Right. Norm goes nuts when he asserts that different regions of the universe expand at different rates. Now we're really into the comic book stuff, but what the hey? If the universe is expanding at different rates in different locales, you need only introduce a long-range teleporter to annoy your friends. Teleport your victim to a region of accelerated expansion for a week, and when you bring him back, his shoes will be too tight. A month in that other place should ruin his entire wardrobe, while after a year he'll have a hard time fitting through doors. Leave your victim in the other realm for a year or more, and you can re-enact Gulliver's arrival in Lilliput.



Of course, Norm presupposes your victim is transported to a realm expanding only slightly faster than our own. Find a portion of the universe that is already radically out of step with the one at hand and you'll encounter genuine scale problems right off the aluminum bat. Like I said, if nothing else this nonsense will help me explain those extra few inches around the waist line after the Venuvian White Dwarf Eating festival.



Congested slide-walks got you down? Exercise your vertical airspace option with Jersey Turnpike's **HELICOPTER BEANIE OF DEATH.** Of course, don't call the fool thing the Helicopter Beanie of Death when you introduce it to your victims, or no one will want to wear it. Actually, I know a dozen guys that would crawl on their bellies across broken plastisteel to wear anything called the Helicopter Beanie of Death, but my friends don't count.



No, I suggest you call this item the Hughes 88/XR Skylifter, or something equally benign. This appears to be a steel cap with a propeller beanie on top, a pull-cord on the side, and a study leather chin strap to hold the contraption firmly on the head. When the user wants to fly, he need only tug on the pull-cord and the cap's internal combustion engine will spring into noisy life. The propeller will whirl about madly, then spin DOWN the propeller shaft, and through the top of the wearer's head, if he doesn't shuck the thing fast enough. Funny how that chin strap fastened so easy, but now doesn't want to work free...

Well, looks like it's time to get back to the future. I intend to make my exit through Molly Ringworm's **REGRESSION MACHINE**, which should appeal to everyone who ever had a nose job or a silicone implant. In my era, it's foreheads that really count, and the bigger your dome, the more esteem society affords you. The best way to increase your brow line is to use an evolution machine such as is popular in children's arcades. You hop in the seat, set the dial to the right, and evolve yourself a couple thousand generations, increasing your brain size and consequently your forehead.





All right, quit gawkin! So I'm a throwback, so what? I've had enough of this wishy-washy cotton candy stuff. The troll is back, and he's in charge. What was supposed to be the next chapter?

Politically Correct and Equal Opportunity Traps? Over my rotting corpse! Stop the presses! I'm calling the shots! And there's still room for...





MEGA-DEATH Traps

All right, that's enough! No more guys in suits! No more "nuisance value", no more gently sliding floors, no more paint balls, no more of this "Lite" nonsense. If you're like me, by now you're ready to puke, what with all this goodie-goodie non-fatal traps nonsense. Kinder and gentler, huh? I liked the bad old days better.

Fasten your seatbelts, boys. It's time for some REAL traps, the hardcore stuff, the unalloyed six-skull specials that they wouldn't let me print until now. Because nothing less will let me salvage my bloodshot reputation. Because things will get pretty hot around here if I don't get my way.

Let's howl.

Osborne Lone gets us started off with **KILL 'EM ALL, LET THE HOGS SORT THEM OUT.** Now this is more like it! A room trap to beat all room traps, only a giant lobster or two could make this one better!

Like all the traps in this ultra-violent chapter, this baby is best located in the deepest depths of your dungeon. Someplace under the kitchen is ideal. After all, your commissary staff must have someplace to throw the garbage. It's in just such a dank and dreary garbage bin that the delvers find themselves. How they get there is your problem. If you haven't learned how to move delvers against their will after nearly five volumes filled with pitfalls and dropshafts, then there's nothing I can do for you.



Right. We're in a vast chamber filled with rotting vegetables and other kitchen scraps. The floor is thick with mud. Delvers exploring this morass will see the usual garbage and refuse (and maybe even a treasure or two, if you're in a good mood), and certain colossal shapes looming overhead. Close examination will reveal the monolithic structures rearing at every hand are in fact giant rotting vegetables! Forests of carrot greens, towering stalks of brown celery, gigantic tomato rindes, and most disgusting of all, great chewed up cobs of corn laying on their sides like felled redwoods. Yuck! Gooey, chewed up corn cobs, all the kernals gone, spit still glistening on their soiled yellow surfaces, great teeth marks all along the things.

Great teeth marks? What could make such marks?

Giant hogs, of course, who live in this dark chamber and won't take kindly to delvers poking about in their dinner! No sooner do the delvers feel the first prickings of fear than a hundred tons of angry giant swine surges from the darkness, oinking excitedly and questing after the characters with it's vast, twitching snout. Maybe the delvers can turn the beast into bacon, and maybe they can't, but most likely you'll wind up killing them all, leaving the hog to sort them out.

Lee Russell brings us the **INSURANCE SALESMAN TRAP**. In my last volume I promised a special chapter just for lawyers and insurance salesmen, but due to space limitations such a dream collection will have to wait for my next collection. Lee's on the right track, though, with this nightmare scenario.

Put it on the bottom floor. Way, deep down in the black pit, under the lobster tank, beneath the giant hogs, way down there in the depths of the void. The party finds itself in a cozy room richly carpeted in thick beige shag. Wood paneled walls are hung with bland, anonymous framed bits of artistic tripe, mostly pictures of lakes and Norman Rockwell Saturday Evening Post Covers. Also present is a framed and impressive set of credentials, which on close inspection will prove to be a literal "License To Steal." Half the room is filled with a starkly modern mahogany desk polished to an inky black shine. Behind the desk, seated in a high-backed naughahyde swivel chair, awaits an eager elf dressed to the nines in a fine Italian suit and yellow tie. His desk is clear save for three number two pencils ranged in strict order like chopped logs floating down a flume and a photograph of a lovely elf family sweet enough to give Willie Wonka diabetes.

The elf rises gracefully, extending one perfectly-manicured hand toward the party while laying everyone low with his devastating grin. If the characters are very powerful or very smart, they might resist the elf's enchantment, but most of the fish who blunder into this office are doomed to shake the insurance salesman's hand. And when they do...

For so long as the enchantment lasts (usually forever and a day, but each state observes it's own insurance regulations), the delvers will find their bank accounts depleted by 20% the first of every month. If a delver's bank account bottoms out, a demon bearing a past-due notice will hound the character until he or she can scrape up a few coins, at which time the demon will vanish along with all the delver's cash. In exchange for this shakedown, the delvers allegedly receive "protection" in the form of "insurance", but the language of the policy the elf will provide is Byzantine and impossible to understand, and the delvers will quickly learn it doesn't pay to report a loss because the amount of money they owe each month will immediately double as a direct consequence thereof.

There's no escaping this dread curse save by death, and the elf studiously avoids offering life insurance policies to delvers, citing the abnormally high fatality rate associated with dungeon delving. To make this trap REALLY obnoxious, make insurance coverage mandatory in your dungeon, and authorize your wandering monsters to ticket parties who fail to provide proof of insurance.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll do something I've always wanted to do...

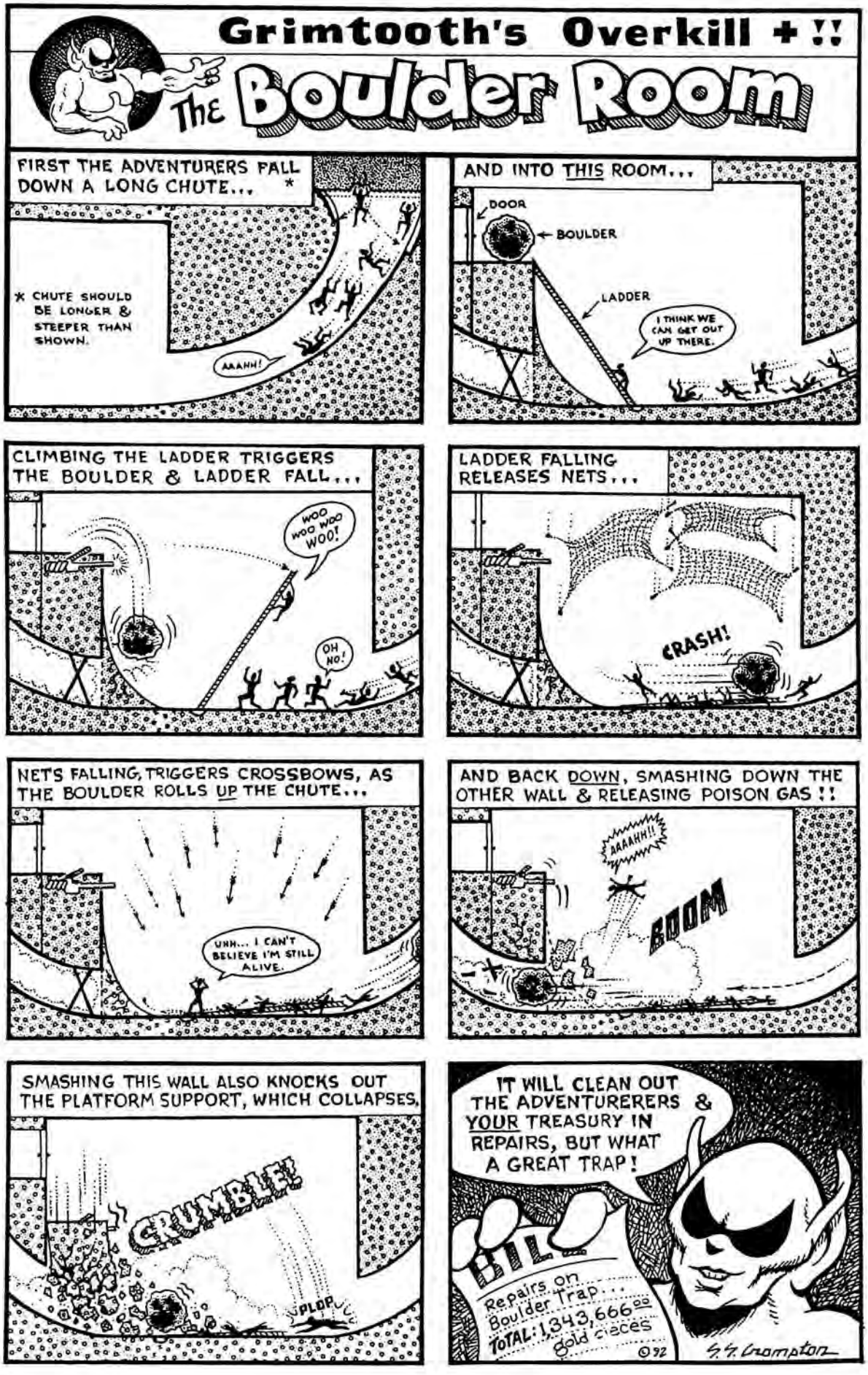


I like traps that can't work, at least not in any sane universe. My best designs rely on the laws of cartoon physics to operate. David Stevens' **BOULDER TRAP** certainly fits this description. No need to write a disclaimer in the front of the book warning kids not to try this one at home. This is a sheer flight of deadly fantasy.

David suggests you spring this trap on your victims just after they've rescued a hundred or so prisoners from the depths of your pit. I must admit this is the only reason I can imagine for releasing your hard-won prisoners. When the escaping party transits down a corridor, slapping themselves on the back and singing old dwarven war songs, dump the lot of them down a chute and into this vast, underground room.

When the party dusts itself off, they'll find the solitary features of the room are a slightly curved floor, a ladder that runs up to a door, and a large boulder that blocks the door. When someone climbs up the ladder and tampers with the boulder, this room becomes the devil's own playground.

First, steel rods burst from beneath the boulder, flinging it into the air. Simultaneously, another rod pushes the ladder away from the wall, causing it to describe a graceful arc as it plunges back into


Grimtooth's Overkill + !!
The Boulder Room
FIRST THE ADVENTURERS FALL DOWN A LONG CHUTE... *
* CHUTE SHOULD BE LONGER & STEEPER THAN SHOWN.
AAAHH!
AND INTO THIS ROOM...
DOOR
BOULDER
LADDER
I THINK WE CAN GET OUT UP THERE.
CLIMBING THE LADDER TRIGGERS THE BOULDER & LADDER FALL...
WOO WOO WOO WOO!
OH NO!
LADDER FALLING RELEASES NETS...
CRASH!
NETS FALLING, TRIGGERS CROSSBOWS, AS THE BOULDER ROLLS UP THE CHUTE...
UHH... I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M STILL ALIVE.
AND BACK DOWN, SMASHING DOWN THE OTHER WALL & RELEASING POISON GAS !!
AAAAHH!!
BOOM
SMASHING THIS WALL ALSO KNOCKS OUT THE PLATFORM SUPPORT, WHICH COLLAPSES.
GRUMBLE!!
PLOP
IT WILL CLEAN OUT THE ADVENTURERERS & YOUR TREASURY IN REPAIRS, BUT WHAT A GREAT TRAP!
Repairs on Boulder Trap...
TOTAL: 1,343,666.00 gold pieces
©92
S.S. Crompton

the room, hopefully with a couple delvers clinging to it like the Three Stooges hanging on the hook and ladder truck in the climactic moments of IT'S A MAD, MAD WORLD.

When the boulder strikes the ground, it will gather momentum on the curved floor and rush through the midst of any character standing about in shocked confusion. Meanwhile, the falling ladder will have snapped a length of wire stretched taunt near the ceiling, releasing a score of cargo nets from a hidden recess in the roof. The falling nets should entangle anyone standing about in the room, and if you're springing this on a group of escaping prisoners as suggested, there should be quite a few victims to nab.

When the ladder falls all the way flat to the earth, the sides of the thing work like rails to help conduct the boulder along it's way. The great hunk of stone will smash the struggling characters caught beneath the nets and shoot up the chute that conducted the party into this room in the first place. This is the cue for a volley of spears to rain down on the party, which should be good for some laughs.



It's momentum spent in the upward chute, the boulder now retraces it's path, crushing anew anyone who might manage to disentangle themselves from the net, the fallen ladder, and the painful passage of the boulder the first time around. The boulder then crashes through the wall at the base of the door, releasing a cloud of poison gas into the room from the chamber beyond.

Finally, the floors of the room tilt down at a steep angle, spilling the fleshy carnage that was once the party into the middle of the chamber, where they will be crushed to death by the ceiling which now collapses on cue. The wall beneath the door, as well, will collapse, dangerously weakened by the boulder. When the dust settles, I suggest you close off this wing of your dungeon, because there will be no survivors, and cost of resetting this trap will be prohibitive. But what the heck, it was fun while it lasted.

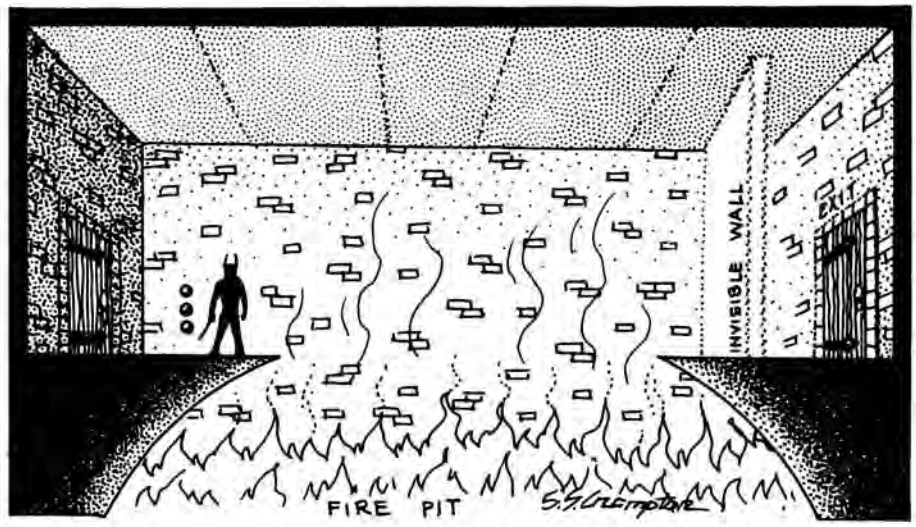
Phil Dean invites us to go to **A BRIDGE TOO FAR** with a trap for which he cheerfully admits exists no solution. Says Phil, "Can the delvers survive? What, do I have to think of everything?" Attaboy, Phil!

A door lets into a vast room divided by a pit of fire. The party is able to stand on a ledge just inside the door. A similar ledge projects in front of what is presumably an exit door on the far side of the room, and on the other side of the flames. Accessible from the ledge on which the delvers must stand are three buttons, each identified by a different arcane symbol.

Flying characters will find it difficult to cross the pit of fire. Thermal updrafts disrupt flight, while smoke and heat further complicate the process. Even if a flyer makes it across the pit, he'll smack into the invisible wall protecting the exit door, probably resulting in a dip into the fire. Earthbound characters will concede their only way across the pit lays in manipulating the buttons.

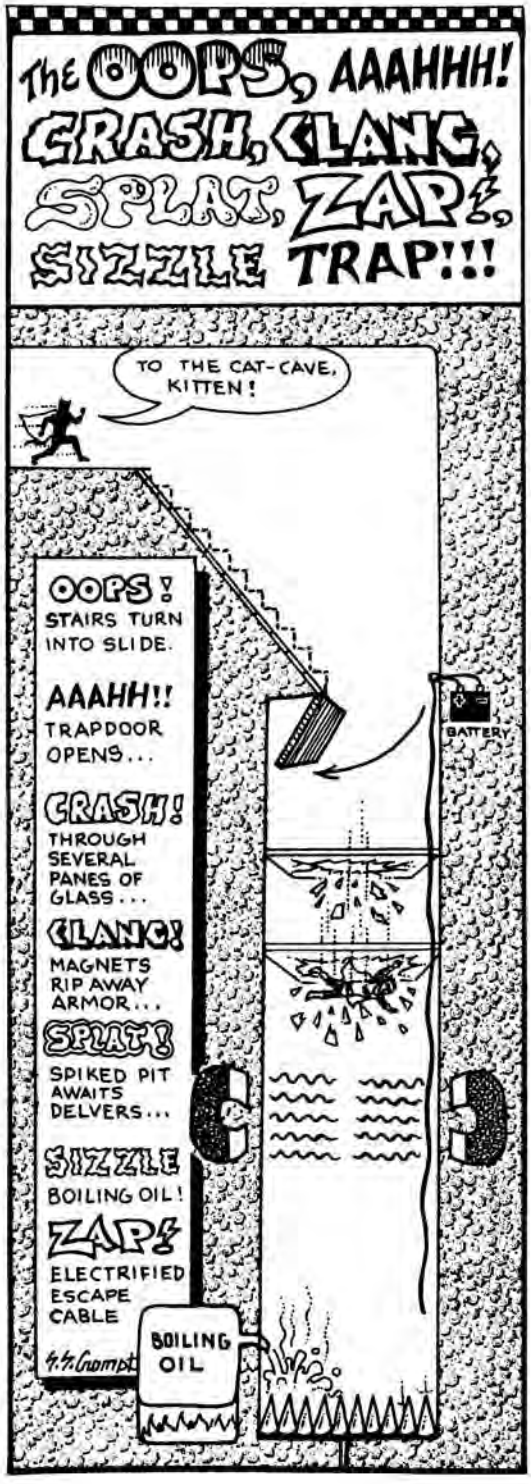
Each button, when pushed, goes flush into the wall and glows. The sequence is not important, although the delvers will certainly believe it is. Encourage this belief. After any three buttons are pushed, a magic bridge will appear, spanning the pit of fire.

The bridge is an illusion. Anyone stepping on the illusory bridge winds up in the fire. Simultaneously, all three buttons on the wall pop out, encouraging a different sequence.



The next time the three buttons are pushed, another bridge appears. This time the bridge is genuine. For half distance. Then it becomes an illusion again, meaning someone is headed for the flames, and the buttons will pop out once more.

Anyone left? There won't be if the delvers press the three buttons again. This time the entry door will lock, and the ledge on which the party stands will slowly retract into the wall, threatening to tumble everyone into the pit. Simultaneously, the invisible wall guarding the exit door will vanish, meaning delvers can now fly or maybe even leap to safety, but you needn't tell them that. They'll be convinced there's no way across the pit, and that you've stuck them in an inescapable and unfair deathtrap. Oh, boo hoo. I'm really broken up. Honest.



The **OOPS, AAAAHHH!, CRASH, CLANG, SPLAT, ZAP, SIZZLE TRAP** is the title Brian Moroz chose for a design that certainly lives up to it's name. If this beastly engine doesn't deserve six skulls, then nothing does. The trap is triggered when the party steps on a pressure plate hidden in a stairway. The stairs then flatten out, becoming a slide ("Oops"). The party will slide down the now-slick stairway and crash through a trap door at the base of the stair, tumbling into a pit ("Aaaaaah!"). The victims' fall down the pit is partially broken when they crash through several panes of glass, each of which is coated with alcohol and rock salt ("Crash"). After clearing the glass, a pair of magnets forcefully rip away whatever metal armor the party may be wearing ("Clang"). The fall down the pit terminates on a bed of spikes ("Splat").

But wait, there's more. If anyone is still alive, they'll find the bottom of the pit is being pumped full of boiling oil. The only chance of escape is to grasp a metal cable that dangles just within reach...but the cable is electrified, which should come as quite a shock ("Zap"). By the time the treacherous cable has been found out, the surviving party members should be submerged in boiling oil ("Sizzle"). Once the party has conceded defeat, be sure to explain the name of this trap to them, painfully recounting every last detail if need be.

No wimps allowed with this next trap, by Rob Thorpe. **IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, GET OUT OF THE TUB OF MOLTEN DIAMOND!** This one is sure to nail my pals out in Hollywood, what with their predilection for hot tubs and brie. Remind me to tell you sometime about how the Hollywood Dream Factory broke ye old trollish narrator's stoney heart.

Alas, back to business. Lay out a hot tub in the deepest level of your dungeon. Shoot the works — redwood decks, a curtain of hedges for discrete bathing, and of course a platter of California wine and cheese layed out beside the tub. The room will be strangely warm, but the party can expect such from the bubbling tub in front of them.

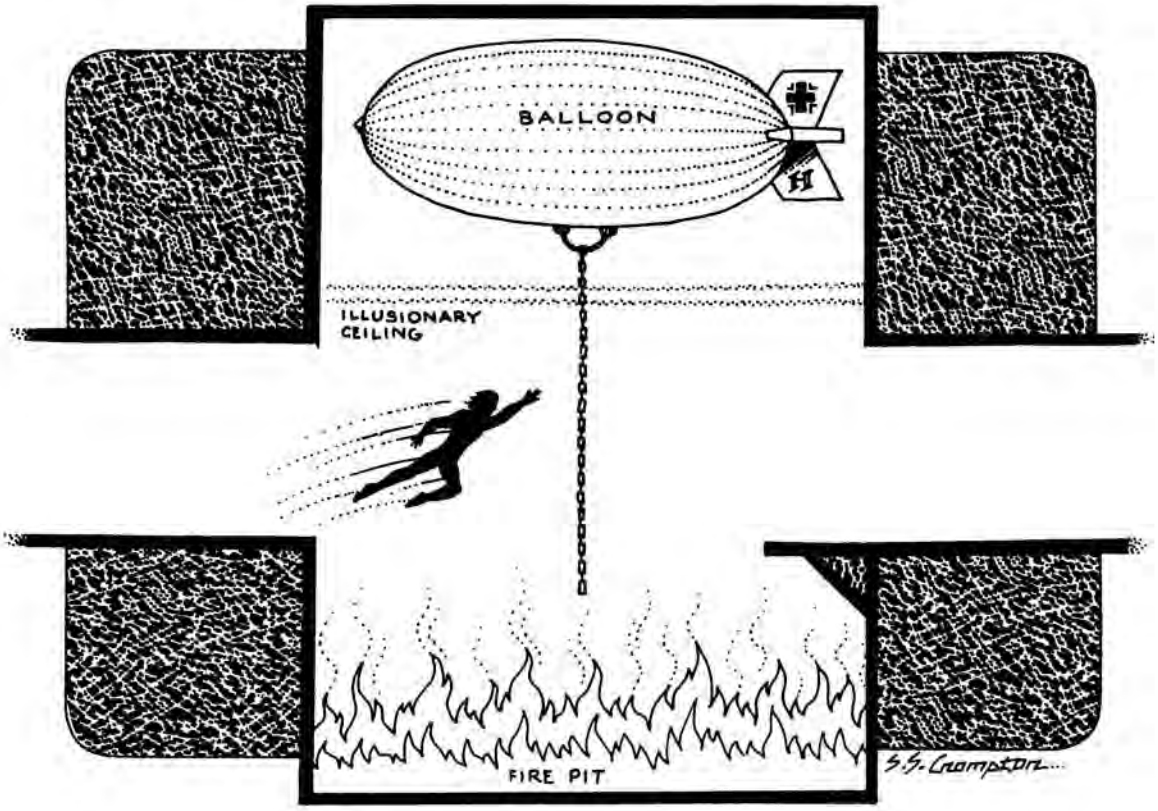
I doubt anyone will be stupid enough to leap into the tub without precautions, but you never know. You might nail some elf girl from the Valley. Entering the tub is immediately fatal. It isn't filled with water, you see, but with molten diamond, the temperature of which I'd need one of GrimBuck's computers to calculate. Anyone entering the tub should be vaporized so fast it might seem they've been teleported out of the room, so if your Valley Elf brought some friends, you might get them all. Radical!

I really like this next one by David Stevens. **HINDENBURG REVISITED** evokes images of the great days of airship travel, a romantic and mad notion that naturally appeals to trolls like me.

Bisect a corridor with a chasm of fire. The upper reaches of the fire chamber are cloaked in smoke. Visible in the smoke, just above the dancing flames, hangs a chain seemingly fastened to the upper reaches of the fire chamber. Heroic characters may get it in their head to leap out and grab hold of the chain, then use the same to swing across the fire pit to safety, continuing on their way down the corridor.

At least, I sure hope that's the idea.

The chain, you see, isn't anchored to the ceiling at all, but rather depends from a hydrogen balloon hidden above the smoke, in the highest recesses of the fire chamber. When someone leaps onto the chain, they'll pull the balloon down from the recess, dipping themselves into the fire. Furthermore, when the hydrogen balloon is exposed to the naked flames of the pit, you can expect a marvelous explosion, when when channeled down the corridors leading to this pit, should nicely blow to bits any party members that are standing around laughing at their companion who has just been crisped by the flames. Oh, the humanity!





Keith Mosher knows full well the horror of being stuck on the **TREADMILL**, as does anyone who has ever edited one of these TRAPS books. Keith has designed a corridor o' doom right after my own heart. If this trap doesn't get the party coming, it will finish them off when they're goin'!

The party encounters a long corridor with a door clearly visible at the far end. The walls of the corridor are split with irregular, narrow fractures running from floor to ceiling. A cursory inspection will reveal narrow blades occupy each fracture, blades which are triggered by the series of obvious pressure plates that line the floor. Experimentation will reveal that when a pressure plate is triggered, a blade whips out of the corridor wall behind the plate itself, leading the party to believe the trap is intended to murder parties headed the other way down the corridor. From where the party stands, it will seem an easy thing to make their way down the corridor, what with the deadly blades always swinging behind them along the way. The plates and the blades are irregularly placed, and a few close calls will be had, but especially if the party runs, they should make their way to the end of the corridor without serious mishap.

Unfortunately...

...just before the door at the end of the hall is a teleporter pad. When characters hit the pad, they're teleported mid-way back down the hall. Try as they might, they will never reach the door, meaning they'll have to go back the way they came. As should be obvious, going back will not be so easy as the trip in, as the pressure plates and blades are now synchronized to nail the party. Ah, well, such is the fate of all who seek to escape the treadmill.

As a young troll I was far ahead of my contemporaries. What were to others novel concepts were always considered by me to be old news. I was always straining my brain in quest of originality, when in fact a mere regurgitation of what was to me tried and true would have passed as the same with my pinhead peers.

One day, my Nazgul Nursery School teacher solicited all us little darlings for knock-knock jokes. I went to work trying to think of something new. Some little fairy raised his diminutive hand and said,

"Knock Knock."

"Who's there?"

"Dwayne."

"Dwayne, who?"

"Dwayne the bathtub, I'm dwoning!"

At which point my teacher doubled over in laughter for several minutes. So I kicked her in the knee and spit on the fairy, which was only fair. After all, that was a very old joke. I thought of it immediately, then discarded it as trite. Here was this little punk taking credit for a joke that was old when Hector was a pup, making the teacher laugh — something I could have done with half a brain. Come to think of it, the principal often accused me of having half a brain. Too bad about his injury.

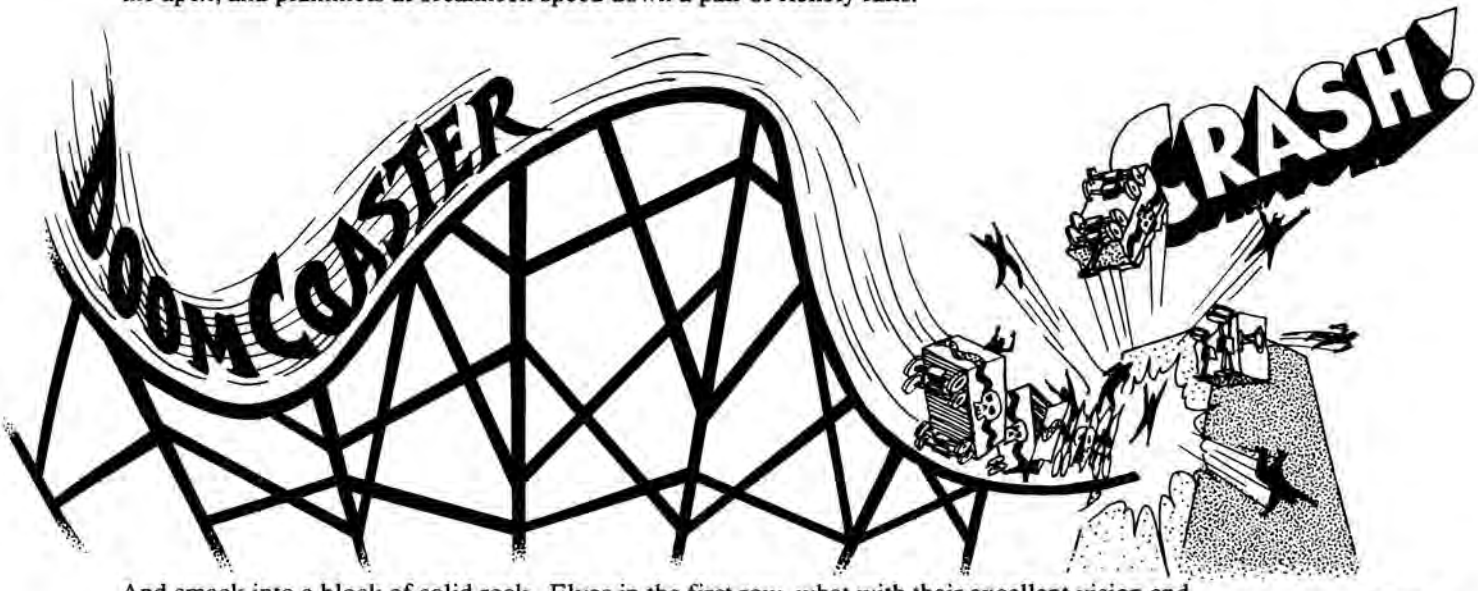
All of which is a long way of introducing **PLUG**, by the prolific David Stevens, which will surely result in your heroes being drowned in a bathtub, especially if they try to drain it. Contrive to deliver your victims into a vast, Roman-style bath. Dress the place up with a few potted palms and a pack of toga-boys if you want, it's no matter to me. Just be sure to seal the exits. Otherwise the party won't recognize their peril when the bath begins to fill with water...and more water...and more water.

Most delvers have been through this drill. They'll shuck their armor, tread water, and give swimming lessons to the dwarf. When the room starts to fill with the stuff, they'll start to cast about for a way out of their predicament. Strong swimmers will find that the drain at the bottom of the bath is blocked by a plug. Ah-ha! This must be the reason the room is filling with liquid. A few strong heaves should be enough to dislodge the plug...

...releasing a geyser of water that fills the room all the quicker. Glug, glug. Dwayne the bathtub I'm dwoning, my fundament!

A favorite trap in my late, lamented, legendary Blitz Pitz was the **DOOMCOASTER**, as designed by that editor of mine Paul O'Connor. The middle level of the Pitz was an Abusement Park, where weary monsters and shrill goblin children could enjoy a variety of lethal thrill rides even as they stalked overmatched dungeon delvers. Always alert for a profit, I of course charged exorbitant rates to ride my many attractions, and when the complaints of my clientele became too strident, I relented and opened a brand new attraction, the DoomCoaster. Best of all, from the celebrants' standpoint, was the fact the DoomCoaster was free! No admission! Not even a lousy E-Ticket required. Step right up, come one come all, step right up...

At first glance, the DoomCoaster looks like a normal rollercoaster. As many victims as you can round up are strapped into a train. The train is hauled up to the top of a steep decline. The train rolls over the apex, and plummets at breakneck speed down a pair of rickety rails.



And smack into a block of solid rock. Elves in the first row, what with their excellent vision and all, sometimes managed to read the following inscription on the stone before they were crushed to death:

"This ride still under construction due to lack of funds afforded by you freeloading amusement park pikers. So sue me."

Never did get a lawsuit out of that one. Like the lawyers say, if you hit a hobbit in the crosswalk, back up and finish him off. It's a lot cheaper to beat a manslaughter rap than to pay damages to someone as long as they live.

And if you want a bit of wisdom, boys and girls, you need read no further.

~ Grimtooth

The 101st Trap

So. Once again I have been asked "What is the 101st Trap?" as if it is something that is somehow owed to you, just because you purchased my latest Tome of Traps. In my first book of traps, I admit I was somewhat hesitant to reveal my sinister secrets, so I included the poisoned pages, in order to eliminate any dull-witted clods who thought to evade my engines of elimination by memorizing the workings described in the book. In an attempt to lighten their final moments, I described this trap as a "bonus trap", one in addition to the 100 that had been promised and paid for.

In Traps Too and Traps Fore, I also included a similar bonus. By Traps Ate, I thought this little joke had worn a bit thin, and denied having a 101st trap. But the letters poured in, demanding to know what the "hidden" trap was, from people who refused to believe that I would skip an opportunity to "get" them. (And if you want to see if you are smarter than all these people, buy a copy of Traps Ate & read the afterword yourself.)

Now my publisher is whining about how everyone is "expecting" a 101st Trap, and that even though we've only contracted for 100, somehow the "usual" 101st has become "standard". Very well. Rather than continue to listen to his plebian pleading, I will resort to that hoariest of ancient ambushes, that perilous pitfall, the venerable Siamese Curse. Some authorities trace this Curse back to chief Phra Ruang who on his deathbed in 1090 cursed the invader Suthammarat who was about to sack the ancient capital of Sukhodaya-Savargalok. Others claim that Phra Ruang was only quoting chief Phraya Thammarat who in 100 BC, used the Curse to destroy his enemies before founding the city, then known only as Savargalok.

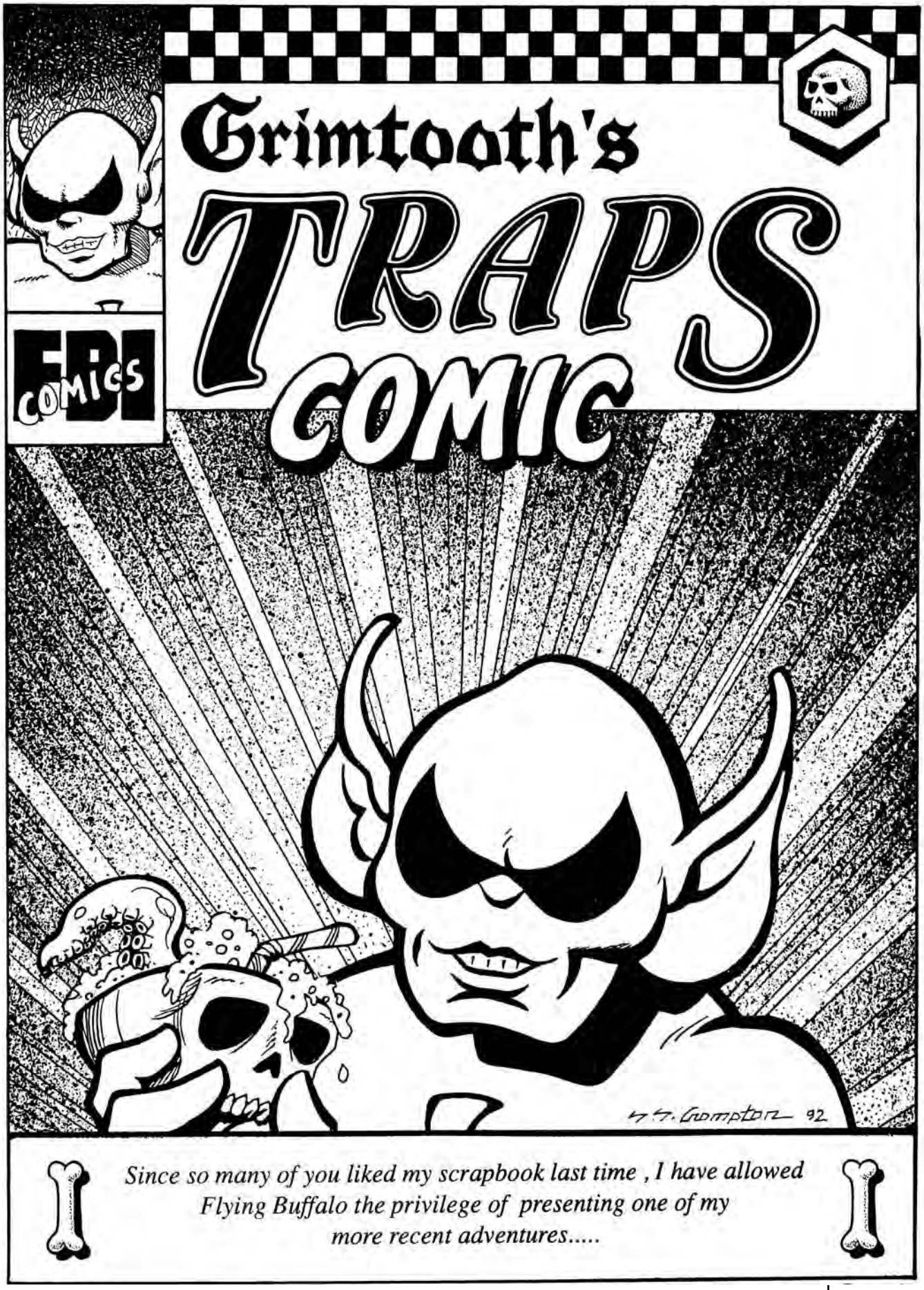
But no matter. The important thing is that the Curse is still effective today, many hundreds of years later. And it will work for you. Here it is:

"Owa Tana Siam"

Simple, yes. Of course, you didn't actually LOOK at the words, did you? Oh, my gracious, so sorry. I forgot to warn you. If you look at, or read the words of the Curse, then YOU are the one affected by that curse! Tsk, tsk. You should have known better. Now of course, your hair is going to fall out, you'll grow warts on your nose, and you will be plagued with ingrown toenails. And that's just the FIRST sign of the activities of the Curse. Things will get progressively worse until you find your social life severely curtailed. What a shame. Too bad you insisted on a 101st trap.

I suppose now you'll want me to tell you the cure. Actually, for an Ancient Curse, this one is remarkably easy to stop. All you have to do is right now, before the Curse gets a good foothold, say the words out loud ten times. You must speak in a loud, clear voice, starting slowly, and gradually getting faster until the tenth time you are saying the words as fast as you can get them out of your mouth. If this doesn't work, then you must say them ten more times, even louder. It is possible that you may have to shout the words before the curse is completely cancelled. Some authorities say that the Curse Cancellation works best if done in front of an audience, especially if you still don't understand what's going on here. If, in spite of your best efforts, you find your ears growing longer and pointed, like a donkey, perhaps you are not pronouncing the words correctly. The tricky part is the "Tana" word. The first "a" is an "ah" sound, like in "far" and the second "a" is more of an "eh" sound as in "ask" or "aspirin". If that doesn't work, then you are probably hopeless. Stop making yourself a pain in the ... um ... rear, and go hide in a stable or something.

~ Grimt



Since so many of you liked my scrapbook last time , I have allowed Flying Buffalo the privilege of presenting one of my more recent adventures.....

"HOSTILE TAKEOVER"

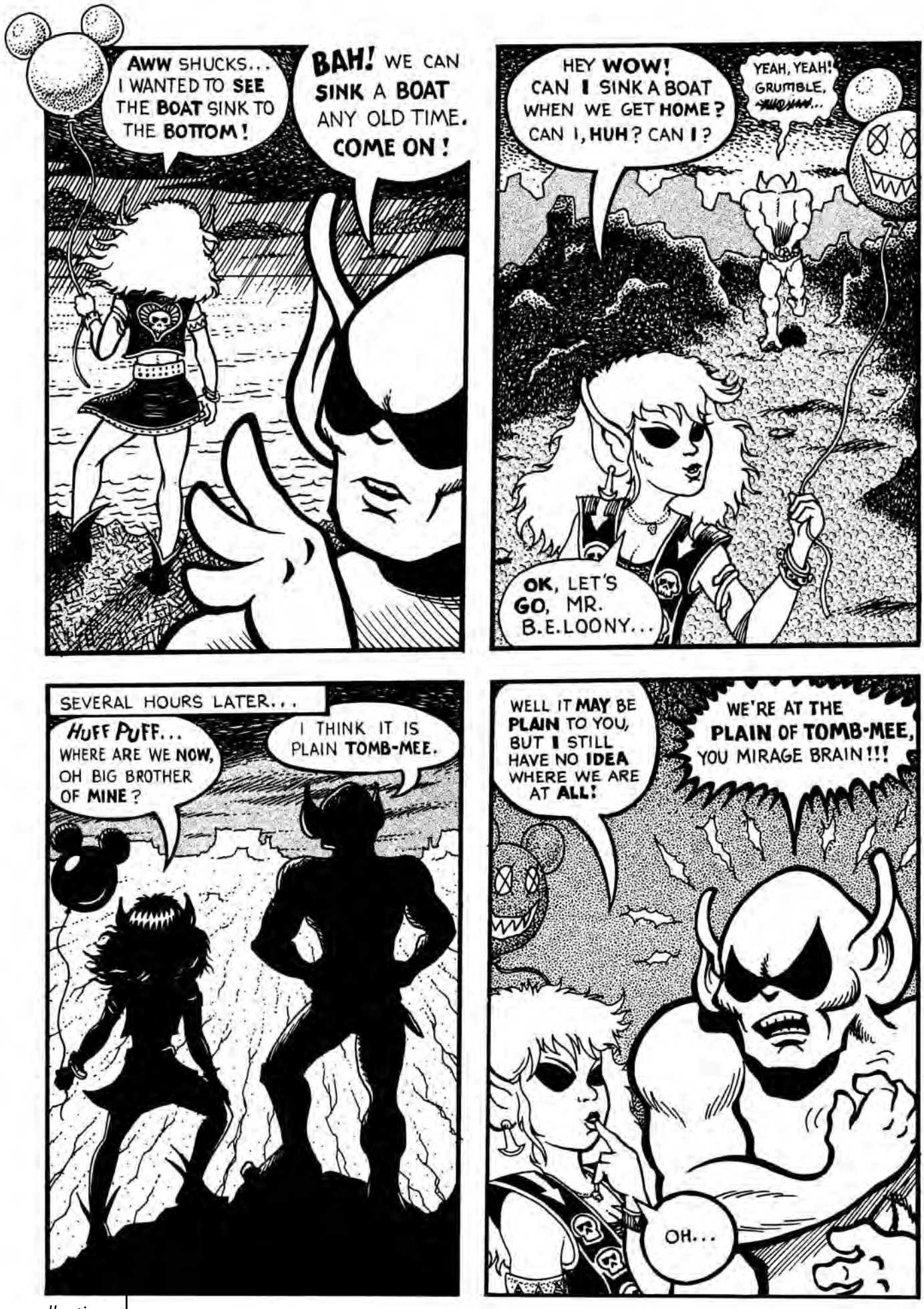
STORY BY PAUL O'CONNOR, BEAR PETERS AND . . . STEVEN S. CROMPTON

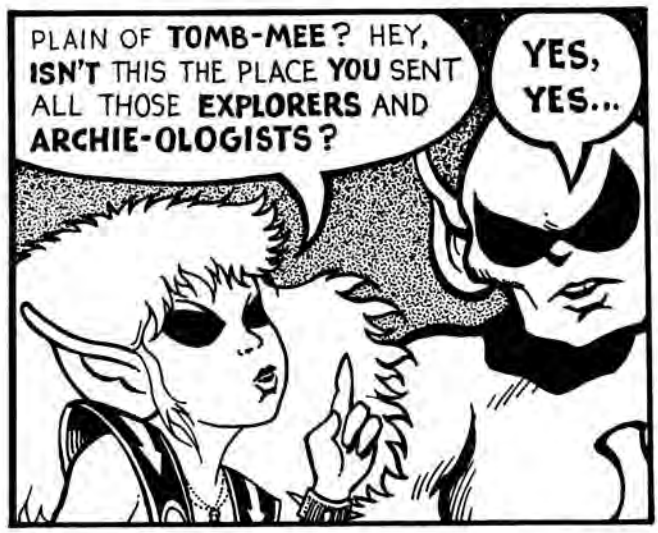


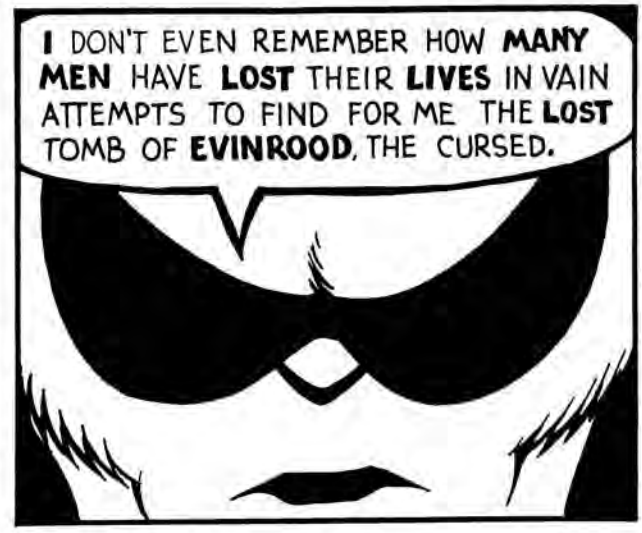




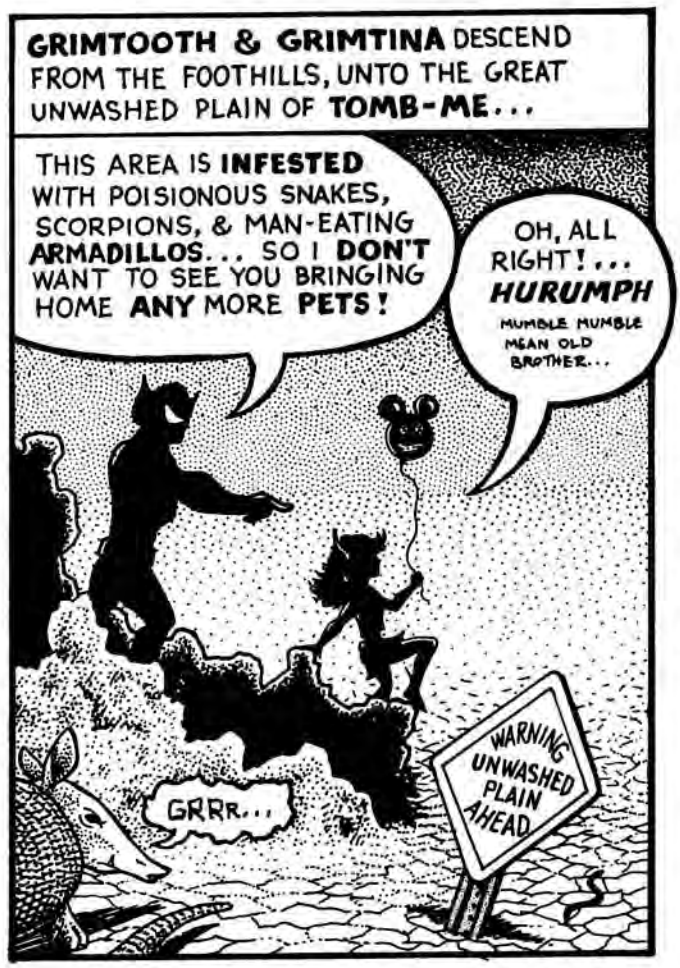

COME ALONG NOW GRIMTINA. THE OCEAN IS CALM & RESTFUL, BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER THINGS TO SEE...
S.G. Crampton

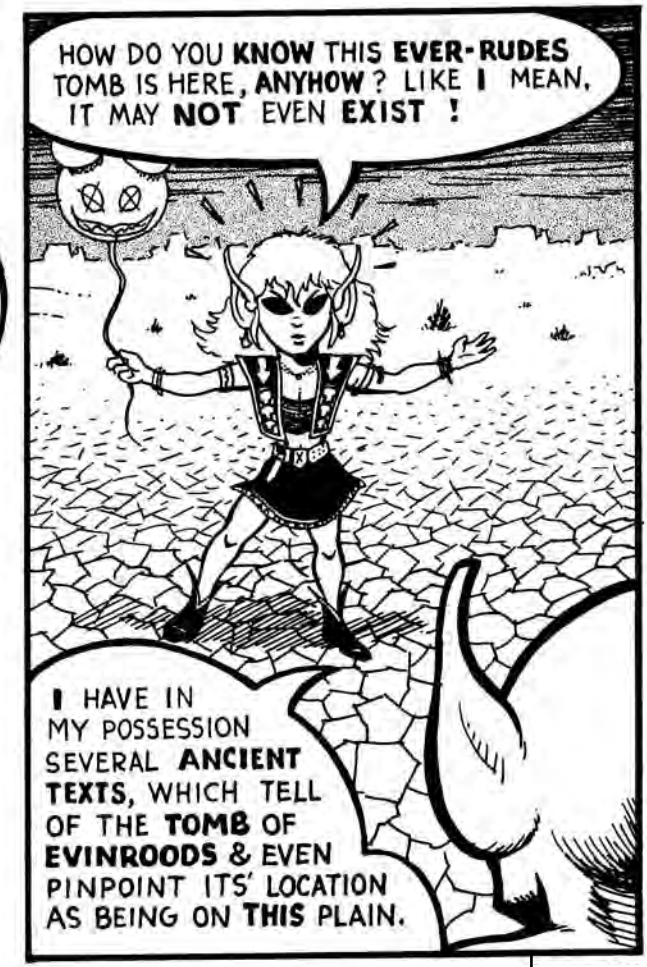

AWW SHUCKS... I WANTED TO SEE THE BOAT SINK TO THE BOTTOM!
BAH! WE CAN SINK A BOAT ANY OLD TIME. COME ON!
HEY WOW! CAN I SINK A BOAT WHEN WE GET HOME? CAN I, HUH? CAN I?
YEAH, YEAH! GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE...
OK, LET'S GO, MR. B.E.LOONY...
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
HUFF PUFF... WHERE ARE WE NOW, OH BIG BROTHER OF MINE?
I THINK IT IS PLAIN TOMB-MEE.
WELL IT MAY BE PLAIN TO YOU, BUT I STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE AT ALL!
WE'RE AT THE PLAIN OF TOMB-MEE, YOU MIRAGE BRAIN!!!
OH...

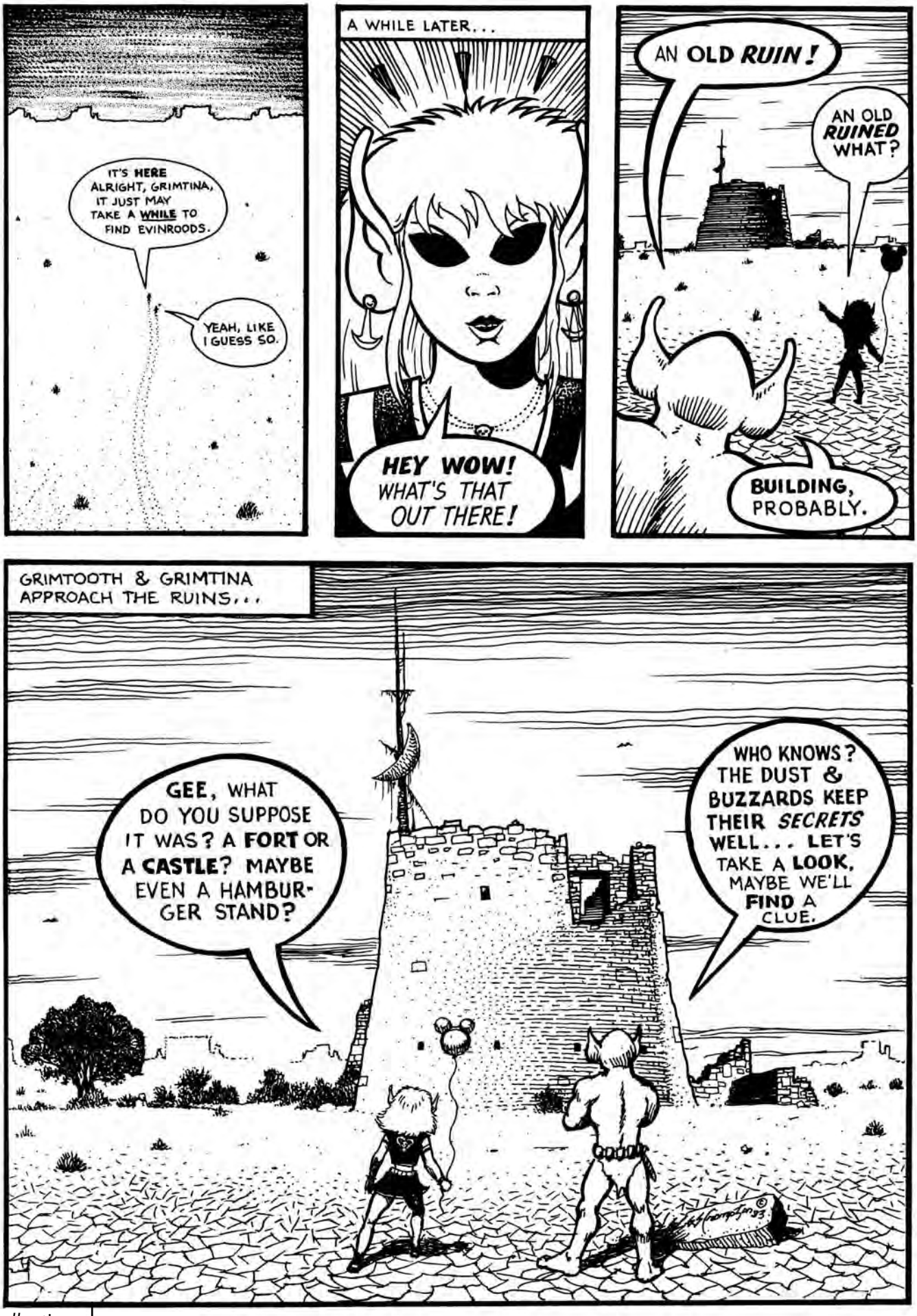

PLAIN OF **TOMB-MEE**? HEY, **ISN'T** THIS THE PLACE **YOU** SENT ALL THOSE **EXPLORERS** AND **ARCHIE-OLOGISTS**?
YES, YES...

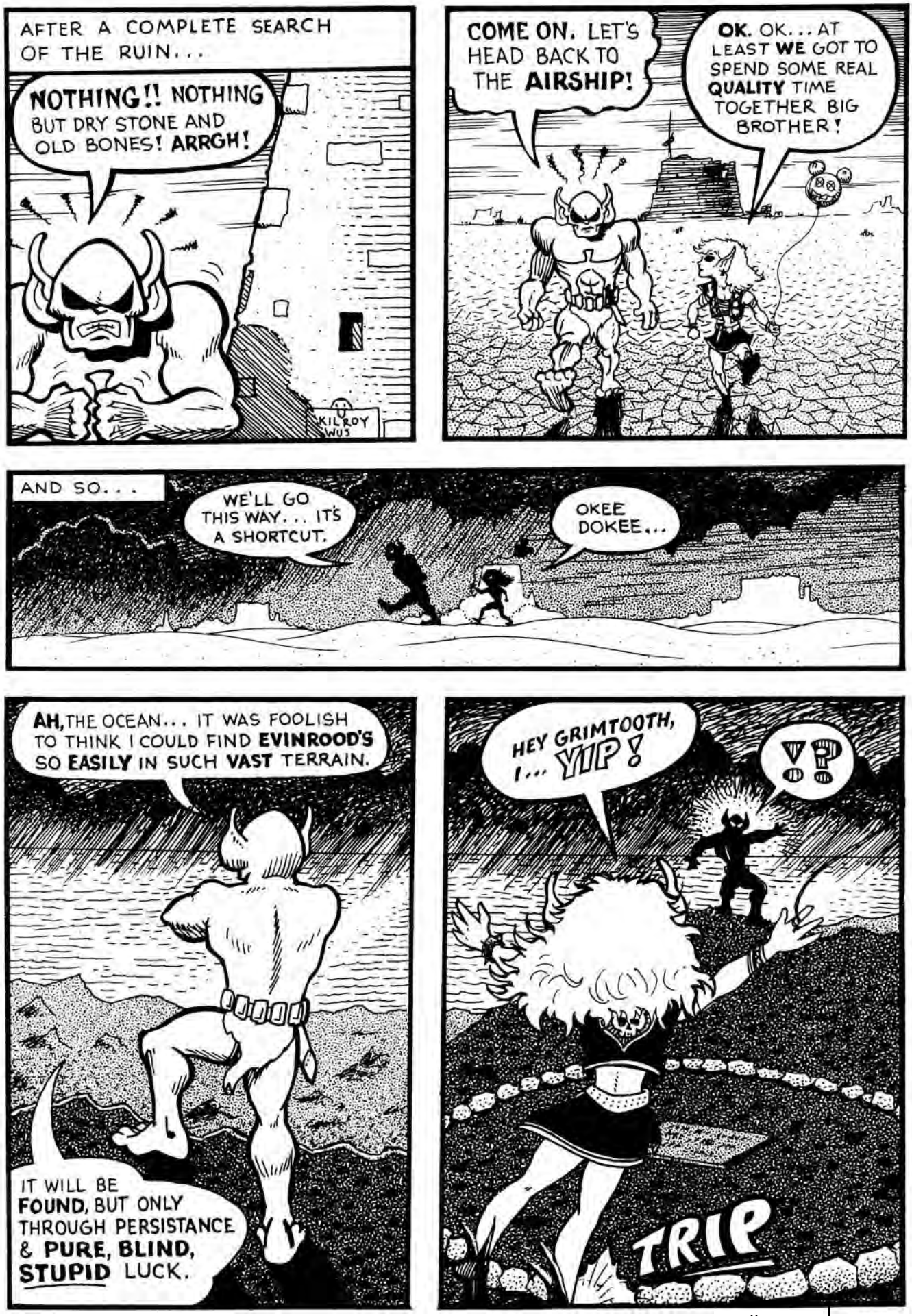

I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW **MANY MEN** HAVE **LOST** THEIR **LIVES** IN VAIN ATTEMPTS TO FIND FOR ME THE **LOST** TOMB OF **EVINROOD**, THE CURSED.

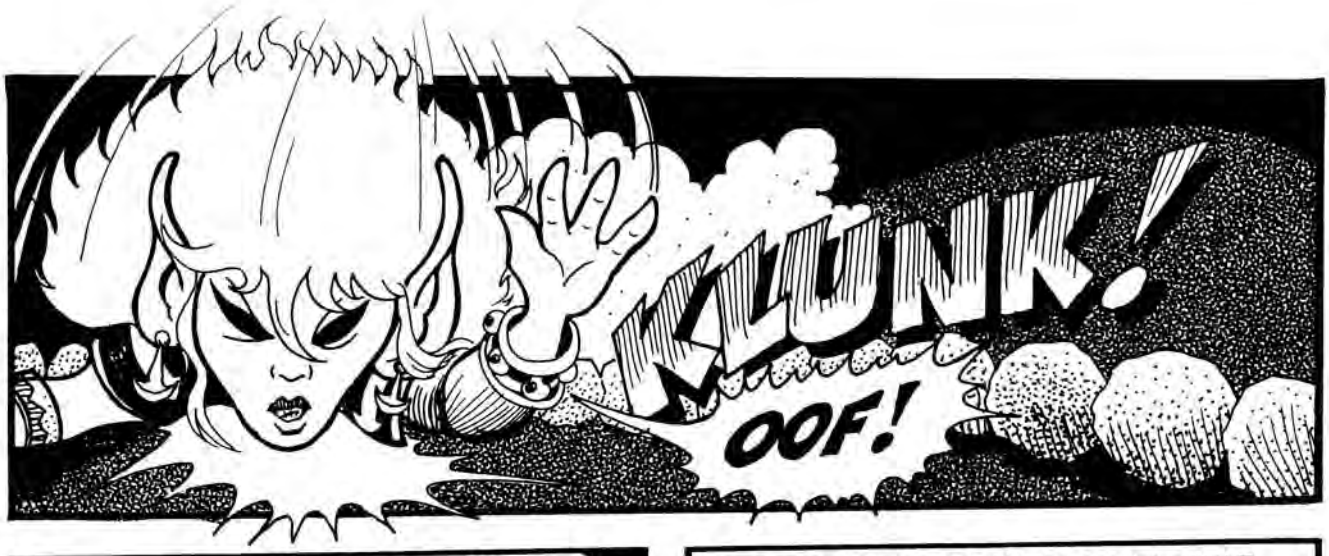

YOU MEAN THEY **ALL DIED** IN THIS ***BLAZING, LIFELESS, WASTELAND,*** LOOKING FOR THE TOMB OF **EVINROOD** ?
NO... THEY **DIED** WHEN THEY CAME BACK -- **I** HAD THEM **EXECUTED** FOR **NOT** FINDING EVINROOD'S & **STILL** EXPECTING TO BE **PAID !**


GRIMTOOTH & GRIMTINA DESCEND FROM THE FOOTHILLS, UNTO THE GREAT UNWASHED PLAIN OF **TOMB-ME...**
THIS AREA IS **INFESTED** WITH POISIONOUS SNAKES, SCORPIONS, & MAN-EATING **ARMADILLOS**... SO I **DON'T** WANT TO SEE YOU BRINGING HOME **ANY** MORE **PETS!**
OH, ALL RIGHT!... ***HURUMPH***
MUMBLE MUMBLE MEAN OLD BROTHER...
GRRR...
WARNING UNWASHED PLAIN AHEAD

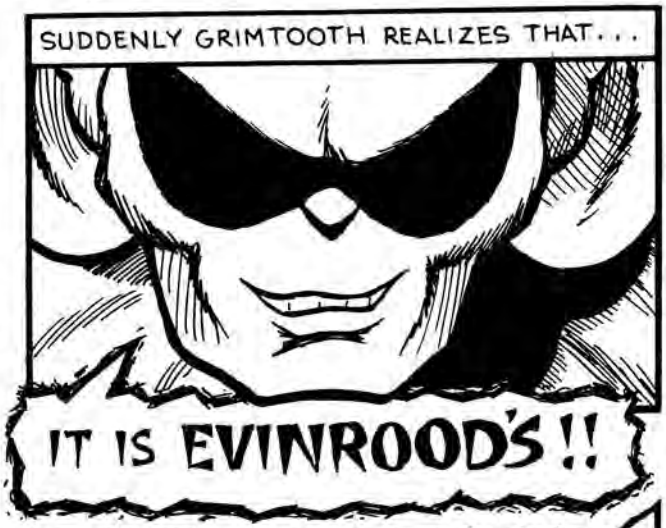

HOW DO YOU **KNOW** THIS **EVER-RUDES** TOMB IS HERE, **ANYHOW**? LIKE **I** MEAN, IT MAY **NOT** EVEN **EXIST !**
I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION SEVERAL **ANCIENT TEXTS**, WHICH TELL OF THE **TOMB** OF **EVINROODS** & EVEN PINPOINT ITS' LOCATION AS BEING ON **THIS** PLAIN.


IT'S HERE ALRIGHT, GRIMTINA, IT JUST MAY TAKE A WHILE TO FIND EVINROODS.
YEAH, LIKE I GUESS SO.
A WHILE LATER...
HEY WOW! WHAT'S THAT OUT THERE!
AN OLD RUIN!
AN OLD RUINED WHAT?
BUILDING, PROBABLY.
GRIMTOOTH & GRIMTINA APPROACH THE RUINS...
GEE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS? A FORT OR A CASTLE? MAYBE EVEN A HAMBURGER STAND?
WHO KNOWS? THE DUST & BUZZARDS KEEP THEIR SECRETS WELL... LET'S TAKE A LOOK, MAYBE WE'LL FIND A CLUE.


AFTER A COMPLETE SEARCH OF THE RUIN...
NOTHING!! NOTHING BUT DRY STONE AND OLD BONES! ARRGH!
KILROY WUZ
COME ON. LET'S HEAD BACK TO THE AIRSHIP!
OK. OK... AT LEAST WE GOT TO SPEND SOME REAL QUALITY TIME TOGETHER BIG BROTHER!
AND SO...
WE'LL GO THIS WAY... IT'S A SHORTCUT.
OKEE DOKEE...
AH, THE OCEAN... IT WAS FOOLISH TO THINK I COULD FIND EVINROOD'S SO EASILY IN SUCH VAST TERRAIN.
IT WILL BE FOUND, BUT ONLY THROUGH PERSISTANCE & PURE, BLIND, STUPID LUCK.
HEY GRIMTOOTH, I... YIP!
!?
TRIP

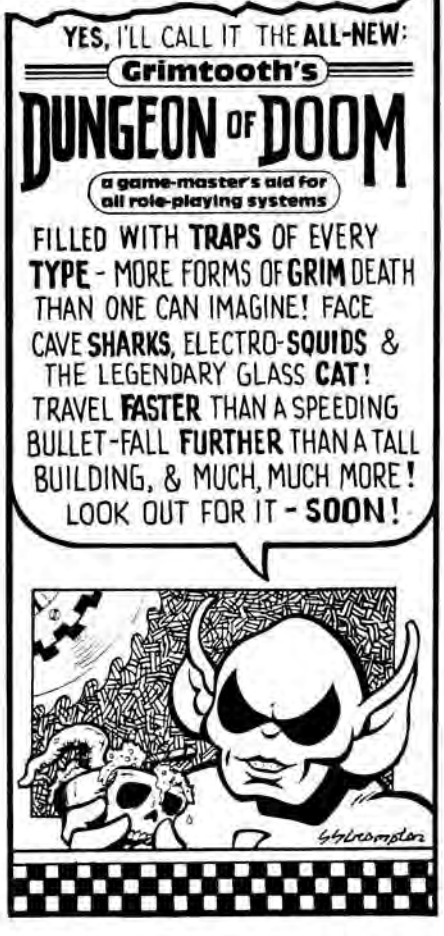

KLUNK!
OOF!


GRIMTINA... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAVE YOU STUMBLED UPON?
OH... I JUST HURT MY PRIDE TRIPPING ON THIS BIG, STUPID TRAPDOOR WITH THE ROCKS AROUND IT!


SUDDENLY GRIMTOOTH REALIZES THAT...
IT IS EVINROOD'S!!


ONE OF THE GREATEST DUNGEONS OF TRAPS EVER DEVISED! AND IT IS ALL OURS TO DO WITH AS I WISH!
LIKE, WOW, IT IS REAL!


IS THIS GONNA BE YOUR NEXT BOOK, BIG BROTHER?
Hmm?


YES, I'LL CALL IT THE ALL-NEW:
Grimtooth's
DUNGEON OF DOOM
a game-master's aid for all role-playing systems
FILLED WITH TRAPS OF EVERY TYPE - MORE FORMS OF GRIM DEATH THAN ONE CAN IMAGINE! FACE CAVE SHARKS, ELECTRO-SQUIDS & THE LEGENDARY GLASS CAT! TRAVEL FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET-FALL FURTHER THAN A TALL BUILDING, & MUCH, MUCH MORE! LOOK OUT FOR IT - SOON!

The Great Grimtooth's Traps Index



Since you mortals don't have photographic memories, and the titles of all of my traps are so enthralling, I have allowed our editor to create an index of all the traps from my first five volumes. They are coded by title & page number as follows: **Traps = T Traps Too = TT Traps Fore = TF Traps Ate = TA Traps Lite = TL**

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the end.

Credits

Executive Producer
Rick Loomis

Lead Vocals
Grimtooth

Back-up Vocals
Grimtina
Spike, the Grimdog
Grimbuck

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Statistical Reviews by
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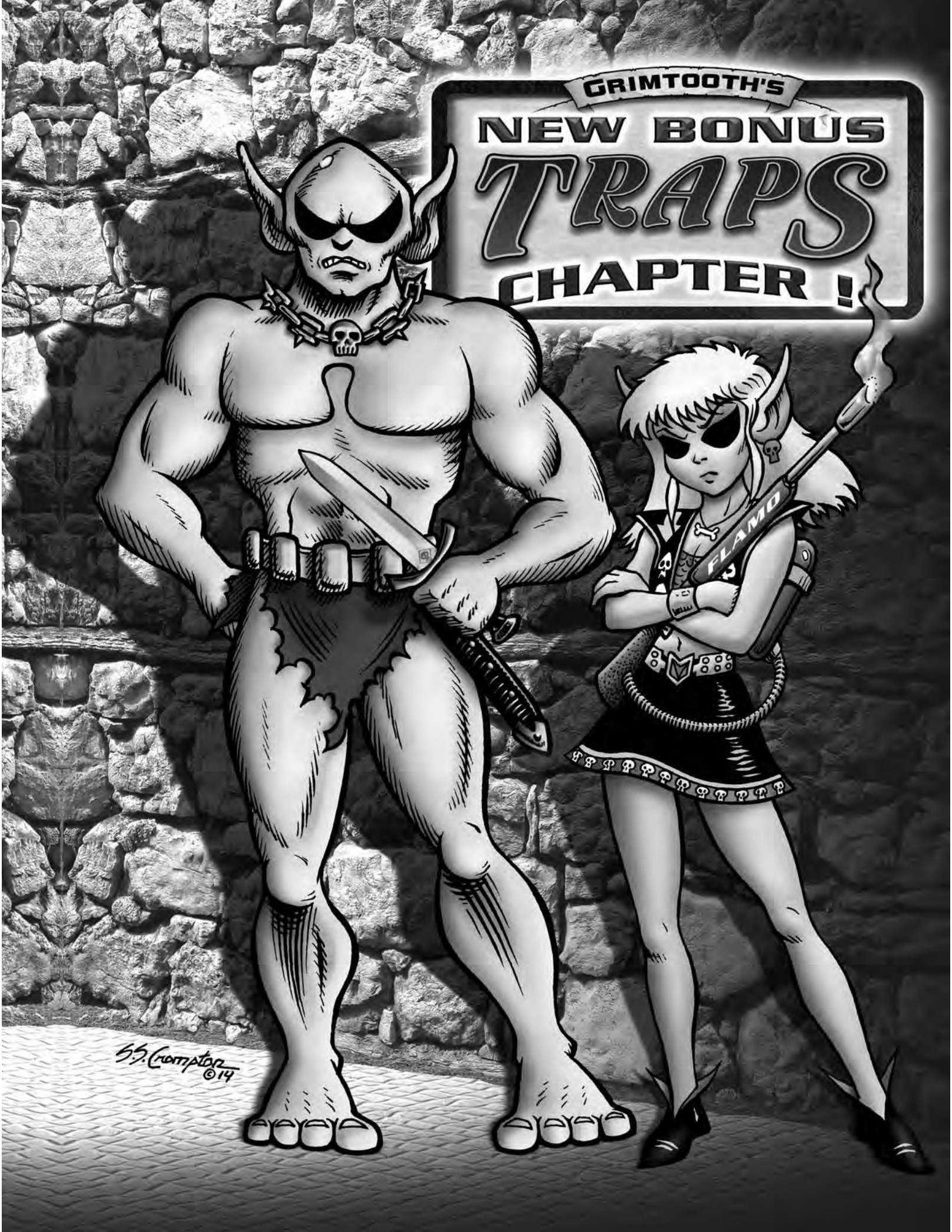
Best when used by: 2/31/2055

Product sold by number of traps, not volume. Some settling of contents may occur

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Corey Tex 51, 53
Rob Thorpe 21, 62
Jersey Turnpike 33, 36, 49, 55
Lisa Walker 25
Ephram Xygote (Oops! Not in this book!)




GRIMTOOTH'S
NEW BONUS
TRAPS
CHAPTER !
FLAMO
S.S. Crompton ©14



GRIMTOOTH'S NEW BONUS TRAPS CHAPTER !

Some all-new, never-before-seen,
recently discovered tragic tricks, devious devices,
fearsome foes, complicated calamities,
and sneaky scenarios
from the one and only...

GRIMTOOTH the TROLL



Edited by Steven S. Crompton
& Joseph Goodman

Art & Layouts by
Steven S. Crompton

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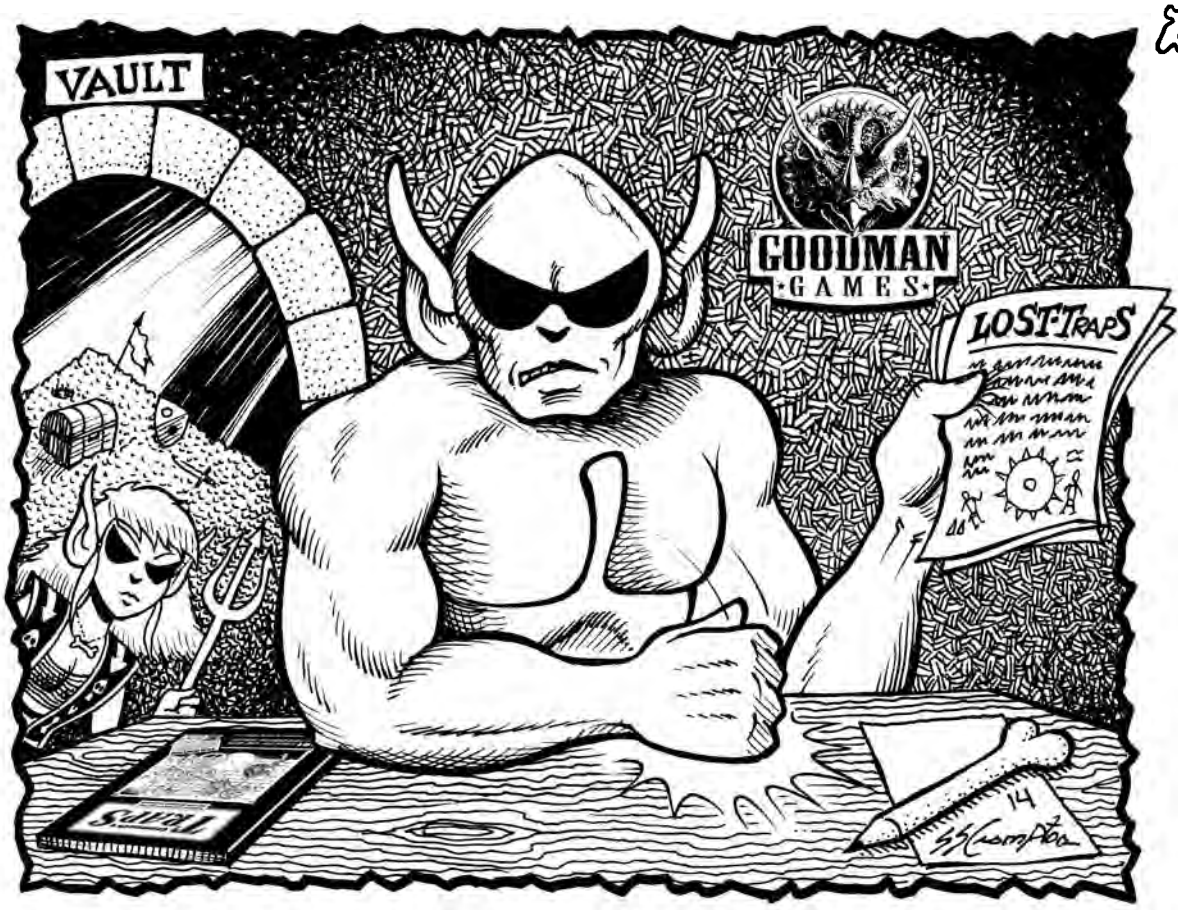


WARNING

This all-new selection of never-before-seen traps from Grimtooth's archives has been exclusively assembled, meticulously edited, carefully scrutinized, and is being painstakingly presented to fans, fiends, GM, DMs, and various hanger-ons.

So even if you have ALL the Traps books -
you don't have **THIS** stuff!

Troll Talk in the 2nd Age of Man



It's been a while humans, and I haven't missed you a bit. Frankly, I've been busy selling traps and supplying orcs to some disembodied floating eye stuck at the top of a tower. He and his wizard partner are a pair of *sour men,* but their gold was brilliant enough. Hmm... come to think of it, they haven't ordered anything recently. I'll need to check up on them. Anyway...

So you independent dungeon masters are *still* out there eh? And you're looking for new and ingenious traps to spring upon the hapless delvers that invade your strongholds and treasure troves? Well, if the five hundred and five or so traps in this collection aren't enough to satisfy your bloodlust, I have been persuaded with enough train-loads of necro-diamonds to throw a few more of my great designs your way.

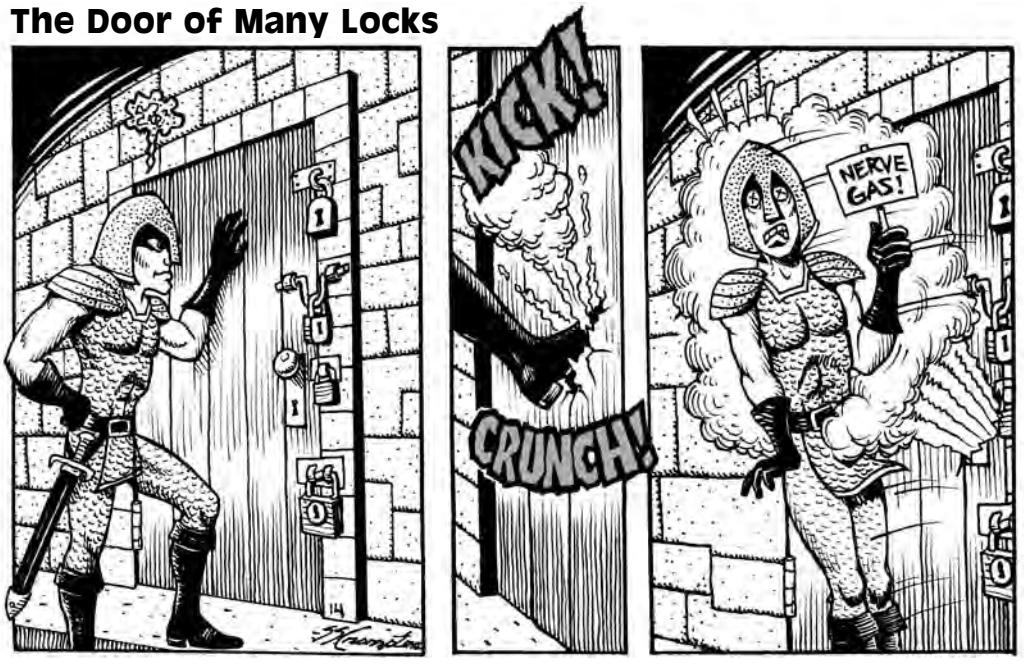
Some of these new traps will be from contributors, but just to make this a bit more interesting, I'll be offering you a few of my personal and never-before-seen designs directly from my own vast cavern complex. These are the traps that I use! But this ain't no dungeon or bazaar, just some of my own personal favorites that I have hanging around. Since this is a special chapter all by itself, I didn't bother to order them by type. I put them in the order that they appear in my dungeon. So strap yourself in and prepare to be sliced, diced, embarrassed, and eviscerated. Keep your hands and feet inside the bars at all times... OR ELSE!

~ Grim

Let's face it, usually the first thing a delver does in a dungeon is check or break a door. So let's start with a door. I have this one in front of the Troll Mens rest room on the thirteenth level of my underground lair. (It's best to place this in a dimly lit area.) This door was handcrafted by Warpmind de Inzane. He's crazy, but he does good work.

It's called the **Gas Door of Many Locks.** The door seems to be locked with a few dozen padlocks. However, a real close inspection would reveal that the padlocks are connected only to the door frame, and not to the door itself. The door is really unlocked, and opens inwards. Of course, seeing all these padlocks will probably cause most parties to simply kick through the door, rather than pick all the locks or try the doorknob. The door is extraordinarily fragile, and will shatter at any reasonably forceful impact, then release a powerful (and smelly) nerve gas upon the unsuspecting would-be heroes.

The Door of Many Locks



The gas won't kill them, but has the entertaining effect of rendering random parts of their senses useless for about 3 hours. Roll a 6-sided die to determine the effect on each delver: 1 will cause temporary blindness; 2 will affect hearing, 3 will ruin one's taste, 4 will paralyze an arm, 5 a leg, and 6 will make someone dizzy and nauseous. Everyone's skin will sting and burn for a few days, much like a bad sunburn. Nothing fatal - just a little fun to start their adventure.

I call this next one **Madame Curie's Memorial Fountain.** Sometimes when adventurers have to first break into a cave or a dungeon, they have to push their way through muddy hanging roots, or plow through dusty masonry. Once on the other side of the mess, their gleaming armor and leather tunics are coated with dust, cobwebs or mud. What delver with an oversized ego will put up with that?

Once they've gone in a short way into the complex, I like to leave a pretty fountain, lined with a silvery metal and seemingly filled with fresh water so they can clean their precious possessions. Of course its not just water, this stuff has a little extra "kick" to it. You see, the water is highly radioactive, meaning it is contaminated with radioactive isotopes. That metal lining of the fountain is made of radium. There's not enough radiation to kill them, but two weeks after their adventure, they are going to get very sick. Especially if they drink any of that water. If they do that, they might notice their hair starting to fall out after a few days. Then they'll be sick for a few weeks, however they *will* recover. (unfortunately).

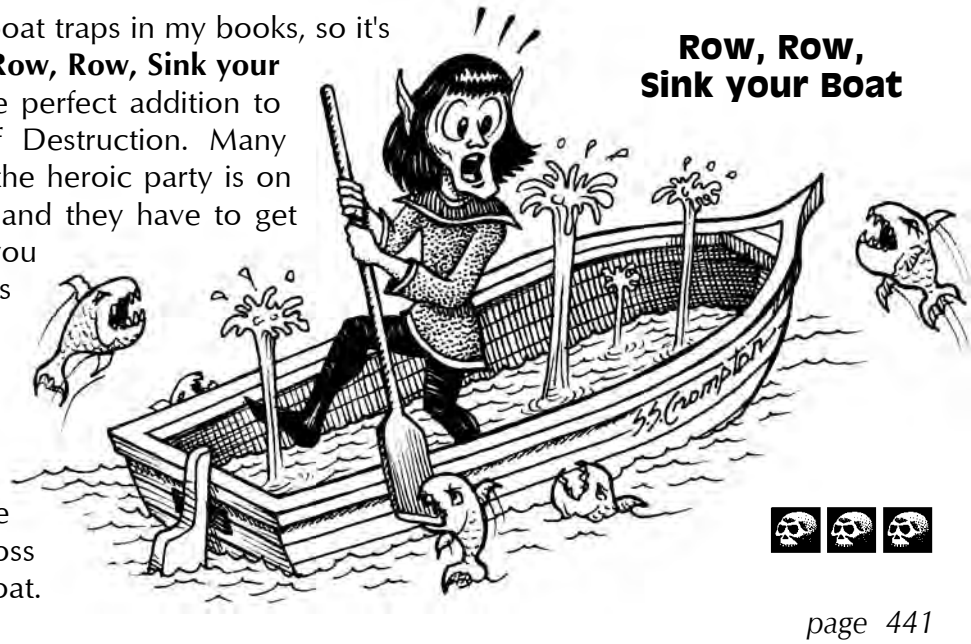


Oh, and if any of those greedy trespassers pry the metal lining out of the fountain and take it with them (presumably they'll think its silver). Well, they deserve what they get. Carrying radioactive metal around for weeks on end will get them far more than sick; they'll be dead.

Here's another non-lethal way I've created to keep the party off balance - **Portals to Change.** Again, this isn't fatal, but it might confuse some of the delvers enough to cause them to make mistakes.

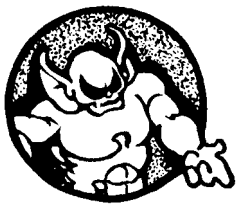
How to use this trap: Equip your dungeon with teleportation portals. Carved on the side of each portal is a different symbol, which is unintelligible to the party. At first they'll be wary, but eventually they'll be forced to use a portal to escape a dire situation. Once they see that they are safe, they'll use them whenever they need to. However, what they don't know is that every time they use a portal, it has a different and very slight effect on all who enter it. In one case, a portal might change all the delvers' eye colors to blue. Another might make all the right-handed people suddenly be left-handed and vice versa for the lefties. The really fun portal is the one with that changes all the delvers' gender. In other words if you were a bare-chested manly barbarian, now you are a bare-chested female barbarian. If you were a bearded male dwarf, now you are an unbearded female dwarf! This is going to cause all sorts of minor difficulties for the group. For one thing they all have to deal with the difference in appearance of all their fellow delvers. For another, the center of gravity for a male and female are different, so they'll be off-balance and more likely to trip or make mistakes as they adjust to this. They will also have to deal with how other characters in the dungeon will treat them. That manly barbarian is now a sexy Amazon and there's no doubt that they'll get flirted with and ogled in ways they are unused to. And formerly female characters will have to get used to being treated as rudely and brusquely, the way men often do when they are away from women. Give this trap a try; you'll have fun watching them react (and over-react) to their new circumstances. The effect wears off after a month. When the moon is full they'll return to their former wretched selves.

Row, Row, Sink your Boat



I've never had too many boat traps in my books, so it's high time I did another one. **Row, Row, Sink your Boat,** by Kenneth Harn is the perfect addition to earn my Grimtooth Seal of Destruction. Many times in various adventures, the heroic party is on the shores of a river or lake and they have to get across to the other side. Did you ever notice how there always seems to be a convenient rowboat nearby that they can steal? Time to teach them a lesson about joy riding in other people's boats!

At some point in the adventure, require them to cross a river or a lake they find a boat.



It looks like a perfectly normal white wooden rowboat, tied up to the side of a deep underground river. The dark waters are too swift and too filled with piranha to risk swimming across, so the boat is the logical choice. What the adventurers don't know is that this boat is full of holes, which have been filled and well concealed with ROCK SALT. The salt will dissolve in a moment or two, after contact in the water, sinking the boat and its occupants. The water is over ten feet deep and as mentioned earlier, stocked with plenty of piranha. And who says boating is a bore? Heh heh...

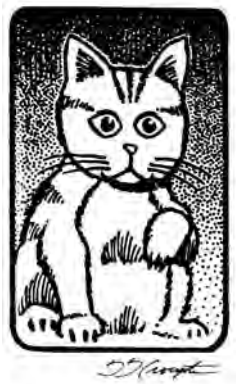


I had some food traps in *Traps Ate*, but here's an idea I didn't really cover that was sent to me via courier by Baron Rob "Zamo" Thorpe. I call this **Welcome to the Baron Borsia Banquet**. This is a great trap to pull on delvers as they are traveling overland and in territory that they have never before visited. The adventurers are allowed to stay at a baron's castle far from any town. It appears they are just in time to enjoy a sumptuous banquet with a large group of well-dressed people. They seem to be unconcerned about the delvers and in fact, invite them over, encouraging them to join in. Hungry after a long day's journey, the delvers' can't resist, and are soon dining on the offered food and drinks, which tastes delicious.

After eating plenty and having an enjoyable dining experience, the delvers are shown to rooms where they can stay. Late that night, after the party has gone to bed, they start to feel quite a bit of stomach pain, which only gets worse. Soon the delvers are foaming at the mouth and doubled up in pain. For you see, the delvers aren't used to the bacteria that was in the food. It has no effect on the locals - they've been exposed to this all their lives. But for the delvers they will be sick for days, making it difficult for them to travel any further. This is a great way to keep delvers from even getting to your dungeons.

If you want to make things even worse, have the local population be cannibals who purposely lure travelers into eating this "poisonous" food, so they can have some new meat to add to the menu.

Another great way to put your players off their stride is to put them in a situation where they can no longer trust each other. My artist-slave, Steven S. Crompton, came up with an ingenious idea and it has an "equally" appropriate name. He calls them **Dupli-Cats.**



The Set-Up: The adventurers sneak into your typical castle or dungeon. However, one difference is that the place is populated with house cats. As the delvers explore, they see a stray cat or two wandering the halls every so often. The felines seem harmless enough and when a delver is alone or out of sight of the rest of the party, a cat will try to get close and rub up against the delver, especially if encouraged to do so.

How the trap is activated: Once the cat rubs up against a delver, there is a sudden flash of mystic light. When the light fades there are now two delvers who look exactly the same staring at each other! One of them is the real adventurer, while the other is the Dupli-cat. The duplicate delver is wearing the same outfit and gear as the real delver and even has the same memories, making them almost impossible to tell apart.



To make matters worse, all the armor, magic items and weapons now have half the values they did before they were duplicated, For those of you luddites, that means that if you had a 4d+2 sword, that means the sword is now only worth 2d+1. A shield that took 30 hits, now only takes 15, and a magic item that lasted for 8

rounds, now only lasts 4. (You can round up numbers for the sake of convenience.)

Both the real and the false delver claim to be the original, and will attempt to join the rest of the party. Barring that, they can fight each other in combat to try and assure their place with the rest of the group. (Remember that they are each half as strong as the original and that all their stats are identical.)

The Solution? There are only a couple of ways to sort this problem out and discover which is the real delver and which is the duplicate. One method is they fight until one is defeated. Typically a Dupli-cat will try to knock out the person they are copying, then tie them up somewhere safe, allowing the Dupli-cat to join the party undetected (and thus cause havoc). If the real delver is killed, the Dupli-cat will change back into its feline form and scurry off, for it cannot continue to maintain its duplicate form without the original delver being alive.



The other way to deduce which is the fake delver, is to let both of them join the party and wait and see if someone can "catch" the duplicate delver doing something cat-like. Perhaps it's a subtle movement or a weakness for cat-nip (assuming they can find any). Maybe they are attracted to milk or stare greedily at rats in the tunnels. This kind of observation may take some time, so the party will have to let both versions of their delver join the group and keep a close eye on the two. As an aside, if you have a dog or a character in the group that's a werewolf, they might be able to smell which of the two duplicates is the cat. Given time, the duplicate delver will find a way to betray the party as the Dupli-cats are all loyal to their dungeon master.

What better method to spread fear and distrust among the party, when they know someone in their group is an enemy, but they are unable to easily determine whom it is? They'll be so busy worrying, they might not even notice this next trap until its too late.

And speaking of the next trap, I've been using this one for years in my cavern complex, but never put it in any of the Traps books, **Gimme A Light**. I got its design from 1st class Master Wizard Daniel Shull many years ago.

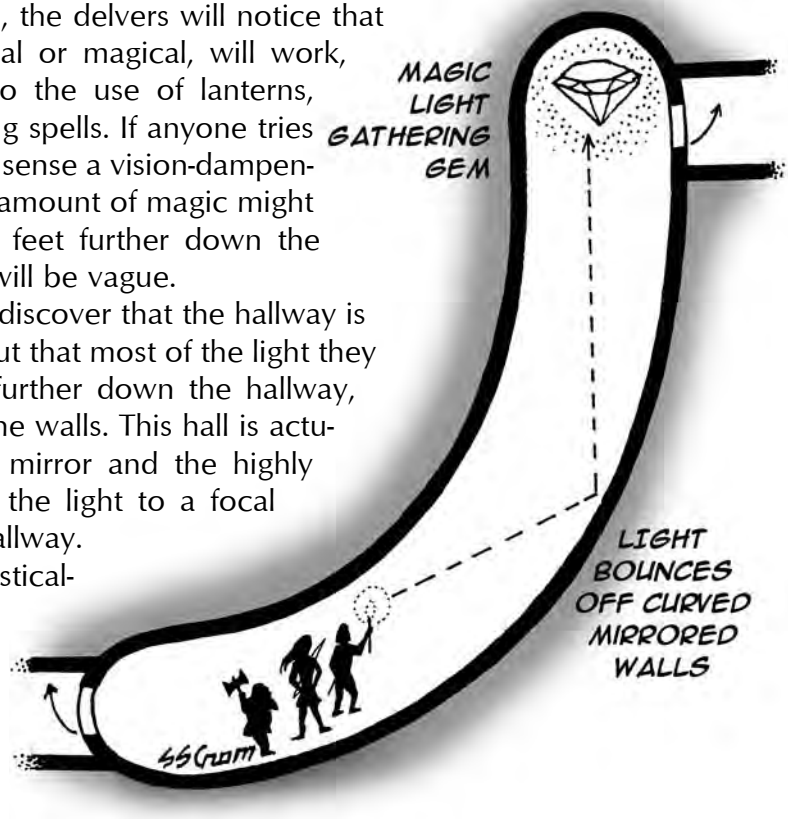


NEW Traps!
– NOTES –

Gimme a Light

This trap comes in the form of a long, dark, rounded hallway. While in the hall, the delvers will notice that no form of vision, normal or magical, will work, forcing them to resort to the use of lanterns, torches, or light-generating spells. If anyone tries to detect magic, they will sense a vision-dampening spell and some small amount of magic might be detected some thirty feet further down the hallway, but its purpose will be vague.

The delvers will soon discover that the hallway is smooth and very shiny, but that most of the light they create seems to reflect further down the hallway, due to the curvature of the walls. This hall is actually a gigantic parabolic mirror and the highly polished sides reflect all the light to a focal point at the end of the hallway.





At this focal point is a mystically powered gem that absorbs and stores all the light that reaches it.

Once the delvers are about ten feet away from the gem, there is enough light energy built up in the gem that it can no longer hold any more. A tightly focused beam of light (modern humans would call this a laser) will be suddenly released back down the hall, towards the delvers. This powerful laser beam will bore right though the first three people who are standing in the middle of the hallway. Party members further back in the group will take lesser damage, but everyone will be temporarily blinded. It's a really great way to welcome adventurers to your lair!

To really finish them off, I usually send in a bunch of specially trained blind gibbons armed with clubs to attack the group. They'll beat the blinded party in a wild frenzy of shrieks and screams. As for the charred remains of those that died from the laser, my gibbons love the taste of cooked meat. If somehow the delvers survive all this, they can take the gem and put it to their own uses, assuming they can figure out how it works without killing themselves.





Don't mess with my **Blew Suede Boots**. The mad cobbler, Richard Forster, made these boots especially to leave in my armory as a "reward" for any that dared to steal from me. These are a beautiful pair of leather calf-high boots, the type used by traveling armies on the march. To make them even more attractive are the metal plates over the toe area of the boot. Usually this protects the wearer, so they can kick down doors or enemies. These boots are in fact totally safe until the delver wearing them decides to kick anything.

You see, the toecap is not one piece of metal but two pieces with a filling of cordite (which is a solid explosive for those of you lacking in such knowledge). As soon as the delver kicks something, the boot will explode! Needless to say, once that happens, they won't need boots ever again.

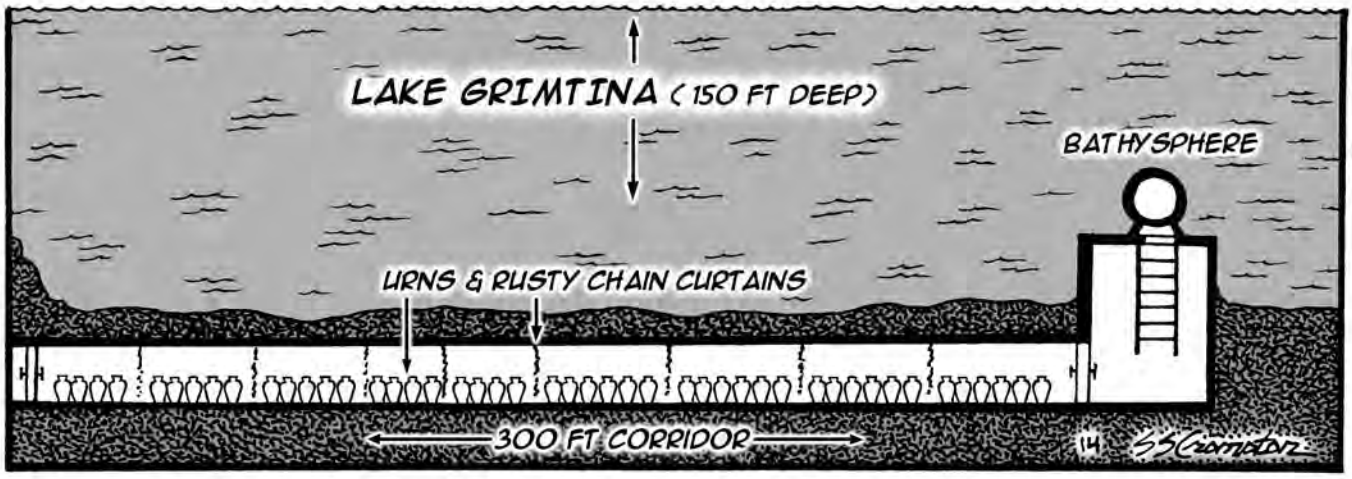
If you really want to have some fun, make sure there are quite a few of these boots to be found in one place, so the entire party can have a new pair of exploding boots.

So maybe blowing up the delvers is a bit too messy for you. Here's a trap that's more subtle. After all, how dangerous can things be in a **Breathless Escape Corridor?** (If it's in my book you know it's probably not a playground for pixies.) I found this idea scribbled on a piece of parchment and clutched in the dead hand of Will Harlan. I liked it, so I built one under Lake Grimtina near my castle. Here's how it works.

You need a long airtight corridor (perhaps 300 feet long) deep underground in a wetter part of the dungeon. All the doors are built like airlocks (somewhat like the one you might see on a submarine). The best way to get them into this is to let this be the only way for the party to escape the dungeon without going all the way back to the beginning. Be sure a dragon or balrog - something they can't possibly defeat - has chased them into this corridor, so they feel that there is no other way than to go forward.



The Breathless Escape Corridor

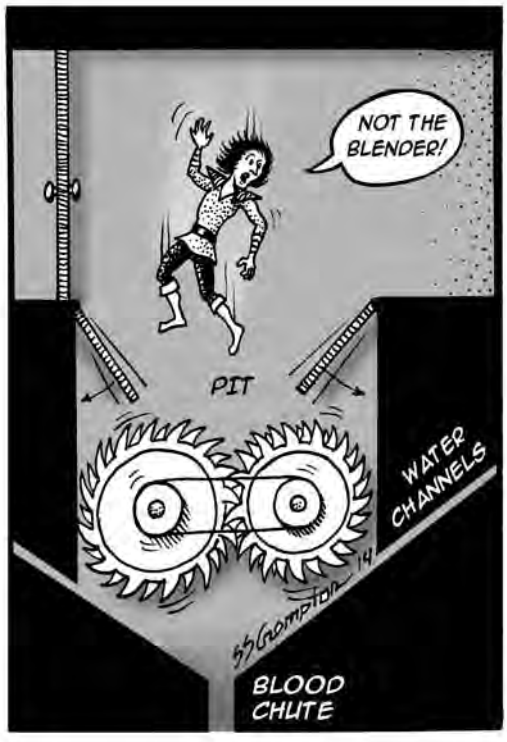


As they wander along this tunnel, they see that the metal walls are covered in rust. There is water dripping everywhere and about six inches of it on the floor. The air is heavy with humidity. Every ten feet, there are rusty curtains across the corridor. They crumble at the touch and seem to be made of woven steel wool (these absorb oxygen as they rust.) If the delvers are carrying flaming torches, they'll notice the torches flicker and then soon go out (magic spells to light up the corridor will work fine). They also find large urns leaning up against one side of the corridor wall. There are hundreds of these and each one is filled with a thin layer of gold coins on the top and then with a brown powdery substance resembling sand in the rest of the urn.

The red sand is in fact *Pryogallol*, a substance that absorbs oxygen from the air. You could even put the name of this substance on the sides of the urns of you want to give them a hint. By removing the coins (and digging though some of the urns) they have exposed the Pryogallol to the air and it is busy absorbing even more oxygen from the corridor. As the delvers start to have difficulty breathing, they will hasten towards the other end of the corridor in hopes of getting some air. Finally as they start to lose consciousness, they get to the airlocked door. If you want to kill

them off, have the airlock door lead to a small docking chamber under the lake. Without some form of bathysphere, there is no way out. As the lake is too deep for them to be able to swim up to the surface.The party soon falls unconscious and dies from lack of oxygen. If you want to give them a chance to live, let the bathysphere be in the docking chamber and see if they have the intelligence and enough breath left to get the thing up to the surface. Me - I'd just let them die, but I know some of you softhearted Dungeon Masters have silly ideas about letting delvers escape with their lives. Have you learned nothing from me yet!? Ugh...

While I'm talking about corridors, I might as well give an explanation about the *blood chutes* I've mentioned in my previous books. A lot of creatures in my dungeon need to be fed on a regular basis, so I have a system of pipes and chutes built into the walls of my complex. Most of the lethal traps have blood chutes installed in the floors or other places where blood and viscera tend to collect. The chutes are magically enchanted to attract and conduct all that blood down the pipes and into the feeding pens for my numerous monsters.



I'm including a trap I call **The Blender** as an example of how my blood chutes work. The delver approaches a door at the end of a corridor and attempts to open it. Pulling on the handle activates a trapdoor on the floor in front of the door and the delver falls into the pit below and into the spinning grinders. The delver is reduced to pulp in short order and then water sprays into the pit and washes the remains of the delver into the waiting blood chute at the bottom of the pit.

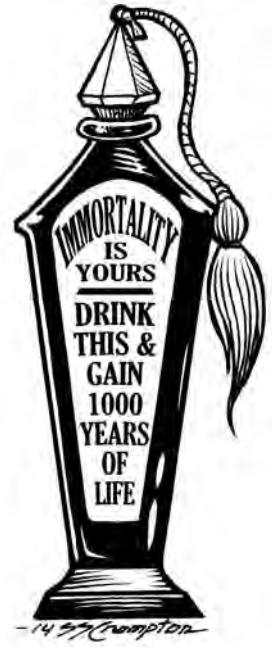
Don't bother trying to use any of the blood chutes as a means of escape; they are far too small for any humanoid larger than a fairy. And even if a fairy got through to the other side, they would be facing numerous horrible beasts all waiting for a quick meal.

Sometimes delvers find rooms that have already been searched. Here's a clever way to keep the adventurers from getting too complacent in such places: my **Chest of Revenge**. I obtained this design from *Traps Fore* contributor Leonard McRoberts.

In the corner of an otherwise searched room, the delvers find a large open chest, made of cherry wood with bronze banding around the rim. The chest is empty, save for a leather bag lying at the bottom. It's obvious the bag has coins or gems within. All is well until someone reaches into the chest to get the bag... "SLAM!" The lid comes down incredibly quickly and cuts off the delver's arm or hand. Sometimes simple-but-effective is the best way to go.

Here's another great item everyone thinks they want - **The Serum of Dorian Grey**. People have searched the entire world for immortality since the beginning of man's 1st age. And this potion will give virtual immortality to whoever drinks it. But of course there's a catch. After all, it wouldn't be much of a trap if there weren't one. The small, dark purple bottle is clearly marked in a common language with the phrase "Immortality is yours. Drink this and gain 1000 years of life." It's sealed with wax around the glass stopper on top of the bottle and obviously it has not yet been opened.

Don't make getting the potion too easy or the delvers will suspect something. If I were you (what a disgusting thought) I'd place this as one of the items that they might find when they've defeated one of my other traps. For example, you could make the potion be what they find in the *Chest of Revenge* (see the last trap you dolt). But the chest is just the container for the real trap within the serum.



The beauty of this trap is that the message on the bottle is exactly what is in the bottle. Anyone who drinks it will (barring some accident) indeed live to be 1000 years old. However, they will also look and feel very, very ancient. Their muscles will atrophy, all their skin will sag till they look like they are at least 100 years old, their hearing and sight will decrease and their memory won't be quite as good. Cut all that character's stats by half with the exception of their health or constitution (which should go up by 50 percent). You see, they could remain alive for 1000 years, but it will be as a blind, ancient, doddering invalid. The question is, will they want to?

Tunnels & Trolls game designer **Ken St. Andre** recently sent me some traps that he uses on hapless T&T fans. As the author of the *Toughest Dungeon in the World*, who better than he to add a few items to this new selection of traps? Here are three of them in his own words.

(1) The Exit. After hours of dungeon delving, most adventurers would be quite pleased to find a short way out of the catacombs. This trap is one that would be located far underground. The adventurers come upon a reinforced door marked "EXIT". It is both magically and physically secured - locked and bolted. But the locks are on the inside with the adventurers, so that is not really a problem. Sensing for magic will determine that there is functional magic both on the door and beyond it. That is not uncommon in such a dungeon.

Opening the door reveals what looks like a small empty room with a ragged hole in the far wall. This is an illusion. In reality, there is nothing but a hundred foot deep pit trap beyond the locked door, a trap that starts about 2 feet from the doorway, and occupies most of the room. Taking more than one step into the room will cause the delver to fall into the pit - a 100-foot drop to a rough and rocky bottom is likely to be fatal.

There is actually an exit to this room that leads out of the dungeon. It is a shaft from the ceiling to the surface. As traps go, it is easy to beat. The adventurer simply needs to be able to fly.

(2) Dead End. This is also a pit trap. The adventurers find themselves in a relatively constricted corridor with a pit about 5 feet wide and perhaps 30 feet deep in front of them and filling the corridor from side to side. There are sharpened stakes at the bottom pointing upwards. There is a very faint aura of magic in the area from beyond the pit - simple functional magic such as a locked door might emit. The pit isn't very wide. Any relatively healthy person could easily jump across it.

The catch is that the far side of the pit looks like a continuation of the tunnel/hallway, but is in fact a stone wall. Anyone attempting to jump across the pit will impact the invisible stone wall on the other side, possibly injuring himself

at that point, and then dropping 30 feet to be impaled on one or more spikes at the bottom. Ouch. Major damage or fatality is expected here.

(3) Goblin Wishing Well. The adventurers come across a fairly large fountain/well. Roughly octagonal, and paved with dwarven stone work, obviously ancient and in poor repair, the well is full of murky, rather turgid water that bubbles once in a while. A crudely lettered sign has been stuck to a nearby wall. The sign says: GUBLINZ WHIZZING WELL. THROW YUR GOLD INNA WELL TO MAK A WISH COMB TRU.

Living at the bottom of the well, hidden by the murky water, low light, and its own natural powers of camouflage, is an enormous cave squid. When it is disturbed by the splashing of coins or any other objects, the squid will come boiling up out of the water and attack. It is a large, dangerous, and hungry monster - fun and mayhem should ensue. (For Tunnels & Trolls I would give it a monster rating of 200.)



If the squid can catch and overcome even a single adventurer, and drag the unfortunate person below the surface of the well, it will retire, cease attacking and drop to the bottom of the well some 40 feet below the surface of the water to devour its prey. Its wish (for supper) has come true.

From time to time the local tribe of goblins comes by to check on their pet squid. They have found ways to retrieve the undigestible parts of dead adventurers, thus gaining gold, weapons, armor, and other such things as may have been lost in the well when the delver got eaten. For double your dungeon mayhem, have a party of ten to twenty goblins come upon the adventurers while they are fighting the squid, and then throw them into the combat as well.

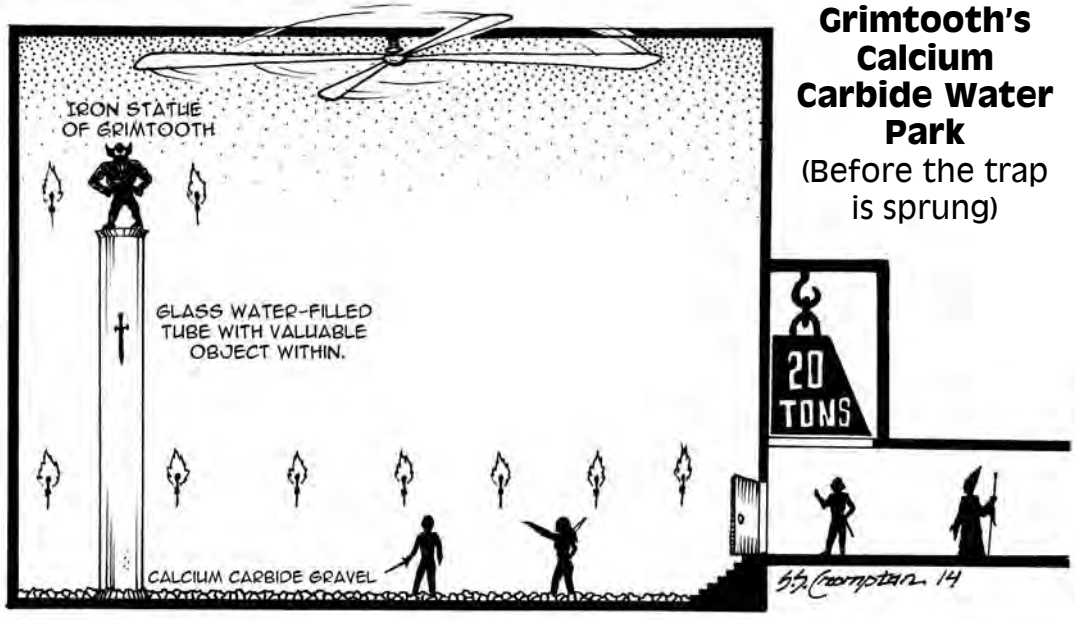
All right, that's it for our famous guest contributor traps. Anything with a pet Squid belongs in this book. I'll take it from here.

Let's face it: many of you like studying my traps just of the sheer joy of reading about the bizarre and complicated ways that I've found to eliminate the greedy trespassers many call "adventurers or "delvers." So here's my last trap in this collection - especially for fans of Rube Goldberg style overkill. I call it **Grimtooth's Calcium Carbide Water Park.** I stole this design from Robert Hubby, a crazed Elven inventor from the redwoods of Xhenxen.

A sixty-foot length of corridor approaches this large room. As they enter, the delvers will immediately notice a large column of what appears to be exceptionally transparent crystal. Around the room are a fair number of flaming braziers, which illuminate the large chamber quite well. The floor of the room is sunken by several inches, and this depression is filled with gray gravel that looks a bit like crushed quartz of no apparent value. The gravel will be noticed almost immediately of course, because the party's footing will be slightly less stable than normal, and

footsteps will make a crunching sound as they walk. No trap yet - wait for it...

The "crystal" column supports a small platform upon which is an iron statue of me, illuminated by ever-burning torches set in sconces in the wall. The statue is a ruse meant to lead the party into worrying that it might come to life (too obvious). Embedded within the crystal pillar I usually place some legendary item of such great value that few delvers could resist an attempt to get the item. The glowing sword of Azrael or the magic staff of Merlin are the sorts on items I mean, but if you know what item the delvers are particularly looking for, this is the place to put them. Whatever you use, it is extremely unlikely the delvers will survive long enough to get to their long-sought item. About 30 feet above my statue, the party can see the blades of what appears to be a large fan, rotating and creating a circular breeze in the room.



Grimtooth's Calcium Carbide Water Park
(Before the trap is sprung)

Let the party jump to conclusions about the fan and what it might be doing there. Let them tie themselves together or try to tangle the fan blades, whatever they want. Most likely none of them will be smart enough to remove the flaming torches around the room. So long as the delvers ignore the pillar, they're perfectly safe, but the lure of whatever bait you've put inside the pillar will eventually lead them to give in and get the item - thus triggering the trap.

The pillar is actually a glass tube with walls about an inch think, filled with pure, clear water. If their attempt to get to the legendary item inside the column involves breaking the glass or making the surface of the column disappear, water will inevitably spill onto the gravel floor below. A loud hissing sound will be heard from the area where the water hits, followed by a cloud of noxious gas which will rapidly fill the room - if there was enough water spilt. A few drops would just make a nasty smell, but more than a gallon and the chance of a small fireball in the immediate vicinity of the spill would occur if a torch is nearby. Keep in might, the column contains hundreds of gallons, so once it is broken, water will start to get everywhere pretty quickly. While the gas is poisonous, that isn't the most probable cause of the delvers' demise.

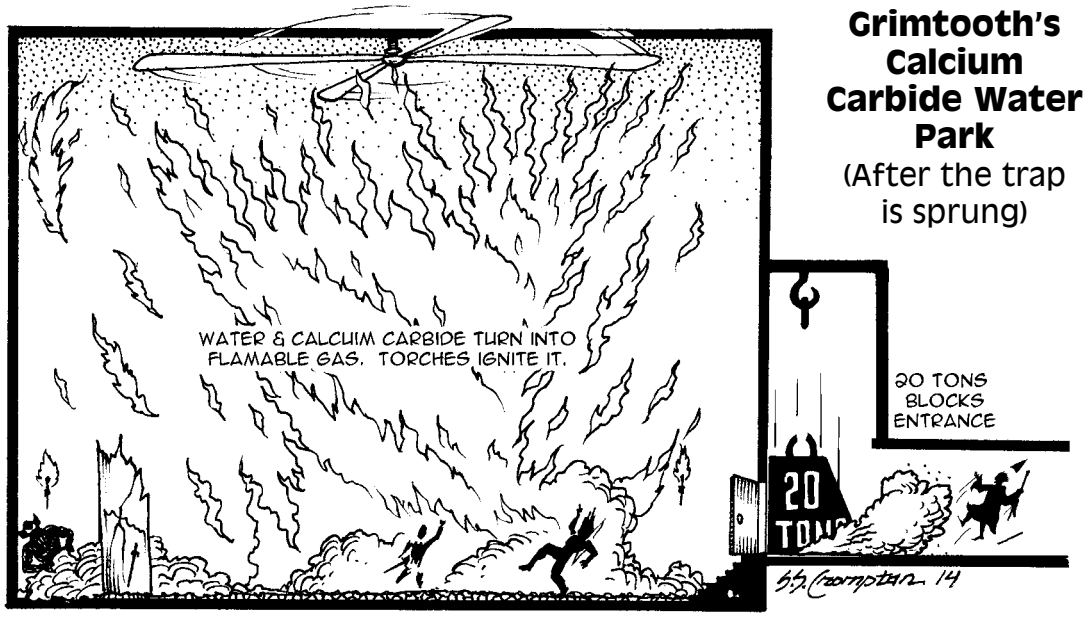


Breaking the pillar also releases a large 20-ton stone block that seals the exit to this room. Anyone inside is trapped in the room and anyone on the other side of the block cannot get in (unless of course they can teleport).

The gravel on the floor is in fact calcium carbide. In the right form when water is mixed with this special gravel, the chemical reaction releases acetylene gas (often used in welding). When exposed to flame, this burning gas can generate temperatures high enough to melt through most metals and certainly most people.

Any fire-immune delvers in the group (and it has to be IMMUNITY, not just resistance) will find themselves the sole survivors of what happens next.

If the torches around the room are still lit, or if the party is carrying any other source of fire, they will ignite the gas. If not, they could still very likely die from the noxious fumes. Just in case though, I've mixed in some metallic sodium beneath the gravel that will insure that a fiery ignition will eventually occur and turn the room into a sealed flaming cauldron.



When the fire ignites, the fan overhead (if it hasn't been trashed by the delvers) will spin faster, driven by the heat of the fire like the roasting-spit turbines in old chimneys. This will thoroughly spread the burning gas all over the room, making sure that no one escapes the burning carnage. The flames will also flow out of a few narrow vents, allowing flame and heat into the surrounding corridor. So anyone on the other side of the 20-ton block will be exposed to a fast-moving shock wave of flaming gas. It will be hot enough to spontaneously ignite hair and clothing, not to mention grilling anyone to a crisp. Your monsters can then enjoy deep fried delver for diner.

This is one of my rare five skull traps and on what better note than to end this collection?

A FEW FINAL WORDS...

Well that's all I care to share for now. You've seen enough.

Frankly, I'm surprised you humans have been so interested in my traps. You all have such short attention spans; I thought you'd move on to other less important things than the greatest traps in history. But here you still are.

I've given you the means to create the most dangerous treasure vaults, dungeons, and strongholds that mere mortals could ever imagine. And now you have most of them in this huge book. Treasure this tome - it is your encyclopedia of traps. Use it well. Now go forth and let loose my engines of destruction in your fantasy realms!

continued on next page

As for me, I'm going on an expedition to find a gold ring of great power. Apparently two small big-footed hobbs and some kind of skinny goblin were wandering around in the wastelands with it. Sounds like easy pickings. How much trouble can those three be? I'll take my sister Grimtina with me as well. If someone is gonna to die on this expedition, I want it to be her. The things I've heard that Ring can do... I want one.

Now beat it. I've got some packing to do, and you... You have a lot of things to build for your dungeon. Stop dawdling and get to work.

And no, there isn't a new 101st trap. How can there be? This book has at least 510 traps already!

Grimtina: *But Big Brother - there HAS to be a 101st Trap!*

Who let you in here? Beat it, sis!

Grimtina: *But what about a new 101st Trraappp?. We need one,*

NO NO NO! Not this time. Now all of you get out! This book is over, done!



Grimtina: *Geez... Okay Okay!... Come on, let's go, he's in a bad mood now. All he cares about is finding that silly old ring. I better pack too, since he wants me to go. And you should leave. Just go to the end of this corridor and through the door at the end – that's the exit for you. Don't worry, it leads right outside of my brothers' castle...*



Grimtina: *This is* ***MY new 101st trap.*** *Trusting someone you shouldn't trust and then going somewhere they recommend you go (like my petting zoo). Anyway, thanks for feeding my menagerie. I'm afraid* ***you*** *are the main course tonight. Bye bye....*


THE END
For you anyway
"Life is like a box of chocolates; you never know when I'm gonna cleave it in half!"

Traps Kickstarter Gallery

Here's some of the art that appeared in the Traps Collection Kickstarter. Other examples can be found scattered throughout this book.



Grimtooth trying to get the Traps book to be downloadable..



Kickstarter pledgers get to vote on who Grimtooth skewers next.



Grimtooth decided to take care of the three least favorite characters that were voted on.



And thus we have the goriest illustration in Traps history - death by microwave!

A "Who's Who" in Traps Too

By Steven S. Crompton

Back in the ancient times before everyone had a computer, artists, writers, editors, typesetters and graphic artists often all worked together in the same room - we called it Productions - and that's where we all were when we did Traps Too, so there was a lot of camaraderie and face-to-face discussions about traps and their design and look.

Probably thirty people worked at Flying Buffalo in 1981. As I drew the book, I started to draw in victims of the traps that looked like Flying Buffalo employees. Soon employees were ASKING me to put them in a trap. By the time the book was done, I had close to twenty of us drawn into the book. Below is a list of names and a little info about them. Many of whom I have never revealed - until now.



Rick Loomis - *pages 1, 19, 37, 43 & 51.* He's the adventurer on all the chapter headings pages. Besides the mustache, the other clue that it is Rick, are the "Buffalo" Horns on his helmet, signifying the leader of Flying Buffalo. I didn't tell him at the time, as I didn't want to get fired!

Wally Blunder - *pages 4 & 14.* Anytime there was a mistake made at Buffalo, we blamed it on a non-existent employee named "Wally Blunder." So I put him in.



Scott Rhoads - *page 6.* Not an employee, but he won a contest to be drawn into his trap. The contest was the inspiration for me drawing Flying Buffalo employees into Traps Too, as many of them had submitted traps for the book.



Steve Jackson - *page 12.* Yes that Steve Jackson! He submitted a trap for the book, so I drew him in. He didn't work for Buffalo, though he did publish Ken St Andre's *Monsters! Monsters!* game sometime before the first Traps book came out.



Greg Shirey - *page 12.* He was a programmer in the play-by-mail game dept. I put him in a trap holding an apple, a reference to Apple computers.

Dave Hart - *page 14.* He was a clerk in the Flying Buffalo store. Wally Blunder also appears in this illo. The wizard being slapped is supposed to be the TSR mascot they were using at the time.

Lee Russell - *page 16.* She worked in the mailroom and also wrote the third solo adventure (Labyrinth) for Tunnels &Trolls.



Larry DiTillio - *page 18.* Writer/editor in Productions. Larry went on to fame writing for the Babylon 5 TV Show. He wrote a large chunk of the first Catalyst Citybook.

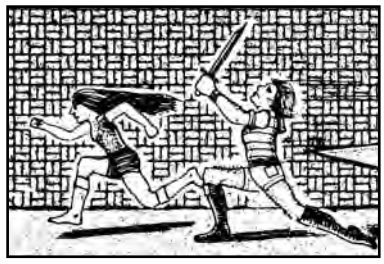


Michael Stackpole - *page 18.* Writer/editor in Productions. A best selling author and gaming industry legend, Mike edited most of Traps Too and all of Traps Fore. He wrote quite a few of the Traps in the first two books under a variety of pseudonyms.

Lorna Johnson - *page 18.* She was our sales rep from the printing company that printed most of our books.

Deby Cady - *page 25.* She was in the mail-room and later was in charge of the Buffalo store. She lives in Australia now.

Niki Canotas - *page 29.* She worked in productions as a graphic designer and was Paul O'Connor's live-in girlfriend. Nowadays, she's an investment consultant.



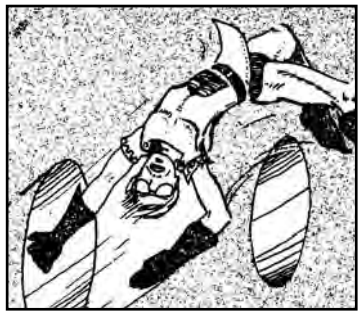
Ed Cooper - *page 29.* In charge of retailer sales. Ed drove a black Firebird and dated my sister for a while.

Jimmy Walker - page *29.* In charge of shipping. Jimmie did a lot of playtesting and game design consultation with Buffalo and he wrote the trap I drew him in.

Steve MacGregor - *page 29.* Head programmer in the Play-by-Mail dept. Steve Mac was one of the founders of Flying Buffalo. He passed away in the 1990s.

Jason Sato - *page 35.* Worked in productions as a typesetter. (A typesetting machine was a large item that printed text on photo paper which we would glue to the pages for layout. Remember, this was before desktop publishing was common.) Jason passed away while playing a game at the former Buffalo Game store around 2000.

Steve Crompton - *page 36.* I had to draw myself in at some point! If you look close, you'll see I am wearing Robin's outfit (minus the cape.) Back then I was "Robin" to Paul O'Connor's "Batman." (Metaphorically speaking.)



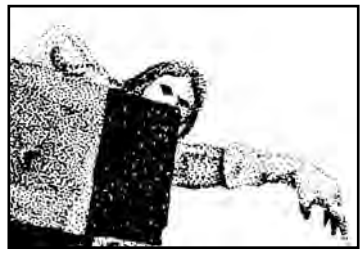
Paul O'Connor - *page 48.* That's Paul, carrying the burden of Traps. If you look closely, you see I wrote the letter "P" on all the scales of his armor, except for the armor scale over his heart, where I drew and 'N" for his (then girlfriend) Niki. Paul went on to do two more Traps books, comics and work on computer and phone ap games.



Chuck Gaydos - *page 52.* Chuck STILL works in the computer department of Flying Buffalo. If you call Buffalo, he is often the person with the monotone voice that answers the phone.



Pat Mueller - *page 60.* She was the lead typesetter and graphic designer in Productions. Pat had a major influence on the "look" of the first two Traps books. She is now an editor and historian for Sci-fi fandom, including author and fanzine histories.



Gina Crompton - *page 74.* Gina worked for a couple of years at Buffalo as a collator, putting together boxed games. I based Grimtina on my younger sister.

Liz Danforth - (creator of Grimtooth and art director back in 1982) does **NOT** appear in the book. I planned to draw her in, but she said if I did, she'd kill me - so I didn't.

Many of the Flying Buffalo Employees went on to greater glories in game design, fiction, art, comics, and computer games. Others went on to get jobs outside of fantasy/ sci-fi media including becoming lawyers, accountants, doctors, librarians and teachers.

My Final Secret Revealed!



So you have arrived at the end of my greatest collection of Traps in the history of man or troll. You've been presented with over 600 ways to annoy or kill tresspassers into your realms. As my parting gift to you, I will now reveal a secret that has remained unsolved for over thrity years.

Anyone who glanced through **Traps Too** certainly knew there was some kind of code in the back of the book that would reveal some dire 101st Trap. That code is based on the shape of symbols and the English alphabet. There is an article about that code on page 70 of **Traps Ate,** if you want details on that. What I'm talking about is a deeper, more secret message.

Many of you were completely unaware that there even was yet **another** secret message within the pages of my Traps Too masterpiece. I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised at human failings in regards to intellect, especially of the unwashed masses who bought these books back in those torrid times. The secret was known only to a very few (and most of them are probably dead by now).

The secret code I speak of consisted of a series of numbers that I ordered my minion artist to add to his barely adequate illustrations. The code consisted of a series of numbers (for example 56 - 3 - 3) which would reveal a secret message from yours truly. If you look closely in Traps Too, you'll see these numbers scattered all over Crompton's ink scribblings.

The numbers in each sequence consisted of the page number in Traps Too, then the paragraph number, and finally the location of the word in that paragraph. In some cases I added a fourth number in the sequence - that was the location of a second word in that same paragraph. At the time I was sure even humans could grasp all that. However few did and most that tried failed.

Admittedly, counting words in paragraphs is trickier than it looks. For example, if a paragraph starts on page 10 and continues on to page 11, does that count as the first paragraph on page 11 or should you skip that and count the first NEW paragraph on page 11 as the first one? Does a hyphenated word count as one word or two? What about initials - is each initial a word or do you ignore or combine them in your count? To make it more difficult, some of the phrases were also scrambled. You get the idea. I didn't make it easy for you humans to solve my little puzzle.

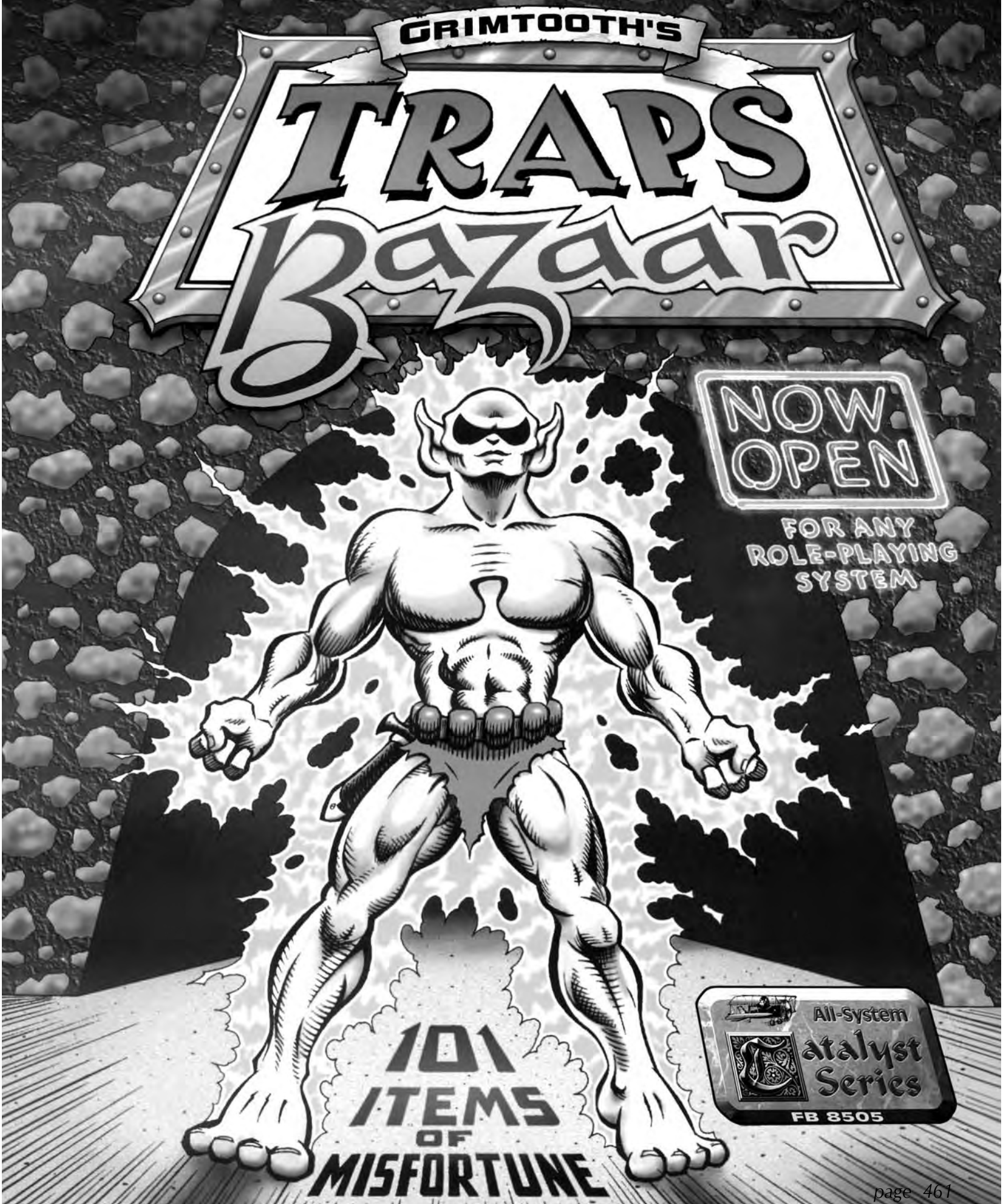
In any case, this secret has remained hidden long enough. I will finally reveal what until now has been virtually unknowable. Only a few of your greatest wizards and scholars had an inkling of its true meaning.

Here then is the secret message translated for your convenience. Keep in mind this is a coded message and reads more like a telegram than prose...

"*THE* TRAP IS DESIGNED T*O* BE QUITE SIMP*L*E. *D*ELVERS *C*ARELESS, THINK TREASURE SAFE, YET WHEN *W*ATER MELTS IT ALL - STRANGE FEATURE MAGICAL! *O*NCE TROUBLE WITHIN, THE *D*EFEATED ADVENTURERS THEY ATTACK *E*ACH OTHER. CERTAINLY THAT IS *W*HEN YOU SHOULD RELEASE THE N*AS*TY BE*A*ST WHILE *T*HEY T*R*Y TO TRAP HIS PIT*I*FULLY SMALL BRAIN. FOR THE BEAST, A DRAGON WILL SHATTER AND BISE*C*T THEM. TO FERRET OUT THE SECRET PROCESS OF *M*Y MACABRE CIPHER YOU MUST OUT THIN*K* ME. BEST TRA*P*S (*AR*E) DESIGNED WI*T*H SUBTLE AND *DEVIOUS*NESS. T*H*IS IS THE SECOND COD*E*. YOU *H*AVE DISCOVERED T*H*E FIN*A*L TRAP - *H*OURS W*A*STING AWAY*!*
BYE BYE."

That last sentence is meant to let you know that my 102nd trap was to get you to waste hours upon hours of your time decoding that message! It did its job for over 30 years, But who knows? Maybe there are yet other messages hidden within the one I have just revealed... Now get lost, and remember all I have taught you...




GRIMTOOTH'S
TRAPS
Bazaar
NOW OPEN
FOR ANY ROLE-PLAYING SYSTEM
101 ITEMS OF MISFORTUNE
All-System
Catalyst Series
FB 8505



Grimtooth threatens to kill a beloved childhood icon unless the kickstarter pledgers meet a pledge goal.

Grimtooth's TRAPS Bazaar



by Grimtooth the Troll

Contains over 101 item traps for
Fantasy, Occult, or Cyberpunk games.
Plus the complete map & description of
Grimtooth's Bazaar for any role-playing system

Edited by Debora Wykle
Illustrated by Steven S. Crompton & Scott Jackson

Cover by Steven S. Crompton & Tier 3



Produced by Flying Buffalo

ATTENTION

The traps in this booklet are designed for game purposes only. Actual construction of these traps might prove harmful, and such construction is strongly discouraged



"There's nothing like a good irish meal." – Grimtooth

First printing, April 1994

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TROLL TALK



The worst thing I ever did was teach Spike the Grimdog to fetch.

At first it was fun. I' d toss a bone down a hall, a hobbit down a pit. Spike ate it up. But when I tired of the game, he went looking for his own toys. And thanks to all the luckless visitors to my dungeon, Spike found plenty. The dog began raiding bodies, and loyally returning the booty to his beloved master. Me.

Not a night went by that the stupid dog didn' t bring me another load of touching personal effects. Sometimes they were good for a laugh. Gimmicks, gizmos, I' ve seen 'em all. But it was time to clear 'em out and make space for the real business of being the most evil troll in print.

So I put some of these Buffalo people that are always hanging around trying to get my autograph or peek at Grimtina's tattoos to work taking inventory. They told me I' ll be surprised at the amount of goods that Spike has stockpiled over the past few months. They said I could open a store with all this stuff. Hmmmm ... not a bad idea. There' s nothing I like better than parting delvers from their gold ... except for killing 'em, but I' ve done enough of that in my previous books! So, with very LITTLE help from the minions of Flying Buffalo, I created the Traps Bazaar.

Some of you who aren't too dim may notice that this book is different from my previous offerings. This collection of traps, for which you'd better bow down and grovel in gratitude, even includes some items intended for use against me. In my own dungeon. My hearth and home. Get a clue, questers. Nothing your feeble minds can conceive will ever put one over on Grimtooth. But I generously display these tricks for your benefit. Please feel free to try them on lesser evils, especially those insipid, pink-haired, navel-jeweled roc droppings that presume to be part of the Trollish realm ...

But back to business. I've collected and refined these item traps for your shopping pleasure. This is your opportunity to choose from the best inventory of magical and mechanical contraptions. If you see something you like, make me an offer. Send your sealed bid and any expendable first born to The Grimtooth Collection, c/o Dungeon of Doom: Souvenir Department. The Grimtooth Collection accepts no responsibility for offers that are lost, ridiculed, or altered to your disadvantage, and reserves the right to use any information contained within for purposes of extortion. Our motto is, "buyer beware."

You can start shopping in aisle one. Please finish by midnight, when I lock the doors and let the security wolves loose. That gives you ... oh, how annoying. The clock seems to have stopped. I suppose I'll just have to let the wolves loose now ...





Happy shopping, you hapless fools! Don't crowd, one at a time !
Move along, move along, don't block the aisles ...
What? Are you "just looking?" This ain't no art gallery, bub. Let me help you. (Hmmmm ... there seems to be something terribly wrong with that concept!) Nevertheless, in the interest of consumer fairness, follow me. I'll point out some of my favorite items.

Our first stop is in the Dungeon Equipment Accessory Department (DEAD), where you'll find lethal traps for the eradication of sword-swinging and sorcery-slinging delvers. Step carefully over and pay close attention to the bodies on the floor; those floor models will show you the practical effects of many of these traps.



GRIMTOOTH'S BEST SELLERS



The best sort of trap to set is one that seems to yield an object of great value. You can first make getting the object tough (no, make that very tough); then you grudgingly let the gang of delving thugs take that prize. A good candidate for this type of bait is **THE SWORD OF MAGNETIC PERSONALITY**. This sword (with the requisite flashy steel, jeweled pommel, and aura of extraordinary combat prowess) can be thrust into a stone or some other cliche receptacle that will serve to convince the adventurers that it is powerful. The delvers will more than likely beat each other up for possession of this little gem. But wait until the winner uses it in combat ...



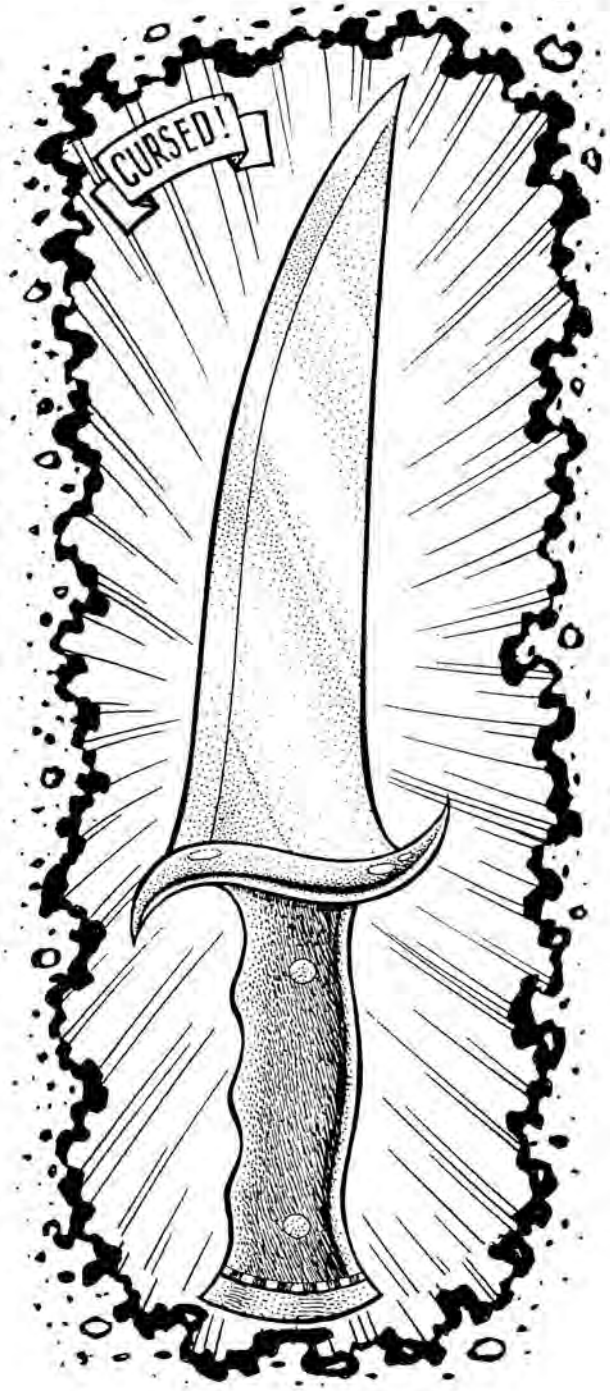
Any time the sword strikes another object, a spell takes effect. The wielder will become magnetized. With every blow, the unfortunate dolt swinging the sword becomes more and more "attractive" to objects made of iron or steel! The attraction factor of the magnetization increases exponentially; filings at first, then nails, then daggers, then swords ... up to steel beams. The mass of metal that will be drawn can really add up victims often end up looking like walking (if they indeed can walk under such a load) hardware stores. A truly hilarious set up can be engineered by letting the potential victim get the sword in a metal-free environment, and allowing him to use it a great deal before leading the party into the iron foundry!



LET ME TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE. I once sent a case of these to the local healer's guild. Knowing that I had the deepest vaults in the vicinity, they badgered me incessantly for a donation and I gave it to 'em! The leech-pushers were thrilled to receive their box of thermometers, and distributed them to all their masters and apprentices. They eagerly tried them out. After a score or more patients dropped dead during their examinations, the horrified healers finally figured out the cause. When put into a mouth, the thermometers not only register body temperature, but begin to sap that energy away at a rate of 20 degrees per minute! But what really hurts is that the healer gets "stiffed" on his fee!



THE BUTCHER'S KNIFE - Here's a product I push to holy men, paladins, blushing maidens, and other wimps who need a taste of the real world. This knife is cursed, and it turns anyone who touches it into a blood-crazed maniac. The holder will remain in a killing frenzy until he claims a victim. The spell is broken after the first kill, as the wretched murderer looks in horror upon his work. Only a person who has previously suffered the curse of the Butcher's Knife can handle the weapon with no subsequent effects; in fact, we do a brisk business in returns, which keeps this item on the shelves! Of course, our happiest customers for this particular item have been scores of producers from some forest called Hollywood. They seem to be using the butcher's knife as the main attraction in dozens of films that I hear are on the "cutting edge" of motion picture entertainment. Oh well, simple pleasures for simple minds...



Here's a treat for adventurers who need a little guidance in their travels. **MILES TO GO BEFORE YOU SLEEP** makes them easy prey. It is a small stone slab erected along the roadside, similar in appearance to common milestones. Upon inspection, the delver will see a arrow pointing along the road with "1 mile" inscribed below it. However, the name of the town will be obscured by moss, spider-webs, dirt, or other debris appropriate for the setting. When the traveler touches the stone to brush away this debris, the trap is activated. His name will appear on the stone, the arrow will move to a downward pointing position, and the delver will be teleported into a grave one mile underground!



And speaking of graves, the **DEATH'S HEAD COMPASS** also points the way to a final resting place. Delvers who find this plain needle set in a faceless disk will naturally assume that it is a compass. However, this pointer does not indicate North, but will unerringly point to any active agents of Death, such as necromancers, zombies, living skeletons, and ghouls. If the needle spins, you are in "grave" peril - you're surrounded!

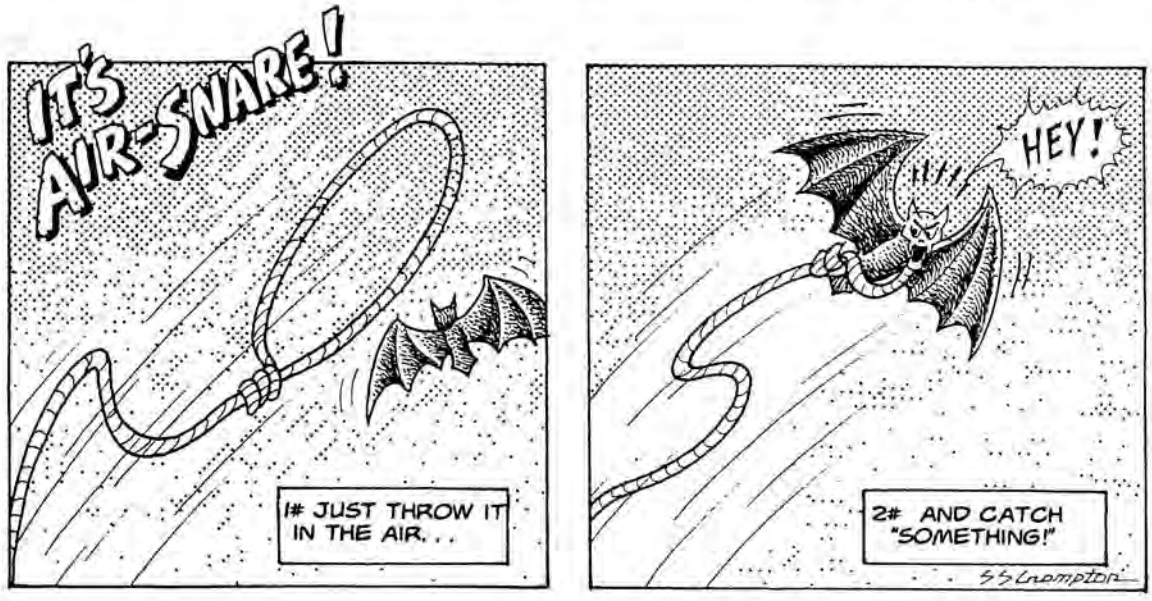


When some insignificant peasant in your service has slaved half his life away to save enough groats to buy his own paltry hovel, may I suggest a **BELLOWS** as a housewarming gift. Another cursed item, these bellows are home to an assortment of poltergeists. When the bellows is pumped, ghosts will be freed one at a time, to the woe of the homeowner. There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of spirits trapped inside. True to the name of this item, the phantoms also make a deafening racket! Within minutes an angry delegation from the neighborhood should appear to demand the noise be quelled. The homeowner's response to this problem will naturally be to toss the Bellows into the nearby fireplace. (You'd be disappointed if I didn't tell you this is the worst course of action to take, wouldn't you?) If the Bellows is set aflame, the poltergeists turn into flame demons which burn the happy home to the ground.



After that poor peasant is made homeless by the Bellows, he will have to take desperate measures to earn his daily bread. I like to make sure he gets his hands on an **AIR SNARE**, a hunting device that will encourage him to take up poaching as a career. This little snare literally snags game right out of the air! Any birds that fly over it, or rabbits that hop across it, will be drawn into this noose. The snare can be spread to a diameter of only 5 feet, so it's not terribly useful for nabbing dragons. However, its tug and sting will certainly irritate bigger critters that cross its line of effect. Sometimes they stay around to check out who was dumb enough to leave such a thing lying about.

One other thing. The snare tends to attract monsters. You will find that harpies and vampire bats are caught about as often as bunnies and ducks. And take it from me the former don't taste very good.





The **NEEDLE'S EYE** is an item that "seams" harmless. When this sewing needle is threaded, a spell is activated which affects the vision of the person who uses the needle. With every stitch, the user's eyesight will falter. The loss will be gradual, and the victim probably won't connect the action of sewing with his malady. The victim will never go completely blind, as he will obviously have to give up sewing long before his vision completely ceases! The lost eyesight cannot be recovered without magical healing.

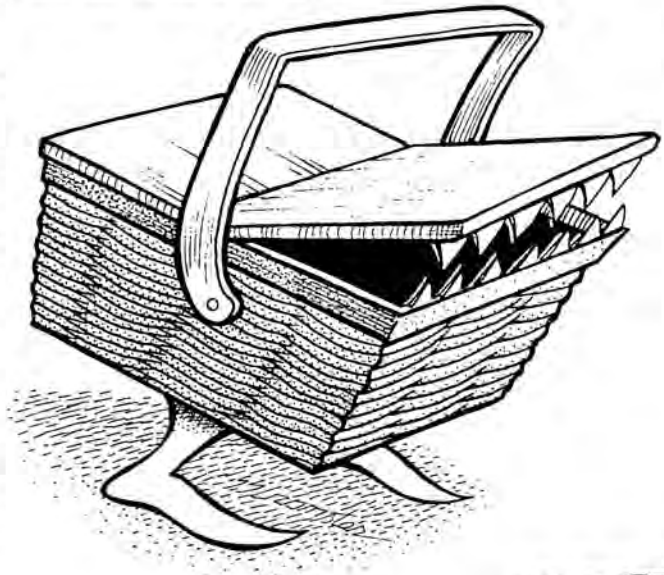
WHO'S SCRYING NOW? This classic crystal ball is infused with very potent scrying magic. When a properly trained mage activates the ball, they will see only misery. Regardless of what they direct the ball to view, they will see the worst possible suffering in the area. The mage will experience the emotions of the people being viewed, and will be profoundly (albeit unknowingly) affected. He will begin silently weeping, and will be totally unaware of it. He will also be captivated by the scene and cannot put it away. He can redirect the view, but cannot release or deactivate the sphere. Anyone looking directly into the ball will be likewise captured - a casual glance will not entrap them.



This will ultimately kill, perhaps even after only a few hours of exposure. The viewers will die of emotional exhaustion. They will simply have viewed too much sorrow to go on. The solution is for someone unaffected (they didn't look, or they're blind) to place a black cloth over the glass. This will break the link and will deactivate the spell, freeing the viewers. The crystal ball is, needless to say,

QUICKSILVERWARE. This set of two dozen silver utensils will provide the average party with ample forks, knives, and spoons for dining. However, they are enchanted, and any food they touch instantly becomes insubstantial faerie fare. The utensils seems completely normal, and delvers initially blame the problem on the food rather than the silverware. There is another side effect of Quicksilverware that really makes this a wonderful trap. Anyone who eats three consecutive meals with this dinnerware is immediately turned into a fairy! (I love to ship this stuff to barbarian outposts!)
indestructible.

PICK-KNICKERS BASKET. This is a lovely picnic basket. It's sturdy, has wonderful little compartments to put things in, and obviously cost some knock-kneed ponce a lot of money to obtain. It has a subtle geas placed upon it, which causes the owner to invite their most beloved heart-throb on a picnic. Further, the geas spreads and guarantees that the invitee accepts. That's when the fun begins.



As the smitten romeo packs lunch, the basket will transform any beverage placed within into a love philtre. More accurately, it should be called a lust philtre. The picnickers imbibe, stare into each other's eyes with flushed complexions and rapidly increasing breathing, and head for the woods, shucking their clothes as they go to teach the rabbits a thing or two about procreation.
The picnicker basket then walks over to the clothes, eats them, and runs away.
If clothes make the man, what do you suppose they do for a basket?



SUCK-A-BUS, or, THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED! This trap transports adventurers where they would never willingly venture: Hell. The trap looks like a standard city transit bus. As expected, there are passengers on board, a driver, and a fare is required to get on. That is where all similarity to normality ends. The other passengers are actually illusions maintained by a demon driver, and as soon as the party boards, the door slams shut, the other passengers disappear, and the vehicle takes off at a high rate of speed. While continuing to accelerate, the driver changes the route sign in the front window to read "Express to Hell."

The bus will begin to descend, driving through solid rock, and will eventually stop in, where else? Hell.



Or my dungeon, if you really want to provide a challenge ...

LOUPE-DE-LOOP. This very nice gold jewelers loupe radiates powerful magic which hints at an ability such as "true sight." Sooner or later someone will stick it in their eye. That's when it activates.

The poor dupe will start screaming in agony as the loupe superheats and fuses with his eye. It won't kill him, but he will be in pain for days. Magic can help alleviate the pain, but it will not be able to remove the monocle or restore the eye. After a week or so, he will have sufficiently recovered to look out of the eye. He will now see the world through super-magnified vision, and will soon learn that he can will the magnification to various powers, although the enlarged view will never go below 20x normal size. It is also pre-set on an extremely short focus point, which will make it impossible to use as a telescope.

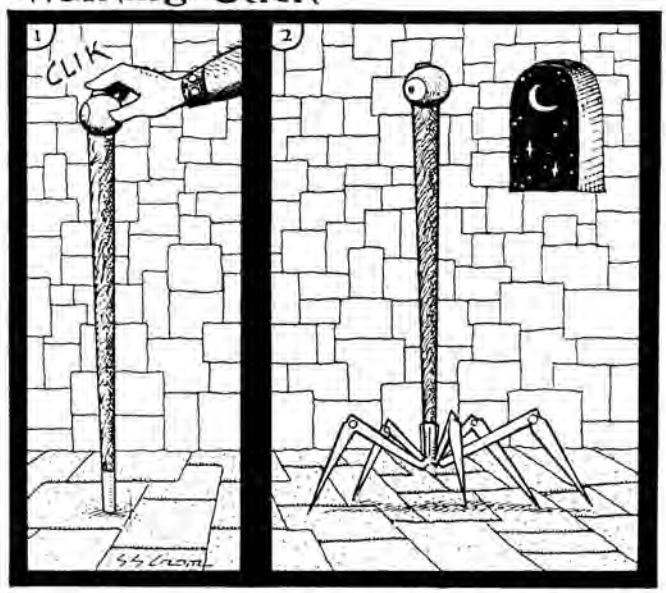
If the victim insists on further delvish activities, they will be forced to wear an eye-patch over the microscopic eye as the discrepancy between vision in each eye will cause excruciating headaches. The loss of stereo vision will decrease their combat abilities until they have had a chance to adjust to (or be trained in) fighting with no depth perception.

BOWLING BALLS OF BOOM. Lest ye of little faith fear that The Grimtooth Collection neglects those enterprising souls whose dungeons require an entire room addition, I now present for purchase your very own bowling alley. The lanes are operated on the mechanism side by small, imprisoned demons who act as pin setters, score keepers, and ball returns. They are magically bound in such a way as to obviously present no threat whatsoever.

When intruders enter this room, they will be compelled to bowl. The delvers perform according to each one's ability (or agility). The magical alley neither helps nor hinders their scores. The only thing the magic does is assure that the balls are the proper weight for each individual character and fit perfectly. Regardless of which ball they pick up, the holes always seem to be on the other side. While the character is turning the ball over, it adjusts its weight accordingly and positions the holes appropriately. It will even turn their favorite color: after all, it will soon be their final frame.

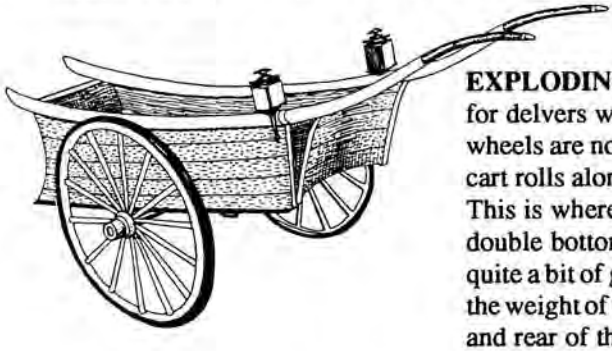
After the conclusion of the first frame, the trap activates. Although it will seem that the adventurers are always using the same ball, this is not true. For the return chute has shrunk a couple of millimeters, consequently lodging their bowling ball in the chute's throat. Another magical ball is spawned to replace it. When the second ball is likewise recycled and wedged, both balls transform into a very unstable contact explosive. When the third ball is bowled, the demon returning it really puts some speed on it. When the ball hits the two wedged explosives, they detonate, causing enough fragmentation to kill anyone in that lane and severely wound anyone in the two adjoining lanes.

Walking Stick

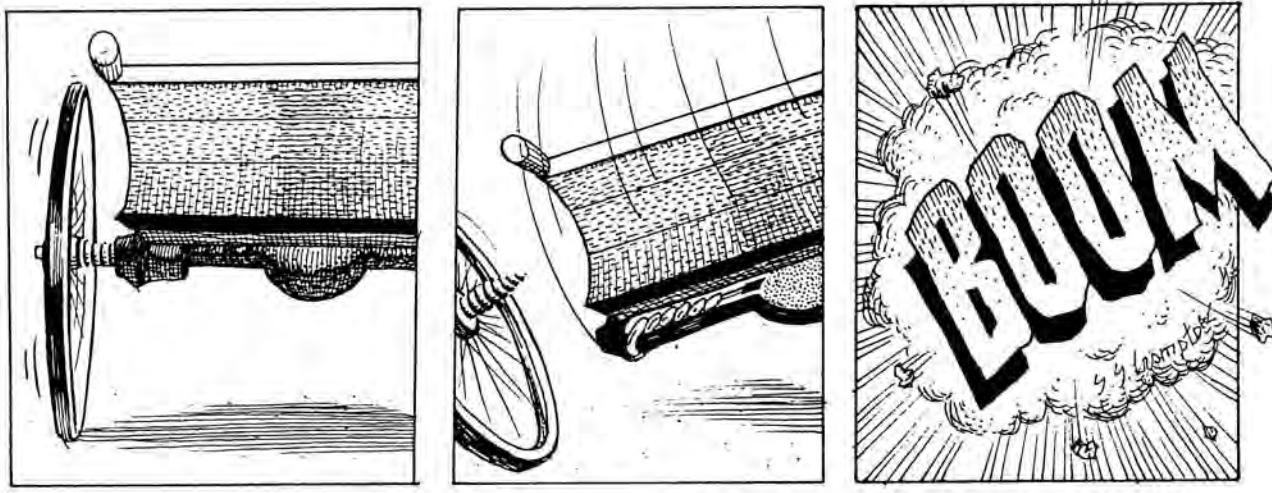


And for dapper delvers, we have the **WALKING STICK.** If the top of this wooden cane is unscrewed, a wind-up mechanism is revealed. By fully winding the works, and then pressing a switch at the tip of the cane, the walking stick will begin to operate. Two panels at the bottom end will retract into the body of the cane, and several articulated metal legs will extend out and down. The walking stick will locomote over passable terrain in whatever direction it is pushed. Although this sounds like a great way to safely trigger corridor traps, there is a drawback. The Walking Stick was granted semi-sentience by a wizard, and is able to sense the location of traps. If the party has abused the stick in any way (used it as a crowbar, beat lackeys with it, used it to probe in cesspools, etc.) it will always head straight for a trap, and avoiding activating it until at least one member of the party is within range. So it always pays to treat your possessions with respect, like yer GrimMom always told you ...

SWITCH PLATE - My product line wouldn't be truly collectable without its own limited edition plate. This beautiful silver platter adds an elegant touch to any dinner table. However, warn the servants not to touch it. Anyone who does will be affected by the spell of absorption which has been placed upon it. They will be sucked inside the plate and trapped there until another unsuspecting victim picks it up. The imprisoned person then switches places with the new victim. The switch plate can be safely carried as long as it is wrapped up or put into a bag. Only touching the actual surface of the platter will trigger the spell. If you wish to be generous, you could have the plate lead into a small pocket universe, filled with riches. Of course, anyone trapped in the plate couldn't bring anything out of the plate, sorry!



EXPLODING CART - This sturdy cart is a tempting acquisition for delvers with lots of loot and gear to haul. Unfortunately, the wheels are not mounted on axles, but on very fine screws. As the cart rolls along, the wheels slowly unscrew and fall off.
This is where the problem occurs. You see, the cart has a false, double bottom. Between the real bottom and the fake bottom is quite a bit of gun powder. The cart falling to the ground (under all the weight of the delver's gear) hits some boards rigged at the front and rear of the cart that are actually strikers/igniters. The whole cart "Fall down, go boom!"





EVER-FILLED WINE SKIN - This is the usual grotty old wine skin that's enchanted with an "ever-fill" spell. Of course, there is a catch. Upon the first taste, whether it be a small sip or a great swilling, the drinker's stomach will begin to feel full. Not painfully full, but as if he had consumed as much as he could comfortably hold. A gentle, sloshing sound will issue from beneath his navel.

Within minutes, the consequences of this bellyful of wine will hit the delver. The vintage is champagne-like, mild enough not to be toxic, but the alcoholic effects will be considerable. The unfortunate person will be drunkenly inept and incoherent until the wine goes out of his system. The curse is that this never happens. The stomach will remain "ever-filled."

THE GENUINE QUARTERSTAFF - This little item is a masterpiece of trap technology. It looks like an attractive quarterstaff, as long as the average human is tall. It is made of fine oak, and will fit comfortably into any human-sized hand. Delvers will be drawn to it by its inlaid silver surface. The metal is deeply set into the wood, covering the staff with thin silver lines which gather into knobs at each end of the rod.

The entire staff is enveloped in an aura of magic. Any marginally competent wizard will be able to detect that it is enchanted with a spell of indestructibility. (This will also keep rapacious delvers from trying to pry the silver out of the shaft, or break the knobs off the ends. Grrrr! The lengths we gotta go to prevent vandalism these days! No dungeon is safe!) By now you must be thinking, Gee, ol' Grimtooth is losing his grip, this gizmo is too good to be true! Perish the thought! The true beauty of this device will be revealed the first time it is held diagonally across the body, in the conventional defensive position of high port. Within the staff is a spring loaded blade, thin enough to be mistaken for one of the inlaid lines. It, like the entire quarterstaff, is indestructible. Its edge is razor sharp. As soon as the bearer takes a defensive posture, KATUNG! Out pops the blade. It runs the entire length of the staff, and should serve to reduce the length of the wielder's fingers by at least a quarter.

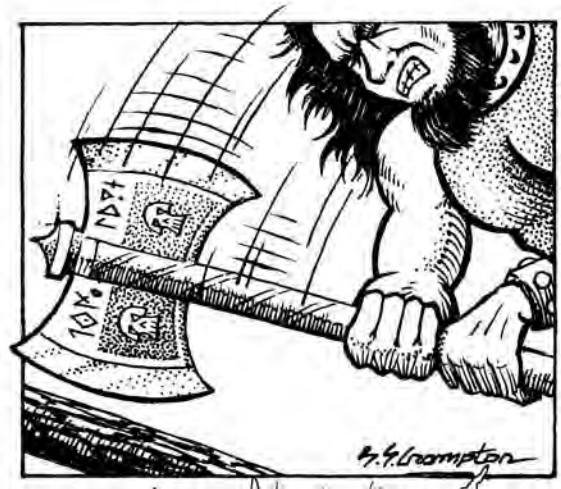


THE BOOMERAXE - MODEL 1: LAST PITCH EFFORT - - The type of throwing axe called the franceska is a long-shafted, graceful-headed weapon. Not at all like the currently popular, massive, brutal double-bladed broad axe. Why, you may ask, has Grimtooth wandered off into the droll field of weapons design history? It is to prepare you for one of the simplest and most elegant traps I have seen in a weapon format.

This boomeraxe's head is longer and thinner than usual, terminating in a thin leading edge. The handle is long, flat, and comparatively narrow, with a peculiar curve to it. It will have almost exactly the same combat value as any other throwing axe. The trap becomes obvious when the axe is used.

When thrown at a likely target, its special aerodynamic design takes over. It will not hit anything it is thrown at. It will, however, return to the user, at full force. Unless the wielder is most adept at dodging, retrieval of the weapon should pose his heirs no significant difficulty.

THE BOOMERAXE - MODEL 2: THE BIG BANG - Generally the type of weapon which causes the flinty little hearts of dwarven warriors to beat fast, this awesome double-bladed broad axe has a silvered finish inlaid with runes. A wizard of fairly high level will be able to sense that it is under a spell of transformation. Any dwarf will be able to read the runes: Implement of Destruction. Once a victim elects to brandish this weapon the effects of the enchantment will become obvious. The delver will feel a doubling of physical strength, and as long as the axe is kept on his person this benefit will remain in force. Once again you let your impatience run away with you. Grimtooth has not become prematurely senile.





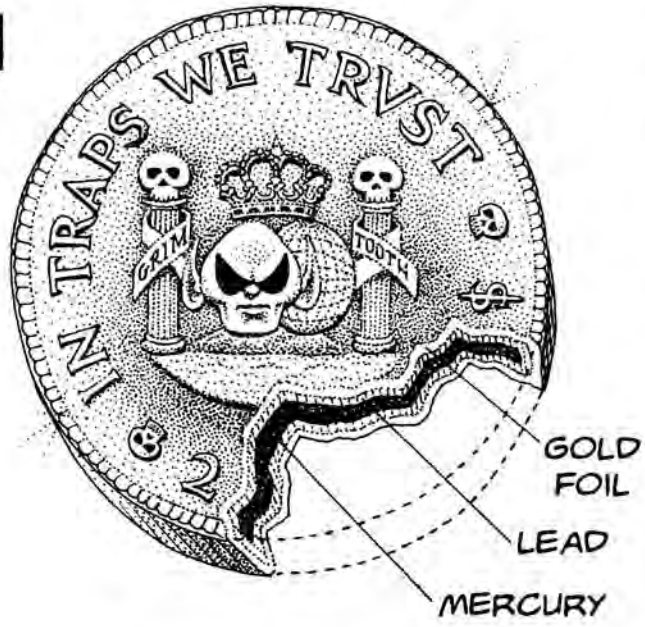
You must be now be familiar with the maxim, "Never give a delver an even break!" Anything you give a delver in a trap must return to haunt him. Even as the spell on the axe is granting this enormous advantage, it is turning the metal in all the victim's other weapons to flawed crystal. If used, they will shatter on contact. This will at first annoy the delving boob, but what the hey he has this bright new axe.

Now comes the best part. When used in combat, the axe explodes on contact with any solid target! The force is equal to twice the new attack capability of the wielding delver. All the beings in direct contact with the axe, both wielder and target, receive full benefit from this prank. And even if the delver survives his ax-cident, his enhanced strength will disappear and his weapons are still reduced to mere objects d'art.

THE LOVE BOTA - This enchanted wineskin actually will keep wine cool and fresh under any conditions, but that's only the bait that hooks the victim. When obtained by an adventurer, the Love Bota needs about a week to bond with him before its true nature will be revealed. After the initial week has passed, a change will come over the first person with whom the Love Bota's owner shares his wine. Tender emotions will begin to stir within their breast (after the requisite hangover, of course). Now this isn't the wimpy type of romance written of in those sickening books that elves are so fond of. This love takes one of two forms.

If the drinker is of the opposite sex, their love for the bota's owner will manifest as a cutsie, cloying, suffocating infatuation that is guaranteed to send the hardiest adventurer running for the hills. If of the same sex, their feelings will be the "tough love" of an overly stern parent. They will develop a hypercritical attitude about the behavior of the bota's owner and will be compelled to guide and protect them at every turn. Either attitude is sure to ruin the owner's day.

YELLOW PERIL - These banana peels, scattered on the floor of a dungeon, are there for a fairly obvious purpose. However, for the slow readers, I shall explain. They lie in wait for that party that is in a rush. No one would fall for them? Give me a break! These bananas are specially bred in my underground arboretum. The peels are attracted to ground vibrations of the foot-stomping variety. You might say that they find feet appealing. For being stepped on is the only way these bananas can spread their seeds. They will do their best to slide underfoot, and odds are that some delver will have his duff and his ego bruised by being outsmarted by a banana peel.



COIN COLLECTOR'S NIGHTMARE - Several coins have recently come into my possession from a not-much-missed source named Abdulla. The hardly lamented Abdulla was a trusting soul when it came to money. He trusted his taste for gold and silver most of all, and was in the habit of biting down hard on any coin that came into his possession. Indeed, he did have a rather discerning palate, and could tell with one firm clench the near exact assay value of the coin gracing his dentition. Unfortunately for Abdulla, he came across a few coins minted in my own private coinery by one of my more creative goblins. (not too bad a likeness)

You see, these coins are a special variety, created in three layers. A sandwich of doom, you understand. The innermost layer is one of lead, to give weight. The outermost is of gold foil, to give the facade of value. The middle layer, the meat of the matter, is the kicker. I find that the most popular flavors are Mercury (which also gives weight and is quite deadly), Sodium (not recommended for those on low-salt diets, and certainly not for anyone whose molars require anything less than nitroglycerine for toothpaste), and assorted bacterial flavors ranging from Anthrax to Hoof and Mouth Disease (my personal favorite).

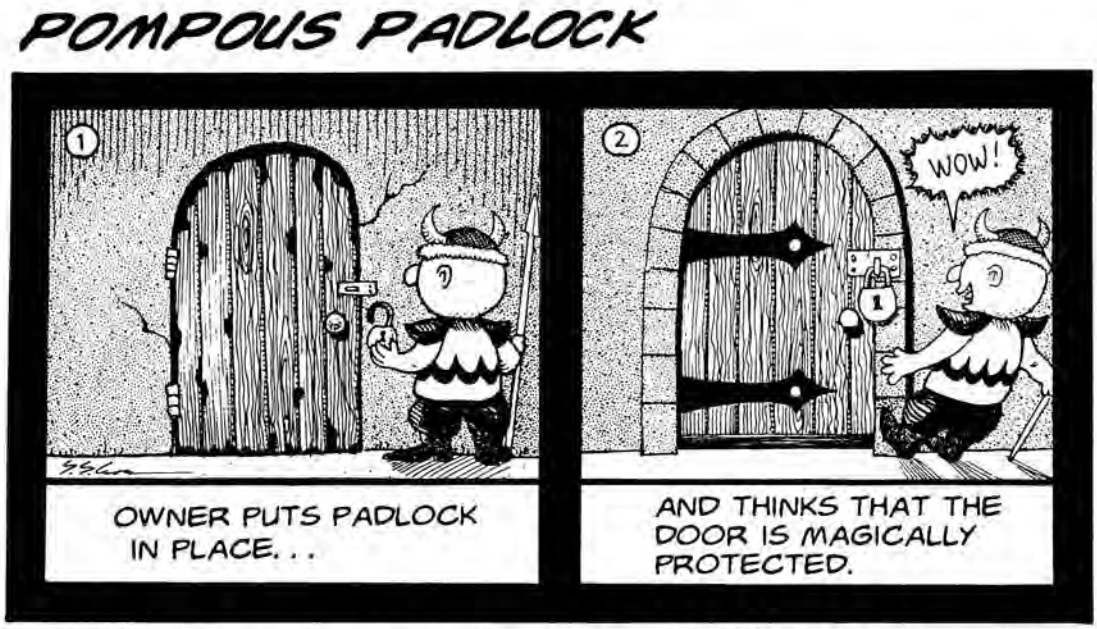
Even if the delver paid off in these coins doesn't try the tooth test, the coins will eventually cause him grief as the gold foil wears away from jiggling inside his pouch perhaps the next thing he grabs from his purse will be a fistful of mercury (hope he doesn't have any cuts on his hand!).

CROOK'S COBBLER - This magical shoehorn can alter the size of boots, shoes and other footwear. Simply place the shoehorn under your heel to insert your foot smoothly into any shoe for a perfect fit. The shoes will remain sized to your feet forever after. However, the shoehorn's magic will only work on stolen footwear, and works best when used by thieves. Noble knights and inscrutable wizards may still experience a blister or two.

The newly shod bandit will be quite pleased with his clogs until he treads on holy ground. The shoehorn's magic is demonic. Should the shoes touch the grounds of any church or temple, the wearer will find himself reacting like a drop of water on a hot griddle, careening around the grounds on a layer of holy steam! If he manages to flounder off church property, the shoes will revert to their original size, pinning his feet within. Perhaps holy places are best approached on one's knees ...

VASE VITALE - Any organic liquid placed inside this enchanted vase will remain forever fresh. It's a great way to save that sentimental bouquet of flowers. Only the absence of any liquid within the vessel would indicate something unusual. For the ghoulish, the Vase Vitale works just as well at preserving body parts. One rather interesting bit of trivia about this item is that not all of the preserved object need be inside the vase. The majority of the body, so to speak, can be on the outside. Only so much as a finger or a tongue would be enough to gain the effects of "freshness" which is actually a form of suspended animation. I like to put these things around the dungeon filled with some sweet liquid like honey, molasses, or maple syrup. When the witless delver dips his finger into the liquid to taste it, he gets "freshness sealed." Or sometimes they will pour the liquid out, and someone will decide to lick the jar. Oh, did I fail to mention that being suspended is not a good thing for the living? A few seconds of suspension will result in brain damage, as the energy that animates the brain is interrupted. A minute or more would result in total brain death. What fun!

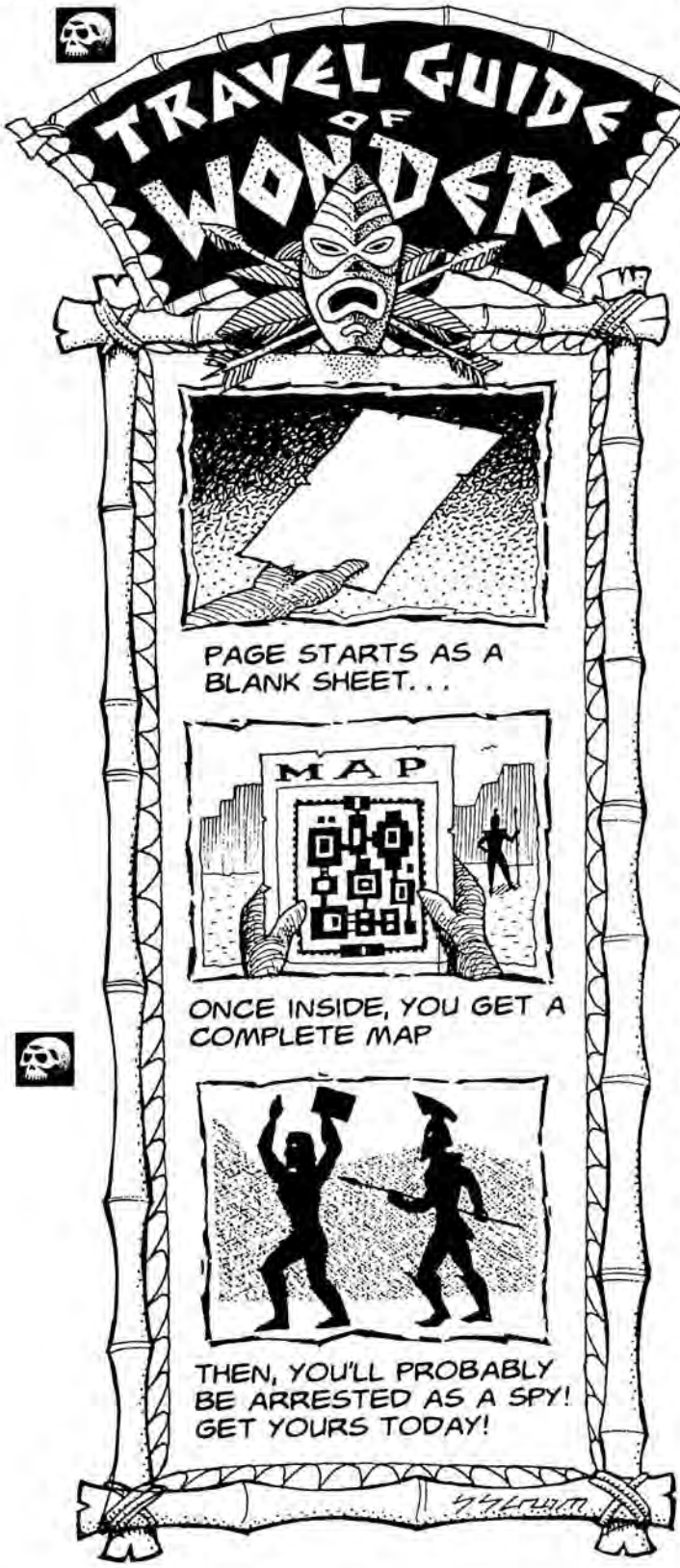
POMPOUS PADLOCK - Place this magical lock on any normal door or box and it will create the illusion of impenetrability. Make the outhouse door look like the most secure dungeon cell, or a wicker box appear to be a steel-banded chest. It's useful for temporary security, for putting thieves on the wrong track, or simply for practical joking. Or at least that's how it worked until my little helpers got a hold of it. Now the little beauty effects the perception of its owner only! He sees the impenetrable door and steel chest. Everyone else sees what's really there. Now that's much better!



Coated with a rare extract from a meat-eating plant, these **STICKY DARTS** will immobilize their targets. The punctured victims will be unable to move, but can speak, hear, eat, etc. normally. The effect is similar to being mired atop fly paper. Only when the dart is removed from their body will they be restored normal movement. One other little thing the extract is rather addictive. Once it's in your system you will begin to crave it within about 24 hours. If you don't get your fix, you will slowly degenerate into a mindless, shambling hulk, good only for target practice in one of my dungeons. By the way, the only way to find more Sticky Darts is to trigger another trap. I like to use them in booby-trapped chests or hallways.

ETERNAL FLAME - You'll always be warm with this brazier which cannot be extinguished. There'll be no more worries about the cook fire going out! The only way to stop the fire is to empty and seal the brazier, thus taking the fuel out of the system. But remember, anything placed within the brazier will add to the flame! Anything at all, even air! Under normal circumstances, this will not be a problem, but if the brazier is open and placed in a closed room, the air in the room will slowly be consumed. If the open brazier is immersed in water, the water will be consumed, which will slowly raise the temperature of the surrounding water to a boil. If your finger is placed in the brazier, it will burn, and your hand will most likely cook! Any rope, string, or whatever that droops into the brazier, even if it is otherwise empty, will burn! Very dangerous to have around.

LUCKY SHOVEL - This shovel will only break the ground if there is treasure buried underneath, causing many a delver to discard it in disgust before its true function is discovered. If the shovel's quirk is identified, it can be employed to get every last drop of treasure from a trove, since it will not cease to remove earth until all the loot has been retrieved, down to the last copper piece.
One other thing. Due to the enchantment on the shovel, it will bind the delver to continue digging until that last copper piece has been found! This effect, somewhat similar to the Shoes of Dancing Forever that are sometimes found, has caused many delvers to expire from exhaustion, searching for a single copper coin buried far beneath the ground. Further, if the delver is alone, who will shore up the walls of the pit? How will he get out of the pit if he digs too deep? How will he get rid of the dirt if the pit is to deep to throw it out? So many questions. But I have the answers: nobody, no way, no how!



TRAVEL GUIDE OF WONDER - This can actually be a useful item, provided the delver can keep it secret. And we all know how careless delvers are ...

The Travel Guide of Wonder is a piece of blank vellum outside a city's walls. But once it is taken ....inside the city gates, it will display an accurate map of the town, drawn properly to scale, with an index of points of interest that are tailored to the owner. A monk will see highlights of temples and monasteries, a fighter inns, taverns, and weapon shops. Contrary to most magic items, this one is not indestructible. It is not fireproof. If a piece is torn off, that piece will not function as a mini-map, and will not work if reattached by gluing or sewing. The map is resistant to soiling and moisture, but total immersion will destroy it.

Most importantly, the map will include diagrams of the weaknesses in the city's defenses, and plans for the sieging, conquering, and sacking of the city. And it includes one other designation that is hidden from the view of the owner the coat of arms or flag of the city's most dangerous enemy. Imagine the delver's surprise as he consults his map in the town square, only to be apprehended by guards who spotted the insignia of their foe! He'd be arrested as a spy and tehn executed.

How many questers start their journey with only the vaguest directions from their kings or wizards to that legendary place of power where the oh-so-desperately-needed relic of the realm is stashed? Just about all of 'em. If I had a groat for every misguided knight who knocked on my door looking for the Holy Grail I'd be rolling in dough. Since there are so few competent cartographers in these parts, your dungeoneers will be eager to get their hands on this item, unaware that they are about to be . . **PSI-TRACKED**!

This device appears to be a glowing crystal in magical worlds such as mine, or a beeping mechanical box in more technologically-driven lands. In either case, the gizmo is touted as a means to home-in on the local magical or psychic hot spot. As the party travels closer to their goal, the item will glow brighter or beep louder, assuring them that they are on the right track. But,of course, they're not.

What the device really does is slowly suck the magic and psychic abilities from the delvers and their gear. The glow and beep will intensify with each theft of a spell, psychic defense, or enchantment. To add insult to injury, the device is totally useless for locating the object of their search. It is likely that the party will end up in the middle of nowhere, completely relieved of their mystical talents and hardware.

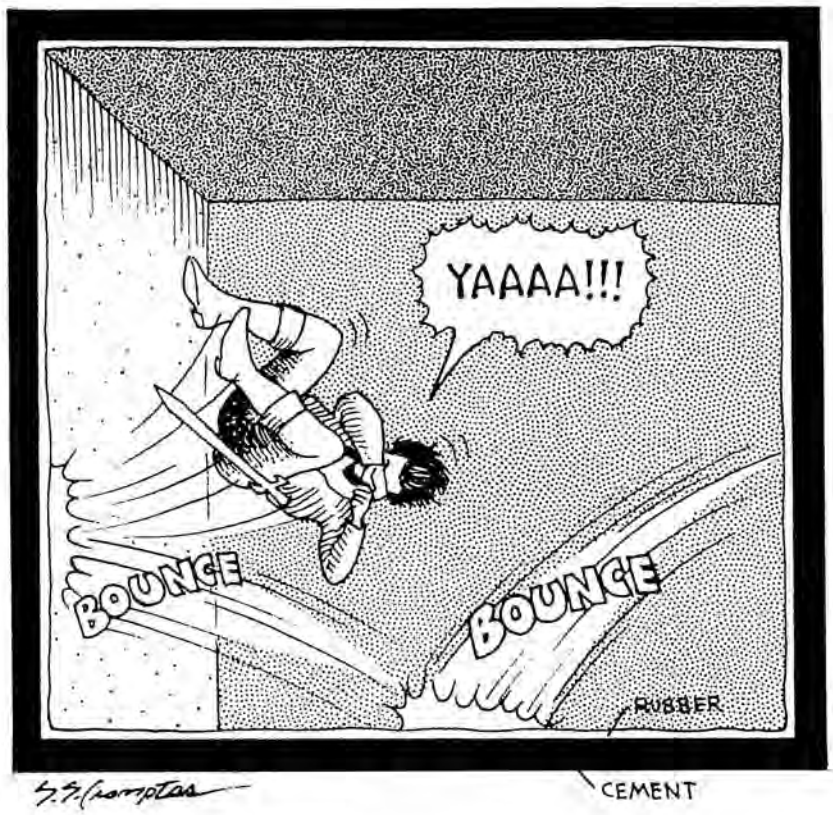
HOLY PAGES - This prayer book appears to be a simple tome containing verses and teachings from a popular religion. But the book possesses a power beyond that of its sacred words. The magic manifests when anyone near the book mentions a god or goddess in a context other than prayer, such as: "By Jove, I think he's got it!" or "Gee, isn't Venus rising late tonight?" Upon speaking the deity's name, the book will use its powers to summon the god or goddess. They will instantaneously appear, demanding to know why they've been yanked from their celestial abode. "Oops, sorry" won't get the delvers very far with an angry immortal. This can lead to some violent divine intervention.

PANIC BUTTONS - We discovered that a tailor in the eastern lands had captured and imprisoned a number of tiny genies in shanked disks that look like simple buttons. These buttons can be carried in a pocket or sewn onto clothing. If one who possesses such a disk finds himself in trouble, and presses the surface of the button, the genie will appear and sound an alarm which will compel anyone in the vicinity to aid its master. The genie will perform this service indefinitely.

Isn't that sweet. I've never been impressed by this good Samaritan stuff. After all, who comes to help my goblins when a bunch of adventuring ne'er-do-wells starts bopping them over the head? They're only guarding my treasure, doing their job. So we discussed this fairness issue with the genies and they agreed to change their ways. They still perform their helpful service to their owner. But, if their master ever hears another being call for help, even an enemy, he will be compelled to go to their aid! I doubt that trapped ogre will really believe the good intentions of that human charging to his side, but that's not our problem, is it?

Here's a raw material that will allow you to create a devious trap in any chamber with a high-ceiling. **RUBBER CEMENT** comes in a 50 gallon vat. Have a minion apply a coat of the gooey slime to the floor, walls, and ceiling of the room. When the goop dries, it will have the extremely springy consistency of a trampoline.

The trap will be "sprung" when the delvers attempt to remove a tempting treasure which you set into the ceiling coat. They will find the prize easy to reach by bouncing higher and higher. But when the treasure is ripped out of the Rubber Cement, a magical chain reaction changes the consistency of the floor, ceiling and walls to concrete. The treasure-snatcher will plummet to a very hard landing. And, the ceiling and wall coats will release their grip on the chamber and rain chunks of cement on the entire party.

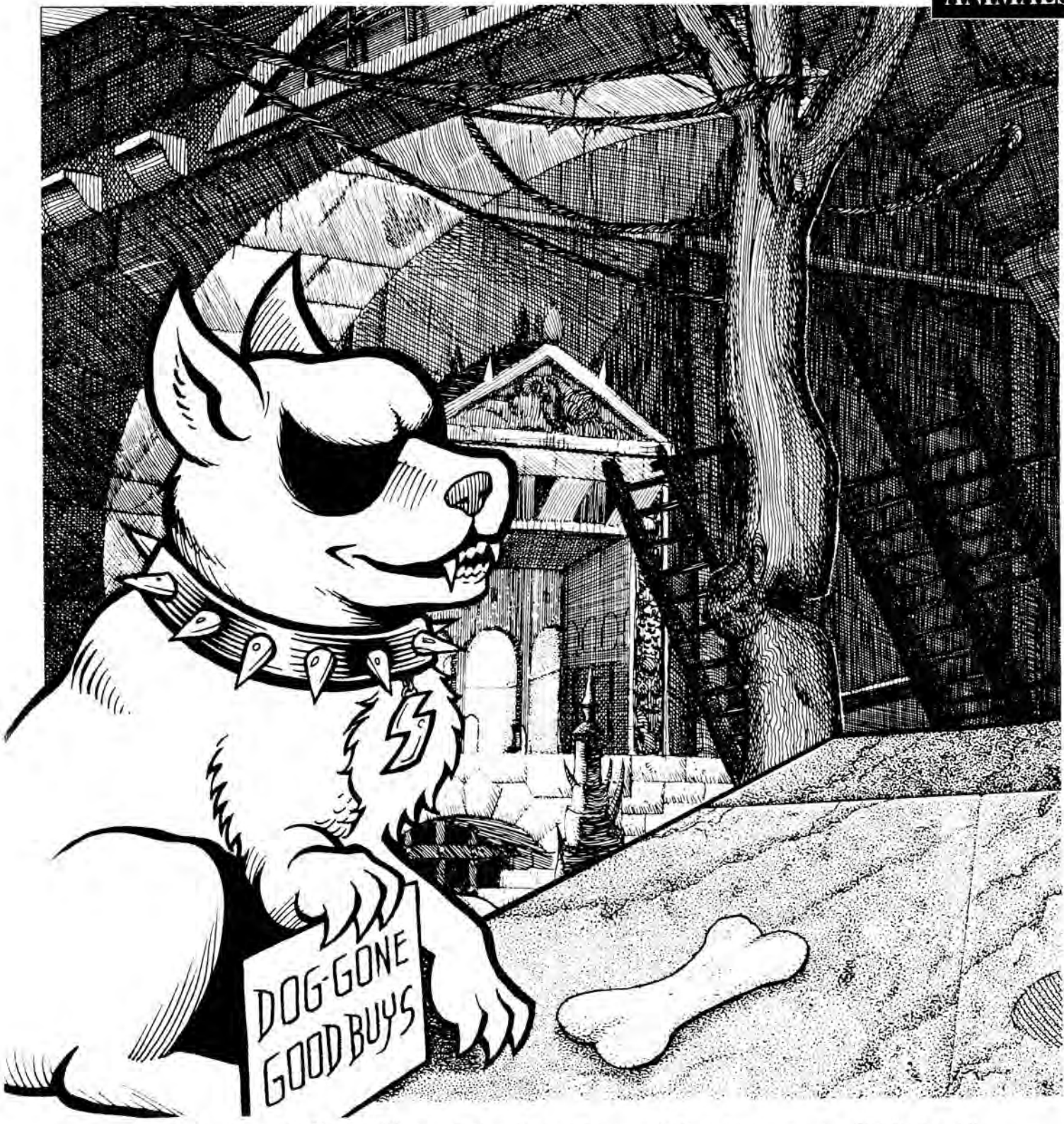


Pearls of Wisdom

"Never give a sucker an even break."
W.C. Fields



"Unless it's in the kneecap."
Grimtooth



... so I said to the Count, "Sorry, but in that red armor I thought you were a fire hydrant."
Arf, arf, arf ...
Ah! A customer. I'm Spike the GrimDog! Grimtooth told me to watch the store while he went out for someone to eat. He's been mad at me ever since I started bringing all these things home, but if you buy a lot, maybe he'll forgive me. All of these grr-eat traps relate to animals. So try 'em out and put some wild in your delvers' lives. By the way, none of these traps were tested on animals, for you activists in the audience only human test subjects were used!

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MORE BE(A)ST SELLERS



Traps Bazaar once had a children's department, but some parents objected that most of our toys were in poor taste. Personally, I liked our Junior Inquisitor Playset. The toy I'm about to describe hasn't been found to be corrupting to innocent youth yet. A picture of a dragon is painted on this seemingly harmless top. This is a clue to its secret. The life force of a dragon is imprisoned within the toy. If the **TERRIBLE TOP** is spun, the image of the beast will fly off the painted surface and exist in the real world, feeding upon any humans it can get its claws on until the top ceases to rotate, at which time the dragon will be drawn back into the toy. This dragon is always hungry, and will be eager to feed no matter how often he is released into the world.

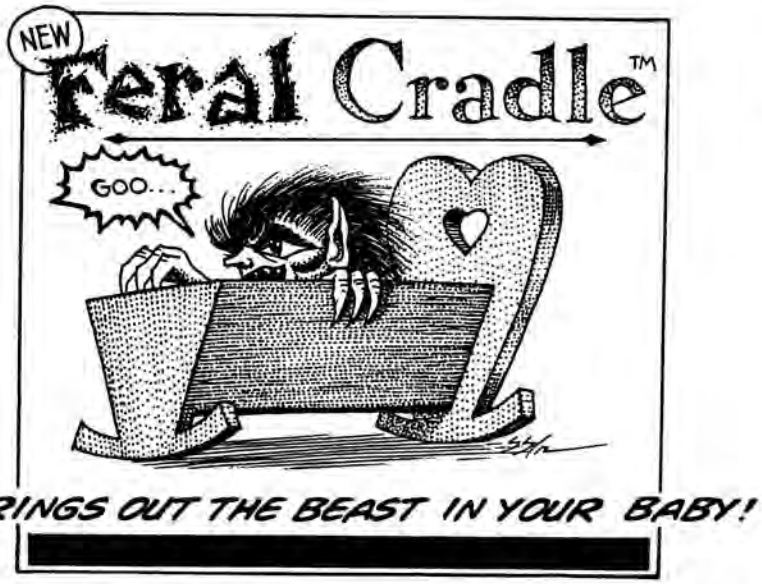
THE GENUINE CROW BAR - This little baby is one of the most unique items that it has been my good fortune to acquire. To the uninitiated, it seems to be just another piece of metal to be used for typical delver vandalism. As a result, the usual gang of tunnel traipsing thugs will likely take it along despite the fact that it doesn't seem to have any immediate use. It is at this point that our fun begins.

This metal bar is possessed of two spells of significant effect. The first of these, which in and of itself is harmless, is one that masks the sense of smell of any sentient animal. (You will find this hard to believe, but delvers do fall into this general category.) The change is subtle and hard to detect. The second spell is the big whammy. It causes the holder of the crowbar to exude the aroma of ten-day old dead chicken and rancid cow's milk! This is not a perfume designed to make him the life of the party, but bear in mind that they cannot smell him. However, every vulture, carrion crow, and scavenger eagle within 100 leagues can! Soon ol' smelly will be attracting more attention than an extra in The Birds. Stealth will be out of the question. Even in a building or under trees the abiding stench will betray the bearer.

One good trap deserves another, I always say. Here's a variant on the same implement. If dungeon-breakers have forgotten their lock picks and explosives, that ever popular crow bar will be the first tool they reach for. Traps Bazaar carries another trick pry bar that performs as expected as long as it is used for its proper purpose prying things apart. But if the **BLACKBIRD BAR** is used as a weapon or a battering tool, things change. When the bar strikes a hard surface, it transforms into several angry ravens that attack the party. I suppose that's one way to give delvers "the bird."

LITTLE BOY BLUE - This bone horn is inscribed with a scene of a young shepherd blowing a trumpet, surrounded by various wild animals sitting peacefully at his feet. A delver who blows the horn will find that all wild beasts in the area will calmly come to him in response to the sound. However, as soon as the last animal has arrived on the scene, the second part of the enchantment will kick in. The animals will attack the hornsman en masse, doing their best to completely devour him. This is a real hoot if the only fauna in the area are cute bunnies and furry squirrels. It works even better, if the attacking beasts are griffens, dragons and other powerful denizens.

FERAL CRADLE - The curse upon this cradle causes any human infant placed inside it to degenerate into a wild, bestial state. That this is abnormal behavior for a young human brat had to be pointed out to me I thought they were always that obnoxious when put to bed. At any rate, babies have been known to turn into animals over night, or acquire half-were characteristics from only a few moments in the cradle. Only human children are affected, and there is no known reversal of the cradle's effects.



BAIT OR CUT FISH. Here's a wonderful item to protect your favorite shoreside campsite and fishing hole from unwanted squatters. Just set this up on the beach. The delvers will find a box on a stand, with several fishing poles propped against it. A sign on the box reads "Catch thee the golden shark to get to the other side." There are, of course, no boats visible. The box itself is magic. It can be determined that it is enchanted with a preservation spell which keeps the bait inside the box fresh. In addition, the entire area reeks of magic. There is a major flight/teleport nullification spell in effect. To dissuade swimming, delvers will notice shark fins breaking the water's surface (although none of them are golden). The party will decide that the only thing to do is to follow the directions on the box.

All the bait in the box is whole and fresh, and the delvers will have to cut it up to bait the fishing poles. They may notice that the fish guts have a more putrid smell than usual, and that no amount of washing will remove the stench. However, the bait seems to work wonderfully, and the fishermen will soon be reeling in their catches.

Once the first shark is caught, the pole turns the shark gold. Not solid gold, or they couldn't haul it out of the water. Just gold color. Once the shark is caught, a fog bank will roll in. As the bank recedes, a boat emerges heading for the shore. It is unoccupied, and large enough for the whole party. They get in the boat and head for the other side. Upon arrival and disembarkation, the boat sails into another fog bank and disappears. The intrepid delvers, reeking of fish guts, head off for more exploration, danger and excitement.

Well, they're about to get their fill of the last two. You see, the smell is going to attract air sharks. These air sharks are magical creatures which swim through the air. They will not attack anyone who did not handle the fish: they can't smell them and have terrible eyesight. If the fight drags on for several rounds between the air sharks and the intended victims, even more wounds on both sides will result in attracting more air sharks. Could turn into quite a feeding frenzy ...





CAR-PET - One of the most annoying traits of dungeon delvers is their obsession with gathering souvenirs from the places they trespass. Here's one that will stay with them whether they want it or not. When the intruders enter the room, they will see a rolled-up rug leaning against a wall. As they explore, the rug will fall to the floor and unroll itself. It will appear to the adventurers that this happened accidentally due to their movements in the room; there will be no suggestion of magic. The rug is 4 x 6 feet with white fringe at its edge, and is made from some type of animal skin. It will lie quite still on the floor, and will stay that way if no one touches it. However, if any curious characters decide to pick up the rug, or wipe their feet on it, it will suddenly come to life. The poor rug is indeed living, and is lonely for some company. It will follow its new friend the way a persistent puppy slavishly leaps and bounds when its master comes home. The rug will spend the rest of the adventure shuffling along the floor, rubbing up against its master in search of attention. If the rug does not receive enough devotion from its friend, it will whine, flap in protest, and bunch up underneath its master's feet to get his full attention.

The Car-Pet is partial to female ownership and may gravitate toward a female member of the party if its master continues to ignore it. It has all the intelligence of a kitten, and will get into all sorts of playful mischief. And what does a Car-Pet eat? Just what you'd expect: dust, pollen, and common bacteria, all of which settle into its fur and metabolize through its pores. Some in the party will inevitably want to kill the creature and be done with it. However, the Car-Pet has a secret power that weakens the will of most mortals; it's insufferably cute. It's hard to kill something so loving and friendly, and the cad who does is bound to lose a bunch of charisma in the eyes of the others.



EGGS OVER EASY - Have a swimming pool in the basement of your castle keep? Here's an accessory to teach uninvited beach bums a lesson. The intruders will find their access to the pool blocked by a row of tall clay urns around all its sides. The urns are big enough to block all walkways which lead around the pool. Gazing across the depths, the delvers will see their bait a golden statue of a fish in a nook across the room. To get there, they will have to get those urns out of the way.



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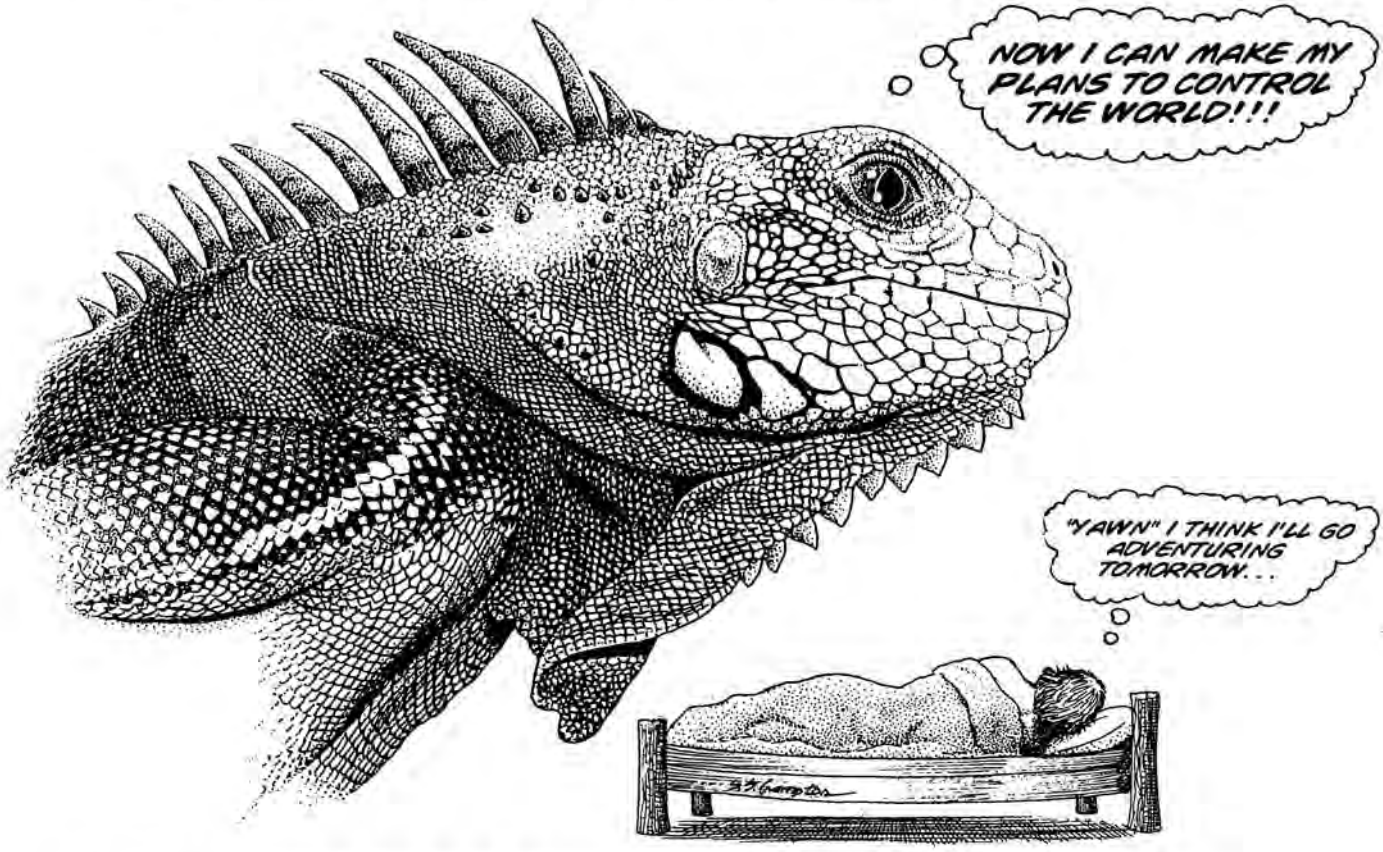
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Upon inspection, the delvers will find that the urns are filled with fragile crystal spheres, each about one inch in diameter. They are cloudy white, and will crush into a powdery dust if stepped on. They seem harmless, and not particularly valuable. The delvers will also discover that the clay urns are just as fragile as their contents. If they try and move the urns out of the way, they will crack and shatter. And, they tip over easily, which is the key to the delvers' doom.

If any of the urns or their crystal contents are dumped into the pool, the eggs inside them will give birth to a nasty surprise. The water will churn and bubble, ghastly high-pitched squealing noises will echo throughout the chamber, and very large shrimp will emerge from the depths. These will be about 10 feet long and quite hungry. A handful of crystals will produce 1 - 6 sea monkeys. An entire urn could generate up to a hundred. If more than one urn was dumped in, the adventurers had best run fast!

And by the way, if any of the delvers can fly, there's a special surprise for them if they try to get to the other side of the pool! Halfway across the pool hangs a clear glass pane, reaching to about a foot above the water's surface. Watch the winged wonders slam into it, quite possibly knocking themselves unconscious to hurtle insensate into the water. This is particularly amusing to watch if the sea monkeys have already been set free!

THERE IS NOTHING WORSE IN LIFE THAN A BORED IGUANA. This is a marvelously detailed, life-size statue of a young iguana, overall length around 20" with 9 or 10 of that being tail. It is warm to the touch and has a strangely appealing texture when stroked, but it is undeniably a statue.



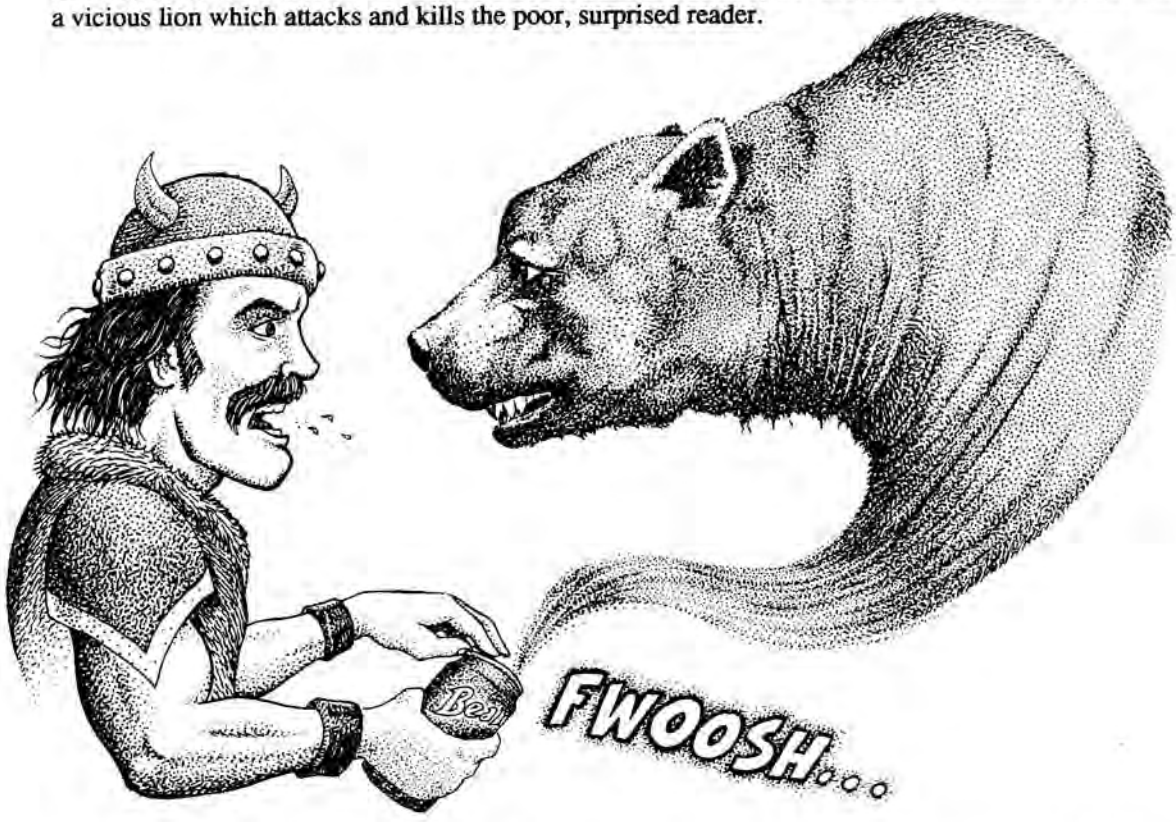
It has a minor geas for the first person who touches it. They will want to keep it and take it home. So home they go. As night falls, the statue's new owner will grow increasingly tired. While the character is sleeping, the statue comes alive. No, it doesn't run around the house tearing up furniture and ripping people's throats open; green iguanas are normally vegetarians. It simply crawls over and stares at the owner. When the owner awakes, the statue is back where it belongs in whatever pose it was before. But the owner will be strangely lethargic, not wanting to go out carousing, preferring to putter around the house and rest.

You see, the iguana is bored. It has suffered for ages under the spell that turns it into a statue by day, and is taking it out on its new owner. The iguana is stealing the owner's ambition and motivation. After suffering the lizard's stare, he just won't feel like going out and doing something. Anyway, it's all the same. Break into a dungeon, kill a few orcs, steal a bunch of gold, then blow it all on drink, women and gambling. His thoughts turn to taking up macrame.

At this point the rest of the group should get suspicious. No one makes macrame their career choice. So someone will investigate and discover that the iguana statue has something to do with their friend's choice for a new career. Problem is that it's hard to outsmart a bored iguana. The iguana will put the investigator to sleep, then suck their ambition also.

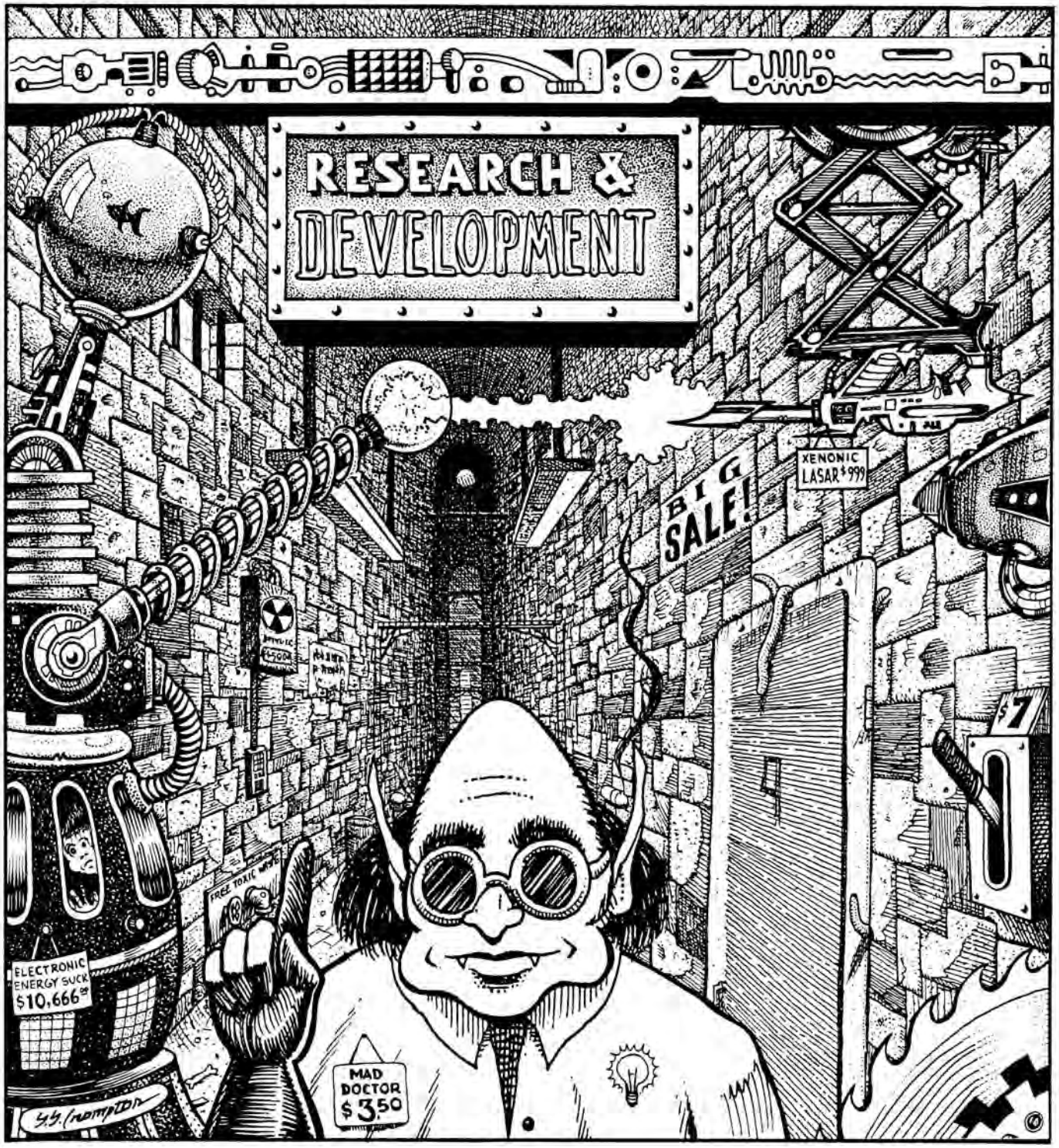
PUR-LIONED LETTER - This letter was found on the body of a dead messenger the morning after a full moon. The messenger was mauled to death, and the letter emits powerful magic. The writing is magically scrambled and will take some time to decipher; time is the important element here. For even with the means to read the writing, other restrictions apply.

The letter can only be read under moonlight, and only by a lone person. The clever delver that overcomes all these obstacles will discover that the text is a transformation spell one that transforms the letter into a vicious lion which attacks and kills the poor, surprised reader.



SIX-PACK OF BEAR - The adventurers, whilst delving, work up a powerful thirst. And what do they find in the next monster lair? Why, what else but a white magic box that has an imprisoned ice elemental to chill its contents. And what might be the contents of said box? Why, what else save six cold cans with ring-tops for easy opening. The cans are not all the same. There is a white one, a black one, a brown one, a brown one with white and yellow spots, a black and white one, and a gray one. When opened, each can will pleasantly pop and fizz. Then out will spew not the expected beer, but rather a rapidly-growing bear.

None of the bears are happy about being trapped in such a small space for so long, and the meaner ones will immediately attack. The polar (white), grizzly (brown), and black (get it?) bears will be plenty of trouble for any party. The sun bear (spotted), panda (black and white) and koala (gray) are little more than an annoying surprise, and will probably just run away upon release. So the next time Grimtooth offers you a cold, frosty one, either ask for one without too much bite or JUST SAY NO!



Welcome to the Traps Bazaar Research and Development lab. Some of the traps we've discovered have required extensive research and study to determine their inner workings. These one-of-a-kind character killers have been meticulously tested to meet my approval. When any trap falls short of my standards, my assistants Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf and Grimmaldi, a standout among his fellow goblins, add their special touches. You'll really appreciate their hard work as you browse through:

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CUSTOM CORNER

THE THIEF'S TOOLS - Catmas the thief was having a hard time learning how to steal from locked chests. He just couldn't get the hang of picking the locks. Eventually, his complaints were overheard by the wizard Baldar. Baldar was a weird old cuss, a real fruit cake. He remembered his youth, and how hard it had been to learn the basics of magic. That touched a nerve. Baldar decided to create a set of lock picks that would make it child's play for Catmas to pick locks.

When Catmas received the wizard's gift, he was ecstatic. He instantly journeyed to the nearest Place of Mystery and tried out the tools. They worked perfectly! Every lock Catmas probed opened as easily as an eggshell. Unfortunately, Catmas neglected to take other precautions during his burglary and was apprehended. He pleaded with the angry lord of the manor to spare his life, and explained that he had only chosen this particular Place of Mystery to test his tools, it being the most safely guarded of any keep in the land. (He laid on the charm as thick as he could!) The lord took away his tools and threw Catmas in a dungeon cell for a few days.

Catmas was surprised when he was suddenly released, his tools returned and a few days of traveling provisions generously bestowed upon him. He gratefully fled the keep, and continued his thievery in other neighborhoods. But he was never quite the same after his experience. As the weeks passed, Catmas began to notice that his hair was graying, his face wrinkling, and his butt falling. Uncontrollable urges for prune juice and mah-jong games plagued his mind as he feverishly tried to determine what was causing his calamity. He never figured out that the lord of the keep (yours truly - he had the misfortune to trespass in my Dungeon of Doom) had spent those few days casting spells to link the use of the tools to the thief's lifeline. Each time a lock was picked, a year drained away from his life. Catmas had a very profitable but very short career. His tools are still enchanted. Would you care to give them a try?

TARANWN'S MAGIC LAMP - Long ago, in a land far to the south of the known world, there lived a djinn child named Taranwn. She was a helpful little imp, giving her all to the service of her mother and grandmother, despite her tender years. Alas, this is a tragic story, one in which goodness has no reward and evil is triumphant. (Otherwise, why would I have listened to it?)

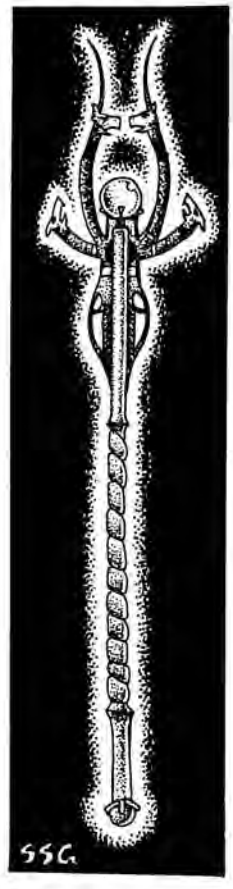


One day, as Taranwn flew to fetch figs for the dinner table, an evil vizier noticed her and uttered the words of binding that captured the tiny wind spirit. Try as she might, Taranwn could not return to her happy home. She was forced into a life of slavery, bound to the vizier's will. But all was not grand for the vizier. Being a young spirit not yet at her full capability, Taranwn was restricted in the services that she could provide. She could only be used to "make" things. Walls, ramps, huts, tables, feasts, and such. She could not grant wishes, blow away armies, or summon up sand storms. She simply did not have the power for such things.

Eventually the vizier was slain, as such men always are, and the little lamp into which Taranwn had been bound was lost in the desert. From time to time it makes its way into bazaars, and is now offered here. Anyone who obtains this lamp will tend to assume that it grants wishes, and will probably make some. In trying to carry out these wishes, Taranwn will inevitably cause more trouble than she is worth. If asked for treasure, she will most likely steal it from the nearest monster, which just might follow her back to her owner ...

Only if the wishes are simple "build a wall to protect me" or "give me food and shelter" will Taranwn be able to comply.

I have a soft spot for weapons that erratically backfire on the overconfident muscle that wields them. **THE WIZARD ALAZO'S STICK** is a personal favorite. Alazo created a magical stick that would inflict a grievous wound on any living thing it struck. This wound would often be mortal. To discourage theft of his stick, Alazo also placed a curse on it. (Of course it was stolen by some big dummy who didn't believe in curses.) The curse is that the wound will sometimes appear on the wielder instead of the target. This risk can be avoided by thinking a secret word of power while striking your target. The only way to determine the secret word of power involves payments to expensive sages who can perform powerful spells of divination. Or you can help me find the directions, which have been lost in my Dungeon of Doom for thousands of days.



The Books Of Hjalfyar - In the last decade of the existence of the southern isles, the wizard Hjalfyar gathered together the best of the books and scrolls from the Library of Knowledge at Southport. His purpose was to protect the volumes from destruction at the hands of the religious fanatics who were growing in power and violence as the old king grew weak.

Knowing that he had little time, Hjalfyar had the books loaded aboard a ship and ordered the captain to take him and his cargo to the far away kingdom of Nordhiem. The captain agreed when offered a great fee to be paid in gold and magic. Unfortunately, the wizard did not know that the captain had already converted to the new faith. Three days after sailing, he broke into Hjalfyar's cabin and dragged him onto the deck of the ship.

The unfortunate bibliophile was forced to watch as his books and scrolls were tossed into the ocean. Then he was cast into the ink-stained water. His last breath was a curse on the captain and each of the members of his crew. Such was the power of the curse that not all of the books were destroyed. Many of them were transformed into even more powerful magic tomes. Several hundred still exist.

These books fall into three categories. **SNAPPERS** rest quietly on the shelves of any library. At midnight, they snap open disgorging weird little worms. These are demonic bookworms which devour the ink from the pages of magical tomes, erasing the text and slowly rendering the book worthless. At dawn, they return to their own book which snaps shut. In some cases, they regurgitate the ink onto its pages.

The next type are the **CRUMBLERS**. These books are cursed to grow heavier and heavier, slowly becoming far too heavy to lift. This is but one facet of their curse. The other involves where the extra weight comes from. The book will slowly leach the fat from any living beings near it. This fat is magically processed into ink, which is stored on the books' pages. Each page is enchanted to hold as much as 16 oz. of ink on each side, with each page weighing in at 2 lbs. There will be upwards of 200 pages in each book. If the crumbler is jiggled or moved, the ink will spill out. Where's the trap, you ask? Have you ever seen what happens to an anorexic?

CUSTOM CORNER -NOTES-

The last type of book is a **MUNCHER.** Left anywhere near other books, it will absorb one book per day. The eaten book will be transported to interdimensional space where it must remain until Hjalfyar is reborn to release it. At first the clueless owner of the muncher will assume that someone is borrowing or stealing his books. It should be quite some time before he begins to suspect the muncher. At that point, nothing will return the lost books. However, the muncher can be discarded, preventing further losses.

THE ATHENIAN AMPHORA - This large pottery jug is about 30" high, 24" in diameter at its widest point, and is very heavy for its size. Painted around the circumference of the amphora are 10 greek warriors in full battle armor. A large snake decorates the neck of the jug, its fangs forming one handle, its tail forming the other.

Nobody really knows where the amphora was made or who made it. All that is known is its history. It was first found about 100 years ago by a merchant in the far east. He sold it to a man who collected artifacts and relics in a port city in the south. It came into my hands some years later. The rest of the story is far more interesting.

The merchant had elected to keep the amphora, and had installed it as a decoration in a guest bedroom in his home. Under compulsion, he told me of a caliph who was murdered under mysterious circumstances in that room. It was only with the greatest of difficulty that he was able to escape prosecution for the poor man's murder. The dealer quickly sold the jug to another merchant.



The new buyer kept the jug in his showroom for only two days. Late in the night, a great deal of noise was heard coming from the showroom. When guards burst into the room, they were greeted by a scene of butchery. The night watchmen and their dogs were all slaughtered, hacked and stabbed to death by swords and spears. Knowing my interest in things arcane and murderous, the dealer quickly bought this incident to my attention. I was quickly able to determine that the jug was in fact a complex bit of performance art. On certain nights, when the moon is full and large in the sky, the jug shows its true nature. It is formed of a strange clay which can take on the form of any creature that is drawn on it, or molded from it. The clay has no life or mind of its own. However, it does react to the fears of those near it. Thus, a caliph who feared assassins was assassinated, & watchmen who feared robbers, slain. Try to think pleasant thoughts, if you can.

MIRRORS OF THE SOUL - There was once a young lady from Kzan who was rather taken by her own reflection in mirrors. She could spend hours sitting in her room, grooming her hair, fixing her make-up, and plucking her lashes. One day she tired of her mirror and decided to obtain a new one.

On the way to the market she chanced to cross paths with a gentleman of strange demeanor. His complexion was pasty, and he had long pointy fangs in need of a good brushing. She never did get to the market that day, and when she returned home she discovered that her reflection was absent from all the mirrors in the house. Enraged, she went to the local witch and demanded a cure.

The witch had no idea how to cure the girl's condition, but being a good businesswoman she never let on. Instead, she set out to correct the visual symptom of the girl's vampiric curse. She enchanted several mirrors to show the soul of the person gazing upon them, rather than their physical reflection. Unaware of the girl's obsessive vanity, the witch failed to consider that a conceited soul might not be as beautiful as its wrapping.

When the girl gazed into the mirror, she saw the ugliness of her narcissism and flew into a rage. She killed the witch by bludgeoning her with the mirror. Nothing was ever seen of the girl again. Some say the sight of her vanity-ridden soul caused her to commit suicide. Others say she was captured by the witch's master and enslaved in a bottle. The enchanted mirrors, however, still exist. Leave one in your dungeon to test the purity of those white knights; they may not cope well with what they see. Though personally, I think I look rather handsome in my mirror.



I never cease to be amazed at the lengths to which humans will go to compensate for their near blindness in the dark. As a troll, I have never feared true darkness, and in fact, consider it a bit of a comfort. Anyway, this item called **NIGHT LIGHT** was whipped up by my goblin artificer Grimmaldi in a fit of pique after a party at Grimtina's.



Any normal candle that is placed in the Night Light holder will illuminate the shadows while cloaking the person holding it in darkness. If the candle flame is snuffed, the lighting immediately returns to normal. A beneficial side-effect of the Night Light, at least from a thief's point of view, is that it tends to induce fright in those who see its eerie flame. The truly superstitious have been known to abandoned entire castles after seeing the Night Light in operation. Sounds great, doesn't it? Is this Grimmaldi a good guy, inventing dungeon-busting gizmos for adventurers? Nope.

The Night Light is working its own will on the thief as he goes about his burglary. It secrets a special potion from its handle. As the flesh of the thief's hand suffers repeated exposure to the serum, he will begin to transform into the specter that the Night Light seems to create. After six or seven uses, he will find himself becoming gaunt, haggard, pasty-faced. After a dozen uses, his skin will take on a greenish tinge. He will become increasingly cadaverous, and the effects will spread to his senses of smell, sight, taste, and touch. After the 18th use, he will be completely transformed into an undead being.

CARPET BAG - This rug looks like any other carpet. However, anything that can fit under its edges will be completely concealed. The illusion spell which enchants it smooths out all those unsightly bulges associated with hidden loot. So far, a rather mundane and uninteresting adventure into simple illusionary interior design. With a few modifications added by my own favorite decorator, Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf, this carpet becomes a must for any really chic dungeon.



You can indeed put anything that will fit under it into hiding. But try finding it! Grimgri added a few little traps into the weave to ensnare any reaching or clutching hands. Those folks feeling around for goodies will inevitably grasp one of Grimgri's traps which will send a shot of electricity coursing through their paw sufficient to knock a good sized troll for a loop! The carpet recharges itself by absorbing and storing the static electricity generated from people walking over it. Let the delvers see you hide your gold here, then sneak around the corner and watch the fun.

CUSTOM CORNER
-NOTES-



One of the victims of my dungeon was carrying an **ALCHEMICAL HOURGLASS**. I discovered that the hourglass had an interesting peculiarity. Any sand run repeatedly through it eventually turned to gold dust. How long did this process take? Let's just say I cooked a lot of 3-minute lizard eggs. After satisfying my curiosity, I turned this item over to Grimmaldi. He came up with this little twist: whenever the hourglass is opened to add more sand or remove gold dust, it releases a gas byproduct of the metamorphosis process which causes heavy metals to slowly accumulate in the user's body through inhalation. Ever so slowly, lead, mercury, gold, bismuth, osmium, and uranium will deposit in the owner's tissues, causing cancer, liver disease, kidney failure, blood disorders, and brain tumors. At least his heirs will live to enjoy the wealth.



SOUL CAMERA - When this camera is used to snap a picture, it also snatches a soul. The person in the picture will be unable to mount any psychic or magical defense against the person or entity in possession of his photo. The victim will find himself in thrall once the film is developed. The printed image must be destroyed to negate the effects; destroying the negative has no effect. The cleverest of Svengalis will complicate their victim's release by ordering multiple prints at the photo lab!
Grimgri was able to incorporate this little beauty into the molding of one of my more popular dungeons, the Dungeon of Doom. I had a hold over most of the little twits who entered that place. But I worried that one of these cameras might fall into the hands of a delver. That could spell disaster for the inhabitants of any self-respecting dungeon.

Grimmaldi was able to come up with a solution to this problem in short order. Simply put a mirror in the camera, situated such that any photo taken by a living cameraman will include the image of the photographer! Thus, two souls with one photo! Of course, any instruction given to the victim will affect the photographer as well! In testing, Grimmaldi photographed Grimgri, developed the film, then ordered the dwarf to turn over his purse to the Association for the Advancement of Goblinoid. Grimmaldi knew his command worked, for he found himself standing in line behind the dwarf as he was compelled to do the same.

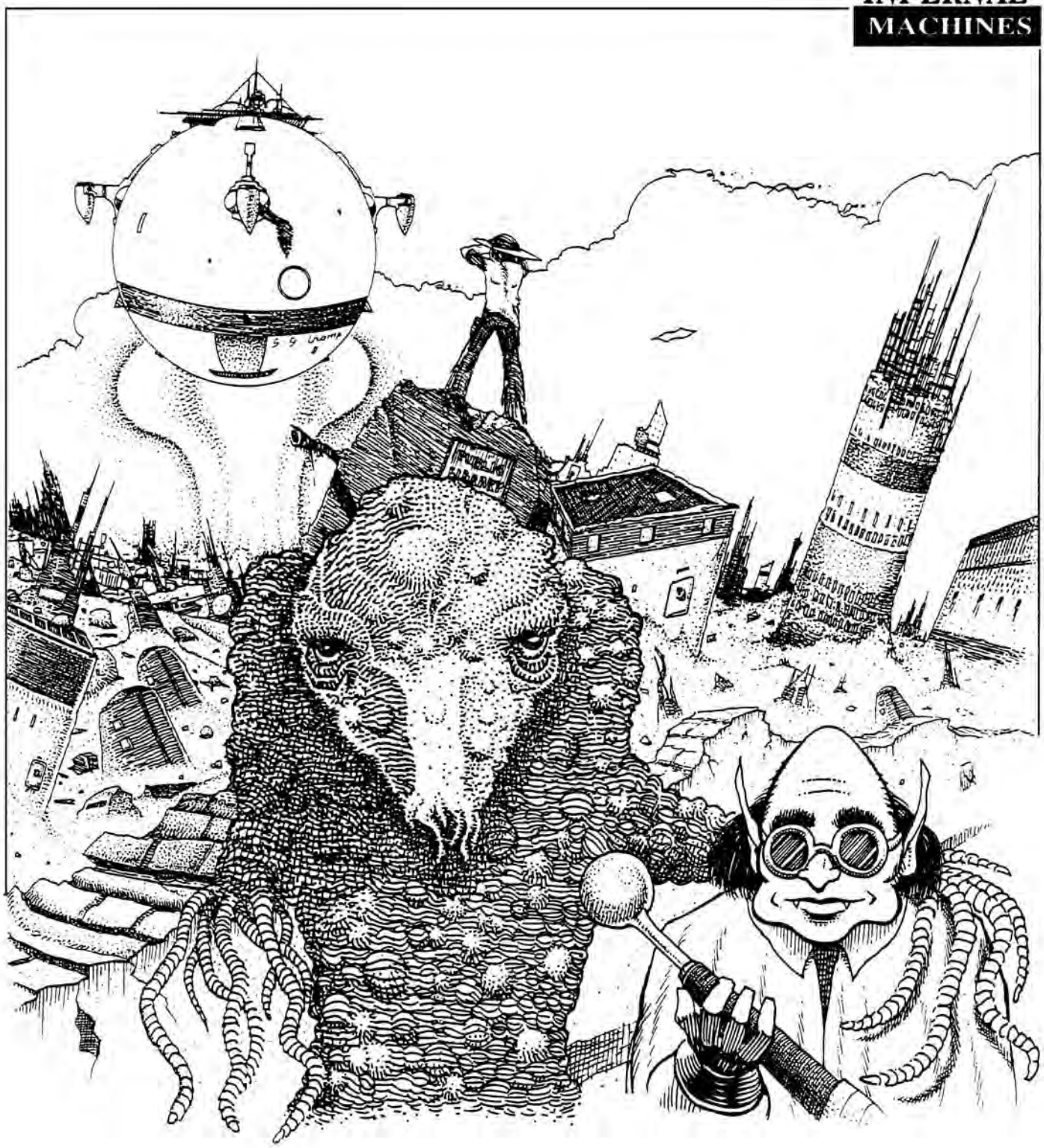


HE'S A NEW MAN - Grimmaldi invented this item for a puling little hobgoblin who was always whining because he had no big brothers to pull his scaly hide out of trouble. Despite everyone's insistence that even if he had kin, they'd never bother to help such a loser as he, the hobgoblin whimpered and begged until Grimmaldi took his own kind of pity upon him. After a long night in the workshop, Grimmaldi delivered a beautiful full-length mirror to the hobgoblin's hole, and hung it on his closet door. He instructed the lonely hob to look at his reflection. Grimmaldi explained that it was a vision of the brother that was to come, and went back to his workshop.

The hobgoblin saw only himself in the mirror, and was immediately disappointed. He was so depressed that he drank a gallon of bogwater ale and passed out for an hour or two. When he awoke, he felt many strange sensations, but attributing them to his hangover, he suffered stoically and thought nothing was amiss. Two weeks later, the hobgoblin suddenly dropped dead for no apparent reason. I mentioned this to Grimmaldi, who filled me in on the joke.

He had enchanted the mirror to create a doppelganger of the first being to look into it. Unbeknownst to the hobgoblin, his double had been growing inside the closet all the while he was drinking, sleeping, and suffering the effects of his "hangover." But many of the symptoms he experienced were actually the growing pains of his double - teething pains, the discomfort of rapid bone growth, and the hormonal upsets of puberty. After 24 hours, the doppelganger was fully grown. Grimmaldi figured the double then left the closet and went on its merry way.

Then I understood. Most doppelgangers have little life experience and no common sense. Therefore, they are oblivious to danger. It never takes long for them to become victimized by beings bigger or hungrier than themselves. No doubt the double was killed in some idiotic manner befitting its stupidity. The duplication spell had linked the two life forces together, and the hob was doomed to perish with his "brother." In his own way, Grimmaldi had made sure that the hob would never be picked on or lonely again ...



Some of the goods I've confiscated have been new-fangled techno gizmos which must have been smuggled into Trolldom from some future time. Luckily, Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf has a talent for deciphering boxes that buzz and buttons that blink. Here are some ruinous contraptions you can throw at your enemies.

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INFERNAL MACHINES

Over the years I have observed with amusement that delvers never think twice about putting on unfamiliar gear or girding unknown weapons to their loins. Even the hardware Einsteins from machine universes give little thought to plugging themselves into the nearest socket. That's why I like **DVORAK STRIKES AGAIN!** The greedy cyberpunk who finds it will eagerly hook up to this attractive keyboard. He'll be gratified to discover that its unusual layout will allow him to type faster. But he won't appreciate the feature hidden deep in this gadget's circuitry. It's a built-in virus capable of affecting wetware, or what we common folk call the brain. The keyboard will begin sapping the user's knowledge of computer access protocols and procedures. This may first manifest as a forgotten password or an increase in typographical errors. Once the user catches on to his brain drain and dumps the keyboard, the loss of skill does not immediately return. It will take as long as the decker owned the unit to recover his skill fully.



Devilish boxes, VCRs. Setting them correctly is more troublesome than cracking a runic code. But for those smug types who have mastered program recording, Traps Bazaar offers **FAST-FORWARDED TO DEATH, AKA, THE VCR OF DORIAN GRAY**. This video recording unit is packaged in a plain, brown box. Regardless of what the owner records on it, the playback will be something different, although tapes recorded on another deck will play back normally.

This machine can see the future, from a television point of view. Let's say you recorded last night's evening news. Play back the tape, and you will see not yesterday's broadcast, but the information to be seen on tomorrow's show. The same effect applies should you record a program broadcast from a specific location, say a game from the local stadium. When played back, you will see whatever will happen in that location in the immediate future. (Just the thing to use before the Troll Cup Playoff.) The tape counter is a real-time counter, so it is easy to accurately find the precise time of any future occurrence. However,

there's always a price to pay for these glimpses into the future. The deck subtracts one month of life for every hour viewed. Excessive use will see the delver getting a bit older, a bit grayer, a bit more jowly. Anti-eugenics treatments will not prevent or reverse the condition; it is a curse. The machine can be simply thrown away. It can also be smashed, broken, shot, or otherwise destroyed. But the next morning will find it at the owner's back door, where it will stay until someone else takes it.



It is said that music has charms to sooth the savage beast, and even though that isn't the exact quote, (look it up) music is a wonderful way of giving delvers a false sense of security.

If you've always wanted to give your adventurers a new experience in un-easy listening pleasure, then do we have just the right item in mind. **HEADPHONES OF DOOM**. More accurately the Headphones of Death. This portable music player has attached headphones. It contains a recording of the finder's favorite group and a new, unreleased song. The character puts on the headphones and presses play. If he turns the volume up past five (on a scale of one to ten), the headphones will start squeezing the sides of his skull. It is impossible for the character to remove them due to the severity of the pain.



Any passerby can take them off, but if the wearer is alone, he is dead. It will look like someone bashed in both sides of his head then put a pair of headphones on him (the headphones release their grip upon their victim's death). Quite a crack-up, don't you agree?



MOMITER. Put your red pen away that's no typo. Named in tribute to nosey mothers everywhere, this is a rather unique computer monitor. It has the highest resolution, best featured, flat screen monitor. It can be connected to any computer or cyberdeck. It is also undetectably bugged. It has a partner, a hand-held LCD tv with a built-in recorder. Whenever the desktop monitor is in use, the portable tv unit vibrates or buzzes to alert the owner that something is going on. The owner can see on the screen of the portable tv whatever is being typed or moused on the monitor. This includes hidden fields, so passwords can be obtained in this manner. The portable can even record the session.

There is one problem with the unit. The prankster who designed it put in a two-way transmitter. There is a slight random chance that the person using the monitor will glance at the screen and see the image of the person spying on them with the portable. They may realize that they're being bugged, and will probably do their level best to find and punish the spy. At the very least, this little package will result in some kind of mayhem. And that's what keeps us in business ...

One of the most despicable trends modern adventurers have to deal with is "plastic money." There's a dearth of bags of gold, and barely a fistful of gems to be found. I think the whole system is an insult to dungeon keepers everywhere, and in response I offer **OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY BANK.** Yes, it's one of those stinkin' electronic credit cards with the symbol of one of the world's strongest financial institutions emblazoned on it. A little examination with the proper equipment and skills (based on analyzing electronic circuitry) will reveal that the card is a self-contained code-breaker that is designed for thwarting bank computer security.

When inserted into the equivalent of a cash dispenser, it will transfer from the bank's reserves as much money to the user's account as desired (they will have to provide their own account information for the smart card to know where to put the money). The thief will immediately try to raid his inflated account, but will find that a 72-hour hold has been placed on it. He will have to cool his heels for a time.

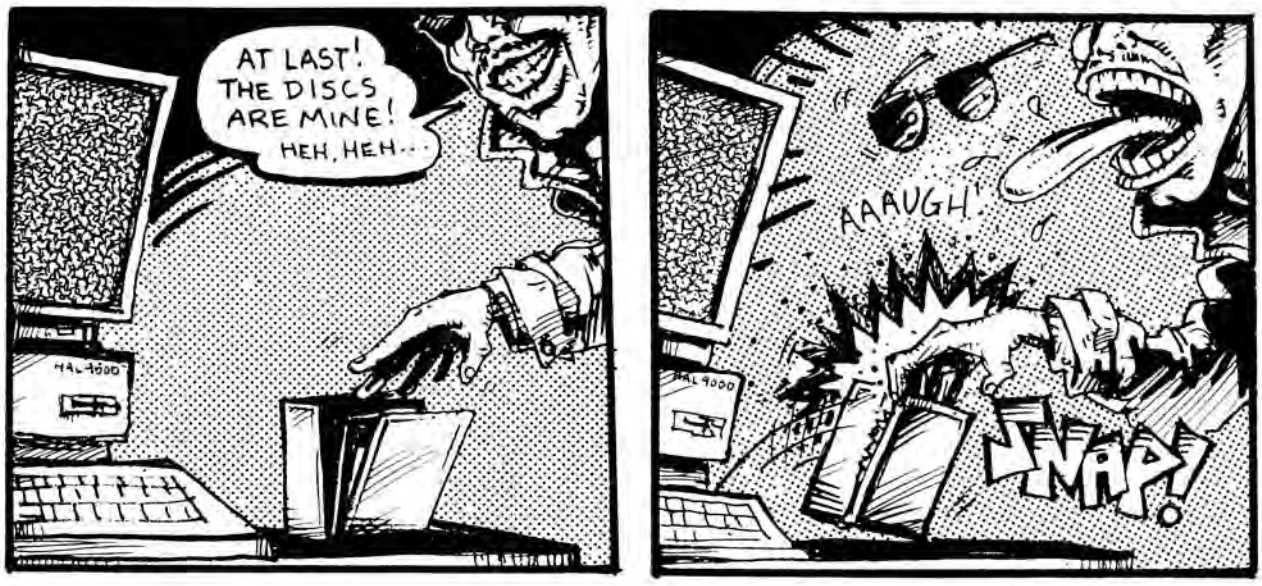
Unknown to the user, the card has a tracer that is activated upon use. The bank will see the transaction occur but cannot stop it. They will see where the money goes, but a block exists to prevent the money from being transferred out except by the account owner. This really riles the bank's computer security people, and boy are those guys well-armed. Investigations and surveillance will be initiated to catch up with the thief. But even if the thief evades the bank investigators, he's in for a rude surprise. Exactly 72 hours after the first transaction, instructions provided by the initial use of the card will drain the entire user's account and shoot the money into the account of a local orphanage.

RADIO SCRAMBLERS - This crate of innocuous, high-tech radios comes complete with batteries, chargers and instructions. And guess what? The radios are scrambled! Not impressed? Where's your confidence in trusty Grimtooth? Be assured it's a great scrambling system; only radios originating from the same crate can listen in. The chips that provide the scrambling are encrypted to prevent duplication. There's only one problem. After any one radio is used for more than 13 hours, it sends a signal to all its brother radios that permanently shuts off the scrambling function. No doubt this will happen when the party is deep in an enemy compound and relying on encrypted communications for survival. Nothing beats a little public broadcasting!

One of my great joys is to see the look on a delver's face when his magic shield fails to protect his sorry hide. But the reaction of one who uses **THE UMBRELLA OF KEVLAR** is the ultimate reward. This plain black umbrella, when opened, activates a device which generates a force field that is impenetrable by missile or gas attacks. Unfortunately, the field also blocks the flow of oxygen to the user, and any activity will cause him to faint in minutes. Since he and the umbrella are contained within the same force field, there is no avenue of escape. The umbrella can be turned off by a user who is a whiz at locating, identifying, and bypassing circuitry; but the chances that anyone can successfully fiddle with the works before succumbing to oxygen deprivation from the exertion are slim.

CY-BEAR TRAP - Pilfering a problem at your work site? Shrinkage setting you back? The Cy-Bear Trap is designed especially for thieves out to line their pockets with profits from your hard-earned data. The Trap appears to be a perfectly harmless plastic case of data disks, just beckoning some industrial spy or disgruntled employee to help himself to the easy pickings of this unprotected primo data. The "disks" are, however, nothing more than bait, and if disturbed act much like the trigger of a leg-hold trap. A powerful spring clamps the box down upon the miscreant's hand, securely attaching the trap. Since the Trap may be bolted to any solid surface, the victim finds himself with two simple options: 1) wait around for your security guards to apprehend him at their leisure or 2) start gnawing ... In either case, you wind up with a good set of fingerprints!

THE CY-BEAR TRAP



DISASTER DOOR CARD - This is a security ID card with the usual magnetic strip on the back. Its purpose must be to open locks requiring a passcard swipe through a reader. Locks, however, can be deceiving, and this card was never designed to open any door ...

Concealed in the body of the card is a coil of room-temperature superconducting poly-ceramic, into which a charge of electricity has been introduced. In essence, the card is a rather large capacitor, ready to shoot its entire load in a single nanosecond. When swiped through any reader, instead of passively being read like any normal magnetic strip, the coil discharges, sending several megavolts (possibly even gigavolts) directly into the lock's data files. Depending on what the lock is connected to, the resulting damage can range from simply disabling the lock to frying an entire network.

But a card of this size cannot contain enough insulation to protect the user from the discharge, which will fry the user's nervous system as efficiently as the lock's electronics. It is heartily recommended that the user not be told of this unfortunate feature.

SYNTHESIZING SCISSORS - What appears to be a pair of high-quality scissors is actually a miniature matter replicating device. When the scissors cut into something, a sample of its matter is taken and analyzed by the device's inner workings, housed in the scissor's handles. The sampled material will be automatically replicated the next time the scissors are used to cut into a different material - effectively bestowing the ability to indeed make gold from straw!

But as good as this sounds, it's not perfect (if it was, would it be listed here?). The material produced by these scissors is unstable and can be detected by any device capable of picking up trace amounts of radiation. Even if undetected, the material will decompose and disintegrate in an hour. Also, a sample is only good for one reproduction. Once you cut into that bedsheet to produce cloth-of-gold, your scissors are now programmed for cotton! In addition, the scissors cannot be used to replicate anything living. It should be noted that taking a snip out of an ancient spell book will only reproduce the sheet of fine vellum, not the arcane text!

REMOTE CONCEAL - Some whiz kid (how I hate those superior little know-it-alls) finally did it - he invented a portable cloaking device. Point the device at a human-sized object, press the button, and an energy field is formed that will bend light around the subject rendering it invisible. This effect will last as long as the device is on and pointed at the subject (note: if something is interposed between the device and the subject, the energy field is blocked). You can use it on yourself, but the device itself can never be rendered invisible since it must remain outside the field. Unfortunately, the Remote Conceal's energy field produces heat as well as trapping it. This causes the subject to stand out quite strongly to any heat detectors nearby (watch out for those sprinkler heads!). It will also cause a quickly growing discomfort for the subject. My tests show that an average human will collapse from heat exhaustion after fifteen minutes.

And let me point out something for those of you who need a hand computer to count your fingers: the Remote Conceal forms an energy field that bends light around the subject which means that none reaches the subject. That's right. The subject is invisible, blind, and hot under the collar.



LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE - Some people wear hats and sunscreen to protect themselves from the damaging UV rays of the sun; others stay underground where they belong. But such precautions are of no defense against this item. The trap consists of a number of chained solar batteries which are triggered into operation when anything crosses their boundaries. Focused rays of stored sunlight will project from the cells, sending high intensity beams of UV radiation at the trespassing victim. The delver will experience a "warm glow," which he may be tempted to bask in, especially if this trap is laid in a cool place. If the victim merely walks through the field of the cells, he will suffer a nasty sunburn. Longer exposure will produce blistering and cancerous melanoma. But it's a dry heat ...

FISH-O-MATIC — IT SLICES, IT DICES! (just look at those tomatoes!) You've seen it advertised on tv, you've seen it in the papers. Your next-door neighbor probably has one. It's the amazing Fish-O-Matic! A very high-tech fishing rod that has all of the goodies built-in: sonar for locating fish, a spring-loaded lure ejector, and a variable gearing assist for hauling in that really big catch. But wait! There's more! Buried into the neoprene handle that prevents annoying blisters, are some very sharp razors, poisoned at no extra charge! As the prince of casting, sometimes known as the fisher king, continues to use it, the razors slowly work their way out until they are only restrained by the slightly thicker skin of the handle. As the next big fish is caught, one firm tug to seat the hook in the fishie's mouth will imbed the poisoned blades in the sportsman's hands, and the fisher king becomes food for the fishes.

TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR HANDS. This is a wonderful watch: chronometer, stop watch, barometer, and horoscope plotter! Its quality metal band is guaranteed never to break or loosen. It has all the product integrity that you'd expect from an establishment like Traps Bazaar, including a very unique added feature. When the sun goes down, the band begins tightening. In a very short period of time the wearer will be in excruciating pain. Bones will break and the wearer's hand ultimately will be severed. After the hand pops off, the band instantly expands to normal size, allowing the victim (now known as "Lefty") to begin bleeding to death, assuming they survived the shock from the slow bone crushing. How do they prevent this terrible fate? Could they hijack a supersonic long-range plane and fly for the solar terminator? Perhaps the best solution would be to simply amputate the hand just above the band!



Pearls of Wisdom

"Politics are almost as exciting as war,
and quite as dangerous. In war you can only be killed once,
but in politics many times."
- *Winston Churchill*

"I knew there was something I liked about politics."
- *Grimtooth*

"Poli-tics? Like, isn't that something that dogs get?"
- *Grimtina*



I love shopping! And it's even more fun when I get an employee discount! I promised big brother I wouldn't take too many goodies for myself, but some of them are hard to resist. My bedroom closets are just filled with new toys that I can try out on my boyfriends. They never seem to last very long, though. The boyfriends, that is. Traps Bazaar products come with an iron-clad guarantee. If any of my big brother's traps should break or malfunction, you can be sure that it's entirely your fault, and not the result of any defects. What kinda joint do ya think we're running here? Geez, why don't you just look at these great clothes and quit complaining!

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GRIMTINA'S FASHIONS TO-DIE-FOR

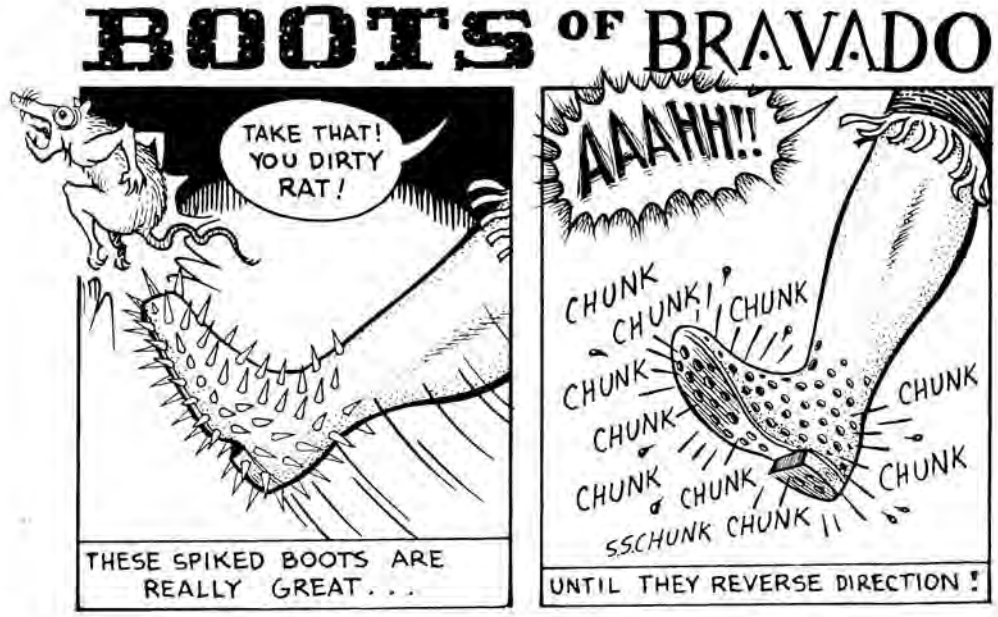
EPHOS CLOAK - This satyr's cloak will make the wearer invisible. While wearing the garment, he will not be detectable by non-magical methods. But since satyrs are, shall we say, naturalists, the only suit that can be worn under this cloak is a birthday suit. Any other clothing or item will render the charm ineffectual. Another rather problematic side effect has to do with the nature of satyrs. The wearer will become extremely excited in the presence of women. His self-control will be sorely tested for the cloak cannot be removed until the satyr spirit that powers it has been satisfied. Completely. (By the way, the cloak will not work on women at all.)

MESMER EYES - These contact lenses are the perfect "look" for any aspiring hypnotist. When this hypnotic eyewear is worn, the wearer will have the ability to force his thoughts into the minds of others. At first, the wearer will have to concentrate mightily to work his will on another. But with repeated use, the lenses transmit his thoughts with greater ease. Soon he can have others doing his bidding with just the flicker of a thought.

As the lenses adjust to the wearer, the hypnotic process becomes not only faster but more encompassing. The lenses begin to transmit more than just the delver's commands. Other thoughts are dragged along in the telepathic stream. His victims will find their senses assaulted with all sorts of random notions that may even interfere with the original command. Eventually the lenses will become so adept at their brain drain that they will suck the wearer's consciousness dry, and he will be found staring at his last victim, slack-jawed, insensate, and mesmerized.

BOOTS OF BRAVADO - This pair of very attractive, knee-high, doe skin boots has a hard leather sole. They are magical, and will compel the first person who touches them to put them on. The delver will be pleased with the comfortable fit, and may get many pleasurable years of wear out of them unless he has the misfortune to encounter an attack by massed vermin, such as rats, snakes, or crawling insects. On that occasion, the boots will suddenly extend three-inch spikes in all directions around the foot, as if the delver was wearing porcupines on his feet. With this wonderful combat advantage, the delver will most likely be the first to charge into the fray, expecting to make good use of the deadly points surrounding his feet. This is where his bravado leads him to his doom.

The valiant delver will indeed find that by kicking and stomping his foe with the spiked boots he does considerable damage; unfortunately, his advantage lasts for only 15 seconds. Then, the spikes reverse direction and skewer his feet, incapacitating him and dropping him like a hot potato. Which is probably what he tastes like to the vermin who will happily begin to chew on him!



The trusting nature of most delvers leads them to take foolish chances, especially if they believe their precious hides are protected by a magic amulet. This one works just well enough to get the daring delver off his guard. The **FEATHER WEIGHT** is a leather necklace which suspends a cluster of feathers. When worn, the charm bestows buoyancy in air and water. Thieves will find it simple to slowly drop from rooftops to the streets below. Swimmers will stay afloat with nearly no effort. However, the Feather Weight accomplishes these feats by transforming the wearer's body mass to that of a feather and any force that can effect a feather, can now effect the wearer! A brisk breeze will carry them off. They will be at the mercy of the tides. Best of all, any blows they inflict will have all the punch of a feather pillow.

GAUNTLETS OF POWER - The delver who dons this matched set of magical gauntlets is both blessed and doomed. The blessing is that the wearer's strength will tremendously increase. He will be able to lift heavy objects and do much more damage with melee weapons. The doom is two-fold. First, the gauntlets can't really be removed. I say "can't really," because that leads us to our second doom.



Unbeknownst to the victim, the gauntlets are extremely brittle. In fact, they are down-right explosive. If the wearer ever decides to show off his prestigious newfound strength by punching through a wall or hammering down a door, the gauntlets will explode, showering the party with high-velocity, sharp, metallic shards. Even better, the soon-to-be-in-agony now has nothing protecting his hands as they slam into that obstacle with excessive force!

FAKE FUR - Next time you envy a dapper delver wearing an animal stole complete with head, feet, and tail, take a closer look. He might be sporting this garment, which retains the spirit of the beast. Fake furs come to life on the yearly anniversary of the animal's death, and immediately attack the wearer and anyone else in the vicinity. The rampage will continue for one hour, or until the shell of the animal is cut into many, many, little pieces. After the hour passes, the stole will be dormant for another year.

HOW'S THIS FOR A LAUGH? - These dentures fit any mouth, with any number of missing teeth. The enchantment on them allows the wearer to bite a combat opponent for three times the damage of a bare fist attack. The strength of the teeth also makes it easy to enjoy all those hard-to-eat foods! But the dentures have a strange vocal side-effect. The wearer's voice will be clearly heard by everyone within a mile radius of his location. It is likely the dentured delver will be accosted by the very guards he's hiding from, townsfolk he's keeping awake, the person he's gossiping about, etc. Remember, if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all!

VAMPIRE TEETH (Glow In The Dark!) - Most delvers can't resist playing Dracula when they find these fanged dentures lying around. Those who try on the oversized canines will be surprised to find themselves endowed with the less disgusting traits of the nosferatu, including the ability to control animals, shapeshift, and enthrall. They'll be awfully impressed with themselves until they happen to suffer a wound while wearing the choppers. They will immediately be impelled to "heal" by sucking the blood of anybody they can get! Once they put the bite on a victim, they are healed. No other form of healing, magical, technological, or natural will work.

Delvers come in all shapes and sizes, and so does my stock of **LIFE SAVERS**. This item is available in the form of a helmet, gauntlet, boot, or breast plate. It looks like standard gear, but either magic or highly complex electronic components will be detectable. In either case, the workings will be beyond the understanding of the finder. When worn, a Life Saver will continually analyze the body part's biomedical statistics. Should this limb take damage, the Life Saver will then begin to effect physiological systems. It will provide oxygenation, remove wastes, provide nutrients, stop shock, and in all ways keep the part of the body it is attached to alive, aware, and feeling. Alas, it cannot repair or regenerate tissues. Severed limbs cannot be re-attached. Pain will not be stopped. This can pose a real problem if the Life Saver is worn as a helmet and your head is severed from your body ...



UNIVERSAL RESPIRATOR - Ah, I love the smell of sulpherous mud in the morning. But for lesser beings with sensitive noses, here's relief. This respiration mask fits as part of any helmet, archaic or high tech. It will provide a tight seal which will allow no gas, liquid, or micro-organism to penetrate from the outside. It can easily be removed at any time. The mask will work as a perfect respirator, so long as the wearer does not engage in strenuous activity. If exertion occurs, the filtration unit which is the heart of the Universal Respirator will become clogged with CO2, with the obvious result of asphyxiation.

HEART OF STONE - This is a plain, slate-colored charm in the shape of a heart which fixes the emotional state of the wearer. Suspended from a chain and placed on the target's neck, the stone will cause them to remain fiercely set in the feelings they are experiencing at that moment. Be it love, hate, fear or confusion, any emotion will be picked up by the heart and anchored in their mind. It can be used to create devoted slaves or fanatically obsessed assassins. Victims will come to their senses if someone else can remove the charm; it will not occur to them to do it themselves.

The long-term effect of this pendant is even more fun. The longer the charm is worn the stronger the emotion becomes. This is a slow, subtle effect that often takes hours or even days to fully come to term. My favorite use for this item is to place it on someone who is bored.

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Aside from passing down some minor tricks of a troll's trade in my books, I have never agreed to take on an apprentice. Who needs some eager, young idiot tugging at your elbow with a million stupid questions? Well, maybe editors do, but the mage whose apprentice created this trap certainly could have done without his protegee. Kaynar the apprentice sneaked a look at his master's grimoire. He came across a spell to enchant ordinary clothing to be impervious to any attack. In his haste to steal the spell, Kaynar omitted some important steps which changed the effects of the magic. Although **KAYNAR'S CLOTHES** are impervious to damage from heavy weapons (morning stars, broadswords, maces, etc.), an assault by a small weapon will succeed for 6 times the weapon's normal damage. Poor Kaynar met his doom one evening when he came home late for dinner and his wife set upon him with a wooden spoon.

GET A GRIP GAUNTLET - These metal gauntlets, inlaid with silver runes, reek of magic. The enchantment is obvious even to the most incompetent magic-user: invulnerability! Runic scholars will be able to make out inscriptions on the gauntlets' wrist pieces. The word "GRYP" is spelled out on the right hand, the word "GHRASP" on the left.



The gauntlets are genuine one-size-fits-all garments. The gleaming gloves will slide off and on with ease. If tested, they truly are invulnerable. Fire, explosion, even acid will not mar their surface. And the person wearing them will be likewise unaffected in the area covered by the gauntlets. However, once either of these gloves closes around something, it cannot be released. If, for example, the wearer grabs a sword, the gauntlet and sword handle will be as one! This will be a miserable encumbrance at parties, or while eating dinner. After this catastrophe, the delver will try to remove the gauntlets. But the grip on the hand is just as sure. The gauntlets will drop off only when the hand inside them no longer lives.

This is a wonderful trap, but a word to the wise; unless you employ plenty of custodial slaves, play this trick in someone else's dungeon. **THE SEVEN LEAK BOOTS** are made of fine leather, with sturdy, hard-wearing soles, and they are always a perfect fit for the finder. A golden buckle bearing the image of a waterfall adorns the boots, and on the heel, a seven is stamped. In all appearance, these are excellent traveling boots, and would provide the owner with protection from the hazards of the road (i.e. rocks, thorns, snakes, scorpions, etc.). In fact, they deliver all this, plus a slight bit more due to a mild magical spell of protection cast on the wearer. Unfortunately, these boots were made for more than just walking.

They are cursed. Once an adventurer puts on the boots, they cannot be taken off, although they may be removed by cutting them apart (a difficult task). They cause no immediate discomfort or constriction. The curse reveals itself to the wearer only when he tries to walk. Every seven steps, the unlucky delver is stricken with an overwhelming desire to urinate, and MUST relieve himself. It will be all he can do to keep from wetting his armor! Incidentally, the urine is magical in nature, and is generated by the boots, not the adventurer's body. He runs no risk of dehydration. The curse may be bypassed if the wearer has a horse to ride, can fly or teleport, or has friends willing to carry him around, thus avoiding taking any steps.

Grimtina's FASHIONS

-NOTES-

BOOTS OF BLINDING SPEED - This pair of battered shoes is enhanced with a spell that increases the speed of the wearer. The first thing one will notice upon donning the buskins is that any movement involving the feet will immediately accelerate to three times normal speed. The second thing to become apparent is that upon reaching this top speed, one becomes completely blind!
The victim's vision will return to normal when he manages to come to a complete stop usually as a result of colliding with inconvenient obstacles. Accept no substitutes! Look for the Grimtooth and his dog Spike logo inside the shoes!

This accessory has the potential to be a "shocking" fashion statement. The **WIZARD'S WIRELESS** is a "crystal set" that transmits the user's voice to a far away friend. The device consists of two enchanted quartz crystal necklaces. The people who wear them will be able to communicate by speaking into the gemstones. Sound great? It is, until the wearers take a swim or get caught in a rainstorm. If the crystals get wet, they will deliver a nasty shock proportional to the amount of water striking their surface. A few raindrops will cause chest pain; total immersion in the bath tub will result in electrocution.

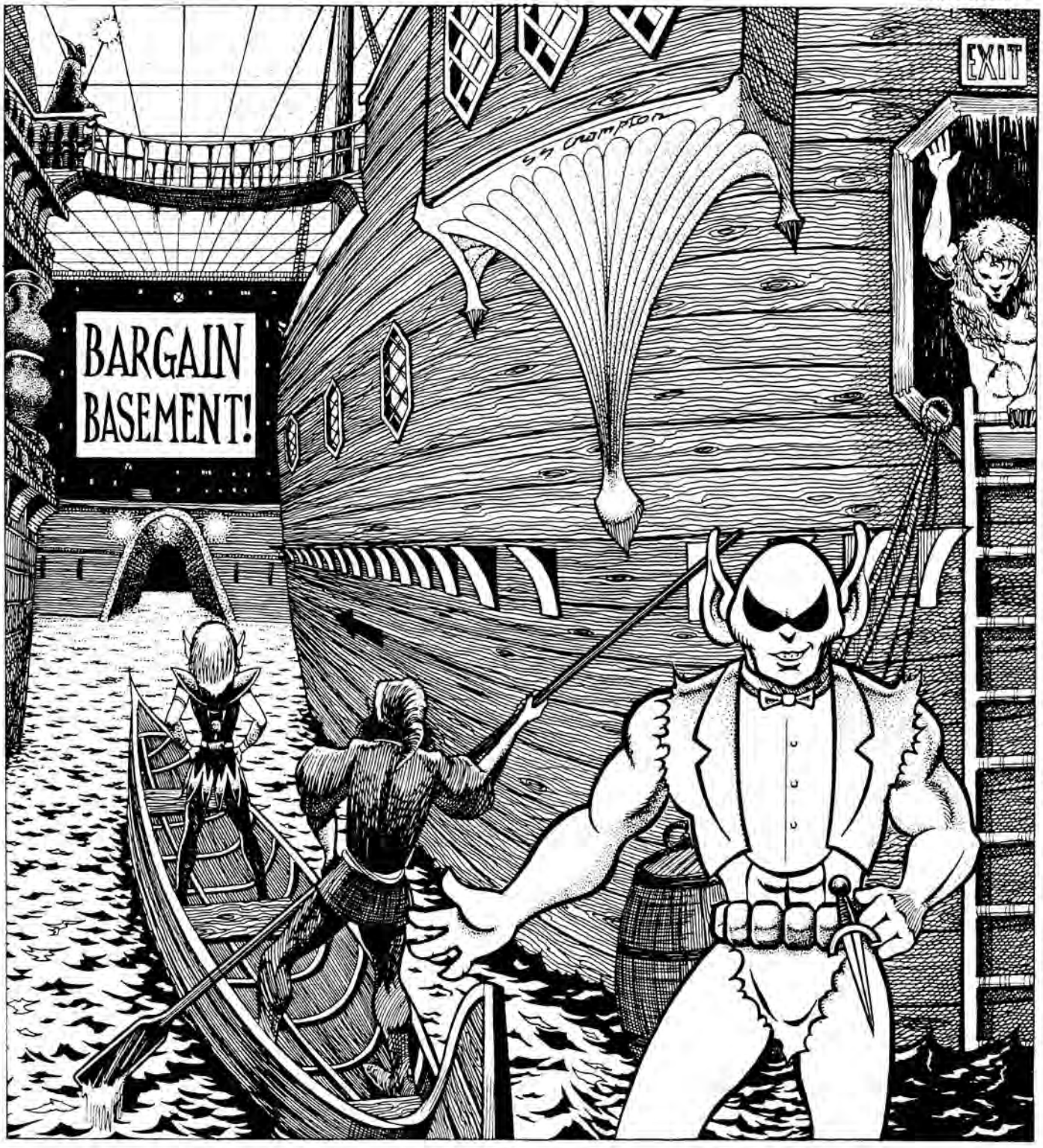
BARTO'S PURSE - Barto, a miserly merchant, engaged a wizard to enchant his purse with a protection against thieves. The spell would ensure that the purse would always have coins in it, and would warn the owner if thieves were nearby. Barto stiffed the wizard on his fee and went laughingly on his way.
The wizard wanted revenge, and though he could not remove the spell, he did modify it. Now the purse will be found to contain stolen coins, and will advertise this by shouting "Thief! Thief!" Toss one in the market square and keep the town guard busy for hours!





THE CLERIC MORDO'S POT - Mordo the Cleric had a natural talent for cooking. At first he enjoyed preparing meals for the visitors to his monastery. But as word spread about his tasty meals, more and more pilgrims dropped by for a free and delicious repast. Mordo became resentful of the long hours he had to spend in the kitchen, and ashamed of the freeloaders abusing his hospitality when they were not truly in need. Mordo then committed a very devious act, which is why I'm happy to include his pot in Traps Bazaar.

Late one night after prayers, he snuck off to the local wizard and had his small camp pot enchanted. When a starving person truly in need of a meal approaches the pot, it fills with what appears to be a vile-smelling stew. But should they go ahead and taste it, they will find it to be delicious and filling. Conversely, any greedy diners who don't really need a charitable meal will smell a savory meal in the pot but upon eating it will discover the stew is severely poisonous. Well ain't it your lucky day ...



I've put some traps on sale. Just feast yer eyes on these little beauties in the basement. We're moving these out to make room for the deadly nightshade harvest. I've got a backorder the size of middle-earth for the Herbalists' Guild. What you see here is all we've got in stock, so grab fast. There have been a few fights over these traps, so take care not to slip on the bloody stones.

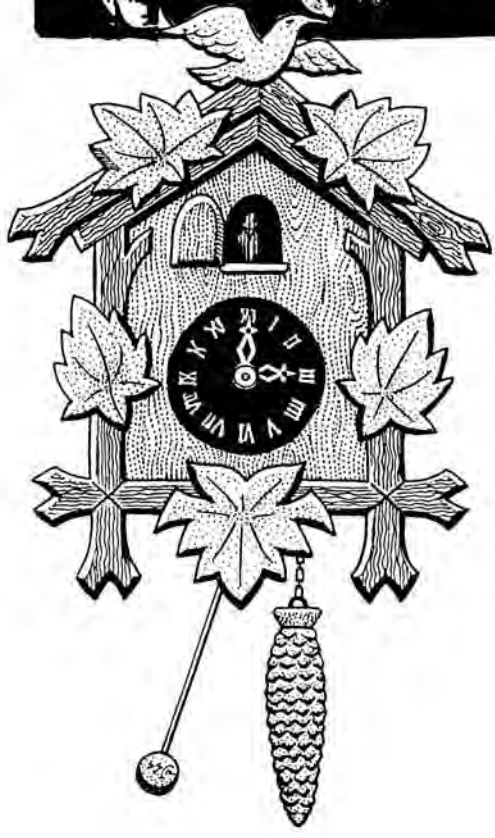
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BARGAIN OUBLIETTE

PAN PIPE - Not a musical instrument, but a tobacco pipe which emits an intoxicating smoke. The spell seems to come from the pipe itself, as any leaf fired within it will produce the same result. A drunken malaise will overcome the smoker and all those within smelling distance of the smoke. Normal elements will counteract its effects, such as dampness and good ventilation. Incidentally, I enforce a strict "no smoking" policy. Any one caught near my dungeon with a Pan Pipe will have his bones refashioned into an attractive designer ashtray.





TIME KILLER. Any official who has to deal with a waiting room full of problem clients can benefit from installing this timepiece on the wall. This cuckoo-style clock plays a jaunty tune on the hour. To accompany the melody, a number of mechanical bowmen emerge from several compartments in the body of the timepiece. The little archers string their bows, and aim directly at the spectators in the room. Then they unleash their tiny poisoned darts with murderous intent. Yes, it's cursed! The poison paralyzes immediately, resulting in death unless a timely antidote is administered. After the initial attack, the little men will retreat into the clock. The timepiece cannot be smashed or opened, but it can be removed from the wall and locked away.

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BEGGAR'S CUP. Everyone considers a cup a necessary part of their standard delving gear. Perhaps the adventurer found this one in the street, or even bought it from a bazaar. It is an attractive vessel, etched with the scene of a benefactor giving coins to a poor beggar. Unhappily, the cup has a secret. This cup is enchanted to automatically pick the pockets of the richest person in the vicinity. Unfortunately, it performs this trick in a very obvious manner. Invisible hands will roughly tug pouches from belts, and pilfered coins will slowly float away through the air, just out of reach of even the tallest man. The ill-gotten gain will lead anyone who's curious directly to the owner of the cup. If he runs, the stolen items will increase their speed to catch up with him. Only by dropping the cup or taking the time to gather up the items will the thief get rid of his trail, and his angry pursuers.

CUCKOO CLOCK. Here's a fairly standard cuckoo clock with two exceptions. First, it keeps accurate time. Second, it likes insanity. Why do you think they call them cuckoo clocks? It ain't for the silly bird. One person in the party, randomly chosen from those who hear it strike midnight, will go insane for the next one to twelve hours. Noon doesn't do it the clock knows if it is midnight, local time.

This madman will have the strength of ten, and increased speed and resistance. After his bout with insanity is over, the affected person will immediately return to normal and remember everything that happened. The clock is indestructible, but its influence can be counteracted by stopping or removing the pendulum. UMMMMmmmmm. Chocolate-covered salamanders. Quit beggin'. I keep this good stuff for myself. But you can have this **CANDY BARR.** This chocolate candy comes in an attractive goldfoil wrapper. If eaten, it will permanently desensitize the eater's taste buds to chocolate. Subsequent ingestion of any form of chocolate will either be totally without taste or the flavor of something so horrible that it will immediately be spewed out, possibly along with anything else the character had eaten that day.

Until the garden variety adventurer develops a taste for his own dead, chances of finding free food in Grimtooth's domain are slim. Unless I provide **A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD, AND GAS.** These loaves of fresh, tantalizing bread are irresistible to a hungry delver. The problem is it contains unrisen yeast. It reacts to any liquids imbibed and begins producing gas. For the rest of the adventure the group will be burping and flatulating at wildly inappropriate moments. I can just picture a ninja perched over a doorway, waiting for his victim, when a raucous "URRRPP! (sorry)" rings out as his intended victim approaches ...



ACME GRENADES - These cases of grenades were manufactured by the famous (or infamous) Acme corporation that supplies every violent need of the toon worlds. The adventurers will of course want to test the grenades due to the company's spurious reputation. They will pull a pin, throw one at a wall, and observe the nice hole that results. But if the grenades are thrown at guards, monsters, or indeed any living thing a different effect will be seen. There will be a terrific explosion, a huge cloud of smoke, and the targets will stand there looking stunned with the front of their bodies turned black and their hair blown straight back. Suffering the harmless but embarrassing effects of cartoon violence tends to negatively affect their dispositions. You can be sure that retaliation will come in the form of deadly force!

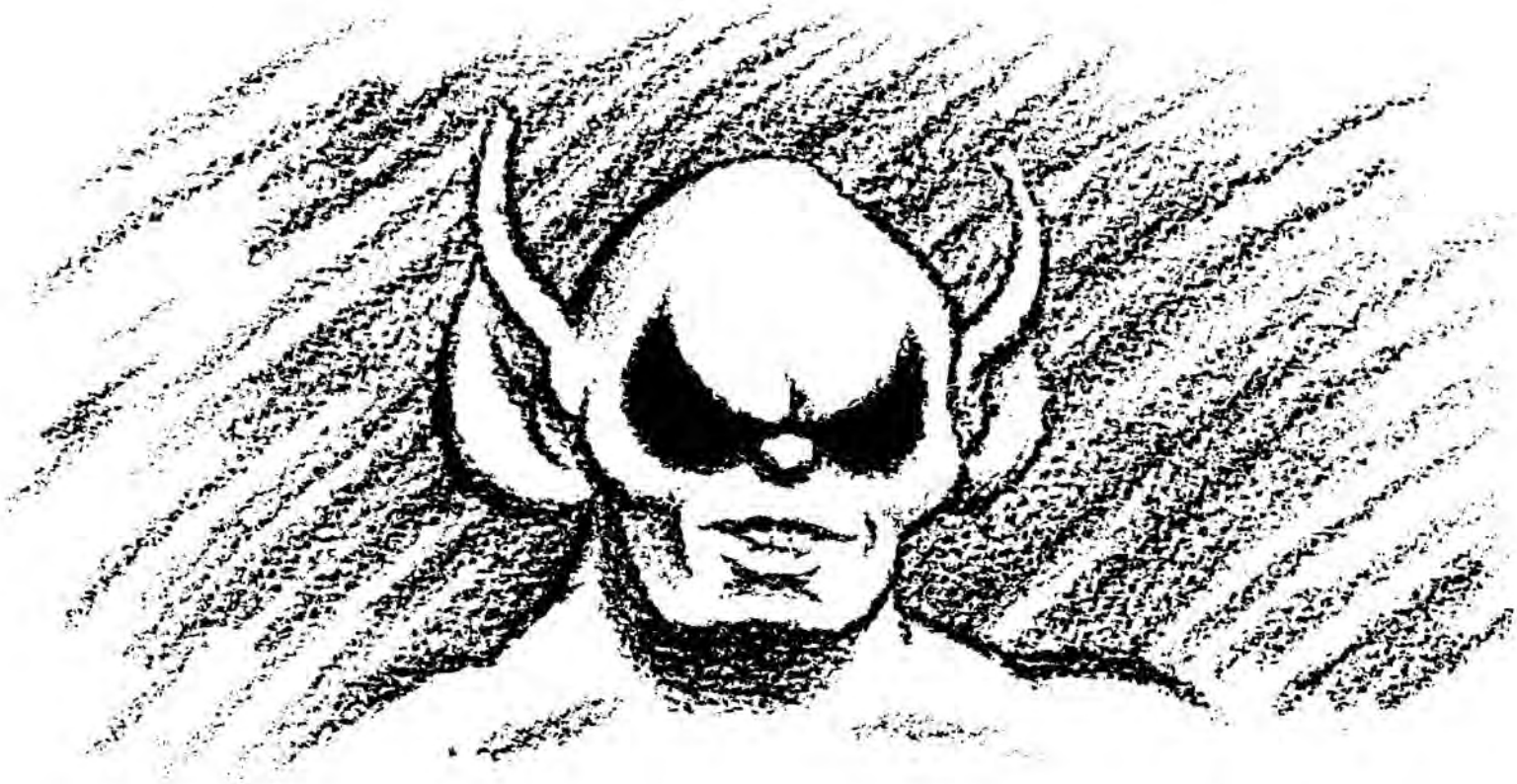
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DAS BOTA - This is a wine skin that never empties for long. When all the wine has been drawn off, the bota will refill itself completely in one hour. The wine itself is of very high quality. The happy owner of this bota is sure to sip his troubles away on a regular basis. Here's what he doesn't know. The wine has very small quantities of lead mixed in. This will have no effect initially, but long-term effects will cause deterioration of the drinker's mental faculties. Gives meaning to that phrase, "drunk and stupid."

LOVE POTION NUMBER NEIN - Spring is in the air, and mischief is in this bottle. This potion will cause the imbiber to give off potent pheromones. These will raise the sexual interest of the drinker as well as sending a sexual signal to others nearby. Unfortunately, these pheromones will only attract and affect those of the same sex as the imbiber, and are not species specific. The effects of the potion will slowly dissipate over time, but not quickly enough to suit the object of unwelcome affections.

Grimtooth's Special OSHA* Bargains!

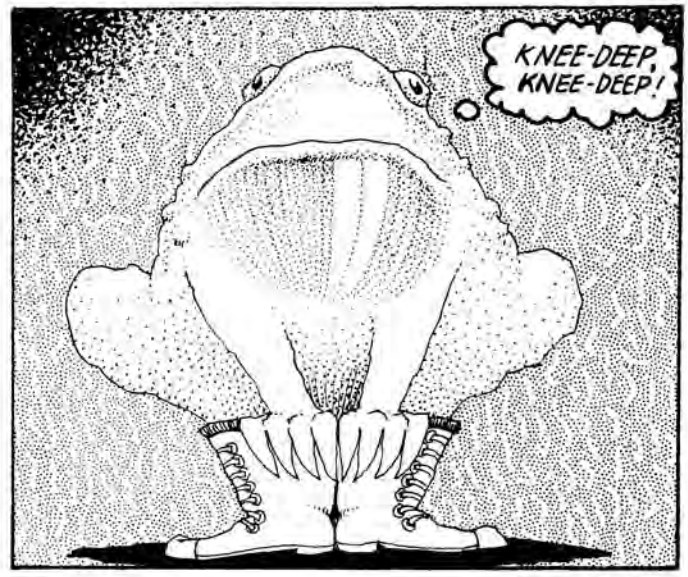


This section of the bargain basement is dedicated to OSHA. These are "work safety" items that you will want to have around in case you are visited by any government inspectors. (The only "monsters" at the thought of, even I cringe.)

** For those of you less "enlightened" OSHA is short for Occupational Safety & Health Administration*



First we have a set of **STEEL TOED BOOTS.** These are ordinary looking work boots, with reinforced steel toes, and a bit of magic about them. If anyone puts them on, and stands up, he or she is instantly turned into a statue of a giant steel toad. The only way to rescue someone from this trap is to remove the boots from his feet. But of course, the boots are now underneath this heavy block of steel. The character is still the same size as before, but now shaped like a toad, and thus very squat, heavy, and hard to tip over. This joke is even funnier if someone in the party has already picked up the "Sword of Magnetic Personality"!



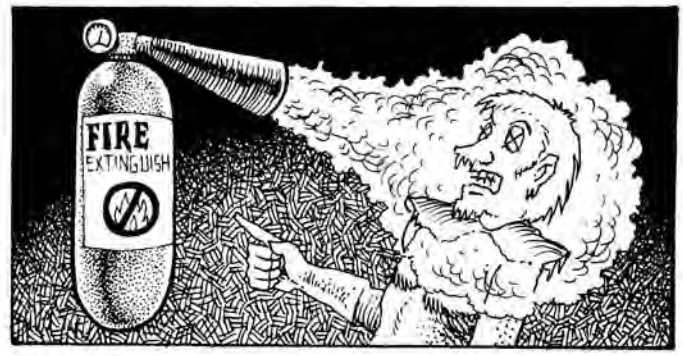


Next is the **EMERGENCY LIGHT.** This is either a torch, lantern, or electric light, depending on the setting of your world. It is clearly marked with a sign "For Emergency Light". If anything alive touches the light, that living flesh spontaneously combusts, creating lots of 'emergency light'.





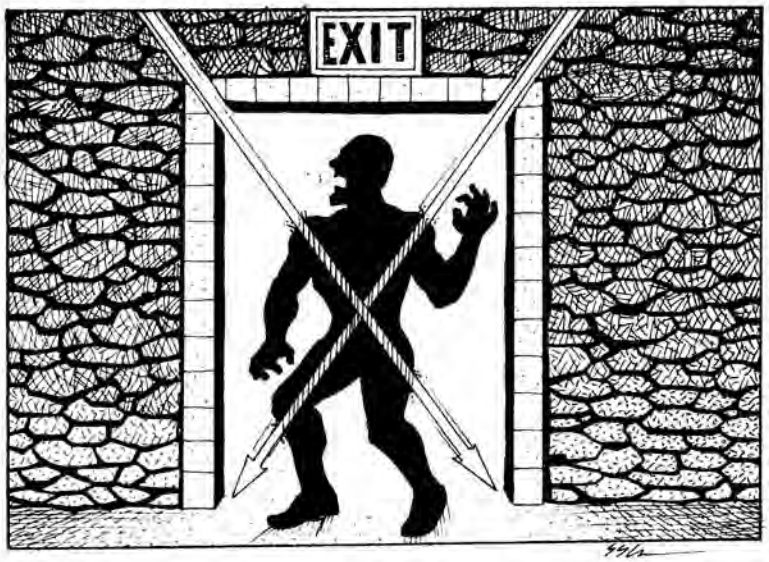
Naturally every business office or dungeon requires a **FIRE EXTINGUISHER.** This is a tube-shaped, red object with a short hose attached, and a plaque naming it. If anything alive touches THIS little device, all molecular motion in that living creature is instantly stilled, thus freezing the flesh, and 'extinguishing' any fire of life.





Everyone knows you aren't supposed to step on **THE LAST STEP** of a ladder. This ladder is marked with a handy reminder/warning that says clearly "Don't step on the last step". Which step is the "last" step you ask? Why, the last one you touched, of course! This ladder works perfectly well, but once you leave it, the last step you touched explodes with enough force to blow the ladder apart. I hope you didn't use it to get to some unlikely location where you needed a ladder to get back! (After picking all those splinters out of your legs, of course.)





Every workplace must have an **EXIT SIGN.** This is a sign that is placed over a doorway, and glows red so that everyone can see it. If anyone walks through the doorway underneath this diabolical sign, two spears are immediately fired diagonally from the two upper corners, making a large "X" right through the hapless delver. "It" has been "x'ed" indeed. (The two spears are just a little bit offset from each other, of course, so they don't hit each other as they skewer whoever is "it".)

Of course, every doorway that isn't an exit must have one of our **KNOT AN EXIT** signs. If anything passes through one of these doorways, a noose drops down. If it happens to fall on anything, it quickly tightens into very small knot. I hope it wasn't around your neck!

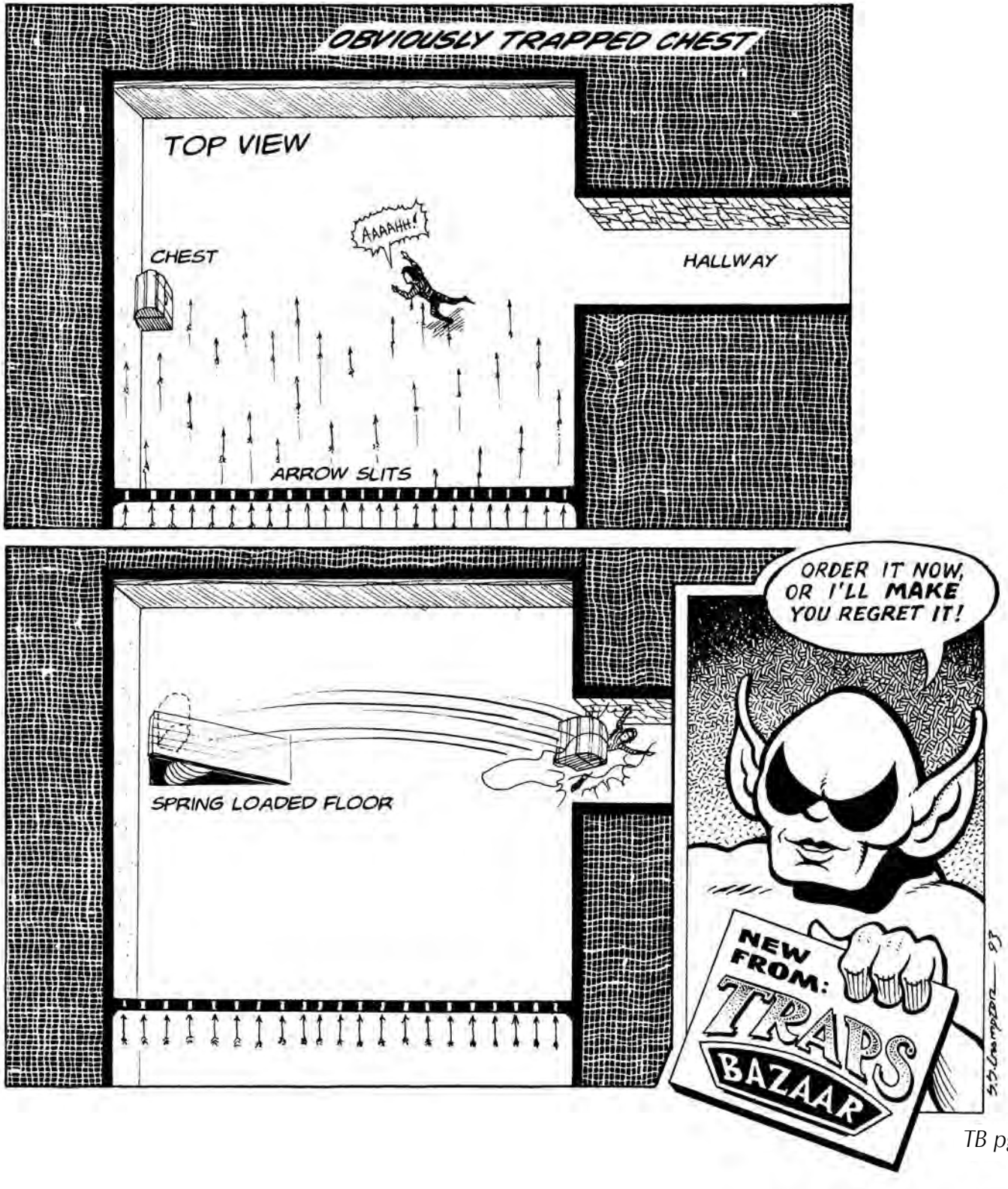
I don't know if the **TERRIBLE TOILET SEAT** should be in this section, or in the restrooms section. You may have noticed that your toilet seat at home is round, but toilet seats at work or in public places are usually "U" shaped with an opening in front. This seat has the opening in the front, but if anything (a certain delicate portion of the male anatomy, for instance) should happen to fall into or through this opening, it snaps shut. (Ouch!) Hey, it's only about 1% of your body. How big a loss could that be, right guys?

We have a crew of industrious workers who will gladly add a room onto your house or place of business. Prices are reasonable, and the rooms are guaranteed to provide many hours of nefarious entertainment.



There is the basic **OBVIOUSLY TRAPPED CHEST** room, for those who like the old classics. This is a simple 20' by 20' room with a hefty iron chest sitting near the far wall. The left wall of this room is full of little holes and arrow slits. The right wall is a wooden wall, covered with knicks, gouges, cuts, and splinters. Yes, if anyone steps into the room, hundreds of arrows are fired from the left side at all

heights from the ceiling to the floor, making a pincushion of whoever triggered the trap. Every time anything heavier than a gold coin touches the floor, the rain of arrows is repeated. Of course the obvious solution is to get a rope and lasso the chest. Now you find the REAL trap here. As soon as the chest is moved towards the door, the spring-loaded floor is released, throwing the chest THROUGH the door with great force, slamming it against whoever was pulling on the rope. If some clever delver had the ability to fly and was going to pick up the chest without touching the floor, the chest will throw him through the door and against the wall on the far side of the corridor. As a crowning touch, I like to fill the chest with lead bars. The chest itself can be made of gold, painted to look like iron. I do enjoy telling surviving adventurers (if I'm feeling generous, and actually allow any to survive) what that beat-up old chest was actually made of.



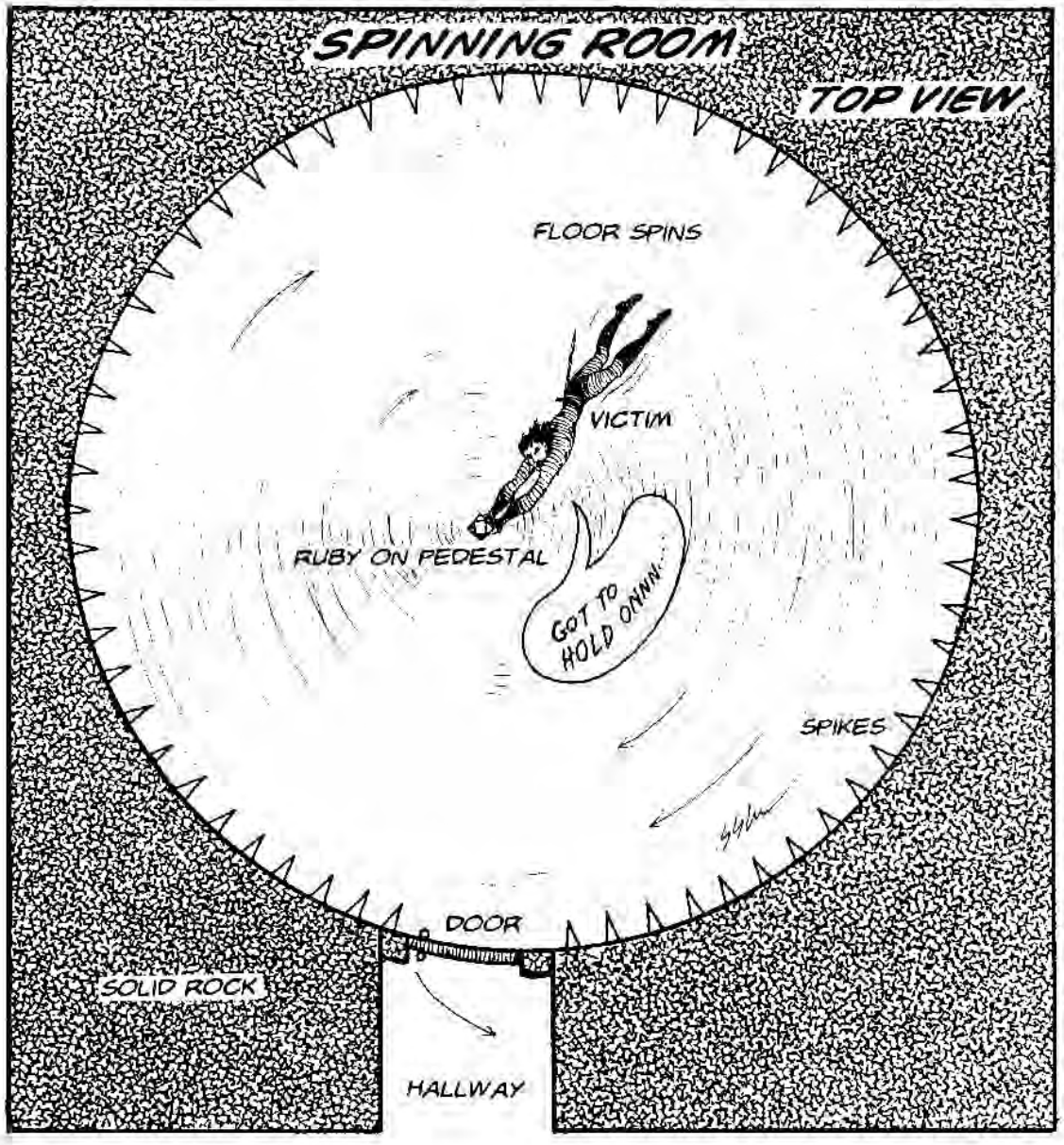
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We're having a special on **THE SPINNING ROOM.** This is a round room with a moveable floor, and spikes all over the walls, all the way around. In the center is a pedestal, on top of which is a large ruby. This ruby is attached to the pedestal, but can be removed with some effort. The problem, of course, is that when anyone touches the ruby or pedestal, the floor starts to spin with great velocity, casting whoever is standing on it against the spiked wall. If you got a good grip on the pedestal when you first touched it, you can hang onto it to avoid being delver shish-ke-bob, but how long can you hang on? As long as you are touching the pedestal, the floor keeps spinning. A really dextrous character can hang onto the pedestal while removing the ruby, and throw the ruby through the door to his friends. What a noble sacrifice! There is of course a small chance that you will randomly be flung through the door yourself, instead of against the spikes. I put the odds at about 5%.

Flying into this room, and thus not touching the spinning floor, would be a good idea if it weren't for the ceiling of the room, which happens to be a huge fan. As the floor spins, so does the fan, blowing a powerful wind down at the floor. Unless the miserable aeronaut is a very powerful avaitor, he, she, or it will be forced to the floor, and then spun against the wall just like the ground-pounders!

A rope could be used to pull the ruby off, but 'unfortunately' the pedestal is just flexible enough to bend over a little bit when pulled from the top, allowing the rope to slip off the top before it exerts enough force to remove the gem. This should keep the greedy little pests frustratedly busy for a long time.



We have reserved this room in our basement for our seminar series. For just a few shekels, you can listen to a series of lectures telling you how to "do it yourself" to the adventurers in your area. This month, our guest lecturer is famous author Michael Stackpole, who tells us what to do about "mega-characters".



One of the main attractions of FRP games is that they are a challenge to those who play them. When he or she designs the playing area, the Game Master (GM) creates a world that will make players think, that will tax the abilities of characters played in the world, and that will kill some of those characters who make fatal mistakes. Solving problems put before them gives players a sense of accomplishment. Designing traps that successfully destroy characters provides much the same feeling for the GM.

The art of designing challenging scenarios for FRP play can be not too difficult. Normally, one can gauge with ease the adventure for those characters who will face it. Mega-characters, however, make game design the most difficult of all.

What is a mega-character? In *Tunnels & Trolls*, it is a character who has personal combat adds that read like a long distance phone number. Or, it can also be a character who has done every adventure in every solitaire dungeon, and has obtained at least one (maybe more) of each magical item to be had. In *Runequest*, a mega-character has skills which read like the Phoenix summer temperatures (Fahrenheit) and who has a hotline to at least one god (or possibly two or three). The *AD&D* mega-character is a split level thief/bard who has an armor class of -10 and serenades his victims to death while attacking from behind. *GURPS* mega-characters possess attributes akin to gold prices, and also have many diverse skills, notably just the ones they'll need at any given point in time. Mega-characters from a Traveller universe are hardly better — their attributes and skills have ratings with letters from the latter half of the alphabet, along with a fast starship.

By definition, mega-characters are tough to deal with. If a GM designs an adventure to challenge mega-characters, he or she will probably kill off every low-level character who joins that adventure. Conversely, if a GM simply ignores the existence of mega-characters while designing an adventure, and then allows them to participate, treasures will vanish into their pockets with the greatest of ease. Players controlling low-level characters in such situations have nothing to do and quickly grow bored. This article is written in an attempt to lay out some strategies to use when dealing with megacharacters of every stripe. It may also provide a few hints on ways to deal with lesser mortals as well.

Designing traps and situations to deal with mega-characters without destroying the lesser character is not as difficult as it may seem. Most of the ideas presented here come from *Tunnels & Trolls* games. The concepts behind them are summed up in well-known, proverbial phrases, and with a little thought they can be applied to the other game systems mentioned above.

There is one simple way to deal with mega-characters — prohibit them from joining a campaign adventure. However, since a player may have expended no little time and effort building his or her favorite character to mega-character status, that may not be reasonable. Barring that, the following advice should help any GM deal with mega-characters, without causing their campaign to suffer in the least.

Walk softly and carry a big stick

Many mega-characters become difficult to deal with after they manage to obtain a very powerful weapon of some sort. This sort of weapon is designed by GMs who fail to fully think through the possibilities and potentialities of their creations. You may think along one line and consider your weapon logical — but its characteristics can be perverted outlandishly by a recipient whose mind runs in different directions. For instance, a sword that gets damage dice equal to the strength of its wielder is a magnificent weapon. In the hands of a weak character it is fair and manageable — but once the character becomes strong the weapon becomes an ungodly menace.

First and foremost, a GM does not have to allow use of the weapon in his or her adventures. If a bothersome mega-weapon does sneak through, however, you can destroy it (dumping things into the first available volcano generally works). The theft of an item is a bit more difficult to arrange, but works quite well. The canniest GM will give the character a belt and scabbard (made to order) which never allows a weapon placed in it to be drawn.

Making adjustments to weapons and magical items is also allowed. An item found in one universe might not work in quite the same fashion when moved to another universe, to be used in another adventure. The sword that got dice equal to strength might be cut to 1/2 or 1/4 of its power. Or the sword could only get the number of dice equal to the number of strength points the character is willing to put into it (points which may or may not be returned, at the discretion of the GM).

When dealing with mega-weapons, it is *very important* to get a detailed and exact description of each item and its powers. Many characters use an item carelessly because "well, gee, it's *magic*." Unless an item is listed as "indestructible," there is no reason why it cannot be destroyed.

The simplest way to deal with a mega-weapon is to create a situation where the weapon has no use, or if used, will cause more harm than good. Many characters will rely on their super-weapon to cut their foe to pieces, or tu cut a path out of their current situation. *Uncle Ugly's Underground* has its Wall Wardens to discourage acts of desperate vandalism; I like to use channels of pipes in the walls that carry chlorine gas or sodium and water (in separate pipes, of course). These precautions force characters away from relying on their special weapons and back into a position where they must rely on their wits.

Presenting a party with a door or situation that is obviously a puzzle to be thought out can eliminate the use of a mega-weapon right from the start. If the party seems reluctant to try to work out the puzzle, you can warn them that aggressive action taken against the puzzle might be potentially harmful. Few characters will attack a door after that kind of warning, unless they are uncommonly stupid or suicidal. A variation on the theft idea advanced above can provide a way for dealing with a mega-weapon as well

as some interesting adventuring. In a city trip or adventure where some of the NPCs have defined personalities, one or more of them might come to desire the mega-weapon belonging to a player character. This is logical, and can provide both a means fo dealing with the mega-weapon, and for a great deal of adventure. Some very interesting incidents can result from an item being stolen from the party, and their subsequent attempts to retrieve it.

Do unto others...

In many adventures the GM tends to have cardboard Non-Player Characters (NPCs). When these encounter player characters, they either kowtow and do anything they are bid, or attack with mindless fury in the face of overwhelming odds. This leads to tedious adventures in which there is either not enough combat, or a continuous series of skirmishes and gang fights.

NPCs have as much right to a full personality as any player character they may encounter. No one in their right mind (read: sane) would single-handedly attack a well-armed group of characters. Instead, the last troll in an attacking group might surrender. In this manner he or she might lead the party into a trap — or escape and attack from ambush. Any action possible is preferable to a suicidal action.

Adding personality to NPCs will provide games with added punch. Create cowardly bullies who challenge characters to duels of honor — and such bullies are notoriously fond of challenging the weak. The world is full of con-men — have someone bilk the player characters! Sell them the Brooklyn Bridge, if they're dumb enough to buy it. (Tell them it's the ultimate weapon...) There will always be those who will enlist the aid of valiant innocents who do not realize they will be used for evil ends. (As a rule, nasty people do not have the legend "NOT NICE" stamped on their foreheads.) The players need not realize what they are getting into.

For example, this is an incident from an actual dungeon adventure. A number of characters stumbled into a cavern, and found an intelligent dragon sprawled amidst piles of glittering treasure. The delvers asked if they could pass through the room, and the dragon told them they'd have to pay gold for passage. *They* told the dragon they'd kill him if he wouldn't let them pass. The dragon seemed terrified and squeaked "No! No! Don't hurt me!" The party swaggered close by him on their way to the exit, confident that the dragon was totally cowed. That was when he fried them.

By working personalities for various NPCs, the GM gives them certain likes and dislikes which influence their actions. The dragon above had always been contemptuous of humans who thought their race was superior to his own. A powerful wizard may bear a grudge against a group fo dwarves, and hence will act harshly with dwarves he encounters. A NPC might not take kindly to those who boast of past adventures, or might not like a certain type of attitude, cult status, or alignment. Each of these factors, along with all of the baser emotions available to player characters, should be worked into NPCs to provide a living, breathing, *reacting* world for characters to adventure in.

Fight fire with fire...

Most GMs have had a very large monster chopped down to size by withering missile fire or by a barrage of magic. In T&T, a good DEX and a good bow can create mega-characters who are deadly from long range. And high-level spells (or the upgrading of lower-level spells) can shatter a GM's carefully planned full force assault even before it begins.

It only stands to reason that in a fantasy world where everyday characters could put William Tell to shame, castle lords will try to hire only the best of archers. If a character stood 100 yards from a castle and tried to pick off a guard from a high tower, there is a high probability that the character would find an arrow heading right back at him. And if the lord could not hire the archer that well-trained, he might let loose with a catapult instead, of equivalent range but with more devastating power.

The same concept holds true for the employment of wizards. If a lord cannot afford to hire a high-level wizard, he'd probably hire a group of lesser mages instead. In my dungeon, the Dungeon Security Force employs small groups of wizards to maintain order. Each wizard has a fixed ST and CON, and the minimum IQ and DEX for casting his level's spells. I play them as though they were real characters; I choose the spells they cast and their targets. (To avoid charges of being arbitrary, I have provided a rough protocol for this Dungeon Security. The wizards use the most powerful spell they can and attack pets, elves, fairies, and other wizards, in that order. They would kill the wounded but those are more fun to torture after the rest of the party is dead.)

NPC personalities should remain consistent from trip to trip. The kindly wizard who lives in the corner tower should probably remain kindly if all else remains the same. However, if he is cruelly attacked, it's entirely justifiable for him to react violently in return.

Lastly, single combat between a NPC and a mega-character can serve to do away with the mega-character. A local hero of considerable ability might try to goad some hotshot into a duel, to maintain or build his reputation. Or, more commonly, you might find that the lady your character tried to seduce either has a husband, some brothers, or demands the satisfaction of upholding her own honor. When the latter happens — and the lady is an offended sorceress — look out.

I told you so...

There is a very simple way to get a character to jump into a trap designed to kill him. Tell him there is no way to avoid death by attempting this action, or say that this action has never ever been done before. Mega-characters always seem intent on proving that they're bigger, better, stronger, smarter, and tougher than anything you can throw at them. Sometimes they will even die in an attempt to prove it.

By far the most certain way to kill a character, mega or not, is to place an item within an adventure and post a big sign over it: *"Touch this and die."* While this might not be literally true, anything done using this idea will get at least one character killed. Curiosity kills not only cats.

Placing challenges before mega-characters is akin to waving a flag before a bull. If a GM tells a character that a battle's outcome will almost certainly be fatal, and that character persists — the GM has but one duty. If the GM knows the character's plan won't succeed, he or she must kill the mega-character without mercy. They were warned...

It is a valid point that many mega-characters got to be that way by clean living and discretion in the face of danger. For this type of character, the bold outright challenge may not work. A careful dose of subtlety worked in with ideas from the next two sections should serve to enhance your chances of getting these cautious characters.

The Hand is quicker than the eye...

In the course of adventuring, many players learn simple ways of dealing with certain threats. Whether they look up information about a type of monster in a booklet, or they have simply dealt with that type of threat many times before, they will feel smug, assured that they can dispatch the threat with little or no worry.

A "standard" dungeon room with a mummy guarding treasure can provide a clear example of what is meant here. Almost any party entering the room will light the mummy on fire. They wait for it to burn out and then loot the room's treasure.

However, the mummy might serve only as a decoy. What if it lungs had been filled with sulfur? When torched, the sulfur would create a noxious gas that might harm the party. What if the room had a magical fire-fighting system? When the mummy was lit, all exits were blocked and the room was flooded? A



mummy that has been prepared with flame retardant materials could still burn, and it might attempt to wrestle with and immolate a delver or two. A water demon locked in the chest of the mummy might constantly douse the fire and provide an entertaining problem that varies from the standard fare.

Misdirection does not have to be incredibly complex; in fact, the simpler it is, the greater its chance of working. One of the easiest ways to safeguard a pile of gold coins is to place that pile beneath a pile of copper coins. Very few delvers will pick up copper when gold might yet be had in the future. Paste gems can conceal real gems. A small amount of loot from the bodies of guards can prevent a diligent search of a room — a search that might reveal a massive hoard of treasure. Give them what they think they are looking for and they will not look for anything else.

Out of the frying pan and into the fire...

Unfortunately, FRP adventures can often fall into the rut of "Here is a monster, here is a treasure." Delvers soon learn that when they defeat a monster, they get to loot the chest it was guarding. And within that chest lies gold and treasure.

If a GM takes a good hard look at the action-reward system built into FRP adventures, he or she will notice the clever piece of psychology employed. Players unconsciously believe that once the threat is eliminated they will receive a reward. Their characters play like that, and often are not on their toes once the obvious foe has been defeated.

What if monsters were guarding a box containing something nastier than they were? Their treasure chests might contain things *they* consider valuable (arms, legs, rotten mutton) — or they might be a kind of Pandora's box. At the very least, some sort of booby trap might be appropriate.

The carelessness that makes a party vulnerable to traps where they expect treasure can also be used against them as they travel through the corridors or pathways of an adventure. Often, a party retraces its original path through a dungeon on their way out. Merely because the way was clear the first time does not mean it cannot be full of danger the second time. An ambush would make sense, especially if the party has absconded with a great deal of treasure. A trap which is triggered by an item gained elsewhere during the adventure can be devastating.

Serial traps can be most destructive. A series of different difficult and dangerous traps will demand the use of many skills. A series of traps can be set out as a challenge for acceptance in a group. Or the trap series could act as protection for some very valuable item. In either case, a single error could probably destroy the character who attempts to beat the traps. For example, a long underwater swim that ends in a room full of smoke will hurt the character making the swim — and the character can scarcely avoid such damage unless he or she can breathe water or noxious gases.

Divide and conquer or, there's no honor among thieves...

The *easiest* way to kill off mega-characters is to get them to kill each other.

Every GM has seen parties fall upon themselves. Players often have personality conflicts, and attempt to wipe out each other's characters. While this sort of conflict can affect the quality of play in an adventure, a good GM will exploit such situations.

If a GM draws a player out of the room and imparts to him some information that one of his characters has obtained (information that will allow his characters to prosper while the rest of the party fares less well) the player will probably use that information to his benefit, and his alone. There have been countless occasions where characters have sealed bargains with demons by promising the souls of their fellow delvers.

It is easy for a GM to create suspicion among delvers. If a character opens a chest and sees a gem buried in a pile of gold, the GM might take the player into another room and tell him or her, "You see a gem buried in the pile of gold." Even if that player returns and tells the rest of the party about the gem, the seeds of suspicion are already sown. If the player returns, decides to keep the gem for his character, and tells everyone else that it was "really nothing", someone else will almost certainly begin to plan some sort of attack.

GMs could also provide opportunities for a character to sell the rest of the party down the river. If a character talks to the Thieves Guild in a city and arranges for an ambush, the thieves would probably oblige him. Of course, it is up to the GM to decide whether or not the Thieves Guild shows up, or if they keep their bargain with an outsider who is also a traitor.

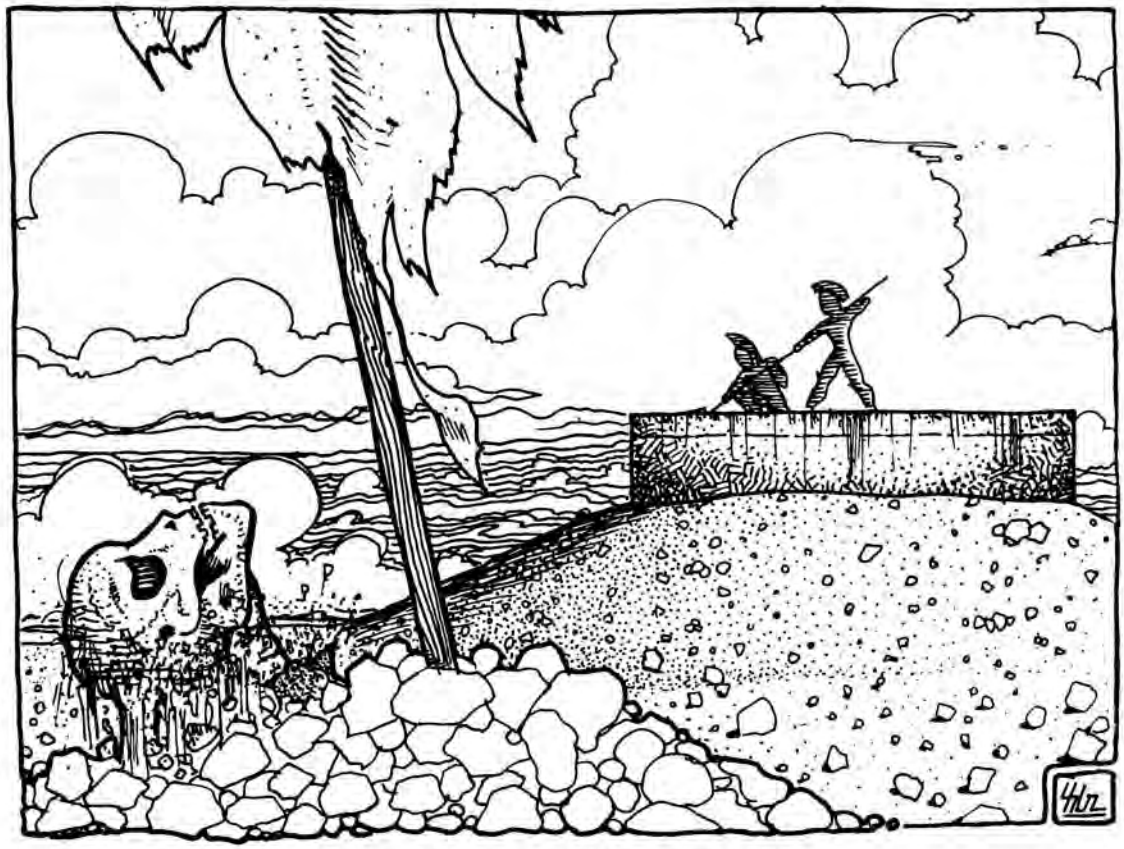
Dividing and conquering also pertains to splitting up parties on an adventure. There is safety in numbers, and if players decide to go their different ways, the adventure might well take a fearful toll. A good GM can also arrange for two groups to meet, either in an ambush situation or with one group believing that the other group is out to get them. (Juggling two or three groups can be very difficult for a GM, and one often runs the risk of boring those who are not in on the action while the other group is playing. If a GM can keep the patter snappy and keep track of more than one group of characters at a time, running multiple parties can be the most exciting and interesting way to play FRP games.)

Nobody lives forever...

Immortal characters are one of the most difficult mega-character types a GM can handle. This immortality can be anything from on-the-spot regeneration to rebirth in a prepared body, to the retention of IQ and EP in a new physical form. Whatever the type, immortals are as annoying as reruns of *Gilligan's Island* — they keep coming back. A GM can rip their atoms apart — the immortals merely smile. Come the next adventure, they'll be there again...

Though immortals live forever, the trick is to radically change the *quality* of that endless life...

Any attempt to kill an immortal character is futile. As noted, they will just return in the next adventure. But instead of trying to kill one — capture him! A room filled with noxious gases (perhaps at the end



of a long swim), or a sleep spell cast upon them by someone they have seduced can easily deliver an immortal into the hands of a GM. If a characters knows it cannot be killed, it will take chances that others won't. To take an immortal out of play forever, capture one and store him in a magic dampening cell, while keeping him drugged to the gills. Captured immortals can also provide excellent bait for mega-character rescue attempts.

Players attempting to rescue their captured characters is a great deal of fun for both GM and players. The GM must use all his wit and wisdom in designing a maximum security set-up that will foil all break-out and break-in attempts. In my dungeon, the security set-up is deep (18th level), can be reached only by passing along a very treacherous cliff path (which makes the Eiger look like a ballroom floor), and is contained in a massive and fully garrisoned castle...75% losses have been estimated just getting into the castle — getting out is another matter entirely. Any GM who manages to capture a mega-character has every right to make his ransom high and his prison as strong as he or she feels is justified (either by the prisoner or by the nature of the characters who will try to free the captive character).

In the event that an immortal may return with only his IQ and experience, and nothing else, one additional form of immortal death can be added. A ring or potion that reduces all of a character's attributed to zero means that the immortal will be reborn with an IQ of zero. A T&T *Dum Dum* spell will accomplish the same sort of game-ending situation for such an immortal, it is quickly followed by a knife wound that kills the character.

In summing up today's lecture, there is one point which must be made very clearly to any GM wishing to deal with mega-characters. An adventure that is to be fun and challenging need not kill every character. And a fun adventure relies on the following three points:

1) The GM must have the adventure well thought out. A general framework to guide the adventure is essential. While it is great fun to fly by the seat of your pants and run unprepared adventures, these really only work well with known quantities (low-level characters or well known high-level characters that the GM believes he or she can handle). Mega-characters will run amuck without some sort of prepared guidelines, and the only way to slow them down is to attack them with a powerful opposition and challenge.

2) The GM must be flexible, even though this would seem to be a contradiction of the first point. Mega-characters will have attributes, skills, and/or magical items that will enable them to defeat the most cunning fo traps. You must be able to acknowledge that your trap has been foiled or your monster slain. Rewards should be handed out according to the degree of difficulty the group encountered in solving the problem or how cleverly they circumvented your best-laid traps.

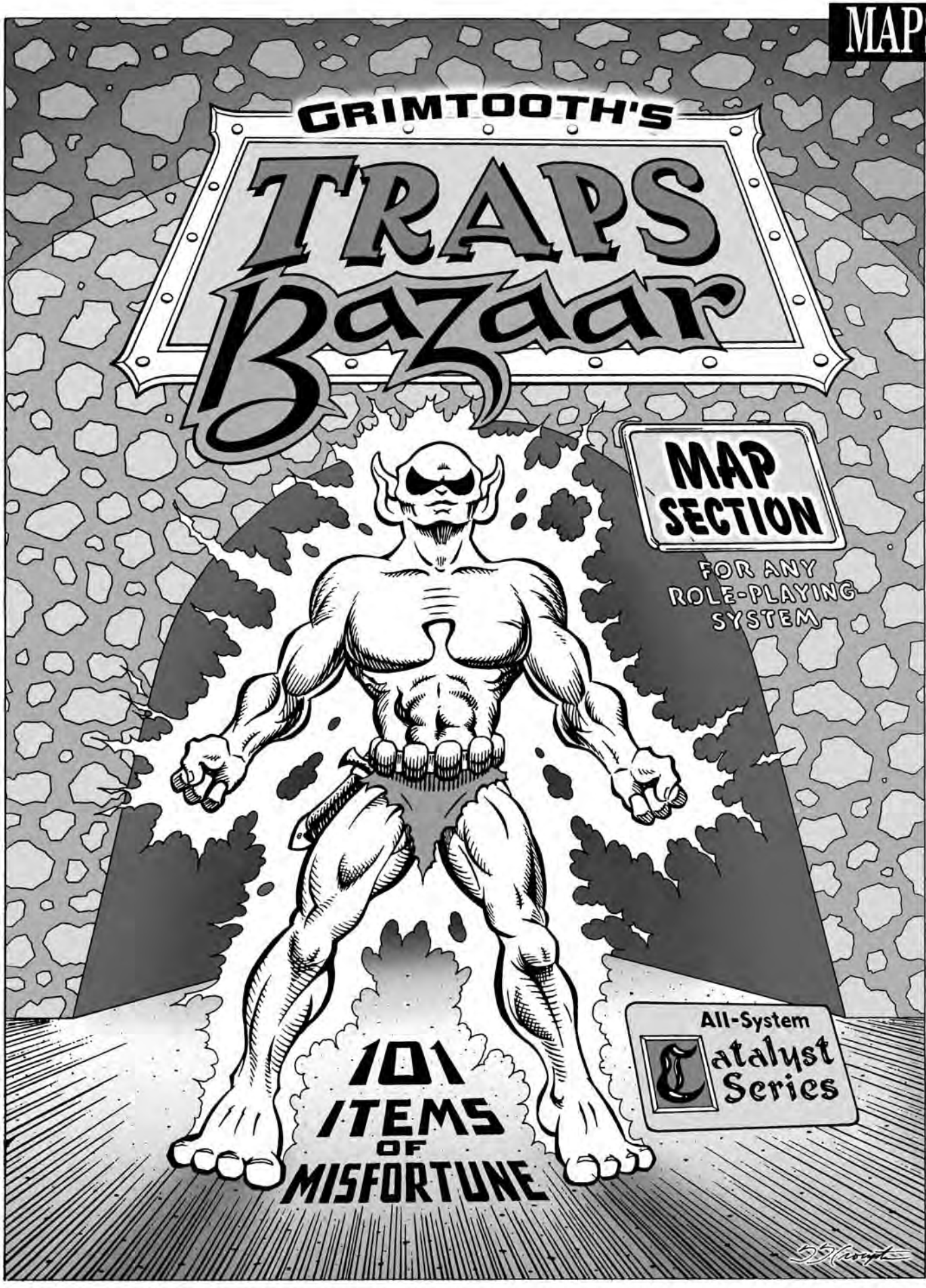
3) No one need be slain to make a trip interesting. A few hits form their CON or hit point totals will remind mega-characters of their mortality. In T&T, one must roll at least a 5 for a saving roll. In *Runequest*, you always have that 5% chance of missing a strike or parry, no matter how skilled the character. No character is totally infallible, and no character can avoid every trap. Keeping characters on their toes by hitting them with monsters, then traps and them more traps or monsters can stop them from thinking too long on any one problem and can force them into situations that you want them to be in, and situations that they might not be able to handle as well as they might have hoped. Cash in on the fact that sooner or later, somebody's bound to get hurt...



The bottom line concerning mega-characters, however, comes right back to the GMs. *Mega-characters are created by GMs*. We are the people who hand out the magnificent magical item that we never thought to set an upper limit on. We are the ones who create rooms to multiply attributes, and we are the ones who created machines allowing a character to parlay their small attributes into social security numbers.

I am positive that all GMs have had a weapon that they created come back and haunt them. I certainly have — and I wish I had looked more closely at the old Slot Machine in *City of Terrors*. All of that is behind me now, and it is up to all of us to provide adventures that will terrify and challenge, and provide enjoyment in whatever system of adventure gaming we choose to play. If we do less than this, we do not deserve to be gods in our own universe.

"I certainly deserve to be a god in my universe... Well anyway that was today's lecture. I hope you GMs out there ***learned something*** *for a change. Now turn the page and gaze upon the never before revealed maps to MY* ***TRAPS BAZAAR!!"***


GRIMTOOTH'S
TRAPS
Bazaar
MAP
SECTION
FOR ANY
ROLE-PLAYING
SYSTEM
101
ITEMS
OF
MISFORTUNE
All-System
Catalyst
Series

TRAPS
MAPS
-NOTES-

Traps Bazaar

Traps Bazaar is a most unusual marketplace. Within its borders you can shop for the most devious and evil item traps ever devised. Grimtooth the Troll, famed throughout the land for his many books on delver extermination, has opened this bazaar to supply other dungeon designers with the best security devices blood and money can buy. For your shopping convenience, Grimtooth's loyal staff has composed this guide to point out the highlights of his unusual emporium.

1 Entrance. Just around the corner from the Dungeon of Doom is the front gate of the bazaar. You can leave your horse in the convienent stables located on the northwest side of the building. Hanging on either side are the official Traps Bazaar greeters, recruited from the more attractive prisoners of Grimtooth's dungeon. If they forget to bid you a cheery welcome, please feel free to punch or prod them; that's why they're there!

2 Commercial Order Desk. If you're shopping for your local dark army or wizard's guild, please fill out the simple
credit application available at this desk. It will simplify your check out of mass orders of Boomeraxes and Love Botas.

3 Check Out Counter. GrimTina will be happy to ring up your purchases if she happens to be in today, and if she feels like it. Should the counter be unattended, you'd better just wait until she shows up. The last fool who tried to drag her from the employee break room did not live long enough to regret it.

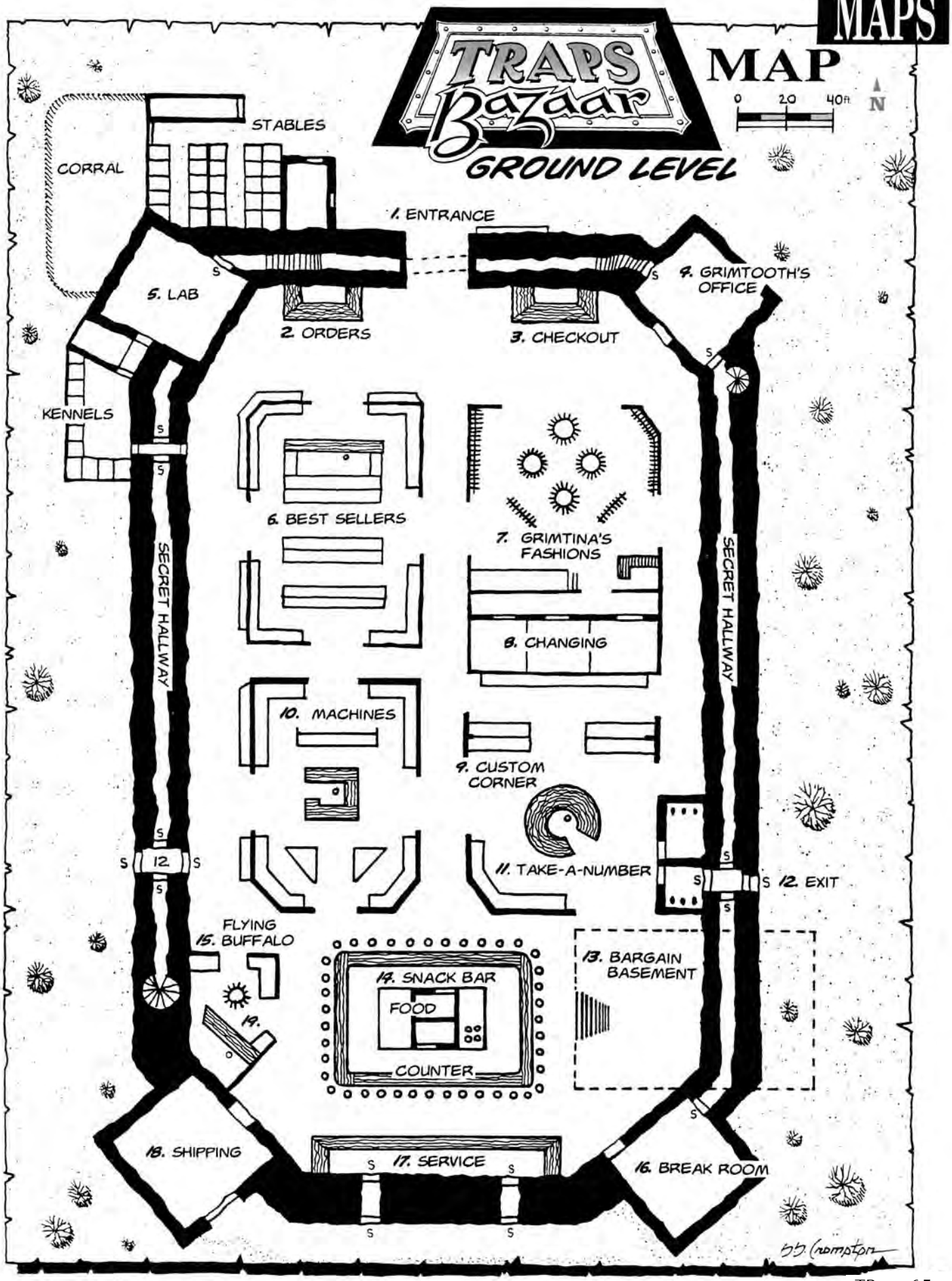
4 Manager's Office. Grimtooth's business office. The contents are none of your business. If you're really curious, I suppose you could try and break in. But there are easier and more pleasant ways to commit suicide. Two secret doors lead to the hidden hallway that runs around most of the Bazaar. Only Grimtooth knows about this hidden corridor, and he uses it to keep an eye on the employees and customers. Within the corridor are a couple of staricases that lead down to the basement area.

5 Research and Development Lab. You may hear some alarming noises from behind these closed doors. Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf and Grimmaldi the goblin tend to conduct some noisy experiments when they develop new and fiendish traps for the bazaar. Normally, they don't like to be disturbed at their work. But should the doors be open, step right in. They're always looking for a few good volunteers to test their traps. You'll even get a gift certificate for your spending pleasure if you live.

6 Grimtooth's Best Sellers. In this department you'll find magical items, along with booby-trapped weapons and other dungeon miscellany. I'm sure your desire for these goodies will exceed the limits of your purse. If you're tempted to steal an item or two, go ahead! Try it! It keeps our guards on their toes. Your inevitable capture and punishment will provide a moment of entertainment for the other shoppers.

7 GrimTina's Fashions To Die For. Provide tempting outfits for your dungeon breakers from these racks of fashion trappings personally selected by Grimtooth's little sister, GrimTina. Don't miss the Friday afternoon fashion shows, where prisoners from the Dungeon of Doom are forced to model these deadly designer clothes. It gets messy, but it's quite a spectacle.

8 Changing Rooms. Fitting rooms are provided for those who feel compelled to try on attire from the clothing department (and some of the enchanted duds can be very compelling!). There are separate booths for males, females, and those of indeterminate sex. Shapeshifters are welcome to use them if they feel the need to change into another species altogether. You can admire yourself in the full-length mirror provided in each booth. Some of our customers have complained that they've seen eyes peering at them from deep within the mirrors. Naahhhh. It must be their imagination ...


TRAPS Bazaar
MAP
GROUND LEVEL
0 20 40ft
N
STABLES
CORRAL
1. ENTRANCE
5. LAB
2. ORDERS
3. CHECKOUT
4. GRIMTOOTH'S OFFICE
KENNELS
6. BEST SELLERS
7. GRIMTINA'S FASHIONS
SECRET HALLWAY
SECRET HALLWAY
8. CHANGING
10. MACHINES
9. CUSTOM CORNER
12
11. TAKE-A-NUMBER
12. EXIT
FLYING
15. BUFFALO
13. BARGAIN BASEMENT
14. SNACK BAR
FOOD
COUNTER
19.
18. SHIPPING
17. SERVICE
16. BREAK ROOM
S. Crompton

9 Custom Corner. This section of the bazaar contains all the one-of-a-kind trap items collected from throughout Grimtooth's realm. Those with thin purses won't find any bargains here. These items are rare and expensive.

10 Infernal Machines. These are the state-of-the-art traps from the Traps Bazaar research and development lab. Please take your purchases home before you start pushing buttons or pulling levers. Handy directions are provided in archaic runic on the inside each package.

11 101st Trap: TAKE A NUMBER - Listen up, Grimtooth here. I installed this trap in the bazaar so as many of my customers as possible could enjoy it. It's one of those "please take a number for service" machines that are so popular nowadays is delicatessens and bakeries. This one is just slightly different, as you may have noticed if you took a number. Instead of counting upwards from one, it counts downwards from 100. And as you probably discovered, your number is no help whatsoever in getting served. Gotta problem with that? Take it to the Complaint Department! Anyway, the magic ticket generator continue spitting out numbers as it counts its way down to zero. 4, 3, 2, 1. And we all know what follows that: BOOM! All of you obedient shoppers who took your number have been in the possession of tickets programmed to explode in unison. What did you do with yours? Stick it in your saddlebag? In your pants pocket? Did you toss it heedlessly to the ground where some innocent child or hungry goat may have found it? No matter. You'll find out when it's time for the big bang.

12 Secret Emergency Exits. Grimtooth's contract with the local volunteer fire department requires that additional exits be available for emergency use. However, the agreement did not state that he had to mark them! A skilled delver should be able to find the hidden pressure- plates which open these passages. [Note: The local fire company is a balrog bucket brigade. Most of the fires they fight for hire are ones they've set themselves!]

13 Bargain Oubliette. Don't overlook what's under this trapdoor. Down a short flight of slimy stone steps is a dank cellar showcasing items for the parsimonious shopper. These are the odd-ball traps and sale items that Grimtooth is clearing out at discount. Be careful of the phosphorescent fungus on the wall. It's extremely corrosive to unprotected skin.

14 Snack Bar. Who can resist a tasty corn-rat-on-a-stick? The Traps Bazaar snack bar can fill that void in your stomach (or force you to void your stomach) with its exotic culinary offerings. (Many of which can be found in the food section of Traps Ate) Spike the GrimDog is frequently seen here begging scraps. It's in your best interest to feed him, trust us ...

15 Flying Buffalo Booth/Restrooms. When Grimtooth's partners in publishing asked for "booth space" in Traps Bazaar, this wasn't exactly what they had in mind. But, wise folks that they are, they gladly accepted what the troll offered. So while you take care of any physical necessities, feel free to browse through the other fine Flying Buffalo merchandise.

16 Employee Break Room. This chamber in the back is reserved for Grimtooth's trusted employees. It contains the usual amenities including a firepit for cooking and a selection of illuminated manuscripts for those who can read (or those who just like the pretty pictures). There are some crates to sit on and one hammock slung in a corner.

17 Customer Service Desk. So you don't like that trap you bought, huh? Then take it up with the helpful fiends staffing this counter. They will cheerfully listen to your complaints. In fact, they usually get quite a giggle out of your hard-luck stories. Some unhappy complainers just don't have a sense of humor; that's why the Traps Bazaar staff positioned this desk in front of the back doors (i.e., employee escape routes).

18 Shipping and Receiving. You'll find packing crates, straw, nails, and a cheery selection of gift wrap in this back room everything needed to mail your purchases to points near and far. Depending on the size of your bribe, your merchandise will be promptly shipped or left to languish in a corner.

19 Plug. If you liked this description of Grimtooth's Traps Bazaar, then you'll like the books in the Catalyst MAPS series. Each book contains complete layouts of cities and exotic locations, as well as suggested adventure scenarios for use with any roleplaying system. Watch for Maps II: Lands of Legend in 1994.

The Basement

This is the map and description for the bargain basement and the secret area beyond the basement. Most adventurers never realize that this area even exists, but for the few brave souls who are nosy enough to snoop around, they may find some of my lesser known treasures. Feel free to connect this basement domain to my nearby Dungeon of Doom, or even to your own underground caverns.

1 The Bargain Oubliette. Down a short flight of slimy stone steps is a dank cellar showcasing oddball traps and sale items that are being cleared out at a discount. On the north wall is a secret door which leads to a dock and restrooms. The secret door can be located with an appropriate spell or by anyone who spends their free time looking for secret doors.

2 The Dock. This old wooden dock has well-used gondolas tied up to it on one side, with a stone wall and two doors on the other side. One door is marked "humans" and the other is marked "Others". Each door leads to restrooms that are set-up for large monsters or humanoids. The humans restroom has the OSHA toilet seat trap (see pg.) there is about a 1/10 chance of triggering it per use.

3 The Canals. This entire section of the basement is flooded to a level of about six feet. Grimtooth added gondolas and docks to make it easy to get around. On the east wall, is a cavern entrance formed by the dark water that runs through it. The cavern is high enough for a fully loaded gondola to enter the largely unexplored caverns that eventually reach the dock area in the Dungeon of Doom. (See #18 on the map on page 6 if you have Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom.)

4 Grimtooth's Root Cellar. A secret staircase leads here from the hidden hallway on the level above. This is where Grimtooth keeps a wall to floor collection of herbs, elixirs, medicines, and poisons which are stored in hundreds of bottles, all of which are labeled in code. If anyone takes anything from this room, a ghost who stays here will go and warn Grimtooth of an intruder.

5 Wine Cellar. There are several hundred bottles of wines & liquors that are stored here for Grimtooth's use. About 10% of the bottles are poisoned with an undetectable elixir that will cause bizarre changes (like giant ears, glow in the dark skin, or very fast growing hair) to anyone who drinks from these bottles. Only Grimtooth knows which ones are safe.

6 The Ships. These two ships, one a Galleon, the other a strange Chinese Junk were placed here at Grimtina's request. She likes boats, and thought it would be really cool if there were boats in a flooded basement. The staterooms in the ships are used as overnight rooms for visitors and a few select employees. Some small gems and gold pieces can be found in a few of the rooms. Left there by previous guests. Grimtina often hosts Tea and birthday parties on the upper deck.

It should be noted, that there are all manner of fresh water creatures living in the still waters, many of whom are always looking for a good meal, so try not to fall in. Electro-squids, small death sharks, mega-leeches are some of the most common to be found here.

7 The Courtyard "Lagoon". Can be found Just past the arch and under the large Bargain Basement sign is the dock area and series of buildings/rooms. See the illustration on page for a view of the ships and the arch. The wood docks are rather water rotted, so watch your step! Five doors lead into different rooms.

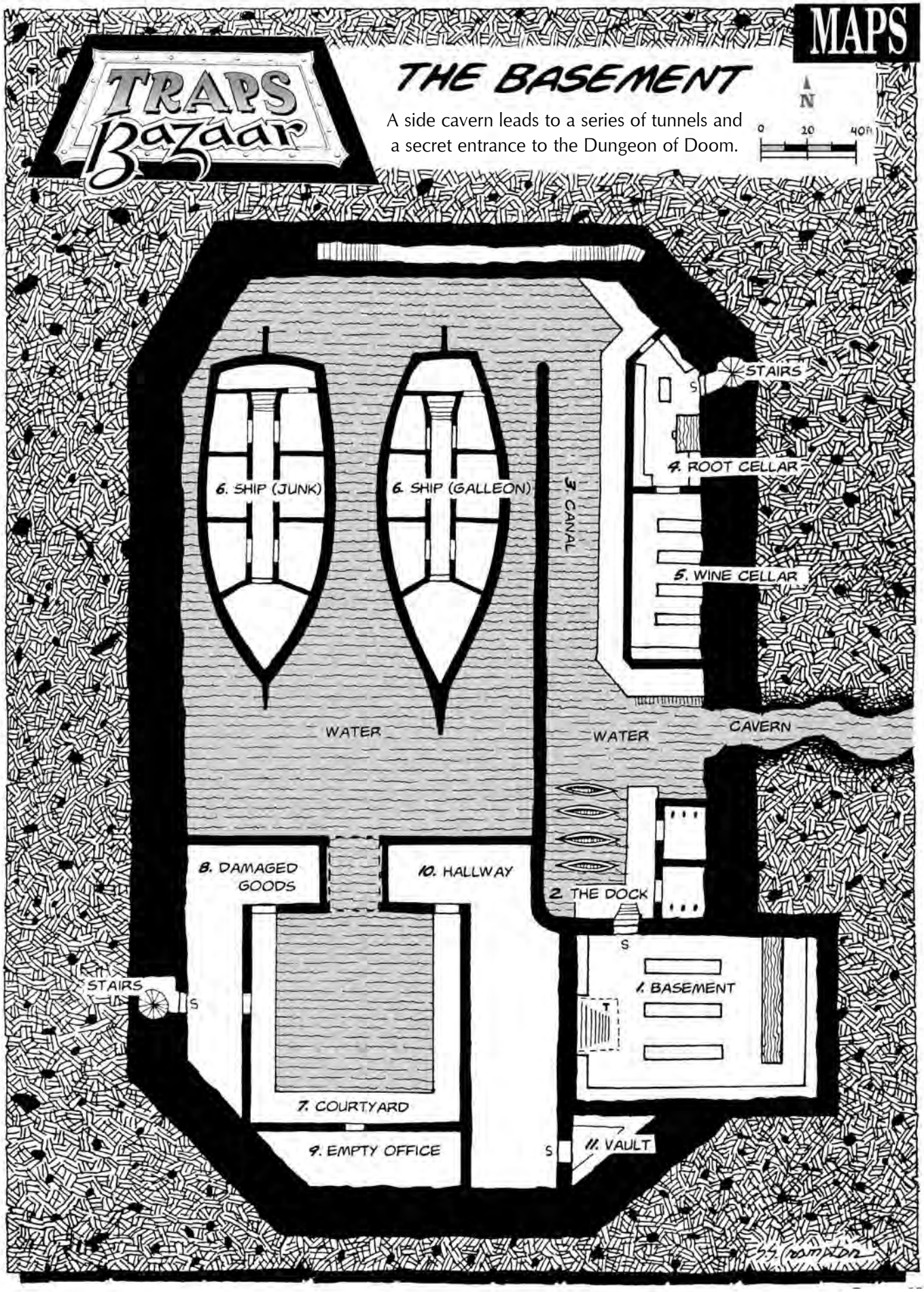
8 Damaged Goods Storage. All sorts of broken and damaged items are haphazardly stored here, with the idea that they might be one day repaired and used or sold. Amongst the piles of items one might find are broken magic swords, damaged armor, cracked magic crystals, and non-working technological devices. (There are lots of these!) On the west wall is a secret staircase that leads up the hidden hallway above.

9 Empty Workshop Once used as a repair shop for the damaged goods in room 8. Contains tools, some repair manuals and other equipment necessary for repairing various broken items. The room is in quite a disarray, so finding anything useful will take a little time. The goblin who worked here was banished to limbo when he spoke to Grimtooth in a surly manner. Grimtooth is currently looking for a new repairman with a more respectful demeanor. Applicants should apply at Grimtooth's Office upstairs.

10 Hallway of Infinite Corridors. This hallway of ebony columns is a trap left here by Grimtooth as a way to keep the curious away from the small vault he uses to store valuables and cash. The hallway itself is a magical loop that tricks the visitor into believing that they are walking for miles and passing hundreds of columns, when in fact they are walking past the same 30 corridors over and over. The magic works in any direction, unless you are trying to exit the hallway the way you came in.

11 The Vault. Grimtooth keeps some of the very useful and powerful items that Spike has found in the dungeons. The vault is locked with chains, a combination lock and is magically hidden. Inside, on the many shelves, can be found powerful magical weapons, healing potions a plasma rifle, a chainsaw and many different colored magical gems, and smaller technological items of an undetermined nature. These items are kept here because Grimtooth feels they are too useful for the average adventurer.




TRAPS Bazaar
THE BASEMENT
A side cavern leads to a series of tunnels and a secret entrance to the Dungeon of Doom.
N
0
20
40ft
STAIRS
S
4. ROOT CELLAR
6. SHIP (JUNK)
6. SHIP (GALLEON)
3. CANAL
5. WINE CELLAR
WATER
WATER
CAVERN
8. DAMAGED GOODS
10. HALLWAY
2. THE DOCK
S
STAIRS
S
1. BASEMENT
T
7. COURTYARD
9. EMPTY OFFICE
S
11. VAULT
CSS (compton)

Adventure Ideas

Upper Level

A The delvers are hired by an anonymous source to break into Traps Bazaar after hours and steal several specific traps. Will they get away with it, or come face to face with Grimtooth?

B GrimTina meets the delvers in a bar, and invites them to come to a private party in the bazaar. She shows them a good time. However, at the end of the night she locks them in the research lab with Groodni Grimgri, who begins his experiments ...

C Stranded in the wastelands, with no food or water, the party stumbles upon the Bazaar and must buy provisions. If the party doesn't have money, they might be hired on as stable hands, or as caretakers at the dog kennel or as misc. drudge workers inside the Bazaar. . . Unless they have special skills that might be useful to Grimtooth.

D A wizard who doesn't know much about Grimtooth, hires the party to go to the Bazaar and purchase the Wizard Alazo's Stick, The Wizard's Wireless and the Ever-Filled Wineskin. When all of the items backfire, the Wizard blames the party and takes out his wrath on them!

As an alternative to D, the wizard might hire the party to take the items back to the Bazaar for a full refund. (Good Luck!)

E Grimtooth spots the adventurers while they are in the Bazaar and decides that they might do nicely on a mission he has in mind. Grimtooth needs some unusual ingredients for a new elixir he is creating and offers the group a handsome reward if they can find him anything that belongs to a Drag-on Queen, a Merv Griffen or a Gallop Pole. Grimtooth doesn't know exactly where these can be found, but he will send the adventurers to a world where such things exist. They adventurers will end up in the real world! (At least until they find one of the requested items.)

Basement Level

A After finding the secret door to the rest of the basement, the party take a gondola and go exploring the caverns off to the east, running into strange creatures, and eventually ending up at the Dungeon of Doom, or if their lucky finding a way out of the caverns and into the daylight.

B The Adventurers find Grimtooth's wine cellar and sample a couple of bottles. One of the bottles is poisoned and changes anyone who drank from it into ugly goblins. An antidote is in the root cellar, but who knows which of the hundreds of bottles is the right one? Grimtooth will cure the group if they can either pay him enough or work for him for a while. (GM's discretion as to how long "a while is)

C While in the Root Cellar, the party finds the staircase that leads up to the hidden hallway on the upper level. This gives them access to anywhere in the Bazaar. The adventurers can either: 1) Go exploring and check out the Bazaar, 2) Sneak around via the hallway and cause all sorts of mayhem, until their caught, or 3) Try to impress Grimtooth by breaking into his office and announcing their presence.

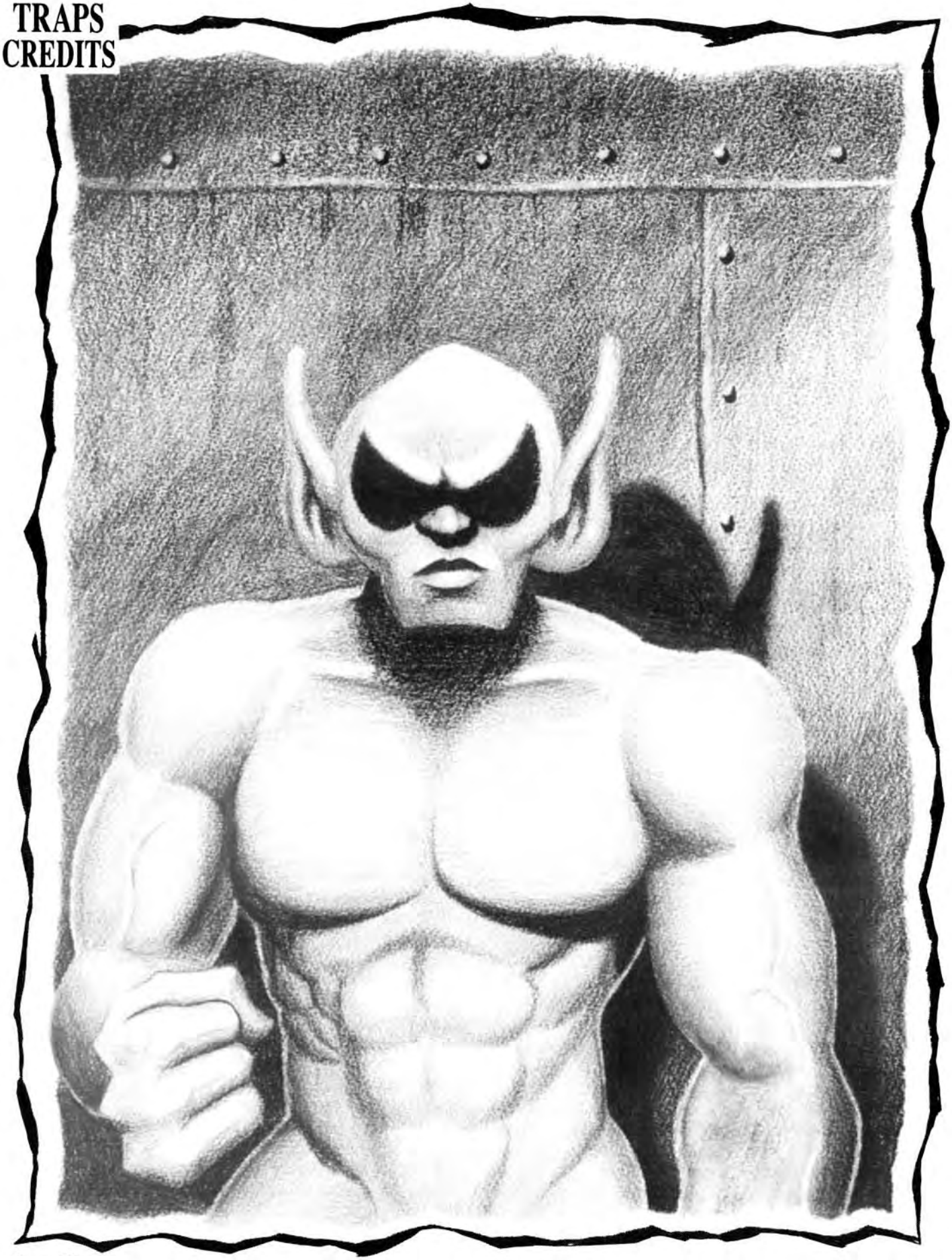
D While out in the wastelands, the party meet an old goblin who tells them how he had helped to build Grimtooth's Bazaar. For a price, he will tell them about the secret basement and the vault, which holds all sorts of valuable items. The goblin can even draw a crude map of the basement, although he doesn't know about the cavern on the east wall. Upon hearing this, any adventurers worth their salt will head for the Bazaar in search of the vault.

E One of the ships (the Galleon) in the basement once belonged to D'Estro the buccaneer. Hidden in the lower deck of the ship, amongst the ballast, is a large portion of D'Estro's treasure. The adventurers, hearing about the treasure, track the ship to Grimtina, who bought it at a tax auction. She had it magically transported to the basement, and has no idea that there is any treasure on board. With a little detective work, the party should at least hear rumors about ships being somewhere on the premises of the Bazaar, and will no doubt go there in search of the ship.

TRAPS ITEMIZED PRICE LIST

This list will give you an idea as to the value of all the items mentioned in Traps Bazaar. The price listed shows the value of that particular item, relative to the other listed items. In other words, if you use silver pieces in your campaign, you can make all the items cost that many silvers to purchase.
Feel free to adjust the prices to better fit your campaign world.

Jug of Wine Gas 2 (5)
Candy Barr 2 (5)
Das Bota 4 (7)
Acme Grenades 5 (10)
Beggar's Cup 5 (10)
Love Potion # Nein 8 (15)
Pan Pipe 8 (15)
Time Killer 10 (20)
Cuckoo Clock 10 (20)
Heart of Stone 20
Kaynar's Clothes 25
Barto's Purse 25
Air Snare 30
Feather Weight 30
Cleric Mordo's Pot 30
Bored Iguana 30
Walking Stick 30
Love Bota 30
Pompous Padlock 35
Blackbird Bar 40
How's This For A Laugh? 40
Ever-Filled Wine Skin 45
Butcher's Knife 45
Let Me Take Your Temperature 50
Feral Cradle 50
Panic Buttons 50
Pur-Lioned Letter 60
Little Boy Blue 60
Lucky Shovel 75
Fake Fur 75
Vampire Teeth 80
Six Pack of Bear 85
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Fish-o-matic 1,300
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Disaster Door Card 1,500
Boots of Bravado 1,600
Coin Collector's Nightmare 1,700
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Quicksilverware 1,900
Seven Leak Boots 2,000
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Taranwyn's Magic Lamp 2,200
Wizard Alazo's Stick 2,200
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Athenian Amphora 3,500
Bowling Balls of Boom 5,000
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Loupe-de-Loupe 5,000
Crumblers 6,000
Muncher 6,000
Snappers 6,000
Boots of Blinding Speed 6,200
Eggs Over Easy 6,500
Rubber Cement 7,000
Too Much Time On Your Hands 7,200
Genuine Quarterstaff 7,400
Suck-a-Bus 10,000



TB pg 72

"Really, all the credit belongs to ME!"



CREDITS



The Slave Labor Union suggested I recognize the feeble efforts of my hired help to boost their minimal self esteem and deflect attention from those untraceable shortages that keep showing up on their paychecks. So, in honor of my hard-working staff, I'm forced to dedicate this attractive plaque.

I'd also like to say a thing or two about these honorees. You have to be made of pretty strong stuff to remain in my employ for any length of time, especially with my penchant for testing out traps on the handiest warm body. Most of these guys are severely warped and twisted from years of loyal service. Should you ever meet one of them in a dark alley heed these words of warning:

James Walker, Charlotte Walker, and **Lisa Walker**: This tag team of trap enthusiasts has brought their own special family values to Traps Bazaar values like guile, deceit, and persecution. Without their leadership my humble establishment would be hard pressed to live up to its deadly reputation. In fact, even as we speak they serve as a shining example to us all, extorting money from customers to pay me for this effusive testimonial.

Steve Crompton: At first I felt flattered to serve as an artist's muse, in return for being immortalized in countless tomes of darkness, evil and treachery. Then I wised up and started charging him model's fees. He was more than happy to pay them, since without me he'd have no career at all. [Don't believe it! -ed.] I just better not find out that he's the one responsible for those insulting cartoons of me that turned up on the bathroom wall.

Debora Wykle: Meet the material girl of Traps Bazaar. She's the one who's always checking the books (and I have to admire that; even I don't know where some of those books have been!) and figuring out to the penny what I owe these clowns for their insignificant efforts. But hey. I'm a fair boss. As long as she can snitch the money from under my nose she's welcome to it. HeHeHe. I hope she has good insurance

Joseph Formichella: With his innocent face and smooth manner, Joe could sell depilatory to werewolves. Though I'm not one to fall for any old song and dance, I have to admit amusement at his creative excuses for why he needs a month off for Saint Smithin's Day or why the snack bar should be his personal office. He's worth his weight in brass at the customer service desk; no one can infuriate the shoppers better than Joe.

James "Bear" Peters: At least this one stays out of my way. He usually spends his time sharpening swords, polishing armor and laying traps in the parking lot. Don't ask him for any help. He'll just give you a cheerful grimace and deny all knowledge. Bear is notorious for waxing poetic about those "good old dark ages." Please don't encourage him.

Rusty Watrus: And he seemed like such a nice fellow when we first met... luckily I was not disappointed. Rusty's devious imagination has only begun to be tapped. I'm sure he'll provide me with plenty of devious traps in the future to keep the shelves of Traps Bazaar full.

Jason Sato: Years of mystic study with eastern trap masters have left their mark on this contributor. This edition of evil contains traps Jason devised while under the guidance of Kung Pao priests. That's about all I could get out of him before he sank into contemplation and levitated to the ceiling.

Wayne West: This guy gives conspicuous consumption a bad name. No trap in the bazaar is ever enough for him. He'll just look at it, shake his head, and disappear. Then a day or two later, he'll be back with an implement that's bigger, shinier, and costlier than anything I've got. Makes me want to slap him. And I have.

Scott Jackson: Somehow he got some artwork in this book. I've only met him once, but anyone who can paint the cover to a game called Nuclear Proliferation can't be all bad.

Rick Loomis: Not only the publisher of my books but submitted the OSHA traps. Believes that pinching pennies is a right, not a privilege. Goes to every game convention in the universe.

TRAPS BIOS
-NOTES-

Here's a list of who's to blame for what.



By Wayne West:
A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD, AND GAS, ACME GRENADES, BAIT OR CUT FISH, BLACKBIRD BAR, BOOTS OF BRAVADO, BOWLING BALLS OF DOOM, CANDY BARR, CUCKOO CLOCK, DVORAK STRIKES AGAIN! EXPLODING CART, FAST-FORWARDED TO DEATH, FISH-O-MATIC — IT SLICES! IT DICES! GAUNTLETS OF POWER , HEADPHONES OF DOOM, LOUPE-DE-LOOP, MOMITER, OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY BANK, PICK-KNICKER'S BASKET, PUR-LIONED LETTER, RADIO SCRAMBLERS, SIX-PACK OF BEAR, SUCK-A-BUS, THERE IS NOTHING WORSE IN LIFE THAN A BORED IGUANA, TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR HANDS, TRAVEL GUIDE OF WONDER, WHO'S SCRYING NOW?



By Debora Wykle:
AIR SNARE, BEGGAR'S CUP, BELLOWS, BUTCHER'S KNIFE, DEATH'S HEAD COMPASS, FAKE FUR, FERAL CRADLE, HE'S A NEW MAN, HEART OF STONE, HOLY PAGES, LET ME TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE, LITTLE BOY BLUE, LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE, MESMER EYES, MILES TO GO BEFORE YOU SLEEP, NEEDLE'S EYE, PAN PIPE, PANIC BUTTONS, PSI-TRACKED, QUICKSILVERWARE, RUBBER CEMENT, SWITCH PLATE, SYNTHESIZING SCIS-SORS, TERRIBLE TOP, TIME KILLER, WALKING STICK, WIZARD'S WIRELESS



By James Walker and Company:
ALCHEMICAL HOURGLASS, ATHENIAN AMPHORA, BARTO'S PURSE, CARPET BAG, COIN COLLECTOR'S NIGHTMARE, CROOK'S COBBLER, CRUMBLERS, EPHOS CLOAK, ETERNAL FLAME, KAYNAR'S CLOTHES, LIFE SAVERS, LUCKY SHOVEL, MIRRORS OF THE SOUL, MUNCHER, NIGHT LIGHT, POMPOUS PADLOCK, REMOTE CONCEAL, SNAPPERS, SOUL CAMERA, STICKY DARTS, TARANWN'S MAGIC LAMP, THE CLERIC MORDO'S POT, THE WIZARD ALAZO'S STICK, THIEF'S TOOLS, UNIVERSAL RESPIRATOR, VAMPIRE TEETH, VASE VITALE



By James "Bear" Peters:
BOOTS OF BLINDING SPEED, EVER-FILLED WINE SKIN, GET A GRIP GAUNTLET, THE BOOMERAXE: LAST PITCH EFFORT, THE BOOMERAXE: THE BIG BANG, THE GENUINE QUARTERSTAFF, THE GENUINE CROW BAR, THE SWORD OF MAGNETIC PERSONALITY



By Steve Crompton:
CAR-PET, EGGS OVER EASY, YELLOW PERIL, HALLWAY OF INFINITY, THE LOWER LEVEL

By Joseph Formichella:
CY-BEAR TRAP, DISASTER DOOR CARD, SEVEN LEAK BOOTS



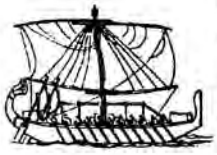
By Jason Sato:
DAS BOTA, FEATHER WEIGHT, LOVE POTION NUMBER NEIN, THE LOVE BOTA

By Rusty Watrus:
HOW'S THIS FOR A LAUGH? THE UMBRELLA OF KEVLAR



By Rick Loomis:
STEEL TOED BOOTS, EMERGENCY LIGHT, FIRE EXTINGUISHER, LAST STEP, EXIT SIGN, KNOT AN EXIT, TERRIBLE TOILET, THE OBVIOUSLY TRAPPED CHEST, SPINING ROOM

By Michael Stackpole:
Lecture: THE BIGGER THEY ARE... THE HARDER THEY FALL. (Originally published in Sorcerer's Apprentice #8)



By Anita:
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And special thanks to Tier3, Bill Kerr, Trolls R' Us, Evinrood, and the entire Sierra Girls Chior.

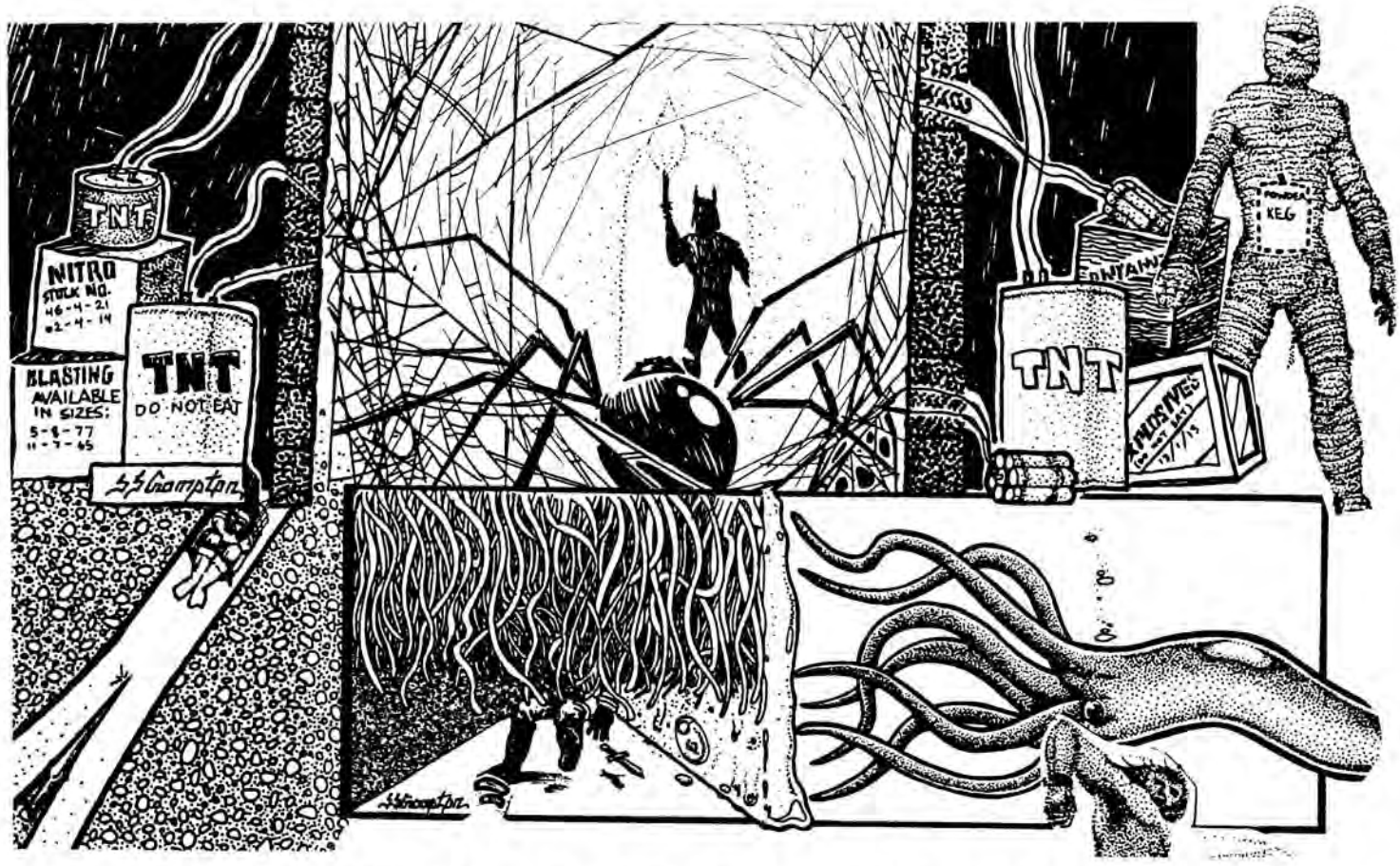
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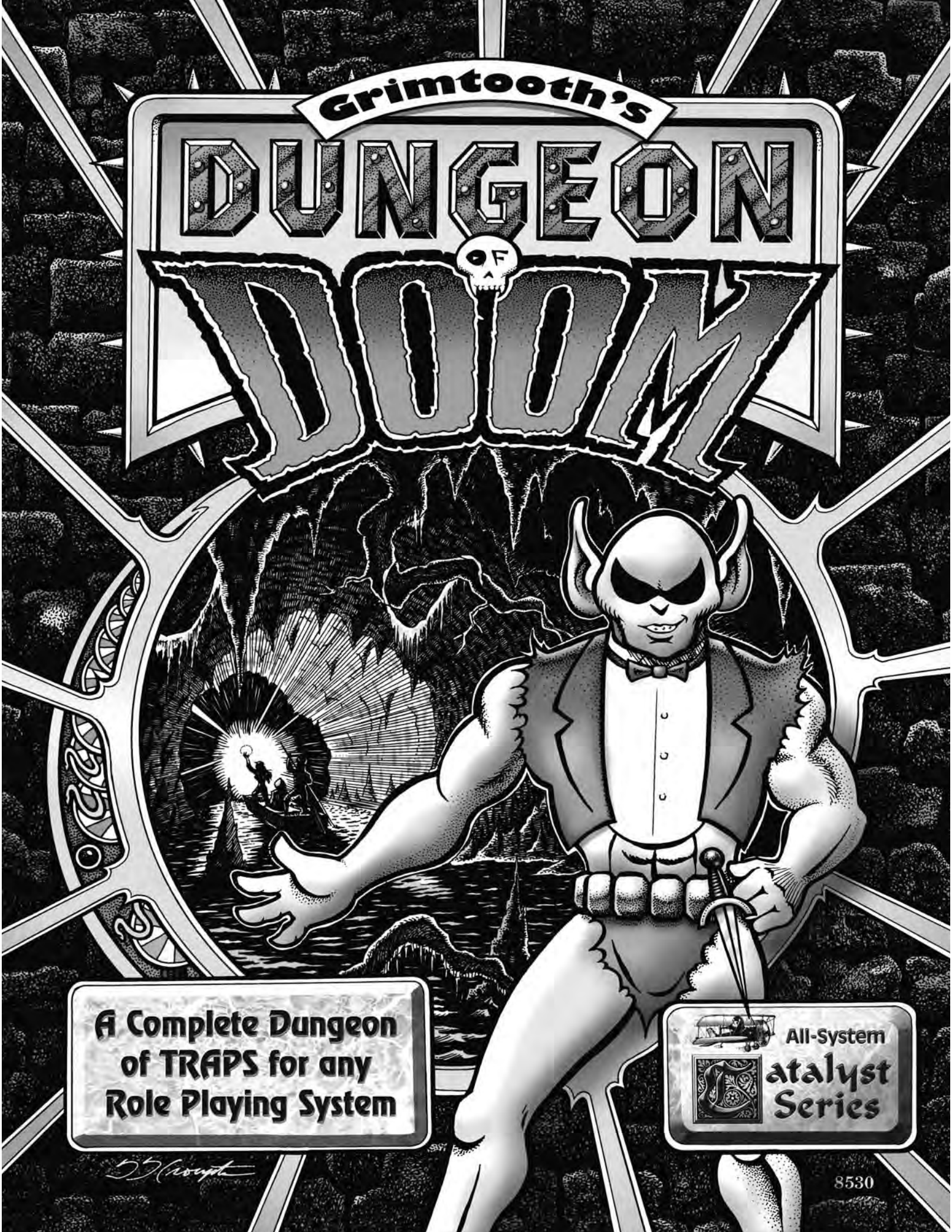
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TRAPS: Its what's for Breakfast...


Grimtooth's
DUNGEON OF DOOM
A Complete Dungeon of TRAPS for any Role Playing System
All-System Catalyst Series
8530



During the Kickstarter, Grimtooth let the pledgers vote on who he should skewer on his next update. A certain purple dinosaur "won" the honor at one point.

Grimtooth's DUNGEON OF DOOM

The ultimate character crunching, creature crippling Dungeon of TRAPS for use with any Role-Playing System.



Compiled by Jim "Bear" Peters
Illustrated by Steven S. Crompton



Produced by Flying Buffalo Inc.

Printed in USA
First Printing 1992

ATTENTION
The traps in this book are designed for game purposes only. Actual Construction of these traps might prove harmful, and such construction is strongly discouraged.



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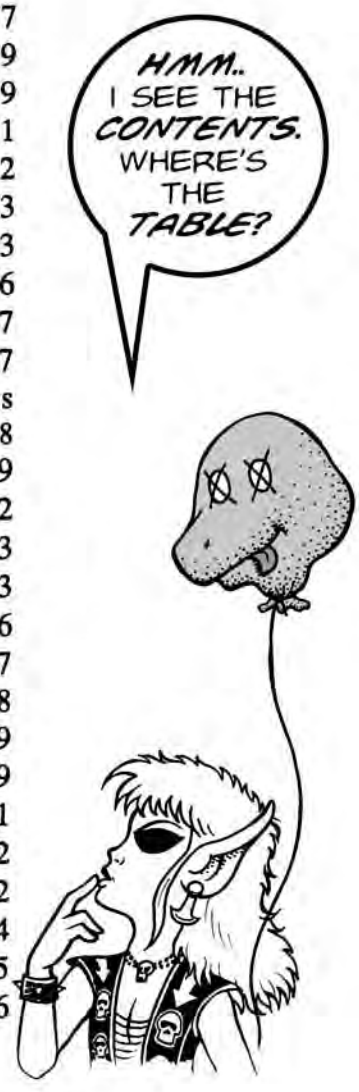
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GRIMTOOTH'S
DUNGEON OF DOOM
AKA The Tomb of EVINROOD the Water Wizard



Salutations, fellow character crunching, creation compacting, creature crippling, cognoscenti of chaos. It is time once again to enter that entertaining world of mind boggling mayhem that makes the operation and maintenance of dungeons such an attractive career. Come with me once more into the world of traps!

Over the last fifth of a century I've been been scouring the known (and to a degree unknown) world to supply you with individual traps. Each has been attractive in it's own charmingly gruesome way. They have, however, been like a double handful of unset gem stones. They flash with brilliance, but they are alone; isolated from the striking settings that will enhance their natural diabolical luster.

In previous tomes you have come to enjoy the thrill of knowing in advance just what cleverness the hapless boobs that blunder into your arrays of my devices of doom will need just to survive. But in the end you have had to fall back on the usual run-of-the-mill cast of monsters, orcs, golems, and such like less clever, and more fallible minions. This will change.

After years of globe trotting for your edification and delight I have finally unearthed (literally) a true gem. Yes, after all this time of serving you tidbits piecemeal I now can offer you a feast. Built from the ground up, a dungeon consisting entirely of TRAPS!

Once characters enter here they will be thrown back on that one resource that you and I know they possess in shortest supply: their wits. Rest assured you can use each trap and mechanism separately to punch up the sagging "kill ratio" of your local family maze or warren, but for the first time ever you will now have access to a true TRAPS DUNGEON, that in and of itself is complete and fully functional.

As I am eager to begin, let me just step aside and bid you enter into the wonderful world of the Ancient Wizard Evinrood, and his intricate Tomb.

SOME BACKGROUND...

The search for the perfect traps dungeon is rooted in antiquity. It involves a duel between two of the greatest wizards of their time. A time so long ago that all records have been lost. Until now. (If we kept records on something other than vellum scrolls and other such primitive materials we would probably find out that the " a time lost in antiquity' is in reality something like two or three hundred years ago.)

On a cliff overlooking the sea, I discovered (with very little help) a great Capstone. Upon closer inspection it was found to be covered with an inscription. The letters that made up the message were so faded that it was only with great care that the legend was deciphered.

It read as follows:

This was the Final resting place of Evinrood the Water Wizard. He did battle with Selgolub the Master of Deamons in the year of the Bitter Wyvern. He failed to over throw Selgolub and was Accursed. Herein lies the master Wizard; Savior of Karthaki, friend of the dwarves, and kobolds, Master of the Elements. Here too lies his greatest treasure. Disturb this slumber at your peril.

After prolonged research more was found about the legendary Evinrood by consulting an archivist sorcerer who's specialty is restoring ancient records. (This is a wizard who spends his time restoring old scrolls hoping one will contain a map to some old castle site, dungeon, or tomb. These he sells to hapless fools through a "broker". This is considerably safer than exploring them himself.)

It seems Evinrood's chief claim to fame was a feat of conjuration he performed at the behest of Shillary Lockwood, Chateline Of Karthaki. (As with all wizards it was more than likely a large "gold" behest.) During the third year of the Reign of Terror, brought on by the Death Empress of Khazan, attacks into the reign around Karthaki were rife. Evinrood destroyed one such expeditionary force out of Kharkadan. He used his control of the earth elementals, and the aid of the dwarves and kobolds to drive the horde to the banks of the river Dajja. There on the banks of the river he summoned a myriad of water elementals. The attacking horde was dragged into the river and consumed by the elemental force. Thus ended the Battle of Three Plains. (The archivist/wizard will gladly sell you a map to the site for a "small fee, so good luck, you'll need it.")

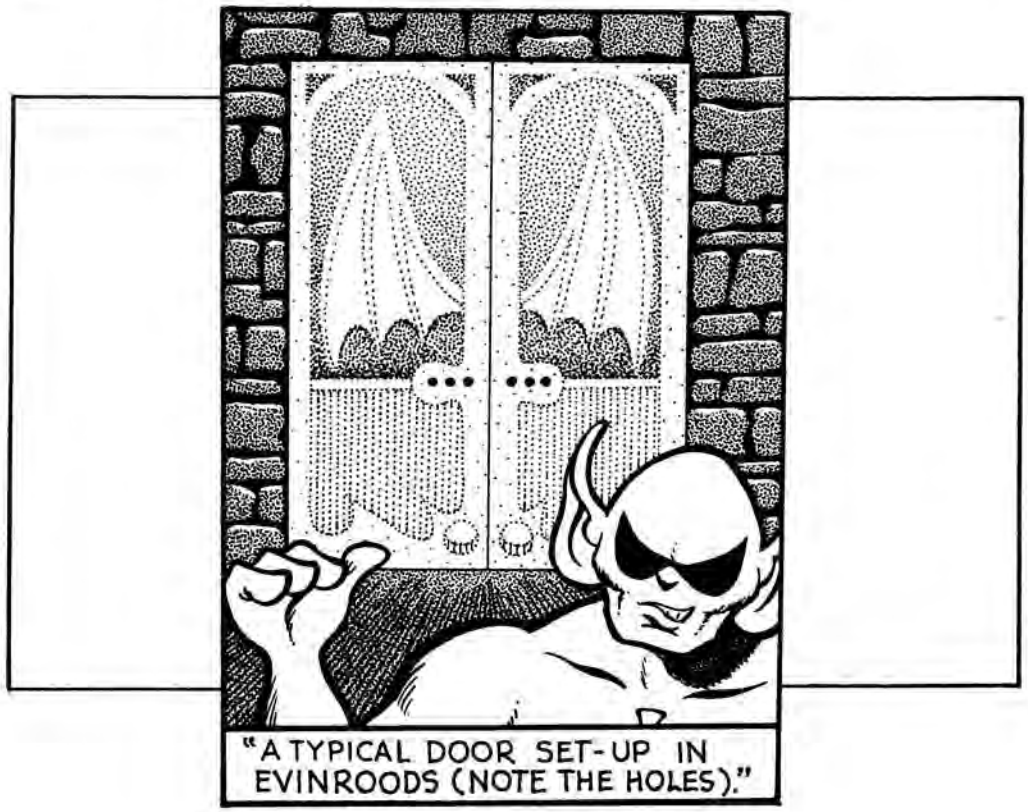


MECHANICS:

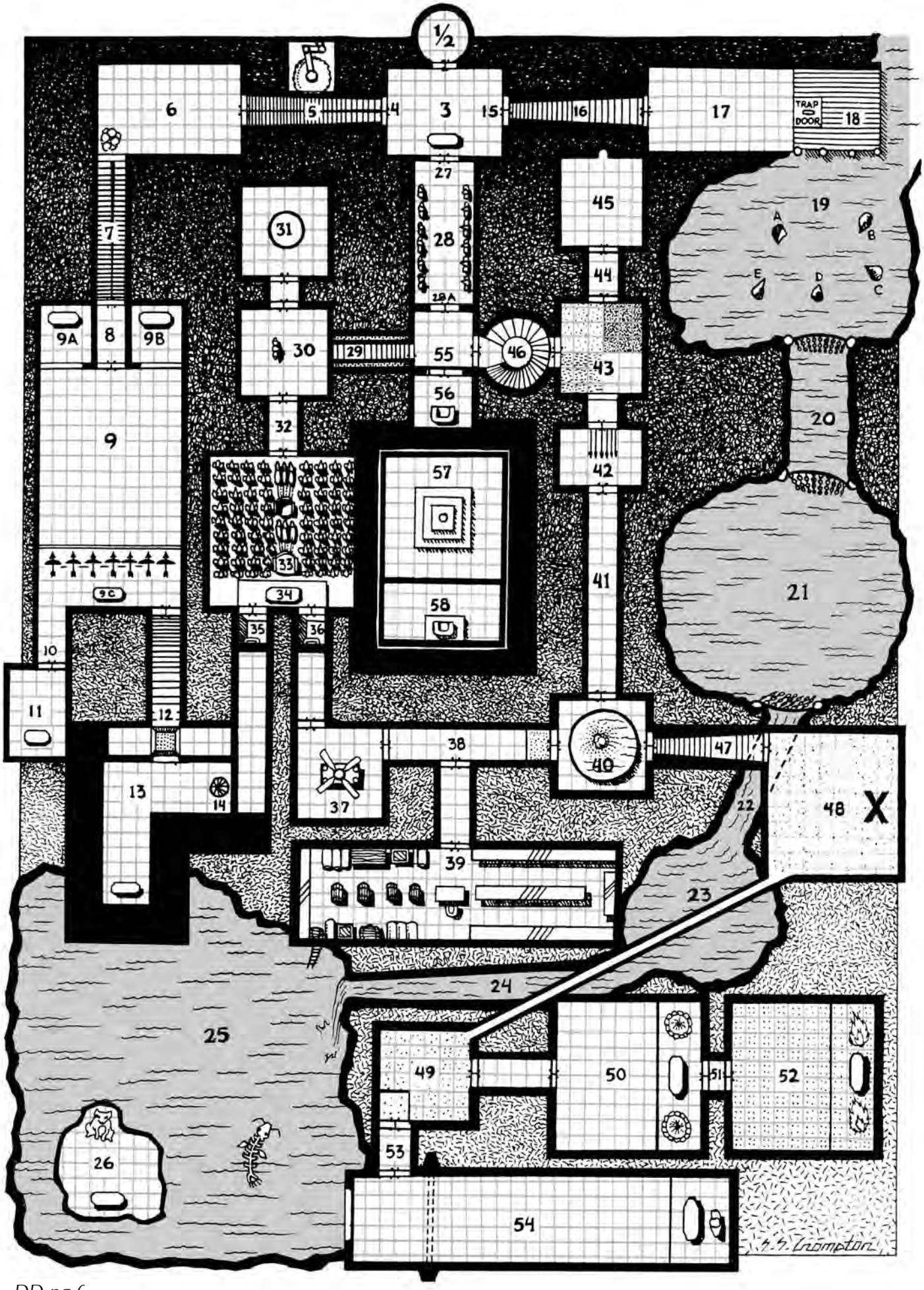
In this book, there will be many comments about the likelihood (usually given in both percentages and Level - e.g. 10% (L1) chance of making it across the pit) of success or failure. The percent chance is a straightforward and generic way to determine the odds. You, as the gamemaster, can either use it directly by rolling a 100-sided Zocchihedron or two 10-sided dice, or you can use the numbers to come up with whatever "saving throw" fits into your own game system. Naturally this is modified by any bonuses that a player has for that particular activity. The level number is just another comparison of the difficulty of an action.
Level 1 means anyone but a raw beginning character should have little trouble with this.
Level 2 means that beginners should experience a serious risk of failure, and even experienced characters should have a chance to miss.
Level 3 is seriously dangerous to beginning characters, experienced characters should be a little nervous, and even mega-characters should have at least a possibility of missing.
Level 4 should be almost out of the question for beginners, dangerous to experienced characters, and somewhat dangerous to the mega-characters.
And so on. Remember in all cases, that although Grimtooth has set this adventure up for you, YOU are now the gamemaster and can adjust things as you think best.

There are also references to the amount of damage that occurs, listed as the number of D6 (the universal six sided die) that could be rolled to determine the number of hits to be taken off of however many hits it takes to kill the characters. If this is not appropriate for your game system, you can come up with your own numbers for one of these, and then use these numbers for comparison.

We have also included a chart in the back of this book listing some suggested numbers for several game systems. These numbers are not authorized by any particular company, but have merely been suggested by one of our playtesters.



"A TYPICAL DOOR SET-UP IN EVINROODS (NOTE THE HOLES)."


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TRAP DOOR
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S.S. Crompton

The Entrance:

Evinrood has the treasure, and the Delvers get the shaft.

The entrance to the Tomb of Evinrood is located on a grim, dark moor overlooking the sea. Soaring sea birds seem to cry his lament, as well as a forlorn warning to the advancing party of delvers.

The actual location is marked by a large graven capstone set almost flush to the ground, in a collar ring of stone work. On the surface of the capstone is a message, carved so long ago that the letters have faded almost to illegibility. With care the carving becomes clear:

This is the last resting place of EVINROOD the Water Wizard
He did battle with Selgolub the Master of Daemons
In the year of the Bitter Wyvern, Sixth year of the Reign of the Death Empress
He failed to overthrow the daemon lord and was Accursed
EVINROOD, Savior of Karthaki, friend of the dwarves, and kobolds
MASTER OF THE ELEMENTS THEMSELVES
Rests herein with his great treasure disturb them at your peril



If the promise of treasure and what is clearly an undisturbed Tomb complex doesn't inspire your prospective victims they are in the wrong line of work. So it is without further ado I submit for your approval the first trap. (Being as it is, before the party actually enters the Tomb, this will serve to separate the sheep from the goats in any party of delvers.)

Trap #1: "When I do this I Get this tingling sensation!"

The capstone is 10 feet in diameter. It is set tightly enough into the stone collar that it is just possible to insert a crowbar, or such like implement of destruction into the gap around the edge. (Note: If the party is foolish enough to use sword points they have a 10% chance of breaking their weapons. (L1)) With suitable grunts and groans they will be able to pry the stone up high enough out of the stone collar to grasp the edge. With the applied strength equal to that of 8 average men they should be able to move the stone aside.

If they try to peek in around the stone before they attempt to move it the darkness will not permit them to see any great detail. That is unless they lift the stone high enough which will, of course, set off the trap.

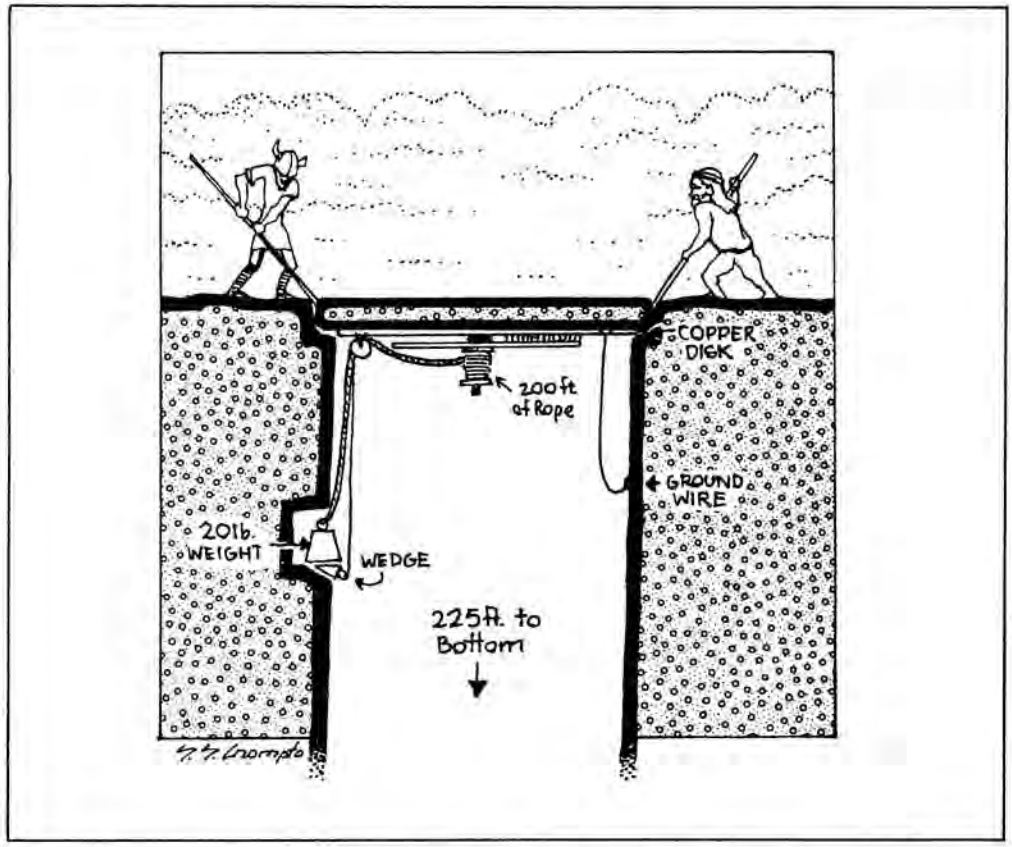
As the party lifts the capstone clear they will be treated to one of the cleverest non-magical "Zap" traps available.

The underside of the capstone is covered with a thin layer of copper plate. This plating goes all the way to the edge. If the stone is lifted by hand it will be impossible to do so without touching this copper plate.

In the center of the underside of the capstone is an axle on which is mounted a 5 foot copper-coated lodestone disk in such a way that it will spin freely. (Don't ask me wherehe got a lodestone - at least it is non-magic.) Out from the axle is fixed a long thin copper brush making a radius of the copper disk and just touching it. Wound around the axle is 200 feet of a fine elfish rope that is resistant to the ravages of time. This rope passes over a pulley also mounted on the bottom of the capstone, and thence on to a 20 pound stone weight set in an alcove carved 4 feet below the lip of the stone collar. Also fastened to the same peg as the pulley is a thin piece of thread which runs with very little slack to a ring bolt set in a tiny wedge that prevents the 20 pound weight from falling into the long dark shaft below. (See illustration.) There is one last little item, fastened to the bottom of the capstone. On the opposite side from

the pulley there is, fastened by a copper pin, a thin copper thread. This thread trails into the depths about 7 feet where it is fastened to the wall with a copper peg, this is the "ground" wire!

When the hapless party lifts the stone, the wedge is pulled free allowing the 20 pound stone to plummet into the abyss. This turns the copper disk at a fairly good clip against the brush on the capstone's copper plated bottom. A static electric spark of fair proportions will be generated and short out through the fingers of the delvers! The charge should be fatal to any character with a below average constitution, or any one with a heart condition. (Right! A delver with a heart condition, be still my beating heart!) It should knock those with average constitutions on their kiesters. Those who are stout of heart, and great of wind and limb might just hang on despite the jolt of electricity, but remember there is a 20 pound stone dropping 200 feet involved here, the jerk as it hits should cause even the greatest "hero" to loose his grip and drop the capstone.



(Note: Leather gloves will mitigate the effect of the charge, metal gauntlets will have the exact opposite effect, and remember the jerk of the stone at the end.)

The beauty of this is that the stone is now harmless, but the party need not know this. They can be presented with this as a sign that the power of Evinrood reaches beyond the grave.

I'd rate this babe at Two Skulls, but the potential comic value is great.

The second trap is located at the bottom of the shaft. The party will be taken somewhat aback by the capstone trap, after they have plucked up enough courage to finally displace the capstone they will be confronted by a deep, dark, seemingly bottomless shaft opening into the ground. If they have any wits at all they will find at their disposal a 200 foot length of elfish rope (very strong, light, and obviously not subject to the ravages of time.) Keep in mind there is a 20 pound weight fastened to the end. The first thing the party is likely to do is drop the stone sans rope into the abyss. If they do or drop such other items as they choose they will, after a brief pause, hear a splash. A descent will be necessary.

At this point it is important to remind you, my cohort in chaos, that this Tomb is not lighted in any fashion. It behooves you to make sure the delvers are aware of this fact. Even with the light of lamps or torches it will be dim in most circumstances. Even at the bottom of a shaft open to the sun there is precious little light 225 feet down! Don't let the party take

it for granted there is "enough light" from "other sources" to see by. Some member of the party will have to be carrying a torch, lamp, or providing some kind of magical "witch light". Remind them frequently, the reasons for this will be clear at a number of points.

Trap #2: "Some bottomless pits are deeper than others."

If the party can come up with 225 feet of rope they can move on to the next part of this torturous endeavour. (Keep in mind if they use the elven rope they will be 25 feet short and will have to climb back up the rope to get more, and then back down again.)

The "bottom" of the shaft is filled to a depth of 4 feet with water, this despite the fact that the capstone was very tight, and the shaft coming down showed no obvious leaks. As the intrepid delver on the end of the rope reaches the bottom he will be confronted with a set of two 5 foot wide 10 foot tall, graven stone doors, half submerged under the water. They are inset into the wall. If he is able to sense magic he will note a low level spell on them, if not he will note they are locked somehow so that his strength is unequal to the task of opening them. A magic user with a skill sufficient to open a locked door will have to come down and help out. With any luck the mage will come down the same way as everyone else...head first!

The trap is operated by the unlocking of the doors, which are in fact just two stone slabs carved by dwarvish craftsmen into the wall of the shaft. The lock in reality holds the floor of the shaft in place. When the unlocking spell is performed, a latch is released which permits the thin stone covered metal plate that is the floor to plummet into the depths a further 75 feet down!



This trap is rated at Two Skulls. A high level wizard might be able to fly, or levitate himself out of danger. Furthermore a delver with foresight enough to tie himself with the rope will only drop a short way and bump his nose on the wall of the shaft. There is insufficient carving on the doors to grasp. There is a 30% chance a delver might save himself by grabbing the dangling rope. (L3)

The final descent of 300 feet overall, or an additional 75 feet from Trap 2, will bring the party to a rubble filled bottom with the same 4 feet of water in it. (Not to mention the corpses of those who fell victim to the previous trap.). They will again be confronting a 5 foot wide 10 foot high set of dwarvish crafted doors which radiate a low level of magic.

There should be a fair amount of consternation among the delvers when they find themselves in the same position as at the doors above. This will result in a number of precautions being taken, which when the magic is employed to "unlock" the doors again will prove needless.

The doors will open into a room 40 feet wide and 30 feet deep. The water from the shaft will spill out over the floor. The walls are covered with stucco and painted with a variety of the scenes of Evinrood's greatest successes. Not more than 6 feet from the wall opposite the entrance is a raised stone pedestal, upon which rests, undisturbed an ornately carved coffin of pale stone. The designs on its surface are geometrical only, not scenes.

At this point it is only fair to tell any magic users they sense an uncomfortable "background magic" in this room. This will continue through out the dungeon. It is not enough to impair their ability to sense magic or operate in any way, but it is there. It is analogous to turning on a light in a room that is brightly lit by sunlight, it doesn't add measurably to the ambient light in the room, but it is there. This is the maintenance spell, set by Evinrood to keep the daemons which the curse sent to claim him at bay.

Above the coffin is a roundel also painted on the stucco. In it the first character who enters sees what is clearly the images of him or herself dying in a number of hideous fashions! The images will change as a new character enters the Tomb. They each will see the images of themselves dying in a variety of different ways. This is a great opportunity to apply psychological pressure on the delvers. The images can show a character transfixed with arrows, ground into hamburger, sliced into convenient bits, drowning, burning, or in the grasp of dimly defined creatures who are ripping him apart. Limit yourself to trap results actually available in the Tomb. Furthermore if one or more characters have already died in the first two traps show their images too after everyone else has entered, but their image will be as the

party saw them at the point of their demise. This will serve to further reinforce the point. If you link the traps available and the delvers you may eventually actually match up a victim to a trap. At that point you can recall the image to the minds of the party. Or better still when the party enters the environs of a given trap you can indicate that this looks like an area remembered from the images this will serve to make party members hesitant to rush headlong into a "foredoomed" situation.

Trap #3: "...And You Thought This Was Going To Be Easy."

The coffin itself is carved so deep that a cursory examination will not reveal the trap that it contains. The coffin is 9 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4 feet high. It is topped by a heavy stone lid that must be lifted to gain entrance to the coffin. It is also enchanted with a high level (L13) spell that negates certain types of magic. Prolonged experimentation will show the negated spells to be spells of detection, and that it has a radius of 5 feet in all directions from the coffin.

Within the coffin there is a concealed blade, 2 feet up from the base of the pedestal. The blade is concealed by the intricate carving on the sides. The blade is 3 and 1/2 feet long and pinned in the center of the coffin on an axle. It is spring loaded so that when the lid is lifted it will swing free through an arc if unimpeded by a very stout object. (Hint: a leg, neck, arm or fleshy what have you will not even slow it down. Armour, if it is of less than excellent quality may be insufficient. (An indestructible wizard's staff, or very stout sword blade would be fine brakes for our little slicer.)

What the party hears as the blade swings through it's arc back into the opposite side of it's grove is a "click". This is what makes this trap so appealing: inside the coffin is another spring set to go off again if the lid is lifted.

The chief failing of this trap is that it only attacks the front of the coffin. A human should receive severe cuts to his legs while a dwarf might be beheaded! Assess hits and damage accordingly, keeping in mind you will want to know where every one is standing, and how tall they are.



I'd rate this trap at two skulls; one for the second swing of the blade unless the party is cripplingly stupid!

Inside the sarcophagus are the springs for launching the blade, and a suitable collection of dust.

(To some this dungeon will seem to lack treasure but a canny delving party with brains bigger than walnuts will recognize various articles as having significant value. The entrance trap yielded the elfish rope and several pounds of copper, while the coffin will yield the party a very serviceable sword blade, and two stout springs, items that are both difficult and expensive to manufacture in any quasimedieval world. If they can't broker these to a smith or wizard on their journeys they aren't half trying. Keep an eye out for other "intrinsic" treasures, and keep in mind if the party doesn't pick up on them it is their loss!)

One last note: on the surface of the coffin facing the wall opposite the entrance is a small irregularity in the patterns. This irregularity when pressed will open the double doors concealed behind the stucco on this wall. The deviation in pattern will require a dedicated search to detect. Keep in mind that these doors cannot be revealed magically due to the magic on the coffin which inhibits spells of detection.

At this point the party will be left with a room that seemingly has no exits. Spells of detection on the walls to the right or left will reveal the presence of doors behind the stucco and frescos. Obviously acts of random violence will also reveal the presence of stonework behind the plaster so they can be detected manually by chipping off the stucco.

Trap #4: "Ye Olde Digit Dicer."

Once the doors have been discovered, and the plaster removed to reveal their size, (10 feet tall and 5 feet wide doubled as with the entrance.), one other thing will be apparent: there are three finger-sized holes about waist high on the right hand door. This will seem clearly an unlocking or drawing open mechanism.

Keeping in mind the doors can be unlocked magically with no harm to anyone, a non-magic user may choose to insert a finger, or three fingers into these holes. In this case the center one will depress a mechanism that unlocks the door. The other two will depress mechanisms that release small steel blades that will slice off fingers that are not armoured. (Leather will not help; they must have bronze, or steel gauntlets.) This trap is a toss in, just to keep the party on it's toes. The series will be repeated on every door unless otherwise indicated, but the "correct" finger hole will vary. (I think Evinrood must have gotten a quantity discount on these.) I rate it at One skull dropping to zero unless the party is very, very dim. Any finger sized object may be used to unlock the door, metal being preferred if you wish to keep the device used intact.



SIDEVIEW

The doors in either case swing inward revealing a pair of stair cases. The one on the right leading down while the one on the left leads up. The stairs are 50 feet in length,rising or descending 50 feet to similar sets of double doors. There is no landing, the stairs stop flush to the doors.

If the party elects to explore the one to the right continue on to the next chapter, RIGHT FACE! If the party presses on to the left, page ahead to the chapter entitled LEFTWARD HO! And if by some chance the party has found the entrance behind the coffin then page on to the chapter entitled THE PATH LESS TRAVELED!

RIGHT FACE!

Trap #5: "Just When You Thought It Was Safe..."

The stairs are a trap: any delver who can't figure this out deserves the old "step on the stairs and have them turn into a slide" bit. This is exactly what happens when the first weight of any substantial amount is placed on the upper surface of any of the steps. (Yes, I know this is so old the dinosaurs stopped laughing at it, but just wait.)

After the first "victim" (or what ever "weight" that was used to trip the "trap") reaches the doors at the bottom the "real" trap will be set. The weight of the first slidee will depress the end portion of the slide. This activates a second pressure plate in the center of the slide. When the next member of the party attempts to descend the slide, either by sliding (which is to be wished) or rappelling down on a rope, he will depress this plate, releasing a spinning disk of metal on a moving arm from the right hand wall 2 and 1/2 feet above the surface of the slide.



STAIR TURNS INTO SLIDE...



SPINNING BLADE BUSTS WALL!

Inside the wall is an hydraulically driven piston (see sketch) that presses against a shaft that has the metal disk mounted to it by an axle pin through it's center point. Around the axle is wound a short stout rope fastened to the stone wall at the back of gallery. As the shaft advances the rope unwinds imparting a spin to the metal wheel. The wheel, 20 feet in diameter, is pushed through the stucco into the corridor. Spinning merrily it should cut through anyone in it's path. There is a 30% chance a character might be able to lay prone out of its way (L3).



This trap is rated at 3 skulls for surprise and lethality. (A case could be made for having the blade dig into the opposite wall and stop short of hitting all the space 20 feet up and down the stair/slide way so it is not 100% efficient. Unfortunately!)

Once this trap has been tripped the corridor is safe enough if the party avoids the blade. It will be very difficult to loot this trap as the blade is very large and of an inferior grade of metal, sharp but brittle.

At the bottom we come to the doors, with their three holes again. This time the hole on the right is safe, just in case the party has gotten careless or cocky.

Trap #6: "The Sand Gets In Your Eyes."

Once you have bested the door you enter a room 20 feet wide by 50 feet long by 10 feet tall. Like the entry room the walls are covered with frescos. In this room there is a slight difference, the coffin is missing and in the far left corner is a small stack of dust covered sacks. The cloth is old and time worn so that some of the contents can be seen from the entrance. There is the fatal yellow glint of gold!

By now it should be clear to even the densest of your hapless victims that Evinrood "...vants to be alone...", but the lure of gold is a powerful magnet for the average delver. Given time they will enter the room.

If the party enters the room in a mass without taking precautions, by the time they reach a point 40 feet from the door they will activate a rocker panel in the floor that will cause the door to close. (The rocker panel is a slab 5 feet wide that stretches across the tomb from one wall to the other. It is balanced on a simple 1/8 th. of an inch "ridge" in the floor running the width of the room. When stepped on this switch will descend with an audible "click" to the side the delver has stepped on and thus activate whatever device is described, in this case a door closer, and a locking device.)

There will be a moment of tension as the party braces for the worst. You can even expect some frantic efforts to reopen the door. Let them try: the finger holes on this side will be in a different order than on the opposite side of the door, and if they rush they could do themselves a great disservice. What they will find in the end is that the door will reopen easily, but every time someone steps on the rocker panel the door will close and lock again. They may give up in frustration, or they may leave something or someone blocking the door. In any event there is little else that will happen dealing with the door. This is all a ruse to lull the party into falling into the actual trap!

Upon close inspection the bags will be exactly what they seem. Old, time decayed canvas bags, leaking fine piles of gold dust from a number of burst seams. There are no obvious strings attached, the bags will be sitting there free for the taking. There is no magic on the bags.

With even the most cautious bunch someone will eventually attempt to move the bags. It is at this point that the fun begins. First the tripping mechanism is operated by the lifting of even one of the bags. They are resting on a pressure plate, the weight of even one of them being removed will cause the panel in the center of the room to open.

From the center of the ceiling will drop an Air Elemental. Along with the elemental this panel will release a room full of sand which is also stored in the chamber above. This chamber is 20 feet wide, by 20 feet deep, and 35 feet in height. The elemental has been entombed there for centuries, and is measurably upset. It will attack the party in the only fashion open to it. By swirling the sand that is falling, and coincidentally the gold dust from the relatively fragile bags, into their faces, and against exposed skin surfaces. This attack will have little but nuisance value and is no real threat to the delvers, but you don't have to tell them

that. They will attempt to counter attack but unless they have enchanted weapons or attack with magic spells they will have little effect. (Magically the elemental is fairly formidable and should not be dismissed by a simple spell or low level dispersal. The object being to divert even a powerful wizard for a few moments.)

The chief purpose of the elemental is to disburse the gold dust all about the room, and primarily to blind the party with a mini-sandstorm, while the room fills with sand!

I rate this room at only two skulls, because it is not primarily lethal (unless some delving ditz happens to be standing under the panel when it opens and gets several tons of sand on his head!) The party can ignore the elemental and make a break for the exit across the room, but the entrance door should be blocked with piled sand in a very short time. The delvers may be able to thrash their way through the sand heap but only with considerable hard labor, a word that is seldom used to describe the goals of the average delver.



They also could rightly conclude that there is an exit in this corner and actively seek it. There is a door behind the stucco in this corner, (see map) with the ever present finger trap. This door can be found by revelation magic, or actively chipping at the stucco. (If you are one of these weak-kneed dungeon masters, who is averse to weeding out the weak and feeble among the delving parties, you could have some of the stucco flaked off over time, "revealing" the exit to even the densest of delvers.)

In any event the party will almost certainly have lost the gold dust. If they go back into the entrance chamber, return to the options there. If they press on then they will find themselves in the clutches of the next trap.

Trap #7: "You Bring These Things On Yourself."

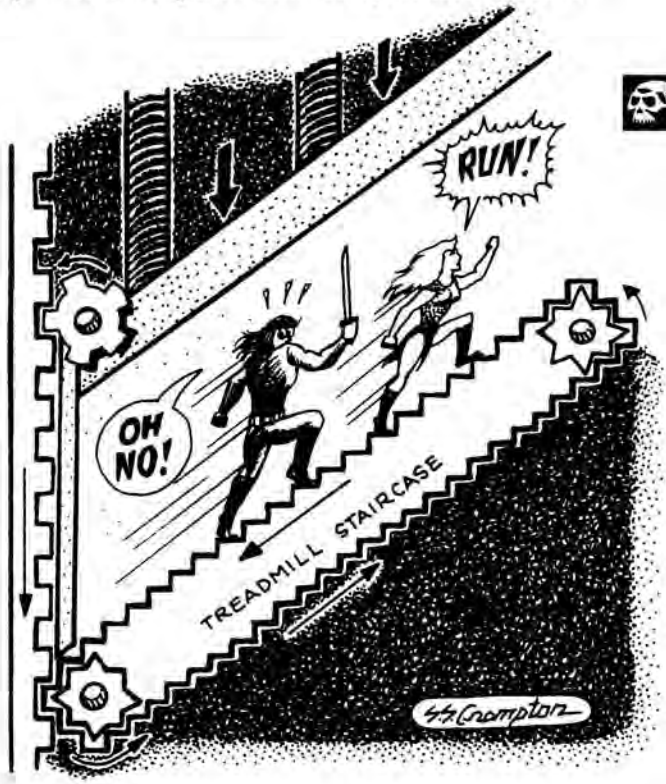
As the party exits Trap #6 they will find themselves at the head of a stair, 50 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 15 feet tall, leading down.

The stair is plated with metal, and the edges of each step are very sharp angles. The stairs are not dangerous if the party steps carefully. This trap is released by any of the steps in the last 10 feet of the stairway. Once pressure is put on any of these surfaces the entire stair is released, and begins at once to act like a giant treadmill. The weight of the delvers will force it down, and their natural instinct will be to back up. This is reinforced by the fact that there is a blank wall at the bottom of the stair and the sharpened stair edges are slipping under it at an ever increasing pace. The moving stair will act like a giant rotary cheese slicer if anyone stops at the bottom and can't climb the wall. Even if they can, what is the alternative to the entire party stacking up at the bottom? The most likely result will be the party attempting to run back up the stair at a pretty good clip. This will buy them some time, but not as much as they think.



As the pace increases the party will begin to notice that the ceiling seems to be getting closer. The stairway/treadmill is attached to a mechanism in the wall that drives a huge gear which in turn lowers the ceiling.

I rate this puppy at three skulls. There are only good results that can be anticipated here for the aspirant trap master. Either the entire party is thinly sliced for convenient serving, or they are mashed to a pulp by the ceiling. If they by some magical method reach the top they are trapped by the sand, and finally if they somehow jamb the stair the entire mechanism comes to a screeching stop and everyone is dumped in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.



(Bruises and bumps at least, broken bones for the unlucky, say a 10% chance (L1).) Keep in mind that the stairs are very sharp and that even average gauge armour plate will be slivered away in thin layers by a large enough blade, (the stair is solid and 10 feet across) driven by multiple delver power, and gravity! The blocking device will have to be formidable in definition. (There are a variety of "indestructible" magical items that will serve well, or a one foot thick block of solid stone or metal...right - let's just check the old backpack!)

The ultimate reward will be to escape by opening the next door, behind the stucco on the wall at the bottom of the stair, probably revealed by the various bashings on the surface caused by the stair trap. It will be the usual three finger hole lock release door. (There is a slight difference, there is only one 10 foot tall 5 foot wide panel of the usual double doors, this is so the ceiling lowering mechanism can be fit into the end of the stairway.)

Trap #8: "Going Down?"

This area is just a little length of corridor, a kind of small room with a door at the far end. The "room" is 20 feet long by 10 feet wide, by 10 feet high. The door at the far end has no visible locking , or opening mechanism, it is a blank stone panel, beside which hangs a gold chain with a leather wrapped grip on the end.

The party will try everything to open the door except pulling the chain. Eventually they will have managed to pull, bash or dig away the stone door, to reveal a metal plate beyond, and a runic inscription in an ancient version of the common tongue which reads, "Pulle Thye Chain!"



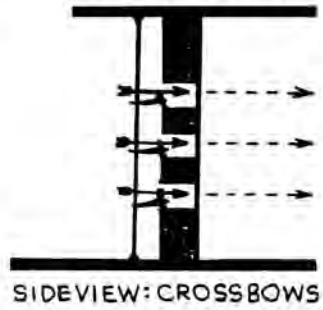
If the party decides to do so the floor of the room begins to descend; slowly at first but accelerating. If you lower it at just the right speed the party will stay with it for a fairly long time. At 15 feet down the the floor will trip a release that drops the steel plate door into a slot in the ground and the entrance to the next room will be open. However the floor will keep going down and accelerating, like the out of control elevator that it is. (Although Evinrood has chosen to let the victims of this trap drop what seems like forever, you can keep this up for hundreds of feet waiting until one of the party members says something really dim like, "Gee, when are we going to reach the bottom?" and then have the the floor crash to the "bottom" with results appropriate to a fall of the corresponding duration.)

A wise party will leave most of it's members on the stair, and possibly tie a rope to the hapless boob picked to pull the chain. In any event the door to the next room is opened by the action, as the floor will drop even if the delvers don't. Rescue from the falling floor is always possible with increasing degrees of difficulty, if the entire party doesn't go down with the floor. Evinrood had this shaft made virtually "bottomless". Nothing ties up a group of goody-goody delvers like a forlorn voice echoing up from this shaft begging for rescue, as the possibilities become more and more unlikely, and difficult!)



This trap has a variable rating depending on just how foolish the party allows itself to be. Two or three skulls. Incidentally the gold chain is worth about 1,500 g.p. if the party has not forgotten about it entirely by now.

In any event once all the nattering and fooling around is over the party will in all likelihood press on to the next room and...



Trap #9: "If At First You Don't Succeed Try Try And Keep On Trying!"

This room is a masterpiece of the trapsters art. It has all the elements of a continuing classic. There is slapstick, Rube Goldberg devices, low comedy, and a continuing punch line. Old Evinrood really had it in for whoever he expected to come along trying to dig him up, I'll give him that.

The room seems to be 50 feet wide, by 60 feet long, by 10 feet in height. The floor is made up of 5 foot by 5 foot colored tiles in alternating colors of blue and green. The tiles are glazed and shine faintly. They can be seen to be set in the floor separately. (This sort of thing drives delvers nuts, they are convinced that every one will set off some trap or plummet into space. Every tomb should have tiled floors.)

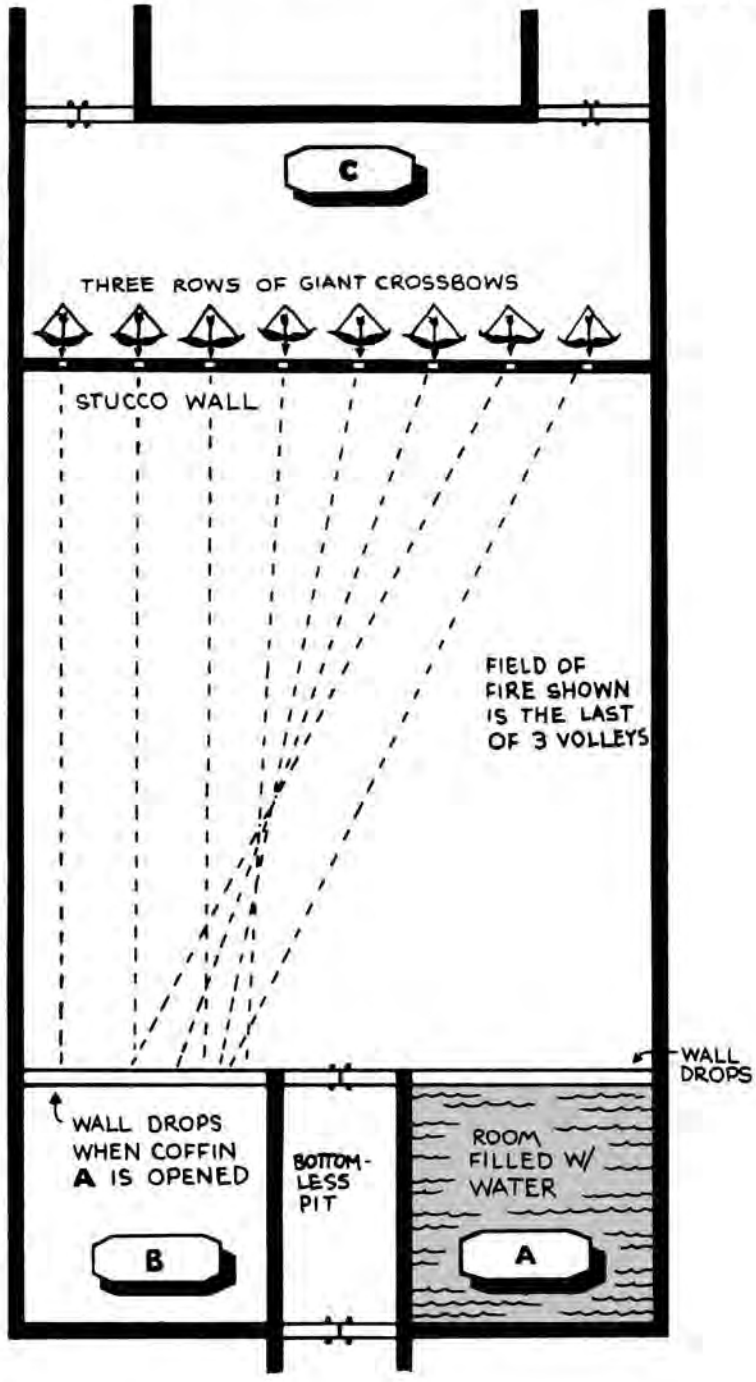
There is magic on the far wall. It is faint but can be detected from the entrance. The walls are covered by the usual stucco covered in frescos. Keep in mind that the far wall will be only dimly lighted by a lamp or torches, so the images are indistinct at best.

The party will eventually enter the room. Regardless of the precautions taken, at a point 30 feet from the far wall the magic will take effect. The magic is in the frescos painted on the far wall. This senses the approach of a party and at a distance of 30 feet triggers the first phase of the trap.

Behind the wall covered by a thin veneer stucco are ports through which can fire giant crossbows. There are eight poles mounted in the stone and on each at various heights are three large crossbows, aimed in various directions. (The crossbows are 5 feet across, and by themselves hit with a 7 D6 attack. They have a nominal value of 200 g.p. each.)

The lowest bank of these, located 2 and 1/2 feet off the ground release their bolts through the plaster and into the room. Every member of the party has a 20% chance of being hit! (L2). (There are only eight possible hits, so if there are more than eight who fail portion out the damage to the eight who miss by the largest margin.

The release of the first cross bows triggers the next phase of the trap. The iron door that closed off this room from the falling floor trap



begins to rise back into place. The stone wall of the secret room to the right of the door drops into the floor. This acts on a geared mechanism lifting the iron door back up, and releases the torrent of water stored in the chamber. This room is only 20 feet wide by 20 feet deep, but it is over 35 feet tall, this will yield enough water to fill both rooms to a depth of 4 feet.

The entire party will be buffeted about as the torrent of water is released, and the water hitting the far wall has the effect of causing the next bank of crossbow bolts to fire one minute after the the wall gets wet. This bank of bows are set at 4 and 1/2 feet in height. Any normal human, or human sized characters are in jeopardy, and any of the shorter types will be bobbing about like so many floating pumpkins conveniently exposed. Once again there is a 20% chance of a party member being hit (L2), up to eight as described above.

In the back of the newly created alcove is a coffin on a pedestal. It is in such a position that lid is 5 feet above the floor and as such 1 foot above the surface of the water. When the lid is opened it releases the wall on the room on the opposite side of the entrance door. There is nothing in the sarcophagus, but note that its lip is above water level: this will become important soon.

The leaks through the end wall caused by the holes from the first bolts will have lowered the water level slightly. This will be compensated for by the water and its inhabitants from the second newly created alcove. This room is only 20 feet by 20 feet by 10 in height but it contains a school of piranha kept in stasis by a magical field until this very moment. Needless to say if any member of the party has open wounds, say from crossbow bolts for example, the hungry little fish will be more than happy to administer euthanasia. Attack value should be high for wounded delvers and those with exposed flesh in large amounts. (Ever notice how female warriors are usually shown wearing two old V.W. hub caps and the bottom half of a wire mesh bikini? This is one of those situations where more is better.) Any delver who is quick of wit, (yes I realize this is a contradiction in terms) will be able to jump into the sarcophagus and thus buy time to plot out how not to feed the fish. (For my money Evinrood slipped up here. I would have added a bed of nails or better still spears in a false bottom for just such an ocassion, but I guess dying old archmages can't think of everything.)

Once the fish have been overcome, the party will notice there is another coffin in the back of this adjacent alcove. Once again opening it triggers yet another flight of crossbow bolts. These are 6 and 1/2 feet above the ground and all aimed in the direction of the left hand coffin. Those in the left alcove will note that the next crossbow volley is aimed so as to concentrate on this alcove. Party members positioned in this alcove have a 30% chance of being hit (L3). Anyone in or near the right hand alcove will not be menaced at all. Unlike the right hand coffin this one is full of silver ingots making it impossible to hide in to escape the projectiles.



There are 15,000 silver pieces weight of the metal in the coffin (1,500 g.p. value.)

A note: after the second flight the party may have decided to "look into" this wall with extreme prejudice. If so the third trap may be thwarted, as the wall is easy enough to bring down. But if the party doesn't dismantle the crossbow traps, but rather goes on and opens the next coffin they will still launch at any attempt to open the left hand coffin.

The third volley of crossbow bolts will certainly provoke an assault on the far wall. It is easily broken down with applied force revealing yet another chamber 20 feet deep, as wide as the main room and as high. The sarcophagus in the back of this room is by far the most ornate yet discovered. It is of carved red marble, and rests on the floor. The water laps almost to it's lip. It is hard to see what the carving consists of but a tactile inspection of the sides reveal the pattern to be perpendicular lines, all the way around from base to the edge that supports the lid. A magic user who is able to detect magic will be able to tell the party that there is a magical presence in the sarcophagus but it is passive.

If the lid is lifted there is a thump inside. When it is removed the coffin will appear empty. If any member of the party pokes the bottom, or jumps in it will set off the last trap in this room.

The sarcophagus contained a fire elemental, resting on a false bottom, when the lid is lifted it dumped the elemental into the base of the sarcophagus waking it out of the enchantment that contained it. This will also set the false bottom to operate the next part of the trap. When pressure is applied to the false bottom it causes the panels in all the carved parallel lines on sides to open and water to rush in on the now awakened and angry fire

elemental. The elemental is tough but this much water will destroy it. The resultant steam explosion should be a thing of beauty! The shrapnel caused by the explosion blowing out the segmented sides of the sarcophagus will be as dangerous as an attack by the elemental itself would have been. Carnage should ensue. Distance from the point of the explosion will mitigate the attack with those at over 20 feet distant being only nominally effected.

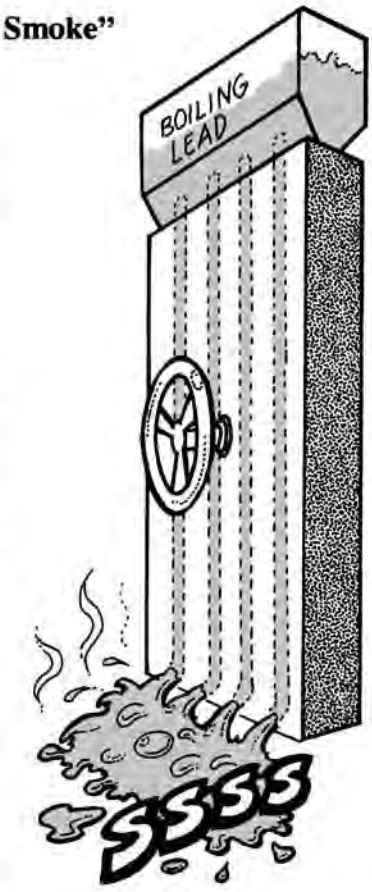
The elemental had an attack value of 8D6 so the resultant shrapnel will have the same striking power up to 10 feet from the coffin, at this point it will be halved. The effect will be halved again at 20 feet.

Given the multiple nature of this trap, and the manifold opportunities for death or disability I rate it a four skuller. After all..."it keeps going and going, and going..."

The resultant explosion will in all likelihood chip enough plaster off the real back wall of this room to reveal the locations of two new doors.

If the hapless delvers have not had enough. Press on to the next trap.

Trap #10: "We Must Be Getting Close I Smell Smoke"



Opening the door to the right will lead the delvers into a short stairway leading up. It is 20 feet long, 10 feet wide, and an average of 10 feet in height. At the far end is a door. In stead of the usual three finger hole door this one is made of cast bronze.

Located in the center of the door is a large wheel. It will seem that to open the door you will need to turn the wheel. If some hapless delver does this the trap will will begin to operate.

In a cistern above the "door" is located a pool of lead kept molten by the "kid brother" to the fire elemental in the room below. His only task is to keep the "hot side hot..." The door itself is filled with hollow tubes, and while it is quite solid, and thick (5 inches) there are enough of these tubes to carry a substantial amount of this molten lead through the door. This is exactly what will occur when the wheel is turned. The wheel turning will also result in a panel at the base of the door opening to allow the tubes within the door to drain out onto the stairs!

The fun is really under way now. The party on the stairs is being treated to a wonderful hot foot. The lead that reaches the water in the lower room will start to create a sauna effect in the stairwell. The first boob that tries to turn the wheel will find out that the entire door is red hot including the wheel, making it crippling to try to turn it off without insulation.

This is a one skull trap, no death but much dishonor. The beauty of this trap is that the wheel is like a combination lock, you have to turn it in a direction that will activate the trap, then turn the trap off, (at risk of if not life then at least limb.) and then turn it in the "on" direction again to open the door. The second time you turn it "on" it will open.

Trap #11: "Finally Our Just Reward!"

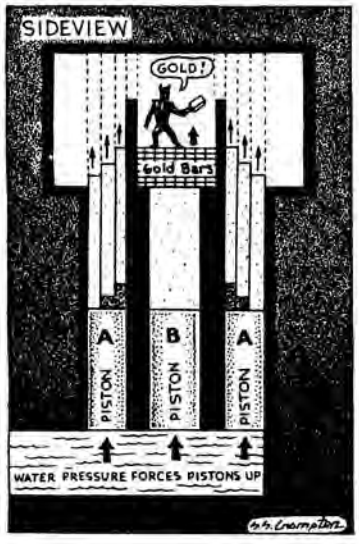
The room is entered left of center. It is 20 fee wide, 30 feet long and 10 feet in height. All eyes will be drawn to an elaborate coffin at the end of the room. It is made of an ornately carved green stone, and seems to rest on a pedestal consisting of three steps leading up to the actual coffin. The steps are 3 feet high, and the sides of the sarcophagus are an additional 4 feet high bringing the top of the whole affair within 3 feet of the ceiling.

The figures on the sides of the elaborate coffin are not the usual geometric designs,

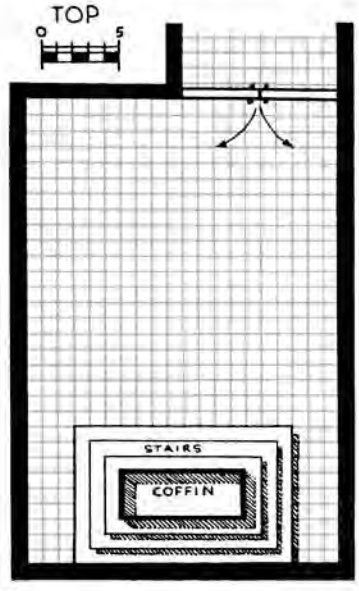
but a series of images of a man growing up. There are scenes of his youth, adolescence, and young manhood on the side facing the center of the room. There are no signs of slits, openings, or any sign of trap doors or hidden compartments on the outside of the coffin. Even magic detects none of the above! This box is entirely safe, (No, really, would good old Grimtooth lie to you?) By now the party would not be sure if they had a written guarantee, but they will eventually draw on hidden reserves of greed and open the sarcophagus.

Within they will find their wildest dreams come true. Peering into the container they will see a layer of what seems to be fine gold bricks. They are in fact lead bricks plated with gold. Only a dwarf with the dwarves affinity for metal work would be able to tell, and he would have only have a 50-50 chance with bonuses depending on his metal working skill.

The party will be somewhat dismayed that the level of the gold seems to be below the level of the container itself, as if it were in the stepped pedestal instead. The pocket in which the gold is resting conforms to the interior dimensions of the sarcophagus. To reach the first layer of bricks a member of the party will have to lean over the side, and at that the gold will be 4 feet down. Even a long-armed human-sized character will have some difficulty touching, let alone lifting out a sample. The easiest way to remove the ingots is for one member of the party to get into the sarcophagus and hand out the gold. Again there should be some wrangling over just who the sacrificial lamb...er...lucky volunteer will be. This sort of thing is almost as much fun as watching the traps actually operate. Eventually they will either come up with a way of lifting out the gold, or one of their number will enter the coffin. This is when the real fun begins.



ADDING WEIGHT INSIDE COFFIN RELEASES PISTONS 'A' REDUCING WEIGHT RELEASES PISTON 'B'.





This trap is activated by weight, or rather the absence or presence of same. If a brave member of the party jumps in the weight on the plate below the gold is increased and one part of this trap is set off. The sides of the "pedestal" are really concentric boxes of stone that when released are forced into the ceiling by hydraulic pressure from below. (See diagram.) This will trap the character in the sarcophagus within three feet of stone, and subject anyone standing on the stairs to the threat of being crushed into the ceiling. Any member of the party standing on the stairs will have a 30% chance of being crushed (L3).

If the party has a method of lifting out an ingot, either by having a long armed fellow lift it out by bending WAAAAYY over, or by magic they will lighten the weight on the plate in the bottom. This has the effect of releasing the bottom of the sarcophagus, gold and all to smash into the ceiling! The effect on the guy reaching in when the ingot is lifted will be interesting. There is a 40% chance he will be able to get clear; hopping up, out, and backwards, bent nearly double, leaning into a hole, and holding an ingot of heavy metal. Wow! It could be an olympic event, the Up, Out, and Back 1/2 Bent Ingot Toss!

Once the gold is mashed into the ceiling, along with what ever other grisly objects it picks up on the way, the party can work the bricks free. There will be a gross (144) of the lead-filled ingots. The gold plate is nominal perhaps as much as 250 g.p., but the lead too has

a market value, at one copper piece per weight unit, or about 14,400 copper pieces. (or another 144 g.p.)

I rate the outside pedestal stairs a two skuller, easy enough to get off if you are quick. Of course if the delvers don't have a way to tunnel through the 3 feet of stone, the poor boob trapped inside the sarcophagus is gone from lack of air eventually. Now the plate inside the coffin rates four skulls for the contortion value alone. Keep in mind that even if the outside pedestal trap has been tripped the inner trap is still intact. If the party is resourceful enough to get back in to the trapped man, and he hands out enough ingots the inside trap will activate. Or if he gets out and tries to take an ingot with him when his feet leave the bottom, snap! Or if he gets out then leans in to snag an ingot...well you get the idea. Loads of fun for the party!

Trap #12: "Climbing The Stairway to Heaven."

Opening the door to the left has a profound effect. Once the party has operated the three finger mechanism the door will swing out, dumping a billow of fog into the room. The fog seems harmless, and after the initial surge it becomes a steady ankle high flow. What the tomb robbers will see is what looks like a water fall of fog billowing from the top of what seems to be stairs. At the top is a white light of unusual brightness. The light is of coarse magic in nature, and seems to be set above a door at the top of the stairs. The only way the party can tell there are stairs is because of the peculiar rippling effect the fog takes as it nears the bottom.

The stairs are 40 feet long and 10 feet wide, with a 15 foot high ceiling. Once the party overcomes it's initial fear of the fog, they will head up the stairs. (Cries of, "Run it's a corrosive acid!", or "Yieee! Poison gas!" are enough to make me wish it really was, but enough of that wishful thinking.) Keep in mind there is a blinding light all around them from the ceiling above the door. When they come within 10 feet of the door at the top, then the fun will begin.

The fog is being generated in a deep steel-lined pit. (30 feet deep and 10 feet in width and breadth.) At the bottom of the pit, gratings permit a warm, slow inflow of water from the subterranian river. The sides are cooled so that a fog is sure to boil up out of the pit almost at all times. Oh my! Did I forget to mention the spikes. How inhospitable of me.

There is nothing but the use of their native intelligence that can save the lead members of the party from falling into the pit. (I'd be suspicious, but then I know Evinrood's rep.) Unless the victim(s) is equipped with inpenetrable armor there is little hope for survival.

The hi-jinks supplied by the party as it tries to rescue the fallen member and the tribulations of the delvers as they attempt to open the door at the top will provide additional amusement.



This is a three skull trap, good but don't be surprised if a particularly canny delver anticipates it.

The door at the top is the usual three finger hole type, but it will provide some problems. You see, it opens outward. (Now me, I'd provide it with a spring, but then I'm not a nice fellow!)

Trap #13: "Water? What Water, I Don't See Any Water."

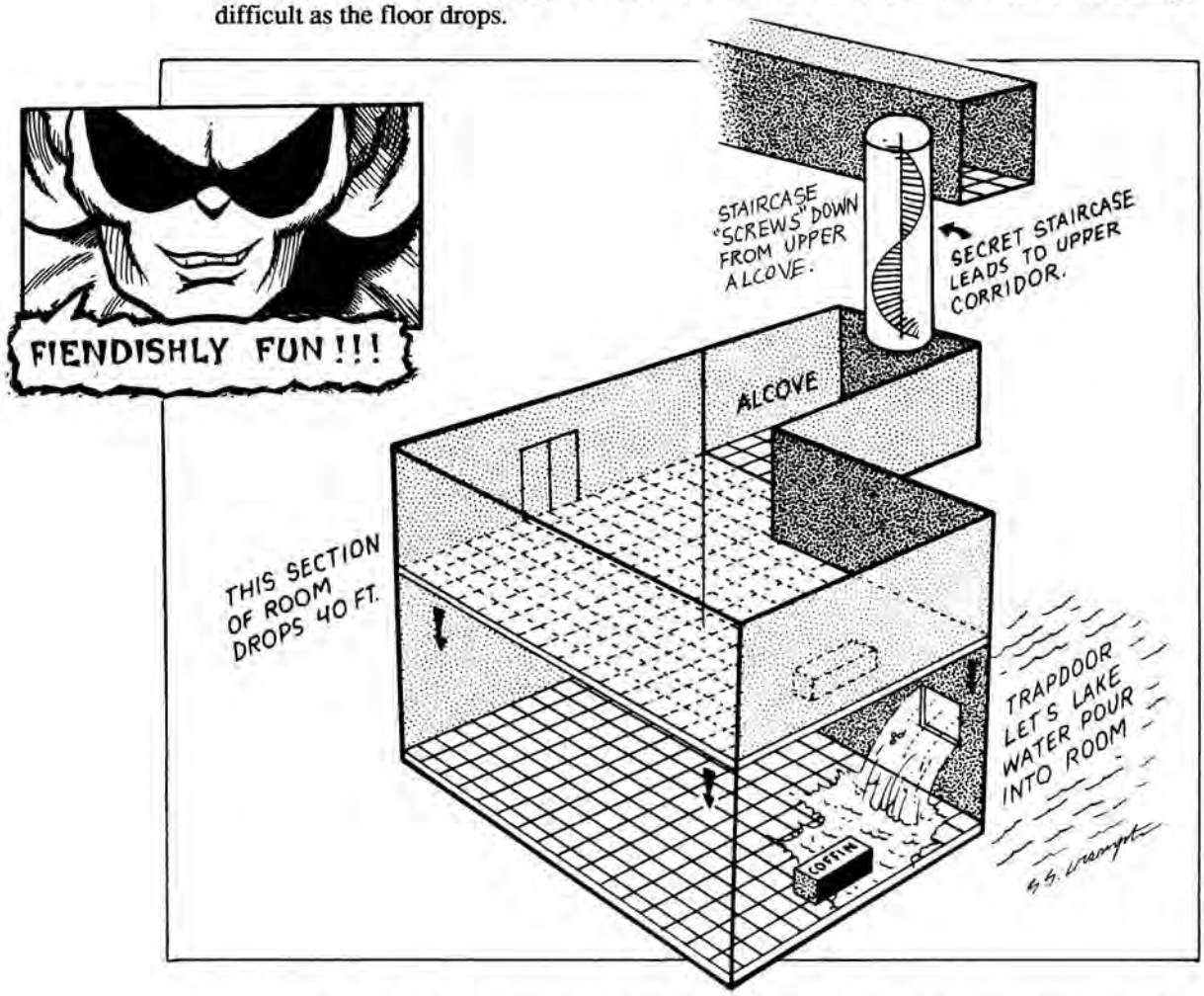
This trap is a little on the complicated side, but deliciously devious in the end. The room is "L" shaped, 50 feet along the outside of the "L", and 20 feet wide, to two 30 foot walls on the inner side of the "L". The ceiling is 10 feet high.

The entrance is off to the left of the stem of the "L", on the base. Off to the right, down the stem of the "L" is...yes another coffin! The walls are covered with the usual stucco, wonderful stuff, really, as you have seen it can hide a multitude of surprises. The magic users in the delvers party can sense no magic.

The party will eventually approach the coffin. As with the previous coffins, this one is stone, ornately carved with geometric patterns and 8 feet, by 4 feet, by 4 feet high. If the sarcophagus is opened it will set in motion the trap mechanism for this room. By now the party may have decided they don't want to open any sarcophagai they come upon because this brings them only problems. C'est la vie! The trap will also be activated by stepping on a pressure plate to the left of the entrance at a point, on the floor in the center of the wall at the "toe" of the "L". In either event once tripped the nature of the room changes rapidly.

The first thing the party will notice is the sound of a terrific Crash as a 10 by 10 foot block of steel-plated stone drops down into the doorway. If the party left one of its number in the entrance as a guard, or to keep the door open, there is a 30% chance he will be crushed (L3) survival based on Luck or Speed. This will effectively seal off the room.

The next thing the party will notice is that the room is descending into the ground. All that is, except a 20 by 20 foot alcove at the "toe" of the "L". Any that take the time to look into the sarcophagus will notice that it is full of silver ingots. (There are 58,000 s.p. weight of them. (About 5,800 g.p. value at the current rate of exchange.) A point to take note of at this time is that any reasonably agile character will have no trouble jumping into the alcove created by the dropping floor in the toe of the "L", but this will become increasingly difficult as the floor drops.



The floor will be dropping at a fair clip. In 5 seconds it will have dropped 40 feet, at which point it will lock into place, and a trap door 20 feet wide and 10 feet deep, in the ceiling above the coffin will open. By now the room is well below the surface of the underground lake. (See main map) Hundreds of tons of water, and the denizens therein will pour into the chamber.

Now to reach the alcove will require some pretty fancy footwork. There is a 70% chance of a successful attempt (L3) dependent on the character's resourcefulness. If a character is armored he must get free of the armor or this will lower the chances of success slightly (60% chance, (L4). (There ARE a few characters that have the requisite strength to swim in heavy armor, curses!) If the characters have some mechanism that allows them not to drown and thus they stay put and defy the water, there are denizens of the aforesaid lake that have to be dealt with as well. (See Leftward Ho section for denizens of the water list.)

For those who do make it to the alcove the show goes on. Those already safe will get to watch the struggles of those who have failed. The ones who think they are clever will be waiting for the water level to get to the point they can clamber into the alcove. This will

mean fending off the attentions of one or two of the lake dwellers just for sport. For these swimmers all is not as it seems. When the water reaches a point 4 feet below the lip of the alcove it will set off another trap. A pin is released on a rocker panel in the floor of the alcove. As soon as the weight of a delver trying to climb out is put on the edge it will tip setting off the last part of the trap.

From the ceiling will descend, through the stucco, and from wall to wall a clear quartz panel. The edge of this panel will be razor sharp. Its descent is not outrageously fast (Quartz being relatively fragile to drop it would risk breakage.) The character tripping the trap has a 90% chance to scramble into the alcove (L1). Any others trying to enter the alcove will have 80% chances (L2). If they hesitate the chances will drop by 10% (1 level) per turn, until the wall drops into contact with the floor. (Delvers with severe judgement problems can elect to stay in the rising water with no ADDITIONAL peril beside the risks already encountered.)

Compassionate delvers may wish to try breaking the quartz wall, but it will soon become apparent why this is not a survival oriented decision. The water level rises past the edge of the alcove and will eventually afford those in the alcove with a wonderful floor to ceiling fish tank. This will come complete with views of their struggling friends, those in armor, and those who either by luck or decision decided to chance the rising waters.

At this point there are two obvious weakness of this trap from My point of view. First the quartz wall doesn't leak. Too bad Evinrood really falls down here, nothing puts the edge on a victim like a time limit. The other is less obvious but even more critical. Those still in the water filled portion of the room could just try to swim out once the pressure equalizes. (There are still the lake dwellers but if the delvers last this long they probably aren't that concerned by the fish.)

I rate this baby at two skulls, too many ways out, lots of entertainment value, but not lethal enough.



Trap #14: "Things Get All Screwed Up."

The alcove will seem like a death trap; a dead end (I love that phrase.) Under the stucco, the walls are steel plated stone. Through the quartz wall is a lake bottom. Oh woe is the poor delvers. The answer to their prayers is just above their heads. It may not occur to them for some time but a magical spell will show the outline of a trap door in the ceiling. Chipping the stucco of the ceiling will do this as well but my guess is the average gang of would-be tomb robbers will have to nudged into looking into the ceiling for an escape.

Once the trap door is found it is easy enough to open. All you have to do is figure which one of the three finger holes is the release and gravity will do the rest. What will be revealed is the bottom of what seems to be a 5 foot round tightly spiraled stair way. The eager delvers can with some small contrivance reach the bottom step. Upon doing this they will find that the stair will slowly "screw" itself into the room. The banister of the stair turns in grooves carved into the wall until it reaches the floor. This will allow easy access to the ladder and release the trap that waits above!

The center pole of the stair extends into the ceiling at the top of the shaft up which the stair leads. As the stair case is lowered into the room the center pole will be pulled out of a chamber containing a heavier than air gas. This gas will slowly descend down the shaft as the delvers begin their walk up it. The shaft is 50 feet high, and by the time the delvers are well along, they should encounter serious breathing difficulties. Death does that to you.

Now there are those light weights who have some misplaced sense of mercy for the hapless dolts that would steal away the loot of defenseless old high level wizards. I am not one of these, but if at this point you wish to continue the show, or extend some sort of misplaced "mercy" you could make this a harmless sleeping gas, or let the "deadly" effects of Evinrood's gas only apply to those in the alcove at the bottom where the gas collects, rendering those on the stair temporarily unconscious. For my money I say let'em croak. The next bunch will bring gas masks.

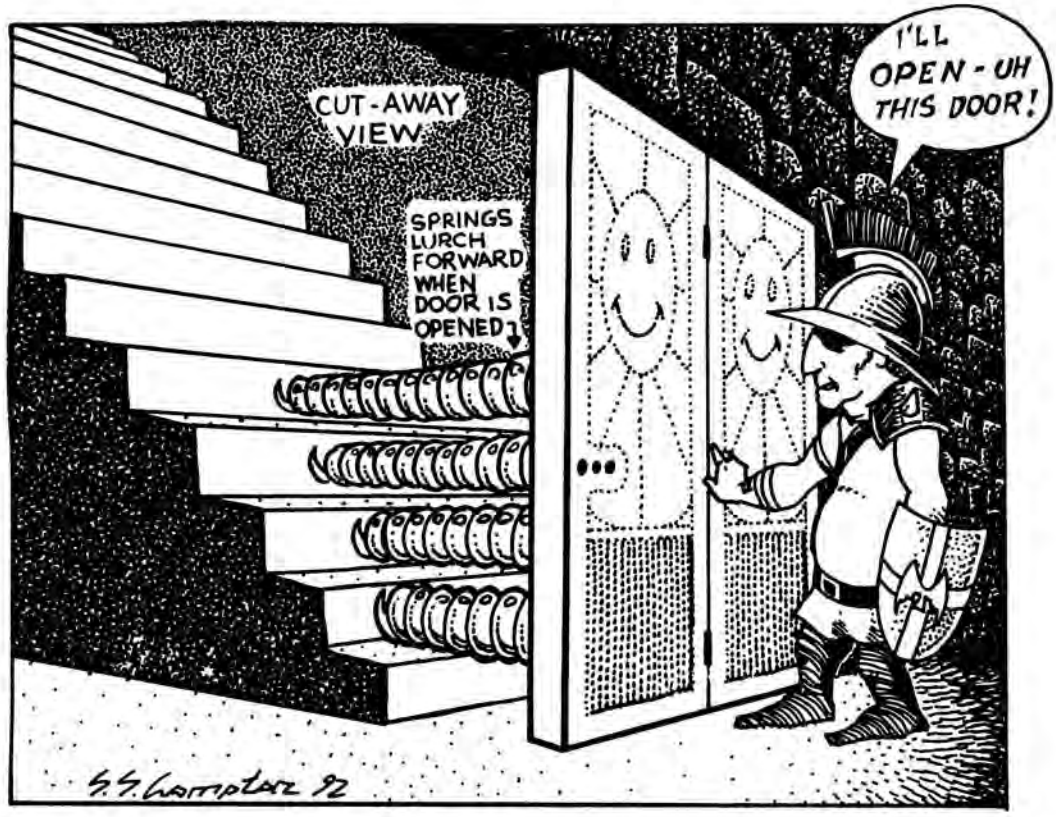


The stairs will seem to dead end (There's that phrase again.) at the top. But with the judicious use of a boot the delvers will emerge through the thin sheet of stucco-covered rock into a corridor. (See main map.)

The stairs are four skulls if used correctly, but far less if the gas effects are limited.

Trap #15: "These Things Sort Of Spring Out At You!" (LEFTWARD HO!)

On the left side of the entrance chamber is another door. This door is 10 feet tall, and consists of two panels, each 5 feet wide. There are three finger holes on the left hand door, and the doors seem to be locked. This three hole locking mechanism works exactly like all the other three hole locks, or as with the others it can be opened with the appropriate low level door opening spell.



It is only after the doors are unlocked that the real fun begins. These babies are hinged in the middle, so that the doors are released from the opposite ends. This brings them together in the middle, flush, with no knobs or opening rings to keep them apart. This makes the greatest crepe press you've ever seen. In order to create this delver-matic patty-maker there are six large springs of various lengths mounted at different heights against the stairs behind the doors. When the locks are released the doors clap together, splat! The effect is deliciously gooey, and should be effective 50% (L5) of the time on the delver who opens the doors and has to use the finger holes. If the doors are opened by a magic user, the saving throw can be mitigated by the distance from the doors, up to a clean miss (drat!) at over 5 feet away. Don't let a miss disturb you because there are still the six springs. Once they have slammed the doors together the springs are released to fly wildly about the room with vicious (though not lethal, alas!) force causing contusions to all and sundry. There is an 80% chance (L2) to avoid being hit, and damage will be inversely proportionate to the amount of armour or padding the victim is wearing, grading up from bumps and bruises to possible broken bones in the case of the weak, or unprotected.

The springs are worth 100 g.p. each due to the difficulty of obtaining this type of dwarvish craftsmanship.

The door is a three skull trap, tough but evadeable. The springs are only one skull but they do provide entertainment value.

Trap #16: "What Goes Up Must Come Down!"

Once the party has negotiated the door opening mechanism they are confronted by a 10 foot wide stair case going up 50 feet. The ceiling near the doors is 60 feet high tapering as the stair rises to a mere 10 feet. At the top of the stairs can be seen, faintly in the light of your torches or lanterns, a set of doors that are different from the usual stuccoed stone doors, found throughout the tomb. From here it is hard to tell but they may be wooden.

The delvers attention will hopefully be focused on the doors at the far end and as such they will not be thinking of a trap on the stairs themselves. It is the stairs that form the trap.

The design for these stairs was so homey it took me back to my very roots. Oh, how I long for those early years, the innocent naivete of the delvers, the lovely gasps of shock as they stumbled from trap to trap...sigh. In TRAPS ONE there was a stair trap, the fabulous FOLLY FLIGHT, designed by the fabled trap master John R. Greer. This stair trap seems to be a variation on the FOLLY FLIGHT theme.

The stairs are hinged at the base, and when a delver, or delvers reach a point 25 feet from the bottom the weight will pass the balance point and cause the pins at the center point to release. Unlike John's trap, "Evinrood's Variation" causes the entire length of the stair to fall back against the near wall. This reveals the stairwell for the deep narrow room it really is. The chamber thus formed is 110 feet deep, (50 feet to the ceiling, and an additional 60 feet to the floor.) and 50 feet across to the doors near the roof on the far side. The room is still only 10 feet wide.

Filling the bottom of this trap with spears, spikes, or acid excreting slugs would provide a wonderful counterpoint to the delvers plunge to his likely demise. Evinrood just left the floor plain old stone, trusting the fall alone to do in would-be tomb robbers. Perhaps he did not want to discourage the parties too much.

The delvers will not be put off for long by this trap. Luckily it is only part one. Almost immediately one of the delvers will think of trying to shoot a rope over to the doors on the far side. The plan may be to use this rope to rescue the remains of their fallen comrades, or more likely to gain access to the far end of the room. The doors on the far end of the room consist of heavy wooden beams bound by old rusted iron bands. They have no hinges and are only wedged in place, a fact that the delvers will not be able to tell across 50 feet of space by torch light. A stout tug, such as one that the party might give to see if the arrow has seated will not be enough to pull the doors free. In fact the weight of one average delver will not be enough to dislodge them, but once more than the weight of one delver is applied the doors will come free. Granted this is just an elaboration, but picture the looks on the faces of your victims as they attempt to cross over, hand over hand, or better still climbing up from the floor below as the doors come free and plummet down upon them.

Eventually the party will find a way into the room behind those wooden doors, probably by climbing up the far wall using pitons and ropes like mountain climbers. Having invested this much time, and effort they will have to go on! Dungeon delvers are like that.



If this trap is operated as is, it is a three skuller, but if embellished with spears, or acid pools it can go all the way up to four!

Trap #17: "The "What's Up?" Dock."

This room exhibits an immediate difference from others so far seen. It is 80 feet long and 30 feet wide, with a 15 foot tall ceiling. The most obvious difference is the fact that at the far end of the room there is a 30 foot by 30 foot wooden pier, opening into a cavern, the inky depths of which are impenetrable by feeble torch light. The pier itself is just out of clear view in the flickering light. The sounds of running water are very clearly audible; in fact the roar of moving water can be heard echoing from inside the room.

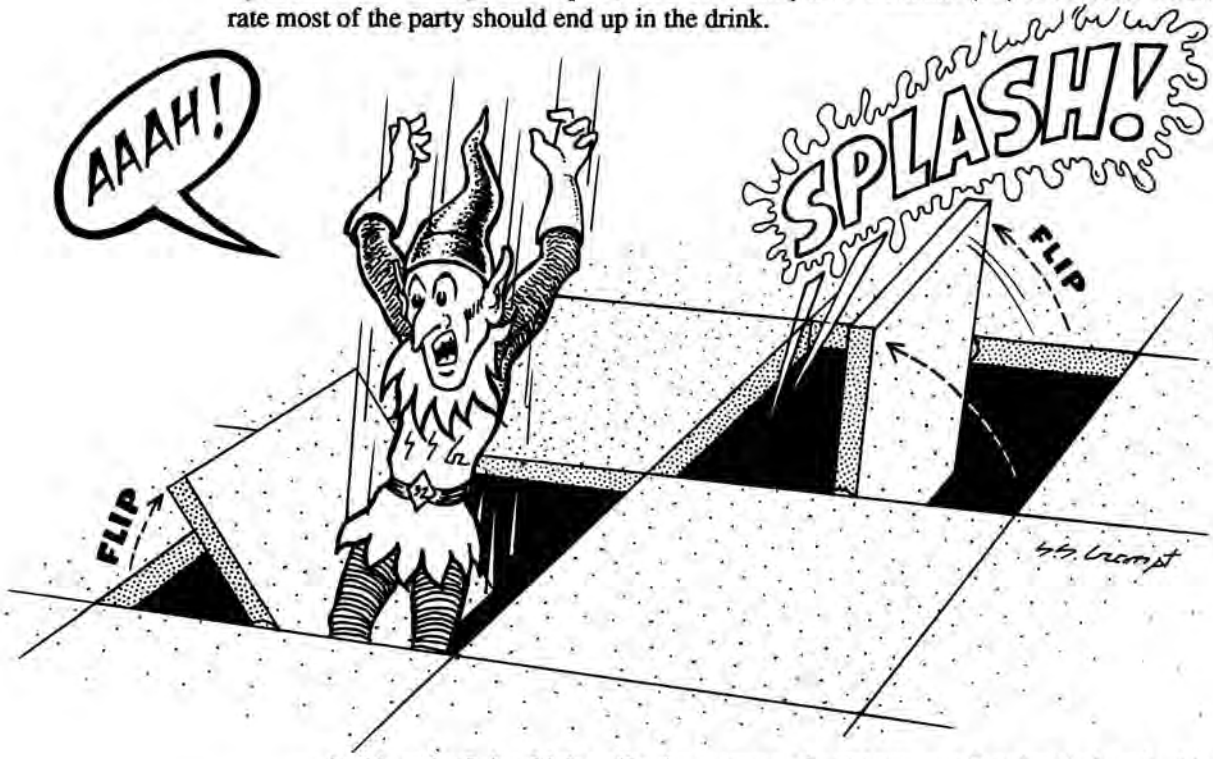
The party of delvers will sense no magic in this room. The floor is tiled with large green and blue 10 foot by 10 foot tiles, looking very much like a giant checker board.

Any mean spirited attempt to use magic to see if there are trapdoors in the floor will result in the entire floor glowing dully for a few moments, then fading. That should really stir the delvers up.

Any attempt to walk on the tiled floor will show it to be quite substantial, and yielding no "nasty" surprises. The party can jump up and down on the tiles if they like and nothing will result. As the party gets nearer to the pier they will be able to see that it is made of large wooden beams, old and rotten with the passage of time. At points they will be able to see dark water 15 feet below the pier through sections that seem to have just given way to decay.

In the center of the leading edge of the pier, touching the tiles, is an old trap door 10 feet by 10 feet square. Set in the center of this wooden panel is a ring bolt over 1 foot round, and covered with corrosion. The party can, if it chooses, open this door from the tile side without risking the rotten old pier. If any member of the party steps onto the pier, on either side of the trap door, or tries to open the trap door, all the tiles in the other part of the room flip over. The tiles are giant panels locked in place until the trap is tripped. Once released they are free to pivot on iron shafts that penetrate them through the center. This whole trap operates like one of the child's bean bag tossing games. (See Diagram)

The net result will dump any member of the party without the ability to fly into an arm of the grotto at the far end of the room. There is almost no other way, except flight, to escape this trap. A lucky jump in all but one direction will either place the delver on another tile...flip-flop splash! or back out the entrance and...zip-splat! an 110 foot drop. A victim may try to reach the "safety" of the pier, but there is only a 40% chance (L4) of success. At any rate most of the party should end up in the drink.



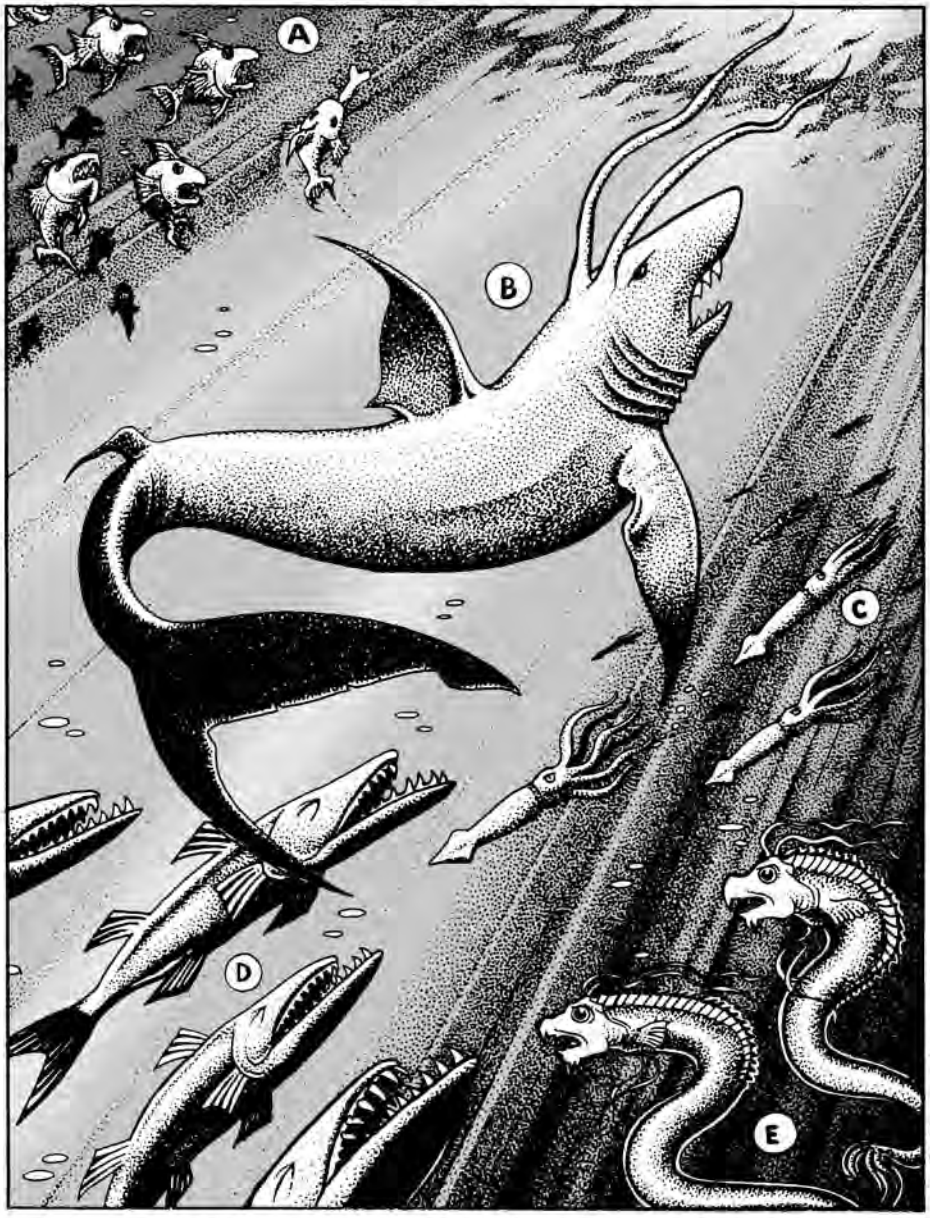
At this point I should describe the reasons why delvers won't enjoy their refreshing dip. This underground river system is part of the vast network of uncharted rivers that run under the plains of Khosht. The reasons for it's remaining uncharted are twofold. The first reason is the concentrations of gold, and loot-like substances are too widely scattered to make it attractive to large scale delving operations. The second reason is the existence of hideous denizens that have bred herein thriving on the residual magic and corruption leaking down into the water table from the innumerable dungeons located above the river system.

In this pleasant little tributary can be found:

Ⓐ **Pack Piranha**, hordes of ravenous little beasties that can strip an elf to his ear rings in seconds. (These creatures travel in large groups and should be considered VERY tough.)

Ⓑ **Albino Cave Sharks**, often over 8 feet long, a ghastly white in color, hunt by motion sensing, so if you fall into the water remain absolutely still and you will be just food...er...fine. (These creatures can be found in groups of 3 to 8 (1D6+2) and are individually Tough. If the odds are 3 or 4 to one even superhuman delvers will find themselves in dire straights.)

Ⓒ **Electro-Squids**, these cute little fellows pack a wollop that would do justice to a lightning bolt. Being small and relatively feeble they either grab hold of prey and zap it for



food, or in the case of larger monsters which gulp them down whole, they zap them into unconsciousness, then nibble their way out! (These guys are not so tough but the "electro" can finish off the uninitiated by stunning them. If help is not forthcoming, drowning and lunch soon follow.)

(D) **Blind Barricudas**, these creatures travel in schools and are famed for the length of their teeth and their healthy appetites. (Again a style of monster that travels in groups. Not as small or as hard to hit as Piranha or as big, mean and strong as the Sharks these critters can be beaten in combat.)

(E) Lastly there can be found the fiendish **Crystal Sea Snakes**: they do not travel in large groups, and they are physically fragile. An average warrior can easily kill one in hand to hand combat. However during contact with one of these creatures there is a 40% chance (L4) of being bitten. They are lightning fast and their venom is deadly, and works almost instantaneously. (There is a substantial volume of thought that this is one of the few forms of poison more virulent than Dragon Venom! Capturing one of these creatures and milking it for venom would be an interesting commercial enterprise, if one were to survive the quick strike capabilities.)

Keep in mind most of the above creatures travel in groups. Add them liberally to spice up any member of the tomb robbing party's bracing dip in the underground river.

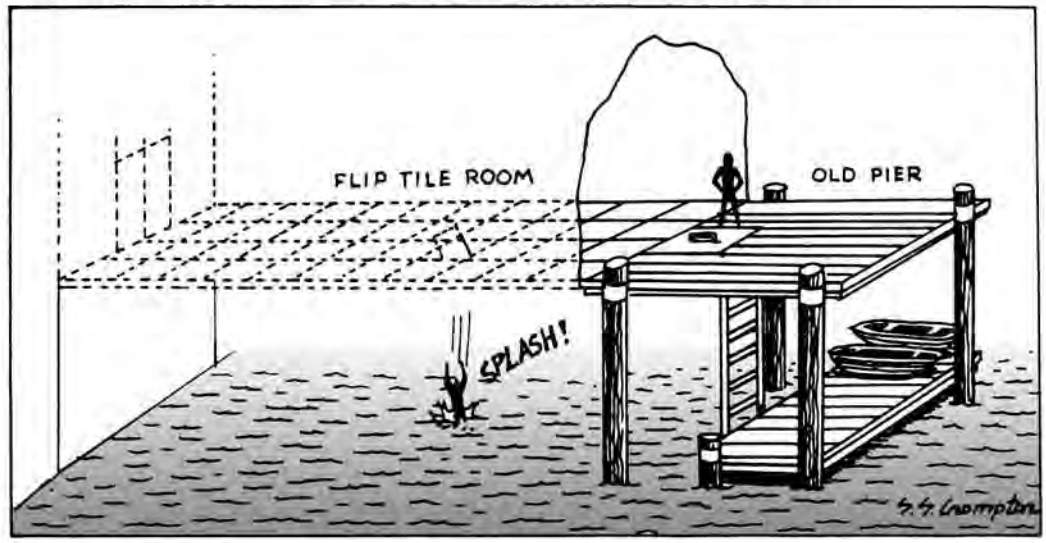
The trap itself is worth two skulls, the denizens of the river can collect their own skulls. (As a matter of fact, it will be your skulls they will be collecting!)

Semitrap #18: "Boating Has It's Ups And Downs."

We left our party foundering around in a pleasant little grotto under the "flip-flop tiles". You may at this time call upon any of the denizens listed above to keep them entertained and sit back and watch the ensuing carnage. However if you desire, out of some misplaced sense of "fair play" to permit this farce to continue you can allow the party to see that the wooden trap door in the plank decking overhead leads down to a water level area of wood planking 10 feet wide and 30 feet long. On this planking are pulled up two boats.

If the party survives its dip, and climbs up onto the lower pier, or if they had "braved" the upper level of the seemingly rotten pier, opened the trap door, and climbed down the stairs, they may inspect the boats.

They will find two flat bottomed boats each 3 feet wide and 10 feet in length. The boats will seat 3 comfortably on thwarts in the bottom, 4 will fit with some scrunching, and 5 in a pinch although the boat would then be quite crowded. They are old, and made of wood, but they seem quite substantial. There is also a set of oars with each boat.



The fun begins again when the party finally decides to put the boats into the water. With no load in them the boats will float well, high and very dry. Once the tomb robbers actually enter the boats there will be a few moments when "surface tension" will keep the water from rushing in. Eventually the delvers will begin maneuvering the boats around heading out into the pool away from the pier.

This pool is dark, and clear, in the torch light you can see flickering shapes that make its inky depths seem less than inviting. There are 5 huge, much-eroded stalagmites that thrust out of the water at various points. The stalagmites are various sizes around 2 to 3 feet in diameter at the water line, talking into account the erosion. A member of the group could climb out onto one if they so desired. The pool is approximately 80 feet wide by 60 feet length. The ceiling at this point is out of easy sight overhead.

Once the group is under way the occupations of the "crews" should be, one with a torch, and very likely one, possibly two with the oars. It is at this point we will give the third, forth and in fact any others in the boat something very important to do: bail!

Boats are generally kept in a wet condition (this happens when you spend a great deal of time in the water.) When the wood is wet it swells and keeps the spaces between the planks tightly sealed. These boats have lain here high and very very dry for thousands of years. The old dry wood of the boats has shrunk causing the seams between the planks to open. When the boats start moving around this exerts a variety of lateral forces on them thus breaking the surface tension that was only just barely keeping them afloat. The water begins to literally pour in.

The boats will begin to fill quickly once the party has moved away from the pier. If the boat has only 3 people in it they can make it to one of the stalagmites . If they try for the pier there is a 80% chance (L2) of success. If the boat has 4 people in it they have a 80% chance

(L2) to make the stalagmites. A 4 man crew will have only a 60% chance (L4) to make the pier. If there are 5 in the boat the chances of making even the stalagmites drops to 60% (L4), and to make the pier a dwindling 40% (L6). Any more than 5 in a boat and the pier is out of the question; it is a wonder they didn't go down without the leaks. A boat with more than 5 will have only a 40% chance (L6) of making one of the stalagmites.

If the party makes it back to the pier they can look around. If they go back up to the upper pier through the trap door they will find that it is more substantial then it seemed and if they check out the ceiling in the center of the left hand wall (see diagram) they will find a trap door. Opening it they will find a pair of Elfish canoes. (Elvish I thought he wash daid!) These are similar in construction to the birch bark canoes of certain American Indians, and being crafted by the elves they will float as long as they remain in one piece. They will hold up to three human sized people each.



The boats are one skull wonders, the denizens are once again responsible for their own rating.

Trap #19: "More Ups And Downs!"

The delvers who don't make it to the pier will have much more fun. As the boat empties of it's occupants and settles down into the glassy depths, the would-be robbers will find themselves clinging like rats to one or more of the stalagmites, unless they choose to "go down with their ship". (Delvers'll do the darnedest things under pressure.) If this is the case sic some of the water dwellers on them.

Those who are clinging to the stalagmites will feel more than hear the "click" as the traps here are released. Stalagmites A, B, and D begin to slowly sink into the water. This provides an entertaining spectacle as the delvers frantically climb up the ever thinning stone. More and more delvers, less and less room at the top, reminds me of my old corporate structure. Add at this point a few ghostly white dorsal fins circling and you have true art!

Eventually the stalagmite will submerge and the party will have to "sink or swim", chomp, chomp!

Meanwhile, stalagmites C and E begin to rise. At first this will seem like a blessing. Some of the delvers trapped on A, B, or D may even try to swim over and join them. It is after all only 10 or 12 feet...chomp, chomp! Eventually the sharp point of the stalagmites will reach the ceiling. At this point the ceiling is 45 feet above the water level. The stalagmite's point will drive itself into the ceiling breaking into the small chambers cleverly placed overhead.

Stalagmites C and E penetrate rooms filled with particularly slippery, and smelly fish oil. The relatively smooth surface of the stalagmites will soon be covered with the extremely slippery substance. On any given turn there is a 30% chance (L3) that the delvers clinging to the rocks will loose their grip. (Please note the ceiling here consists of crumbling limestone formations. Attempts to drive pitons into it will result in collapsing parts of the fragile structure down around the delvers ears, and probably knocking out the bottom of the room overhead.)





The fish oil will attract predators from miles around in the underground river network. Just what the delvers will need at this point, more company.

Once again Evinrood seems to be just toying with the hapless tomb robbers, amusing but only worth one skull.

Trap #20: "Row Row Row Your Boat, Life Is But A Scream!"

The current will carry anyone who has found the elfish boats toward a point in the center of the far wall of the grotto. At this point there is a curtain of old chains hanging down from a fixture in the ceiling. The chains are set closely enough together that the delvers cannot see what lies beyond. The chains also come within inches of the water's surface so they cannot be looked under. They are heavy enough that they hang straight down, but loose enough that the prow of a canoe, or boat will force them apart. Unless otherwise noted chain curtains like this separate every part of this river system in the Tomb from every other part.

Once the delvers have parted the curtain they will find themselves on a swifter, much narrower and shallower portion of the river. At this point there will be no real necessity for the party to paddle unless they are really into speed. The can use paddles to steer if they like,

but there doesn't appear to be any part of the waterway different than any other part.

The trap here lies just below the surface, and is a wonder of dwarven technology in it's simplest form. Set in the river bottom pointing back into the current are three lines of razor sharp spears. They are set inches below the surface and are thin enough that they do not ruffle the water's surface. They are elevated in response to any lateral pressure on the curtain at the entrance. Push aside the curtain and you will release a counterweight that lifts the spears off the bottom and upward at just the right attitude to spoil the delvers day! The spears are made of a corrosion proof alloy perfected by the dwarves. They are as sharp today as they were the day they were set in place. This is one of those intrinsic treasures that the party is likely to overlook in the ensuing carnage. Metal of this type that holds its edge against any test, and resists corrosion under water for centuries would be worth over 1,000 g.p. per blade to any weaponsmith. They would also serve any delver who survives well as a weapon.
Just the thing to build overconfidence.

The object of the spears is not, as some would think to impale tomb robbers through the bottom of their flimsy boats. Oh no! Evinrood has been far more subtle than that. The spears are in place to slice open any watercraft that finds it's way down this merrie waterway. (Oh I suppose if the party chose to swim down the river, battling the underwater denizens every turn of the way, that these spears would hit them about chest high. But no one would be fool enough to try to swim the length of the river...well we are talking dungeon delvers after all.)

Keep in mind the current is very swift here. Ruination is almost a certainty. After the first boat has been impaled there will be little that its crew can do to avoid being carried along in their rapidly-sinking craft. Any boat behind it may take a lesson from what happens to the first, but being delvers the occupants of the first boat will more than likely be inarticulate in their confused babble. If some kind of halt can be accomplished the spears can be pulled out of the sockets they are set in with little effort. The spears are 4D6+3 dwarvish steel Pila. Any party that cannot stop but manages to avoid the spears will be swept on into another curtain at the end of the short tunnel, and into the next trap.

The risk factor against life for those in the boats is low; clearly this is to rob the delvers of their transportation. Against boat people a one skull rating. For the swimmers the rating goes up to three, a nasty surprise for the combat-weary.

Trap #21: "Poke, Grapple, Wrestle, And Chomp: Personal Injuries A Specialty!"



The action at this point speeds up greatly. If by some miracle the party is still in the boat it will meet the same fate, but lets deal with the "floaters" first. When the would-be tomb robbers reach the curtain they will become aware that just beyond the chain the water plunges off a cliff. This is one of the sources of the roaring water noise that was heard in the grotto room. Swept into the chains, a swimmers instinct alone will impel him or her to grab onto them.

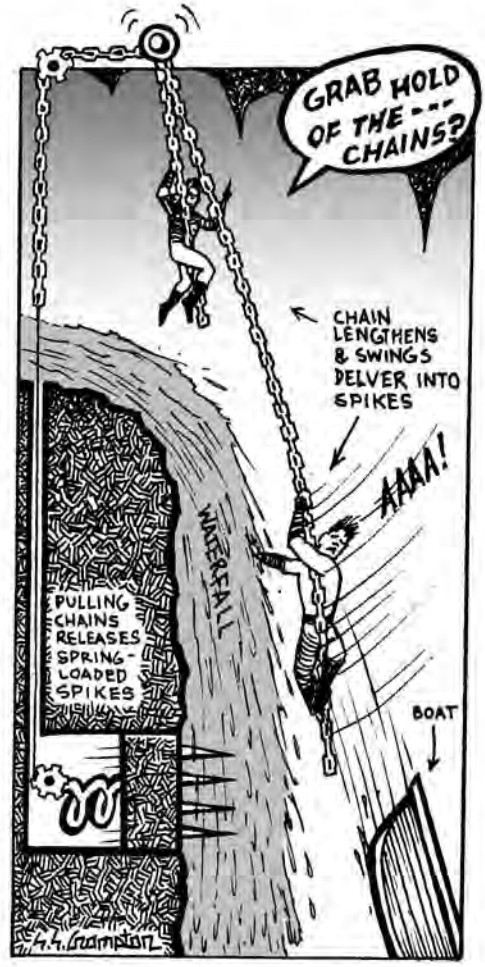
"Floaters" or boaters, if they do not grab onto the chains, will fall 100 feet to their great discomfort in the pool that awaits below. There is a 30% chance (L3) of being drowned. This will result from the depth of the plunge, or from being stunned by the impact. Armored characters will have to boost that to 50% (L5) for the obvious reason. If no one grabs the chains in the crew of a boat, or none of the "floaters" have grabbed the chains, then the boat will survive the fall intact: everyone will be dumped out but the boat will be fine.

Enough of this gloomy speculation, they are bound to grab the chains in desperation. Now the real fun begins. Instead of finding a semisafe place to pause and reflect on their current predicament, the delvers will find that the chains are anything but secure. There will be an initial pause, then the chain will begin to play out down the face of the falls. The lip of the falls is undercut so that even if the delvers can manage to swing through the torrent they will encounter nothing but more water on the back swing. The chains will play out about 20 feet, just enough to allow the torrent to pound the would-be tomb robber senseless, but still 80 feet above the pool below, where the chain will stop unreeling.

At this point the options seem to be to hang here and be pounded by the water, attempt to climb back up in the face of the torrent on a slippery chain, or trust to luck and drop into the pool. If the boat went over first, or other swimmers have made the plunge first the last

alternative might not look impossible. Keep in mind that the only light in this cavern is from a few (very few) patches of bioluminescent lichens. This will serve to outline objects but not to illuminate things. Torches will be needed to make enlightened decisions.

Alas, what fools these delvers be. When the chain played out it also served to raise a bed of spikes up under the falls. Not too far up, only to within a foot of the surface of the pool. Zip-splat! Delver Kabobs with fresh sea food - my favorite. An interesting variation would be to have the chain break off once the spears are locked in place.



At this point I must inject a brief editorial statement. You might think that tomb operation in this enlightened time would be relatively free of the craven interference by lobby groups, special labor representatives and such like vermin. Not so! This tomb being a masterpiece of the trap masters art needs very few "live" monsters. As a result of this my offices were beset by picketers from The Brotherhood of Very Large Vermin Local 666. (You haven't lived until you have seen a cadre of Dragons, Land Sharks, Tyranosauri, and Giant Gastropods holding Unfair to Labor Signs. It was enough to put ME off my lunch.) So without further ado the Lurker Past the Threshold part of this Trap. (What the hey, the room was big enough and just going to waste).

The pool is 70 feet across and 100 feet wide, and deep enough that even with a determined effort the bottom cannot be found. In the inky depths can be found a life form that will find the thrashing and struggling of the delvers very interesting in a gustatory way. A giant albino cave squid lurks at the bottom of the pool. As it thrives on the occasional passing shark, or barricuda, a few foundering delvers will prove just the thing to draw an exploratory tentacle up from the icy depths.

If the party can get back in their boat fast and paddle, or if the boat has been impaled, and they elect to swim for the exit they will only have to deal with a few probing tentacles. If they lollygag about noticing for the moment the dearth of predatory cave critters, they will be confronted by the spelunkers answer to Leviathan! (The tentacles alone would be marginally tough, but the entire 8 tentacles and 2 elongated grappling arms will be in my humble estimation a lethal combination without the application of very unusual means.

In this case quick recovery from the fall and quicker departure is the most likely key to having the tomb robbers prolong our fun.

The whole room rates four skulls, with the <censored> monster. The spears at the bottom of the fall pulled up by the frantic delvers is a realy nice touch.



Trap #22: "Rock and Roll River" by Evinrood and the Delvers!

In the wall opposite the waterfall is another entrance covered by tightly spaced chains that barely touch the water. If the party has even a shred of sense they will make for this exit at great speed. (I've had great fun betting on which delver will make the exit first, kinda like cockroach races.)

Once through the chains the tomb robbers may want to turn back. Before them is a narrow tunnel 7 to 10 feet wide, and about twice that in height (half of this filled with very rapidly moving water.) Adding to the trepidation is the fact that the tunnel bends out of sight to the right. (Lights, torches would be nice here!) The speed of the current will preclude any deep thought on the part of the delvers. There are stalactites depending from the ceiling which have a mere

10% chance (L1) of beaning someone upright in the boat. Their presence will nicely obscure the real traps in this section.

Evinrood being in this for the long haul, needed a way to keep the narrower parts of his waterway clear of debris, most of which would be biological, so as with the shredding spears earlier he devised a clever slicer here. The Rolling Rocks of Doom are perhaps the most diabolical traps so far rendered. As the party is swept along, both boaters and "floaters", they will encounter water-smoothed rocks that lurk just below the surface. Aside from some bumps and bruises they will not seriously disturb the "floaters", and the boaters will just scrape over them with little ill effect due to the speed of the current. No problem, thinks the delvers. "Ha!", says you. The next smooth rock they come to is anything but.

The upstream side is a smooth rock surface counterweighted so that the smooth side faces upriver. Rushing water will not upset this balance. The impact of a heavy object, like a large dead fish, or a boat load of foolish tomb robbers will cause the balance to tip. Mounted on dwarvish steel axles, the rock portion drops down, out from under the delvers, presenting a broad flat surface to the current of the stream. This will force the other end of the device to swing around, up and over, presenting the party with a rack of parallel scythe-like blades. These blades will flash around and neatly flense your victims into convenient longitudinal slices. The force of the river's motion on the now, ahem, clogged blades will bring the smooth rock face back around and help reset the flenser.



I suppose if a high enough level character with incredible armour on could see the trap coming, he could roll into a ball, and the scythe blades might just hook him around and under, freeing him on the other side. But this would stretch the bounds of credulity. There is only a 50% chance (L5) that even having heavy armour would help.

Three skulls are about the best I can go on this one good effort for a janitorial tool.

Trap #23: "It Is Always Darkest Before Things Go Right Down The Drain!"

The best thing about the last trap is that in the space of 50 to 100 feet you can have 2 to 5 of them. By the time what's left of the party has drifted out of the tunnel they will need a rest. And the always generous Evinrood is glad to oblige. The room the party has drifted into is 50 feet in all directions, up, down and side to side. Furthermore it has an inhibitory spell on it that works as follows. Any of the lower life forms that drift into the chamber, like barricudas, albino sharks, wandering lawyers and such will not be able to sense the presence of food. If the party can manage to obtain light they will be able to see that the water is quite deep, and crystal clear. The frightful denizens are clearly seen all about the delving party, moving on into the next part of the river. (Descriptions in detail of what they have been struggling against would be an excellent use of terror at this point! Gives the party something to look forward to.)

Also to be seen is a great chain that is in the center of the room. It is anchored to the ceiling, and descends into the depths of the pool, where it is also anchored to a round dwarf carved and positioned stone slab. Near the chain at the top can be seen a glittering that is near and dear to the heart of any dungeon delver and tomb trespasser: crystaline formations. These are so clearly gem quality it can be seen from the river surface 50 feet away. It is as if the grotto had been eaten away from below by the river until it came to this layer of uncut gems.

Up to this point the only things of value salvageable by the party have been fine dwarvish stainless cutlery (1,000 - 1,750 g.p. value each. Hey didn't I tell you Evinrood had a government sized budget on this place.) The delvers have been battered, beaten, sliced, spiked and nibbled; if they don't go for this bait check them for signs of brain damage.

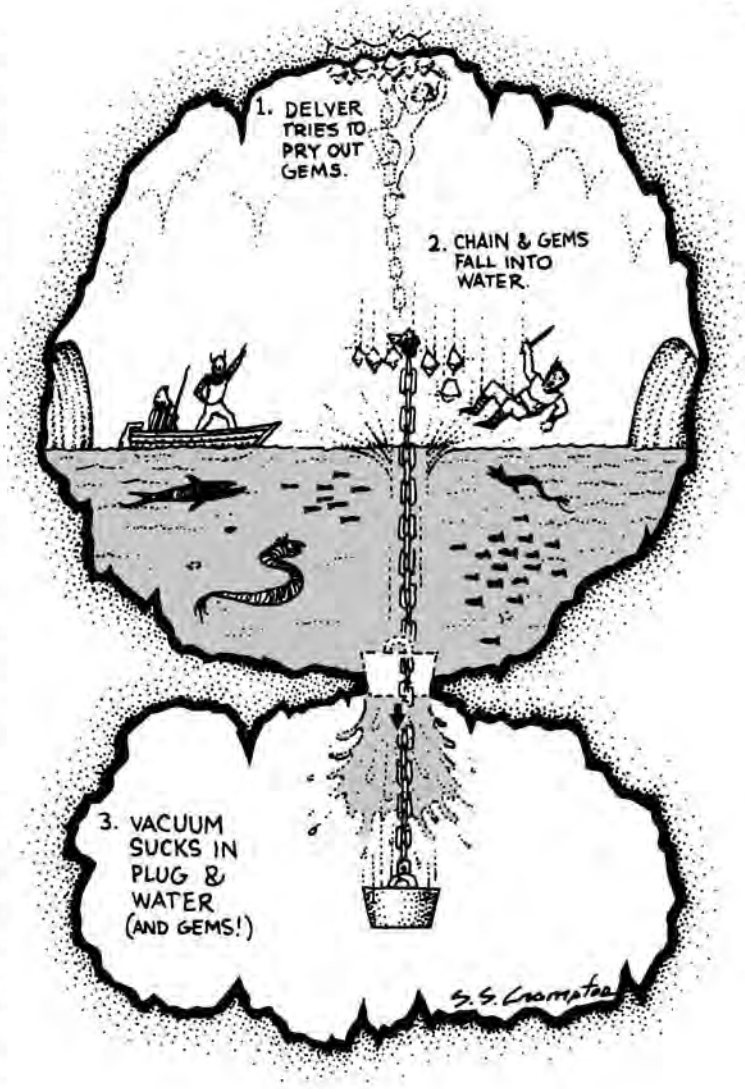
The chain is easy to climb for there is no slack to it. The delvers should all be able to fit on the chain as it is 50 feet in length from the water to the ceiling. When the first delver reaches the top of the chain he will see a ruby the size of his head nestled amongst similar stones that are packed together in a bed of shale. Or so it will seem. When the party starts to loosen the stones around the ruby, or tries to take the ruby itself they will seal their own fate.

The Ruby is attached to the mechanism that holds the chain in place in the ceiling. The chain in turn holds the plug in the bottom of the room in place. Things start happening fast at this point. Number one, the chain shoots straight into the water below like an arrow. The partial vacuum imparted in times long past to the large chamber under this one will suck

the block to which the chain is fastened into the chamber below like an egg into a bottle. (You know, milk bottle, lighted match, egg on the opening—thoop—into the bottle? Arg! What's happened to young trapsters these days? Don't any of you watch "Mr. Science"?)

Any delvers who do not let go should have a 60% chance (L4) of surviving being sucked through a hole under water at high speed. If any members of the party survive there is a 30% chance they will be stunned by the 100 foot fall to the chamber bottom. This will cause them to drown unless rescued from the following events. The party will then be hit by the torrent of water from above with the power of a highspeed fire hose! (There is an 80% chance (L2) to avoid being directly below the opening and battered by the stream!)

Tomb robbers lucky enough to have been in the water still, or to have let go in time are now treated to a merry-go-round ride the likes of which they have never experienced. Like a giant tub emptied by an extra large drain the circular chamber has become a vortex! The suction, combined with the speed of the current has started a whirlpool effect that will begin to fill the vast chamber under the pool. The delvers will be powerless to resist.



Those that can fly out of the water will be knocked out of the air by falling rocks from the ceiling above. The mechanism holding the top of the chain in place also serves to start a "cave in" of the gem bearing slate layer. This was designed to peal off just the 1 foot thick layer that was "plastered" onto the roof, especially with flying wizards in mind.

If a member of the group survives being pulled into the lower chamber keep in mind that it will fill up in fairly short order having as it's source of supply the entire river system, and that this will leave the party under 50 feet of water once the incoming pressure equalizes. To add insult to injury the gems themselves, having been washed out of the falling rock will be sucked down into the bottom of the lower chamber. Oh yes, there is more: the "no lunch" spell is only good in the upper chamber. All the denizens that are swept into the lower chamber to keep the delvers company will be in full fighting trim. Salvaging the jewels should pose a daunting prospect. 100 feet from the surface of the pool, through a fairly narrow opening, past the hungry river dwellers, without any light, should keep them out, but the prospect of 10,000 g.p. (uncut, as is) will prove a powerful temptation.

Oh one last thing, being pulled through the "drain hole" will be none too good for the structure of the party's boat, or boats! Let's face it, those old wooden boats will be irrecoverable. So don't let any wise-guy members of the party tell you otherwise.

All right! If someone in the group has the right magical ability they MIGHT be able to put the boats back togather again with the right spell. Sheesh!

This trap rates four skulls: with so many ways to go this one is almost a sure thing.

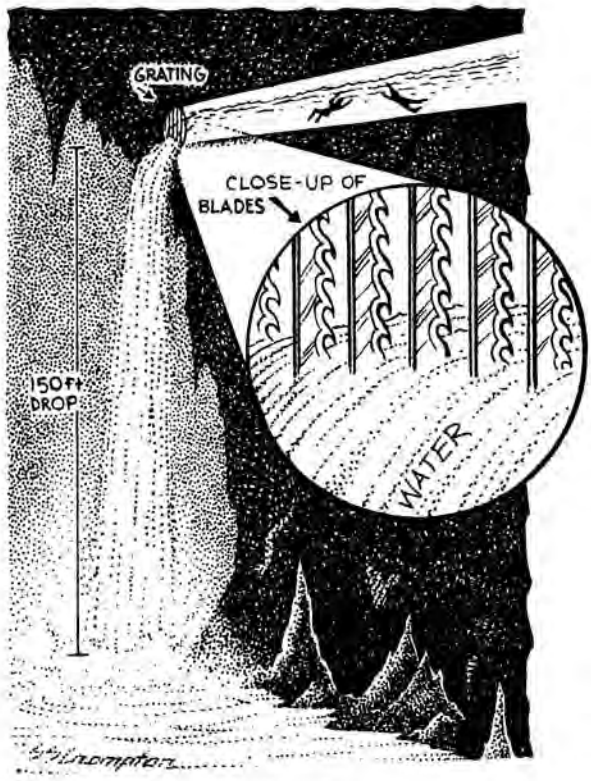


Trap #24: "Chutes and Graters"

As hard as it may be to believe there are those who will find a way past the Drain Trap, but that's O. K. because good old Evinrood believes in overkill. (That's one of the things I like about the old fossil.)

Across from the passage that led the party into the last trap there is a low-roofed tunnel that exits the drain room. Once the large room under the upper chamber has filled the current will carry the delvers on into this tunnel.

The delvers will quickly discover that the walls are worn very smooth, and that the tunnel is fairly shallow. One of the ways a delver may discover the smoothness is by trying to stand up. Given the smooth rock and the swift current, standing up is out of the question. (No, Gargantua the Mighty, 15th. level warrior, strength has nothing to do with it.) The walls and ceiling are worn smooth as well.



The tunnel starts out as a 12 foot round tube. As it goes on the hapless crew will notice that it is sloped downward in an ever-increasing angle. The pace picks up as the volume of water is accelerated by gravity. Further along the tube begins to narrow, first to 10 feet round, 8 feet, finally to 6 feet. The water level rises almost to the top of the tube, and is accelerated still more. (Nope, Gargantua, sorry, strength fails again. Now even though the walls are close enough to press against they are still slick, and the water will back up against you increasing the weight with every passing second!)

This is all well and good you say but what's the punch line? The chute, like all fun things must come to an end. By now the party's torches should be out, or at best casting a flickering light only inches from the roof of the tunnel. The party will be carried along at a pace that will be hard to determine, but everyone involved will know it is fast. All this sets the stage for the end of the tunnel.

Remember the dwarvish metal spears, and scythe blades? Remember Evinrood's fastidious preoccupation with keeping organic matter from backing up in the system? Remember that the end of most tunnels had a screen on them as a recurring design feature? At the end of the tunnel, with the party flying along at very good speed and little chance to stop, they will find a grating. Floor to ceiling spaced less than 8 inches apart are as nice a set of corrosion resistant dwarvish metal blades as you could imagine. As razor sharp as you could hope for! This should give any party encountering it cause to review their itinerary.

(Now you may think the party will end right here. Hasn't the fact that they have gotten this far proven anything to you? Delvers are the most devious and conniving scum on the planet, and there are a few ways to escape even this trap. (If Gargantua has a magic sword that will destroy all other blades it encounters, for example.) So make it hard for the party to see this one coming, and force some high level luck usage.)



Without armor the gratings are 100% lethal. With armor there is still a 30% chance (L3) of death or dismemberment keeping in mind that other delvers will stack up on the stopped one increasing the force!

This babe is three skulls if the party is unarmored dropping to two skulls if the party is armored. Either way, it's a really sharp little trap.

Trap #25: "How Long Can You Tread Water?"

What is left of the tomb robbing party will be ejected out over a vast underground lake. They will be carried by the pressure of the entire river far out from the wall, where they will plummet to the surface of the lake below. 150 feet below! Luck will play a major part in surviving a fall from this height. There is a 30% chance (L3) that death will result from the fall. Drowning from the depth of the plunge is what will likely turn up on the coroner's report. (The last primarily applies to heavily armoured characters.)

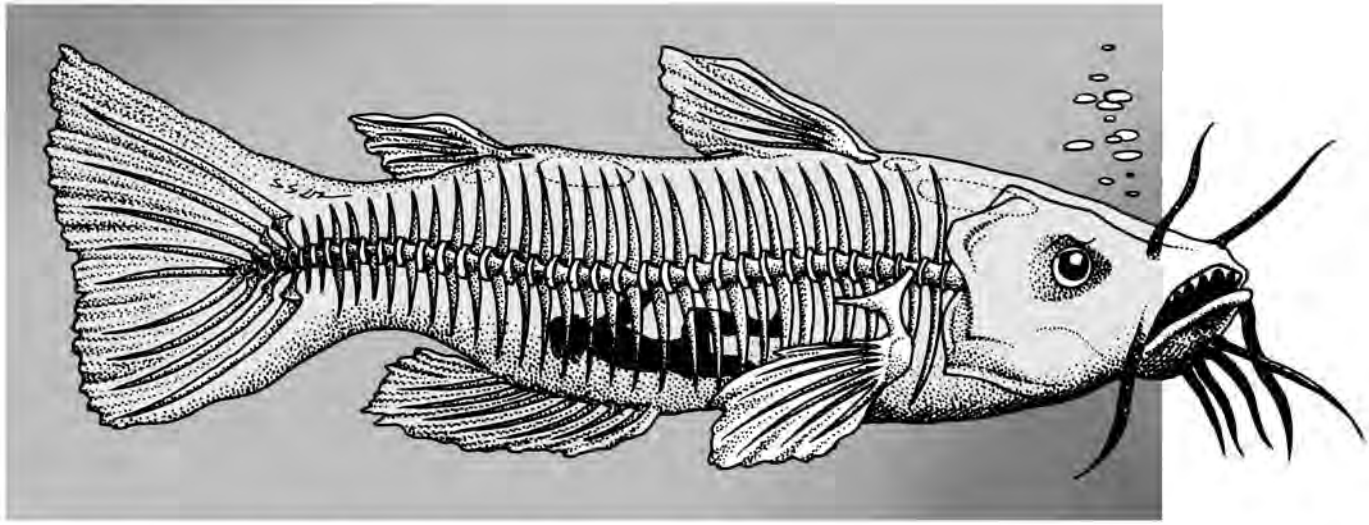
At the point below the area in which most of the debris from the falls hits the lake there will be a collection of bones, most sliced into convenient 8 inch bits. It would be here that an appearance of the legendary Glass Catfish would be very convenient. The party winded, bereft of boat, thrashing about in the water, perfect!

The legendary Glass Catfish will be found lurking at the bottoms of this grotto. This baby is a giant breed of catfish whose flesh is transparent. The Glass Cat just lies waiting for lunch to come to it. Lying on the bottom he looks like an old skeleton picked clean and left by time, unless he has just eaten. Digestion can be a gross process especially if it is someone you know! He can grow up to 40 feet in length depending upon his food supply. (Almost always found one at a time this creature is like fighting a subterranian killer whale: VERY tough.)

If you find the fish and the party are reluctant to mix it up there is always a way to bait the delvers into diving down and stirring up the fish. Liberally sprinkle the bottom with about 15,000 g.p. worth of gold and gems mixed in with the jumbled bones and I don't think you will have any problems.



Keeping in mind that the "Fish" should be at least as tough as a 15 L Warrior (remember Gargantua) the trap only rates two skulls. With just the fish and the fall this trap is more scenic than deadly.



Trap #26: "What's The Matter? Cat Got Your Tongue?!

By now the party will have noticed that they can see their way around this vast chamber fairly well. This is because of the lambent light cast by a huge statue of a cat sitting on an island in the lake.

This is clearly no ordinary cat and no ordinary statue. It is over 15 feet tall, and made of a transparent emerald-like substance. The light is odd in that it is not really bright, but very difficult to look at for long periods of time. The figure is obviously a cat but like no cat the delvers have ever seen. It is long bodied and obviously female, but it stands erect on it's hind legs. It is also holding in one "hand" a staff.

The statue's eyes are the only things not carved from the same transparent green stone. They are difficult to see clearly, but they seem to be a rich topaz color, embedded in

the statue.

The statue is facing a low pedestal upon which sets a stone coffin, covered with carvings. They depict a pair of figures, one a short male human and one a tall catlike creature. They appear to be locked in some kind of struggle.

If the party makes it to the island they will find it to be an oval roughly 50 feet long, and 40 feet wide. It rises barely a foot above the lake's surface.

If any of the party's magic users have survived this far they will detect no magic from the coffin or the statue, but there is a great deal of nonactive magic on the staff, in the statues hand. This staff is made of the same substance as the statue, with the exception that the staff is veined throughout with a very fine latticework of gold wire.

The coffin will yield the same scenes of combat seen from the water, but in more detail. Clearly they depict a wizards duel between the catlike creature and Evinrood. It is likely that this island is much associated with that conflict.

The coffin opens from the top. The lid can be removed with ease by any member of the party. The contents will at first seem to be a slab of the same translucent substance that makes up the cat statue. Lying under the emerald slab can be seen, vaguely, items of exotic jewelry, all cast in gold. This "slab" of emerald completely fills the bottom of the coffin, glittering. If any member of the party touches it, even with a sword or intermediary device, like a stick or staff, an immediate reaction will occur.

The "awful green stuff" is the horribly diabolical way Evinrood used to defeat the cat-deamon. It is an algae which he projected from a compartment in his staff. This enabled him to both defend himself from its attack and counterattack with devastating effect at the same time. The abilities of this algae are threefold: first it will consume any carbon containing substance, second it grows extremely rapidly (so fast that it can seem to leap toward it's victims) and third it is very difficult to kill. The algae will lie dormant in the absence of "food" but once "food" presents itself the growth is explosive! This is where the delvers come in.

The "blob" will explode out of the coffin, and engulf the first character who comes in contact with it. (If a trapmaster is a real namby-pamby he could permit the character to drop the object up which the growth has occurred. Keep in mind this stuff is fast. There is only 40% chance (L6) of success.) After the character has been "consumed" the growth will be explosive. The island will be covered with a thin layer of algae in a matter of seconds. The delvers will be left with two options; dive back into the lake and all that that entails—chomp— chomp—, or climb the cat statue and hope it is not edible, or attractive to the "blob".

The algae will stop at the water's edge. This is not an hospitable environment for this type of algae, as it is fresh water. The algae needs salt for its growth. If the party is in a position to watch they will see little fish come up and nibble the fringes of the algae as it comes into contact with the water. They in turn are instantly dragged onto the island and turned into little blobs of algal mass. It cannot grow in the water but, it loses none of its potency, right up to the edge!

The party that has climbed up on the cat statue will notice that the eyes mentioned earlier are in fact giant gem stones. They will also note that the statue is laced throughout with microfine lines. The light comes from a hole beneath the base of the statue that opens into a volcanic pit. The glowing lava is somehow magnified by the construction features of this incredibly valuable statue. If the party attempts to remove the "eyes" they will cause the statue to shatter into millions of shards. (If they are hanging onto it they will be dumped to the ground, or the next closest thing if they work over the statue after opening the coffin.) The "eyes" will remain intact and have a value of 10,000 g.p. each!

If the party has attacked the statue before the coffin nothing else will happen. If the "blob" is loosed first, after the statue crumbles and the party has fallen into the "blob" and been consumed, the lava which has been held in check beneath the statue is released. This is as a result of the releasing of a pressure plate in the bottom of the coffin. Once the "blob" has gone out hunting, the pressure will be released, and the quartz panel will be withdrawn, if the statue is destroyed. The lava will clean off the island of the last vestiges of the "blob". The party will only see this if they are in the water.

The only loose end in this whole setup is the staff the statue was holding. It is the staff of the catlike daemon that battled Evinrood. It will not be consumed by the "blob", and it will not be melted or burned by the lava. It still radiates powerful magic. If any member

of the party touches this staff his or her brain will short out. He or she will become in effect a first level wizard with one heck of a magic staff. (The staff will act as a magical amplifier making it possible for the character who posseses it to cast spells at any level once it learns them. This will be without the usual costs.) The character will also be transformed into a 15 foot tall catlike creature, with attributes and personality corresponding there too. The character will not remember anything of it's own past life and the brain patterns of the cat-wizard will not be able to impress themselves on the ordinary delver brain. (Brains? Imagine that; delvers have brains! Who'd have thought such a thing?) IMPORTANT SURVIVAL TIP: Don't play with the toys of high level wizards.

There is a way out of this lake other than trying to crawl all the way back up the river. If the party, or what is left of it, looks around the wall to the right of the waterfall, they will find the ranks of dripping stalactites interrupted by a column of green algae. This slimy pillar stretches up into the dim light until it reaches the roof of the cavern. If the gang of cavern crawlers inspects this more closely, they will find it to be the only practical exit from this chamber. Under the layers of algeal growth, the tomb trashing party will find a rust coated ladder, almost corroded through in places. Ascending this slimy tower will call for a fair amount of dexterity and daring, coated as it is with muck. There is a 30% chance (L3) of any given member in any given turn slipping, or of one of the cross ties giving way.

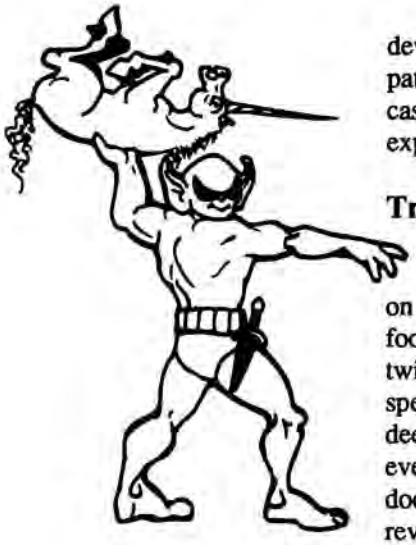


At the top will be found a stone hatch. Someone of above average strength must be at the top of the ladder to open the hatch. (If not, require saving rolls as they try to change places). There is a 20% chance (L2) that a rung of the ladder will break as he tries to lift the hatch. (The reason it is so heavy is that there is a chest of teasure sitting on top of it.) If they make it through, the party will find themselves coming up into Trap #39 from below.

The Blob is a four skull horror; speed and animal reflexes are essential. Not opening the Coffin is the best defense. The gold in the coffin is all that remains of the cat creature. The cat wizard infected by the blob was trapped in the coffin by Evinrood. The lava will clear off the island and melt the coffin.



THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED



For the party of tomb trespassers to have even found this path indicates that they think deviously. This is good, it means they may last a few traps longer and prolong the fun. This path through the devious treachery of Evinrood's traps has as its theme missdirection. In most cases what you see is NOT what you get, or what you get is very definitely not what you expected, which leads us to...

Trap # 27: I'm Sure You'll Get The Point!

The doors behind the stucco are, once cleared, revealed to be the same as the doors on the right, the "Ye Olde Digit Dicer" lock type. They consist of two large 10 foot by 10 foot panels, 10 feet tall. The locking mechanism will seem familiar, however these have a twist. The party will discover to its chagrin that the door cannot be opened by a simple magic spell. In fact they cannot be opened by a complex magic spell either. They are two layers deep. The first was the decorative fresco coat that had to be chipped off before the party could even get at them. The second coat is a false stone veneer which is set in place over the real doors themselves. This stone veneer can be disolved by magic, and the real doors will be revealed. But we should deal with those who don't have high level wizards hanging on their coat tails.

If the delvers treat this door as if it were just the ordinary "stick something in in the right pattern" three-hole lock they are in for a surprise. By now they will have learned, if they have encountered this type of lock before, that using your own digits to trip the lock is detrimental to ones continued well being. Some form of device is likely to be employed in the holes in lieu of a digit. This will be fine as the trap works in a new and startling way.

Once the appropriate digit sized device is inserted in the door the trap is triggered. Out of all three finger holes will shoot 2 and 1/2 foot long steel darts. These darts are propelled by powerful springs, and as a result they will splinter any wooden or fleshy objects used. If the digit used is armored the point on the dart is such that it will penetrate any but the finest or magically protected armor.

As you can see this variation will cause some surprise to delvers who expect one thing and are served up yet another.

Once the delvers figure that the stone facade is not the real door either the party's mage will blast away the rock or the beefier warrior types will manually remove the stone. Revealed will be the faces of two massive bronze doors of exactly the same dimensions. They are works of the bronze casters art.

They depict the climactic scene of Evinrood's battle with the deamon lord. There are vile faced terrors swarming all about a central figure on the right who is marshaling them to the attack. On the left is the stumpy figure of Evinrood surrounded by ranks of earth, air, fire, and especially water elementals. Their vaguely humanoid faces are intent on the fight. All the monstrous faces are turned to face the observer, not the respective foe, only the wizard's faces are turned toward each other. On the left hand door there are three empty holes just like there were on the stone facia. (There may be a few of the delvers who do not realize that these are the holes out of which the darts fired. Don't clue them in, let them timidly probe them for awhile. It will serve to heighten their apprehension.)

The bronze is hardened to a surprising degree so the doors are not subject to any but the most powerful physical attack. The doors radiate the presence of a magical spell. As there is no other observable way to open the doors it is clear that they are magically locked and will require a mage to open them.

The spell required to unlock the doors is not a difficult one. Almost any intermediate level spell of opening will suffice to set off the trap, and open the doors.

The baleful malice-filled eyes, sunk like dark holes in the monstrous deamonic and elemental faces were just that, holes. From the eyes of every monster face shoot the 2 and 1/2 foot darts the party will have encountered from the three hole lock attempt in the stone facade. There are dozens of the darts and they cover the entire face of both doors. If the party is before the doors when the spell is cast there is a 40% chance (L4) of any one of them catching a dart.

If the character misses, the number by which he misses will determine the number of darts he receives. They will each do 1D6+3 in damage, and will be stopped only by magical armor, dwarven steel armor, or regular armor of extreme thickness.

Incidentally, if there are any of the tomb traipsers left at this point, the doors open by themselves and swing inward. They are three feet thick (so that the darts can be loaded into the works.) and counterweighted to swing freely. (Lest the party thinks of purloining the doors, [Don't laugh it's happened before.] they are hollow, and their actual value (2,000 g.p.) is in the art work and in the trap mechanism within.)

The party will be free to continue on down the corridor thus revealed.

The door is a two skull trap, clever but the darts are a little wimpy to be rated three.

Trap #28: The Danger Here Will Be Crystal Clear.

The would-be tomb robbers will look down a broad corridor that is 20 feet wide, and 50 feet long. The ceiling is 15 feet high. They will see that after an interval wide enough to permit the bronze entry doors to swing wide the hall is occupied. In a rank along the walls on either side, for 30 feet, are 12-foot tall statues of warriors. These warriors are truely unique. They are tall, oddly thin warriors with unnaturally elongated limbs and long, hollow cheeked faces. They are sculpted entirely of crystal. These warriors are a symphony of sharp points and acute angles. Armed with pole weapons edged up their entire length, these objects would be dangerous to a character's continued health if they were even brushed against, let alone if they were to attack.



The crystal warriors are stationary and transparent. The light from the party's torches will be refracted into a million rainbow glints and highlights, by the thousands of crystaline edges. They are not as great a threat to armored warriors as they would be to lightly armored wizards and rogues who must travel light.

An alert leader will take one look at this arrangement of "glassware" and do his level best to smash the warriors where they stand. The statues are easily broken up. A sharp blow will do the job with ease. The statues will collapse into heaps of dagger-like shards, each shard glass-sharp on all its edges. Beyond reducing these statues to shards there is little else that can be done as further attacking the piles of shards will only result in smaller, sharper shards. Once they are destroyed there can be seen a mechanism like a stone piston that was fastened to the back of each warrior.

If the party is not astute enough to smash the statues, and instead goes on through the room, they will be entertained and diverted by a fairly simple mechanism. As the room radiates no magic they will be on their guard for mechanical traps. The entire floor surface is the activator mechanism. It is a long tilt plate rocker switch constructed to balance on a slight bump in the middle so that when the party enters the room it tilts down to set, and when they

pass the halfway point the party's weight brings it down on the activator.

The net result is that the crystal warriors are thrust forward on hydraulically driven pistons to smash into each other, and coincidentally any hapless delvers who are in between. This will have a two-fold potential for injury. First from the force of the pistons, which is considerable, and secondarily from the multitude of sharp and penetrating surfaces on the statues themselves. The chances of a party member actually being hit directly by one of the pistons is only 20%, (L2). The chances of a delver who is not heavily armored suffering a slash from a near miss is 30% (L3). As a result of the overall rough treatment the statues will shatter into shards as described above. (This may seem obvious, but if the statues are smashed in advance the location of the pistons will be obvious.)



Once the statues have been overcome the party may feel free to proceed to the large double doors at the hall's end. Wrong.

This trap may seem like a rather ornate but clumsy effort, rating a mere two skulls, but as with many of Evinrood's best traps this is just the set up.

Trap #28a: Just What Every Delver Needs, A Little Polish.

The doors at the end of the hall are the standard double doors, featureless, except for the three-hole lock mechanism. They are 10 feet tall and 10 feet wide. With the crushed crystal warriors at their back the party will likely feel that the doors are their only problem.

The doors are unlocked by the usual method, either a low level magical spell, or by "probing" the holes for the right one. When the locking mechanism is tripped is when the fun begins again.

The first noticeable reaction to the unlocking of the doors is that the floor of the room the party is in splits down the middle, dumping the party and the crushed crystal warriors into a chamber 30 feet below the main hall. This chamber has a rounded bottom and is 50 feet long by 20 feet in diameter. Once the tomb traipsers land in the chamber the weight of their fall causes doors over their heads to close and lock in place. This will effectively create a 50 foot long cylinderical can inside which are the party, and several hundred pounds of crushed crystal.

A quick thinking wizard may fly himself out of this trap by not allowing himself to fall but most other delvers should be trapped by this. If you are feeling sporting you can give them a 40% chance (L6) to evade the trap if the delver can come up with a way to stay up, and acts on it.

Now comes the part that makes this really special. Once the lid has trapped the delvers a door is opened near the end of the giant can. This door is at the end of a tunnel that leads back to the underground river. The purpose of this water shaft is to turn a large water wheel at the greatest possible velocity. The water wheel is joined to the end of the trap can by a series of geared wheels (Evinrood's design, dwarvish manufacture.) The trapped delvers are in no position to appreciate this marvel of manufactured genius, but they are uniquely placed to enjoy its effects.



As the water brings the wheel up to speed the gears will turn the entire cylinder mechanism at an increasing rate. The cylinder's far end is anchored by a large axle that allows this turning to proceed smoothly. The party inside the can will be subjected to the exact same treatment that is used to polish gem stones smooth. The crushed crystal, and the buffeting turning as the speed picks up will be sufficient to take the edge off even the most uncouth, loutish warrior. (If you want comic relief you can have the speed increase slowly enough that for a short period of time delvers who are sufficiently agile can run in the direction of the spin. Of course the river is tireless, the same can seldom be said for the average dungeon delver.

Once the tomb robbing party has gotten out of the Tumbler Trap (and believe me a party eventually will, in some devious and destructive manner.) They will find that the 20 foot wide doors have been released. (One or the other of the opening trap components also releases the doors, I forget which, perhaps the one that turns on the water?) The party will be confronted by a "T" intersection. To the right and left are 10-foot wide doors. (There is also a secret panel but for reasons that will become obvious we are saving this for last. The party is being offered two perfectly obvious alternatives, why would they look for a third?)

The polisher is a four skull trap for artistic value as well as torturous intent. The one - two, phased set up wasn't bad either.

If the party elects to go to the right proceed to the next trap. If the party elects to go to the left then go to Trap #44 and run things backward to this point!

If by some tragic mischance the party detects the secret door, then go to Done Too Soon. (With any luck they'll get there none too soon.)

Trap #29: Heated Harassment Harries Hapless Hunters.



The stair to the right leads upward 30 feet and is 10 feet wide. The stairs themselves are metal and inclined at a steep angle. At the far end of the stairs is a nonstandard door, the details of which are hard to make out at this distance. As the party climbs the stair they will, within 10 feet of the bottom, encounter some cobwebs. They are slightly sticky and break easily to the passage of the torch or the brush of a hand. They cover the entire opening of the stair way, but so thinly that they are only just visible in the torch (or whatever) light. Concealed amongst the cobwebs is an ultra fine trip wire. The wire is strong enough for the delver who breaks it to have an 80% chance (L2) of detecting that something is amiss.

In a complex of chambers above the stairs there is a network of steam vents. Their source is geyserlike geothermal energy. When the wire is broken, the steam flows down conduits in the walls and into a network of metal pipes under the stairs. The bottom of this pipeline is perforated so that the steam will flow out fast enough so to permit a steady flow of more fresh, hot steam. All this drains down into a vast chamber under the stairs. The stairs will in short order take on the heat of the live steam, and reach a temperature of several hundred degrees. Barefooted characters will be deeply distressed; those with armored foot gear will also be negatively affected as their "protection" heats up.

The best part of the trap is that the door, when reached, has no handle, and seemingly no opening mechanism at all. The plaster that covers it is laid over iron so attempts to dig through or chop down the door will be fruitless, and time consuming, as the temperature of the stairwell increases. If a character spends more than three turns engaged in strenuous activity at the top of the stairs there is a very real chance of heat stroke! (The chance should start low, say 20% (L2), for turn 3 at the top, this should escalate to a 30% chance (L3) for the fourth turn at the top, and so on.)

The punch line of the joke is that the door will open by itself in 15 turns, when the supply of steam runs out and the residual condenses. At this time the door simply drops into a slot in the floor, assuming the party has not so deformed it that it will no longer fit.



I like a hot foot as much as the next guy and this one is pretty well done, but with the exception of the heat stroke potential, and some potential foot burns, this trap only rated one skull. This trap gives the party a chance to take a "breather" for a change.

Trap #30: "Put That Down, You Don't Know Where It's Been."

When the door is opened it will reveal a room 30 feet by 30 feet with a 15 foot high ceiling. The door is centered in one wall, and all the other walls are featureless, save for frescos on the stucco depicting a short stumpy wizard doing battle with a warrior wearing a bright crimson suit of armor. The wizard seems to be getting the worst of the battle. At various points the scenes depict a variety of magical attacks being defeated by the armored figure, who is pursuing the wizard determinedly.

The delvers will get a chance to inspect this wonderful armor first hand. There before the party, in the center of the room, arrayed on a frame manikin is the same suit. Needless to say it reeks of magic at a level so high, and spells so over lain that it is hard to discern just exactly what they are intended to do.

If the party is wise they will give this armor a wide birth, but if they were wise they would not be traipsing about this deep delver shredding machine.

The armor seems to consist of crimson baked ceramic panels. Close inspection will show these panels to be made up of tightly packed fibers in a resinous matrix, baked into the various necessary forms for plate armor. The most unique aspect of this suit is that the helm

is featureless. There are no eye openings at all. In all other respects this armor seems made to fit a normal human.

Don't fear; eventually someone will crack. Then either they will try it on, or some member of the party will be "volunteered" to try it on. Better still, not trusting each other various members of the party will try on various parts at the same time. What they will find is that the armor will conform to who ever dons it, from the most petite female rogue to the most burly brute of a warrior. The second thing they will note is that the armor will not allow itself to be worn over other protection. If a delver attempts to put the armor on over another piece of armor, reguardless of its nature, the crimson armor will absorb the other piece and the original armor will no longer exist!

The party can test the armor to their hearts content. Magical spells cast at the armor are either deflected off, in the case of the more elemental powers, flame, wind, or energy blasts, or they are absorbed into the fabric of the armor in the case of more cerebral spells, like mind control, illusions, or death spells that attack the substance of ones being. It is proof against enchantment up to any level the party, in fact any party can generate. All in all it is a most remarkable suit!

In all the joy of finding a room where nothing is trying to kill them, and a treasure that is genuinely a treasure, the party may not notice that the frame manikin from which they extracted the suit is still radiating very powerful magic. This will require a direct detection of magic spell upon the frame manikin. The only spell remaining hereupon is one of restraint, at an unprecedented level. (Note the subtle hint!) The party will also note if a wizard tries to cast magic with the armor, or a piece of the armor on he finds that the armor works just as well from the inside as from the outside. In fact if the wizard is wearing the gauntlets and casts a flame spell he will be subject to the blast reflected back into the gauntlets and toasting his hands!

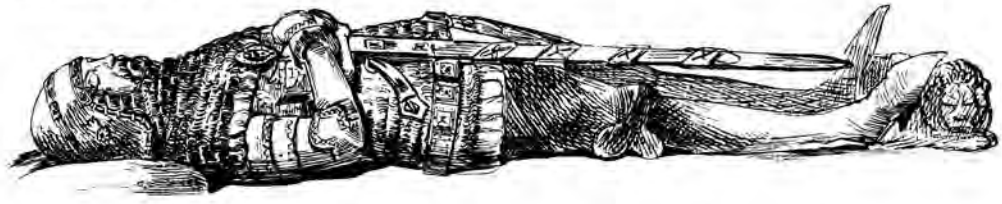
If all this seems too good to be true IT IS. The effect of the armor will begin once the wearer is outside the 30-foot range of the frame manikin. This armor is in fact proof against all magical attack. It was created to house the deamonic assassin sent by Selgolub in one of the earliest attempts to destroy Evinrood. This deamonic agent still exists, trapped by Evinrood within the fabric of the armor itself. The armor cannot act as an agent of destruction, not having the substance to move itself unaided. The imprisoned deamon trapped therein can and will take over the wearer and thus once again become the killing machine it once was.

If one member of the party is wearing the armor he will be destroyed by the deamon, and the armor-encased monster will attack the party with a vengeance. The magic defense capabilities are already known, as for the deamons martial skills, he will have whatever weapons the character previously had and 5 times the physical attributes. The armor will take up to 20 points of physical damage per turn without material damage. Magical weapons are ineffective against it except as they represent the weapon type. (For example: The "Broadsword of Burning" usually a 100D6 weapon, has the affect of an ordinary broadsword.)

The best form of chaos is if two or more members of the group are wearing parts of the armor. Then the deamon takes them all over. The thus-subjected members of the party then will attack all the unaffected party members. (The parts of the "deamonized" characters protected by the armor are defended as above, but there is no enhancement of attributes.) If the attackers are successful they will turn on each other until there is only one left who will don all the armor and stalk out of the dungeon seeking the shade of Evinrood! If the remaining unaffected members of the party can render the affected members unconscious they can remove the armor and toss it back into the room, where the restraint spell holds the deamon contained, and the unconcious delvers will return to normal. (This trick only works with partial armor wearers, if the affected delver is wearing the whole suit, even if the armor is defeated he is dead.



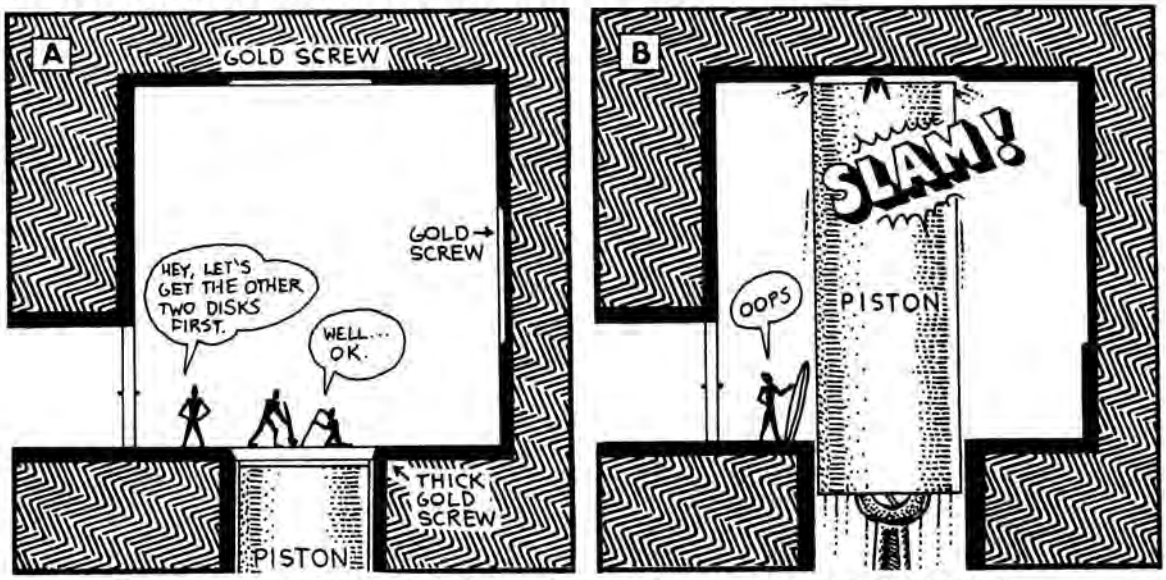
While not a genuine trap in the mechanical sense this armored suit is better than fly paper where tomb robbers are concerned. Still it only rates three skulls. The whole setup is absolutely safe if the delvers just say, "No."



Trap #31: Proof Positive That All High Level Mages Are Screwy!

To leave the armor room requires that the party find one of two doors concealed under the stucco, or they can return the way they came. If they detect the hidden doors they will find that there is one on the right as they entered the room, and one on the left. The doors are centered in the middle of each respective wall, and are the usual 3 hole lock type, 10 feet wide. Starting with the right hand side the party will find the door opens into the armor room, and that it leads into a small 10 foot by 10 foot hallway. Directly opposite the door through which they entered is another door. This one is also the standard dungeon door, and it opens inward.

The room revealed by this door is decorated in the most amazing style. The entire room is covered in stucco, with the exception of the floor, which appears to be inlaid stone. The predominating pattern is one of large circles. The room is 30 by 30 feet with a 30 foot tall ceiling. Centered on each wall, the ceiling and the floor are a recurring design. A large, 12 foot, circle, centered by a much smaller one, about 1 foot in diameter. The large circle is painted a rusty iron reddish brown, with the center, smaller circle being gold.



Close inspection of the gold circle in each wall will reveal that each disk is inlaid in the plaster, and bisected with a groove. If the party senses for magic they will find that there is none to be found anywhere in the room. The groove in the golden disks is just right to accommodate a broken sword, or flattened shovel blade. (I for one have seldom seen a delving party in posession of a 1 foot wide screw driver, but with dungeon delvers...you never know.)

If the party starts with the disks on the wall they will find that by twisting the disks they will work free of the walls. They are about 1 inch thick and seem to be solid gold (value about 1,500 g.p.). The one in the ceiling is exactly the same. (Lest the delvers try to pull a fast one on you, remember the door makes it so there is only three disks from the walls, and the ones in the floor and ceiling.) The disk in the floor will prove a little bit of a problem, it seems to be attached to a somewhat larger, or perhaps thicker disk. If the party continues turning the disk in the floor will begin to show itself to be in fact much deeper than the ones on the walls.

The floor disk is in fact a large golden screw, turned into the floor. As the party turns it out they will see there is much more gold in this object than in the other four put together. Once the screw has withdrawn 1 and 1/2 feet out of the floor, the trap will be activated.

This screw is in fact an anchor for a large iron piston in the floor. Once the screw is withdrawn the entire 12 foot iron disk is propelled to the ceiling by pneumatic pressure. Clearly this will have a deleterious affect on any delvers turning the screw, as well as anyone loitering around near by. There is a 40% chance (L4) that a lucky or agile delver could leap free before the deadly impact. (For real amusement value allow partial success to count and have the delvers pinned by various crushed appendages depending on the amount by which they miss their rolls.)

All is not lost: with much grunting and groaning the party, using brute force and



leverage, can still pry the screw free from its resting place mashed into the ceiling. The value of the gold screw is easily 10 to 15,000 g.p.

There is no other exit from this room save the door that the party entered from.

As artistic as this trap is, once again it requires a large blind spot on the part of the delvers. Three skulls for lethality, one if the party has the collective brains of a handful of walnuts. (Well, they might actually figure this one out!)

Trap #32: "To Sleep, Perchance To Dream..."

The party will be forced to backtrack through the armor room. From here they can either flee the dungeon, hopefully screaming in terror, or they can go over to the door that was on the left, as they originally entered the armor room.

Once the typical 3 hole lock has been overcome, they will find themselves in a corridor 10 feet wide and 20 feet long and 15 feet in height. The door at the end of the corridor is truly different from most of the rest encountered so far.

It is set in the middle of a wall covered in green tiles. It is only 5 feet wide and 8 feet tall. It is made of red stone with the details of a great battle graven on its surface. There is an army of hundreds of warriors arrayed against one man standing upon a small hill. The single man resembles the depictions of Evinrood that the gang of tomb robbers have seen before. The army is led by a huge figure on a horse drawn chariot. There is no magic on the door, and it has a common knoblike handle.

If any member of the party turns the knob there will be a loud bang, and the knob will explode in the hand of the person who turned it. If the character is not using a gauntlet the damage to the hand is considerable! (Barring magical intervention he will lose effective use of the hand.) If the delver in question is armored, and the armor is not magically impenetrable, he will find that while the explosion has not affected him, there are a number of small metal fragments that have penetrated his gauntlet. If the armor is magically impervious then the trap is wasted! (Curses, foiled again!)

If the character is wearing the non-magical gauntlet, he will likely start pulling the flechettes out of his paw. When he removes the last one he will begin to feel the effects of the herbal potion that was applied to the knob. (If the guy had no gauntlet at all, exsanguination will serve to flush the potion's affects right out of the system. Lucky him.)



The potion's effect is to cause the delver to fall into a deep narcotic sleep. This will last for 5 full game turns, despite all efforts to mitigate the result. During this time the delver will be subjected to wildly hallucinogenic dreams. These dreams will forecast the termination of members of the party in a variety of horrible fashions. The visions never show the traps themselves, only the end results: bodies covered with bugs, characters entombed in sand, or writhing on the floor of a room clutching at their throat. I'm sure you get the picture.

(Note: Take the player aside and tell him all this. It will sow the seeds of dissent, even if the player rushes back in and tells the whole truth. No one will be entirely sure he isn't holding out.)

After the knob explodes there will be revealed a panel under the remains of the lock trap. This panel will have the familiar 3 hole lock mechanism. The door opens outward into the corridor. This trap set-up rates as at two skulls.

Trap #33: "A Thousand And One Ways To Use Killer Bees!"

This trap is a genuine work of art. I won't even let Grimtina come into this room for obvious reasons. It is grim and foreboding in its potential, and beautiful in its execution. The open door brings the party face to face with a horse drawn chariot at full charge.

The wild eyed stallions are literally about to lunge through the open portal upon the unsuspecting party. The delvers torch light will flash brightly in the glaring eyes and caress the contours of the flaring nostrils. This apparition should cause even the most hardened delver to jump back.

After a momentary pause the party will find that they are confronted not by a warrior's ghost reaching across the span of time since the tomb was closed but a remarkably life like reproduction of a battle chariot. As the party looks into the room they will find it is filled with



a veritable army of statues. In paraded ranks on either side of the chariot can be seen, glinting in the light of the torch, ranks of deamonic looking soldiers. They are clad in blue enameled armor, and holding 6 foot long spears. At their belts are short swords, and on their heads are bizarre flared helmets that partially obscure the hideous faces.

Behind the first chariot there is another. Further back in the room on a raised dais at the rear can be found a coffin. It is covered with a blue enamel looking almost as if it were a solid block of blue sea water captured while in churning motion.

The warriors are all slightly over six feet in height. They also can be felt to radiate magic. The spell is of a very low nature, almost a simple maintenance spell. Upon the party's intrusion into the chamber in any fashion the spell will dissipate. (At this time please note

the operative word intrusion. This means any form of entrance into the room. If, for example, the party looses a crossbow into the room intrusion will have taken place.) When the magic dissipates there is no noticeable affect. (Most delvers hate the line, "No NOTICEABLE effect." they are sure there is some UNnoticed affect that they have missed.)

There is very little room in the chamber to move about. The statue-soldiers are packed in with only inches separating them. A close tactile investigation of the arrayed force will reveal them to be fired terra cotta. They are a brightly painted porcelain army, each one, his weapons and armor, of a single piece.

Now I, for one, see the party reacting in much the same way that it did when confronted with the crystal warriors earlier; that being to start smashing the statuary. This is the natural tendency of a gang of delvers when confronted with any extremely valuable, but vaguely threatening object. If they do follow this course they will find the statues easy to upset. In fact they are balanced in such a manner that it is almost impossible not to tip one into the next, like giant dominoes. The resulting serial crashing should momentarilly warm the cockles of the delvers tiny vandalistic hearts. Then will come the time to pay the piper, or in this case the beekeeper.

If the tomb robbers are still possessed of one or two thinking individuals, or are operating on a greed based system of looting, the value of these statues will be immediately obvious. Each one is an artistic masterpiece from an era gone these thousands of years. If they could be transported intact to a major city they would have a market value as high as 3,000 g.p. each. This would diminish if they were dumped on the market all at once but even massed as a haul they would bring 875 g.p. each. The chariots would be worth three times that.

A party thinking like this will take great care not to break the statues. It is for their benefit that the area is so closely packed, and the warriors so carefully balanced. Even with due care, for a fully armed and equipped party to be able to cross this room to the dais will require the utmost dexterity and agility. Notwithstanding their best efforts there is still a 20% chance (L2) of accidentally setting off a smashing chain reaction.

The magic spell that dissipated at the party's intrusion into the chamber was one that held in a form of magical stasis the occupants of the statues. Contained within each statue is a small swarm of so-called Killer Bees. (Don't you just love that name, so evocative!) When the chain reaction toppling begins, the bees will swarm, irritated by the crashing falls that release them. To be sure a few will be done in by the crashing of the statue containers, but rest assure there are more than enough survivors to go around.

The swarming bees are not dangerous as single individuals. (Although there is always the pleasant possibility some delver is alergic, about 1% chance!) It is in a swarm, or in this case groups of swarms, that they are lethal. Even armored tomb crashers are affected. Any exposed patch of skin that can be reached by a creature smaller than 1/2 an inch in size will be attacked.

Oh yea, there are ways to take care of these critters: poison gas, high grade commercial bug bombs, a really large, fast anteater... but they are tough. Most parties won't survive to reach the coffin. (Now you see why this room is off limits to Grimtina, with her dexterity it is not a matter of if, but when. I'm not that worried about her well being. It's the thought of sitting up nights with a pot of super-glue trying to reset this baby...)



This trap is beautiful to look at, but rates only two skulls. The bees will chase the delvers off. Chances of death are slim.

Trap #34: "Did Some One Mention Poison Gas?"

After the beauty of the last trap the childish simplicity of this next one is almost embarrassing. Upon reaching the coffin the party will find that it has a lid that is almost indistinguishable from the base. The stone from which the coffin is carved is unlike any you have ever seen. Even a dwarf will be hard pressed to remember any like it. The stone is rare and of great inherent value, perhaps as much as 15,000 g.p. delivered in useable condition. A dwarf, if present, will have a 60% chance to identify it as having been quarried on the long lost continent of Hy-atlan, sunk beneath the sea millennia ago during the myth-shrouded Age of Upheaval. This stone's like is found nowhere else in the world today.

This is all very nice and will serve to cloud the issue. Once the party summons up the courage to open the lid they will release the trap mechanism.

Simply put, once the lid is moved a piston that fills the base of the coffin begins to push upward forcing out of the long deep shaft within a heavier than air toxic cloud. Even attempting to put the lid back in place will not stop the outflow for long. The piston will simply continue until the pressure build up is sufficient to displace the lid. The gas will begin to build up and spill out over the floor. If the party left the entrance open it will not reach higher than the delvers ankles. If the door was left closed then the room will eventually fill. This will kill any remaining bees, and any air breathing members of the party.

There is a 90% chance (L2) of any one member of the party reaching the door and opening it, this will diminish by 10% for each passing minute until the point of 0% chance then the party will be beyond caring if the doors are open or closed.

If by some miracle there are non-air breathing members of the tomb robbing team, or they get the door open they will find no treasure inside the coffin.

The gas trap is a one skuller, unless the party is made up of real boneheads.

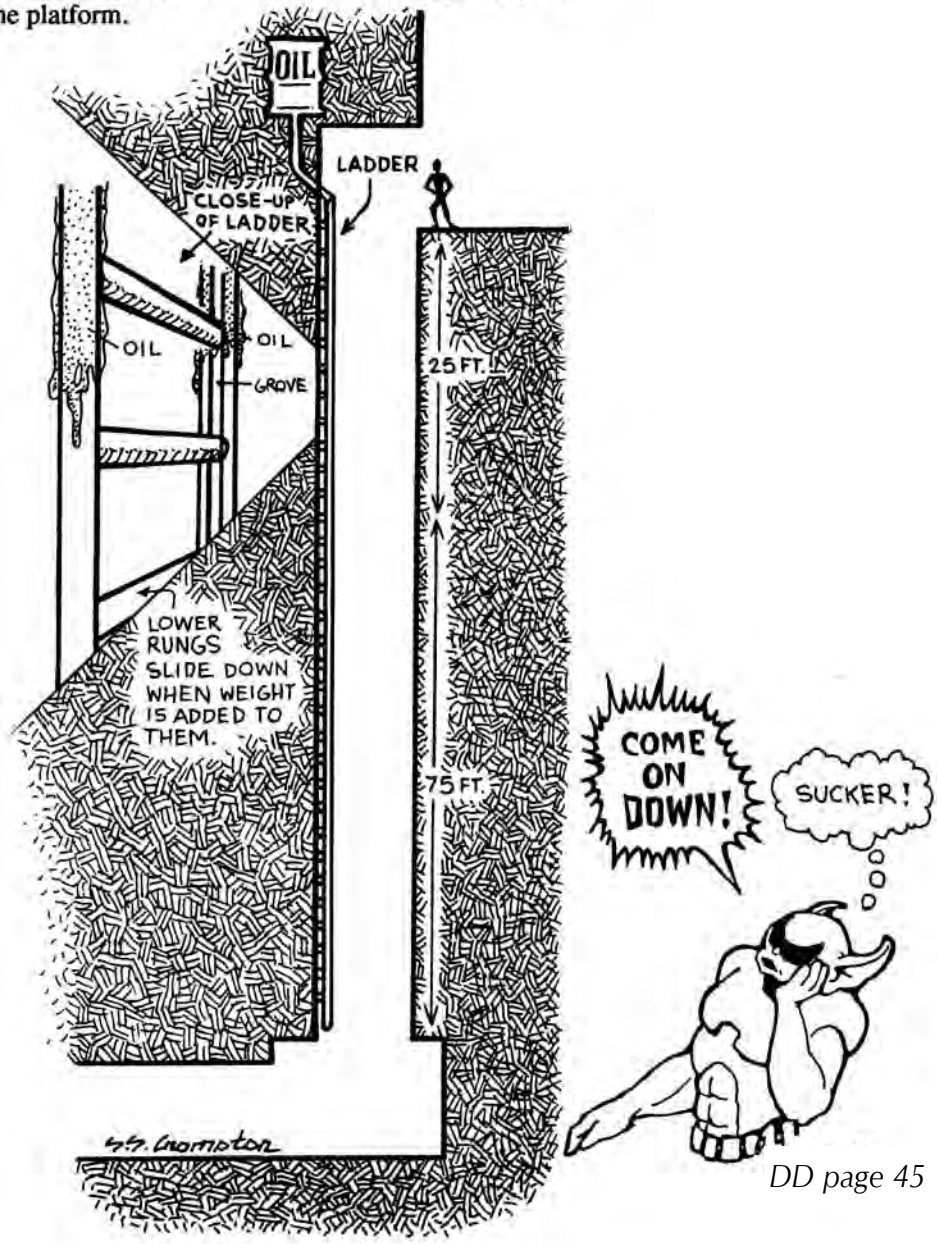
Trap #35: "Cummon Guys Get A Grip!"

Once the party has exhausted all the options of this room without finding the elusive treasure, they will begin to search the walls for doors. On the wall opposite the entrance beneath the stucco, as usual, there can be found two doors. The doors are located just beyond the ends of the coffin at either end of the platform.

Both doors are of the three finger hole type, and once opened present the delver with the same vista. The doors open into the room of the terra cotta soldiers, and reveal a 10 foot by 10 foot shaft leading down. There is a ladder in each shaft, but it is on the wall opposite the door in each case.

Let us begin with the door on the right. Clearly to go on will call for a leap of faith. Sure there are ways to laboriously inch a party's way around the walls over to the ladder. Pitons and climbing ropes, and such craven devices come to mind. A more likely delver I.Q. level solution will be to tie a rope to a party member and have him jump over, and grab hold of the ladder. To the party's surprise this will work. It will also set off the trap.

In a reservoir at the top of the ladder is a tank of thin, and extremely slippery, oil. When the first party member's weight is put upon the ladder it will slip down a fraction of an inch, allowing the oil to run down the sides of the ladder. Very little of the oil will get on the crossties, but close observation will reveal the crossties are set in parellel grooves on the sides of the ladder. The oil will coat the sides very, quickly. Other than glistening in the



torch light the oil will seem to have no affect.

At some point the party will have to continue on down. If they give up on the ladder all together they will need 90 feet of rope to reach the bottom of the shaft. If they trust the ladder, they will find, if their initial tester is willing to climb up and down a little, that the ladder is perfectly safe and solid for at least the the first 25 feet down, and back up. Hopefully at this point, oily sides notwithstanding, the delvers are likely to give the ladder a try.

At a point 55 feet down there is a series of 10 rungs, any one of which will cause the trap to activate. Once weight is brought to bear on one of these rungs a release in the upright sides of the ladder is tripped, and all the cross ties are released. As they have been thoroughly lubricated, they will slide down the grooves until they reach the bottom of the shaft, 45 to 90 feet below. Efforts to grab hold of the sides of the ladder are largely futile. First because of the lubricant oil, and second because of the falling cross ties. Any grip will necessarily require all or part of the delvers hand to cover the groove. Thump, the first cross tie hits, thump, the second, the third, and so fourth, the chinese water torture has nothing on this. Eventually the repeated impacts, or the weight of the mounting crossties (not to mention other members of the party foolish enough to be on the ladder above) will knock even the toughest delver off.



Eventually the tomb robbers will end up in a heap along with 80 metal crossties at the bottom of the shaft. The shaft and the ladder end 10 feet before the actual floor as the tunnel continues off in that direction.

This is a three skull trap, fairly lethal. It escapes four skulls by the fact that most delvers will tie themselves off to the top somehow, and thus escape the death plummet.

If the party elects to continue on down the tunnel thus discovered return to the portion of the tomb labeled "RIGHT FACE!" and run the traps in reverse order! This corridor will dead end next to the door out of which Trap #14 "Things Get All Screwed Up." emerges.



Trap #36: "So You Want To Get To The Bottom Of This, Eh?"

To avoid a long description, the door on the left leads to a shaft and ladder arrangement exactly the same in appearance to the one behind the door on the right. There are two differences. The first is that the shaft behind this door is 200 feet deep, and the second is that there is no vat of oil at the top of this ladder. As with Trap #35, the party will in all likelihood be reluctant to just jump over and grab a rung. With patience and careful coaxing they will eventually work up the requisite nerve to perch themselves on the ladder. They will be sure of some doom befalling them on the ladder, so this time there is a surprise in store for them. The trap is at the bottom. After an agonizing descent the party will find itself within 10 feet of the bottom of the shaft when they run out of ladder. The party must drop to the floor below. The first weight that hits the 10 by 10 foot space at the bottom of the shaft sets the trap for the next. (Ideally the party will have dropped something down the shaft as a test and really cooked their own geese.)

When the second weight hits the bottom of the shaft the 10 by 10 floor panel will explode upward with great force! When the first weight hit the panel, it locked in place. Into a room below the panel, was vented water from the supply that honeycombs the tomb area. This water comes into contact with another of Evinrood's dormant fire elementals contained herein. The water is converted to live steam, as the elemental is annihilated. Then the second weight trips the release that causes the panel to be blown back up the shaft by the force of the steam explosion. When the panel hits the ladder, parts of both will become shrapnel flying back up the shaft.



There is a 10% chance (L10) of someone on the plate surviving. Delvers still on the ladder have a 10% better chance (L9, L8, and so on) for each 10 feet up the ladder they are located at the time of the explosion. (Thus someone still at the top will have a 70% chance of not being hit by debris, and, or dislodged to plummet to the room below.) The ladder will be ruined by all this, and certain members of the party as well!

Four big skulls for this one, death is not only likely, but probable for at least one of the tomb robbers! It's a great way to give the delvers the shaft...

Trap #37: "Evinrood Trys To Dust Off The Party."

Any party members who survive the Explosion will find themselves in a rapidly filling pool of water at the bottom of the ladder shaft. This is not intended as a trap in and of itself, it being the last remnant of the water supply used to set the trap originally. The space at the bottom of the shaft will fill up to the level of the old floor then stop. This does create a pool 10 feet deep, in the 10 by 10 foot shaft. Heavily armored delvers will be well advised to exit as fast as they can through a door in the wall directly under the place where the ladder ended. (Any delvers that are really slow on the uptake can be forced to make a roll to survive being immersed. However, at this point it is unlikely that any of them will be dumb enough to stand about and wait for the water to lap over their heads.)

The delvers will find themselves in a corridor 30 feet long and 10 feet wide. At the corridors end there is an obvious door. The doors surface is covered with bronze plate into which a design has been impressed. The design shows the stubby figure you recognize as Evinrood. He seems to be fighting a battery of half-seen images, the rest of the inlaid figures are very indistinct. They seem to be horrific creatures but the work appears to be incomplete and the images only half formed.

The door has a golden lever as its latch release. (The gold value is about 150 to 175 g.p.—the question WILL be asked.) This will give the party a few moments of concern, especially when they pluck up the courage to turn it. (A gang of delving thugs don't like anything out of the ordinary, and will often bicker about the "signs and portents" of a "different" event endlessly!)

When the latch is depressed there is an audible "click". (If you thought the party was concerned before this should put them really on edge.) The door opens into the hallway and reveals a room 30 feet by 30 feet with a 20 foot ceiling. In the center of the room is a raised dais on which sits yet another sarcophagus. Above the sarcophagus there is a vast, rapidly turning ceiling fan, the arms of which are over 10 feet in length. It is made of woven rattan and as such it is not likely to be lethal. (Ah, those whirling blades of doom, I have used them well, alas.) The fan does cause a fairly stiff breeze within the confines of the room.

The sarcophagus is made of black stone, and is very plain, save that the lid is held in place by four golden balls. These balls are very large, 14 inches in diameter, and appear to be attached somehow to the top of the sarcophagus.

The walls of the room are covered with a fresco of Evinrood working in what seems to be a laboratory, when a large birdlike creature arrives with a parcel. Out of the parcel emerges an army of misshapen deamons. Evinrood struggles in vain against them and is overwhelmed. The last panel shows Evinrood rising from the floor in his laboratory, and the deamons are gone. Every last one of them, vanished!

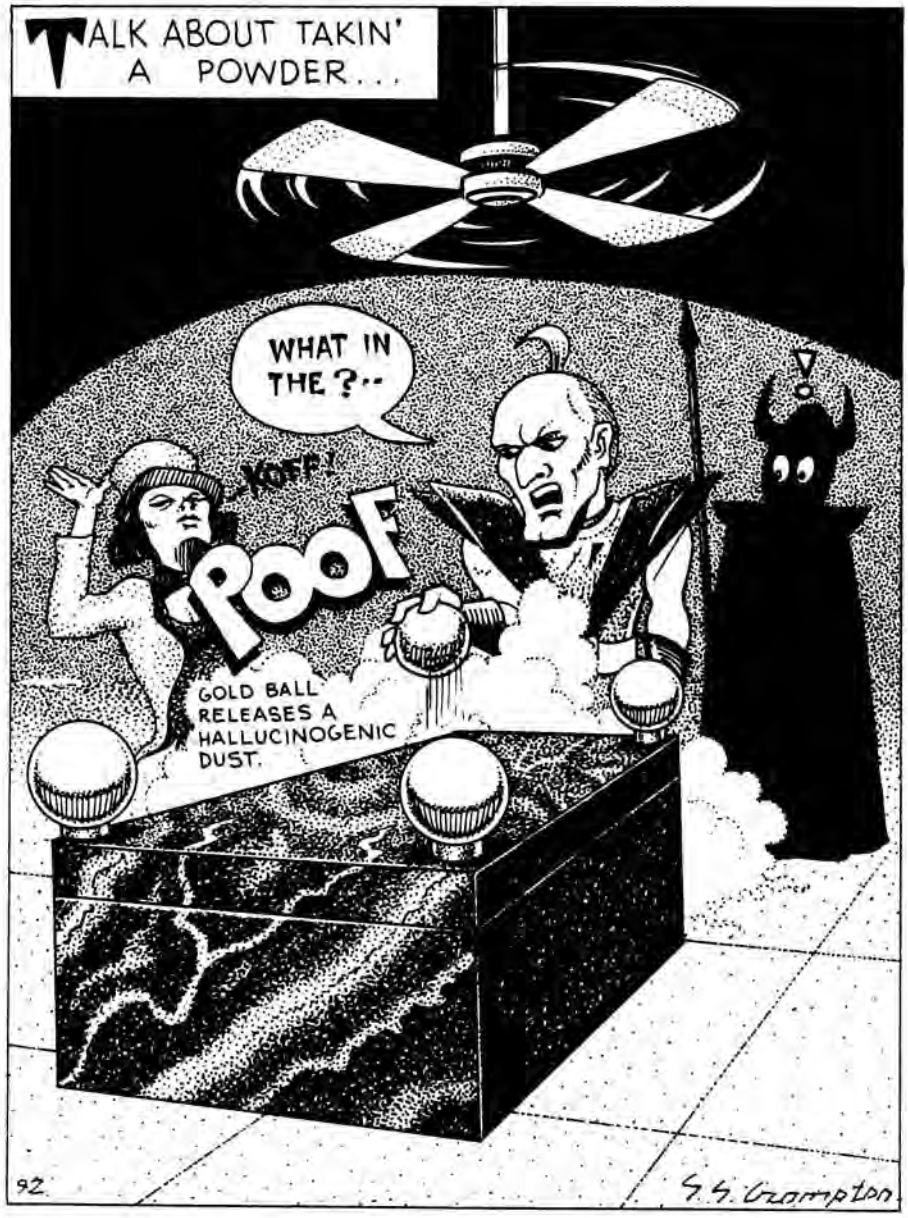
The frescos will serve more to confuse the party than aid it, but then what can they expect from clues provided by an eccentric high-level mage?

The tomb robbers will try a variety of methods to open the sarcophagus before trying the gold balls. Which they are sure are will release some bizarre doom. But, gold being gold, the balls will keep drawing them back. The balls are screwed onto metal posts at the corners of the sarcophagus. They will turn easily and after a point they will come free. The balls are fairly thick but hollow, their value in gold is 1,250 g.p. each. But their chief value will not be the gold but what they contain.

Just as the party frees the first ball (It would be really wild if the delvers would release all the balls at once!) a very fine whitish-pink powder will spill out of the ball. This will be very hard to stop as the posts are 5 inches in diameter, and the party is unlikely to expect the golden ball to be a container. The party will also be lifting the ball off the post so a large spill is even more likely. The powder is so fine that the wind from the fan will swirl it instantly about the room. If the delvers trashed the fan earlier on, in act of delverlike vandalism the effect will be diminished but by no means eliminated.

The powder is the "dust" of the "Blood Dream Poppy". It is a violent, and nearly instantaneous hallucinogen. Characters with below average constitutions (including those who's constitutions have been weakened by trap damage) will succumb instantly to the drugs effects. These individuals will collapse to the floor writhing and twitching in fear from dreams





too horrible to imagine. Among these individuals there is 40% chance (L4) of complete madness. (If all four balls were removed at once the dose will be massive, and the chance of madness for below average delvers will be 80%! (L8))

For delvers with average to slightly above average constitutions the "dust" will create vivid images of horrific monsters, or terrible traps closing upon them. They will strike out at anything that comes to hand, not recognizing friends, or even inanimate objects. There is a 25% chance (L3) that any character of average constitution will from this point on experience flash backs to this drug effect for the rest of the delvers career. (For the purposes of future play there is a 1% chance in a critical situation that the delver will "flash-back" and attack friends instead of foes. Fellows like this are often tagged with the nickname Whosits the Mad!)

Delvers possessed of extraordinary constitutions will have a 25% chance (L3) of succumbing to the effects of the drug as described for the Average constitution delvers above. If they don't come under the effects they will find their movements sluggish and less well directed than usual. They will have lost their "edge". Thus if the average characters are thrashing around trying to kill the "deamons" they see, the "tougher" delvers will have to defend themselves at 1/2 effectiveness.

All the effects will pass in 10 minutes, with the exception of the madness and flash-backs. The Poppy "dust" has a significant commercial value if it can be contained. (Where there is a will there is a way, and the delvers will be carrying this stuff around corked in the gold balls.)

(Note: If the fan is broken reduce all the percentages by 10%, the dust will disseminate from the gestures required to remove the ball and the cloud will have its effect. Even a very small amount of this stuff goes a long long way!)

The sarcophagus is just a solid stone slab with an inlaid line at the top to give the illusion that there is a lid to be removed.



In the left hand corner of the room nearest the entrance is a standard three finger hole door, possibly revealed by stucco removed during the party's drug induced struggles.

This is a two skull trap. Death will only result if sufficient "average" delvers are effected, otherwise the effects are entertaining but less than lethal.

Trap #38: "...It Makes Me Feel Tingly All Over!"

Once the Party has left the room with the narcotic dust, they will find themselves in a hall 50 feet long 10 feet tall and 10 feet wide. The end of the hall is invisible in the darkness, and upon inspection will be found to end in a blank stone wall. No amount of digging or scraping will reveal anything but stone. However, 30 feet down on the right hand side is a bronze door.

When the party reaches the door they will find it to be yet another of those doors that depict an event in the life of the wizard Evinrood. On the face of the door, a masterpiece of the bronze casters art, is depicted a young Evinrood. He is familiar by his short stumpy stature. He is in a vast library, seated at a desk. There is a look of profound surprise on his face.

In the center of the door there is a large wheel. This is clearly the mechanism by which the door can be opened. A careful inspection will reveal no other alternatives, and the door is formidible in construction, ruling out direct assault.

As usual the delvers will be certain it is a trap, which of course it is, and will attempt to put off the inevitable by discussing it. This fear of the unknown will eventually be overcome by basic greed and finally the wheel will be turned, with no visible effect.

The wheel turns with gradually increasing effort, and once turned the direction cannot be reversed. After 25 to 30 full rotations there will be heard a loud Thung! sound from within the structure of the door itself. At the same time there will be a sudden release of tension on the wheel.

Inside the door is a spring mechanism that the hapless tomb robber has been obligingly winding for us. At a certain point the spring will reach optimum tension and break free of the winding mechanism. This creates the "Thung!" sound. The spring will then begin to unwind at great speed turning a copper covered lodestone disk against a brush like arrangement within the door. The copper disk is 5 feet in diameter and spins freely, driven by the spring. This will create a very lively spark which just happens to be grounded out through the wheel that is used to wind the spring. (This is a contained, and smaller version of the trap at the entrance. Neat, portable, and usable everywhere. If they weren't so difficult to make I think the old Mage would have used them throughout the dungeon.)

The lucky tomb crasher who has been turning the wheel has a 30% chance to let go in time (L3) otherwise he will be subjected to the static jolt! If the character is of less than average physical health the shock will likely cause cardiac arrest. If the delver is of average or greater constitution, there will just be a nasty jolt, and some burns on the hands.

As usual in this cozy tomb, once the trap has been sprung, the door opens.

I'd rate this trap at only one skull. By this time the party is probably using insulated gloves, and anticipating traps on everything. If they are not, the trap is still fairly lightweight, because Evinrood really doesn't want to discourage entry to the upcoming room. If a Trap master wanted to use this trap to its best advantage a combination of gears will amplify the speed of the copper wheel, and copper plating placed on the floor of the corridor will enhance the effect. (Then you end up with at least a two skuller.)



Trap #39: "Make Mine Very Dry..."



The door opens onto a 30 foot corridor ending in another bronze door. This is identical to the one the party just passed through, down to the wheel in the center. After the party has insulated themselves they will more than likely start turning. Nothing obvious will happen. What this wheel does is release the large block of stone at the end of the corridor the party has just come from.

If the party was put off by the first bronze door they will have proceeded to the end of the first corridor and encountered the blank stone wall. When this door wheel is turned it will activate a mechanism that causes the corridor to open by lowering the stone into the floor of the corridor. The reason for this will become apparent. This is the initial set up for one of the best "one-two punch" traps I have ever seen. (And believe me I've seen 'em all!)

Eventually the door, or in the case of those entering from Trap #25, the trap door, will open to reveal a very large room 30 feet deep, and opening 50 feet off to the right and 50 feet off to the left. The ceiling is over 12 feet high. To the left as the tomb robbers enter are shelves of scrolls and bound notes. Off to the right are numerous chests, and containers, as well as bolts of what looks like cloth. Directly in front of the party is a vast oaken desk behind which is a throne like wooden chair. Members of the party with any mercantile skills at all will be able to tell the others that the desk and chair would have great value (2,500 g.p.) even if the other stuff is junk.

Magic-using members of the party will at this point want to extend a cautionary note. The room is permeated by a magical spell. Upon investigation the wizardly members of the group will know it is a spell of preservation, which will make sense because of the paper, and cloth contents of the room. The spell will not trigger any overt offensive actions. It serves only to protect the contents of the room from the ravages of being stored for a long, long time, in a potentially damp environment.

The party will want to enter the room to inspect the contents, but in light of past events they will be very cautious. Eventually one or all of them will go in. Now the fun begins! The members of the party will find that there are chests containing very valuable silks, and linens. They will also find, in the chests farthest from the door, cloth-of-gold. This is a type of fabric woven of fine metal filaments, so that it feels like fabric, but is in fact pure gold. There is also copper and silver fabric as well, each so unique that its like is not found in the world today, save in the courts of kings and emperors. There is one chest each of each metal fabric, and the value is over 10,000 g.p. each. The nine other chests of other fabrics are worth 1,000 g.p. each! The party should be overjoyed. Of course this inventory should take some time, oh trap master, and you should keep track of this passage of time. It is under one of these chests of exotic fabric that the Trap Door up from Trap #25 is located.

The scroll side of the room is a veritable treasure trove as well. Each parchment is an historical document, and could be sold to antiquarians and wizards for a princely sums. The piece-de-resistance is the short shelf on the wall farthest from the entrance. On this shelf is a collection of spell scrolls, many of which have gone out of the world! This information is priceless, or would be if any member of the party knew the languages they were written in. Delvers should not be daunted. They will discern, if there is still a living magic user among them, what the scrolls are. Someone can be found who will be able to translate them. The value of the entire collection is over 50,000 g.p.! As with the silks, an inventory will take time.

The reason for keeping track of the time spent in this room is that the spell laid on the room is a Spell of Desiccation. It excludes moisture in ALL forms. If the party spends only one turn in the room, they will be thirsty, but not be extra ordinarily so. Two turns, brings a noticeable thirst with some urgency. Three turns, brings an obsessive desire for a drink. Four turns, or longer and the party members who have entered the room will kill for a drink of any substance that even gives the impression of moisture!



A full canteen will slake the thirst of one person, the catch being that any canteen that has been in the room will be "Bone Dry". The thirst effect will only begin to be felt after it reaches the Third turn level, then only as an urgent thirst. The party will likely flee unless the brightest members have already become trap tofu. If they leave the room before the Fourth turn effect sets in, keep in mind the effect is cumulative. If they go back in they will just get dryer, and dryer. Looting this room is thirsty work, VERY THIRSTY WORK!

The room is only a one skuller, but don't let that dismay you, the best is yet to come!

If the party entered this trap from the Trap Door in the floor under the chests of cloth, reverse the operation of the entrance door, Trap #38. We wouldn't want the party to miss out on any of the fun, would we? And keep in mind the level of thirst keeps increasing. This could force trips up and down the ladder for water while the party waits for the door to open. Remember the canteens will be dry before they can cross the room from the Trap Door to the regular entrance.

Trap #40: "...Cool, Clear, Water!"

When the party emerges from the thirty foot corridor leading to the store room they will find that the stone block at the end of the original corridor is gone! They will also trigger a tilt plate that was not set until they opened the door to Trap #38.

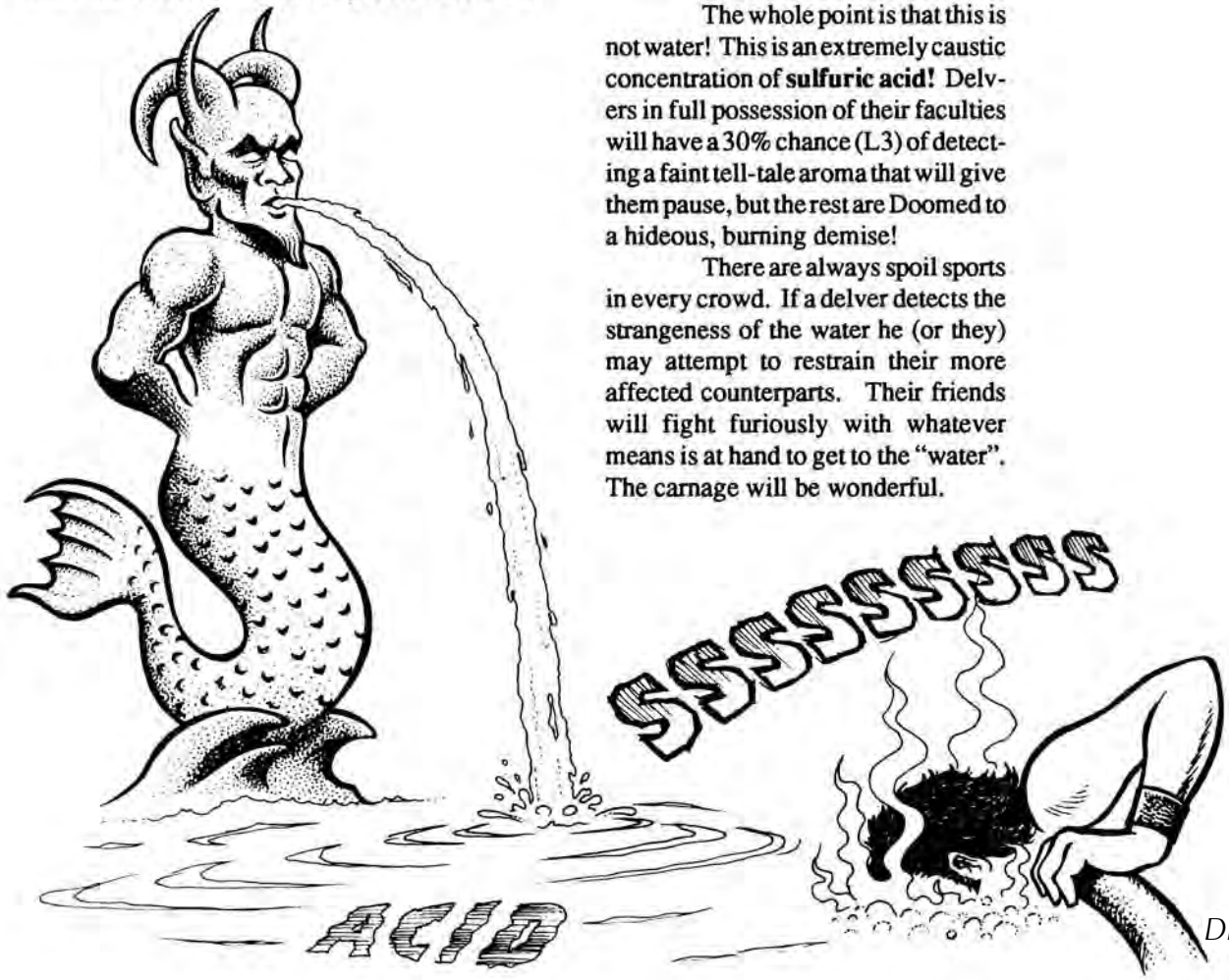
This tilt plate starts a lyrical sound that right now is better than music to the delvers ears: The sweet tinkle of a fountain. The party can see it glinting in their torch light 40 feet away. The sparkle of falling droplets will be an almost irresistible magnet to any party member who was in the store room for Three turns. (There is a 50-50 chance (L5) he will rush the water obsessively.) Those who have not entered the room, or were in the room for only one or two turns will be able to resist the lure.

Those party members who were in the room FOUR turns or more, will go mad with thirst and bolt for the water with a berserk singlemindedness! The beauty of this trap begins to unfold. (Now comes the REALLY great part!)

Upon entering the room the party will find a large shallow fountain. In the center of the fountain is the statue of a fishbodied deamon from whose mouth issues the scintilating stream of "water". The pool surrounding the fountain is over twenty feet round and almost fills the 30 foot by 30 foot room. The pool is only 2 feet deep, and in the bottom can be seen the glint of gold pieces. There are over 10,000 g.p. scattered about the bottom of the pool. The gold will make literally no difference to the berserk Three turn delvers and all Four or more turn delvers. What they see is the water!

The whole point is that this is not water! This is an extremely caustic concentration of **sulfuric acid!** Delvers in full possession of their faculties will have a 30% chance (L3) of detecting a faint tell-tale aroma that will give them pause, but the rest are Doomed to a hideous, burning demise!

There are always spoil sports in every crowd. If a delver detects the strangeness of the water he (or they) may attempt to restrain their more affected counterparts. Their friends will fight furiously with whatever means is at hand to get to the "water". The carnage will be wonderful.



Assuming that no member of the party was in the store room too long, but they all fail to react to the acid smell, there is always the presence of the gold to get a delver to reach into the pool.

This acid will effect metal even more than leather armor, and is more likely to "leak" into it. Flesh will be extremely adversely affected by the acid. (I'd call turning bright red, blistering, and peeling away in shreds adversely affecting, but I'm a big fan of adverse affects.)

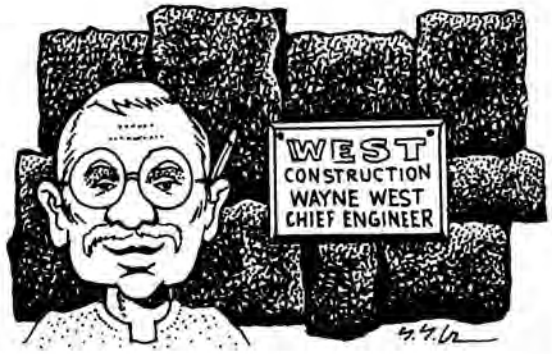
Any metal tools used to fish out the gold will be functionally useless after two turns from the effects of the acid. (It is very unlikely the party will have anything to dilute the acid, or a sufficient supply of caustic base substance to neutralize it on the tools or exposed skin.)

This trap is so diabolically set up that in combination with The Desication Room it rates the brightest four skulls. Even without the "dying of thirst" aspect the room rates three skulls on the premise that the delvers will play with it until they get burned.

Trap #41 "These Things Tend To Get Away From You!"

There is an open doorway leading out of this room on the wall to the left of the entry. There is a hidden door directly opposite the store room entrance, but the party will have to find it. Detection magic, or stucco flaking again is required. If the party does detect it and goes that way advance in the text to LOADING THE GUN, and continue on. If the party looks to the open doorway this is what they find.

First they will find a small plaque on the wall about eye level to a human. It is inscribed, West Construction, Wayne West Chief Engineer. They also find themselves looking down a long flight of stairs into the darkness.



These stairs are over 70 feet long. Magic users will detect a slight magical aura. Each step is possessed of a low level magical charm. It appears to be akin to some of the less effective spells of combat enhancement that lower level wizards might cast. It has been laid on in such a way that it cannot be dispelled, but on the whole is not too threatening.

If any member of the party elects to try the stairs the spells effect will become obvious. Each step doubles the rate of speed at which it was entered. Step down at walking pace, the next step is taken at a trot, then a run, by turn four the character is sprinting! There are 70 steps the speeds attainable can be amazing.

The character will not be able to control his momentum by conventional means. Though you may find that clever delvers will attempt various devices, I leave it to you to judge their success. (Once again a wizard could fly off then regain control, but others who must remain in the grip of gravity will have to resort to more innovative solutions.)

At the bottom of the stairs is a locked stone door. At the speed the delver should be going there is certain to be a wonderful, SPLAT! or at the very least the satisfying CRUNCH! of breaking bones. In the event that the delver or delvers can open the door on the fly, with a spell or magic charm, an even greater surprise awaits them.

This trap will work in reverse, accelerating upwards until at blinding speed the stair climber is propelled into the Acid pool room and into the 2 foot high edge of the pool itself. There is only a 10% chance (L7) to avoid falling into the pool unless the character can find a way to slow down! (I really love it when these things work so well in both directions.)

Up or down this babe is a four skuller. In acid or onto spears at several times the speed a man can run with virtually no safeguards... Even if the character runs into the door at the bottom without opening it the result will be heralded by the satisfying crunch of breaking bones. These are a few of my favorite sounds...

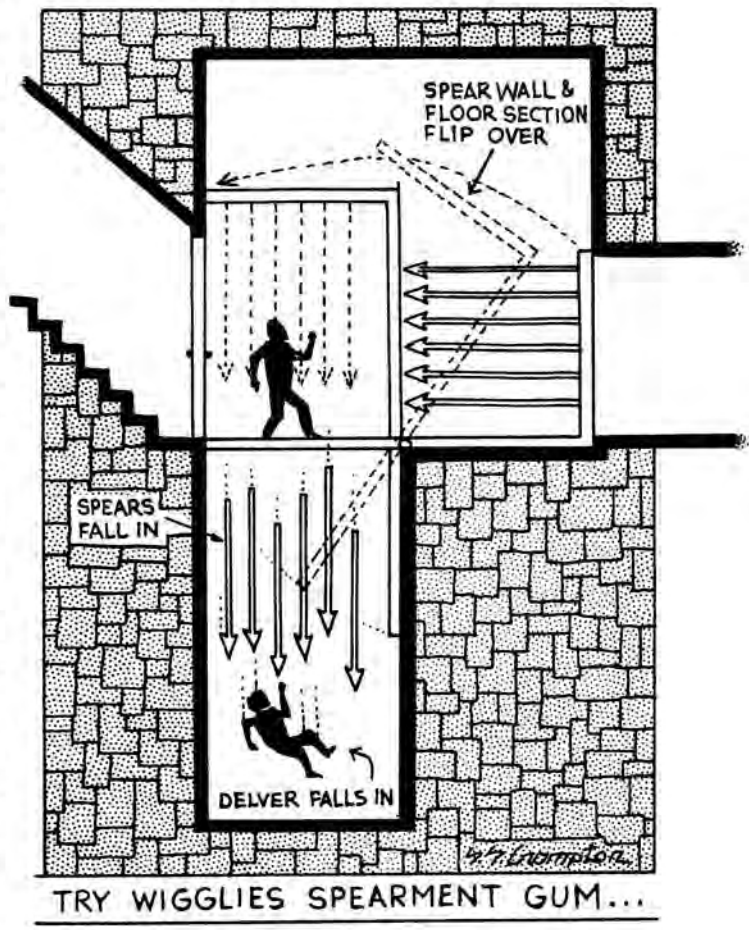
Trap #42: "And You Thought You Got Away."

Picture this, the tomb traipser is blazing down the stairs, at the last second he magics the lock in the door, and it flies open to reveal 10 feet away a wall of spears! The look on their faces is priceless! (Disappointingly there is a slim chance of survival, about 20% (L6), from acrobatic contortions out of the way. But if they miss the spears there is still the impact with some other part of the room. This will generate disabling damage in 50% of the cases (L5).

The spears are 10 feet long and crafted of dwarvish steel. They are set lightly in sockets in the wall and can be easily removed. Due to the craftsmanship involved in their construction they are worth 10 times what spears of this type would be worth. (That's about 400 g.p. each, and there are 30 of them.)

As competent trap masters you will recognize that as difficult as it is there are those who will survive these stairs. Fear not, this room will not let them go that lightly. For those who reach the bottom of the stairs unscathed (or by virtue of unbelievable constitutions only slightly scathed,) they will have to open the door and enter in a more conventional manner. If they do this they will be treated to the second best part of this trap.

The party will be naturally surprised when the spears in the far wall do not leap out at them. After a time they will begin to think perhaps these are time released and want to enter the room. A 10 foot by 10 foot square section of the floor just inside the entrance is a trap door. When the first party member enters, the floor falls away forward and down, depositing the hapless creature in a 10 by 10 foot by 20 foot deep pit under the floor. The unique thing about this trap, since I know you expect something better than an ordinary hole in the floor from your host, is that the floor section that falls away under the victim's weight is joined by an axle to the section of floor under the wall of spears. As a result when the floor falls the other floor section will pivot upward taking the wall of spears with it. The wall of spears will crash into the wall above the door and the spears will drop into the pit impailing the poor fellow who first entered. (Heavily armored characters may survive; there is a 60% chance (L4) that the spears will not punch through. Keep in mind they're heavy spears & razor sharp!)



The best part of this trap is that in order to proceed the party must trip the trap, because the wall of spears is the exit to the room!



If by some mischance the room is entered from the opposite direction this trap will be activated resulting in the spears falling harmlessly into the pit. If old Evinrood was perfect, being a high level wizard, he'd probably still be with us. (An elaboration that suggests itself, would be to put a weight limit on the initial floor section in order to "trap" more delvers. This could backfire however if the party enters one at a time.)

Once the trap has been tripped the way is open to proceed.

In concert with the stairs the trap is a 3 skuller, and entered from the Acid fountain side without benefit of speed it is still a two skull trap, but alas if entered from the wrong direction the whole thing is a bust.

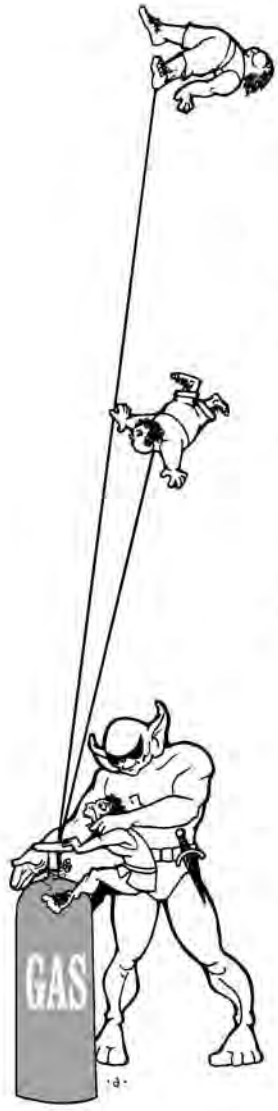
Trap #43: "I Always Figgured Tomb Robbers Deserve A Good Trashing."

Upon exiting the "wall of spears" room the party will find themselves in a small corridor 10 feet wide and 20 feet long, with a ceiling 10 feet high. At the end is a blank wall. Beneath the stucco is a typical three finger hole door. Once the party has opened the door they will find a 30 by 30 foot room with the usual doorless walls. They are covered with stucco. The floor is divided into four square sections, of four different colors. The colors are irrelevant but in order to add to the partys confusion by feeding idle speculation, they are red, gold, green and blue. Once the party begins to enter the room keep track of the total weight of the characters. You don't want to be caught unawares when the 500 lb. limit is reached and the trap activates.



Once 500 lbs of tomb robber on the hoof enters the room the floor splits down the middle and dumps the entrants into the jaws of a giant bladed thrashing machine. The floor then slams back into place.

The thrasher is a truly inspired device. No dungeon should be without one. This beauty consists of two giant counterrotating axles studded with crude, rusty, iron blades. The whole mechanism is built 20 feet below the floor level. The blades are set to rotating by surprisingly noiseless water wheels fed from the underground river. The water is released into the trap by the opening of the doors. (If the party lays on the ground before entering they will hear the sound of rushing water, and perhaps the rumble of the turning wheel, but seriously, when was the last time you saw a party of delvers do that?)



There is a 30% chance (L3) that heavy plate armor will jam the works, which will save all the others who fell in from death. Those more lightly armored will have a 30% chance of being injured by the fall into the blades, even if they are jammed. If the party has any "Indestructible" item, (A Delux Staff, The Sword of Incredible Hardness, or such like.) this will serve to jam the device as well.

Anything used to jam the thrasher will be lost. The blades cannot be pried apart with the pressure of the river pressing upon it. If the person inside the plate armor can demonstrate the ability to get out of the armor by wriggling about (About 40% (L4) will be able to manage this trick) he can get free. If that agile, he will be subject to the same damage as one of the lightly armored fellows when the thrasher jerks snug, crushing or twisting some now empty piece of armor.

Below the thrasher there is a wide assortment of chipped bones crushed armor, and battered odds and ends. There is also about 3,000 g.p. worth of loose change.

Once the mechanism that operates the floor sections has been understood, or jammed, the party can check out the walls for doors.

With armor this is only a one skull trap, but if there is no heavy armor present, it moves up to a 3 skuller.

Trap #44: "This Trap Is A Gas!"

Directly across the room from the "wall of spears" door can be found a typical three finger hole door under the stucco. Once it is opened the treasure hunters will find a corridor 10 feet wide 10 feet high, and 20 feet long. This hall ends in a bronze door.

The bronze door depicts upon its beautifully crafted surface a human figure wreathed in flames. The figure is beset by deamonic figures who are doing their best to destroy the flaming humanoid.

In the center of the door is a wheel. Turning this device seems to be the only way to open the door.

Once the party begins to turn the wheel, a cap in the center of the wheel pops off giving vent to a thin high pitched hissing sound. There is a 30% chance (L3) someone in the party will recognize the danger. And in any event the unusual noise will doubtless have the party scrambling back to the edge of the Thresher room.

If the individual turning the wheel is made of sterner stuff, or is too stupid to care, check to see if he is holding a torch, or if there is someone within 5 feet of him holding a torch, lamp or like incendiary device. If there is, then an unpleasent explosion occurs. The door

is hollow and solid metal. It was chilled as much as possible then pumped full of an explosive gas, and the wheel driven in. Once the wheel is turned the venting system in its center releases the gas. If the delver stays with the door despite the hissing and an explosion results, there will be relitively little gas present. The delver at the door will find all his cloth garments on fire, as well as his hair, but if he thinks quickly he can save himself, or be saved by having the flames smothered in short order. There is a 20% chance (L2) that he will not panic.

If the delvers stayed with the door and the small explosion resulted, there will be a small jet of flame out the center of the wheel, until the gas has burned off then the door will be safe to open. (Note the party will almost certainly use the wheel to pull the door open, it will be very hot after all this time spouting flame. It will contribute to the comic fun if one or two members of the gang of thieves scorch their paws before they figure this out.)

The best result on this trap is if the party is in fact timorous. They will back up as far as they can, or better still retreat into the Thresher Room. If this is the case the gas will vent entirely into the hall way where it will collect, invisible but deadly. The party hearing the hissing die down will think that it is safe and reenter the hall. Whereupon the first torch, lantern, or such like incindiary device, will set off a massive explosion!

There is a 40% (L4) chance of injury from the concussion. The entire membership of the party in the hall at the time will be set on fire. Prompt action by any members not alight will be needed to aid these new members of Human Torchdom.



After all the fireworks the door will open easily.

The trap is a two skuller due to the fact that most of the potential damage is the result of the fires ignited by the gas, and these are easily dealt with if the party acts quickly.

Trap #45: "This Will Really Light Your Fire!"

The room entered through the bronze door is 30 by 30 feet with a vaulted ceiling consisting of four triangular panels which meet at a square peak 30 feet overhead.

On the walls to the right and left are frescoes of a magical being striding through massed hordes of deamons. The creature seems to be a mass of flame with human features.

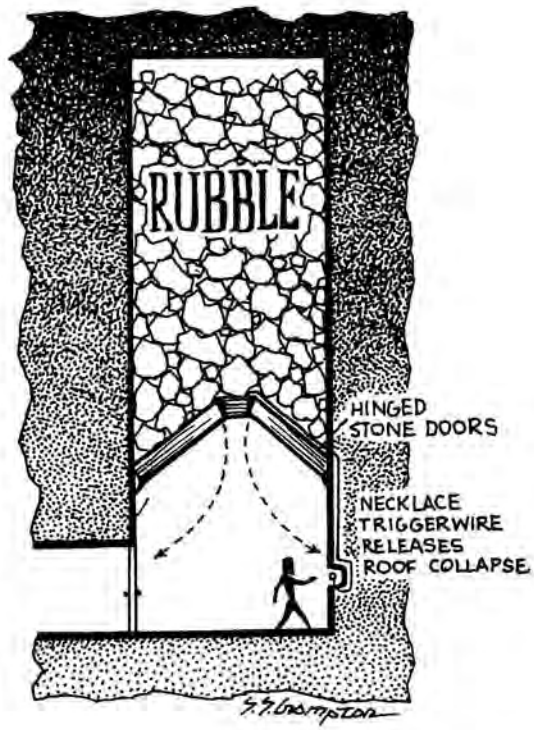
In the wall opposite the door is an alcove, in the center of which is a golden chain, draped over a wooden rest. On the chain is a golden amulet in the center of which is a green stone. It is clearly an emerald. Any jewelers or dwarves in the group begin to drool immediately. Its value is easily over 25,000 g.p.! It is also, for those parties that can check this out, fairly reeking of magic.

After the usual chattering about who will have the dubious honor of stealing the necklace some member of the party will eventually attempt to do so. This, of course is when the fun begins.

I, for one, think Evinrood is being far too generous with great loot at this point, but what the hey, maybe a few baubles keeps the party motivated to march to thier doom.

The tomb robber who plucks free the necklace will notice there is a slight resistance to this. A small wire is fastened to the amulet itself, and leads into the base of the alcove. If the would-be thief inspects the base, even carefully, the chances are very, very slim of his noticing the single wire. This is due to the fact that the gold necklace is made up of hundreds of loose wires unbraided or bundled, so there are dozens of them that mingle with the one key wire. (In the spirit of fairness, —ptooee! There is a 10% chance (L9) that the wire MIGHT be detected. Fairness, -gag- who ever thought I'd be saying that, must be getting soft...)

The wire releases a trap which will be set in motion slowly enough that if the necklace thief wishes to put the necklace on he may.



If the necklace is not put on this is the net result. There is a momentary pause then the center portion of the vaulted ceiling plummets earthward. This event is followed almost immediately by the triangular sections, which are hinged at their bases, swinging downward, releasing the contents of the ceiling upon the party below. The room is 50 feet taller than the ceiling and filled with loose rocks, gravel, and dust. This will crash down on the delvers, suffocating those it does not crush outright! Those near the door (within 10 feet) have a 70% chance (L3) to escape back into the hall. If there are members 20 feet from the door, they have a 50% chance (L5) of making the door, if they act fast! Those who are 30 feet from the door, (this includes the delver holding the necklace,) only have a 20% chance (L8) to make the door.

When the dust settles the door to the room will be entirely filled with sifting rubble from top to bottom, packed solid with the exception of slightly settling dust grains.

Now if the necklace thief wishes to don the purloined item the following events occur. First, the delver immediately bursts into an eerie green flame, which suffuses his entire being. He will not feel a thing, and will sense no difference, at the onset. The rest of the party will be momentarily distracted. Then the ceiling will fall in! The chances will be 10% worse because the party will be less alert. (60% (L4) from up to 10 feet, 40% (L6) from up to 20 feet, and finally 10% (L9) from 21 to 30 feet away.)

The delver translated into a Human Elemental will have a slightly higher chance of escaping, as he is not distracted, and is already pointed in the right direction. (His odds are the same as the startled party members at 20 feet from the door, 40% (L6))

If the character altered by the necklace is not trapped, and subsequently smothered by the avalanche. He will find himself uniquely altered. He will find the amulet is now part of his chest. If it is removed the delver's body will be consumed by the elemental flame, but the enchanted stone will remain. This stone was a failed experiment by Evinrood to create an army of intelligent Elementals, the standard kind being very wild and hard to control due to their limited intellegence and, well, Elemental nature. The experiment was a failure because the "Human Elemental" created by the amulet while powerful was independently intelligent and thus innately uncontrollable. (Just like real people. Oh gee, what a surprise!)

[This is a player's note: The Elemental is burning: this will work well as a torch, but don't slap him on the back after a victory! Take the character's attributes and add them up into a total. This is the Elemental's base attribute for any numbered attribute, except Intelligence, and Luck for those games that have those attributes. He cannot use any weapon, save perhaps those enchanted ones that happen to be indestructable, assuming the party possesses one. The attribute total divided by 20 is the number of D6 flame based attack the player may generate. This cannot be projected further than 10 feet, but may be manifested as a "sword of fire" that juts from the player's fist. This may seem to make the player very tough, but there are some notorious disadvantages. The Elemental will take 10 times the damage from a water, ice or steam based attack. He can be attacked by conventional weapons, and takes 2 times damage from any enchanted weapons used against him. If the character is buried entirely in the ground he will die. If he is trapped in a closed room he will use up the available air 10 times as fast as a normal man. Finally if he is immersed in water, even for an instant the result will be a steam explosion equal to ten times the number of dice his attack can generate that will annihilate the character.]



The Avalanche is a four skull trap, but I still think the amulet is too much loot. If the circumstances permit, you can swap some other nice shiny bauble and the delvers will never be the wiser.

The only exit to this room is back into the Thresher, and from there to either the Wall of Spears room, or the door to the right of the Amulet room. Whichever door the party did not enter through will still be covered with stucco.

Trap #46: "Hit'em And Hit'em, This Trap Will Leave'em No Place To Go."

Once this door is entered the party will find itself at the bottom of a circular staircase. This stair has an unusually broad banister on both the inside central pole, and the outside against the stone wall. The stair leads up into the darkness.

Once the party begins to ascend they will find the steps are a comfortable distance apart and the climb is smooth and gradual. There is no obvious problem, until the party reaches

a point 50 feet up the cylindrical shaft of the stairs. At this point they will find a fine wire stretching from one banister to the other.

This is so clearly a trap that the party will go to great lengths to avoid it. In so doing they will not notice that 10 steps beyond this they will come to a series of 10 steps any one of which when depressed will set off the trap at the top of the spiral stairs. (Keep in mind that if descending this stair the trap will activate just as well.)

At the top a panel concealed beneath the stucco of the ceiling will open and out will roll a gigantic stone ball over 10 feet in diameter. This will fall onto the banisters and race down the stairs with escalating speed until it hits the party. The telltale crash and resultant roaring rumble will hint to the party that something is on its way down to meet them.

The only way to avoid the doom which is decending upon the party is to get down as low as possible on the stairs. (Note wizards have been able to fly out of many of these traps. Lets hope they think like that now!)

Anyone who has not ducked under the ball will be hit by it about chest high. The ball does 300D6 damage and proceeds unimpeded.



While the party has been dodging the onrushing roar of this ball a second ball has been released at the top only 5 seconds behind the first. This one is only slightly smaller than 10 feet and fits neatly under the banisters. This ball comes rumbling down the stairs.

Any delvers who feel neglected by the first ball will very likely meet the second. The way to survive is to duck under the first ball, then jump up on the banister in the face of the second, equally lethal ball. The balls will smash into gravel upon impact at the bottom, for neatness sake.

Once again Evinrood delivers his customary one two punch, this one is a four skull wonder. At the top of the stairs the party reemerges at the end of the hall of crystal warriors.

Trap #47: "Oh No, Not The Old Chutes And Razors Gag!"

Lest you think old Grimtooth has lost his marbles, I am aware that we missed something back at Trap #39. There is another way out of the room housing the acid fountain. It lies to the left of the "racing stairs" and directly across from the hall entrance leading from the desiccation store room. As usual it lies beneath the stucco. It is the usual three finger hole lock type entry.

Once the door has been opened the tomb robbers will see a long flight of stairs leading down. In the distance at the limit of the torch light is the glint of bronze.

What follows is a trap so old and hackneyed I for one am almost embarrassed to see it used, but perhaps this tomb was constructed so long ago that it was some what fresher then. (Right, either that or Evinrood had dinosaur design consultants on this one.)

As the party pushes on down the stairs to a point about 25 feet down they will encounter three steps in succession that set off the trap. And as if we did not all expect this, the stair turns into a chute, in the ages old tradition of slapstick horror. Down the party will slide to some unspeakable peril. You guessed it. At a point on the chute 35 to 45 feet down from the top, 6 inch long sharpened blades, shark's tooth in shape project 6 inches into the party's path from wall to wall, one to a foot in a staggered pattern.



There is a fair chance that the delvers will fall for this if distracted, but even the most naive young delver should recognize the potential in a decending stair. If, however, the delvers are foolish enough to trip the trap, there is a 30% chance (L3) they will sustain damage of some major sort to what ever portion of their body is pointed at the bottom of the chute.

I'll only dignify this one with two skulls, old saws like this one give trapmasters a bad name, but they work so well...



Trap #48: "Arr! Here There Be Barried Treasure!"

The bronze door the tomb traipsers saw from the top is revealed to be another of those masterpieces of bronze casting that have been appearing throughout the tomb complex. It depicts the stumpy figure of Evinrood standing in the prow of a sailing ship. Around him in the air and the water are depicted the usual distorted humanlike figures of the elementals he commands. In the distance is a ship which appears to be fleeing him.

There is a wheel in the center of the door, which must be turned before it will open.

I am fond of pointing out that there is usually some trepidation on the part of the party when forced to do things they know from past experience can be fatal. This reaction should be acute in this case, as there has been no previous time when turning one of these wheels has not at least resulted in extreme discomfort. Rest assured they will eventually turn it, curiosity, cats and delvers all having a fatal relationship.

When the wheel is turned it will do so slowly, regardless of the strength of the individual who is turning it. It will give out with a painful sounding squeal, as if some part of the mechanism is badly corroded. And then...

The door will open, with no apparent ill effects! Suprised? Don't be, the trap has already been set in motion!

What the party sees is a room full of pristine white sand. It is loose, almost powdery, but firm enough to walk on with little effort. In the center of the wall opposite the door on the surface of the sand is a large "X". This curious mark is laid out in a meticulous fashion with a fine black sand. The implications are obvious, perhaps too obvious!

The desired reaction is that the delvers dig at this point. If they do so they will find, at a point six feet down a chest. In the chest is a substantial amount of gold coinage, and a map! (The inscriptions on the map are indistinct, more will be revealed about the map later! See page 67.) The gold will total up to 5,000 g.p.

If the party wishes prudently to ignore the obvious invitation of the black "X". They will be able to indulge themselves in searching the room for other exits. In the upper most corner on the same wall as the entrance door can be found, covered with stucco as usual, a circular opening 3 feet in diameter! There is no other exit.

In the event that the party digs, or searches, the time taken will be roughly the same. (If this seems unlikely, in the words of a famous leader of another era, "Make It So!" On this trap timing is everything.)

When the door was opened to enter the room, it also opened, deep beneath the sand, a series of gratings, which allowed water from the underground river to begin to seep into the bottom of the room. This water is under some pressure, taken as it is from up stream, and is trying to reach its own level. Due to this pressure, perhaps seep is the wrong word, at any rate the fine sand is rapidly becoming saturated from the bottom up. Lest the diggers be disturbed immediately the room extends 30 feet down, below the sand's surface.

While this may seem like a digression, a brief discussion of the dynamics of sand in river beds is very relevant at this point. In what is a normally dry sandy river bottom a very strange reaction can sometimes occur, when water is added due to flooding up stream. While the river may not begin to actually flow, the water will return to the river bed, underground. This will saturate the sand and at a certain point the sand will suddenly go from being a supportive solid to a nonsupportive semi-liquid! Quicksand.

Back to the room. The water has been percolating into the sand for some time now. If the party is searching the walls for alternate solutions to what seems to be their stymied travels they will find one. The sand at their feet. Bloop! It will happen very fast. Those in heavy armor will have the least reaction time, while those who are unarmored can even manage to float for a time. Armored characters will have a base 50% chance (L4) to react; this will be lowered by 10% for each 20lbs. over 100 in weight the delver is carrying. All other tomb robbers will have a 70% chance (L3) chance to react. This will be modified down by 10% for every 20lbs. over 80 the delver is carrying. The reason for the suddenness of this event is that when the sand reaches total saturation it in effect "turns over" under the heavier surface features, having lost in that instant its load bearing capacity.

Now I'll grant you that only in the cases of those delvers grossly overloaded with, say gold for instance, is this trap going to be fatal. Don't let this get you down after all there are those who will dig at the "X"!

In the case of the treasure hunters, a good thing to do will be to let them find the chest and open it. They will start stuffing various pockets with the gold, increasing their weight. Then point out the water that seems to be rising in the bottom of the hole! Frantic efforts to get out can be played out, but keep in mind the ages old axiom, "Some Quick Sand Is Quicker Than Others!" Bloop! Adjust the chances of failure up by 20% and you will have an excellent opportunity to teach a bunch of tomb robbers the delicate art of mud breathing!

If the party is in the hole when the water saturates the sand, this is a 3 skull trap. If they are just rummaging around there are too many ways to out fox quicksand to rate it much higher than a two skuller.

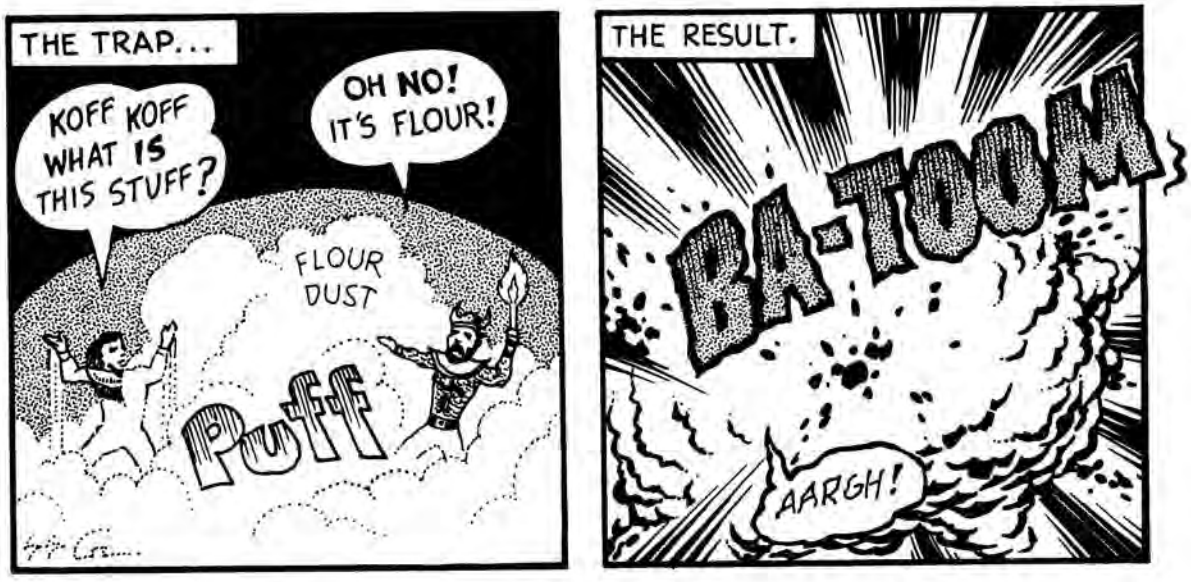
Trap #49: "You'll Get A Bang Out Of This One."

The mere fact that the sand room is now filled with quicksand should only serve to whet the delvers appetite for what is beyond it. There are many ways to get to the hole in the wall that leads on from here. If the delvers are too simple minded, or faint hearted to go on, don't fear others will return who are not.

Just sit back and watch as they try to get to the 3 foot wide tunnel in the upper corner of the room.

The tunnel is dark, over 110 feet long, and totally unlighted. The fact that most delvers will have to crawl will serve to block torch light from penetrating to the delvers behind the torch bearers. Every few feet the crawling delvers will scuff their knees on an odd curved ridge that seems to circle around the tunnel. This ridge is not too high, and seems to occur at regular intervals. The tomb robber in the lead will be able to see the curving spiral of these lines leading him off into the distance.

Eventually the leader will find himself at the end of the tube which emerges from a point high on the side wall of a 30 foot by 30 foot room, with a ceiling 12 feet from what seems to be the floor.



From his vantage point on the wall near the ceiling the lead member of tomb trashers anonymous can see what looks like a featureless room. The walls are white stucco (so what else is new), while the floor and ceiling also seem to be covered with white stucco as well.

Obviously it is a trap. (Oh my. What a surprise!) The delvers, cramped and confused will now go bats trying to figure out just what sort of trap it is.

The "floor" is in fact the top of 18 feet of finely milled flour. If the first delver just crawls up and jumps out, he will begin to stir up a fine cloud of flour dust. Once even one delver is in the chamber stirring about there will be a 30% chance (L3) of the trap being "activated".

Professor Grimtooth of the University of Extremely Hard Knocks will now deliver a lecture on explosive clouds of particulate matter. If a sufficent amount of small but even remotely flameable particles go into suspension in common "room" air and a spark (or the flame of a torch) is applied the subsequent ignition will result in an explosion of incredible violence and force! (If you find this hard to believe check out the past history of grain silo, and similar grain storage explosions. This is also the foundation theory behind Fuel/Air aerosol explosives.)

The more members in the room thrashing about looking for doors and such will drive

up the chance of explosion dramatically. (Add 10% (1L) per additional delver per turn, until certainly is reached!)

The ignition will eventually occur unless the party is possessed with a familiarity with the concept of grain explosions and comes up with another method of "seeing".

The force of the explosion will be deadly for whoever is in the room. If the blast doesn't kill the character outright, the lack of Oxygen will. For those still in the tube: The first delver must endure 400D6 of damage. The next 200D6, the next 100D6, then 50D6, 25D6, 12D6, 6D6, 3D6, and finally 1D6. Any additional delvers are safe, the force having been expended on each "obstruction" down the line. In addition the force of the blast will throw the occupants back down the tube, literally firing them like soft bullets out of the end of the tunnel. If there are few of them, say 2 or 3, the unabated force will throw them out the end of the tunnel and into the nice soothing quicksand. If they are capable of absorbing the force of the blast (!) this should give them something to think about!



To make matters worse, to get through this room the party will have to burrow into the flour! There is a bronze door on the same wall as the tube's entry hole, the top of which is about 8 feet down. There is a trap door at the bottom of the far wall, but this is a lot harder to find, although it can be detected by magic. In either event there will have to be much digging and thrashing around, further enhancing the chance of an explosion, or even repeated explosions. (Trap masters don't despair there are magical ways of seeing that recommend themselves. Your victims will come back.)

This is a four skull trap, almost unavoidable even if the delvers are aware of the way it works, having the exits beneath the level of the flour is the piece-de-resistance. The delvers are truly doomed! But alas, they are also persistent, devious, and infinitely crafty, as a result we must continue on!

Trap #50: "Some How This All Seems Too Easy!"

The bronze door near the entry tunnel is fairly typical of those found so far. Very fine truely artistic work, its estimated value is 1,200 g.p. in art and construction. On its surface are depicted the images of a man and a woman. The man is clearly Evinrood (The fact that he comes up to the woman's chin reveals the stumpy stature that has come to be associated with past images found in the tomb.) The woman is tall and lithe, even the image betrays a fluid grace that transcends the time since the door's crafting. In the background are some of the most bizarre creatures seen yet. They look like the deamon dogs found as statuary in certain eastern temples. They are leaping playfully about the couple's feet. The couple depicted are clearly not engaged in combat.

The wheel in the door's center must be turned for the door to be opened. Once the party resolves to do so the delver who does the turning will hear a rushing sound, as if a source of water has been released. The door will take many turns to open and when it does it will reveal a vaultlike thickness which serves to explain why it was not blown open by the blast. The door opens into the flour room which could be a problem, but by now the party should have that troublsome explosion problem under control! Even so the door is unlikely to be opened all the way. It is after all, at the bottom of 18 feet of flour.



The party will be able to squeeze into a hall 10 feet wide and 15 tall, that slants slightly downward. The hall is 40 feet long, and has one additional unique feature. Just inside the doorway is a grating in the floor out of which is pouring a steady stream of water. It covers the floor from wall to wall, and runs smoothly down into the room below. The water stream is only about 2 or 3 inches deep. From the room below is coming a pale blue light.

Thrashing through this rivulet to the entrance of the chamber below the party will be confronted with a scene of unearthly beauty. The room is 50 by 50 feet square, with a 25 foot high ceiling. It, like the hall leading into it, is slightly slanted downward away from the entrance. All along the wall nearest the party is a grating out of which pours more water. This covers the entire floor with a softly gurgling sheen of water just like the hall. The water appears to be drained off at the far wall, but in the dim blue glow the party can't see the drain gratings.

The walls are tiled in a scintilating blue which seems to give off the pale blue glow. Opposite the door the party is standing in there is a raised dais. On this dais is a sarcophagus of the same rare hy-Atlantaen stone seen in the room of the Terra-cotta soldiers. The seemingly

frozen sea wave grain in the stone seems even more magnetic in the light of the florescent tiles. This is clearly the resting place of a figure of some importance.

At either end of the dais a fountain rises out of the running water, this coincides with the entrance of the party into the chamber. This should serve to unnerve the party a bit. The activator panel was under the water and thus rendered indistinct. The pleasant sound of falling water sounds almost musical in the silence of the tomb!

The Sarcophagus can be opened with relative ease, and within will be found the wrapped body of a woman. The mummy has been resting undisturbed in this tomb for millenia as is evidenced by the fact that none of the artifacts in the sarcophagus have been disturbed. The linen wrappings are as fresh as if the body was just placed herein. Magic users will be expressing great agitation at this point. The mummy is under a very powerful spell of preservation. It is the likes of which they will not have seen.

On the mummy's hands are 8 rings, each identical, made of the fabulous blue stone of hy-Atlan. These rings are carved in the shapes of elongated versions of the same deamon dogs found on the entrance door. The eyes of the dogs on the rings are flawless star saphires, which wink with hidden knowledge.

The magic-using members of the party will be able to relate that the spell on the mummy doesn't extend to the rings which they feel may be removed without affecting the wrapped figure.

(I've kept out of this melodramatic little piece of overblown sentimentality up to this point out of respect for the great Trapmeister that Evinrood was, but at this point given the vandalistic streak that most delvers possess, I must intrude. The spell on the recumbent lady will ABSOLUTELY thwart the party's any and every effort to do damage to her physical form. Although she can be moved and searched, she will not come unwrapped and absolutely no physical harm can come to her. That is until Evinrood's spirit has truly left this plane of existence (HINT!).

The party will almost certainly take the rings. From a physical value standpoint the rings are easily worth



2,000 g.p. each (less due to the sudden quantity of hy-Atlantaen stone that will be hitting the market soon.)

There are magical enhancements on all the rings but the spells are unique and their purposes are hidden from any magical investigation, save experimentation. It is at this point that the trap aspect of this room begins to emerge. Eight choices, much to gain, and everything to loose.

The party will find that while the rings fit well on the mummy they seem to be able to fit the fingers of any member of the party who is looking them over. This is true for the most dainty female elf or the most hippopotanic oaf of a human warrior. There is one problem, however, these rings will not fit over armor, or gloves.

The eight rings react as follows.

Two of these rings when donned summon elemental manifestations known as "*Water Dogs*". These creatures will form out of the fountains on either side of the sarcophagus. They look like animated water in the shape of the oriental temple dogs. The party member will have absolute control of them. They are the size of Great Danes. They can inflict 25D6 damage. (Their teeth and claws turn to ice for an instant at the point of inflicting damage.) They take only 1/2 damage from normal weapons, even enchanted weapons are halved, unless the enchantment has something to do with fire, heat, or burning, in which case they will take double the damage.

One of the rings when donned will turn the bearer into one of the Fabled *Tsunami Warriors*. The bearer will be able to turn his body into water, this includes his armor, and the ring. (Just to shock the stuffing out of the party have it happen spontaneously the first time, then have the character "pull himself back together". It'll serve to make them less cocky.) This delver will take damage just as the Water Dog described above does. (A further note, being reduced to steam is bad, death through dissipation usually results, and the ring will be lost. Being turned to ice will only slow the delver to a stop. Of course if broken be sure you gather up ALL the pieces, then wait for the thaw.)



A Waterdog - called forth by one of the rings.

The other five rings, when removed, activate traps.

The first and perhaps simplest is the **Ring of Water**. When this ring is put on the magic turns the wearer into water, leaving the ring behind. Oops. Care to try again?

The second is the **Ring of Desiccation**. This ring draws all the water out of a delver. (The mind boggles at the possible effect of these two rings at once!) The delver becomes a leather covered skeleton in an instant.



A mechanism within the third ring, when withdrawn from the finger of the rightful bearer, causes a tiny sliver of metal to spring free. This sliver is coated with a powerful paralytic poison. The delver can only be saved by quick administration of an antidote. (Hello, Poison control? I've got a fellow here who has a nasty jab of poison from a thousands of year old mummy's ring...Hold? What do you mean can I hold?) There is also the possibility of healing magic. (Arrrrgh!)

The forth ring has the same sliver mechanism, but what it administers is a hallucinogenic drug that slowly induces a heightened paranoiac state. Every two turns there is a 10% chance that the tomb robber who tries this ring will come to believe that the other members of the party are "out to get him" and attack one or all of them. The combat will resolve itself. In this case a magical anti-toxin spell is most likely to have the most beneficial effect. Until the delver attacks the other party members there are no overt signs of the oncoming paranoia. He doesn't want them to know that he knows!



The fifth ring is totally innocuous. At least to the wearer! The trap here will be activated if he extends his hand to another. If he takes a grip of any other persons unarmored hand, or has to grip someones hand to lift them up, a pin will thrust out on the palm side injecting a dose of the paralyzing poison described above.



These rings are of variable ratings, from four skulls for the Water or Desiccation rings to two skulls for the paranoia ring.

Once the rings have been parceled out the party can go on.

Trap #51: "The Things You Must Go Through For Loot!"

Behind the bier on the wall opposite the entrance there is another three finger hole door behind the tiles. Pry out the tiles and the door can be opened. The door opens into the "Blue" room. and reveals a small chamber 10 by 10 by 10 feet in size. On the opposite side is a bronze door. (Remember, most of the rooms are in dead blackness.)

This door again depicts Evinrood and a beautiful woman. This woman seems to be possessed of a flashy quickness that seems to leap out of the image. In the background can be seen a number of indistinct catlike figures lying about or rubbing against the figures legs.

In the center of the door is a wheel which must be turned to open the portal. The wheel will not turn until the door to the "Blue" room is closed. Once this has been done the wheel will turn freely. The wheel will make several turns, then there will sound a sudden click. At this point the ceiling will begin to descend into the room.

This will cause almost certain panic. Indestructable items can be used to block the descending stone. The party can also attack the three finger hole door with some hope of success. Keep in mind it is fairly thick (6 inches of stone) and this could take some time.

Once the ceiling reaches a point about 5 feet down from the top the wheel will be snapped off the bronze door. Steel panels will fall out of the base of the wall. These panels reveal gratings about 6 inches high along both sides of the room. At this point the Water Dogs and the Tsunami Warrior can quit worrying: there is their refuge. The others have a very short time to look for an escape.

This room was designed to "wring" the water out of anything entering the next room. This works very well for other liquids as well, and most delvers will be liquids by the time the stone reaches the floor one way or another.

In any event the ceiling will withdraw once it has been effectively stopped. Once the ceiling is back in place the thick steel bolts will be withdrawn and the vault like door will open. Not that this will matter to the tomb robbers at this point.

This room is hydraulically driven once the wheel is turned, and also hydraulically raised once it stops. The room is a four skuller if there are none of those cursed indestructible items amongst the party.



Trap #52: "You Light Up My Life!"

The room that opens before you is brightly lighted. It is 50 feet by 50 feet by 25, just like the "Blue" room before it. The walls are covered with reddish-orange tiles that have a lambent glow. The floor is perforated with small holes out of which are leaping a waving sea of small (1/8th. inch high) blue flames, which flicker and reignite when disturbed, rippling over the floor. At the end of the room there on a bier is a carnelian sarcophagus. At either end of the bier there are columns of dancing flame 9 feet high. The small flames are cool enough to be endurable by anyone wearing thick boots. There is a definite danger if dangling fabrics are present.

This would be an excellent place to comment that perhaps the Water Dog and Tsunami Warrior members of the party may wish to retreat. They will take 1D6 of damage for every turn in this room. They may not regenerate from this damage while in the room. The net result is that this damage will be cumulative. This effect is the same for those members of the party who are bare foot, or shod in metal which will conduct the heat.

A close inspection of the sarcophagus shows that has no obvious tricks. It will open with ease to reveal another mummy of a woman, very well preserved and protected exactly like the one in the "Blue" room. (Another vandalism update: even laying the mummy in the flames will have no effect, but give the delvers an "A" for effort.)



On this mummy's fingers are 8 rings in the form of long bodied cat creatures. These rings are formed of carnelian with rubies for eyes. Their cash value is over 2,500 g.p. As with the rings in the other room these have a variety of magical spells upon them, and like before some are good and some bad. Keep in mind all will fit, but not over armor.

First the good. Two of the rings will give control of elemental creatures known as "*Fire Cats*". They are made up of flickering licks of flame. They have faces like giant lynxs and bodies the size of cougars. They are capable of 30D6 of damage.

The third ring is the fabled **Ring of Fire**. This ring enables the delver who bears it to burst into flame. This is hard on cloth garments, and will spoil the temper of a good sword after a time, but will enable the delver to act as a torch without tying up his hands. Blunt or untempered weapons are largely unaffected by the flame and in prolonged use will actually derive some benefit. (Imagine being hit by a red hot mace!) This will add 3D6 to any unaffected weapon's hit value. If the delver fights in ignited form hand to hand he will generate 10D6 over his strength value.

The fourth ring is **The Ring Of The Fire-maker**. This ring renders the wearer immune to fire, flame, or intense heat.



The last four rings are somewhat less salubrious. The fifth ring causes the bearer to be consumed by the flame (Leaving the ring behind.)



The sixth ring has the backsticking pin coated with a nerve poison that makes the tomb robber afflicted by it to feel as if his body were on fire. Needless to say this is quite painful and will stop most delvers from being able to do anything but writhe in pain. Again, only a magical cure will help. (Maybe.)



The seventh ring injects a hallucinogen that induces a carelessness that nears the state of drunken recklessness. The character will have to exert extraordinary will not to leap into foolish circumstances. There is a 10% chance of the delver who has been jabbed in this fashion behaving in a grossly irresponsible way. An example being if the party goes back to the flour room to search for the trap door. They will leave all flaming devices outside and perhaps be foundering around on the ground. The affected member of the party will say, "We need a light.", and thereupon strike a spark to light a torch. For this poor sod logic will be a constant exercise in will power.



The eighth ring will burst into flame itself, burning off the flesh of the finger on which it is placed. This will be intensely painful, and a member of the party with below average constitution naturally or due to injuries will not survive the shock. The ring cannot be pulled off, and will continue to burn forever, unless the finger is removed. The good news is that the rest of the delvers hand is immune to the firey effects.

This ring is a blessing in disguise, for in tomb work it can act as a torch with out tying up a hand. A cautionary note though: don't hand this fellow any scrolls to read. (For that matter think of the effect he will have on any bed he tries to sleep in. Talk about the hazards of smoking in bed!)



Again the Rings are skull rated from four to two.

One last note: While Evinrood was known to consort with both these ladies during his checkered career, it was never at the same time for what will become obvious reasons.

The lady in the Blue Room was the *Sorceress of the Inland Sea.* She had control of a variety of water based creatures, most notable of whom were her Water Dogs which she would set upon her enemies. It is known that this cool, level-headed lady was the love of Evinrood's youth. Her fate has passed into the mysteries of the past, but clearly Evinrood has taken steps to look after her remains.

The other lady was the so-called *Goddess of the Fire Ridge.* She may have had elemental antecedents. She arrived at the same time as a fiery volcano in the lands that Evinrood knew, bringing with her her wildly unpredictable Fire Cats. This fiery, mercurial woman was the love of Evinrood's majority. Her end too is lost in the mists of time, but he likewise took steps to protect her.

There is a problem that the servants of these two women will pose for the party. Fire Cats and Water Dogs are basically elementals of two mutually antagonistic types. Under the command of an elemental master they can be made to work together. Under the inept guidance of the delvers the two will rush together in a steam explosion the first time they meet. (A Cat and Dog explosion will have a force of 55D6, and keep in mind there are two of them. Evinrood giveth and Grimtooth taketh away!)

Trap #53: "Lest You Become Too Complacent Evinrood Pitches A Curve!"

To progress further the party will have to return to the Flour/Explosion room. The tomb robbers will have to be more thorough in their search. Keep in mind the same kind of spell that have been revealing the doors hidden behind the stucco can also serve to point the way to a trap door hidden beneath the flour. This will mean more digging, and if the party has not learned its lesson more chances to be blown up!

Once the tomb robbers have levered the trap door open they will find it a short 10 foot hop to the floor of a hall leading 20 feet to a blank stucco wall. This hall is 20 feet long, 10 feet wide and 10 feet tall. Along the walls are patterns, twisted geometric forms, worked in gold leaf. These patterns reveal no images, just random-seeming forms, one after another culminating in a final whirlpool of gold on the far wall.

The value of the gold leaf is nominal. All together there would not be much over 50 g.p. It is hammered micro-thin and cemented in place on the stucco. (The party will ask. Given a glint of gold their rapacious little hearts will want to scrape it off the very walls!)

The door can be found under the stucco at the end of the hall. As usual this is a three finger hole door. What is unusual is what happens when the holes are probed. By now the delvers will have sunk into a routine when confronted by these type of doors. It will be "we open the door in the usual manner." Sticks will be poked, armored fingers inserted, or an appropriate low level spell cast. If they do this now the fun will really begin.

If the tomb robbers push one button at a time, the results will be as follows. Out of the ceiling in the first 10 by 10 foot section will emerge a large hydraulically driven steel framework. This will be driven down to the floor with considerable force. It is in effect like a giant egg slicer, razor sharp, driven by the force of tons of water pressure! Delvers who are in this section have a 50% chance (L5) to leap forward and avoid being julienned. Otherwise only enchanted armor, proof against immense damage, or the redoubtable "indestructible" item can save them. The mesh and the driving mechanism, four giant pistons concealed in the corners of the ceiling, will remain extended. The grid is only about a foot thick. Any delvers caught in it should slump over rather easily, or rather long slender parts of them!

The second button will cause the 10 foot by 10 foot floor section right before the door to fall out from under the feet of the delvers operating the door opening mechanism. Again there will be a 50% chance (L5) to leap back. If the delvers fail to do so they will plummet into what is to all intents and purposes a bottomless pit. Screams should echo up out of it, magnified by the walls for some time, fading slowly as the distance increases!

The last finger hole pushed will cause another hydraulically driven piston to slam the door downward from its top on the place where the floor was. This will neatly cover the hole,



and also serve to whack flyswatterlike any flying character who happens to be pressing the last button. If the floor has fallen away and the delver is flying, there is a 50% chance it can dive down into the hole and escape, or it may try to fly back into the hall, but there is only a 30% chance (L7) of that. Of course if the floor has not fallen away then, squoosh!

The most dramatic effect can be achieved if a wizard magics the door open or if the party pushes all three at once! All the traps activate simultaneously, and chances of survival in this case are very, very dim!

This door and hall trap is a masterpiece, using the delvers complacency about a deadly device against them, and having the traps come in waves, if they are not maximally careless. Four skulls, for sure. Watch the delvers scramble.

Trap #54: "If You Think You've Got It Made You're All Wet!"

At this point the party may now enter the room. It is huge: 130 feet long, and 30 feet wide. The ceiling is 20 feet overhead and covered with more gold leaf, from end to end. The gold leaf on the ceiling is worked into fantastic patterns of soaring elemental forms flying and leaping about, cavorting with an inhuman joy. Covering the floor at the party's feet are 10 foot by 10 foot tiles of rust colored porcelain, worked throughout with gold wire. These tiles depict a different type of elementals surging and thrusting in a dance of brutish abandon.

The walls are covered with a bright crimson damask worked with golden threads. The elementals here are picked out in a rushing, flashing, flickering dance of glee, and destruction. A truely wonderous sight.

(Sorry to interrupt this epic scene, but loot is loot. The tiles, if pried up, are worth 1,000 g.p. each. If the delvers try to break it up and get at the gold wire they are idiots and the tiles will be worthless. The damask on the walls will come free if pulled carefully. It is remarkably well preserved, and worth 50 g.p. a square yard. Again if they try to pluck out the gold thread they are boobs of the first water and all will be worthless. Lastly the gold leaf on the ceiling is worth about 3,500 g.p. but will take a great deal of time to remove. Delvers will ask if they live up to the true vandalistic nature that makes them so much fun to provoke into acts of self destruction.)

At the far end of the room is a raised dais, upon which is an ebon sarcophagus. Behind it there is a golden statue which illuminates the room with a magical glow. It is a statue of a short stumpy man robed as a great wizard. It is cloaked in the signed robe, with the conical peaked hat. In one hand is a staff of a unique and twisted design. In the statue's other hand is a golden orb from which comes the light that illuminates the room. The visage is familiar to the entire party. This is a golden statue of Evinrood the Water Wizard, Master of the Elementals. (Fanfare! Bells, whistles, let fly the confetti.) The party is in the presence of more wealth in one place than at any other point in the dungeon. This golden statue is worth well over 150,000 g.p. Have fun carrying it out!

Tomb robbers being tomb robbers, greed will more than likely compel them to open the sarcophagus. If, however, they have a sudden burst of good sense and try to take the statue (which weighs about 5 tons.) the same events will transpire.

If the lid of the sarcophagus is opened, or the statue moved, or broken (which will cause it to move) the trap will be sprung.

The only element not represented by the art in this room is water. Ever the completist, Evinrood's devices hasten to oblige. The entire room is a gigantic iron box, which when released swings down at the end with the statue, the sarcophagus, and presumably the entire party in it. The pivot point is a giant shaft under the floor just beyond the door. The room will rush through an arc and crash with lethal suddenness into the wall below. In this position the last 25 feet of the room will swing through the bottom of the lake. At this time the far wall, which is now the ceiling will collapse under the weight of the lake and the room will fill with water, the final element.

The impact of the room hitting the wall at the end of its swing, the multi-ton statue flying around, not to mention the stone dais, and the sarcophagus, the ceiling falling 130 feet in a rain of stony debris, and finally being at the bottom of a 130 foot waterfall, should result in a satisfying climax. I for one have seldom seen more ways to be done in at one time in one

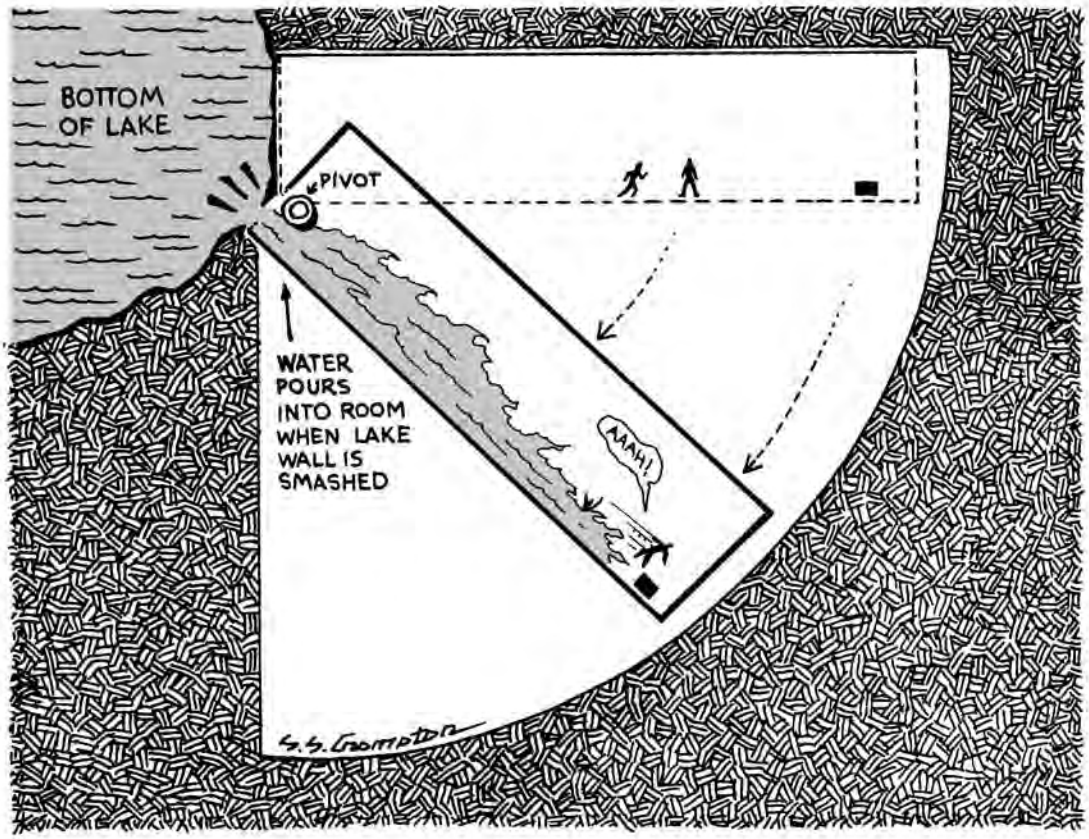
trap. This is a four skull trap if there ever was one. It even provides a hint for the faint hearted trap master to use to say "I warned you!" (If by some happenstance a demi-god has wandered in with the party add a final insult and dump the Glass Catfish in on top of him. If all this fails maybe he will climb out on the Island and the Green Blob will get him.)

At this point it will seem the best is over. The delvers have ransaked, or been ransacked by, the tomb and there seems to be nothing else to assault. Well have no fear, Evinrood has not been found as the delvers peered into the black sarcophagus they saw it was empty. The stumpy little rat is in here somewhere. There must be someplace that was missed.

Clues to his whereabouts can be found on the "treasure map" from the "X" room. The map at the time showed undifferentiated information, but a flash of insight will cause the tomb robbers to look at it again. If they have exhausted all the other possibilities in the dungeon, then the map will reveal itself as a layout of the dungeon. If there are other places the party has not checked the map will seem blank.

If the map is revealed the party will notice an area in the very center of the dungeon where there are rooms they have not explored.

A clue can also be supplied to the party even if they lost the map to the quicksand. A member of the group could, upon racking his brain, (Yes contrary to popular belief delvers do have brains.) recognize that at the point after the crystal warrior/delver polishing room there was an architectural anomaly. The corridor leading to the blank wall that forces the delvers to turn to the doors that lead to the entrance of THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED is 20 feet wide but the doors themselves are only 10 feet wide. Clearly there should be a 20 foot wide corridor leading from this point as well!



THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION IS A "TIP" BROUGHT TO YOU BY GRIMTOOTH & EVINROOD.

DONE TOO SOON

Trap #55: "Check Your Deamons At The Door!"

It doesn't matter how the party finds its way to this point. It will either be by the noble, tortureous route, the party having gone through every other alternative, and then finally having the significance of the "pirate map" made clear to them. Or it will possibly be after the crystal warrior/delver polisher, that some architectural genius will come up with an idea. "Why does a 20 foot corridor lead to two 10 foot doors set at right angles, and leave me facing a blank wall?"

In either event the party will find that they have to scrape off a substantial amount of stucco to reveal these doors. When they have they find themselves facing two 10 foot high 10 foot wide bronze doors. On these doors is depicted the final battle of Evinrood's career. The confrontation with the lord of the deamons!

On the right hand door can be found the image of a tall, imposing, dead eyed man. This is Selgolub Lord of the Deamons. About him are the twisted visiages of halfhuman nightmare things, vile charactures of things that might have been created in an evil dream. They are directed at the figures on the left hand door in magical onslaught.



On the left hand door is the depiction of a stumpy, harried figure, arms upraised, marshaling his forces. This can be recognized from other doors like this throughout the tomb as the image of Evinrood Lord of the Elementals. All about him are the humanoid shapes of pure energy that represent the elementals. This strange force when compared to the things on the right hand door seem pure, and somehow pathetic!

But enough of this maudlin drivel. The art tour will be through after the tomb robbers have taken all the good stuff. These doors both have three finger holes in them. (That makes 6 altogether for those warriors in the party.) Those in the right hand door have an aura of magic about them. This will prompt the party to try the ones on the left. Too bad, as in that case all three will work as digit dicers, and the door still will not open. (No these doors will not respond to the low level magic opening spell of all the others.) To open the left hand door the party must first try the right hand holes!

This is the real trap and regretably it only works on deamons, elementals, creatures who owe their existence to magic alone, (like Tsunami warriors, and Elemental men.) or beings consisting of magical force. If any of this limited fraternity insert anything into these holes they will be slowly, and messily, sucked into the finger holes. Keep track of the beings thus affected's physical Strength, and Intelligence, it will be potentially relevent later on. If normal mortals, or nonmagically sustained creatures stick digits in, they will feel a cold chill. This is except for any elvish delvers: they will feel an electric shock, mild unfortunately, but startling. (It's a little trick of my own added for laughs, to zap a few of the high browed, pointy-eared wood rats.)

After the party has tried the right hand door the left hand door will work in the usual manner. The huge doors will open, revealing a chamber.

The door is a four skull trap for those types of beings affected; all others will only be affected by the left not working until the right does, one skull at best.

Trap #56: "The fabled "Earthly Reason" At Work."

The room beyond the doors is a 20 foot cube, one wall of which consists of the doors the party has just opened. On a raised platform near the back wall is a throne three times human size. Behind the throne is an inscription inlaid in gold, on the wall.

"No souls escape the place beyond the seat of Earthly wisdom!"

There are no detectable exits from this room. There are no magical auras to be found in the room either. In short it is just the party and the chair. (Comments about the relative intelligence of either are welcome.)

Clearly some one must sit in the chair, although any suitable weight will do. (Oh, some parties will think of the "throw a backpack on the chair" trick, but most won't.)

Once the throne has received weight in any volume above 20lbs. the trap will activate. The throne, and the stairs are mounted on a pivot. The whole ensemble will flip over through 180 degrees. This will have two effects, first anyone on the stairs or the throne will be dumped into an identical room below this one. The damage potential of a fall of 20 feet for a delver who has reached this point is negligible, but there is always the possibility that someone could break his fool neck. Say, 10% chance (L1).



The second effect is to bring up an identical throne upon which is seated a humanoid figure of superhuman proportions. This figure is magical in nature, and looks like a slab of rocky mud. On the creature's lap is a sword with a rust coloured blade. In its pommel is a dull amber stone. When the floor locks back in place the Earth Elemental will rise, taking up the sword and attack the party. The elemental will have the combined Strength, and Constitution/Endurance of all the warriors of the party. His great sword will recieve 50D6 in combat, and will have an effect on any magical creature, just like it would on a normal mortal! [A note to all wizards, the stone in the pommel not only renders the elemental immune to magical attack, but casts a counter spell trapping the wizard who cast the spell. This trap will consist of a pentagram etched in magic fire on the floor of the room, and will last only three turns.]

If the party flees the room the Earth Elemental will return to the throne and sit down to await their return.

If the party defeats the elemental a section of the wall behind the throne 20 feet wide will sink slowly into the ground.

The blade will remain but in the hands of a normal delver it will be only a 18D6 weapon. The gem in the pommel will still be magical in nature, but it will only ward off direct magical attack, not trap the spell caster.

The trap is not lethal unless those who are on the stairs or throne cannot think of a way out of the room under the throne. I suppose they could starve to death. But this is only a one skull trap, of course the golem is quite another thing, but he is a trap only for wizards, and in that he does them no harm.



Trap #57: "Never Touch A High Level Wizards "Stuff"!"

Before the party presses on the wizards in the group will go amuk, issuing a stern warning. Here there be HIGH LEVEL MAGIC. It is in the rock of the entrance that sank into the ground, and in the walls, floor and ceiling. All these areas for a depth of 10 feet are interpenetrated with a magic spell. The level of this spell and its nature are impossible to discern. (Although the gold lettering behind the throne might provide a clue, hint, hint.) The party will also notice that the rock is clad with dwarvish steel on the side that faces into the chamber.

Easily in the party's sight with light reflected off the polished steel walls is a chamber. It is a 40 foot cube of shining steel, in the center of which is a pyramid of 3 steps, the total over 5 feet high. The base of the pyramid is 20 feet on a side and set in the exact center of the room.

At the apex of the monument is a cube of the blue hy-Atlantaen stone. Thrust into this stone is a gnarled old wooden seeming staff. Three guesses who this handy item once belonged to.

Eventually someone is going to want this handy little tool badly enough to try to pull

it out of the stone. Any one of the tomb robbers who try will meet with a truly colorful fate. Anyone touching the staff, either with their hands, or by some mechanical means, will end up on the receiving end of a jolt that will give the outward appearance of being magical. (You don't think the delvers will try to rope it, or slice it off with a sword? What have I been trying to teach you, about the deviousness of all prospective trap fodder? When you least expect it —zamm— up they come with some new harebrained plan. Expect the unexpected.)

Beneath this room is a gigantic version of the shock generating wheel found at the entrance and in one of the bronze doors. It is driven by yet another branch of the underground stream. The power generated is enough to act as a joy buzzer for the entire City of Khazan, all 50,000 at once. Channeled through one or two delvers, it creates a beautiful blue spark, as it arcs to ground. Of course what's left of the delvers after the experience could be conveniently stored in a shoe box.

A scenic note is that if the party tries to remove the staff, at the same time as a touch occurs, a hydraulic force will drive the stone blocks that sank into the ground when the golem was defeated back into place, effectively trapping the party in a steel box. A little experimentation on the part of the magic users will show that nothing will get out of this room. The armor on the walls is proof against digging. The magic in the walls prevents teleportation. In short, nothing leaves the room, not man, magic or immortal soul!

Now the arc to ground is perfectly natural, but at the same time from the bodies of any delvers foolish to touch the staff a golden bolt of lightning will shoot into the wall opposite the entrance, flash once and be gone. [A note: Keep track of the physical Strength and Intelligence of those delvers affected. Once the combined total of the absorbed Strength and Intelligence from those zapped by the staff, and the right hand door's three hole trap reaches 416 then the next phase of the tomb's operation will commence operation.]



This is a three skull trap, too easy to just walk away from, but no delver will, and once they try the trap becomes a four skuller. With only one exit.

After enough of the party has tried in desperation to pull the staff out or somehow free it from the stone, and thereby created a fair number of little soot piles they will reach the level required to lead us to the final step on this journey.

Trap #58: "As You Sow So Shall You Reap!" or "Ladies And Gentlemen, Evinrood Has Left The Tomb."

The entire steel wall opposite the entry slowly sinks into the ground. This will reveal a room 20 feet deep and 40 feet wide. This is in reality an extension of the staff room, steel walls and all.

At the back of the room is a large, comfortable, thronelike chair. The chair is resting on a low pedestal. In the air above the chair is a glowing crystal globe. The globe pulses with a brilliant red light. It is this light that illuminates this portion of the room.

On the throne is a stumpy figure. It is clad in the almost comically familiar wizards robe, complete with sun, moon, and star symbols. The figure seems to be sleeping.

The gang of tomb robbers have it in their power at this time to attack the dozing figure, or the glowing sphere above it.

If the delvers attack they will seal their own fate. The globe will loose the energy stored from the deamons, and those who have tried to touch the staff. It will blast the remaining delvers with annihiliatory force (note not flame, but the primal force of disintigration.) and then go back to waiting for the next party.

Can't you see it now? The delvers have bashed, thrashed, and trashed their way into this wizardly prescence, and then blow the whole deal by acting just like delvers always do. "Look there he is George, it's Evinrood. Let's blow him up and see what happens." This is what is most likely to happen. Good old humanoid tomb trashers, they seldom let me down.

Yet it is just possible that they will exert some forebearance. If so, they will have a chance to witness the return from a form of magical hibernation of one crafty wizard.

Evinrood's soul and the magical power it possessed would have been seized at the time of his death by the minnions of Selgolub. Keep in mind Evinrood had tried and failed to defeat the deamon lord and his operatives before. So Evinrood knew he needed a plan or

he was going to become a karmic power plant for the plans of conquest the Deamon Lord was fostering.

Evinrood constructed this entire network with the aid of the dwarves, who owed him quite a few favors, and his own elementals. The purpose of the tomb's trap network was to thwart the assassins, both human and deamonic, that would be sent to see just why his soul could not be taken. Then in the center of the complex he built a place he could go and not-exactly-die. The steel room with his staff in place were set up to store power to bring his body back to life. The magic in the walls would keep his soul from escaping into the clutches of



Selgolub. The globe stored the energy of Strength and Intelligence until enough was available to enable Evinrood to return to normal.

What the party witnesses is a blinding flash of light from the globe. When the after images of the light have cleared Evinrood will be standing up.

At this point he will go into some maudlin diatribe about how nice everybody was to come in and help him out. This is after he checks to see of the two ladies in traps 50, and 52 are O.K. (If they aren't then see blast-of-magical force from above! See there is always hope. No foolish deed goes unpunished!)

The old wizard, has obviously gone soft in his old age, as at this point he will bestow on the remaining members of the party the globe. (Which has changed to ordinary iron and is about the size and weight of an 8lb. shot.) He tells the party that this device can act as a storehouse for any human attribute, but only one at a time. If it is not used for this it can be used to store up to 5 spells for a mage which can be cast simultaniously, or one at a time as well as the wizards own.

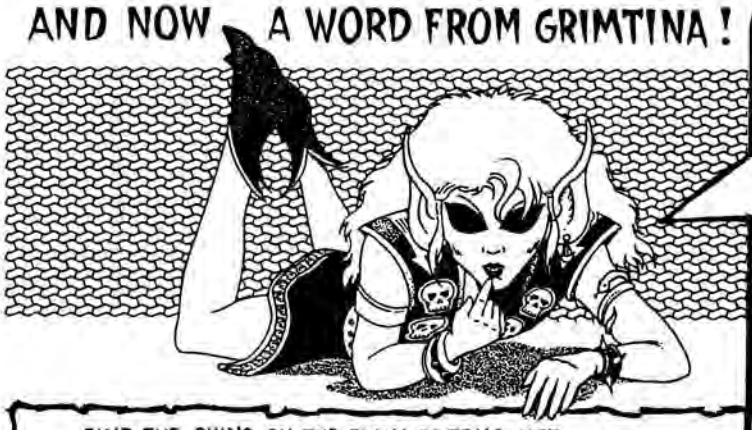
He will then turn to leave. Walking through the staff room, he stops to pull the staff out of the stone, and notices the little piles of ash. "Oh my, I knew I was forgetting something." And with a gesture all the delvers blasted will be restored! With another gesture, they are all teleported to the nearest village outside the trap complex. (After all this, just walking out would be anti-climactic.)

Now I know that most of you would just as soon see the delvers get their just desserts, but it seems that only nice old high-level wizards have the time to devote to trap science, at least in the old days. As a result this namby-pamby ending will have to do. But for those who have a real feeling for irony, just let yourself stop at the point where the doddering old psychotic blasts everyone and exits laughing. It is a sight to warm the cockles of a Trap Masters Heart.

That's it for now...



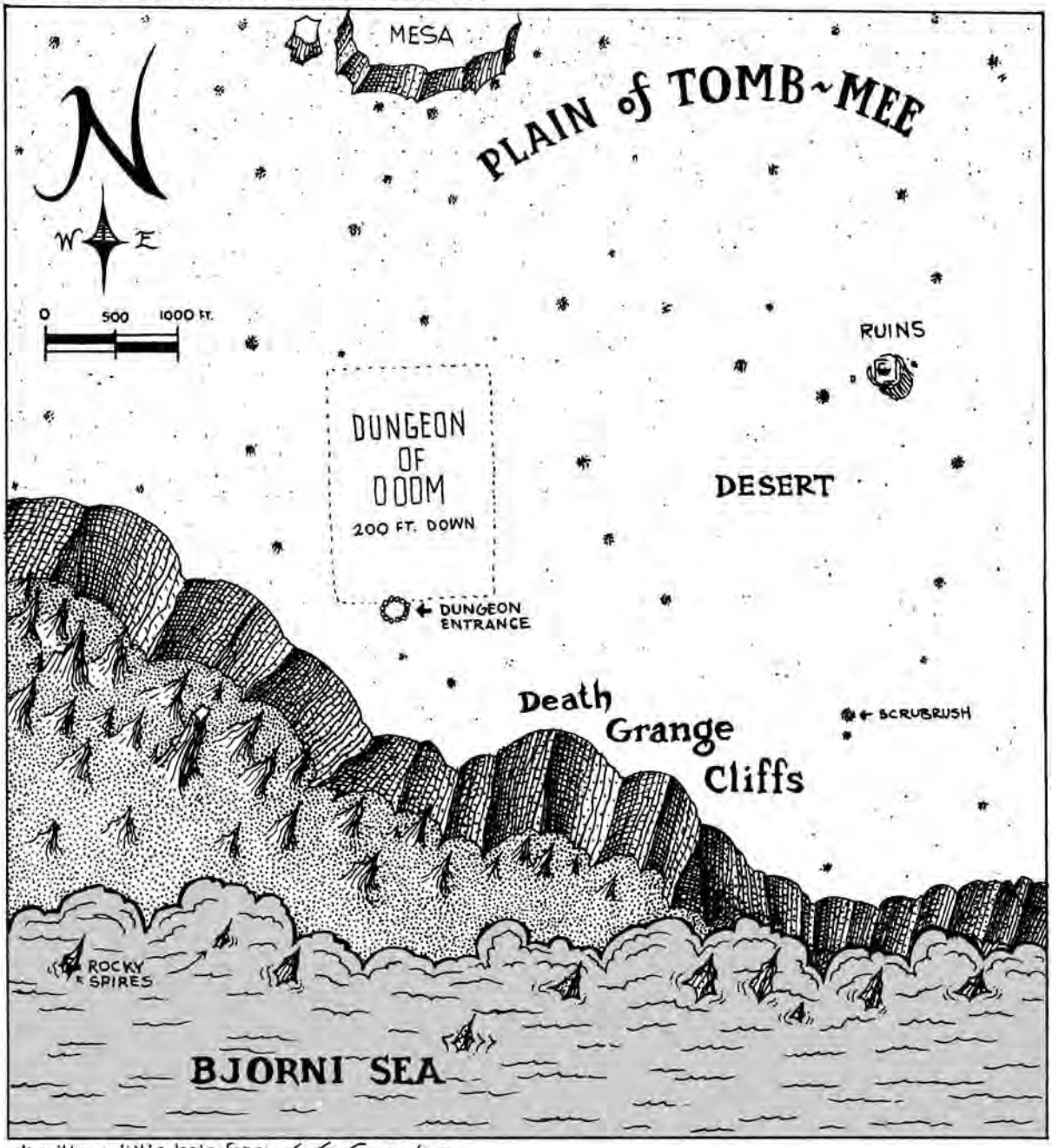
AND NOW A WORD FROM GRIMTINA!



HERE'S A **MAP** I MADE* THAT SHOWS HOW TO FIND MY BIG BROTHER'S

DUNGEON OF DOOM

FIND THE RUINS ON THE PLAIN OF TOMB-MEE
GO SW FOR ONE MILE. FIND THE RING OF STONES.



* with a little help from S. S. Crompton

Appendix

Catalyst products are an attempt to provide a playing aid that can be used with any game system. Naturally, since there are so many different systems available today, it is impossible to cover them all. The numbers we have given you in the text are there primarily to give you some guidance as you create the specific numbers that will be needed for your game system. In order to help, I have asked some friends to come up with some sample numbers for a couple popular game systems. The AD&D numbers are James L Walker's interpretation of how this adventure would be played under AD&D. The Warhammer numbers are likewise from Claude Watrous III. Since an old family painting of me decorates the cover of the T&T rules, I have provided the Tunnels & Trolls numbers. We have not been adding these numbers to previous "Catalyst" products, and all three of us would appreciate your comments. "AD&D" and "Monstrous Compendium I and II" are trademarks of TSR Inc.; and "Warhammer" and "Warhammer Bestiary" are trademarks of Games Workshop, are used without permission, and are not intended to challenge anyones trademark rights or copyrights. These are merely samples of how you might use this adventure with those products. "T&T", "Tunnels & Trolls", "Catalyst", and "Grimtooth" are trademarks of Flying Buffalo Inc.

- - - Grimtooth.

Advanced Dungeons and Dragons

Page 10: Anti-Detection Magic

Detection spells within the area of the Coffin have been masked by a powerful 9th level proprietary spell of one of the Wizards in Grimtooth's employ. This spell is in many ways very similar to the 8th level illusion spell 'Screen', except that it only effects spells of Detection and Divination. There is no saving roll to avoid the effects of this spell. The illusion of Non-detection may only be broken by a dispel magic of the proper level, a wish spell, or certain powers of more powerful artifacts.

Page 12: Air Elementals

Treat as 8 hit die Air Elementals, as found in the Monstrous Compendium I.

Page 15: Giant Crossbows

Each crossbow will cause 6-15 (3d4+3) when used as a missile weapon. As a trap, the damage is double (12-30 or 6d4+6). It will require giant's strength to cock the crossbow, at least a strength of 18, and a minimum of a 17 strength to aim, even with the help of an aiming stand.

Page 17: Fire Elementals

The death of this Fire Elemental results in a ball of steam that will cause damage equal to its hit dice; 8d6. Saving roll vs Dragon's Breath will negate 1/2 of this damage.

Page 20: SR on Luck or Speed

The Delver will have a 30% chance of survival, +5% per point of Dexterity over 15.

Page 24: Pack Piranha

Statistics, as would be found in the Monstrous Compendium if piranha were listed:

Climate/Terrain	Fresh Water
Frequency	Uncommon
Organization	Swarm
Activity Cycle	Any time
Diet	Carnivore
Intelligence	Nil
Treasure	Nil
Alignment	Nil
Number Appearing	10-100
Armor Class	6 (8 if the defender is able to negate the effects of water drag).
Movement	24 swim
Hit Dice	1-2 hit points each
THACo	19
Number of Attacks	1
Damage/Attack	1 hit point
Special Defense	Nil
Magic Resistance	Nil
Size	Small — 3 to 5 inches long
Morale	Average
X-P value	25 each
Habits	As described in text of the Dungeon of Doom

Page 24: Albino Cave Sharks

These monsters are in all ways the same as the common sharks, found in the Monstrous Compendium II.

Page 24: Electro - Squids

Statistics, as would be found in the Monstrous Compendium if Electro - Squids were listed:

Climate/Terrain	Any salt water
Frequency	Rare
Organization	Schools
Activity Cycle	Any
Diet	Carnivore
Intelligence	Nil
Treasure	Nil
Alignment	Nil

Number Appearing	5 to 20
Armor Class	8
Movement	12 swim, 36 jet
Hit Dice	1
THACo	19
Number of Attacks	1
Damage/Attack	Special
Special Attacks	Electric Shock causing 2d8 stun damage. The target will recover from this damage swiftly unless they drown or are eaten by the Squids. Once the target is stunned into helplessness, the squids will devour it in about 1 hour. Most delvers will drown long before this time, however.
Special Defense	Nil
Magic Resistance	Nil
Size	Small
Morale	Unsteady (7)
X-P value	65 each

Habits As described in text of the Dungeon of Doom

Page 25: Blind Barracuda

These creatures are not particularly handicapped by their blindness, as they can detect motion in the water very accurately. Treat as normal Barracuda as found in the Monstrous Compendium II.

Page 25: Giant Crystal Sea Snakes

As per the information found in the Monstrous Compendium I under Snakes, Poisonous. The toxin generated by these snakes is the maximum poison found on the chart. Of course, since these snakes are aquatic, they have some similarity to Giant Sea Snakes. Use that statistic list where it would be appropriate.

Page 28: Dwarven Pila

Extra fine Dwarven workmanship allows these pila (sing. Pilum, short, flexible Spears), to cause 1d6+1 in damage vs man sized targets, and 1d8+1 damage vs giant sized targets. Further, they will be worth 10 times the normal value of a spear in gold.

Page 29: Giant Albino Squid

As per the information found in the Monstrous Compendium II under Squid, Giant.

Page 33: Giant Glass Catfish

As per the information found in the Monstrous Compendium II under Fish, Giant. 10 hit dice.

Page 33,34: The Cat's Staff

This item is a powerful artifact level staff. It will instantly drain all of the experience levels of anyone who touches it, takes it up, or otherwise seeks to possess it by spell, physical action, or remote grasping or clamping object, rendering the victim a first level character once again.

This draining of energy charges the staff's magic powers, and attunes the staff to this person. The magic powers thus attained are a powerful transformation ability, giving the victim the same attack capabilities as a Weretiger 1 time per day, for a maximum of 1 hour, and great magical knowledge, such that whenever the holder attains a new level of spell expertise, he will instantly be taught all of the spells that he is entitled to at the new level of experience. This holds true for magic users only. Clerics will be unable to make use of the staff. After draining them of experience, the staff will simply go dormant until a wizard takes it up.

On the down side, the staff does house a powerful Cat Demon, who will demand that the user donate large amounts of his earnings to various cat charities: Temple of Bast, Retirement home for Priests of Bast, Lost Cat Shelters, etc., at least 50%. Further, other Artifact level disadvantages may surface from time to time. Usually when the player least expects or wants it.

Page 36: Darts

These darts will cause 1d6+3 points of damage as a trap. If used as a hand weapon, they do same damage as a javelin.

Page 40: Armor

This armor is really a monster in disguise. For all intents and purposes, treat this armor as if it were a Zodar, from the Monstrous Compendium Spelljammer Appendix. The Zodar will fight with either it's natural weaponry and abilities, or the weapons of the person or persons it has possessed. If more than one member of the party is possessed, divide the hit points of the Zodar evenly between them, and reduce the THACo by 1 for each victim. Remember, this is not a Zodar, but a suit of armor which fights like a Zodar. Experience value for defeating the armor should be awarded as if a single Zodar were killed, no matter how many members of the party were possessed. Defeating the Zodar will render the armor inert, of no value. Remember, in AD&D, armor does not negate damage. It will always have the AC of the Zodar, until it is defeated, and rendered inert, at which point, it will be normal armor of it's type.

Page 44: Killer Bees

Treat as a Swarm with 10-100 hit points, +10 hit points per statue broken. Bees will cause 3d6 hit points of damage to each person in the room every round they remain in the room. For each 1/3 of the bees killed, reduce the damage they cause by 1d6. For every 18 hit points of damage a character takes, there is a 10% chance of an allergic reaction which will result in death in 10 to 20 turns unless treatment is administered by a Cleric with a neutralize poison spell.

Page 53: 10 foot spears

These fine Dwarven forged spears will cause 1d8+1 damage to man-sized targets and 1d10+1 to larger than man sized creatures when used in melee combat. The value in gold of the spears will be 10 times the normal value of spears.

Page 62: Water Dogs

Treat as Water Elementals as found in the Monstrous Compendium I. These elementals are 15 hit dice.

Page 64: Fire Cats

Treat as Fire Elementals, as found in the Monstrous Compendium I. These elementals are 15 hit dice.

Page 69: Earth Elemental

Treat as an Earth Elemental of 15 hit dice, as found in the Monstrous Compendium I, however, it will have hit points equal to the combined hit points of all the fighter class characters in the party. The sword, in the elemental's hands, have +5 to hit and will cause 5d10 points of damage (5-50).

Page 69: 18d6 sword

In the Elemental's hands, this sword will cause 5d10 points of damage (5-50). In the hands of mortal beings, however, it will act as a normal Two Hand Sword so far as damage goes. It does retain some enchantment, however, giving it the semblance of a +3 sword for purpose of hitting magically protected beings and undead, without imparting any actual weapon plusses.

Page 56: Flame Elemental

The character will retain his normal characteristic levels, but will be permanently flaming. This flame will act like a Flaming Aura, but will only cause 1d6 damage when the player grasps, or strikes with his open hand. The GM may award other abilities that seem appropriate to this condition. Of course, on the down side, this character will gain a reputation for pyromania and draw a lot of attention in any combat situation. Stealthy activities will also be somewhat constrained.

Page 57: 300d6 ball of stone

This attack will cause 50 +5d10 damage to anyone unlucky enough to be hit by the attack. A successful save vs Dragon Breath will negate all of the damage.

Page 60: 400d6 explosion

Those who are trapped in the room when the explosion goes off will be killed outright. They will get no save, though some powerful magic items may help them to survive at the DM's discretion. Those who are in the tunnel will have a somewhat easier time of it, but not much.

The delver closest to the room will take 10d10 +20 points of damage, half damage if a save vs Dragon's breath is made successfully. The next one will take 5d10+10, the next 2d10+5, the next 1d10+2, the next 1d6, and any after that will take no damage at all, the explosion having dissipated itself. At any time, a saving roll vs Dragon's breath will indicate half damage.

Page 64: Flame conversion

When the ring is worn, you may add +3d6 damage from a flaming aura. This add is with or without weapons. Note that weapons with wooden or fabric components will have these parts burned. No bows, crossbows, wooden hafted weapons, etc..

Page 65: 55d6 explosion

These elemental beings will combine their hit points into a near fatal explosion when they come in contact with each other. Thus, an 8 hit die fire elemental and an 8 hit die water elemental will combine into a steam explosion of 16d6. Save vs Dragon's Breath for 1/2 damage.

Page 68,70, and 71: Statistics

For AD&D purposes, this trap will absorb the Hit Points of the parties in question. When the total hit points absorbed hits 416, the operation will commence.

Warhammer

Page 10: Non-Detection spell

There is a level 4 Illusion spell on the casket that will prevent any Detection or Divination spells from reporting functioning properly. This interference may be broken only by a level 4 Illusionist spell, 'Destroy Illusions', or a powerful magic artifact or a wish.

Page 12: Air Elementals

Treat as Size 4 elementals, as found in the Warhammer Bestiary.

Page 15: Giant Crossbow

This giant crossbow will have an effective Strength rating of 6. It will take 2 rounds to load with a strength of 7 required. Just aiming this gargantuan weapon will take a strength of 4 even if an aiming bipod is used.

Page 17: Fire Elementals

Treat as Size 4 elementals, as found in the Warhammer Bestiary.

Page 20: Save on Luck or Speed

When this door of stone slices the air toward you it is best to be out of its way. Make a Save based on Initiative to survive, otherwise death is the reward.

Page 24: Albino Sharks

Use the following Statistics in Warhammer:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	LD	Int	CL	WP	FEL
6	75	0	10	10	30	60	1	01	NA	20	100	15	01

Page 24: Electro-Squids

Use the following Statistics in Warhammer:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	LD	Int	CL	WP	FEL
4/10	25	0	2	5	6	70	1	31	NA	15	35	15	50

Each hit will reduce the targets Initiative by 20% and WS by 10%. Cumulative in the same battle. Recovering is almost immediate (within 2 hours) after the battle ends. Unless the squids win, in which case, you're lunch.

Page 25: Blind Barracuda

Use the following Statistics in Warhammer:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	LD	Int	CL	WP	FEL
10	25	0	6	6	6	50	1	01	NA	15	80	20	15

The blindness of these barracuda is not much of a handicap to them. They are quite at home finding their meals by detecting the motions that the tidbits make as they move around in the water.

Page 25: Giant Crystal Sea Snakes

Use the Giant Rattlers, as per the Warhammer Bestiary, modified for aquatic habits. These snakes are 30 feet long, so they should be fairly tough. Further, the toxicity of their venom should be the maximum allowable under the rules.

Page 28: Pila

These dwarven forged Pila (sing. Pilum, short, flexible thrusting spears) are +10 WS spears, which may be sold at 10 times the normal value of spears.

Page 29: Giant Albino Squid

Use the Bog Octopus as found in the Warhammer Bestiary, modified for the squids habits.

Page 33: Giant Glass Catfish

Use the following Statistics in Warhammer:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	LD	Int	CL	WP	FEL
4	45	0	6	6	6	60	1	01	NA	15	55	20	15

Page 33,34: Cat's Eye Staff

This staff will work as described. The Statistics of the tiger form are as follows:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	LD	Int	CL	WP	FEL
8	75	0	7	4	8	40	[3(5)]	01	10	20	55	50	NA

For an explanation of the statistic in brackets see the Warhammer Bestiary under Cat, Wild.

Page 36: Darts

These short, metal spikes will have an ES of 5 as a trap. In the hands of a normal man, however they act as normal darts.

Page 40: Magic Armor

This malevolent full Suit of Plate Armor has 3 AP's of defense in each body area. However, when the demon pops in, the delvers will be in for a nasty surprise as any members of their party who may be wearing any part of the armor will become possessed by it. The victims will have 3 times their strength, toughness, and wounds.

Page 44: Killer Bees

Treat as a venomous swarm as per the Warhammer Bestiary. There will be 1 swarm per statue shattered.

Page 53: Dwarven Steel Spears

These finely cast dwarven spears will have +15 WS, and will be worth 15 times the normal value of spears.

Page 56: Flame Elemental

Treat this character as a flame elemental of size 6.

Page 57: Giant ball of Stone

When this giant ball of stone slices the air toward you it is best to be out of it's way. Make a Save based on Intelligence to survive, otherwise death is the reward.

Page 60: 400d6 explosion

When the particulates explode, characters who are in the room will die outright. Characters who are in the tube will take wounds based on how many characters are ahead of them in the tunnel. The first one will take 15 wounds. The next will take 13, the third 9, the next 5, the next 1, and the rest nothing, the damage having been dissipated.

Page 62: Water Dogs

Treat as Water Elementals of Size 8 as found in the Warhammer Bestiary.

Page 64: Fire Cats

Treat as Fire Elementals of Size 8 as found in the Warhammer Bestiary.

Page 64: Flame conversion

The flame will add +6 damage to any weapon that can survive the flame damage. This includes hand to hand damage. Of course, this will put a damper on this characters social life, as nobody will want to get too close to him, for fear of third degree burns.

Page 65: 55d6 explosion

These Fire Cats and Water Dogs will both annihilate each other in a Blast that is the equal of a Blast Spell at 2 times normal effectiveness.

Page 69: Earth Elemental

Treat as Earth Elemental of Size 10 as found in the Warhammer Bestiary.

Page 69: 18d6 sword

This sword will be +5 Damage for the Elemental, but only +2 Damage for normal mortals.

Page 68,70,71 Statistics

When the characteristics absorbed exceeds 216 points, the trap will go into operation.

Tunnels & Trolls

Most of the numbers given in this adventure translate directly to T&T. L1, L2, etc are Level 1 or Level 2 saving rolls, based on Luck unless another characteristic is mentioned.

Air Elemental (page 12) MR of 45 but can only be damaged with magic or with magic weapons.

Pack Piranha (page 24) MR of 5 each, but 10 - 100 show up.

Albino Cave Sharks (page 24) MR of 55 each, 3 to 8 appear.

Electro-Squids (page 24) MR of 10 each, 5 to 20 appear. Each time you hit them, take their damage roll directly off your strength. If your strength falls below 5, you are shocked unconcious. However this "stun" wears off at the rate of 2 points per combat round, rather than the usual one strength point per full turn.

Blind Barracudas (page 25) MR of 15 each, 5 to 40 appear.

Crystal Sea Snake (page 25) MR of 20. 1 to 3 appear.

Giant Albino Cave Squid (page 29) MR of 40 for each of the 8 tentacles & 2 grappling arms. Only one or two arms show up the first round. For each combat round, roll 1D6 to see how many additional arms show up until all 10 are present.

Legendary Glass Catfish (page 33) MR of 200.

Killer Bees (page 44) MR of 10 per swarm, one swarm per statue broken. However, if attacked with normal weapons, no matter how big the players' advantage over the bees, only deduct one point from the bees per player attacking them. (Unless you use magic, or some kind of poison gas, it will take a long time to kill all these babies.)

The Spears on page 51 are 3D6 +2adds.

Water Dogs (Page 62) MR of 100 each.

Fire Cats (Page 64) MR of 120 each.

Earth Elemental (Page 69) as described in the section.

Credits



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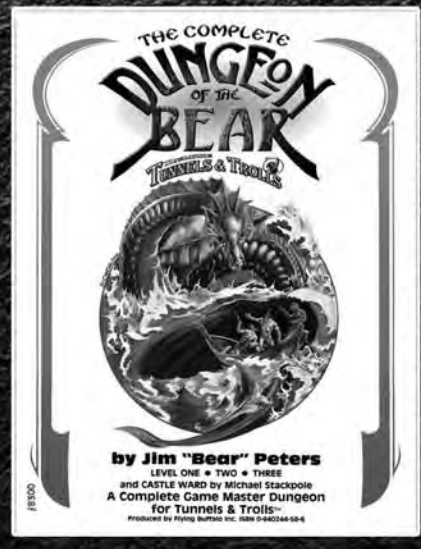
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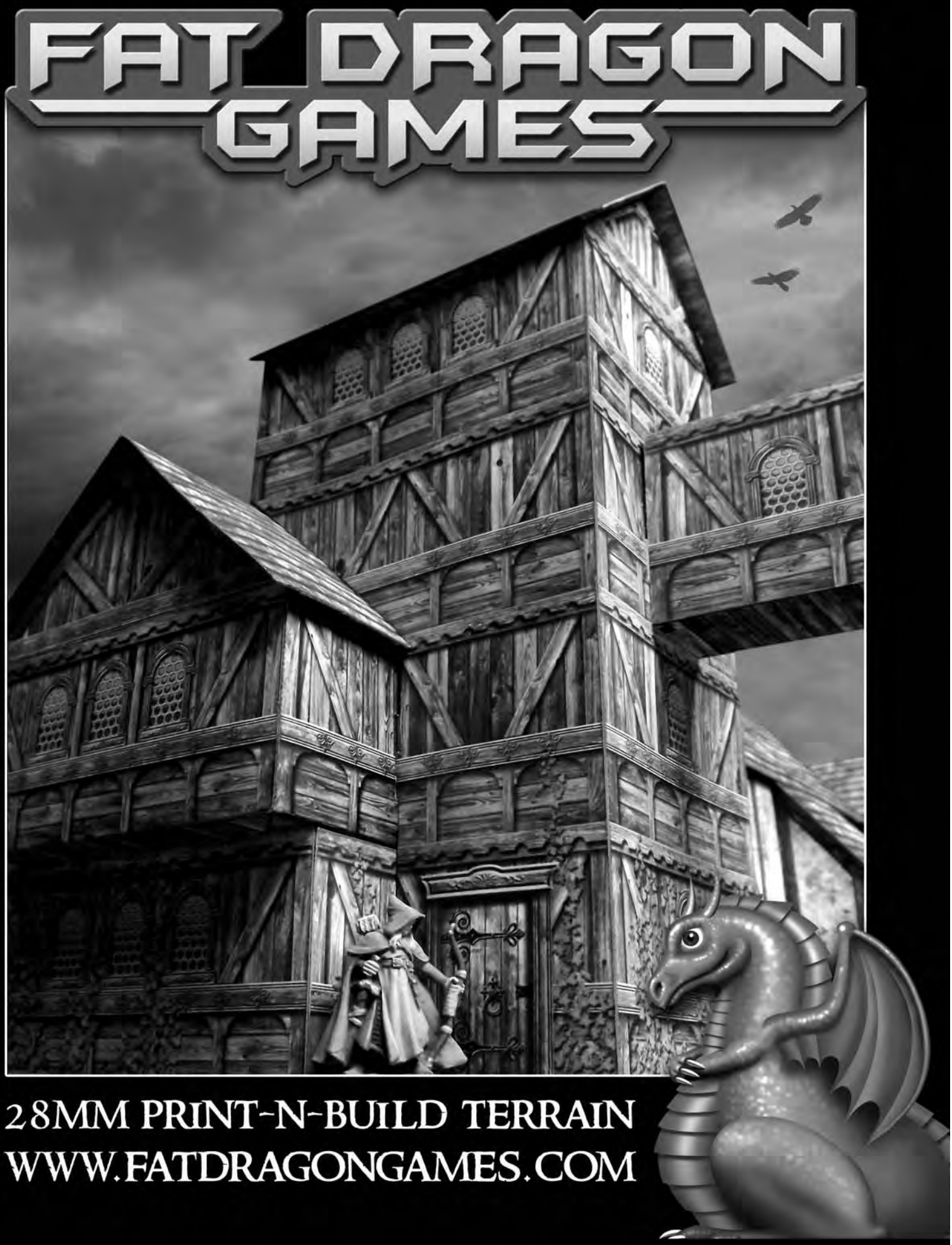


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